

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

**AMBASSADOR WILLIAM E. SCHAUFEELE, JR.**

*Interviewed by: Lillian Mullin*  
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## INTERVIEW

*Q: This is an interview with retired Ambassador William E. Schauffele, Jr. This interview is taking place on November 19, 1994, on behalf of the Foreign Affairs Oral History Program. I am Lillian Mullin. Ambassador Schauffele, would you first tell us something about your background? That is, where you were born, where you came from, and where you went to school.*

SCHAUFFELE: Well, I was born at home on December 7, 1923, in Lakewood, OH, a large suburb on the West side of Cleveland, OH. It was then a town of about 70,000. When I was about two years old, we moved about 500 yards up the same street and lived there the rest of the time we were in Lakewood. I went to the local public schools: Grant Elementary School, Emerson Junior High School, and Lakewood High School. My early life was much affected by the Depression of the 1930's, not unlike the way it affected many other families. My father, unfortunately, started a business in the fall of 1928. It failed in 1929. He was out of regular work for five years. However, we managed to survive that. We "lost" our home but managed to continue living in it, on a rental basis. Eventually, we repurchased it. My mother went back to work, part time, during this period. My father was away during the summer because he returned to work on the Great Lakes on the iron ore boats, as he had as a young man. We didn't see much of him during the summers.

This all affected us, but I don't think that it was so much of a problem, since so many people went through difficult times about then. There really wasn't any significant sign of people "looking down on us" because we were having a difficult time. Perhaps in an academic sense the school experience may have counted for more than it does nowadays, though I'm not sure of that any more. Even though I was active -- very active -- in high

school, that was never an excuse for poor academic performance. So you tended to do the work that you had to do.

I had, I think, an enjoyable childhood. My older sister was five years older than I. She graduated from high school in 1936 and became a nurse's aid. She really wanted to become a fully qualified nurse. However, she didn't realize her aspirations in that sense. She lived in Lakewood, OH, or close by for the rest of her life. She married but had no children. She died in 1994.

I was fortunate enough to be a good enough student. I hoped to get a scholarship, which was the only way that I could go to college. At that time they didn't have all of the "checks" which, I gather, they have now, when you apply for a scholarship. I got four scholarships and chose to go to Yale University, which I entered in July, 1942, because of the "speeded up" program which many colleges had during World War II. It became the normal thing to go to college the year around.

I entered college in the pre-med program. This was a mistake, but I didn't realize it then. I finished three semesters before I was called up to serve in the Army. I realized by the time that the three semesters were over that serving in the Army gave me some time to figure out what I might do instead of medicine.

When I went into the Army, I was selected for the Army Specialized Training Program [ASTP], which was the possible fate of people who majored in the sciences, pre-med, or engineering. I went through the ASTP screening process but realized that the program was going to die, and I would have had to gain admittance to a medical school on the basis of my three semesters of undergraduate study at Yale. I didn't think that I was entitled to enter medical school right away, and I was right on both counts.

Finally, after basic training and various starts and stops I was transferred to the 10th Armored Division at Camp Gordon, GA. The division went overseas in September, 1944. It was the first division to land, as a division, in Cherbourg, France, following the liberation of Normandy. We fought across northern France in the fall of 1944. This was nothing very spectacular because the big gains of the Third Army, of which we were a part, had kind of slowed down after the liberation of Paris.

In many senses the highlight of my Army service was that we were caught in the "Battle of the Bulge." This happened when the division was "out of the line," being re-equipped. We were called up on December 16, 1944, I think. This was when we first heard about the German counterattack through the Ardennes Forest. We took the road to Luxembourg. There the division was split up, according to what was needed in the various parts of the line. My Combat Command, which amounted to one-third of the division, was sent to Bastogne Belgium, which I had never previously heard of. We went into Bastogne and realized that we were being attacked on all sides. We managed to hold one road open until the 101st Airborne Division came in by road. Thereafter, the German ring closed, and we were encircled for -- I'm guessing now -- nine or 10 days. We were

supplied from the air, when the weather was good. We took in 54 tanks and came out with three. We had heavy casualties, but morale was always surprisingly good, I thought. Nobody ever gave up, even when the battalion commander, who was standing by my tank, was hit and killed by shrapnel. That didn't have much effect on morale. We were finally relieved after "volunteering" to stay in the line until the Germans were pushed back a certain distance.

The rest of the war was not uneventful, but its end was obviously in sight. It was just a matter of time, and we didn't suffer very heavy casualties from then on. We ended the war in Garmisch-Partenkirchen [Bavaria], which always amused me, after the fact, because we, the combat troops, took the town and then were supplanted by battalion, Combat Command, Army Corps, and Army headquarters. We were moved about 70 miles away.

I stayed in the Army until January, 1946. The 10th Armored Division was deactivated, and the unit I was transferred to was supposed to land in Japan. I must say that I probably welcomed the news about the atomic bomb. I had no taste for a combat landing in Japan, in the face of a very determined enemy. I was discharged in January, 1946, and returned to Yale in March, 1946.

I had decided by then that what really interested me was the liberal arts and humanities. I changed my course of studies to what was called a major in international relations at Yale, which concentrated on history and political science. Yale had a very good faculty then for what was a fairly rare major, although it's fairly common now. I went back to singing, as I had done before. I reactivated a small singing group. Most of my extracurricular activity was in music. The interesting and, I think, the most valuable part about getting a scholarship to Yale at that time was that you were required to work. So I worked all the time I was there. It was done on a decreasing scale. You worked more hours as a freshman. I worked as a waiter and as an assistant in the Department of Economics. Finally, I worked as an assistant to the university organist, who was also the Director of the Chapel Choir and, eventually, the Dean of the Yale Music School. So even in that sense I was still active in music.

I graduated with a B.A. degree in 1948 and decided to go to Graduate School. I still had some time left under the G.I. Bill of Rights. I went to the Columbia School of International Affairs, which was a new school at that time and which required two years of study for a Master's Degree. I found the first year somewhat redundant, but the second year was useful and interesting. I lived off campus. I did not center my life around the university. I still centered my life on music. I sang with the Robert Shaw Collegiate Chorale, where I met my wife.

During that period also I had to decide what to do. I suppose that it was normal, with my background in education, to take the Foreign Service examination, which I did in 1949. I passed it, except for the language part. I had never studied a modern language. German was the only foreign language that I had ever heard spoken. I enrolled in a semester course in German and then passed the language test the second time around. At that time

we were warned that it would take 18 months to two years to be appointed to the Foreign Service because of the backlog. I went looking for a job. In fact, I was looking for a job before I got my Master's Degree.

As a result of the switch in responsibility for the occupation of Germany from the Department of Defense to the Department of State, the State Department, in its wisdom, called up, perhaps not all of us, but many of us who were waiting for appointment as Foreign Service Officers. We were offered Foreign Service Staff appointments and were sent to Germany, as "Kreis" Resident Officers. "Kreis" is the German word for county. I think that there must have been 75 or 80 of us in three groups.

We didn't all become Kreis Resident Officers. Some of us became heads of American libraries in the cities. Some of us were assigned to other jobs. I served as a resident officer in a town called Pfaffenhofen, about 25 miles North of Munich, a small, agricultural town with a population of 7500. Its claim to fame -- then and now -- was that it was the center of the "Hallertau," the best hops-growing area of the world. It was there that I learned a lot about growing hops and making beer, which I wouldn't have learned otherwise.

*Q: When you were given the opportunity to become a Kreis Resident Officer, how many people were in the first group that you went over to Germany with?*

SCHAUFELE: There were 28, I think.

*Q: What kind of preparation did they give you in Washington before you went to Germany?*

SCHAUFELE: There were pretty general briefings in Washington about how the United States Government was organized to exercise its responsibilities in its zone of occupation. In Germany we went first to Frankfurt and were put up in a hotel outside the city. We studied German every day but also got briefings from officials on the staff of the High Commission in Germany [HICOG], which was then still located in Frankfurt. I would say that we must have been there for almost six weeks. I don't remember exactly how long this introduction to Germany lasted, but it was a matter of several weeks, at least. Pfaffenhofen is in Bavaria. Eleven of us went to Bavaria. When we got to the Office of the Land (State) Commissioner for Bavaria, we got a "nuts and bolts" briefing on how that office operated.

*Q: That was in Munich?*

SCHAUFELE: That was in Munich, yes.

*Q: Do you remember who the HICOG Commissioner for Bavaria was?*

SCHAUFELE: George Shuster was the Land Commissioner. He was a former President of Notre Dame University. The briefing was very general. It wasn't anything in particular.

*Q: Were you going to take over a position that had already been set up by the military? Had there been a military officer there -- a colonel or something like that?*

SCHAUFELE: There had been military officers there. I had two "Kreise" -- Pfaffenhofen and Schrobenhausen, but the posts had been empty for some time. I suspect -- and I really should check on this some time -- that the last person there before me had been military, because the post had been empty long enough. It's conceivable that the military had left and that they hadn't appointed a civilian to take over the job. A lot of resident officers "civilianized." That is, they were discharged from the Army and just stayed where they were. They were military governors of "Kreise." They took their discharges from the Army and stayed on the job for the State Department. I would have to look at the Foreign Service lists of those days to determine just what the proportion was of former military governors and new people.

*Q: Just to add this to your review, there was another group. The military had done the same thing that the State Department had done, a year or a year-and-a-half before. At the time at various colleges and universities they were looking for graduates who wanted to go to Germany to train and take over these jobs in the High Commission. A number of people went to Germany about a year before, and they were trained in Berlin, as I recall. Then they were sent out to several of these posts. I think that most of them were sent to posts which had been "empty," but probably not in Pfaffenhofen, since there was nobody there when you got there.*

SCHAUFELE: I wasn't aware of that. There was a group there before our group -- about six months before -- but they were nearly all FSO eligibles, as we were. The group which followed us was also composed mostly of FSO eligibles. I am not completely sure that this was the case but feel that most of them were. I'm not sure how many in the last group actually became resident officers. I have a feeling that an awful lot of them were "fed into" the American Consulates that already existed in Germany. We knew that we were going to have to close down because negotiations were going on toward reestablishing a West German state. The Germans had adopted their constitution, which was the "trigger" which transferred authority from the U.S. military to the State Department. However, the final agreement between the three occupying powers in West Germany and the new government in Germany was not reached until 1952, when West Germany regained its sovereignty.

We closed the post in Pfaffenhofen earlier than that -- at the end of 1951, I think. I was sent to Augsburg. Since the status of these entities hadn't yet changed, the resident officer in Augsburg now had responsibility for six "Kreise." We didn't know how long the transition to the sovereign West German state would take. So we agreed that I would live up the road, North of Augsburg, where I could cover the three northern "Kreise" from my house, if necessary. I went into Augsburg most days, but some days I just stayed up there and visited my "circuit." Actually, that situation only lasted about six months, less than some people expected.

So then I had another choice to make. I wanted to stay in Germany. My thesis in my senior, undergraduate year and my Master's thesis had both been done on different aspects of Germany. These were mostly historical.

*Q: Before we go any further, I would like to put you back in Pfaffenhofen, your first post as a "Kreis" officer. When you first got there, was the "Denazification Program" still going on, and did they have you continue that?*

SCHAUFELE: No. The "Denazification Program" was finished by the time I arrived in Germany. The people who were not eligible for public office were identified. There had to be a fair number of them in Pfaffenhofen because the town had been a good recruiting center for the original Nazi Party in 1924. There were a lot of people who had what they called, "The Golden Party Badges" in Pfaffenhofen. That is, they were in the first group of members of the Nazi Party. Those men -- they were all men, I think -- were denied any possibility of holding public office.

When the United States Army occupied Pfaffenhofen, they appointed a German Social Democratic Party (SPD) member as the "Landrat," or county supervisor. I can tell you that there weren't many Socialists there, either before or after the war. But it was finally decided to elect the "Landrat." The CSU, or Christian Social Union, the Bavarian counterpart of the Christian Democratic Union [CDU], nominated an elderly, minor noble who happened to be a hop-farmer but who also happened to have a "clean" record during the Nazi period. He was already 77 when we arrived. He served as elected "Landrat" until 1958, I think. He remarried in 1952.

However, when I reached Pfaffenhofen, the really "dominant" party in an ideological sense was the Bayernpartei [Bavarian Party], which was the farthest Right of any party in Bavaria, at least. It had elected one of the county's two representatives in the state legislature. The man elected just before I arrived was a young man my age who became, in effect, my closest friend. The Bayernpartei disappeared, and he went into the CSU, where he always should have been. However, he had joined the Bayernpartei for the sake of his father, who was an old Bayernpartei man. His father was a hop-farmer. My friend was a Ph.D. from the agriculture university. In effect, the Bayernpartei disappeared when we were in Pfaffenhofen, and the CSU became the dominant party. A few of the Socialists who were there -- and there were a few -- were local people. However, most of them were refugees from East Germany. Not only were many of these refugees Socialists, but a lot of them were Protestants. There was a Protestant church in Pfaffenhofen, but the population was overwhelmingly Catholic. The Catholic Vicar of Pfaffenhofen was a very important man, both religiously and politically. He was not a very nice man, as I recall. I didn't see him that often.

*Q: Regarding these refugees from East Germany, were there fairly large numbers of them in Pfaffenhofen and in your "Kreise"? When did most of them move to West Germany?*

SCHAUFELE: They weren't there in large numbers, because there weren't enough facilities to absorb too many. I can't remember what the estimated East German population was. I had two of them on my staff -- one from Silesia and one from Prussia. Most of them came to the West in 1947. There was also a small group of non-German refugees from the East, including some interesting "Kalmuks" who had been refugees for centuries -- from one place or another. [Laughter] Actually, although there was tension among the "Einheimischen" and the local refugees, including Germans, there were no special problems with them. There was just a kind of psychological attitude.

For instance, I happened to notice -- and checked on it -- that an East German refugee mother was talking to a local teacher. The mother's son was with her. I noticed that the son was talking quite a bit. I managed to get nearer to them and listened. While the mother did not understand the Bavarian dialect, the son did. He was going to a local, Bavarian school and spoke both the dialect and standard German. He was translating from "standard" German into "Bavarian" German for his mother and vice versa. That always sticks out. The difference between people is always evident. Even while we were there -- and we were only there for a little over a year-and-a-half -- the difference between dialects was disappearing. I noticed that in the elections held just before we left for the City Council of Pfaffenhofen one of the winners was a Socialist woman from East Germany. I thought that the Bavarians never expected to be represented by a woman, let alone a Socialist. So you could see these regional differences starting to break down at that point. Now Pfaffenhofen has a population of 25,000. The world is not as it used to be.

*Q: What kind of activities were you involved in as a Kreis officer, or "Herr Gouverneur," as I think you were called by the local people?*

SCHAUFELE: You know, there was no guide book to follow for this particular job. There were aims which, one hoped, could be achieved, but they couldn't be achieved by us. They had to be achieved by the Germans. We could only help in that sense.

Personally, my first goal, so to speak, was to visit every town and village in my two "Kreise." That involved 116 localities. I did that -- I visited every one of them. Some of them more than once, I would say. I wanted to get a sense of how the officials functioned at the different levels, from the "Landkreis," the county, to the city, and to the "Gemeinden," the communities or villages. For instance, I went to every meeting of the county council. I didn't say anything, except to officials to whom I was introduced. However, I could follow the politics. I would pick whom I would talk to on certain subjects. In effect, I advised them, to a certain extent, on how things might be done, particularly as they didn't have any experience.

Perhaps I should expand on that a little bit, because what is important, in the first place, is to understand that the German county did not have structures or habits in it which fitted in with American customs. For example, "volunteerism" was not highly developed in

Germany. They expected everything to be paid for with government funds. So we were -- and I speak for all of us Kreis officers -- trying to interject elements like volunteerism into a German structure not accustomed to it. The idea behind volunteerism is that, if you do something for yourself, you'll get more help from higher authority.

Quite often I went to the cities. Pfaffenhofen and Schrobenhausen were the only two urban areas that were called cities in the area. Some were called "Marktgemeinden," or places where they were permitted to engage in commerce, particularly selling hops. The other places were just called "Gemeinden" or just communities, although they were self-governing, to a certain extent.

We could talk to people about how things could be done because we didn't have much power any more. We had the power on paper, but it wasn't being used. One of our biggest activities was the films program. I had somebody who did only that. Films were shown about how democracy works and how communities work together. These films were shown throughout the area.

I had two assistants -- one political and one administrative. The political assistant was a Prussian who, through his contacts in the community, more or less kept me advised of things which might not otherwise have come to my attention. The administrative assistant did the same thing. In some respects he was more valuable because he was engaged to a local girl. The political assistant was married to a woman from the Rhineland. In addition, we had my secretary and three drivers. The office in Schrobenhausen was very small. I had a woman who served as a secretary and administrative assistant. She was very able and very well regarded in the town, but we sent our own people over from Pfaffenhofen to cover most of the activities.

One amusing incident was when the school superintendent came to me and said that they wanted to reinstitute the student sports day in the local soccer stadium. Since these had been militaristic shows with a band, he assured me that they would start marching on the right foot instead of the left. I told him that it didn't matter which foot they started on. That puzzled him a little because he was brought up in a culture where such things were very specifically spelled out. Since militaristic displays were banned, you obviously couldn't start out with the left foot, military style. I told him that I was concerned about more important things.

As time went on, individual members of the various legislative bodies would come in to see me and talk. Perhaps at this point I should explain that the idea of citizens' meetings was deeply ingrained in Bavaria -- not in legislative but in informational terms, to spread information to the people. I went to as many of those as I could. It was interesting to watch the change that had taken place since I first went there. The officials talked the most, but as time went on, more people started to attend the meetings and to question their officials -- not necessarily asking them "nice" questions any more, but taking them to account. That evolved to different degrees, depending on where you were.

As a matter of fact, in one town the Burgermeister, the Mayor, had lived in the United States for about 12 years, and was very impressed with the American system. He had less success in a way because probably the people thought he was importing "foreign ideas" than some others who hadn't had that kind of experience. There were two Socialist mayors in this area, which was surprising. He was one of them, and the other one was in the main hops marketing center. The mayor who had lived in the United States was always the "quiet" one, but he obviously was an effective politician. He was regularly reelected. That was for local, not party considerations.

*Q: But they were both Bavarians?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. They were both Bavarians. We didn't have any mayors who weren't Bavarians. That would be an interesting question to look into -- how many non-Bavarian mayors or county commissioners there were. There had been an administrative reorganization of Bavaria. There are a lot fewer "Kreise" than there used to be. I'll bet that there are some non-Bavarian mayors now. However, all we could hope was that we were having some effect. It's hard to measure.

*Q: What kind of films were you showing and where would they be shown?*

SCHAUFELE: They would be shown at town meetings, to women's, youth and sports groups, and that sort of thing. The content wouldn't be all propaganda because there has to be a certain amount of entertainment. But they were films which were definitely directed at demonstrating how democracy works -- or should work. These various points were mixed in, but since there was very little film activity in Germany at that time, even in Munich, the post-war center of the film industry, the production of major films had just begun. I went to the movie theater in Pfaffenhofen for the first time and saw Marlene Dietrich in "Der Blaue Enge" with Emil Jannings. I was kind of glad to see the old movies, which I had never seen before -- especially since I could now understand them in German.

I should say, too, that fluency in German is a big thing. It's very important. If you can't speak German and have to work through an interpreter all the time, your effectiveness is considerably less. We got to know a local newspaper reporter who became a very close friend. He was one of four Germans that I would consider close friends. He is still alive. He was a born and bred Bavarian. He helped me to understand the Bavarian dialect. Then he persuaded me to learn to read Bavarian. I hadn't realized until I got there that Bavarian is a printed and written language, too. So he taught me how to read Ludwig Thoma, one of the best-known, Bavarian "folk" writers. I learned a lot about Bavarian society and politics just by being able to read his stories because they were much the same when I was there as when he wrote books about, for instance, a Bavarian farmer elected to the state legislative body. This book was supposed to be an exchange of letters between him and his wife -- all in Bavarian dialect. You could see these elements operating in the society in which we were living, though less strongly. He also wrote for effect, but it was all authentic, although somewhat exaggerated. I found that useful.

I also discovered that I have a kind of "ear" for language. When I was later stationed in the Rhineland, they used to joke with me about my Bavarian accent. When I came back to Bavaria from the Rhineland, my Bavarian friends complained about my Rhenish accent. I didn't even know that I was acquiring an accent.

I conducted business with my staff in German, although four of them were able to speak English. I thought that that was the easiest and best way to do it.

*Q: But two of them didn't have a Bavarian accent.*

SCHAUFELE: No, they didn't. That's right. My administrative assistant was not "language proud," whereas the political assistant was "language proud," because he was a Prussian. I think that the people that the Bavarian Germans liked the least, of course, were the Prussians. That has always been historically the case and still is -- even today. The jokes that the Bavarians tell about the Prussians, or themselves and the Prussians, were always worth listening to.

*Q: Tell us what you think about the Prussians.*

SCHAUFELE: I can think about one joke about a young lady who got pregnant out of wedlock. She finally told her father, who was terribly upset. She went on to say, "Not only that, it's an American who is the father." Her father said, "Oh, that is even worse, that the father is an American." Finally, she said, "The father is a black American." That really sent her father into paroxysms of rage. Finally, he quieted down and said, "As long as it wasn't a Prussian..." There were a lot of jokes like that. And some of the Prussians did show a certain air of superiority toward the Bavarians.

*Q: Didn't the Prussians pretend, at least, that they couldn't understand the Bavarians?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes.

*Q: Conveniently...*

SCHAUFELE: The Prussians feel that they speak "high German." It isn't really "high German." That is spoken farther over to the West. There is a written, Prussian language. They claim to speak the most "acceptable" German. That can be a problem in any country.

*Q: During this time, in the Pfaffenhofen area, did you discuss these things or meet with the other Kreis resident officers? Or did they have some kind of program for meeting?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, yes, we did meet in small groups. I remember a couple of conferences, one of them in Garmisch-Partenkirchen and one in Bertchesgaden, where we discussed the experiences we had had. Then we also visited each other. We would go and

spend a weekend with somebody else, and they would come and spend a weekend with us. We talked a lot about the situation, because this was kind of a first experience for all of us. We had a couple of friends in Baden-Wurttemberg and one, at least, in Hesse, whom we used to see occasionally. We heard of their experiences, which were different from ours, because those states are different from Bavaria. They're not so "folksy," they're not so independent-minded. The Bavarians always resisted the centralization of Germany.  
*Q: They had the Kingdom of Bavaria.*

SCHAUFLE: Right. There was a Kingdom of Bavaria, from the 14th century until 1918. But there was also a King of Baden. However, the Bavarians were always more independent on this score. The Crown Prince of Bavaria was a very important military leader during World War I. He commanded an Army Group on the Western Front. He was still highly regarded in Bavaria when he came back from the war. The Royal Family of Bavaria still existed as a family and not as a government entity. In Pfaffenhofen that had a particular resonance because the Wittelsbach family, the royal family of Bavaria, came from a town about three miles outside of Pfaffenhofen. At the time there was an important, Catholic Abbey called Scheyern, and this family became the royal family of Bavaria. So there was a relationship.

The old Landrat was a dedicated Bavarian who tried to help the county in this transition to a new kind of system. He was honest about that, not that he had much experience of it. He gave a reception for me when I left. He spoke on the occasion and said, "Mr. Schaufele came here, hoping to teach us democracy. He didn't realize that we had had democracy under the Wittelsbach family." Well, certainly the Bavarians were less tyrannical than the Prussians, but what they had was hardly a democracy. Perhaps I spoke a little bit out of place, but my name helped, even though it was not Bavarian in origin. The letters "le" at the end of my name indicates that my ancestors came from Swabia, or "Schwaben," as the Germans call it. There used to be an "umlaut" over the letter "a" in my name. Many people pronounced it like "Shoy-fel-le," because that's the way they saw it in their minds, with the "umlaut."

*Q: You said that you have written some descriptions of the people that were important for the development of the "Kreise" in this early period after World War II in Germany. You were working in the "Kreise." I think that these descriptions would be interesting to add to this interview, when you come to this point.*

*I have another question. In the outline that you gave me you mentioned that your wife was originally a librarian. She received a grant from the McCloy Fund to establish a children's library. I wonder if you could tell us a little bit about that. Was this unique in Germany?*

SCHAUFLE: Grants were made from the McCloy Fund. I did not explain that the costs of the Occupation of Germany, if you want to call it that, including the salaries of the resident officers, their houses and the salaries of the people who worked for us, were

considered "Occupation Costs," which means that they were paid for by the German taxpayer. This is proper under international law.

The McCloy Fund also came partly out of Occupation Costs. It was meant to cover small assistance projects. I don't remember all of the guidelines now or how often we applied for such grants. For example, a group of women in Pfaffenhofen wanted a library for the children. So my wife, in addition to being a professional singer and part-time librarian, joined them in this effort. We were finally informed that there would be a grant made to establish a children's library in Pfaffenhofen. One of the conditions of the grant would be that the library would be an "open shelf" operation. That took the German women aback, because the library experience in Germany and lots of other places was that the public went in and asked for a specific book. You couldn't go along the shelves and look for a book yourself. You had to know what you wanted and then ask the librarian for it.

The Germans thought books would be stolen, damaged, and all that sort of thing, but that was a condition of the grant. My wife finally persuaded them that it could work. The Germans weren't any more dishonest or prone to damage books than American kids -- probably less so. So they accepted the condition, and it did work out. The German librarians were surprised at how few books were lost or damaged. For the first time in their lives the schoolchildren of Pfaffendorf were able to go into the small library, look at the shelves, and choose what they wanted. In that sense it was very successful. The school in Pfaffenhofen now has just such a library -- though much larger.

*Q: After your year and a half in Pfaffenhofen you said that we closed down that post. Then you moved to Augsburg, preparing to close down more of these offices.*

SCHAUFLE: We had to close them down under the agreements reached between the Allied occupying powers and the German Government. In Augsburg we actually lived in "Donauworth" on the so-called Romantic Road. We had a nice house up there, which was convenient for trips to the adjoining Kreise. However, during the six months that we were there in Augsburg, we didn't have enough time to get very much involved in the local community. Besides, Augsburg was a much larger community. We were primarily concerned with three counties and also, to a certain extent, with three more to the south, including Augsburg, a fairly large city. So in six months you could never get really involved in these communities. I have good memories of that period. I think that it added more to my education than anything I actually did.

*Q: Did that agreement with the German Government concern when these resident officer positions would be eliminated? Were there certain things to be accomplished beforehand?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. The German Government and the three Allied occupying powers -- the Allied High Commission, in other words -- came to an agreement about various transfers of power and authority which, residually, rested with the Allied High Commission. There were differences in each occupation zone. They had to negotiate an

overall agreement and then one with each occupation zone, so that they covered all aspects of handing over authority and power. Of course, that meant that when those agreements went into effect, Germany was sovereign. We no longer received occupation costs. The respective embassies were established. Our office, called HICOG [High Commission for Germany, moved to Bonn, as did the British and French. Eventually, the Embassies were established in Bonn. Anything left over in Bavaria went to the Consulate General in Munich. There already was a Consulate General there, even when we arrived. At that time it mostly occupied itself with issuing visas and providing consular services for American citizens. There were Consulates General in Munich, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Bremen, Hamburg, and Duesseldorf. I guess that Duesseldorf was opened in 1951.

*Q: Do you recall how the German capital came to be established in Bonn?*

SCHAUFLE: I recall that it was established in Bonn because that's where the Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, lived. Actually, he lived outside of Bonn -- in Rhondors. He was born in Cologne, served as Mayor of that city, and lived most of his life there. He was able, politically, to "force" the choice of Bonn as the "transitional" capital of the Federal Republic of Germany. It's still the "transitional" capital, pending the full reunification of Germany, despite the small size of the town. It was a very small town to absorb a large bureaucracy, but its status as the capital obviously added a great deal to the economy of the area. That was what Adenauer was looking at, much to the disgust of Kurt Schumacher, the SPD leader. He would have put the capital in West Berlin anyway, even though that was not included in the sovereignty agreement.

*Q: Wasn't it the expectation all along that the capital would be in Frankfurt?*

SCHAUFLE: That was discussed as the transitional capital. I would say that, originally, Frankfurt was the favorite. However, Adenauer had his way. He was a consummate politician and he knew how to make the necessary "trade-offs" to get what he wanted.

*Q: You were going to tell us which place in Germany you enjoyed the most.*

SCHAUFLE: It's very difficult, if you're honest with yourself, to pick out a single place, because at each stage of your career your background is different and your aspirations are different. I enjoyed my first two years in Germany, which ultimately became five years. However, I've enjoyed every job I've had along the way. I felt that I couldn't pick out a single place which I liked more, enjoyed more, or found more challenging, because I went to serve as a resident officer. This was an unknown title then. I was relatively independent in that job. I was ultimately responsible to someone, but no one was "riding herd" on me, day and night. At that stage of my career that was good. Then I went to more structured situations, where I learned my trade as a political, economic or visa officer, for example. So that became attractive.

Then I got into increasingly more responsible positions. I would never suggest that anyone put in 14-16 hours a day, as I've had to do it, in many places. The length of the day went with the job. If you want those jobs, you have to be prepared to work like that. I

liked almost all of these positions. If you put them in the perspective of the time when you held a given job, at a given rank level, so to speak, you learn that you like the job. But you can never go back -- not unless you're a complete romantic.

*Q: When you came to Germany the first time, as a Kreis resident officer, you said that the Department of State had sent you and the other class members waiting for appointment as Foreign Service Officers overseas as a Foreign Service Staff officer. When did you become a Foreign Service Officer, an FSO?*

SCHAUFELE: I think that most of us received our FSO commissions in March, 1951. This was much sooner than we had been led to expect. There may have been a difference here. The next group probably got them three or four months later, as I recall -- although I don't remember the exact time. All that that meant was you took another oath of office, you signed all these commissions -- and then you had your salary reduced.

*Q: How do you explain the salary reduction?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, we were appointed as Foreign Service Staff officers of a certain grade, at \$5,370 a year. When we received our FSO commissions, the salary structure was different.

*Q: You became an FSO-6?*

SCHAUFELE: We became FSO-6's. Our salary was \$4,630. So it was a reduction of \$700 per year, which was quite a bit, back in those days.

*Q: Was that enough to live on?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: Then you closed the Augsburg office at what, I assume, was the end of the Kreis Resident Officer program. What you did next?*

SCHAUFELE: We were informed that we were all "surplus" then. We were told that we would either be transferred to another position in the Embassy, in one of the Consulates General, in Berlin, or elsewhere in the world. Well, we were all subject to assignment anywhere in the world -- that was quite clear. However, in the planning the State Department had already decided where all these people would go. In a certain sense some people were left in limbo for a while.

I wanted to stay in Germany, as I mentioned earlier. Germany was my field. If I may digress a moment, I asked to be considered a German specialist. The Department's answer was that I could apply for German specialization. If I was accepted, I would have to spend a year, either at Middlebury College in Vermont or Columbia University in New York City, learning this specialty. I replied, "I already know my specialty. I did my Master's

thesis on Germany, I speak the language fluently, and part of this study is language training." I said, "It's a waste of my time to go to a university." I was told, "Well, you can't be a German specialist any other way."

So I didn't become a German specialist, although I wanted to stay in Germany, at least as long as I could. I didn't want to go to Bonn, a big Embassy. I didn't want to go to Berlin, which was still an occupied area in fact. So I got into my car and drove around, visiting all of the Consulates General in Germany, looking for a job. I finally came up with one -- completely unexpectedly and a job which I didn't know even existed. That was as Labor Officer in the American Consulate General in Dusseldorf. There was a Labor Officer there. He was an outsider who had come from the United Steel Workers' union. He was going back to the steelworkers' union. I think that the only career Labor Attaché that we had at that time was named Sam Berger, though I'm not sure about that. Anyway, the headquarters of the German Trade Union Federation was in Dusseldorf. So we moved to Dusseldorf.

I immediately learned a little bit about some other considerations having to do with the position of Labor Affairs Officer in Dusseldorf and how things were going to work out. I was responsible to the Consul General, obviously. He had recommended me for the job after he had interviewed and accepted me. However, the Labor Office in the American Embassy in Bonn, had three officers in it, one of whom was designated as the Labor Attaché. Only one of them -- not the Labor Attaché -- spoke German. They tended to deal mostly with the Ministry of Labor. I don't think that they really realized what they were doing. They should have placed the position of Labor Affairs Officer in Dusseldorf, because that would have provided convenient access to the leadership of a 6.0 million member labor confederation. And I had that access -- they didn't have any.

*Q: Besides, you were a junior officer.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. I was a very junior officer. This is getting ahead of the story to some extent, but if the people from the Labor Attaché Office in the Embassy wanted to see a trade union official in Dusseldorf, they had to go through me. However, at the same time, the career people, such as the Consul General in Dusseldorf and the Counselor for Political Affairs in the Embassy in Bonn, wanted a career person to take the job of Labor Affairs Officer in Dusseldorf. This gave them a stake in having him succeed. There is always a tendency in any career program of trying to keep "outsiders" very much "out," except in extremis. So they were quite happy to have me. I don't think that they were always happy with my reporting, but that's because they hoped that labor developments in Germany would take a turn which they preferred and not the turn that they did take. I reported what I thought was the real situation. So once they had a career officer in my job, the other career people had a stake in having him succeed. From time to time we had some arguments over substantive issues, but that's not unusual in my experience in the Foreign Service.

However, the German trade unionists were still feeling their way. They felt that they were very lucky after World War II that they had as their leader a pre-war, minor official named Hans Bockler. He had the necessary experience and knowledge of the world to decide that there should be a single trade union confederation, with no political party ties. He thought that the confederation should be organized on an industrial basis, that is, by industry, rather than by craft -- not carpenters, for example, but construction workers. And he was able to bring it off.

There was no question that the leadership of the confederation was mostly composed of members of the Social Democratic Party. However, they made very sure that the First Vice President was a Catholic and a Christian Democrat. The head of the International Division of the confederation, who became the President about eight years later, came from the Liberal Party wing of the confederation. There was a small, pre-war union attached to the Liberal Democrats, as they were called then. The union was called the "Hirsch Dunkers." Then there had to be another vice president who was also a Socialist. That is, he was a member of the Social Democratic Party. I've often wondered about that appointment because he was not an effective man, and he had some slimy things in his past. I think that they held him in check that way. They threatened him with exposure. But they did make the gesture. They put a Social Democrat in there as the other vice president.

So I arrived in Dusseldorf. I overlapped with my predecessor maybe for two or three weeks. We lived in two places in Dusseldorf. We lived in an apartment and then moved into a house. Setting up the household again always takes a certain amount of time. However, I could walk into the headquarters of the DGB, the Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund, and, unlike my predecessor, I could speak to them immediately. We set up quite workable relationships. The trade union leaders used to come to my house. They didn't go to the homes of anybody in our Embassy in Bonn. They were uncomfortable with them. The trade union leaders hadn't yet become good bureaucrats.

*Q: But you were a junior officer.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, a very junior officer.

*Q: You had no background for that position.*

SCHAUFELE: No, except that I reported, and the people in Bonn didn't come up to Dusseldorf that often, even at the beginning. I don't know why they did that. I think it was because a couple of them were really labor lawyers. They tended to see the organization of labor in terms of legislation. There was the big question, which I can talk about later, called "co-determination." This had very great legal implications. The Labor Attaché, who was not a lawyer -- I can't remember his name -- came out of a very conservative union in the United States, an AFL [American Federation of Labor] union. Even after the AFL and the CIO [Congress of Industrial Organizations] merged, he was still associated with a very conservative, AFL union. I don't think that he was really comfortable,

working with all of these German unionists who called themselves "Socialists." So that may have been part of the problem.

In any case I don't recall that the Consul General, Laverne Baldwin, ever said anything to me like, "You're running too fast for the ball. Let somebody else in." I'm sure that he would have said that if he thought so because he was a great teacher. In my first, truly diplomatic job I couldn't have asked for somebody who treated you with more respect, who expected you to do your job and who was not competing with you. He had no great aspirations in the service. He never became an Ambassador, but he certainly trained a lot of people well.

*Q: That was Baldwin?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, Laverne Baldwin. We used to subscribe to seven daily papers in Dusseldorf. He used to read them all at breakfast time. I would get to the office, and there would be one or two clippings on my desk -- something he had read in the papers. I think that he and I were the only ones who read all seven papers. [Laughter]

Anyway, my relations with his deputy were not so good. My wife finally figured out that he thought that I was competition for him, although he was three ranks higher than I was. Anyway, I still see him, occasionally. He finally became Consul General or DCM, Deputy Chief of Mission, in Dublin, Ireland and retired there. He was a good, Alabama boy with a British accent. [Laughter]

That was the first really substantive job that I had in the service. It dealt with reporting and negotiating. It was a great job. I held it for a little more than a year. It kind of culminated when Bockler, who had founded the DGB, died. He was replaced by the head of the printing trades union. However, the head of the metal workers union, which was the largest union, had aspirations to be the DGB leader. That produced the biggest argument I had with the Labor Attaché's Office in the Embassy in Bonn. They preferred to see the head of the smaller union continue to be the head of the whole confederation.

*Q: This was Christian Fette?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. He didn't have that much union membership strength to "force himself" on people, as the leader of the big unions -- particularly the metal workers or the coal workers -- did. The head of the coal workers was too old to be President of the DGB, but he was a very important man in the whole setup. So it became increasingly evident that Walther Frertzg, the head of the metal workers union, was going to challenge Fette in the election.

I should also go back to the question of "co-determination," because it became an issue between American and German labor. "Co-determination" was a concept under which German labor unions participated in management in industry. Most industries and most companies in effect had three leaders. I can't remember what they called them any more.

One of these leaders handled administration and staff. Under "co-determination" the trade union would get that job, so that they would have one of the three top positions. Then they would get membership on the Board of Directors.

*Q: As well?*

SCHAUFLE: As well. Not control, but membership. One of the complaints was that one of the DGB vice-presidents, from the coal miners union, was a member of seven Boards of Directors, eventually. That was something that the American unions didn't like. They were afraid that union members would be "co-opted" by business, and there was a certain amount of truth to that.

However, the history of German unions was that German labor distrusted both government and industry. This was the only way -- especially in the situation after World War II -- that they could, perhaps, overcome the innate advantage of the individual companies and the employers.

*Q: The trade unions had been totally "out" for the best part of 20 years during the Nazi period. Hitler closed down the unions.*

SCHAUFLE: Of course, Hitler dissolved all of the unions and set up the German Labor Front, membership in which was compulsory for the workers. Everybody had to join.

*Q: That was the same thing.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. That was why American labor was against "co-determination." That meant that the Labor Attaché's office was also against "co-determination." Associated with this issue of "co-determination" was the candidacy of Walter Freitzg. He had two million members in his union, which covered all of the metal workers in Germany. That was a pretty big bludgeon for "co-determination."

The next congress or convention of the DGB was held in Berlin. The Embassy had predicted the reelection of Fette, and I predicted the election of Freitzg. We were all there at the congress. Freitzg won rather handily, because he had all of the votes of the metal workers. He probably had the support of the coal miners, too.

But there was something in the background here which I only learned shortly before that election. I used to see Freitzg regularly -- about every week. He told me that he wanted to "get" the people who had denounced him and had him sent to a concentration camp during the Nazi period. We talked about this a little, although he didn't like to discuss the details. You could tell that he had been hurt physically during the time he was in the concentration camp by the way he walked. The supposition is that somebody from the labor movement had denounced him to the Nazis. That disturbed me a little bit. I could see a better reason for opposing him than an internal dispute within the labor movement. But it was interesting. He never did anything about that. He never said anything. If he did

anything, it was very private and never became a factor during the time he was president of the DGB. However, he surely was determined about this matter when he talked about it with me. I think that when he was finally elected president of the DGB and realized what his responsibilities were...

*Q: He changed his mind?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: It was interesting how "co-determination" evolved. Did they have to change the constitution of the Federal Republic of Germany? Or was it done by legislation?*

SCHAUFELE: By legislation. Its history partially evolved out of the pre-war history of Germany. During the Weimar period [1920's] there had been some thought given to this sort of thing. As you know, the largest single pre-war union was the Social Democratic union, the Allgemeine Gewerkschaft. The second largest was the Catholic union, associated with the Center Party. They had all of their combined experience, even though the CDU, the Christian Democratic Union, along with the Free Democrats, the successor to the old Liberal Party, controlled the legislature. And they had even greater control of the "Bundesrat," the upper house, because representation in it was on a state basis, rather than individual constituencies. Once the Catholic unionists joined the Social Democrats in favor of "co-determination," the CDU had to accept it. They watered it down, but the legislation was passed by an "anti-union" coalition government. [Laughter]

*Q: That meant that every company had a union member -- and, I guess, still does -- as one of the three top people on their Boards of Directors.*

SCHAUFELE: No, one of the three top executives.

*Q: One of the three top administrators.*

SCHAUFELE: They also had union members on the Board of Directors, though never a majority. In the case of a coal mine, for example, you would find that the director of administration and staff affairs would be from the coal miners union. There might be three officials of the coal miners union on the Board of Directors, always including one union official who worked in that company's coal mine. The other union officials would come from the central office of the coal miners union. So that was all it was.

*Q: So you were in Dusseldorf for 15 months.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right, and it was a very interesting and rewarding 15 months. During that period we had obviously been reading and hearing about the efforts of people like Senator Joseph McCarthy [Republican, Wisconsin] back in the United States. The Foreign Service had always been a kind of target for him, partially because it is a separate service and people live overseas. He seemed to feel that there must be something the matter with them.

This situation all came home to me when a man named John Paton Davies, Jr. became the Political Counselor of the Embassy in Bonn. He came up to Dusseldorf shortly after his arrival in Bonn. Like a good Foreign Service boss, Laverne Baldwin made arrangements for everybody in the Consulate General to have some contact with John Paton Davies, Jr. during his two-day stay -- breakfast, dinner, or whatever. Those of us who were involved in political affairs spent more time with him. I had heard about Davies. He was an "old China hand." He was born in China. I had never seen him before. He was kind of Lincolnesque in appearance. He was tall and lanky. In his office he always sat back on the base of his spine, with his feet up on his desk. He was really, probably, one of the most brilliant people that I ever met in the Foreign Service.

Davies had already been attacked as one of the "China gang," the people who "lost" China after the Communists took over that country in 1949. But here he was, Political Counselor, kind of a normal assignment for a man of his rank and experience. The next move for him would be either Deputy Chief of Mission or an Ambassadorship. But he was, I thought, transferred rather suddenly to Lima, Peru. The word was out -- I don't know whether it was true or not -- that the Department hoped to "hide" him, so that he wouldn't be in the public or Congressional eye so much in Peru as in Germany, where everybody visited. However, after the Republicans won the presidential election in 1952, John Foster Dulles became Secretary of State. Congress was also under Republican control, which gave Senator McCarthy and others more scope and more power than they might have had under a Democratic administration.

McCarthy and others went after the "China gang" again. John Paton Davies, Jr. was called back to Washington. He had been "cleared." It had been determined that he was completely loyal in eight separate investigations already. Secretary Dulles really couldn't do anything about that. If he set up another board to determine whether Davies was "disloyal," the result would probably be the same. So, under a little-used provision of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 Secretary Dulles dismissed John Paton Davies, Jr. for having exercised "bad judgment." The "bad judgment" was that Davies and several others predicted that the Chinese Communists would take over from Chiang Kai-shek. They didn't support this...

*Q: Because they saw the imminence of it.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. They predicted it. So he left the Foreign Service. John Stewart Service, who was another member of the so-called "China gang," was also pursued in this matter. I don't know why he hadn't been attacked already. Maybe he wasn't so visible. He wasn't pursued in the same way. He was finally given a "limited" security clearance and sent off to the Consulate General in Liverpool, England, as a kind of administrative officer. John Paton Davies, Jr. went back to Peru to set up a furniture factory.

I would say that, in a personal sense, I felt so strongly about this that I wrote John Paton Davies, Jr. a note, commiserating with him. When some of my colleagues found out about this, they were sure that my career -- and maybe theirs, because they were associated with me -- was at an end. I said, "Well, I had to do it." Davies replied to my note. It was a nice, hand-written reply, which I still can remember. He said that he would devote what time he had available to helping the Foreign Service. He wrote a book, called, "A Dragon by the Tail." It was obviously about China. He now lives in Spain. He got his security clearance back, I think, in 1969.

*Q: But he didn't come back into the service.*

SCHAUFELE: He didn't come back in. I don't blame him.

*Q: Perhaps he was making more money.*

SCHAUFELE: Probably. He was married. He had a lovely wife, and that helps. His father had been a missionary in China. That's what most of them were -- most of those "old China hands." They were born in China and spent the early part of their lives there. They were the children of missionaries. I guess that that made them suspect, too.

*Q: This is Tape 2, Side A, of the interview with Ambassador Schaufele, recorded on November 19, 1994. When you came to the conclusion of your Dusseldorf assignment, where did you go next?*

SCHAUFELE: We went on home leave. Normally, in the Foreign Service it's supposed to be worked out that, when you leave a post, you know where your next assignment is. We didn't have a "next assignment." That concerned me a little bit because I was afraid that I would come back to Germany as a Visa Officer. I didn't mind doing visa work, but after having a substantive responsibility I would have preferred to do visa work elsewhere than in Germany.

When we got back to the United States -- this was in 1953, you may recall -- I was asked if I would be willing to go to Korea. This was during the Korean War. I said that I preferred not to go to Korea and be separated from my wife, who was about to have a baby. The personnel people accepted that. It didn't seem to have any ill effect on my career or give me problems with the assignments officer.

So we went out to Bakersfield, CA, where Heather is from. She had a baby boy, born in June, 1953. It was the first time that I had spent any length of time in Bakersfield. We had visited it once before we were married and then after we were married. Although I knew her brothers and her father and mother, obviously, I didn't know many other people in Bakersfield. So I got to know a few of the people in Bakersfield who were important to my wife. Then I got to know a few of her relatives who were farther afield. I got to San Diego, which was the only place at that particular time that I didn't see the sun in

California. In retrospect, this is very amusing, considering the "sun-drenched" countries we served in. [Laughter]

Finally, the word came back to me that I was being transferred to the Consulate General in Munich as a Visa Officer. Just what I didn't want to do. So we went on our way, stopping at my own family home in Lakewood, OH. Then we went on to Dusseldorf, because, without orders transferring us, we hadn't been able to pack up our effects before we left Dusseldorf. We went back there, and Heather started the packing process, while I went to Munich to look for housing.

We knew Munich, because we had lived only 25 miles or so from there when we lived in Pfaffenhofen. Most of the consular and foreign community lived in a kind of suburb of Munich called Harlaching. I was determined that I wasn't going to live up there in that particular place. So I kept looking and finally found a place on the West side of the Isar River, whereas Harlaching is on the East side. The house I found was surrounded by Germans. There were other foreigners in the area, but they weren't cheek by jowl with us. So we rented that house. Heather came down from Dusseldorf with Steven our son, our maid, Maria, and a dog. I had forgotten the dog. We moved into that house, which was quite comfortable and where we stayed during the whole time we were there. It had a fenced-in yard. We had good neighbors who didn't interfere in any way but were forthcoming when we needed them. We were not very far away from Pullach, the headquarters of the Gehlen Organization, which became the German CIA [Central Intelligence Agency]. In fact, there was a fair number of Americans working with the Gehlen Organization, training people and that sort of thing -- and infiltrating them.

So I went off to be a Visa Officer. The Consulate General in Munich was a "visa mill," because it issued visas, not only for the State of Bavaria but immigration visas as well for the State of Baden-Wurttemberg. I think that we had six or eight Visa Officers, but only one non-immigrant Visa Officer, and I was given that job -- maybe because they didn't trust me anywhere else. I did "back up" work on immigrants. I didn't find the job too onerous. There was a fairly young group of officers assigned there. Munich was a big Consulate General. It had a big Visa and Consular Section. "Consular" means dealing with passports and that sort of thing involving services to American citizens. It had a reporting section of five people, including a kind of Soviet expert. The Voice of America had an editorial and transmitting site. There was a big Public Affairs staff with a large USIS Library. There was also, I recall, a person who was in charge of liaison with the American military. So it was a big Consulate General -- bigger than a lot of Embassies.

The Consul General was Allan Lightner, who was a topnotch, substantive officer. He had served in the Soviet Union and in Germany previously, I think. But he wasn't a very good manager. He tended to let things get a little out of hand, which could cause trouble.

For instance, I had a case involving an entertainer in Munich at the time, called Shari Barabash. She was, I guess, of Hungarian extraction. She was on the party circuit, as well as in the entertainment business. She came in to apply for a visa to the United States. She

didn't really meet the requirements at that time. In the first place she didn't have a definite engagement in the United States. One of the most important things was an assurance that she would return to Germany after visiting the United States. So I turned her application down. She went up to see the Consul General. He overruled me without talking to me. I didn't mind his overruling me. The fact was that I thought the regulations were too strict, anyway. However, unlike anybody else in the Visa or Consular Section, I went up and complained about Lightner's overruling me. His secretary told me later that he needed that complaint about his decision. He didn't know that we used our discretion down there in the Consular Section. So that's what the problem was.

Consul General Lightner was good on contact work, although he was very soft-spoken. He was not a loudmouth. He hosted good parties. I didn't observe his relations with the leading officials of the city. I presume that they were reasonably good.

Anyway, after a year in the Visa Section I was transferred to the Reports Section and became an Economic and Commercial Officer, which wasn't really my "thing" and still isn't. I'm glad that I had a year's experience doing that, dealing as much as anything of real importance with East-West trade and East-West trade violations. There were several known or strongly suspected illegal East-West traders. I tried to keep track of them, and that sort of thing. The U.S. Government in Germany had such a big staff that they could assign annual, industry reports to the different Consulates, depending on where the industries were centered. The mining report was handled by the Consulate General in Dusseldorf. The metal working report might have been assigned to Dusseldorf, too. On the other hand, the headquarters of the metal workers union was down in Stuttgart. I did the reports on beer and hops, musical instruments, toys, and the electronics industry, because Siemens, the large German electronics firm had moved its headquarters from Berlin to Munich after World War II. They are the biggest electronics manufacturer in Germany. Besides, it turned out that I inherited some close contacts with Siemens which helped me to write the report on the electronics industry. I didn't particularly like writing that particular report, but reports on toys and musical instruments were interesting to me.

So Munich was a useful tour of duty. I did my stint on visas and never had to do them again. I did commercial and economic work. I did a little more of that in Washington, but never again in the field. So, in that sense, I was kind of lucky, I guess. Maybe I should mention that Munich was a more interesting city to live in. Dusseldorf was fine, but Munich had more of what the Germans call "stimmung." It reverberated. Of course, they always had the big beer halls, where, it seemed, thousands of people would sit, raise their steins, and sing. We didn't go to those, or not very often. I think that one of the interesting things that we had been introduced to in Dusseldorf was the "kommödchen", the political cabaret. We knew that they existed, but we hadn't been in one until we lived in Dusseldorf. It was pretty interesting. So when we got to Munich, we found out that there was one there called "Die Kleine Freiheit." It was similar, except that the humor was much broader and always done in a Bavarian accent. The show changed about once every two months. We'd go when the show changed. That was always worth it, because it also was "political" enough that you would get the last word on the politicians and the political

machines. So I didn't have any complaints about the assignment that I didn't want to go to -- no serious complaints, anyway.

After that I was transferred back to the Department. When we got back to Washington, I found out that I was assigned to what was then called the Foreign Reporting Staff. I think that I was assigned there largely because, a couple of years earlier, the Department of State, along with other U. S. Government agencies, developed what they called the "Comprehensive Economic Reporting Program" [CERP], covering the whole world. There was one single program for the whole world, but not every post or Embassy has to do all the things contained in the CERP, because they're not applicable.

Anyway, it was time to update and correct the CERP. So I was thrown in with that staff, partly because they didn't have any other job for me, and partly because I was the only one on the staff at that time who had actually worked with the CERP in the field. We had about three or four civil servants and three other Foreign Service Officers, as I recall. I didn't bring much expertise to this job, except, if you will, negotiating, because all of the government agencies involved in this program wanted "their" interests taken care of. We could never satisfy all of these interests, and one had to negotiate these various demands. I did a lot of that, because I didn't know anything about economics.

*Q: Before you go on with this story, an interesting side of the economic reporting program in Washington, could we go back to Munich once again? I wondered if, in the Consulates at that time, you had any sense of how the German Government was developing or was there not much contact between the Consulates and the Bundestag in Bonn? Or were you concerned about local elections in your consular districts? Was there any interest in that? Were we watching matters like this at the time? How were things going?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, obviously, they were watched very closely. In Bavaria itself there was no big issue. You would see a few officials of the government and of the Christian Social Union [CSU], although after we left, there was a Social Democratic minister from Munich for a couple of years. The Social Democratic Party and the CSU had been in coalition for a time, and he was actually the Minister of the Interior. His name was Wilhelm Högner. He was a very active, pre-war Socialist who had to take refuge in Switzerland during the Nazi period. He has written a book on the subject, which I read with great interest. So that was a very stable, political situation in Bavaria. The problems came up in areas like North Rhine-Westphalia, where the swings between the Socialist and the Christian Democratic parties were constant. To a certain extent, that was also true in Baden-Wurttemberg. If there is a "liberal" area in southern Germany, it is there.

When I lived in Dusseldorf, North Rhine-Westphalia had a CDU Minister-President who was very "liberal." His name was Karl Arnold. There was a strong, liberal wing in the CDU -- more so than there is today.

The political situation was, I think, fairly stable. The situation changed from time to time, but there wasn't that much "instability" about it. After a national election people would talk about a so-called "grand coalition" involving the Socialists and the Christian Democratic Union. That did happen once, but I think that it only happened once. Chancellor Adenauer stayed in office for many years. Helmut Schmidt (SPD), who became the Prime Minister or Chancellor in 1972, had had something to do with Adenauer, who was so much older than Schmidt. Maybe Schmidt hadn't been born when Adenauer first came into politics. [Laughter] Then you had Ludwig Erhard of the CDU, the architect of the "German economic miracle" [Wirtschaftswunder]. Erhard was not a very good Chancellor -- a good Minister of Economic Affairs, but not a very good Chancellor. I didn't have anything to do with Germany after that. I kept up with developments in Germany but not with the personalities.

*Q: I think that you mentioned that at one time, when you were in Munich, you knew Charles Thayer, who was previously Consul General in Munich.*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. I forgot about him. Charley Thayer was Consul General in Munich before Allan Lightner. As a young officer Charley Thayer wrote "Bears in the Caviar," about the opening of the American Embassy in Moscow in 1933. It was a humorous book, which sold well. He served in Moscow when two of the "greats" in American diplomacy with the Soviet Union were there, at least part of the time -- George Kennan and Charles E. "Chip" Bohlen. Charley Thayer actually married Chip's sister. Charley had also done a lot of work in what you might call Central and Eastern Europe. Charley Thayer was Consul General in Munich, but he also came under fire at home. I can't remember the details. There was a specific question, as I recall, which was asked of him at a "loyalty hearing." I gather that this question so impinged on his sense of privacy that he got up, walked out of the hearing, and resigned from the Foreign Service. But he came back to Munich as a correspondent and enlivened the place a lot. He had a good sense of humor and a lot of experience.

One of my best stories about Charley is when, unbeknownst to each other, we were in Bonn at the same time. We were taking the night train back to Munich. We ran into each other and then ran into Franz-Josef Strauss, who at that time was the federal Minister of Scientific Affairs but was the primary Christian Social Union politician in Bavaria and eventually the Minister-President of Bavaria. Strauss was a man with an enormous appetite -- he weighed about 300 pounds. He was kind of the Helmut Kohl (current German Chancellor) of his time. Charley and I each had a bottle of Scotch. We sat up all night. We finished the Scotch. I don't know where Strauss went, but we got off the train a little shakily. We had certainly learned a lot about the CSU.

*Q: Do you remember any of Charley's stories?*

SCHAUFELE: No.

*Q: While you were in Munich the so-called "Wriston" program was introduced in Washington. I think that that had some effect on the Foreign Service at the time and probably still does.*

SCHAUFELLE: Well, that was a very important development in the history of the Foreign Service. At the time I entered it, the Foreign Service was composed of approximately 1,200 Foreign Service Officers. There were additional Foreign Service Staff and support staff, as they were called -- FSS. There were probably some FSR's, or Foreign Service Reserve, but that category wasn't used much at that time. Back home in the State Department were a lot of civil servants. There was little interchange between the civil servants in the Department and Foreign Service Officers.

I don't know who had the idea first. Secretary of State Dean Acheson may have considered it. Actually, it was Secretary of State John Foster Dulles who implemented it. Anyway, Henry Wriston, who was the President of Brown University, was charged with making a study for the reorganization of the machinery dealing with foreign policy -- really, the State Department. It didn't affect any other agency at that time. Naturally, this always sets off the alarm bells. People get concerned and wonder, "What's this going to mean for me?" But we didn't have a whole lot of information about this study for quite a while. However, pretty soon it became clear that this was going to mean the integration of civil servants into the Foreign Service. If a civil service person did not agree to join the Foreign Service, he or she would no longer be promoted. So there was a powerful incentive for the integration of civil servants, which would triple the size of the Foreign Service.

I suspect that most Foreign Service Officers felt that they could successfully compete with the civil servants in terms of knowledge or ability, although they may have been wrong. The Foreign Service didn't really know how the State Department worked. Promotion in the Foreign Service was by panels. That is, panels composed of Foreign Service people, with one outsider -- usually a so-called "public" member -- met and reviewed the efficiency records of everybody in a given class. Then they ranked them in numerical order in terms of their relative efficiency. The Department then decided how many people in a given class could be promoted to the next class, in terms of the anticipated budget.

The civil service used the system that if you have a job, and a job two ranks higher becomes open, and you're appointed to it, you get the higher rank that goes with that job. You don't go through a formal promotion process. Promotions were completely tied to the job. That's what the Foreign Service didn't like, primarily, in addition to the idea of anybody at all coming into the Foreign Service. The civil servants very often had been promoted much more rapidly than Foreign Service Officers. They were just promoted from job to job without going through any competition with people in their own rank.

*Q: Without having their achievements or performance evaluated.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. It was very cut and dried. Actually, some kind of evaluation went into their records, but it was more of a pro forma matter.

At the same time the Wriston study recommended that the six class Foreign Service Officer system be reorganized into eight classes. This caused some pain. I had just been promoted to FSO-5, the second from the bottom class. In the following year [1956] I went back to FSO-6, because of this eight class system. FSO-4 officers were caught in the middle. The personnel people went over their files. The top of the FSO-4's remained FSO-4's, and the bottom half of the class went back to FSO-5. This involved a hard process of adjustment for everybody, and even for the civil servants. Although they didn't suffer in terms of where they were ranked in the system, a lot of them didn't want to go overseas. And a lot of them had wives who didn't want to go overseas. They were discriminated against by the regular Foreign Service, at least for a while. Some of them either returned to their civil service status or resigned from the Department.

When you look back at it, the integration program worked remarkably well. It just happened once, at least, and then the normal entry into the Foreign Service through the examination system was tripled each year. So with only a few exceptions everyone who came into the Foreign Service after the Wristonization program took effect entered through the examination process. It's always difficult to do things with a sledgehammer, but sometimes that's the only way to get them done. I don't think that the Department was very good at keeping the people informed or communicated very well with the people in the Foreign Service. Whatever the case, that's over. We have taken in some outsiders, but not in any large scale way.

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*Q: This is a continuation of the oral history interview with William E. Schaufele, Jr. This is the second interview. The date is December 3, 1994.*

*Ambassador Schaufele, you were just saying that you remembered something about Charles Thayer's resignation from the Foreign Service.*

SCHAUFELE: The story went around, and I can't vouch for its veracity, that one of the Congressmen at this hearing said that he had heard that Charley had had an illegitimate child. Charley asked where the Congressman got that information. The Congressman refused to reveal the source, if, indeed, he knew it. It's at that point that Charley got up, walked out of the hearing, and resigned.

*Q: At the end of your Munich tour what was the next step along the way?*

SCHAUFELE: As I said before, I was transferred back to Washington to what was then called the Foreign Reporting Staff. I remember that this office was still in the old Passport Building, across 15th St. from the West Executive Office Building. I worked on the first revision of the Comprehensive Economic Reporting Program [CERP], which had been

introduced two or three years earlier to set up economic reporting schedules for all of the posts in the Foreign Service. After two or three years' experience with the CERP, the Department was going to revise and amend it -- presumably to improve it.

As I recall it, the Foreign Reporting Staff may have included three Foreign Service people. The head of the Foreign Reporting Staff was from the Foreign Service, as was his deputy. They all had considerable economic experience. I was not really an economist and I didn't know how I was going to contribute to this exercise. However, it worked out rather well, because I did most of the negotiating with the other agencies in the government. Every government agency that had an interest in economic reporting from Foreign Service posts had certain demands, requests, and interests. If we had accepted all of these requests, we never would have finished our review, and no post would ever have been able to fulfill these requests. So I did a lot of negotiating in paring down and merging requirements, which I could do better than analyze economic matters and related subjects. I had served as an Economic Officer, but only for a year. I regret to say and I've regretted it all my life that, except for a one-semester course in labor economics, I never took an economics course in either undergraduate or graduate school. I should have done so, but I didn't. So be it. I worked on the Foreign Reporting Staff for about a year or so, until we finished the revision of the CERP.

Then I was assigned to the Foreign Service Institute to organize the first seminar or class, whatever you want to call it, on international labor affairs. I've always suspected that because of my record in Dusseldorf the Labor Department wanted such a course and the State Department wanted to make sure that it was directed by a Foreign Service Officer. I also was to run a course which had been run only once before on international organization affairs.

So I organized the labor course. It was an interesting experiment. The Foreign Service Institute [FSI] at that time was becoming more active and more responsive to new needs in the post-war world. The FSI had instituted a middle grade officers' course. It had already instituted -- and fairly recently -- a senior officers' course. A very bright Foreign Service Officer, Ted Rivinus -- I don't know what happened to him -- organized the mid-career course, as they called it. He was very thoughtful and intellectual. It was an interesting period in the FSI.

*Q: Where was the FSI?*

SCHAUFLELE: It was across Key Bridge over the Potomac River in Rosslyn. The FSI had been right next to the State Department on C St., N. W., but it moved into new quarters across the river in Rosslyn, where there was a lot more space in a fairly contemporary building. The old FSI had been located in one of the older World War II temporary buildings. This building was torn down in 1957 to make room for a new building known as 'New State'. The new FSI building wasn't pretty, but it was fairly efficient, all things considered.

*Q: What year was that?*

SCHAUFEELE: I came back from Munich at the beginning of 1956, so it must have been about the middle of 1957.

*Q: The Foreign Service Institute was located in the basement and garage of one of the buildings in Arlington Towers, a large apartment complex of several buildings in Rosslyn, VA.*

SCHAUFEELE: That's right. I had forgotten that.

*Q: I was there in 1961.*

SCHAUFEELE: It was an old garage. I remember that. I even remember the name of the Director of the FSI at the time, Harold Hoskins. I don't know what happened to him afterwards.

So I did those things and did a fair amount of lecturing on political reporting. I don't know why they asked me to do it. There must have been somebody else that they could have asked to do it. It gave a little continuity, I guess.

Actually, the most interesting period in the FSI was that the Director of the Junior Officer Class was transferred. I was asked to take over the incoming class on a temporary basis. Since I'd never taken the Junior Officer Course and, in fact, hadn't had any training at all before going overseas as a Kreis Resident Officer in Germany, I found it very interesting. I learned something about how the State Department was organized, administered, and managed -- which I had never really been able to focus on.

*Q: I was wondering whether you had ever attended an FSI course, because people coming into the Foreign Service in 1952 had to go through the Junior Officer Course. Were you the only one who didn't take the Junior Officer Course, or were there others?*

SCHAUFEELE: No, there were a lot of Foreign Service Officers who went in as Kreis Resident Officers and went directly to Germany.

*Q: So none of them went to the FSI.*

SCHAUFEELE: Maybe some of them caught up with this later, although I don't know. I'd have to look at the record of each one. But my class didn't. We had some briefings and then went to Germany. We had two or three weeks in Washington and six weeks in Bad Homburg, and that was it. [Laughter] I don't think that many of them -- if any of them -- took the Junior Officer Course. Some of them may have taken the Mid-Career Course. This program, I think, didn't last very long -- maybe five or six years. Anyway, I learned a lot, listening to the lectures and the discussions, led by various people in the Department of State and from other departments, as well.

I didn't add much to it, except that I had had some experience in the field. I could give the members of the class some idea of what it was like in the field.

One of the more interesting things was that, just at that period, the State Department changed its language policy. If you had been in the Foreign Service without being fluent in a language or passing a language examination, you could not be promoted until you did. The Department also required an oral examination. Needless to say, the young men and women in the FSI Junior Officer Class were concerned about this.

I agreed to go down and take the oral language examination in German. The examining panel was composed of linguists from the language school of the FSI. The panel always included at least one native speaker of the language concerned. So there was a native speaker of German on my panel. You were supposed to wait, after you finished the examination, to be told whether you passed it, at what level, and that sort of thing. I waited for some time to hear the results of my examination -- longer than I expected. Finally, the chief linguist came out and said, "You passed the examination." I forget what the levels were at that time. I think I probably got a "4" level [fluent]. I said, "I don't understand what took you so long. I was in there for a half hour or 45 minutes, conversing entirely in German. It seems to me that you ought to be able to come to a conclusion faster than that." The chief linguist said, "The problem was with the native speaker of German." I said, "Oh?" He said, "Yes, the native speaker is Prussian born, and you have a Bavarian accent. He didn't think that you should be graded so high." [Laughter] I said, "Well, that's why the Bavarians and the Prussians don't get along."

So I went back to the Junior Officer Class and told them what the test was like. I said, "I can't guarantee that it's going to be like that for you. It might differ in different languages, but at least you have some idea of what you're going to have to go through."

All in all, I found that Junior Officer Course rather enlightening for me. I was glad to meet younger officers than I in a fairly large group coming into the Foreign Service. I started the next group in the Junior Officer Course, but I only handled it for about three weeks. I can't remember who finally took over the course from me.

I already knew that I was going to be transferred to Morocco. Actually, after I finished my tour on the staff of the FSI, I went almost directly into French language training. That was my first, regular, Foreign Service course.

*Q: Do you recall the names of any of the young officers that you had in your class at the FSI? What happened to them?*

SCHAUFELE: One of them was my DCM in Poland, Carroll Brown, who went from Poland to be Consul General in Dusseldorf. He retired and is now the head of the American Council for Germany. Larry Pezzullo and Brown were the co-chairmen of the class. Pezzullo was later Ambassador to Uruguay and Nicaragua, I think, and later was director of Catholic Relief Services. There was one very bright and rather tiresome young

man named Tom Enders [later Chargé d'affaires in Cambodia, Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs, and Ambassador to Yugoslavia. He probably rose the highest in that class. He was terribly bright but wasn't a very nice person, in my view. He was very arrogant. There were three or four women in the class. One of them was Lucy Briggs, whose father, Ellis O. Briggs, had been an Ambassador and senior Foreign Service Officer. Her brother was also a Foreign Service Officer. Lucy Briggs retired rather early. I don't think that I ever saw her after the FSI. I understand that she had some health problem and was not available for duty throughout the world.

*Q: I don't know who was in your class.*

SCHAUFELE: I could probably look it up somewhere -- I don't know. I have to go down to the State Department and look up some old "Foreign Service Lists" anyway. Maybe I can find out who was in that Junior Officer Class. It was probably an "average" class. The three men I mentioned, I think, were the ones who rose the highest. There was a really bright woman in the following class, Melissa Wells [later Ambassador to Guinea-Bissau and elsewhere]. I don't remember her maiden name. She wasn't married then. The "Biographic Register" says that she was born in Estonia. She was a tall, striking, very intelligent person. She has been very successful in the Foreign Service.

One of the stories about her -- although I can't vouch for its absolute truth -- is that she became engaged to Al Wells who, I think, was Political Counselor somewhere. As was the fashion then, she went in to tell the Personnel people that she was going to be married. They said, "When will your resignation from the Foreign Service be effective?" She was a lawyer. She went and consulted the regulations. Although it had previously been a tradition in the Foreign Service that women resign when they marry, she went back and told Personnel: "There's no regulation that requires me to resign because I'm married." They said, "You know, we may not be able to assign you both to the same post." She said, "That's all right." As a matter of fact they were separated at their first post thereafter. She went to the Embassy in Paris, and he went to the Embassy in London. I don't know why I remember that. It must have been an interesting commute.

*Q: Actually, I was told that we did have a regulation on this subject which didn't change until 1972. I know that in 1972 they actually put it in writing. Whether it was there before or not, I couldn't prove. In 1972 there was a regulation in writing that married women could not be forced to resign. That is the point at which a number of women returned to the Foreign Service, who had been told that they had to resign when they married.*

SCHAUFELE: Well, perhaps they were just afraid of a court case, and rightfully so. Even in the late 1950's I think that Melissa Wells would have stood a pretty good chance of winning such a case if she had been willing to go on to whatever level of appeal that was necessary. I say, more power to her. Look at what the Foreign Service would have missed without her.

*Q: Can you describe the French language course that you took before going to Morocco. What time was this? Was it 1958?*

SCHAUFLE: 1959. I think that the FSI developed -- what was it called? Anyway, you took the language course for six hours a day. They called this intensive training system the "Immersion Method." Except for whatever translation was needed for talking with the American supervisor or linguist of the language course, all conversation was done in the language that you were studying. I was not a brilliant student, I have to admit. In the first place, everybody in that class was younger than I was and they all had some kind of background in French. I didn't have any such background. I had learned German after having some hours of instruction -- maybe one or two hours a day for a few weeks. In fact, I learned German "on the job." I brought up the rear in the French class. Our teachers were all native speakers of French. The system then was -- depending on the language, I assume -- to have people from different areas where the language was spoken. In other words, we had someone who was Parisian, someone else from Alsace-Lorraine who probably also spoke German, somebody from North Africa, and somebody from the Midi [Mediterranean coast of France]. You would hear all of these accents, dialects, or whatever you call them. You would spend some time each week -- about two hours -- with the linguist, the American supervisor for French. You could ask him questions, and he could discuss the language in an intellectual way. The linguists all spoke their languages. Not in all cases, particularly the "hard" languages such as Indonesian, Vietnamese, Arabic, etc. I wouldn't say that it was a "hard go" for me, but I felt that I did not finish the course at the level of my fellow students.

If I may jump ahead, I would add that apparently I really learned the basics of French, because once I got into a French milieu, the language came very easily to me. So maybe I learned more than I realized. When I left that course, if you'd asked me if I'd really learned French, I would have said, "No." However, in retrospect, I might say that I learned the basics of the language. Put in the right setting, I had really learned something. So it was a useful experience for me. I never studied another language via the "immersion" technique. I studied some other languages but not six hours a day, for four months.

*Q: Did this involve spending six hours with the instructor or working with tapes, in addition?*

SCHAUFLE: The tapes were in addition. We changed instructors every two hours, so you had three different teachers every day. Of course, you knew them all. I can still remember Suzanne Cohen, a Parisian and the wife of a man who was in African affairs with me and eventually also became Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. I remember that there was a woman from Alsace-Lorraine. Because I spoke German, I tried to get her to translate German idioms into French, which she would never do. That was quite proper on her part. I guess I was trying to prove that I did speak another language, other than English. Then there was somebody from North Africa. I don't remember who that was, but he was a man who had lived in Morocco. The French spoken in Morocco is quite different from that spoken in France. It is even more different in what we used to

call "Black Africa." The FSI didn't have anybody from that part of Africa, as far as I recall.

*Q: After the classes, did you use the State Department tapes? I think that the Department invented this system. That is my recollection. [FYI: Tapes were in use in language classes at Yale in 1951-52, at least, and were probably developed even earlier.]*

SCHAUFLE: Well, that may be. I did use the tapes. I'm not sure how they worked. I think that one listened to the tapes and then repeated what one heard. Essentially, that's the system. I found the tapes most useful in learning pronunciation, which is perhaps more important in French than it is in German, in the sense that the French are unduly proud of everything that is French. The Germans would welcome anybody who could speak even three words of German. The French couldn't understand why you didn't speak French already, because they were the "civilizing" nation. So I think that the FSI course probably helped my accent quite a bit. I'm not sure how much it really taught me about the language.

*Q: When you were taking French, did you know what your next assignment would be?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes, I was going to be the Labor Attaché in Morocco. That position already existed, but it was at the Embassy in Rabat. A decision had been made to transfer the position to the Consulate General in Casablanca, where the headquarters of the trade union movement were. In my biographic entry in the Department of State "Biographic Register" it still shows that I was Moroccan desk officer for a time. Well, I was assigned to the Moroccan desk to put me in a slot while my wife had our second child. The Department was good about that. They found a way to let me stay in Washington, DC, until Peter was born. I don't remember that I did much at the desk. I remember going in there every so often. Well, of course, I read all the cable traffic and the messages to and from the Embassy. That was useful in getting a current view as you go along. But otherwise I was mostly engaged in preparing to go overseas. When you know that you are going to move, you have to have the packers in, you have to get your shots, you have to pass your physical, etc. So a lot of time was taken up with those things.

*Q: So you left for Morocco. Was that in 1959?*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. I went alone because of the baby and because we felt that I should have a place for us to stay before Heather and the boys got there. So I stopped in Paris on the way to Morocco and then went to Casablanca. I couldn't find a permanent place to live right away, but there was a hotel in one of the suburbs of Casablanca, the Hotel d'Ahfz, which had housekeeping apartments. It had a pool and all that sort of thing. So I arranged for that.

*Q: You said that you stayed a little longer in Washington because you were expecting a child.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right.

*Q: It was Peter, wasn't it?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, it was Peter. Actually, there was a little bit of drama about that. Heather had had two miscarriages before she had Peter. Peter was born prematurely and at home in the Washington area. I was on the phone to the doctor when the baby came. One of the amusing things was that Heather had asked our neighbor and landlady to come down and sit with Steven. She'd agreed to do that whenever it was necessary. I called her and said that Heather was in labor and would she come down. The landlady opened the back door just as Heather said, "The baby is here." So she turned around and ran home. She didn't want to have anything to do with a newborn baby. Anyway, Peter was born at home, and then he and Heather went to the hospital. He was under five pounds. Heather didn't want to travel too soon with him, until she was sure that he was healthy and that there weren't any after effects. That's the second reason that she and the boys followed me to Morocco a couple of weeks later.

