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

AMBASSADOR WILLIAM B. JONES

Interviewed by: Kenneth Brown and Charles Stuart Kennedy
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INTERVIEW

Q: Today is June 24, 2010. I'm Ken Brown interviewing William Jones. We will obviously be interested in discussing your ambassadorship and how you got there.

JONES: Yes, that should be very interesting.

Q: Ambassador Jones, tell me when and where you were born.

JONES: I was born on May 2nd, 1928, in Los Angeles, California. My mother's family came to Los Angeles in 1904. My mother's father, that is, my grandfather was born in 1856, in Georgia. I'm an African American. He was born in slavery in 1856, on the Bowdoin Plantation.

My mother's grandfather's father was named John – I have a picture of him – he was either the son of the owner or someone related to the owner of the plantation. He had green eyes. Family legend says he had lash marks on his back for attempting to escape from slavery. Great grandfather married a Cherokee Indian, I have a tintype of them in my living room. He was sitting, an old man with a large bushy beard. Standing next to him was his wife a think very stoic looking woman. Their son (I do not know how many other children they had) was my mother's father, also named John Bowdoin, who was born in 1856 on a plantation in Georgia. I do not know the exact location.

My mother's mother was born in slavery in 1861. Her father was English, the overseer of the plantation; his name was Sparks. My grandmother was Nettie Sparks (Nettie a shortened form of her full name Antoinette). She met John Bowdoin, my grandfather, son of the elder John, and they married when she was about 17, 18 or 19 years old in the late 1870s.

John Bowdoin attended Clark College in Atlanta and earned a degree in the classics. He taught for a while at Clark and then entered the public school system, teaching and ultimately becoming principal of a colored school in Griffin, Georgia. During their marriage my grandmother had eleven pregnancies, nine of whom lived – Rosalieaus, Lorenzo, Corrine, Otis, Emory, Alva, Lindsay, Helen, and LaVelle (My mother).

My grandparents lived well. They were able to have a cook and a housekeeper. My grandmother never really learned to cook, as a consequence, she was a terrible cook. In 1904, my grandparents decided to move out of the segregated south. My grandfather John, wanted to move to Baltimore, Maryland, one of the oldest areas of educated African Americans. However, my grandmother liked Spanish names and convinced my grandfather to move to that romantic sounding "Los Angeles" California.

They boarded the Southern Pacific train with seven children (the oldest Rosalieaus was married and remained in Atlanta). My mother was not yet born. The family arrived in Los Angeles in 1904 and rented a home for a year. In 1905 they paid cash for a house at 1963 Sichel Street in the Lincoln Heights section of Los Angeles. If you know Los Angeles, they were east of the LA River near Lincoln Park, the County Hospital and three doors from the Southern Pacific main line. It was a large house. It had five bedrooms, living room, dining room, one large bathroom on a large lot. We had a walnut tree, a lemon tree, a loquat tree, and apricot tree, three fig trees, a plum tree, blackberry bushes, a chicken coop with chickens and a fish pond.

My mother was a change baby. She was born on December 28, 1905, in that house on Sichel Street. (As of this writing, May 2011 she is 105 years old, living independently in her own home in Los Angeles.) My grandmother then was in her late forties. Her father,

John Bowdoin, was unable to obtain a teaching position in the LA city, or county school system because he was “colored”. However, the older boys were able to obtain good paying jobs so the family maintained its standard of living. My grandfather died of pneumonia and a deep sense of frustration in 1911. My mother was six years old at the time of his death.

Two of my uncles served in World War I, one, Otis, in the Navy, serving in Scotland and Emory went to France in the infantry. I used to play with his gas mask, and his steel helmet, which was caked with mud.

My mother met my father when she was 14; they were both in junior high school. After graduation from high school, they fell in love and married on September 30, 1925 when my mother was 19 and my father 20. They married in the new home owned by my uncle Otis and his wife Aunt Edna, which they built in 1924 on Serrano Street in the Pico Heights section of Los Angeles. It is still standing, now owned by Koreans; an elegant two story Spanish style stucco.

My parents lived with my grandmother on Sichel Street and I came along in 1928. We lived on Sichel until I was 14, when we all moved into my parents own home. My grandmother rented out Sichel since she could not live alone because of her age.

When I was a little boy living on Sichel my grandmother would often tell me stories about the “old days”, especially when my parents, who were ardent bridge players, would leave us alone when they went out to their bridge club. Their Black friends were all well educated and they had social clubs and they entertained in their homes.

My grandmother used to tell me about the Civil War. She was four years old, on the plantation, when Sherman’s Yankee army came charging on its march from Atlanta to the sea. She recalls (she always called the Union army “Yankees”) when the great Union army came crashing through the plantation, cannons blazing, horses dashing and soldiers shouting, her mother became frightened and rushed to hang out white bed sheets in surrender. Most of the whites on the plantation had already fled. Obviously a little girl only four years old would have such memories engraved on her mind.

My grandmother’s mother married a Black man, who became my grandmother’s stepfather. I cannot recall his name. She told me many stories about him, she was very fond of him. She used to recount the story of when she was going to the little one room school for “coloreds” and the white teacher took a dislike to her and took a strap and whipped her. When she told her stepfather he asked for details. He then took her hand and they went to the school. Her stepfather went up to the teacher and said “You whipped my little gal and now I’m gong to whip you,” and he did.

My father’s family has a very interesting history. His father, William K. Jones, was born in Washington, Georgia, where, at that time, everybody was related. Grandpa Jones was very fair, with blue eyes. My father’s parents separated when he was a little boy. His

father and his aunt -- his father's sister -- moved to Los Angeles in 1910 when my father was five years old.

My father's mother remarried and became Lucy M. Brown. She was born in Georgia; her mother, my great grandmother, was Sally Porterfield. Sally's brother was also fair skinned. His name was Elihu, they called him Buddy.

Their father, my great grandmother's father, was Hiram Warner, who was Chief Justice of the Georgia Supreme Court. When my father was in his late 90's, my law School, University of Southern California, asked my father to give an oral history. My father lived to be 102, passing in 2007 after suffering a fall while doing his income taxes. He was always in full command of his faculties.

My father told the interviewer, the assistant Dean of the law school, about the relationship with Hiram Warner. The Dean did not believe him and when he returned to USC his staff researched Hiram Warner.

Some time later, the USC staff presented my father with the results of their research which confirmed what my father had recounted and they presented my father with a document on Hiram Warner's life. He, who would be my great, great grandfather, was a member of the Sloan family of Nantucket, Massachusetts. At the age of 19 Hiram Warner left Nantucket, taking a boat to North Carolina. The boat sank off the coast of the Carolinas. He became a hero after saving a number of persons. Later he moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where he studied law and became an attorney.

As the story was presented in the documents, Warner, a young lawyer, represented a plaintiff in a suit against the town bully and won the case. The bully was so enraged that he challenged Warner to a fist fight in the town square, and Warner did very well. As a result his respect and popularity soared and he was later elected to Congress.

Warner opposed Secession before the Civil War, but he finally signed the Ordinance of Secession when Georgia joined the Confederacy. He had 142 slaves. According to the USC research, when the Union Army came through Georgia some of the soldiers had learned that the Warner family had money and they cornered him and demanded cash, which he refused. They then strung him up, from a tree and left him to die. One of his freed slaves ran out, cut him down and saved his life.

Hiram Warner developed a relationship with a Black woman named Lucretia. He had a white wife but he also lived with Lucretia. They had two children, Elihu (Buddy) my great uncle and my great grandmother Sally.

Hiram Warner bought them a house in Atlanta at 632 Crew Street. According to Google maps, this was in South-East Atlanta, near where Turner Field now stands. When Fulton County Stadium was built, when the Braves moved to Atlanta, their house was taken by eminent domain.

My great-grandmother Sally passed and my grandmother Lucy and her sister, my great Aunt Lizzie Mae took the money and purchased a house at 368 Angier Ave. NE in Atlanta. I only saw Grandmother Sally once when we visited Atlanta in 1951. My grandmother Lucy visited us in Los Angeles for my high school graduation. When my grandmother died in the 1960's, 368 went to Aunt Mae. She died in 1998 and she willed the house to me. I sold it for a nice profit. That was the legacy of Hiram Warner.

It is important to remember that in the days immediately after the Civil War the tradition of miscegenation that had been prevalent throughout the southern slave states for over 200 years continued to some degree. Thus, it was not at all unusual for a powerful white man to father a second Black family. These relations were complex and depended upon the personalities of those involved. By all accounts Judge Hiram Warner was a man of honor and it would be expected that he would provide well for his second family.

That was my father's background. As previously stated, my parents, LaVelle and Bill, married on September 30, 1925 in the backyard garden of the newly constructed home of my mother's brother Otis Bowdoin on Serrano. My mother came down the winding staircase into the living room and then out into the flowered garden for the ceremony. My father was an only child, as am I. The Bowdoin clan are all on my mother's side.

My mother's sister Helen, the next youngest, married Walter Coleman around the same time as my mother married. My Uncle Coleman (Unk as I affectionately called him) had been a professional army man. At age 17 he enlisted in the famous all Black "Buffalo Soldiers" and served eleven years, through World War I. The Buffalo Soldiers were sent to the Philippines in 1917 to secure the American colony. Unk served with the 9th and 10th Calvary and 54th Infantry as a machine gunner. In later years he suffered hearing loss from exposure to machine gun fire noise. Before going overseas the Buffalo Soldiers pursued Pancho Villa, the Mexican revolutionary. Unk and my Uncle Alva loved fishing, as do I (my father hated fishing as it was too slow for him) and we would go to Guaymas, Mexico deep sea fishing, Unk would go off the main road to a little town of Impalme where he and his regiment had camped while chasing Pancho Villa in 1916.

Unk left the army after the Great War and came to Los Angeles. He passed the examination and became either the first or second Black on the Los Angeles Police Department. From time to time Unk and Auntie (as I called Aunt Helen) lived with us in the big house on Sichel Street. I recall he always carried his gun and there were shells and other military equipment around the house. Sometimes Unk would take me to the police pistol range, where he was a crack shot. Unk also was close to the one all Black fire fighting unit in Los Angeles and he would take me to the firehouse and they would let me sit on the big red fire engines, which as a little boy, I found exciting.

In 1936 when the World War I vets received their bonus, Unk and Auntie bought a lot on Serrano, one door from Uncle Otis and Aunt Edna and built their own Spanish Bungalow home. It was a stylish two bedroom house with a large yard and patio. Unk and Auntie never had children so it fitted their needs perfectly. Serrano, a street two blocks east of Western Avenue, between Olympic and 12th Street was the home of many successful

Black families in the 1920's to the 1960's. As stated, my Uncle Otis built his four bedroom home in 1924, he was a manager of one of the staffs at the prestigious Los Angles Country Club where he worked for almost 40 years.

Next door to my Aunt Helen were the Babers, Mr. Baber also worked at the LA Country Club. Across the street was Dr. Garrett a dentist, next to them Attorney Tyler. Two doors north Attorney David Williams who became a Federal District Court Judge, on one corner the Blodgett's and next door the Smiths whose families had founded Liberty Mutual Savings and Loan in the 1920's, a Black owned bank, and there were others. Serrano as I knew it as a child is no more. It is all Latinos and Koreans.

My mother's oldest brother in Los Angeles, Lorenzo Bowdoin became very successful. Along with two other Black businessmen, they founded the Angelus Funeral Home. It soon became the largest Black owned funeral establishment west of the Mississippi. Uncle Lorenzo went to USC at night and earned an accounting certificate. He then became the treasurer of the Angelus Funeral Home. Uncle Lorenzo bought a very large home, breaking the restrictive color covenants in 1941. He joined the local NAACP and served as treasurer for over 30 years. The other Bowdoin boys, Uncles Al and Uncle Em worked for the Post Office, which were really good jobs during the Great Depression.

My father graduated from Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles. He, like his father, was fair skinned. He was very smart and could have certainly done well in college. But, in those days, the early 1920's, there were few opportunities for Black college graduates. In Los Angeles, it was not uncommon for Blacks with degrees in engineering or architecture, where it was difficult to work as an individual, not able to find professional employment. Many of them ended up working in the Post Office. In Los Angeles the only architectural firm in the 1930's was that of the quite famous Paul Williams. He did very well, more commonly known as "architect of the stars" as many of the liberal Hollywood stars hired Williams to design and build their homes. One of his signature works is the elegant, iconic triangle theme building in the center of the LA International Airport and he also did the Pearl Harbor Memorial in Hawaii.

My father graduated from high school when he was seventeen and immediately passed the entry exam and went to work at the Post Office, the US Government would hire Blacks and there were few, if any, opportunities in the private sector. As stated, he married my mother when he was twenty and my mother 19.

My mother and father were married for over 81 years, when my father died in 2007 at the age of 102. According to our best knowledge, they were the longest married couple in the U.S. They received a certificate from President George Bush. As mentioned, my mother is still living at 105, managing their duplex, lives alone with only two lady senior helpers coming in a few times a week and driving her to the market for shopping, a cleaning house keeper, and a gardener. Her mind is sharp and she is very much in charge. My mother has never had a real serious illness nor any accidental injury.

Returning to my childhood. We were never poor. As previously noted I was born on Sichel Street in my grandparents' home, the same house in which my mother was born. My Aunts and Uncles owned their own homes, no one in my family was a renter. On Sichel Street, in Lincoln Heights we were the only Black family. The neighborhood was made up of Mexican immigrants, Italian immigrants (there were a lot of Italian immigrants) some Anglos, and a few Japanese. One of my best friends was Paul Suzuki, a Japanese boy; he used to invite me to his birthday parties and I would be the only non Japanese there.

My neighborhood childhood friends were Mexicans and Italians -- Joe Mendoza, Rudolpho Cerda, David Hernandez, Americo Moreno, Alphonso Pinto, Tommy Magionne, etc. In fact, in our neighborhood, we were the only Black family, the only Protestant family, the only Republican family (my grandmother was an Abraham Lincoln Republican) and I was the only only child where big Catholic families were the norm. I was definitely at some disadvantage. For example, when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in the 1930's, for my Italian friends, I instantly became the resident Ethiopian. I was seven years old, and I remember walking the two blocks to school in the first or second grade, a big Italian boy of about 12 ran up to me and hit me in the eye, giving me a black eye, saying, "you're a lousy Ethiopian".

I vividly remember the Joe Louis, Max Schmeling championship fight of 1938. We were all excited. Unk was there, my father, my parents -- we all huddled around the big Philco radio cabinet my Uncle Lorenzo had given my grandmother (which I still have in our condo in Santa Monica). We listened to the fight. It was June 1938. It was hot, all windows were opened as no one had air conditioning. You could walk along the street and hear the fight. It was on every radio. We listen with bated breath as Louis hit the German hard. My Uncle would ball his fist and partially swing with every punch the announcer shouted. "Get him Joe" my grandmother said. Louis demolished Schmeling in less than two minutes. It was over. Louis had won. We all cheered.

I decided to go out front. That was a big mistake. The Italian boys were running around shouting, "It was a fake, it was a fix". I went back in where it was a lot safer.

However, I did have good friends among the Italians and Mexicans. We were the wealthiest family on the block. The Mexicans really didn't have anything. The Italians were a little better off. I used to save the comic section of the Sunday LA Times for my friend, Joe Mendoza. Of my young friends, we were the only family on the block to own our own home. The others were all renters. Most of these kids had never seen the Pacific Ocean, which was about twenty five miles away. We owned a car and frequently took rides all over Southern California.

In 1939 we drove to Yosemite to see the great park and then to San Francisco to see the 1939 World's Fair. It was a great trip. We stayed in Oakland at a hotel owned by African Americans. The Fair was exciting; I remember the many exhibits and seeing Benny Goodman's band at the arena. We drove to see the Redwoods and then back to LA.

Our closest neighbor next door was Mr. Hart. He was a big, strong Swede who worked in the gold mines and logging camps of northern California. He was fond of my grandmother and my father and we let him use one of our garages for his truck. Once, he brought me a sample of gold dust and a small pan to use to separate the gold from the soil and showed me how to pan for gold. Mr. Hart was a good friend and years later, even after we moved from Sichel Street, every now and then his truck would park in front of our house and he would come to visit. After a while he came no more and we presumed he had passed away.

That was the environment that I grew up in. When I went to Griffin Ave. grammar school, the same school my mother had attended, I was the only Black in the school. The Principal, Mrs. Cowan was the same when my mother was there and she knew our family. Generally, everyone was nice to me. However, when I entered first grade, the teacher, Miss Perry, who did not know our family, said to me on the first day of class: "I know you are gong to be a troublemaker. You stay after school." She made me put my head down on my desk and sit still. When I left Griffin, after making excellent grades, she must have been embarrassed that she'd done that, because I made very good grades and she wrote the nicest thing in my little autograph book.

I was ahead of most of those kids, because they were immigrants. I skipped half of kindergarten and then I skipped all of third grade, because I could do math problems very quickly. I was smart and I earned all A's.

Then, when I reached sixth grade, my sixth grade teacher wanted me to skip sixth grade and go into seventh grade, but my parents would not agree because then I would have been just turning 16 when I graduated from high school, and they believed that would have been too young.

I left Griffin Avenue School and went to Florence Nightingale Junior High School, which was about two miles from our house. It was a long walk and I would walk to school with Italian friends.

Florence Nightingale Junior High School still is a very rough school. It was about one third Mexican, one third Italian and one third Anglo, I was the only Black in a school of 1,200 students.

The students were always fighting. The Mexicans had gangs, some of them still exist today. I can name all the Mexican gangs in Los Angeles; they would fight with tire irons and bicycle chains, sometimes the Mexican girls would gang up on a white girl and rip her hair out.

Therefore, the principal and the police had assemblies. All the white students, the Italians and the Anglos, would go to one assembly, all the Mexicans would go to another assembly. I didn't go to either one of them. I don't know what they talked about.

It was dangerous, but I managed it and I didn't have any brothers or sisters to rely on. But I did have friends.

One thing the administration did do, they put all the smart kids in one class. They called it the Opportunity Room and I was in that all the way through junior high school and that was the one thing that saved me. If I had been thrown in with those kids who were gang members and that sort of thing, the teachers would break down in tears. We had three principals in three years at that school.

I want to underscore that the administration put all the smart kids in one class. There were two Mexican kids in the class, several Italians, the rest were Anglos and we were more advanced than the others and I was able to give full vent to all of my interests.

Nevertheless, there were a lot of incidents. I played the drums in the band when I was in the ninth grade. I was 13 years old. The drama teacher produced a play called Tom Sawyer; after we played the overture, the play began.

One of the lines of the play used the "N" word, which I won't repeat, but you know what it is and the actor said, "You can't trust N's, all N's are liars, they're all liars."

That made me very angry. I was 13 years old. So I got up, put my drum sticks across the drum and walked out, walked down the aisle, the long aisle of the auditorium and out the front door, past the principal who was turning blood red as I walked by him. Then I walked around by myself on the athletic field, because everybody else was in the auditorium watching the play and I walked around until the bell rang. If I had left the school grounds I'd have been a truant, so I just walked around by myself. I never told my mother and father, to this day, I've never told them.

I remember one of the Mexican kids, whom I knew couldn't understand why I walked out and it made me so angry I spit on him.

Then the next day, of course, the principal was upset. He called me into his office. One of the drama teachers, a white woman, had to talk with me and it went on all day long. I just had to go through it. So I went through it.

I graduated from Florence Nightingale, then the war broke out, December 7th, 1941. I was at my aunt's house, my Uncle Coleman was the former military man, we were over there for dinner with my grandmother.

I was outside playing with my Japanese friend who lived across the street, his name was Jimmy Yamamoto, we called him Jumbo, Jumbo Yamamoto. My father came out and said, "Billy, I think you better come in now. Something has happened." Then my father said, "Jimmy, I think you better go home."

I went in and of course the war had broken out. My uncle tried to reenlist. He was in his fifties. Of course they wouldn't let him, so he joined the home guard.

That's when we decided to move from Sichel Street. My father and mother bought a house on the West side of Los Angeles. Blacks in Los Angeles lived in two sections: the East side, which was along Central Avenue, and the West side, which was along Western Avenue. The West side, which was about a mile square, was inhabited by Blacks and Japanese, because restrictive covenants prevented Japanese from owning land in California.

We owned the house there and we rented it to a Japanese man. Then when the posters went up, all the Japanese must report at such and such a time, we went over to talk to poor Mr. Doi, he was a very nice man, he had grown sons. Mr. Doi asked my father if he would keep some things for him.

Mr. Doi gave my father his Japanese flag, a small samurai-type sword and a carp flag. The Japanese used to fly their carp flags whenever they'd have a child. My father took promised to keep them for him.

We decided then to move from Sichel Street closer to the rest of the family. We took Mr. Doi's cherished possessions put in a box. My father was a little concerned. People were going nuts against the Japanese. We buried Mr. Doi's possessions under the house. He and I just crawled under the house and dug a deep hole and put the box in.

When the war was over, Mr. Doi came back. We gave him his flag and his sword. He actually lived next door to us for a while. I think he went back to Japan, because he wanted to die in Japan.

My parents wanted me to go to Los Angeles High School, which was the number one academic high school in the state of California. We didn't live in the district, however, my aunt and Uncle Coleman lived in the district, as did my other aunt and uncle. We had two sets of relatives who lived in the district. I used their addresses in order to attend L.A. High. Now, their neighborhood is predominantly Korean and Mexican, Latino.

L.A. High had 3,000 students and there were about twenty Blacks, more Black students in any school that I had ever attended. L.A. High was two thirds Anglo, many of them from very wealthy families and one third Jewish.

I knew many of the Black students, their families were friends of my parents and my uncles and aunts. Most of the students were older than I, because I was a year ahead of what would have been my grade.

I was always the only Black in the class, because I had such good grades, I was placed in the Opportunity Class at L.A. High, which was great, because I really enjoyed it. Everyone at that school was very nice. Of all of the schools I've ever attended L.A. High was my favorite.

We won everything, we had great football teams, I never saw us lose a football game in three years. One of my Black friends, was a star track athlete, he became the all-city champion in the 200-yard dash. Another good Black friend of mine, Charles Kennedy, was another star track athlete, in the low hurdles. My cousins had also gone to that school. My older cousin, Donald Bowdoin, was also a star track athlete at L.A. High, a low hurdler, who came in second in the city finals in 1938.

After L.A. High, my cousins all went to UCLA. My cousin, Donald Bowdoin, also ran on UCLA's track team. Later all went into the army during World War Two. One of them, Donald, was a Tuskegee Airman, the Black bomber squadron. They were also slated to participate in the invasion of Japan. The war ended when they were on their way to Japan.

Some of the Jewish kids, white kids, and I who went to L.A. High together went to UCLA together, then went to USC law school together. We were together for a long time.

There was only one place I was going to college, UCLA, because Jackie Robinson went to UCLA, Kenny Washington, a football player, went to UCLA. When I lived on Sichel Street, I used to take the streetcar by myself and go to the Coliseum to see Jackie Robinson play. There was a kid's section at the Coliseum, 25 cents, way down at the end, but you could see the game. So I used to see Kenny Washington and Jackie Robinson. I saw some sensational plays by Jackie Robinson. Jackie Robinson should have been an All American football player, but they didn't name many Blacks All Americans in those days.

Jackie Robinson was the Light heavyweight champion boxer of the Pacific Coast Conference; he was the leading scorer in basketball for the Pacific Coast Conference, he broke the record in the broad jump in track and field, and he batted .400 in baseball, in one academic year at UCLA.

I was accepted at UCLA. I never had a problem getting accepted anyplace. I went there in 1945. There were seven thousand students in 1945. In February of 1946 there were 17,500 students. It was also so crowded you couldn't sit down. There was no place to study.

I took two years of ROTC and gym. In those days the University of California required that you would take a defensive sport, so I took wrestling. It was also required that you swim three lengths of the pool, plus taking 15 units of academic work.

There were about 150, maybe, Black students, out of 17,500 at UCLA at that time, few enough that we all knew each other.

I never really liked UCLA, I was disappointed in UCLA, because it was so cold, the atmosphere was very cold. I was accustomed to L.A. High. UCLA was like a big wet blanket on me.

There were no dormitories for Blacks on campus, so I had to live at home, 25 miles from campus. Therefore, if I had an eight o'clock class, I had to get up at four in the morning. It would take me an hour and a half to get to school. I would take the bus, transfer to the streetcar line, then take a Santa Monica bus to UCLA.

The guys I wrestled were all war veterans, they were ex-marines who'd been on Guadalcanal and I was 17 years old; they were throwing me all over the place. I was just exhausted the whole time, my first two years, I was just so tired. Eventually, I became a member of a car pool.

The professors had no interest in the students at all. In the four years I was at UCLA only once did a professor say "hello" to me. They were tenured faculty. None of them ever expressed any interest. They had a reader who read the exams; the professors had no idea what you were doing on their exams.

Classes were full to the gills. They had a terrible system for registration. Classes would all be full. Many students would be forced to spend the night out there. We would sleep out overnight on the athletic field, build a bonfire to keep warm; then at eight o'clock in the morning we'd start running to sign up for our classes and hope that they were not full. Every student who did not live on campus had to do the same thing.

But that was the system. I had one professor who once asked me what kind of grade I was getting, in geology. I told him I was getting a B and he was astonished that I was getting a B. That was the only thing he ever said to me.

I did well at UCLA. I graduated with all A's, except for one class in narrative poetry, an elective. I received an A in all the other subjects. I was in the Political Science Honorary Society for two years. But I didn't take part in any extracurricular activities, UCLA was just too far from my home.

However, I did join a Black fraternity, Kappa Alpha Psi. There are four major Black fraternities. Kappa Alpha Psi was founded in 1912. We had a Los Angeles chapter, which included students from UCLA, USC and L.A. State College, because there weren't enough Blacks at any one of them to have a separate chapter. At that, in Los Angeles we didn't have a chapter house.

I joined as a pledge in 1947, when I was 18 years old. And that was really an experience, to be "made" into a Black fraternity. They called us at home, I'll never forget Hell Week.

"Hell Week" came some time during your first year in the fraternity. You never knew when it was going to start. All of a sudden the phone would ring at three o'clock in the morning and they would say, "Be at such and such a location in ten minutes," there was no way you could get there on time and we knew Hell Week should be starting soon. One of the other pledges, James White, he came over and spent the night with us, because he lived in Pasadena, which was twenty five miles from my house.

James and I climbed into the car, my father's car, because I never had a car when I was at UCLA, I just used my father's car. They made us go to a house, and into the back yard at four a.m. Since we all were late, the big brothers lined us up, they had paddles about an inch thick and they ordered us to bend over. I remember the first guy who hit me; he played left tackle on the UCLA football team, his name was Bob Mike, he weighed about 240 pounds. He played five years for the San Francisco 49ers after he left UCLA.

He hit me so hard that the paddle broke and splintered into pieces. He knocked me about five feet when he hit me so hard.

Then the Kappa Big Brothers made us line up in a circle and they would play "tingle butt." You would sing, to the tune of *Jingle Bells*;

> Tingle butt, tingle butt
> Tingle all the way,
> Oh, how I love to have my butt
> To tingle in this way

As we would sing, they would hit us with paddles and they'd beat us and beat us with paddles every night and all day long. They made us get a medical examination, to ensure we could take it. One of our alumni was a doctor who gave us the medical examinations. They would break eggs on our head; then they would put bananas in the toilet; blindfold us and make us put our hands into the toilet and squeeze the bananas.

We had to learn all the rituals, we had to memorize everything, memorize all the songs. We had a lot of beautiful songs. Memorize all the history; we had to be able to recite the history of the fraternity, many of whom were Judges or other significant achievers, all the outstanding members whom were judges and others whether living or deceased, we had to know all their names.

The last night they broke eggs and put a red K on our foreheads; made us go to the drug store and buy sanitary napkins and use them as blindfolds; put them around our heads as blindfolds, and piled us in cars blindfolded.

They thought they'd made sure we didn't have any money, but we all had money sewed in our pants. They took us up Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles, if you know Los Angeles, there's a tunnel on Sepulveda where you look out on the San Fernando Valley.

We drove from the east side, Central Avenue, all the way up to Sepulveda Boulevard, about two o'clock in the morning and they let us out, thinking we had no money and blindfolded.

We took off the blindfolds and I recognized where we were. Some of the guys didn't know where we were.

There were eight of us. Some of the guys were quite dark in complexion, some of the guys were fair. So we said we didn't know how we were going to get out of there, it was too far to walk.

We took the fairest guy among us, smeared red lipstick all over his white shirt and laid him out in the middle of Sepulveda Boulevard. An elderly white couple came driving up and saw this guy lying out on the road, then they looked up on the hill and there were seven Blacks with red Ks on their foreheads, young Black men. They were frightened to death. I've never seen people gun their car and get out as fast as they did.

About ten minutes later a young white UCLA student arrived and stopped. Before he could drive away, we surrounded his car. He agreed to take us to Westwood where we could phone for assistance. We all had money sewed in our clothing. When we arrived in Westwood, his car loaded so that the wheels barely could turn, we all gave him money, forty or fifty dollars. He was a nice guy and really seemed amused.

Then we became Kappa Brothers and the initiation was finally over. Our Los Angeles Kappa class of 1947 was outstanding. Of that group standing on the road that summer night: Sherrill Luke became Student Body President of UCLA and later in life a Superior Court Judge; Eugene Walker went to Medical School and became a leading specialist in internal medicine; Price Cobbs went to Medical School and became a Psychiatrist and author of the over one million best seller "Black Rage"; James White, who we smeared with lipstick and laid on the road, became a professor of music at Mills College and later head of all adult education in the City of Oakland and I, of course, I became an attorney and later a career Diplomat and US Ambassador. One of our older Kappa Brothers who tormented us during that week was Tom Bradley who became three term Mayor of Los Angeles.

As a Kappa, my social life revolved around my Black fraternity. Our big social event was the interfrat basketball tournament where the four Black fraternities played each other. We all had players who were of NBA quality and the games were very exciting and competitive.

During the tournament, we would have a party before the game, and an after party following the game. We all had girl friends and we danced to our favorite jazz, told jokes and generally had a good time. We never had any fights or rowdiness. We were all college students or alumni and we just had a good time.

During my junior year at UCLA, just after I joined the Kappas, I had just broken up with a girl friend; as a consequence, I was "on the prowl". The first day of school, I was in line at the co-op getting a cherry coke and I looked up and saw this attractive girl standing in the entrance that I had never seen on campus before.

It was Joanne Garland, whom I later married. Many of the Black students sat at a table together. I went over and introduced myself. Later, before I graduated and left for law school, our romance had progressed to the point that Joanne would save me a seat in the

library; which, in those days was a major gesture, more than a casual friendship. Seats in the UCLA library, due to the great influx of veterans, the student body jumped from 7,500 to 17,000, were at a premium.

I learned that Joanne had a very interesting family. Her father, Jay Otto Garland, was a Medical Doctor, graduating from Howard University Medical School in 1925. He had graduated from Bishop College -- a historic Black College -- in Texas and was a native of that state and he did graduate studies in the sciences at the University of Chicago.

As an interesting aside, early in his political career Lyndon Johnson sought and received the support of some of the leading Black families in Texas. One of those was relatives of Dr. Garland, the Bledsoes. In his hard fought, exceedingly close first US Senate race, Johnson barely won. The votes gained by the efforts of those leading families, particularly the Bledsoes were crucial in Lyndon Johnson's victory, which ultimately led to the White House. Lyndon Johnson never forgot a favor or a friend. When he became President he summoned the elder Bledsoe, then a prominent attorney in Detroit to Washington. Attorney Bledsoe stopped by our home in Washington to pay respects to his distant relative, my wife, Joanne. In the course of an animated conversation, he explained he had been invited to the White House by President Johnson. The President asked him for the names of well qualified Blacks for judicial and civilian senior appointments. Attorney Bledsoe sent in a list of exceptionally well qualified individuals and the President named several of them to judicial and civilian positions.

As another aside, in the 1980's, when I was serving as the Ambassador in Residence at the University of Virginia, Joanne and I drove from Charlottesville to Charles City County Court House, just south of Richmond. We went to the archives and found records of the Brown family, the family line of David Crawford's mother. The records showed that before the Revolutionary War they were free Blacks and owned a parcel of 120 acres. It also had a copy of a will showing that in addition to the land the family owned one slave. In those far off days, it was not unusual for well to do freed Blacks, to purchase a relative or skilled artisan as a slave to ensure ultimate freedom and prevent them being sold away.

But, returning to Attorney David Crawford. He was very prominent in Boston and had a large and successful practice. He accumulated enough wealth to found the Eureka Mutual Savings Bank, the first Black mutual savings in the nation.

It is recounted that David Crawford knew many of the prominent Boston "Brahmins", reportedly a member of the Cabot Lodge family said in the 1920's "Dave, if you were a white man we would make you governor". Attorney Crawford was noted for his generosity. His bank provided loans and advice to many Black businessmen and prospective home owners. He helped many a young Black scholar attend college. During the early 1900's protest and picketing by Blacks of the biased derogatory movie of D W Griffith, "Birth of a Nation", he paid for the bail of all those arrested for protesting the film.

Unfortunately the great crash of 1929 hit the Eureka Bank hard and it had to be closed. David Crawford lost much of his wealth in the Great Depression and this probably contributed to his death in 1936.

Her grandmother, whom I knew, Almira Crawford, was from Providence, Rhode Island. Her father was a barber-surgeon. His shop was in Providence and they cut the hair of many of the wealthy people in Providence, Rhode Island, so they were fairly well off.

Mrs. Crawford, her maiden name was Elmira Lewis. Her father and her uncle were both in the 54th Massachusetts Infantry during the Civil War. If you go down to the monument to the 54th Mass in downtown Washington on U Street, you'll see their names, the two Lewis boys.

Barsali Lew, which later became Lewis, one of my wife's forbearers, is reported to have come from Haiti. When I was ambassador to Haiti, we mentioned that to some Haitians and there was a general in the Toussaint l'Ouverture's army named General Barsali. So they swore the family had inverted his name, his name was Lew Barsali, then when he came to New England he "anglicized" it to Barsali Lew.