*Q: You said that you were replacing somebody in Casablanca?*

SCHAUFELE: I was replacing somebody in Rabat, a man named Steve McClintic, who had been there for three or four years, I guess. He had a wonderful, cynical sense of humor. He introduced me throughout the political spectrum in Morocco, where he had been the Labor Attaché. In some respects he was more the Counselor for Political Affairs than the Counselor himself was.

*Q: He was in the Foreign Service?*

SCHAUFELE: He was. I remember that they had nine children. They had one more child while we were still there. I was very much impressed by their ability to handle nine or 10 children. [Laughter] We overlapped for about four months, I think, because they were expecting a child. So I didn't have to swing right into action. I could polish my French. Steve was very good about introducing me to people. However, it quickly became apparent that the decision to move the Labor Attaché job to Casablanca, at least under the circumstances at that time, was a good decision, because most of the people that one dealt with were in Casablanca. You could see them day and night, or whenever necessary. Fortunately, I think, we had a good Consul General, Henry Ford, a so-called "Wristonee." He came out of the administrative part of the State Department, and hadn't had any foreign experience. However, he knew how to manage his staff. He didn't interfere with them. If you were doing a good job, he didn't try to get into it. He was a small man but he had no "small man hang-up" that affected him. His French was a little painful, but so what? He started his Foreign Service career late in life. He gave the staff their head, and that was, indeed, very fortunate for all of us.

Again, I was in the same kind of position I had had in Dusseldorf, caught between the Embassy in the capital, Rabat and the Consulate General in Casablanca. But there was no

question, at least in Morocco, that my primary superior in a substantive way -- not in an administrative or even efficiency report way -- was the Ambassador, Charles Yost. Charley Yost was one of the finest Foreign Service Officers that I ever met or worked with. He was very quiet and soft spoken, but he was incisive in his manner. They told me the story on the Moroccan side that when Ambassador Yost called and asked for an appointment with the King of Morocco, they always knew that it was important.

That's true. A lot of Ambassadors call just to be able to say, in a cable, "I saw the King yesterday," but they really didn't have anything to report. Charley Yost never did that.

We got a few complaints from the Labor Department in Washington about my output. I don't know what they were thinking about, but they knew that McClintic was still there. They were getting reports, but they weren't always from me. Ambassador Yost rejected their complaint. He decided, and I concurred in that, that we would "inundate" the Labor Department with reports. Take anything out of the press, add one sentence of comment, and send it in. So we didn't hear from them. Eventually, we reverted to what we should have been reporting, instead of sending in reports to satisfy their apparent need for quantity, rather than quality. I never heard anything about that again. Charley Yost never "put anybody down."

I went to the Embassy in Rabat at least once a week throughout my assignment to the Consulate General in Casablanca, traveling on the most dangerous road in Morocco. One trip each week was always for the Tuesday staff meeting. Ambassador Yost held a good staff meeting. He listened to his people and didn't do all the talking. If he disagreed with you, he did it in such a way that it was perfectly acceptable.

I used to go to his house fairly often for lunch with Moroccan and other contacts. We may come to this later, but as long as I'm talking about Charley Yost, I will mention that when I arrived in Morocco a "leftist" government was in power. The king deposed that government, as he deposed every government, eventually.

All but one of the leaders of that "leftist" government moved from Rabat to Casablanca. So Ambassador Yost gave me the responsibility for not only the trade unions but the whole political "Left." He knew that it would be difficult for these people, with whom we wanted to keep in contact. I would invite Ambassador Yost for dinner at our house. He would come and meet with my contacts, some of whom used to be "his" contacts. He never had a "hang up" about coming to a junior officer's house to meet the former Prime Minister or the head of the trade union movement, and that sort of thing. He had no pretensions of that kind.

I learned a lot from Charley Yost. He ran a pretty good Embassy, partially because everybody respected him. Some of the Embassy officers were very good and some were not so good. He would find ways to handle both kinds of people.

*Q: Could you describe your job in Casablanca?*

SCHAUFELLE: I have a bad habit of doing this, but some people should learn this habit. First, a little history. The trade union movement in Morocco grew out of the "Istiqlal" or independence movement for Morocco, which had been a French Protectorate. Exceptionally in that part of the world, at that time, there was only one trade union federation, Union Marocaine de Travail, UMT -- Moroccan Labor Federation. Not only was it exceptional, in that there was only one, but it was also exceptional, in that it had 600,000 members. So essentially my job was to develop the necessary relationships with the leadership of that trade union federation and some, if not all of the leaders of its constituent unions.

The trade union federation operated out of a large building in Casablanca, called the "Bourse de Travail". The leader was a man named Mahjoub ben Seddik, who was a railroad clerk before the establishment of the UMT. He was a small and very active man - - very sharp and not above using his power in obvious ways. His deputy, who handled the day to day operation of the UMT, was a man named Mohammed Abderrazak. He was a very stalwart type of man who had a lot of integrity -- probably more integrity than Mahjoub had. Mahjoub was always an "operator" -- politically or otherwise. Interestingly enough, both men had French secretaries. And it was important to get to know these secretaries. For instance, Friday used to be a holiday -- the Muslim equivalent of Sunday. The leadership would mostly be down at their offices. I would just drop in on them, dressed in a sweatshirt, without any appointment. I would just go from office to office, seeing whoever was around. I would sit down and have a cup of coffee. I would talk to them. Not only did it help the relationship -- you could learn about things informally that you might not learn in the course of a prearranged appointment.

I also did some work with the Ministry of Labor, which was in Rabat. But I wouldn't see officials in the ministry all of that often. There were two Ministers of Labor while I was in Morocco. The first one was Maati Bovabil. He was a "leftist." He moved back to Casablanca and became the Mayor of Casablanca. Then the other minister was Benjelloun. I can't remember his first name. He was what the Europeans would call kind of a liberal, and we would call him a free enterprise man. He had been in the PDCI. I don't remember the proper name for this party, but it was something like the Parti Democratique something something. He had been in the first government in Morocco, though not as Minister of Labor. When King Hassan dismissed this rather leftist government, the replacement government was led by the Istiqlal and a couple of the PDCI people. I had known Benjelloun before, because he lived in Casablanca. We had met him. My wife and I got along well with him and his Austrian wife, though we had no particular business with him. He knew a lot about Morocco. His particular viewpoint was interesting and worthwhile. We used to have dinner together quite often. So when he became Minister of Labor, I wasn't meeting with somebody new.

I traveled a great deal. Somebody said once that I was the only person in the American "establishment" in Morocco, if you want to call it that, who had been to every province in Morocco, except Tarfaya, which was closed, because it was a military security zone.

I didn't really have any staff. There were only two American secretaries in the Consulate General in Casablanca. The one that I worked with was the Consul General's secretary. She would type up all of my reports and telegrams. I didn't think that this was particularly onerous, though it may have been for her sometimes. The other substantive officers did not have a lot to report. There was an Economic Officer. He had something to report because Casablanca is the economic and financial center of the country. There was a Consular Officer. There were two "spooks" [CIA personnel]. They had their own secretary, so they didn't use our facilities. The CIA people felt very much left out, particularly of the labor movement. It was Ambassador Yost who finally said that, in view of their protests or insistence, he was designating one of the CIA officers in Rabat to be the contact with the Jeunesse Ouvriere Marocaine (JOM), which was the youth wing of the UMT. I said that I would introduce him, but I doubted that it would work, because the head of the Jeunesse Ouvriere Marocaine was also the third-ranking man in the UMT itself. He was also married to Mahjoub's secretary. He took the introductions all right. He saw that guy a couple of times. The Moroccans wouldn't do business with him. They would always come back to me, so that didn't work. That was very frustrating to the CIA because they always liked to say that they always deal with the opposition, because it's harder for the Embassy officers to deal with the opposition than with the government. You know, the CIA people can dream up a reason for almost anything.

So my job was pretty much a one man show. However, I was always very close to our Ambassador and his DCM. I'm trying to think of the names of all of the DCM's who were there. I was close to Dean Brown, who was one DCM. He was quite helpful to me. The Political Counselors were of varying quality. The first one when I got there, John Root, was very good. He was a quiet man who also had a sharp sense of quiet humor. The next two Political Counselors weren't very good. I guess Dean Brown was Political Counselor for a while before he became DCM. They knew what I was doing, and the Consul General knew what I was doing. I had a little trouble with Consul General Ford's successor, but by that time I was an "old hand," and things ultimately worked out all right.

When the "leftist" government left office, I had to spend a fair amount of time with them. As I say, what happened at that time, coincidentally with their departure from government, was that a new political party was formed, called the Union Nationale des Forces Populaires [National Union of Popular Forces]. The leaders in the "leftist" government were the leaders of the UNFP, plus Mahjoub and Abderrazak. So they were all linked anyway. However, they didn't trust each other -- not to that extent. [Laughter]

Morocco is a society and culture which is very indirect. You had better learn that early, or you'll be in trouble. You will draw conclusions and make recommendations based on the wrong assumptions. We had a case like that when I was there. The USS SPRINGFIELD, the flagship of the U. S. Sixth Fleet, was scheduled to make a port visit in Casablanca. I don't know whether you were still there or not, although it doesn't make any difference. Instructions came from Washington that, since the UMT controlled the port workers -- which probably had the highest strike discipline of any group of workers in the UMT --

and had "closed" the port more than once, we were asked to get assurances from Mahjoub ben Seddik that there would be no work stoppages, strikes, or similar demonstrations at the time of the visit of the flagship. So I went down and saw Mahjoub ben Seddik after checking with the Consul General.

*Q: What was his name?*

SCHAUFLE: John Tomlinson. I think that he had illusions of being a Political Officer, though I don't know much about his background. He had been in Geneva for some purpose.

Anyway, I went to see Mahjoub. We sat down and talked for an hour and a half. Then I went back to the Consulate General and wrote a telegram back to the Department, saying that I had discussed the matter with Mahjoub, and there would be no problem during the visit of the SPRINGFIELD. Well, within 24 hours I had a telegram back from Washington, asking whether Mahjoub had unequivocally said that there would be no trouble during the visit. I cabled back to Washington and said that you don't get an unequivocal answer to a question like this. If I insisted on an unequivocal answer, I might get the answer that we don't want. However, I said that I was convinced that nothing would happen during the visit of the ship, despite the fact that the UMT constantly criticized U. S. policies. So the ship came. The Navy had talked about bringing the ship into port stern first, in case they had to leave and all the port workers were on strike. No, the Navy thought that this idea was ridiculous because they would have to board on the port side, contrary to usage. Anyway, Mahjoub and his colleagues came down and visited the ship, and nothing happened. In dealing with Mahjoub, you mention the subject, but you don't get a definitive answer as to what's behind it.

My predecessor in Morocco was the first one who taught me that. There were some other, good observers also who added to my education. That was my experience, too. In Morocco you dealt with people who were indirect and who would sometimes lie or embellish the truth. You had to have a lot of information in your own memory to know how to deal with this.

I might tell a story that happened in the late 1980's in Morocco, when I was a consultant for Catholic Relief Services [CRS]. One of the things that they wanted me to do was to oversee a special, new project involving relationships in Morocco. So I went back to Morocco. One of the first people that I was in touch with was the Minister of Justice. He had been my neighbor and the State Secretary, as they called him, in the "Leftist" government. He had been State Secretary in the Ministry of the Interior. As you know, that means that he was in charge of security. I would go back and each time I went, I would call on him and would have dinner at his house. Then I went back one time, and I couldn't get in touch with him. The man who was running the CRS program said that that was rather puzzling. I said, "No, it's not puzzling. What's happened is that he has found out that I had also been seeing people in the opposition, who were old friends of mine. It's gotten to the point where he feels that he can't see me. Personal relationships are probably

just as good as they ever were, but in his own interests in the political spectrum, he can't really receive me in as friendly a fashion as he had in the past." I accept that.

*Q: How long had the French been gone from Morocco when you got there?*

SCHAUFELE: Only three years. They sent the Sultan into exile in 1951 but then had to bring him back in 1955. He resumed his position as Sultan of the Moroccan Protectorate. Within a year the French negotiated independence with the Moroccans. Actually, there had never been a King of Morocco. He didn't elevate himself to King until 1957. So all of the major players who had been active in the Moroccan independence movement and negotiations were still on the scene when I was there. I dealt with nearly all of them, to one degree or another.

*Q: Was there any discussion when you first came to Morocco about the Moroccan border, or had that been resolved by the time the French left?*

SCHAUFELE: No, none of the border problems had been resolved. There was first the question of the Spanish "presidios" on the Mediterranean coast. One of them is called Alhucemas. The Spanish territories in Morocco include the coastal enclaves of Ceuta and Melilla, the Penon de Alhucemas, the Penon de Velez de la Gomera, and the Chafarinas Islands. Then there was the problem of the South. First there was Mauritania, which was French, but at one time had been part of the historic Morocco. Morocco didn't want a separate Mauritania, but finally agreed to it. The Spanish territories in between, Ifni and Rio de Oro, became Moroccan after I left.

Then came the great question of the Western Sahara. That hasn't been resolved yet. The Moroccans occupy it, but it hasn't been settled under international law. Maybe it will be in the next year or so, although I'm not sure about that. Nobody wants to take on the Moroccans there. They built all kinds of defenses which really were quite effective. The Moroccans are good soldiers. They are highly disciplined and have a long history of being soldiers, so they are tough adversaries. Even though the Sahrawis, the rebels who want independence and don't want to be part of Morocco, can cause Morocco some trouble, they can't really fight against them effectively in fixed positions for very long.

Then there is the question of the Spanish "presidios" in the North. There was formerly a territory called Spanish Morocco, and Spanish used to be spoken there. The "Rif" uprising took place in 1912. Spanish Morocco was integrated into the rest of Morocco after independence with the exception of the Spanish "presidios" referred to above. They'd been governed separately up until then.

One funny story is about the leader of the Istiqlal Party, Allal-el-Fassi. He had a strong sense of history. He was a traditionalist and was educated at Fez University, which was the first Muslim university in Morocco. The story goes that a representative from Cameroon wanted to visit Allal-el-Fassi, the Moroccan independence leader. Cameroon had gained its independence, I think, in 1960. The Cameroonian representative was

admitted to Allal-el-Fassi's office. Allal asked, "Where do you come from?" He said that he came from Cameroon. Allal said, "That's very close to the historic borders of Morocco." Of course, Cameroon was 2,000 miles away from Morocco, but he had rather grand ideas of what the historic Morocco was. You could add that two thirds of Spain were once part of Morocco. [Laughter]

*Q: You were talking about the uniqueness of the Moroccan labor movement or labor union. I wonder how it was organized. Did it in any way resemble the labor movement that you had worked with in Germany or in the United States? How did the Moroccan labor movement get started?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, essentially its organization is based on the French system. What was it, the UMT [ Union of Moroccan Workers]. Essentially, its first basis of organization was as a part of the Moroccan independence movement. It was cloaked in workers' demands, but as much for political as for economic purposes. At that time Mahjoub was a railway clerk in Meknes. He organized the railway workers -- that's where it all started. The railway workers are always important because they communicate with everybody.

When I was in Germany, for instance, it wasn't known then -- nobody ever talked about it -- but there were very secret indications that the West German railway workers were a prime source of intelligence information on East Germany. They took their trains into East Germany for a long time. They didn't replace the train crews with East German crews when they crossed the border, as they did later. In a country like Germany you organize the railway workers and then you have communications with all areas of the country served by the railroads.

Morocco was pretty well served by railroads. So that was very important. Gradually, what was important in Morocco after independence? Probably of first importance were the dock workers. The dockers were the lifeline of Morocco with the world abroad. Morocco is a prime producer of phosphates, which is a major export of the country. And it all goes through Casablanca. So you get the phosphate miners and the port workers and you just continue on from there.

The interesting thing was that there was no significant second party formed in Morocco, other than the Istiqlal Party -- until late in 1960 or early in 1961, I guess. So the UMT, which in a sense was an arm -- an independent arm -- of the Istiqlal Party, didn't have any competition. The other political parties which existed were so small that they couldn't aspire to organize labor. It wasn't until just shortly before I left, after the foundation of the UNFP, with Mahjoub and Abderrazak in the leadership, that the Istiqlal Party formed a labor union called the Union Generale des Travailleurs Marocains, the UGTM. They had mixed success. When I left Morocco, they had some support among the port workers, interestingly enough. I think that they became stronger after I left, though to what degree at this particular time I just don't know. Certainly, the UMT still controls the Bourse de Travail, and they are the ones who one thinks of instinctively as "the" labor movement in Morocco. However, essentially this confederation grew out of the political, independence

movement. I think that the model was the CGT, the Confederation Generale de Travail [General Confederation of Labor], in France, which is a communist-controlled union. However, the organizational model was useful for the UMT.

*Q: It seems quite clear that the labor unions and the labor movement were quite unique in Morocco. However, I think that you were saying that there were some other things about Morocco that made it stand out, historically.*

SCHAUFLE: One of the aspects is Islam. Certainly, Morocco is a Muslim country. However, the King is also the Imam or senior religious teacher. There is no other Muslim country that I know of where the chief of state is the religious leader of the state. So the King of Morocco has power that is not possessed by the President of Egypt, the King of Jordan, or even President Saddam Hussein of Iraq. Or even in Iran. Ayatollah Khomeini was not a government figure. He was just the religious leader. Obviously, he was a charismatic figure with a lot of power.

*Q: How does Morocco stand in terms of its religious and political leadership, compared to other Islamic countries?*

SCHAUFLE: One of the reasons that this combined religious and political leadership exists in the Moroccan system is that the Sultan is the traditional title of the chief of state. He could only be elected by the "Ulemas," the religious teachers. Even in this day and age he couldn't become King until the "Ulemas" had met. There wasn't any question that the Sultan was ultimately going to be the King.

However, there was a question in 1951. The French exiled the Sultan. The French wanted a man named Ben Arafa to be his successor. The Muslim "Ulemas" met, and they all agreed except the one who was called the "Sheikh al-Islam." He was the senior leader. He also happened to be an Alaoui, which is the Royal Family name. Although there was no close relationship, he was at least of the same group. He refused. So the French didn't exile him but sent him to live in a rural area. He was the father of the man I talked about, who is now the Minister of Justice. So I had an entree to the Sheikh al-Islam, who, in effect, supported the UNFP and who had occasionally attended UNFP congresses. He didn't speak French. He lived in Fez. The arrangement was that I would go to Fez and meet with him. I spent three hours with him. He was so liberal by comparison with what you hear now about Islam. You wouldn't believe it.

Once he told the story -- and he always spoke in parables and in questions -- about a haj [Islamic pilgrimage] going from Morocco to Mecca. They crossed the desert. When they got there, a member of the party told Mohammed that he was not sure that he was ready to take part in the ceremonies of the haj. He was asked, "Why not?" He replied, "Because during this trip I had to take care of the arrangements, feeding the camels and doing what was necessary -- even on the holy days." Mohammed said, "He who serves my people deserves to make the pilgrimage."

That is the kind of story he was telling me. He had a very liberal, more open approach to Islam than you see in the media, at least. The report I wrote on that conversation is one of the few that I wish I still had a copy of. We ate together. I had a translator, obviously, and the conversation flowed a little differently. However, I learned a lot from him during those three hours.

The other big difference was the Moroccan relationship with Moroccan Jews. There was a large Jewish population in Morocco. Not many people knew it, but there was an Israeli representative in Morocco. With the King's blessing, he helped the Jews who wished to go to Israel. He helped the Jewish community generally. A lot of them stayed in Morocco. The Deputy Mayor of Casablanca was a Jew. He was a very good man. This didn't cause any problems.

*Q: Where did these Jews actually come from?*

SCHAUFLE: They were probably Sephardic Jews who originally came from Spain. At the time of the Inquisition in Spain a lot of the Jews were maltreated and went to North Africa. I think that nearly all of the Jews in Morocco were Sephardic. At first they lived in the country, in the villages. Every village had its Jews. Partially, that facilitated commerce there. Meantime, the number of Jews in the villages grew, and a lot of them moved to the cities. The Jewish Quarter in Casablanca was a separate residential area. The Jews didn't live in the "Medina" [Moroccan Arab residential area]. The name of the Jewish Quarter was "Mellah." However, the Jews did a lot of business with Moroccans.

*Q: Were the Jews identifiable on the street?*

SCHAUFLE: No. You couldn't tell whether they were Jews or not. You could only tell by the name -- not in every case but in most cases.

*Q: Were the Jewish women also...?*

SCHAUFLE: Oh, yes. In fact, there was some intermarriage between Muslim men and Jewish women. The Jews went about their business as everybody else did.

*Q: Did they wear Moroccan dress?*

SCHAUFLE: I don't think so. Not in my time in Morocco, anyway.

*Q: They wore European clothes?*

SCHAUFLE: They wore European clothes, as I recall -- at least the ones that I can think of.

*Q: The Moroccans?*

SCHAUFELE: A lot of the Moroccans wore European clothes. Once we invited the top leadership of the UNFP to dinner at our house. All of the women came in from the street wearing "jellabas," or traditional, long robes. Then they took them off, and they were wearing Dior dresses underneath!

*Q: And high heels?*

SCHAUFELE: And high heels, yes. These questions are not so important in Morocco as they are in some other Arab countries. I don't know if they can continue this way, especially with what's going on in Algeria, with the Islamic fundamentalist movement. There's supposed to be some kind of fundamentalist movement in Morocco, but it's hard for the fundamentalists to challenge the Imam, who is also the King of Morocco. That would be a religious challenge, not a political challenge. Certainly, Morocco doesn't have the same kinds of problems as in some other Arab countries. Israeli Prime Minister Rabin goes to Morocco. He and King Hussein of Jordan reached their final agreement in Morocco.

*Q: I recall that when I was there, shortly after that, the King's sister was educated at Wellesley College or Vassar, or some place like that. When she came back to Morocco, she also wanted to wear Western clothes. Do you remember that?*

SCHAUFELE: No, I don't remember that. However, it wouldn't surprise me. However, I'm sure that that wouldn't be acceptable, unless under certain, limited circumstances.

*Q: At that time it was. The King said, "Okay." So she did.*

SCHAUFELE: Is that right? But I don't imagine that she could appear on ceremonial occasions in Western dress, most likely. Even the present King doesn't wear Western dress on ceremonial occasions. Nearly every time I saw him, before he was King, he wore a Western suit, except on ceremonial occasions.

*Q: Was he the son or brother...*

SCHAUFELE: He was the son. He was not a very likable character.

*Q: Not like his father.*

SCHAUFELE: He certainly isn't as respected as his father was. However, he's smart and he's ruled now for, what, 33 years. Nobody talks about the circumstances of his father's death any more.

*Q: When was that?*

SCHAUFELE: 1961.

*Q: What happened?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, the King went into a clinic, in the Palace, for a fairly limited nose operation. He died in the course of it. There was a lot of speculation that he was killed -- assassinated. Conceivably, his son might have been included in the "plot" to kill him. However, no one knows for sure. The chief of security back in those days was a man named Oufkir. You remember, Colonel Oufkir. I remember that when President Eisenhower visited Morocco, one of my jobs was to be the American liaison officer in what was called "Eisenhower's Office," in the Palace in Casablanca. Eisenhower never went to that office. However, in that office were Hassan [later the King], Colonel Oufkir, and me. I spent about six hours with them -- and it wasn't all that pleasant. However, that's another subject we really haven't touched on -- internal security in Morocco. It's a sore point.

When we looked for a house -- and we saw where our own Consulate General and other consular people were living -- we said that we would not live in that area because we were dealing with people from the labor movement. In other words, we would not live in Anfa. We found another house away across town, right next to the new "Medina," the largest concentration of Moroccans in Casablanca. That was important to us, and it worked out very well. We had a little house on a corner. On one side of us a Berber textile merchant lived. On the other side was the brother of the Minister of Commerce, although I didn't know that at the time.

Our son Steven went to a French Catholic school, mostly attended by Moroccan students. Peter was born shortly before we arrived in Casablanca and left there when he was almost five years old. He had learned Arabic from Mohammed, the house boy that we had, and the maid in the house. Once when we were in Casablanca, we came home one time and got out of the car. There was Peter, talking animatedly to our neighbors. Mohammed, the house boy, was standing nearby. I listened carefully but couldn't follow the conversation. I turned to Mohammed and said, "Mohammed, he isn't speaking Arabic. What is he speaking?" Mohammed said, with a great deal of pride, "He's speaking 'Shluh'," which is a Berber dialect. That's the dialect of the town where Mohammed came from, out in the country. Even Mahjoub ben Seddik didn't speak "Shluh." The Berbers are the majority in the country. Morocco is a country which was "Arabisé" [Arabized] -- not Arab. It was Berber. As Islam came across North Africa, the Berbers went through a process called "Arabization." Essentially, it was a religious and not a political change. It was Arabs versus Berbers.

*Q: Berbers are not Arabs?*

SCHAUFELE: No. But they are Muslims.

*Q: Now, since about the ninth century.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. You know, Heather, my wife, had no fear about going into the "Medinas." Most foreign wives would not go into the Medinas alone. But she lived near the Medina, and we were better off for that reason. European and American wives would not go into the Medinas alone. I suppose that came from French practice.

However, in terms of security I might go back a little bit to Col Oufkir. At that dinner I spoke of, where the Moroccan ladies arrived at our house, wearing jellabas over Dior dresses underneath, during dinner our house boy came up to me at the table and whispered to me that the house was surrounded by police. I told him that that was all right. I did say to our guests that we should invite them more often, because we now had a lot of police protection around the house. They got a chuckle out of that.

I'm not sure whether I was followed much during my time in Morocco. Certainly, I know I was followed when I went to meet a leader of the "Left" whom I mentioned, Mehdi ben Barka. He was a kind of radical "leftist." I understand that he was a mathematician, interestingly enough. He was out of the country most of the time, when we first arrived in Morocco, because he was under indictment for various crimes. He came back to Morocco after the formation of the UNFP and was a member of the party leadership. I got to know him. Maybe every three or four weeks, when I went to Rabat to call on him, I noticed that I was immediately followed. I don't know whether the authorities had his phone tapped when I made the appointment or what. Anyway, the only time that I really spotted a "tail" on me was when I paid a call on Mehdi ben Barka, who was later assassinated in Paris, supposedly on the orders of Colonel Oufkir. It wouldn't surprise me if this were true.

*Q: Were the security forces an official part of the King's government?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. Oufkir was the head of security, technically under the Ministry of the Interior. However, he himself actually became Minister of the Interior. When we arrived in Morocco, Driss M'Hamdi was Minister of the Interior. He had Oufkir "checked," to a certain extent, but Oufkir had a direct relationship with the Palace and could use that "in extremis," I guess. Oufkir was closer to Hassan than he was to Hassan's father.

*Q: While we're talking about the government, could I ask you to back up again and go over this very interesting and unusual history of Morocco, because of the confrontation with the French?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, the French effort to establish colonies, especially in Africa, was triggered at the end of the 19th century and the beginning of the 20th century by the wide ranging process of British colonization of Africa which seemed to bring the British more power. The view was that you couldn't be a great power unless you had colonies. The same disease infected the Germans a little later. However, by this time there wasn't much territory left for them, and they lost it all after World War I. Obviously, for the French the first issue was propinquity. North Africa was important to them because of the Mediterranean. The British had Malta, and they certainly had influence in other places. The focus of the French effort was initially on the southern shore of the Mediterranean.

Morocco and Tunisia became French "protectorates," whereas Algeria became a regular Department of France.

The most famous French figure in Morocco was Marshal Lyautey, who put down the marauding Moroccan gangs or tribes. There was a little tribalism, but not a whole lot. The French moved into Morocco in 1904. That also triggered the Spanish occupation of what became known as Spanish Morocco. The final agreement, which also included the Germans, was to make Tangier an international city. Tangier belonged to no single country, although it was actually governed by the colonial powers. It got its reputation as a city of sin because of the various activities that went on there.

However, the French hold on Morocco was initially not too firm until Marshal Lyautey was designated to establish a greater degree of order. He came to Morocco. I have never studied the efforts of Lyautey in any depth, but he must have been a unique person at that time because he was very much liked by the Moroccans. They didn't want to see French hegemony extended over them but they admired Lyautey. He pacified the country.

A very typical story about Lyautey, probably the only one that I can remember, is that he had been very ill on one occasion. He recovered and was invited by the Muslim leaders, the Ulemas, to enter the Mosque in Casablanca. As you know, in Morocco, foreigners -- non-Muslims -- are not allowed to enter mosques, unlike some other Muslim countries. Women are not allowed in the mosques, either. Anyway, Lyautey was greatly attracted by this gesture. There was a big turnout when he was scheduled to visit the Mosque. He rode his white horse down the street till he came to the Mosque. He dismounted and walked up the steps to the area in front of the entrance, but did not go in. He stood there, looked, and bowed to the faithful. Then he went down the steps, got back on his horse, and left. The Moroccans were enchanted by that. He knew that it was not in their custom for him to enter the Mosque. It would be a real violation of established custom, and he was sensitive enough to accept and enjoy the gesture without violating the custom. That's the kind of thing he did.

The French system of government, in the modern sense, became the government of Morocco, though not in a religious or democratic sense. The Moroccan ministries were administered in much the same fashion as they are in France. Probably, the only difference concerned the "Rif" area. It was not so much independent as it was semi-autonomous. There was some interchange of personnel with the rest of Morocco, but the French were very careful about how they administered the Rif because they wanted those two "presidios" on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco so they had to keep the Spanish-speaking Moroccans on their side.

I used to go up there to Spanish Morocco. You know, the Franco revolution in Spain was launched from Melilla, one of the presidios. Franco's footprints are cast in concrete there. That was done before Moroccan independence was recognized, and they were still there when we were in Morocco. I don't know if they're still there now.

So, if you wish, I became acquainted with French government administration in Morocco before I spent much time in France. All the names are the same -- the "Bourse de Travail" is still called by the same name. There is a lot of French in Moroccan Arabic. One of the first things that I learned in Moroccan Arabic was the phrase "Fehm trik" el la gare" [Where is the station?] "Fehm trik" means "where is" in Arabic, but they add an "el" -- the definite article -- treating "la gare" [the station] as one word when they put it in Arabic. There are a whole lot of terms like that. Even unschooled people have learned what the "Bourse de Travail" [labor exchange] is. There is the word "Presidence" [Presidency]. The Moroccans use that word when they speak Arabic. So France really carried out, at least in part, its "mission civilisatrice" [civilizing mission] in Morocco.

*Q: The Sultans before French colonization certainly didn't have any ministries or organization like that.*

SCHAUFLE: No, they had "ministers of the throne." They had an official called the "Vizier," who was really the head of whatever government apparatus there was. They had "Caids" and "Pashas." In some places they still use those terms, but it's in a different administrative context now than it was then. The French governors of the provinces were called "Gouverneurs." At the city level the Moroccans would still use the terms "Pasha" or "Caid."

*Q: In the 1950's, when they obtained their independence, Mohammed V, as he is called, just took over the existing...*

SCHAUFLE: The existing French structure. Some of the administrative segments were already, for all practical purposes, run by Moroccans, although the French had the ultimate say. The security services and the armed forces were Moroccanized. However, they'd all been trained by the French, anyway. The Moroccans had fought for the French - - in both World Wars. Just like the Black Africans. The President of Upper Volta, when I was there, had fought at Dien Bien Phu in Indochina. He was in the French Army. The system was obviously several steps removed from full integration, as in the case of Algeria. That was what made the war in Algeria so bitter. Technically, there was a war for independence in Morocco, too. There was fighting, but nothing like what happened in Algeria. The French had never designated Moroccans as French. All Algerians were considered French citizens. But all of the Moroccans that I dealt with spoke French. The negotiations on the independence of Morocco were all conducted in French -- in Paris. I guess that the King's French was pretty good. Ambassador Charley Yost used to go alone to meet with the King. Certainly, then Prince Hassan's French at that time was good.

*Q: When Moroccan independence was achieved and the Sultan became King, we must have opened our first Embassy in Rabat in about 1953.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. It was done almost immediately. There was a small Consulate in Rabat and a Consulate General in Casablanca. There was a Legation in Tangier, because of its international status. The important thing, of course, is that we had five

bases in Morocco. We took over five bases from the French. There were only four when we were there. One of them had already been closed. The U.S. still had three air bases and a naval base in Morocco when we were there.

*Q: How did we come to take those bases over?*

SCHAUFLE: Part of it was a result of World War II. We never left Morocco. We always had a small number of troops in Morocco. But then those bases came within the context of NATO. We took over those bases from the French. Three of them were air bases. The French had only a small Air Force, and they couldn't leave a large number of French forces in Morocco. It was easier for us than it was for them, because they had been the former colonial power. Although there was a fair number of French military in Morocco in various positions -- carrying on training activities and that sort of thing -- the Moroccans couldn't stand to have French bases in their country. So we got the bases. We had them until the Eisenhower visit. When was that -- 1961? That's when we agreed to close the bases in Morocco, except for a small presence at the naval base, which used to be called Port Lyautey. It is now called Kenitra. There may still be an American naval presence there, for all I know.

*Q: Were you in Morocco at the time of the Eisenhower visit in 1961?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes.

*Q: What happened when Eisenhower came? What was the purpose of the visit?*

SCHAUFLE: The purpose, in effect, was to renegotiate the status of the bases, primarily, and set the level of American aid to Morocco. We agreed to keep the big air bases there -- I think that it was for five years -- and train the Moroccans. I can't remember what assistance we gave Morocco, but we gave them some. Maybe it was military assistance. However, the idea was, as one Moroccan put it, to "end the last vestiges of a foreign military presence there."

*Q: The Moroccans didn't want us there, either.*

SCHAUFLE: No. Also, if you will, Morocco tended to ally itself with the most radical African countries, in the Organization for African Unity. Then, on the trade union side, there was something called AATUF, or All-African Trade Union Federation. I had to watch over its meetings with a great deal of care, including the radical labor leaders, like Tettegah from Ghana, and I don't remember the names of the other ones now. One that was fairly moderate in political terms was Tlili of the Tunisian workers federation. Another of the moderates was Tom Mboya, from Kenya. Mahjoub Ben Seddik of the UMT opted for the radical position, which was probably the right choice from his point of view. It was the way things were going to go, and he didn't want to be "left out." There was no voting, as such, and Mahjoub toned down the resolutions somewhat.

I can still remember Tlili. Mahjoub chaired the conference. Tlili was disturbed about something and wanted to speak again, even though it wasn't his turn. Mahjoub threw his hands up and said, "Fudel, come on up and talk."

*Q: You were saying that that was the era of Pan-Africanism.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. The Africans realized that they would have greater effect if they were somewhat unified, in some form or other, than if they had to deal separately with the great powers. This feeling gave rise to the Organization of African Unity. The United States had no problems with this, though we had problems with AATUF, because we feared it would be a more radical group. And the United States was considered "the" imperialist power in the world, as these Africans saw it. Certainly, we warned all of them about Communism and all of that sort of thing. Their reactions were mixed on this. They had great respect for us and, when push came to shove, they would generally go along with us -- but less and less, as time went on. They tried to show their independence.

Then you had the Nonaligned Movement, which really grew out of the African experience, although eventually it encompassed the countries which considered themselves "nonaligned" with either the Soviet Union or the United States. But it was part of the same movement, eventually, in a global sense. At least during the period when you and I were in Morocco, there was a lot of that going on, one way or another -- sometimes formal and sometimes informal. There were a lot of these meetings, with people chasing all over, assigned to keep track of them. [Laughter]

I think that even the Left in Morocco had admiration for the United States and was willing to work with the United States. However, in the interest of their larger aspirations they would attack the United States in much the same terms as everybody else, leaving out the intensely abusive terms.

*Q: Were these "radicals" in Morocco getting some help? Did they have leaders who had been trained in the Soviet Union? Did that happen in Morocco?*

SCHAUFLE: If I would have to give an absolute answer, I would say, "No." The Communist Party of Morocco -- and there was a Communist Party -- was a direct offshoot of the Communist Party of France. They had their contacts with the Soviet Union. However, the Soviets, I think, had more effect in places like Ghana and Guinea -- not in Tanzania, because Julius Nyerere was too smart for them. Eventually, they were fairly successful in Somalia. You find leftists who helped the Angolans. The Congo (Leopoldville), later Zaire, was a big target for the Soviet Union, and they were very successful. The Soviets had influence on and certainly helped the Algerian resistance movement.

*Q: But were the Soviets really actively working in Morocco? Because the French...*

SCHAUFLE: They couldn't penetrate the areas where the French had influence or hegemony, because the Moroccans really admired French culture. As I said before, the

French really had some success with their "mission civilisatrice." Mehdi ben Barka was the most "radical" Moroccan leader that I knew. He spent a lot of time in Paris. [Laughter] Of course, sometimes he was just running from the Moroccan authorities. However, he also had an affinity for France. Many Moroccans had French friends. The French Ambassador certainly had influence in Morocco. However, he didn't have much in the way of resources. The Americans had resources, which was an important consideration. The funny thing about the French is that they have this "mission civilisatrice," but then they had the habit of "bad-mouthing" the indigenous, African governments which they were trying to "Frenchify." I always found that inconsistent. French officials would say that African people were really "dumb," "uneducated," and all that sort of thing. That must have gotten back to all of these Africans.

*Q: Everything does.*

SCHAUFLE: Everything does. But you can't dismiss the efforts of the French. If you served in other culturally "French-influenced" places, you could see this. When I came up for appointment as an Ambassador, I thought that I might be able to get an assignment to an English-speaking country. However, I was told that the Foreign Service still didn't have enough French-speaking people. However, we can come back to this when we get further along. The officers who ran the government in Ouagadougou [Upper Volta] had all served in the French Army. A lot of them had fought in Indochina for the French. If you spend your career -- or even only 10 or 12 years -- in that kind of surroundings, it's a close, military relationship. You can't help but be affected by the culture for which you presumably fought.

*Q: Somehow, I always had the feeling that the Moroccans felt a kind of superiority because of their French connection. They felt a kind of French-style superiority...*

SCHAUFLE: Added to the fact that they had their own feeling of superiority because they were a clear and distinct culture, unlike a lot of the newly-independent African countries to the South of them. They had a history. They had conquered Spain. They were good soldiers. I fought next to some of them during World War II. They had a good reputation as soldiers.

I can still remember one occasion when I was having lunch with a middle-level leader of the Moroccan "Left," who was quite a bright guy. He was talking about French and other imperialisms. I said, "Well, you people should know. You did this before the French did." He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Look at Spain." He replied, "Well, this country was 'Arabise.' It wasn't us (meaning the Arabised Moroccans). It was 'them.'" I said, "Who is 'them'?" He said, "Marrakech, the Berbers." So he wouldn't even take any blame for that. He blamed the conquest of Spain on the Berbers. [Laughter]

The Moroccans have a very distinct culture. They are very proud of their country. They are proud of their art and their cuisine. Maybe the French taught them how to cook. Maybe they never thought of being proud of their cuisine before the French came. I think

that from my experience during the time I was in Morocco they were proud of their moderation. They can be Islamic without "kicking over the traces." There were two feelings of superiority operating simultaneously.

*Q: You were going to say a few words about...*

SCHAUFLE: I did a lot of reporting from Morocco. I reported on trade union developments, but I also did a lot of reporting on political developments, first, because of the trade unions, which were always involved politically. And then because of the split in the Istiqlal Party between "Left" and "Right" wings. Politics in Morocco are "rough," very rough. However, they are not violent. At least they weren't violent when I was there, and I don't think that the situation has changed since then. There is occasionally some violence, like an assassination. Someone may have killed King Mohammed. I'd have to get more information on that.

King Mohammed was always able to balance off conflicting political leanings and ideologies. His first government was led by Moroccan military men. His second government was led by the Right wing of the Istiqlal Party. His third government was led by the Left wing of the Istiqlal Party. The government after that was probably somewhere in the middle. So it always balanced out. He had absolute power in that sense. There was a Moroccan Parliament, which determined who was to form the government. I gather that King Hassan has been equally, if not loved, at least successful in keeping all of these factions in balance.

I often talked with groups which included both Left and Right. They all know each other. There were some snide remarks, occasionally, but there were reasonable conversations. Sometimes, the conversations were more reasonable than we have with our Congress.

All of those leaders whom we've been discussing had been involved in the independence movement. They've probably been involved since then in some pretty nasty or undesirable activities. If not killing, at least condoning killing, perhaps. But nothing on the scale which we see in other places. It was Moroccan politics, continued. There was a lot of internal politics. Of course, before the modern era, there was a lot of regional, local, and tribal politics, if you want to refer to tribes, even though they really weren't tribes. They were groups of people against other groups of people. Some Pashas here wanted to expand his influence there, and they play a tough game. There was a lot of bluff in it. I quickly recognized that in the trade union movement.

I had made a trip down the Moroccan coast, stopping at the major cities, including Essaouira, which used to be called Mogador -- a good Portuguese name before it was Moroccanized. As usual, I paid a call on the city officials and then got in touch with the local head of the UMT [Union of Moroccan Workers]. He and I had a drink. Then he said that he had to attend a meeting of the Executive Council of the UMT, or something like that. I suggested that we meet later for dinner after his meeting. That's what we did.

About a week or 10 days later the Chief of Protocol at the Moroccan Ministry of Foreign Affairs came over to the American Embassy in Rabat and talked to the Ambassador, a non-career man by then named John Ferguson. Ambassador Ferguson was a perfectly nice man, but didn't have much experience. The Chief of protocol said that I had attended a UMT meeting at which I had allegedly criticized the Palace. The Ambassador was very concerned about this. He asked me to come to his office to discuss these charges. Dean Brown was the DCM by then. I explained exactly what had happened. I said that I had in my records what I did on that day. The Chief of Protocol had implied that there might be a further communication on this matter. I advised the Ambassador, and Dean Brown agreed with me, that we should go right back to the Chief of Protocol before they put anything on paper. We did this, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs ultimately did nothing about these charges. Obviously, they had received an adverse security report, which might have been concocted in Rabat, anyway.

I stayed in Casablanca another five or six months -- in fact, until another Ambassador arrived. I always felt that that incident helped precipitate my direct transfer. But four years at a post is long enough, anyway. I left Casablanca with good feelings about Morocco. I was wined and dined by my Moroccan friends and contacts. However, that's one of the reasons I talked earlier about security. Internal security was important in Morocco. As we all know, security can get out of hand. I didn't suggest that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs go and talk to the UMT man. [Laughter]

*Q: You mentioned that you had a change of Ambassadors before you left Casablanca.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. The man who replaced John Ferguson was Philip W. Bonsal, a career diplomat who was well known in the Foreign Service. He was known to be conservative, and he was. He was tall and imposing. He knew the diplomatic business very well -- no question about that. I think that what surprised me was that he was a little more willing to consider the Moroccan Left in the same terms that Ambassador Charley Yost and I considered them. I thought that he might be somewhat hostile toward anything to the "Left." I thought that he might be somewhat biased, but I found that he wasn't. I was very encouraged to see him in Morocco.

I went up, as usual, to Ambassador Bonsal's first staff meeting in Rabat. I was sitting in the back of the room, along the wall, while other Embassy officers sat around the table. At the Ambassador's staff meeting his staff wanted to make sure that they got through all the items possible that were on the meeting agenda. About five or six consecutive items came up which were discussed a little bit. Then Ambassador Bonsal said, "First, I want to discuss that with Schaufele." I didn't even know him -- had never met him before. Finally, the DCM said, "Well, Bill Schaufele is here." That was a little embarrassing in a sense. On the other hand, I realized that he had been reading my reports and knew who wrote them, in the first place. He had clearly taken them aboard. I thought that that was very flattering. One very good thing about Foreign Service Officers is that they do their home work. You don't have to be politically or socially "soul mates" to be recognized for your work.

About a month after he arrived in Morocco, Ambassador Bonsal came down to Casablanca. I have a picture of him, shaking hands with Mahjoub at the UMT's annual congress, which no American Ambassador had ever previously attended, though he was invited to the opening session. Bonsal was about 6'6" tall and Mahjoub is about 5'7" tall.

*Q: How did living in Morocco seem to affect your family -- your wife and two children?*

SCHAUFELE: Except for my following post, American Consulate in Bukavu, Republic of the Congo (Leopoldville), now Zaire, where I only spent a little over a year, it was the last time that we were all in one place as a family -- except in Washington. You know, my wife Heather is a very adaptable person. I mentioned that she was not afraid of going into the "Medina" marketplace alone. I remember that she was initially somewhat averse to the idea of going to the next post in Bukavu. When I said that it was 5,000 feet above sea level and had a good, Jesuit school, her reaction changed, and she said, "Let's go." That's the way she is. She dealt with the servants more than I did, obviously. She had a lot of contacts in the community, both diplomatic and Moroccan. I thought that the boys [Steven and Peter] did very well. Steven was almost six years old when we arrived in Morocco. We put him in a school called the Ecole Charles de Foucauld. It was named after a member of the "White Fathers" [Les Peres Blancs], who established the school. It is now staffed by Les Peres de Betterame, a French Basque order. They are often called the "Basque Jesuits." Betterame is just outside of Lourdes [Hautes Pyrenees] in France.

At first at his school in Casablanca they put Steven in a grade below his age, because he didn't speak French. However, within two weeks they moved him up to his age group. He learned French rapidly and during the time we were there, he was always first or second in his class. I remember that Steven came home one day and said, "Today in school the teacher asked us to say where we were from. Some of the boys said, 'I'm French.' Others said, 'I'm Moroccan.'" Steven said that he had said, "I'm American." Another young man stood up and said, "Moi, je suis Corse!" The Corsicans are kind of like the Sicilians, in a way.

So Steven had a good time. He is a great talker. If he doesn't overdo it, he can interest lots of people. The priests who were their teachers at school enjoyed him.

Our other son, Peter, was not in school, until our last year there. He went half days to a Montessori school. He learned the languages -- French, Berber, and Arabic. He had little friends that he played with. As you recall yourself, Casablanca, in some respects, is a very easy place to live in. You don't need central heating, although we had a roll-around heater when it got real cold. The two boys traveled around the country with us, including one trip through the snow-covered High Atlas Mountains. Then, four hours later, you were down in the desert. I think that all of my family have good memories of Morocco.

*Q: I remember it also as not having any serious, endemic illnesses -- as you find in so many tropical countries.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. I don't know whether I mentioned it in that piece of paper on my career that I gave you, but I might mention the leper ward.

*Q: No, you didn't.*

SCHAUFLE: The wives of the American staff of the Consulate General in Casablanca put some of the proceeds of their activities into support for the leper ward of the local hospital. There were two interesting things about this. One is that the Moroccan Government didn't admit that there were lepers. That's one of the reasons that a little extra money was helpful. The other aspect is that only Mrs. Tomlinson, the Consul General's wife, and my wife, Heather, appeared to be willing to go and visit the leper ward. They went fairly often. I remember one ceremony at the hospital. Ambassador Tomlinson and I went along. Leprosy is not contagious, but it obviously scares a lot of people. That was one of the things that the American wives did. It's too bad that the Moroccan Government didn't do more for the lepers. They just didn't want to admit that they had leprosy. It was a stigma, I guess.

*Q: Yes, it comes from the Middle East. Then how long did you actually stay in Casablanca?*

SCHAUFLE: I was there for almost exactly four years. I don't remember the dates exactly, but I went to Casablanca after Peter was born, which was in April, 1959. We left Morocco in June, 1963, almost exactly four years later.

We'd been thinking about what came next. Then one day we got the telegram from the Department, asking me if I would be willing -- and they put it in those terms -- to open a new Consulate in Bukavu, a town on the eastern border of what is now Zaire, across from Rwanda. You now find a lot of Rwandan refugees there. Before I went home to talk to Heather about it, I called the Belgian Consul General in Casablanca, because the Congo had been a Belgian colony. Luckily, his brother had lived in Bukavu. So in this way I got some information in addition to what I had. That's why I told Heather that it was 5,000 feet above sea level, goes up to 80 degrees during the day and down to 60 degrees at night, and there is a good, Jesuit school. So we said we'd go. We learned later that the post had been turned down by three people, one of whom told me some time later that he guessed he had made a mistake in refusing this assignment.

*Q: Who was that?*

SCHAUFLE: Woody Romine. I said, "Well, I don't think that Bukavu exactly made my career." He said, "Maybe Bukavu didn't, but the Congo crisis afterward, when you were in Washington, helped make it."

There was no easy way to get from Morocco to Zaire. We flew to Paris and then to Brazzaville, in the French Congo, across the Congo River from Zaire. I can still

remember that on the ferry crossing the river to Leopoldville, I saw Peter with his hands on the rail. Some African came up and put his black hand right next to Peter's. Peter immediately pulled his hand away. I thought, "Oh, God, are we going to have this kind of problem?" I don't know why he pulled his hand away. I don't think that even he knew. However, we didn't have that kind of problem, thank goodness.

So we went across the river to what was then Leopoldville, had a briefing at the Embassy, and then went on to Bukavu in March, 1963. The Embassy had asked Heather to work half time at the Consulate as a secretary, administrator, or whatever I wanted her to do. One of the things that we did right away is that we both had to learn to use the One Time Pad [OTP -- a classified cipher system]. There was no communicator assigned there. There was a small USIS Library, which had been open for about two months, but they didn't need classified coding materials. Heather was much better at handling OTP than I was. We brought our own OTP set to the Consulate at Bukavu.

I learned as much as I could in a few days about how to open and run a Consulate. Then we flew to Bukavu from Leopoldville. That sounds rather mundane, but one should realize that there was no way to go by land from Leopoldville to the eastern border of Zaire, unless you did it by Land Rover, native bearers, and that sort of thing. We flew across this great expanse of central Africa, covered with jungle, in a C-47, an old, World War II twin-engine plane. You could see an occasional river. It was a trip of 1,000 miles.

We arrived over Bukavu. I looked down and said, "There's the airport." It looked postage stamp size. It actually was in Rwanda, not in the Congo. There was a cliff at one end of the airstrip and a drop-off at the other end.

*Q: We landed there once.*

SCHAUFELE: It all went off all right. We were met by the man who was temporarily running the USIS library. We checked into a hotel, which was quite nice. The man who ran it was called "the Bodega." He eventually became -- what should I call him? The "chef de maison" for the President of Zaire.

We looked for an office and finally found one -- about a block off the main street. I guess that originally we took the whole building, because I knew that we were going to have a communicator, who would need a place to live. We would also have a vice consul. Then we found a house down on Lake Kivu which is one of the two lakes in Africa that doesn't have crocodiles in it -- because the elevation is too high. However, the lake did have Bilharzia river flukes, which made it unhealthy to swim in it.

*Q: So you couldn't go near it.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. The house needed a lot of work done to it. It had suffered a lot as a result of the incidents of 1960 and 1961. I guess that we stayed in the hotel for, perhaps, six to eight weeks.

*Q: What kind of orders did the Department send you to open the Consulate at Bukavu? Were you given a specific budget or any kind of instructions? You didn't go back to Washington.*

SCHAUFELE: No. I didn't go back to Washington. I had no budget during the first year. All expenses came out of the budget of the Embassy in Leopoldville. I just charged everything to the Embassy. Then we gradually worked into our own budget. I would tell the Embassy that I was going to rent office space and a house, and they would send out a sample lease. I would negotiate whatever changes needed to be made in it and send it back for the Embassy files. I kept a copy, of course, for the Consulate files.

Regarding the renovation charges for the house, we didn't get an estimate. The necessary work was just done by a Flemish contractor. We slowly learned that most of the Belgians in the eastern Congo were Flemish [Dutch], rather than Walloon [French], partly because there were a lot of plantations out there. The Flemish didn't like the Congolese one bit. They didn't have the concept of a "mission civilisatrice." They didn't want the Congolese to understand what they were saying about them, so they learned Swahili. But the contractor was a very nice man.

Eventually, we moved into the house. It was a very nice place -- in kind of a Tudor style, with plenty of room. There was a big, two-story livingroom with a big fireplace. And, as I said, it was on Lake Kivu. At night, when you went to bed, you could hear the Congolese fishermen out in their pirogues, their wooden canoes. To attract the fish, they'd beat a rhythm on the side of the boat. You could hear that at night. It helped you to go to sleep.

The formerly Belgian Congo had been divided into six provinces by the Belgians. The Prime Minister at that time was named Cyrille Adoula, a former trade union leader. I learned a lot of things after the fact. He was considered "detribalised." He came from a certain tribe, but he no longer had any connections with it. He was a Congolese. That's the way he saw it. He broke the country up into 21 provinces -- partially, I suppose, to give more jobs to people. I don't know what his other reasons were.

However, we had enough inter-tribal conflict in what had been Kivu Province. When it was broken into three provinces, the situation actually was worse. For instance, Maniema was one of the provinces. There were two major tribes in it: the Warega had almost a majority of the population. They were a relatively peaceful tribe, if I may put it that way. The other main tribe were the Bakusu, who were related to the Batetela, Patrice Lumumba's tribe. They always tended to be trouble makers. In the old Kivu Province there must have been 15 or 18 tribes. When you divide the province up and there are only two tribes left, which are inimical to each other, then something goes wrong all the time. And that was what was happening. Maniema was really a hot bed of trouble. I traveled all over the place. One of my first duties was to issue a visa to President Moley of North Kivu province and see him off at the airport. He had been given a "leader grant" to visit the United States. His capital was in Goma. He came down to Bukavu to get his visa. I

was taking him to the airport when we were “arrested” by the President of Central Kivu province. Well, that goes back to a pre-independence dispute of some kind. Again, if Kivu hadn't been divided into three provinces, it probably wouldn't have happened that the President of one province would attempt to arrest the President of another province. Of course, I was released, and there was no problem about that.

It was kind of amusing. They held Mr. Moley in a hotel in Bukavu. With him they put the Central Kivu province minister of the interior, Mr. Boji. They had known each other before and had a very good time together. I think that they must have decimated the supply of Scotch whisky. They only held him for 10 or 12 days -- and then it was all over. Nothing happened to Moley, and I finally sent him on his way. However, that's the kind of thing that one used to see a lot of in the Congo and probably still does.

It was interesting, opening a Consulate, hiring people, and so forth. Essentially, the main function of the Consulate was political reporting, and this was understood right from the beginning. The Department didn't say in the telegram assigning me to Bukavu that it wasn't getting any reporting from the eastern part of Congo. However, given the tensions and the experiences, the Department felt that we should cover that area. There were also consulates in Elisabethville and Stanleyville. So for all practical purposes I could issue visitors' visas and nothing else. We didn't have that many people who could go and visit the United States.

The foreign community was rather small -- mostly Flemish and one German quinine plantation owner, as I remember. Because of the difficulties in 1960 there were UN personnel in a lot of technical positions, including doctors, engineers, and that sort of thing. It was a fairly interesting group of foreign nationals like those I found in practically all ex-colonial areas. There was a lot of "sleeping around," but that was all right. It made things more interesting.

We got along all right with Congolese officials, without too much difficulty. The President of Central Kivu province was a college professor -- not in our sense of a college. He had taught at a secondary level college. He was quite an articulate and interesting man.

*Q: Where had he been educated?*

SCHAUFLE: In Zaire. At the time of independence in 1960 there were only 13 Congolese college graduates. That was one of the things that everybody "fastened onto" after the secession of Katanga and all of those developments -- that the Belgians really hadn't prepared them for anything. So he had been trained in Zaire, and he may have gone to one of the other, French-speaking countries. Swahili was the vernacular language, so conceivably he may have been trained in East Africa, though I'm not sure. I studied Swahili, an interesting language.

*Q: Did all of the different tribes speak Swahili?*

SCHAUFELE: In eastern Congo, yes.

*Q: Did they have another language?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. There is a "literary" Swahili, which they might not speak. However, they could get along in Swahili. Across the border, in Rwanda and Burundi, they also spoke some Swahili. Our son Peter not only learned Swahili, he also learned Bashi, a tribal language in the Bukavu area. He had an ear for languages.

So I had no language problem. I did everything in French. I could speak a little Swahili, but I wouldn't conduct Consulate business in it. Some of the Flemish in Bukavu didn't speak very good French. They could speak French, but the Flemish are a race unto themselves, so to speak.

All in all, the situation was fairly uneventful. I was familiarizing myself with lots of things. For instance Bukavu was where the Marainckase, the Queen Mother of the Tutsis in Rwanda, had taken refuge. We used to see her walking down the streets. She was about six feet tall. There was a Tutsi element in the population there.

Some unhappy things happened to us there. Our son Peter developed what seemed to be a respiratory infection. The doctor we were using was not a UN doctor. He was Polish born. His name was Kackiewicz -- I remember the name. He did a fluoroscope of Peter and couldn't find anything. Finally, we took Peter to the hospital, where they had an expert in x-rays.

*Q: A radiologist.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, a radiologist. He was also a little bit of an alcoholic. Our doctor gave us the results of the x-rays. He said that the Swiss radiologist thought that Peter had a "primo infection." I asked what a "primo infection" was. He said it was the early stage of tuberculosis. The doctor had diagnosed several people in the community as having primary tuberculosis. We weren't prepared to accept that, so we went to Nairobi [Kenya]. We left Bukavu on December 26, 1963, to drive to Nairobi through Rwanda. On the night of December 24 there was an uprising in Rwanda. We figured that, maybe, 200 people had been killed -- mostly Tutsis who were killed by Hutus, who ran the country. But we drove across Rwanda the next day and didn't have any problems. There seemed to be an ominous atmosphere in the countryside. There were a lot of soldiers with rusty rifles, ensuring order.

So we went to Nairobi. We had Peter examined. The doctor said, "Well, it's quite simple. He has an infection in his adenoids, which is dripping into his lungs. This is what caused the spots on the x-ray." He recommended that he have his tonsils and adenoids removed and that we put him in Gertrude's Garden Hospital. So Heather made the arrangements and took him over there. A gruff, British nurse asked my wife all kinds of questions and

then said, "Well, he'll be operated on tomorrow." That was on a Tuesday. Heather said, "When should I visit him -- what's a good time?" The nurse answered, "Not before Thursday," because they don't believe in having the family around, and all that. They think that it just confuses the issue. So he stayed there alone for two days, and it worked out all right. There was no particular problem.

After Peter recovered from the operation, we visited the game park at Amboseli. Peter still talks about the game park, particularly the lions and elephants.

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*Q: This is Saturday, February 11, 1995. This is a continuation of the interview with Ambassador William Schauffele. We will be picking up today where we left off, in December, 1963, some six months after the Schauffele family arrived in Bukavu, in the eastern part of the Congo, now Zaire. So after you had been in Kenya for the tonsillectomy, you went back to Bukavu.*

SCHAUFFELE: Steven and I drove back to Bukavu, but Heather and Peter flew back a few days later from Nairobi. As a matter of fact, Steven and I visited a few game parks in Uganda on the way back to Bukavu. However, it was a fairly uneventful trip. We returned to Bukavu on a route that went farther North than we had been on the trip to Nairobi. We crossed the northern end of Lake Kivu, instead of the lower end, where Bukavu is.

*Q: So there was a Tutsi-Hutu problem some time ago?*

SCHAUFFELE: There was a problem, which was not resolved at the time. However, it died down. There were periodic things like that, often localized, in Rwanda. There hadn't been any nationwide uprisings or incidents since the Hutu took over control of Rwanda from the Tutsis.

*Q: Could we discuss that a bit further? Were the Hutus more numerous?*

SCHAUFFELE: The Hutus were much more numerous. They accounted for about 80 percent of the population. In northern Burundi and part of Rwanda the Tutsis had become the masters of the Hutus, and the Belgians did very little to change the situation. In Rwanda, at the time of independence in 1962 the Hutus took over. They weren't so successful in Burundi, and the Tutsis still ruled there.

*Q: I think that you told us that the Consulate began operating in 1964. How many people were working there?*

SCHAUFFELE: In the Consulate there was the Consul (myself), a vice consul, a CIA officer, and a communicator. We also had an American in charge of the USIS Library. My wife Heather worked at the Consulate half time. We had four or five locally hired employees of the Consulate. We had one Belgian woman, who was our receptionist and also drafted any French correspondence. Then there were some Congolese working at the USIS Library, as well. So that was about it. The great thing for us, of course, was when

we went into direct communication with the Embassy. A young man who set up the radio. All of our telegrams were sent in code.

*Q: Where were they picked up?*

SCHAUFELE: In Leopoldville.

*Q: At the Embassy?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. We were on a voice network. He was on it every day. I didn't use it unless I needed to. It was disconnected when it wasn't being used. The Embassy at Leopoldville, the Consulate at Elisabethville, the Consulate at Stanleyville, and the Embassy in Bujumbura [Burundi] were on the circuit. I don't know why Rwanda wasn't on that circuit. There may have been some technical reason for this. But all of the stations came on the air at the same time every morning. We passed messages to each other. We knew when somebody was coming to see us. We received information from the Embassy, for example that somebody was going to fly down to us.

*Q: This was on short wave, I take it.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, on short wave.

*Q: There was no telephone, then.*

SCHAUFELE: Technically, there was a telephone, but it was 1,100 miles across the country to the Embassy. Even the Congolese used radio connections with the capital in Leopoldville. I don't know how good they were. They realized that we had our own communications. Sometimes they would try to get us to transmit a message for them. I always refused to do this, as otherwise they might become dependent on it. They had a pretty good idea when the transmitter went on the air. I suppose that they had listening posts at various places.

*Q: Did you have diplomatic pouch service?*

SCHAUFELE: Normally, a pouch could reach us via the Embassy in Bujumbura. Then there would have to be somebody going back and forth.

*Q: How far was it to Bujumbura?*

SCHAUFELE: About 90 miles. Every time people came down from the Embassy in Leopoldville, they brought a pouch with them. However, the pouch that came to us from Bujumbura really came from Dar Es Salaam [Tanzania]. That was the kind of communications we had. We had shipments of food and so forth sent in. Those shipments came from Dar Es Salaam, across Tanzania and Lake Tanganyika and by boat to Bujumbura -- and so on to Bukavu.

*Q: That's a long way. Your food shipments and those pouches came in by sea? By ship?*

SCHAUFELE: By ship.

*Q: They weren't flown in.*

SCHAUFELE: No, they weren't flown in. This was food which we ordered ourselves from Denmark. Before we left Casablanca, we put in an order. We were always able to "stay ahead of the game." It would take -- I'm guessing now -- six or eight weeks for delivery. And then you weren't sure. Sometimes the shipment would be pilfered. It was always interesting to talk to other people and find out what the thieves were stealing. In some places they would steal liquor. In other places they would steal cold cereal. [Laughter] But basic food was available in Bukavu. It was a very fertile region. There were strawberries all the year around. The meat wasn't bad at all.

*Q: Could you get chicken or lamb or...*

SCHAUFELE: We could get beef and pork, but no lamb. I don't know that we saw much lamb. We didn't need those shipments via Dar Es Salaam to live on. What we needed mostly were things like soap and basic essentials. We didn't get a whole lot of food. We got certain kinds of food, just to vary the diet.

I would say that the Consulate at Bukavu was opened principally because the Congo [now Zaire] was the largest country in Africa and a place of considerable interest to us. We got involved there early, after independence in 1960. Before independence we had posts in Leopoldville and Elisabethville. We had a Consulate in Elisabethville mostly because of the mineral resources there. Then we opened a Consulate at Stanleyville. If you can think of Leopoldville on the West, you can trace more or less a central line running through the country. Elisabethville was Southeast of the line, Stanleyville was Northeast of it, and Bukavu was almost directly East of Leopoldville. As I said, Bukavu was a little out of the way. Due to poor communications, you could not drive from one end of the country to the other. You might be able to do so if you were equipped like a safari, but otherwise you would have to fly.

I think that the Ambassador, Edmund Gullion, recommended that a post be opened on the eastern border of the country. That was the reason for it. Our major responsibility was to report on political and civil unrest and that sort of thing, as a key to the stability of the country. Bukavu had also been a source of instability during the early days after independence. A man named Kashimura was actually national Minister of Information. He came from the area around Bukavu. He imposed a kind of reign of terror. So we saw Bukavu as a potential source of instability.

As I previously mentioned, the old Province of Kivu was broken into three provinces [North Kivu, Central Kivu, and Maniema] after independence. Bukavu was in Central Kivu. The capital of North Kivu was Goma, at the North end of Lake Kivu. Maniema, as

it's called, is down on the Ulele River. It's very tropical there, not mountainous. It was dominated by the Bakusu, a fairly small but militant tribe which was allied with the Batetela, which was Patrice Lumumba's tribe. That is one of the reasons why it was seen as a potential source of unrest. Our reporting was almost entirely on matters related to that.

We had a lot of official American visitors come to see us, because there was an Air Attaché plane assigned to the Embassy in Leopoldville. The people assigned to the Embassy welcomed a little relief from the heat and humidity in Leopoldville, down on the Congo River, not far from the coast.

*Q: How was the weather in Bukavu?*

SCHAUFELE: Not above 80 degrees and not below 60 -- and it was 5,000 feet above sea level. It was a very comfortable climate. When we would hear that the Air Attaché plane was coming, we immediately started collecting large quantities of strawberries. We didn't ask our visitors. They could always take the strawberries back to Leopoldville.

When the Ambassador came to visit us -- there were two Ambassadors while we were there: Ambassador Ed Gullion and then Ambassador Mac Godley. They would always call on local authorities and European residents who had long experience there in Bukavu. So we were never lonely. We had a good house. There was a pretty good hotel there. We had stayed there when we first arrived in Bukavu and until we moved into our house. The community -- both the Europeans and the Congolese -- was interesting.

It was an interesting and not overly demanding situation, except when I traveled within the consular district. When I traveled in the district, I went by car, by myself. Some of the roads I had to take were often cut. You had to find ways around the break in the road. There was no maintenance of the road network. We could telephone within the consular district. Telephone communications there were all right. I could call a provincial president in neighboring provinces and tell them that I would like to visit him.

*Q: How many provinces were in your consular district?*

SCHAUFELE: Just three. There were originally six provinces in the Congo, of which Kivu was one. When Adoula was Prime Minister, he cut the provinces up into 21 entities. I think that that was a mistake, because I think that it exacerbated tribal animosities. They could be subsumed in a province with a larger group of tribes. This was most noticeable in Maniema Province. There was one very large tribe there, the Waregas, who were considered to be a very peaceful people. There was a much smaller tribe, known as Bakusu. Under the new division of the country they were in the single province of Maniema, instead of the 20 or 25 tribes in the former Province of Kivu. There were incidents between them all the time.

I think I know why Prime Minister Adoula split them up. It was to be able to hand out more jobs. I suppose that I visited Maniema Province about every two months. Maniema,

as I said, was on the river and was hot and humid. There was a UN representative there. We also had a UN representative in Kivu. There still are UN representatives in most of the provinces of the Congo because the UN and its affiliated agencies are working in the Congo. The UN representative in Kinshasa (capital of Maniema) was an Egyptian. He was very good, very well informed, and very hospitable.

I couldn't drive to Maniema Province. I had to fly there. So I always let the provincial president know that I was coming, asking him to help me get around. I think that Ambassador Godley went to Maniema once, although I can't be sure. Usually, the Ambassador just came to Bukavu, spent perhaps two days there, and then left.

There was concern at the Embassy about the potential for instability in the area. However, during most of the time we were there, there were rumors but nothing much happened -- until shortly before we left in June, 1964. There had been a revolt going on in the western Congo -- the former Province of Kwilu. It was kind of an ongoing thing. Nothing was ever settled.

The rebellion continued in some form or other. I can't remember the exact time, but a couple of months before we left, we heard that a man named Gaston Soumialot had been seen in Bujumbura [Burundi]. Soumialot was in cahoots with Kashimura, back in 1961. This reported sighting of Soumialot in Bujumbura immediately gave rise to rumors. The worst came about, eventually. There were already incidents south of Bukavu. These had started across the river in Bujumbura. There were a lot of Italian Catholic priests there, who had to be evacuated. They were teaching at schools and that sort of thing.

Colonel Mulamba, who was the Congolese National Army commander in Stanleyville and who was also responsible for the Eastern Congo, came down to Bukavu. He and I talked at some length, and eventually we sent him two American Army colonels trained in handling civil disturbances and that sort of thing. The two American colonels came to Bukavu. I can't remember how long they were there before I left. The first outbreak of violence that affected Bukavu directly happened just about three days before we left. Opposition elements raided the southern part of the city. They got into some of the "native quarters," but the Congolese National Army fought back. They didn't always do so, but in this case they did, although it tired them out. They had never previously been in combat, I guess, except with each other.

At the same time, as it happened, there was still fighting going on South of Bukavu. General Mobutu [Congolese Army commander] had been in Europe and studiously stayed out of this for quite a while. People wondered about that. He finally returned and came to Eastern Kivu, where I first met him. The Congolese Army was very much inclined to accept the rebels' claim that they had "dawa," that is, "magic powers."

*Q: Who were these rebels?*

SCHAUFELE: It's hard to say. The group in the eastern Congo was not from a single tribe, although they obviously included the Bakusu. They became important, but were not initially significant. It wasn't until the rebels reached Kindu, in Maniema Province, that the Bakusu really joined them. I think that the rebels consisted of a mixture of tribes and people who were unhappy with the government. However, we didn't know which government they were unhappy with. Maybe they would have been unhappy with any government. They never had a tribal identity in the eastern Congo as a whole, but they did in Kivu Province. I can't remember the name of that tribe. On the "dawa" issue, they claimed that they were impervious to bullets. That was their "spell." A lot of the regular Congolese National Army people believed them.

When Mobutu came back from Europe, he led a Congolese National Army unit in a counterattack against the rebels at a place called Kamaniola. There is a picture of Mobutu walking down the road, carrying a rifle. He didn't believe in this "dawa" after the rebels retreated. This was Mobutu's first "victory," so to speak. The reason that Mobutu had stayed in Europe was that he was trying to gain a position where people would depend on him, more than they had in the past.

At about the same time, Adoula was "fired" as Prime Minister. Moise Tshombe was made Prime Minister, and this started the great "turnaroud." Tshombe, the leader of the insurrection in Katanga, had become the Prime Minister of the central government. Actually, this made a lot of sense, because if there were a serious revolt building up, as appeared to be the case and as it turned out, you didn't want the Katangans to revolt again, because they had power and resources. So by appointing Tshombe as Prime Minister, this covered the "rear" of the government under President Kasavubu. This appointment was particularly useful in the Kivu area because Tshombe was a Swahili speaker. He could speak to the people in Swahili. Anyway, Tshombe became Prime Minister. As I said, there was an attack on Bukavu, and the rebels retreated.

All of this happened on the day before our farewell reception. I don't know how many people we had invited, but we needed to order beer and soft drinks from the local brewery. Nobody would go there to pick them up. So the Belgian manager of the brewery and I went up there ourselves, loaded all of the drinks onto a truck, and brought it down to my house. The President of Kivu Province came. I have a picture of him. He was armed. The rebels never did capture Bukavu.

Anyway, just before I left Colonel Mulamba came down. He was probably the outstanding field grade officer in the Congolese National Army. He later became Prime Minister. Colonel Dodd, an American Army officer, also attended. Another American Army colonel came later. We should have added that there was another vice consul at the Consulate, who came later -- a young man at his first post. He was a Swahili speaker. He and Colonel Dodd went out to some place in the tribal area before that attack on Bukavu. We didn't hear from them. However, eventually, they found their way back. Luckily, McFadden, the young vice consul, used his Swahili and got them into the area of the tribe

that really dominated the Bukavu area. He knew some members of this tribe, Bashi, which did not participate in the rebellion.

Heather, my wife, was quite unhappy that this was happening just as we were about to leave Bukavu in a time of crisis. The man taking my place was virtually a relative of Heather's.

*Q: Who was that?*

SCHAUFLE: Dick Matheron. His mother and Heather's mother were very close friends. They had known each other for many years. Dick had been in the Embassy in Leopoldville. When we went to Nairobi, he came out to Bukavu to take over for me for a short period.

Anyway, Dick took over as Consul in Bukavu. They evacuated the post three times. Luckily, I had taken someone's advice and bought a power boat, because the single road going into Rwanda could be closed very easily. However, you could always go out over Lake Kivu, and this is what they used to evacuate the post. Also, not long after I left, the ultimate weapon arrived to battle the rebels, the Cuban pilots in their T-28 aircraft. Obviously, they had control of the air. However, that gets into my next assignment as Congolese desk officer -- although I knew that they were coming, and an advanced group was on the way. The air operations took place after I left.

*Q: Who actually were these Cuban pilots that you mentioned? Was this a U.S. Air Force group?*

SCHAUFLE: These were Cuban pilots who had taken refuge in the United States. I'm sure that we kept track of all of the former Cuban military people in the United States. When we decided to provide air cover for defense against the rebellion in the eastern Congo, we supplied the T-28 aircraft. The T-28 really was a training type aircraft. We brought the Cuban pilots over and provided the communications equipment because they needed communications with the ground forces, which would be led by Congolese, with the help of the two American colonels. Also, what turned out to be much more important, we had communications with the "white mercenaries" who eventually went down the Congo River to Stanleyville. Mike Hoare was their leader. I didn't know anything about that before I left Bukavu. I learned about that when I got back to Washington. There was talk about recruiting them from South Africa.

*Q: So you were in Bukavu just about one year.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes.

*Q: Before you finish discussing this post, I wondered about your reference to the Congolese National Army. Could you explain a little about what that consisted of? How many years had passed since the Belgians had moved out of the Congo and before they*

*established this military force? I ask this because of the variety of tribal interests. It makes me wonder how they could put together an effective army if they had to...*

SCHAUFELE: Of course, during the Belgian colonial days there was the "Force Publique," the Public Force, which consisted of Congolese and was led by Belgians. They had Congolese non commissioned officers. That became the nucleus of the ANC, the "Armee Nationale Congolaise" or Congolese National Army. Actually, the Congo was much more divided under the Belgians than it has been as an independent country. The Belgians didn't want internal discipline destroyed by fights among different tribes or representatives of different tribes. However, as time went on after independence, the armed forces became more mixed. One of the reasons for the lack of effectiveness on the part of the ANC was that its personnel didn't trust each other. Another reason is that they were not paid. For example, there was a battalion of the ANC up in Bukavu. Money to pay them was supposed to be sent from Leopoldville to Bukavu, but it was always held up along the way. The ANC couldn't be trusted because, in fact, they weren't being paid. They wouldn't fight. However, they did fight for Mulamba, who was, in my experience, the strongest Congolese officer. He could lift them up, organize them, and lead them. But he nearly always had to be on the spot. His influence with the ANC was not transferrable. The ANC was a pitiful army.

On the other hand, let me refer to the "white mercenaries" again. They had Congolese with them, but these Congolese had always been led by whites. They respected the whites. I don't know whether these Congolese ever knew that these "white mercenaries" came from South Africa. Perhaps it didn't make any difference. Those Congolese performed all right because they were well led. However, on their own, they never performed very well. I suspect that that's still the case.

*Q: Before we go on again, I wonder if you could talk a bit about the local political or government situation, after the Belgians left the Congo.*

SCHAUFELE: Well, let's be clear about what the Belgians did and didn't do. At the time of independence there were 13 Congolese university graduates. The Belgians never felt that they had a "civilizing mission," as the French did. They weren't trying to make them into Belgians. So the jobs that were held in government offices by Congolese were pretty much menial, clerical positions. Very few of the Congolese had any great responsibility, unless they happened to be tribal chiefs. In that sense, because they didn't have a Belgian in every tribe, there was always somebody that they would work with. The tribal chiefs would usually "purchase" that allegiance in one way or another.

The Belgian Flemish, who dominated the eastern Congo in particular, had very little respect for the Congolese. In fact, they didn't even want them to learn to speak French or Flemish. The man who rehabilitated our house before we moved into it was fairly typical in this respect. The house had been badly damaged during the uprising in 1961. I saw him beat a couple of the workers, who were speaking to my wife in French, which was the

only language that she could use to communicate with them. He beat them and told them that they should talk to him, and he would then talk to my wife.

There wasn't much of a "developmental" psychology, especially among the Flemish. There was among some of the other Belgians, but they were all in Leopoldville. They trained some of the Congolese informally. However, they couldn't get them into colleges, I guess, because that didn't seem to be national Belgian policy. Some of those Congolese college graduates went to college in France, not in Belgium. On the whole, the Congolese had very little of what I would call "background" in modern administration and management.

As it happened, the president of Central Kivu province, who was a Swahili scholar, had a pretty good sense of how to operate within the whole context, although he obviously was going to run into difficulties with people of different tribes. These people were also Swahili speakers, because that was the "lingua franca" of the area. He had fairly good ideas but couldn't control his own ministers. They depended for their positions on their tribal affiliations and whatever money they could get their hands on. It was a very corrupt society. That was true throughout the Congo.

The Belgians trained some Army officers after independence. They brought them to Belgium and gave them training there. Some of them turned out all right. Mobutu, who was the commander of the ANC, was a clerk in the Army. He hadn't fought, or anything like that. He was a "political animal," anyway.

So the Congolese really had less preparation for independence, in that sense, than any other country that I know of in Africa. The national infrastructure of the Congo was so limited. As I say, contact with people from the West and East probably existed but this was not very serious. That's why, when Lumumba escaped from arrest, he headed for his home territory. In the Congo that's always where you're protected. You could find some good people among the Congolese, but they were working under almost impossible circumstances, as we would see it, in terms of organization. There always was a problem of resources. However, the Congolese didn't make trouble for the Europeans in Bukavu.

The people who had plantations, stores, small manufacturing outlets, or the brewery -- technically belonged to some Congolese organization. However, every brewery in the Congo was run by a European. Even automobile repair shops were run by Europeans.

There was a German in Bukavu who operated a quinine plantation. That was a big thing. It was not owned by him. It was owned by a German company -- I can't remember which one. It was very fortunate because we were just finding out that "atabrine," which was used to suppress malarial symptoms, was no longer so effective as it had been during World War II. People had to go back to quinine. This plantation was a very profitable operation while we were there. I don't know what happened to it afterwards.

One thing I will say about the Belgians. They didn't have any depth. For instance, when the French carried out their "civilizing mission," they would have some depth in terms of French nationals. However, the Belgians, at least in the eastern Congo, had no Belgian "depth" in these various organizations. There were just a few of them. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why they learned Swahili.

*Q: Could you repeat that point in case we haven't mentioned the extent to which Swahili was used? Would you tell us where Swahili was used as a kind of "lingua franca"?*

SCHAUFLE: Swahili is the "lingua franca" of eastern Africa. It is used in Uganda, Kenya, Tanzania, and the eastern Congo. It is less used in Burundi and Rwanda, which had a language unique to themselves, since they came down from the Nile River area. Their language had some relationship to the languages in use up there in the Nile River region. Swahili is not to be disregarded. It is a classical language with a significant literature.

I studied Swahili. You find English words in it and words from other African languages. However, it's the only language that I've ever studied which had not only prefixes and suffixes but "infixes" as well. That is, you put an "infix" in the middle of a word. I could "chat" a little in it, but I couldn't conduct business in it because it is a complicated language. If East Africans and people in the eastern Congo want to be known as learned persons and didn't have other opportunities, they spoke Swahili.

Maybe I should mention that the "lingua franca" in the western Congo is called Lingala. That used to be a mixture of European and other languages. I learned later that, even in Lingala, if you were talking to somebody in it, he would refer to a "train" as a "train" or a "locomotive" as a "locomotive." I'm told by scholars of Lingala that there are Lingala words for those things. I remember that one man told me what one of those words was in Lingala. It must have been about 15 letters long. A "locomotive" became an "engine that was driven by..." Swahili isn't that complicated.

*Q: I don't think that I asked how large Bukavu was at the time you were there. What was the major source of income of the people living there?*

SCHAUFLE: It's always hard to get reliable population figures, but I would guess that there must have been 15,000 people living in Bukavu when we were there. There may have been more because of the so-called "cites," or areas where the indigenous people lived, which were dotted around the center of the city. I'm not sure that they were always counted in the population figure. Although there were a lot of people from other tribes in Bukavu itself, the city and surrounding area was the territory of the M'Bashi. Each tribe had its "Mwami" or king. The M'Bashi Mwami had a certain amount of power.

Their major sources of income were agriculture and fishing in Lake Kivu. As I said previously, there were no crocodiles in the lake, so fishermen could operate there and were very useful and helpful to the economy. Then they had plantations -- most often

owned by Europeans, like the quinine plantation. There was a Jesuit school in Bukavu, which our two sons attended. You have to remember that, before independence, Bukavu was a "hill station" where people came to visit from lowland areas farther West, so there was some semblance of a tourist industry. People still visited Bukavu for that reason, to a certain extent, to get out of the tropical climate. They would stay in Bukavu for a few weeks or months. It seemed very agreeable to them.

*Q: So in 1964 you were transferred to a new assignment.*

SCHAUFELE: I was transferred to the Department as the Congo Desk Officer. I visited all three other posts -- Elisabethville, Stanleyville, and Leopoldville -- because I was going to be working on the Congo in the Department. On our way back to the U. S. we also stopped in Brussels. I don't think that Heather had ever been in Brussels before. It was very interesting, getting back to Europe after four years, although we had visited Europe from Morocco. For the previous 12 or 13 months in Bukavu we had really been at the end of the world, in a sense. So Heather and the boys enjoyed the visit to Brussels.

When we flew back home, Heather and the boys went directly to California to visit her family. I went to Washington. There was no question of my having leave, because of the growing crisis in the Congo. Interestingly enough, because bureaucracies are very funny, this came up somewhat later. After I had been back for about a few months, someone asked me when my family was coming to Washington. I said, "Any time now." I said that I was waiting for Heather to tell me what flight she would be on. I was informed that if I myself did not go out to California which was our home leave address, I would have to pay the Department for the family's travel to California. Under the regulations home leave was for the officer, not his family. So I flew out to California on a Saturday, and we flew back to Washington on a Sunday. That was my home leave. [Laughter]

I went back to work. It was the first time I had ever worked in Washington in the Bureau of African Affairs. A former DCM [Deputy Chief of Mission] in Leopoldville, Jim O'Sullivan, was the Office Director. His deputy was a man named Matt Loram. Matt had served in Africa but not in the Congo. I can't remember where he served in Africa.

Actually, they [ people on the desk and in the Office of Central African Affairs] became less important as this story goes on, because the situation was so serious that nearly everything of any importance was being taken up in the Assistant Secretary's office, in one respect or another. Obviously, there were a lot of other people involved in this situation, including the White House, the National Security Council, and the U.S. military.

The press was also deeply interested in the situation. Journalists tend to prefer to talk to somebody who's actually been on the spot. I immediately became the main contact with the press. This probably would have happened anyway, because this happens to desk officers in crisis situations.

*Q: What were you telling the press at that time about the crisis? How did it look to you?*

SCHAUFLE: Well, I didn't always tell the press what I thought, but we tended to present the crisis as a crisis of the Left. The cause was Soviet influence on Lumumba, and in fact it went back to that, in the first place. It was clear that the rebels were getting help from somewhere, although they managed to get most of their weapons from the Congolese National Army. The Soviets were involved in this situation, to a certain extent, as were the Chinese Communists -- the Chinese in the eastern Congo and the Soviets in the western Congo. So we tended to describe the situation as an attempt to destabilize the largest and potentially the richest country in Africa -- excluding South Africa. The United States, through its interest in the stability of the area, had become involved. The Belgians were also involved, but they were really not as concerned as we were. They felt that they'd been "burned" or criticized for what they'd done or hadn't done for all of those years when they controlled the Congo. The Belgians were always kind of reluctant to get out in front. Besides, they couldn't match our resources.

The press tended to be very "down to earth." They wanted to talk about where the rebels were at this time, who was Soumialot, who was Kashimura, who was this and that. They weren't highly critical. Sometimes I felt that the United States was getting involved in something which we would not be able to follow up on. However, by the time I got back to Washington, everybody knew that anti-communist Cubans were flying air cover. Anybody who knows the United States or the American instinct understands that if we decide to intervene in a given situation, and it's not going very well, we tend to increase our intervention. This goes on until we get too deeply involved, and then we have to cut back. Vietnam is the prime example of this tendency.

There wasn't a whole lot of criticism of our policies. A lot of the Congressmen and the Congressional offices wondered if we were doing everything we should. It was very interesting when Tshombe arrived on the scene. There were two different opinions expressed on this. One was that Tshombe can straighten out the Congo. The other was that he had tried to secede once before and failed. We were asked if we were not building toward another secession, in case he fell from power. But it was all probably manageable. It didn't become a little dicey until the ultimate intervention at Stanleyville. We'll get to that later. However, I think that "Newsweek" followed the Congo situation most assiduously, probably because Bruce Van Voorst was the State Department correspondent for his magazine. I don't know where he works now. I talked to him nearly every day -- mostly over the phone.

Here we were in post-independence Africa. It had become very interesting. It seemed that everybody had focused on it, starting in 1960. African country after African country was getting its independence. The Congo had the worst post-independence experience because of the secession of Katanga, which brought in UN troops. And they fought. People forget that.

*Q: When was that?*

SCHAUFELE: 1961. They actually fought in Katanga. But that situation was unresolved. It seemed that the Congo couldn't run itself. The situation was getting worse and worse. Patrice Lumumba was deposed, under tragic circumstances. Kasavubu was still the President. Adoula wasn't the first Prime Minister after Lumumba. I think it was Ileo. Anyway, this wave of African independence excited interest. The particular circumstances in the Congo added to the interest in it. Everybody was wondering if all this interest on the part of the UN was a wasted effort. Was there anything that anybody else could do? And so on and so forth. So we had a lot of company.

I don't remember going down to Congress and testifying a lot. However, I met a number of Congressmen, though I don't remember if I presented any testimony, particularly at the beginning. That happened later on. When things became much more complicated, when people learned about the "white mercenaries," and then with the intervention of the Belgian paratroopers, the State Department, and the U. S. Government itself, a lot of the impetus for our involvement came from the White House. A lot of people felt that this was a natural thing because President Kennedy had been assassinated. His interest in the independence of Africa made this a natural thing to do.

I would say that, for the first seven months I was there on the Congo desk, until Christmas 1964 and a little beyond that, I worked seven days a week -- over 100 hours a week. I never had any time off, except to fly out to California and back, as I mentioned, in a period of 24 hours. I still remember my son Peter asking whether I would be home for Christmas. Heather had to do her own house hunting. She looked at 75 houses before we bought one.

I had the stamina to do this. By that time we had reorganized the whole operation in the Congo. I can't remember the details. When I got back to Washington, we still had the normal organization under the Office of Central African Affairs, with a Director and Deputy Director. I was the Congo Desk Officer, with three or four people working under me.

*Q: This is a continuation of the interview with Ambassador William Schaufele. The date is February 11, 1995. Ambassador Schaufele, you were just talking about the organizational setup within the Department of State in the Bureau of African Affairs.*

SCHAUFELE: I think that it's useful to recall that the Bureau of African Affairs was established after 1960. Previously, African affairs were handled under the Bureau of Near East and African Affairs. By this time, 1964, it was a standard kind of operation. Former Governor of Michigan G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams had been appointed to be the first Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. It was organized like the other, regional bureaus. I think that we had four or five major, geographical offices: North Africa, East Africa, West Africa, Central Africa, and Southern Africa.

It is still that way, except that North Africa has now gone back to the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs. However, when I was in Morocco, North Africa came under the Bureau of African Affairs. There were a lot of important, African meetings held in Morocco. From 1959 on my focus in the larger regions of the world was still in Africa, because it was still being run from the Department by those concerned with African affairs.

As I say, we had a "normal" operation when I got back from the Congo. We had some extra people because of the telegraphic traffic which the Congo generated. A young man who worked for me had just come from Greece. He was a Greek expert and was very good. I liked his cynicism. He didn't have any background in Africa, so he was cynical about it. That was useful, I think. [Laughter] He kept asking, "Is it worth it?"

Well, I suppose in a sense it was. Nobody ever stopped to think about the mineral wealth involved. The resources went across from the eastern Congo down into Zambia, where there was copper production, plus other minerals. There was uranium. That was where the original supplies of uranium came from. Of course, that goes back to Belgian colonial times. It was easier to get uranium from the Congo than starting up uranium production in the United States, although we eventually did that.

I can't remember exactly when this happened, but the Department finally set up a Working Group for the Congo and named Joseph Palmer as the head of it. Joe was the Director General of the Foreign Service. He was almost our first African specialist. He had served in African affairs, beginning in 1941. He was our first Ambassador to Nigeria. He had had a lot of experience in the African area, although he didn't speak any African language. His first post in Africa was in Kenya, but again that was during the colonial period.

As I said, Joe Palmer was the head of the Working Group. They brought in a fellow named Tom McIlhenny as his deputy. Gradually, Jim O'Sullivan and Matt Louram handled everything but the Congo. Jim used to come up to the Working Group all the time. I can still remember Jim. He had a wonderful sense of humor. One Sunday morning he came in at about 11:30 AM. I said, "Jim, where the hell have you been?" He said, "I've been to church." I said, "I hope you prayed for us." He said, "Well, I prayed to St. Jude." I said, "Who is St. Jude?" He said, "He's the patron saint of hopeless causes." [Laughter]

That must have happened pretty soon after I returned from the Congo, because I recall a moment which was memorable for me. There was a meeting in the Secretary of State's office -- about 4:00 PM on a Sunday afternoon -- about the defense of Bukavu. So it must have been pretty soon after I returned.

*Q: Because the attack had started or was under way just after you returned?*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. Bukavu was attacked at least three more times.

*Q: Was this attack undertaken with Chinese Communist assistance?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: Could you explain that?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, we never knew for sure. There were reports that the Chinese Communists were seen with Soumialot in Bujumbura, where he turned up and where this all started. The Chinese Communists had a significant presence in Bujumbura.

*Q: Why was that?*

SCHAUFELE: Because they were interested in East and Central Africa. They had aspirations there, whatever they were. It was part of their attitude about colonial peoples. They had had some experience, historically, on the East coast of Africa. They also wanted to keep the Soviets out of there. The Chinese Communists were more worried about the Soviets than they were about us.

*Q: What kind of organization did the Chinese Communists have?*

SCHAUFELE: They had a large Embassy in Bujumbura. It was a large Embassy, for them. I say that it was large for them, because they didn't have any commercial links, to speak of, whereas we did. Our Embassy was certainly bigger. Ours would be bigger, anyway, because we always provide all of these services. So the Chinese Communists had a significant presence in Bujumbura. I'm convinced that they certainly helped Soumialot and his "Simbas," as they were now called. I'm sure of that. The Chinese Communists probably provided money and maybe some arms. There were some Chinese weapons, which were captured by the white mercenaries. But where they got them is not clear. That was the logical assumption -- that they came through Bujumbura. The first attack, in effect, came from Bujumbura across the Rusizi River and into the southern part of Kivu Province.

*Q: Did they seem to know what they were after?*

SCHAUFELE: I'm not sure. I'm not convinced. They thought that it was a good idea to encourage a rebellion against the Congolese government, which was more or less allied with Belgium, the United States, and the Western Europeans.

*Q: Even though this could bring in the U.S.?*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. The Chinese Communists still ascribed to the Belgians certain insidious, underhanded tactics to maintain their position of influence and power. Which is probably true, up to a point.

However, as I say, a lot of the rebels' arms came through capturing them from the Congolese National Army. I have to admit that the Simbas were pretty well led. They

obviously knew how to use psychological warfare against the Congolese. I never knew much about Colonel Olenga, their field commander. He was killed at some point. We had some biographic material on him, but nothing that indicated much about his character or training. There was a report that he had been trained in China. I don't know whether that was true or not. I don't recall that I knew much about this.

So we had the Congo Working Group. I previously mentioned a meeting in Secretary Rusk's office about the defense of Bukavu. This meant that we were talking about airplanes. And the Congolese Army -- did they need anything to help defend Bukavu? I don't remember all of the details. There were at least two under secretaries and three assistant secretaries at this meeting. I was the low man on the totem pole. We discussed the situation for a while. Then Secretary Rusk dictated a telegram of instructions. His secretary went out to type it up. He offered us all a glass of sherry, which was a civilized thing to do on a Sunday afternoon. The secretary came back in, and Rusk read the telegram. Then he went around the room and asked us, "Do you agree?" I was the last one to be asked. I said, "Well, I'm the only one here who has served in the Congo." No one else in that room had served there. I said that I had served specifically in Bukavu, and I said, "I don't agree." Secretary Rusk said, "Well, what do you suggest?" I can't remember what I suggested -- some changes. He said, "That sounds logical." And he went around the room again.

Rusk knew that he had to get everybody involved, because he didn't want anybody to come around later and say that he didn't agree. He wanted to be able to say, "You were at the meeting and you agreed." The only man who could oppose him on the Vietnam question was George Ball, Under Secretary of State. He took that gracefully from George Ball, as he did everything else. And George Ball would go on about the degree of American involvement in the Congo.

*Q: How much did all of this cost?*

SCHAUFLE: In terms of money I'd say...Well, regarding the Cuban pilots, we furnished the airplanes and paid the pilots.

*Q: What did they call this operation?*

SCHAUFLE: They had some name for it. Nominally, the Cuban pilots were under Congolese command and control. They were supposed to be part of the Congolese forces. However, we provided most of the money for the recruitment and equipping of the white mercenaries. We probably had six or seven U. S. Air Force C-130's in the Congo, flying supplies all over hell's half acre. The Belgians put in some money, too, but the largest part of it was ours. It didn't create any problems for the American military. They've grown up since then and are more sensitive about "intervention" -- mostly because of Vietnam, not the Congo. The American military were always "gung ho" to get us involved.

*Q: There was a job to do.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. We didn't have many people on the ground. Tshombe -- it didn't make any difference to him. Tshombe preferred the Americans to the Belgians, because he knew where the power eventually resided. I'm trying to think about the people we had on the ground. We had the two colonels out in the eastern Congo. We had some other people back in Leopoldville, but they were mostly supply and procurement people. We didn't have anybody with the white mercenaries. At least, we said that we didn't, though I imagine that somebody "dropped in" on them occasionally.

That was a cross for all of us to bear -- the idea of white mercenaries, especially since they were nearly all South Africans and Rhodesians, as well as a few Frenchmen. They were an effective fighting force. There were only about 150 of them. They marched down the Congo River, right behind the Simbas, all the way to Stanleyville. They took everything they attacked. They weren't very nice about it, but, anyway, they did it.

It was a terribly exhausting effort for us back in Washington. I used to get into the office at about 7:00 AM. I wouldn't leave until 10:30 PM or so. I used to have an apple in the afternoon and put my head down on my desk to rest for about 45 minutes. It was the only way that I felt that I could get through the day. And then the pressure from the press steadily grew greater. The Working Group also became a burden, with representatives from CIA [Central Intelligence Agency], the White House, USIA [United States Information Agency], and the Pentagon. We had a lot of people who had their own ideas but didn't know anything about the country. The National Security Council had its representatives, too. They would say, "The President thinks..." I would say, "Wait, wait, are you telling me that the President actually talked about this in some kind of detail?" And the representative would back up.

*Q: Did he really say that?*

SCHAUFLE: No, but the White House representative thought he was representing what the President wanted. That's the problem we always had. However, keeping control of the organization was important. Under Secretary of State Harriman got involved. He was Under Secretary for Political Affairs. He always liked to act like a brave warrior. Joe Palmer was there. He was very reserved. I don't know whether you know Joe. He is soft spoken and speaks slowly. That doesn't mean that he doesn't have strong opinions about certain things. However, Joe was never a guy to get out in front when he didn't have to do so.

We had a little problem within the Bureau of African Affairs itself, because the principal Deputy Assistant Secretary to "Soapy" Williams was a little bit at a loss during this period. He didn't know how to handle this kind of thing. He was Wayne Fredericks, an old African hand who knew a lot about Africa. He was always concerned about U. S. over involvement in Africa. I don't think that he was ever enthusiastic about our direct involvement in Africa. I used to ask him what else he would do instead. He never came up with any answers. There was this big "thing" in the middle of Africa, sliding into

anarchy. Maybe we should have let it do so. I don't know. But that's what the Congo would have done.

So the war went on. The advance down the Congo River by the white mercenaries was steady. The ultimate crisis came, of course, when the Simbas captured Stanleyville and our Consulate. They took 330 hostages -- all whites. They killed the Congolese officials in Stanleyville. Our Consulate people were taken as hostages. There were only three people in the Consulate, I think. Mike Hoyt was the Acting Consul. You knew Mike. We'll come back to that later over lunch. He was the Acting Consul, because John Clingerman had been transferred back to the Congo Working Group in the Department, where he worked for me. There was a communicator and one other American in the Consulate who was a CIA officer.

So they were held with the rest of the hostages, including American and Belgian missionaries. The Simbas actually accused one American missionary, whose name was Carlson, of being a spy. I don't know what church he represented -- Disciples of Christ, perhaps. He was an ordained minister and a doctor. So for the first time we really became concerned about the fate of our people. We talked with Mike Hoare and the white mercenaries and asked them if they could get to Stanleyville. If they got to Stanleyville, would they be able to take the town rapidly enough to prevent any harm to the hostages? Hoare didn't think that that was possible. Stanleyville was a relatively big city -- bigger than Bukavu -- and taking it might cause real problems. That's when we set up the air drop with the Belgians. That was done when Paul Henri Spaak was Prime Minister, with Governor Harriman doing most of the negotiating.

We had, not so much a difficulty, but we had to discuss how this was going to be done. The American concept for dropping paratroopers in an operation like this is a large scale thing. The Belgians didn't like that. In the first place, it was going to become public knowledge that much sooner. Secondly, you don't need all of those people. So the final agreement was that the Belgians would supply the paratroopers, and we would supply the planes from which they dropped. The Belgians supplied 300 paratroopers -- that's all they had. They would jump with little, motorized tricycles. They would race right into Stanleyville on these tricycles. No armored cars or anything like that.

This operation was all, obviously, "hush hush." The Belgian paratroopers were picked up in Belgium by our planes. That was all right because Belgium is a NATO [North American Treaty Organization] country. Then they were flown down to Africa. The planes refueled somewhere in southern France. We think that that was where one of the Belgian soldiers, who was a "stringer" for a Belgian newspaper, "let the cat out of the bag." However, the operation had not been publicized. We think that that's where he made contact with his paper. Obviously, the Belgian papers were very reluctant to publish this story. They didn't want to cause any trouble for their own people -- and, besides, nothing had happened yet. The next stop for the Belgian paratroopers was Ascension Island. I guess that they stayed there for a couple of days. Ascension Island is a British

possession in the South Atlantic Ocean. The British could and did drop a "curtain" on communications from there.

However, that was still too far from the Congo. There was an old Belgian Air Force training center in the Congo, at a place called Kamina. The Belgians, the Americans, and the Congolese, in effect, took over Kamina for a limited time, so that the paratroopers could fly in, refuel, and do everything else that they had to do. Then, on the following day, the Belgian paratroopers jumped on Stanleyville.

There was one interesting aspect. I still kid him about it when I see him. Bruce Van Voorst of "Newsweek" came in after the jump. He said, "You lied to me the other day." I said, "What do you mean, I lied to you?" He said, "I asked you this question." I said, "Do you remember the question you asked me?" He said, "Well, no, not specifically." I said, "Well, I can. You said, 'We have a report that there are Belgian paratroops on Ascension Island. Is that true?'" He said, "Yes, and you said 'No.'" I said, "That's right. They'd already left." [Laughter] He was kind of chagrined by that. That's right. He should have asked the question in a different way.

So I remember the night when the paratroops dropped over Stanleyville. It happened about 11:00 PM, Eastern Standard Time. Secretary Rusk and Deputy Secretary Ball came into the Operations Center, wearing black ties. That's another thing that I really should mention. That was the first time that I worked out of the Operations Center. It's a lot better now, but even then, they could reach any place in the world and wake up anybody. It's a real concept, the Operations Center. It was the military, essentially, who had developed the idea and expanded it into our Embassies and Consulates. It's incredible -- the reach of these people in Washington and the United States. So that took a big load off us. We could say, "Get us somebody, somewhere." We didn't have to do it ourselves. That can be very time consuming. As I said, Secretary Rusk and Deputy Secretary Ball arrived in the Operations Center. "Soapy" Williams and everybody else were there. At some point -- I can visualize it, but I can't recall exactly what time it was -- the die was cast. There could be no further change. The Belgian paratroops dropped at the Stanleyville airport, got on their little tricycles, and raced into town. Meanwhile Mike Hoare and his white mercenaries arrived at the outskirts, though they had not gotten into town.

*Q: But the Simbas were in Stanleyville?*

SCHAUFLE: Oh, yes. They controlled the city.

*Q: And that was quite a large force of Simbas at the time.*

SCHAUFLE: I don't recall how many Simbas there were. We couldn't figure out how many there were, because they would pick up some people and drop others off. Stanleyville always was kind of a "revolutionary" town. In fact, at the time it was taken by the Simbas, it was under a special arrangement. They had a "commissaire" appointed by the central government, running not the province of Stanleyville, but a larger area. In fact,

I was in contact with the same man in Bukavu. He was there when I arrived in Bukavu. He left about two weeks later. He was killed in Stanleyville by the Simbas -- pushed off a bridge. I don't know how we learned that.

The Belgian paratroops raced into town, right to the place where the hostages were. We knew where the hostages were. They were concentrated in one small area -- I suppose about a city block, in various buildings, surrounded by Simbas.

*Q: Had their families left, or were their families there also?*

SCHAUFELE: Mike Hoyt didn't take his family up there to Stanleyville, as he only expected to be there temporarily. However, there were missionary families there. I seem to recall -- I'll have to look this up later -- that there were 23 hostages killed. The Simbas just started firing indiscriminately. One of those killed was Carlson, the man they accused of being a "spy." But the State Department people in our Consulate were not hurt.

*Q: But were they in any danger?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. They were shot at, too. They ducked down behind cover and weren't hit. I don't think that the Simbas had any thought of sparing them. The Belgian Consul was freed safely. I don't know how many people he had in the Belgian Consulate there. So, as much as we regretted the death of any of the hostages, it was a "reasonable" operation from the overall viewpoint. There probably would have been more people killed if we hadn't gotten there in time. The white mercenaries then came in and took control of the town.

*Q: How did they get the hostages out?*

SCHAUFELE: They flew them out in C-130's, because we had dropped the Belgian paratroops from the C-130's. The planes circled overhead until they were sure that they could land safely at the airport. They landed and took the hostages out. Two more airdrops were planned. The code name for the air drops was "Dragon," and they had colors. Stanleyville was "Dragon Rouge" [Red Dragon]. Another place was "Dragon Noir" [Black Dragon], which was supposed to be in Paulis, a place which was also held by the Simbas. The Belgian paratroopers did drop on "Polis." A few people were killed up there -- not as a result of the landing. The Simbas had already killed some hostages there. The third drop -- Bunia -- was cancelled. It was no longer necessary. The Simbas kind of "evaporated" into the mountains. In three days the Belgian troops were back in Belgium. That's the way that kind of operation should go. One Belgian paratrooper was killed.

*Q: So the Belgians went away. They really didn't exist.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. We tend to overdo this kind of thing. It's like fighting the Gulf War. We take six months to gather an overwhelming force, and then the operation

takes two days, or something like that. No, I think that the Belgians were right, for this kind of operation. Dropping 10,000 American paratroops who didn't speak French or any other foreign language would not have done much good.

*Q: So the operation was completed and the hostages returned. Were you still working seven days a week in the Department?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes, maybe not every week, but there were a lot of loose ends to clean up. There was a lot of cleaning up of the rebellion that also involved us -- not so intimately, but certainly, we had to keep our eyes open. Also, we had to try to keep the Congolese central government from exploiting their success. I'm sure that there would be people who would object to this, because we had provided so much aid to saving the Congolese central government.

The Congolese government kind of reverted to their old, corrupt ways. The big thing was that President Kasavubu was dropped, and Mobutu became the President. That determined the direction of events for a long time. You know, Mobutu has been in power for 29 years now.

Subsequently, when I had a little more time, I met with some of the people who had been involved -- mostly people who had been missionaries or were supporting missionaries. This continued right up through the time when I was Assistant Secretary. People would say, "Why isn't the Congo democratic? Instead of interfering in their affairs, why don't we let them decide by a democratic process? Let them have 'grass roots democracy.'" In the first place, we couldn't decide a lot of things that these people thought we could decide. The Congolese were in control of the country. Secondly, the Congo would immediately break down into their tribal groupings. You wouldn't have a Congo any more. You'd have a bunch of little fiefdoms. Some people find that very difficult to believe.

When I was Assistant Secretary, there was a group of people who essentially came in with President Carter and who considered Mobutu the "worst of the worst" in Africa. I would ask them what they thought we should do. They thought the same thing: "Let the democratic process decide." But there wasn't any democratic process. Think of how many "election observers" we'd have to have in Zaire! [Laughter] And even then they wouldn't see everything. Anyway, we did a lot of cleaning up, Mobutu came to power, and there was a reasonable situation there for a while. Tshombe died. His Katangans did go into Angola, took refuge there, and settled in the border area. That came back to haunt me, 10 or 12 years later. We'll get to that. I would have to look at the records and see exactly when it was. I'll do that before we talk again.

I became Deputy Office Director for Central Africa in October, 1965, although I still had a kind of special responsibility for the Congo, since I'd worked on it so long. I expanded my horizons to include Cameroon and Congo-Brazzaville. I traveled a fair amount. It was a funny office, because it also included Madagascar and Mauritius. It jumped right over East Africa. However, in part the idea was that they were French speaking countries.

Mauritius is called "Maurice" in French. I think that that was one of the reasons. And Dean Brown had come back to be the Director of the Office of Central African Affairs. He and I had served together in Morocco. So that was a fairly quiet time, with only the usual concerns, activities, and that sort of thing.

Then there was a reorganization of the Bureau of African Affairs. They set up an office known as the Office of West Central African Affairs. It really covered the French speaking countries of West Africa, and I was made the Office Director in October, 1967. So I was dealing basically with the "Entente States" and countries like Guinea and Cameroon, but not Liberia or Sierra Leone. I forget what the title of the Office was which dealt with them. I dealt with the French speaking countries.

There were no great issues at the time. Most of the problems were devoted to development economics -- schemes which were going on all over Africa as well as in other places. I remember that when we opened up posts in Africa, we had an Ambassador in Abidjan [Ivory Coast], starting in 1960 with the five so-called "Entente States." That is, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Togo, Upper Volta, and Niger. Somebody made a decision before I took over as office director that we would have an Ambassador in each one of them. Since I later became an Ambassador in one of them, I figured that that was a bad decision. [Laughter] We had more openings for Ambassadors than we had before.

*Q: But none of the other countries did that, as I recall.*

SCHAUFLE: No. You could expect the French to do that. They kind of "wrote the book," so to speak. They kept their civilizing and profitable mission. They built modern Embassy buildings and residences for Ambassadors. Again, I traveled to some countries which I hadn't visited before. Of course, those countries all had missions in Washington.

Keeping up with the diplomatic community was a job in itself. For example, all of the Ambassadors' wives called on the Secretary of State's wife. Heather very often went along to translate for Mrs. Rusk. She got to know Mrs. Rusk that way and found her very impressive. Mrs. Rusk had done her homework on the countries involved -- and she'd done her homework on Heather! So it was a learning experience for Heather. I must say that everything has been a learning experience. I think that I realized it at the time. I certainly realize it in retrospect. I learned something everywhere.

That leads me a little bit to Dean Rusk. I have a lot of respect for him. I didn't agree with him on Vietnam in many respects. He was not a weak man. He was quiet, but he took responsibility for what he did. He always listened to his desk officers. There aren't many Secretaries of State who have listened to their desk officers. What I liked was his sense of responsibility and his concern and respect for the working level of the State Department. I was still a Country Director when Jimmy Carter was elected President. No, I'm sorry -- I was Assistant Secretary by then.

I remember one incident. President Carter appointed a commission on Ambassadorial appointments. Dean Rusk was a member. At that time I was home almost as little as I had been when I worked on the Congo. So Heather came down on a Saturday noon to have lunch with me. The Commission on Ambassadorial Appointments was having lunch on the other side of the cafeteria. They broke up, and Rusk marched straight across the cafeteria to our table and, in his Southern gentleman's way, greeted us. At that time Idi Amin, who was the President of Uganda, had notified all of the Americans in Uganda that they were going to be convoked to the Presidential Palace. Dean Rusk had heard about this. He said, "Bill, you know, if that happens, I hope that you can arrange to have the rest of the Diplomatic Corps there as witnesses."

Well, it never happened, but Heather said, "Here he is, out of office, and he is still thinking about how you deal with problems of foreign policy -- how you handle them." That was one thing about him: he always thought about these problems and how you do it.

When his son got in touch with me, because he was writing a book about his father, I thought about a lot of these incidents in which Rusk was involved -- a lot of vignettes and some of my impressions of him.

*Q: What was the title of this book?*

SCHAUFELE: It was, "As I Saw It." He refused to write an autobiography, but he agreed to cooperate with his son in the son's preparations to write this book. It's not written in the first person. It's not a profound book, in that sense, but it tells you something about the man. I have respect for most of the Secretaries of State that I knew, but not to the same, personal extent that I had for Dean Rusk -- even if he was wrong about Vietnam. I think that, possibly, his sensitivity to the working levels of the State Department is based, in part, on the fact that he was Assistant Secretary of State under Secretary of State Dean Acheson and therefore had working relationships with the desk officer level. He grew to appreciate them. As busy as Rusk was when he was Secretary of State, he always knew where most of the analysis came from.

I think that I spent a little less than one year as Deputy Director of Central African Affairs. Dean Brown was the Director. We were both in a learning capacity in the sense that we were dealing with countries that we didn't have any personal experience with. I visited the area several times.

There was only one foreign personality who stands out in my memory from that period and afterwards, Ahidjo, who was the President of Cameroon. He was a Muslim. He was always the same when I went to see him. I suppose that it was similar for other people. You would walk into his office. He was always wearing a blue "boubou." As you walked in, he'd reach into his pocket and would pull out a piece of "kolz hut." I guess that is a light drug. He would chew on that. He would start to talk. I don't think that he was a great or particularly interesting personality, but I have warmer memories of talking to him than

I do of a lot of other chiefs of state I've met. He was obviously put in office by the French, as most of the African chiefs of state were.

Cameroon was an interesting country because it absorbed Southern Cameroon, which was a British "mandate" under the League of Nations. So there was an English-speaking part of the country. I don't think that they handled that very well, but it's not surprising. But he always seemed to make a fair amount of good sense. I called on him once where he lived up country, way up in the North, which is a kind of Sahara-type region. A few years later the French managed to get rid of him. I don't know why, but they did. He moved to Senegal and died there.

*Q: What was his full name?*

SCHAUFELLE: Ahidjo. Ahmadou Ahidjo.

In that area of Central African Affairs we also had Bujumbura and Rwanda, Congo-Brazzaville -- which was kind of a "leftist" state at that time. We also had Zaire. Zaire was still dominant, obviously, and the country we were most concerned about.

I watched the situation in Zaire with some concern because I don't think that we were ever totally comfortable with Mobutu. Even then, he was gradually consolidating his power and making it more difficult for any opposition to be expressed. However, the situation in the country never seemed to improve. Zaire didn't obsess us any more, but it wasn't something that we could ignore. If it had fallen into anarchy, it would have affected all of the neighboring states. Even if you could forget about Zaire itself, that situation would have affected all of its neighboring states. It wasn't a matter of immediate concern to us but it ultimately concerned us.

However, I have to hand it to Mobutu. He managed always to "keep the lid on." He managed to keep people moving around so that nobody got too much power in any particular job. You never had the feeling that it was a unified country. I still don't have that feeling, as least as far as the government apparatus is concerned. At least he is not interested in amalgamating with Burundi. So it was a fairly quiet time. I did most of the traveling on behalf of the Office, for some reason.

It was also a time when the Department had all the "gung ho" young men trying to reorganize the Foreign Service -- Lannon Walker, Charlie Bray, and so forth. Dean Brown was a kind of "father adviser" to them. I attended many of the meetings they had.

*Q: What were they trying to do? I wasn't there at the time.*

SCHAUFELLE: They were trying to make the Foreign Service more "professional." They wanted to "democratize" it, obviously, to a greater degree than it was at that time. They wanted to "activate" the Foreign Service Association, which wasn't so active then, as it

has been since. You know, Lannon Walker is still working on that. He's written some kind of paper.

*Q: Didn't he write another article on this?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. I read the article, which was entitled, "The Foreign Service in the Year 2000." However, I can't seem to find a copy of it. I'll have to go back and look at it again. Lannon Walker wrote that article two or three years ago. He's always been interested in that subject -- and I'm glad that somebody is. The Foreign Service Association has been much more active and plays a much bigger role in various things than it did in the past. It was kind of an "old boys" network, just to preserve the Foreign Service Officer corps, so to speak. Some parts of the FSO corps didn't need that much preservation.

However, it was an interesting period in that respect, too. There were some changes made. I must admit that I can't pin them down now, at this juncture. I'd have to go back and see what my records show, although I don't have a whole lot of records from my Foreign Service period. The other day I was looking for something and I found the only efficiency report written on me, to my knowledge, once I became an Ambassador. And this was from my last post! Maybe there are some others, but I can't remember them. At least they were never discussed with me. That's all right with me.

*Q: You never had a problem.*

SCHAUFLE: Probably not. Well, I used to write efficiency reports on Ambassadors, as both desk officer and office director. As desk officer, I would write them and send them to the office director for him to make whatever changes he wanted. The Ambassadors never saw them, as far as I know. These reports went into a file some place. I suppose that I could ask for them, assuming that they continue to prepare such reports. However, the last efficiency report that I have -- just before I left the Foreign Service -- was on the usual form. I don't know whether there are other such reports in the files or not. I never worried about them after that. I assume that I worried about them before -- I must have.

Anyway, I moved over to the Office of Central West African Affairs, which still included Ahidjo, but they had also added Senegal. It was in that capacity that I met Senghor, President of Senegal, but I was just in Dakar for a day or two. I didn't really get to know him until I was Assistant Secretary. He was a very impressive man -- I'll say that for him. I saw a lot of Houphouet-Boigny, President of Ivory Coast, who was also an impressive man in his own way but in a different respect. He was the leader of the Entente states. They all deferred to him. He was responsible for Yameogo becoming President of Upper Volta. When the military revolted and kicked him out, Houphouet-Boigny didn't fight that. He realized, like most of the rest of us, that Yameogo had become very corrupt and a drain on the reputation and resources of Upper Volta, as little as they are. There were a lot of changes in the other chiefs of state in this area. I just don't have any particular memory

of them. It was an interesting experience, especially since I later became Ambassador to one of those states. It was a good background for that particular appointment.

Joe Palmer replaced "Soapy" Williams as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, which was not surprising under the circumstances. However, Palmer never had much of a "feel" for the French speaking areas of Central and West Africa. I pretty much did whatever I wanted to do, since no great issues arose that affected the United States.

By that time responsibility for North Africa in the State Department had been transferred from the Bureau of African Affairs to the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs. There was always something going on in North Africa, but we didn't have to worry about that. There was the Biafra issue in Nigeria, which I was on the fringes of, from time to time.

*Q: When was that?*

SCHAUFLE: That was around 1967. That affected all of us, at least working on that part of Africa, if not all of Africa, because everybody took sides. Nigeria had been the "great hope" for a lot of people. When it became independent, they very wisely chose a Christian as President and a Muslim as Prime Minister. It seemed to work, and Nigeria participated in a number of peacekeeping operations. We always consulted them even about the Congo. Nigeria was a "powerhouse" and still technically "our" powerhouse. However, the Biafran secession "split" the State Department. We had people working on this problem who were so pro-Biafran that you couldn't believe it, in spite of the fact that our policy was not pro-Biafran. We had the Ojukwu business and the clandestine relief flights. They used to fly supplies into Biafra from Fernando Po, or some place like that.

*Q: Who was responsible for these flights?*

SCHAUFLE: Missionary groups. We winked at those flights. Although those groups might have considered our attitude toward those flights a political act, in fact they were seen as a humanitarian act by the United States Government. Biafra was shut off from the world and wasn't getting enough food and that sort of thing. Assistant Secretary Palmer had problems with that, obviously, because he had been there. He was our first Ambassador to Nigeria. But even that problem disappeared after a while.

*Q: What caused the Biafran secession?*

SCHAUFLE: What caused the Biafran secession was what always causes such things. What caused instability in Nigeria was that there were three regions: Biafra, the Yoruba region along the coast and farther northwest, and the Muslim region in the north. The Hausas in the north have always dominated the other regions, and they continue to dominate them.

Basically, Nigeria was one of the worst places to visit. It was like running a gauntlet to get from the airport at Lagos into the city or from the city to the airport. It took hours. Now they've moved the capital to Abuja, but I gather that Lagos is still the same way.

Regarding Biafra, you had religious and tribal problems simultaneously. The first President, I think, was a Yoruba. He and the first Prime Minister, a member of the Hausa tribe, managed to work things out pretty well. It wasn't until the attempted secession of Biafra that the whole country sort of broke up into sections. Apart from Biafra, the other sections mistrusted each other. The Nigerian Government has never really functioned well since then. This doesn't mean that they didn't have control of the country, because certainly under the military government, which they've had now for I don't know how many years, under one president or another, they had control. However, they haven't reached their potential as yet. I'm not sure when they will. Nigeria is really the most prosperous country in Africa, except for South Africa. If it can't succeed, which one can? That was an interesting period. I visited a lot more countries and met some interesting people at one level or another. I guess that it was toward the end of the Johnson administration that Assistant Secretary Palmer told me that I was being considered for the position of Ambassador to Guinea or Upper Volta. I told him, "You know, I've never served in an English speaking country." I said that I'd like to serve in an English speaking country. He said, "Well, we feel that we still don't have enough senior French speaking officers." So they weren't considering me for any English speaking country. I didn't find out until later that U. Alexis Johnson, who was the Under Secretary for Political Affairs, was the one who really approved ambassadorial appointments. It went through, and I went to Upper Volta, although I was told that Johnson didn't really approve of FSO-2's as ambassadors.

I would have liked to serve in Guinea, because I knew President Sekou Toure. I wouldn't trust him any more than I'd trust anyone in the world. However, he certainly was fun to be around. [Laughter] I accompanied Nicholas Katzenbach, when he was Under Secretary of State, to Africa. We had a gay time in Guinea.

*Q: What were you doing in Guinea?*

SCHAUFELE: He was the Under Secretary of State, then, and no Secretary of State had ever visited Africa.

*Q: When was this?*

SCHAUFELE: I'll come back to that. I was designated to go along with him. We went to Guinea, Uganda, and I can't remember all of the other places on the itinerary. Katzenbach had influence, so anything that we could do to help him learn about Africa was good for the Bureau of African Affairs. I think that probably because there were French speaking places on the itinerary, the escort officers would be French speakers. Katzenbach's special assistant then, Jack Rosenthal, had been editorial page editor for the "New York Times." He is now the editor of the "New York Times" magazine. I still keep in touch with him. I

mostly carp at him. I used to see Nick Katzenbach from time to time, after he went to IBM. So I had that experience, which was new to me. I'd never accompanied anybody on a trip like that before.

William P. Rogers was the first Secretary of State to go to Africa, but it was a pro forma visit with President Nixon. I'd have to look that up, too. But for a real, working trip to Africa, Kissinger was the first Secretary of State to visit there. Rogers just went to one country, I think. I can't remember which one it was, now. Maybe you have a record of that. I'd forgotten about it until somebody reminded me, not too long ago, that Rogers was the first Secretary of State actually to set foot in Africa.

*Q: How did Katzenbach travel to Africa? Who traveled with him?*

SCHAUFLE: We had his wife, Jack Rosenthal, and a couple of other people in his office. I can't remember who they were now. There were certain things that the Under Secretary was usually responsible for, and that's why he went along. First of all, Katzenbach was the highest ranking State Department official to visit Africa up to that point. I still have some pictures of that trip, somewhere.

*Q: How long was the trip?*

SCHAUFLE: I don't recall. It was probably 10 or 12 days.

*Q: What year was that? Before you went to Ouagadougou?*

SCHAUFLE: Oh, yes. It must have been pretty close to the end of my time in the Office of Central and West African Affairs. Probably toward the end of 1968, as Nixon, a Republican, came into office in January, 1969.

I liked Katzenbach. His wife and Jack Rosenthal had higher ambitions for him. He wasn't particularly ambitious, but he really sparkled. He burst out for the public to see him. I have a picture of him. I remember that his wife talked about it. He was dancing in Guinea. She encouraged him, thinking that this would get him greater things, if he relaxed like this. He never did anything more -- or was he Attorney General?

*Q: Yes.*

SCHAUFLE: When?

*Q: Oh, I'd have to look it up. Before you left the Department and went on to your new post, how would you describe the operation of the Department in the middle to late 1960's?*

SCHAUFLE: Well, it functioned reasonably well. It was fortunate, of course, that Dean Rusk had previously worked in the Department. He had a concept of some sort of the role of the Department. He never explained it to me, if he had it. However, he must have had

some concept of how to run the Department. For a while we had a very active Under Secretary for Administration. This position is now called the Under Secretary for Management. The Under Secretary for Management at this time was Bill Crockett. He started something called "sensitivity training." I have mixed feelings about "sensitivity training." I have a feeling that executive superiors who are in favor of "sensitivity training" don't display much sensitivity themselves. I found Crockett's "shop" peculiarly insensitive, even while they insisted that the rest of us get sensitivity training. I had one week of this training, I guess.

*Q: What was that supposed to be? I missed that part.*

SCHAUFELE: I guess it was something that a psychologist dreamed up to improve communications. The idea is that you should be sensitive to what affects other people and how they affect you, so that you can work together more effectively and avoid the kind of backbiting and infighting that used to go on. And still does, in one form or another.

*Q: In the Department?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: Between one desk and another?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. Well, I can remember a little bit about the course. It was held out at Front Royal, VA, the State Department emergency relocation center west of Washington, DC. You spend about 24 hours there and meet other State Department people. The idea was to have a communications breakdown to teach the lesson of why it was so important to prevent the communications system from deteriorating. If you talked frankly to each other and understood the other person's point of view, you would avoid tensions. These are things which we should know instinctively, but it doesn't always happen that way because each institution has a kind of personality of its own. You see the same thing in big corporations. My son Peter has told me about the situation at SONY, where he works, and what goes on there. IBM recently announced a dress code. Do you know how long this dress code remained in effect? [Laughter]

*Q: I think that they're going to be sorry for that.*

SCHAUFELE: I think that they are, too. I think that they're going to have to reimpose some system.

So this program of sensitivity training was interesting. When we went back and had a debriefing in the Bureau of Management Affairs, that's when we found out that the Bureau of Management Affairs itself could use that kind of training. [Laughter] I don't know whether they did this with every group. However, it was a break in the routine. That's about all that I could say for it. It's the only training I ever had in the Foreign

Service Institute, except for the time I studied French. I never took the Junior Officer Course. I taught a couple of courses, but that's about all.

I still remember that I went out to Front Royal with a guy named Matt Loram, who was Jim O'Sullivan's deputy. By that time, I think, Matt was an office director somewhere. I really reached the point where I enjoyed Matt's company so much -- and that of his wife, an Austrian Rothschild. They live on a 70,000 acre estate in Austria now. She was open and friendly, and so was he. He had a good sense of humor. Sometimes a biting sense of humor. We had a great time in our comments to each other during that week of sensitivity training. [Laughter]

I've always had mixed feelings about a degree. I'm not against training. However, I've always wondered, when they add something new, whether it's worthwhile or whether they're just dreaming something up in order to do something. Or to increase their degree of expertise or influence or something like that. I guess that they still have the Ambassadors' seminars. They take them out to Harper's Ferry, VA, both career and non-career Ambassadors. I never went through that. I don't know how good that is. Certainly, this course should be useful in explaining the functions of an Ambassador -- especially to non-career people. The minimum requirements of being an Ambassador so that an Ambassador can develop them to the maximum extent at post.

Certainly, I'm all in favor of language training. Or if you're doing something specific, like consular work -- working on visas or passports. In certain fields of administration, obviously, you have to train people. But you can't do it very well in the field of political affairs.

We had an intensive economics course for a while at the Foreign Service Institute. I have a feeling that it never was quite satisfactory. It was necessary because the State Department traditionally -- and even during most of my career in the State Department -- was not good in the field of economics.

*Q: I've heard good things about the economics course.*

SCHAUFELE: That's good. I was an Economics Officer. I think, as I said once before, when I came back from Munich, that I was assigned to the Foreign Reporting Staff because they didn't know what else to do with me. I didn't know enough about economics, compared to my colleagues, although I had worked with the CERP [Comprehensive Economic Reporting Program] in the field. I was the only one of us who had, at that point. So I handled the negotiating with the other Washington agencies, having been involved so much in the substance of the CERP. However, I think that the State Department still suffers from weakness on the economic side. In effect, the State Department resigned much of that area to the Treasury Department.

*Q: What about the Department of Commerce?*

SCHAUFELE: Commerce was on the commercial side. Now there's a separate Foreign Commercial Service, which they used to have before 1938. I don't know how that separate service works. I never worked with anybody in that area. We didn't have a Foreign Commercial Service Officer in Warsaw, for example.

The State Department in the 1960's -- like almost any other time -- was going through a kind of management crisis. One of the solutions was to set up the "Country Director" system, as opposed to the "Office" system. Many Country Directors were Office Directors under the old system. The idea was that you got closer and were more involved and that you reported directly to the Secretary. It didn't work out that way, of course. A lot of us moaned about that, but things continued much the same, but with different kinds of groupings -- that's all.

*Q: I couldn't figure out what they were doing. Did anything really change?*

SCHAUFELE: I don't think it changed at all.

*Q: That's what I mean.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. Why they thought that you had to have a Country Director I don't know. It isn't as if you only had one country. This arrangement could work well in the case of a large country, like the Soviet Union. However, you couldn't do that in Africa. I don't know to what degree Secretary Rusk was talked into it or he contributed to it. I didn't find it particularly useful. We broke up Africa into I don't know how many offices. We previously had Offices of Central, West, East, and Southern African Affairs. Then we got the Office of Central and West African Affairs, which was my office, and then the other West African office, for the English speaking countries. Then we had another office for the Horn of Africa [northeast Africa]. We just broke the old offices into smaller segments.

One thing we didn't talk about, because I had kind of forgotten about it. In some ways my assignment to the Consulate in Bukavu "made" my career. In the first place, I found out -- when I got back to the Department -- that three people had previously turned down the job. I kind of thought that it would be fun to open a Consulate and be my own boss. But three people had turned down the job. Bukavu became a kind of "hot spot." I moved back into that "hot spot" in the State Department. I was working with high- ranking people, both career and non-career. I got a reputation for getting things done. Maybe I would have achieved something other than I did under other circumstances, but the assignment to Bukavu certainly started me off, rightly or wrongly.

*Q: When did you learn of your assignment as Ambassador to Ouagadougou? What kind of preparation did you get in the Department for that position?*

SCHAUFELE: I learned of the probability of this assignment before the elections of 1968, but I was actually nominated by President Nixon in 1969 after he took office. It so

happened that Joe Palmer had accompanied then Vice President Nixon to Africa and had a kind of relationship with him. At the same time I was being nominated as Ambassador to Upper Volta, Joe Palmer was exchanging jobs with David Newsom. Joe went to Libya as Ambassador, and Newsom came back to the Department as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. I had been Country Director for the area including Upper Volta, so I didn't need a lot of substantive preparation. I went through my first hearing for my appointment. I had previously had some informal meetings on Congolese policy and that sort of thing.

*Q: How did they handle that? Was this just the first step?*

SCHAUFELE: The first step is that you get a notification from the White House that the President intends to nominate you as Ambassador to such and such a country.

*Q: What happens before that?*

SCHAUFELE: Nothing.

*Q: You mean that this comes to you without warning?*

SCHAUFELE: As soon as an ambassadorial vacancy occurs, the Department -- at least during my period of service -- prepares a paper on the qualities required for an ambassador to this country. The Department then submits a list of two or three names to the White House. Then they wait for feed back from the White House to get some names that will be more acceptable, because they don't want to hurt anybody's career -- if they can avoid it. That's just as far as career officers are concerned. If non-career people are under consideration, sometimes you know about these in advance, in the sense that the White House wants to appoint a non-career officer. Sometimes you don't know. Sometimes the White House thanks the Department for its suggestions and then says that it is going to appoint somebody else. There was a man who was appointed Ambassador to Cameroon -- a non-career man who happened to be a very good choice. He was a college vice president and later served as president of a couple of colleges. He now runs the philanthropy program at Indiana University as a separate study.

*Q: Where is that?*

SCHAUFELE: It's in Indianapolis. Anyway, he was asked by the State Department to do some consulting for Bill Crockett, then the Under Secretary for Management. Crockett was impressed by him and suggested that he be named Ambassador. So he got the job and turned in a good performance. So appointments can be made in different ways.

*Q: So you received notification...*

SCHAUFELE: That the President intended to nominate me as Ambassador to Upper Volta. The Department then prepares all the papers to be signed. The White House sends

the nomination to the Senate. Then the Bureau of Congressional Affairs, or whatever it is called now, in the course of its liaison with Congress, schedules the actual hearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Now, certain things are liable to come up. Sometimes you don't know about them, but hopefully somebody will tell you about them. Sometimes you know something about them, which was the case when I went up for confirmation as Ambassador to Greece. I knew that the Greek-American community wanted a Greek American for the job. I expected that question to come up. Then the process is pretty cut and dried. Once the nomination goes forward to the Senate, you really are off on your new job. USIA [United States Information Agency] interviews you and takes pictures, the Bureau of Congressional Affairs advises you on which Senators you should call on before your hearing. If there's somebody not on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee but who has a special interest in some aspect of the country to which you are being appointed, you are advised to call on him or her. The management people in the State Department may have some advice to give you.

Then there are all of the personal things you need to do. Whether to sell your house or rent it. Still, I was surprised at how much time I had on my hands. I hope that I used my time well, but nobody expected me to do anything in particular, although I was still technically the Country Director for West and Central African Affairs. Nobody really expected me to do that job, full time. Luckily, there wasn't much business going on at that time.

*Q: This was not a big problem area.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. There were no big problems. Even before your hearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, you go around to the different government departments with an interest in the country to which you are being appointed. This was before we had a Foreign Commercial Service. You certainly go to the Department of Commerce. You nearly always have to go to the Treasury Department. Then, in my case, I obviously went to AID [Agency for International Development] and USIA [United States Information Agency]. USIA on the business side, not the "glorification of the Ambassador" side. Then you spend some time, in this case, with the Upper Volta Ambassador to the United States. You should meet with the heads of non profit organizations interested in the country to which you are assigned. Upper Volta, for example, has a large missionary presence.

*Q: Did you have contact with the UN?*

SCHAUFLE: I didn't do the UN bit. However, as I said, I was in touch with missionary groups, the AAI [African-American Institute], and that sort of thing. Then, in this particular case, obviously, I had to visit the Peace Corps contingent in training down in the Virgin Islands. I don't remember at what point in this process I was confirmed by the Senate.

There were a couple of people in the Department who had served in Upper Volta recently. I talked to them.

*Q: Who were they?*

SCHAUFELE: A political appointee called Skinner, a black anthropologist from Columbia University.

*Q: Had you already met them?*

SCHAUFELE: I had already seen him in the field several times at post. I was a little bit surprised to learn that Skinner had written a Ph.D. dissertation on the Mossi people, the dominant tribe in Upper Volta. When I got to Ouagadougou, I learned that he didn't really speak More, as their tribal language is known.

*Q: Really?*

SCHAUFELE: I suppose he worked through French. However, he gave the impression that he spoke More.

Oh, and I also met with representatives of INR [Bureau of Intelligence Research] and CIA. I didn't have a CIA officer assigned to Ouagadougou, but some of their people visited there from time to time -- every few weeks or so. I also didn't have an AID officer.

*Q: Did they have a regional representative?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, in the Ivory Coast.

*Q: How many confirmation hearings did you have?*

SCHAUFELE: Just one. That was routine. They didn't ask any hard questions.

*Q: Did the Senators seem to know anything about you?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes, they had a biographic sketch in front of them. I seem to recall that they did ask me about the situation in the Congo -- just in passing. They weren't making an issue of it. Some of them wanted to make sure -- for the public record -- that they had proved that I had experience in the area. Some of them were sensitive to that. How could they approve this man who had never been within 20 miles of Country X? So they actually proved that they were satisfied or dissatisfied with my background.

*Q: It was a good point to make.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. So the hearing was really nothing, compared to other hearings. They didn't know anything about Upper Volta and they didn't seem to think that it was very important -- which it isn't. By and large career people get Ambassadorial assignments to countries like that. The Senators can always say that they didn't know anything about it and that they had approved an appointee who knows something about it. You get wined and dined and have a swearing in ceremony at the State Department. The new Ambassador gets to invite whom he wants for the ceremony -- usually, it's all of the people in the whole geographic bureau. A fair number of your colleagues at the same level seem to show up. I can't remember who swore me in. I don't think that it was Secretary of State Rogers. Maybe it was the Deputy Secretary of State under Rogers.

*Q: So when did you leave for your post?*

SCHAUFELE: I guess it was in April, 1969.

*Q: You had been to Ouagadougou before and knew what the town looked like?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, and I also knew what the Ambassador's residence looked like.

*Q: So you arrived in Ouagadougou in April, 1969. Can you tell us something about your feelings when you arrived at that post?*

SCHAUFELE: Let me just add one more thing which I forgot, because we knew that this assignment was coming up. We sent our eldest son, Steven, off to boarding school.

*Q: Where?*

SCHAUFELE: At Mercersburg Academy. That was the first time we'd been separated as a family.

*Q: How old was he then?*

SCHAUFELE: We went there in 1969, so he was 16. That worked out all right. It wasn't until later that we learned that he didn't like much of it. However, he was a good student.

*Q: And your younger son -- did he go with you?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes, Peter went with us.

*Q: Was there a school there?*

SCHAUFELE: No, he studied under the Calvert system correspondence school, under the supervision of the wife of the representative of Catholic Relief Services. She was teaching her even younger son under the same system.

*Q: What grade was he in?*

SCHAUFELE: Let's see. He was born in 1959. He was 10 when he went to Ouagadougou. So he must have been in fifth or sixth grade. To reach there, we flew in from Paris. Upper Volta is a very dry and hot country -- full of red rocks. The whole Embassy staff, plus the Upper Voltan Chief of Protocol, was there to meet us. The Embassy staff consisted of the DCM, a Political Officer, an Economic Officer, a Consular Officer, two USIS [United States Information Service] officers, an Administrative Officer, and, I think, three communicators. That was about it, I guess.

*Q: Were there any secretaries?*

SCHAUFELE: There was an American secretary who was also my secretary when I was Ambassador to Poland. Brenda Lee, a wonderful black woman. She could always "tell me off." She was a real asset to the Embassy. Of course, my predecessor had been a black. However, Ambassadors always get to choose their secretaries. Brenda circulated well in the community. I should say that I forgot to mention the Peace Corps contingent.

*Q: This is Side A of Tape No. 6. Today is February 11, 1995. You were just talking about the Peace Corps group in Upper Volta.*

SCHAUFELE: I went down to their training site in the American Virgin Islands. I was told when I arrived that they were the most militantly anti-Vietnam group that they had ever trained. I couldn't really take care of that problem while I was down there, as I was only there for an afternoon and supper. But I met them. They got to Upper Volta about 10 days before we did. They happened to be "out in the bush" when we arrived. They were training in "bush" living. Anyway, we've come back to the Peace Corps. We had a dog with us, a "Sheltie" or miniature collie, with very long hair. He didn't like the climate at all. We drove to the house. We got out of the car, and the Sheltie immediately went into the swimming pool.

The residence was no great shakes. However, we didn't expect to have a great house or anything like that. It was a typical, colonial house. The kitchen was on the ground floor. The living quarters were on the second floor.

*Q: Who built the house originally?*

SCHAUFELE: I think that it was a French house originally. I don't know who built it. There was a living room with a dining room attached. The previous Ambassador's wife had all plush upholstered furniture put in the livingroom, which I couldn't stand to sit on, because the climate was so hot. We hardly ever used that living room. We had an "L-shaped" bedroom. We made the bottom of the "L" into a family livingroom. We even entertained there. The French Ambassador and his wife were invited to have dinner with us -- in the bedroom!

*Q: I suppose that it was air-conditioned.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. The house had a domestic staff of about six people: a cook, a man who took care of and cleaned the inside of the house, a gardener, and I don't know who else. We always joked about it. Our family, and particularly Peter, used to joke and say that Issa made the beds and cleaned our rooms. He would go back and clean our bedroom when we were having breakfast in the regular dining room. He was always barefoot and never walked on the rugs. He would walk on the edge of the rugs.

The house had a swimming pool. I would say that we did about 75 percent of our entertaining around the pool.

*Q: What was the climate like?*

SCHAUFLE: It gets up to about 110 degrees every day. It's very dry most of the year. The rainy season wasn't too bad. It was in the fall. Ouagadougou is on the southern edge of the Sahara Desert. In the far northern part of the country, AID had financed the construction of a ranch up there. We would go up there every once in a while.

*Q: What about water?*

SCHAUFLE: I'll tell you something interesting about water. There was a city water supply. They had to build a new reservoir in another place. We used to drive by the site as it was being built. All they had to do was to open up the ground, and there was water there. Once I said to an engineer that the reservoir had a very large surface and that there must be a fair amount of evaporation. He said, "Every day during the hot season a three day supply of water evaporates."

*Q: They still didn't have any way to deal with pollution.*

SCHAUFLE: No, they didn't have any money to finance a sewage plant. The water supply was adequate. It came up from the ground. There was no shortage of water. Everybody drew water from the central water supply. The indigenous people drew their water from spigots. We had a spigot, too. You should have seen the French residence in Ouagadougou. It looked like an Inca temple.

We had a couple of problems. One of my vice consuls was Theodore Roosevelt I V. He had two land tortoises, which weighed about 40 pounds apiece.

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*Q: This is February 25, 1995. We're continuing an interview with Ambassador William Schaufele. When we last talked, you were discussing your posting as Ambassador to Upper Volta, in Ouagadougou, in 1969.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. Maybe the best way to proceed is to go back over a couple of things that didn't come through so well and talk a little bit about the setting.

Ouagadougou was a sprawling town of very few buildings of any height. Most of the Europeans lived and worked in what used to be called, "the European Section." The "Voltans," as we called them at the time -- now they are called Burkinabe. The country is called "Burkina Faso," instead of "Upper Volta," as it was called during our time there. The Burkinabe lived in what was called the "cite." This was a sprawling collection of huts around the center of the city.

Our Embassy was located in a building which had already been built at the time we opened our office there. It had been expanded and modified for Embassy purposes. The Ambassador's residence was about a three-minute walk from the Embassy.

Ouagadougou was a typical, colonial town set there in Africa. Our residence was a typical, colonial structure, with the living quarters on the second floor. I guess that the reason they built them that way was that you got more air on the second floor than you did on the ground floor. Also, the clothes washing machine and dryer were outside, but protected by having the house over them. It was not a very imposing house. There was a porch the length of the house, where we used to have our breakfast. We practically never used the living room. I remember using it on one occasion for a small reception we had after I presented my credentials and came back to the house with the Chief of Protocol. Everybody from the Embassy and a few other guests were there for a drink. Otherwise, we didn't use the living room.

We entertained mostly outside. The swimming pool had a deck around it. The yard was very comfortable. There was a good growth of grass, which was watered constantly. I think that the first week we were there we entertained 75 people for dinner. That was mostly the Peace Corps contingent and the rest of the "unofficial" American community.

Across the street from the residence the Embassy had rented property and built a swimming pool. We kept a house trailer on this property. It was largely designed for the Peace Corps people when they came in from the "bush" to Ouagadougou for whatever purpose. Our son Peter, who was then 10 years old, preferred the swimming pool across the street to the one next to the residence because the Peace Corps people were there. They were a little younger and were more fun for him. This helped our relationship with the Peace Corps volunteers, because they saw us, not only as the Ambassador and his wife, but also as the parents of Peter who came over to get him for lunch, supper, or whatever. We often sat down near the pool across the street and chatted with the Peace Corps volunteers.

All in all, it was quite a comfortable way to live. We don't have any pretensions to luxurious living accommodations, anyway. As I said before, Peter studied, using the Calvert system. It's a good educational system.

*Q: I used this method for my son Timmy for first and second grade. The only difficulty then was that Timmy finished first grade in six weeks and the second grade in two months! Did you have that difficulty?*

SCHAUFLE: No, as I mentioned before, Peter's teacher was the wife of the Catholic Relief Services representative, who was teaching her own son, who was younger than Peter. She didn't try to rush them along. I knew how long it took for an exchange of papers, texts, and that sort of thing. It might have taken somewhat longer from Ouagadougou than from a more "civilized" place, though Upper Volta was really not "uncivilized." Peter didn't go to school the whole day. He became well-known in the town. He learned More, the local language.

*Q: What is that language related to?*

SCHAUFLE: The "lingua franca" for that part of Mali, Guinea, and Niger is Bambara. That was mostly because the colonial troops, the African troops whom the French organized, used Bambara, which is used mainly in Mali, I believe. So they all spoke the same language. As the soldiers went back home and were discharged, they passed this language on to other people, and it became the "lingua franca" of the area.

We were told an interesting story about this. In Senegal a "tank" became known as a "mossi" because of Voltan soldiers up there at the time. People would point to the tank, and the soldiers would identify themselves with this machine and say that it was a "mossi."

*Q: I think that you arrived in the early fall of 1969. You were confirmed, I recall, on September 17, 1969. Before you arrived in Ouagadougou, wasn't there some kind of scandal involving the former President, who was tried for embezzlement of public funds? What happened to him?*

SCHAUFLE: The first president of an independent Upper Volta was Maurice Yameogo. He was kind of a dictator. He used government funds illegally and was ultimately ousted by the military. He was tried and convicted but not put in prison. He was placed under house arrest in the town where he was born. I can't remember the name of that town right now. He was never a political factor in Upper Volta thereafter. In that part of Africa they usually don't execute people for such things. They just try to isolate them. He was effectively isolated. Also, you have to remember that he was a pre-independence crony of Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, who remained the President of his country until his death two or three years ago. The Voltans didn't want to offend Houphouet-Boigny by executing his pre-independence ally and friend. During the colonial period Upper Volta was administered by the French as a part of French West Africa [Afrique Occidentale Française].

The Voltan military were in control of the government when I got there. The President was a General named Lamizana. At that time the military held the key positions -- but not

all of the positions -- in the government. The minister of the interior was a military officer, obviously. The minister of finance was military -- and perhaps the leading personality in the government. He was very outgoing. He had a French wife. There was a fair number of the military who had French wives. The minister of finance had to put the country's finances in order, which he did. So he was important.

*Q: What was his name?*

SCHAUFELE: His name was Garango. He was minister of finance, as I said. President Lami Zanz was a benevolent, soft-spoken, respected person. He was not a big "ego" who dominated the government. There was really nobody who "dominated" the government in the sense of a single personality.

They had a series of -- I'm not sure what you call them -- kind of "fairs" in different places. The Diplomatic Corps, small as it was, was expected to attend those things. We were expected to provide prizes for the best livestock, or something like that. So that took up an unexpected portion of our Embassy budget. It was fun going to these fairs, sitting around and talking to people at the local level -- more than we would have done in some other places. Nearly all of the government ministers would be there, as well as all of the ambassadors -- the few that were there. I think that there were about six or seven ambassadors.

*Q: What countries were represented there at the time?*

SCHAUFELE: France, of course, Germany, the Soviet Union, Nigeria, Communist China, Israel, and, eventually, Egypt -- probably because Israel was there. The single, largest religious group was the Muslims. However, they don't have the concern about the Middle East situation that even the Moroccans have. And the Moroccans don't have so much of that feeling as the people in the Eastern Mediterranean area do.

About 20 percent of the people were Muslim. During Ramadan [the fasting month] they used to congregate in a very large plaza, which was empty of buildings. They would gather on Muslim feast days, pray, and that sort of thing. You would usually see 3,000 to 4,000 people out there. The Catholic Church was there. The Catholic Archbishop was an African, Cardinal Zoungrana. There were also Protestants, though not very many. However, for the most part the people were animists.

*Q: I think that Cardinal Zoungrana was very influential.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, he was important. You always have to remember that the effects of the colonial period did not wear off easily. The Catholic Church, of course, had had European priests and, I think, a bishop before independence. There was a Catholic Cathedral, which was one of the most imposing buildings in Ouagadougou. Cardinal Zoungrana was the second African cardinal to be appointed. He was not very talkative and was not a great conversationalist. However, he was listened to. We gave a reception

on July 4. Cardinal Zoungrana always came and sat next to the President. He was an important figure. I always got a kick out of him, since he was not a great talker. I asked him once about the breakdown of religious membership in Upper Volta. He went through the litany: about 20 percent Muslim, five percent Catholic, two percent Protestant. And I said, "And the rest are animists?" He said, "Oh, no, the rest are potential Catholics!"

*Q: The country had been independent for a few years when you got there. What was the nature of the government and how did they set it up?*

SCHAUFLE: When the military formed the government, I have the feeling -- though I can't prove it -- that they realized that a fully military government would probably be counterproductive. However, they had to have enough military people in the government to be able to control it. They also appointed non military people. The Foreign Minister was not a military man. The Development Minister was a man named Pierre Damiba, who was a very able man in his field. They also had to have effective representation of groups or tribes. I don't know whether there were any Catholics in the government or not. I never thought about that. I know that the president was a non practicing Muslim. I suspect that Gerango, the Finance Minister, may have been a Catholic. I don't know whether he was a practicing Catholic. So you had a fairly large government, by our standards, in such a small country. However, that's the way you keep a balance of relative moderation and peace. Everybody who really matters was represented in it.

Even the Moro Naba, the head of the Mossi, the biggest tribe, who no longer has political power, still had his court. You could go down there on a Friday and see his pages and all that sort of thing. He was a Muslim. Although he had no political power, he could cause trouble if his "Mossis" were not adequately represented. The President was not a "Mossi." He came from the northwest corner of the country. The Minister of Finance who, as I said, was probably the strongest minister in the government was a "Bissa." He was not a "Mossi."

*Q: Were the Mossis in the majority?*

SCHAUFLE: No. They were the single, largest tribe but not a majority. Upper Volta was known as a Mossi country. They were centered around Ouagadougou anyway. As I said, the Moro Naba was a Mossi. If you can think of the map, there is a railway that goes between Abidjan [Ivory Coast] and Ouagadougou. You leave Ouagadougou and head West, then South, and you get into a really tropical part of Upper Volta. Before you get into the Ivory Coast itself, there are many different tribes down there. But they all seemed to be adequately represented. I'm not going into the political developments in Ouagadougou and whatever came up between the military and the President. The upshot was that the President was ousted. He was not accused of a crime or anything like that. He just went back to his home place and lived there. Young activists -- I guess that you would put them politically to the Left of Center, but not too far to the Left -- took over the country. The first man who took over has been ousted since then. There still is that kind of instability. However, there's never been a real blood-letting in Burkina-Faso.

*Q: When you were there, the country's name was "Upper Volta."*

SCHAUFLE: That's right.

*Q: For the entire time you were there. The change didn't happen until later.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. The change in name didn't occur until some time in the 1980's, I think.

*Q: Was the influence of the French colonial governments apparent in the setup of the Voltan government?*

SCHAUFLE: Most of the major ministries still had French advisers. That was true in nearly all of the former French colonies. Those countries kept their French advisers for quite a while because they didn't have people available to replace them. For instance, Garango, the Finance Minister, was the most important member of the cabinet when we got there. He had an influence on economic development, obviously. His commission in the French Army was in the Quartermaster Corps. He had management skills but he didn't really have a background in public finance. He had to learn that and so he needed somebody. He was obviously well advised. He did a very good job, straightening out the finances of the country. The trouble is that the country is so poor that economic development comes very slowly.