Barsali Lew fought in the French and Indian Wars with the British. He stood six foot three. He then joined the Continental Army as a fife player and he marched off to Bunker Hill. There were three Blacks at Bunker Hill: Salem Poor, Peter Salem and Barsali Lew. Peter Salem was the sharpshooter who killed the British commander.

Barsali Lew stayed in the Army the entire war and was rewarded with a pension. He was a cooper by trade. In fact, in the State Department, in the old days, there was a picture of the "unknown Black flutist," which used to be in the Ben Franklin Reception Room, then they moved it to the men's restroom. It is a young Black musician playing the flute and the subject was believed to be Barsali Lew.

Lew had eleven kids and one of them joined the British Navy and was never heard from since. Barsali Lew had many descendants, and there are many people who claim they are descendants of Barsali Lew.

Joanne and I drove to Richmond and we looked him up in the Revolutionary War archives and found his name, found his regiment and the fact he had received a pension for serving. He had a group of guerilla fighters called Lew's Men, who harassed the English.

Anyway, that was the ancestry of my wife's grandmother, Almira Crawford. She married David Crawford, and Helen Crawford, who was my wife's mother, was their third child.

Helen went to Radcliffe College and graduated in 1920. Helen Crawford was the one hundredth Black to graduate from Harvard and Radcliff. When my daughter graduated from Harvard in 1979, my mother-in-law carried the banner for the Harvard class of 1920.

Almira and Helen, both of whom I knew, because Almira, after Dave died, moved in with Helen. Helen married J.O. Garland, MD, after he graduated from Howard medical school. Helen taught Spanish at Armstrong High School, the high school that Duke Ellington attended, and, as stated, when J.O. Garland graduated from medical school they married.

Dr. Garland decided to set up medical practice in Muskegon, Michigan where there was a growing Black population. My wife was born and grew up in Muskegon.

Joanne had a background similar to mine. Dr. Garland was the only Black doctor in town and she and her sister were the only Blacks in the grammar school. It was interesting that Joanne had a similar situation, only more severe, that I had had -- a teacher that was very prejudiced.

When Joanne was seven, starting third grade, her teacher Ms Ione Rogers, resented Joanne asking questions and that she was very smart. My wife tells this story: Ms Rogers grabbed little Joanne and said "you think you are so smart, don't you. Well, come up here and get under my desk". She took off her shoes and perched her feet on the crouching Joanne so the other students could see and made her stay under her desk with her bare feet on her back for the rest of the class.

The other little children in the class were frightened and did not understand what was going on. Of course, Joanne told her mother and her mother and father marched up to the school and protested vigorously to the principal. The teacher eventually was found to have mental, emotional problems and sometime later was removed from the Muskegon school system.

Joanne graduated from Muskegon high school and the family made a major decision. She had applied to several universities and was accepted in all of them, one of which was UCLA. Mrs. Garland suffered from severe, prolonged hay fever in Michigan and was not responding to any of the known treatments. Joanne's younger sister, Jayda, had suffered a bout of childhood rheumatic fever and the severe Muskegon winters with the winds blowing of the ice of Lake Michigan were not deemed well for a young person recovering from rheumatic fever. It was necessary to move to a warmer climate for the health of her mother and little sister. It was decided that the Garland family should move to California and Dr. Garland explored and found an opportunity to open his practice in Long Beach. And, so they moved west.

Joanne entered UCLA, which is about 30 miles from Long Beach. There were no dormitories for her on Campus at UCLA. Joanne's family was able to locate an established Black family in Santa Monica, about 10 miles from the campus, who owned their own home and were willing to let Joanne stay with them. When we first began dating, I would drive to their home on 11th Street in Santa Monica to take Joanne out.

Joanne's mother went to the women's dorm, Hershey Hall, and applied for Joanne to be admitted. She was told in certain terms that they had a "six year" waiting list. Which translated meant, that even Black slow learners would not be around in "six years".

In her second year, Mrs. Garland was named to the Board of a cooperative -- Stevens House -- which, while not on campus was closer to UCLA. Stevens House was for women students and was racially and religiously mixed. Jewish students also had a difficult time getting into dormitories as did Asians and the few Latinos that were on Campus.

Finally, in her junior year Joanne and her sister Jayda, who was now a freshman, were admitted to the campus dormitory for women, Hershey Hall. They were the second and third African Americans to be admitted. The first, the previous year was Yolande Stovall daughter of prominent Los Angles physician Dr. Gerald Stovall, who had, like me, graduated from LA High School.

Q. Today is September 29, 2010, I'm Charles Stuart Kennedy interviewing William Jones. When you went to UCLA although this was California, there was still the equivalent of de facto segregation?

JONES There were few dormitories at that time and the administration simply did not welcome Blacks into any of the dormitories, so there were then, of the 7,000 and then 18,000 students on campus, I guess there were maybe 150 to 200 Black students.

None of us lived on campus. We all lived at home, or some of them roomed in the area. But almost all of us lived at least 25 to 30 miles from campus. In fact, one of my best friends lived in Pasadena and it took her two hours by automobile to reach UCLA.

I had no problem getting into UCLA at all, I was accepted immediately, as were most of my friends. The Black students were all very bright who went to UCLA at that time and we all knew each other. The problem was there were so few of us and there were so many students, by February we couldn't find each other on campus, so we had to have places to meet.

But in any case, I majored in political science, which was what I was interested in. I decided when I was about 14 that I wanted to be a lawyer. So I majored in Poli Sci. I did very well in my general course work at UCLA.

I never really liked UCLA, because it was very impersonal. The professors cared very little about the students. It wasn't a matter of race. They didn't care about any student, regardless of their race.

Q: Here you were, you skipped a grade, the vets coming back, this is an older bunch of people. There had to be almost a generational gap.

JONES: A lot of these guys were older than me. Anyway, that was the way life was in those days. It was an exciting place to be, but it was very impersonal. In the four years that I was there, I had not one professor ever seriously talk to me.

I think one tenured professor spoke to me once and said "hello" and one asked me what kind of grades I was getting, because he assumed I was flunking out. When I told him I was getting a B in geology, he was quite surprised, and he never said anything else to me after that.

That's the way it was. There was no place to sit, the library was packed, you had to sit on the ground outside and study. At the beginning of a semester, they would say, "Look to the right, look to the left, one of you will be gone by the end of the year" and they meant that, they flunked people out willy-nilly at that time. I would say by the end of the semester maybe a third of the class would have failed.

They graded on a curve: that is, there would have to be two A's, two F's, four B's, four D's and everybody else got a C and that's the way they graded. And in the larger classes the professors had readers. They never read the exams. They only came in and lectured. They left and that was the end of that. They had a graduate student who read the exams and did all the grading. It wasn't that they weren't nice people and some of them were excellent teachers, it's just that they didn't care anything about you personally.

Q: Just about the same time, I was class of '50 at Williams College, a small liberal arts college and I was just thinking, I never was in a teacher's house in four years, except the swimming coach.

JONES: Well, at UCLA, the idea of going into a teacher's house was absolutely unheard of. I guess they may have had some favored students.

In 1947, when I was a junior, I met my wife, she came to UCLA in September of 1947, from Muskegon, Michigan. In 1947 her father decided to leave his practice and move to Long Beach, California. So he opened a practice in Long Beach. He was the only Black doctor in Long Beach.

My wife entered UCLA in 1947 and I met her on campus, in the Co-op. She was just 17 years old and I was 19. She had a schedule that allowed her to go to the library early and she would save me a seat in the library where I could study and not have to sit out on the concrete. Every day I would come and she'd save me a seat. I'd sit next to her in the library, and that's how our friendship developed over the years.

UCLA was very demanding. As I said, if you didn't cut the mustard, they kicked you out. So my fellow Kappa pledges from that year all did very well. One, Sherril Luke, became student body president of UCLA and ultimately a Superior Court judge. We were all just motivated. We had clear goals. We knew what we wanted to be.

We came from families that supported us. None came from poor families. All of their parents owned their own homes and were comfortable financially. They were not wealthy families, but they were middle class families and they had traditions of education; this was the case with the majority of guys in our Kappa chapter.

For example, one of the big brothers, who was giving us so much trouble, harassing us when we went through Hell Week, was Tom Bradley, who became the three-term mayor of Los Angeles.

That was the type of person who was in fraternity. It was a great social organization. We really had a lot of fun. We just enjoyed each other's company.

Nobody ever got drunk. There were never any fights, there were never any drugs, many good times together. We just had a good time, we just had a lot of fun. We had no other social life on campus.

Q: Going to the academic side of things, you were a political science major. Were you interested in international politics or just in American institutions?

JONES: My minor was history and I took a lot of world history. I developed an international orientation, in addition to political science.

But it was classic political science: government, political theory, Marxism, communism, socialism, state and local government, all the classic courses you were required to take.

I was required to take science courses. I took biology and I took a year of geology, which I thoroughly enjoyed, I really liked geology. I took English and I took Spanish, because I'd taken Spanish in junior high school and at L.A. High. This was a reflection of some of the choices of the standard curriculum required in order to graduate from UCLA.

Q: Was there anything concerning or even touching on the Black experience?

JONES: No, absolutely not. We were required to have a faculty advisor. Mine was Foster W. Sherwood, a senior tenured professor of political science. When I had my appointment with him in 1945, I was 17 years old. I had to have one meeting with him. He asked me what I wanted to do, and I said I planned to be a lawyer.

He said, "Why do you want to be a lawyer?"

And I said, "Well, it's what I want to be."

He said, "Well, that's not possible. You're not going to be a lawyer. Why don't you be a school teacher? Your people need school teachers. You're not going to get into law school. They're not going to accept you. So why are you wasting your time trying to be a lawyer?"

And that was the last time I spoke to him. I never spoke to him again. I never went to see him again and if I saw him walking down the hall, I would avoid him, because he did everything he could to discourage me from doing what I had decided that I wanted to do. But that was much of the atmosphere.

In '48, I joined the National Guard, mainly in order to remain in college. I don't even remember much about it, because I was able to avoid it most of the time, because I was in college. It was an all Black unit, the last segregated unit in the California Guard.

I applied to only two law schools: UCLA and USC. UCLA did not have a law school when I was an undergraduate. Their first law school class was to start in 1949 and they were only going to accept fifty students.

In my senior year, I got all A's and one B and I was accepted by both law schools. At UCLA, they were going to meet in a Quonset hut and they had no history. USC Law School, on the other hand, was the law school in Southern California, it had been founded in the 1870's. Seventy per cent of all the judges, a near majority of the eminent lawyers, were USC graduates. And where we lived on 35th Street was only two miles, three miles from USC. It was not a difficult decision. It was a very short commute for me. I decided to go to USC. I entered USC Law School in '49.

Although I had been at UCLA almost four years and was a member of the Political Science Honorary Society, Pi Sigma alpha, none of the tenured professors had shown the least interest in me, nor even bothered to say "hello". Fortunately, there was a visiting professor, of Political science, Lincoln Smith, from Maine. I received the highest grade in his State and Local Government class and he was friendly. I asked him for a letter of recommendation and he gladly complied, and wrote a very strong recommendation. Dr. Smith was really a fine person; he was just at UCLA one year.

In April of 1949, when I was a senior at UCLA, I saw a little ad in the Daily Bruin and it said, "Scholarships available for study in England." So I said, "Oh, I'll give this a shot." I wrote and asked for the forms and they sent me the forms and I filled them out.

In the mail, around the first of May, I received a letter from University College in Southampton, England which informed me that I'd been accepted. They offered me a scholarship which covered all my transportation expenses from Los Angeles. We had to pay the transcontinental rail fare, but they covered the roundtrip steamship fare to Southampton.

Of course this was a great thing in my life. My father said, sure, he would pay the tuition. This was for the summer, starting in June and ending the first of September. I was really excited.

Again, I was pretty lucky. I have two cousins. We are great fishermen. We all liked to go fishing. Someone, a friend of ours, gave them a boat, a sailboat. They needed lead for the keel of the boat and there was an abandoned shooting range in Baldwin Hills. They went

out onto this abandoned shooting range; they would shovel the spent bullets from the old police shooting range and melt them down for the keel of their boat.

I went with them a couple of times. The time I did not go, just before I was scheduled to leave on my scholarship, they were surrounded by the Los Angeles police and arrested for digging out the spent bullets. Of course, after some legal wrangling all charges were dropped and the records expunged, but had I been there I would not have been able to leave for England and would have missed the experience that ultimately changed the course of my life. Incidentally, one of my cousins later became President of a major bank and the other worked on the development of the Polaris submarine and missile program.

Anyway, I packed my bags and boarded the train headed first for Chicago. I planned to also stop in Washington, DC to see the monuments. It was a grand experience for me, I was 21 years of age, just graduated from UCLA and I had never really been out of California, except for some visits to Baja California in Mexico.

On arriving in Chicago, I was able to spend a few days and stayed with friends of my father. It was then on to Washington, DC to see the monuments and I stayed at the dormitories at Howard University. I walked down the Mall, saw the Lincoln Memorial, went into the Capitol and browsed the Smithsonian museums. I do recall that at Union Station I had to wait for a Black cab driver, as none of the white drivers would pick me up. It was my first experience with segregation

I went to Princeton, New Jersey. We had friends who had a restaurant in Princeton, a Black person, and I spent a night with him in Princeton and walked through Princeton's campus.

Then the big thing was that my Uncle James, who was an uncle by marriage, was president of the local chapter of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, the union, and he was a very close friend of the great A. Philip Randolph. He's the one who organized the great March on Washington in 1963.

Q: By the way, for people reading this in the future, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters were a major organization.

JONES: They had fought the railroads and been recognized. Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was a major labor organization. Its members had fought the Pullman Company for recognition in bitter conflicts, finally gaining union rights. There were revered in the Black community of the 1940's and their leader A. Philip Randolph became a major national Civil Rights leader. Although their salaries were low and they continually fought for a decent wage they had a very good income, mainly from their substantial tips.

At that time, the National Medical Association, the organization of Black medical doctors was in its second century.

In any case, "A.P.," as my Uncle Jim called A.P. Randolph, arranged that when I went to New York I would be met by members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, taken down to 125th Street in Harlem, to the headquarters of the Brotherhood and there I met A. Philip Randolph and he spent one full day with me.

I went everyplace with him, I went to all of all meetings. I was just 21 years old and here was this great man and I spent one full day with A. Philip Randolph before I left for England. It was a wonderful, wonderful experience.

I boarded the ship, the Queen Elizabeth, of course I'm in Tourist Class. There were two Blacks on the boat, in tourist class, and we were put in the same cabin. The other Black happened to be Benjamin Mays, the great Benjamin Mays, distinguished scholar, author, who became the president of Morehouse College.

He was Phi Beta Kappa from Cornell, he became one of the leading Black civil rights leaders in the South and one of the great American intellectuals of his day. So here I was, 21 years old, for six days I was in the upper bunk and in the lower bunk was this great Black American intellectual leader, Dr. Benjamin Mays.

Q: How old was he at the time?

JONES: He must have been in his fifties then, because he was president of Morehouse. And we talked and he advised me. He was going to a meeting in London. That was a magnificent experience, being with him for six days, living with him, sharing a bedroom with him.

We disembarked in Southampton, and I went up to the college, and signed in to the class. For the first time in my life I stayed in the dormitory, a private room in the dormitory.

It was an international class. There were thirty in the class and there might have been ten Americans, mostly men, veterans, usually, from World War Two.

There were people from Finland, from France, from Spain, from all over Europe, including three former members of the German armed forces: two had been in the German Army and one had been in the German Navy during the war.

We all lived together in this dormitory and took a course on British government. We traveled all over, went to Oxford and to Stratford on Avon and went to London.

On weekends I would go up to London by myself, go to the theater. I went to see Death of a Salesman with Paul Muni and Edvard Grieg's Song of Norway; I loved to go to the theater. I saw Annie Get Your Gun.

I was friendly with everybody. I was the only American Black. There were some West Indian girls at the college, but I was the only American Black and I got along with everybody quite well. One of the white girls was interested in me, but I was not about to

get involved with her, especially since I was then going very steady with my wife-to-be. It was a magnificent experience and I was treated very well.

I had a cousin, Otis Bowdoin, who'd also gone to LA. High and UCLA and had a master's degree from USC. He was ten years older than I. He had been in the army, been in the Battle of the Bulge.

When he left the army, he decided to study French at the Sorbonne. I got in touch with him and he invited me to Paris. I took a plane, first time I'd flown, I flew from London to Paris.

He met me at Le Bourget Airport, and he had reserved a hotel room for me.

Q: Today is October 7. 2010. I'm Charles Stuart Kennedy interviewing William Jones.

JONES: My cousin gave me a wonderful time. It was a defining moment in my life, because it introduced me to a world which I had not seen growing up in Los Angeles, California, and really not getting out of Los Angeles and the State of California.

Otis took me all over Paris. It was five years after the war. Paris was booming. The atmosphere was wonderful, Americans were loved and adored in Paris. He took me to all the museums. We went to the Louvre and to the Petit Palais. We walked up and down the Champs d'Élysée. I stayed on the Left Bank at the Hotel Cayre.

And one of the highlights of the trip was seeing the world famed Josephine Baker at the Folies Bergère. Josephine at that time was in her early forties, I guess and, if you know her history she had come to Paris in the early 1920's from the United States as part of an all-Black review called La Revue Nègre They all went home except her; she stayed in France, became a sensation on the Paris music hall circuit, became a star and became a citizen of France.

During the war she was in the French Resistance. There are lots of stories about her wartime exploits and her encounters with the Germans. She was almost murdered by the Germans. At the end of World War II Josephine Baker was awarded the highest military honor by France for her service to the resistance.

I saw the great Josephine at the Folies Bergère and she came down, I'll never forget, on a wooden horse out of the ceiling and sang, all in French. She was scantily clad, but she was clad. She was a beautiful, mature woman and for a young man 21 years old to see a spectacle like that was really quite an experience. In later years it happened that I was stationed in Paris when she died. My wife and I went to her funeral.

I thoroughly enjoyed my weekend in Paris with Otis. Then I took the boat train back to Southampton.

I seemed to get along extremely well with the foreigners in the class and actually my best friend was a German who had been in the German Navy during the war. He and I hit it off and talked a lot and went up to London a couple of times together.

Most of the time, however, I traveled by myself. I was curious.

I didn't socialize a lot with the other members of the class for obvious reasons, but we were good friends, and when we parted at the end of the course, we had a rather sad farewell. I remember the last night we had a dance, and we all sang Auld Lang Syne as we left.

I returned on the Queen Mary. I was the only Black on the ship, in tourist class therefore, I had a cabin for two all to myself when I returned to New York. Of course, I took the train home to California.

That's when I entered USC Law School in mid-September of 1949. We lived in central city Los Angeles, only about a mile from the campus of USC. It was very easy for me to take the streetcar and go to law school.

I was the only Black in my class at law school. There was one other, a senior Black student. So for two of my three years at law school I was the only Black student.

Our class had about I guess 120, 130 students to start. Approximately 100 graduated.

I made some very good friends in law school. I did very well in law school. I enjoyed law. It was very demanding, obviously. I studied very hard. I used to try and study at least ten hours every day, including class.

At the end of the first year, I had a very good average. They didn't give you A's and B's in law school, they only gave you number grades. I had an 89 average, which qualified me to be admitted to the Law Review. The Law Review required an 85 average. So I was inducted into the editorial staff of the Southern California Law Review.

Also in my second year, because of my good grades, I was awarded a scholarship. My father paid my tuition for my first year, my second year I was on scholarship.

It was required to write two articles a semester for the Law Review, I had four articles published in my second year in law school.

In my senior year I was made a teaching assistant and didn't have to pay tuition. In fact, they paid me a small salary. I helped teach a course in legal method for first year law students.

At USC Law School there were three old line White fraternities and one Jewish fraternity and everybody else was non-fraternity. In my second year I was invited to join the Jewish law fraternity, Nu Beta Epsilon, which I did and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Some of the guys in Nu Beta Epsilon I had known very well, they went to L.A. High with me, they went to UCLA and they went to USC Law School with me, so I had known them for almost ten years by then. We played poker every week, which I enjoyed thoroughly. They were good poker players.

The three white fraternities had an agreement at USC Law School at that time that they would control all student body offices: one would have the student body presidency, one the vice presidency and the other would name the secretary and they rotated the offices and voted as a bloc.

Some of their members became quite prominent, for example Bob Finch, Robert Finch, who became student body president of USC Law School, was a close friend of Richard Nixon. He went on to become lieutenant governor of the State of California and Secretary of Health Education and Welfare under Richard Nixon.

That was the class ahead of me at USC Law School, which became known as "the Watergate class," Bob Finch, Frank DeMarco and several others unfortunately became involved in the Watergate scandal. That was the class of 1951, those who were there, we call "the Watergate class."

In any case, when the 1952 student body class elections came, we decided, those of us who were independent or belonged to Nu Beta Epsilon, that we were going to try and break the hold of the old line fraternities.

We organized and mobilized everyone who was not a member of those three fraternities, and we ran a very prominent student, Don Mitchell, for president, and they ran me for vice president of my class, and we won.

The fellow who was president of the class was from South Carolina and dropped out before the end of the semester, at graduation I actually presided at our graduation ceremony.

In any case, it was a wonderful experience and I enjoyed it thoroughly. After graduating we took the course preparing for the state bar, which was in October. I used to try to study twelve hours a day, six days a week, preparing for the bar, which was three days, eight hours a day, all written.

An average of about forty per cent of the examinees passed, although graduates of USC had about a seventy per cent passage rate the first time. I was confident that I would pass the bar.

Coincidentally, it was during the World Series between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees; at the breaks, we would all run down and listen to the game on the radio. It was a great World Series.

I got a job immediately after the bar working as a file clerk at the Municipal Court and at that time my mother was working at the Board of Education, which was just across the street. So we would ride together downtown.

I worked as a clerk for three months, until the results came out and I passed the bar. The people at the Municipal court down there couldn't quite understand why I wasn't all that excited about passing the bar, because I already felt that I had passed it, so I wasn't all that excited.

The issue then became what do you do? I was never interviewed by one of the large firms. In the 1950's, the idea of hiring a Black was totally out of the question, beyond comprehension. The recruiters would come to USC Law School and interview the other guys on the Law Review. They never even told me when they held their interviews.

I had few choices when I graduated from law school, either to try and apply for a job at the D.A.'s office or the Public Defender's Office. I was not interested in either, or going into private practice.

One of the older Black lawyers in town, who had also graduated from USC, some years previously, had been a major in the army during World War Two, his name was William R. Freeman, he took me into his office as his partner.

I hired a sign painter to paint my name on the window, it was William B. Jones, Attorney at Law, and hung out my shingle. We were not a partnership. I had my own practice and he had his own practice and we shared office expenses, that is a secretary and all the other expenses that we had.

I went into general practice. By then, I was thinking, of course, of marrying Joanne. She graduated from UCLA in 1951. She did very well at UCLA, she majored in English. She tried out and was accepted as the principal commencement speaker of her class, at Hollywood Bowl, where her graduation was held.

She did graduate work at USC earning a secondary teaching credential at USC. Obviously I was at the law school and it made it kind of nice that she was also on campus.

We actually decided to get married years earlier. Joanne was not the type of person who would marry someone who did not have anything. She was not interested in marrying a man who was not prepared, who did not have a profession, did not have a source of income, and did not have a college education.

She would never have been interested in anyone who didn't have those qualifications, and I don't think I would have been interested in a girl who did not have a college degree. For me to become well acquainted with her family was quite something to me.

After I passed the bar, in January, 1953, I was formally sworn in as a member of the California bar one afternoon at the courthouse. The next morning I started practicing law, and I began to handle cases.

I didn't really know much about what I was doing. I knew the law, but I didn't know a lot about courtroom procedures and so forth, but I learned. I accepted cases, and I went to court, and I tried cases. The first couple of cases I tried, I wrote out every question that I was going to ask. But after four or five trials, most of them in Municipal Court, before a judge, not jury trials, I was able to extemporize my questions.

That is, I knew the case, I knew the facts, so I could ask the questions off the top of my head, I didn't have to write them down, which was much more effective in trying a case.

Because she had achieved an outstanding record during her training, Joanne was offered teaching places in a number of the most highly rated schools in Los Angeles. She chose Jordan High School in Watts, which was in the lowest income area in Los Angeles, because she wanted to try and help young people in Watts.

She began to teach there and I started practicing law. We set our wedding date, and we married on June 27th, 1953. It is now 2010, so we have been married over 57 years. As a wedding present my father gave me his 1950 Ford. That was the first time I'd ever owned a car in my life.

We left on our honeymoon, having decided to go to all the national parks on the West Coast. As a lawyer I knew my way around pretty well, so I reserved a suite at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. We were very graciously received and we had a suite overlooking the bay.

And, just coincidentally, 42 years later, when we celebrated our 42nd wedding anniversary, I wrote to the Mark Hopkins and told them that we had celebrated our honeymoon there in a suite and that we would like to come up there for old times' sake. They gave us the Elizabeth Taylor Suite at the top of the Mark Hopkins, which had a library, a living room, a sitting room, a dining area, of course a beautiful bedroom and a balcony for outdoor dining. They gave us that suite since we had had our honeymoon there, which, we felt, was an exceptional recognition of our anniversary.

We enjoyed our stay at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco. We visited all the traditional sites -- Fisherman's Warf, Cliff house -- I had been to the Bay area before, first in 1939 for the World's Fair and in 1946 to the UCLA, University of California football game. We then drove north up the Sierras to Mount Lassen Park, then to Crater Lake in Oregon, across the wide Columbia into Washington, to Mount Rainer, then across the straits at Port Angelus into Canada, ending at Victoria. It was a great drive. Coming back we hugged the coast to Eureka, CA and through the mighty Redwoods, back to the Bay area and then home to LA after two very happy weeks.

After San Francisco, we made no advance reservations but stayed at motels or hotels of our choice. We never had any problem getting a room and were received graciously, even a few realized we were honeymooners and gave us some extra service.

I continued practicing law with the older attorney, William R. Freeman, called Rex, a former army major in World War II and also a graduate of USC. We were together from 1953 to 1955 when I decided to go out on my own. I dissolved the partnership and opened my solo practitioner office and hired a secretary. I had an account representing a Black owned auto-collision insurance company -- Loyal Auto Insurance -- and I handled all of their subrogation work -- I was tasked to recover monies spent repairing a vehicle when the accident was not our insured fault.

I was then 27 years old in 1955, and had been reasonably successful. Joanne and I pooled our resources and she was able to give up teaching. We bought an apartment building with four two-bedroom apartments on the west side of Los Angeles, near Culver City. We lived in one unit and rented three. The apartments gave us additional income and with my expanding law practice we were comfortable. We owned two cars and I managed our three apartment rentals. As an attorney, I knew how to enforce rental collection and so all was profit. Our mature middle class tenants were much older than we were. I tried to do as much work around the place as I could.

We lived there until 1956, when, with two of my best friends in law school, Eugene S. Valian, his family were Romanian immigrants, their real name was Pataki, he had changed it to Valian, and Bill Camille, who was Jewish.

We'd been good friends in law school and they had been in practice and were doing fairly well. We decided to form a firm, the three of us formed the firm of Valian, Jones and Camille and in a few months we brought in another, older, attorney David Sokol, who was also Jewish.

We leased offices in the just completed, large, new office building on Wilshire Boulevard owned by the major insurance company, United of America, not far from the so-called Miracle Mile in Los Angeles. At the time, I think we were the only interracial firm in Los Angeles. I certainly was the only Black lawyer on Wilshire Boulevard.

We each maintained our own practices and then we pooled our money to share all office expenses, but we each maintained our own practices. My practice was predominantly Black.

I had some very interesting cases. I enjoyed practicing law. I also became active in politics.

In 1954, when I was still with Rex Freeman, Lucius Lomax, one of the leading members of the Black community who owned one of the Black newspapers, wanted to run for the state assembly. He asked me if I would be chairman of his campaign. I said, "yes" and managed his campaign for the 63rd assembly seat.

We were trying to open 63rd district which had been predominantly white. After the war, with the influx of Blacks, Los Angeles was changing and we thought we had a chance of winning. The 63rd was a middle class district and most of the Blacks were home owners.

We actually did win the primary, we beat the Democratic establishment candidate in the Primary election. I'll never forget, we went to Pat Brown, who was the Attorney General, and we asked if he knew anything on our Republican opponent that he could give us to help, he said, no, "he was clean as a whistle!"

Well, although close, we lost that election. A month or so later, Pat Brown indicted our Republican opponent on multiple charges of fraud, which he never bothered to reveal to us when we sought his aid. The Democratic establishment was not interested in our winning that election and becoming a threat to their control of the party in our area.

During that campaign, I did have an excellent political advisor. He was James White (no relation to my Kappa brother initiate) who I called Uncle Jim, who was the brother of the husband of my Aunt Corinne; my mother's much older sister. He had been elected President of the locale Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and as previously mentioned had arranged for me to meet the great A. Philip Randolph when I went to England. He gave me advice on how to run a large meeting. He said "never call for a vote on anything important unless you know the outcome in advance. Never leave anything really important for the "body" to decide. You are to guide not request." He was also very anti-Communist. The Communist had tried to control the Black labor movement. Uncle Jim would watch our campaign and he would check to make sure there were no Communists involved and he gave me a list of persons he knew who preyed on Black political campaigns. Several of them actually did surface and we kept them out.

Just as an aside, when I entered UCLA, I had just turned 17 years old. A few days after the freshman year started, in September 1945, as I got off the bus and walked on campus, a blonde cooed ran up to me and grabbed my arm and said "Would you like to go to a party?" And, I said "NO" and certainly not with her. It was the campus Communist who preyed on young Black students to try and involve them with their activities. They had a formidable organization at most universities in those days and Black students were a prime target.

Despite my growing awareness of political realities, I continued working in the Democratic Party. Some years later, I was elected to the Democratic Central Committee of California. However, the more active I became, the less I liked the political arena. I found that most professional politicians were more interested in maintaining a position of power and control in the party than winning elections. Unless they happened to be the candidate, their interest lay in continuing to hold inter party power and influence and increase that power. If you were not one of them or were selected by them, they would not be averse to crushing any effort that that might jeopardize their status, even if it meant losing at the polls. However, an attorney must become well known and contacts

are the life blood of receiving referrals for new cases and clients. Therefore, it was also in my interest to continue to be active, but with my eyes open and no naiveté.

I practiced law with my partners and class mates, Bill Camil and Gene Valian. In 1957, I had quite a lucrative case. I represented a group of middle class Blacks who had been in a car when a white woman driver, going above speed limit, lost control of her vehicle and crashed into them. They were all seriously injured. The lady's insurance company refused to settle the case and I filed suit and we went to trial. We tried the case without a jury, before a Superior Court Judge. I refused to ask for a jury trial as I believed it would be the kiss of death to have a group of Blacks, mostly young men, sue an attractive White woman before an all white jury. (the defense would have struck any Blacks with their preemptory challenges) We tried the case before the Judge and it took several days of testimony. The woman defendant never showed up, which strengthened our case. I established liability and substantial medical damages. The Judge awarded me a $30,000 verdict, which in the 1950's was equivalent to about $300,000 in today's money. Although the insurance company threatened to appeal and would not pay the full award, we did get a very respectable settlement.

As soon as the check came in and my clients, who were quite ecstatic, were compensated. Joanne and I quickly decided to take my entire fee and use it to develop the vacant lot we owned next to our apartment. We hired a building contractor who gave us an estimate. And so we build six two-bedroom apartments. We had no trouble getting a construction loan with my fee as our down payment. There were three Black owned savings and loan banks in Los Angeles and I knew all the management well. The President of Family Savings and Loan, M. Earl Grant was a long time personal friend of my family and he had known me since I was a little boy. With financing the apartment was completed and at age 31, Joanne and I owned ten two-bedroom apartment units.

I might digress here and state a bit about Mr. Grant. He came to California from West Virginia in the early century and lived in Pasadena. He developed a waste management company and obtained the contract from the city of Pasadena to collect its garbage waste. He then purchased a large pig farm near Bakersfield and fed the hogs the garbage waste. When World War II started, Mr. Grant obtained a contract with the U.S. Army to supply pork products and became very wealthy. He took those profits and founded Watts Savings and Loan, later called Family Savings and Loan, and that is where I obtained our financing. Incidentally, in later years, my cousin Robert Bowdoin, a UCLA graduate in business administration, became President of the bank.

As stated being an attorney, I knew how to collect rents and handle any necessary evictions, although our tenants were middle class and I rarely had a collection issue. Our first daughter, Lisa, had been born while we lived in the apartment. Our second, Stephanie, was declared on the way so it was decided we needed our own single family home to raise our two children.

An opportunity came along to purchase a four-bedrooms, two-story home in the desirable Country Club Drive neighborhood. It was an area of large elegant homes mostly owned

by well to do Black professionals. We had many close friends living in that area. The Country Club Drive section had been an upper class white neighborhood, but it had turned predominantly Black over the preceding ten years.

The white colonial had been constructed in 1917 and the elderly couple who had lived there had not done any significant remodeling. We decided to do extensive remodeling before moving in. My father-in-law, who owed his office building in Long Beach and a block of rental properties, had many workmen who handled maintenance of his real estate. One was a Hawaiian native who was a "jack of all trades", and he agreed to do our work. He did an excellent job and finished on time. We moved into 1216 Manhattan Place, Joanne, Lisa and now Stephanie, in spring of 1959.

It was about that time that I received a troubling, emergency phone call at my office. It was from my father-in-law, who was obviously upset. I asked why he called and he said he was at the Long Beach jail. Stunned, I asked "What for?"

And he said, "Well, I'll tell you about it when you get here, but come immediately, and we can talk. I got in my car and drove to Long Beach, which was 25 miles from Wilshire Boulevard. I immediately had Dr. Garland released and we left. He then recounted the disturbing events: A young white woman came into his medical office and said she was bleeding from the vagina. Dr. Garland was suspicious and did not want to treat her but she was persistent, even threatening that if he did not treat her she would go to the Medical Board. Reluctantly, he had her get upon the examining table for treatment. At that moment two very senior detectives from the Long Beach Police Department burst into the room and accused Dr. Garland of performing an abortion -- which at that time was illegal. They arrested him, handcuffed him and took him to the station, where he was allowed to call me.

Dr. Garland had never been arrested before and had a spotless record as a physician. He was respected by his peers and on the staffs of the major hospitals in Long Beach. Shortly after he was released the two arresting detectives contacted Dr. Garland and talked in a very threatening manner and

They said that they would "take care of things" and get everything dismissed if Dr. Garland would pay them the sum of $500 per week. They said they had observed him and knew he had a "big" medical practice. Their demand was that he have the money in an envelope every week and that the two young, rookie patrolmen who drove the patrol car in the neighborhood would come around and collect. One of the young officers was white, the other Black. They were, in effect, their "bag men". There was no time limit proposed and it was made clear in a threatening way that this was to be a permanent arrangement.

Under those very dangerous circumstances Dr. Garland certainly could not go to the Long Beach police. We also suspected that the local District Attorney, who worked hand in glove with the police in prosecuting cases, might not be trusted. In other words, we had to look out of the city of Long Beach. So, what were we going to do?

Through an intermediary who was a friend of Dr. Garland, we contacted the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. Fortunately, they proved to be honest and the Sheriff's Department agreed to investigate the allegations.

After they were satisfied there was wrongdoing, it was necessary to develop a plan of action. As attorney for Dr. Garland, I was careful to ensure he would be protected. I got a call that a plan had been worked out and that I should come down to Dr. Garland's office at a certain time. When I arrived there were two rather large men in casual clothes sitting in the waiting room. They were undercover detectives from the Sheriff's. It was the plan to give my father-in-law a large sum of marked bills to use to pay off the two detectives. I met with the officers and was present when they gave him marked money and I took the bills. In order to protect him I wrote down the serial numbers of each one of the bills, they were hundred dollar bills, so that they could not then say that my client, my father-in-law, was engaged in paying a bribe.

The Sheriff wanted him to wear a wire and engage the Long Beach detectives in conversation about the bribe, but they were twenty year veterans of the Long Beach Police Department. Whenever they met, they insisted on doing so on a busy street corner, so the only sound we ever got was automobiles, we could never pick up the voices. This was 1959 and electronic equipment was pretty primitive.

We would have strategy meetings. We could not, obviously, have meetings in Long Beach, who knew who was watching what, so that was certainly not practical, it was decided to meet at my house.

We had a couple of meetings at my house, the sheriff's people came and my father-in-law came. Everybody was carrying a gun and I had them hang their guns in the closet. I had two little girls upstairs in bed and my wife.

We would sit down and they would plan strategies. Fortunately the two young policemen who were the bag men hated the detectives and through the sheriffs and through contacts that they had, trusted intermediaries, who were able to contact these two young policemen and get them to agree to work with them, to set a trap for the two detectives.

And so they put a wire on these two young policemen and told them what to do, what to say, to arrange a meeting with the two detectives and try to get them to make incriminating statements which they did and they would play the recording back when we had these meetings.

One of the meetings was quite frightening, because the detectives evidently had become suspicious and one of the detectives cursed at one of the young policemen, "You rotten SOB, if you ever rat on me, this is what you'll get" and he took his gun out and put it to his head and cocked it. We could hear the click of the gun as he cocked it and put it to the head of this young policeman.

Well, this went on for some time and the Sheriff had a detail following these two detectives. They were regularly going to Las Vegas and gambling heavily and they were also extorting others, in addition to my father-in-law.

Finally, after many anxious and extremely stressful months, an eternity, they set up an ambush in the parking lot of the Long Beach Police Department. The two crooked detectives always came to work together. When they came to work, the sheriff's deputies surrounded them and arrested them and charged them with extortion.

Of course then, they had plenty of money, so they hired one of the top defense lawyers in the state to represent them. The L.A. city district attorney prosecuted the case against them.

As a result of that arrest, there was a major shakeup in the Long Beach Police Department. The chief of police resigned, the captain of detectives fled to Mexico and I believe that some of the members of the Long Beach district attorney's office also resigned.

The case then went to trial. I guess it must have been about 1961 by then. I would go down and sit in on the trial and just listen to it and it went on for six weeks and it was a bitter, bitter trial. Those guys fought tooth and nail.

It was jury trial and it was a dicey situation. During the investigation and during all of this, I had to be very careful, because the detectives obviously suspected that I was involved and I had to be extremely careful driving down to Long Beach, to my mother-in-law's and father-in-law's house.

I drove a different route each time we went down there. Just as a hypothetical, it would have been very easy to stop me, alleging I ran a red light, or changed lanes without putting my blinker on, or failed to stop at a stop sign, or failed to make a signal when I made a right turn.

They could have pulled me over, dropped a couple of grams or vials of cocaine in my car and arrested me for possession of narcotics and taken me to trial. Who would have believed a thirty-one-year old Black lawyer's word against that of a twenty year veteran detective of the Long Beach Police Department?

They could have ruined my life. They could have had me disbarred, maybe even sent to jail, had they gone that route. But fortunately, I was very careful about going to Long Beach, I didn't go unless I absolutely had to and in any case they never attacked me.

Finally the case did come to trial and it was a grueling six week procedure. I managed to attend at least a couple of times a week to evaluate how the prosecution was progressing. Of course, I was busy with my law practice and had many cases to manage. Both detectives were found guilty and, of course, appealed their conviction. The appellate process always last several years and this complicated prosecution, as expected, dragged

on quite some time. In fact, the appeals were still in process when we left Los Angeles for Washington, DC to join the Department of State in 1962.

And in 1963 when I was on an assignment in Lagos, Nigeria, I got a call that Dr. Garland had suddenly died of a massive heart attack. I flew back to Los Angeles for his funeral, which happened to take place on the same day President Kennedy was assassinated. A few days after Dr. Garland's funeral, the sheriff called my mother-in-law and told her the two guilty detectives had exhausted all of their appeals and had reported to a maximum security prison for confinement. The case was finally over. I'm sure the great stress contributed to my father-in-law's heart I attack.

I want to emphasize that Dr. Garland had an impeccable record as a person and as a physician. He had never been charged with any kind of misconduct. During his 18 years of practice in Michigan he was held in highest esteem by his peers and was noted for his ability to make rapid and accurate diagnosis. At a time many Black physicians were denied hospital staff privileges he was elected to the staffs of all the major hospitals in Muskegon and when he came to California and passed the Medical Board, to the hospitals in Long Beach. He was a member of the AMA and the NMA (the National Medical Association, the over 100 year old organization of African American physicians) Dr. Garland was lauded by physicians in the Long Beach area and in an article in the professional journal Medical Economics for his personal courage which stopped extortion and other criminal activities directed at physicians. After his death several scholarships were named in his honor.

Anyway, that was that very stressful episode. I had other cases, practicing law. I enjoyed law, but it was repetitive and I began to look for ways to broaden my horizons.

But I'll mention a couple of other cases and then I'll go into how I transitioned out of my law practice. One case that I recall involved a four or five year old girl, she was the daughter of a woman who was in jail, she'd been placed in a foster home and the foster parents were businesspeople, they were Black and they had a very successful business and a very good income, middle class people, very upstanding, church going people.

And they fell in love with this little girl and the little girl fell in love with them. She only knew them as her parents. When they took her in, she was around three years old. They wanted to adopt her.

They came to me to handle the adoption and I drew up the adoption papers. It required the consent of the mother. She was in jail and she refused to consent. She was determined to use the child as a means of getting parole. She said she needed her baby and she wanted to be granted parole so she could "take care of her baby."

I was determined that this child was not going to be returned to that woman. I researched her and researched the law. I found that if there was a recidivist, that is someone who had a long criminal record, a professional criminal, loses the right to object to the adoption of their child.

I looked up her record, and she had been arrested since about the age of 14, she was then in her mid-twenties. She'd been arrested for prostitution, for narcotics, trafficking in narcotics, theft. She had a long, long list of just one crime after another.

She still refused to agree to the adoption. She had the public defender to represent her, and we went to trial. We put the little girl in the judge's chambers, so she couldn't hear the testimony.

We had a knock down, drag out trial and I presented all the evidence of her recidivism, and then introduced this statute. The judge ruled in our favor, ruled against her and granted my client's right to adopt the child. When he did, this woman went absolutely ballistic, she started to scream and shout, she tried to attack us, she had to be grabbed by the bailiffs and put in handcuffs. She was just screaming, "You've taken my baby! You've stolen my baby!" etc, etc, etc, very stressful.

The judgment prevailed; then we went into chambers to sign all the papers. The little girl was there and the parents signed the papers, the judge signed the papers, and the parents broke down in tears, they just cried and cried. The adoption went through.

I don't want to say that all my clients were Black. I did have some white clients. It was interesting that most of my white clients were southerners.

One whom I remember was Billy B. Pierce. Billy B. was a nice old southern young man. He'd been involved in an accident, it wasn't exactly clear that Billy B. was right, it was a pretty close case.

Billy B. wanted to sue, I sued and we tried the case in Santa Monica before a judge. I wasn't at all sure that Billy B. was going to win that case. This was in the 1950's and it was not usual for a Black lawyer to be representing a white client.

I had noticed that the judge just looked absolutely astounded when he saw me representing this fellow. He had a quizzical look on his face during the entire trial, but I could see that the judge seemed to be more and more impressed with the fact that I was representing to the best of my ability this southern white fellow.

In order to make a better impression on the judge, whenever there was a point that was fairly complicated, and I wanted to explain to my client the meaning of what was going on, I would make it a point to move over and sit close to Billy B. I would put my arm around him, hold him by the shoulder and then would whisper in his ear information that needed to be explained and I'd give him a little pat on the back and squeeze his shoulder.

The judge seemed to be impressed. In any case, we won the case and Billy B. was awarded some money. It was an interesting case.

Another white client I had was from Mississippi and he distrusted northern Whites. He was still fighting the Civil War and he felt much more comfortable around Black people. He was afraid of elevators. When he would come to the office, I would have to go down and meet him, and bring him up in the elevator.

He was a minister and he would start to talk about hellfire and burning in hell. He had a son who was fairly rakish and was always involved in something. He would call me at night, and his son would be in some kind of difficulty and I would advise him, tell him what to do, to set his son straight.

Off and on for several years he would come to my office, and I would always talk to him, go down, meet him, bring him up to the office, we would have a talk and I'd give him some advice, and four or five months later he would appear again.

It was an interesting time, but I was always remembering Southampton and I was always remembering Paris and London. I was always thinking I must do something other than just practice law. Because after you've had one case, it becomes repetitive, you do the same thing, basically, over and over again.

And I wanted to see the world, to become involved in some way with the exciting changes that were occurring globally and the challenges that that offered. Joanne would always support me, because that's the type of person she was and still is.

I was invited to join the Los Angeles World Affairs Council as a founding member. I volunteered to entertain foreign leaders whom the State Department brought over during the Cold War, mainly from Africa. I would host them, and take them around Los Angeles and introduce them to people; and take them to Black Los Angeles, introduce them to business leaders, prominent politicians, for example, the persons who founded the Golden State Insurance Company, a large Black owned insurance company.

The State Department asked me to entertain Sékou Touré, who was the president of Guinea, on a state visit to the United States. Guinea was a left-leaning country they thought might go Marxist. They asked me to entertain Sékou Touré and they underwrote a reception that I hosted at the Ambassador Hotel, on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles and invited most of the Black elite in Los Angeles to meet Sékou Touré, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

I did this off and on for a number of years. And then I began to also work with UCLA, they were interested in establishing an African studies center at UCLA. I was able to put them in touch with the many African leaders that I was hosting. As my interest and activities in international affairs increased, I decided I wanted to get a master's degree in international relations. I decided to enter the School of International Relations at USC; and finished all the course work; and I earned all A's. I was working on my master's thesis when I gave up my law practice and unfortunately never had the chance to finish it, once I moved to Washington.

In any case, I involved myself as much as I could in international affairs in Southern California. As a founding member of the Los Angeles World Affairs Council I was invited to that famous dinner for Nikita Khrushchev in Los Angeles, where the mayor of Los Angeles, Norris Poulson, made the very inappropriate remark to Khrushchev that "You will not bury us, we will bury you," and Khrushchev became quite agitated and started talking about the number of nuclear weapons he had. That was at the Ambassador Hotel.

I was fairly well known in that set in Los Angeles, those people who were interested in foreign relations. I worked with the foreign student advisor at USC. We organized a scholarship program for African students and we obtained scholarship assistance for a number of African students. Some of them became fairly prominent when they went back to Africa. These were the heady times in the late 1950's and early 60's when the march to independence and end of colonialism was the centerpiece of Africa. Earl Seaton from Tanzania, Arthur Wina from Zambia were two who became prominent.

One fine day in 1962, April of 1962, Richard K. Fox walked into my law offices, Dick Fox became an ambassador. He was Black and was head of the Office of Equal Opportunity at the State Department. He walked into my office on Wilshire Boulevard and said, "We've heard of you" and he talked to me at length and finally he said in sum, "The world has changed. John F. Kennedy is President and he wants to expand the State Department. There are very few Blacks in the State Department. The world, with all these new nations becoming independent, is a multiracial world now of independent states; would you be interested in coming into the State Department as a Foreign Service Reserve Officer?"

I was excited, thought about it and I replied, "I'll discuss it with my wife". We spent long hours discussing the pros and cons, all aspects, all facets, of making such a momentous move. Leaving Los Angeles, moving to Washington, leaving family, changing our mode of life, giving up a successful law practice, leaving old friends and a life we had built which was rewarding and fulfilling for a future which was unknown. I had to consider my practice, my responsibilities to my clients and my law partners, our real estate investments, the process of moving the children to the East coast (no one in my family had ever moved out of Southern California), the possibility that I might be appointed to a judgeship since I had previously been recommended, also I had been contacted about working with African governments to establish constitutional processes, these were a few of the considerations that Joanne and I had to discuss.

She was all for it, I was for it. Some days later I got back in touch with Dick and said, "Yes, I would be interested in coming into the Department of State. What do we do now?"

Dick Fox made the necessary arrangements, and I was contacted by the State Department with: the forms to fill out; the background checks; the security clearances; the medical examinations. I can't even remember all the forms or all the interviews.

The new phase of my career was about to begin, we found out that Joanne was pregnant again with our third child. Naturally we were delighted! She was in her first trimester. Eventually, I was cleared and by September I received the word I had passed. I was offered a position at a mid-level grade.

They couldn't match my salary. At that time I was taking home about $20,000 a year, which, in today's money, was approximately between $150,000 and $200,000 a year, certainly over $100,000 a year in today's money.

They couldn't match that, so they offered me an FSR-3 appointment, which is equivalent to a GS-15, at a salary of $12,500 dollars a year and I'd been taking home $20,000.

I agreed to accept the income cut. I signed up in September; and in September I stopped taking in new cases, tried to settle all the cases I had; turned a number of my cases over to my law partner, Gene Valian.

By then our firm had changed. Camille had run for office and was the mayor of one of the suburban cities of Los Angeles, he wasn't all that active. But I turned over many of my cases to other friends, other classmates of mine at USC.

Then in October the Cuban Missile Crisis exploded. I was afraid that if war broke out, of course all bets were off then. But, fortunately, President Kennedy honorably settled the missile crisis and things went forward.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1962 I boarded an airplane and headed for New York City, on my way to Washington. Joanne then was seven months pregnant with our son. She remained at home.

She had to negotiate the selling of our home and of course she had a very strong support group in Los Angeles: her father and mother were there, my parents were there, her sister was there, she was not alone.

I went first to New York City, to a conference on Africa at Arden House to which I had been invited. In New York I met Dr. Dorothy Ferebee. She too was attending the Arden House Conference. She was an old friend of my mother-in-law's, they were like sisters, they'd grown up together in Boston.

Dr. Ferebee graduated from Simmons College and graduated from Tufts Medical School. She was in charge of all the student medical programs at Howard University. After the conference she drove me to Washington. She had lived there and practiced medicine there for many years.

My mother-in-law had taught high school in Washington before she married; my father-in-law had gone to medical school there. They also had many friends in DC.

Two weeks later, after I had found a hotel, Joanne came out, spent a week with me looking for housing for us for the time when she returned with the girls. We were not successful in finding an acceptable home. Fortunately, after Joanne returned, I was able to lease a large, two story brick home in the Takoma Park section of Washington from a Howard University professor who was on sabbatical.

In January, I met Joanne and our two beautiful little girls, Lisa and Stephanie at Dulles Airport. Incidentally, on the plane with them was one of my former law professors at USC. I was obviously ecstatic to see them. Joanne by then was eight months pregnant.

We moved into the house I was renting and very shortly thereafter my son appeared on the scene, on February 22nd, 1963, Walter C. Jones was born in Washington, DC, born on George Washington's Birthday.

I named him after my Uncle Walter. He was the uncle who had been in the army for eleven years, was a "Buffalo Soldier" and had joined the LA. Police Department in 1920. He served twenty years as a policeman in Los Angeles, and, after retiring, became an accountant. He had never had any children. So I named Walter after him, because I always admired him. He was a very, very fine man. Walter's middle name, Crawford, was the family name of my mother-in-law's father, attorney David Crawford.

In any case, Walter came on the scene and Joanne's mother came out to help us and it became her task to find us a home to buy. I was working in the State Department then in a new job, and that was obviously taking all my time and energy.

And so Mrs. Garland, with all of her friends, she knew a lot of people in Washington. Of course her childhood friend Dr. Ferebee, Aunt Dot, arranged for my wife to deliver at Howard University Hospital, she arranged the OB/Gyn physician, who was a good friend of hers, so they all knew each other, he delivered Walter at Freedmen's Hospital on Howard University's campus.

And I remember it was the coldest February 22nd. I think it was nine degrees. It was the first time I'd seen snow. I'd never driven in snow, living in Los Angeles. It was quite an experience, driving to that hospital at night and everything was frozen.

In any case, Mrs. Garland came to Washington. With the assistance of a realtor whom she had known for many years, she began to look for houses for us and she did find us a house, same house that we're living in now, 47 years later, on 17th Street Northwest, in an area called Crestwood, near Carter Barron Amphitheater, just off upper 16th Street in Washington.

It's a big house, too big for Joanne and me now. It's an all brick, four level house, with finished basement, three levels, including a third floor with five bedrooms and four and a half baths, a library and a two car detached garage, on a pretty ample grounds.

We bought that house and I can't even remember what we paid for it, because my mother-in-law handled everything, although it was my money. We moved in. My oldest daughter then entered kindergarten in the DC Public School system.

We began to make friends with our neighbors and friends my mother-in-law had known in Washington. We were introduced to a number of people in our own age group, and on our block I think there were about 15 children, all Black and all from professional families, all relatively in the same age group as our children.

Our children immediately had a social group of new friends from their socioeconomic class to play with in the neighborhood. They all became good friends and they're still good friends after all these years. They're obviously scattered all over now, but they still know each other and still occasionally talk to each other on the internet.

Through those friends, we made other friends, most of them Black professionals in Washington. Many of them were connected with Howard University in one way or another, either professors and teaching there or in the administration of Howard. Thus, we were accepted in that society.

As a Kappa, just by being a Kappa, to other professional people, I'd say "I'm a Kappa" and we'd give the secret handshake and you would have created a bond. Joanne was a member of one of the four Black sororities, as were many of her friends, they immediately bonded with each other.

We had a very active social life almost from the beginning in Washington. There are all kinds of clubs in Washington, Black social clubs composed of Black professionals and we were invited to their dances and parties.

After a while my children were asked to join the Washington, DC chapter of Jack and Jill. Jack and Jill is a national Black organization, composed mainly of professional families.

There are chapters in most of the major metropolitan areas in the country. Jack and Jill is a very old organization, founded in the early 1930's. The member families are carefully selected based upon personal relationships, integrity and achievement. The children range from ages 3 or 4 to early teens. The object is to introduce children to each other and to associate with children with whom they have much in common.

Many of the children in the Washington, DC Jack and Jill were from 3rd or 4th generation families in Washington whom our families had known or who knew other, close social friends of ours. So we, and Lisa, Stephanie and Walter, felt very comfortable in Jack and Jill as many of their friends were members and they made new friends. Our children enjoyed Jack and Jill. They went to the parties and field outings and immediately had a well rounded social life.

After about a year, Joanne and I were invited to join the "Couples Club", one of the social clubs in Washington. We still belong today, although many of our members have now passed away. The Couples Club in the 1960's was composed of twelve couples, many of them medical doctors. We met once a month from September to June at each other's homes. There were no dues and we had no formal officers. Whichever couple was host provided dinner and drinks and we would just sit around and talk, tell jokes, listen to jazz, discuss politics or books, and just enjoy each other's company. No one ever got drunk, cursed, talked loud or engaged in any offensive behavior.

Our Couples Club was not unique. Similar small clubs exist in African American communities in all major metropolitan areas. In fact, Joanne and I also belong to a couples club called "The Group" in Los Angeles composed of essentially the type of persons as our Washington, DC club and, in the case of Los Angeles, some of the members I have known since high school and attended UCLA with them. However, in Washington, our club had as members, eight medical doctors, all with board certified specialties, two couples, both husband and wife were MD's, all wives were college graduates, most with graduate degrees or professional credentials. One member was a PhD in chemistry and Chairman of the Department of Chemistry at the U.S. Naval Academy. Several were professors at Howard University Medical School and one was later named Dean and authored a leading text on his specialty. When I was assigned by the Department of State overseas, many of our Couples Club members came to visit us.

Well, that was a part of our very full social life in Washington. It was very full and very enjoyable. We all enjoyed each other's company, appreciated our achievements and were comfortable and well off financially. Needless to say we all owned our own homes and most had second vacation homes.

My parents came to visit us our first summer at our home. They never liked Washington and could not understand why I choose to leave Los Angeles. My mother and father were afraid their three grandchildren would develop "southern accents". They generally hated the weather and in the 47 years, excepting our years overseas, up to my father's death at age 102 and to my mother now 105, they never came to visit on Christmas or Thanksgiving as they did not like cold weather and had never been in snow. Of course, they sent large Christmas packages with many gifts and checks for us all. Dr. and Mrs. Garland purchased a spacious two story home on a hill overlooking the city. They had a beautiful view toward downtown LA and the San Gabriel Mountains. The children remember playing in the swimming pool and picnics and barbecues in the back yard.

Mrs. Garland loved coming to Washington and her mother Mrs. Almira Crawford, then in her early nineties even came to visit as did Joanne's Uncle Dr. Charles Boyd, MD and his wife Virginia, Mrs. Garland's younger sister. For Mrs. Garland coming to Washington was like a homecoming as she had so many friends. Her oldest, childhood friend who had grown up with her in Boston, was Dr. Dorothy Ferebee who had graduated from Tufts about the same time Mrs. Garland finished Harvard Radcliff. Dr. Ferebee, or Aunt Dot, as we all called her, was the Medical Director of the Howard University Student Health Administration. She had a distinguished medical career and was also active in many

international associations. Dr. Ferebee had organized the first rural health program for Blacks in Mississippi in the 1930's.

Aunt Dot owned a beach home in Morris Beach, New Jersey. Morris Beach was a private development of beach homes owned by well to do African Americans from Philadelphia and Washington. It had been constructed in the early 1930's on Great Egg Inlet near Ocean City, New Jersey, 12 miles from Atlantic City. They had a private swimming beach and a fishing pier and there were about ten or twelve homes. Everyone knew each other, there were many children and we always had a good time at Aunt Dot's beach home. I especially liked the fishing as I caught many large bluefish in the bay.

There were similar vacation enclaves owned by prominent African Americans on the east coast. On Martha's Vineyard there was Oak Bluffs where African Americans of means had owned homes for over 100 years. On Long Island, there was Sag Harbor. Near Annapolis was the very old Highland Beach which had been organized by Frederick Douglas after the Civil War and there was nearby Oyster harbor and Arundel on the Bay. There was a private Black owned yacht club in Annapolis and they would cruise in flotillas along the coast. Similar vacation enclaves existed in the mid-west and south.

And so the transition to the east coast was easy. Our new friends were very similar to our social friends in Los Angeles who had gone to UCLA or USC or the Black professionals who had moved west after World War II. It was, basically, the same social pattern for us.

Q: Was there any intermingling of the White community, or say, the Jewish community or something like this socially?

JONES: There were many inter-racial social interactions but they were generally related to our professional responsibilities. At some of our large dinner dance affairs with four or five hundred people at a dance in one of the major hotels, there might be two or three white couples, friends whom members might have invited. Joanne and I from time to time would invite friends of ours who were not Black. For our smaller clubs, it was generally all Blacks.

There were two different levels. There was your business, professional life, where you did associate with whites, you did go to cocktail parties, you did go to dinner together, you did socialize, in a way. But then our major social life was with our Black friends and with the old, national, social organizations to which some belonged.

Q: We had just come back from overseas and my son was born in Washington, DC in 1961. My wife went to a doctor that was recommended and she had our son at Doctor's Hospital on I Street and I heard afterwards, we didn't know this, but they had a policy, they didn't even hire Blacks as janitors, it was an all white establishment.

JONES: That's true.

Q: It gives a feel for some of these wheels within wheels within wheels in Washington.

JONES: Going back many decades there had been an intense struggle to obtain hospital staff privileges for African American physicians into the general hospitals and they did, they finally broke in. Primarily, staff privileges at Black hospitals funded by Black physicians, Black investors and community organizations. Staff privileges were essential. Without them Black physicians generally had to assign their patients to white staff physicians. Between 1960 and 1970, almost all of the major Washington hospitals opened up to qualified Black physicians. But when we first went to Washington the fight was still going on.

So the social life we led was pretty much within the social clubs. Now, with my son's generation, it's much more interracial socially, but in my generation, our real social life was pretty much among our Black friends and even primarily within the Black community.

Q: DACOR House is sort of the Foreign Service club in a way. I went to a reception for a friend of ours, Ruth Davis, she was going off as ambassador and I was blown off my feet by some of her friends, who obviously came from the upper crust of the Black community, because these ladies were dressed to the nines, beautiful clothes one would have only seen in the fanciest places. It really, really impressed me.

JONES: A lot of people don't know that this class of Blacks exists. Even a lot of Blacks don't know that it exists, but it does exist. There was a book among others called Our Kind of People and it catalogues the prominent Black organizations, all over the country, because in every major city it's the same, you have this class of people, the professional people, the college trained people, the well educated people, for generations.

In Atlanta, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, San Francisco, Boston, Richmond, New Orleans, Savannah, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, all over the country, you will find this same social group. Many of us know each other. For instance, if I moved to St. Louis, I could immediately go into the upper class Black community. I'm a member of those organizations. They would know something about me. Within two or three months, or even less, maybe two or three weeks, I would be accepted into that lifestyle and would begin to be invited to their social gatherings.

Since I'm on social topics I'll conclude with this summary. I'll move forward in time, because I want to concentrate on the Foreign Service, in 1971, after I'd been in Washington nine years. By then I had moved up the ranks and had become a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. When I reached that level, Dr. William Martin, one of my Black friends in the State Department who had a senior position, he was not a Foreign Service Office, he was Civil Service, a senior executive in the Office of Overseas Schools. Bill asked me if I would be interested in joining Sigma Phi Pi, called "the Boulé."

And I had heard of "the Boulé" and I knew about it, in Greeks it's "the organization of the worthy" or "of the nobles." Members of the Boulé are called Archons.

If I would like to be considered for the Boulé and, I said, “yes”. I had to submit a curriculum vitae, because it’s by invitation only and you have to prove that you have graduated from an accredited four year college, preferably, also have an advanced degree.

You don’t have to have an advanced degree, but almost everybody does. But you have to prove that you have a degree from an accredited university; it has to be an accredited four year university.

I was inducted into the Boulé in the Class of 1971. And at the same time my friend, Dr. Samuel P. Massey, who was the Chairman of the Chemistry Department at the Naval Academy, and Dr. Robert Wilkerson, a prominent physician, came into the Boulé at the same time in 1971.

Sigma Phi Pi, the Boulé, is a professional fraternity. It’s the oldest Black fraternity in the country, founded in 1904 in Philadelphia by six Black physicians, who felt that it was necessary for Black men of superior education and training to have an organization where they could interact.

It’s not a civil rights organization. Although we give scholarships and that sort of thing, we are not a political organization or civil rights organization, nor are we a college type fraternity.

We’re not a social fraternity. We do, once a year, have a major social function, a Christmas dance, but, other than that, it is a gathering of men who have achieved and we interact with each other.

We meet once a month, from September through June. There are roughly about three thousand members of the Boulé nationally and one chapter internationally, in the Bahamas. We don’t call them chapters, they are member Boulés.

There are member Boulés in every major United States city, all over the country. The Grand Boulé meets every two years at a city, alternating between West, East, North and South. In 2010 our Grand Boulé met in Las Vegas, at the Bellagio Hotel.

Generally about 1500 members, spouses and children attend. Naturally, these affluent people help the economy of the host city. An amusing aside is often noted by our members, cab drivers frequently ask, “who are these people?” Some jokingly respond “It is a convention of Black millionaires.” As indicated, membership is selective, based on achievement and a four year college degree from an accredited institution is mandatory. Members usually are not admitted until a pattern of achievement has been established and that means most are not considered until they are in their 40’s, even 50’s or 60’s.

For example, most of the Presidents of the historically Black colleges are Boulé. Many trial and appellate judges, senior businessmen, some CEO’S of major corporations, prominent practicing attorneys, distinguished physicians and surgeons, scholars, such as

the late Dr. John Hope Franklin, former and present Cabinet members, some retired Admirals and Generals, some of the Black astronauts, political leaders such as the former Governor of Virginia, Douglas Wilder, the late Martin Luther King and W.E.B. DuBois were Boulé. There are six career U.S. Ambassadors in Boulé. There are a few former athletes or entertainers, the great jazz pianist Dr. Billy Taylor was Boulé.

We have a member as featured speaker at our meetings. It is our policy that there are enough distinguished, interesting members that we do not go outside membership for speakers. Our Grand Chapter publishes a professionally produced, slick covered quarterly Journal for all members throughout the country. We are able to keep abreast of our achievements.

And so I was initiated into Epsilon Boulé of Washington, DC in 1971 when I was a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. It is an intellectual ceremony, no hazing or fun making. I have thoroughly enjoyed the interaction with distinguished high achieving men and I know that wherever I travel across the United States, including Alaska, I can meet and interact with members of the Boulé. Joanne can meet and interact with sophisticated, highly educated women who are spouses of members and, when they were young, my children could meet their peers and establish lasting friendships.

Just as another aside, if I move to another city, I would affiliate with the Boulé in that city. It's an organization that carries with it many advantages.

That essentially was the social life that I was introduced to in Washington and with which I continue.

Q: How did you find the schooling of your three children here?

JONES: Well, once again, through the people whom we knew, it just so happened that living on an adjacent street was one of the elementary Superintendents of the DC Public School system, who happened to have been a very close friend of my mother-in-law. They had known each other for years.

When my mother-in-law went to see her on our behalf, she said, "They have one daughter, Lisa who is in school," Walter had just been born, Stephanie was not old enough to begin school. We were not satisfied with the school Lisa was attending in DC.

In fact, Joanne and I had decided that we were going to take her out and enroll her in private school, because my wife and I were determined that our children have excellent education.

There were excellent schools in DC. The Superintendent arranged for my child to be admitted to one of the best public schools in DC, Shepherd Park School, which is in the neighborhood of Upper 16th Street.

We were granted special permission for our daughter to attend Shepherd Park School, which was an academically excellent grammar school noted for its demanding standards.

Later, all three of our children attended Shepherd Park School, and loved it, taking French taught by native born French speakers when they were in third grade. They still have friends from Shepherd days. The school population was mixed, White Christian, Jewish, and Black.

Of course when we went overseas, our children attended American schools. My three children had been enrolled in the DC Public School system and they did very well in school. They were very successful in the American School in Paris and the school in Haiti, when I went to Haiti which during that era was an excellent secondary school.

My older daughter was admitted to Harvard and graduated, nominated for Phi Beta Kappa in Government, and then went to Harvard Law School and graduated from Harvard Law School. My second daughter, Stephanie, was admitted to Harvard and graduated Cum Laude in pre-med from Harvard, she was admitted to Harvard Medical School and graduated with honors and was chosen Commencement speaker. She's a corneal transplant surgeon in ophthalmology. My son, Walter, went to Princeton and graduated from the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton, won a Fulbright grant to study in Brazil. Then went to Harvard Law School and graduated from Harvard Law. It was very expensive, on a Foreign Service salary.

Q: Today is October 28, 2010. This is Charles Stuart Kennedy interviewing William Jones.

JONES: I reported to the Department of State for duty on the 2nd of December, 1962.

Q: What rank did they give you?

JONES: I came in as a Foreign Service Reserve Officer-3.

Q: It's the equivalent of a colonel, I think.

JONES: The equivalent to a colonel in the army, or a GS-15 in the career Civil Service. They had to try and match my previous income and of course, they didn't. I took about a fifty per cent cut in pay.

I came in as an FSR-3. The skills that I brought to the Service, in order to become successful to be a Foreign Service Officer were knowing how to write, how to analyze and how to make summaries, how to speak extemporaneously, how to make presentations.

I believe that my law practice had prepared me quite well for the Foreign Service. I certainly could write well, drafting complaints and briefs during ten years practicing law had taught me how to write concisely, to the point. One did not present a brief to the

court. If it were sloppy, it would be returned to you. I learned to be brief, concise, and to the point in writing.

As far as speaking, I think I had a talent for speaking. I can recall, when I first started practicing law, at a trial, I had lots of trials, I would write out all my questions. By the second year I practiced law this had become unnecessary, I would just go in the court room. I knew the case and asked the questions, presented the case.

I think that that ability to think on my feet and to organize my thoughts and make a concise, well organized, analytical presentation helped me a great deal in coming in to the State Department.