*Q: What is its principal source of income, if any?*

SCHAUFLE: It really doesn't have much income, except for agricultural products, such as cattle. They grow many crops in the South, in the tropical area. They kept talking to me about deposits of manganese North of Ouagadougou. That's true. There is a deposit of manganese, but there is no way to get to it. They would have to extend the railroad, which would have been very expensive. The reserves of manganese aren't large enough to justify the expense, either of the railroad or the excavation of the manganese. So this remains a forlorn hope. In our development efforts we tried to talk about cattle raising, maybe on a commercial basis. As I mentioned before, we started up a ranch in the North, on the edge of the Sahara Desert. That was working pretty well, but it was hard to find the resources really to get into cattle raising and then to make arrangements for slaughter houses and the export of beef.

*Q: How would you describe the availability of food?*

SCHAUFLE: There was no particular problem with food there. They had enough cattle, pigs, and that sort of thing for local consumption. A lot of imported goods still came in from France. We had a commissary for the Embassy which didn't carry meat, vegetables, or other perishables. It stocked canned goods and some frozen items.

*Q: How did the food for the Commissary come in?*

SCHAUFELE: It came in by rail from Abidjan to Ouagadougou. I don't recall how we purchased it -- maybe from Denmark, I don't know. Abidjan had a fairly large Embassy. Maybe we just became a sub unit of the Commissary in Abidjan.

While we talk about economics, we might mention the export of labor. The Voltans are good workers. Heather has a theory which, I think, is correct. The people in the north have to work to live, but it is a hard life. The people down in the tropics in the south have an easy living. They pick the food from the trees. The port of Abidjan is the major, West African port. When you come down the coast, you have Dakar [Senegal] and then Abidjan [Ivory Coast]. Those ports were staffed by migrants, foreign workers, because they were more productive than the Ivorians.

*Q: Could the Voltans also go to Ghana?*

SCHAUFELE: Some did. It was interesting. The people who lived just north of the Ghanaian border very often spoke English, because of the traffic back and forth. Some of them worked in Ghana, though not usually down on the coast. There was a fair number of Voltans who worked on the big dam project in Ghana which had been built some years before.

*Q: What was the Embassy's main interest in Upper Volta and how would you describe your daily job at that time, in 1969 and 1970?*

SCHAUFELE: The Embassy's main interest, in a sense, was development. I should say that the decision was made, around 1965 or 1966, right after the wave of countries acceding to independence, that the Embassy in Abidjan would be responsible for the so-called "Entente" powers. The Entente powers included the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Niger, Togo, and Benin. Under the French system they had put this grouping of countries together as kind of an economic unit. So we didn't have just the Ambassador to the Ivory Coast. We made a decision that we would have an Embassy in each country. However, the economy of Upper Volta didn't warrant having an AID mission. We did have some AID projects. The cattle ranch in the northern part of the country was one. The others, by and large, were agricultural projects.

Other than development, our main interest was political, in the sense that we wanted to see stability in the area. We knew that this was a French "fiefdom" and we weren't going to challenge the French, although they always thought that we were challenging them. Given our other responsibilities, we couldn't get the resources to match what the French had -- which were essentially based on maintaining their economic and commercial position. Actually, the French Ambassador and I got along pretty well. I think that he kind of lost his instinctive distrust of what the Americans were up to, especially as they knew very well that we didn't have a CIA representative in the Embassy.

Our interest really was to continue what we called the "Entente" idea because this grouping of five countries helped to maintain a certain degree of stability. You might have some instability in one country or another. There was complete stability in the Ivory Coast. Houphouet-Boigny lived out his life there as President. There was some instability in Upper Volta, but it didn't affect things very much. It was more important when the military took over Togo, and General Eyadema became increasingly authoritarian and dictatorial. That didn't work very well. Then the people living in Benin, which used to be called Dahomey, were always very interesting and active. In some ways, they were very brainy, but were always unstable, although never dangerously so.

*Q: In terms of daily reporting, what was the State Department asking for?*

SCHAUFLE: The Department obviously wanted whatever kind of reporting we could send in which would throw light on political, economic, and financial developments. However, because I'd been the Country Director for this area of Africa, I tended to look at the situation in a larger context, because this was what I had done as Country Director. The reporting system was quite good, I thought. I talked to the cabinet ministers and the President, while the younger officers were talking to lower level people in the same ministries and also struck up friendships in other areas. This might not have anything to do with anything we were interested in, but nevertheless it taught them a lot about the society and how it operated. I've always considered that very important.

If you don't know how the society operates, you can get into trouble. For example, while we were there, as had been done in Malawi, the Voltan government ruled that no women could wear mini skirts in public. So, as Embassy people arrived, we would brief the women on this matter. They could wrap a cloth called a "panga" around the waist, which would then drop to the ground, in case anyone was wearing mini skirts. The young women in the Peace Corps had a little problem with that, although they finally accepted this. At first this rule didn't apply to non Muslims. A Frenchwoman we knew wore really short skirts. I think that this woman's skirts were what caused the Voltan government to apply this prohibition to everybody. My secretary always had a "panga" in the office. When she went out on the streets, she wore it.

One of my friends -- I guess that he was an Ivorian -- was an African economic and financial expert. He often came up to visit Upper Volta. We were having lunch one day at the house. I said, "Now, tell me, does this mean, in effect, that in your society female thighs are seen as more provocative than breasts?" There were bare breasted women -- not so much in Ouagadougou but out in the countryside. He said, "Oh, yes. African men are much more interested in thighs than breasts." [Laughter]

*Q: A local dress requirement. I think that you mentioned the Peace Corps in Upper Volta.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. There was a contingent of about 30 Peace Corps volunteers -- both men and women. I mentioned that I had visited them in training in the American Virgin Islands before we went to Upper Volta. I mentioned that this was the most militantly anti-

Vietnam group that had ever gone through training there. Well, we were only in the Virgin Islands over night. I talked to some of the volunteers, but none of this had really come up.

They had arrived before we did and had gone out in the "bush" to experience "bush" style living. When we arrived in Upper Volta, not all of them were out in the field yet. So one of the early things that I did was to go over to the Peace Corps headquarters. I sat down and spent a couple of hours, talking with them. A lot of this anti-Vietnam and anti-U. S. Government attitudes came out. I couldn't satisfy them under the circumstances.

Luckily, somebody asked a question. Sometimes a single question can help. They asked me about recognition of Communist China. I said, "Well, as you know, the United States does not recognize Communist China." I said that I didn't happen to agree with that policy and that I thought that we should recognize them. I developed this theme a little bit. That surprised them -- that I would say that I was opposed to a government position. They obviously had a learning process to go through.

Most of them had been trained as well diggers. They went out to help the villagers dig wells. Then they found that, obviously, the villagers already knew how to dig wells. The interesting thing was the lining of the wells. The Peace Corps volunteers taught the villagers to line these wells with concrete and to have a raised step at the edge so that dirt and animal droppings don't get kicked into the well. It's a very simple thing but it makes a difference.

*Q: The villagers didn't have that kind of idea?*

SCHAUFLE: No. They just dug a hole in the ground. Sometimes enough soil or animal droppings would get kicked in so that it would plug up the well. Most of the volunteers helped to dig wells. There were some of them who did other things as well. Our son Peter used to go out with two or three of them, whom he visited occasionally. Heather would send what she called a "Care" package along, including things that they couldn't get to eat in the "bush." So Peter became fairly well known among the Peace Corps volunteers.

It was interesting to watch the evolution of the Peace Corps. At first they used to dress the way the young people used to dress in the 1960's: fairly sloppy, in shorts or that sort of thing. They found out themselves that the Voltans didn't respect Europeans who dressed worse than the Voltans. At least the Voltans were largely neat. A man would wear pants and a shirt. If he had a little more money, he might eventually get up to a jacket and a tie. The women always wore their "pangas," and they were always neat. A lot of the Peace Corps volunteers discovered that they got more respect and were listened to more frequently if they dressed more neatly.

As one volunteer who had just come in from the field said to me, "Now I've found out about this cultural imperialism." I saw him in Ouagadougou just after he had gotten a haircut. I joked with him about it. He said, "I have enough trouble doing my job without

making it more difficult for myself with the way I look and dress." That was a rather interesting development as time went on.

*Q: So the Peace Corps volunteers were a very important part of our presence in Upper Volta.*

SCHAUFLE: They were the single, largest American group there. They were much larger than the Embassy. In addition to the 30 Peace Corps volunteers there were three Peace Corps staff members, administering the contingent, and a doctor, which was unusual for a post that size. He treated us in the Embassy, too, but he was the Peace Corps doctor. When you look at the situation from an historical, including colonial, perspective, the French probably had some Residents or Deputy Residents -- whatever titles they gave them -- living in the country, outside the capital. However, the French didn't have anyone at the village level, except people occasionally passing through. They certainly didn't have anybody at the local level who was more comfortable speaking More than French, because the French "civilizing mission" didn't include learning the local language.

So the Peace Corps was a presence scattered throughout the country. The only contact that a lot of Voltans ever had with Americans was a Peace Corps volunteer, who probably did a lot more than dig a well. Americans tend to be able to "do things" to make life easier. They would get a hut and then improve it, and that sort of thing. The locals could see that things could be done to make their lives a little easier, a little more convenient, or something like that.

So what has been left behind by the Peace Corps? Somebody should probably write this up some day. I don't know if this will be done or not. I don't know if there is still a Peace Corps in what is now Burkina Faso [Upper Volta]. Practically the only other Americans in the country outside the Embassy were Catholic Relief Services representatives and some Protestant missionaries -- not many, but some.

At the time of the Moratorium against our Vietnam policies in Washington [1970] the Peace Corps volunteers sent a delegation to meet with me. They asked first if they could wear black armbands on that day. I said, "Sure, fine, if you want to wear black armbands." They asked me if I would forward a petition to the President about the Vietnam War. I said, "Yes." They asked me a couple of other, little things. I didn't turn them down on anything, so one of them finally said, "Well, what wouldn't you accept?" I was very frank with them. I said that I wouldn't accept anything that would embarrass the Voltan Government, because American policies on Vietnam are an internal, American issue. The Voltans shouldn't have to put up with incidents, demonstrations, or anything like that which would give them problems, because we are a foreign presence. It also might give some Voltans ideas about one thing or other. I said, "You have to remember that this is a military government. The President and several of his cabinet ministers served in Vietnam with the French Army. In fact, the President was at Dien Bien Phu. So, in effect, you're taking them to task. We don't need that." The end result was that they didn't do any of the things. I don't know what they did among themselves -- whether they had meetings

or something like that. They didn't do anything in the way of presenting demands in public. They didn't send me a petition.

*Q: They understood the fact of being a guest in another country.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right.

*Q: That's quite amazing.*

SCHAUFELE: It was. And it so happened that a friend of mine was the Ambassador to Ghana. He had the same experience with Peace Corps volunteers assigned there and he turned them down on everything that they asked for. He had a hell of a mess on his hands afterwards, in the form of constant hostility displayed by the Peace Corps volunteers. Well, he was that type. It didn't surprise me that he turned them down. He was a pretty stiff, "traditionalist" diplomat. However, just as an Ambassador should learn the foreign culture in which he has to operate, he has to know something about his own culture, and the Peace Corps was part of that culture.

We had a Peace Corps volunteer who was hurt twice. We used to say that he was "accident prone." One time he fell down a well and broke his heel. The next time he was out running in Ouagadougou and broke his cheek bone. He had to be medically evacuated both times. He came back both times and finished out his contract. That was pretty impressive to the people who knew about it.

*Q: Would you say that the Peace Corps had a good reputation with the Voltans? What did they think about this group of young people, coming over there?*

SCHAUFELE: I think that they were puzzled by them. The villagers in many places had really not had personal contact with Europeans, to speak of. And, for this purpose, we were considered Europeans. Secondly, if they had had some contact, it was usually in a commercial or a development context -- because the French had aid projects, too. Then, the Peace Corps volunteers lived as these people did but brought additional talents. They had something to offer, including their own labor. I think that this was quite impressive to them. If these villagers had had experience with Europeans, they didn't expect this. If they hadn't had such experience, this contact with Peace Corps volunteers was entirely new to them.

I'm sure that people who compile a history of the Peace Corps will find that the volunteers did well in some places and badly in other places. Perhaps the projects weren't properly picked out, and that sort of thing. I suspect that the balance, over the years, will be positive.

*Q: So there was no immediate reaction to the Peace Corps volunteers in Upper Volta?*

SCHAUFELE: No.

*Q: So they were living right out in the village areas?*

SCHAUFEELE: Oh, yes.

*Q: In groups of, what, three or four?*

SCHAUFEELE: No, individually.

*Q: Truly? Good heavens!*

SCHAUFEELE: There were some projects where there were two or three volunteers involved, but the well diggers, the biggest, single group, lived alone in the villages.

*Q: These were men and women?*

SCHAUFEELE: Yes.

*Q: And the women would go out singly, as well?*

SCHAUFEELE: They didn't do well digging. They worked with women's groups.

*Q: So they had specific tasks.*

SCHAUFEELE: Yes. These were jobs that they were taught to do. This was what their training was about. They had to learn to eat, by and large, with the local population. That didn't seem to cause any negative problems.

*Q: What did the people eat out in the country?*

SCHAUFEELE: They essentially have a grain and meat diet. I've eaten like this. It's not very "thrilling," but it's perfectly good, basic food, as long as you also eat vegetables. And the people did eat vegetables.

*Q: These were available in the countryside?*

SCHAUFEELE: The people in the villages grew the vegetables themselves, by and large. You would find watered plots, and they cultivated vegetables there. There was a distribution system for basic essentials. If some items weren't available from local production, there was a distribution system in the larger, provincial capitals.

*Q: They went down to Abidjan, to the Embassy Commissary?*

SCHAUFEELE: Or the basic essentials came from the southern part of Upper Volta, which was less arid. Bobo Dioulasso was the second largest town in Upper Volta and was on the

railroad line which ran from Abidjan to Ouagadougou. The railroad line used to end at Bobo. That's where the tropical part of Upper Volta starts.

I took the train once from Abidjan back to Ouagadougou. People thought that I was crazy. Imagine, a European who took the train! They have showers on it, as I already knew. I asked the conductor about a shower, because it's an overnight trip from Abidjan to Ouagadougou. He said, "Yes. Probably, tomorrow you can take a shower." I said, "Why can't I take one now?" So he took me down to the shower stall at the end of the car. It was full of bananas, which he had bought to sell when he got to the end of the line.

*Q: He filled up the shower stall!*

SCHAUFELE: After he sold all of the bananas, I could take a shower. There was recently a story about that railroad line in the "New York Times." There's a lot of fever going on down there. The service has degenerated.

*Q: That's too bad. Did the French build that railway line?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: Were the cars and the equipment also French?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: Were there sleeper cars?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. Luckily, they weren't built exactly to European standards because it's so hot there. The cars were much more open, so you could sleep. It could get very hot there during the day. However, at least when you were moving, there was some breeze coming in through the open window. But they didn't have any food. When I took the train from Abidjan to Ouagadougou, I brought some food with me to eat. When we stopped at Bobo Dioulasso, I went out into the town, for one reason or another. We stopped long enough for me to go to the local hotel and have lunch. Like in the United States, the first hotels in a lot of towns were built by the railroads.

I'm sorry that the service has degenerated, but I'm afraid that that's the history of parts of Africa and other parts of the world. There are things that the colonialists built which don't fit the culture or situation of the people, in some cases. Anyway, when the French were there, public order was always pretty good. When the French left, public order and security tended to deteriorate. The worst case I saw was in the Belgian Congo, where public order really deteriorated.

*Q: Things haven't improved, I understand.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, it's just the same -- if not worse.

*Q: The French built these things, but there was probably no training in how to maintain them.*

SCHAUFELE: There was some training. I don't "knock" the African ability to figure out ways to maintain lots of things, as long as they're not too complicated. They could do it. They couldn't do major repairs on a locomotive. Perhaps that was done in Abidjan, for the most part. And Bobo Dioulasso. Bobo had a more substantial facility for maintaining trains than Ouagadougou did, because Ouagadougou was the end of the line.

I enjoyed the country, but there wasn't enough for me to do. I think that we had a fairly successful presence. We were looked up to. The Voltans, by and large, were very friendly, so that you could have good chats and talks with them. I was given a horse.

*Q: A horse!*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. A village would come to us and say that they needed a one-room school. They would provide the labor if we would provide the funds for the materials. They needed a school or some other kind of building. We put up a lot of buildings like that. When this community project was finished, of course, I always had to go to dedicate it. On one occasion I went to a Fulani village. The Fulanis are nomads. They're not as nomadic as they used to be, but traditionally they are nomads. You call them "Hausas" in Nigeria and "Fulanis" in Upper Volta. Heather always went with me on these trips.

We'd gone through the dedication ceremony and so forth. All of a sudden, up comes a man, leading a horse. The village chief said that this was their gift to me. So immediately I had to put off the leave taking, and we sat down and had a typical, African "palaver" [discussion]. We had to negotiate this. I had to explain to him that I couldn't accept the gift. So finally it was agreed that the present would be given to the Embassy. I left. They walked the horse to Ouagadougou -- took 10 days.

*Q: How far was that?*

SCHAUFELE: I can't remember exactly where it was in relation to Ouagadougou. It was probably 100 miles. They brought the horse down to Ouagadougou. Of course, they told everybody that it was for the Ambassador. We weren't there when it arrived. We came back a couple of hours later, and there was the horse in our compound, grazing on the grass, which he didn't have up where he came from.

We couldn't leave the horse there. However, there was a French riding club, where we were able to stable the horse. Our son Peter learned to ride there. It was very interesting. Nearly all of the French officers -- because the French had a military mission there -- were trained cavalrymen. However, the horses from that part of the world are too small for most adult, European males. So they agreed to teach the women and children how to ride. Peter told the story that there was one rather bad-tempered horse. They put someone

on it who really couldn't control it. The horse was running around the corral. He turned his head, grabbed the rider's shirt, and pulled him out of the saddle! He wasn't hurt, but...

*Q: I've never seen that!*

SCHAUFELE: It was a white horse.

*Q: Did the Voltans ride horses?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, they ride. They ride bare back or with something like camel saddles which they manufacture locally. They are primitive saddles.

*Q: Was that a traditional way of riding?*

SCHAUFELE: I doubt it. It must have been introduced. It may have come from Nigeria, where they have horses. The Hausas had horses. In Upper Volta we had -- what are they called? We called them the "blue people" in Morocco.

*Q: I can only think of Berbers.*

SCHAUFELE: They're not Hausas. They're called Tuaregs. They speak a language called Tomachek, and they're all over the Sahara Desert region. We went up, with a group, and spent a couple of days with them. There we found out that the clothing of these proud people, who were called "blue people" because of what they wore, was colored with aniline dyes. In the desert area in particular they wore a part of their clothing wrapped around their faces. So this gave a blue tinge to their skin.

*Q: The dye came off?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. We went up there. They had their camels and their "yurts," or big tents. They tend to be very tall people. I asked finally about a group of short people who seemed to be doing all of the serving. I asked one man, "Who are those people?" I was told, "Those are 'Bellas.' They're not Tuaregs. I said, "What is the Bella relationship to the Tuaregs?" He answered without thinking, because they had gotten used to me. He said, "That's our slave tribe." I said, "Do you still have slaves here?" He said, "No. Technically, we can't have slaves any more." He said that after independence, "We told the Bellas that they weren't slaves any more." But, he said, "They didn't know how to do anything else, so they stayed with us, anyway." I didn't say, "So you still treat them as slaves." But they did. However, that practice is declining, and the Tuaregs themselves are dying out, because the area in which they can wander is getting smaller and less hospitable to them all the time, now.

There was a recent story about Tuaregs. I don't know where I saw that. Perhaps it was in the "National Geographic." It wasn't really about Tuaregs, but the article mentioned the Tuaregs because the author went to Timbuktu [Mali].

*Q: I don't recall if I asked you about other amenities. Did the French install electricity? If there was such service, how far did it extend? How available was electricity in Ouagadougou?*

SCHAUFELE: We certainly had electricity in Ouagadougou. All of the major towns had electricity. In the villages you would find generators which would only be turned on at night. It didn't mean that each hut had electricity, but whatever administrative buildings there were would have electricity. We never had any particular problems with electricity that I can recall. I was always rather surprised at how much electricity there was.

*Q: How was it generated?*

SCHAUFELE: There was a coal-fired plant in Ouagadougou.

*Q: Did it burn locally produced coal?*

SCHAUFELE: No. The coal was brought in. I don't know where it was brought from. There is coal produced in Africa -- but not very high quality. I know that those pre-independence electricity generating installations required almost constant maintenance.

*Q: You mentioned that you had done quite a bit of traveling, both in Upper Volta and in the area. Could you tell us something about that?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, we traveled a lot in Upper Volta -- either by myself or with Heather. We were always greeted hospitably and learned something from it. I remember once when we went up to the AID ranch, one of our development projects up in northern Upper Volta, on the edge of the Sahara Desert. The AID mission had established a cattle ranch -- called Markoy. We had a resident American up there. He was the only resident AID person, that is, hired by AID, to run the ranch. The temperature got up to about 130 degrees during the day there. The ranch was a little way out of a local town. People came out from the town and serenaded us for an hour or so.

I got at least some feeling on how it is to raise cattle under such desert or semi-desert conditions. The cattle did pretty well. A cow would be taken out to a person in the area who was expected to arrange to breed her. That would spread the breed, or the cross-breed, for that area. The program had mixed success. In some places this worked out and sometimes it didn't. In some areas if the local man was assiduous in making sure that he had the right feed for the animal, it worked out. There was a veterinarian available. A careful, local man would call the veterinarian at the right time, when the calf was expected. If he didn't take care of the animal, it would be used for meat. However, it was a worthwhile project. I don't know what's happened to it since then.

*Q: Did the Voltans traditionally have cattle?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes, the Tuaregs travel with cattle.

*Q: They've had them for a long time.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. However, they are African breeds and are not very meaty.

*Q: Do they use the cattle for milk?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes, although they also drink camel's milk, because they have camels for transport. They pack up their tents and put them on camels -- and then ride the camels themselves. It's quite an engineering feat.

*Q: This was an American AID project at this ranch?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: What was the project supposed to do?*

SCHAUFELE: The idea was to modernize and formalize cattle raising. Instead of having one cow for an extended family or two cows for a village, you might have a larger number of cows. And these cows raised at the AID ranch were worth a lot more. Raising cattle could become a real "profession," so to speak -- just keeping the cows for milk.

*Q: But how would they get the milk to market? Where were the markets?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, they could drive the cattle to market. That's what they were doing when we were there. But they didn't have a large number of cattle, and they weren't driving them very far. If the project were to be really successful, in the long run, they would probably have to have cattle trucks. I think that I mentioned earlier that there would have to be a slaughterhouse somewhere -- not just slaughter the cow in typical, local style.

*Q: In that kind of heat the meat wouldn't last very long.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. But if you build a slaughterhouse, you can also build a cold storage place. That would have been feasible if there had been enough cattle. However, the project hadn't reached that point when I was there. In fact, the ranch had almost closed at one point. I can't remember what happened. It was before my time. It had been reinvigorated and really restarted at the level which they had hoped to achieve some time earlier.

We took one, relatively long trip. We went down to Ghana, Togo, and Dahomey, which is now called Benin. We didn't go to Nigeria. We did the whole trip in our own car -- no driver. Heather and Peter went along, and we took the Sheltie dog along with us.

*Q: What kind of car did you have?*

SCHAUFELE: We had a Peugeot station wagon.

*Q: What were the roads like?*

SCHAUFELE: They were mostly dirt roads. The Peugeot was very good under those circumstances. Other cars would work out very well, except for that little Renault, which was the most widely used car in that part of the world. French cars held up very well in that situation. We didn't have any trouble. I can still remember it. We missed the ferry across a big reservoir in Ghana, which had been built as part of a large AID project. We had come down from Upper Volta in the North and had to cross that lake to go on down to Accra. We missed the ferry, so we got out of the car and walked around a bit. Along the shore of the reservoir we ran into a village chief, who was greatly entranced by our dog, especially because he had such a heavy coat. The chief really wanted that dog. He would have offered me anything to have it. I'm sure he would have eaten it, but he didn't get it.

You couldn't travel in a Peugeot in those circumstances without air conditioning.

*Q: What about gasoline?*

SCHAUFELE: There was no problem. As long as there was a road, there was gasoline somewhere.

*Q: Did you know where the gas was?*

SCHAUFELE: No.

*Q: How much gas did you carry with you?*

SCHAUFELE: I think that we only carried one five-gallon can. My Peugeot 404 got fairly good mileage. You could certainly find a gas station after going 100 miles or so.

*Q: Really?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. That is, as long as you were on the road. When you really got off the road, where there isn't much traffic, you could have a problem.

*Q: How much traffic was there?*

SCHAUFELE: There was some. Sometimes you were alone. Sometimes you would see a group of cars. It varied, depending on where you were. The road to the South, from Upper Volta into Ghana, was pretty well traveled. The last town in Upper Volta before you reach the Ghanaian border is called Po. It's a fairly good-sized town. I didn't find traveling that difficult. When you drive along the coast, as we did this time, the road was paved. The North-South roads tended to be unpaved. This was an interesting trip for all of us, and we enjoyed it. It was about the only vacation trip of that nature which we took.

While I was in Ouagadougou, we had a visit from the Under Secretary for Management, Bill Macomber. This was in 1971. He had gone to Yale. He had a U. S. Air Force plane for the trip. We gave a big reception for him and his wife, who accompanied him. They seemed to enjoy it. I don't know if you ever met his wife, whose name was Phyllis Bernau. She used to work in the Secretary's office. Bill was a staff aide to Secretaries of State Dulles and Herter. He was a political appointee. So they got to know each other and were married later on.

Macomber could be very irascible. She really tempered his bad habits. The culmination of his trip was to be in Abidjan, where we were to have a Chiefs of Mission conference. We flew down on the plane with him to Abidjan. I had talked with him previously. I said that I thought that it was about time for me to leave Upper Volta. I had enjoyed it, but I needed something more active to occupy my time. He agreed. I remember that when I was in Abidjan, I learned that my father had died. I couldn't get a plane for three days.

*Q: It was too late?*

SCHAUFLE: Too late, yes. It probably took two days to get word to me, somehow or other, because we were moving around.

*Q: Where did your father live at this time?*

SCHAUFLE: Near Cleveland, in Lakewood, OH. So I missed that unhappy event. I did talk to my sister. I didn't even know that he was seriously ill. I knew that he was ill, but not that seriously. I finally asked her what he died of. She said his aorta burst. It was incredible. I'd never heard of such a thing before. He was probably weakened by the cancer.

*Q: He had an aneurysm?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. Well, the transfer from Ouagadougou didn't take long. Heather went home for Steven's graduation from prep school. Steven had written to say that it was a tradition at the school to do something on graduation day that you normally weren't allowed to do. There were some girls at the school. Steven said that most of the guys were going to smoke on the front lawn of the campus. He didn't smoke, but he said that that didn't mean anything to him. He said, "If you'll give me a bottle of wine..."

Well, that brings up one thing, I'm sorry to say, that we have missed. I'd forgotten about that. In 1970 we had an R&R [Rest and Recuperation] leave. We had R&R leave once a year. Steven was spending the summer at Grenoble [France], attending a course there and increasing his appreciation of French food and wine. We flew up to Grenoble with Peter and did some traveling in France and into Germany, where we saw some old friends. It was nothing unusual but it was very pleasant. It was a relief from the hot, sunny days in Upper Volta. It's always good to see old friends. Anyway, Heather went back for Steven's

graduation in 1971. I received a telegram from Washington, asking me if I would be interested in replacing the person who was then called the Senior Adviser to the Permanent Representative to the UN. I sent a message to Heather to arrange to talk with Charlie Yost who had previously been the Permanent Representative, though he didn't then hold that position. He had retired.

*Q: He was our Ambassador in Morocco.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. He was the first career officer to be Permanent Representative to the UN -- maybe the only one. I don't know whether there's been any career officer assigned there since that time.

*Q: I can't remember any.*

SCHAUFELE: At that time the Permanent Representative was an ex officio member of the President's cabinet. That was interesting -- not that they listened to him much, I believe. Anyway, in my telegram to Heather, I said, "Please talk to Charlie Yost and see what he thinks of it as a job per se and as a job for me and then call me from Bill Macomber's office. They'll arrange it for you." So that's what she did. Charlie Yost thought it was a worthwhile job, so I agreed to accept the offer. Heather flew back to Ouagadougou for the packing of our effects and the leavetaking.

We left Ouagadougou, satisfied that we had done a reasonably good job and quite happy that we had been there. However, I think that we had had enough of it. After all, it was my first assignment as Ambassador -- both literally and as an Ambassador. I learned a lot of things from this experience that I could apply elsewhere, under different circumstances and at different levels of responsibility. I never served at such a small place again. This is not surprising, of course. So the Ouagadougou episode was a worthwhile experience. I was promoted to FSO-1 while I was there. U. Alexis Johnson [then Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs] felt better that we no longer had an FSO-2 as Ambassador.

*Q: FSO-1 is the equivalent to FSO Minister Counselor today, as I recall.*

SCHAUFELE: I guess so. I never kept track of those things.

*Q: There was something about the way they changed those ranks.*

SCHAUFELE: They changed them all.

*Q: But that was about it. That was the top.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, but you see they didn't change the ranks then. I was later promoted to FSO Career Minister, which was the highest rank in the Foreign Service. They had appointed some FSO Career Ambassadors and then they stopped doing that. Then they reinstated that rank after I retired. What do they call Career Minister in the new system?

*Q: That's an extra step above the other grades.*

SCHAUFELE: I see. Well, I didn't follow that change.

*Q: How did you feel about the support you received from the State Department while you were in Ouagadougou? Did anybody else visit you beside Under Secretary Macomber, for example?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, the Country Director did -- the guy who replaced me.

*Q: Who was that?*

SCHAUFELE: I think that it was John McKesson. The desk officer for Upper Volta did, obviously. We had a good desk officer.

*Q: Who was that?*

SCHAUFELE: Chuck Twining. He was very good. He followed up on everything. I couldn't have asked for a better desk officer. Somebody came out from USIA [United States Information Agency], but I can't remember his name. There was no AID visit. We had the AID Director from Abidjan who came up, but I can't remember anybody from Washington coming for a visit. We didn't get any military visits, which was fine with me. Let the French have their military presence in Upper Volta.

*Q: Yes, they probably wouldn't be happy about American military visits. Flying into and out of Ouagadougou wasn't all of that difficult at that time.*

SCHAUFELE: No. I think that there were three flights a week from Paris and two flights a week from Abidjan.

*Q: What kind of planes?*

SCHAUFELE: They were usually DC-7's, I think. They were flown by Air France or Air Afrique, both of which were subsidized by the French government. There were charter flights. I'm sure that the French had some charter planes at the airport in Ouagadougou. I can't remember them specifically, although I was out at the airport often enough. There were a lot of small planes there, but I don't know whose they were. Some of them could well have been French. Obviously, there were some Voltan Air Force planes. They weren't fighter planes. They were small aircraft.

*Q: So you felt fairly isolated in Upper Volta?*

SCHAUFELE: No, we didn't feel that isolated. Sometimes you might not get a message, as was the case when my father died. You might have to wait two days for a flight reservation. You're never happy about that sort of thing.

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*Q: This is a continuation of the interview with Ambassador William E. Schauffele. The date is February 25, 1995. Mr. Ambassador, after leaving Upper Volta you accepted your onward assignment to the UN.*

SCHAUFFELE: Yes. We must have had home leave, although I can't remember much about it. I'm sure that we went to Bakersfield, CA, to see how things were and also dropped off to see my mother in Ohio. However, we had to get back to New York and find a place to live. We really couldn't live in New York City, for financial reasons but, even more so, because of our son, Peter. So we went house hunting in the suburbs and finally found a house in Larchmont, NY, about two blocks away from the elementary school.

*Q: So you settled there for school reasons.*

SCHAUFFELE: For school reasons, because Peter was 12 years old and hadn't been in a regular school since he was 10. Age 12 is kind of a turning point in education. We used to start into junior high school at that age in Ohio.

*Q: He had finished two grades under the Calvert system in Ouagadougou.*

SCHAUFFELE: Yes. But he may have been a grade behind -- I can't remember. Anyway, as I said, the elementary school was two blocks away in one direction, and the railroad station for the commuter train I took was two blocks away in another direction. So it was a convenient location.

Our Permanent Representative to the UN at the time was George Bush, who was a classmate of mine at Yale.

*Q: Did you know him?*

SCHAUFFELE: I knew him, but not very well. He was supposed to enter Yale the same year that I entered Yale, but he volunteered for the Navy. So he didn't graduate with the rest of the class. While he was in the Navy, he was married. So when he came back to Yale after World War II, he lived off campus. As I said, although I knew him, I didn't know him very well and didn't see him very often. I don't know what he majored in -- economics, I suppose.

Anyway, Chris Phillips was the Deputy Permanent Representative. W. Tapley "Tap" Bennett, Jr., was the third ranking man in the U. S. Mission to the UN -- USUN. I can't remember who the economic man was. He was not a career Foreign Service Officer. Anyway, it didn't make any difference.

Essentially, I was given responsibility for the Fourth Committee, which involved work with the Decolonization Committee and the Security Council, although Tap Bennett had the title of Ambassador assigned to the Security Council. In any case, I was supposed to keep up with the Security Council. I can't remember if I was specifically assigned the job of coordinating our participation in the General Assembly. That's one of those cases where you make a mistake if you make too many suggestions.

I suddenly realized, about half way through my first General Assembly session in the fall of 1971, that we had a fairly large staff but we weren't really coordinating. We had one person at about the FSO-3 level assigned to each committee to keep up with it at all times. There were always public members of the delegation to the General Assembly who were also assigned to committees. However, they obviously depended on the working level, FSO-3 person to know what was going on and that sort of thing. However, we weren't getting any "trade-offs."

The United States couldn't always have its way in these big groups in the UN and couldn't have its way in the Security Council, either, because somebody else could use the veto. There was no relationship being made between issues. Nobody said, "Look, we're going to lose on this political issue. However, maybe in conceding a loss and expressing what we thought -- although we couldn't vote against our position on the record -- we might get a 'trade-off' on the economic side." So I sent a memo to George Bush, suggesting that we seek "trade-offs" where appropriate.

*Q: What did you suggest?*

SCHAUFELE: I suggested that in the General Assembly the work of the U. S. representatives on the various committees should be coordinated so that they would not be working in a vacuum. As it eventually turned out, I didn't have anything very specific in mind as to the machinery we would use. Bush wrote back, agreed, and said, "You are in charge of this."

So I arranged for a meeting to be held at 9:00 AM every work day morning which all of these representatives on the various committees were expected to attend. We went through the agenda for the day. We were usually under instructions from the Department as to how we would vote. However, we considered whether we could use our vote on one issue for another purpose on another issue. We considered how we would address an issue when we spoke, and in what committee. There were about 150 items on the General Assembly agenda. Actually, this arrangement worked very well. After a trial period, we could sit down there for half an hour in the morning and go through the agendas for the various committees for that day, make our decisions, and go to work. Everybody knew what was happening.

*Q: You mean that none of this happened before?*

SCHAUFELE: We used to have meetings, but they weren't directed in this way. Everybody would just say, "This is what's happening in this or that committee," and that sort of thing. There was never a careful look at the whole situation. As I said before, we didn't say, "We're going to lose on this issue. Maybe we can get enough votes on another issue that we might otherwise lose." Nobody had ever done that before -- at least not recently.

*Q: Who were the people on your committee? You talked about FSO-3's?*

SCHAUFELE: I'm guessing now. I think that they were all largely at the FSO-3 level. Some of them were permanently assigned to USUN. They were at the level of FSO-3's, but they weren't all FSO's.

*Q: That's what I meant.*

SCHAUFELE: Some of them had been there for years.

*Q: They were employees of the U. S. Government.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, at the officer level. For instance, the two legal advisers were permanent staff members but not FSO's. The people who handled UN administrative issues were largely permanent staff. They were not the administrative people of USUN but they handled UN administrative matters. There were two UN committees dealing with administration, personnel, and that sort of thing.

*Q: But we didn't set up the UN Mission like an Embassy? USUN was organized on an ad hoc basis?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: I wonder why we did that.*

SCHAUFELE: We used to have a meeting -- I can't remember how often -- of the top five people of USUN, plus the public members. There was always a Senator, a Congressman, someone like William F. Buckley.

*Q: They would come to USUN? Who were these public members?*

SCHAUFELE: They were appointed by the President as members of the U. S. Delegation to each General Assembly session.

*Q: They were? How many?*

SCHAUFELE: Usually about six or seven. They were different each year. Then you had public figures. Vernon Jordan was a member of the delegation one year. I mentioned Bill

Buckley. Mrs. Young, a black woman, was another member, whom I admired very much. Her husband, Whitney, also a black leader, had died. I can't remember any others. Sometimes there were businessmen -- partly a "payoff" of some kind.

*Q: Did they come regularly to the meetings?*

SCHAUFLELE: Some of them were better than others at attending meetings. Senator McGee was quite good. Congressman Brad Morse eventually left Congress and became the UN Under Secretary for General Assembly affairs in the UN bureaucracy. I had known Bill Buckley at Yale, though I never thought much of him then. With that group of public members there was no working level staff to support them. You try to keep those people informed because it is politically advantageous to do so. They like to be informed. Some of them thought that this assignment was really more a social occasion. Some of them really liked all of the parties -- and God knows that there were a lot of parties.

The Secretary of State comes to every General Assembly session and makes a speech in the general debate -- always on the second day of the session. Then he holds meetings with other foreign ministers, who are nearly all there for the general debate at the beginning of the Assembly. They may not stay more than a week. The Secretary of State could come back and forth more easily between Washington and New York. On the average, he would spend three days in New York. He made his speech and also met with foreign ministers from various countries -- France, Britain, the Soviet Union, Africa, and elsewhere.

Maybe the best thing I could do would be to discuss the position of Permanent Representative. I served with two Permanent Representatives of the United States. As I said, I hadn't known George Bush well at Yale. I found that George treated his job very much as I would have expected him to do as a Congressman. He was a good hand shaker and did the social bit well. However, he didn't instinctively pay a lot of attention to the substance of his job. However, I would have to say that once you persuaded him that a given issue was important, and he had to focus on it, he was a pretty quick study. It had to be a single issue, and he had to look at it intensively and almost at once. In this sense he didn't do badly at all.

George Bush's Deputy Permanent Representative was Chris Phillips, a very capable guy. I think that his father had been Under Secretary of State at one time -- or maybe he was an Ambassador. I can't remember. I didn't know his father, but that was Chris' background.

*Q: Was Chris Phillips an FSO?*

SCHAUFLELE: No, he was not, and I'm not sure that his father was, either. Chris was not instinctively gifted as a DCM [Deputy Chief of Mission], which he was in this case -- a deputy chief of mission. Chris had his own circle of people whom he dealt with. I don't know how that developed, because he was there when I arrived. I'll come back to this, but it's a question of how people deal with the UN Security Council, which is, in a sense, the

most important organ of the UN. It is the only organ which is able to decide to use force. Peacekeeping is its function. I'll come back to the Security Council.

Tap Bennett is dead now, and I don't like to speak ill of the dead.

*Q: We want you to speak frankly.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. Tap Bennett was not "bad," but he was a traditionalist. He was also a Latin American specialist. At one time in the Foreign Service I have the feeling that these specialties kind of affected your personality. And Tap's wife was the daughter of a Foreign Service Officer, who had also been an Ambassador. In a way she was more "Foreign Service" than Tap was. Anyway, I didn't have a lot of respect for Tap. I jump ahead only to illustrate a point. Tap had a certain usefulness when John Scali was the Permanent Representative. John was an important and irascible journalist. It was interesting to watch him under various circumstances. He had the same kinds of uncertainties that we all have. When he was in an uncertain mood, you had to persuade him. In that kind of situation I did the persuading on substantive matters. Once we got the answer out of him that we wanted, I would leave, because I'm no good at "massaging" personalities. Tap Bennett would "massage" him to show him that he'd done the right thing.

*Q: So you made a good team.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes, in that sense, but only in those particular circumstances. That was the only time that we did that. I found Bennett a little too traditional and a little too stodgy in a way. Obviously, he'd had a lot of experience. He had somewhat of a bad reputation as a "hard liner." I say this because...

*Q: What kind of "hard liner"?*

SCHAUFLE: Pretty tough with the Salvadorans. He was Ambassador down there. Something happened. I can't remember what it was, off hand.

Anyway, it was a very trying and tiring job. At first I was a senior adviser to the U. S. Permanent Representative for a little less than two years. Then, when a change came, and Tap Bennett moved up to be the Deputy Permanent Representative, I moved into Tap Bennett's job as the Deputy U. S. Representative on the Security Council. It was a good thing that I had been working on the Security Council.

I was Deputy U.S. Representative on the Security Council for four years and had 16 days of leave, because someone always had to be there, if a Security Council meeting were called. It always seemed to me that I was busy, once I got into the swing of things and learned how you conduct business in the Security Council. I don't know why Tap Bennett wasn't more active. He did some things but not the negotiations outside the Security Council with other members. I did that.

*Q: Isn't that what he was supposed to do?*

SCHAUFEELE: That's what I would have thought. I think that, maybe, he didn't want to make mistakes. Maybe he didn't feel comfortable with some of these fairly complicated issues -- working with 14 other members of the Security Council, simultaneously and so forth.

*Q: So he just left it to you?*

SCHAUFEELE: After all, I'd been there for a while. He'd just come and sit in the Security Council at the meetings. Either George Bush or Chris Phillips would be "in the chair" representing the United States. I don't recall that he missed meetings, but he didn't contribute to them. I did all the negotiating with the Soviets.

*Q: We'll need more details on that.*

SCHAUFEELE: Well, I have some stories on that.

*Q: You said that we could come back to that later on.*

SCHAUFEELE: Yes. Well, the staff of the U. S. Mission to the UN was obviously large. There was a large Political and a large Economic Section. There were people who worked on the administrative and budgetary side of the UN. It was a pretty good staff, by and large. We had perhaps two or three "spooks" [CIA officers]. They did their duty, because they had regular assignments like everybody else -- either to a committee or a subject. Obviously, they did other things.

I can still remember that after Kurt Waldheim was elected Secretary General in 1972, the CIA brought in a psychiatrist. We arranged to have him invited to social events where Waldheim was present -- as all of us were. I would have liked to see Waldheim's psychiatric profile, because I have certain feelings about Waldheim, too.

*Q: We'd like to hear that, too.*

SCHAUFEELE: You'll get that. The staff at USUN was good. Some were more interested in multilateral diplomacy than others. Some saw it as a "way station" and that was good to have a multilateral assignment on your record. As I said, some of them were permanent. They had "GS" -- General Schedule or civil servant -- ranks. We certainly needed the continuity, especially in the administrative and the legal area.

*Q: You couldn't have FSO's coming and going in those areas.*

SCHAUFEELE: There were some GS officers in the economic areas. I think that all of the political officers, with maybe one exception, were FSO's. Most of the economic officers

were FSO's. Interestingly enough, one of the Administrative Officers during my time at the UN was an FSO. The other one was not.

*Q: Who was the FSO?*

SCHAUFELE: What's his name, now? I saw it just the other day. I can't remember.

*Q: It'll come back to you.*

SCHAUFELE: As I say, the staff at USUN was pretty good. Obviously, we were dealing with a lot of people in the various countries. I think that, when I was at USUN, there were about 120 members of the UN. You don't deal with all of them equally, obviously, because some of them are there for only one purpose. Their country has to be represented in the UN, and they have, maybe, two or three key subjects that are important to them. The five permanent members of the Security Council, as well as countries like Germany and Japan, have bigger fish to fry and a bigger area to cover.

At first the Chinese Nationalists held the "China" seat. They were not very active, but they were there. When they were replaced by the Beijing Government [Communist China, it was interesting. They were Chinese but they were very tough, and they listened a lot. Gradually, they gained confidence.

The Germans were also careful, but they were Westerners and we were allied with them, so that communications were good and reasonably frank. A lot of the smaller countries, such as Belgium and the Netherlands, played an important role. Italy didn't play much of a role. The Scandinavians always had a real stake in multilateralism. The representatives of Third World countries varied. You might have somebody like Perez De Cuellar, who was the Peruvian Permanent Representative when I was there and later became the Secretary General. He was a smooth customer. I don't mean that in a pejorative way. He spoke French better than he spoke Spanish, I think. I couldn't judge his Spanish, but he was active. There were two or three active and smart Africans, who spent most of their time on the Fourth Committee -- the Decolonization Committee and that sort of thing -- for obvious reasons. One of them is now the Secretary General of the OAU [Organization for African Unity]. He's not doing very well there. The African delegations had some good people, but we're talking about three or four -- I'm guessing now -- out of 30 African Ambassadors. The South Africans only had one axe to grind. That was to keep from being chastised or punished. They were finally suspended from participation but not from membership in the UN. We didn't agree with that, and I still don't agree with it. I didn't think that that was right. We had a lot of other dictatorships represented in the UN.

*Q: Yes, indeed. There were many of them.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. It was always interesting. I got to deal with people that I had never dealt with before, such as the Japanese. We had some good meals at the home of the

Japanese Ambassador. Everybody had their National Days that we had to go to. Then there were events which were strictly men's affairs.

*Q: Did all of you have to go to the National Day celebrations?*

SCHAUFELE: Just the top echelon. Of course, we wanted any junior or middle grade officer to go who was invited, because they had other contacts and picked up information that we didn't necessarily get. But it depended on how big an affair a country was going to have. We didn't hold a reception on July 4.

*Q: Never? How strange.*

SCHAUFELE: No. We were in our own country, after all. A lot of these National Day receptions were held at the UN itself, in the big diningroom. Some were held at hotels. There was a lot of entertaining back and forth.

On the whole, the Soviets didn't entertain very well, anyway. As in every other place where I've been with a Soviet mission, if you go to their mission, you're always ushered into a bare room -- no papers, no books, nothing. You're never received in their offices. That was true in all of my experiences with the Soviets. And the Africans resented it.

*Q: Did they?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. They'd come to my office. They'd go to the French Ambassador's or German Ambassador's office -- but never to the Soviet Ambassador's office.

Well, let's move on a bit to some of the experiences I had to demonstrate what kind of job it was. I should say that it is not surprising that any "new boy on the block" is tested, either in a social context or in other ways. I remember the first time that we had an issue at the Security Council where it was possible to get a resolution through without a veto -- and it wasn't a relatively frivolous matter. We made a practice of consulting with the Soviets. I remember the first time that I did it. I consulted with them after an evening meeting of the Security Council, where Soviet Ambassador Malik, an eminent figure, had made a speech. The Soviets said that they would like to consult after the meeting. So we sat down at midnight, I guess. We started out, and Ambassador Malik, in fact, repeated his speech. He went on and on. I was alone. He had about four people with him. I realized that they were testing me. They didn't know this new animal yet.

Finally, I said, "Mr. Ambassador, I was glad to hear your speech again. I think that we are close enough so that we could solve this problem. You're apparently not ready to do that, but I can tell you that my kidneys are in good shape and I'm willing to sit here all night." [Laughter] We quickly came to an agreement. That's what they were doing. They were trying to see how much I could stand of what my mother used to call "fix fights."

*Q: They wanted to see how much they could get away with.*

SCHAUFELE: Then there was another incident a couple of months later. It wasn't a test, but it was a tougher issue. I can't remember the details, but it was more difficult. They went through the same thing -- same setting, same time -- and it was tough. Finally, I said, "I thought that you had asked for this consultation so that we can resolve these differences between us and get a resolution. You're not ready for that, so I'm leaving." I put my hand on the doorknob, and they called me back. We settled the matter in about 45 minutes. You just have to know when to do that and how to do it. Soviet Ambassador Malik complained, on one occasion when we had dinner over at the Soviet Mission, attended by the top five people from the U. S. and Soviet Missions. There were introductions and toasts and all that sort of thing. John Scali said, "You know Mr. Phillips, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Schaufele." Ambassador Malik said, "Yes, we know Mr. Schaufele. He is Mr. 'Nyet' [No]. Why don't you ever send Mr. Da?" I thought that was a compliment.

*Q: Especially coming from him.*

SCHAUFELE: They had a Political Counselor, a man named Ovinikoff. He was really their top "outside" man. He came to our house for dinner. He was the only one who could come alone.

*Q: So he really was a "top man."*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. He could come alone, with his wife. And they could come out to lunch.

*Q: He could speak English quite well.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. So most of the real work was done with him. He was the intermediary if we didn't want Ambassador Malik to be surprised. I must say that Malik never appeared to be surprised. I always worry about the intermediary reporting back to his boss about the conversation I had with him. I never had that experience with him. I often wonder what ever happened to him.

Their Deputy Permanent Representative was named Zacharov. He had served in Africa, interestingly enough. He knew as little about Africa as I knew before I went to Africa.

*Q: Perhaps they kept him "locked up."*

SCHAUFELE: Well, they didn't get out in public, you know.

One of the stories I didn't tell about Ouagadougou, because I forgot it, was that the Soviet Ambassador had a Soviet driver, whose job was to mix with the other drivers. The other drivers didn't like him, so when he came up to them and said something to them in French, they immediately switched into More, the local language in Ouagadougou.

However, you know, I never had an American driver. I don't know whether they ever have American drivers in London or other places. I never heard of any.

*Q: No. You had a German driver in Bonn, of course.*

SCHAUFLE: Anyway, one of the great personalities, of course, during this period at the UN was Mr. Baroodi, Zamil Baroodi. There was no Permanent Representative of Saudi Arabia. He was the Deputy Permanent Representative. The Saudi Government never appointed a Permanent Representative.

*Q: I thought he was the Permanent Representative.*

SCHAUFLE: He was the Permanent Representative, in fact, but in theory he was the Deputy Permanent Representative. The story was, and I guess that it's true, that one of his functions was to watch over the investments of the Saudi royal family in the United States. He took his UN responsibilities very seriously. Whenever Baroodi entered the Security Council -- any member has the right to speak before the Security Council, whether they are members of the Security Council or not -- we would know that we would be there for at least another hour. We would get a history of the Kazakh horsemen riding over the steppes and that sort of thing. However, he knew his stuff. In fact, he had a place in Salisbury, MD. His wife and daughter still live up there.

He and I -- and other people as well -- crossed swords pretty often, because he could gum up the works. He would introduce amendments to resolutions that really weren't very useful. Sometimes the non permanent members would vote for them. I have to hand it to him. When South Africa was suspended from participation in UN activities, he got up and made a speech and said that this was against the concept of the UN.

*Q: And it was.*

SCHAUFLE: He had the courage to do that. I don't think that he had asked for instructions. He knew what to do.

I also handled host country relations. This involved parking tickets and all sorts of things.

*Q: You did that, too?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. You remember the gasoline shortage...

*Q: In 1974.*

SCHAUFLE: Things got difficult, didn't they? This involved host country relations. Baroodi always came in on this. I can remember his getting up at one point and saying, "Well, you know, diplomats have certain privileges." There were long lines at the gas stations. Baroodi said, "You can have a special place in the lines for diplomats to take precedence at the gas stations." I said, "Well, I'm not sure that I would want to take on a

New York taxi driver by trying to get to the head of the line." And he said, "Are you threatening us?" I said, "No, I'm just telling you what's liable to happen." We had to take all of that guff. We deserved some of it. It wasn't necessarily the U. S. Mission's fault, but often the New York Police just sat there and didn't do much. But we got through those things. The gasoline shortage was the only "burning" issue we had for a while that I can recall.

Baroody was one of the great characters of that period. Everybody knew about him. If you got serious from time to time, it all could be funny. You couldn't disregard him -- you did so at your peril. He would take you over the coals at an open meeting and you would remember it for a long time.

Obviously, our relations with Saudi Arabia were very good -- and still are. He knew all of the history of the various issues in the UN, you see -- almost from the beginning of the organization. He had it in his head. It's hard to deal with a person like that.

There were other figures. I didn't know U. Thant very well [Secretary General of the UN, 1961-1972. I sat in on a couple of meetings with him. He was on his way out and about to retire when I came to USUN. It was his last General Assembly session.

*Q: What was he like?*

SCHAUFLE: He was very quiet and taciturn. He was not a forceful personality in the sense that he dominated things or even tried to do so. That isn't the way things work in Burmese culture. It is somewhat like Chinese culture. He had to make decisions which must have been difficult for him, considering that the major sources of money and power lay with the Westerners -- and the Soviets, to a certain extent. He knew what he was doing but, I think, it must have been difficult for him, given his cultural approach to things. I'm not sure that he could deal with the Africans very well, either, because they don't have that "oriental" approach to things. They may not be "western" in their approach, but they're still not...

*Q: They're not "oriental."*

SCHAUFLE: Returning to the UN Secretariat, the most respected figure there that I dealt with was Brian Urquhart, the Deputy Assistant Secretary General for Peacekeeping. He worked in particular with the Security Council on peacekeeping. Brian and I are still in contact. I had a letter from him about 10 days ago. He is British. He was never assigned to the British Mission to the UN. He was always a UN employee, almost from the beginning. He worked with Ralph Bunche [late Under Secretary General of the UN for Security Affairs. Brian was a deputy to Ralph Bunche, for whom he had the greatest respect. In effect Ralph Bunche, while he was learning his job himself, was also training Brian to replace him. Brian is a character.

At the risk of telling some people a story that they already know, I will mention that during World War II, in September, 1944, there was an airborne operation called "Market Garden," devised by General Montgomery to jump into Belgium and the Netherlands, cutting through their canals and communications system. It involved landings near Nijmegen, Eindhoven, and Arnhem. Brian was an intelligence officer for the British airborne division principally involved in the drop near Arnhem, Netherlands. American airborne divisions dropped in Belgium. This story is interesting, because he was one of the few British concerned with the planning who said that it wouldn't work and that we shouldn't do it. In fact, British General Browning, commander of the First Allied Airborne Army, commented that the landing of British paratroops near Arnhem was "a bridge too far." However, Urquhart jumped with his division, and his parachute didn't open. I think that he had about 100 broken bones, but he survived. He was lucky. That was a hell of a way to be right. There is no sign that it affected him physically -- at least I don't see any sign of these injuries. He walks normally, but he must have gone through a long convalescence and recovery. You figure that anybody who jumps with a parachute which doesn't open will hit the ground pretty hard. He may have landed in the water.

Brian Urquhart would give the rough side of his tongue to anybody. You'd have to take it. He'd talk about his colleagues and his bosses -- how stupid they were, and so forth. But he could really organize peacekeeping operations. Once this job was in his hands, you knew that they would do the best that could be done. This is not always very easy with the UN because of its nature and the differing interests and concepts involved, as well as pure inefficiency. There is a lot of inefficiency in the UN Secretariat. That is coming more and more to the fore now, incidentally. It's interesting. It would be a useful reply to some of the Republican concerns about the UN if we could get a more efficient Secretariat and be able to fire people. There's no way to fire people.

Anyway, Urquhart was really the most impressive man I dealt with. That doesn't mean that others weren't useful and helpful. He was less "diplomatic," but the UN really needed him. I remember one UN peacekeeping operation. The Canadians have a battalion of troops earmarked for administration and communications. However, it had become a rule of the thumb in the UN that you couldn't have just one country controlling communications.

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*Q: This continues the interview with Ambassador Schaufele. This is February 25, 1995. You were discussing some of the "characters" at the UN.*

SCHAUFELE: On this occasion I referred to, Brian Urquhart put together a combined Canadian and Polish group. It just happens that there are a lot of Polish Canadians. The Poles accepted this arrangement, and it worked. That's one of the secrets of good peacekeeping operations. Since you can't have a unit from one country do everything, especially something as sensitive as communications, you have to find a way to do it in a manner that's efficient but with troops from more than one country involved.

In the UN the same issues come up again and again and again. You get used to that. Some of our people had been at the UN for a long time and had handled issue "X" for 10 or 12 years. Not much changed in that time. [Laughter]

*Q: What kind of issue?*

SCHAUFELE: They might be legal or decolonialization issues. They would most likely be economic issues, I would say. In addition to the UN in the economic field, you have the IBRD [International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, now called the World Bank] and the IMF [International Monetary Fund], which are specialized agencies of the UN but, in practice, are virtually independent of it. If you want to do something useful in the economic field in the UN, you'd better check it out with the World Bank and the IMF, because they may be furnishing resources or may be advising governments not to do what has already been voted on at the UN to do. The economic and social issues are very tough.

Then you get into human rights issues which, because of the range of opinion about human rights and social issues, are incredibly complex to handle. You had to be patient in the face of repetition. That's where the history of these issues comes out very significantly, especially on economic and legal matters. There are people who know what has happened during the last 10, 12, and even 15 years on a given issue. Suddenly, there is a breakthrough, as happens from time to time, and you have to be ready to move. You can't go around saying that this is the same old issue. We're ready to move on this issue, but what are we achieving? Usually, issues of this kind are very technical.

For example, we have never been able to do much about the Cyprus situation in the peacekeeping field. We have the peacekeepers on the ground, and they keep the Greeks and Turks apart. However, there hasn't been any real progress for 25 years or so. I don't know when there will be. We had the last, real "dust up" in Cyprus while I was there. The Turks invaded the northern part of the island in 1974. That was a very difficult situation for a few days, because the "home countries," Greece and Turkey, have negative feelings for each other which never change. I have been out to Cyprus and have seen the "Green Line" dividing the two communities, and the watch tower the UN forces operate. It's a funny situation. There is an independent Cyprus with a President, but a third of the island is occupied by the Turks who don't recognize the Cypriot Government. The two sides are kept apart by the UN. That isn't bad, because otherwise we would have had a continuing war out there. So this is the best that we can get, and we take what we can get.

Although the Security Council was dominated by Cold War considerations, there were many other issues going on simultaneously, in one way or another. The Soviets didn't play a big role in economic issues, because they weren't part of the world economic system. When the Chinese Communists entered the UN in 1979, they weren't part of that system, either, although they played a role in the Security Council. In the Decolonialization Committee we never heard very much about them and the host country's relations with them.

Maybe we should end on this note today. When the Chinese Communists joined the Security Council in 1979, for some reason they had their Vice Foreign Minister there. Huang Hua was their Permanent Representative. However, the Vice Foreign Minister was there, so he took the Permanent Representative's chair. During the debate -- I can't remember what the subject was -- the Australian Ambassador was the President. Normally, he was a very quiet man who hated discord. The debate on this issue had been going on, and the Chinese Communists were scheduled to speak next. The Soviets introduced a procedural motion. Under the UN rules a procedural motion takes precedence over other, ongoing business. I should explain that occasionally, during the first two or three months that they were there, the Chinese Communists asked to consult with us about procedures. I did that with them, from time to time. So the chair the Australian Ambassador as President ruled that the Soviet procedural motion took precedence. The Chinese Vice Foreign Minister objected. I mean, he objected vociferously. The President immediately adjourned the meeting for consultations. The Chinese Communists came from one side and the Soviets from the other. We didn't get involved in it. When the Chinese Communists arrived in the UN, they attacked the Soviets more than they attacked us. That was a relief.

*Q: A nice change.*

SCHAUFLE: So there were consultations. When we reconvened, it was decided that the Chinese Communists had the right to speak first, before consideration of the procedural motion presented by the Soviet Union. The Chinese Vice Foreign Minister stood up, which you don't usually do. You speak sitting down in your chair. He got up and said, "Mr. Malik, we know you and we don't think anything of you at all." That was a personal attack. We could hardly believe this in the UN, and especially coming from one Communist to another. But it really wasn't that -- it was from a Chinese to a Russian. He really laced Malik up and down before he got into the substance of his speech. Malik got redder and redder. [Laughter]

There was something in the background. Somebody told me about it at the time. I never looked it up. It was about Malik and the Chinese, who still remember this. That was kind of the way things went for the rest of the time I was there. When they spoke, the Chinese would criticize the United States for two or three minutes and then would spend 15 minutes criticizing the Soviets. And the Chinese kept on consulting with us. They had a very good Political Counselor, too, named Zhou Nan. He obviously was pretty good because he became the Chinese Communist representative in Hong Kong, when they were negotiating with the British. However, he was like Ovinikoff, the Political Counselor of the Soviet Mission to the UN. Zhou Nan was more fluent in English than Ovinikoff was, and smoother, but that's no surprise.

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*Q: This is a continuation of the interview with Ambassador Schaufele. It is being taped on July 20, 1995. Earlier you mentioned that you were going to come back and talk at somewhat greater length about how people deal with the UN Security Council.*

SCHAUFELE: Items could come before the Security Council and be brought up by almost anybody, including the Secretary General himself, especially in connection with potential peacekeeping operations. When the Security Council votes for a peacekeeping operation, the Secretary General and his staff have to put it all together. However, non members of the Security Council can bring up issues -- as can members of the council. The mixture of countries represented on the Security Council in part determined how and when a peacekeeping operation will function. The five permanent members occasionally bring up the most serious issues. At least the three western members on the Council whom we had during my time at the UN -- the United States, the United Kingdom, and France. The Soviet Union would sometimes bring up issues just to confuse matters. Communist China, at that time, very seldom brought up issues itself. It was still fairly new to the Security Council system.

The geographical division of membership provided for a mixture of Latin Americans, Africans, Far Eastern, and Middle Eastern nations. I'm just looking now at the composition of the Security Council in August, 1974. The members were: Australia, Austria, Belorussia, China, Costa Rica, France, Indonesia, Iraq, Kenya, Mauritania, Peru, the USSR, the United Kingdom, Canada, and the United States.

There is an unfailing tendency on the part of all members of the Security Council to take the floor at one time or another. No one remains silent. Very often a country's approach to the issue at hand was colored by its own, predominant interests. They would find some connection, no matter how distant it might be. Among the three western permanent members the U.K. and the United States were very often synchronized, although the U.K. tended to adopt a more historical perspective than the United States usually did in multilateral diplomacy and other areas. The French always had to maintain a certain amount of independence. They never wanted to appear that they were going along blindly, so to speak, with the United States and the U.K.

Some of the other members of the Security Council were very responsible, like Australia and Peru. Peru, in part, because the then Permanent Representative of Peru was Perez De Cuellar, who later became Secretary General of the UN. But at this particular time Tanzania used to be on the Security Council. Their Permanent Representative, Salim, later became the Secretary General of the Organization for African Unity. All of this gave him an opportunity to display his oratorical ability, his interjections, his comments, and that sort of thing.

There weren't many vetoes while I was there, as I recall. Usually, they were obvious from the beginning. When they discussed the issue, it was clear that somebody was going to veto it. Then you had abstentions -- when a given country feels that the issue is important but not exactly consonant with a resolution to be put to a vote. So it abstains. Practically

all of the neutrals have a tendency to do that -- more than the others. Austria, for example, did not want to get involved on certain issues. Then there were some countries that didn't have the staff or background to be well informed in their positions. Although they would speak, they would take a very narrow approach and sometimes would reveal their ignorance, with results that would be embarrassing for everybody.

However, it was their turn to serve on the Security Council, so to speak. The Latin American group and the Africans would decide on which country would apply for open Security Council seats, so that there was never a dispute between the various groups when the election time came. There might have been a dispute as to which country from a given group was going to be a candidate, but that was a matter among themselves within the group. It was the General Assembly which voted for the members of the Security Council -- the 120 members of the UN and not just the members of the Security Council.

All of the discussions tended to be lengthy, no matter what the subject, because not only did you have the 15 members of the Security Council, each speaking. Any member of the UN could ask to speak, and many of them did. I mentioned earlier that Baroody, the Deputy Permanent Representative of Saudi Arabia, did this fairly often. If the country or countries concerned by a given issue were not members of the Security Council, obviously, they had the right to speak and sit there. Not just to speak. They sat there, in the "horseshoe," because it was an issue which, presumably, concerned them directly.

I mentioned before the dispute between the Chinese Communists and the Soviets on a procedural issue. Before the session ended, the dispute ended up in a "yelling session." One of the amusing aspects of this issue involved Israel, which was normally concerned with the Middle East. The Israeli representative who was at the table was born in Russia. He started shouting, too. So for the first time, and perhaps the only time that I know, he shouted in Russian instead of English. [Laughter] All of these things are kind of amusing, especially in retrospect. You get tired of sitting there, listening to somebody talking about something that he doesn't know anything about. But you just have to do it. The sessions go on and on...

*Q: Did everyone agree about who was having his turn?*

SCHAUFLE: There was no problem about that. You just inscribe yourself for a chance to speak. The President of the Security Council has a list of people who have inscribed themselves to speak. The only time you had any deviation from this list was in a case like the one where the Soviets made a procedural motion, which takes precedence over everything else. That motion, I think, was to cut off debate. I don't think that it would have passed, anyway, because nobody wants to be tagged with the idea that "They didn't want to let us speak." However, sometimes the debates go on for hours, very often late into the night. We usually met in the afternoons, because something else was going on in the mornings, especially during the General Assembly session, when all of the committees met every morning. Some of these committee sessions continued into the afternoon. However, major, scheduled committee meetings were always in the morning.

As you may recall, there originally were only 11 members of the Security Council. I forget what year the Council was expanded to 15 members. There was talk then -- as there is now -- about expanding it further. For example, what do you do about Germany and Japan? There are now, I think, 177 members of the UN.

*Q: The Security Council could be expanded proportionately.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, but if you make it too large, it becomes hopeless to get anything done.

*Q: Just look at the General Assembly.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. So nothing has ever been done about it [that is, further expansion of the Security Council. I don't think that we ever threatened to veto such a proposal. A move to expand the Security Council would have to be passed by the General Assembly and by the Security Council. The Soviets probably threatened to veto such a proposal, because they didn't want to be outvoted any more than they were.

It is always the responsibility of the UN Secretariat to make a report on an issue. Sometimes we agreed with them, and sometimes we didn't. They presented these reports, nevertheless. The Secretary General is nearly always present at meetings of the Security Council, although he must have been away sometimes. I can't believe that he was in the country all of the time. If he was absent, then the Deputy Secretary General or the Assistant Secretary General for Security Council affairs would attend in his place.

*Q: Were you the Deputy U. S. Representative on the Security Council?*

SCHAUFELE: I was the Deputy Representative on the Security Council.

*Q: What does that job entail?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, essentially, it entails keeping up with all of the business before the Security Council. It also means being responsible, in a sense, to tell the Permanent Representative when he should be there to be in contact with all of the other members, so that he or she can determine how they feel and what they are going to do about the draft resolution before them -- whether they are going to try to amend it and all that sort of thing. This is kind of typical of the legislative job. I also needed to keep in touch with responsible people on the UN staff. That's how I got to know Brian Urquhart so well because of peacekeeping issues. He kept up with that, and I remained in close touch with him.

*Q: And his position was?*

SCHAUFELE: He was the Assistant Secretary General for peacekeeping matters. Maybe he was technically assigned to following Security Council matters, but I don't recall that. In any case he handled peacekeeping arrangements.

All of the major powers -- the permanent members -- had their own people in positions as Assistant Secretaries General. There was an American position, a Soviet position, and so forth. They were technically members of the UN staff. We frequently had an Assistant Secretary General assigned to the General Assembly. These people became our channel into the UN Secretariat, to the extent that we needed the extra insight they had because of their continual contact with their colleagues in the Secretariat.

*Q: Were you on other committees? I think that you mentioned the Decolonization Committee.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, that came under the Fourth Committee. I can't remember when that committee was set up. It was organized to have oversight over the process of decolonization, particularly in Africa, since independence was coming.

*Q: Wasn't that pretty much accomplished by 1974?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes, most of the former colonies were independent. However, there were still some issues remaining, involving either some countries which had not yet gained their independence or issues having to do with special problems, such as Timor the former Portuguese Timor in Southeast Asia. There were issues like that regarding countries which had never gained their independence. These territories would be put on the agenda of the Decolonization Committee by some country with an interest in the matter. That committee continued to meet because that was where many African countries could express their concerns about how they were being treated, not only by the world organization but by the world in general. The matters on the agenda of this committee were largely African issues, which is why I got that particular "plum."

I don't recall how I was assigned responsibility for host country relations with the UN and its members, because this is not covered in the UN Charter. It was set up because, as the number of UN members increased, so, too, did the number of diplomats accredited to the UN. There were problems of security, of making their operations easier for them, of helping them find -- not so much housing as office space. Then there was the gasoline issue. Various member delegations would bring up these issues, for which they regarded us as responsible, as the host country, at least technically. It's very difficult in New York, as you can imagine. You may remember that at one time, I think, Cameroon had an office on the 16th floor of a building. It was broken into. They complained about our lack of security. We had someone in front of every Mission. However, in a 16 story building, it was easy for someone who wanted to break in to do so. They could get off at the 15th floor and walk up one floor. I remember that there was a fire in one Mission in a skyscraper somewhere. They complained that the New York Fire Department didn't get there fast enough. They alleged that this delay had increased the damage from the fire.

Our adversaries -- whether the Soviets or not -- used the host country relations function to chip away at us. It was time consuming and irritating, but I can't recall that any major issues came up which affected more than one or two Missions at a time.

While I was in USUN, the Fifth Committee -- which handled administrative and budgetary questions -- assumed greater importance, because that's when we started really thinking about cutting the costs of the UN. The big donor countries were also concerned about this. The countries which made minimum contributions to the UN didn't want to reduce the UN budget and activities. This issue came up particularly during the last year that I was at USUN. I think that it must have been in 1974. The United States nearly always had some single issue which we would identify and pursue for our own purposes. That year it involved cutting the maximum contribution from 33 percent to 25 percent. We were the only country paying 33 percent of the UN budget -- and we would be the only country paying 25 percent! However, that's a big reduction. If one country paid only 25 percent of the UN budget, this would create a real problem. Some people complained that the United States tended to think that its position as the largest contributor gave it greater authority. Then they would admit it by adding that we should continue to pay 33 percent of the budget. [Laughter]

I had never served on the Fifth Committee. I had had nothing to do with it. We always had a lawyer and an administrative and budgetary "expert" representing us there who was a permanent member of the Mission staff. As a result of the organizational system which I set up, we felt that we had to be prepared for anything, because this essentially became a political issue. It was not primarily a money issue. Whenever there was a Fifth Committee meeting held, I didn't automatically go over and attend it. They would call me and tell me that I was needed to take the American chair at that committee meeting. I remember one time when I was called to preside over the American delegation at a meeting of the Fifth Committee. We had the usual "go around," which had to do with our contribution, which was then 33 percent of the UN budget. After the meeting was over and we adjourned for the day, I recall that the Lebanese Ambassador came up to me and said, "I came into the meeting somewhat late. However, when I saw you sitting in the American chair, I knew that there was trouble." So I had that reputation. Anyway, we got through a reduction in our assessment. They really couldn't deny us a reduction. That was the only time that I became personally involved in the work of the Fifth Committee. Otherwise, I more or less coordinated what we were going to do in that committee I very seldom sat in the American chair. Practically none of our ambassadors sat in that chair.

I never had anything to do with the Second Committee, which deals with economic issues. We had a very capable ambassador to deal with "ecosoc" issues -- economic and social affairs. So I didn't have to deal with that, except to the extent that we set up a system, which I mentioned before, to look for "trade-offs." I didn't sit in the Second Committee, nor did I ever sit in the Legal Committee. We had two lawyers who were permanent members of the Mission staff and who were quite good. They knew the history of the various issues which had come up or were likely to come up. They had all of the

precedents at their fingertips. Nobody could really replace them, unless it was necessary to make a political statement about legal business. There were ad hoc activities.

*Q: What role does the State Department play?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, we received our instructions from the Department.

*Q: They came straight from the State Department?*

SCHAUFELE: Straight from the Department?

*Q: To Bush or to...*

SCHAUFELE: To one of us -- whoever was concerned with the issue. The instructions ultimately came from the Assistant Secretary for International Organization Affairs.

*Q: Who was that at the time?*

SCHAUFELE: William Buffum. Before him was Joe Sisco. There was no particular problem about it, but at times they would have a "fight" down in Washington on a given issue. We would be sitting on the edge of our chairs and say, "We're going to have to vote today, so we need instructions." We could affect those instructions by our reporting and by suggesting, for instance, a compromise that had been mentioned by somebody else. However, I can only remember one or two times when we were really left without instructions. We went ahead and voted anyway. I don't remember what the issues were.

*Q: I think that you said that George Bush left the Mission while you were there. Who came after him?*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. John Scali replaced him. That was a surprise.

*Q: Who was Scali?*

SCHAUFELE: Scali was a correspondent for ABC [American Broadcasting Company, I think. He obtained a job in the White House during the administration of President Nixon. That surprised us a bit. John was a kind of acerbic personality. He always seemed very sure of himself. He never pulled any punches when he was a reporter. I don't know any of the background as to how he got the job of Ambassador to the UN. Bush left New York. I was surprised that he took the job of Chairman of the Republican National Committee. It didn't seem to fit him. However, as they say, it didn't hurt him. Scali came up to New York. He seemed to find the whole UN structure very questionable. He was one of those cynical journalists who didn't do anything worthwhile. However, he realized that he had to do the job. He was not the "glad-hander" that Bush was, obviously. He did his job in mixing around in the social, UN sense -- more than I had anticipated. To me he displayed a surprising amount of uncertainty when certain things came up. He had to be

"talked into things." Quite often we did not have to wait for instructions from the Department of State on tactics. We could decide the tactics of handling a given issue because we knew the "players" and that sort of thing. That is, who was going to meet with whom, what he was going to say, and how we were going to check to see whether Country X really represented the views of the UN group of which it was a member -- whether African, Near Eastern, Arab, or the like.

We would go into John Scali's office at times to discuss an issue about which he was uncertain. They were usually Security Council issues -- not the big, general issues. I would have to persuade him. However, I never completely eliminated some degree of uncertainty in his mind, for some reason. So, after he agreed to a given line of action, he had to be "reassured" that he had done the right thing. I'm not very good at that sort of thing. That's what Tap Bennett was good at. The meeting would usually include Scali, Bennett, the Political Counselor, perhaps one of the legal advisers, and me. As soon as he had made the decision, I would leave. Tap Bennett would stay with him for another half hour to "reassure" him. The funny thing is that after it was all over, and I was back down in Washington, Scali left USUN and went back to ABC. He would call me for lunch, I would say, about once a month, with no particular news angle in mind. It appeared that he kind of enjoyed the experience at our UN Mission, in retrospect at least. I wish he would write about what he thought of his experience at the UN.

Scali was followed by Bill Scranton [former Governor of Pennsylvania as Ambassador to the UN. That was obviously after my time. Scranton was a liberal Republican who was a real believer in the UN. When he came down to Washington to consult with people, very often they asked me to come in, even though by then I was only the Inspector General of the Department of State. I got to know Bill Scranton very well, and it was a very worthwhile relationship. However, I have no idea how Scranton operated at the UN.

*Q: You also mentioned briefly the one term of Kurt Waldheim as Secretary General of the UN.*

SCHAUFLE: Waldheim was elected Secretary General in 1972, the year after I arrived in New York [1971]. Actually, he served as Secretary General from 1972 to 1982. U Thant was still Secretary General during the first General Assembly session which I attended. This was the 26th General Assembly of 1971. I didn't know anything about Waldheim. I can't remember who the other, potential candidates were for the position of Secretary General. He was elected, as I said afterward, as the candidate who was least objectionable to all of the members.

Waldheim was a disaster. I'm not sure whether he ever made a decision because of the UN. It was always because of Waldheim. Everybody knew that he wanted to be President of Austria, so I'm sure that that was always on his mind. He would give you an assurance about something. Two days later he would back away from it. It took a constant effort to keep his nose to the grindstone. We would be looking for a job for somebody who was retiring from the Foreign Service, and there would be a suitable UN job open. Waldheim

would promise it to us, and then he would back off. He would promise to do certain things in the Secretariat and then he didn't do them. In effect, in my view, he was a real "wimp." I know that one must always make concessions and engage in compromises. That's obvious. But then you shouldn't get too far out in front. You have to find out where all the bodies are, who's going to complain, and all that sort of thing, before you make any promises. He would put off making decisions as long as he could. So we weren't sorry to see him leave -- of course, this was after my time at USUN.

After Waldheim was elected Secretary General of the UN, CIA sent a psychiatrist up to New York. We had to arrange to have him invited to everything that was conceivable. I'm not sure that the psychiatrist ever talked to Waldheim, but he observed him under all these different kinds of circumstances. I would love to see what he wrote about Waldheim.

*Q: It must be somewhere.*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. I would say that my experience at the UN was alternatively frustrating and hopeful. There wasn't any alternative to the UN itself. However, it was often frustrating. You didn't get what you thought you should have. Obviously, you think of your national interests, but there were issues which really didn't make any difference to the United States, except what was the best thing to do. Even those issues became frustrating from time to time, because other countries would vote either with us or against us, just because we represented the United States. And that was true of some other powers.

The Soviets were never very helpful on the big issues of peacekeeping or peacemaking. They could be helpful and they would get amendments through on certain things, but they realized that it was not in their interest to let these situations degenerate into warfare or potential warfare. When they were convinced of that, we could "whip things up." Otherwise, they would very often oppose things just to oppose them. They didn't really have widespread contacts, as I think I mentioned earlier, because of their own system, which included distrust of their own people.

*Q: That's just what made it possible.*

SCHAUFLE: That's right. In my view, if you have a normal, "bilateral" career in the Foreign Service, you would never have the experience of working with so many different countries, more or less simultaneously. You might deal with representatives of all of those countries at one place or another, but not in the same way. Very often, in some countries, these are just social contacts, whereas in the UN you are looking for votes, you're looking for support, or you're trying to prevent "bad things" from happening. That kind of "multilateral" experience, I think, is of extreme value. I kept running into these people. It wasn't just that I happened to meet them at Post "X," but because we sat down and talked about issues of that nature, or something like that. Sometimes, we would have differences with our "allies," so to speak.

For instance, we tend to be very legalistic. We accept something which might create a precedent. However, I can remember making the rounds in Europe, both of NATO members and the Scandinavians, arguing certain issues with the governments of these countries, and not just their representatives in New York. After the General Assembly session was over in December, I did that two or three times, I think, in January and February of the following year, to make sure that they understood directly from us, and not just through their representatives, what we were trying to do or attempting to persuade them to take a certain course of action on one issue or another. So you need more people. I can remember a lengthy, lengthy consultation in The Hague [Netherlands]. The Dutch kept saying that our "legalistic position" wasn't really that important. [Laughter] But they could be very legalistic about certain issues, too.

To me service at USUN was always a mixture of frustration and satisfaction. Now it would be somewhat different, naturally, because you would not have the automatic Soviet-U. S. differences on some issues. Now the "odd man out" is China. I must admit that I don't have much knowledge now about how China is voting in the UN. However, I have the impression that there is a lot more compromise possible. Look at the Bosnian situation today. I'm surprised that some of those resolutions ever got through, because you know that the Russians are going to support the Serbs, and the Arabs are going to support the Muslims. Of course, the Germans got too far out in front right away and recognized Croatia because of the traditional relationship that they have. However, they got the resolutions through. They weren't good enough, in my view, but at least they got something. I hate to think of having the jobs I had then with the extra whatever it is -- 50 members of the UN. You have to deal with a lot more countries. I think that within a year after the Berlin Wall came down, there were 25 new members of the UN.

*Q: What do you see as the benefit to the United States of such an international organization?*

SCHAUFLE: Obviously, the UN cannot solve all of the questions which come before it. However, since we are more or less committed to the UN, we get the issues talked about. We may reach conclusions which are not completely satisfactory to us, but at least they go in the right direction. Otherwise, for instance, in Europe we would have to deal purely in the NATO context. Then the Europeans have their own European Union, so they have their own little group.

We don't have any group, except NATO, if you want to call it that. We don't have any geographic relationship, such as the Europeans and the Latin Americans do. I guess that what I am saying, in a sense, is that without the UN we are kind of alone. Since the Cold War has ended and the Soviet Union is no longer the threat which it was once considered to be, everybody is becoming more independent of the United States. They don't consider that they need our protection as much. The Europeans have reached the point, regardless of the Cold War, where they may one day have a common currency. When they reach that point, they will act in their own interest, and not in our interest.

The UN gives us a method, a forum in which we can do certain things which would be difficult for us to do under other circumstances. The UN is criticized a lot in this country. I don't agree with much of this criticism. I can understand it when members of Congress and the public say that U. S. soldiers committed to the UN must be under U. S. command. But what if everybody in the world insisted on that?

In our own concern about public opinion in the United States, we might note that, at the present time, some of the public opinion polls suggest considerable public support for the UN -- with some reservations. However, when a political issue is involved, people tend to "back up." There are still a lot of people in this country who don't want the U. S. to get involved in various things. It's surprising to me, after all this time, that such views can be widespread. I guess that it goes with our history. The same is also true of members of Congress.

When we complained about the fact that 18 Americans were killed in Somalia, we didn't hear the same complaints from Pakistan, which had 85 Pakistanis killed. I don't think that that kind of "special position" is tenable or proper. However, as new Presidents learn how to conduct foreign policy, they usually come out with a certain level of support for the UN, because it takes the "heat" off them. They realize that. I'm not particularly concerned about the long run, but it gets very difficult under certain circumstances, if we more or less immobilize ourselves and look like the "odd man out" and the constant opponent of certain things that the UN may do. I'm sure that the UN will still be there for a few more years.

*Q: How long did you serve in USUN?*

SCHAUFLE: I was there for four years [1971-1975]. I left USUN in about June, 1975. I had a phone call from Dean Brown, who was the Under Secretary for Management in the State Department. He said that I would be appointed Inspector General of the Foreign Service. This position would not have been my choice. On the other hand, I was "running out of steam" at USUN, kind of "burned out," and the move was not so traumatic. We had a house in Washington, on which the lease was running out. So we could move back into it. That made it easier. So we moved back to Washington. Our son, Steven, was away at college. Our other son, Peter, was 15 in 1975. He was attending a middle school in Larchmont, NY. The transfer came at the end of a school term, so he didn't have to leave in the middle of a term.

I had only been at a post once when it was inspected. That was the Consulate General in Munich in 1954 or 1955. It was kind of amusing because the man who inspected us, whose name I now cannot remember, criticized the management of the post. This developed into a "spitting contest" with Allan Lightner, who was the Consul General. Lightner said that the senior inspector was a consular officer who didn't understand the substantive issues that the post was involved in. I could have replied that Al is a substantive officer who didn't understand all of the consular work which the Consulate General had to do. That was the work which most of our personnel were involved in.

*Q: This is Side B of Tape 8 of the interview with Ambassador William E. Schauffele. The date is July 20, 1995. When the previous tape ended, you were talking about an inspection which you went through...*

SCHAUFFELE: Well, as I was saying, the Consul General, Allan Lightner at the Consulate General in Munich, complained that the Inspector was a consular officer and didn't understand the substantive work that the post was doing. Al never was much of a manager or an expert in administration. When I was still a Non Immigrant Visa Officer, I went up and complained to him about some things that he wasn't doing. I knew his secretary, Stephanie, whom we called "Stevie," very well. She had been in Munich, one way or another, for about five years. As I came out of Lightner's office, I said, "Well, I guess I'm in trouble now." She said, "No, you're not. You're the only one who has enough guts to come up here and say it. So he listens to you."

That was my only previous experience with a Foreign Service inspection. I hadn't followed the evolution of the Inspection Corps. I was a little surprised to go down there and find out two things: 1) We had the corps of Foreign Service Officers, obviously, and then, 2) although they were not separate, we also had a corps of administrative and budgetary experts who, by and large, were not Foreign Service Officers. That gave us, or should have given us, a better idea of how each Foreign Service post was being run.

The more important thing was -- and I'm surprised that nobody ever thought of it before -- that you inspect the post and then you inspect the desk in the State Department. They never used to do that. Nobody was inspected in the Department. If a serious situation developed, the Inspector General might go to the Under Secretary for Management and tell him, "We've got a real problem here. I can't solve it. You're going to have to solve it." However, I could tell him what the problem is. I didn't know that that was being done. I think that that was a very salutary change.

So I went down to the office of the Inspector General and got to know the staff as well as I could. When I finally thought that I had things under control and had enough knowledge myself, I was going to take a trip around the world to familiarize myself with other posts, places, and certain issues involved. I also had in my briefcase papers related to the need to get rid of two Ambassadors. I'll come back to this in a few minutes. I had probably been in that job about three or four months. By that time Larry Eagleburger was the Under Secretary of State for Management.

Now I have to give you a little history, if I may. David Newsom had been Assistant Secretary for African Affairs and then went out as Ambassador to Indonesia. Don Easum then became the Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. Don had replaced me in Ouagadougou as Ambassador. We knew each other very well. We were of an age, and so forth. Don was a real African supporter. I thought that I was, too, but that's neither here nor there. He developed the habit of going out to Africa and making speeches. This seriously disturbed Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, so he was gotten rid of, and not

badly. He became the Ambassador to Nigeria, Africa's biggest country. He was replaced by Nathaniel Davis, who was an Eastern European specialist. This caused an immediate uproar among Africans. I don't know why Mobutu of Zaire took it upon himself to lead the charge, because he was so dependent on the United States, anyway. But he did. At this point Davis had been Assistant Secretary for African Affairs for a few months.

Then the Angolan issue came up. A Marxist government had been set up, opposed by two other groups, the FNLA, the National Front for the Liberation of Angola, led by Holden Roberto; and the other one was UNITA, the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola, led by Jonas Savimbi. Probably, at least initially on the initiative of South Africa, we got involved, but not wholly on our own. There were a couple of African Presidents who were concerned about a Communist government on one coast of Africa and a Communist government in Mozambique, on the other coast, both in former Portuguese colonies. We got involved in a clandestine operation. We provided weapons and all sorts of things, though we didn't provide any troops. South Africa provided troops. And Mobutu of Zaire provided a lot of support to Holden Roberto.

Nat Davis, then the Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, didn't agree with that -- nor did many of the people in the Bureau of African Affairs. He didn't resign, exactly. I think that he just stopped coming to the office. I don't remember exactly what the administrative arrangements were.

Then Larry Eagleburger called me in. This had happened a couple of months before. He said, "You'll be hearing from Secretary Kissinger about that job." I said, "I'm about to start on a round the world trip, inspecting some Foreign Service posts." So he said, "Well, go ahead, but leave your itinerary with me." So I got half way around the world and received a telegram to come back to Washington. I had an appointment with Secretary Kissinger four days later.

The sad part about that trip was the two Ambassadors. One of them -- and I hope that you don't mind if I don't mention names -- was a classmate of mine at Yale. He and his wife -- his wife, in particular -- were creating havoc in the Administrative Section of the Embassy where he was assigned. She thought that the Administrative Section, and especially the General Services Unit, was there to take care of her needs.

*Q: Was he a career Ambassador?*

SCHAUFLE: He was a career staff in AID but was not a Foreign Service Officer. He had been in AID for a long time.

*Q: Did she know something about...*

SCHAUFLE: She was a new wife. He had been divorced. I tried not to let that interfere with my views because we knew his first wife. We had the feeling that he pressed for a divorce because they had a retarded child. That is pretty poor behavior, in my view.

Anyway, that was the first of these two incidents that I had to deal with. I stayed with them. I still remember spending three to four hours one night, trying to explain what the problems were. I'd get nods from both of them. Then I said, "So you understand." And his wife would speak up and say, "But I need them the extra service from the General Services Unit." And he would go along with her. He should have known better. I had the feeling that he was a kind of sexual slave to her. He did what I think was unforgivable. He went to the President of the country, who made a request to Secretary Kissinger that he should not be required to leave immediately. That's very poor behavior. Anyway, his departure was delayed for a couple of months, but no more than that.

The other Ambassador was a sad case. He was a man who had been a POW [Prisoner of War] in Vietnam for seven years. He was released in 1973 and came back to the U. S. Apparently, in an effort to reward him, the Department assigned him as an Ambassador two or three months later, in an area with which he was not familiar. He hadn't even gotten used to the United States again. It showed, even though this was not an important post. All one had to do was read what the Embassy was sending in -- and it showed. I didn't beard him with his performance. I wanted to see what the situation was. The Embassy was in a shambles. His wife was pretty good, but she had to take care of him -- as was only proper. She considered that her principal duty was to take care of her husband. So when I got back to Washington, I recommended that both of these Ambassadors be removed. The Department approved those recommendations. The first Ambassador's replacement was delayed a little, as I previously mentioned. I hope that I never have to go through an experience like that again -- especially with a case like the second Ambassador. In the first case the Ambassador deserved to be replaced, especially after I talked to him.

So I got the call from Larry Eagleburger and came back to Washington. Heather was surprised to see me back so soon. Finally, I saw Secretary Kissinger. He asked me if I knew what we were doing in Angola. I said that I had a general idea of what we were doing because various things had been reported in the press, although I didn't know any of the details. I said that I could tell him from my experience that any support given to Holden Roberto was a waste of money, because he was so corrupt. He was under Mobutu's control and didn't give a damn about Angola. Mobutu financed him all the time. They were tribal "cousins." I said that if we supported anybody, it should be Jonas Savimbi. I also said that I had no philosophical objection to clandestine operations. If they were in the U. S. interest and were liable to work or had a good chance of working -- and we could take the guff, when they became known -- I would support it. Secretary Kissinger said, "Well, I wish that somebody had told me that when all of this started." But he had Nat Davis, you see, who knew nothing about Africa. Then he talked about the Bureau of African Affairs and said that it was full of missionaries who wanted to improve the world. He just said, "I'm looking forward to working with you." And that was that.

*Q: So you were appointed Assistant Secretary for African Affairs?*

SCHAUFELE: I had the job. You'd think that after you've been in the Foreign Service for 25 years that it wouldn't take so much time to do the obligatory security check. But they had to do it all over again. They do it for every appointment, you know.

So I went back to the Inspector General's Office for a few weeks. I recommended someone to replace me -- Robert Sayre, who seemed to be the most effective Inspector and team leader. I didn't know Bob Sayre very well. He'd been Ambassador to a fair number of Latin American countries. The only advice I gave him when I left was to say, "One thing is that, with this Secretary of State, he doesn't want to hear anything about inspections. So it's up to you to handle things in such a way that he doesn't get involved." Well, he didn't do that. Sayre has some of the character traits which one attributes to small men. He is very bright, very sharp, very aggressive, and that sort of thing. I think that that's what happened.

*Q: You mean, very sensitive.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. I don't know what the details were. I should add at this point that it was right about then that I was promoted to FSO-Career Minister. As grateful as I was, I can still remember my first year or so in the Foreign Service, when I got to know the system. I thought that I would be lucky if I rose to FSO-3. So it was quite gratifying. My longest period without a promotion was my first one. Then I was promoted every three years after that, except for Career Minister, because you had to be 50 to be promoted to that rank. I was not surprised by then. I thought that I had a chance to become a Career Minister. I had made FSO-1 when I was 47, and promotions, as I say, had been regular -- every three years.

Finally came the swearing in ceremony and taking over the job as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. It was a well attended ceremony because of the Angolan affair. A lot of people were there to hear what I had to say and what Secretary Kissinger had to say because he had never expressed any interest in Africa before the Angolan affair came up. I can't remember what I said -- or what Secretary Kissinger said, either. However, we had talked before the swearing in. As soon as we finished the ceremony and I signed whatever it is that you sign, I went downstairs and took over the desk immediately. The OAU [Organization for African Unity] was about to have a meeting and vote again on membership for Angola, which would mean recognition of the communist, Leftist government. The previous OAU vote had gone against recognition of the Leftist government. The OAU has its headquarters in Addis Ababa.

We decided that I would leave immediately for Africa and go to five countries to make sure that those countries would "hold fast" and vote against recognition of the Leftist Angolan government. These countries were: Senegal, Cameroon, Zaire, Ivory Coast, and Gabon. They were all French-speaking countries -- four former French colonies and one former Belgian colony. I stopped in Paris on my way to Africa. The French, I think, had no objection to our clandestine activities in Angola, but they weren't going to get involved in them. Their "mission civilisatrice" didn't extend to Angola, unless they were in control.

I gave an interview to the magazine, "Jeune Afrique." I knew their Washington correspondent. I had been reading "Jeune Afrique" practically since it had started publication.

*Q: Where is that published?*

SCHAUFLE: It's published in Paris. The editor, Bechir ben Yahmed, is a native Tunisian. I knew him, too. This interview with "Jeune Afrique" was the only thing that I did before I left, except to give whatever instructions were necessary to my deputies: Ed Mulcahy, who had been Acting Assistant Secretary, anyway, and Jim Blake.

I had been to Dakar only once, if you can believe that. I was a little intimidated by the thought of meeting President Leopold Senghor of Senegal. Everybody talked about his being "agrege en grammaire," which even not very many Frenchmen were. So I talked to him and got his assurances. He didn't have much doubt about the longer range decision of the OAU but he said he would continue to follow the line of opposing recognition of the Leftist government in Angola. He complimented me on my interview in "Jeune Afrique."

A funny followup was that later on the same day, I think it was, or perhaps the next morning, I gave a press conference in French, which was a little tough for the TASS correspondent. He had to get someone to translate for him. Imagine sending someone to a country whose language he didn't speak and where the president is an "agrege en grammaire." I didn't know that the proceedings of the press conference were piped into Senghor's office. After it was over, Senghor called me. At some point in the conference, somebody had asked me the question, "Well, what do you suggest, then?" This was all about Angola. I said, "Que tout le monde s'en aille" (Let everybody leave). Senghor said that he thought the press conference had gone very well. He said, "Not only do you speak French well, but you know how to use the subjunctive." I thought that that was a compliment. Ivory Coast was next, and that was no big deal. I had known Houphouet-Boigny, the President, a little.

The next stop was in Cameroon. I met President Ahidjo when I was the Director of the Office of Central and West African Affairs, which covered the French speaking countries in West Africa. I had heard a lot about him. I walked into his office with our Ambassador, a political appointee who was an academic. President Ahidjo was there. Typical of him, he was wearing a blue "boubou" [robe]. He always wore a blue boubou. He was from the northern part of Cameroon. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a "kola" nut, and took a bite of it. He had a certain shyness about meeting people. Chewing the nut, a mild narcotic seemed to help him get through such meetings. He had an interpreter with him. This didn't bother me, because I spoke in French. We exchanged greetings and chatted a little bit. He sent the interpreter away. We talked for about an hour. His position on Angola was all right, too.

It wasn't until I got back to the Embassy that I found out why he had the interpreter with him. It was because the Ambassador didn't know enough French. So the Ambassador couldn't do the memorandum of conversation or the reporting telegram. I had to write it. I didn't mind writing it, but I feel that if you know you are going to have to do it, you have a "mind set" to retain the key points. I never like to take notes at such meetings. You go through the meeting, more or less automatically. You think, "I've got to report this, but that is not so important. I have to explain this," and that sort of thing.

In Zaire President Mobutu was all right. I had known Mobutu since 1964. Although I don't like him very much or what he does, at that time, at least, he nearly always did what the United States asked him to do -- up to a point, at least.

*Q: Were we financing him?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. We still provided a lot of aid to Zaire, and he "raked off" a lot of money from various sources. He didn't need our money, personally.

Bongo had become the President of Gabon. I had known M'ba, Leon M'ba, who was the first President of Gabon. Bongo was his protégé. He also had the characteristics of a little man. He didn't present any problem to us concerning what we were asking him to do. I didn't have a negative impression of him. I thought that he was probably very efficient. He knew what he was doing and certainly had control of the country. However, I wondered what that "control" was going to turn into at some future time.

So that was it, and I flew back to the United States. We had the assurance of these five presidents that they would support us. Actually, the vote in Addis Ababa on recognition of Angola ended up in a tie.

*Q: On the recognition of Angola?*

SCHAUFELE: By the OAU, the Organization of African Unity. We were trying to fend off recognition of Angola by the OAU.

*Q: Was it because of the political orientation of the group running Angola?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, because it was a Leftist, pro-communist group.

*Q: Was that the MPLA?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, the MPLA.

*Q: What do those initials stand for?*

SCHAUFELE: The Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola.

*Q: Was that organization financed by the Soviets?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. I should say that Holden Roberto, whom I never thought much of, controlled an area of Angola bordering on Zaire. He didn't have a great deal of indigenous, Angolan support, except from the members of his own tribe. That was also true of Jonas Savimbi, but his tribe was the Ovimbundu's, who accounted for about 50 percent of the population. So he had some "friends," if you want to call it that.

The vote of the Organization of African Unity to recognize Angola, or the MPLA as the legal government of Angola, was intended to force every African government to recognize them. That was what we were trying to avoid -- at least as long as we could. We didn't avoid it very long -- it was a matter of a couple of months, maybe.

Then we had the Clark Amendment and the Kennedy Amendment, cutting off American aid to Angola. I testified before Congress on these matters.

Maybe I should go back a little. Interestingly enough, at my hearing for confirmation as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs I don't recall that any big issue was raised. The Senators probably asked me about Angola. I'm sure that they must have. I don't remember that it became an issue of any great importance at the hearing. Certainly, I was confirmed immediately and, I think, unanimously. Maybe the Senators thought that, as I was an "Africanist," I could undo what had caused Nat Davis to resign as Assistant Secretary. I don't know. If they asked me a lot about Angola, I would have tried to avoid the issue and say that I would study it, and so forth. I wouldn't have tried to formulate a policy statement at that particular time.

This was lucky for me, because in January, 1976, we went back to Congress and asked for the release of an additional \$28 million in clandestine aid to Angola. I presented the testimony. [Laughter] Obviously, we didn't get the money.

*Q: Was that for clandestine support of...*

SCHAUFLE: As I recall it, the original action taken was that a certain amount of money was approved by Congress for Angola. However, the \$28 million was reserved. It could not be spent without further action by Congress. That's the best they could do, I gather. That was before my time as Assistant Secretary.

We failed to get authorization to spend the additional \$28 million, which was not surprising. The South Africans were unhappy with this outcome, but they continued to help Jonas Savimbi anyway. As a matter of fact -- and maybe this would be a good breaking point for a few minutes -- after that period Secretary Kissinger and I sat down with a couple of other people and more or less set out what we were going to do next. The next thing was that Secretary Kissinger was going to go to Africa. That's what started [1976] as my "travel rich" year. [Laughter]

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SCHAUFELE: Maybe a little bit about the Bureau of African Affairs is in order here, because Secretary Kissinger asked me to change all of my deputy assistant secretaries.

There was no particular problem with Ed Mulcahy, the principal Deputy Assistant Secretary. However, he was kind of worn out. Being Acting Assistant Secretary is much worse than being Assistant Secretary, because you don't have enough "built in" authority - especially on a controversial issue like Angola. However, he had done a good job. I couldn't have him reassigned until I decided who was going to replace him. We cast around for various people and finally decided that he would exchange jobs with Talcott Seelye, who was the Ambassador to Tunisia. Seelye I knew. He was an Arabic language officer. Ed Mulcahy couldn't have been more delighted. He'd served in Tunisia once and always wanted to go back. He thought that being Ambassador to Tunisia was a great assignment for him.

I told Secretary Kissinger that I wouldn't replace Jim Blake for the time being because I was not an economic specialist and I had full confidence in Jim. I said that he should get his own Mission, but we could do that in a few months. The other Deputy Assistant Secretary, whose name I can't remember now, was due to leave, too, so that was no particular problem. We replaced him with Dave Bolen, whom I'd also known for quite a while. He was a black. I think that he served as Ambassador to a couple of countries.

The biggest problem I faced, in a sense, was the desk officer for South Africa. I had worked with him on Zaire and Congo-Brazzaville affairs. He was very anti-South African and said so, publicly. So we replaced him. He always said that he was never informed why he was replaced.

*Q: He didn't figure that one out?*

SCHAUFELE: No. I think that Ed Mulcahy was the one who told him that he was being replaced. If I had done this myself, I might have done it differently. I don't know. I don't know how Ed did it. So we replaced him with Frank Wisner, who was not an "Africanist" but was a smart, fairly young officer. I got to know the people in my immediate office. There were about five or six secretaries. I had a very good secretary myself, but I had to work with everybody, because there was so much going on.

The Kissinger trip finally took place in April, 1976. I made another trip to Africa in that period, talking with a few other people about Angola but also about some other issues. Angola wasn't the only item on the agenda of that trip. I had Don Easum as Ambassador to Nigeria. I don't know where Shirley Temple Black was assigned as Ambassador, but she was in one of those posts there.

*Q: Ghana, I think.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, Ghana.

*Q: Her DCM was Jack Linehan.*

SCHAUFELE: Was he? Anyway, they were very much against the Angolan operation, which didn't surprise me. We talked about it. We made all the usual stops but didn't go to Dakar, for instance. We went to Zaire, Tanzania, Kenya, and Zambia. I can't remember the others, but those were the major stops. The idea was that Secretary Kissinger would get to know these people a little bit and prepare the way for him to make a major speech which, we'd already decided, would be given in Zambia -- assuming that everything up to then permitted that.

*Q: Had Secretary Kissinger ever been in Africa before?*

SCHAUFELE: I don't know. He may have been in North Africa. I was still getting to know Kissinger. I can still remember, for instance, when we were in Zaire. President Mobutu invited us for lunch on his boat, called "Kamaniola," out in the Congo River. It was named to celebrate the incident in 1964 when Congolese rebels were turned back by the Congolese National Army, led personally by Mobutu. That was in my consular district -- Bukavu. So, anyway, there was Kissinger at a table with Mobutu. I was at an adjoining table with Foreign Minister N'guza. At some point during the luncheon Kissinger asked Mobutu if he knew "Mr. Schaufele." Mobutu said, "Yes, I've known Mr. Schaufele since 1964." Kissinger turned to me and said, "You never told me that." He was always complaining to me that I had never told him something or other which had happened in the past. I couldn't tell him about everything. So I got used to that, too.

Obviously, Mobutu was going to support us on the Angolan issue. He didn't want a communist country on his southern border. We hadn't said that we were going to stop supporting Holden Roberto. We kind of let that question drift away. Besides, we didn't have any more money.

Then, from Zaire, we went to Kenya, I think. A little way outside of Nairobi we met President Jomo Kenyatta. We also visited a big game park. It surprised me that Kissinger would want to visit a game park, but we did. I always liked the game parks, up to a certain point. I remember that visit. We had all of the press with us. I don't remember how many correspondents were with us, but we all went down there. On the next morning we went out to visit the game in about 10 or 12 Land Rovers. Two of them collided with each other! There they were, spread out all over the game park, and suddenly two of them collided with each other. It wasn't serious, but I thought that it was rather amusing. The Kenyan government people presented no particular problem. We also talked to Daniel T. arap Moi, who eventually replaced Kenyatta as President of Kenya. I didn't have much of an impression of Moi. I still don't, in many ways, even though he's been President for a long time.

The key visit, as we knew it would be from the beginning, was Tanzania, with President Julius Nyerere. Kenneth Kaunda had been one of the first African Presidents to talk to

Kissinger in Washington before I ever came on the scene. He was worried about a communist Angola. Zambia would have been a good place for Kissinger to make his speech, but Kaunda couldn't really support us if Nyerere were against it. Nyerere kind of controlled things in that corner of Africa -- Zambia, Kenya, Botswana, and Mozambique, interestingly enough. We'll come to Mozambique later. That was the other country that Kaunda was worried about -- because it also had a leftist government.

So we arrived in Dar Es Salaam. The meeting was to be held in Nyerere's home -- as were all of our meetings, including Secretary Kissinger's and mine.

*Q: It's called Endar.*

SCHAUFLELE: Endar. He had an office there. It was a small building with about two rooms. It was used for all of our subsequent meetings, with all of the reporters standing outside. Kissinger and Nyerere got along beautifully, from the intellectual point of view. Later on, they got along even better, and that relationship "flowered" in lots of ways. From the intellectual and philosophical point of view, they were great conversationalists. Not surprisingly, Nyerere was skeptical about this, because the United States had never done anything in southern Africa to speak of.

Secretary Kissinger told Nyerere that if we do this, "This is the way I plan to do it. We will consult with you, but we may have to bring South Africa into the picture if we're going to persuade Ian Smith of Southern Rhodesia to shorten his '1000 Year' program of independence for Zimbabwe." Kissinger said that we may need the support of Prime Minister Vorster of South Africa. There was a little pause, and then Nyerere said, "Well, if you need him, that's all right." Then Nyerere said, "What would you do if Ian Smith doesn't agree?" Kissinger said, "We'll take care of that." This surprised the hell out of me. Kissinger made it clearer there than in any other place, except with Kaunda, that "We will keep you informed at every step along the way." So Nyerere agreed.

I forgot to say that we also stopped in London on the way to Africa, because London was sovereign in Rhodesia, as far as we were concerned. We met with Prime Minister James Callaghan and Tony Crosland, then the Foreign Minister, at No. 10 Downing Street. I met separately with Reginald Maudling, who was the "shadow" Conservative Party foreign minister. We went over the same ground with them. It was obvious that the British weren't going to do anything, although they would have to agree with whatever we were able to accomplish -- because they would obviously have to play a role.

We went to Zambia and talked with Kaunda, who had scheduled a lunch with the press and various other people. That's where Kissinger made his speech, saying that the United States was engaged in an effort to resolve the Rhodesian situation.

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*Q: This is Tape 9, Side A, July 20, 1995. I'm sorry that we had to turnover the tape. You were just talking about Secretary Kissinger's speech in Zambia in 1976 and the reaction to it.*

SCHAUFLE: Well, Kissinger committed the United States, in his speech, to an effort to achieve "majority rule," as it was then called, in Rhodesia, and independence for Namibia, which was a protectorate of South Africa. This speech surprised the world, in a sense, although the fact that Secretary Kissinger went to Africa was surprise enough.

I don't remember the details of all of my journeys. I remember some. I have a picture upstairs of me talking to our Ambassador to Liberia, Beverly Carter, who is about 6' 10" tall, and Dave Bolen. I can't recall at what point I had that meeting in Liberia.

I think that probably, after this speech by Secretary Kissinger in Zambia, I retraced our steps to tell the presidents that we had already talked to -- not Nyerere, because he knew what we were planning to do. I made the same promises that they would be kept informed.

We returned to the U. S. I can't give you the chronology in any systematic way, but we finally scheduled a meeting with South African Prime Minister Vorster, which was held in the Bayerische Wald in Bavaria, in Germany. It was held at a kind of guest house which had no room for reporters, so they were left in Munich. We flew up there. Of course, this was territory I knew very well, although Kissinger didn't know that I knew it.

*Q: Did he find out that you knew it?*

SCHAUFLE: He eventually found out. He didn't like the flight. We flew up in a helicopter. Accompanying us were fighter planes of the German Border Police. We were fairly close to the border with Czechoslovakia, at that time. He felt that those planes were always too close. I didn't know that he had that kind of fear or concern. However, we arrived at the site, and there was no particular problem.

We met with Vorster; his foreign minister, Muller; Pik Botha, who was the South African Ambassador to the United States; and the State Secretary, Brand Foorie. The meeting lasted two days. We stayed there overnight.

This was the first meeting, so it didn't surprise me that Vorster talked about the way that South Africa saw all of the issues in southern Africa, as if he were educating Kissinger. Well, in a sense, he was, I suppose. You can only find out about people by sitting down and really talking to them. I won't say that Vorster promised to cooperate with the U. S.. He certainly indicated that he was ready to cooperate. He was a little more hesitant about Namibia, because he regarded it as South African territory. He considered the head of the Namibian independence movement, Sam Nujoma practically a communist. Then Vorster asked Kissinger what he thought of Nujoma. Kissinger may have heard the name for the first time. He turned to me, and I said, "Well, I've known Sam for some time." Kissinger

interrupted me and said, "You never told me that." I said what the United States thought of Sam. We thought that he was an independence leader and was not a communist. Obviously, South Africa would not agree with some of his policies, and we would not agree with some of them, either. However, we thought that he was a legitimate leader, as far as we could tell.

After the meeting we flew back to Munich. The funny thing about flying back to Munich was that the press corps was waiting for us at the Munich airport. Not only the American press corps accompanying the Secretary but the German press corps as well. They were avid for information. Finally, the American press corps -- there may have been others, too -- went down to one end of the reception hall with Kissinger, where he gave a press conference in English. I took the German correspondents to the other end and gave a press conference in German. I kidded Kissinger about that. I said, "There we were, neither of us giving a press conference in our native language." [Laughter] That worked pretty well. I don't remember how we informed the British of this -- whether he stopped in the U. K. on his way back to Washington, or whether I did. I went directly to Africa and immediately called on all of the people with whom we had previously consulted, giving them the upshot of this meeting with the South African government. That was the most important thing. They had to be convinced that we weren't "conning" them in our relationships with South Africa. As I said, I may also have stopped in London on the way back to Washington to talk to the British -- or maybe Kissinger did. I don't know.

We had another meeting with Prime Minister Vorster in Zurich some weeks later. We didn't have to go through the "getting to know you" bit. We continued to inform the Africans. Vorster had obviously talked to Ian Smith of Rhodesia and had consulted whomever he consulted with regarding Namibia. He agreed that South Africa would use its influence with Smith. The South Africans obviously were a little bit more relaxed about Namibia. I don't remember whether, at that point, the question had come up regarding the South African meeting with the Namibians. I know that it did come up later, but whether this was the first time it was ever mentioned, I don't recall. However, as I remember it, we said that this had to be a negotiation between South Africa and the Namibians and that we couldn't participate in the discussions, although we obviously were interested in them and in the resolution of the problem.

So again, I went on my usual trip -- back to Africa. I talked to all of the countries concerned. I also had the pleasure of talking with President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania in his little office. I should have mentioned that when Secretary Kissinger was there and after we had actually finished the meeting, Nyerere took us over to the outdoor cooking place which is characteristic of that part of Africa to meet his family, including his mother, who was obviously very important. He did that every time I visited him, too.

*Q: And you had a bride fight.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. [Laughter] I can still remember that one time he and I had talked for about an hour or so. We came out, and the press was waiting. I guess that they were

mostly American journalists. One American journalist asked, "What was all the laughing in there?" We didn't answer that question. I don't know what it was about, either. But that's the way you had to handle things, because Nyerere always knew when to take the pressure off and relax a little bit, so you could make progress later. You can get too intense in these kinds of exchanges. You can develop "mind sets" which are disadvantageous to the resolution either of a small or large part of the problem. Nyerere knew how to do that very well. I think that I do, too, to a certain extent. When I feel that things are getting too tense, I can usually find some joke or some remark that will relax the situation for a little while, at least. Besides, this wasn't an adversarial meeting, as far as we were concerned.

There never was an adversarial relationship with Nyerere, in my view. I always found Nyerere's cooperation exemplary, whatever doubts he might have had. I still think that he had doubts as to whether a negotiated arrangement between South Africa and Namibia would ever happen. However, I think that his doubts about our sincerity in making this happen gradually were dissipated. Talks with him were always worthwhile.

Not only did I talk with the Africans -- for Kissinger couldn't spend all of this time on the African issues. I would very often stop in London, Paris, and Bonn. I would talk very extensively to the British about these matters -- although less so to the French and Germans. We wanted to keep them informed, by and large.

During one trip to Africa, I should explain, there was even discussion of the possibility of what was called the "buy out." Under this possibility if the white landowners didn't want to stay in an independent or majority ruled Rhodesia, there would be a fund to "buy them out" of their property. As I recall the matter, we were talking about a fund of \$2.0 billion, if this ever happened.

At one point Secretary Kissinger sent Bill Rogers, the Under Secretary for Economic Affairs, with me for one trip to Africa. We were in Kissinger's office, talking to him. Kissinger turned to Bill Rogers and said, "How does your wife feel about this?" Bill and his wife had some problem -- I don't know what it was. Evidently, it was alcohol, but I didn't know that. He said, "It will be all right, as long as the trip is not too long." Kissinger said to me, "How about your wife?" I shrugged and said, "If I have to go and it's worthwhile, my wife has no problem with it."

So we went to Africa and were together for two weeks, talking to various people in those same countries, mostly about economics and finance. We were thinking that if this "buy out" ever came about, in effect we would be rewarding the "colonists" with \$2.0 billion.

*Q: You and Bill Rogers?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, William D. Rogers. He's a lawyer with one of the big legal firms in Washington, DC. I stayed in Africa on this trip for seven weeks. I made another circuit of Africa. Secretary Kissinger was going to come out again. I got some rest by "holing up" at

the Norfolk Hotel outside Nairobi [Kenya], which Heather and I have always loved. They have great food. You can get a cottage. I stayed there. Kissinger then flew to Nairobi. We made another round.

*Q: Was that his second or third trip to Africa?*

SCHAUFLE: I think that it was his second trip, although I'm not sure. I wish I'd kept notes about all of these things. I had never meant or even thought about taking classified material with me when I retired. I should have kept notes about my trips but I didn't. I have to "piece" these things together.

All during this time we obviously had to establish contact with the African leaders in Rhodesia or Zimbabwe. There were two or three major contenders for the leadership. One was Robert Mugabe, who eventually became the President of Zimbabwe. Mugabe was in Mozambique, leading the liberation forces representing black Rhodesians who wanted majority rule.

*Q: Weren't they called ZANU [Zimbabwe African National Union]?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes. The leader of ZAPU, or Zimbabwe African Popular Union, was Joshua N'komo. He was still traveling in and out of Zimbabwe and in other places as well. So we never met Mugabe during this period, the summer of 1976. We met frequently with N'komo. The funny thing was that we tried to get in touch with Muzorewa, the Bishop of Salisbury, who had exiled himself to Botswana for a while. There was never any response. He didn't do it on his own initiative. We said that we'd like to talk to him but we had no response. However, a representative of the Methodist office in Washington, DC, came in to see me and to plead for Bishop Muzorewa. I felt a little bit of "schadenfreude" at that because I knew those people. I told them, "You're always telling me not to get involved in anything and not to interfere. Now you want us to support your candidate for President of an independent Zimbabwe." I found that a little inconsistent.

Incidentally, I said to the Methodists, when they came in to plead for Bishop Muzorewa, "Where is Muzorewa?" They didn't say it in so many words but they indicated that he didn't want to talk to us. I said, "You know, if he doesn't talk to us, how does he expect us, in effect, to come out in his favor, if that's what you people want?" They didn't have any answer. I guess that they felt that he was "cleaner" if he didn't talk to the Americans and the British.

I'll be frank to admit that N'komo was our candidate. He was also Vorster's candidate, as it turned out, because the South Africans thought that Mugabe was more doctrinaire and politically untrustworthy, from their standpoint. He did have an apparent record of that kind of political tendency. N'komo used this and exploited the situation as much as he could.

Our contact with N'komo was pretty constant, in one place or another. Obviously, we didn't meet him in Rhodesia. We met him in London and in Kenya. I don't think that we met him in Tanzania -- more likely it was in Zambia. So he had a clear idea of what our information was. It was basically a matter of travel, because he comes from Bulawayo, south of Salisbury. There is always a tribal issue somewhere in all of these situations, unfortunately.

I should add here that on one of his trips to Africa Secretary Kissinger met with Senghor . I don't have the chronology right, but, anyway, we met with Senghor during the day. He invited us to dinner that night, on the spur of the moment. So we went. On our side it was just Kissinger, our Ambassador, and myself. There was just Senghor on their side. Anyway, Senghor understood enough English -- and I knew that -- so that he could understand Kissinger. For his part, Kissinger said he understood enough French -- and he did, by and large. But I had to stay on my toes in case they missed something -- and they did on occasion -- to translate in one direction or the other, to make sure that they were getting the meaning clearly. They realized when they were having problems. They would ask me to translate.

There was another great difference in the two conversations between Senghor and Kissinger, compared to conversations between Kissinger and Nyerere. Senghor was more in the European mode, because he was trained and educated in France. He was a philosopher, a French and not an African philosopher, like Nyerere. It came out that, even before the independence of Africa, that there had been competition for the leadership of French-speaking Africa between Senghor and Houphouet-Boigny, who didn't have any higher education. He was a tribal chief. Both Senghor and Houphouet-Boigny were in the French Parliament, but they had different approaches to Africa. Senghor tended to be more "European," if you want to call it that. Houphouet always kept his approach based on tribal allegiances, African customs, and that sort of thing. Kissinger asked Senghor something -- I can't remember exactly what it was. It was something about Africa in general terms. Senghor kind of cocked his head and said, "I think that you have to ask Houphouet-Boigny about that. He's more African than I am." That was very interesting. Senghor retired and went back to France, where he is now a member of the Academie Française. He's married to a Frenchwoman. So, if you will, he went back to his philosophical and educational home. This shouldn't surprise us, I guess, but anyway...

The conversation that night was one of the high points of watching the various people that Secretary Kissinger met. The meeting with Vorster and Smith took place in Pretoria, at the home of the American Ambassador.

*Q: That would have been in Pretoria.*

SCHAUFELE: Pretoria, yes. I'm sorry. I can only assume that it was done that way to escape the press. If Kissinger suddenly descended on the Prime Minister's office, or something that would have been obvious like that, it would have been different. The press knew about this meeting. They weren't overwhelming us with pressure to learn what had

been said. I would assume that they would like to get to Smith as much as anybody else. Those attending the meeting included Smith, Vorster, Pik Botha, and, I guess, Muller, the South African Foreign Minister. On our side there were Bill Bowdler, the Ambassador to South Africa, Kissinger, and I.

It was obvious that Vorster had talked to Smith. However, we had to go through the routine with Smith about how the Africans were going to run the country, what we would do with all of these white people who had big farms, including Smith himself, and that sort of thing. Finally, it came down to the point that if it could be worked out, he Smith would agree to majority rule within two years. I always liked to say that we reduced this period at that meeting by 98.9 percent. [Laughter] That information was not released at the time. We just said that we had had conversations with Smith and Vorster, that progress was made, and so forth.

*Q: Did that include the "buy out"?*

SCHAUFELE: No. We were still talking about the "buy out." The "buy out" was never officially offered. It was the last thing. I don't know what Vorster thought, but those of us who were familiar with the "buy out" idea all considered that that would be the last concession, if it would make Smith move. Smith never talked about the "buy out" but about the losses that his people would suffer at the hands of the black-dominated government.

Then I immediately made another round of visits to African Presidents. We obviously told the British. I can't remember if we told others. This is where I get my trips mixed up. They were wary of the "buy out" concept. They were afraid of what it was going to cost them. I can understand that. I really had not said so far anything which the Conservatives, the Tories, had not told me every time I went to London. I saw Reginald Maudling, the "shadow Foreign Minister." He was quite clear. He said, "When the Tories regain power, if Smith is still in power in Rhodesia, we will assert our sovereignty and send a governor general and a small contingent of soldiers to reassert our authority." The interesting thing is that is what happened. That was several years later, but, nevertheless, it happened.

I think that a kind of windup, so to speak, was the thing...I can't remember the itinerary. However, we were in Nairobi. I think that it must have been after the Vorster-Smith meeting with Kissinger. Kissinger and I discussed the situation. We were going to meet with the British the next day. Kissinger said, "I think that we had better talk to Kaunda again." It was important to keep Kaunda down. He had the most at stake -- the relationship between Zambia and Rhodesia or Zimbabwe. So at noon I chartered a plane and flew to Lusaka, Zambia. Well, Kaunda wasn't in Lusaka. He was having a party meeting upcountry. So I was taken upcountry in a Soviet-made helicopter, a two-hour trip. We had our talk, and that went off very satisfactorily. I flew back to Lusaka and managed to catch the night plane to London.

I flew to London, and we met with Prime Minister Callaghan and his people. By this time, I think, David Owen had taken over as Foreign Minister because Tony Crosland had just died. Owen wasn't completely "up" on things. I must admit that I was never comfortable with David Owen. I didn't quite know what his agenda was. So we had our talk with the British and had reached the point where we were really going to move ahead. I said, "Gentlemen, we have not informed the Organization of African Unity. They know that we've been flying around, but we're getting to the point now where we are going to need some kind of tacit or open endorsement from the organization to which all African countries belong." The British government thought that over and decided that that was right and that we were going to have to do that. I said, "Well, somebody should go and see the President of the OAU." They said, "Well, you can go and see the President. Who is he?" I said, "He's the Prime Minister of Mauritius, Ramgoolam." I knew him.

So I caught a flight out of London late that afternoon and changed planes in Djibouti, I think. Because it was a long flight -- I don't know how many thousand miles it is -- I didn't get in to Mauritius until the next afternoon. It was all of 24 hours before I got to Mauritius. I got there, met our Ambassador, and then met with Prime Minister Ramgoolam and his cabinet at about 7:00 PM that night. That meeting went very well. However, the Ambassador, because I guess they never had an Assistant Secretary out there, asked me if I could stop by at a reception which somebody was giving for the Diplomatic Corps, with cabinet ministers present, and all of that sort of thing. I thought that it would be good politics to do that, so I did. I finally got to bed around midnight, got up at 3:30 AM, caught the morning flight to Johannesburg, talked to somebody in Johannesburg -- probably Brand Fourie, although I don't remember -- and then flew back home.

*Q: Via London, I suppose.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. I always flew via London. It was in London that I heard from several African specialists of the British press about an "ultimatum" that Secretary Kissinger had allegedly sent to President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia. I saw the text of the message there. Then I flew home to Washington, DC. When I got home, Secretary Kissinger was in Brussels at a NATO meeting. I hadn't been at my desk in the State Department more than an hour or so when Kissinger called me from Brussels. He said, "Have you heard about my letter to Kaunda?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I guess that if you'd been there, you wouldn't have approved of it." I said, "If I'd been here and you'd insisted on sending it, you'd need a new Assistant Secretary of African Affairs." Then he apologized, said it was a mistake, and asked me to straighten it out. [Laughter] And that wasn't so hard, because I'd seen Kaunda fairly recently. Kaunda knew me, at least. So that turned out to be not such a big issue as I feared it would be.

One additional trip that I made -- and this is out of order and, as I say, I can't remember the chronology -- came after a meeting in London. It was decided that Ted Rowland, who was Deputy Foreign Minister or whatever the British call that position, and I were both going to the 10th anniversary of the establishment of Botswana as an independent country. I would have gone anyway and I guess that the British would have sent someone,

also. Then we would travel around the area afterwards, including a visit to Salisbury, Rhodesia. This would have been the first time that an American official would have visited Salisbury in six or seven years, whichever it was.

So we went to the Botswana celebration. We used the aircraft of the American Air Attaché in the Embassy in Pretoria, South Africa and flew to Mozambique. I had been to Mozambique at least once and maybe twice before and talked to Machel, the President. I mentioned before that Machel asked the question, "What if Ian Smith doesn't agree?" I said, "We'll take care of that." I didn't report that to Kissinger, but Rowland reported it to London, who reported it to Kissinger. When I got back to Washington, Kissinger said, "We hear from the British that Machel asked you this question, and you said, 'We will take care of that.'" He said, "You shouldn't have done that." I said, "Why not? That's what you told Nyerere." He kind of stopped then. He had forgotten that he had told Nyerere that!

I found Machel rather interesting and a sympathetic person, even though he's supposed to be a leftist. Mozambique was suffering economically. They needed to get out of that leftist mentality of statism and all that sort of thing.

*Q: Where was this?*

SCHAUFELE: We didn't talk about that. Well, we talked a little about it because we couldn't avoid it. However, I didn't find Machel as "dangerous" a person as Kaunda originally described him.

Anyway, then the two of us went up to see Nyerere in Tanzania and Kenyatta in Kenya, then back to Kaunda in Zambia. The meetings were not extraordinary. However, I think that what's really important here is that we did manage to retain the confidence of the African leaders that we were doing something which they wanted done and that we were doing it with the best of intentions -- whether we succeeded or not. I think that, in a way, that was one of the most important things which came out of at least that period of a year. I think that it helped the succeeding administration, too, because the Carter administration sent people wandering around. They found that the United States had the confidence of the people that they had to deal with. I'll come to that later.

I said that we were not going to take the American Air Attaché plane to Salisbury [Rhodesia]. We had no representation there. The shortest line from Lusaka, Zambia, to Johannesburg is over Rhodesia. I said, "You won't fly over Rhodesia, either." The Air Attaché said, "All right, I can take pictures." I said, "I know that you want to take pictures but I don't want anything to happen that will endanger this process of negotiations, the result of which we don't know yet." So he flew around Rhodesia. I persuaded the British to pay for a chartered aircraft up to Salisbury. We had a meeting in Salisbury with Ian Smith. It wasn't a bad meeting. Smith was as reluctant as ever to commit himself to too much, until, presumably, some "end period" came. He made nasty remarks about various

people. That didn't surprise us, but it did not discourage us. We thought that we were still on the right track.

I forgot to mention that at the last meeting with South African Prime Minister Vorster the question of a South African and Namibian conference was raised. The South Africans were willing to hold a conference with Sam Nujoma. I can't remember what his organization was called SWAPO -- Southwest African People's Organization. Sam Nujoma is now the President of Namibia. Anyway, we didn't spend a lot of time on that. The South Africans were willing to agree to a conference. We figured that it was a foregone conclusion that the conference would take place. However, we also arranged a conference in Geneva with Smith, N'komo, Mugabe, and Muzorewa. The South Africans were there. That conference was about Rhodesia. It started in October.

*Q: That was in 1976?*

SCHAUFELE: This all happened in 1976. At one point I flew up to New York at about this time, because the UN General Assembly was meeting. I saw Sam Nujoma of Namibia and talked to him. He was strangely reluctant to talk about the meeting with the South Africans on the independence of Namibia. I sat down and thought about it. The population of Namibia is very diverse -- a very interesting mixture of people -- the Hereros, and people with Germanic backgrounds, because that used to be a German colony.

*Q: This is Tape 9, Side B. You were saying that Namibia had been a German colony.*

SCHAUFELE: It was a German colony before World War I. It became a League of Nations Mandate, administered by South Africa. I finally figured out what the problem was. Sam Nujoma felt that he was too weak to go into a flat-out conference with South Africa, which might result in his potential opponents having more influence in an independent Namibia than he wanted to see. Eventually, Namibia became independent after Rhodesia became Zimbabwe. Perhaps you will remind me about some of the American reaction, which I have mentioned in my writing. I'd like to go back to this whole thing, at some point.

Anyway, we scheduled the conference in Geneva which I mentioned previously about Rhodesia and Zimbabwe. The conference would be chaired by Ivor Richard, who had been the Permanent Representative of the United Kingdom to the U.N. during the last year I was in USUN. So I knew him. We decided to send Frank Wisner, the Office Director for Namibia to the conference, because we didn't want to have too high a profile.

From the very beginning things didn't go very well.

*Q: In Geneva?*

SCHAUFELE: In Geneva. Secretary Kissinger finally decided that I had better go. There was a funny little incident in his office. We were sitting there. He knew Ivor Richard. He didn't know that I knew Ivor Richard. He asked me, "Have you had experience getting along with an arrogant, egotistical son of a bitch?" or something like that. He asked me if I had had any experience of that kind. I said, "Not with a British accent." [Laughter] By that time Kissinger and I knew each other pretty well. I had found out fairly quickly that if you can't engage in some give and take with Kissinger, he has no respect for you.

However, I went to the conference in Geneva. Smith was causing all the trouble, although there was trouble among the various aspirants to power in Zimbabwe. I thought we could solve that one. However, Smith used every conflict between Mugabe, Nkomo, Muzorewa, and so on, as an excuse to make no concessions or even to talk about some things. He finally left the conference, leaving in charge of the Rhodesian delegation a man named Van der Byl, who was his Labor Minister and the hardest line Rhodesian of all.

By that time we had a presidential election in the U. S. I think that we could have restored the situation if President Ford had been elected. But I think that my own analysis is still valid. That is, Muzorewa thought that a Democratic administration would favor more liberal aspirants for power in Rhodesia. Therefore, he was willing to make a deal with Ian Smith. And the deal was made, called "The Internal Solution." There was a nominally black government, but it wasn't really a black government. At the same time, N'komo and Mugabe were saying that with a Democratic administration we can get more from the Americans than the Ford administration was willing to give them. So it seemed to all of them -- even Ian Smith -- that it was in their interest not to proceed with the Geneva conference. If Ford had won the election, they wouldn't have had any choice. I've never had an opportunity to go down and talk to those leaders of Zimbabwe about it, but I think that that analysis is still correct. So a negotiated settlement at the Geneva Conference went down the drain, for the time being.

By the time I left the Bureau of African Affairs the new Carter administration hadn't come to grips with what it was going to do. However, eventually, David Owen and Steve Low, a U. S. and U. K. team, used to travel in the region to see if they could achieve anything. I think that they made some progress, but not enough, until the Conservatives won the election in the U. K. in 1979. Then Lord Carrington called the Rhodesians and Zimbabweans in and said, "This is the way it's going to be." Christopher Soames is going to be the Governor General, and we'll send a company of troops with him." So Soames flew down.

*Q: And that was it?*

SCHAUFELE: That's right.

*Q: Why couldn't the British have done that before?*

SCHAUFLE: Well, the Labor Party in Britain had been so badly burned by Rhodesia. They had held three meetings with Smith on board HMS FEARLESS, or some such name. The situation just got worse and worse. I think that that happened because British Prime Minister Harold Wilson wasn't firm enough, and Smith wanted to fight off any concession at that point. He was willing to make any threat, even though he might not have been able to firm it up or carry it out.

It's interesting to look back on this. I didn't have time to go back into the immediate, pre-history of this controversy, except for the highlights. I don't know when the actual fighting between ZANU [Zimbabwe African National Union] and the Smith government started. There was a lot of it by the time that I took over as Assistant Secretary of the Bureau of African Affairs, but it must have been going on for some time. I had always heard about the Selous Scouts and the Smith people.

*Q: Was this in the 1960's?*

SCHAUFLE: I don't know. We closed our Consulate General in Salisbury, Rhodesia in 1971. Some kind of fighting was going on before that, it's quite clear, but I'd have to look it up somewhere. That ended the Kissinger initiative. I don't knock him for it. He kept the lid on for a short time, and we did make a lot of progress. I don't think that any of the Africans much blamed him, as far as I could tell. The Africans tended to blame Ian Smith, in the first instance -- and maybe Vorster, although I'm not sure of that. This process started South Africa down the road to the South Africa of today. Maybe that's where I should talk about some of the American reactions.

One of the funniest reactions was after the first Kissinger trip. There was a seminar or conference at the Seven Springs Center. It was attended by journalists and academics who were understandably skeptical about Kissinger's trip and even his speech in Lusaka. They hadn't seen enough of it yet, and that doesn't surprise me. What surprised me was the reaction of several people, expressed in one form or another. One person -- I can't remember who it was -- put it bluntly. This person said to me, "If you're going to work on southern Africa, why don't you work at the worst problem of all" I said, "What do you mean?" He answered, "Apartheid." At that point I kind of "blew my top" a bit and I said, "Apartheid? Do you agree that we have to have South African cooperation to get majority rule in Rhodesia and the independence of Namibia?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Do you think that we're going to get it if we now make a major effort to get rid of apartheid in South Africa?" He had no answer to that, of course. I said, "If we achieve majority rule in Rhodesia and the independence of Namibia, South Africa weakens itself, because it will have less protection, so to speak, from black power. Then we can go after apartheid." The fact is that I may even have said that this may happen anyway. That is, if Namibia and Rhodesia both gained their independence and majority rule, South Africa may have opened the route to its own emancipation, so to speak. That's what happened, essentially.

These questions are funny, as I said to you last night when we were talking about this. Some people think that all you need to change things in Zaire is to have "grass roots democracy." They think that they know how to get there.

There was a lot of skepticism and then, as the process continued, criticism that we hadn't put enough pressure on Ian Smith. These people expressed horror at the thought of a "buy out" of white settlers in Rhodesia. They felt that nobody should be paid for colonizing a country.

*Q: They're so self-righteous!*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. It's a self-righteous group. Those are the missionaries that Kissinger was talking about -- at least, the kind of missionaries he was talking about. I always found some attitudes particularly difficult, in diplomacy, You are beset by the people who rely too much on power. They talk only about power. Other people talk only about the "right thing to do." I'm against power politics. There has to be something in the middle, because you won't get change without the use of power. You're not going to convince people to leave power, just because it's in somebody else's best interest that they do so.

*Q: It's always the question of "who's going to pay?"*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: Who was paying these African leaders -- there were three or four of them who were after the same territory? They had to be getting money from some source.*

SCHAUFELE: Well, Mugabe got money through Mozambique, probably, from the Soviets -- and maybe the Chinese Communists. N'komo may even have gotten some money from white people, because he was seen by some whites as a somewhat better choice than Mugabe. Bishop Muzorewa probably got some outside money. He was still the Methodist Bishop of Salisbury. When he took refuge in Botswana, I suppose that Seretse Khama assured him of living expenses, and that sort of thing. Kissinger never met Seretse Khama -- I was the only official American who ever talked to Seretse Khama, in Botswana. This was because we knew -- and Nyerere said, "You don't have to meet with him. We'll talk with him." But I thought that Botswana was one of the two or three operating democracies in Africa -- and with a border with Rhodesia. So I talked to him and I thought that this was useful. Seretse Khama had made his peace with South Africa without unduly compromising himself.

*Q: He was very unusual in that sense.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. He may have been one of the great African leaders. He had no ideology, as far as I could tell. I guess that Botswana is still democratic, and that's very encouraging. I don't know when Seretse Khama died, but he may have been in power for

15 years or so. He was able to establish such a foundation that it remained after he left the scene.

*Q: That would be a good study in itself.*

SCHAUFELE: I'm not sure that Nyerere has done that. I think that the jury is still out on that. Nyerere himself is all right.

*Q: There's a lot more working for Nyerere than for Botswana.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. Nyerere has Tanzania. I don't know how it has done. Their great problem is that their agricultural productivity has gone way down, because the government was keeping prices down. They were subsidizing the urban population, which was where a possible revolution might come from. I told Nyerere, "Unless you give your farmers an incentive to produce, you're going to get more people in the towns."

*Q: He's just fobbed the farmers off.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. Other people, with better credentials than I, told him that, too. However, political life can take precedence over other things.

Maybe to close up the southern African question, so to speak, during my last six months as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs we were not actively seeking the southern African solution that we had been looking for, because of the change in administration in the United States.

It might be useful to jump ahead to the period when I was Ambassador to Poland. At one time during this time I was called back to Washington for consultations. I didn't understand this request because I didn't see anything calling for consultations. I felt that our reporting from Poland was pretty thorough and that there wasn't any particular crisis or event in our relations with Poland seeming to call for such consultations. However, I went back to Washington, of course, and talked to the people on the Polish desk. I also talked to Zbigniew Brzezinski, who was President Carter's National Security Adviser.

Then I went back to the State Department to talk to the head of the Policy Planning Staff, Tony Lake. He is now the National Security Adviser. We talked a little about Poland. He said, "You know, before you left AF [Bureau of African Affairs], you told us, above all, not to lose the dialogue with South Africa." I said, "Yes, that's true, because I think that that's the key to whatever you're going to be able to do in southern Africa." He said, "Well, we've lost the dialogue." So we discussed how to handle this. I gradually came to feel that probably that was the real reason why I was called back to Washington for consultations -- not to talk about Poland but to talk about how to reestablish the dialogue with South Africa. We talked about things we might do and initiatives that we might take.

It so happened -- I don't know whether it was by chance or whether people knew about it - - that on my return to Poland I took a flight from New York to Frankfurt. Whom did I find on the plane but the Foreign Minister of South Africa, Pik Botha. We ran into each other in the galley about midnight and were talking there, in our stocking feet, for at least an hour. We talked about this subject -- not identifying it but talking about how we could consult with each other and make some progress. Eventually, the dialogue was reestablished. However, I would say that, in a way, it should have been a lesson to some of the people in the new administration who were so "pro-African" that they didn't really want to deal with South Africa -- even though dealing with South Africa was essential to solving the problem.

But to return to the new administration, before the inauguration of President Carter, Secretary Kissinger called me up to his office. We knew who the Secretary of State was going to be: the designation of Cyrus Vance had already been announced. And Warren Christopher had already been announced as Deputy Secretary of State. Kissinger told me that in his conversations with Vance he had proposed that certain people, including me, be kept on. Vance had agreed. I was gratified in one way, although I was a little concerned about how easy it was going to be with people who had always been "activists" or wanted more "activism" on Africa. How would it be to deal with them when they faced the realities of having to do it?

However, I went on with the work of the Bureau, handling various issues. I was invited over to the White House with some other people for a reception given by the new President. President Carter knew who I was and said that he had heard lots of good things about me. I was trying to get my thinking in order on how I was going to present some of these matters to the new team in the State Department and what they were going to be willing to do in Africa. President Carter had agreed to let a "Time" magazine correspondent accompany him on a day as President in the White House. A previous President had done this once -- I can't remember which one it was. This correspondent was with President Carter all day long, except for confidential meetings and that sort of thing. At the end of the day President Carter came out to the Rose Garden at the White House and said, among other things, that he was now determined to make a "friend" of Somalia.

This should have been a signal to me, I guess. It came as a surprise to President Carter's Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. Actually, the Somali Ambassador in Washington had very insistently, during the whole time that I was Assistant Secretary, pushed for improving relations with Somalia. We still had diplomatic relations, but the Soviets had gained a foothold in Somalia, which allowed them to establish a naval base at Berbera. Ambassador Abdul of Somalia kept talking to me about improving relations. I said, "Well, what is it that you want?" He said that they wanted arms. I said, in effect, "Well, what is the 'quid pro quo'? What would you give in return for that?" There was no answer that made any sense to me. I always liked Ambassador Abdul. He was enjoyable and interesting to be with, but I couldn't give him any satisfaction.

So when I heard this announcement by President Carter in the Rose Garden, I figured that somebody had given Ambassador Abdul access to the White House. Since it didn't come from the State Department, it came from somebody, somewhere in the new, foreign policy team. I had not been consulted about it. I didn't do anything about it, obviously. I couldn't do anything about it.

So I waited for someone to tell me what all this encompassed. I didn't have to wait very long -- maybe several weeks. I knew, or assumed, that this matter included arms. Then I got a call from the National Security Adviser's office. The person calling me said, "We have now received a request from Somalia." I said, "Oh?" This person said, "Yes, it is for 75,000 rifles. What do you think of that?" I said, "Not very much." The person said, "Why not?" I answered that if the Somalis want 75,000 rifles, those are to fuel hostilities in the Ogaden area of northeast Ethiopia. There was a dead silence and then came the question, "What is the Ogaden?" I said, "The Ogaden is a province which everybody recognizes as Ethiopian but which the Somalis claim and which the Somalis continually invade." "Oh," this person said. Of course, they should have known that in advance. I inferred later that the arms were never delivered.

However, that told me that if the African Ambassadors in Washington could get access to the White House without going through the State Department, there wasn't much that the Assistant Secretary for African Affairs could do about it. Then I heard that Andrew Young had been appointed the U. S. Permanent Representative to the United Nations. His staff, most of whom I knew and who had made one point or another to me about African policy over the years, had said that they were surprised at my continuing in the office of Assistant Secretary and that Andrew Young didn't know about it. When I heard this, I said, "Well, I'm surprised at that because Andy Young is so close to the President. You'd think that the President would have said something to him" or arranged to have something said to him. Well, that was practically the end of the road for me as Assistant Secretary, because it wasn't very long before Secretary Vance called me up to his office and said that they were going to replace me.

*Q: Did he give a reason?*

SCHAUFELE: He didn't. Secretary Vance was obviously very embarrassed. I tried to sound him out, indicating some knowledge of the matter. I said, "Well, that's too bad because I worked a lot with Andrew Young on African affairs when he was a Member of Congress." I didn't get any response to that. I think that the reason was that Andrew Young went to President Carter and asked that I be replaced. It turned out that it had always been Andrew Young's intention to run African policy from his job at the UN. He knew that I would never accept that.

*Q: That wasn't his job.*

SCHAUFELE: No. Young would have to have somebody as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs who was amenable to that arrangement. There's nothing much that you

can do about that. The interesting thing was that the man who replaced me, Dick Moose, had already been appointed Under Secretary of State for Management, a much higher position in the Department, but evidently not to his liking, even though he now has that job in the Clinton administration. He was anxious to handle African affairs. He didn't have any particular background in it. He had been an FSO for a few years and had actually served a tour of duty in Cameroon. However, he'd resigned from the Foreign Service, and most of the intervening time after that was spent opposing the Vietnam War from his position as a staffer down on Capitol Hill, along with a couple of other former Foreign Service Officers.

So I had to plan my leave-taking from the office and that sort of thing. There wasn't a great deal of activity at that time [early 1977]. There was plenty to do but no big item on the agenda for Africa until the new administration could get its feet on the ground. I knew what I wanted to do, but nobody had been prepared to talk about Africa very much.

Then, one day, I had another, what I considered kind of a shocking experience, with Secretary Vance. He kept to the old schedule under which the Assistant Secretaries met with him every morning at 8:00 AM. On this particular morning he went around the table, asking for people's views. He reached me, and I said, "There's an idea being floated, apparently, by the Embassy of South Africa, about certain steps or possibilities that might be undertaken in southern Africa. I am not sure where this emanates from, but we will be checking back in Pretoria to find out the source and how serious it is." Vance's immediate reaction, to my surprise and to the surprise of most of the other professionals at that meeting was, "We will not go behind the back of the future Foreign Minister of South Africa," (Pik Botha) whose appointment had already been announced.

I don't know what Vance thought, but it's a very common, diplomatic practice, used by almost everybody on occasion, to "float" ideas. They don't want to disclose anything yet, but they want to see what the reaction is -- in this case in the United States -- before they discarded, followed it, amended it, or whatever. To do that, we had to get back to the South African Foreign Ministry to see how serious the idea was and to get more information on what was encompassed. It's a very common practice and not unlike things that you do in business. However, Vance wouldn't permit us to make any further inquiries.

Cy Vance was almost too much of a gentleman to be a Secretary of State. He's a man of great integrity. After all, he resigned after the unsuccessful attempt to free the Embassy hostages in Iran. He had been against this all the time but he stayed on until it was over. He's always been appointed or chosen to do things which call for loyalty and integrity. He's very much respected for his integrity. I don't consider what I suggested and what is done by almost every country as demonstrating a lack of integrity. I'm sure that they were doing things behind his back!

Anyway, that particular possibility was over. Before I left the Bureau of African Affairs, an event occurred involving the former Katanga gendarmes -- the people who supported

Moise Tshombe at the time the Congo became independent in 1960. They had taken refuge in Angola and had been there a long time, some 17 years by 1977. In the spring of the first Carter year, 1977, they attacked Katanga from that safe haven in Angola. The question came up of what we should do. We had the support of virtually all the factions of a united Congo. Finally, I decided -- and it was accepted -- that we would provide President Mobutu, whatever we thought of him, with "non lethal" assistance: tents, trucks, and spare parts, but no guns or anything like that.

All of the people who worked for Andrew Young complained even at that. However, we did it, anyway, and the Katanga gendarmes were forced back into Angola. The funny thing was that two years later in 1979 the Katanga gendarmes did the same thing, and my successor as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs did the same thing that I had done. So evidently they had learned something in two years.

Maybe this is a good time to talk a little about Secretary of State Kissinger, since he had already left the Department.

*Q: Yes. Go ahead.*

SCHAUFELE: I found working with Kissinger interesting and even exhilarating, at times. It was very hard work, for a man who is not particularly generous in his assessments of people in terms of what he demanded of them. Certainly, I learned a lot from the way he conducted diplomacy at his level. He was a man who had few scruples in terms of using power to gain the ends of the United States. He was also willing to undertake departures from past practice -- not so much so as to reverse things but to instigate things or to wake people up, to try something new. I think that is always a good idea. One should always respect precedent and be careful of how you change things, so that you don't make precedent look as if you'd done the wrong thing. But there's always a way to "get at a problem" in a different way. Sometimes it will open up your own consciousness and your own approach to certain kinds of issues.

I spent a lot of time with Kissinger and could never complain about lack of access. I saw him, I'm sure, six days a week, one way or another. On Sunday mornings, after the overnight telegrams had been delivered to him at his home, he'd call me at my home at about 10:30 AM. My wife got used to that. She'd say, "Henry's on the phone." Of course, I hadn't seen the telegrams which he had seen, as they didn't deliver them to me. He would ask me about certain things in the telegrams, and I had to guess, on the basis of my general knowledge. But that was all right. I didn't mind that, as long as I didn't have to go into the office. I had spent enough Sundays in the office. No point in overdoing it.

Kissinger listened to me, possibly because he himself felt generally uninformed about Africa and about how Africans operate. I'm sure that he had a kind of world vision of where Africa falls in the general scheme of things. He's intelligent enough to know that you have to deal with people. Then you have to take into account their own cultures and

idiosyncrasies. He was weak on that score, so that was probably why he listened to me -- perhaps more than he would have, if I had been Assistant Secretary for European Affairs.

He didn't praise you much, to your face. You had to be able to tell when he was praising you. However, he did not respect anybody who could not say "No" to him. You had to be able to challenge him. I learned that fairly early. Some people were shocked at some of the things that I said to him. However, I don't think that he ever was. He could laugh at himself, with some "nudging," as long as he was sure that you weren't really insulting him.

Long after I left the Foreign Service, he and his wife, and Heather and I, were having dinner at one of the Salisbury restaurants. He and I got to talking about Germany. I don't think that he ever knew that I had any background in German affairs. He was talking about Germany. I mentioned something about the National Liberals, which had been a somewhat Right Wing, business oriented political party in Germany up until the end of World War I. He looked at me quizzically and said, "Only you and I know that the National Liberals ever existed." [Laughter] He couldn't deny that I knew about it, but he had to include himself as well.

One of the things about praise which I will say about him. He had never met my wife. He was giving a reception for Saruddin Aga Khan in the State Department one night. After the speeches he grabbed me and said, "Is your wife here?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I'd like to meet her." So I had to take him right over to Heather, who was talking with a group of people. It was a black tie reception. He went over and greeted her, shook her hand, and said, "I want you to know what a great job Bill is doing for his country." You know, he was saying that in front of other people, which left me a little bit surprised.

Not many people know about it, but my family are all baseball fans. Kissinger knew about soccer. In fact, he had some kind of a role in the World Cup one year, when it was held in the United States. But he also knew about baseball. I was kind of sounding him out one day to see if this was just superficial, in the sense that, because he was now an American, he should love baseball or something like that. He said, "You know, one of the things that I love about baseball? The game only lasts five minutes. It's what happens in between." He's quite right about that. So I knew that he really understood the game. [Laughter]

I had my ups and downs with Kissinger, but I had an opportunity, which I think that I used as best I could. I don't have any complaints. I didn't always agree with him by a long shot. Anyway, I learned something from him.

*Q: I understand that he used to work very hard.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, very hard. He wasn't very forgiving. He attached certain people to himself. I was not one of them -- I don't consider myself in that category. Larry

Eagleburger was one. Peter Rodman was another. I forget what he's doing now. Peter Rodman was a real Right Winger -- and still is, I think.

*Q: He was in the White House the last I heard.*

SCHAUFELE: Is he still in the White House? Not in the Clinton White House. I guess he was in the White House then. Now he's doing something else. I can't remember what.

I'm not sure just how close Winston Lord is to Kissinger. He has great respect for Winston Lord, but I have a feeling that Winston Lord has to maintain a certain distance from Henry.

*Q: He does that with everybody.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes, I think so. He would, because of his mother a principal stockholder in Lord & Taylor's Department Store.

*Q: You say you left the position as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. How did that work? You don't just walk out. You're told that you're going to be replaced. Are you given a date and a time? Is another job offered to you?*

SCHAUFELE: All I can do is to describe my own experience. I was trying to leave. I didn't know that Dick Moose was going to replace me at the time I was told that I would not be continuing in my job. What happened finally is that, in my case, I did hear about Dick Moose. The Secretary's office called. I was told that the Secretary and Phil Habib [Under Secretary for Political Affairs] wanted to come down and attend a farewell ceremony for me, given by the Bureau, with Bureau personnel present. That was it. They came down. Cy Vance made a little speech. Then I made a little speech. That was it, and I walked out.