The third thing that helped me was the ability to negotiate, because that's what diplomats do, they negotiate and that's what lawyers do: settling cases, working out complex agreements, working with difficult clients, working with opposing counsel. All of that taught me the art and the skills of how to compromise, how to reach your goal, how to work with people, how not to turn people off, but persuade them to do what you wanted them to do.

I believe that all those negotiating skills were very valuable to me when I came into the Foreign Service.

In addition, as I mentioned before, I had completed my course work in International Relations for a Master's degree. Hence, I had a pretty good grasp of what was going on in the world. I had worked with Africa for eight or nine years, studying it at USC as a graduate student, working with African students, as an original member working with the World Affairs Council of Los Angeles for about eight years, entertaining African diplomats.

I had been a prominent member of AMSAC, the American Society of African Culture, which was a national organization of senior Black scholars, intellectuals who had experience in Africa, many of whom were recognized experts on Africa. I was ultimately made chairman of the Executive Committee of AMSAC. AMSAC created and sponsored various programs, both here and in Africa. I organized a major conference on Africa in 1959 at UCLA with major African leader participants.

I brought with me a very good knowledge of Africa. I'd met many of the top leaders of Africa. I believed that I came into the State Department with certain skills that made the transition for me quite easy. I really didn't have any major difficulties in making the transition into the Foreign Service.

I believe that I was quite fortunate. I came into the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs of the Department of State, into the Office of African Programs. The Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs was organized along regional lines. There were office equivalents to the Regional Bureaus, therefore, I worked back to back with the African bureau.

So I came in as Chief of West African Programs. I was basically in charge of the Education and Cultural Exchange program for the West African countries from Senegal south to Gabon and east through Mali and Niger and Burkina Faso, it was called Upper Volta in those days. Of course Nigeria, Ghana, Togo, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Guinea were all part of our domain. I had a Deputy officer under me. I believe he was a career Civil Servant and not a Foreign Service Officer.

But the challenging situation was, when I walked into the State Department the first Monday of December, 1962. It was very cold. I was not accustomed to the freezing temperatures coming from California.

I was met at the door by Fred Irving. Fred was the administrative officer for the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs. He was a career FSO, and Fred was extremely gracious to me, extremely courteous and extremely helpful. We became fast friends.

I consider Fred Irving one of the best friends that I have had in my professional life, either practicing law or as a Foreign Service Officer. Fred and I hit it off immediately. I felt very welcome when I came into the State Department.

He introduced me to the men and women in the Office of African Programs. The Director and Deputy Director were both career Foreign Service Officers and the secretaries were mostly Foreign Service Staff secretaries.

They were very gracious receiving me. I think that they really didn't know what to expect. They had not seen anyone like me, I think. They didn't know what to expect from me, but they were very courteous and they were very helpful. I never felt any hostility or any feeling of making me unwelcome when I came into the Foreign Service.

Q: We're talking about

JONES: This is 1962.

Q: Which was a period of difficulty in American society on the race problem.

JONES: Absolutely, but I was very graciously received and I have always been grateful for that. One thing about career Foreign Service Officers, regardless of their backgrounds and they come from various backgrounds, if you are competent and if you are diligent and if you do your job and play by the rules, my experience with them is that they would be fair. They will not allow any sort of personal bias to interfere with their judgment. My assessment of the career Foreign Service Officers and also the career Civil Servants was very high.

Foreign Service Officers felt that they were of course the elite in the State Department. They felt quite superior to the Civil Servants and they had various ways of showing that, but they were all honorable people. There were some I liked and some I liked less than

others, but I never felt that any of them were what I would call an enemy, that for any racial reason that they were out "to get me." Of course race always plays a role, but it was as muted as possible when I came into the Foreign Service. I was always grateful for that.

The programs that we handled in the Office of African Programs were very interesting and they fit right into what I'd been doing in civilian life, working with the World Affairs Council on entertaining African visitors.

The major program was the Leader program. It was during the Cold War and our objective was to support a political goal, to be really an arm of the political objectives of the State Department and of the President of the United States during the Cold War. Spreading the ideas of Democracy and bringing these newly independent countries into the orbit of the West, as opposed to the Marxist Soviet Eastern bloc orbit.

This was our great challenge and this was the great battle. We were Cold War Warriors and it was not a game of pitty-pat, it was serious business. The Russians were absolutely serious and dedicated to turn as many African countries and African leaders as they could towards their objectives, towards their side. On the other hand, we were just as determined to stop them and to bring them into our camp.

The objective of the Foreign Leader program was to bring over African leaders and potential leaders to the United States and give them a program of about six weeks travel around the United States, most of them had never been to the United States, introduce them to our society, to our culture.

Now this was a difficult time in our history. The civil rights movement was on. Martin Luther King was fighting. John F. Kennedy was president. John F. Kennedy brought a new spirit, I think, to the country and it was a spirit of excitement and hope, at least that's the way I felt in Washington.

The Soviet Union, of course, every time there was a racial incident in the United States, exploited it all over the world, tried to use it against us, tried to use it as a wedge, particularly with the darker skinned races, not just Africans, but Asians as well.

Therefore, it was in our national interest to maintain as many contacts as we could, to develop as many friends as we could. And it was a difficult task, because some of the African leaders were quite unsophisticated about our culture.

Many of them had been to either Great Britain or France, but very few, if any, had ever been to the United States and they'd heard stories about the South and about segregation and about lynching as well as other intolerable actions and discriminatory customs. Those were some of the things that we had to overcome.

I believed that it was beneficial to our cause when the Africans saw me and when they dealt with me. Because I had been dealing with Africans in my civilian life and I related

to them very well. I generally knew someone in their countries and was able to establish a pretty good rapport with them.

We managed the Foreign Leader program which, with the waning days of Colonialism, and the collapse of colonialism in their respective countries, it was in our national interest to establish contacts with potential leaders. We tried to bring the best African students, giving them various types of scholarship grants to study in American universities, primarily at the graduate level, because we were interested in potential leaders.

We also sent prominent Americans -- scholars and intellectuals -- overseas, to lecture, to make speeches, to travel around Africa and we sent some entertainers; we sent some of our athletes overseas, we established a program for developing athletes in Africa. Some of the trainers and some of our great athletes were sent over to Africa to be coaches under our program.

We worked very closely with the U.S. Information Agency, although we were the Department of State and USIA was a separate agency. In the field, the Cultural Affairs officer, who was part of USIA, managed our program. There was an interlock between USIA and the State Department through the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs.

Q: I understand that this was because of Senator Fulbright, who, for some reason or another, didn't want to hand everything over to USIA and so he kept part of it in the State Department.

JONES: That's right. The Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs was kept in the State Department because USIA was looked upon as a propaganda agency and the State Department as a diplomatic agency. Senator Fulbright and others in Congress and I think, also, in the White House, in the administration, wanted to maintain the student program, the Leader program, in order that it could not be said that it was propaganda. It was a program of genuine people to people substance.

We had some Fulbright grants in Africa, but the Fulbright divisions were mainly in Western Europe and in South America. I can't think of any that we had in Africa at that time.

Q: I might say, just as an aside, that in my interviews and estimation and long time in the Foreign Service the Leader program was one of the most, if not the most, open weapons that we had, because we had a good story to tell, getting leaders to see what we have and getting them around.

JONES: Absolutely. I think it was a tremendously successful program. We had a terrible time every year getting our budget approved. Much of our time was devoted to the very mundane but critical detail of preparing our budget for Congress.

We would go up every March before "Honest" John Rooney, the congressman from Brooklyn, who was the chairman of the Budget Subcommittee that handled the State Department Budget. He did not like our program.

He was extremely difficult, he was always extremely critical of what we did, but somehow we always prevailed. We always succeeded in being allocated just enough money that we could run a decent program and certainly large enough to combat the Soviet Union.

Q: We had a man who knew Rooney well and used to go on trips with him and basically go on these trips and drink a hell of a lot with Rooney, but to keep him happy. Of such is diplomacy.

JONES: That's right, we had to massage Congressman Rooney and whomever he liked and whatever he wanted was taken very, very seriously, not just by our office but the entire Department of State, from the Secretary of State on down. If Congressman Rooney called, everyone was on high alert.

He was extremely powerful but, to his credit, he would be very tough with you, but if you made a good presentation to him, he would give you a decent appropriation. But he would never make it easy.

The idea that Congress just doles out money to these programs, in my experience, over 22 years in the State Department and the Foreign Service, is not true. It is very difficult. There is a certain amount of tension between the Congress and the Executive Branch.

And I think "Honest" John Rooney was a great example of this. He made life very difficult for us. Nothing was easy with him.

Now, just to give you an example of some of the programs we did when I first went into the State Department, that I enjoyed so much: I was very fortunate to have been the program officer for the Crown Prince of Ethiopia under Haile Selassie. I think it was in the summer of 1963.

I was assigned as the program officer for the Crown Prince of Ethiopia and I met him and took him to his various appointments around Washington, DC, sat down with him, worked his program out. He was a very gracious man.

The highlight of my involvement with him was when I took him to the White House to meet President Kennedy and I was the note taker at that meeting. A Deputy Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, Wayne Fredericks, also accompanied us, but I, having been in the State Department for only about eight months, was the note taker for the meeting.

President Kennedy sat in his rocking chair, rocking back and forth and he and the Crown Prince started talking about World War Two. The Crown Prince fought the Italians

during the Italo-Ethiopian War and then again with the British, when they reconquered Ethiopia in World War Two.

John F. Kennedy talked about PT-109 and his experiences in the Pacific. It was a fascinating meeting and my note taking was accepted, Wayne Fredericks approved what I reported.

But the tragic course of events was, that was roughly I guess in August or so of 1963, in November of 1963, President Kennedy was assassinated. Shortly thereafter, the Crown Prince was murdered.

There was a coup d'état in Ethiopia. Haile Mengistu, who was a Marxist supported by the Soviet Union, overthrew Haile Selassie and one of the first people he had killed was the Crown Prince, within six months after my note taking, both President Kennedy and the Crown Prince of Ethiopia were deceased.

Another fascinating grant that I handled was that of Thurgood Marshall. Thurgood Marshall at that time had not yet been appointed as a Supreme Court justice. He was in the process of being appointed Solicitor General by President Kennedy and I was in charge of arranging his program.

We sent him to Africa as a leader grantee to talk about the American legal system in Nigeria and Ghana, the English speaking African countries, which also had the English common law; so that he could speak in technical legal terms that the barristers and the judges of those West African former British colonies could understand.

I invited him to my home. I had first met him a couple of years earlier at Morris Beach, New Jersey. He came to my home and we had a wonderful conversation and I asked him if he would sponsor me as a member of the U.S. Supreme Court bar and he said he would.

In order to become a member of the U.S. Supreme Court bar, you have to be a lawyer in good standing in your local bar, and you have to be personally nominated by someone who is a member of the Supreme Court bar.

I asked Thurgood Marshall if he would do that for me and he was very gracious and said he would. I obtained the forms from the Supreme Court. He filled them out and the distinguished Thurgood Marshall sponsored me and I was made a member of the bar of the United States Supreme Court. I have a large certificate on my wall attesting to my status as a member of the bar of the United States Supreme Court.

He was an extremely gracious man and of course his trip to West Africa was a huge success.

Others that were very interesting: Jesse Owens, the 1936 Olympics great. We sent him to West Africa also and just as an aside, in the 1936 Olympics, in the 200 meter dash,

second to Jesse Owens, was Mack Robinson, who was the older brother of Jackie Robinson, who also went to UCLA.

Jesse Owens was also very gracious. In fact, when he went to the Ivory Coast, which is the Côte d'Ivoire, they named a street after him, either a street or a town square.

As chief of West African programs I met a number of very prominent Africans and a number of very prominent Americans. I took my first trip to West Africa in 1963. I believe that I mentioned that I was in Lagos, Nigeria in November of 1963 when I got word that my father-in-law had died. I left West African and flew to Los Angeles for Dr. Garland's funeral. On the day of the funeral, President Kennedy was assassinated.

I immediately returned to Washington. I stood on the corner of Connecticut Avenue and M Street when Charles de Gaulle, standing six foot five, waked abreast of five foot one Emperor Haile Selassie in the funeral procession.

My next assignment was to travel to East Africa to evaluate our exchange programs, especially the Southern African Refugee program, of which I will discuss more later. Our purpose was to identify, understand, and then influence the new potential African leaders that were emerging. The Soviets were making strenuous efforts to capture the minds of these leaders and move them into the Soviet orbit. We were determined to prevent this. A particularly sensitive area, in the 1960's, was Southern Rhodesia. An African movement against white minority rule was gaining strength in the British colony. The colonial settlers were determined to maintain power and their leader was premier Ian Smith. In a rash move, Smith declared unilateral independence from Great Britain (UDI) just after I arrived in Dar es Salam.

When the young students in Dar es Salam learned of "UDI" they staged a spontaneous march and then rioted in the main square. The American Embassy was on the square but their anger was directed against their former colonial masters, the British. They violently attacked the British Embassy which was directly across the street from our Embassy and a huge demonstration gathered.

I wanted to get a feeling for the mood of the demonstrators and try to gage the leadership that was directing the protest. It would have been dangerous for a European looking person to go out into that crowd. Dressed as I was, casual and brown skinned, I could be an Arab or East Indian. I could mingle and evaluate, listen and judge what was happening in the crown and they would not know what I was

I went outside to investigate, just to see what was going on. I spoke to no one; I remained silent and mingled with the crowd. The next thing I knew, a truckload of soldiers alighted in the square. An officer jumped up on the truck with a bullhorn and started speaking in Swahili.

I had no idea what he was saying. He was telling the crowd to disperse or else. The next thing I knew tear gas grenades were being thrown by the soldiers into the crowd, and the crowd panicked, it was frightening, because anyone could have been trampled.

People began to run in all directions, tear gas was all over the area. Tear gas was all in my face, I ran up against the wall and flattened out so that I wouldn't be knocked over. I slid against the wall and escaped into the embassy.

Someone in the embassy had forgotten to turn off the air conditioners and the air conditioners had sucked up tear gas. The entire embassy was full of tear gas. I spent the next two days getting tear gas out of my eyes, my shoes, my head and my hair. That was quite an unforgettable experience.

However, I believe it was worth getting to understand the motivation of young Africans, most of whom were university students. This validated my support for our student exchange programs which were designed not just to provide a first class education but to result in a corps of potential leaders who understood the United States and our policies.

I traveled next to Sudan where I planned to contact James Mack, a Black American who was the Cultural Affairs Officer at the Embassy. He invited me to his home and arranged for me to meet members of the Muslim Brotherhood. I had a private meeting between me and five or six or so members of the very ultra-conservative Muslim Brotherhood. We talked for over an hour. I felt that I was completely at ease and comfortable debating.

They spoke excellent English and they were extremely polite, but they were very, very clear about their objectives. Their objectives were: that American influence and culture was not to be allowed to enter the Muslim world, they were prepared to use any means necessary to protect their culture, it was not to be subverted by anything Western, mainly American.

That was a strategically important, revealing experience. Of course I reported it, I wrote a classified telegram reporting it to the State Department.

During my second year, 1964, the Director of our office was posted to Wellington, New Zealand, and his deputy, J. Roland Jacobs, a Foreign Service Officer, was made Director of the Office of African Programs. He asked me to be his deputy, I was promoted me to the position of Deputy Director of the Office of Africa Programs.

Jake, as I called him, was a fine man. He was from Utah, a Mormon, he was married to a young woman whom he had met overseas, his wife was French. His wife, Jeanine, was very gregarious and Jake was very quiet, together they represented a balanced, fine couple and good friends. Jake was a fine man and he and I worked extremely well together.

He was highly competent and he taught me a lot of the routine and the details of being in the Foreign Service, that is, how to write, of reporting, writing telegrams to State, the day

to day routine and protocol of being a Foreign Service Officer. We had a very excellent relationship.

The most sensitive program that we had in that office and the most important program that we had in the office, Jake asked me to supervise the office that actually did the work. The officers reported directly to me. That was the Southern Africa Refugee Program.

This was the program that was designed by W. Averell Harriman, the great Averell Harriman, predicated on the theory that the then-colonial areas of Southern Africa, including South Africa: South Africa, Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, were eventually going to be controlled by Africans, even though in 1964 there was nothing on the horizon to really indicate that.

Q: It seemed very far-fetched.

JONES: It seemed improbable then, but there were guerilla movements forming and warfare had broken out in Mozambique and Rhodesia.

I was privileged to have been in several meetings with Averell Harriman planning the Southern Africa Refugee Program. Ambassador Harriman was the senior diplomat in the State Department. He had been Ambassador to Great Britain during World War II and then Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He was certainly one of the most respected public servants in the United States. His meetings were always crisp and to the point. The Ambassador was in his later years and wore a hearing aid. If a speaker was long winded and not on point he would simply shut off his hearing aid. That was a sign to shut up and sit down. The meetings were stimulating and he was a great leader.

Ambassador Harriman was convinced we had to beat the Soviets. They were flying in planes to Lusaka, Zambia and loading up with refugees from Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. They christened a university in Moscow, Patrice Lumumba U, named after the murdered anti colonial leader in the former Belgian Congo who was believed to have been pro Marxist. There intent was clear and it was our responsibility to counter that threat.

The Soviets were not selective. They opened the doors of the big transport planes and took all comers. Often taking more that 200 young Africans on one flight to Moscow. We knew we could not match the Soviets in numbers, nor did we try. Our plan, developed under the leadership of Ambassador Harriman, was to be selective and identify those with potential and the capacity to absorb higher education and really understand and appreciate our democratic ideals. It was never our purpose to simply fly a plane in and say “You all come”. We intended to be more sophisticated and not do what the Russians did.

We wanted to select candidates very carefully and in a very sophisticated manner: those who were smart, those who had leadership potential and we screened them very carefully using detailed criteria that we developed based on confidential information and other

reliable resources -- our own and others in whom we had confidence. Through our clandestine contacts we developed liaisons with the guerilla movements in Mozambique and in Southern Rhodesia and we allowed them to select the top people.

The head of the Mozambique guerillas, Eduardo Mondlane, was married to a white American whom I believe had attended USC. We had good entrée with him. We had an entrée into Southern Rhodesia, with a very prominent African lawyer named Herbert Chitepo who was very active in the two competing African guerilla movements in Rhodesia.

Through them and through their contacts as well as our contacts whom we also had in South Africa, we would collaborate in the selection of the top people, the people whom they believed were educated, smart and sophisticated. They would then send them to an area just outside of Lusaka called Broken Hill. I would fly there to meet and evaluate some of these young people, identify our candidate and transport them to the United States.

When they arrived in the United States we had to be extremely careful and cautious. Our office set up the training program in the United States. We wanted to introduce them to the United States in a very sophisticated way. We contracted with Lincoln University of Pennsylvania, which is a predominantly Black college on the border of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Q: Nkrumah is a graduate of Lincoln.

JONES: Nkrumah of Ghana had graduated from Lincoln, which had a long history of liaison with Africans and educating Africans. Many of the prominent English-speaking African leaders had been graduates of Lincoln University, which is a small, all male institution, very old; it had been formed during Reconstruction, after the Civil War, for freed slaves.

Since Lincoln University was very receptive to our proposal we made a contract with Lincoln and State along with them developed a program coordinated by highly skilled professors, academics, sociologists and others to work with these young leaders whom we brought in from southern Africa.

We sent them to Lincoln and they would remain at Lincoln until they were deemed ready to move into the American academic community and after they had been evaluated and had become accustomed to American culture as well as the way we presented our educational system.

These students/potential leaders were then sent to various colleges and universities around the United States where we remained in close touch with them. From time to time a difficult and complicated problem arose when a student would fall in love with an American and then wanted to remain here.

However, by and large the overwhelming majority of the African students returned home. The program was considered a very successful program and it was operated, as long as I was in CU/AF, which is the Office of African Programs. That program was very viable, and I was very much involved in it, and committed to it during its entire existence.

We had some tragic incidents, not necessarily because of our program. Salazar, the dictator of Portugal, was determined that Mozambique was not going to achieve independence. He, of course, was a mortal enemy of Eduardo Mondlane, the young revolutionary who was a key contact in identifying young Mozambican leaders for the Lincoln University program. The Portuguese colonial secret service put a bomb under Eduardo Mondlane's chair and he was blown to pieces. I don't think our program had anything to do with that, this was simply because he was a revolutionary. It was a tragic loss for our program.

Herbert Chitepo was our main contact in Southern Rhodesia. He was a barrister, very well educated and courageous. He knew the risk he was taking. Chitepo was assassinated by agents of the Ian Smith regime.

The program ran through the Kennedy-Johnson administrations. It was terminated by Henry Kissinger during the Nixon administration. It had always been highly classified although some members of Congress did know the details.

In my view, the Southern Africa Refugee Program was one of the most successful of the Cold War era. Not one of the African countries that emerged in Southern Africa turned to Communism or the Soviet Union when they gained independence under majority rule.

Q: Were you feeling the influence of that other pernicious institution, not Lumumba University, but the London School of Economics, which, to my mind, did not help the Africans very much, but that's my own prejudice?

JONES: No, not really. The British were never involved in any of our programs, and we just kept them out of it. It was strictly an American Department of State effort. We did not intend to involve any of the British Universities. It is true that many British universities had a long tradition of training Africans from their colonies. We did exchange information with our counterpart agency under the British Foreign Office that was engaged in the ideological struggles of the Cold War. The British did sometimes believe that they knew more about Africa than we did, and had a tendency, if you included them they were often convinced that their decades of colonial experience justified their taking control and of managing the program. I'm sure their very excellent intelligence service knew exactly what we were doing. However, their diplomatic service was never part of our command and planning structure. In the field, our relations were always cordial and the British did have years of expertise that they shared with us. After all, we had a common enemy. The Soviet way of life was just as repulsive to the British and counter to their national interests as it was to ours.

Q: Tell me, Bill, here you are, at an extremely critical time, the mid-Sixties in the United States, when racial problems were on the front burner, very much so. You've got potential leaders coming. What the hell do you do with them? Can you send them down to look at the University of Mississippi?

The South was not an easy place for a white American from the North to go to and I would think this would have been very difficult.

JONES: It was our policy to keep our potential leaders out of the 1960's South. Certainly, we were very much aware of our domestic race problem. Occasionally, we did arrange for them to visit one of the historically Black colleges, such as Tuskegee. Many African students had studied at the Black colleges and managed to adjust to the segregation laws of the southern states. However, those early students came on their own or under church sponsorship and they knew what to expect. Our potential leaders had little prior knowledge of the United States, although they certainly had heard of the segregation history of our South. We had too much at stake to risk an incident so we deliberately steered them away from the South. We sent them to colleges and universities and on orientation tours to New England, the East Coast, Mid West and Far West. In retrospect, it was the loss of the southern states not to participate in one of the most successful efforts in the Cold War to counter the world domination plans of the Soviet Union. It was a fight carried out without their involvement and the South suffered a loss of cultural interaction and first hand information from one of the most dynamic regions of the world and a continent in the mist of one of the epic struggles of the 20th century.

Q: You could send them to the Atlanta schools?

JONES: We chose not to send them to any of the colleges in Atlanta. They might visit for a meeting or conference, but not to live. Morehouse would have been an excellent choice as it has a long history of international involvement, but we could not run the risk of off-campus incidents and it was unreasonable to expect that our potential leaders would never leave the safety of the campus.

Therefore, the colleges and universities we directed our potential leaders to attend were all outside of the American southern states. That institution received them graciously and we never had an unpleasant off-campus incident.

Our program for established foreign leaders, from all over the world, including Africa, did occasionally arrange travel through the South. Obviously, the Africans did require special attention as we were determined that their experience would be positive. It would certainly be counter productive if we brought a distinguished, established African leader -- say a prominent member of a parliament -- and he or she left the United States with hostile feelings as the result of suffering the humiliation of a racial incident. That would play directly into the Soviet propaganda machine and be spread over the world, and the Department of State would surely suffer much criticism from our own domestic political establishment. The leaders were generally quite sophisticated, as indicated, many trained in English or French universities, and they kept up with what was transpiring in our

South. Most of the southern Senators and Congressmen were quite happy not to have our African leaders visit their states as they did not want any incidents. Again, I feel this was their loss as their populace, even to this day, sometimes suffer from lack of information and cross cultural understanding of complex international events, particularly the 1960's generation that would have profited from exposure to and inter action with our foreign leader program visitors.

For instance, it was a source of amusement among American Blacks in Washington, DC, when Washington, DC was segregated and we could not go into any of the theaters, some American Blacks would dress up in African garb and they would have to be admitted to the theater.

There were some southerners who were very supportive. I remember meeting the editor of the Atlanta Constitution. I talked with him at length about our program and he gave me a number of good suggestions about what to do in the South.

So there were a number of liberal southerners

Q: Hodding Carter, did he

JONES: Hodding Carter came during the Carter Administration. I was with the Office of African Programs during the Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson Administrations.

Of course, speaking of civil rights, in August of 1963 there was the great March on Washington and I and Chet Carter, who was Black and was the Deputy Chief of Protocol, and he was a friend of the Kennedys, a friend of Sargent Shriver, I believe and several others, and Dick Fox, whom I mentioned. We got together, left our offices and joined the March on Washington.

And through friends that we knew in the civil rights movement, I knew A. Philip Randolph, we were able to get seats right on the front row when Martin Luther King gave his "I have a dream" speech, we were sitting right on the front row, directly in front of Martin Luther King.

Dr. King gave his speech and the March was over. We returned to the State Department, back to our offices and back to our desks.

The Office of African Programs was a wonderful experience. I made very good friends. My excellent secretary, Theresa Johnson, stayed with me. Whenever I changed jobs I brought her along with me.

Our assistant secretary was Lucius Battle when I entered the Foreign Service. Luke Battle, another career Foreign Service Officer, very supportive of me. Later he became Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East, NEA as it was called and Charles Frankel, an appointee of Lyndon Johnson, became our Assistant Secretary. He didn't last too long, then Ed Re became Assistant Secretary, he was a lawyer and a judge. Those were the

Assistant Secretaries under John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson of the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs.

CU, the bureau, was constantly being reorganized and with every reorganization new positions opened. I then left CU/AF and became an Office Director of the Office of Program Management and Development.

Some of the whiz kids whom Robert McNamara brought into the Pentagon wanted to quantify programs through a process called PPPS, program planning and budgeting. Every bureau was ordered to set up an office that would handle overall program planning and objectives, and managing of budgets.

Q: Sort of a matrix.

JONES: That's right, exactly. The Office of Program Planning, and I was Director, was in charge of overall planning for the entire CU bureau, which was fascinating and challenging.

I learned to work with computers. David Osborne, a career Foreign Service Officer, was Deputy Assistant Secretary of State and was a whiz with computers. He and I worked together to develop a computer system: to develop program objectives for each of our offices; to quantify them; then how to allocate resources, depending on how you quantified them.

In other words, we would develop a matrix, and you would analyze, and you would quantify your objectives. Your major objectives would then receive a higher proportion of your resources as a way of allocating budgets in the most efficient and effective way.

Dave Osborne and I developed program plans for the Bureau and we developed a computer scheme. It was interesting. It gave me another skill, another point of view and I enjoyed that. It was similar to practicing law: when you organize a case, you have to plan a strategy and all that, allocate your resources.

I adapted to it and I found it fascinating. I did question whether it was really practical, to be very honest with you, given the changing nature of policies.

Q: No, it didn't take the human element into account, which is basically what we deal with.

JONES: That's right, it did not take the human element into account. McNamara thought everything could be reduced to numbers. He was wrong. But it did sharpen the mind.

Q: Yes, it was a good exercise.

JONES: A good exercise, but not to be used to replace judgment and I think that was the mistake that Robert McNamara made. He tried to quantify the Vietnam War, if you recall: the body count would quantify the number of killed.

Q: And then there was a hamlet evaluation program, all sorts of these quantifiers.

JONES: That's right and it didn't work, obviously it didn't work in Vietnam. It didn't work in the State Department, but we were ordered to do it. And it was an interesting exercise, but it taught me, I think, that things like that do not substitute for human judgment, human evaluation, particularly in diplomacy, where the nuances of personal interaction is just as important as having a clear, concrete objective.

You can have an objective, but if you can't persuade people to do what you would like for them to do, you can't achieve your objective.

But it was an interesting exercise that progressed through the Johnson Administration, which was an extremely turbulent time domestically.

I saw the demonstrations in Washington, the anti-war demonstrations and of course in April of 1968, when I was office director, Martin Luther King was assassinated and the entire city of Washington exploded.

I sat in my office on the fourth floor of the State Department, on the north side, looked out over the city and saw the smoke rising. The 14th Street corridor, the 8th Street corridor, erupted up in flames.

Smoke was everywhere. The National Guard was called out. People were rounded up.

I decided that as a lawyer, I'd try to do something to help. I went down to the courthouse and volunteered to represent some of the people who were being rounded up. They were just corralling people and throwing them in jail, they had no legal representation. I volunteered to represent them.

Returning to the year 1957, my five year tenure as a Foreign Service Reserve Officer was coming to an end. I had been promoted to class 2 and was now an Office Director. However, I had either opted for career Foreign Service Officer Status or leave. I had no guarantee I would even be allowed to take the examination for career officer. Therefore, I had to have a fall back in order to be able to provide for my family. I did not wish to return to Los Angeles as we had established ourselves very well in Washington. I decided to opt for the examination process and become career.

As a precaution, early in 1967, I also decided to apply for admission to the District of Columbia Bar. Unfortunately, California did not have reciprocity agreements with any other jurisdiction and the DC Bar would not allow me to transfer my license to practice law. They, unlike California, did not have a special shorter bar examination for attorneys,

and informed me I would have to take the full three day bar examination required of law school graduates.

I had by then been out of law school 15 years. I decided to take the full bar examination. Naturally, although I had practiced law for ten years, I was a bit rusty. I learned there were four subjects on the DC Bar that had not been on the California Bar and I had not taken in Law School that I had to pick up on my own. There was an excellent bar review course that was given at night. I enrolled and gathered the mass of material one needs to study for a Bar exam. Nevertheless, I had to meet my responsibilities at the State Department and I did not miss any work days. The review course ran for over two months and I studied four or five hours every night.

I took the Bar examination in June 1967 and in several months I was notified that I had passed. There was the formal swearing in before the courts and I had achieved my goal of having a fall back in case I was not able to become career. I knew I could always practice law and support my family; in fact one of the predominantly Black firms offered me an office.

Just to cover all bases, I went to the Legal Advisors office in the State Department to enquire about openings. That office had a large staff of attorneys and was run much like a private law firm. When I asked for an appointment with the managing attorney and presented my credentials and asked if there were any vacancies, the only question he asked we was "what was my firm" when I got out of law school, meaning what old line large corporate Wall Street type law firm had I come from. I remember looking at him with disgust. When I graduated from the University of Southern California School of Law in 1952, just what big, old line law firm would hire a Black attorney, regardless of his record. I had been Law Review for two years, Senior Class Vice President and awarded a scholarship and teaching assistant position at USC and yet I was never interviewed by any of the big firms. In fact, it was subtle, but I was never even notified when the recruiters were on campus.

The idea that the qualification for getting into the Legal Advisors Office was having worked in an old line large firm was absolutely ludicrous as far as I was concerned, but that was what they wanted. When I informed them I had been in a small firm, essentially a solo practitioner, they were definitely not interested. So that was out.

I did, of course, apply to take the examination for career status. As I had served five years and was an Office Director, the written entry level exam was waived. However, I was required to take a three hour oral examination before a panel of senior Foreign Service Officers. They asked all kinds of questions in fairly rapid order and I had to respond quickly, concisely and calmly. I'll never forget one of the questions, it was "Mr. Jones, assume that you are in the Foreign Service of the Soviet Union. Assume that you have been detailed to brief General Secretary Khrushchev on Soviet policy in every area of the world, in every country of the world. Where would you start and you may proceed?"

So, I started, going by geographic region. As our programs of exchange were world wide, and since, as Office Director of overall local planning, I had a very good idea of global Soviet policy. Our whole raison d'être was to counter the Soviets. By the time I was half way around the world, the panel, "OK, that's enough." The questions continued at a rapid pace. Some were designed to trick you or force you to guess. One favorite was "Tell us exactly where the straits of Juan d Fuca are located". It just so happens, those straits are located between the state of Washington and British Columbia. On our honeymoon in 1953 Joanne and I had taken the ferry at Port Angelus Washington over to Vancouver Island and that was about where the Straits are located.

I was notified I passed oral examination. I recall I was ordered to report for swearing in after the Senate had confirmed my officer appointment. It was, I though routine, so I went alone to the designated room expecting to be sworn in and then go back to work. When I arrived, my entire office staff was there along with many others and they clapped when I took the oath. It was 1967. I was 39 years old.

In that turbulent Vietnam War year, and year of assassinations and riots, Richard Nixon was elected President.

Just to digress a bit. All of my three children were now in DC public schools Walter had just entered kindergarten and Lisa and Stephanie were finishing grammar school. We had a great social life and Joanne was active in many civic affairs. In 1966 we had sold our two apartment buildings in Los Angeles. We made some real estate investments on Capital Hill that was then in the process of redevelopment.

And, in 1966 Joanne and I decided we wanted to invest in land. We studied the Washington Post and saw an add for land in Tioga County, Pennsylvania that looked attractive. It was about 350 miles north of Washington, in the Allegheny Mountains. We contacted the realtor and drove up one weekend. We went to Wellsboro, Pennsylvania and met the agent. The realtor was very gracious and they particularly liked talking to our children. We were shown several farms and finally shown a 210 acre parcel with a three bedroom two story house, a barn, garage, pond stocked with bass and a stand of pine and cherry trees. It was in central Pennsylvania, just south of Corning, New York, in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. We would go up there and spend summer vacations. We had a large pond on the farm that was stocked with bass and bluegill. We'd start going up on weekends in April until the first snowfall.

Those were very interesting, very rewarding experiences. The people were extremely hospitable. There were very few Blacks in the entire county. And I'll never forget one episode. We went up there in March one year, which was a mistake, because the snow was still on the ground.