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*Q: This is Tape 10, Side A. Today is July 20, 1995. Very soon after you left the Bureau of African Affairs I believe you received an appointment to another position.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. I was asked if I would accept a nomination to be Ambassador to Greece. After consulting with Heather and thinking about it I agreed to it -- in part because Greece, as a major player in the classical world, intrigued me somewhat more than Italy. I think that I had this feeling that modern Greece was "more classical" than modern Italy. So the Department got "agrément" for me from the Greek Government, and Heather and I started Greek lessons. That also interested me because Greek was "the" classical language. Although the Greek spoken today is no longer classical Greek, it's still based on classical Greek. I thought that maybe I could learn to read classical Greek. Although I don't know. I had taken four years of Latin and couldn't read Latin any more. So we started. Every day we took Greek lessons. I read up on current events in Greece,

and especially Greek relations with Turkey, Cyprus, and NATO. I should have read up on Macedonia but I already knew about the Greek claim to Macedonia. Anyway, I had time for that.

Of course, I had known some Greek diplomats, although not many, interestingly enough. A few of them were at the UN. I don't think that I ever served at a post which had a Greek Consulate or an Embassy.

*Q: There aren't that many Greek Embassies and Consulates.*

SCHAUFELE: No. Not even in Munich or Dusseldorf. Dusseldorf would have been a logical place for a Greek Consulate but probably after I was there because it's the heart of the German industrial region. I was in Dusseldorf when they were still recovering from World War II.

I remember the Ambassador from Greece to the UN. I recall that he had great public presence. Tayanis was his name.

I couldn't claim to know a great deal about the Mediterranean world. I knew about the western end -- Morocco -- but not the eastern end. But we were looking forward to the assignment to Greece. The Greek Government extended agrément to my appointment. I went down to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for the hearing on my nomination.

I should add here that it was already clear -- and I'd heard it from several sources -- that Greek-Americans wanted a Greek-American appointed to that job. That wasn't going to happen. I happen to have strong feelings about the appointment of "ethnic" Ambassadors, at least in certain places. I don't think that you should have a Greek-American go to Athens as Ambassador. You shouldn't have a Polish-American Ambassador going to Warsaw. And you shouldn't have a Catholic go to the Vatican.

Not everybody agrees with me. I don't think it makes much difference if you send somebody of English or western European heritage anywhere now because they're so integrated into American society. They don't carry with them such an inborn bias, even though they might be interested in their ethnic background.

I was always struck by the fact that the Germans, once they regained their sovereignty after World War II and started staffing their missions overseas, recognized the Vatican. We only recognized the Vatican fairly recently, from the diplomatic point of view. At the time I served in Germany, the German Government sent a Catholic to Rome and a Protestant to the Vatican. I really feel that sending a Catholic to the Vatican mixes religion and politics. How can that man who acknowledges the person to whom he is accredited the Pope as his spiritual leader be fully objective?

However, be that as it may, I was nominated and went for the hearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It was fairly routine. Nothing particularly earth-shaking

came up. The important person on the committee at the meeting at that particular time was Senator Paul Sarbanes [Democrat, Maryland], who is a Greek-American. The other members of the committee deferred to him, in part, until they got to a question as to the American position on Greek sovereignty of the islands lying off the coast of Turkey. I don't know why the question was raised. I said that the United States accepts and recognizes Greek sovereignty over those islands. I said that this may seem a little strange, as some of those islands actually lie in Turkish territorial waters.

That blew my chances to go to Greece, although I should mention that both the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the full Senate confirmed me unanimously. That said something to the Greeks. Following the publication of a version of my remarks, there was an immediate brouhaha, led by the not very objective or accurate Greek press of nearly all political persuasions. The Prime Minister of Greece at the time was Karamanlis, who was a conservative. His people got involved in this question. Papandreou, who was to be his successor, was a leftist who disliked the United States anyway. He couldn't accept this position. As the translations from the Greek press rolled into Washington -- I still have them some place in my files -- I could see that I was really being raked over the coals. It was said that I denied the sovereignty of Greece over these islands. Then the invective grew. As a friend of ours said, who was living in Greece at that time, "The tone of the Greek press was that Attila the Hun is coming." As a matter of fact, one paper -- I don't know which one it was -- said that Mr. Schauffele had worked as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs and for Secretary of State Kissinger, and we see the 'black hand' there." That is a real racist remark.

Anyway, the Karamanlis Government, although it had given its agrément to my nomination, said that I wouldn't be welcome in Greece. So there was no question of my going to Greece. Heather, a little more than I, is still resentful of the lack of public support I got from the State Department, because I didn't say what the Greek press said I said. Probably, I shouldn't have said what I did. I was being a little "smart ass" by showing that I knew that some of those islands were in Turkish territorial waters.  
[Laughter]

*Q: But everybody knows that. It's no secret.*

SCHAUFFELE: Yes, but the Greeks can't acknowledge those things. You see, the Greeks don't like to talk about some of those things. Every time that question is brought up, it raises a question as to the legitimacy of their sovereignty over those islands. The Greeks say that -- whether they think that or not is another question. Actually, it's very funny, in a way, that the State Department decided to replace me with Bob McCloskey, a good friend of mine who was then the Ambassador to the Netherlands. McCloskey went to Greece. As he tells me, and, I'm sure, other people as well, he said it was a great assignment. However he said, "My respect for the Greeks decreased until it wound up at zero." So the Greeks didn't get a very sympathetic American Ambassador from that standpoint.

Obviously, there was no other assignment open at the moment, so I just did various things for Ben Read, the Under Secretary for Management. I handled some disciplinary cases and, at his request gave some thought to organizing certain aspects of the Department concerning procedures. It was nothing very earth-shaking, but it was interesting for a while. I think that I did some good in some cases because I think that some people had been unjustly disciplined because nobody had looked deeply enough into the circumstances. I agreed with the handling of other cases.

Then I was finally called up to the office of Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher. Secretary Cy Vance was away from Washington, I guess. Warren Christopher said that there were three Ambassadorial posts opening up: Lisbon, The Hague, and Warsaw. He asked for my reaction. My reaction was that Lisbon would have been very interesting after the fall of Prime Minister Salazar and the transition to a really new form of government, which was eventually democratic. There had been a military regime for a short while, but the military had left power. There was a minority government. Frank Carlucci had been the Ambassador in Lisbon during this period. The evolution of events in Portugal concerning self-government was very important to us because Portugal is a member of NATO. Things had worked out fairly well. Portugal had shown itself to have longevity. There was a certain amount of instability from time to time but nothing which endangered the form of government. That didn't look to be very interesting to me.

I knew that the post in The Hague, in the Netherlands, was one of the quietest posts. The Dutch are very insistent on quiet. They are very well-behaved in diplomacy, as in other ways, including their internal, political system.

I finally said to Christopher, "I guess that of the three I would prefer Poland." I said that I had never served in Eastern Europe. I knew that the Poles were very individualistic in many ways. There was a dissident movement which was allowed to exist, up to a certain point. I said that Poland would be my choice.

Then Christopher tried to talk me into accepting the Netherlands. I never could understand that, though perhaps he felt that I would do less harm there than elsewhere. Finally, I told him, "Chris, if you can get the Dutch capital moved from The Hague to Amsterdam, I'll withdraw my objections." At that point he gave up, and agreed to the Warsaw assignment.

Then Heather and I began Polish language training. The confirmation process presented no problems, and I was confirmed for Warsaw. I think that we had about three weeks of Polish language training.

Before we left Washington, we had to make provision for our son, Peter, who had fallen behind in his studies and didn't know what he wanted to do -- or at least wouldn't say what he wanted to do. We presented him with some alternatives. Heather went out to California to see her family. I left for Poland, having some consultations on the way there in France and Germany, as I recall it. When she came back to Washington, we were

already out of our house. Peter, who was staying with a friend a couple of blocks away, didn't have his passport, hadn't had his physical exam, and all of that. One of the options which we had suggested to him was that he go to the Department of Defense high school in High Wycombe, in England. He finally decided that that's what he would do. A close college friend of mine agreed to house him while he went through the physical exam and got his passport. Heather joined me in Europe. Peter later went directly to London. Another friend of mine was the DCM in London. Peter arrived in London on his own birthday. I didn't realize that they knew that it was his birthday, but they did -- and had a cake waiting for him. It was a great way to welcome him. He finished high school at High Wycombe and got the worst of his problems behind him during that period.

Heather arrived in Warsaw. We made all of the usual calls. It was a fairly large diplomatic community. There were obviously Ambassadors from all of the Iron Curtain countries and all of the Western European countries -- or most of them, at least. I'm not sure that there was a Greek Ambassador, for instance. There were some Latin American Ambassadors and Ambassadors from China, Japan, and elsewhere. It was a pretty good sized diplomatic community.

All in all, there was an interesting mix of people. There were the Poles themselves who, despite the advent of communism, retained a certain amount of individuality. Even among Polish Communist Party leaders you could see this. They were sometimes embarrassed over seeming always to "toe the same line." There were Polish dissidents, including intellectual dissidents -- Jacek Kuron and Adam Michnik, whose name was well known outside of Poland. There was the Kik Catholic intellectual clubs, which had more contact with the common people than the intellectuals did -- not surprisingly. There was the beginning of an independent labor movement which finally wrote the script for what Poland is today. It became the "Solidarity" movement.

*Q: What year was this?*

SCHAUFELE: 1978. There had been a major manifestation of opposition to the government in 1976 -- perhaps "uprising" would be too strong a word. In 1956 there had been riots in Poznan. So the regime always had to be careful of this sort of thing. In their history under communism, for instance, Wladyslaw Gomulka had been Secretary General of the Polish United Workers Party [i.e., the Communist Party of Poland] and had been, in effect, the leader of Communist Poland. He fell on hard times and was evicted, so to speak, from the leadership and was imprisoned in the Soviet Union from 1951 to 1956. However, the Soviets had to agree to his return. He led a liberal communist regime for quite a few years. He'd been replaced by Edward Gierak, who was First Secretary of the Polish United Workers Party when I arrived in Poland. Gierak was an interesting character. I'd like to come back to this when we talk about the Polish leaders individually. Now I'm thinking about what we did ourselves. We had to make our diplomatic calls. I had to call on cabinet ministers and the foreign minister, in particular. I had known Woyataszek, the Foreign Minister, at the UN. I think that he was Foreign Minister then, but for some reason I had something to do with him. The Vice Foreign Minister,

Dobrosielski, was in charge of relations with the Americans -- and presumably some others, although I don't know what other countries. Perhaps it was with the Canadians.

Then I made a call on Jagielski, the Vice Prime Minister for Economics, because we were providing food aid to Poland. He was the person who negotiated those food deals. I also called on most of the other ministers. I obviously had to call on the President of Poland, Jablonski, to present my credentials. He never struck me as being a communist. He may have been nominally a communist. He was a polite, Polish gentleman, whose wife, I'll swear, was anti-communist. Anyway, we went through our calls.

We had two Consulates in Poland, one in Poznan and the other one in Krakow. Neither Consulate was very large, because they didn't have much to do -- except political reporting and a certain amount of economic reporting because in the communist countries we always try to keep our eye on the economy as much as we can. The state of the economy is a measure of their weakness or strength or whatever direction they are going in.

Poznan is kind of a large, industrial city. It's where the riots of 1956 took place, but it doesn't seem to have much personality. Krakow is one of the great, historical Polish cities, as is Lodz, which happens to be the center of the very highly developed Polish film industry. There were always Americans studying in Lodz, although we didn't have a Consulate there or in Gdansk [formerly Danzig], even though it was the biggest port. There weren't that many American ships calling there.

Heather went with me to Krakow. I can't remember if she went with me to Poznan. Our Consul General very wisely -- and unexpectedly for me -- arranged a luncheon with the heads of all of the upper level schools, of which there are many in Krakow. Schools of art, music, and what have you are in Krakow. That was a very interesting luncheon. We didn't speak enough Polish then for much conversation. As Heather always describes it, she was sitting down with three men. One of them would say, "I don't speak English, but I speak German." She would say, "Well, I speak German." Another one would say, "I don't speak English, but I speak French." The other one would say, "I don't speak French or German, but I speak English." [Laughter] So she was carrying on a three-way conversation in three languages at the same time. The Poles are very well-educated. By and large, they have a good-sized intellectual class. So that was a great opening to meet the heads of those schools whom we were not going to see very often. At least we made contact with them.

I didn't meet the present Pope, then the Cardinal-Archbishop of Krakow, on that trip, but I did on subsequent trips and tried to see him whenever I went to Krakow.

The Embassy in Warsaw was fairly good-sized. We had three Political Officers, not counting CIA personnel, and a fairly good sized Consular Section because there are so many Polish Americans whose relatives wanted to visit them in the U. S.. There was a good-sized USIS [United States Information Service] operation. We had a Commercial

Office outside the Embassy. There was enough business going on, and there was an advantage in setting up an office outside the Embassy, without all of the security arrangements and so forth. The Commercial Office had a local staff of its own, plus an American Commercial Officer. We had an Air Attaché and an Army Attaché. We didn't have a Naval Attaché. They were quite active. I was a little surprised at how much access they had to the Polish military. As we continue to talk about Poland, you will see how important this was, in a sense.

At the Ambassador's Residence we had a great cook, who used to be the chef on the MS STEFAN BATORY, a ship of the Polish Ocean Lines. He was used to cooking for foreigners, not just Poles. He was a big, hefty, very pleasant man who worked very hard. We had a butler. It was hard to find butlers in Poland -- or people who liked to "buttle," I guess. He served everything but breakfast. Obviously, he served at receptions and that sort of thing. His role was very important. We had one upstairs and two downstairs maids, two kitchen helpers, and one gardener. And, of course, I had a driver. It was a lovely house -- one of the great ambassadorial residences, from what I've seen. It was built by the U.S. as a Georgian-style house. It was big enough to entertain 600 people, but designed in such a way that we could be very comfortable, just the two or three of us.

The living quarters were fine. The only problem we had in Warsaw was that we had to deal with the "Diplomatic Meat Store," which had been set up by the Polish Government for the Diplomatic Corps. Without it, you would never get enough meat. However, they allowed Bogdan, the cook, to shop for us, which he did very often. Sometimes, Heather would go along for some particular reason. You could find most of the fruits and vegetables that we needed on the local market. Then we also had a Commissary at the Embassy which had things that were not available on the economy, as well as liquor.

*Q: How did the Commissary stock come in?*

SCHAUFELE: It came in from West Berlin by rail, rather than through the port. So we were pretty well taken care of.

There was an American School. It's interesting to think of -- an American School. That means that there were more than "official" Americans there. There was a Corning blown-glass television screen factory with American capital invested in it. That was a deal which was good for the Poles. There were a few more, at least partially American companies. The accordion factory was the largest, single, wholly-owned American company there. They had it fully staffed under an American manager. He didn't speak Polish. He depended a lot on the Embassy. For a lot of obvious reasons, I don't blame him, in his position. If he ever needed protection, we would have to provide it.

I should say that the DCM [Deputy Chief of Mission], when I arrived, was Carroll Brown, whose class I had trained at the Foreign Service Institute. I think that this was his second tour in Poland. He was transferred about nine months after I arrived there. He was replaced by Nick Andrews, who'd also previously served in Poland and was a real,

Eastern European expert. He spoke Polish very well. He was a tower of strength. Carroll Brown always seemed to wait to see how I felt about something before he expressed an opinion. I don't like that.

So, whom did I deal with? I gave you the names previously. Jagielski, the Vice Prime Minister, spoke French. He was very cagey. It was always interesting, doing business with him. Jagielski and Dobrosielski, the Vice Foreign Minister, were people that I dealt with nearly every day, or nearly every week, at least.

We had a lot of contact with the media. We had a very good PAO [Public Affairs Officer] when I arrived in Warsaw, Jim Bradshaw, who subsequently left and was replaced by a Polish-American, who is now the head of the Polish-American Alliance in Chicago. Under these conditions he had special access to a wide variety of people. The USIS staff was very good. I had 20 Polish-language officers in the Embassy. That was a lot. Both Consuls General in Krakow and Poznan spoke Polish.

*Q: What were their names?*

SCHAUFLE: One was Nuel Pazdral. I can't remember who the other one was. There may have been a change in consuls general. It'll come back to me.

We got a lot of information from the media -- not always good and not always accurate, but at least it usually indicated that something had happened or was going on. They have a lot of newspapers in Warsaw.

The problem of contacts for me at first was that I could never get anybody to agree that I should call on the First Secretary of the Communist Party of Poland, because he wasn't a member of the government. He was a member of the Sejm, or Parliament, but not of the government. He certainly wasn't the head of the government. I did call a couple of times on the Prime Minister, but that was a waste of time. He was a fool, an apparatchik who didn't even know why he was doing things.

*Q: Who was running him?*

SCHAUFLE: Gierek, the First Secretary of the communist party. I had very little to do with the Prime Minister after the initial contacts, because it wasn't worthwhile. [Gen] Jaruzelski, the Defense Minister, was one of his deputies. I could deal with him on other things than commercial and economic matters, because he was a member of the Politburo [of the party].

One of the important newspapermen who spoke English fluently was a guy named Rakowski. He came from far western Poland, which, of course, has been occupied by the Germans before and, for a while, after World War I. He ran the party weekly newspaper. So he was a better source than some of the other newspaper editors -- that is, if he wanted to tell you anything. Eventually he was Prime Minister briefly.

I didn't mention the Catholic Primate of Poland. Cardinal Wyszynski was under house arrest for three years from 1949 to 1953. He was lodged with a community of nuns in a convent or a school. I asked to see him. That was an illuminating experience in more ways than one because the Catholic Church was very important in Poland. In times of adversity in Poland, which has gone through so much adversity and for so long, the Church became even more important, because it's the only place which could voice a somewhat different opinion than the government. They were all very clever.

When I got there, the Pope was Paul VI. The Vatican kept wanting to establish a Vatican representative in Poland. Cardinal Wyszynski and Cardinal Wojtyla, the Archbishop of Krakow, staunchly resisted that. They told the Vatican, "We know these people. You don't know these people." They kept a Vatican representative out of there. I don't know if there is a Vatican representative there now, since the Pope is Polish [Cardinal Wojtyla, in fact]. He probably thinks he doesn't need one.

Anyway, I made an appointment to call on Cardinal Wyszynski. On the day before the appointment they called and asked whether my wife would like to come along. I found this very unusual. I dealt with the clergy in other places, and they never invited my wife to come. So I said, "Yes." I took the best Polish speaker in the Embassy, a Second Secretary in the Political Section. We went to call on the Primate. We were greeted by his secretary, who said, "The Cardinal does not speak English. What language will this meeting be in?" I said, "Well, we don't speak Polish that well, at least not yet. However, we speak German and French." I mentioned German first because Cardinal Wyszynski was born in that part of Poland which was part of Germany at the time. I thought that German was probably his second language. Maybe it was, but the Primate's secretary said, "Then the meeting will be in French." So we sat down for an hour and talked. My poor Polish language officer didn't know French. I had to tell him what was said.

The funny thing was what followed. We went immediately from that meeting to a reception given by the Danish Ambassador. This was attended mostly by diplomats, though there were some other people there. My wife and I had the same reaction -- she with some women and I with some men. We both said that we had just come from a meeting with the Primate. The response to each of us was, "Are you Catholics?" My wife had the best answer. I just said, "No." She said, "No, but my husband seems to think that the Primate is pretty important, politically." I've seen it other places before. The Europeans don't meet the clergy unless they are of the same religion. They see the clergy as having religious rather than political significance. The Italian Ambassador knew the Primate because he passed messages to the Vatican for him, through Rome. So he knew the Primate. I was the only other Ambassador that ever called on the Primate. I was the only Ambassador who ever called on the Cardinal of Krakow [Cardinal Wojtyla, later Pope John Paul II] -- not even the Italian Ambassador did that. I wonder if some of the Ambassadors didn't change their tune after Cardinal Wojtyla was elected Pope.

*Q: Perhaps they were sorry that they hadn't done so.*

SCHAUFELE: So, we did all the usual things. One day, after we had been there for a couple of months, the Canadian Embassy held a reception. I arrived and immediately ran into flak from a bunch of fellow Ambassadors. I had the feeling that the Latin American Ambassadors were particularly involved, although I don't know why. They said: "Did you get an invitation to go out to the airport tomorrow?" I said, "No, but I didn't stop at the front desk of the Embassy to see if something like that had come in." I asked, "What is it about?" They said, "Well, it's a convocation, not an invitation, to be at the airport for the arrival of Janos Kadar, the First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party." I said, "And...?" They said, "He's not a member of the government. We don't have to go out except for members of governments." So they asked me to protest, since they wouldn't do it. Dobrosielski [the Vice Foreign Minister] was there at the Canadian reception. I didn't know him very well at this point.

I said, "Sure." As I walked over to Dobrosielski, I had an idea. I said, "Mr. Minister, a lot of Ambassadors here are unhappy about being convoked to the airport tomorrow for the arrival of Janos Kadar." He said, "Why?" I said, "Because he isn't a member of the Hungarian government." He said, "Mr. Ambassador, is there any doubt in your mind as to who runs Hungary?" I said, "No, I know who runs Hungary. Mr. Kadar runs Hungary. Mr. Gierek runs Poland, but you won't let me see him. He's not a member of the Polish government, but there's no doubt in my mind about who runs Poland." He looked at me and said, "I see that we're going to have a lot of trouble with you." In two weeks I had a meeting with Gierek. [Laughter]

After that, I saw Gierek about every six weeks. It was a little frustrating to me. I don't know about him. He worked 13 years in the mines of France and Belgium. He became a communist in France. I kept saying, "You know, Mr. Gierek and I both speak fluent French," but the members of his staff would never hear of it. They had to have the conversation translated through an interpreter, so I always took an interpreter with me. I let their man do the interpreting but I would check with my man after we got back to the Embassy.

The conversations with Gierek were always interesting, but they would have been so much better if I could have communicated directly and stick in a "nasty" question now and then. Those meetings were useful -- and important to them -- because we had already provided Poland with \$2.0 billion of food. They were supposed to pay for it but never did.

We did a fair amount of traveling in Poland. It was a fairly social life.

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*Q: This is a continuation of the interview with Ambassador William Schaufele -- Tape 10, Side B. You were talking about your social life in Poland.*

SCHAUFELE: The Poles are very convivial people. They like to drink and like to come to the American Ambassador's house. We had brought along a puppy, a German shepherd

puppy, who had a very tough trip from the United States. Pan American Airways had really goofed up on shipping him to Poland. He was starving and that sort of thing. Anyway, he had to be trained. I didn't have enough time to train him the way I would like him trained. So Heather found somebody who could train him -- a woman. She raised the question of what language he should be trained in. At first I said, "German," because the woman spoke German. Then she said, "You know, you are English speakers and he won't understand. He will probably mostly have contact with English speakers, except perhaps while you are in Poland." So we taught her the commands in English. She lived in a one-room apartment and had two Great Danes and a small dog. She trained him on the trolley cars -- the only dog I've ever had who knew how to ride the trolley cars!

He wasn't placid but he was quite calm. He wasn't much of a barker. You didn't have to worry about him when people arrived at the house. When we were having a lot of people in, we put him up on the porch, outside the second floor bedroom. He would watch people arrive. He wouldn't bark or do anything. Later, we would let him come downstairs when everyone had arrived. He was somewhat of a conversation piece because, whenever we entertained outside, especially a Fourth of July reception, the Marine Guards would lower the flag at the end of the afternoon, partially as a hint that it was time to leave. That practice backfired because, for some reason, when the Marines marched over to the flagpole, that dog would follow after them, sit in front of the Sergeant, and watch the flag being lowered. So people would stay just to see the dog watching the flag being lowered.

We had one reception, and I can't forget it. I think that there were about 600 people there. It started to rain. We had a porch with an awning over it. That could be used, but the Embassy staff swung into action and moved all of the furniture, either back to the walls or into an adjoining room, until we could get all 600 people on the porch and into the two living rooms and the dining room. We had pretty good luck with the weather for events like that.

We had a paddle tennis court. There was a tradition of paddle tennis games between the Embassies in Warsaw and Moscow. Have you heard of this?

*Q: Yes. I was told by people in Moscow that they always won.*

SCHAUFLE: They did. They had a lot more people to draw from. However, when we got the Australian Ambassador to Poland, who was quite athletic, to play for us, that helped. The first year we were there, we went to Moscow. That was interesting because we went by rail. The railway gauge in the Soviet Union is broader than in Poland, because the Russians always feared an invasion. So they had a different gauge. At the Russo-Polish border they would pick up the cars with a crane, pull the Polish wheels from underneath, and lower the cars down on Soviet wheels. It was interesting, watching that process, though it was very time consuming, relatively speaking.

It was an interesting trip. I think that it was the second time I had been in Moscow. Heather and I stayed at the Ambassador's residence. Mac Toon was the Ambassador -- a

funny character. Very aggressive and demanding. I remember that night, when everyone had dinner after the paddle tennis tournament. I wish I could remember precisely what I said. I had an inspiration and said something about this characteristic of our Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Everyone from our Embassy in Moscow applauded! [Laughter]

The paddle tennis players from the Embassy in Moscow came to Warsaw the following year [1979]. The third year [1980], I refused to go to the Soviet Union because of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, so the players from Embassy Moscow came back to Warsaw. This competition provided some recreation.

There was no problem in having picnics and that sort of thing. You might be followed, but it wasn't very noticeable. Across the street from our house there were two houses, one of which, we figured out, was listening to hidden microphones. The second was watching who came and went.

*Q: Were they photographing?*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, I'm sure that they were photographing. Yes, from the second house. You could see them go in every morning. Our butler, who was a hunter, quit his job with us. He wanted to get into some kind of job where he could do more hunting. So we looked for a butler, and it was very difficult. One night Heather and I were sitting in the library by the fireplace, where we usually had a drink if we were alone. We had a habit of pointing to the chandelier. That meant that we were speaking for the record to a listening device.

*Q: That was in fun.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. That meant, "don't necessarily believe what I'm about to say." One night Heather pointed to the chandelier and said, "You know, I haven't been able to find a butler. You'd think that the Foreign Ministry would be interested enough in placing a butler in this house that they'd find somebody good for us." This ploy didn't work. Finally, the former butler came back.

One time we went on a trip. Our security people had wanted to "debug" the house. I don't know why they wanted to "debug" the house. I'd always held them off, but the pressure was constant. Finally, when we went away on this trip, I said, "Well, you're certainly not going to do it while we're here. Go ahead, but don't remove the 'bugs.'"

*Q: Exactly. Find them, but leave them in place so that we would know where they are.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right. We wouldn't want more advanced equipment placed there.

*Q: They'd come right back and place them somewhere else.*

SCHAUFELE: Sure. That's right. You know, they hit a "bug" with the first blow of a sledgehammer used in the living room. They went right smack into it. Well, you have to live with that.

The name of the Prime Minister was Jaroszewicz. I think his name is in that list somewhere.

*Q: Yes.*

SCHAUFELE: I made a speech to the Polish Journalists Club after I'd been in Warsaw for about a year, I guess. I kind of "roasted" the Polish media, somewhat to their distress. Of course, the speech was not carried in the press. The upshot of this incident was really very useful later on, when I came back to the U.S. and made a speech to the Council on Religious and International Affairs in New York. I was asked to talk about the Pope who had just been elected, the former Cardinal Woytyla of Krakow. I said, "I won't talk about the Pope. I'll talk about the role of the Catholic Church. Certainly, I'll mention the Pope." It was during the question period when somebody asked, "Can you tell us something about the traditional anti-Semitism in Poland?" I said, "Well, that's a subject that distresses the Poles a great deal." I went on, but didn't really answer the question.

However, in a letter that was sent to a Warsaw newspaper, "Zycie Warszawy," a man claiming to be an ex-diplomat, said that I had brought up the question of anti-Semitism and that I had criticized the government to which I was accredited. Then he referred to the speech which I gave to the Polish Journalists Club, which had never been covered in the press before. That obviously opened the matter wide, because if they had any decency at all, they could not refuse to print my reply. They did it. They printed my reply and then made a second mistake. The first mistake was carrying a false report about what I had said in New York. The second mistake was that in printing my reply, they printed the original letter next to it, so that everybody could make the comparison between the two letters. They admitted later, even to us, that that had been a mistake. They didn't do that sort of thing again.

There were two great events while we were there. One was the election of Pope John Paul II [the former Cardinal Woytyla. It came as a surprise to everybody -- maybe even the College of Cardinals, I don't know. He was the first non-Italian Pope in some 200 years or something like that. Cardinal Woytyla obviously didn't come back to Poland then, after having been elected Pope. This event increased the role of the Catholic Church in communist Poland, for obvious reasons. The Pope finally did come back for a visit to Poland. Poland was in a state of delirium. There was a Mass attended by 600,000 people in a square in Warsaw, as well as by 10,000 priests to serve communion. Yes, they had 10,000 priests there. When the Pope went down to the Shrine of the Black Madonna, which is a very holy place in Poland -- I suppose that there were a million people there.

The funny thing was, when the Pope arrived, the Ambassadors accredited in Warsaw were convoked to the airport. That was all right, since he was a chief of state. Standing

next to me was the Mexican Ambassador. He preceded me in the list of precedence, since he came to Poland before I did. He had previously told me and he told me again that day, while we were waiting, that he was not a Catholic. He disdained religion and all that sort of thing. The Pope came up to him, and he fell on his knees and kissed the Pope's ring! [Laughter] Then the Pope came to me -- the only Ambassador that he knew -- and we chatted a little bit. I didn't say anything to the Mexican Ambassador, but he just looked at me.

The second major event was the emergence of "Solidarity" [the trade union movement]. There had been previous difficulties in the shipyards of Poland, and there had been strikes. However, this event was unexpected at the time. One could have predicted another strike some day, but the timing and the success of this particular strike was what really pinned it in everybody's memory so firmly. The man who led the strike [Lech Walesa] wasn't even in the shipyard. He came over the wall from outside. He'd been fired, but he was still the leader of Solidarity. The strikers had a list of 21 demands already prepared.

The Deputy Prime Minister, my friend Jagielski always tended to get the "dirty" jobs. I don't know what that meant, whether it was because he was good or because he was a loyal communist. I have a feeling that it was the former. He was a good communist, but it wasn't because he was a good communist that he got the "dirty" jobs. Maybe they thought that he could negotiate better. So Jagielski was sent up to Gdansk. And of the dissidents, the leader of the Catholic intellectual clubs, Mazowiecki, whom I also knew, was the first one to go there. He became the first Prime Minister after the end of the communist system. Kuron, Michnik -- all of those people -- scrambled to go to Gdansk.

Eventually, the government accepted the 21 demands. Of course, that could have been a tactic, too -- and certainly was, in some people's minds. They didn't know how it was going to turn out but they thought -- or hoped -- that they would find a way to get out of it.

They did, eventually. They changed the leadership of the Communist Party of Poland. Gierek was kicked out, and a guy named Kania -- a "hardliner" -- became the First Secretary of the party. The chief of the Polish General Staff, General Jaruzelski, became the Prime Minister. He was also a member of the Politburo of the party. But that all happened after I left Poland. I was already scheduled to leave Warsaw and retire from the Foreign Service. However, I had to stay on for about another three months to follow up on that particular situation.

This may be a good time to talk about the Polish military. As I mentioned before, it was surprising to me at the outset to realize how many contacts our military attachés had with the Polish military, and at high levels. Our military attachés kept me well informed, so that I knew what they knew was happening internally within the Polish military establishment.

The chief of the General Staff, General Jaruzelski, came from a bourgeois family in eastern Poland which fled to the Soviet Union in 1939. He was trained in the military and became an officer in the First Polish Armored Division. He came up through the ranks and was kind of a sinister figure, visually. In the first place, something was the matter with his back. So he was physically very rigid, both standing and sitting. Secondly, he had some kind of an eye problem, which forced him to wear dark glasses. So here was this guy with dark glasses, standing so rigidly. He was a sinister figure to us.

Well, I had met several of the generals in the Polish Army. They had come to the house for receptions. I had mentioned my desire to meet the chief of the General Staff, but that was very unusual. And he lived just around the corner from us. All of a sudden, the word came that he would see me. Of course, our military attachés were very excited, because no Westerners ever saw the chief of the General Staff.

So we went over to call on him. I think he was not only stiff physically, but stiff psychologically, as well. He didn't know what he was getting into. He didn't know me, but I think that he knew something about me. He didn't know much about my personality. After we greeted each other, he said, "Did you serve during World War II, Mr. Ambassador?" I said, "Yes, in Western Europe." He asked, "What arm of the service?" I said, "Tanks." He relaxed a little. He asked, "What division?" I said, "10th Armored Division." He said, "Were you at Bastogne?" I said, "Yes." Then everything was all right. He needed that. He could talk to anybody, I suppose, but that reassured him so much that he was meeting somebody who knew what tank warfare was like. So we had a good talk. As I said, he lived around the corner from us. His office was between our neighborhood and the Embassy.

*Q: This was General Jaruzelski?*

SCHAUFELE: Jaruzelski, yes. He had a BMW car and a driver. However, every so often I would see him walking in our district, down our hill -- we lived up on a hill. Occasionally, I would go out and walk with him for about five minutes. He never seemed to object to it. I didn't impose and say that I would walk with him to his office. After five or 10 minutes walking with him, I would get back into my car. However, I'm sure that the people observing all of this were rather confused by it -- I hope so, anyway. [Laughter]

Then he became the "big wheel," of course. He became the President of Poland. Now people are taking a second look at him. I always maintained that he was not such a "hard liner." He believed in discipline, obviously, and order, but he was not such a "hard line" communist. Our people who are looking again at Jaruzelski are coming to that kind of conclusion. But not Zbigniew Brzezinski President Carter's National Security Adviser, who says that Jaruzelski is a "hard liner." That's because Brzezinski himself was a "free Pole," and Jaruzelski was a "Soviet Pole."

All in all, my time in Poland was very interesting as an assignment. I was right that it was more interesting than the Netherlands would have been. We did a lot of traveling within

the country. We would go down South to the Carpathian Mountains. I always say that mountain people have certain common characteristics all over the world. They are very reserved, in a way. They set themselves off from other people. However, they also know how to have a good time. We had some introductions to the "Gural," as the mountain people are known in Poland. We would go down there and see wooden churches and all of that sort of thing. That was always very pleasant and interesting.

One time we were going on leave to Germany. We decided to make a call in -- I can't remember the name of the town, but I'll remember that later. It was in the consular district of the Consulate in Poznan. We were driving our own car. We were going to cross over into Eastern Germany, stay overnight in Dresden, and then go on to Munich and Austria.

*Q: Too bad it wasn't in Zagreb, where my mother was born.*

SCHAUFLE: Arrangements had been made for me to see the Archbishop of Wroclaw. As I said, whenever I traveled around, I tried to call on the Bishops. Heather was out with somebody, shopping or looking at things. I met the Bishop. He was about three feet tall, lots of energy, dashed all over. He was Lithuanian by birth. He became a Cardinal shortly after that. He said, "You must have lunch with me." I said, "I don't know how we can do that. I don't even know where my wife is." He said, "We'll find your wife." And they did. I don't know how they found her -- down in the market somewhere. Maybe they have spies all over, too.

*Q: They never took their eyes off her.*

SCHAUFLE: So she came back to the Bishop's residence. We had beer soup. The Bishop liked to cook. He hardly ate a thing. He would go dashing around, pushing more food at us. But it was a really delightful experience -- and somewhat unique, even for Poland where, relatively speaking, there is so much openness. As I said, he became a Cardinal. I wish that the Pope had made him the Primate of Poland. The new Polish Pope [John Paul II] appointed a Primate whom, I think, he picked for his weakness. That's not surprising, either, I guess.

*Q: Did you have many visitors from the State Department or was the Department paying attention to the Pope?*

SCHAUFLE: Yes, we had a fair number of visitors. David Newsom [Under Secretary for Political Affairs] came to visit us once. Newsom came. Bill Luers [Deputy Assistant Secretary for European Affairs] didn't come, but his deputy did. We had a lot of visitors. We used to get Fritz Stein. You know who he is? He is a Political Science Professor at Columbia University and an expert on Germany for obvious reasons. But a very good one. He wasn't from the State Department, although I think that the State Department paid for his visit. Somebody from USIS came -- I can't remember who it was. I'd have to check with Heather. She's always good at remembering the names of visitors. Senator Muskie came before he became Secretary of State. When Dave Newsom came, I decided to ask

about 15 "dissidents" in for a drink. All but one or two of them spoke English, and somebody translated for them. We talked for three hours, I think. Finally, it went through my head that during the inter-war period Poland had had 84 political parties. That's been traditional in Poland. Some time toward the end of the evening -- it must have been around midnight -- I said, "Gentlemen, you all professed a desire to have something like the democracy you see in the West for this country." I said, "When and if that happens -- if that were to happen tomorrow -- how many political parties would there be?" There was a dead silence. Then a priest, Father Krol, spoke up. He said, "33." And everybody nodded. [Laughter] There aren't 33 now -- something like 26.

*Q: How was morale among the American staff of the Embassy?*

SCHAUFELE: It was pretty good, by and large. In the first place, many of them had been trained to speak Polish. It was hard for the American secretarial staff. I took my own secretary with me, who had been my secretary in Ouagadougou, Brenda Lee, a black woman. She was a tower of strength, but she couldn't have the same kind of connections with the local people that she had, for instance, in Ouagadougou. However, she did establish some connections. She is a jazz "buff." That helped her a lot. One of the other women -- I thought at times that she was going off her "rocker." She felt so alone and not part of the community -- except the American community. There was no problem there. So many of the American staff spoke Polish. Well, the communicators didn't speak Polish. But communicators always tend to keep to themselves.

*Q: When I visited the Embassy in Warsaw in 1969, I guess, they seemed to have very good connections, especially the young officers and the secretaries, with university students. I was invited to the Ambassador's residence for what they said was a "typical evening do." They had invited university students. They showed a film and then talked about it. The university students were all trying to learn English. We sort of exchanged languages. I wonder if that continues.*

SCHAUFELE: It didn't continue so much at the Ambassador's residence. The USIS staff had the closest connections with the students. We did have a run of film evenings for the intellectuals and the bourgeoisie at the residence. Poles always appreciate movies. Certainly, when I went to the universities, I'd talk to the students to the extent that I could. Well, you know there are a lot of famous universities and schools of higher learning in Poland. They took great pride in that. It was difficult to know how the communist leadership injected political doctrine into non political courses, but they'd usually find a way to do it. But students usually don't react to that very well.

*Q: They know what it's all about. I was impressed because it was so different in Romania and Russia -- in the Soviet Union. I mean, students who had anything to do with us were picked up and never seen again.*

SCHAUFELE: That's right.

*Q: Yet I saw Americans in Warsaw going in and out of students' apartments and all of that. Conditions were very different in Poland, and they seem to have remained that way.*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, yes. We'd visit people down in the Old Town Square of Warsaw. They didn't have much room, but they would invite you into their houses.

*Q: Did you say that Billy Graham came to Warsaw?*

SCHAUFELE: Graham came to Poland, yes.

*Q: How did he manage to do that?*

SCHAUFELE: Well, there has to be a local invitation. It must have been one of the Protestant denominations. There was a Baptist Church in Warsaw. It may have been the Baptists, it may have been some other group. The meeting was held in the Lutheran Church, which was the largest Protestant church building. Lord knows that when we gave a reception for Billy Graham, every religious denomination came. I was surprised. I saw the invitation list and I said, "Do you think that these people will come?" There were Jews and lots of Catholics invited, obviously, and so forth. But they came. The U.S. Secretary of Commerce, Phil Klutznick, also came. I remember these things as we go along. Phil Klutznick had an interesting little experience.

There were no rabbis in Poland when we got there. Finally, a rabbi came from Brooklyn who didn't speak English and, I guess, was of Polish descent, although he could have been Lithuanian, I suppose. We had already heard that Jews didn't think very much of him. He wanted to see Phil Klutznick. He knew that Phil Klutznick was an elder in, I guess, a reformed Jewish congregation in the U. S.. We had another group there. We asked him. Klutznick said that he'd talk to the rabbi, but the rabbi would have to wait until Phil finished his meeting with some businessmen at the Embassy residence.

After the businessmen were gone, he called the rabbi over. Ethel Klutznick, Heather, and I left to go into the library, which is only one room away from the room where they were meeting. We could hear this conversation becoming louder and louder. We realized that they were speaking Yiddish. Phil was not completely fluent in Yiddish, but he could get along in it. Suddenly, we heard Phil say, "Gewek," which is the same as "geh weok" in German. He finally threw the rabbi out. The rabbi didn't stay much longer in Poland after that.

When Phil went down to Krakow, he had to visit the remaining small synagogue and cemetery. They knew he was coming. He got down there and was met by nine Jews. Immediately, they said to Phil, "You make it a meeting of 10." (A minimum.) So he had to give a sermon.

One thing I was able to do was very interesting. The Jews in the United States were particularly concerned about the condition of Jewish cemeteries. They said that they

would make money available to repair and clear up the Jewish cemeteries. So I said, "Hell, I'll go to the Catholic Primate of Poland." I didn't do it directly. I asked that this matter be passed on to him -- and I knew it would be passed on. My message to the Primate was, "Look, would you be willing to maintain the Jewish cemeteries if funds were available for it?" And he made the arrangements. I don't suppose that they maintained every one of them, but they did most of the major ones. I don't know whether that continued after I left.

*Q: You just asked?*

SCHAUFELE: Yes.

*Q: I just remembered one place near the Embassy in Warsaw, over towards the residence of the junior officers I was visiting, I saw some fairly fancy houses with very fancy fences around them. I asked about them. I said, "Do these belong to Polish people? Where did they get the money?"*

SCHAUFELE: Do you know where that was?

*Q: I was told, "The money comes from their American relatives."*

SCHAUFELE: Oh, that could be.

*Q: There were quite a few of those houses.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. Well, American relatives do that, especially when you consider that, obviously, Warsaw was pretty badly damaged -- maybe 80 percent destroyed. The Polish Government put money into restoring the main square of the Old Town, the Palace, and various other things. But the top hierarchy of the Communist Party of Poland, except for General Jaruzelski, lived in a place about 10 kilometers out of town called "Konstantin," in very luxurious surroundings. I don't know about all of the others, but I know where Jaruzelski lived.

*Q: This was not Konstantin. I know where that is. This was closer into town. The houses weren't that luxurious, but compared to other houses they looked fairly comfortable. Some of the houses had cars parked alongside them.*

SCHAUFELE: Yes. Well, my driver had a car. He bought a Skoda. He didn't want to buy a "Polski Fiat" [Polish made Fiat automobile]. That was the bottom of the heap -- the "Polski Fiat."

*Q: Before you left wasn't the economy expanding?*

SCHAUFELE: Still going up, yes. As I say, the change in government had taken place. There had been a change in the communist party leadership. A rural "Solidarity"

movement had been born. There were two rural "Solidarity" movements. You have to be careful about this. There is one now that's pretty conservative. That's not the same one. The farmers were always independent. The land is 75 percent privately owned.

*Q: Had you or any of your staff any difficulties with secret police surveillance or with the police?*

SCHAUFLE: Certainly, we all knew that we were subject to surveillance. Every once in a while we would remind people about that because Poland appeared to be a fairly free place, and so people needed reminding of that. One morning at 6:00 a.m. the telephone rang. The CIA Station Chief, who lived behind us, was on the phone. He asked if he could meet me in the driveway. I said, "Sure." He came over and said that one of his officers went out on a pickup the night before and had not returned. He assumed that he had been picked up and that, probably, the contact was a police "plant." I needed to know this because we didn't know how the Poles were going to handle it. I no sooner got back in the house than I got a call from the Americas desk officer at the Foreign Ministry, not the deputy minister, asking if we had a man named Bruce -- I think that was his name, although I'm not absolutely sure of that -- on our staff. Of course, he knew that there was such a man. I said, "Yes, we do." He replied, "Well, he's been picked up doing something that he shouldn't do." He said, "We're holding Mr. Bruce." I said, "How do I know that you're holding Mr. Bruce? You say it's Mr. Bruce. I don't know it's Mr. Bruce. I can't see him." I said, "Beside, he's a diplomat. You have to release him." So they released him. He came back to the Embassy, and we packed him off on the next airplane.

*Q: And he was gone.*

SCHAUFLE: He was gone. And we never heard another word about the matter.

*Q: When did you leave Poland?*

SCHAUFLE: In September or October, 1980. I was thinking of retiring from the Foreign Service anyway. One of the things that helped me make up my mind was that the presidential election campaign was on. I really didn't have any great incentive to work for either of the two principal candidates for president. I didn't think that President Carter had been particularly good on foreign policy matters. I certainly didn't have much respect for the Republican candidate, Ronald Reagan.

When you are a junior or even a senior officer, you can tolerate working for an administration or Department with which you don't fully agree. This is because you're not making policy. Also, a lot of the things you have to do are not related to your political inclinations, whatever they are. Whereas somebody at my rank may be put in a position where you are so close or involved in the policy process that you might be doing something that you really don't want to do. So I had started looking around. Somebody told me that the Foreign Policy Association in New York was looking for a new president. I can't remember who told me about this. However, he said that he would be

glad to tell the Foreign Policy Association that I would be interested. I knew the Foreign Policy Association. The man who started it had been very active in Cleveland before the national level institution was set up. His name was Brooks Emeny. I believed in what the Association was doing.

When I was back in Washington, serving on the Career Minister Promotion Panel, I went up to New York and talked to the guy who had been Acting President of the Foreign Policy Association and who was chairman of the Board, as well as one of the Board members. I had a job interview, in effect. They offered me the job. I accepted. I had planned to get there earlier, but because of the "Solidarity" incident, I had to delay my retirement for three months. The Foreign Policy Association didn't have any problems with that.

When I went back to Washington, the Department gave me the Wilbur Carr Award. It's the only award I ever got in the Foreign Service. I never asked for any. There was a little ceremony. Henry Kissinger showed up, as well as various other people.

So I left the Foreign Service. I've never had any regrets at leaving and I never had any regrets about my Foreign Service career. Not everything is welcome -- or even interesting -- but it's all part of the process. So, then, we moved again, back to the United States. I figured out not long ago that we moved 21 times since we've been married.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

The following autobiographical sketch was written over a period of several years at the request of my sons, Steven Schaufele and Peter Schaufele. Chronologically it stops circa 1993-94 and was completed January 1, 1997, although non-substantive, minor corrections and editing continued thereafter.

Writing the sketch revealed why the boys felt the need for something like it. They do not know the place where I was raised and saw their relatives only infrequently. They were separated -- at considerable distance -- from us during their prep school and college years. More often than not my work day and week exceeded the norm, complicated by the social demands on Heather and me. Finally, I could not discuss much of my activities with them, even when they reached the point when they could comprehend them. I apologize to them for my absences and, to the extent they are part of the narrative, my errors of perception, understanding and memory.

The sketch is not meant to be comprehensive, but I believe it is as accurate as my memory permits. Because many situations and incidents it describes may require fuller background or more detail, I ask only that those who receive it or come across it to check with me or Heather before using any part of its contents for research which might be published.

Thank you in advance.

**November 16, 1997**

**BIOGRAPHICAL -- William E. Schaufele, Jr.**

How did someone from the near Middle West, with nothing in his background pointing in that direction, get into diplomacy? As a matter of fact, my father's cousin was in the Foreign Service, but the conditions of an American diplomat's life at that time dictated that we never saw him and seldom heard from him. I did not even meet him until after his retirement when I, myself, was going through the examination process to enter the service.

Born in Lakewood, Ohio, a middle-class suburb of Cleveland, I had the most prosaic and normal upbringing -- considering the times. My mother, Lillian nee Bergen, whose parents came from Germany in 1860 as very young children, completed eight years of education in a Lutheran parochial school, conducted in German, which, true to the assimilationist tendencies of the times, she either could not or would not speak, read or write as an adult. (Unlike her bilingual mother, Frederika nee Lindemann, who, when it was seen as somehow seditious to speak German during World War I, reverted to it because no one could tell her what to do. I have recently learned from my sister that when women were allowed to vote in local elections in our town -- before the passage of the 19th amendment -- that she "was first in line.") Even on a visit to us in Germany, the only trip she ever made abroad, there was no semblance of understanding or effort to speak it. Often described as a cheerful, even merry, young woman, she was deeply marked by the effects of the 1930's Depression. I remember her as a mother whose son could do no wrong, who was profoundly insecure but incredibly stubborn and who was often out of touch with the world -- not in a psychiatric sense, but because she was just too concerned with the mechanics and logistics of everyday life to pay much attention to other matters. She was a prisoner of her usually judgments of people's backgrounds. Some might be right, some wrong, not because of what they said or did, but because of their position in society.

My father, William (Elias not Everett), whose family arrived here, also from Germany, in 1848, graduated from high school and completed one year of college. Why he went no further, I never learned. His family certainly could have afforded it. Of a salesman's temperament, his reach exceeded his grasp and the realization of his perhaps unrealistic dreams of material success always eluded him. I understood that he was a good salesman. If he had been satisfied with that his success might have been greater, if not his satisfaction. His other talent was the use of his hands -- he could repair or construct almost anything he set his mind to. Although he was no less proud of his son, I recall his considered reaction when I was first appointed Ambassador; " You could have made more money in business." I couldn't dispute that. Always outwardly sure of himself he was somewhat of a windbag and was over-impressed with the material success and prestige which accompanied a successful business career. For him the best way to get things done was to know the right person -- for either a business deal, a table at a restaurant or an opportunity to "get it wholesale".

Like so many Americans of my generation, my mentality, my values and my view of the world were shaped and tempered in the days of the Depression. I had just turned five when my father's small coal business, established only a few months earlier, failed. For the next five years, except when he worked on Great Lakes freighters in the summer sailing season, as he had as a young man, he had no regular employment. My mother, however, was able to return sporadically to the millinery job she had before she was married. Her income, as small as I am sure it was, helped tide us over. My parents rarely discussed financial difficulties in front of my older sister and me, but money problems were always apparent and obviously created tension. In part they impelled the deterioration of a marriage which, although it endured in legal terms, became increasingly strained to the point of estrangement, even when we became somewhat more prosperous. My father still sought the big breakthrough while my mother would have sacrificed part of our standard of living for greater security.

The mortgage on our house was foreclosed although we eventually repurchased it after renting it during the intervening years. My contribution to the family exchequer during that period came from selling soft drinks at a farmer's market across the street from our house. I think I did not so much resent doing my share, although I frequently longed to do something else, as receiving nothing for my labor in a regular way. It was good for my character, I guess, since later, whenever I worked during a vacation at home, I paid my mother board and room. I also recall the boost it represented for the family income when a dentist with a nearby office rented our garage during the day for \$10 a month. Fortunately, we had no car between 1928 and 1943.

Another effect of the Depression, dimly perceived at the time, arose from the fact that my mother's mother and older sister, Anna, moved in with us. They had lived in an apartment, but the move saved them that expense and added something to our own income since my aunt, a buyer for a department store, worked during the entire Depression period. She became the provider of special purchases for my sister and me. In a three-bedroom house the presence of three generations was not an easy situation and my father particularly resented both the presence and the clear proof that it was necessary to help support his family. For a prolonged period -- before we got a day-bed for the sunroom -- I slept with my father and my sister with my mother.

Our relations with what is now called the extended family -- grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, -- were I suspect, fairly normal until my maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather -- William P., treasurer of the Hanna Coal Company -- died within a few months of each other. Both deaths gave rise to family disputes over what was left -- my mother and aunt with their surviving brother's family and my father with his two brothers and two sisters and his own mother, Eda nee Glazer. We seldom saw those relatives thereafter until many years later.

My sister Marjorie, five years older than I, was a victim of the time. Although not so academically inclined, she possessed a quick, lively, and curious mind. Graduating from

high school in 1936, she could not go to college for financial reasons and entered the work force immediately. As close as we were until I left for college, never to return to Lakewood to live, the geographic distance between us and the different directions our lives took, compounded by her unenviable task of coping with our quarreling and aging parents, both of whom eventually moved in with her and her husband, Fred Sloane, gave us less in common.

Although we were not very demonstrative, I can never complain about the support I received from my immediate family. Certainly the values I have retained can be in large part attributed to their help and guidance. Nevertheless our interests diverged more and more as time went on. The demands of my profession and indeed my very early determination not to make my life in Cleveland intensified the separation.

I went through the Lakewood public school system -- a good one -- always a good student but without any special effort on my part -- to my later detriment. Although the families of most of my friends were better off than we, I felt no particular resentment because of our parlous state. There were certain activities I could not participate in, items I could not buy, camps I could not attend. My family never took vacation trips and was not active in the community, at least until my father became an officer in the PTA when I was in high school. But I was accepted as an equal by my peers in an age when academic performance was perhaps more highly regarded than it has been since. I played football -- second string -- baseball (sandlot) and basketball until a football knee injury ruled out the first and last. I was a good instrumentalist (trombone and baritone horn), won two firsts in trombone competitions, sang, not well, but accurately, and won a music scholarship to the Culver Military Academy summer school whose band was almost wholly composed of outstanding scholarship players, most better than I.

When I look back I realize I was almost frenetically busy in a high school which accepted no excuses for not meeting one's academic potential. I played football on an undefeated team, played in the band and orchestra, sang in the chorus which made a lot of public appearances, was active as a member and officer in debate and other clubs, wrote for the school paper, was a class officer, often worked part-time and led a reasonably active social life when the streetcar was our usual mode of transportation and the public library was a social as well as a study center. Although I graduated near the top of my class I can't claim that doing so took an undue amount of my time and energy. However, I received a good education and wise counseling from most of my teachers. Nevertheless I was almost as proud of the fact that I had never been absent or tardy.

Reflecting its background the maternal side of my family belonged to the Missouri Synod Lutheran church it was brought up in, where, I was told, sermons were in German until 1925. Since I did not attend its parochial school, I had to take instruction for confirmation over two years instead of one. As I matured I was increasingly dissatisfied with its conservative theology. Technically it forbade even my long-time connection with the YMCA -as it did also for the Boy Scouts of which I was not a member. On my departure for college I wrote the minister of my doubts, misgivings and disagreements -- in effect

leaving the church, especially when his reply was so dogmatic and misunderstanding. I will say one thing -- I have never attended another church in which its upper middle class membership unanimously sang so lustily. My wife, a professional singer, commented on it the two or three times we attended services there.

My only route to college was a scholarship and I was lucky enough to win four (Yale, Chicago, DePauw, Northwestern). Except for the consultation among the local Yale, Harvard and Princeton alumni groups, there did not seem to be institutional cross-checking which, I am told, is true now. I entered Yale in July, 1942, the first war-time class, ever to be known as the class of 1945W (for war), as a premed student.

Yale then was still largely a domain of prep school graduates. Although there was no shortage of public high school graduates (three scholarship winners from my own high school class alone), the majority of my class came from private schools into a higher educational institution largely based on a student body coming from those schools. The social difference -- often more apparent than real -- never made much difference to me. I was self-sufficient, self-confident (my doubts came later) and independent enough to make my way. Nor did I have any pretension, for both monetary and philosophical reasons, for fraternities or Yale's secret societies, even if I could have successfully aspired to them. Many high school graduates had an advantage in that, while the prep school -- not coed then -- boys' experience with girls was largely confined to weekends and vacations, we were used to being with them every day in class, between classes, and after classes.

The difference in academic preparation was more important. Prep school graduates, by and large, went to small schools, lived in dormitories, attended small classes and received close supervision from faculties which assumed that their students would go to college. The course of study was conducted in a way more analogous to college conditions while many of us had not yet really learned to study as we had to in college. It was said -- with what provable veracity I do not know -- that it took public school graduates of equal ability two years to make up for the difference in academic preparation but that, by graduation, their final average performance was better.

My college career was divided -- I completed three semesters before being called up for army duty and the remainder after my military discharge. To this day I cannot fully understand what led me to enter college as a premed. Although I did just as well in the sciences as in other courses in high school, they were not of burning interest and the extra effort I had to put into them should have told me that they were not exactly my cup of tea. I can only assume that the near-universal respect accorded the profession, the evident prosperity of doctors I knew, my lack of interest in a business career and the fairly limited horizons of the time and place in which I grew up caused me to make an uninformed and ill-considered preliminary choice. Certainly the academic courses which excited me were in the humanities.

My own lack of rigorous and classical preparation and the pressures beginning to emerge in the U.S. as it geared up for and entered the war didn't help. Requirements for entrance to medical school were being compressed and I found myself hard-pressed as I started the organic chemistry course in my first sophomore semester, an honor hitherto reserved to juniors. Yale, in its wisdom then had two failing grades, "F" for normal and "X" for utter failure. As I subsequently learned, I went into the final with an "X" record and my "C" on the test, achieved after much sweating and burning the midnight oil, could only raise it to an "F". So I departed for the army knowing that medicine, either by choice or talent, was not for me but without a clear idea of an alternative. I suspect I would have been a lousy doctor and any prospective patients still living can thank their stars that I did not persevere in this course.

My time in the army, despite my distaste for military life, and the experiences in it helped me find some answers, not only to my academic future but also to questions about myself. I served over 2-1/2 years on active duty. As an undergraduate premed I was slated for the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) after basic training in heavy artillery at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Like most of my colleagues I had no interest in hustling into combat and, although I had been offered an appointment to Officer Candidate School, I was satisfied with the ASTP possibility even though I later realized that it was unlikely that I would ever be accepted by any medical school or that the ASTP would survive.

I was right on both counts. After spending some weeks in a special assignment center for ASTP candidates at a small college campus in Georgia -- where my only claim to fame was to organize and lead a dance band, thus avoiding the more onerous and unpleasant duties so common in the military -- I, along with some others, was transferred to the 10th Armored Division at Camp (now Fort) Gordon, Georgia.

Probably not a very good soldier in training, I turned out to be a pretty good one in combat. The division embarked in September, 1944, the first complete division to land directly in France -- in Cherbourg. Not without incident, however. We boarded the troop ship, a converted liner, and sailed the same night to join our convoy, only to find the following morning that we had run aground off the Brooklyn Navy Yard. (I have often wondered what happened to the harbor pilot responsible for that fiasco). The process of disembarking and boarding another ship made us so late for the rendezvous with the convoy that we sailed with only two destroyer escorts until we caught up with it in mid-Atlantic.

After drawing new equipment and experiencing a normal shake-down -- including the voracious appetite of the mud of Normandy, which often seemed to swallow up even our tanks -- we set out for the front northeast of Paris.

The lightning thrusts across France after the Normandy break-out had ended, German supply lines were shorter and the weather was often inappropriate for tank warfare as it was then conducted. Even the ferocity of General George Patton could not push us as fast as he would have preferred. Other than our first day or two of combat -- during which we

found ourselves inexplicably engaged against our own 90th Infantry Division -- there was no glamour in slogging it out in artillery duels, short fire-fights and steady but grinding advances. But we did hone ourselves into a fighting team and got to know each other under pressure and fire in ways we couldn't earlier. We learned whom we could depend on, that we had a top-notch maintenance team which could change a tank engine in less than three hours, that our mess section would get us hot meals almost regardless of conditions, and which officers would perform well under fire.

In December, 1944 we were pulled out of the line to do some basic maintenance and to demonstrate the new proximity fuse for some army brass. Suddenly on December 17 the division was ordered to hit the road toward Luxembourg. It was on our way that we first learned of the German Ardennes offensive and that we were headed for what became known as the Battle of the Bulge. In Luxembourg the division was split up to go to various parts of the front and our Combat Command B went to Bastogne, a small, relatively unknown town, important as the hub of several roads and therefore seemingly an essential target for the Germans.

Practically no enlisted man from the vantage point of a tank gunner can write knowledgeably about tactics or strategy, even though he can describe his own part in a battle which became well known. As is so often the case in warfare and elsewhere, those at the end of the line of command learn things only after the fact -- even if they know better than their officers what to do in combat. We rolled into Bastogne late in the afternoon of December 18 and took up our position east of the town. During the night we fired nearly all of our ammunition, the only time that happened before or after. This was our first intimation of what we were in for. The second was that we moved constantly within an increasingly smaller perimeter, firing at one time or another in all directions and starting our tanks in rotation at night to give the enemy the impression that we had more in operating order than was really the case. (Our battalion commander was killed while standing beside my tank talking to us as we exchanged fire with German tanks in front of us.) But we, and others, managed to keep the German circle from closing until the 101st Airborne Division joined us in the hole of the doughnut.

The history books recount the tactical and strategic results of the Battle of Bastogne better than I can. But the effects were serious enough. By my imperfect memory we suffered 80% casualties and lost the overwhelming majority of our tanks, some of which grace the entrances to Bastogne today as parts of the memorial to those who died there. Despite atrocious conditions, snow and bitter cold, reduced rations -- although our irrepressible mess staff managed one hot meal nearly every day -- shortages of ammunition and supplies which had to be air-dropped to us, the loss of so many friends and comrades, morale never faltered. We had no doubt about the ultimate outcome and, even when we "volunteered" to stay in the line after the German encirclement was broken, there was little grousing. Those of us who remained perhaps realized the meaning of Bastogne in human terms only at the end of the war when we were formally awarded the Presidential Unit Citation -- of which we were inordinately proud. The army, in its flair for the

dramatic, decided that only those who actually participated in the battle would participate in the march-by. The gaps in our ranks were sobering to all of us.

After replacing our losses in men and equipment -- the army's ability to do it so rapidly was daunting -- we, along with the rest of the allied forces, fought our way across Germany. There were important -- to us -- battles, including another retreat out of Crailsheim, and there were more casualties, but the increasingly obvious power of the Allied forces made even the setbacks seem temporary. By and large we moved rapidly without great losses in men or materials. The last locality we captured was Garmisch-Partenkirchen. It was only much later that I could chuckle over how fast we, the combat line units, were successively displaced from that idyllic resort by battalion, combat command, division and then corps headquarters until we found ourselves many miles away in a small village called Frasdorf.

Relieved over the end of hostilities in the Pacific, I remained in the army in Europe until January, 1946, was discharged with the exalted rank of corporal and returned to college in March. It has been said that one can learn from almost any experience and despite my abhorrence for war based on my own experience and my dislike of the military life, I learned from this one. I would be dishonest if I did not admit my own satisfaction in serving my country in a great cause and proving something to myself in going through the rigors of the battlefield. I must admit, however, that in my ignorance and supreme confidence and despite many dangerous situations, I was convinced I would survive.

But the value of that experience, not all of it immediately evident, was much deeper than that. I saw parts of the United States in a way which might never have otherwise occurred. I was closely associated -- in a way which perhaps only those who experience it can appreciate -- with all kinds of people, from all regions, of the widest diversity of backgrounds and education. And associated with them in a mutually dependent way. If I were to succeed and survive I needed them just as they needed me. They did not include minority groups because the army was segregated then, but I think my experience opened my mind to particular circumstances and impressions of those groups when the opportunity came. It is not reverse snobbery to note that the kind of learning experience I went through was probably possible only as an enlisted man.

Finally, as I followed the politics of the war and what led up to it I pretty well decided on a course of study emphasizing history and political science, which could be combined in an international relations major at Yale under a superb faculty. I still had no clear-cut idea of a career, but I could decide on my academic activity. My remaining years at Yale were happy and productive ones. Academically I enjoyed and prospered. I rejoined the Yale Glee Club, which blossomed in that era with older singers and more mature voices, and, with others, reactivated a small, informal singing group, the Society of Orpheus and Bacchus. My non-academic life was centered largely on music. I sang and was manager and "pitchpipe" of the Glee Club, directed and sang with the O & B's, and sang at both daily and Sunday chapel -- for which, admittedly, I received a small stipend. (The sermons at the latter, including almost all of the great Protestant preachers of the era,

were strikingly different from what I heard during my upbringing.) All during the time I spent at Yale I worked -- as a waiter, a clerk, a professor's aid -- and that too expanded my awareness and knowledge and self-respect. I have good memories of Yale and my fellow students even though I can never consider myself a true Yale "insider."

Completing my undergraduate study in 1948 I went on to the recently-established School of International Affairs at Columbia University which required two years for a master's degree. With a BA in International Affairs -- a relatively rare undergraduate major then -- I found the first year largely redundant but the second was new and challenging. My biggest mistake was to spend too little time, as both an undergraduate and graduate student, on economics which I believed hampered me later as economic issues became increasingly important in post-war international relations.

Inevitably, I suppose, I took the Foreign Service examination in 1949. At that time it was a four-day marathon, largely essay questions, given at relatively few places in the United States. I recall that, where I took it -- in Cincinnati -- 50% of those who appeared on the first day did not return for the second. I passed the examination but failed the language test. It was a written test given separately -- in French, German, Spanish and some other languages -- and could be taken again. Although I had never formally studied any modern language, German was the only one I had some experience with because of my military service. So I took a semester of German during my second year of graduate school and managed to pass the test the second time. Eventually I passed the oral examination -- which was not so intimidating as one was led to believe -- and the security requirements and was certified for appointment.

All during that period I lived in New York, drinking in the wealth of culture, color, and life which that city still provides. There my life was not centered around a university campus or activities. I continued my singing, particularly with Robert Shaw's Collegiate Chorale where I met my wife. Heather Moon is -- or was -- a Californian, a graduate of Berkeley, a professional singer, characterized by some at that time as the best Bach soprano in New York, who also partially supported herself as a librarian. Although reasonably successful -- we took a cut in income, mostly hers, to join the Foreign Service -- she found the often bare-knuckled competition and compromises supposedly necessary for success increasingly unattractive and degrading, and was willing to risk marriage to me. She continues to sing to this day but has herself determined when, how, and what. Our now 47-year marriage has been eventful and fun. We have lived in five foreign countries and, including the United States, in 21 different dwellings. Heather has been a full and supportive partner, always remaining her own person despite the exigencies of her husband's career, but indeed contributing a great deal to it through her intelligence, affection, loyalty, tolerance, independence, sense of humor and constructive criticism. Even the challenge of raising two sons in so many different cultures and locations did not faze her.

Despite my initial determination not to be pinned down to a church singing job, I soon discovered I could use the extra money. Luckily I found the Chapel of the Incarnation,

which had a paid octet under the leadership of Searle Wright, who later became the university organist at Columbia University. There may have been four or five communicants at the Sunday morning service, but Searle's reputation was such that the Sunday evensong was packed, mostly by singers.

## FOREIGN SERVICE

Faced with a predicted wait of 12-18 months for appointment as a Foreign Service Officer (FSO), I started looking for interim employment after graduation from Columbia in June, 1950. Midway through the summer I, along with some other FSO-eligibles, was informed that I could receive a temporary Foreign Service Staff (FSS) appointment and assignment as a Kreis Resident Officer (KRO) in Germany at the munificent annual salary of \$5370 (reduced by \$700 when I became an FSO in March, 1951).

Since my geographic area of emphasis had been Germany the assignment was particularly welcome. The position of KRO grew out of the adoption of the German Basic Law (Grundgesetz) -- or constitution -- and the transfer of US responsibility for its occupation zone from the Defense Department to the State Department in 1949. Under the military occupation, until then, military officers occupied the post of military governor in each county (Kreis), now to be replaced by civilian KROs, whose function essentially was democratization.

An earlier group had been sent in the spring of 1950 and another followed ours. If I remember correctly, our group consisted of 28 men, mostly FSO-eligibles, most married and a few with children. We received some training and briefings in Washington and then sailed on the US America to Le Havre. Enough of us had cars shipped with us so that we could all drive across France to Frankfurt, a somewhat nostalgic trip which I had last made in a tank in 1944. Unfortunately none of us had yet received any salary and some, like us, were traveling on the last of their savings.

We were housed in an hotel in Bad Homburg, spending our time studying German and getting further briefings from staff members of the American High Commission for Germany (HICOG) in Frankfurt. After several weeks we were assigned to one of three Land Commissions in Hesse, Baden-Wurttemberg or Bavaria. Eleven of us went off to Munich where I discovered that I was already assigned to a small Kreis, Pfaffenhofen (the name of the county seat was Pfaffenhofen an der Ilm to distinguish it from 12 other Pfaffenhofens in Bavaria), 25 miles north of Munich. After a few days of some truly "nuts and bolts" briefing my wife and I drove up the Autobahn to take up our first job and residence in the Foreign Service.

Pfaffenhofen (as I call it) literally means "court of the priests," an apt name in heavily and fervently Catholic Upper Bavaria, that part of Bavaria one sees on the postcards. At that time it had a population of about 7500 and was economically dominated by the surrounding Hallertau, one of the prime hop-growing areas -- then and now -- of the

world. Reflecting its major source of economic activity the city then had seven breweries, later merged into three and still later, one.

The office had been without a KRO for several months and we discovered that several people had turned down the assignment, presumably because it was seen as small and unimportant and not a very glamorous place to live. There were seven German employees, a political assistant, an administrative assistant, a films assistant, a secretary and three drivers. I was also responsible for a neighboring Kreis, Schrobenhausen, with a staff of three. (It was to be 17 years before I again supervised so many people.) The office building and the solid, unprepossessing, three-bedroom residence, a five-minute walk away, were both confiscated by the occupying power under the provisions of international law pertaining to occupation of a defeated enemy. The costs of the staff, housing, office space and most supplies, including three automobiles, were borne by the German taxpayers as "occupation costs," also provided for under international law.

I saw as my first responsibility calls upon the German authorities as well as the commanding officer of the small US Army signal detachment located in a neighboring town. The latter caused some problems because it lacked personnel sensitive to the foreign culture in which they operated. The unit was heavily dependent on English-speaking German employees, some of whom not only profited materially from illegal practices, principally by engaging in and fostering black-market sales of cigarettes and the like, but also sought to isolate the officers and NCO's from the local community. Most of that we managed to clean up by the time we left.

The county executive or Landrat was a 77-year old minor noble and hop-grower, who had a spotless record during the Third Reich. The city mayor was a somewhat ludicrous member of a large family which ran the city and possessed a machine works and other assets. It was said that this Verwandtschaft picked the least intelligent family member as mayor because no positions in the family businesses could be entrusted to him. In addition to other officials of the county and city administrations and the members of the county and city councils I resolved to -- and did -- visit personally each town and village in the two counties, a total of 116.

The year and a half we spent there was about as close as an American official could get into a foreign culture. Practically no one spoke English except three of my staff members with whom I hardly ever communicated except in German. Furthermore, one was of Prussian origin and another Silesian and, therefore, probably less trusted by the native Bavarians than we were. Approximately one-third of the city population was of East German origin who found it difficult to assimilate for historical, religious and linguistic reasons. Their children attended local schools and frequently had to translate for their parents' discussions with their teachers, most of whom usually spoke in the thick Bavarian dialect. The historical animosity between the Catholic Bavarians and the mostly Protestant East Germans (especially the Prussians), intensified by the burden of absorbing this refugee group, had not yet begun to break down.

However, the East German presence did have a political effect. Traditionally there were few members of the Social Democratic Party (SPD) in Pfaffenhofen. In fact in the first post-war elections the Bavarian Party (BP), a regional, very conservative group, dominated. Eventually the BP was dissolved, most of its supporters joining the Christian Social Union (CSU), the Bavarian cousin of the national Christian Democratic Union (CDU). But the combination of a mixed direct-proportional representation election system and the East German population assured SPD representation in the city and county councils and even two town mayors for the first time. In fact while we were there a woman, a lawyer, originally from East Germany and an SPD member, was elected to the city council to the wonderment of the natives who had never been represented by a woman before.

It was not surprising that such a predominately agricultural area would be politically conservative, but we did learn that hop-growing was a remunerative enterprise, in part because not all soils were suitable for hops, in part because the acquiescence of the powerful Hop Growers Association was necessary for anyone not already so engaged to grow and market hops, and in part because beer consumption continued to grow. At that time hops were still picked by hand, an arduous but well-paid task for which many people, including a good part of my staff, took their vacation time. Certainly, the unique appearance of the hop fields with their tall posts connected by wires along which the hop vines grew dominated the landscape. It is doubtful that a person in a position such as mine could have succeeded if he did not drink beer. And, in fact, my education in hop culture and beer brewing served me well later when I was the economic officer in Munich and prepared an annual country-wide beer report.

The tradition of the Bürgerversammlung (literally citizens meeting) was of long-standing in Bavaria. It did not have the legislative function of a New England Town Meeting, but it did provide a meeting place for the citizens and their elected and appointed officials. The latter tended to dominate the proceedings by the length of their statements if not by their quality. Nevertheless the institution itself fitted admirably into the US aim of promoting the democratization of Germany. Its importance was enhanced as an increasing number of heretofore appointed officials, e.g. the Landrat, were elected. Not all meetings were illuminating, but I noted an increasing willingness of those attending to participate in the discussions and ask demanding questions. Intimidation, largely based on official position, was fairly frequent at first but became less acceptable as time went on. The fact that a whole new generation of potential political leaders, relatively unblemished by the Nazi period, was coming to the fore helped in this process. The area was known to have a relatively high number of men who had been awarded the Nazi golden party badge because of their early membership in the 1920's. Many of them were still around, but their past was well-known and, whatever their aspirations, public and responsible office was closed to them. The first post-war group of officials contained at most some nominal party members -- because of their professions or membership in organizations like the Hop Growers Association which had been nazified. But even they soon passed from the scene, giving way to younger men and women who, although they remained somewhat

conservative in outlook, were anxious and willing to work within a new, more democratic system.

Even during the relatively brief period we were there, this epitome of a small, deeply conservative city and county, heavily dependent on agriculture, slowly evolved, not accepting change blithely, watching their neighbors' reactions carefully so as not to get too far out in front. Sometimes the results were ludicrous. The local school superintendent came to me once in anticipation of reinstituting the school sports day at the town soccer stadium. Since the Occupation Statute firmly banned military displays, he assured me that the children would march into the stadium starting on their right, instead of their left, feet. After I told him it didn't matter which foot they started on, he departed, seemingly puzzled over my reaction. On another, more progressive and important note, a group of women, firmly supported by my wife, an ex-librarian, received a grant from the so-called McCloy Fund to establish a children's library. One of the conditions was that it had to be an open-shelf system, practically unknown in Germany. It surprised many that it worked without any untoward damage to or theft of the books. I like to think that our participation in so many traditional events common to a rural area and our very informality contributed to the democratic evolution in this small city and county.