Returning to DC, the station wagon loaded down with the three kids, baggage, toys, as well as our much loved dog Terry, we encountered a patch of ice on a hill and I went up the hill, raced the motor, drove over the ice, reached the crest of the hill where the ice had

melted and were shocked to find just pure thick mud. The car sank into the mud, the motor stopped and I couldn't get the car started.

Here we were, in the middle of this flat farmland, completed mired in the mud. I got out of the car, struggled through the mud and walked to a farmer's place. The owner was Pennsylvania Dutch and I explained the predicament my family, and car were stuck in the mud a good distance down the road.

And he never hesitated and said, "No worry, I'll get you out" and he got his tractor and he drove his tractor, hooked his tractor up to my deeply embedded car, pulled with dedicated effort my car out of the mud. I took my wallet out to give him some money, he wouldn't take a cent, just said, "Have a good day" and drove off on his tractor.

I am reminded of another incident up at the farm. I love to fish and I took my children fishing. One day I left my entire fishing tackle box on the shore of the lake. About two weeks later, I received this large parcel in the mail and it was my tackle box.

My fishing license was in there with my address on it. One of the farmers up there had found my tackle box and mailed it to me in Washington. That was another example of the kind of people they were.

No one can ever tell me that people in those rural areas are not fine people, because the kindness that they showed my family and me came from their hearts. They were all extremely nice.

I had no interest in their political view or their religious views, but as balanced, considerate human beings they were tops. They were fine people and I will always be grateful to them. I will always have a "very soft sport in my heart" for them.

One fine day in 1968, I came home from work, and Joanne says she wants to talk to me. She said she wanted to do something, just being at home with the kids and participating in civic volunteer works was not fulfilling any longer. Joanne is a very active and ambitious person.

She was on the Board of the K Street YWCA and on the Board of the Phyllis Wheatley YWCA, Meridian House Foundation, THIS (The Hospitality and Information Service) Chairman of the Community Service Committee of THIS a committee she founded, was Chairman of the International Affairs Committee of the Metropolitan Chapter of the Links (the Links, like the Boulé, is a national organization of African American women of achievement) and active in the Shepherd Park School PTA, and with the other usual social responsibilities joining with our many friends.

Joanne had decided she wanted to become a lawyer and planned to enter law school. She was in her mid thirties, we had three kids, I said, "are you sure you want to do this?" Joanne reminded me that when she was at Muskegon High School, she had seriously

considered law or secondary teaching as a career. Her father, Dr. Garland advised that she do both, take law and then teach it.

In any case, Joanne had made up her mind. She had talked to her mother, who as mentioned, has inherited psychic ability (Mrs. Garland had gone on TV in Los Angeles at New Years to predict the coming events, although she never pursued her gift for money) and she had advised that Joanne would be successful in her law studies.

And I asked her "What Law School are you going to attend?" and she said "Well, we will see."

I said, "Have you taken the LSAT exam?" She said "NO"

I said, "Well how do you expect to get into a Law School without the LSAT exam?" Joanne said, "We will try Howard."

I made an appointment with the Howard University Law School Dean, Clyde Ferguson. I went up to Ferguson who, of course, I had met socially, and said, "My wife wants to enter your law school."

The Dean said, "Has she taken the LSAT". I replied, "No, and it is now too late". He asked for more of her background. I recounted that she had graduated with high marks from UCLA, had been senior class commencement speaker, a secondary school teacher and active in many civic affairs. She was the type of person Howard wanted and also her father and uncle had graduated from Howard Medical School. The Dean said for us to obtain Joanne's transcripts from UCLA and we did. They were examined by the admissions office and were so strong that they agreed to admit Joanne for the fall term.

And so September 1968 came and Joanne became a full time freshman law student at Howard. Our home was filled with thick law books -- Torts, Contracts, Criminal law, Property, Civil Procedure. I assumed the burden of attending PTA and by now our oldest, Lisa, was at Deal Junior High so I had two PTA's to attend.

Joanne was now a full time student at Howard University School of Law and took a full course load. We had two cars, so she was able to drive to school and still arrange to pick up Stephanie and Walter. Lisa took the bus home from Deal which was across Rock Creek Part. One of the problems was that she was a very attractive looking woman and all of the guys were hitting on her, thinking that she was single. She would tell them she was married and they said, "What difference does that make? We don't care. Would you go out with me?"

So I would go over there and take all three kids to the law school and I would say, "Go find your mother and when you see her in class, run up to her and say, as loud as you can, 'Mommy!'"

And I would let those kids loose at Howard Law School and they would run around the school 'til they found my wife and they would run up to her and say, "Mommy!," so that all the young men could see that she was married and had three children, some of the children were pretty big. So that sort of took care of that.

But one time that I really became testy when I went to pick her up one night, she'd been studying late and the guard said, "Well, I'll tell her that her father is here to pick her up."

She went to law school for three years, from 1968 to 1971, took the Bar in 1971 and passed it the first time and was admitted to the DC Bar in 1972. I had to sleep with a mask the last few weeks of her preparation for the Bar because she became tired of going to our third floor where she did most of her studying and her favorite studying period was from two o'clock in the morning until five in the morning, that's when she was inspired and that's when she'd sit up in bed and study and I would try to sleep anyway.

In 1968, Richard Nixon was elected president. My wife had registered as a Republican and I was always a Democrat.

This was a turning point in my life: who would be the Assistant Secretary in CU? I was an Office Director and I had ambitions of moving up. John Richardson was named Assistant Secretary.

John Richardson came from the old Massachusetts elite. He had been a graduate of Harvard, he'd been on the rowing team at Harvard, he'd been a paratrooper during the war, and was from the old Bostonian elite, a fine man.

My very close friend Fred Irving was made the principal Deputy Assistant Secretary. The other two Deputy Assistant Secretary jobs were open. John Richardson went around and interviewed all of the Office Directors, because one of the Office Directors was going to be made a Deputy Assistant Secretary.

Some of them were very confident guys, however, they were not skilled in making oral presentations. They were excellent writers, but were less effective in oral communications. One of my advantages was my training as a lawyer. When John Richardson interviewed me and asked me to brief him on the bureau, I briefed him on the entire bureau and I just talked, he seemed to be genuinely impressed.

I left on vacation in August of 1969. He came in in June of 1969. Richard Nixon was sworn in on January 20th, 1969.

I received a call at the farm, it was John Richardson calling and he said, "I want you to be one of my deputies." He named me as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. So I became a "DAS," as they call it in the State Department, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State.

I believe that some of the people in CU thought I had moved too fast. They were all very gracious about it, but I could tell that some of them felt that way. Perhaps they believed

that they had been passed over. I had jumped over some of those who had been there much longer than I had.

I was of course thrilled that John Richardson had chosen me to be his Deputy. I moved up to the Sixth Floor. I had a very sumptuous office on the Sixth Floor, with views of the Lincoln Memorial and the Mall out of my window.

John Richardson appointed Fred Irving as the senior Deputy and I served as the other Deputy Assistant Secretary. A political appointee, Alan Reich, was made the third deputy, a friend of one of Richard Nixon's cohorts.

Alan Reich was a fine person and a first class colleague. He was handicapped, in a wheelchair, but this did not interfere with his exceptional discharge of his responsibilities. No allowances had to be made for his wheel chair. He was very smart.

All of the four geographic offices reported to Fred. All of the other offices in the bureau reported to me. I then managed a very substantial part of the worldwide educational and cultural exchange programs.

That was a fascinating job. John Richardson was a visionary. He knew what he wanted CU to be; we had a slogan, "in the mainstream of foreign policy" and he was an expert in articulating his concepts underlying his ideas.

A very substantial portion of the budget matters also crossed my desk as a consequence. I liaisoned a lot with John Rooney, House Chairman of the Budget Committee, and with the Congress. I will never forget Wayne Hays, the congressman from Ohio, he was not an "exemplary" person.

Someone in Wayne Hays' office called one of the junior officers in the Bureau and the poor fellow was so unnerved by having this Congressman call him that he accidentally hung up on him.

Of course, this enraged Wayne Hays. Hays called back and demanded to speak to the ultimate supervisor, who happened to be me, because that officer was in one of the offices that reported to me.

I took the call and Hays called me every name that I can think of, he cursed me out, said that he was going to cut our budget; that we were not going to get any more money; he ranted on and on and raved.

I hung up the phone, and I asked for an appointment with the Under Secretary for Administration, who was Bill Macomber, an ex-marine, who was another fine, tough guy, a really tough guy, but I really liked Macomber, he was a person of integrity.

I went to Bill and told him about this unfortunate, unacceptable incident. Macomber and I requested a car and he and I drove up to Congress. The two of us went in, hat in hand and

made a public apology to Wayne Hays, to calm this Congressman down and it was a humiliating thing to do, for both of us, but we had to do it and we did it and that calmed him down and he left us alone after that. It was an experience I will not forget.

I thoroughly enjoyed my tour as a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. I was required to travel a great deal. I chaired or attended conferences and meetings all over the world -- Rio, Mexico City, London, Paris, and Nairobi.

Q: On what issues?

JONES: Regional conferences of Cultural Affairs Officers. Ministers of Education Conferences, Evaluation Sessions at Embassies. For example, at regional conferences we addressed the effectiveness of our many programs, how to coordinate our efforts, avoid duplication, exchange information and most important, how to directly relate our programs and grants to achievement of our foreign policy objectives in that region. As we were in the mist of the Cold War we had intelligence briefings on what our adversaries were doing and how best to defeat them. Information and coordination are the heart of successful policy support and we had to succeed. Our programs, now called "Public Diplomacy" or "Soft Power" were the only programs managed and planned by the Department of State.

One of the offices that reported to me was the operation and management of the East-West Center at the University of Hawaii. The East-West Center had a policy objective much like that of the Southern African Refugee Program -- it was to favorably influence, identify and interact with emerging leaders in Asia. The Center was based on the campus of the beautiful University of Hawaii. It was funded entirely by the Department of State. We had exceptionally comfortable dormitories and administrative buildings constructed on the campus. Our policy objective was to bring outstanding students at the graduate level from Asia -- India, Indonesia, Thailand, Malaysia, for example, to the center where they would interact with Americans, students and faculty, and they would be able to work toward either a master's or a PhD at the University of Hawaii.

The object of course was to inculcate the values of American Democracy rather than be pro-Marxist. At the same time we would send American students to Asia: to Indonesia, to Japan, the Philippines, to India, to interact with Asian students. We sought to build this liaison between Asia and the United States.

I was the State Department officer in charge of the programs. I would testify on the Hill for this program, their budget. It was necessary for me to travel to review the program status and development to consult with the administration, to attend the meetings of the Board of Directors, as well as to share ideas and information on programs and policies.

The Board of Directors was an independent board of scholars and prominent people, chaired by the governor of the State of Hawaii, Fritz Burns, at that time, and the Board met four times a year. The intent was for the Board to function as the Board of Trustees of the East-West Center.

I would of course attend those meetings. Dan London, who was the manager of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, was on the board as was Clare Boothe Luce. I would go to those meetings, sometimes I'd go to Hawaii three, four, five times a year. They were always held in Hawaii.

On one occasion, I traveled to Hawaii twice in two weeks because whenever there were seriously contentious problems I was obligated to resolve or to assist in their resolution. Conflicting cultural traditions, from time to time, would collide with and hamper the smooth operation or the satisfactory acceptance of some necessary polices or directives, because the East-West Center was one of my major responsibilities as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State.

The Southern African refugee program continued and I continued to be active in that. Another office which reported to me directly was the Office of UNESCO Affairs, the United Nations Education, Cultural and Scientific Organization. The UNESCO, which is the largest of the specialized agencies in the United Nations system, at that time consisted of 142 nations and based in Paris.

There is a permanent representative to UNESCO, just like we have a permanent representative to the United Nations in New York, at that time it was a career Foreign Service Officer.

And we had an American commission to UNESCO, which also reported to me. Because of those responsibilities I frequently traveled to Paris, to UNESCO meetings and in September of 1972, I was made chairman of the United States delegation to the UNESCO General Conference in Paris.

Q: How stood things with UNESCO at the time, because this was under an African?

JONES: No, no, that was under René Maheu. That was before M'bow. M'bow, the African, came later.

Q: Yeah, M'bow came later.

JONES: He came later.

Q: And he turned out to be terrible. It was a little feudal state.

JONES: I'll discuss that later, because I was there at that time.

Q: Oh, okay.

JONES: But at that time, it was René Maheu, who was French. There was a strong faction in the Republican Party very much opposed to UNESCO. They didn't like the

idea of the United Nations involving itself in education, science, culture and so they were constantly probing for ways to take us out of UNESCO.

I was appointed chairman of our delegation to the UNESCO General Conference in 1972, in Paris. I enjoyed that thoroughly. It was very taxing, exhausting and acutely challenging. If you've ever been to a United Nations conference, it's an all day affair. There are meetings all day long, for the duration of the conference. In the evening, there are cocktail parties, dinners, and other meetings. It is also necessary to deal with some very sensitive issues. You have to make a major address to the organization. And then you must deal with your own delegation, which numbers 10 or 15 appointees. It is necessary to have another security clearance, the FBI has to investigate you. Finally, I had to be confirmed by the Senate as chairman of the delegation.

All factions of the Republican Party had to be represented on the delegation. Ronald Reagan had his chief financial advisor, a man by the name of Jacquelin Hume, from San Francisco, he was a multimillionaire, who owned the largest exporter of cooking oils in the United States. Hume was Ronald Reagan's personal financial advisor, handled all of Ronald Reagan's finances. Hume was very, very far to the right, Hume has a strong bias against the United Nations System. He really believed the United States should act unilaterally and abandon the UN. He was shocked when he saw that I was chairman of the delegation.

My wife came over for a while. It's sort of mandatory that your wife come, because there are dinners that wives are expected to attend. Joanne flew to Paris at my expense.

Every day I would stop by the Bristol Hotel and pick up Hume in my official car. We would drive to the conference together. It became obvious that he detested UNESCO and the entire concept of a United Nations system. He wanted the United States out of UNESCO.

The Paris General Conference lasted for six weeks and it was exhausting. There were meetings all day and receptions and dinners at night. Our delegation had to be organized and responsibilities assigned. It was not a superficial operation. All of the major political, international issues of that era came before the conference in some form. The Arab-Israeli conflict, international telecommunications and satellite technology in relation to national sovereignty, recognition of Communist China -- Taiwan was still fighting to keep mainland China out of the United Nations, were a few of the major issues.

Education is a major international issue. The role of state sponsored ideologies as opposed to free, democratic systems was on the front burner. The Soviet Block was relentless in pushing for the international community to sanction state control. Cultural freedom is directly linked to our First Amendment freedoms and state control must be opposed by us. Human rights are also international issues and what constitutes such rights is a matter of contention. Those were the kinds of issues addressed at the UNESCO conference.

Everything that happened in New York at the UN also became an issue at UNESCO and sometimes with even more fury. Our delegation had to work hard and in concert. It was a very, very stressful time

Q: Were they taking a stance on reporters and control of the press?

JONES: That came up later. In that particular session, satellites were just coming in and one of the issues was direct broadcasting satellites, was that an issue of sovereignty? That is, can you launch a satellite over a country in a country's airspace and then direct broadcast from that satellite into a foreign country? Or, should there be an international commission or international regulation of direct satellite broadcasting?

In other words, does sovereignty extend into space? Where does sovereignty end?

For a nation state, sovereignty ends at the continental shelf, the 12 mile limit of the continental shelf, but how far up does it go in space? Does it go up to a satellite?

Those were some of the critical, complex kinds of issues. Then there was the Arab-Israeli issue. There were controversial archeological digs going on in Jerusalem around which there was great tension. Anwar Sadat was then the president of Egypt. This was the period when Egypt and Israel were just on the verge of the 1973 war, which exploded the following year. There was great stress between the Israelis and the Arabs.

The Arab countries were constantly introducing resolutions condemning Israel. My instructions from Washington and you don't operate on your own, you operate on the basis of instructions from headquarters, from the State Department, were to oppose any effort by the Arabs to condemn or criticize the State of Israel.

Every time the Arabs would introduce a resolution, I had to stand up and I would object strenuously; I would make a strong argument against the resolution and I was also required to lobby with other delegations to organize a united front in support of Israel.

I worked with the British, the French, the Japanese, with the other Western countries to form alliances, so that we would have a common front, if a resolution came up with which we did not agree.

Those were some of the major issues that constituted the Agenda during the six weeks of that General Conference.

I returned from UNESCO in October or November of 1972. I also conducted program operations with the Bureau of International Organizations. They were really the Bureau dealing with the politics of International Organizations rather than with the Bureau of Cultural Affairs.

The Deputy Assistant Secretary for International Organizations called me and said, "Who is this fellow Hume who was on your delegation?"

I said, “Well, he was one of Ronald Reagan’s primary advisors.”

He said, “Well, what did you do to him?’

I said, “I don’t think I did anything to him. I picked him up every day and drove him to the office. Took him to lunch, tried to be as gracious and informative as possible and helpful.”

He said, “Well, he didn’t like you” and he wrote a letter to the State Department saying that I should be dismissed, that we should get out of UNESCO. It was a vicious letter.

The Assistant Secretary, who had worked so closely with me while I was chairman of that delegation, knew exactly what I had done and how I had managed the delegation, he said, “Look, this letter is just preposterous. I’m just going to throw it away” and he threw it away, put it in the burn bag.

But sometimes those are the types of people that you deal with, who are not above destroying your career if they feel that you are doing something to which they are intensely opposed. Even though my function and responsibilities as chairman of the delegation was not carrying out my ideas or my policies, I was carrying out the instructions of the Secretary of State and representing the United States of America.

I never participated in a meeting or a debate expressing my personal views, I put forth the views and policies that I was instructed to present. I said what I was supposed to say, what I was ordered to say, as a career Foreign Service Officer, I carry out policy. I do not make policy, I carry it out and if I cannot carry it out, then I resign. And I carry out the policy that’s given to me to carry out and that’s what I did at UNESCO.

He didn’t like the policy and he personalized it with me. He would have been very pleased to have seen my career destroyed, but fortunately the charges were so preposterous that they were just dismissed by the Department.

That’s something that has happened to many Foreign Service Officers throughout their careers, particularly with political appointees, some of whom are accustomed to being pampered by sycophants.

Particularly, oftentimes, not all the time, but many times, appointees who had been CEOs of businesses are accustomed to a culture of yes men doing what they want, and of course as a career Foreign Service Officer, I do what the Secretary of State tells me to do, what my bureau in the State Department has instructed me to do.

I don’t do what the CEO of the XYZ Candy factory in Missouri tells me to do because he’s on the delegation. I follow instructions. And sometimes they don’t like that, because they’re not used to people saying no to them. They’re used to having their own way.

So if you're dealing with international conferences, I think that some of the Foreign Service Officers who never go to international conferences, who stay in the political cone and just go from embassy to embassy to embassy, don't really experience that problem.

But if you deal with delegations that are appointed for domestic political reasons, it can be very difficult and can be very sensitive, because you simply cannot do some of the things that political appointees demand.

That leads up to my first overseas assignment.

Q: Okay, which would be in

JONES: I was appointed U.S. permanent representative to UNESCO in Paris, where I was assigned for four years.

Q: Today is November 9, 2010. I'm continuing my interview with Ambassador Jones.

You're off to Paris, to UNESCO, that was when?

JONES: That was in August of '73.

Q: Your job was what?

JONES: I was Chief of Mission, United States permanent representative to the United Nations Educational, Cultural and Scientific Organization, in Paris.

Q: You want to talk about what UNESCO was at that time and how it was viewed? Then we'll talk about your experiences.

JONES: UNESCO was established, along with the United Nations systems, after World War Two and the purpose of UNESCO was to set up an international organization that would bring the world together, in terms of education, culture and science.

It was felt that the world intellectual community, the world educational community, the world cultural community, if they could work together, would be for the betterment of mankind.

Unfortunately, as the Cold War developed in the late Forties, Fifties, Sixties and then it was at its height when I was appointed in the Seventies. The Cold War had penetrated UNESCO and UNESCO had become highly politicized.

One of the objectives of UNESCO, for instance, was to help Third World countries develop their educational system. There was a massive struggle between the Marxists, the Communists, Soviet Bloc and the Western bloc, led by the United States, to develop systems that would reflect their way of life, reflect their political system. In our case, that

would reflect our traditions of democracy, human rights; in the Soviet case, to reflect Marxism and the Soviet system.

With regard to information, the Soviets were keen to establish regular national acceptance or recognition of the right of a state, of a nation state, to control and influence the flow of information. It was our job to stop this at all costs.

The Soviets were also determined to establish cultural bonds with other countries, in the fields of the arts, in literature, in music. We had very strong cultural development in our country and great cultural assets. We were able to block them in most of their efforts.

The only real cultural effort where they could claim superiority, was perhaps in ballet. However, in other forms of culture, particularly, in jazz and modern music, the world was looking towards the United States, not towards the Soviet Union.

The Soviets were not particularly interested in the preservation of cultural monuments, which was another one of the key goals of UNESCO, around the world. Many of the monuments, the great cultural monuments, that the world had an interest in, were decaying. One of the goals of UNESCO was to develop international programs that would preserve these monuments for posterity, the benefit of mankind, the World Heritage Trust, as it was called. The Soviets generally cooperated in World Heritage Trust goals because it was quite difficult for them to politicize them.

The other issue, of course, that arose very frequently, as it did in every agency of the United Nations, was the Middle East. The Arabs were determined to introduce various resolutions, such as Zionism equates to racism, which were hostile to the State of Israel and it was my job as the Chief of our Mission to UNESCO to counter these, to block them and to show strong support for our ally, Israel.

So those were the things that UNESCO was seized with and that was the environment that I entered when I came to UNESCO in 1973. However, as I have said previously, I had been working with UNESCO from the Department of State, since the UNESCO office reported to me when I was Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, for over four years. I was thoroughly familiar with the issues involved. I was familiar with most of the key players who were involved. I felt very comfortable in moving into that job, as differentiated from a political appointee coming from the outside, who was not familiar with the United Nations system, nor would understand the rules of operations.

I was familiar with the rules, with the etiquette, with the procedures of the organization, the history, as well as some of the key issues facing UNESCO. The transition from the Department of State to become the Permanent Representative to UNESCO was considerably easier, and I was to assume full responsibilities sooner.

I had a staff, as I recall, of six officers, plus secretarial staff. Another key responsibility was international copyrights and patents. We worked closely with our Patent Office to preserve the rights to intellectual property around the world and that issue, particularly

now, has become a major serious contentious issue. At the time it was also one of the major areas for which we were responsible. We worked closely with the National Science Foundation, for instance, with regard to their relevant international concerns, rights and issues.

That was the environment of UNESCO when I became the Permanent Representative. It was highly politicized. In the United States there were strong factions for and against UNESCO.

There were some highly charged, well funded, very powerful factions on the right of the political spectrum in the United States very much opposed to UNESCO and determined that the United States should withdraw from UNESCO. In fact, many of them were opposed to the entire United Nations system. We were subjected to intense pressures coming from the right.

For example, a powerful senior member of Congress who opposed UNESCO and the UN in general, on an issue I would rather not mention, came to my office, sat down in front of me, pointed his finger at me and said in very harsh terms, "You understand that when I say what to do about UNESCO you will do it."

On the opposite side we had important support from distinguished educators, intellectuals, college presidents from around the globe, as well as significant American defenders who were very much interested in UNESCO and committed to believe it to be imperative to establish ties and relationships with intellectuals and scholars around the world, those who believed in the values of UNESCO.

We in the Department of State saw UNESCO, from the standpoint of American foreign policy, as an organization designed to further our national interests. We were not deluded in thinking that this was exclusively a humanitarian operation, or it was primarily an intellectual operation.

We viewed it very pragmatically and clinically coldly. UNESCO was valuable to us because it enabled us to maintain contact with many of the top people, many of the top minds, many of the top intellectuals, in the world.

We hoped to be able to influence them in some positive way. We were able to establish contact with them. We were able to get to learn how they thought. We were able to identify and understand who their friends were, able to decipher their operations, methods, theories.

From the standpoint of United States' national interests, the Department of State rather strongly believed that it was in our interest to engage in the world, to participate in the world and to counter the Soviet Union everywhere we could around the world, never to allow the Soviets to gain an advantage over us.

Q: In the United States was there a place or a group or something where the opposition to UNESCO came from?

JONES: It was mainly in what I would call the far right, or the right leaning aspects of the Republican Party who were opposed to UNESCO. There were others who had personal axes to grind, but that was the focal point of opposition to UNESCO and it was very powerful. There were a number of very powerful senators and congressmen who were determined to take us out of it.

Q: How was the organization formed: who ran it, who staffed it, how did it do things?

JONES: It was the largest of the specialized agencies of the United Nations system, which includes the World Health Organization, the Food and Agriculture Organization, as compared to specialized agencies within the United Nations system.

In general, nearly every member state that belonged to the United Nations in New York, which is the political arm of the United Nations, also had membership in UNESCO. They all had permanent representatives to UNESCO.

The size of their staffs varied. Some were larger than ours. Some were about the same size as ours, if they were a major power.

The ones that were larger than ours generally came from the Soviet Bloc. They took UNESCO very seriously.

The Permanent Representative usually had Ambassadorial rank, although I did not. I had Chief of Mission rank and Minister rank, my rank was Minister-Counselor.

The Soviet representative to UNESCO, for example, was Ambassador Piridov, who was the son-in-law of the Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union, Gromyko, he was Gromyko's son-in-law.

The body itself is structured essentially the same as other United Nations organizations. There was an Executive Board, which was composed of about forty member states. The United States has permanent representation on the UNESCO Executive Board. Other states rotate in and off. The permanent members of the Security Council also have permanent representation on the Board.

Generally our member of the Executive Board is appointed by the President and is not the Permanent Representative. Generally it is a distinguished educator. At one time it was the president of Oklahoma State University and at other times it may have been someone close to whichever political party was in power.

The Executive Board meets twice a year, in June and then September and they set out the basic policy guidelines for the organization. Every two years there is a general assembly, or General Conference, of UNESCO and all member states participate, and they elect the

Director General, if his term is up, and they set forth the general policy objectives by which the organization is to be guided, which it is expected to follow.

To carry out the projects of UNESCO there is a Director General and a Deputy Director. The Director General when I arrived was a Frenchman, René Maheu. The Deputy Director General was an American, Jack Fobes.

The projects that UNESCO engages in are selected either by the Executive Board or by the General Assembly and the Secretariat, which is housed in Paris. It is seized with the task of carrying out the various projects which are given to them by direction of either the Executive Board or the General Assembly.

For instance, relative to World Heritage Trust if there is an ancient monument, say, Angkor Wat, which was one of the great monuments in the Far East, in Cambodia, the Executive Board or the General Assembly may allocate funds and ask the Secretariat to develop a program to assist in the preservation of that monument.

If there was a Minister of Education in an African country who wanted assistance in developing a school system, an educational system in their country, the Director General might be asked through the Executive Board or General Assembly, the General Conference, to set up a team to carry out the wishes of that member state.

Those are some of the things that UNESCO did and of course every nation paid dues. We paid dues on the same formula as we did with the United Nations and obviously, being the wealthiest country in the world, we paid larger dues than any other country and they were crucial for the operation of UNESCO.

The secretariat of UNESCO was the second largest, second only to the United Nations in New York. It was the largest of all the specialized agencies, because its mission was so very diverse, as opposed, say, to the Food and Agricultural Organization, which was quite specific, or the World Health Organization, which was task specific, or the International Labor Organization, which was task specific, or the IAEA, the Atomic Energy International Organization, which is very task specific

As a consequence, UNESCO had a larger Secretariat, a larger staff, of career international civil servants, as they were called, who carried out the programs of UNESCO.

That was basically what UNESCO did. It had been in operation since the founding of the UN after World War Two.

When I arrived it was my job to carry out the instructions that were given to me by the Department of State. I was not there to make policy on my own, which I did not do. I was to carry out policies which were decided to be in the interests of the United States.

On the other hand, I had the critical task of making as many contacts as I could, that is of finding out what was going on; and of reporting back the attitudes, the ideas, the power, the intellect of the people whom I was dealing within UNESCO, in order that we would have a better picture of what was happening in the world around us. We would make assessments of the effects of our policies and we could make assessments and judgments of what policies were likely to develop.

It was my task not just to sit in my office and follow instructions, but to move around meeting as many people as I could; to develop contacts; to understand what was occurring in the UNESCO community and beyond and to report it back to Washington as clearly and as concisely as I could in order that policy judgments could be made.

For example, when I arrived, within the first week that I was there, I received an invitation for dinner from the Russian Ambassador, Piridov, who, as I said, was the son-in-law of Foreign Minister Gromyko. It was obvious to me that, coming in as a new person, that the Soviet Union wanted to size me up: determine my weaknesses; my strengths; and where I could be probed; and I sought to do exactly the same thing with Piridov.

There were just the two of us, it was just Piridov and I. My chauffeur drove me and we met at a Russian restaurant in Paris, since Piridov was the host, he selected the restaurant.

It was a challenging evening. We did not discuss a great deal of policy, because we both knew what our general policies were. The real reason was to size up each other.

Piridov was constantly challenging, about various things. For instance, we started out the meal of course with a toast before we had eaten, a couple of toasts. Then we had a fish course, very nice white wine with accompanying fish course. This was followed by main course, and we had two more wines to go along with the main course. Finally, we had dessert. Dessert, of course, called for champagne and we had several champagne toasts.

Then Piridov decided that we would play a Russian game, which he called the “tamaka.” Whoever has the “tamaka” makes a toast and you’re given a bottle of vodka and a shot glass and you take a shot of vodka, you make your toast, you pass the “tamaka” to the other person, he makes a toast and takes a shot of vodka and passes it back to you.

We had 32 toasts. It was then getting very late, it was about 2:30, almost three o’clock in the morning. We decided we wanted to sing. Piridov had been consul general in San Francisco, he knew of all things, Negro spirituals. We started singing “Lift up your sword and shield down by the riverside.” I had my arm around him and he had his arm around me and we were singing spirituals and other songs when we both knew the words and finally about 3:30 in the morning the owner of the restaurant came up, bleary eyed and said would we please leave, that he wanted to go home and had to prepare for the next day.

We both left and I got into my car with my driver, who was not too happy, having sat outside and waited for me so long. But he disguised it well and drove me to the Residence. The next day, as soon as I arrived at the office, I immediately wrote a memorandum of conversation of everything that had transpired, of every serious issue that Piridov and I discussed. I'm sure Piridov did exactly the same thing. We were under instructions that whenever we talked with the Soviets we were to report it immediately and report it by way of memorandum of conversation.

We also had other sensitive instructions. Since the Arab-Israeli issue was so prominent, we were never to have any relations or discussions or talk to any member of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the PLO. They regularly tried to engage us in some type of conversation, but I never obliged them. I would just politely turn my back and walk away whenever they tried to engage me in a conversation. That was my order from the Department of State, and I had no intention of going against instructions. No one on my staff ever had conversations with any member of the PLO.

If you recall, in the fall of 1973 Anwar Sadat crossed the Suez Canal and attacked Israel and the Egyptian-Israeli War brought the Middle Eastern issue front and center in UNESCO. Many of the Arab states were constantly attempting, at whatever meeting was in session; they would try to introduce an anti-Israel resolution, and me or my Deputy, my deputy at that time was Rupert Prohme, who was a career Foreign Service Officer, would fend them off, as did other members of the Western Alliance.

We worked closely with the British, the French, the Italians, the Japanese, the Germans, the Australians and as a consequence we were able to mount a very strong, coordinated effort to thwart the efforts of the Arabs to condemn Israel and we were also able to thwart most of the efforts of the Soviet Union, who supported the Arabs.

Within six months my deputy, Rupert Prohme, left and Constantine Warvariv, who had worked formerly in the UNESCO office at the Department of State, asked to be my deputy and I agreed to accept him as my Deputy. He and his family moved to Paris and I had a new Deputy in place.

Stan, as we called him, was an interesting person. He had been born in the Ukraine, raised in the Ukraine and his wife was Ukrainian. They had fled the Ukraine during World War Two. If you recall, many in the Ukraine were strongly anti-Stalin, anti-communist, anti-Soviet Union. Some Ukrainians were even pro-Nazi.

His family was strongly anti-Stalin, anti-Soviet Union. They fled the Ukraine and eventually reached the United States and Warvariv used his expertise in various capacities and ended up in the State Department.

He and I got along pretty well. Stan was a very strong willed individual. Occasionally, I thought he wanted to get too much involved with the Soviets, because he spoke fluent Russian and when he would speak Russian with them I didn't know what he was saying.

I did not like that and I told him I didn't appreciate that and that I would not accept it in my presence.

Other than that, I got along quite well with my staff. We participated first in the General Conference of 1974 and I participated in many other meetings.

I'll give you a couple of examples. I was always the U.S. delegate or Chairman of the United States Delegation to Ministers of Education Conferences that UNESCO sponsored. One was held in Bucharest, Romania and I went as chairman of the U.S. delegation.

In Bucharest, as Chairman of the United States Delegation I participate in all facets of the conference. Romanians at that time were in the Soviet Bloc. I knew I was being watched very carefully. There was a large man who always seemed to be close by wherever I was. The entire conference went on some sightseeing trips in Romania. One of them was up into the Carpathian Alps, to Brasov, in December and it was snowing at the time. Brasov has a predominantly German speaking population, but it gave me an opportunity to go around the country to continue to develop a sense of Romania and Romanians.

On another occasion, the UNESCO Executive Board was invited to meet at Varna, Bulgaria. Our political appointee member was not the least interested in attending, so I was assigned to replace him. Wives were invited so Joanne was able to accompany me. Varna is a resort town on the Black Sea. We flew to Varna and participated in the meeting. I remember, as recreation we went swimming in the Black Sea.

After the meeting the entire international party from some 30 nations traveled across Bulgaria by car to the capital, Sofia. We were in Sofia on 4th of July and were invited to the U.S. Embassy for the Independence Day party. Our Ambassador had planned a lavish celebration and invited the entire power elite of Communist Bulgaria. None of the Bulgarians came. The only diplomats at the party were from the western nations Britain, France, etc.