I would single out four people who were major players in the local society and were important to the post-war evolution of this small world. Franz Edler von Koch, who remained as elected Landrat until 1958 when he was 85 -- and remarried in 1952 after we left -- guided the county into this new, democratic Federal Republic of Germany. Certainly not a product of a democratic system, a loyal and convinced Bavarian, and a large landowner and hop-grower, he nevertheless understood the inevitable necessity of change and sought to accomplish it within the parameters of the traditional culture. He had his prejudices. Upon our departure he said, "Mr. Schaufele came here to teach us democracy. He didn't know that we had democracy -- under the Wittelsbachs", the Bavarian royal house which originated in Pfaffenhofen county and ruled Bavaria from the 14th century until 1918.

Hans Demmelmeier, simultaneously a member of the city council, the county council and the Bavarian legislature (and later the federal parliament) was a farmer and a lawyer, then in his sixties. Although prone to be somewhat long-winded, he, more than others, understood the complexities and uses of the parliamentary system. Even though he was not a liberal in the political spectrum he comprehended the necessity for compromise and for dialogue with the citizenry. One had the feeling that he often was instrumental in diverting ill-conceived action on the part of his fellow legislators.

Hans Eisenmann, born the same year as I, becoming my closest German friend, had just been elected to the Bavarian legislature (Landtag) when we arrived. A hop farmer's son, who earned his Ph.D. at Weihenstephan, the Bavarian agricultural university, he represented a new generation. Mirroring his background he was also a conservative but carried neither the burden of the Nazi period nor all the older traditions characterizing Bavarian society. He succeeded von Koch as Landrat and contributed much to

Pfaffenhofen's participation in the German "economic miracle." In 1969 he became Bavarian agriculture minister where he served for 18 consecutive years before he died. We always remained in contact and saw him and his family for the last time in 1980 when we visited them on a trip from Warsaw.

Franz Rutsch, journalist, author, now Heimatspfleger (guardian of local tradition and history) and Bavarian extraordinaire, introduced us to the intricacies of local society and politics. He has no illusions but is not a cynic. He loves and respects his native area too much for that, but he is not blind to its faults, mistakes and weaknesses. He not only helped us understand the Bavarian dialect, but also, in his enthusiasm, led me to learn to read it. The ability to read Ludwig Thoma, who so accurately, humorously and sympathetically depicted the life and times of his fellow-Bavarians, gave me insights which I would not have acquired otherwise. Franz and his wife, Bärbl, are still in touch and his several books about Pfaffenhofen and its history keep us informed of its past and present developments.

Early in 1952, along with many others, the Kreis Resident Office in Pfaffenhofen was closed and we were transferred to the office in Augsburg, now responsible for six Kreise. An "old-timer," former military officer, was in charge of the office. We agreed, given the size of the six-county area, that I would reside in Donauwörth, a city north of Augsburg, lying on the historic so-called Romantische Strasse (Romantic Road). Most days I commuted to Augsburg but the others I spent in Donauwörth and three other Kreise surrounding it. It was interesting meeting new people and conditions, but six months is hardly enough to penetrate so deeply into the society as we had in Pfaffenhofen.

We had known that this assignment was very short term and indeed all remaining offices were closed in six months, coincident with the official end of the occupation and the assumption by the West German government of full sovereignty. Those of us who were FSOs were informed that we would be transferred either to the now-renamed American Embassy in Bonn, one of the six Consulates General or the US Mission in Berlin, which remained under the control of the four occupying powers, or elsewhere in the world.

Since I wished to remain in Germany, but preferably not in Bonn or Berlin, I visited all six Consulates General to determine if there were a place for me in one of them. Luckily, in Duesseldorf, I found that the labor affairs officer, an official of the United Steel Workers union, was returning to his union and the Consul General was seeking a career diplomat to replace him. So I moved into my first more or less regular Foreign Service post and job -- although admittedly a career diplomat in a labor job was still a rarity. The few labor "slots" which then existed were nearly all filled by outsiders from the American labor movement or other government agencies. In addition to a natural desire to do well and the interest accorded the post-war German labor movement, there was also the incentive to prove that a career officer could effectively fill this assignment. As time went on I increasingly realized that my career superiors attached as much importance to my success as I did. They did so largely, if not exclusively, in the interest of the profession.

There was a labor affairs office at the Embassy, staffed by three Americans, one of whom spoke German. But the headquarters of the Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund was -- and is -- in Duesseldorf, the capital of the state of North Rhine-Westphalia, which includes the industrial Ruhr. Although I was junior in rank to the three men in Bonn, I reported to the Consul General who prepared my annual performance report. The men in Bonn dealt mainly with the Ministry of Labor, but one of them did carry the title of Labor Attaché, theoretically responsible for labor matters in all of West Germany for the American Ambassador.

In this potentially discordant situation I had four advantages. (1) I reported to the Consul General, although all my reports went simultaneously to Washington, Bonn and other places depending on their subject. (2) I had a thorough knowledge of German history which was the subject of both my bachelor's and master's theses. (3) I spoke German fluently -- although my Bavarian accent was initially a cause for mirth. (4) I had lived the previous two years in small German towns and thus got to know German society, its strengths and weaknesses, its quirks, its interests, its opinions and its reactions to the new Germany, the US and the world. Therefore, although I had yet to know my future contacts or they me, I could walk into the DGB headquarters with enough knowledge and fluency to establish an immediate mutual respect on which to build our future relationships. I developed a habit which also served me well later, of dropping in at DGB headquarters Saturday mornings. Most of the top leadership, as well as others, would be there even though it was not a normal work day. Those informal, unscheduled chats contributed a great deal to my knowledge and relationships.

A little history may be in order here. Labor unions were nothing new in Germany. But in the pre-Hitler period (he, of course, dissolved them in 1933) they were divided largely on political and religious lines. The largest group was associated with the Social Democratic party, the next largest with the Center -- or Catholic -- party. In addition there was a small group, the Hirsch-Dunckers, affiliated with the liberal wing of the political spectrum and even smaller communist-dominated unions. Observing this history and partially the American example, a leader, Hans Böckler, emerged after the war determined to merge all those elements -- except the communists -- into a single labor union federation affiliated with no political party. Supported by the Americans and the British he was successful in that endeavor. The result was a series of unions organized by industry rather than trade or crafts. It was carefully done so that, for instance, the first vice president came out of the Catholic union ranks and the director for international affairs (later to be the president) came from the Hirsch-Duncker federation.

Firmly organized and unified the DGB initiated an early test of its political strength in the new Germany by demanding legislation establishing Mitbestimmung, or codetermination, in German industry. The resulting public and legislative debate was often acrimonious, especially since the SPD, which supported the DGB, was in the opposition and the Bundesrat, the upper legislative house composed of Land or state representatives rather than individual constituencies, was more conservative than the Bundestag. However, the DGB prevailed and to this day there are labor representatives not only on corporate

boards of directors but also in top administrative posts. In hindsight it can be argued that, once labor had a stake in management, it became less militant, less streikfreudig (strike-happy), a characteristic it often ascribed to American labor. The latter was hostile to Mitbestimmung, maintaining that it effectively represented the cooption of labor by management. In retrospect it may have been right.

When I arrived on the scene Böckler had died and the head of the printing trades union, Christian Fette, had been selected to fill out his term. Fette was eminently acceptable to the Americans, first because of his moderate, anti-communist credentials and secondly because his was a small union without great clout and largely composed of members less militant than those of some other, large industry unions like the coal miners and the metal workers. In the offing was the regular DGB congress at which a president would be elected. It soon became clear that Walter Freitag, the president of the largest single federation, the metalworkers, would contest the election. The Americans, including American trade unionists, concerned about Freitag's presumed radical predilections, preferred Fette. My own analysis was that Freitag, whom I met with weekly, was not the radical which he was pictured to be and that the intra-DGB opposition to him was based in part on the fear of the domination by the largest union and his determination to expose those pre-war fellow trade unionists he thought responsible for his detention and ill-treatment in a Nazi concentration camp (which he graphically described to me).

When the Congress convened in Berlin the Embassy had predicted the reelection of Fette and I the election of Freitag. The latter was victorious, which did me no good at the Embassy in Bonn or, probably, Washington although it did gain me some respect as a prognosticator. As it happened Freitag turned out to be little different politically from his predecessors and never did raise a ruckus about the concentration camp issue.

My fifteen months in Duesseldorf were fascinating. Important movers in German politics were my friends. They came to our modest house for drinks or dinner even though they did not accept invitations from those of higher rank. The members of the labor affairs office in Bonn had to go through me to get appointments at the DGB -- which didn't do me any good either. But winning the trust and confidence of the DGB leadership helped me, I believe, accurately report and analyze its views, important not only to the United States but also in the total spectrum of German and European politics at that still uncertain time.

Outside the substantive nature of my duties Duesseldorf as a city and the Consulate General as an office were rewarding places to be. We found our colleagues and their wives sympathetic and friendly. The Consul General, LaVerne Baldwin, who took the risk of having recommended my assignment and approving my subsequent, sometimes unwelcome, reporting, was a staunch defender of and an excellent guide to all of us. He usually read the seven local daily newspapers over breakfast. Often when we arrived at the office we would find on our desks newspaper clippings we had not yet read and notes asking for information and interpretation. It was good training. He was a man completely dedicated to his country and his responsibilities without a trace of professional jealousy or

destructive ambition in his make-up. He celebrated and acknowledged the successes of his juniors. With his deputy, three career grades higher than I, I could not seem to establish a fully harmonious relationship. My wife came correctly to the conclusion that he considered me a professional competitor, ridiculous on the face of it.

I cannot leave this period of my career without referring to John Paton Davies, Jr. who had become the counselor for political affairs at the embassy. He visited Duesseldorf early after his arrival and thereafter, whenever I went to Bonn, only 50 miles distant, I called on him since my activities were more political than economic in nature. A tall lanky figure who always lounged in his chair, he was one of the most intelligent FSOs I ever met. He quickly grasped the political dynamics and realities in Germany and always asked penetrating and pertinent questions, to which, I am embarrassed to admit, I didn't always have the answers. He never lost his composure and had the ability to place events and developments in their proper perspective.

Davies was already a target of the hunt, led by Senator Joseph McCarthy, for communists and fellow travelers in the State Department. Son of an American missionary in China, he grew up bilingual in Chinese and entered the Foreign Service immediately after graduation from Columbia University. It was not surprising that he was often assigned to China and neighboring countries, although he also served elsewhere. In China during the turmoil of the 1930's dominated by the Japanese invasion and the internal conflict between Chiang Kai-shek's Koumintang and the Chinese Communists, Davies' analysis of the latter proved perceptive and prophetic. The result was that he and other members of the "China gang" like John Stewart Service were falsely accused of "losing China" because they accurately predicted the Chinese Communist victory over Chiang Kai-shek in the ensuing civil war.

After eight investigations by the State Department which found him "unquestionably loyal," he was dismissed by Secretary John Foster Dulles for "bad judgment" in forecasting Chiang's defeat. This period of the early 50's may have been the lowest point in the history of the Foreign Service. Individuals who worked assiduously for US interests were assailed, usually because their reports and analyses were regarded as subversive or pro-Communist if they did not reflect what their foes thought the world should be like. A prediction that groups supported by the US would lose their contest to the Communists -- usually through their own ineptitude and often corruption -- was considered support for the wrong side.

Davies was transferred as deputy chief of mission to Lima, Peru, in part, it was said, to reduce his visibility. To no avail. When his dismissal was announced, I sent him a note of commiseration, support and regret. Some of my colleagues had become so intimidated by the prevailing atmosphere that they were appalled at the risk I was taking. In his reply Davies underscored his devotion to the Foreign Service which he would try to help strengthen. Although he never returned to the Service, he wrote an illuminating autobiographical book, A Dragon by the Tail, and his security clearance was eventually restored.

In June, 1953, we left for home leave, Heather, pregnant with Steven, preceding me. I had no new assignment. When asked my preference -- certainly not determining -- I said I did not want to go back to Germany on the assumption that I might land somewhere as a visa officer. I was willing to do that but preferably in a country where I had not already spent three years in engrossing political work. Asked if I would be willing to go to South Korea, I demurred since it meant separation from my wife and our as yet unborn first child. My reluctance was accepted without comment or adverse effect.

So I went off to Bakersfield, California with no idea where we would go next. We were fortunate, after Steven was born, to be at Heather's home, where her extraordinary RN mother, Ruby, who had raised four children there could initiate us into the joys and cares of parenthood. I had never been in Bakersfield for more than a few days. Thanks to Ruby Moon's willingness to care for the baby, we took a few days to visit some of Heather's relatives, eventually arriving in San Diego. Our first morning there was cloudy and I expressed gratitude that, for the first time, since our arrival in California, there was no sun -- which Heather still finds hilarious -- especially considering the hot, sunny climes we served in later.

The inevitable phone call came from Washington to inform us that we were being transferred to Munich where I was to be -- you guessed it -- a visa officer. After visiting my family in Lakewood, we thus flew back to Duesseldorf where we still had our house -- lacking an onward assignment we were unable to pack earlier. Leaving Heather and Steven with our good-natured, very efficient and ebullient maid, Maria, I went off to Munich to look for housing. We drew the line at places in the suburbs east of the Isar River, where so many Americans lived, and finally found a house, surrounded by German neighbors in Solln on the west bank. Maria came to Munich with us until we had settled in and found -- only temporarily as it turned out -- someone to replace her, an impossible goal in any case.

We knew Munich rather well since we had only lived some 25 miles away for a year and a half. We had German friends there and in the area -- who, in a reverse twist, now joked about my accent in Plattdeutsch, the dialect spoken in Duesseldorf. Munich itself was and is a major German city, the capital of Bavaria, offering all the cultural and other attractions of a large urban area. There was a large American community, mostly attributable to the military presence in and around the city. It included, in the area near where we lived, the headquarters in Pullach of the Gehlen organization which became the West German equivalent of the CIA and which then included a significant number of American intelligence personnel attached to it.

The Consulate General itself was very large compared to Duesseldorf, larger than many American embassies. It was a visa and consular mill, the latter to serve the many Americans in the area and the former besieged with the many refugees and Germans themselves who sought to emigrate to the United States. It also included a political and economic reports section, a small staff working as liaison with the military, a public

affairs section dealing with the German media and arts community as well as a resident Voice of America editorial and transmitting staff broadcasting to Germany and the east. By that time Radio Free Europe, broadcasting to the USSR and Eastern Europe, had been established and, although not technically part of the Consulate General, its major transmitting site was in Munich.

I was designated as the non-immigrant visa officer but also backed up the much larger immigrant visa staff. It was an era when intending immigrants often had a long wait in front of them. Many tried to avoid that by applying for visitor visas, expecting that once they got to the US they could adjust to immigrant status. One of my principal chores was to differentiate them from the legitimate visitors, not always an easy or welcome responsibility.

We also issued immigrant visas for those who lived in the Stuttgart consular district. Once, when I was working on immigrant applicants, the German staff members arranged for me to interview a young woman whose name was Schäufole, the original form of my name which had its distinct origin in the Swabian area of Baden-Württemberg. Finishing the interview, I asked her if she knew anything about the part of the family which had emigrated to the US. She replied that she had heard that family members had done so but knew nothing about it herself. Trying to overcome her obvious nervousness, I reverted to American-style humor by saying that it probably wasn't discussed because they were a bunch of thieves or something similar. I should have known better -- she was insulted. But she got her visa.

After a year in visas I became the economic reporting officer in the reports section which also included a section chief and two political reporting officers. My responsibilities involved reporting on economic, financial and commercial matters as they developed, occasional think pieces of analysis and prognostication, regularly required reports and East-West trading investigations. With the wealth of personnel assigned to our Embassy, six consulates general and the Berlin Mission we could cover these subjects in detail. Each post was assigned certain industries to follow in detail, including an annual industry-wide report. Mine included beer, hops, toys, musical instruments and electronics, the latter principally because the giant Siemens corporation had moved its headquarters from Berlin to Munich after the war. Beer and hops were pieces of cake -- I had all the background out of my experience in Pfaffenhofen and knew much more than my German assistant who normally gathered the data on those two subjects. Munich itself had most of the major German breweries -- Löwenbräu, Spatenbräu, Hackerbräu, Pschorrbräu, etc., all of which, of course, I had to visit regularly. The annual Nürnberg Toy Fair, only open to the trade and people like me, was a yearly pleasure, as were the musical instrument workshops, especially perhaps the those of the Fiedel (fiddle) -- as opposed to Geiger or violin -- makers in Mittenwald.

Our two-and-one-half years in Munich passed pleasantly -- and one year of visas wasn't so bad after all. Heather was asked to do concerts throughout the country on behalf of the Embassy cultural program and very successful they were too. Like any trained American

lieder singer she sang in four languages -- German, French, English and Italian -- at a time when non-German operas and songs were sung in German by German singers -- a painful way to hear Carmen, for instance. Initially the responsible American officials didn't want her to expose herself to adverse criticism by singing German lieder. However, she pointed that this is what American singers do. Furthermore, if she proved her artistry in the opening German group, the audience would be more receptive to the other songs, unfamiliar to them, especially the English repertoire. Such turned out to be the case although the critics spent most space praising her Bach, Wolff, Brahms and Strauss. She had an outstanding accompanist, Hans Altmann, who remarked on how much he had learned about the non-German repertoire from her.

Munich is a fun city in many ways, exemplified, perhaps by the large rathskellers filled with beer-drinking and sausage-eating boisterous Bavarians. One of our favorite places was the Nürnberger Bratwurstglöckl, a smaller place with excellent smoked sausage, the odor of which filled the air. We had become acquainted with the German comedy cabarets at the Kommödchen in Duesseldorf and enjoyed the similar, if broader, Kleine Freiheit in Munich. Enjoying these performances requires great knowledge of German and, in Munich, of Bavarian. Our time in Pfaffenhofen paid off again.

The community formed by the consulate families was not so close as it had been in Duesseldorf, partially because it was so much larger. The Consul General, Allen Lightner, had a good reputation as a substantive officer but was less interested and experienced in the management responsibilities of the so-called principal officer. Sometimes things ran off the tracks or got out of hand which he could have prevented if he had paid more attention. Unfortunately he paid little attention to the consular and visa staff, the largest -- and youngest. One thing he did well was to collect interesting and informal groups at his house for dinners, suppers and parties generally.

Another interesting local inhabitant was his predecessor, Charlie Thayer, who had written the hilarious Bears in the Caviar about diplomatic life in Moscow and was married to the sister of Charles Bohlen -- with George Kennan, America's leading sovietologist -- and retired in the face of the communist-hunters' attacks on him. He stayed in Munich as a journalist and added a lot of life to the community. One night he and I found ourselves boarding the night train from Bonn to Munich and discovered Franz Josef Strauss -- then German minister for science and later chairman of the CSU and Minister President of Bavaria -- taking the same train. Charlie and I each had a bottle of scotch which we shared with Strauss, a man of enormous appetite. None of us got any sleep that night and, when we arrived in Munich, both bottles were empty, and Charlie and I were filled with CSU and German political lore.

## WASHINGTON I

The former deputy in Duesseldorf, now in personnel in Washington, came through Munich and informed me that I was slated to go to Haiti in a newly-created position as the labor officer for the Caribbean region. We were amenable to that, but, as it happened,

the job was never approved. So back to Washington we went at the beginning of 1956. I was to join the Foreign Reporting Staff, not a very thrilling assignment.

A few years earlier the Department, in cooperation with other agencies, had established a Comprehensive Economic Reporting Program (CERP) for all the overseas posts. Essentially it was a sound idea. The Foreign Service, with exceptions, had never been strong on the economic side and the dominating US position in the post-war world required more and better reporting and analysis. However, the end-users for many of the reports were other government agencies -- Treasury, Commerce, Labor and the rest of the "alphabet soup." Now it was time to put out the second edition of CERP. Partially I was selected because there wasn't any other position for me and partly because, although my colleagues all had economic experience, I was the only one who had worked in the field with the original CERP. Since I was not really an economist I spent most of my time negotiating with the other agencies which were insatiable in their demands for the kinds and frequencies of reports they wanted. It was no skin off their noses if the Department of State could not afford to finance the additional personnel which would be necessary to meet their "needs." It took us a year-and-a-half, but we finally came up with a CERP which everyone could live with.

I was then asked to join the staff of the Foreign Service Institute (FSI), the Department's training facility, primarily to establish a course in international labor affairs, but also to supervise an existing course on international organizations. I also lectured frequently on the ins and outs of political reporting to many of the other FSI courses. But perhaps the most interesting experience was to chair the training course for an entering class of FSOs, a course I had never been given. Although my experience was valuable to them, the rest of the training was valuable to me because of the detail of how the Department and Foreign Service were organized and administered and the fact that we could get outstanding people from in and out of the government to lecture on their specialties. I followed the careers of those young people and, perhaps not surprisingly, their success was mixed. A few eventually became Chiefs of Mission -- most of the others at least reached the beginning of the senior ranks.

When we arrived in Washington we were lucky enough to find a small two-bedroom house in Garret Park, a small incorporated town in Montgomery County, Maryland, of about 200 families, 13 miles from the State Department. Our house was owned by our next-door neighbors who built it and were very helpful and accommodating. It was on the railroad line -- although it was no longer a stop -- which was immensely attractive to Steven. It had its own post office in a small grocery store where we had to go to get our mail. Shortly before we arrived the Post Office Department threatened to close it because the revenues were too small. At which the men in the community, nearly all of whom worked in Washington, took orders for stamps from their co-workers, the magnitude of which saved the post office. Everyone knew everyone else and everything in town -- no major shopping though -- was in walking distance. I carpooled to work but since our car was not large enough to fit everyone in and I had a parking permit I did not have to drive myself.

Eventually Steven attended nursery school and kindergarten there. But, more important, after two miscarriages, Heather had another boy, Peter. He was born at home, prematurely, while I was on the telephone with the doctor. Steven slept through it all. We had asked our neighbor to stay with Steven. She arrived to hear Heather yell, "The baby's coming," at which she turned and ran home. While I was calling for an ambulance and a nurse neighbor to help I heard Heather in the bedroom say, in a wondering voice, "Why, it's a little boy." So that is the saga of Peter's birth. Although he went under five pounds at the hospital he came home with his mother two or three days later. The timing was good.

## MOROCCO

Before Peter's birth we knew I was going to Morocco as labor attaché, but his early arrival determined when and how we would travel. In the meantime I took four months of intensive French study at FSI and spent a few weeks on the Moroccan desk. The time at FSI was a first for me in terms of training. I had attended a couple of brief seminars but I had not gone through junior officer training or taken a language course which had become the more or less normal introduction to the Foreign Service. Those in my class were younger than I and all had had some exposure to French, which I had not. I probably did less well than any of them. But it became clear later that I had successfully absorbed the basics without knowing it. When I chaired the junior officer course at FSI, the Department inaugurated the requirement that, for advancement, all FSOs would sooner or later have to master a foreign language, passing an oral test. Partly to give the new officers an idea of the test I took it immediately in German before a panel which had to include a native speaker. Although I passed it with no difficulty, I learned later that the native speaker, of Prussian origin, tried -- unsuccessfully -- to downgrade me for my Bavarian accent and usage.

Now we were preparing to move to another culture -- North African, Islamic, Arab and Berber, only three years since its independence, a former French protectorate which itself had been an imperial power when it occupied half of Spain from the 7th to the 15th century. I suppose that we initially saw it as pseudo-European. After all it is only eight miles across the Straits of Gibraltar to Europe, had been under French control for over 50 years and used French as the vernacular language (Spanish in the north). By non-European standards the population was reasonably well-educated with many university graduates, mostly from French institutions although Fes boasted the earliest Islamic university, founded in the 9th century.

I preceded the family for several reasons. I stopped in Paris for consultations for obvious reasons. More important it was necessary to find at least temporary quarters for a family with a five-year old and a two-month old. Finally the man I was replacing was assigned to the embassy in Rabat. But the single, strong trade union federation, the Union Marocaine du Travail (UMT) had its headquarters in Casablanca, Morocco's largest city with a population of about a million. Therefore, it made sense to transfer the position there.

Heather and the boys finally arrived, but not without incident. They were scheduled to go through Lisbon with a connecting flight to Casablanca. Unfortunately the initial flight from New York was cancelled and it was suggested that she get a hotel room and wait two days for the next flight. She put her foot down and said she wanted to get to Casablanca in the shortest possible time. Finally she was scheduled through Paris after hours of delay. She still speaks of her fatigue on arrival in Paris and her gratitude when she and the boys were promptly taken care of by the Air France personnel until the family could board a flight to Casablanca. I had been able to arrange a housekeeping suite at the Hotel d'Anfa -- the latter a suburb of the city -- where we stayed for some weeks. Peter was a good sleeper and our sojourn there was relatively comfortable. We agreed that we would not live in Anfa, where most of the foreign community, including the Americans, lived. Eventually we found a house suitable for us clear across the city from Anfa in an area called Polo, next to the Nouvelle Medina, which had the biggest concentration of Moroccan population. It was on a corner. Next to us on one side was a Berber family and on the other the brother of the Minister of Commerce, although we didn't know it at the time. Both men were engaged in commercial enterprises. We lived there for four years, eminently satisfied. Almost all of our needs were met by shops in the neighborhood. What we couldn't procure there we acquired at the commissary and PX at the major American airbase at Nouasser, about 20 miles distant.

Since my predecessor, Steve McClintic, remained at Rabat for some months after our arrival, I proceeded with some care although he was quite helpful in introducing me to his contacts and giving me his insights into Moroccan labor and political affairs. He had a delightfully cynical and realistic attitude toward almost everything. We marveled at the way he and his wife could handle a family of nine children in the Foreign Service. So, we had a slow and comfortable breaking-in period. I informed myself more deeply about Morocco and was happy to realize that I could handle French with no particular difficulty.

The Consulate General was small with nine Americans plus the director of the cultural center. The Consul General, Henry Ford, had been a civil service officer in administration before he was integrated into the Foreign Service. Although he had no previous Foreign Service experience, he worked hard and knew how to use his FSOs while giving them ample scope to do their jobs. His French was somewhat painful but it never inhibited him from doing his job. We learned to regret his subsequent departure and worse, his death in an automobile accident in Germany where he was Consul General in Frankfurt, probably the most important post of its kind, larger than most embassies.

As in Duesseldorf, I was caught between the Embassy and the Consulate General. My substantive responsibilities to the Ambassador were clear and unequivocal, but the organization chart placed me under the Consul General. This was no problem until the second Consul General arrived who somewhat overestimated his political savvy and whose wife saw me as some kind of threat to her husband's authority. As things evolved I went to the Embassy every Tuesday for the Ambassador's staff meeting -- and more often if necessary. This was not an activity to be taken lightly -- it was a 120-mile round trip on

the most dangerous road in the country. I don't remember the statistics but the rate of fatal accidents was sobering. I must have covered over 40,000 miles on that road.

A few -- inadequate -- words about the ambassador. Charles Yost was probably the most impressive diplomat I ever served under. He had been assigned various places, eventually to become the first career Ambassador to the United Nations and a member of the Cabinet. Quiet, profound, unexcitable and strong -- despite his seemingly inoffensive outward aspect -- he never seemed to challenge his instructions but, whatever their content, how he carried them out was his decision and was almost always in the best interest of the US. Those who tried to take advantage of his good nature and his reserved manner soon found out that they were dealing with someone who knew what to do and how to do it. Yet he never put anyone down and always found ways to get the best out of his staff. Given the importance of the US -- we had four major air and naval bases in the country -- to Morocco, the American ambassador could not be ignored. Yet he never imposed himself. He probably sought less meetings with the beloved King of Morocco, Mohammed V, than many of his colleagues. Yet, as I was told by Moroccans close to the King, when Ambassador Yost made one of his infrequent requests to see the King everyone knew it was important -- not just an effort to increase his personal or his country's prestige or to impress his superiors in Washington.

At the Tuesday staff meetings, without dominating the proceedings, he was incredibly able to elicit the most important and thoughtful comments from his staff. He made them think. Many of those Tuesdays I had lunch at his residence and he was equally able to achieve the same ends with his guests. He realized that he could not have the same day-to-day relationship with my contacts and was perfectly willing to come to Casablanca for dinner with us in an atmosphere in which he thought they might be more comfortable. This became even more important after the fall of the government which was in power when I arrived. Nearly all of its leaders moved to Casablanca and he assigned me responsibility as their official American contact. He later published two important books on America's foreign policy and its place in the world. Unfortunately they did not attain the wide readership they deserved. Eventually we had something else in common. His second Foreign Service post was in Warsaw, as was my last. His marriage to a lovely Polish woman, Irena, assured his continuing interest and, after we had both retired, we often discussed Poland, its problems and its uncertain future.

We settled into Casablanca nicely and the continued presence in Rabat of my predecessor relieved some of the pressure that goes with the assumption of a new position. Yet within about six months the Department of Labor complained about my lack of output -- I was never one to write reports just to write them. However, Ambassador Yost knew what I was doing, was satisfied with it and summarily rejected the complaint. At the same time he and I decided we would swamp the complainants with reports. Although it was against my instincts, it was a psychological game we played. Every slight reference to labor in the newspapers was assiduously reported (although Washington received the papers themselves) followed by at least one sentence of analysis. Eventually we reverted to what

we thought should be reported and no more complaints were heard -- in fact all we got was praise.

The Moroccan labor movement was unique on the African continent in two respects: it was united in a single labor organization and it was a large one with over 600,000 members. Now I must, as is my wont, indulge in a little history. The independence movement was centered around the Istiqlal (Independence) party, although others existed. In the pre-independence skirmishing the French exiled the Sultan to Madagascar in 1951, a move which served to make him a hero and assured his leadership of independent Morocco later. An important element of resistance to continued French control was the organization of Moroccan workers, still under the Istiqlal banner. By the time that the Sultan (who assumed the title of king only in 1957) was allowed to return to Morocco in 1955 there was a strong nucleus of a labor organization under the leadership of Mahjoub Ben Seddik, a railroad employee in Meknes. A traditionalist, Allal-el-Fassi, was the leader of the Istiqlal. Perhaps a perception of his world view is contained in a story of his reception of an official of the newly-independent (1960) Cameroon, situated some 2000 miles from Morocco. El-Fassi asked to be reminded where his visitor came from. The reply was "Cameroon," to which el-Fassi noted it was "very close the historic border of Morocco."

Not surprisingly, the Istiqlal started to break up into its component political, even ideological, parts after independence. The King, unencumbered by a legislature, could form governments at will and, not unlike other sovereigns, he tried to keep everybody guessing. After an initial government headed by an ex-soldier, Mubarek Bekkai, he named one of Istiqlal traditionalists with Ahmed Balafrej as Prime Minister. By the time I arrived there was a government of the Istiqlal left, headed by Abdullah Ibrahim. Essentially it was supported by the UMT, which, however, maintained its independence and frequently criticized that government as it had its predecessors. It is important to realize that no party or group dared attack the King himself except indirectly by targeting his government, which may or may not have been acting in response to the monarch's desires.

Gradually I made my contacts in the labor movement -- and what a mixture of personalities they were. There is no way that I could draw any generalizations equally applicable to all of them. Partly it was due to my neophyte status in a far different world from that I had experienced until then. Partly it was due to their differing backgrounds and aspirations. Gradually I realized that, as animated and interesting as our exchanges in French always were, their switching back forth between French and Arabic also illustrated seemingly different approaches to the same subject. I studied western Arabic, as it was called, but never mastered it in any significant cultural context. If one took the two languages at face value one was struck by the harshness or militancy of Arabic, but that didn't necessarily mean that the ultimate meaning was different or the same. It depended literally on how one took either the French or the Arabic. If one read, for instance, a speech translated into the other language one noted the differences. But that

was because each language had limitations which often painted different pictures in the other.

The two top UMT leaders had French secretaries. Janine, Mahjoub's secretary was a fairly sophisticated, lively, attractive French woman whose personality, in part, reflected his animated, clever, devious manner. Mohammed Abderrazak's secretary, Berthe, was a stolid, strong anti-colonialist type who was not very outgoing, but finally, I think, trusted me. I can still remember once, when I was in another part of the building, Janine flying after me and crying, "Monsieur Schaufele, je vous kidnappe," because Mahjoub wanted to see me. I was amused at the frenchification of "kidnap," but I also knew that Berthe would never have used such a word or even search for me throughout the building.

There was no question that the UMT had both political and economic power. Its main pressure point was the port of Casablanca, through which imports arrived and Morocco's single biggest export, phosphates, departed. But it was also strong in other industries such as mining. However, despite his radical reputation, Mahjoub shrewdly knew how to manipulate events and knew how far he could go. Strikes there were but, especially in hindsight, the timing and circumstances were always carefully chosen so as to display UMT power without inciting government retaliation. Discussions with the UMT were infrequently direct. One had to know his interlocutors and their habits to draw correct conclusions from deliberately imprecise language. When the missile cruiser, USS Springfield, flagship of the US Sixth Fleet, scheduled its first visit and port call to Casablanca I was instructed to see Mahjoub and get his assurance that there would be no incident, work stoppage or demonstration in the port. (US foreign and military policy was a handy whipping-boy for the UMT.) I talked to Mahjoub for about an hour and reported that the UMT would engage in no such activities during the ship's stay. Washington, in its ignorance, asked if Mahjoub had actually said that and, if he hadn't, I would have to go back get an unequivocal assurance. I replied that there was no such thing in Morocco and to return to Mahjoub for that purpose could result in what Washington didn't want and make it necessary to cancel the visit which the US considered so important. With reluctance, I am sure, Washington accepted that. The visit went off without a hitch and UMT leaders visited the ship.

Mahjoub was somewhat of a tyrant, while his deputy, Abderrazak, a solid if less europeanized executive, administered the organization in its day-to-day activities. I recall one day, when the top four UMT leaders came to lunch, how Mahjoub demonstrated his power in a petty fashion. I knew that all except Abderrazak drank alcohol because I had often drunk with them. When I asked Mahjoub what he would have before lunch he asked for orange juice. The other three did the same, which Abderrazak would have done in any case. As I started to get the drinks Mahjoub called out that he had changed his mind and would have a scotch and soda. I half-turned to the other two, Awab and Hajbi, but neither could play the sycophant a second time -- especially in front of me -- and had to stick with their first order.

After the Ibrahim government was dismissed, all but one of its leading members moved to Casablanca -- Ibrahim, Driss M'hammedi, Interior, Maati Bouabid, Labor -- whom I knew in that capacity -- Thami Amar, Agriculture, Mustapha Alaoui, deputy at Interior. Only Abdulrahim Bouabid, Deputy Prime Minister and Economy and, incidentally, principal negotiator of the independence agreement with France, stayed in his home city of Salé across the river from Rabat. Almost coincidentally the Istiqlal party split and these men, plus Mahjoub, Abderrazak, and Mehdi Ben Barka formed the nucleus of the new Union Nationale des Forces Populaires (UNFP). (Ben Barka was a leftist activist -- a mathematician by education -- frequently out of favor politically.) For me at that point he was only a name since he spent a lot of time outside the country to avoid trial or incarceration for his alleged misdeeds. Ultimately after my departure, he was condemned to death in absentia and assassinated in Paris, reportedly on the orders of the chief of Morocco's security services, Col. Mohammed Oufkir. In the period when he had returned to Morocco while I was still there, I often saw him at his "repère" (den), as he called it, in his home in Rabat. (I always noticed how I was picked up by follow cars within Rabat on my way to and from his home. The latter was probably under constant surveillance or his telephone was tapped when I made the appointments.)

All of these intelligent -- some brilliant -- political figures became friends whom I saw frequently in their homes or mine. Only Maati Bouabid had a political position after the UNFP won the first municipal election in Casablanca and he became mayor. (Among Arab countries only in Morocco would the deputy mayor be a Jew.) One evening many of them - with their wives -- came to dinner. (My wife quickly noted that, although the women arrived in the typical Moroccan djellaba or cloak, they wore Dior or similar designer dresses underneath.) During dinner our houseboy came to me and whispered that the house was surrounded by police. I reassured him and told our guests they would have to come more often so that we could benefit from police protection.

Another personality I met only twice -- once for a prolonged discussion -- was Moulay Ahmed el-Alaoui, father of Mustapha, known as the Sheikh- al-Islam, the dean of the Ulemas, the religious leaders in Morocco, whose responsibilities include approval for any new sultan or king to take the throne. He was a legendary figure as the only Ulema who refused the French demand to approve Ben Arafa as the replacement for Sultan Mohammed when the latter was exiled in 1951. (It is important to note that the royal family name was also Alaoui, thus accounting for the designation of the Alaouite dynasty.) Contrary to el-Fassi, who, although not an Ulema, was a religious scholar, Alaoui was more liberal and less traditionalist in his interpretation of Islam and the Koran. Not unlike similar figures in other religions, he tended to answer questions with questions or parables. He lent his name to the political left to some effect since, as the Sheikh-al-Islam, he was unassailable in political or religious terms. The recollection of spending three hours with him at his home in Fes is one of my outstanding memories of Morocco.

Ambassador Yost left Morocco and was replaced by a political appointee, John Ferguson, a perfectly decent person, who, however, had no diplomatic experience and had never

lived in a foreign society. I traveled frequently and visited every Moroccan province except Tarfaya, the southernmost province along the coast, which was administered by the army and closed to foreigners. It was bordered on the south by the Spanish enclave of Ifni and the Spanish Sahara, both of which were claimed by Morocco. (Ifni has been ceded to Morocco. The Spanish Sahara is occupied by Morocco but its international status is not yet fully resolved.)

On one of my trips I visited Essaouira (formerly Mogador) and, as usual paid a courtesy call on the city authorities but spent more time with the UMT and UNFP officials. Shortly thereafter the Moroccan government informed the embassy that, at a UMT meeting there, I had attacked "the Palace," now occupied by Hassan II, who replaced his father when the latter died unexpectedly under somewhat mysterious circumstances. We were told that a request for my departure was being considered. The ambassador almost panicked, but cooler heads prevailed. After it was explained that I attended no UMT meeting and how I had spent my time in Essaouira the threatened request was not forthcoming. However, the incident proved -- if proof were needed -- that my wide range of contacts was getting under the security services' skin.

Ferguson was replaced by Philip Bonsal, the ultimate career diplomat. Tall, magisterial, he was not an easy person to get to know. Conservative and traditional, he nevertheless was a skilled and experienced diplomat but exhibited little outward warmth. At his first Tuesday morning staff meeting I, who had not yet met him, sat in my usual position along the back wall while the Embassy section chiefs occupied the places at the table. At one point about five or six successive issues were raised. After some discussion of each Bonsal said, in each case, that he wanted to discuss it "with Schaufele." It was only then that the DCM told him that I was present. I squirmed during this process but was flattered to realize that he knew who I was and obviously had read my reports.

During our four years in Casablanca Heather, in her usual adaptive and understanding way, did very well -- both with Americans and Moroccans. She spoke, probably, better French than any of her American colleagues and came to understand and deal with her Moroccan women friends despite the far different role they had in their society than we were used to in ours. She had no fears or reluctance, as did many American women -- and men too -- to enter, shop or simply sightsee in the medinas inhabited only by Moroccans.

Steven, who was six when we arrived, was enrolled in the Ecole Charles de Foucauld -- named after a French White Father who carried Catholicism to North Africa. The school was staffed by the Pères de Betarram, often called the Basque Jesuits, who, true to their origins, played pelota rather than soccer in their spare time. He entered, knowing no French but, within a matter of weeks was moved up to his age level and, during those four years, was either first or second in his class. His biggest problem was penmanship, a very serious subject in the French educational system, which he had never studied in English but had already been studied by his age group in French. I realized he had mastered the language when, with the other boys in his car pool, I heard him join in with them telling toilet jokes. Peter was too young for school -- although in our final year there he did

attend a Montessori school. He spoke English, French and Arabic almost interchangeably. One day Heather and I arrived home to find him conversing animatedly with our neighbors. Not recognizing the language we asked our houseboy, Mohammed, what he was speaking. With much pride he replied that it was Shluh, the principal Berber tongue which Mohammed himself spoke as a native of the southern Oued Dra area on the edge of the Sahara.

Our second consul general and his wife were a little more difficult for us than their predecessors. He wanted to be more involved in the political end of things than his talents permitted -- he loved to say, after he met one of my interesting contacts, "I like the cut of his jib." He never bridged the cultural chasm successfully. His wife was probably overactive. I will say that only she and Heather had the courage regularly to visit the leper ward in the local hospital to which some of the proceeds of the wives' money-raising activities was devoted.

Finally the day came when the inevitable telegram arrived from Washington -- perhaps hastened by the Moroccan distrust of my activities -- transferring me (although I could have refused) directly, without home leave, to open a new consulate in Bukavu in the Congo, later Zaire and now the Congo again. Given the violence which had accompanied the birth of this former Belgian colony, it was not exactly an assignment one would instinctively welcome. I hastened to consult the Belgian Consul General whose brother had lived in Bukavu. On the basis of his information I went home and informed Heather whose initial reaction, not surprisingly, was not enthusiastic. However, when I told her that it was in the eastern Congo at an elevation of 5000 feet with a good Jesuit school, she said, "let's go." So on to the next chapter.

## BUKAVU AND THE CONGO

We left Morocco with some reluctance, even though it was time to move on, both from the standpoint of my career and the cultural draw-back of staying too long in one place -- especially one we had enjoyed, where we had good friends and been exposed to a rich culture and society so different from what we were used to. We still retain that warm and friendly feeling for Morocco and Moroccans. It helped my career and I was receiving regular promotions after a somewhat slower start in that regard.

The most convenient route to the Congo (as I shall continue to call it here) was to fly to Paris and then to Brazzaville, the capital of the ex-French Congo, and take the ferry across the Congo River to Leopoldville, the capital of the ex-Belgian Congo, now called Kinshasa. There we spent some days, partly in normal substantive briefings but mostly going through and becoming familiar with all the administrative arrangements necessary to open a new Consulate. We had already ordered several hundred dollars worth of food and personal supplies from one of the two Danish firms which specialize in providing such items to people living in out-of-the-way places. But it would be some months before it arrived in Bukavu via ship through the English Channel, past Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, down the east coast of Africa to Dar es Salaam,

the capital of Tanzania, shipped by rail to Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika, where it would be placed aboard a boat to Bujumbura, capital of Burundi, and then trucked to Bukavu ninety miles north in the heart of Central Africa.

There was no way -- maybe still isn't -- except by safari, that one could traverse the 1000 miles from Leopoldville to Bukavu by land. So we flew in a World War II DC-3 -- or C-47, as it was designated by the air force. We passed over miles and miles of jungle, uninterrupted except by several broad rivers. When the approach to Bukavu was announced -- which wasn't really Bukavu at all since the airport was in Kamembe in Rwanda -- I looked down on what appeared to be a large unpaved postage stamp, carved out of a mountaintop with a precipitous drop off on one end and a cliff rising out of the other.

We were met by Cliff Hackett, temporarily in charge of the small American cultural center which had been established a few months earlier. We checked in at the Bodega, a hotel-restaurant which was to be our home for the next couple of months. Bukavu, known as Costermannsville during the colonial period, on the western side of the Rift Valley, lies on the shores of Lake Kivu, one of two African lakes too elevated to harbor crocodiles. It had been a rest and recreation site for the Belgian colonial population who generally lived in much less pleasant surroundings in tropical, very humid localities to the west and south. It was dominated by one long main street stretching from the Rwanda border past both residential and commercial areas to the administrative buildings at the other end. Five peninsulas extended into the lake north of the main street. Not surprisingly this was where the Europeans had built their residences while the Congolese population lived south of the main street in various cités, as they are called.

French was the vernacular language, Swahili the African lingua franca and Bashi the local tribal language. Most of the remaining Belgian inhabitants in the eastern Congo were Flemings rather than French-speaking Walloons although they all spoke French as well. Interestingly we found a somewhat unique situation, unparalleled in our experience. Most of the long-time Flemish population not only spoke Swahili but often actively discouraged the Africans, especially at the blue-collar level, from learning French or Flemish. Unlike the French they did not consider that they had a "civilizing mission," preferring that the Africans not understand what they were saying among themselves.

We set about three main tasks, establishing the Consulate itself, finding a place to live and placing the boys in school. The latter was no problem since there was a good Jesuit "college" with a highly personable and motivated director, whose post-independence student body was now mostly African. We found a suitable site for the Consulate off the main street in a building where we could also house the communicator who would eventually arrive. We also located a large, comfortable house on the lake, which, however, needed considerable work to repair the damage caused by immediate post-independence disorders.

Without going into all the drama of the newly independent Congo, including the UN intervention, the Tshombe effort to create an independent Katanga and the eventual death of Prime Minister Lumumba, I invoke an historical vignette. Kivu was one of the six provinces of colonial Congo. It, too, became a scene of internal violence, based less on the national picture than on the local, when Anicet Kashamura took over the area and instigated a reign of terror. After all it was over 1000 miles from Leopoldville and its population, in ethnic terms, had little in common with the western Congo. But it had its own disputes.

At some time before we arrived the six provinces were converted into 21, an ill-advised move since it accentuated and intensified tribal animosities which could be better sublimated within a single province than in often competing administrative divisions. The Consular district therefore, comprised three provinces -- Kivu Central with Bukavu as its capital, North Kivu with Goma as capital and Maniema, with Kindu as its capital. The US had invited the president of North Kivu to visit the US. He came to Bukavu to get his visa and to depart from Kamembe. I was driving him to the airport but we were stopped and "arrested" by the Kivu Central authorities at the Rwanda border and taken to the President's office where I vigorously protested. I never did find out exactly what the dispute between the two provinces was all about. I, of course, was released, but the North Kivu president was held, in the custody of the local Minister of Interior, for a few days in a hotel where, I was told, they had a good time and significantly reduced the local supply of whiskey. In fact they were old friends.

Heather had agreed to work half-time as part secretary, part administrative officer, part code clerk. We hired a Belgian woman as a kind of receptionist who also prepared -- in inimitable Belgian style -- correspondence in French. For classified telegraphic messages we had been given a one-time pad which Heather carried around with her everywhere until we finally received adequate security storage. She coded and decoded the messages which were always broken down into five-letter groups like XMSTK. Once, when she took a coded message to the post/telegraph office, one of the clerks asked her if all the words in English had only five letters. When our outstanding communicator, Fred Charlton, arrived we joined the world with radio communication to the Embassy, our other Consulates in Elisabethville and Stanleyville and the Embassy in Bujumbura, no longer requiring the services of the Congolese communications system. Eventually we were also joined by two vice consuls -- one actually a CIA officer -- and a regular USIA officer as director of the cultural center.

Once we were established we had a lot of visitors for such a small post. In part the visits - especially those by Ambassador Gullion and his successor, Ambassador Godley and some members of their staffs -- were truly business, but some others seemed designed to escape the climate and unstable atmosphere of Leopoldville. Whenever the air attaché plane came we knew there would be a big run on strawberries which were cultivated year round in the fertile Kivu. I traveled as much as possible within the consular district. Goma, at the northern end of the lake was not unlike Bukavu, but Kindu, deep in the tropical forest on the banks of the Lualaba River (really the upper reaches of the Congo --

now Zaire -- River) was hot and humid and a hot-bed of opposition to the government and of supporters of the murdered Prime Minister, Patrice Lumumba. The small but aggressive Bakusu tribe, allied with Lumumba's Batetela, had been a continual source of instability. Once the local UN representative and I were standing on the porch of his office, overlooking a kind of park crisscrossed by people going in various directions. He had just finished telling me that the women of the tribe were not dominated by their men when, in the park, a heated dispute broke out between a man and a woman. It ended when she reached down, grabbed the man by the testicles -- pants and all -- and twisted. A new but effective argument-ender if I ever saw one.

During a good part of our time in Bukavu a chronic rebellion had been going on far to the west in Kwilu Province led by Pierre Mulele, an official in an early Congolese government. The Congolese National Army (ANC), the performance of which had always been questionable, provided relatively little opposition, partially because it feared the dawa or spell the rebels supposedly possessed which made them immune to the gunfire of their adversaries. Actually the ANC was a threat to internal order due to lack of discipline and delayed pay -- much of which seemed to stick to the numerous hands it passed through assuming it arrived at all.

A rebellious movement also arose in the eastern Congo, apparently directed out of Bujumbura by Gaston Soumialot, who had been involved in the 1960 disorders in Bukavu. As it evolved one rebel column drove toward Bukavu north along the Rusizi River while another followed the Lualaba north toward Kindu and beyond. I had already been informed that I was to return to Washington as Congo desk officer, but Bukavu was attacked the day before my farewell reception. The rebels had eventually withdrawn, but the police and army were in such complete disarray that they also withdrew to their barracks. As a measure of confidence I believed we had to go through with the reception, but, since his employees would not do it, the Belgian director and I had to go to his brewery ourselves to pick up the beer and soft drinks for the occasion.

Farther south, at Kamaniola, General Mobutu, then Army chief of staff, had finally returned from a long sojourn in Europe and took personal command of the army. Proving himself impervious to dawa he did so successfully, personally leading the troops in a counterattack. To this day his personal riverboat at the capital is called Kamaniola.

Much to Heather's distress we left Bukavu just as it was about to face its most serious crisis. She felt we should have stayed as a signal of solidarity. I was replaced by Dick Matheron, a close friend -- practically a relative of Heather and her family -- who was stationed in Leopoldville. In the ensuing three months of the recurring Battle of Bukavu he and his staff had to evacuate the post three times to Rwanda across the lake. Luckily I had taken some old-timers' advice and procured a powerboat for just this purpose should it occur and cut the road connection.

## WASHINGTON AGAIN

On our arrival in Washington the Congolese situation had grown worse and any leave was out of the question for the new Congo desk officer, especially since he had just returned from an assignment there. For the next seven months I worked over 100 hours a week, all seven days every week. It wasn't long before a full-fledged Congo Working Group was formed and located in the State Department Operations Center where it could receive and send messages and telephone all over the world without the usual delays imposed by the internal communications system.

Joe Palmer was detailed from his position as Director General of the Foreign Service to head the Working Group. Joe was one of two or three senior officers with long service in African affairs, his stretching all the way back to 1946. He was our first ambassador to Nigeria. Representatives from the National Security Council, USIA, CIA, Defense and other agencies were also members of the Group.

Things had grown progressively worse in the Congo. All the rebel offensives on Bukavu had been repulsed due to two factors -- the leadership on the ground of Colonel Mulamba (advised by two US colonels), one of the few senior Congolese military officers highly regarded by both US and Belgian officers, and the air operations of the T-28s flown by Cuban refugee pilots and financed by the US.

But the rebels operating in Maniema advanced steadily along the river eventually capturing Stanleyville. Politically, in the meantime, Moise Tshombe, the Katangan leader who rebelled against the central government at the time of independence, replaced Cyrille Adoula as Congolese prime minister. Whatever one thinks of Tshombe this was not an ill-advised move on the part of President Kasavubu. It served to keep the most important economic area of the country -- with perhaps the best fighting forces, loyal to Tshombe -- allied with the central government.

In the meantime a mercenary force led by Michael Hoare had taken the field. Composed mostly of white South Africans and Rhodesians with a scattering of other nationalities, it was often just as brutal as the Simbas -- as the rebels now called themselves. Probably numbering no more than 100-150 men it was supplied by US C-130s and provided air cover by the Cubans. It advanced steadily behind the main rebel force but not at the same rate since it had to clean up the Simba forces left behind to garrison the Simba-captured localities.

After the rebel capture of Stanleyville the question arose of whether Hoare could get to Stanleyville before the Simbas might slaughter, as they had elsewhere, the remaining Congolese authorities and the foreigners, many of them missionaries and/or medical personnel in the area and eventually taken as hostages. We also had to think of Michael Hoyt -- who had served with me in Casablanca -- the American consul and his staff.

Let me digress here. My previous assignment in Washington had nothing to do with current events or policy in a specific place in the world. Now I was working minute by minute with a very senior FSO. I participated in meetings daily with the Assistant

Secretary for Africa, Soapy Williams, and his deputies and those of similar rank. Occasionally I dealt with the Secretary of State himself, Dean Rusk. I recall one meeting about the defense of Bukavu in his office late on a Sunday afternoon, attended by the under secretary, three assistant secretaries, a White House representative and various others, all senior to me.

I can't remember the exact details of the discussion in which I took little part. Finally Rusk dictated an action telegraphic instruction which his secretary took out to type. While we waited for her return he offered us a glass of sherry. When she came back Rusk read the draft aloud and then asked each person present if he concurred. When he got to me -- last, understandably -- I hesitated and then said that I was only person in the room who had served in the Congo, specifically in Bukavu, and did not agree, explaining my reasons. Rusk's response was that my opinion based on my so recent experience sounded logical, changed the telegram and again asked if there were any objections. There was none. In addition to winning my admiration Rusk demonstrated his ability to give serious attention to the views of working level officers without, for a moment, losing or diluting his own authority or the respect of others. (I can't even remember if I was right or wrong.)

My regard for Dean Rusk is unbounded. A quiet, thoughtful person he did not have the obviously dominating personality of some of his predecessors (or successors) like Dean Acheson, whom he served as Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs. Yet he quietly dominated by force of intellect, his readiness to listen to the opinions of others, his obvious mastery of the issues involved and his ability to analyze situations in both their overall implications and the details of how the US must handle them. Basically a gentle person, he had a streak of toughness which enabled him to make difficult decisions and take full responsibility for them. Certainly he was one of the finest persons I came to know and respect during my career.

We remained in sporadic contact even though he was almost totally blind by the time of his death. After he left office he was named to the ambassadorial nomination review committee set up in the Carter administration. One Saturday, when I was Assistant Secretary, my wife -- whom I saw all too seldom in those days as well -- and I were having lunch in the State Department cafeteria. We noted that the committee members were having lunch at the other end of the room. One of my then current problems was the announcement by Idi Amin -- the bloody dictator in Uganda -- convoking all Americans in the country to the presidential palace for some still unknown but ominous sounding purpose. The committee having finished its lunch, Dean got up and came directly across the room to our table and, after greeting us in his usual gentlemanly southern fashion, said he hoped that, if the convocation took place, I could make sure that the diplomatic corps would be present as observers and at least partial protection for the Americans. As Heather said afterwards, "Even out of office he thinks about the details and tactics of foreign policy." (Incidentally the convocation never took place.)

His wife, Virginia, was equally thoughtful and hospitable. The wives of new ambassadors to Washington normally call on the wife of the Secretary of State after their arrival.

Heather, fluent in French, occasionally accompanied the French-speaking African wives as interpreter on those calls. She still recalls that Mrs. Rusk had done her homework about the individuals and their countries. Equally impressive to us she had done her homework on Heather as well, e.g. her background, places we had served, etc. She also appreciated Heather's singing.

As time went on there was increasing concern as to when the mercenary force would get to Stanleyville and, when it did, whether it could battle its way to where the foreigners were held in time to prevent a wholesale slaughter. Thoughts turned to other options, even including the use of US troops. Finally it was decided that US planes would drop a crack battalion of Belgian paratroops on Stanleyville. The staging area was Ascension Island and Kamina rather than Leopoldville for security reasons. Even then they were spotted and we breathed a sigh of relief that the remoteness and isolation of the island prevented a leak which could have adversely affected the success of the mission and the number of casualties.

(Actually Bruce Van Voorst, then the Newsweek State Department correspondent, had received the report and later, after the drop on Stanleyville, accused me of lying to him earlier when he asked for confirmation. I asked him if he remembered his question and repeated it to him: "We have a report that Belgian paratroops in American planes are on Ascension Island. Is that true?" He agreed that was the question. And I said, "You asked the wrong question. At that time they had already left Ascension Island." Somewhat chagrined he admitted I had not lied.)

Toward 11 p.m. (Washington time), November 24, Rusk, his deputy, George Ball, Averell Harriman (all in black tie, as I recall, for an earlier diplomatic dinner), Williams and others joined us in the Operations Center. The atmosphere was quiet but tense, mostly because we were now committed and no one could predict what the cost in human lives might be. The drop (code-named Dragon Rouge) was made at the Stanleyville airport from which the Belgians, on their unique motorized tricycles, attacked the town. As it happened the mercenary column arrived at the outskirts shortly thereafter. Highly disciplined, the Belgians suffered few casualties. Unfortunately 22 hostages were killed during the fighting, including Dr. Carlson, the American medical missionary accused by the rebels of being a spy. But 1600 foreigners were saved and evacuated. The Hoare forces cleaned up the town and the Belgians, after a second drop in Paulis, departed within a few days. Although there was still intermittent fighting -- mostly in the northeast -- the capture of Stanleyville broke the back of the rebellion even if the causes for it were never truly remedied.

In recounting all of the above I have neglected personal matters. Upon our return to the US, Heather and boys went on immediately to Bakersfield, our home leave address. When I was informed that, if I did not also travel there, I would be required to reimburse the government for their travel from Washington to Bakersfield and return, I took two days off, flying to Bakersfield on a Saturday and returning with the family on Sunday, thus costing the government more money. We lived in a comfortable suite at the Fairfax,

a residential hotel, while Heather went house-hunting -- to buy this time. She estimates that she looked at 75 houses in various suburban areas (since we couldn't afford Washington itself). We finally settled on a well built, three-bedroom house, in a good school area in the Wood Acres part of Bethesda, just off River Road. We owned that house for 17 years, renting it whenever we were posted outside Washington. It was a good house (and investment) in a good and stable neighborhood with helpful and friendly neighbors. The boys received good schooling. Every Fourth of July the inhabitants of our block of ten houses had a children's parade and evening fireworks -- the latter illegal of course. The work tempo continued and we still remember Peter asking if "Daddy would be home on Christmas." I did stay home until noon.

During most of this period Cyrille Adoula, the former Congolese Prime Minister whom I had never met before, was the Ambassador in Washington. He and his equally intelligent wife became good friends of ours. Actually a pre-independence labor leader Cyrille was not a good choice as Prime Minister, in large part because he was "detribalisé" and therefore had no solid popular base. But he was an intelligent, charming and insightful person, much admired by his African colleagues and many Americans who knew him (he spoke no English which limited his effectiveness). We were very close and, after he was laid low by a brain tumor and evacuated to Switzerland, where he eventually died, we remained in constant contact with his wife.

Although I could seldom avoid the office on Saturday mornings, we gradually reverted to a more normal life. I was promoted to deputy director for Central African affairs and took several trips to the area which that encompassed. Soapy Williams left the Bureau of African Affairs in 1966 and was replaced by Joe Palmer, with whom I had worked so closely on the Congo. The former deputy chief of mission in Rabat when I was still there, Dean Brown, was the office director. In 1967 I was named director of Central West African affairs, a euphemism for francophone West Africa. From that position there would be the possibility of an ambassadorial appointment. I would be lying if I said I never thought of it. But I was still only an FSO-2, few of whom were named ambassadors.

After the 1968 election Palmer informed me that I was being considered for the post of ambassador either to Guinea or Upper Volta. (When I said I would be interested in an anglophone post, he noted that there were still too few senior French-speaking officers with African experience.) Not without some opposition, I learned later, since the Under Secretary for Political Affairs, a very senior career officer did not really approve such appointments at my rank. Nevertheless, I was nominated and confirmed as ambassador to Upper Volta. In the same general time frame Palmer exchanged jobs with David Newsom, the ambassador to Libya, with whom I had worked when he was director of North African affairs. When one of our Foreign Service friends congratulated Heather on my appointment she noted that this would be my first assignment to an embassy. His response was, "Well, it's good to start at the top."

But before I go on, I should recount an incident connected with my Central West Africa position. The Spanish colony of Spanish Guinea had gained its independence in October 1968 as Equatorial Guinea under its chief of state, President Nguema, who turned out to be one of the most repressive and cruel African leaders of the era. His Foreign Minister, not of the same tribe or political persuasion, came to the United States in January, 1969 as part of his nation's entrance into the UN. Not surprisingly he asked to see his American counterpart. However, we were between administrations and a change of parties in power. It didn't make sense for him to call on the outgoing Democratic Secretary of State so it was determined that he would call on the incoming Republican Secretary on Inauguration Day itself.

The new Secretary, William P. Rogers, came to the Department after the ceremonies, where I awaited him with the Equatorial Guinean Foreign Minister whose name -- I regret to say -- I cannot recall. They had a friendly, unsubstantive conversation for perhaps 40-50 minutes. The Foreign Minister returned to his country where, a few days later, he was "defenestrated," probably on the orders of his president. When we meet Bill Rogers never fails to remind me of my connection with the fate of his very first diplomatic visitor.

#### AMBASSADOR

In anticipation of an overseas assignment, although we did not then know where or as what, our older son, Steven, went off to boarding school at Mercersburg in Pennsylvania at the beginning of 10th grade in 1968. So, for the first time, aside from my enforced absences, the family was to be separated. After the usual round of briefings -- including USIA photographs of the family at work and play, which were never published anywhere as far I know -- Heather, Peter and I -- plus our Sheltie -- were off to Ouagadougou via Paris.

Upper Volta, now known as Burkina Faso, is a landlocked ex-French colony located just south of the Sahara and north of Ghana. Its importance is perhaps measured by the fact, at that time, there were only three flights a week from Paris and two to Paris. It was a way-station between Paris and Abidjan, the capital of the Ivory Coast. Perhaps not a very important country, nevertheless, an earlier US decision was made to establish embassies in each of the so-called Entente countries, Ivory Coast, Togo, Dahomey, Niger and Upper Volta.

When we disembarked from the plane in what became the all too-familiar Voltan heat, we were greeted by Chief of Protocol Konate, as well as the small American embassy staff and driven to our new home where, as soon as we arrived, the long-haired Sheltie immediately entered the swimming pool. (Since he couldn't find a way out he never did it again, although he lay regularly in the puddles left by swimmers when they left the water.)

The central "European" part of Ouagadougou was fairly small. The "Cités" where most of the Voltans lived spread out around the center. When we arrived the President was

General Sangoulé Lamizana, the former army commander who, with his officers, had deposed the original chief of state, Maurice Yameogo, whose regime had become increasingly corrupt. Many, but not all, the government ministers were army officers, probably the most important of which was Major Garango, the effective and personable finance minister. His post was important since Upper Volta was the epitome of a poor African country with few resources, recurrent droughts and a seemingly permanent negative balance of payments. It lived mainly from French subsidies and limited international aid. It did export labor. Voltans largely staffed the port of Abidjan, the capital of Ivory Coast.

The dominant tribe is the Mossi, whose tribal leader, the Moro Naba, although he then possessed little political power, still maintained a large court and retained certain degree of influence over his subjects. The largest, but not majority, religious group was Muslim. When I asked Cardinal Zoungana, the second African to achieve that distinction, about the religious breakdown in this country of nine million, he said twenty percent were Muslim, five percent Catholic and about two percent Protestant. When I asked if the rest of the population were animist, he replied, "Oh no, the rest are potential Catholics."

The Voltans are friendly and hard-working people. While inhabitants of the coast and tropical Africa seem less than industrious, those of the savannah and Sahel, due to the hardships they have to endure, are used to hard labor in order to live. On the northern Voltan border of the Sahara it is not uncommon to experience temperatures of 130-145 degrees fahrenheit -- even worse than Bakersfield.

The diplomatic community was small -- France, Germany, USSR, Nationalist China, Ghana, Israel and Egypt in addition to the US, of which France was obviously the most important. We saw each other almost too frequently. The Soviets had the greatest problem adapting. It has been my experience that the Africans by and large resented -- as did others -- being shown into a small and scantily furnished room to meet with any Soviet diplomats while I and others received them in our regular offices. The Soviet ambassador was the only one with a driver of his own nationality whose -- mostly unrealized -- other task was to develop the other embassies' drivers as information sources. When he tried to ingratiate himself the Voltan drivers reverted to their tribal tongues, effectively closing him out of the discussion.

The American Embassy was small. It had no military, no CIA and no AID officers in residence although those agencies' representatives in Abidjan visited periodically. There was a USIA Cultural Center and a contingent of about 28 Peace Corps volunteers. Before I left the US I visited the PC contingent in training in the Virgin Islands. I was told when I arrived that it was the most militant, anti-Vietnam war group to go through training. They arrived in Upper Volta shortly before we did and received some training and experience in African "bush" conditions. We invited them all to dinner when they returned to Ouagadougou and, not surprisingly, their eating capacity was enormous.

A few days later, at PC headquarters, I went over to talk to them and answer questions. The latter were largely hostile, which didn't perturb me particularly. Finally someone asked how I felt about US recognition of Communist China. When I replied that I personally favored it, they were surprised and, expecting a negative answer, didn't know how to react.

Regarding the evolution of the PC Volunteers' general attitude, three contributing factors stand out. Directly across from our house was a piece of land which the Embassy had rented and contained a swimming pool, cookout facilities and a trailer to house Volunteers in from their posts in the "bush." Although our swimming pool was available to them, it was not surprising that they preferred the other. Our ten-year-old Peter also preferred it rather than swim alone or with older people in ours. Frequently then we had to call him or go across the street to get him to come home for lunch or dinner. The PCVs got in the habit of seeing us as parents, not as the ambassador and his wife, and we could have non-confrontational chats with them.

A second factor was what has come to be known as "cultural imperialism." Not surprisingly these intense, anti-establishment young people tended to dress in the rather nondescript fashion which came to characterize the 60's. But Africans were used to Europeans who dressed neatly, even in suits and ties when appropriate. Nearly all Voltan officials wore the latter unless they were in uniform, although on festive Voltan occasions they dressed in well-made boubous, which we were used to in Morocco. For a "European", as Americans were also considered, to dress sloppily or emulate the dress of working-level Voltans was considered by the Africans to be a gibe at them, thus losing their respect for their American mentors. As one volunteer put it, "I have enough trouble gaining their respect and cooperation without making it worse because of the way I dress." Toward the end of their tour -- and mine as it happened -- I made arrangements for the volunteers to be received by the President. No one was more surprised than I, when I escorted the latter to welcome the group, to find that every male volunteer had managed to find and wear a tie for the event.

Thirdly, as the scheduled Vietnam War moratorium in the United States approached, a PC Volunteer delegation asked to meet with me. They asked if I would object if they wore black armbands on that day. I said no. They also asked if I would forward an anti-war petition to the President. I said I would. Somewhat surprised at my agreeableness someone asked what I would object to. "Anything which embarrasses the Voltan Government which is not a party to our internal American disagreements," I replied. I also reminded them that "the senior army officers who run this country fought as part of the French army in Vietnam -- including Dien Bien Phu -- and they are proud of that service. The president himself served there." As it turned out the volunteers did none of the things they had requested my assent to. (My colleague in neighboring Ghana banned any PC volunteer observance of the moratorium and had a mini-revolt on his hands.)

Our ambassadors in Africa had a small fund available to them to help small social welfare projects at the village level. Mostly it was used in Upper Volta to buy building materials

for local construction of a schoolroom or a clinic or a well which the PC volunteers were busily supervising all over. Upon completion of such projects I was often invited for the celebratory ceremony. As I was about to leave one such occasion -- a small school project -- in a village largely inhabited by the nomadic Fulani, I was unexpectedly presented with a horse. The leave-taking was immediately suspended as I entered into a "palaver" with the village chief. It took a little while because of our differing cultural approaches. I could not accept a personal gift, but in Africa such occasions are highly personalized. Finally it was agreed that the horse would be delivered to me but would be considered to be in the ownership of the Embassy.

The horse was walked -- ten days -- to Ouagadougou where it was initially placed in our yard, luxuriating in the grass in quantities unknown where it came from. He was named Sebaa and was quartered at the local riding club, a largely French organization. Local horses were generally too small to be ridden by men, but nearly all the French military officers in Upper Volta were trained horsemen and they gladly trained the horses and the women and children -- including Peter -- to ride them.

Theodore Roosevelt IV was a young third secretary at the Embassy when we arrived and departed about half-way through our tour. We inherited his two large land tortoises -- Caesar and Cleopatra, by name, each weighing about 40 pounds -- and quickly expanded our knowledge in another direction. Almost before we realized it their seemingly unlimited appetite for greens almost destroyed the lawn. We solved that by supplying wilted, surplus lettuce in abundance. We also discovered that these seemingly silent animals had voices, but only in the act of copulation, after which Caesar would crawl exhausted to the company of the warm clothes dryer which was outside, under cover of part of the house. When her time came Cleopatra would dig a mammoth hole in the lawn to lay her eggs which she carefully covered and then deserted. At the appropriate time tiny tortoises emerged in numbers hard to believe. Mortality was high as they were small enough to get out of the yard and meet the reality of the automobile. Finally Heather discovered one morning that she could start the car but could not move it. Investigation showed that Cleopatra was sleeping under the differential of the rear axle. But every time the car was started she rose to a standing position (for a tortoise), effectively lifting the rear wheels off the ground. This may have accounted for the crack in her shell.

Peter seemed to enjoy Ouagadougou. He was pretty free to come and go at will. His schooling was done under the Calvert system -- by mail -- taught by the wife of the Catholic Relief Services representative who was using the same system for her son, some years younger than Peter. As in the past Peter picked up the local tribal language, Moré, with some fluency. Some of the PC volunteers would invite him out to their villages for weekends and we would send along foodstuffs, e.g. peanut butter, pancake mix, canned bacon, which they could obviously not acquire in the "bush."

We obviously also enjoyed Ouagadougou personally, but it was hardly an active post or a terribly important one from the US point of view. When the Under Secretary for Management -- Bill Macomber, an acquaintance from Yale, two or three years older than

I -- and his wife came through in 1971, I told him that two years were about enough from my standpoint and he agreed. We went on to Abidjan to a Chiefs of Mission conference with the Maccombers where, I learned on arrival, that my father had died. However, there was not enough time to get home for his funeral.

Steven was to graduate from Mercersburg and we had decided that Heather would return to the US for the occasion. We had left Washington in 1969 and had only seen Steven in the summer of 1970, during which he had attended a course at Grenoble and we had taken our R & R in Europe with him -- our last vacation trip with both boys. Prior to his graduation he had written that one of the traditions for graduating seniors was to do something that they were not allowed to do ordinarily. Most of his classmates, he said, intended to light up cigarettes on the front campus. That didn't interest him, but he would like a bottle of wine. So Heather took along some Moselle for that purpose. He had been admitted to Kenyon College, his first choice, and it was assumed that Heather would help him get ready for that process and that we would be reunited during our anticipated home leave at the end of the summer.

In the meantime, however, I received a telegram offering me the assignment as senior advisor to our ambassador to the UN. I arranged for her to take a telephone call from me in Bill Macomber's office to tell her about this and, equally important, to get Charlie Yost's opinion about the job. Charlie, after retiring again from his assignment as our ambassador to the UN, gave her a favorable opinion and we agreed that I would accept the assignment.

## UNITED NATIONS

I arrived back in the US in July, 1971, and, after a brief home leave, we went to New York. We rented a comfortable house in Larchmont in Westchester County and I reported for work. The US ambassador and permanent representative to the UN was George Bush, a Yale classmate, whom I had not known well before. His deputy was Chris Phillips who, although not a career officer, had served in various international organization affairs jobs since 1957. The deputy for the Security Council was Tap Bennett, a career officer, largely experienced in Latin America.

The big issue for the US in 1971 General Assembly was the question of admitting Communist China to membership. We lost that one as many of us anticipated. One of the US Mission officers was sitting behind members of the Soviet delegation -- which had originally initiated the draft resolution to admit Beijing some years before -- when the final vote was taken. The American congratulated the Soviets sitting in front of him, one of whom replied, "We have won a heavy victory." The Soviets were having trouble with their Chinese colleagues. More than we, actually.

As I got a little experience under my belt I noticed that there was little coordination in the US delegation concerning the plethora of issues before the UN. Our instructions, of course, ultimately came from Washington, but we had a fair degree of tactical flexibility

which we were not effectively employing. I finally wrote George a memo pointing out that our representatives in the six major committees were not consulting with each other. We might be fated to lose on a political issue which, if we played it sensibly, we could balance with a victory on an economic question. We were getting no tradeoffs. As is often the case when such uncertainly welcomed initiatives are accepted I was designated as the coordinating supervisor.

Actually it eventually worked out rather well. I would convene the senior working-level officers at 9:15, we would go through the day's agenda for each committee and decide how to play it tactically in relation to the issues in all committees. As we grew more experienced we could go through this process in 15-30 minutes and everyone knew what they had to do. Although most of my committee work was spent on the Security Council, the 4th (Decolonization) Committee and Host Country Committee, this arrangement necessitated my taking the chair in any committee in which problems might arise. For instance, the following year, the US introduced a resolution reducing the maximum member state contribution from 33% to 25% of the bud get (which only affected the US), an item referred to the 5th (Administrative and Budget) Committee. When the going got heavy, as it occasionally did, the US working-level officer responsible for the 5th Committee would call and ask me to take the chair. Once, after a fairly acrimonious session, one foreign Permanent Representative told me that he had entered the meeting room after the debate had begun, but when he saw me in the US chair he "knew there was trouble." He was right.

Multilateral diplomacy was a different kettle of fish from what I was used to. While, in a bilateral position, one might be dealing with diplomats from other countries, the substance of the job was largely, if not exclusively, the relationship of the US with the country concerned. Multilaterally the substance includes the relationship with all the states participating -- admittedly to different degrees depending on the issue and the state concerned. Someone in my position, arriving at the UN as a senior officer of the US Mission, is almost immediately and repeatedly tested, both by members of other missions and UN staff itself.

That is neither surprising nor offensive. We all want to know as much as possible about those we deal with regularly in the course of our business with each other -- strong points, weak points, negotiating style, particular interests, personal habits, personal expertise, past assignments, etc. For instance, I recall the first of my frequent midnight negotiating sessions with the Soviets. Most of them concerned Security Council issues and usually followed an SC meeting which was close enough to agreement to justify a US-USSR meeting to resolve questions between them. The eminent Cold Warrior, Jacob Malik, was the Soviet permrep. He was accompanied by two or three of his aides. I was alone. Malik started out with a version of the statement he had just made in the SC and then we seemed to go around in circles without very much separating us. I realized that I, as a new and not well known American negotiator, was being tested -- for stamina as much as anything. After about three times around the block, I said, "Mr. Ambassador, it seems to me are very close to resolving our differences which we could do in short order.

However, if you would like to sit here and repeat what you have already said several times, I am prepared to stay here all night -- as long as my kidneys hold out." Business was quickly concluded.

They tried once more in much the same manner on a more serious issue. This time, I said, "We have gone over the alternatives several times. It seems to me that you are not prepared to reach agreement. Therefore I am leaving." I had my hand on the doorknob when Malik called me back and we finished the agreement in fairly short order. I was forever known -- and respected, I think, by Malik as "Mr. Nyet." He once jokingly complained at a dinner of the two missions that USUN never sent "Mr. Da."