The meetings in Communist Eastern Europe gave me an opportunity to evaluate their cultures. My conclusion was that living under Communist ideology was dull and oppressive. I was convinced that our most powerful tool against them was our free, creative, dynamic, diverse, culture. Our military guaranteed that there was no real threat of mutual destructive nuclear war. There were many democracies around the globe that espoused the same ideals as do we. Our strength and difference was in the overwhelming, dynamic appeal of our diverse, exciting culture which only existed in the United States. As one example, our popular music was much sought after by the intellectual elites and educated youth, particularly the great American Jazz of the 1960's and 70's. I recall a senior diplomat from Poland once whispered that his great wish was to live to see Louis Armstrong perform.

Our powerful Culture as presented in our exchange programs, was a secret weapon and played a key role in the building popular discontent that eventually brought down stultifying Communism.

I next was named Chairman of our delegation to the African Ministers of Education conference held in Accra, Ghana. I represented our views on democracy and non political education and I made many contacts. After the meeting we were all flown north to Kumasi, which is home of the Ashanti tribe, or ethnic group, as they prefer being called, which is one of the largest in Ghana. They fought the British, and never really surrendered to the British. For the entire UNESCO delegation they put on a *Durbar*.

The Ashanti had only done it once before, for the Queen of England, when she had visited Ghana. A *Durbar* is a parade of the Chiefs and there are approximately one hundred Chiefs and a hundred Queen mothers and the parade starts at nine o'clock in the morning, on a huge soccer field. We were all sitting in the grandstand. The drummers began to drum; each Chief has his own set of drummers, they drum and he comes out, being carried on the shoulders of his ethnic group waving a flywhisk and several gold ornaments that he held in his hands. The drums were drumming in their distinctive drumming patterns and the Chiefs came and then the Queen mothers came and they all had their drummers.

By five o'clock in the afternoon there were about a thousand in the soccer field, the Chiefs, their drummers and their entourages, drumming, and parading around in a circle and they carried very large, colorful umbrellas, which were moved up and down in the same rhythm as the drums.

If you know New Orleans and the Mardi Gras, they still have the umbrellas in their Mardi Gras parades. They are a direct borrowing from the *Durbars* of West Africa.

As we were in the midst of the Cold War my objective at the conference was not just to discuss theories of education in moving the less developed nations of Africa forward, but to establish contacts and relationships which would allow diplomats of the United States to have a cordial and congenial relationship with important African political leaders. In diplomacy personal contact and relationship is often just as important as policy as policy cannot materialize without personal interaction.

One of the items that was proposed to be on the agenda was the Zionist-Racist resolution, which was proposed by a number of the radical Arab states, against Israel. When I cabled back the contents of that resolution, as did my Western counterparts, we all cabled for instructions, asking what do we do? Instructions immediately came back that we were to walk out, "as soon as this resolution was introduced, we were to walk out."

As soon as the resolution was introduced, I arose, folded my papers up, put them under my arm and walked out, as did the British, the French and the Italians. I can't remember whether the Japanese walked out also, but I know that the British, the French, the Italians, the Germans and the Americans, we all walked out *en masse*.

Our instructions were not to return, that we were to walk out and stay out. Immediately the Russians introduced a resolution, sanctioning the right of a state to control the media and it passed, because we were not there to fight it. We were outside and there was no one to oppose it. I don't believe many of the Third World people, really, even the South Americans and the Asians, I don't think they really grasped the impact of what they were doing.

This was directly contrary to the First Amendment of the United States Constitution, which guarantees the Freedom of the Press. In effect, UNESCO had sanctioned placing on the agenda of the General Conference a recommendation giving its approval for a nation state to control the media. Of course, this was anathema to the United States.

We immediately telegraphed this information back to Washington. All hell broke loose. CBS, NBC, ABC hit the ceiling and were furious. I was given instructions that under no circumstances was this resolution ever to come to a vote at the General Conference in Nairobi. I was to inform the Director General that we were going to withhold our contribution to the organization.

By that time the director general was Amadou-Mahtar M'bow, who was an African from Senegal.

Q: Was he fairly new at that time?

JONES: He had been Director of Education, the educational arm of UNESCO, for several years and I knew him very well, in fact he lived down the street from me, from our residence in Paris and his children were the same age as my children and they knew each other.

M'Bow is criticized and attacked by many, but I think I knew M'Bow better probably than any other American and I could work with M'Bow. He was not a Marxist, he was not a communist. He had been in the French Army during World War Two. He was a Muslim. His wife was Haitian; she was from one of the leading families of Haiti. He was very well educated.

But M'Bow was not someone who could be bullied, he was not someone whom you could tell to do something and he was not afraid to refuse your request or command. You could not come and say, "I represent the United States of America, we want you to do" thus and so. You can't do that with someone coming out of the African culture, because his mentality was essentially that of an African chief, of someone who was used to the privileges, all of the accolades and all the power that goes with being a chief.

If you didn't understand African culture, if you didn't understand his background; he would and often did determinedly resist. M'Bow could be very, very difficult. If you tried to force something on him, his hackles would go up.

However, if you would sit down and reason with him, talk with him man to man, in a very firm way, there was no question of kowtowing, he did not respect weakness. There was no question of kowtowing to M'Bow.

But if you would discuss the matter with him in a very firm, serious manner, explain to him what was in his interests, what was in the organization's interests, why something should be done, what would be the consequences if he refused to accept the request, then, nine times out of ten, if I recommended it, he would comply.

He was always available to me. I would call and say, "Director General, I would like to have an appointment with you," he would give me an appointment immediately and I would go to his office and discuss the reasons for the meeting with him.

When this resolution passed and I received my instructions to keep this press item off the agenda, I immediately went to M'Bow and I told him very candidly: that the United States would probably withdraw from the organization if the resolution was passed, that in any case our budgetary contribution, which was nine million dollars, was being withheld. He would not get any more funding from the United States if this resolution was adopted by the General Conference, and that it would be in his interests as Director General, and it would be in the interests of the organization, that that resolution never saw the light of day. We didn't want it to be voted on, we wanted it to disappear and that it was my job, assignment, obligation, duty, when I went to Nairobi to see that happen and I hoped that he would cooperate with me.

He was fairly noncommittal, but I could see that the point was well taken. He certainly was not pro-communist. If he'd been pro-communist, he would have just thrown me out of the office, the resolution would have been adopted.

We arrived in Nairobi, Kenya, in September 1976, we came there about two weeks early, Warvariv, myself and some others of my staff and then members of our delegation came from the United State, civilians.

I was in charge of that issue, so I didn't really focus on anything other than that one issue, I left the rest to other members of the delegation and to my Deputy. I devoted my full time to my task.

I talked to the Australians, the Japanese. I didn't have to do too much talking to the British, the French, they agreed with me. I also talked to the Mexicans, the South Americans, the Brazilians, the Norwegians. I talked to some of the more friendly Arab states, like the Egyptians.

I didn't tip our hand, but I let them know in unambiguous terms what was our position and that we did not want this resolution voted on. We didn't want it voted down, we wanted it out, period.

And so I was put on a sub-committee formed specifically to discuss this resolution and there were a few other items that we were also seized with.

The chairman of the sub-committee was the Vice President of India, whose name was Basappa Danappa Jatti. The Soviets had one of their surrogates, from Czechoslovakia or Bulgaria, who was representing them on the committee. And I don't think any other Western power was represented, because there were only about six or seven of us on the sub-committee.

And we were seized with the task of what to do with this resolution. We held a lot of meetings. I simply stonewalled. I said I will not agree to anything, period, unless this resolution is off the agenda, it must not come up. The United States of America will not agree to any form: we will not compromise, we will not change language, we will not allow it to come to a vote under an agreement that it would be voted down, we will only accept that it never sees the light of day. Those are our instructions and we will oppose anything that comes up, regardless of what it is, as long as this resolution is on the table nothing else will have the support of the United States delegation. In other words, we will do everything we can to paralyze the entire conference if this resolution stands.

I said it in diplomatic terms, but it was absolutely clear what we were going to do, and I told the Director General that. Finally Jatti got the message and we had a vote in the sub-committee, with the consent of the Director General, because he had his people there, he knew what was going on and it was voted to recommend to the Director General that he table this resolution.

In other words, we punted to M'Bow and so it went from the sub-committee to M'Bow, and M'Bow could have overruled the committee. Obviously I had talked to him, I knew what M'Bow was going to do. Otherwise I wouldn't have agreed to that.

Consequently, the sub-committee recommendation was supported by the Director General, the resolution was not to be placed on the agenda, was not to come before the General Conference, that it be tabled indefinitely, which it was and as far as I know still is. It's disappeared, it's gone forever.

We had the General Conference, and the resolution did not come up. Other issues came up, which I did not involve myself in as much as I would ordinarily have done, because I devoted so much time to this resolution that it did not see the light of day.

And when we returned to Paris the State Department sent me a check for nine million dollars. I walked up to M'Bow's office and I handed him a check for nine million dollars, the United States therefore was going to resume its contribution to the organization and fully participate in the activities of the organization, blunting the aggressive efforts of the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies to promote their interest by utilizing UNESCO to spread their ideology.

Some of my other duties at UNESCO were much less stressful and much more enjoyable. World Trust Heritage Organization is seized with the task of preserving the great monuments around the world, which was always very interesting.

There was an international commission to preserve the monuments of ancient Nubia. it was composed of 25 member states and I was the United States representative on the commission. On that commission were the Chinese, by now Communist China was a member of UNESCO.

It was our task to fly from Paris to Cairo to observe the progress of the monuments. When we arrived in Cairo we were always graciously received and well looked after by the heads of the Egyptian Antiquities Organization. They would take us on a private tour of the Egyptian Museum. Then we would fly down to Aswan, at the cataract of the Nile, just where the Aswan Dam was located. The Aswan Dam had been built by President Gamal Abdul Nasser's Government. They opened the floodgates of the dam in our honor and it was a spectacular sight.

The Aswan Dam has produced a lake which is approximately 150 miles long and about 15 or 20 miles wide, it's an enormous lake, Lake Nasser, as it's called. As it filled up it flooded many of the great monuments of ancient Nubia and ancient Egypt, the most famous of which was Abu Simbel.

Abu Simbel was built by Ramses the Great in the 13th Century BC on the banks of the Nile below the cataract. It contains four statues of Ramses, each one is about as high as an eight story building, looking out over the Nile River. Next to him is the temple of his favorite wife, Nefertari, not Nefertiti, but Nefertari. There are four statues of Nefertari; she must have been a very attractive woman, judging from the carvings. Ramses is known by historians as one of the very great pharos of Ancient Egypt.

That magnificent monument was being flooded by the dam. The World Heritage Trust, UNESCO, with dispatch, jointly moved with this commission of 25 countries contributing the fund to have these monuments disassembled piece by piece and then reassembled on the banks of the new lake, exactly the way that they were, even including portions that had fallen to the ground restored exactly as they were as the lake was rising, they were not reassembled as they were when they were built, these monuments were reassembled as they were when the dam was completed.

Piece by piece, bit by bit, these gigantic monuments were reassembled and nothing new was added, everything was brought to the new site and put in exactly the same place where it was before.

We would fly from Aswan down, usually in a Russian-built plane because the Egyptians regime was, at that time, fairly close to the Soviet Union. From Abu Simbel we also inspected other threatened monuments. The monuments at Philae, which was another very large Egyptian monument that was being flooded, as well as other monuments, oh, perhaps, 15 or 20 other very large monuments that were being flooded.

We were building dams around some of the monuments to prevent the water from flooding them. Others were being moved and reconstructed, as was Abu Simbel.

The International Commission flew down several times and on one trip I was able to take my wife, as did most of the other members. We arrived at Abu Simbel on a February day. It was very chilly at night, very hot in the daytime, in the Sahara.

The ancient Egyptians constructed those massive monuments so that on the day that Ramses was coroneted and on his birthday the first ray of the morning sun would spiral down the long interior corridor of the inner temple and alight on the statue of the god Amon and then on the edifice of Ramses. Fortunately, we were privileged to be at Abu Simbel on that date.

Fortunately, our International Commission arrived at Abu Simbel in February, the date of one of those holy days. Our Egyptian host asked us to assemble just before first light. We all, from 25 nations, with our wives gathered in the pitch darkness just before dawn. We were instructed to walk in single file. In order to protect the monument from sand storms, long grass had been planted. The grass attracted insects and the insects attracted frogs. The frogs attracted cobras and that accounts for the cautious march in single file. In any case, we did enter the long hall way between the legs of the great statutes and stood along the side of the corridor.

At very first light, a single ray of the sun spiraled down the interior corridor and alighted on the statues of Amon and Ramses. It was a most impressive sight. I recall that the representative from Communist China, Mr. Chu Chi Chi expressed to me that he was most impressed to acknowledge a civilization older than that of his native land.

After a hearty breakfast all members of the Commission reassembled. We boarded an old paddlewheel steamer to travel down the great lake and visit other historic cites that were to be saved. This was an all day journey. Unfortunately, in the Sahara heat we ran out of water. The only beverage left was an ample supply of scotch whiskey. Darkness fell and about 11 PM we all retired to our small private cabins where we could rest as we were not due to land for several hours. I dosed off and when I awoke all was quiet. The others had debarked and evidently had forgotten us. We were left on the boat, alone in the blackness of the Sahara night. In the distance we saw the lights of the hotel and headed up the hill. With directions from some workmen, we made it back without incident.

In retrospect, I firmly believe it was useful for a delegations from some 25 nations to interact and live together as we did as representatives on the International Commission to Preserve the Monuments of Ancient Nubia. It was an exhilarating experience in getting along and understanding. This interaction of cultures was one of the strong points of UNESCO.

I also enjoyed traveling to Kenya for the General Conference. Although the Conference was difficult and very stressful, Kenya is a beautiful country. After the Conference I was

granted a few days leave and Joanne and I went to Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to a very comfortable resort. I also had an opportunity to rent a car and driver and go down into the great Rift Valley. I had been to Kenya before so I knew the area. I went bass fishing in beautiful Lake Naivasha. Theodore Roosevelt had planted American large mouth bass in the lake in the early 1900's and they now dominated all other species. It was a pleasure for me to catch some of these fish. It reminded me of catching bass in Pennsylvania near our farm. After our brief relaxation, we flew back to Paris.

So that was UNESCO.

Q: Now, later, things really got nasty between the United States and UNESCO and M'Bow. What happened?

JONES: Well, all the time that I was at UNESCO, there were factions, as I said, that were opposed to UNESCO. I had several senators threaten me personally for some of the things that I had proposed regarding policies or relationships.

One powerful senator obtained a cable that I had sent classified Secret which somehow ended up on his desk. He went to the White House. At that time Richard Nixon was President and Henry Kissinger was Secretary of State. The Senator stated that I should be fired, because of what I advocated. He strongly disagreed with what I was proposing. The Senator was very much anti-UNESCO. In his view I should be withdrawn for disagreeing with him.

I was very fortunate, because I received a call that night from my friend the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations, to whom I reported on the political end. He said, "Bill, you've got this complaint from Senator XYZ," I won't mention his name "and he wants you to be removed because you don't agree to some of the things that he's proposing about this sensitive issue which has domestic political implications."

I was shocked, because I had no idea what the senator was proposing. My friend and colleague said, "You've got some choices."

I said, "What are they?"

He replied, "You can fight it, in which case you would lose, or you can let us handle it."

My answer was, "Okay, you handle it." I was on pins and needles for about a week. Approximately at the end of a week a cable came from the State Department that said, "A career Foreign Service Officer has the right to call them as he sees them and it is in the interests of the United States that career Foreign Service Officers have a right to present analysis and policy options to their best judgment" and that was the end of that.

But there was a very strong, powerful faction in the United States when I left UNESCO, I was the last career Foreign Service Officer, as far as I know, to hold that position.

President Carter came in and appointed a political appointee who had no substantive experience in diplomacy or with International Organizations. By then I was gone.

When the Reagan Administration came in, another political appointee who did not have good personal relations with M'Bow and the faction that was determined to take the United States out of UNESCO became quite powerful and with an exit strategy as their ultimate goal. M'Bow was not going to back down; he was not that type of person.

He had his faults and he was very difficult to work with. It took a great deal of diplomacy experience, skill, and cultural understanding as is the case in any profession. And what they lacked, they had no cultural understanding of Africans; of the African culture, of the African traditions; of the African hierarchy; of the powers of an African chief, this is something they had no concept of. These were the fundamental tools of professional diplomacy which were not possessed by the traditional political appointee.

We withdrew from UNESCO. I think it was about five or six years after I left and remained out of it until the Clinton Administration, when we rejoined the organization in the 1990's, after the Cold War was over.

We are now back in UNESCO. I believe we have a full delegation there, as we had during my tenure as U.S. Permanent Representative.

The official residence for the U.S. Permanent Representative was very appropriate for diplomatic functions with large entertainment areas which could accommodate several hundred guests. We could have receptions and dinners and bring people in so that we could get to know them, or I could bring in prominent Americans and introduce them.

If there was a congressional delegation I would always have an affair in their honor and bring in many of the top people whom I knew, both in and out of UNESCO.

My children went to the American School of Paris, which was excellent and they did extremely well. My second daughter, Stephanie, was the commencement speaker for her class when she graduated.

My oldest daughter, Lisa, graduated from the American School of Paris and applied to Harvard University. Her grandmother, Helen Garland, had been a 1920 graduate of Harvard, Radcliffe. She was accepted at Harvard, and left Paris as a freshman at Harvard during my last year at UNESCO.

My second daughter, Stephanie, also applied to Harvard. She was also accepted. So, when I left UNESCO both of my daughters were at Harvard and, of course, on the salary of a Foreign Service Officer, this was a challenging financial situation. Fortunately, I had income from my investments carried over from my law practice and we had sold the farm for a very good price and reinvested that profit. I had also harvested a good crop of trees and had sold them to a lumber corporation.

In any case, Lisa and Stephanie were at Harvard and Walter was 14 when we left Paris. They thoroughly enjoyed and benefited from my four years in Paris. They made many lasting friends and perfected their French. Lisa was so proficient that Harvard would not allow her to take any courses in French, so she took and learned Portuguese.

Joanne, of course, loved Paris. She perfected her French -- which she had studied at UCLA -- and was able to negotiate in French when we hired caterers for our official entertaining. Joanne was a superb hostess. I never had to worry about a dinner party or 300 guest reception with wife in charge. She knows protocol, how to plan a menu, how to dress appropriately, and she certainly can carry on an intelligent conversation on almost any subject -- current events, business, law, fashions, and art to name few. Joanne made many friends in Paris, particularly with the wives of the Permanent Representatives from the over 100 member nations of UNESCO. She had many friends among U.S. Embassy wives, but I feel some may have been a bit intimidated by her abilities.

Joanne also loved art, music and museums. She was always ready to travel whether Bulgaria, Kenya or to visit, on our own, the historic World War I battlefield of Verdun. She was an accomplished painter and we hung one of her works in our residence. We had an elegant three story townhouse official residence in the 16th arrondissement. There was an excellent cook, a maid, butler and chauffer. The house had a large “Grand Salon” that could accommodate several hundred guests. We shipped our piano from Washington, so we could, occasionally have music. Lisa and Stephanie also went on field trips while at the American School of Paris, to Moscow and Egypt and Walter went to camp in Switzerland.

My assignment to UNESCO was for three years. I was asked to extend to four years due to the many sensitive issues that kept coming up. The policy and representative duties at UNESCO in the tense environment of the early 70’s were very stressful and, at times, very difficult. As noted there were many domestic U.S. interests which were often demanding. The Arab-Israeli conflict was a constant issue that demanded that our delegation had to be on guard not to violate the strict rules of engagement we were ordered to observe. Cuba frequently attacked us on our “colonization” of Puerto Rico. The Soviets sought every possible advantage to promote their ideology. The Chinese Communist Regime was recognized and joined UNESCO and we had to learn to deal with them. North Korea and South Korea were constantly at logger heads. Our Latin American friends felt we did not spend sufficient time on their issues. Africa was like a giant pot boiling and we fought the Communist to gain influence. The Vietnam War was ever an issue and many times resolutions were introduced condemning something we had done. When the south fell in 1975, the South Vietnam Ambassador came to my office crying and asking for political asylum. And we were always being attacked by right wing Americans who simply wanted us out of the entire United Nations system, and UNESCO was an excellent target to start the attack. It was stressful, but challenging, interesting and often a test of strength to stay on an even keel under such diverse, complicated circumstances.

And so we stayed in Paris from 1973 to summer 1977, without returning to the US except for consultation.

I then heard through the grapevine that I, along with others in the career service, were being considered for Chief of Mission assignments. I had been in the Service then for over 15 years and I had been a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, I'd been Chief of Mission to UNESCO. By then I'd been promoted to a Class One officer, so I was eligible by rank and experience for a Chief of Mission assignment.

I had no idea where they were thinking of sending me. So one fine day I got a telephone call from the State Department in February of 1977 and they said, "You're being considered for Ambassador to Haiti."

That took me a little bit by surprise. I thought I was probably going to get an African assignment, frankly. I was willing to accept whatever assignment they gave me. I was a little surprised that Haiti came up, but that sounded interesting to me.

During the Cold War Haiti was a strategic post as it was only 35 miles from Castro's Cuba and a prime target for Marxist penetration. I knew it was a country always in crisis and deeply poor. It had a dictator, the Duvalier family, and was considered a dangerous post, because there'd been considerable violence since the Duvalier's seized power.

I said, "Yes, of course I will accept any assignment for which the president sees fit to nominate me." In March, I received word that I had been nominated as Ambassador to Haiti.

It was necessary to fill out many forms; to have another complete physical examination: my whole family, my wife and the children; they all had to have physical examinations; because Haiti is considered a dangerous post, health wise, as well.

By June all the paperwork had been completed. I then said all my farewells to UNESCO, and as anyone knows who has served overseas you have a round of dinners and farewell cocktail parties, all kinds of events given by friends of yours, and who recognize the things that you've accomplished. Many of my colleagues from the member countries, including some of our adversaries, had fine dinners for me and Joanne to wish us "bon voyage". It was an extremely emotional time for my family and me.

In July of 1977, I went directly to Washington, DC for my hearings where I appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. They asked me the usual line of questions about my knowledge of Haiti.

And no one objected to my responses. I was a little concerned that some of the senators who were negatively disposed towards me because of UNESCO, might object. However, I was confirmed as United States Ambassador to Haiti.

The swearing in took place in the Benjamin Franklin Room on the eighth floor of the State Department. Many of my friends were invited and wished me well and Godspeed. We went immediately to Port-au-Prince, I had no leave, I did not have two or three weeks to relax. I went directly from my swearing in. The next day I left for Port-au-Prince with my wife and my family.

When I was nominated, I received this call from the FBI. The FBI agent said, "Mr. Jones, I understand you're going to be Ambassador to Haiti."

I replied, "yes" and that I'd just been confirmed as our Ambassador to Haiti and the FBI representative stated, "Well, I just thought you ought to know that we've received a report from Port-au-Prince, that you will be shot when you get off the plane. I don't think we have to take it seriously, but we believe that you ought to know that one of our informants told us 'When the new American Ambassador gets off the plane in Port-au-Prince he's going to be shot.'"

Stunned, I simply said, "Okay, thanks for telling me." We flew went to Port-au-Prince; we got off the plane, and nobody shot me, or my family.

We were met by an official delegation from the Government of Haiti, who welcomed us warmly and together we drove to our residence which is quite spectacular, because those residences in the Caribbean are very old. We've had diplomatic relations with Haiti since the Civil War. The Marines occupied Haiti from 1915 to 1933.

So we had an impressive residence on 13 acres of grounds in a residential area above Port-au-Prince, on a hill overlooking the city. In one direction, there is the ocean in another the city. There was a very large staff of 26, a chauffer, gardeners and cleaners and cooks.

Some people will say isn't that excessive, but in Haiti you have very high unemployment. It's a wonderful thing for people to have a job. Many of our staff lived on the residence grounds, they had little houses and without that job at the American Ambassador's residence they would have been unemployed, out of work, even though skilled in their responsibilities. From that point of view, it was one version of our foreign aid to Haiti and the staff was dignified, courteous and respectful.

I had been briefed of course on Haiti and I read up on it as much as I could. I had met the Haitian ambassador in Paris, who became a very close friend of mine and a key contact.

I went to Port-au-Prince and I was well received by my staff. My deputy, DCM, was Frazier Meade. He was very gracious and overall we had a very good Embassy staff.

There were some people at the embassy who I didn't think were up to par, because, unfortunately, sometimes people who are not up to par are put in embassies in Third World countries like Haiti. There were some personnel issues with which that I had to deal initially.

In addition to the Political, Economic, Consular and Administrative officers there was a military attaché, a person from "the other" agency, and, we had the largest foreign assistance program outside of the military assistance programs in Central America, where the Sandinista Marxist were in power.

Of principal, main policy issues, the first strategic issue was that Haiti under no circumstances was to be allowed to fall into the Soviet orbit. Haiti is thirty five miles from Cuba, across the Windward Passage.

Cuba was using all of its influence. Haiti was a prime candidate, a poor country with an unsettled population, with a right wing dictatorship. From the Marxist standpoint, Haiti was the classic example of a country where they could overthrow the government and install a Marxist state.

Therefore, my primary policy issue was under no circumstances was Haiti to be allowed to become like Cuba, to become a Marxist controlled state. I was always to be eternally vigilant and to direct all policies necessary to keep the Cuban influence in Haiti under control, known and countered. Cuba never ceased trying to undermine the Duvalier regime.

The second major policy task was to attempt to move the Duvalier regime towards democracy, towards a more civil society, to a greater respect for human rights. If possible, to move the regime towards free elections. If you know the history of Haiti. Haiti became independent from France by way of revolution in 1804, the only successful slave revolt in world history.

Haiti has had a very turbulent history. The first great Haitian was Toussaint L'Ouverture, who led the Haitian Army in the fight against the French and was finally tricked and captured by the French. Toussaint L'Ouverture died in a French prison.

His successors were Henri Christophe in the North, Alexandre Pétion in the center of the country and Jean-Jacques Dessalines in the South, three generals who were in took charge of the Haitian Army.

Napoleon, when he came to power, was determined to reconquer Haiti, which he called the "pearl of the Antilles." He sent an army under his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, of 40,000 Frenchmen and an armada of some thirty or forty French warships to reconquer Haiti. They landed in the harbor of Cap Haïtien in the North of Haiti; they summoned Henri Christophe, the general in the North of the Haitian forces, and demanded his surrender.

Christophe stood six foot three inches tall. Christophe refused to surrender. He returned home, burned his own house, burned the sugar cane fields, burned the entire city of Cap Haïtien, and initiated a scorched earth campaign against the French.

The French were attacked by the Haitians and by yellow fever. After a vicious war, in which some 200,000 Haitians were either killed or wounded. In the Battle of Vertières the Haitian forces totally defeated the French Army. Haiti declared independence.

As an aside, a regiment of the French Army was composed of mercenaries from Poland; they'd been recruited by Napoleon. When they saw that the Haitians were going to win they defected from Napoleon's army and joined the Haitians.

In Haiti there are descendants of this Polish contingent. Naturally they married Haitian women. There were a number of Haitians who had Polish names and, when I was there, the only Ambassador from a communist country in Haiti was from Poland.

During its first independent years the United States refused to recognize Haiti, because it was the result of a successful slave revolt, and actions that indicated that slaves could successfully revolt was anathema to the southern states. Hence, the U.S. isolated Haiti and in fact quietly did everything we could to help prevent Haiti from moving forward, toward eventually becoming a viable nation.

A number of men left Germany at the beginning of the Twentieth Century and came to Haiti to seek their fortunes and married Haitian women and even to this day the wealthiest Haitians are of German-Haitian descent, with German names.

Woodrow Wilson determined that Haiti was not going to fall under the influence of Germany and in order to prevent this, American Marines occupied Haiti and stayed for thirty years. Franklin Roosevelt finally withdrew the Marines in 1933.

But no president of Haiti, up until the elected President in 2010, has ever left office voluntarily. Until present day, Presidents of Haiti either died in office or were overthrown by their subjects.

There have been numerous civil wars. Immediately following independence, civil war broke out between Henri Christophe and Alexandre Pétion, and Jean-Jacques Dessalines, the General in the South, was assassinated.

Christophe, in the north, built the spectacular Citadel, called the eighth wonder of the world. It's an enormous fortress built on top of a mountain overlooking the Caribbean in which he placed 365 cannon, because he believed that the French would return.

The story is that he carried a silver bullet in his gun. He had profound contempt for Napoleon, because he allowed himself to be captured after the Battle of Waterloo. This was a sign of weakness; Christophe would never allow his enemies to capture him.

He suffered a stroke in his palace, the palatial Sans Souci palace, which he built, which was very spacious and very beautiful. As his enemies closed in around him, as the story goes, Christophe committed suicide with the silver bullet in his gun. That was the basis of Eugene O'Neill's play, The Emperor Jones, which was based on Henri Christophe.

Franklin Roosevelt used to come to the North of Haiti and go fishing and trolling along the northern coast of Haiti. There has been a constant interaction between Haiti and United States, from the very beginning of Haiti's history and continued.

In 1957 the president of Haiti, Magloire, was overthrown by Duvalier. Even though there was an election, basically it was an election that was rigged. "Papa Doc," as he was called, was a medical doctor. He was quite well educated and the U.S. had high hopes that he would bring Haiti into the modern world.

"Papa Doc", as he was called, disappointed everyone. He became a tyrant. He was afraid of the army, didn't trust the army, so he formed his own militia, called the *Tonton Macoute*. The *Tonton Macoute* were sort of irregulars who dressed in blue uniforms and protected the President, they were his own personal army and did his dirty work for him. If anyone opposed Duvalier the *Tonton Macoute* eliminated them and many of the educated class were killed off.

There was a conflict between the dark skinned Haitians led by Duvalier and the mixed blood fair skinned Haitians. The fair skinned, who were part French or part German or part Lebanese, since there were a lot of Lebanese in Haiti, in some towns, which they controlled the Duvaliers dispatched the *Tonton Macoute* and simply decimated them. As many of the best educated were fair, the size of the educated class was drastically reduced.

Papa Doc Duvalier was certainly one of the worst, most brutal dictators in the world during his reign. He was far right wing, he was extremely anti-communist. Papa Doc died of natural causes, in his bed.

"Papa Doc" was succeeded by his son, Jean-Claude Duvalier, who, at the time was 29 years old. There were two older sisters, who bitterly resented the fact that the old man chose the son over them. Then there was Mama Simone, the wife of Papa Doc, who was adored by the dark skinned Haitians. She was a very powerful woman in her own right and very ruthless. She also wanted her son to become President.

When I arrived in Haiti Jean-Claude Duvalier had been president for two years; he was 31 years old, the youngest head of state in the world. There were banners all over Port-au-Prince, which had a population of about a million people, "*President a vie!, President a vie!, President a vie!*," which means "President for life!"

One of my key missions in addition to keeping the communists out was to work with the Duvalier regime, to try and moderate them, to try to bring democracy, if I could. To be conversant with all strategies and political events in order for the United States not to have any unpleasant surprises. We wanted to avoid at all cost a civil war in Haiti as a situation which the communists might gain control.

The third task that I was seized with was to promote economic development; to help alleviate poverty. We had a foreign aid program and a large AID staff of experts.

It's interesting that, to my knowledge, at the time I arrived no Haitian presidents have ever built a school, a hospital or a road, unless it was named after them. There was no tradition in Haiti that the government was going to do much of anything, except maintain itself in power and sequester as much money as possible for their own personal use.

Our AID program built roads for the peasants to enable them to bring their produce to market. The hillsides were bare; the peasants had cut down all the trees in order to make charcoal for firewood. Whenever there was heavy rain or a flood the mud would come down. Some of that remnant is there now, as a result of the earthquake and the floods.

There is a story that a Haitian president in the early 1900's was confronted by an engineer who said. "Mr. President, we have these floods. We need to build a sewer system and a storm drain system in Port-au-Prince in order to save lives."

The president is said to have replied, "You mean to tell me that you want a sewer? Who can see a sewer? Who can see a storm drain? What we need to build is a statue, a statue of me that the people can adore."

Indeed, he built a hundred foot statue of himself and in due time he was overthrown and his "grateful subjects" dismembered his body as they carried him out of the palace and downed his edifice.

But that was too frequently the attitude of Haitian governments, and sadly, became a kind of tradition in Haiti. However, there is a class in Haiti of very well educated people. All Haitians were not poor or semiliterate or illiterate. Many were very well educated. In addition to the well educated, sophisticated class within the country, as I has previously noted, there is an extraordinarily large well educated, well sophisticated group. Haitians outside of the country, the so called Diaspora.

There was a business class in Haiti, very successful and very sophisticated. Most of them, as I previously noted, were of mixed African-German descent. They had German names, Fritz was a popular name in Haiti, others were of mixed Lebanese or French background.

The business class developed a thriving light industrial sector. They made computer chips, furniture, fishing equipment. Most of the brassieres that were made for the United States market had to be hand stitched and they were made in Haiti. Ninety-eight per cent of all baseballs that were used by the U.S. Major Leagues were made in Haiti, because they had to be hand stitched; Spalding Sporting Goods had a big factory in Haiti.

The light industrial sector was thriving and employed at least 50,000 people. The business class was tolerated by the Duvalier regime. As long as they stayed out of the political arena, they didn't bother them. If they had tried to get into politics or the regime didn't agree with, or they didn't tell them about their plans, they would have been

eliminated. It was also certain that the Duvaliers received some monetary tribute for allowing business to operate.

The business class knew they could never gain political control, their numbers were too small. They had to devise ways to operate in a dangerous environment. In addition, most were of mixed race, fair skinned while the political base of the Duvalier regime was the dark skinned masses. There was great demand for the light industrial products and the business class did very well financially.

It should be noted that they did not own plantations as in many Latin American nations. They did employ thousands of laborers, mostly unskilled over time. The wages were low, but by Haitian standards the workers could earn a living. Along with the actual work force there were the providers of transportation -- called Tap Taps -- cooks selling food -- repair craftsmen for the vehicles used and the general workers that did odd jobs. Adding their generally very large families there were probably 200,000 people depending upon the light industrial sector managed and owned by the business class.

The business families were well educated, most with college degrees from the U.S. They were operating for profit and expected to live according to their income level. They were tough and, of course, had their little feuds among themselves. Most, however, were careful not to be too ostentatious with their wealth and they considered themselves Haitian and wanted to develop the country.

In addition to the Haitian business class, there were a fairly large number of mostly American expatriates living in Haiti. It was estimated that about 5,000 Americans were resident in Haiti, some in retirement, most in business. There was even one Japanese lady, called Miciko, who owned and managed a large plant producing elegant hand stitched wall coverings. There was a well managed golf club for the expatriates and the American Ambassador was automatically a member, but I chose not to participate in the expatriate lifestyle but to concentrate on knowing and understanding the Haitians.

There were a number of well to do Americans who had homes or frequently came to Haiti. For instance, Mike Wallace of *Sixty Minutes* had a relative who lived in Haiti and he frequently came to Haiti. I invited him to the Embassy Residence and talked with him.

Senator Byrd of Virginia frequently came to Haiti. We had great respect for each other. Our conversations were always frank and candid. The Kennedys and the Mondales frequently traveled to Haiti for recreation, to relax. There were several first class, four star hotels in Haiti as well as a five star luxury resort.

Haiti was like an enormous art gallery. Some of the most accomplished painters in the world were Haitian, of all schools: formal, realism, primitives, naturalist, historical paintings. My house in Washington contains paintings that I purchased in Haiti. There were wood carvers, iron workers. In a sense, it was like having an exceptional fine arts experience; are of all mediums and types. Haiti was a wonderful place to collect. Haitian people were very friendly, very jovial and very easy to get along with and they were

deeply appreciative of anyone who valued their unique and many facets of their artistic talents.

That was the environment and that was the mission that I had when I arrived in Haiti. We continued a program of foreign assistance. Our AID staff built health clinics in Haiti, and we built a major road from Port-au-Prince to the third largest city, called Les Cayes, which is on the Caribbean coast.

There was a joke in Haiti that the former road to Les Cayes was nearly impossible: no bridges, no pavement, that when the Americans traveled to the moon, the Americans reached the moon faster than a Haitian could travel the one hundred miles over the mountains to Les Cayes. When the road was completed, you could reach Les Cayes in an hour and a half by highway. That meant that the area could develop. Several large resorts were built along the Caribbean side of Haiti.

We also had programs for agriculture, and we also had programs trying to introduce birth control. The population of Haiti was around seven million, about the same as that of the Dominican Republic. However, the Dominican Republic was twice as large, in terms of land area as Haiti.

I discontinued some of the activities in which some AID representatives were engaged as being undignified. Some of our AID people would go around with handfuls of condoms and drive along the road and just throw them out. I thought that this was undignified, for American Embassy personnel to be throwing condoms out of the window to people. I stopped it. I said, "If you're going to have a birth control program, you have a birth control program, organize it and implement the program in a dignified, respectful way for its recipients; don't just have the American Embassy throwing condoms out of the window." So we stopped that.

Those were some of the challenges we faced in Haiti. A top priority as Ambassador was my job to develop close personal contacts with the power structure in Haiti and particularly with the Duvalier regime in order to understand what was happening and how best to advance our interests.

I would frequently meet with Jean-Claude Duvalier. I eventually developed a very close relation with him. I think my experience in Paris with M'Bow aided with regard to establishing a relationship of cordially and trust with the Duvalier regime, on occasion when Jean-Claude would go out on trips around the country he would invite me to accompany him. I was careful to stay in the background, but it was necessary for me to personally observe.

I remember one occasion we went across the bay to a small town called Jérémie. He invited the French Ambassador, Haiti still had close relations with France, and me to lunch in Jérémie. The French Ambassador was in one car. I was in another car. My driver was a captain in the Haitian Army. And Jean-Claude Duvalier was in the car directly in front of me. He's driving himself, he liked to drive.

We went to this little town where we had lunch with the mayor, a courteous, well educated man. After lunch Jean-Claude Duvalier returned to his car and started driving. He drove fast, about sixty miles an hour down dirt roads, a paved road was unheard of in this little town; and it was mountainous and there were lots of curves. Our drivers followed directly behind.

The French Ambassador and I were surprised to learn that Jean-Claude had beside him a basket of 10,000 one dollar bills and as he drives around these curves at sixty miles an hour, he takes handfuls of dollar bills and throws them out the window and the dollar bills become a kind of blizzard floating around. Poor people were running around, scrambling for these dollar bills and shouting, "Long live Duvalier!"

We drove around for about an hour until Duvalier exhausted his 10,000 dollars. We all returned by helicopter to Port-au-Prince. He had an ex-American Marine as his helicopter pilot.

That was the way the 31 year old Duvalier operated. He did realize that he needed advice and he began to see me as someone who would be frank with him. Occasionally he would call me at around ten o'clock at night, at my residence without prior notice. He would call me personally: "Mr. Ambassador, I'm at my ranch house on top of the mountain. Please come up. I want to talk with you. I'm sending a car for you."

He would send a car for me and I would be driven alone up to the top of the mountain. He'd bring out a bottle of scotch and a box of cigars and we would sit and talk. Duvalier would ask me about things, about what he should do. I would give him my best advice. I sensed that this 31 year old was insecure and wanted to have a frank talk with an older man outside the regime who would be honest and frank.

Then I would discuss with him certain people who were in his regime, people whom I believed were corrupt. He would nod his head and two or three months later he'd fire them. I would notice that nearly all the people whom I pointed out to him he would dismiss after a while.

After two or three of these visits we were very candid, speaking in French, setting forth our respective positions. I would tell him, "Mr. President," because I was always respectful with him. That's one thing that Americans sometimes don't know, even though you're dealing with someone whom you may feel very superior to and who has many impediments, as he did, you treat them with respect and dignity, you don't try to bully them.

I always treated him with respect and I would say, "Mr. President, my advice to you is that you have elections, that you allow parliamentary elections and that eventually you stop being head of government. Have a Parliamentary system like it is in many British Commonwealth countries."

I said, “If you don’t do that, I guarantee you that eventually they’re going to carry you out, just the way they have done with other presidents of Haiti.”

And, no doubt, falsely believing that he was invulnerable, he would nod his head and smile and so forth. However, Duvalier did follow some of my advice. For the first time, Haiti began to have municipal elections, for mayors of some of the cities. We sent observers, and as far as we could determine they were fairly free elections.

Sometimes our Human Rights program went too far. We attempted to help a human rights organization establish itself in Haiti. Old line Duvalierists objected to this. My embassy political officer attended a meeting and was grabbed by some of the thugs of *Tonton Macoute*, hit in the eardrum and I had to evacuate him. The regime apologized profusely and we continued with more careful planning.

We had another incident in the visa area. The Haitians would line up for visas to come to the United States. They would line up days in advance, and would hire professional people who made a living standing in line. They would be paid to stand in line, then the person who hired them would go home, go to bed, rise the next morning, and return to his place in line and then pay the line “standee”.

We had these nearly interminable long lines of people trying to obtain visas to come to the United States. It was very stressful. My first Consular officer had a nervous breakdown. He had to be sent back to the U.S.

One woman refused to accept that she was denied a visa and jumped over the desk, attacked my female consular officer stabbing her in the eye. This Consular officer had to be evacuated to Miami.

There were a number of incidents that occurred that were difficult for all the members of the Embassy. I personally had, I don’t know how close a call. One day the Foreign Minister called me into his office and said, “Ambassador Jones, our secret service” and Haiti had a well connected secret service, as you would expect in an authoritarian regime, “has been informed that the Cubans have organized a group of terrorists to create an incident to kidnap you and hold you for a two million dollar ransom.”

And so I thought a while. It was a threat to be taken very seriously. One of my predecessors, Ambassador Clinton Knox, was ambushed by Cuban-sponsored terrorists in front of our residence in Port-au-Prince when he was Ambassador, and captured, his driver, who was supposed to protect him, disappeared. Ambassador Knox was held hostage in the Embassy residence for several days.

I’ll never forget, Clint Knox warned me, before I went to Haiti, told me to “be careful.” He told me the terrorists asked him what he’d like as they held him captive and he said scotch whiskey and so they gave him a drink of scotch. He said, “Bill, that’s the first time scotch whiskey didn’t taste good to me.”

Knox said they'd hold a gun to his head. His wife, Clementine, was in the States and she called him on the phone. They put a gun to his head and told him to answer the phone. He answered the phone. It was Clementine.

Clementine asked, "How are you, Clint? How are things?" She was completely unaware that he was being held hostage.

Clint said, "Well, Clementine, I don't think I'm too good right now" and then they slammed down the phone and wouldn't let him say anything else.

My point is that there had been previous incidents in Haiti. This was not a bolt out of the blue. Hence, when the Foreign Minister told me that I was going to be kidnapped, I said, "All right, what actions are you going to take to protect me? Now, it should be understood that the American government does not protect an American Ambassador once he leaves the grounds of the Embassy. When you leave the grounds of the Embassy, you are on your own. It is then the responsibility of the host country to provide protection. There are no American Marines or any other Americans acting as your protectors."

Therefore, the Haitian Army assumed the responsibility for my protection and provided me with a bodyguard, who always carried a .38 pistol with him. The Embassy provided me with an armored car; everything was armored except the windows. I was instructed that after the first shot to hit the floor, that there was a button on the floor that I must press, which then would immediately activate a microphone. Everything that I said would then be picked up by the Embassy. They then could try to determine my location.

So I asked, "Mr. Minister, what are you going to do to protect me? It's the responsibility of the Haitian government to protect foreign Ambassadors."

He said, "Don't worry, Mr. Ambassador. We're going to take care of you. We have everything under control. We're going to have a follow car and here it is: it's an old blue Peugeot and this is the license plate." He gave me a copy of the license plate number and he continued, "We're going to have six of our best security men in the car and they're each going to have an Uzi submachine gun and you will be well guarded. We'll follow you everyplace you go."

I said, "Fine and I'll feel fairly secure that I'll be protected by some uniformed Haitian military men."

He said, "Oh, no, no, no, no. They're not going to be in uniform. They're going to be in plain clothes and we want them to try it. When they try it, we're going to kill them. If they try to kidnap you, we're going to gun them down."

I must admit I didn't feel totally confident. I returned to the Embassy and telegraphed Washington. Our intelligence services swung into action. They admitted that there was some credibility to the threat.

It then followed that for my protection, and my family's protection, we were evacuated, my bodyguard was given a sawed off shotgun. We weren't evacuated out of Haiti, we were only evacuated out of Port-au-Prince, to one of the new resorts that had been built on the Caribbean.

We went down to this resort, a place called Jacmel, it was about eighty miles from Port-au-Prince, on the Caribbean, a beautiful place, very nice hotel and we were given an entire floor of the hotel. My bodyguard, with his .38 and his sawed off shotgun was stationed there on guard. We stayed there for a week. I would jog along the beach and my bodyguard behind me with his shotgun.

My favorite recreation was deep sea fishing. The mayor of the town had a boat; he took me out deep sea fishing. My bodyguard was afraid of being seasick, so he remained sitting on the dock with the shotgun across his lap while I went fishing for wahoo. Which was one way to help relieve the tension.

When it was established that the threat was over, we returned to Port-au-Prince, I assumed my normal duties and responsibilities.

On another evening, gunfire broke out in front of my residence and to this day I don't know what had occurred, but there was gunfire.

Another night there was some strange activity in front of the residence outside the gate. I called my security officer at the Embassy who came out and gave me the number of the Haitian secret service to call and I called the Haitian secret service seeking information. Someone answered and said, "*Ici petit* frere," which means "Little brother is here," that was their code word. I told him there was unidentified activity in front of the fence and gate.

Another time, we had an incident, someone stole a portion of the fence, a big long chain link fence. My guard sat at the fence with a 1903 Springfield rifle across his lap. Someone stole sixty yards of the fence while he was asleep. We went out the next day the fence was gone.

Minor incidents like that made life interesting in Port-au-Prince. Later another incident occurred that was pretty stressful. After Duvalier held the municipal government elections, relations with Haiti and the Duvalier regime improved appreciably. Jimmy Carter was president and it looked as though we were moving Duvalier towards democracy.

For that reason the Congressional Black Caucus which had boycotted Haiti, after Duvalier had elections, they suddenly decided that they wanted to send a delegation from the Black Caucus to meet Duvalier and make their assessment of the political situation.

As Ambassador, I would be the official host. The Embassy was arranging this trip. The Black Caucus delegation would travel to the Dominican Republic first and then come to Port-au-Prince, or *vice versa*.

In any case, just before their arrival we received an intelligence report that there was going to be an attempted *coup d'etat* against Duvalier, to coincide with the arrival of the Black American Congressmen. It was planned that a landmine would be placed under the car of Duvalier and he would be blown up on his way to meet the Congressmen. Therefore, under no circumstances were we to allow American Congressmen to come into a country where there was a possibility of a violent *coup d'etat*.

My responsibility was to decide how this situation was to be handled. I asked for instructions: do we tell Duvalier why we're canceling the visit, do I tell him that a land mine's going to be placed under his car and he's going to be blown up?

And the response came back, "No, we do not tell him anything. You, Mr. Ambassador, make up a plausible story to convince him that there was another reasonable justification for cancellation of the trip."

My task was to create a feasible story. I asked for a one on one meeting with Duvalier in his office in the palace. Duvalier had ordered welcome banners to be hung all over Port-au-Prince. To meet and greet the Congressmen was to be an important event in his life.

When I informed President Duvalier that the visit had to be cancelled, and he believed my explanation, he was so crestfallen, I could just see it was like the wind being taken out of him. I never mentioned the threat to his life.

But it did ring a bell with him, because I noticed that after I left, the next day, they had a meeting, that we of course learned of through our own sources, with his military people. They evidently learned of the threat from their own sources, because within a couple of days antiaircraft guns appeared in the streets and roadblocks appeared. Evidently they had also, through their own channels, or the information leaked in a way that I did not know about, to them. The Congressmen never came and the *coup d'etat* never happened.

That was typical of the political climate in Haiti. Just before I left, Duvalier made the biggest mistake that he ever made, which led to his downfall, in my opinion: he married, and instead of marrying one of the dark skinned girls who were crazy about Duvalier, they idolized him, they all hoped they might become Madame Duvalier, instead he married a fair skinned girl from a well-to-do family, but a family that had made their money not in the industrial sector but in semi-criminal activities. We suspected them of having been involved in drugs in another Caribbean country.

The young President Jean-Claude Duvalier married Michelle and they had this exceptionally lavish wedding. All the ambassadors were invited. I believe this turned the dark skinned majority against him and started the movement finally leading to his overthrow.

It wasn't so much that the country wasn't developing, that they didn't have money. I personally thought it was like breaking a bond that he had established with them and things were never the same after that.

Another incident that occurred in Haiti was quite intriguing. Narcotics were kept out of Haiti by the Duvalier regime. Haiti was a very safe place, there was very little crime, because if you were a criminal in Haiti and were caught, it was terrible what they would do to you, and the prisons they'd put you in, and the torture that they would unleash upon you.

Apparently, there were very few people who had the nerve to commit serious crimes when I was there. You could walk down the street at almost any time day or night and no one would bother you and there was no narcotics traffic there!

The old-line elite dark skinned Haitian families were very conservative, and absolutely dedicated to preventing their children from getting involved with narcotics.

Nevertheless, a plane from South America, from Colombia, hit a mountain in Haiti, crashed, loaded with marijuana. There was so much marijuana that one of the bales of marijuana fell on the pilot and broke his leg.

The Haitian Army confiscated the marijuana, allegedly burned it, that's what they reported and brought the pilot and his co-pilot, or bodyguard, both Americans, back to Port-au-Prince. The pilot was hospitalized in one of their hospitals, which was a horrible experience. Although there was one very good hospital, they put him in the regular hospital.

And then, shortly thereafter, strange people began to show up at my embassy, tough looking guys, Americans; went to my consular officer and threatened, "You get this guy out of jail. We want him released." They made threats: "If you don't get him out of jail, something might happen to you."

I was attending a Christmas party and one of these toughs invaded the party and insisted on speaking with me and told me: "I was to get this guy out of jail, period." I replied that I did not respond to threats. I returned to the office and I sent an "Eyes Only" telegram to Washington recounting the events.

One of the threats was that the pilot and co-pilot had high level contacts in our government and would damage the careers of anyone who would fail to comply with what they demanded. I sent a cable asking in effect, "What the hell is going on?"

I never received a response to that cable, but evidently some actions had been taken. Perhaps somebody was paid off in the Haitian government. The Haitian government took the pilot and put him in the best hospital in town. Their airplane, although damaged in the

crash, was able to be repaired and it was returned to them. When the pilot recovered the duo left Haiti. We were glad to see them out of our area.

Although this is only rumor and I can not verify, it was said that the pilot came from or was related to a very prominent, well known international business family. The escort was said to have formerly been with one of the U.S. intelligence agencies. It was furthered rumored that fairly soon after leaving Haiti the pilot and plane crashed into the Atlantic ocean under mysterious circumstances.

Another, more tragic incident occurred. A young American lady working in our AID program at our Embassy began a romantic relationship with an American lawyer. The lawyer came frequently to Port-au-Prince to obtain "quickie" no strings attached divorces for his wealthy clients. I know about this type of domestic relations law as one of my law partners had a relationship with a Mexican lawyer who could obtain a quickie divorce in Mexico. Many Americans simply want to get out of a marriage quickly and with no liabilities. In Port-au-Prince the attorney began to spend more time as his practice increased. His romance with our staff lady blossomed. They were having a good time together. There was a thriving casino near Port-au-Prince for tourists and the wealthy and there were several first class hotels. Street crime was almost non existence and Port-au-Prince was a good place to have a fun time.

The number of Americans wanting a quick get out of marriage divorce seemed to increase as the lawyer was prospering and spent more and more time in Port-au-Prince and with our Embassy lady.

The American lawyer owned a 35 or 40 foot yacht and he and this girl who worked for our Embassy decided to go on a cruise across the Caribbean to Aruba, which is about a three day cruise, it was meant to be a relaxing, enjoyable for the two of them.

In any case, they disappeared and no one knew where they were. Contact had been lost. We called and requested a U-2 plane to search for them. They just disappeared and we never heard again from them. Their families came to Haiti to launch their own investigation. All our resources had been pressed into service without success. Nothing was heard from them again.

I suspected, I had no proof, I suspected that their boat was seized by narcotics smugglers on the high seas and that they were both killed, their bodies disposed of, the boat taken to Colombia, repainted, renamed, loaded with cocaine and then headed back towards Miami.

That’s what we believe happened, but we had no proof. They might have gone down in a storm. We just had no proof.

But that’s the way Haiti was, it’s a small country, there was always some kind of a problem. I never had a day that I was not busy or involved with some crisis of some kind, large or small.

I made many friends and I still have friends in Haiti. I still have a soft spot in my heart for Haiti.

When my two year tour of duty came to an end. I was extended a year. It's a two year assignment and considered a hardship post and they extended me a year, so I served three years in Port-au-Prince and four years in Paris. I'd been overseas seven years without a break.

When we left to go to the airport, I'll never forget, I always tried to treat my staff at the residence who worked for me: the gardeners, the maids, the cooks, with dignity and respect.

I brought Haitian paintings into the embassy, because it's nice to have American paintings and certainly I had American paintings, but I brought some really fine paintings by Haitian artists and they used to stand and gaze long and thoughtfully at those paintings, they were so proud that here was something beautiful that they had created, that their country, as poor as it was, had done something truly beautiful. That the American Ambassador had thought so highly of their art that he purchased some examples with his own money and hung them on the wall of the Embassy so that everybody could see them and admire them.

And when Vierge, our cook, was severely injured and broke both of her legs in a "Tap, Tap" accident, I kept her on full pay. From time to time they would borrow money from me. One of my staff needed false teeth, I lent him $500 to get some false teeth, even though I had two of my children at Harvard at the time. He paid back very penny of it.

And we had an alleged lady on our staff, whom they were all afraid. She was the laundress and I used to talk with her, tried to be, for obvious reasons, friendly towards her.

I think I'll digress now and talk a little bit about voodoo. You can't talk about Haiti without talking about Voodoo. Voodoo or Vaudoo is the religion that was brought from West Africa to Haiti by the slaves and it's a very potent force, it's not something to dismiss.

I've seen it in Africa and of course I lived it in Haiti and it is a very powerful force. It is totally compatible with Christianity. The Haitians have no problem being devout Catholics and also being devout practitioners of voodou, or voudou, as they pronounce it.

They believe that there are forces that can be brought to bear through various incantations, movements, rhythms, that will bring forth spiritual forces that will act as a liaison between the here and now and those who have crossed over, those who have died. It is believed that these spiritual forces can help you, can bring you good luck, can hurt you, can bring you good health and many other benefits and there is a pantheon of

spiritual entities that can be called forth, if you know the ritual and the routine, that you can bring them in and they can help you or if you have an enemy, they can harm you.

And it's not something to be taken lightly. An amusing story, an Ambassador from a South American country who was a bachelor. He had his entourage of very beautiful Haitian women. Some of whom certainly believed that one of them might be chosen as his wife.

This went on for more than a year. He was a charming person. I knew him very well. He went home to his country and returned with a wife. This infuriated some of these ladies. What they did I don't know, but he stubbed his toe and his toe did not heal.

Every time he went to an affair or a party, someone stepped on his toe. It would be further damaged. He began to walk with a cane. He limped.

My wife had a luncheon for Ambassadors' wives in our gardens and his wife sat down on a chair, perfectly good chair. The chair very slowly collapsed. She fell over very slowly, as if in slow motion, hit the ground very gently. The staff rushed to her aid and she seemed uninjured but it was later determined her arm was fractured.

Her husband was miserable. He couldn't walk, used a cane, he was almost crippled. Allegedly he went to one of the voodoo priests, paid whatever the sum was and had incantations that lifted whatever this force was around him that he had begun to fear. Apparently his physical condition returned to normal and he was able to walk again.

But that's just an example of some of the stories. Whether they're true or not, I don't know. I'm not making any judgment, but I am only attesting to those events I witnessed.

I was invited to attend many voodoo ceremonies. The great African-American dancer Katherine Dunham, who in the 1930's was really the major originator of modern dance, the forerunner of the Martha Graham dance group. She was on Broadway, she was an international star, a world acclaimed choreographer and dance historian.

Kathryn Dunham owned a house in Haiti. She was then in her sixties, I would guess, and as an academic and a dancer she became dedicated to the study of Voodoo.

In any case, she was going to be made a voodoo priestess, a Mambo, which is the title of the women voodoo priestess; Houngan is the title of the male voodoo priest. She invited my wife and me to the ceremony of her induction as a Mambo, as a voodoo priestess. This invitation was considered an extraordinary honor and one not to be refused.

This induction ceremony was sited in one of the poorest sections of Port-au-Prince, a section called Carrefour, in a house with a tin roof, more accurately described as just a shack with a tin roof. There were 25 people or so. We had no seats. We stood all around the side of this room.

The first part of the ceremony the participants come out with a large jar of white flour and they draw a very intricate design called the *vévé* in the floor with this flour and as they drew the design it starts to rain, it's pouring down rain, thunder and lightning.

When the drawing is completed, the *vévé*, then come in the first dancers with the drums, they begin to beat these very complex African drum rhythms, the other dancers enter in and begin to dance. The priestess in charge, the Mambo in charge, comes in and she dances to the beat of the drums. She has in her hand a very ornate bottle, which has been decorated with multicolored glass beads and sequins and in the bottle is gin, and she has a torch. She fills her mouth with some of the gin and blows it out through the torch, which creates a large flame, fire in effect coming out of her mouth. She dances to these various rhythms, engages in the ritual, the dances morph more and more intricate, complex, step and pattern, the drums are ceaselessly beating louder and louder.

Then the Houngan comes in, the male priest, and he's carrying a white rooster. He's dancing to the beat of the drums, at some point he puts the head of the rooster in his mouth, bites the head off, spits the head out and squeezes the blood of the rooster around the room in a very defined pattern.

Katherine Dunham remained seated throughout. She is not allowed to move. Then the participants in a continuously accelerating rate dance more and more and more and the drums become louder and a spiritual force, they claim, comes in and possesses them. It depends on the particular force that enters the body of the dancer. This determines the type of dancing that they engage in at this point.

On that night Damballah came in. Damballah is the serpent. The serpent is supposed to be sensuous, clever and dangerous. When Damballah came in, the dancers all fell on the floor and to the rhythm of the drums, maybe twenty drummers beating seemingly as loud as they could, they began to squirm and swoon and swerve all across the floor, as if they were snakes, until Damballah exited.

This went on and on and on and then at a point they did certain things with Katherine Dunham. They sprinkled her with this and sprinkled her with that and made these very intricate designs and signs around her and finally the entire ceremony was concluded.

I've been to several voodoo ceremonies like that, not initiations, which I was informed were below the level of initiations. Different forces will come in. I went to one and Shango came in, after they'd drummed and brought in the rooster. Shango is the god of iron. When he came in, the dancers went into a trance and everyone grabbed a machete and they began waving these machetes and clanging them around the room, machetes were clashing around in front of you. Another time we were down by the ocean and the god of the sea came in and the dancers all ran out and jumped in the ocean.

My point being that Voodoo is a very powerful force, for good or evil, but it is there, it is part of the society. Jean-Claude Duvalier believed in it. He had a lucky number, which

was 22. His license plate was 22, he'd do things on the 22nd of the month. 22 was a big thing in their pantheon.

Voodoo, an entrenched facet of Haitian culture, was present during my entire three years. At night you could hear the drums beating from our residence. At certain times of year, around Easter time, they had what they called the Rah Rah bands. This was a procession along the road of drummers and people marching in sort of a semi-trance. If they crossed the road when you were driving, you stopped, you never broke their procession, because I was informed they could turn violent if you did not respect their deeply held beliefs. So you would stop

I remember once we were at a beach house during one of those ceremonies and one of the voodoo ladies ran up to me and grabbed me and held my hand and looked into my eyes and she said, "*Vous etes le bon coeur*," "You have a good heart" and I replied, "I'm glad, I thought, that she believed I have a good heart."

So that's the way Haiti was. The peasants in Haiti, they're poor but they are not downtrodden. I've been to India and other poor countries. The peasants in Haiti have a certain dignity and they have a certain *joi de vivre*. They are very tough and very strong.

I prevailed upon wealthy Haitians who had a shoe factory to give 500 pairs of shoes to the peasants in a small village. I thought this would be a welcomed gift. Most of them didn't wear shoes. So we drove down the road and there they all were, with their shoes. Were they wearing them? No, they were selling them.

What did they want to buy? They wanted to buy transistor radios, so they could listen to their music. I don't think any of them wore the shoes, they all sold them, so that they could buy whatever they wanted with the money.

I left in 1980. Six years after I left Jean-Claude Duvalier was overthrown. He was carried to the airport and sent into exile. His wife soon left him and he remained alone in France.

The Duvaliers, of course, had a lot of money. I had a call from a bank in Philadelphia early in my tenure. The banker said, "I understand you're the Ambassador to Haiti."

I said, "Yes."

He stated, "We have a bank account here in the name of the Duvalier family and they have thirty million dollars in a checking account. Would you, Mr. Ambassador, prevail upon them to at least put it in a savings account, where they can draw some interest?"

And I said absolutely not, I am not going to get involved with money that they have taken or whatever they've done. And of course I was reporting this to the Department of State and they affirmed my decision not to become involved with their money.

They had ways of obtaining money, taxes, kick backs and other schemes. They allegedly had two hundred million dollars stashed away in Swiss bank accounts.

And that was the story of Haiti. The problem in Haiti, as I have told the State Department and I wrote a paper just recently which I sent to the State Department, is that there must be rules for governance in Haiti. There is a misguided notion that all is needed is fair elections. In a nation such as Haiti with a history of failed governance, a poorly educated general population and many complicated class and color traditions of long standing, simply having elections is not enough. Haiti, despite its size, is a very complex society. Some of the most vociferous talkers about the country actually know little about the intricacies of that complex social structure. There are no simple solutions to long standing, complicated problems. This was proven with the election of Aristide who had no experience in governing. He had Marxist leanings, and was a charismatic speaker. Under his regime the industrial class was attacked and most of the light industries which were the base of the economy were driven from the country. This was merely a continuation of Haitian history where the educated classes are considered an enemy of a new autocrat and driven from the nation. ·

Therefore, I recommended that Haiti be pressured to adopt a Constitution that set forth strict rules for qualification for high office. The history of a charismatic figure captivating the poorly educated masses but with no experience in governing should be ended. Qualifications of holding prior high offices, property ownership and a clean record of paying taxes are some of the standards that should be imposed. Unfortunately, merely residence of a few years is not enough. In the most recent election, following the great quake, with residence the only requirement, a charismatic rap entertainer was elected President. Maybe success will follow, one can only hope.

So, my tenure as Ambassador to Haiti ended. As we were about to depart for the airport, I asked that the entire 26 person residence staff line up with me for a farewell photo. I had become quite close to them and they had become close to my family. The average ages of those fine men and women were from forties to their sixties. As I said, I had helped them, lent them money and I and all my family had treated each of them with respect and dignity.

I never referred to them as houseboys. I addressed the chief of the staff a butler. I didn't call him a houseboy and the yard workers as my "gardeners", etc.

We all lined up and we had pictures taken of us all. I stood in the middle of them. I later mailed them copies of the pictures.

And as I got into the car, I turned to wave to them and some burst into tears. Men and women, some in their fifties and sixties, were struggling to hide the tears and they all cried. And I stepped into the car with my wife and my son and we drove away to the airport. That was a moving experience that I had never had before and my family and I were extremely deeply touched.

Q: You left when?

JONES: August of 1980, three years almost to the day that I arrived.

Q: What happens next?

JONES: Well, the Reagan Administration had come into power. Those of us who had been appointed Ambassadors by President Carter, very few of us were offered assignments. Once you're an Ambassador, you are either appointed to another post of equivalent rank or you must leave the service.

The Reagan Administration didn't offer me another Ambassadorship. I was assigned as Diplomat in Residence for a year to Hampton University, since I'd been out of the country seven years without a break and needed to be reemerged into U.S. culture.

Then I returned back to the State Department and had two more assignments at the State Department. One was in Intelligence and Research and since I'm a lawyer, I was assigned to work on the Law of the Sea treaty task force. I had four more years in the Department.

Q: Today is November 19, 2010. What was your impression at that time of what you were able to sample of the Haitian community in the United States?

JONES: It varied. Some of the Haitians in the United States were very helpful. Some of them were extremely well trained, particularly those in Canada there were a number who were physicians. There was a prominent brain surgeon, for instance, in Canada.

Others were extremely opposed to the Duvalier regime. They had a newspaper in New York called Haïti-Observateur and it was really fomenting rebellion against the Duvalier regime. They never thought we were doing enough to change regimes. It was not my job to change the regime. They were rather difficult with which to work.

And then the third group were the boat people who left Haiti mainly for economic reasons, opportunities for seeking a better life, not for political reasons. They were unemployed and they had crowded on these sailboats in the northern part of the country and headed for Florida. The boats were overloaded, sometimes there was tragedy and then they would arrive in Florida.

I always felt that they were treated very unfairly by the United States government. We had a policy for Cubans which provided that anyone who left Cuba would be welcomed in the United States, no matter who they were and they were treated royally and given many benefits which ensured their success in the U.S.

On the other hand the Haitian boat people, who were economic refugees, the overwhelming majority were not political refugees, so they did not try to seek political asylum. They were rounded up and sent to an internment camp in the Everglades.

I requested that I be allowed to inspect the internment camp, because I wanted to make sure that they were being treated humanely. I didn't like the policy. There was nothing I could do to change it.

I flew to Miami and was picked up and driven about a hundred miles into the Everglades. there was the camp, it was secure so that no one could get out. The Haitians were there, I guess several hundred of them at the time, mostly men, but there were also some women.

They were well treated, as far as camp life goes, they were well fed, they were clothed, they were not harassed, as I could see and eventually most of them were either released to relatives or friends in the United States, or some were returned to Haiti.

I didn't approve of the policy, but at least I had addressed my concerns and felt that under the circumstances they were not being mistreated, although I didn't feel that it was to the credit of the United States to differentiate in their treatment from other economic refugees.

Those were my relations with the Haitians in the United States. Some were very helpful, others were not very helpful, but that's part of the job.

The other issue that arose while I was in Haiti did not involve Haiti, it involved the return of the Panama Canal to Panama and this was a major issue of the Carter Administration and all Ambassadors had to be briefed, we were called to Washington for a briefing and I was instructed to bring with me the Foreign Minister of Haiti, who was a very distinguished older gentleman names Edner Brutus.

We went together to the State Department and heard the briefing explaining the Panama Canal Treaty. When I returned to Port-au-Prince the Defense Department flew me to Panama. My wife was able to accompany me. Upon arrival a complete tour of the canal was arranged and followed by an explanation in great detail of the reasons why it was in the national interest to transfer the canal.

I met the base commander, General McAuliffe, the son of the famous McAuliffe at the Battle of the Bulge in World War Two. I also met a three star Black general, Arthur Gregg, who was stationed in Panama at that time, we became good friends.

That was a very productive experience and I understood much more about the Panama Canal. I supported the Carter Administration's proposal to transfer the canal. I did not believe that we could hold onto it without bloodshed, without perhaps guerilla warfare.

So those are the concluding events, I would say, as I left Port-au-Prince in late August of 1980.

The presidential election was coming up. Ronald Reagan had been nominated.

And since I'd been out of the country seven years without a break I was asked to go to a college or university and serve as a Diplomat in Residence for a year, which sounded like a very rewarding assignment to me.

They gave me the choice between Syracuse University or Hampton University, Hampton being in Hampton, Virginia, a predominantly Black college.

Q: Going back to the immediate post-Civil War period, wasn't it?

JONES: Yes, Hampton was founded just after the Civil War for Blacks who had been emancipated from slavery. There is a very old oak tree on the campus called Emancipation Oak, where the Emancipation Proclamation was read to the former slaves and that is a cherished place on campus.

It's a college with about five thousand students, has a very nice campus, it's on the bay. The President, who's still the president, by the way, was a man, Dr. William Harvey, who was also a member of the Boulés. I'm a member of the Boulé and so we had a common interest immediately.

And just as an aside, my son-in-law, who married Stephanie, my second daughter, some years later, was a graduate of Hampton University, as was my wife's grandfather, David Crawford, who became an attorney in Boston.

This was the first time in my life that I had ever been working on a Black college campus. Of course I had been to Black colleges as a visitor, but I had never been in an environment of that type, which was predominately, almost exclusively, Black Americans.

Most of the students at Hampton were middle class. Their parents were schoolteachers and policemen and firemen, middle class people and they were good students. I taught one course on diplomacy, I called it "The Diplomatic Process." I had some excellent students.

And I also did a lot of traveling at that time for the State Department. They sent me out to various places to make speeches or presentations, as they do returning ambassadors. I went to Houston and spoke to the Houston Board of Trade, I spoke at Southern University, I went to New Orleans and spoke to the New Orleans Board of Trade.

I received a distinguished alumni public service award from UCLA while I was at Hampton. And incidentally, one of the other award recipients at the same time with me was Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who at that time was named Lew Alcindor, the great basketball player.

He's Haitian; Alcindor is a Haitian name. His family was from Haiti and he mistakenly thought that I was the Haitian ambassador to the United States, rather than the United States ambassador to Haiti.

Q: This often happens.

JONES: And he was very anti-Duvalier, so he thought I was from the Duvalier regime and at first he wouldn't speak to me. Finally someone told him that I was the American Ambassador. He came over and apologized to me, we had a pleasant conversation about Haiti.

I felt very honored by my alma mater and then my other alma mater, the University of Southern California, also gave me a Distinguished Alumni award. It was certainly a rewarding moment for me and my family to be recognized by the two academic institutions which had awarded me degrees.

I served the full year at Hampton as Diplomat in Residence and I enjoyed it thoroughly. In 1981 Walter, our son, was accepted and entered Princeton University. Lisa was at Harvard Law School and Stephanie was about to enter Harvard Medical School. (Walter also went to Harvard Law School after Princeton.)

Q: How did you find the ethos at Hampton? I've talked to people who worked at Howard. Some have had problems at Howard, because an awful lot of the students there come from a fairly privileged group and end up being a little bit too party-ish and all that, it gets very social. How did you find Hampton?

JONES: Hampton was pretty well disciplined. Harvey was a very strict president. He had a dress code, for instance, he required that they dress appropriately, that is none of the faddish style seemed to be always in vogue with young people.

Dr. Harvey ran a pretty tight ship and the students were well disciplined. I frankly did not see much of their social lives, but they all came to class, I rarely had students who were not in class and they seemed to be interested in what I was teaching. I found the students to be responsible, well managed with regard to their educational obligations, nice kids and they were, I'd say, on a par with other students that I ultimately taught later on.

I never had any dealings with the students at Howard, although my wife went to Howard University Law School. Of course professional school is quite different from undergrad and Hampton, I was teaching at the undergraduate level. They have a PhD program, but I was not involved with that.

Q: How did you find the faculty? Sometimes Diplomats in Residence are welcomed by the faculty, other times they're resented. Diplomats in Residence come from a different world.

JONES: They had never had a Diplomat in Residence, or anyone that was in the Foreign Service and I don't know they'd ever even had any diplomatic speakers speak to them, so I was sort of an oddity on campus and they were all very friendly towards me.

I had no problem with the faculty. I didn't establish any real close relationships. Several of them, the Deans, were also members of the Boulé and I went with them to Boulé meeting.

At that time, the Boulé, Sigma Pi Phi fraternity, chapter in that area was the Tidewater area, Hampton, Norfolk and also the Richmond-Petersburg area, so they took me to the meetings, which were being then held in Petersburg, they would drive me to the Boulé meetings in Petersburg and then when they had their Christmas party in Williamsburg, my wife came down and we went were guests of the Boulé Christmas party.

So it was through those fraternal connections and also many of the members of the faculty or senior members of the administration were also members of my social fraternity, Kappa Alpha Psi and many of the women were also members of my wife's college sorority or a member of a national service, the Lynx. We immediately established social contacts on campus, although my wife lived in DC, she did not live on campus with me.

We bought a condominium in DC, my house was still leased. She lived in the condominium and my son went to Wilson High School, which is part of the DC public school system. I had a studio type apartment on campus, for which I had to pay rent. I walked around the campus, visiting the many historical places and engaged in lively and interesting discussions with th faculty and students. I took the train back to DC on weekends to be with my wife and my son.

It was arranged for me to speak to the student body on international relations and opportunities for careers in diplomacy, which I enjoyed thoroughly.

It was an interesting experience. I enjoyed it. I made some good friends. Incidentally, I made a friend of a young white graduate student who was teaching at Hampton while he was working on his PhD at the University of Virginia. The friendship that developed in 1980 still flourishes to this day, 2010. His future wife, who was also white, was attending the Nursing School at Hampton. Hampton has an excellent Nursing school and it's very much integrated.

I served my year there. I wanted another assignment. Well, the Reagan Administration came in and it became clear to me quite soon that I was not going to get another senior assignment at the State Department, to which I believe I would have been entitled to.

Of the six African American ambassadors, all career, all in our fifties, appointed by the Carter Administration, only one was reappointed to an ambassadorial slot by the Reagan Administration.

I returned to the State Department seeking another assignment. Nothing was forthcoming. Then they assigned me to the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, to be on the State Department task force working on the Law of the Sea Treaty, which was in the process of

being presented for ratification. It never was ratified, because the Reagan Administration strongly opposed it.

However, I worked on the Law of the Sea Treaty task force for a year, from '81 to '82 and I enjoyed that, because I returned to the law. I had taken International law at USC and so I fit in very well with the Law of the Sea task force.

I wrote an article that was published in the Journal of Oceans Law, which is a national legal publication, an article on the Law of the Sea Treaty and I attended all of the meetings and so forth. I was drafting certain provisions of the treaty, which I found quite enjoyable.

Q: What was the Law of the Sea Treaty trying to do and what were the issues that made the Reagan Administration oppose it?

JONES: There were two major sections of the Law of the Sea Treaty. The first was navigation and the Navy and the Defense Department was very much in favor of that. That guaranteed certain rights of passage through straits and also set the limits on the continental shelf and gave the rights of the continental shelf for oil drilling and sovereignty and defense.

For instance, the right of free passage through international waterways, such as the Dardanelles and the Straits of Malacca. The international passage of the Dardanelles and other international waterways are internationalized now and cannot be controlled by any one nation, or blocked by any one nation, and the Navy was very much in favor of that.

The second provision involved setting up an international organization which would monitor, first of all, the navigation provisions, but mainly it would monitor deep seabed mining.

It was scientifically researched and established that all over the world there are areas on the seabed that have nodules of various minerals which are in high demand and if you can get a ship with a vacuum that can drop down on the bottom of the ocean and can vacuum up these minerals.

However, in the process of vacuuming up the minerals you're vacuuming up everything else, the fish and everything else that's down there. The general consensus was that there should be an international organization that would monitor deep sea areas outside of the continental shelf, which were really for the benefit of all mankind, and that no one nation should have the exclusive right to exploit them.

The proposal of the organization was to parcel out for development certain areas of the deep seabeds and also to protect the environment, in cases where deep seabed mining is occurring.

Most of corporate America was very much opposed to the Treaty. Because the USA and certain of the European countries have control of the technology relevant to deep seabed mining, a small country has little chance of entering the field of deep seabed mining. The major corporations wanted freedom to mine anywhere, as well as be self regulated as to conditions, restrictions, etc.

Thus, the Reagan Administration and the American Congress never ratified the treaty and to this day, I don't believe that they've ever ratified it. The irony is there still is not much deep seabed mining, because there have been so many minerals found closer in, off the continental shelf, that there is no real need to become involved in a major way in deep seabed mining.

That was the major issue and when we presented the Treaty and I was at the meeting, as part of the State Department task force, when the Law of the Sea Treaty was presented for discussion with the top senior people in the Administration. They simply flatly rejected it.

Q: Was this a collision you knew was going to happen?

JONES: I knew it was going to happen. The major proponent of the treaty was Elliot Richardson, who had been appointed by Richard Nixon to numerous senior level posts, including Deputy Secretary of State and Attorney General. He had also been involved in the Watergate affair. I knew Elliot fairly well and he was our chief negotiator for the Law of the Sea Treaty, he worked on it for about twenty years, off and on.

He was a Republican, obviously, but he was unable to sway the Reagan Administration, nor any other American administration.

But certain aspects of that Treaty had never been ratified and oceans law is still a major component of international law and it's a very current issue of international law. I do try to keep up with it to some degree, not nearly as much as I did formerly.

I worked on the Law of the Sea Treaty. I wanted another assignment and it became clear to me that I was not going to get another Embassy or another Embassy at the level that I felt qualified. Because I made it clear that I was not going to accept a step backwards, that is an Embassy where the Ambassador had been a Class Two officer, I was a Class One officer at the time.

I simply was not going to take a step backwards, simply to have another Ambassadorial assignment. So it was clear that I was not going to get another Ambassadorial assignment, just as it was to five of my six colleagues, African Americans who were career Foreign Service Officers at the senior levels.

I did get one more assignment, which, again, was very interesting. It was highly classified. It was Continuity of Government and I cannot discuss a great deal about it in

detail. It was continuity of government in the event of a nuclear attack on the United States.

It was presumed that if there were a nuclear attack on Washington, DC, most of the government would be destroyed. There'd be a 250-mile radius of destruction and radiation.

The question then became how does the government continue to operate, even though we had been attacked by a nuclear weapon and there was an Interagency task force, each Agency had an office. I was one of the senior members of the State Department task force and I cannot go into detail about what we did, but we developed strategic plans and we worked with other Agencies.

We participated, for instance, in nuclear war gaming. I was the head of the State Department team for a nuclear war game and we were sent to an Embassy in Europe, I won't say which one and we worked for seven days, the war game lasted seven days.

I had a team of four or five officers, some from the State Department, some from another Agency and we worked on a 24 hour basis, eight hours on duty and eight hours off, rotating, which means you would come in to the Embassy maybe at twelve noon, the next time you might come in at two o'clock in the morning, because it was eight hours on, eight hours off, 24 hours a day, without a break, for seven days.

We followed our instructions and we created situations and we played a war game and it was very exhausting, obviously, seven days like that. When it was over we were just so mentally drained that we all went down to one of the night clubs in that city and ordered champagne in an effort to unwind.

I participated overseas in another nuclear war game as a referee, as a monitor, rather than as a participant.

I worked on that program for two years, the last two years in the State Department. It was necessary, as part of the assignment to embark on a round the world travel assignment generally to do some things that had to be done orally and could not be done by cable.

I left in June from Washington, DC and I went to Paris, from Paris to Cairo, from Cairo to Nairobi, from Nairobi to Douala, Cameroon, from Douala to Lagos.

In Lagos, the person who traveled with me and I had to travel economy class. The plane left Lagos early in the morning. It was necessary to get up at three a.m. to arrive at the airport in time for the flight; it's a four hour drive. By the time we reached the airport, passed through security and got on this DC-9, filled up with people, with chickens and babies and ladies, various products, we were cramped in the seat.

We taxied onto the runway. Traffic control went down, there was a power outage, so we sat on the runway for about two hours in a hundred some odd degree heat before we

finally left Lagos. We traveled from Lagos to Dahomey, from Dahomey to Accra, from Accra to Abidjan, from Abidjan to Conakry, from Conakry to Monrovia and from Monrovia to Sierra Leone, from Sierra Leone to Dakar.

We got to Dakar at around one at night. We had had nothing to eat. We had a glass of pineapple juice, that's all we had all day long. We went to our hotel, finally had a full meal and spent the night there.

And then we departed on our next leg, we went from Dakar to Rabat and from Rabat to our consulate in Casablanca, then back to Rabat, then to Paris and when we got to Paris my colleague collapsed as we got off the plane and he had to be taken on a stretcher to the taxicab.

I took him to the Embassy medical office. He had not passed water in eleven hours, he was just totally dehydrated, totally exhausted from that trip.

Anyway, from Paris I returned to Washington, got another colleague, we left Washington almost immediately, traveled to Frankfurt, from Frankfurt to New Delhi, from New Delhi to Tokyo, from Tokyo to Manila, from Manila to Bangkok, from Bangkok to Sydney, then by train to Canberra, then back to Sydney and from Sydney to Honolulu, then to Los Angeles, took a slight break, met my wife in Acapulco for a few days, eventually went from there to Mexico City, from Mexico City to Panama, from Panama to Rio de Janeiro, from Rio de Janeiro to Brasilia, from Brasilia back to Rio de Janeiro, from Rio de Janeiro to Manaus on the Amazon, Manaus to Bogotá, from Bogotá to Santo Domingo.

From Santo Domingo, I asked for an opportunity to go to Port-au-Prince to see some old friends. From Port-au-Prince I again returned to Washington. I landed in Washington on Thanksgiving morning, after having left the first part of June.

And that was my swan song, basically, in the State Department. I stayed with that program until the following June, played the last war game and I received my letter that I was not going to be given another assignment.

And so, I, along with five of my six colleagues, Black ambassadors who'd been appointed by Jimmy Carter, we were all professionals, were all career, no political appointees, we were all in our fifties, we all went into retirement.

I retired on June 30, 1984, from the Foreign Service, after 22 years of service and ten years of practicing law, so that was 32 years since I had left law school.

I immediately received an offer to be the Ambassador in Residence at the University of Virginia, which I accepted and I found out that the person that who submitted my name was James Pontuso, the young white student I had met at Hampton, who was now completing his PhD work at the University of Virginia.

When we were at Hampton, we used to go on long walks together and I would talk to him, tell him about the Foreign Service and so forth. We kept in touch. Jim knew that I was retiring. He put my name up through whatever channels they have at UVA and they asked me to do a year there as a Distinguished Ambassador in Residence.

I joined the faculty at the University of Virginia in August of 1984. My wife and I moved to Charlottesville where we rented a townhouse for an academic year and I taught a variation of the course in diplomacy I had taught at Hampton. I also taught a course on the Caribbean: the politics and problems of the Caribbean region.

In addition to the teaching responsibilities involved with other programs at the University of Virginia I did other things at the University. They have a large oceans law center in the law school and I was asked to participate in work there. So I worked there with the Dean of the Oceans Law Center, since I worked on the Law of the Sea I knew him, so I did some work there and some lecturing there.

I left in June of '86 and went back to Washington and attended to some personal business and in January of '87, a Black Congressman from Detroit, George Crockett, asked me to be his sub committee staff director. He was the chairman of the Western Hemisphere sub-committee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

I wasn't sure that was something that I would like to do. I never really felt comfortable on Capitol Hill, given the way of life. Congressmen are political animals and I have spent my life, other than when I practiced law, when I was involved in politics and to some extent I didn't like it then and I didn't think I would really like it.

He made the offer to me. I decided to accept, I liked him personally and I did not wish to offend him. I became staff director of the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on the Western Hemisphere, whose responsibilities encompassed the entire Western Hemisphere except Canada.

And I took that assignment. There were aspects that I found unpleasant. I did not like the egos in Congress. I did not like showing deference to Congressmen and not able to speak my mind.

The staff really works for the Congressmen, there's no real independent role whatsoever and much of what Congressmen want is to help them get reelected, fundraising and entertaining people and bringing people in who will help them.

So I can't say that I truly enjoyed it and it became fairly obvious to all of us that I really was not fitting in to that assignment, but I did have some interesting experiences as Staff Director. I accompanied the Congressional delegations when they traveled to Nicaragua and El Salvador, during the civil war.

We met with the Ortega brothers in Nicaragua, which I enjoyed, reminded me of the Foreign Service. I couldn't say anything as the Staff Director, I just sat and listened to them, but it was interesting.

Before I left, they asked me if I would go on my own to Haiti, to gather some information for Congress. This was in 1987, Duvalier had been overthrown in 1986 and a military regime had been established in Haiti. We were putting great pressure on Haiti, on the military regime in Haiti, to have free elections and not to reestablish another dictatorship.

In Panama, Manuel Noriega was the dictator in Panama and he had killed an American and had harassed certain other American citizens. So the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who was a congressman from Florida, asked me if I would undertake a fact finding trip for the committee, I agreed.

I traveled to Haiti and I talked with General Cédras, who was the leading military man, whom I had known as Ambassador and some of the other men who had been captains, who were now generals.

I believed that there was room to negotiate. They were determined not to let Aristide, a defrocked priest whom they felt was too far to the left for them, return to the country. I urged them to adhere to whatever the electorate decided, that if there was a free election, whoever was elected should be allowed to assume the presidency.

I left Haiti after having had numerous sessions with the Generals and then flew to Panama. The Ambassador arranged for me to meet with Noriega and Noriega invited me to his staff meeting in the fort where he had his office.

I met with Noriega for a period of time and I conveyed to him a message from the Congress that it would be in his interests if he would not harass Americans, it would certainly be in his interests not to harm any Americans and that if he did he might suffer consequences that he would not like, that would not be in his best interests.

He assured me, as my experience prepared me to expect, he stressed that he was not anti-American and that these incidents that had happened were accidents and insisted that he would see to it that they would never occur again. I didn't believe a word he was saying, but this is what he said and I indicated to him that I thought that he would be making a serious mistake if he did pursue to antagonize the United States of America, I urged him to find common interests with us and not to provoke us.

Panama was an interesting country. I also met with some of the West Indians in Panama. About ten per cent of the population of Panama are West Indians. When the Panama Canal was built by Teddy Roosevelt, almost all of the common laborers who built the canal were West Indian Blacks, from Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica, the British West Indies.

They provided the labor and they remained in Panama and about ten per cent of the population in Panama is of West Indian descent and many of the senior people around Noriega were of West Indian descent, because many of them went into the army. His two top lieutenants were the Purcell brothers, West Indians.

The West Indian Blacks felt that they had been frozen out of the power structure of the country. As proof, in spite of the fact that even though they were school teachers, and military people, policemen, that they had no real possibility of ever having political equality in Panama, they urged that what they considered their disadvantages be made known to the Congress of the United States. I promised to convey their concerns. Many of them did support Noriega, because he was the first Panamanian who had given them any opportunity for positions of power.

The other element in Panama were the indigenous Indians. I met with many of them and they too felt that they had been pretty well excluded from the government.

A third group in Panama are the Blacks of Colón province. They are the African descendants who came with the Spanish conquistadors and many of them were slaves. I met with some of them. They were devout Catholics, whereas the West Indian Blacks were Protestants, so there was not any real common ground between the West Indian Blacks and the Colón Blacks.

Another group in Panama, the ruling class, or the so-called *blancos*, these are the fair-skinned, even though some of them may be of mixed blood, they're generally fair-skinned, who trace their ancestry back to Spain.

The *blancos* are a smaller group, but they are the ones who control the government. It's rare to see a dark skinned Panamanian in any position of authority. There were no dark skinned ambassadors or judges. The *blancos* pretty well control the country.

The other ethnic group that is fairly large are the Chinese. Many of them are merchants or restaurateurs.

Panama is a very interesting country. There are a lot of banks and that is arousing suspicion. Because Panama is contiguous with Colombia and Colombia, of course, is the heart of much of the narcotics traffic.

I returned from that trip and made a lengthy report to the Foreign Affairs Committee. It was filed for future reference.

I talked with Congressman Crockett and we mutually agreed that I would leave shortly after the summer recess. At the end of September, 1987 I left the Foreign Affairs Committee with no desire or intent to return.

I then associated with a start up law firm, The International Business Law Firm, with two practicing white attorneys that I had met. We practiced international law and I stayed

with the firm 1988 and 1989, two years. It was interesting and we made some progress, but after my life overseas it was not stimulating. In 1988 I was also made a fellow of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation based in Princeton, New Jersey. As a Visiting Fellow, I was frequently asked to spend a week on a college campus and discuss my career and opportunities in the Foreign Service. I lectured on several campuses in the South and Midwest and I found it most enjoyable.

One college was St. Mary's in southern Maryland. After my presentations, the President, Dr. Ted Lewis, asked me to serve on a new advisory board and I agreed. Paul Nitze, the distinguished former U.S. diplomat and defense expert was also on the Board.

My interest in academia, interacting with bright young people and smart faculty increased and more and more became my major interest. Much of my diplomatic career had been working with outstanding young intellectuals, leaders and students and with education as an international discipline. I realized how important it was to develop potential leaders who are well rounded and well educated. It was always stimulating to be challenged by smart young minds and high powered faculty.

As I became more involved with higher education, I became known as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow. In the fall of 1989 I was invited to be the convocation speaker at Tougaloo College in Jackson, Mississippi which I enjoyed. Tougaloo was founded right after Reconstruction by the former slave owners for their children by their Black slaves.

Most of the original students of Tougaloo College were of mixed blood and the college was founded to provide an education for the Black sons of the Mississippi slave owning class. Of course it wasn't that way when I was there, that was the situation after the Civil War.

Then in 1990 my friend, now Dr. James Pontuso, from my Hampton University days was by then a tenure track professor at Hampden-Sydney College in Southern Virginia, in Prince Edward County, Virginia, and he asked me to come and make a speech at Hampden-Sydney. I did and I was very well received.

After that they asked me if I would be interested in teaching a course as an Adjunct Professor the fall semester of 1991. I gradually retired from the law firm and devoted myself to teaching at Hampden-Sydney, which is 185-190 miles south of Washington.

At first, I would take the train and stay at one of their guest quarters on campus, and commute back and forth, spending three or four days at a time on campus.

Hampden-Sydney is a very interesting institution. It is all male, one of the three all male schools in the country. It was founded in 1775 by James Madison and Patrick Henry for the sons of the elite slave owning class.

It's considered a very elite school. When I first became associated with it in 1991, it had about 800 "young Southern gentlemen" and about twenty Black students. They had not

had any Black students until the late 1970's and I was the first Black ever to be on the faculty of Hampden-Sydney.

I was very courteously received by the various college presidents I worked for and then the second president who came after I arrived asked me to be on the Board of Trustees, even though I wasn't a Hampden-Sydney graduate. I accepted with pleasure, I became a member of the Board of Trustees in 1992.

Unfortunately, that President never fit into the culture at Hampden-Sydney, he only served one year as President. He was succeeded by General Sam Wilson, a three star general who had been head of the Defense Intelligence Agency and had been a member of Merrill's Marauders in Burma during World War Two.

I liked Sam and we became and still are good friends. I was asked if I would consider coming down every year for the fall semester and teach either one or two courses. I accepted the offer

I thoroughly enjoyed Hampden-Sydney. By 1994, my parents were becoming very elderly in Southern California, they were both in their nineties. I began to travel more and more frequently and regularly to California and spending maybe a month or so or more every year out there.

I let Pepperdine University know of my qualifications and in 1993 they asked me to join their faculty as a Distinguished Visiting Professor. And so in 1993 in the spring, I taught at Pepperdine and in the fall I was at Hampden-Sydney, and that was my life, teaching two courses at each institution each year.

I taught diplomacy at both schools and I created a course in the law school at Pepperdine that I designed called "Law and Foreign Policy" and I taught other courses, at Hampden-Sydney. I taught a course in African American culture and politics and then I taught a course for pre-legal students, using a law school textbook, teaching essentially some of the essence of the course on the concepts, principles and methods in criminal law. I taught the law school case method and used a regular law school criminal law text book. This was to prepare for the law school method, the case method.

I was named the Johns Professor of Political Science and the Ambassador in Residence at Hampden-Sydney. At Pepperdine I continued to be a Distinguished Visiting Professor.

In 1996 my wife and I bought a condominium in Santa Monica. When I first went to Pepperdine we leased a very nice condominium in Malibu, which was beautiful, right on the ocean. Then we bought the condominium in Santa Monica, two blocks from the Palisades, which we still own, and continue to spend our winters and summers in Santa Monica.

Well, that's basically what I did with the rest of my life. My friend, James Pontuso, who I had met first in 1980 at Hampton, was now one of the senior professors at Hampden-

Sydney. It was really through that contact that I made in 1980 with a young graduate student that led to my contact with Hampden-Sydney. All in all I served 11 years as a trustee at Hampden-Sydney.

I retired from Hampden-Sydney in 2007, after 14 years. I had retired from Pepperdine in 2004. In 2007 I was 79 years old and I didn't think I could work into my eighties so I retired and continued on the Board of Trustees at Hampden-Sydney until the year 2009. Dr. Walter Bortz was President after General Wilson and he was a fine man and excellent administrator.

In November 2010 I attended the inauguration of the current President, Dr. Christopher Howard, the President after President Walter Bortz. Dr. Howard is a Black-American, former Air Force officer, PhD from Oxford, is the current president of Hampden-Sydney.

Hampden-Sydney College has come full circle. A college which was extremely conservative, still is conservative, which had all the members of the student body enlist in the Confederate Army in 1861. It was only five miles from the last great battle of the Civil War and only 25 miles from Appomattox. The Union Army had swept across the campus in 1865. And now, as I speak, they have their first Black president.

That brings me pretty much up to date. In 2007 my father died at the age of 102 and my mother in 2011 is in her 106th year.

Just as an aside, one of my speaking engagements when I was Diplomat in Residence at Hampton, I was invited to speak on foreign policy and Haiti at the World Affairs Council of Los Angeles, of which I'd been a founding member when I practiced law.

After my speech one of the reporters from the Los Angels Times came up to interview me and he kept badgering me, who was my father, what did my father do?

And I said that my father was a senior executive of the Postal Service, he was the fourth ranking executive of the United States Postal Service in the entire Los Angeles County area, he'd served forty years in the Postal Service and had reached the very senior ranks, he was one of their very top executives, he was Superintendent of Compensation for the entire Los Angeles postal district.

And so he said, "Well, what was he when he started?"

And I said, "Well, in 1925, when he was twenty years old, he started as a clerk and he worked his way up to become one of the top executives and of course he's been retired for many years."

And so the headline came out in the Los Angeles Times the next day, "Son of Black Postal Clerk Becomes Ambassador" and my father was absolutely livid, he was furious and he blamed me. He said, "Why would you let them put that in the paper like that? Why did you do that?"

And I just couldn't convince him that I had no idea this was what this guy was going to put in. But to the day that he died, at the age of 102, I think he still blamed me for that. I don't think he ever forgave me for that, which he considered demeaning his very significant achievements in his life.

Needless to say, I've never bought a Los Angeles Times since then and I never will.

Q: I was just out on the West Coast and the paper is much smaller than any paper I've handled.

JONES: It's on its way to bankruptcy and the sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned.

Another incident, in 1990, my fraternity had its Grand Boulé convention in Los Angeles and we had about 1,500 or so people attending the convention. We had some of the most distinguished African-Americans in the country, CEOs of some of the major corporations, presidents of many of the Black colleges, senior Federal judges, and state supreme court judges, prominent members of the medical profession and the legal profession, academics. No entertainers, no basketball players or athletes, the usual categories of Black achievers that receive publicity. The organizers of the meeting of the Grand Boulé in Los Angeles went to the Los Angeles Times and asked them if they would like to cover this assemblage of high level, well educated, very well to do, Blacks and they said, "Are there any prostitutes? Are they going to be involved with drugs, or talk about crime?" and we said, "No, that is not what we do" and they said, "Well, we're not interested."

In this society the media generally ignores the achievements of African-Americans outside of the traditional sports and entertainment, and occasionally politics. So they never mentioned the fact that we had our convention in Los Angeles in 1990. So, as I said, I will never again buy a Los Angeles Times.

In any case, that's an aside and I don't like to end on a negative moment.

Q: You've been around for a long time. I was a consular officer and I've sort of kept tabs on my fellow consular officers. What was your impression over the years that you were there of the treatment of African-American Foreign Service Officers up through the ranks and all?

JONES: Well, some did have problems and I suppose I may have had problems, but I chose to overlook them, I chose not to dwell on it and I honestly can't look back and see that I had few problems in the service that I could attribute solely to race, even when it was clear that I was not going to get any assignments, I'm not sure that that was exclusively about race.

Race may have played some part in it, but I think it was the new administration coming in and sweeping everybody out. That's what all administrations do.

Q: That's what they do and certainly anybody in the Western Hemisphere posts, it was particularly nasty.

JONES: That's right, they wiped us out. I must say, I served under six presidents. The president I thought was the most capable in foreign affairs was Richard Nixon. I came in under John F. Kennedy and left under Ronald Reagan and it was Richard Nixon who appointed me chief of mission to UNESCO in Paris and he invited us to the White House, to one of his state dinners as well as other entertainment and we were also invited to one of his Inaugural Balls, when he was elected for his second term.

I prided myself on trying to be non-political, but you can't really do that in the Foreign Service and I don't doubt that there were some officers who did suffer and I'm quite sure that it would have been difficult for me to get an Ambassadorship outside of either an African or a Caribbean country.

That was really broken up after I left Haiti and you had other Black Ambassadors going to Denmark, to Australia and that former pattern of assignments was pretty well broken down.

I liked the Foreign Service and I really didn't have any complaints about it. I liked the men and the women with whom I served. They were intelligent, cultured, people. I thought that basically they were fair-minded.

I didn't agree with everybody, but you can't expect that. I didn't think I had any real enemies in the Foreign Service, I didn't think anyone was "out to get me" or anything of that sort.

I enjoyed it. If I could have stayed in the Foreign Service until I was sixty years old, under the old rule you could stay until you were sixty, I would have stayed, I would have stayed another three or four years, because I enjoyed it, I enjoyed working at the State Department.

It was exciting work. It was interesting work. Everybody was smart, there were no dummies and I enjoyed being around smart people.

My wife enjoyed the Foreign Service life enormously. She was extremely successful at it. She was a magnificent hostess. She could talk with anyone, make conversation with anyone. Sometimes Foreign Service Officers have trouble, their wives don't like it or don't like traveling. My wife loved to travel.

We both thoroughly enjoyed it, my children enjoyed it, they enjoyed living in Paris, they enjoyed living in Haiti and they enjoyed the trips that they took. My son Walter attended Union School in Haiti and enjoyed it while his two sisters were at Harvard.

So we enjoyed it. I must say that my mother and father never really resigned themselves to my leaving California. They never liked my being in the Foreign Service. They always felt that I should have stayed in California and practiced law and never left California. They couldn't really adjust to the fact that I had left.

My mother would not come to Haiti. My father came to visit us in Haiti, but my mother would not come. They came to Paris to visit us, but they didn't like Paris and they were only too happy to leave and return to Los Angeles.

They sadly did not like the idea of my leaving Los Angeles and leaving what they considered a very substantial law practice to join the government, even though my father's career had been in government. However, I made my own decisions, but I never felt that they really appreciated what I was trying to do with my life.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Foreign Service and have no regrets for having left Los Angeles. In fact I think if I had remained in Los Angeles I probably would have practiced law and retired as a practicing lawyer and that's all I would have done with my life. I do so much more in the Foreign Service.

It was an honor and a privilege for me to have served my country. I enjoyed being a Foreign Service Officer. The Foreign Service gave me an opportunity to serve as a career diplomat and become a part of our nation's foreign policy formulation and implementation and I trust I made some positive contribution.

As I move down the final passageways of life, I am privileged to have five grandchildren-Alexandra, Brendon, Harold, Jarone and Ariel. My oldest daughter Lisa, graduate of Harvard University, and Harvard Law School is currently CEO of a digital media company launching global social media platforms. She was a Broadcast Counsel at CBS and served as CEO of television production companies, including "Comedy Express" which has been acquired by the National Lampoon. Lisa has published a successful mystery novel "A Dead Man Speaks" which was nominated for an NAACP Literary Critics Award. Lisa's husband, Jarone, is a magna cum laude graduate of Morehouse College and the Washington University School of Law. His career has been centered in the aero-space industries with positions at Hughes Aircraft, Alcoa Industries and as Executive Director of a joint venture between NASA and the United Negro College Fund. There son is Jarone, Jr.

My second daughter, Stephanie, a Medical Doctor, graduate of Harvard University and Harvard Medical School is a practicing Ophthalmologist trained in her specialty at Wills Eye Institute in Philade1phia. She specializes in corneal transplant surgery and had been elected to the American Academy of Ophthalmology. In 2011 she received a Humanitarian Award from the Inter American Association of Ophthalmologist in Buenos Aries for her work in providing major shipments of medical equipment to Haiti following the tragic earthquake. Her Husband, Dr. Harold Marioneaux, is a former Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, a Dentist and now in academia, a graduate of Hampton

University and Meharry Medical College of Dentistry. Their children are Harold III and Ariel.

Our son Walter, a graduate of Princeton University and Harvard Law School and an MBA at George Washington University was a senior executive at the Overseas Private Investment Corporation and a member of the Board of Directors of a major U.S. energy corporation. In 2010 he was appointed by President Obama and confirmed by the Senate as the U.S. Executive Director of the African Development Bank, resident in Tunisia where he now resides with his wife and two children - Alexandra and Brandon. His wife, Dr. Angela Patterson Jones, is a Medical Doctor, graduate of Howard University Medical School and Wake Forest University. She is board certified in Neonatology and was on staff at the Washington Hospital Center until they moved to Tunisia. Joanne and I are very proud of the accomplishments of our children and their spouses.

My mother, LaVelle Bowdoin Jones, now a widow, in her 106th year lives by herself in Los Angeles, managing her duplex apartment building and attending to her own affairs.

In June 2011 Joanne and I have been wed for 58 years. A long, long time since that bright, sunny September day when I was standing in line at the UCLA co-op waiting for a cherry coke and turned and saw this new freshman girl standing in the doorway entrance. It was a long time ago, a long time.

End of interview