There were frequent consultations with the newly arrived Communist Chinese delegation. They most often took the form of informational meetings, however, as they tried to increase their understanding of the workings of the UN system. Nevertheless there were always undertones of negotiation and getting to know individuals like me and others for whatever purpose. Huang Hua, a veteran of the 1936 Long March, was their able permanent representative. Much of the detail work with the Chinese on the political side, however, was done with Chou Nan, a younger, perhaps more adaptable counselor, whose English was better. (At one point until recently he was Beijing's representative in Hong Kong.) As is well known the Chinese culture tries to avoid direct confrontation. However, at one SC meeting, when Malik invoked a procedural point just before the Chinese were scheduled to speak, the Chinese Vice Foreign Minister, who was in the chair for China, lost his temper, stood (not normally done in the SC) and, trembling with anger, launched a bitter ideological and personal attack on Malik. Larry McIntyre, the Australian permanent representative, who was the monthly chairman, immediately suspended the meeting for consultations -- which included only him, the Soviets and the Chinese. Eventually, Malik withdrew his procedural motion and the Chinese delivered their statement. If anyone had been napping, this unique incident certainly acted as a wake-up call.

During my tour the Host Country Relations Committee assumed more importance, largely because of the OPEC effort to exert its power over world distribution of petroleum products. Some Americans will still remember the decrease in gasoline availability and its increase in prices at the pump. Normally disputes in the committee dealt with more mundane issues like parking or security of foreign missions. But the gasoline question became irksome because, normally, the foreign missions bought their gasoline at the pump, like everyone else. However, shortages and long lines became the norm during this period. At one committee meeting it was suggested that the UN diplomats should get preference when they pulled into a gas station. I replied that I would not like to be in a position of challenging New York taxi drivers already lined up to fill their tanks. The riposte was to ask if I was threatening the diplomatic drivers with some kind of retribution if they tried to get to the head of the line. I replied that I was not, but I couldn't speak for the taxi drivers.

We enjoyed our four years at USUN even though, in all that time, I took only 16 days of leave, only partly by choice. It seemed to me, after a while, that I was doing most of the major negotiating, particularly in the political and peacekeeping areas. In part this was due to my primary responsibility in the Security Council. Eventually I took over the number three slot -- deputy representative to the SC -- but I was not the only American ambassador accredited to it. However, I did provide the continuity and, frequently, since an SC meeting could be called at any time, I had to give up other plans to be present when necessary. Luckily I had a car and driver which took off some of the pressure. If we had evening social engagements -- a frequent occurrence -- Heather drove into town, parked in the UN garage and joined me in the official car to make the rounds, a real convenience in Manhattan. We drove our own car home. Admittedly, I was driven to work in the official car which gave me time to go through documents on the way. At best my days were eight a.m. to eight p.m., door to door, and usually longer.

George Bush was a gregarious, energetic, active permrep. (There was a Life cover picture of George and me loping across First Avenue from the Mission to an SC meeting. I don't recall whether we were late or simply crossing against the light.) Perhaps because of his Congressional experience or ambitions for the future he tended to focus on the contact and social aspects of his job. Certainly he was an important UN personality, but the US permrep usually is. It was sometimes difficult to get his full attention on the details of substantive issues or the implications of the various possible outcomes of UN consideration of them. However, if one insisted -- and he responded -- he was a fairly quick "study." It was surprising to some of us when he accepted President Nixon's appointment as chairman of the Republican National Committee. But it obviously did not adversely affect his future.

John Scali, the journalist who had become a White House official, was his somewhat unexpected replacement. I, for one, knew of him as an aggressive, hardworking, seemingly irascible practitioner of his craft. He turned out to have a cantankerous side, which, once one got to know him, was not so intimidating as it appeared. He was not so inclined as his predecessor to the social side of the UN although he certainly did his duty. Surprisingly, despite his domineering tendency, he also occasionally demonstrated uncertainty and concern about possible courses of action and required reassurance that he was doing the right thing. As someone said, he had to be massaged. I don't have that talent. So, on those occasions, when he had to be persuaded to adopt a position or take action about which he remained uneasy, I did the persuading and departed, leaving the "massaging" usually to Tap Bennett.

Kurt Waldheim -- what can one say about this two-term Secretary General of the United Nations and one-term president of Austria? The Austrians will have to accept the onus of the latter. But I doubt, during my career that I have ever had to deal with such an ineffectual, weak, uninspiring, unprincipled person in a leadership position. One always had the impression that Waldheim worked more for himself than the UN. Asked to undertake some action, he frequently gave the impression that he was considering whether doing so would be helpful or harmful to him and his reputation. (We all knew

that his ultimate ambition was the Austrian presidency.) Given the eventual exposure of his activities in the German forces during World War II, it is somewhat surprising that he failed to realize that his prominence might make him subject to the kind of scrutiny which ultimately revealed them. Perhaps "an ambitious wimp" is the best way to describe him.

Brian Urquhart, on the other hand, elicited general admiration even though he could give one the "rough side of his tongue." He had been the deputy to Ralph Bunche, whom he greatly admired. He had the rank of assistant secretary general, working almost exclusively on peacekeeping operations. He was able to organize and oversee those operations quickly and effectively. He knew which countries could supply the best troops or police forces for what specific purposes. For instance he drew heavily on the Canadian army logistics unit earmarked for UN duty, combining it occasionally with lower-ranking Polish field forces. He did not hesitate to say what he thought about the UN, its members, its personnel and matters in general. In a civilian capacity he demonstrated the strength and courage which helped him survive the trauma of a non-opening parachute in the British airdrop near Arnhem in operation Market Garden during World War II.

In many ways the USUN assignment was invaluable to me although, after four years with little time off, I was running out of steam. But the experience of working with the international UN bureaucracy and the representatives of 122 other UN members provided me with the necessary insight to understand the possibilities and limitations of diplomacy through international organizations. Throughout the rest of my career I met and worked again with people whom I had known and worked with in New York. The results can be and often are frustrating or ineffective, but every success and every productive dialogue made the effort worthwhile. There is still nothing better to replace it.

Perhaps this is a good place to add some comments about the family. In 1975 Steven finished his undergraduate education magna cum laude, majoring in music at Kenyon. Although always a good student, he was not happy one in prep school (which we learned much later). To our surprise he stopped taking math, perhaps his strongest subject, in the equivalent of the 11th grade. We surmise that, as somewhat of a grind and a scholar, he paid the price of being surrounded by fellow students not so inclined and likely to harass people like him. Although he never took another math course after 11<sup>th</sup> grade he received 800 out of 800 in math in both the SAT and the Graduate Record exam. Math and music are strongly linked of course and he went on to the University of Pennsylvania for graduate study in composition. After two years, however, he felt that it was not working out satisfactorily and moved on to the University of Illinois in the same discipline.

In the meantime in anticipation of another move, Peter and I did a circuit of prep schools in 1974. At this point, despite his innate intelligence, Peter had not been so successful academically as he probably could have been. In retrospect part of the problem was assuredly the impermanence of our residence and the schools he attended. Born in the US, then to Casablanca shortly thereafter, to Bukavu at age 5, five years in Washington, two in Ouagadougou, back to New York for four years and soon to be off again -- where we didn't know. He lost a year in transition to the Calvert, by mail system from his school in

Bethesda. He was completing middle school in Larchmont. If we were to go overseas the following year it would be at least questionable whether a suitable school would be available. On the other hand, if we returned to our house in Bethesda, the natural course would be for him to attend the high school for the area. But Walt Whitman was a large school, ideal for high achievers, where Peter, however sincere his intentions, might flounder, further weakening his self confidence.

Private schools were having a hard time at this period. Attendance was down, expenses were up and recruiting efforts were doubled and redoubled. At each school Peter was, of course, interviewed alone after we both had an introductory conversation with the official concerned. After one interview Peter explained his reactions which in turn revealed my own lack of sufficient attention to his concerns, needs, interests, etc. Peter was a good athlete and has always been interested in sports. When we drove away from Berkshire School -- as it happens only a few miles north of where I am writing this -- Peter said his reaction was negative. When I asked why he said something like "They are only interested in me as a 'jock'." That surprised me given his sports interests. But I was proud and encouraged when he explained that, although he probably would go out for sports, he recognized his academic shortcomings and wanted to be treated as a regular "student". Eventually we settled on Williston -- or Williston-Northampton since it had merged with the Northampton School for Girls -- in Easthampton, Massachusetts.

In April, 1975, Dean Brown, now the Under Secretary of State for Management, informed me that I was being transferred back to Washington as Inspector General of the Foreign Service, hardly a job I pined for. Nevertheless, it placed me, more or less, in the second echelon of the Department from which I could eventually move on to other things.

At that time normal procedure was to inspect individual posts and schedules were set up about six months in advance. Obviously if something critical arose anywhere in the world we might initiate specific and perhaps limited inspections on short notice. The inspection corps essentially comprised two elements -- senior FSOs who examined the total operation of the Foreign Service post and financial and administrative officers who specifically examined those aspects of post operations. I can only recollect one inspection at a post where I was stationed. It culminated in a dispute between the principal officer and the senior inspector, always a Foreign Service Officer himself. The former accused the latter of being essentially a consular officer who did not comprehend the substantive nature of the post's responsibility. My own reaction at that time was that the senior inspector properly examined and found justified fault with the way the post was run and managed. Nothing has changed my mind. In the interim the process had been modified to examine the relations between the post and the departmental office to which it reported -- a logical evolution which I fully supported. By this time Henry Kissinger had become Secretary of State and it was obvious that he didn't want to be bothered with problems arising out of inspections. With some effort I managed to resolve such problems without arousing the Secretary's ire or concern -- unlike my successor, I was told.

After I had familiarized myself with the operations of the inspection staff and made some minor changes, I scheduled an around-the-world trip for myself to address situations in some specific problem posts and looking at some others in order to get a better overall view of post operations. (Before I left I received the happy news that I was being promoted to Career Minister -- at the age of 51 -- then the highest rank in the Foreign Service. The rank of Career Ambassador had fallen into disuse after several years although it was reinstated some years after my retirement.)

I had pretty well determined, subject to my personal conclusions on the spot, that two ambassadors should be relieved. One, as it so happened, was a Yale classmate and friend whose new wife, with her husband's acquiescence, was monopolizing the services of the administrative section to the detriment of post operations and staff morale. I still recall my two to three hour discussion with the two of them during which I found little comprehension of my contention that administrative services were designed for the post as a whole.

The second case was even more painful. It concerned an ambassador who had been a Viet Cong prisoner for seven years. In its understandable desire to reward him for the price he had paid the Department made him ambassador to a small country completely out of his area of expertise only a few months after he had been released and returned to the US. Psychologically he was not prepared for that, not only because of his imprisonment but also because he had not had time to readjust to the US which had changed so drastically during his imprisonment. The post and its personnel were in a shambles when I arrived.

This was about five months after I had taken over the job and even before I left on the trip I knew that change was in the offing. To put things in perspective I should note that my successor as ambassador to Upper Volta, Don Easum, had become Assistant Secretary for African Affairs thereafter. He had long expedience in Africa and remains to this day someone I greatly admire. Very sympathetic to Africa, its aspirations and its view of the world, he had a habit of speaking out supportively on those subjects, although the Secretary -- indeed the US -- did not attach so much or the same importance to Africa as he. Eventually he was replaced (he became ambassador to Nigeria and, after retirement, president of the African-American Institute, working assiduously and effectively to bolster understanding and support for Africa). He was succeeded by Nathaniel Davis, whose appointment raised a furor in some African circles because he had no experience in Africa and was, in fact, an Eastern European expert. After only a few months in the job he objected to covert US involvement in newly-independent Angola and, in effect, left the job although he retained the title pending his nomination as Ambassador to Switzerland.

I had been informed that I would probably be called back during my trip to discuss taking the position with the Secretary. Sure enough, I was halfway around the world, on Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, when I received the summons to return. Two or three days later than originally scheduled I finally had my meeting with Kissinger. Among other things he asked my opinion about the Angola operation. I said I had no philosophical objection to covert operations as long as they served US interests, had reasonable

prospects for success and did not create a situation which might rebound to the detriment of the US subsequently. I acknowledged that I did not know enough to comment in any detail. However, I did say that the US had wasted resources giving support to Holden Roberto's FNLA, which was small, ineffective, corrupt, and dependent almost exclusively on Mobutu. Jonas Savimbi's UNITA was much more viable and widely supported by the Ovimbundus, the largest single tribe comprising 50 percent of the population. Kissinger said he wished he had such advice when the operation commenced. After some typically caustic and deprecating remarks about the "missionaries" in the Bureau of African Affairs, he said he looked forward to working with me as assistant secretary.

I do not recall that there was any particular opposition to my nomination even though it presumably implied acceptance of the Kissinger policy, opposed by my immediate predecessor. Hearings before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were fairly uneventful and receptive, in part, I suspect, because I was fairly well known as an African "expert." My name was familiar in francophone Africa and a long and sympathetic interview -- in French -- in the African magazine, *Jeune Afrique*, helped. No sooner confirmed and sworn in than I was sent off to five politically moderate francophone African countries -- Senegal, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Zaire and Gabon -- to persuade them to hold firm in the upcoming meeting of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) to oppose the recognition of the MPLA as the legitimate government of Angola.

My first stop was in Senegal, where I met, for the first time, Leopold Senghor, one of the rare persons agrégé in French grammar (now a member of the Academie Francaise), who immediately complimented me on my *Jeune Afrique* interview. He acceded to our request although he was not particularly convinced about the ultimate outcome. Later the same day I held a press conference which probably would not have been so successful if it were not in French. There were questions about outside involvement in Angola, in which I included the Cubans, and I was asked what should be done. My response, somewhat in exasperation, was "Que tout le monde s'en aille." (let everyone leave). Senghor called me afterwards to compliment me on the conference, adding "not only do you speak French well, you know how to use the subjunctive," quel éloge (what praise) from such a source.

One more vignette from this trip. I was to call on Ahmadou Ahidjo, President of Cameroon, whom I had met once or twice when I was director for Central West African Affairs. As our ambassador and I entered his office he was wearing his usual blue boubou, into which he reached for a kola nut -- also normal procedure -- and took a bite out of it. He had an interpreter with him, but after some chit chat, he dismissed him. We had a lengthy, interesting and worthwhile conversation, encompassing more subjects than the purpose of my visit. It was when we returned to the Embassy that I discovered why he had a interpreter. (It should be perhaps explained that, for someone in my position, the accompanying American usually drafts the memorandum of conversation and the reporting telegram.) It was only then that I discovered that our ambassador -- an academic and non-career - did not know French well enough to understand fully the conversation. So I had to prepare those two documents myself. That is no big deal except that I believe

that, if one knows he will be preparing such documents, he listens with that in mind, making mental notes as he goes along.

So began a 12-month period during which I traveled over 200,000 miles. The important OAU meeting ended in a tie on the question of recognition of the MPLA, so the die was cast. The Senate had passed the Kennedy and Clark resolutions calling for an end to US intervention in Angola. Nevertheless, in January, 1976, highlighted by my own testimony, we tried to get Senate approval for release of an additional \$28 million for that purpose -- in vain.

I now had a little time to turn my attention to the organization and functioning of the Bureau. Nearly everyone was known to me either personally or by reputation from my 12 years in African affairs, at home and abroad. Overall it was a good staff which had suffered from the internal dispute over Angola and the gap in leadership. Ed Mulcahy, the senior Deputy Assistant Secretary, had had to carry the burden of Angola and run the Bureau. But an acting chief over too long a period can never have the authority a leader needs. Kissinger had asked me to replace all the deputies. Ed deserved a new assignment, not because he lacked the necessary qualities for the position but because he had been there long enough under very trying conditions which he met very well. Eventually he exchanged positions with Talcott Seelye, the ambassador to Tunisia. Ed was delighted. He had served there once before and couldn't ask for a post more to his liking. Talcott, a friend and an Arabist, was less enthusiastic since he would have preferred an assignment in the area of his own expertise. But he was a good and tough manager who could take over so that I could devote most of my attention to policy matters. I told Kissinger I would not move the economic deputy, Jim Blake, immediately because economics was not my strong point and I trusted Jim and needed the continuity he represented. Eventually we had to make changes in the Office of Southern African Affairs as this area became increasingly the focal point of our African policy activities.

I also had time to touch base with my counterparts from USIA, AID and CIA. The last, Jim Potts, was also a Yalie, confined to a wheelchair -- I believe because of polio. He was no less feisty. Practically every time he visited me -- every six weeks or so -- he had a new clandestine operation to propose, all of which I vetoed except one which wasn't done anyway.

Although we now had to end the US involvement in the Angolan imbroglio, Kissinger had been impressed by the potential threat of Soviet influence in that part of the continent, anchored on the west by Angola and on the east by Mozambique, both with Marxist governments supported by Moscow. (In part his interest had been triggered by the concerns of some African leaders in the area -- particularly Kenneth Kaunda, President of Zambia.) He was determined to pursue a more active policy focussed on white-run Rhodesia (Zimbabwe to the Africans) and South Africa-controlled South West Africa (Namibia to the Africans).

So in the spring Kissinger decided to visit Africa (the first American Secretary of State to do so in a truly substantive trip), which, knowing him and his interests, few would have predicted in advance.

First, a little history. Rhodesia, named after Sir Cecil Rhodes, was a British possession, economically blessed with large mineral deposits and also, later, a large producer of tobacco. As independence spread throughout Africa a federation of Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland was formed in 1953 as the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It was an attempt by the UK to preserve this rich territory as part of the Commonwealth, whatever its political status might be. The Federation did not last long since Nyasaland (now Malawi) split off as an independent state in 1964, followed shortly by Northern Rhodesia as the state of Zambia. Southern Rhodesia was willing to remain in the Commonwealth as an independent state. However, London's condition was majority rule which the local white authorities would not accept. Therefore, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith proclaimed UDI (Unilateral Declaration of Independence), after which Rhodesia became subject to international sanctions.

There had been several attempts by the UK Labor Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, to resolve this issue in meetings with Smith, but to no avail. Gradually an African resistance movement of two antithetical groups formed and carried out military attacks from sanctuaries in Tanzania and Mozambique. Rhodesian forces, especially the Selous Scouts, were to oppose these raids and intimidate -- often brutally -- the people who had supported them. As a land-locked territory Rhodesia was dependent on South Africa, through which its imports and exports (principally chromium ore) passed to and from the sea. Apartheid South Africa had no qualms about supporting white-ruled Rhodesia.

I had never traveled with a Secretary of State before. The plane, part of the White House fleet, was divided essentially into two sections, the front with the Secretary and his small party and the rear filled with journalists. We had immediate communications to anywhere in the world. Kissinger, unable to leave the direction of the State Department completely to his deputy in Washington, continued to run the Department and expected me to do the same for my Bureau. He and I usually finished up our duties connected with the trip about midnight, after which I went through the day's reports from my office and transmitted whatever comments or instructions were necessary. Kissinger obviously did the same but with some help, while no one else -- except for one trip -- from my Bureau accompanied me.

N.B. THE READER WILL EXCUSE ME. I TOOK NO DOCUMENTS FROM MY FOREIGN SERVICE CAREER WITH ME. WHAT FOLLOWS WILL BE ACCURATE (I OMIT ANYTHING I AM UNSURE ABOUT) BUT MAY NOT BE CHRONOLOGICALLY PRECISE.

On this trip we met with Mobutu (Zaire), Kenyatta (Kenya), Nyerere (Tanzania) and Kaunda (Zambia). First, however, we made a call in London on Prime Minister James Callaghan (primarily) and his foreign minister Anthony (Tony) Crosland. (I also saw the

Tory shadow Foreign Minister, Reggie Maulding.) Having rejected Rhodesian UDI, the US still recognized the UK as legally sovereign in Rhodesia. We quickly established that, having been repeatedly burned -- even stigmatized by its constituency -- over Wilson's efforts to resolve the Rhodesian question, the Labor party was disinclined to take any unilateral or leadership role at the time. However, Callaghan certainly wanted to be kept in the picture, since the UK would have to agree to whatever came out the US initiative. Therefore, at nearly every juncture and before and after our trips to the area, we consulted with the British. At this point there was not yet a specific plan which would only evolve out of consultations with the British and the Africans concerned. (I was amused at breakfast at 10 Downing Street when, after I ordered kippers, Callaghan said he had never had kippers "in this house" so he would have them too.)

This first trip was largely designed for Kissinger to meet some of the leading players, to get preliminary African input and reactions and to make a speech in Lusaka which had been scheduled from the outset. There was no question that the African leaders welcomed the US initiative in itself. They did not know Kissinger, except by reputation, but they accepted, at least for the moment, the absence of a specific plan, while wondering if there might be a hidden agenda. None of that was surprising or unexpected. What we needed initially was the African Front Line presidents' acquiescence in how we planned to proceed. They were told that, although there was no specific plan, we would consult with them every step of the way as one was developed. The key would be Nyerere. I assumed that Mobutu would go along and so would Kenyatta but neither would play a key role in whatever emerged as long as it did not adversely affect Africa or their own nations. I also thought Kaunda would as well since he was very concerned about Soviet influence in Southern Africa. However, he could not do so effectively if his Tanzanian colleague were hesitant. (UDI had effectively eliminated Zambia's mineral export route to Cape Town. In fact the Chinese government was even then supervising the construction of a new railroad -- the Tanzam -- from Zambia to Dar es Salaam in Tanzania.)

Stops in Zaire and Kenya went pretty much as we anticipated. When we got to Dar es Salaam we found that we were to hold our conversations with Nyerere at his home in a small office separated from the house. (This was the case every time Kissinger and/or I visited.) He and Kissinger fortunately hit it off famously. Not that they necessarily trusted each other -- at least at this point. They both have sharp minds and tongues, often making their points in round about or allusive ways, and enjoy repartee. (Nyerere and I had similar kinds of conversations, but listening to these two "masters" of the art was never without enlightenment encased in prodigious conversational skills. The small office had a slatted door through which waiting journalists might hear sounds but not the conversation. Once, after Nyerere and I emerged, the first question was, "What was all the laughter about?")

Nyerere gave his tentative support to our efforts and even agreed the process might necessitate bringing the South African Prime Minister, John Vorster, into the act. He did ask how Ian Smith would be taken care of if he ultimately refused whatever solution emerged. Kissinger said, "We will take care of that." After the meeting Nyerere took us

over to a typical African (in this part of Africa) outdoor food preparation area where we met his family, including his mother, whose presence and comments were obviously important to her son.

In Lusaka, Kaunda supported our initiative and Kissinger made his April 12 speech supporting majority rule for Rhodesia and independence for South West Africa (Namibia), the most far-ranging and activist statement on Southern Africa ever made by an American Secretary of State. After a stop in London we returned to the United States. The day of our return I went to the Seven Springs conference center to attend a small seminar of African specialists, some of them journalists. There was a certain amount of reserve among them, based partially on a wait-and-see attitude toward what would come out of this initiative and partially on distrust of Kissinger, not known heretofore for his interest in or sympathy for Africa. I did become irritated when some complained that we should have struck at Southern Africa's worst problem, South African apartheid. I pointed out that the better part of wisdom was to take on first those issues most amenable to resolution, whereas I saw no possibility in the near future that South Africa was ripe for change in its deeply-rooted system. In fact success on the two issues on which we were focussing our attention would isolate and weaken South Africa. Finally I pointed out that South Africa would have to be persuaded to agree to give Namibia its independence and, probably, exert pressure on Ian Smith to achieve majority rule in Rhodesia. It didn't make sense to make a target out of a country whose cooperation we might require. I had long been aware of a quasi-romantic streak among some of the most avid pro-African proponents, but had not thought it would extend to jeopardizing progress on Rhodesia and Namibia by making apartheid the first, the most difficult and -- at that time -- the most unrealizable priority for our efforts.

I will, of course, come back to Henry Kissinger below. But it is necessary to address some aspects of how he -- therefore I -- conducted this effort. He was always close-mouthed about the details of the diplomatic process even though he had frequent meetings with journalists and others. I was even forced to shut out many of my Foreign Service colleagues both in Washington and the field. In each major European embassy we had an African specialist but in none did we truly confide much about our aims or tactics, nor did they accompany us for our conversations -- although our Ambassadors did. Even some of the latter were not made fully au courant. In some cases that was just as well, but there were people whom I would have trusted to keep informed and even to conduct some in-between-visits diplomacy. Even my deputy was not fully informed, although as time went on he was required more and more often during my absences (sans Kissinger) to pass on messages. My Foreign Service mentality rebelled at this situation, but I had little choice. And, I must admit, I had witnessed a fair number of instances when even professionals deliberately or inadvertently let the "cat out of the bag" to the detriment of our diplomacy.

I might also add at this point that, on nearly every visit to London, I talked with Reggie Maulding, the Conservative Party shadow foreign secretary. He consistently told me that, when the Tories returned to power, they would reassert British sovereignty, appointing a Governor General for Rhodesia

to be accompanied by a British army contingent when he took up his duties in Salisbury, the capital. (It is interesting that, after convoking the parties to London, this is what they did, immediately granting independence to Zimbabwe thereafter. Reggie had died by then but Peter Carrington, the new Foreign Secretary, pulled off a dazzling bit of diplomacy in a matter of days.)

Foreign Secretary, Tony Crosland, died during this period. I -- and others -- considered that a true loss. Highly intelligent and "unflappable," Tony, in his quiet, but still forceful way could thoroughly analyze a situation and the various options for approaching it and suggest well-thought-out courses of action. His successor, David Owen, I had less confidence in.

Also in the Spring of 1976 we met for the first time with South African Prime Minister Vorster at a remote location in the Bayrische Wald, northeast of Munich and close to the Czechoslovakian border. We traveled to and from the site by helicopter, accompanied by protective aircraft of the German Grenzschutzpolizei (border police) the proximity of which caused Kissinger some anxiety.

This preliminary meeting provided an opportunity for members of the two delegations -- particularly the principals -- to get to know each other. Henry and I knew "Pik" Botha, South African Ambassador to the US and I had met the Foreign Minister Hilgard Müller. However, I knew his State Secretary, Brand Fourie, better. Much of the meeting was taken up by Vorster's recital of the South African view of the situation in Southern Africa and the personalities -- African and white -- involved. There was little we had not heard before, but it was necessary for Vorster to let us know just how far the South Africans would have to move if they were to be helpful. We, on the other hand, explained in general terms what we were hoping to accomplish and how much importance we attached to it. Nothing specific was decided except that we would meet again when circumstances dictated.

A somewhat humorous scenario ensued when we returned to Munich. No journalists accompanied us to the site of the meeting but they were congregated at the Munich airport when we arrived. The upshot was that at one end of the hall Kissinger held a press conference -- in English -- while at the other end I held one -- in German. I never did compare the coverage by the two sets of journalists. As had become the usual practice I left immediately for Africa to inform the Presidents of the contents of the meeting. Doing so was very important for, if we did not, the almost automatic reaction would be that we had made a deal with Vorster which would not be acceptable to the Africans.

Up to now I have not spoken of the African contenders for eventual power in an independent Rhodesia (Zimbabwe). Essentially there were three at this time, Robert Mugabe, Joshua Nkomo and Abel Muzorewa. Mugabe was in Mozambique directing the activities of his ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union) forces in its forays into Rhodesia. Nkomo, head of ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union), was all over the place, including Rhodesia itself. Muzorewa was the Methodist bishop in Salisbury and

had entered the scene most recently, offering, presumably, a non-political, non-tribal alternative. For over a year, he was in self-exile in Botswana, returning to Salisbury in the fall of 1976. We maintained contact principally with Nkomo as a potential Zimbabwean leader. (As it ended up Mugabe became president and Nkomo vice president.) For reasons still unclear to me Muzorewa was averse to associating himself with our effort -- perhaps because we made no extraordinary effort to seek him out. However, the Methodist church office in Washington was not shy about pleading his cause with me. During one such conversation I asked, in passing, why they were importuning us to support Muzorewa when, in other cases, they consistently opposed US intervention for one or another indigenous party to an internal dispute for power in Africa. No clear answer emerged.

At one point it was agreed that, after attending the 10th anniversary of Botswanan independence, Ted Rowlands, the British deputy foreign minister, and I would make a circuit of the front-line presidents. We used initially the US military attaché plane, stationed in South Africa, to Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia, returning from there to Johannesburg. We had already decided to go to Salisbury to meet with Ian Smith. But I refused to do so in the US military plane. Nevertheless, our air attaché wanted to overfly Rhodesia en route from Lusaka to Johannesburg, primarily to photograph appropriate installations. I refused permission because any incident arising out of the overflight could jeopardize our overall objectives. Ultimately I prevailed on our British "cousins" to finance a commercial charter from Johannesburg to Salisbury, the capital of this British territory. Our conversations there were inconclusive except to convince Smith that we were serious in our efforts, he would be consulted in this process and the front-line presidents agreed that he could not be excluded. (My presence incidentally was the first contact with Smith by an American official since we closed our Consulate General there in 1971.)

(One interesting follow-up to this mission was that Ted Rowlands reported my answer -- to Mozambican President Machel's question, "What if Ian Smith doesn't agree?" -- which was "We will take care of that." This got back to Kissinger who, when I returned to Washington, rebuked me until I reminded him that he had answered the same way to Nyerere's similar question of which Machel was probably informed.)

Kissinger and Vorster and the same cast of characters met again in Zürich. The upshot of this meeting was, essentially, to establish the basis for the subsequent contacts and negotiations. While the particulars were kept to a minimum, Vorster, who surely had been in contact with Smith, clearly indicated his readiness to proceed even without making an ironclad commitment which would depend on the contents of the agreement, the concurrence of the Front Line presidents, possibly the identity of a post-Smith leader (South Africa would prefer Nkomo) and, finally, the Namibian question. It was at this meeting that Vorster more or less provisionally agreed to the possibility of a conference with SWAPO (Southwest Africa [i.e. Namibia] People's Organization) with regard to the future of that territory.

Travel and consultations went on. At one point, when a "buy-out" of displaced white Rhodesian farmers was being bruited about, Kissinger decided to send Bill Rogers (Under Secretary for Economic Affairs) with me on another round, focussing on East African considerations. At a meeting before we left he asked Rogers how his wife -- whom Kissinger knew -- would feel about his absence. Bill replied that it would be all right if it weren't too long. Kissinger then asked me about my wife -- whom he didn't know. I shrugged and said she was used to my absences as long as they were useful. (It was only later that I learned that Mrs. Rogers reputedly had problems which could be exacerbated if her husband were away too long.) Bill returned to Washington within two weeks -- I was gone seven.

Kissinger and Vorster finally had their meeting with Smith at the residence of the very able American Ambassador to South Africa -- Bill Bowdler -- in Praetoria. I like to say that Smith, who had earlier stated that majority rule in Rhodesia would come only in 1000 years, reduced the figure by 99.8 percent when he agreed to two years. The next few weeks were devoted to various meetings and consultations from which a few vignettes emerge.

Kissinger met with that African intellectual, Leopold Senghor, the President of Senegal, who, after an afternoon session, invited us to dinner for a most stimulating evening. Senghor and Kissinger understood the other's language fairly well but did not try to speak it. I had to stay on the alert to interpret in both directions as necessary. One interesting comment having nothing to do with southern Africa came when the question of Ivory Coast President Houphouet-Boigny's views was raised. Those of us who dealt with francophone Africa often pondered the implicit and sometimes explicit differences between him and Senghor. Senghor replied that Houphouet was much more African than he and he (Senghor) could not speak for him. The Senghor-Kissinger evening -- but understandably in a more western sense -- was as interesting as the Nyerere-Kissinger meetings.

One morning, in Nairobi, Kissinger and I decided that I should meet with Kaunda before a meeting the following morning with Callaghan in London. I chartered a plane and flew at noon to Lusaka. Kaunda was upcountry at a party meeting but placed a helicopter at my disposal to join him there. After a two-hour flight, a two-hour meeting and a two-hour return flight to Lusaka I caught the overnight flight to London to attend the meeting with the British. This happened to be the meeting which laid the groundwork for the subsequent Geneva conference. One decision, after I pointed out that we had not yet brought the Organization of African Unity (OAU) into the process, was that I would brief its president. Late afternoon of the same day I then took a flight to Mauritius (an island republic east of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean) to meet with Prime Minister Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam, the current OAU president. With the change of time and a stop in Djibouti it was late afternoon the next day when I arrived. I met with the Prime Minister and his cabinet at about 7 p.m. to explain the status of the situation which he welcomed. Since I doubted that my predecessors had ever visited Mauritius I believed it necessary to attend a social event which included most of the members of the American

Embassy, the diplomatic corps and leading Mauritian personalities. I got about four hours sleep and took an early morning flight to Johannesburg. After some consultations there I left the same day on an overnight flight to London. A few meetings there and a flight to Washington via London. I calculated roughly that I had covered over 30,000 miles in four days without a single night of undisturbed sleep, sending messages to Kissinger from every stop. (STAMINA IS ALMOST AS MUCH TO BE DESIRED AS ALL THE USUAL ATTRIBUTES OF DIPLOMACY.)

When I arrived in London the second time I heard about a strong message, bordering on an ultimatum, which Kissinger had sent to Kaunda. When I read it I agreed with others that it was unwise and uncalled for. Kissinger was in Brussels for a NATO meeting. I hadn't been in my Washington office more than an hour or two when he called me from there. He asked if I had seen the message. When I said yes he said he guessed I wouldn't have agreed if I had been there when he sent it. I said not only would I not have agreed, but if he had sent it anyway he would be looking for a new Assistant Secretary. Realizing he had made a mistake he swallowed his pride and apologized and then, of course, asked me to resolve any problems arising from the incident. Which I did -- luckily without having to make another trip to Lusaka.

(Incidentally, I have neglected to mention in this narrative that, although our consultations with the British were thorough and continuous, we did keep others, particularly the French and the Germans, generally informed as time went on.)

When appropriate we diverted our attention to Namibia. After the convening of the UN General Assembly, I went to New York to see Sam Nujoma, head of SWAPO, to sound him out on about meeting with South Africa to negotiate the future of the territory. He was interested but seemed strangely reluctant to engage in what he and SWAPO had always demanded. Finally I realized that Sam -- for a variety of reasons -- did not feel strong enough at that time to enter into such discussions and be certain that he and SWAPO would be in charge of an independent Namibia. The result was to put the question on the back burner even though it was bound to be reopened at some future opportune moment.

The Geneva conference on Rhodesia opened in October with all the main players, including Ian Smith, present. The chairman was Ivor Richard, a Labor Party leader, who had been the UK permanent representative to the UN. Since we preferred not to have too high a profile we sent Frank Wisner, director of the Southern Africa office in my bureau. However, partly due to uncertainty over the outcome of the US presidential campaign, progress was slow. In a meeting in Kissinger's office it was decided that I would join the "party." Kissinger did not know that I knew Richard well, having worked with him when we were both at the UN. He asked if I had experience dealing with an arrogant, egotistical (or words to that effect) person. I replied, "Not one with a British accent." Kissinger looked at me quizzically and broke into deep laughter -- after which the others in the room joined him.

But the conference was not to prove successful. The principal African participants -- Mugabe, Nkomo and Muzorewa -- unable to settle their own differences were thus hampered in negotiating with Smith and company. Smith left the conference delegating perhaps the hardest line minister in his government, Van der Byl, in his stead.

That doesn't mean the conference could not have eventually succeeded if President Ford had won the election. There might have been a recess, but a renewed mandate for him (and presumably Kissinger) would have exerted the necessary pressure on the parties to reach agreement. However, it has always been my contention that the Carter victory variously affected their attitudes.

Mugabe and Nkomo probably thought a Democratic administration would put more pressure on both Smith and Vorster to accept an outcome more to their liking. Smith probably came to the same conclusion and therefore became even more reluctant to negotiate. The key -- from his standpoint -- became Muzorewa who stood little chance of winning the leadership of a new Zimbabwe and who probably drew similar conclusions as the others about the anticipated emphasis of the new US administration. The result was the "internal settlement" between Smith and Muzorewa providing the facade of a majority government under Muzorewa's nominal leadership. The US and UK kept nibbling away at the problem but it was not resolved until the Conservative Party won the British election in 1979 and Lord Carrington in the Lancaster House meetings successfully reimposed British sovereignty which permitted a true election won by Mugabe's ZANU party and the end of white rule. Since then, although no worse and perhaps a little better than many other African nations, Zimbabwe has become a state dominated by Mugabe.

During the uncertainty characterizing an interregnum between administrations I took up other problems, work on which had suffered during our intense attention to Southern Africa and even then would be limited until we had a better idea of the personnel and aims of the new management.

Perhaps this is the place to muse a little about Kissinger and my relations with him. I did not know him before although we had met briefly at the UN after he became Secretary of State and attended part of the General Assembly session in 1974. I had read some of his writings but, except to mark his affection for power politics, couldn't claim deep insight into his philosophy.

Obviously he was a strong, complex and controversial personality, both intelligent and stubborn, even when those two qualities are mutually contradictory. He did not suffer fools gladly. But even some non-fools were intimidated by him and therefore were ineffective. If one did not learn to challenge -- even mock -- him from time to time, he lost respect for that person. Luckily I realized that fairly early and when Kissinger had become convinced of my expertise he usually took my "joshing" very well. In my work with him on Africa arguments based wholly on moral principles were not very effective, but those based on interests -- both American and those of the countries with which we were dealing -- were. Not instinctively given to great sensitivity to cultural factors in

dealing with others, Kissinger seemed over time to respect them more and more. Partially, I suspect, it was because his lack of experience in dealing with Africans made him more receptive to considering such factors and partially because I had enough time with him to emphasize them as necessary.

He appeared to be irritated -- whether feigned or not -- whenever he learned something about me that he hadn't known before. Lunching on Mobutu's riverboat -- he with Mobutu, I with Foreign Minister Nguza -- he asked Mobutu if he knew me. Mobutu said, "I have known Mr. Schaufele since 1964." Kissinger's immediate reaction to me was, "You never told me that." His response was the same when, at the first meeting with Vorster, who had made some disparaging remarks about SWAPO leader Nujoma, I said I had known Sam for several years. After we both were out of the government we and our wives were having dinner at a Salisbury establishment when the subject of Germany arose. (I don't know whether Kissinger knew about my experience there.) I made some remark about the National Liberals (a middle-of-the-road German political party dissolved in 1918). Kissinger paused, looked at me and said, "Only you and I know that the National Liberals ever existed."

He can show compassion and concern for the feelings of others. Dean Brown was Under Secretary for Management but was often called upon to undertake special, sometime dangerous, temporary tasks, especially in the Middle East. Dean was scheduled to return to strife-torn Lebanon once again when his wife called me and asked me to talk Henry out of it. Dean had been there so often and was so well known that she feared for his safety. I relayed her concerns to Henry who sent someone else. Once, after my return from one of my trips Heather and I were attending a reception Kissinger was giving for Saruddin Aga Khan. He had never met my wife and asked me if she were there and insisted that I take him to her. She was conversing with a group of people in a very crowded reception. I brought up Kissinger and introduced him. He immediately told her in front of all and sundry "what a great job Bill was doing for his country" and apologized for my frequent absences.

As a matter of fact she could have accompanied us on one trip which she turned down because she knew she would see very little of me and did not want to get into one of those all female entourages for which the host American Embassy has to make, organize and implement a separate schedule. As a matter of fact we were incensed, after the trip, when the Washington Post's Maxine Chesire reported that Heather had been on the plane and taken Mrs. Kissinger shopping in Nairobi. However, we decided not to make an issue of it or an adversary out of the sharp-penned Maxine.

All in all I enjoyed working with Kissinger. It wasn't easy and it was very demanding. In addition to long hours at least six days a week, on Sundays at home, after the overnight telegrams had been delivered to him at home, he called me nearly every Sunday morning about 10:30. I couldn't complain about lack of access or having a high profile working on issues which had become such a part of my career, even if, until then (other than the 1964 Congo crisis), Africa was hardly at the top of the US foreign policy agenda. (I had a lot of

media time including all the major networks and McNeil-Lehrer.) I learned a lot about conducting foreign policy at the highest levels, about Henry Kissinger and about myself (I always seem to be learning about myself).

Working at the top level of the State Department one also can usually determine who, among one's colleagues, is truly effective, efficient and gifted both in diplomacy and bureaucratic strategy and tactics. Actually, by and large, the best do come to the top. I used to wonder, for instance, why certain FSOs rose near the top but then seemed never to make the next step. There is a multiplicity of reasons, but, essentially, they are perceived as unable to make tough decisions or successfully implement them. Occasionally one will note some who go from ambassadorship to ambassadorship, never to the most important posts or a top policy making job in the Department. Essentially, I concluded that they are perfectly good diplomats who can follow instructions appropriately and represent the US well in the myriad of ways an ambassador mingles with the culture of the country in which he is serving. But he or she may not be the right person for that next step up.

Now we were going through the usual transition from one administration to another -- from one party to another. At some point Henry called me up to his office to tell me that he had recommended to his successor, Cyrus Vance, that the latter retain certain people in their positions, including me, and Vance had agreed. I was gratified but had no illusions that those in the incoming administration would automatically defer to me on African policy. Some preferred a highly moral, more active policy, others would never trust anyone who had worked with Kissinger. For instance, some had perennially preached the need for the US to get rid of Mobutu. My usual response was that I held no brief for Mobutu, but even if the US had the power to depose him -- which was doubtful -- who would replace him? The usual response was to let democracy take its course -- which it never had since Zairian independence.

In the spring of 1977 the ex-Katangan gendarmes who had taken refuge in Angola invaded Shaba (ex-Katanga). Some of the new people indubitably saw a chance for Mobutu's overthrow. But the success of these Tshombe supporters -- now without Tshombe -- would probably throw Zaire back into its former state of chaos with no obvious way out. Although I ruled out arms aid for Mobutu I did recommend non-lethal assistance in the form of transport, tents and similar items, which we eventually furnished. (Amusingly, two years later, when this scenario was repeated, my successor, along with others who were unhappy about my 1977 decision, supported doing exactly the same thing -- to their chagrin.)

The new National Security Advisor was Zbigniew Brzezinski whom I knew reasonably well, partially because I was on the advisory committee of the Columbia School of International Affairs and partially because I occasionally saw him at meetings of the Council on Foreign Relations and similar organizations. I do not know whether he or others or both picked the members of his staff. They too tended to be activists, environmentalists, anti-Vietnam war people and supporters of the underdeveloped world, especially Africa. Several called on me, not to inform themselves or exchange views, but

to tell me what they thought the new administration's policies were and what we should be doing. Actually, in many ways I shared their views, but they did not have an overall picture of Africa and failed to understand how to preserve continuity and reasonable consistency even as one introduced change. Such a situation is usually the case when different parties come into power. Normally it settles down after the new people get a better idea of how government and the bureaucracy work and have a greater grasp of history. Of course none of them knew that I nearly always vote Democratic.

During my tour as assistant secretary the Somali ambassador, whom I liked and enjoyed, regularly sought a change in US policy toward his country. Somalia had bet on the Soviet horse which now possessed a base in Berbera. Also historically the Somalis laid claim to the Ogaden while the US accepted Ethiopian claims. When I asked the Somali ambassador what he sought from us, his reply was military assistance. However, when I asked what the Somali quid pro quo would be I never got a coherent answer.

Evidently he had access to the new tenant at the White House, through whom I don't know. Carter had agreed to allow a Time correspondent to spend the day with him (except for classified meetings and conversations). On television, at the end of the day, coming out of the Rose Garden, Carter said he wanted to make friends with Somalia. This came as a complete surprise to his Assistant Secretary of State for Africa. I did not immediately pursue it since I did not want to appear as the "left-out" career guy who couldn't understand the greater interests of his president. Eventually I got a call from someone at the NSC who told me that they had received the expected request from Somalia. I said "uh-huh" and he went on to say that it was for 75,000 rifles. "What do you think of that?" he asked, probably gratified that it did not include sophisticated weapons. I replied, "Not much! They're for the Ogaden." Dead silence. Then "What is the Ogaden?" I told him to do his homework and, I gather, the rifles were never delivered.

Many of the people interested in Africa were in the transition office of Andrew Young who had been nominated as the Permanent Representative to the UN. I knew Andy, admired him and welcomed his appointment. However, I heard through the grapevine that members of his staff had been surprised at my continuation in office. They also said Andy had not been aware of it. Yet at a White House reception, the president indicated that he knew who I was and cited some of the good things he had heard about me. In a few months, however, I was called to Vance's office where he told me that I was to be replaced. He was obviously very uncomfortable about it, especially when I referred to my earlier working relationship with Andy.

Although I got to know Vance fairly well in those few months, I was never quite sure of our relationship. I do recall one incident which surprised me and may have affected that relationship. At one daily meeting of the Assistant Secretaries, I reported that the South African Embassy was floating a perhaps encouraging idea -- the details of which I don't recall -- about the Southern African issues. I added that we would be checking discreetly in Johannesburg to determine if the idea emanated from or was shared there. Vance's reaction was so immediate I -- and others -- were taken aback. He said "We will not go

behind the back of the future South African Foreign Minister." (Pik Botha's appointment to that post had already been announced.) Yet the check on the rumor that I had intended to make was a normal part of the way nearly all countries conduct diplomacy. It is not unusual for the embassy of country A to float a rumor so that, if its contents are unacceptable to country B for which it was intended, country A can discount it and state that it has no basis in its policy. It is equally common for country B's embassy in country A to try to find out more about the rumor, its source, its contents, its status and its support in the capital of country A. Vance's reaction was akin to Secretary of State Stimson's statement, when he ended the American code breaking operations in 1929, "Gentlemen don't read each other's mail." Vance was like Stimson in another way -- his loyalty, honesty, integrity, sincerity, intelligence and devotion to his country were unquestioned. He proved it once again when he resigned in the wake of the failed operation to free the hostages in Iran.

To return to the subject of my departure, as time went on I learned more of the background, the full accuracy of which I cannot verify. According to people, who presumably were informed, Andy had always intended to "run" African affairs from his post at the UN. However, there would still be an assistant secretary whose cooperation and willingness to accept such a relationship would be required. I obviously didn't fill that qualification. I would have been willing to cooperate if possible but could not accept the primary role of the Ambassador to the UN in African affairs which was my responsibility.

My replacement was Dick Moose, a former FSO -- with whom I had served at the Foreign Service Institute -- who had resigned and was later a staffer on the Hill, becoming well known as a critic of our Vietnam policy. He had no particular background in Africa -- except that he hated Mobutu. He had been nominated as Under Secretary for Management, a post he evidently did not prefer, but which he held in the first Clinton Administration. Even before this happened Andy had gone off on a trip to Africa -- eschewing any briefing from my bureau. At a meeting in Maputo Andy made a speech suggesting that, in southern Africa, Africans should follow the example of American blacks in winning fuller integration in our society. He was immediately challenged by some of the African leaders present who pointed out that a strategy appropriate for a minority was not an example in a society where blacks were the majority by a large margin. I talked to Andy by telephone when he arrived back in London warning him that such an approach would never be acceptable to Africans and certainly had never been a part of US policy toward Africa. That probably convinced him -- if that was necessary -- that he didn't want me as assistant secretary. He did run African policy after I left.

I left the African bureau feeling that I had done a respectable job during an activist period in our African policy, regretting only that I could not carry it to the hoped for conclusion on southern Africa and that some appointees of the new administration apparently regarded me in a political sense rather than as the non-partisan, career official which I was and am -- in foreign policy at least.

Later, when I was ambassador to Poland, I was called back to Washington for consultations, a summons which puzzled me since there were then no particular issues requiring my presence. I did, of course, have a couple of lengthy sessions with Brzezinski, understandable given his background. But I did not feel that they were that necessary. But when I called on the State Department director of Policy Planning, Tony Lake, I discovered what may have been the true reason for my recall. After discussing the Polish situation Tony asked if I remembered my advice to him and others, when I left AF, that, in pursuing Southern African issues, they should take pains "never to lose the dialogue with South Africa" that Kissinger and I had opened. I said I did. He then stated that they had lost that dialogue. I told him it was not surprising given the way some American officials lambasted South Africa. We discussed tactics and ways to reinstate the dialogue. By pure chance, as I was returning to Warsaw, I found Pik Botha, the South African Foreign Minister, on my flight to Frankfurt. For about an hour we stood -- in our stocking feet -- in the galley of the 747 and talked about the "dialogue." Evidently, as I was later informed, this conversation had some beneficial effect in at least a partial remedying of the relationship. I wonder if someone knew that we were both taking that flight????

Shortly after I left AF I was offered the post of Ambassador to Greece. I accepted without any qualms or reservations. After serving as assistant Secretary for Africa and given the attitude toward me on the part of Andy Young and his staff, I had no desire to return to Africa, where I was likely to be frustrated and bypassed. Heather was certainly amenable to the assignment. I was told that important members of the Greek-American community wanted one of their own to get the post, but the only Greek-American member of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, Paul Sarbanes, apparently did not share that view.

I happen to be, in most cases, staunchly against ethnically determined ambassadorial assignments. One can argue, as is often done, that such persons know the culture and the language and can be more effective in understanding the host country's interests and influences and thus are better able to explain and propagate the US point of view. On the other hand they are automatically considered supportive in the host country and are expected to support the latter's objectives and policies. In fact they can be, and often are, put under considerable pressure -- even to the point of being considered "unpatriotic" if they fail to do so. If they unambiguously and faithfully serve US interests they may find themselves shut out while the host country carries out its relations with the US primarily through its ambassador in Washington. In other words the US may find it more effective to make a non-ethnic appointment of someone even if hostility inclined. He or she is taken seriously by the host country in most cases.

But, one contends, we are a nation of immigrants and one should not discriminate in ambassadorial appointments on the basis of ethnic origin. The exceptions I can accept include the UK, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and, now, Italy. Those nationality groups, by and large have been in the country so long and have been so Americanized -- if there is such a thing -- that it doesn't make much difference. (I am of wholly German origin whose forefathers emigrated to the US in 1848 and 1860. I am

interested in my background but [1] I was never inculcated in it as a child and [2] I detect not the slightest bit of pro-German bias in myself any greater than a pro-British or pro-French sympathy.) After all a Polish-American, for instance, can just as well be named to Ireland or Germany or China or Brazil or Zaire. Lately, once we established an embassy in the Vatican, the tendency has been to send Catholics there. I don't approve of that either. It has the further disadvantage of accrediting an ambassador to the leader of his own church, thus mixing religion with diplomacy. I always thought the Germans were wise to send a Catholic to Rome and a Protestant to the Vatican.

Given the large African-American population of the US, however, Africa presented somewhat of a conundrum for policymakers because of domestic, not foreign considerations. It was not surprising that this large continent with some 50 sovereign states assumed great importance for the appointment of black Americans as ambassadors there. It was neither wrong nor surprising that some outstanding blacks -- both career and political -- were sent there. Even so, some Africans, well aware of the political situation in this country, occasionally expressed reservations about the appointment of American blacks as ambassadors for American, not African, reasons. Their reasoning, in part, was that white ambassadors had more influence in Washington. Whatever the truth of that attitude, there has always been a mix of black and white American ambassadors in Africa with no detriment to US interests there.

To return to my nomination to Greece, Heather and I started immediately with Greek language training as well as some of the other processing which accompanies assignment to a new post. Latin -- four years of it -- was the only foreign language I had studied except for the one semester of German at Columbia to help me pass the language requirement for appointment to the Foreign Service and French at the Foreign Service Institute. I was kind of excited about studying Greek even though contemporary Greek was no longer the classic language from which it emanated.

Finally came the day of my confirmation hearing. I had been through them before, was well prepared and perhaps was too confident. At some point, someone (can't remember who) asked a question (can't remember exact form or purpose) about the US position on the Greek islands along the Turkish coast, which the Turks spasmodically claimed were rightfully theirs. I replied that the US supported Greek sovereignty over the islands. But unfortunately I could not forbear -- probably to demonstrate my knowledge -- from noting that it was unusual for one state to own territory within the territorial waters of another as was the case of several of the islands. With those words, even while supporting Greek sovereignty, went my immediate future as ambassador to Greece.

Actually it didn't affect my confirmation which was prompt and unanimous. What it affected was Greek readiness to accept me although I had already received agrément. In part whipped up by the notoriously irresponsible Greek press, and perhaps aided by some Greek-Americans, the Greek President, Karamanlis, to a certain extent anticipating unwanted attacks by the then anti-American Greek Socialists if he failed to take appropriate action, informed the US that I would not be welcome in Athens. Not that the

Greeks did themselves any good. My good friend, Bob McCloskey, replaced me. During his tour his respect for the Greeks gradually diminished to practically zero.

But I had to accept a position in limbo until an appropriate assignment was forthcoming. I felt no particular resentment although the wisdom of the old admonition never to offer gratuitous -- especially "smart-ass" -- remarks without very good reason was reimpresed on me.

It was decided that in the interim I would work with Under Secretary for Management, Ben Reade, on various issues which nearly always arise in the office of the overseer of all the administrative, personnel, budgetary and management activities in the far flung State Department and Foreign Service. For that period of time I not only learned a few things, but also, from a kind of outsider's position, like to think I contributed some ideas, including some more efficient processes and more just procedures for disciplinary questions.

## POLAND

Finally, one day, I was summoned to the office of the Deputy Secretary of State, Warren Christopher. He told me there were three posts open, Portugal, Netherlands (which Bob McCloskey had left to go to Greece) and Poland. Portugal would have been interesting some time earlier when, after the death of longtime dictator, Salazar, a temporarily successful army coup and an indeterminate election, the country was threatened by a Communist takeover. Since Portugal was a NATO member in a strategic geographic position, this situation was immensely important to the US. However, with US advice and assistance the minority government of Mario Soares was able to stave off the threat and Portugal had since become reasonably stable and, thus, less interesting for me.

The Netherlands is one of the most stable, passive and predictable countries in the world and its capital, The Hague, perhaps the dullest in the world. Therefore, I told Christopher that I would prefer Poland. I had never served behind the Iron Curtain. Poland had been a headache for the Soviet Union and had an active dissident movement. A mixed blessing was, perhaps, a large Polish-American population, any one of whom surely believed he would be a more appropriate Ambassador than I. Interestingly enough Christopher tried to talk me out of it and into the Netherlands. I finally told him, "Chris, the Hague is the dullest city in Europe. If you could move the capital to Amsterdam, I might reconsider." At that he gave up.

So the briefings, confirmation hearing and language study started once more. That process was without incident, especially after I paid the necessary obeisance to Dan Rostenkowski, the Polish-American congressman from Polish-American-rich Chicago, who was chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and, thus, one of the most powerful legislators in Washington. (He met his Waterloo in the 1994 Congressional elections when corruption charges and the Republican landslide caused his defeat at the

polls.) I also obviously had to spend time with the National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski.

In the meantime Peter's troubles at Williston had come to a head when he was forced to leave school at Easter time because he was failing and would be unable to raise his grades by the end of the Williston school year. (The school did suggest that, since the public school year was longer, he might be able to do it there.) Despite Williston's apparent interest in him during the prep school crisis in 1974, as conditions improved, i.e. more students, more money, it paid less and less attention to helping Peter. Evidently not so noticeable in his pre-entrance interview, Williston also was principally interested in his athletic skills. But they, like more academic pursuits, require a consistent acceptance of discipline that Peter was not then up to and the school did not help him develop. He still recalls some of his athletic feats, but the latter did not compensate for his other needs and, seemingly, did not provide great satisfaction.

Not surprising Peter was in a "funk" returning home under adverse circumstances. He found it difficult to discuss things with us and participated little in family life. Much of his communication was done through our aging Sheltie, Robbie, who, like most dogs, would not be making judgments but would enjoy Peter's attention to him. Perhaps unfortunately, Robbie had to be put down in the summer of 1977. (After two beagles and a Sheltie we reverted to a German Shepherd, who, however, was then too young to provide the kind of solace Peter sought.) He refused to accompany Heather and me on regular visits to a psychiatrist who, consequently, had to figure out Peter's problems and recommend approaches without ever meeting him.

Peter did attend a local private school, the Field School, for a few months, but my nomination to Poland meant that we would be leaving the US shortly. Peter had to make a decision (we suggested several options) which he didn't really want to do. Essentially he would have to stay in Washington, perhaps with friends, and go to school there, go to another boarding school with little time to find one which would accept him, or go to the Defense Department high school in High Wycombe, England. He refused to do the necessary processing at the State Department -- physical examination, shots, new passport etc., much to the distress of the State Department employee processing the Schaufele family, who had little sympathy or understanding of Peter's problems.

I left for Warsaw and Heather for California to see her family with all these things unresolved. The house was closed (rented) and Peter stayed with a friend a couple of blocks away. Heather would return to Washington, but only for one full day before her departure for Warsaw. While she was gone I presume that it finally sank in on Peter that we would really leave as scheduled. When she returned he said he would go to England. So she took him to the State Department to start his processing -- telling the employee to stop the criticism. She arranged for him to stay with friends (one of my college classmates and his family) for 2-3 weeks. Peter flew directly to England where, at our request, the deputy chief of mission at the London embassy and his wife not only put him up for a day

or two but even had a birthday cake ready for him -- which really sat well with Peter. He did the spring semester at High Wycombe and finished secondary school there.

Heather joined me in Warsaw, was introduced to our new residence -- a brick Georgian style house, built by the US Government. It was big enough for serious entertaining but, at the same time, very "homey." It is situated in section of the city not far distant from the center, on about three acres on a hill overlooking a main road. She met the staff -- Bogdan, the superlative chef, his assistant, Piotr -- the butler -- the downstairs maid, the upstairs maid and a gardener -- and my driver, Andrzej. The students of the architectural school come every year to examine the only house of its kind in Warsaw. For once the State Department architects did it right.

As usual we went through the usual round of calls -- Heather to other Ambassadors' wives, I to their husbands and to government ministers. The diplomatic corps was fairly large and diverse. Of course we paid special attention to our allies' representatives and the Soviet and Chinese ambassadors. Quality was also diverse even though Poland, as a somewhat looser member of the Warsaw Pact and possessor of an articulate and only slightly clandestine dissident movement, assumed a somewhat unique position in the Soviet sphere. The German ambassador was always described -- even by the Germans -- as the World War II commander of a tank battalion in a last desperate defense against the Soviets around Breslau (now Wroclaw) as if that gave him special knowledge of and insight into Poland.

I presented my letters of credence, of course, to the Polish president, Jablonski, a very pleasant, seemingly non-ideological man, whose duties were almost exclusively ceremonial. It was the secretary general of the Communist party, Edward Gierek, who led the country although he had no government position except as member of the Sejm or parliament. The Prime Minister, Piotr Jaroszewicz, was very doctrinaire and not very bright. The Foreign Minister, Emil Wojtaszek, was an experienced diplomat, although we carried out most of our day-to-day business with Marian Dobrosielski, the deputy foreign minister for North America (and perhaps South America as well).

The Embassy organization was reasonably standard and, impressively, included 20 Polish-language officers. Carrol Brown, co-chairman of the entering Foreign Service class I trained was deputy when we arrived and was succeeded by Nick Andrews, a very insightful, longtime Poland specialist. There were, of course, political, economic, consular and administrative sections, as well as the public affairs and Defense Attaché staffs. The only abnormality was a commercial center, headed by an FSO in a location outside the Embassy itself to make access easier for American and Polish business people. In view of its economic problems Poland had opened its doors to foreign companies to such an extent that such a commercial office was feasible. Furthermore, during the 70's Poland purchased \$2 billion worth of grain from the US -- financed by the US Commodity Credit Corporation.

As all those who know Poland well will recall, the Poles are romantic, an extremely nationalist but politically splintered people, enormously proud of their background and history, even that of the long period of a century and a half ending in 1918 when Poland was partitioned among Prussia, Austria and Russia. But before that Poland had been both a very large power -- encompassing at one time or another Belarus, the Ukraine, north to Lithuania, Bohemia and parts of Hungary -- and a piece of land over which numerous nations fought, including those as distant as France and Mongolia. Historically Poland was also Catholic from 966 ad. It was not until after World War II -- with the war-time decimation of the Polish as well as other Jews by the Nazis and the expulsion of the Germans from what became western Poland after the country was pushed 150 miles westward in the post-war boundary settlement -- that the population was over 90 percent Polish.

Although industry, mines and trade were nationalized, unlike other countries in the Soviet Bloc, Polish agriculture remained 75 percent private. Horror stories of shortages and the failings of Polish industry were legion and mostly true. The experience of waiting in line and how to find scarce articles were staples of Polish conversation. A special diplomatic meat store had to be established so that foreign representatives presumably could not continuously report their harsh living conditions in their reports home. Needless to say nearly everything was available to the party leadership.

The largest part of my direct business with the Polish government was handled through the vice prime minister and Politburo member Jagielski for economic matters and Dobrosielski at the foreign ministry. Initially my requests for appointments with Gierek went unanswered. One day, however, I arrived at a Canadian reception to find many of my colleagues grousing about being convoked for the arrival, the following day, of Janos Kadar, chairman of the Hungarian communist party, who was not the chief of state. As was often the case they wanted the American ambassador to register their displeasure with the Poles in the person of Dobrosielski, who was present.

I sensed an opportunity so I approached him and recounted the diplomatic corps' unhappiness. He said, "Mr. Ambassador, is there any doubt in your mind about who runs Hungary?"

"No," I replied, "Mr. Kadar does."

"Is there any doubt about who runs Poland?"

"No, Mr. Gierek does, but every time I ask for an appointment with Mr. Gierek, you tell me it isn't appropriate since he is not a member of the government." Dobrosielski looked at me in some surprise and then said, "I see that we are going to have trouble with you." My first appointment with Gierek followed shortly and thereafter I saw him every 6-8 weeks. Partially I suspect it was due to continued Polish dependence on US-financed grain supplies. But, since Gierek normally didn't see Western ambassadors, he probably found it as useful as I did. However, I never did succeed in persuading the Poles to let me

see him without an interpreter. Gierek was a miner and had worked over 13 years in the coal mines of France (where he became a communist) and Belgium and spoke French fluently.

One cannot ignore the importance of the church in Poland. Although it had to be cautious in its relations with the party and government, its pronouncements were carefully worded and always made clear its distance from the government. The Vatican wanted to send a nuncio (ambassador) to Warsaw, but the Primate, Cardinal Wyszynski, and his bishops preferred to control relations with the government and were able through astute church politics to prevent it. After most of my introductory round of calls was completed I made an appointment with the primate. The day before, his office called and invited Heather as well, much to our surprise. I took a Polish-speaking officer along, but when we entered the building his secretary met us and said that Wyszynski did not speak English and asked what other languages we spoke. I said German and French -- in that order because I knew Wyszynski had been born in Opole during the partition when it was Prussian-occupied. To my surprise he chose French -- which meant that the accompanying Embassy officer didn't understand the conversation. It was a stimulating and informative visit with a man of courage who had been held three years in "house arrest" 1953-56.

Immediately following we went to the residence of the Danish Ambassador for a diplomatic reception where Heather and I had similar, separate experiences, she with the wives, I with the husbands. Each of us said we had just come from a meeting with the primate and each received the same reaction, "Are you Catholic?" Heather had the best response: "No, but Bill thinks Wyszynski is pretty important politically." As it turned out only the Italian Ambassador had called on Wyszynski and that because he relayed messages to and from the Vatican through Rome. Later I discovered that no ambassador had ever called on the cardinal in Krakow, Karol Wojtyla, soon to become pope and whom I saw every time I visited the city. I hope some of my ambassadorial colleagues received some kind of rebuke for missing an opportunity. The European idea that you only call on a church leader if you are of the same denomination is so ridiculous on the face of it, one wonders about the life-span of this traditional diplomatic rigidity. (That would rule out calls on the reinstalled President of Haiti.)

It was easy to meet and socialize with a wide spectrum of Poles -- party leaders, government functionaries, clergymen, artists, musicians, writers, dissidents, etc. Early in our stay, on our first visit to Krakow -- in many ways a more historic and active intellectual center than Warsaw -- our consul there arranged a luncheon with the leaders of its various higher education institutions. We were not yet able to carry on even social Polish for very long, but found we could communicate with all of them in either English, French or German. Once, during a visit of the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, David Newsom, I invited about 15 acknowledged dissidents opposed to the regime for after-dinner drinks. The conversation went on until midnight. Toward the end I said, "You all profess to desire a democratic system more or less analogous to those in Europe and North America.

If that were possible tomorrow, how many political parties would there be?" There were hesitations and mutterings until finally Father Krol (why do I remember who responded?) spoke up and said, "thirty-three," followed by the general concurrence of the group. Poles historically have formed political parties at the drop of a hat, but even I was surprised at the figure. Luckily, present-day Poland has not gone that far.

I think it was a happy embassy. The restrictions the US put on its personnel in the Iron Curtain countries made it more necessary than ever that distinctions of rank and position be discarded as much as possible within our own community. Almost anyone -- including us -- could be found on Friday nights at the U.S. Marine bar. Paddle tennis was also a great leveler. It culminated in a contest every year with Embassy Moscow held in each capital in alternate years. Travel back and forth was by train, thus allowing us to see the unique change in wheel assemblies at Brest because the Russians (it predated communism) in their xenophobia laid their rails farther apart than in the regular European system shared by the Poles. With more people to choose from Moscow won these events, but a good time was had by all -- except perhaps my Moscow colleague who was excessively competitive and took it all very seriously. After a humorous reference to this trait in some post-contest celebration dinner remarks I was roundly applauded by his staff.

Our German Shepherd, Caesar, a gorgeous, welcoming animal was a diplomatic asset as well. The Poles like dogs. (He was in part trained -- even learned to ride the trolleys -- by a young lady who had two Great Danes and a smaller dog in a one-room apartment.) He joined even the large receptions. At certain ones -- especially the Fourth of July with 600 people -- the Marine detachment carried out a flag-lowering ceremony toward the end of the festivities -- partly to signal the end of the affair. Caesar, untaught, always trotted out to the flagpole, sat at attention in front of the Sergeant in charge, and watched the flag come down. It was always a great hit with the crowd who accordingly stayed longer in order to watch it.

It will come as no surprise to the cognoscenti that there were CIA personnel working under Embassy cover. One morning a telephone call from the station chief woke me at six a.m. He asked to come to the house immediately. For security reasons we conversed outdoors. He told me that one of his subordinates had not returned the night before from a mission to pick up a report from one of their sources. We had to assume that he had been apprehended. No sooner had I reentered the house when I received a call from the Polish desk officer responsible for the US. He told me that the Polish authorities had picked up someone who claimed to be a member of the Embassy staff who was engaged in inadmissible activities. He asked me if this person were indeed a member of the staff. I said we had an officer by that name, but I couldn't answer the question without seeing him. However, if the Polish authorities were satisfied that he was who he said he was their only option was to release him immediately. Shortly the young man was returned to the Embassy and he and his family were bundled off to fly back to the US in a matter of hours. We never heard anything else about the incident.

We had always assumed that the residence was "bugged." The house staff was Polish and Poles were in and out of the house frequently. Our butler, Piotr, resigned at one point and Heather started to look for a replacement. The search was protracted. One evening, when we were having a before-dinner drink in front of the fireplace in the library, we were discussing the matter. Heather pointed to the chandelier -- which we thought contained a bug -- the signal that either we should drop the subject for security reasons or we were about to say something we wanted overheard. She then said, "You'd think the Foreign Ministry would be so interested in planting a butler in this house that they would find us a good one." The Poles didn't take the hint. We eventually found a butler who turned out to be an alcoholic and Piotr returned anyway.

We pretty well established that we were kept under physical surveillance from a house directly across the street and, from the antennae sprouting from it, listened to from another house two doors down. Our security experts wanted to search the house for listening devices, a project I resisted for a long time on the basis that if they were removed, they would be replaced with better ones. I finally agreed, with the stipulation that the existing bugs not be removed. So when we were on a fairly extended trip, the residence staff was placed on vacation and the security boys went to work. The first blow of the sledgehammer on the plaster wall in the large living room hit a bug and destroyed it. I don't know how long it took the Poles to re-wire the house if they ever did.

In somewhat of a coup for the US military attaché, the Minister of Defense and Politburo member, Wojciech Jaruzelski, agreed to see me, the first time that had happened. Jaruzelski and his bourgeois family had fled Poland for the Soviet Union when the Germans invaded Poland in 1939. He became an officer in the First Polish Armored Division, organized by the Soviets. Obviously, he had considerable combat experience and rose through the ranks in the post-war Polish army. He had a somewhat sinister appearance, always in dark glasses because of a vision problem and forced to adopt a rigid posture due to a back injury. His personal bearing, at least on first acquaintance is forbidding, reflecting his back problem. His first question after the usual greetings was, "Did you serve in the war, Mr. Ambassador?" After my affirmative reply, "In what arm of the service?" "In the tanks." "What division?" "Tenth Armored Division." "Were you in Bastogne?" "Yes."

All this served to relax the atmosphere considerably. He knew the WWII order of battle and history of the Western Front, especially of the armored units. I'm glad I wasn't in the quartermaster corps. We told war stories as fellow-tankers and discussed -- carefully -- the role of the Polish armed forces in a communist state. He lived around the corner from us and his headquarters was between our house and the Embassy. Occasionally he would walk part way to his office followed by his official car -- a BMW, I noted. After our meeting, when I saw him walking, I would sometimes hop out of my car and accompany him for five or ten minutes. He never objected. Our conversations were pretty banal. But he later became prime minister and party first secretary, president and, as we now know, an interlocutor of the Pope. I like to think that acquaintanceship with an American, unusual in itself, might have had some subsequent salutary effect.

In addition to other visitors Billy Graham brought his entourage to Poland. I had never met or seen him before. We gave a reception for him to which we invited all the leading religious figures (as well as others), many of whom I did not know. That was my first lesson about Graham's renown -- they all came -- Catholics, Lutherans, Orthodox, Baptists etc. We also attended his service the following evening and were able to observe personally the results of organization and training. His interpreter literally not only repeated his words (in Polish) but also his gestures -- to a T. There was a row of Catholic nuns near the front and I was somewhat surprised when, in response to his request that all those stand who accepted Jesus as their savior, the nuns stood. As Heather pointed out, however, they could hardly refuse to acknowledge that belief even if Billy Graham was not a Catholic.

The Secretary of Commerce, Philip Klutznick, also visited. I should explain, perhaps, that when we arrived there had not been a rabbi in Poland for many years. However, recently one had arrived -- from Brooklyn -- and installed himself in Lodz. He asked to see Klutznick, a prominent Jewish layman. After a meeting with some dignitaries in our living room, Phil met with the rabbi while Mrs. Klutznick, Heather and I absented ourselves. Soon we could hear the discussion was becoming heated. (The rabbi did not speak English, but Phil had enough Yiddish (which has a large German content) to carry on the conversation. Finally we heard Phil practically shout "Geh Weck," "Get Out!" I didn't ask what the dispute was about, but it obviously was profound. (The rabbi didn't stay in Poland long since Polish Jews didn't think much of him either.) A couple of days later in Krakow Phil visited the small historic synagogue still standing. Of course he was welcomed by some elders (nine of them) and was immediately pressed into service to make up the minim necessary for a service.

There is no question that the greatest event for the Poles while we were there was the election of Cardinal Karol Wojtyla, archbishop of Krakow as Pope. Almost naturally his first post-election visit was to Poland. It sent tremors through the Polish regime -- tremors which extended to Moscow. The diplomatic corps was, of course, at the airport when he arrived. As I was the only ambassador who had ever met him, he said a few words to me. I was amused when the Mexican ambassador, standing next to me and professed no belief in the Church or the Pope, went to his knees and kissed his ring. Heather and I attended the Pope's mass in Warsaw and witnessed a marvel of organization. Six hundred thousand attended and 10,000 priests distributed communion. The visit was a testimony to the strength of the Church and a blow in many ways to the Communist claim to the loyalty of the Polish population. And this was not the largest Mass he celebrated in Poland on that visit.

Returning to the US on consultation following the Pope's election, I was, not surprisingly, bombarded with questions and speaking invitations on this subject. The election of the first non-Italian Pope in 456 years who was a Polish cardinal in a nominally communist country wakened the romantic instincts of many. I refused to make a speech only about the Pope which could be subsumed in a speech about the role of the church in Poland. It

was obvious that some listeners anticipated that this change signified a liberalization in the Vatican. I pointed out -- to the disappointment of some -- that whatever his eminent human qualities the new Pope was a doctrinal conservative which has since been borne out.

A speech I made at the Council on Religious and International Affairs had interesting and unanticipated effect in Poland. One person asked about "traditional anti-Semitism" in Poland. Since I did not want to divert attention to this emotional subject and not many Jews were left in Poland, I replied to the effect that Poles were offended by this charge, adding a few examples of the contrary, such as the maintenance of Jewish cemeteries by the Catholic Church -- arranged by me but funded by American Jews. The speech, including that exchange, was reported in the New York daily Polish-language paper, *Nowy Dziennik*, a publication unacknowledged by and actually anathema to the Polish authorities.

For some reason someone decided that the Warsaw daily, *Zycie Warszawy*, would publish an "anonymous" letter, supposedly from a retired Polish diplomat, which attacked me using -- and abusing -- the accurate *Nowy Dziennik* account of that speech as a point of departure. Among other things he accused me of (1) inappropriately criticizing the country to which I was accredited, (2) accusing Poles of being anti-Semitic, and (3) making an unfriendly speech to the Polish Journalists Club in Warsaw three months earlier to which the Polish media had never made reference.

Seizing the opportunity I decided to reply, stating (1) that Polish- US differences were public knowledge, but there were many favorable aspects to our relations which I mentioned in my speech; (2) that I was not the one who referred to "traditional Polish anti-Semitism;" (3) the correct version of what I had said in my speech to the Polish journalists. As I suspected, since *Zycie Warszawy* had published the original "letter," it had to publish my reply in its entirety. Thus came about a five-day wonder. Never had the Polish press printed such a communication from a NATO ambassador. When it printed my letter, it reprinted the original letter next to it allowing everyone to compare the two directly. By and large -- and very unofficially, of course -- it was generally agreed that the Americans carried the day. Not only did the readers get to read my unedited letter, but they were apprised of my Warsaw speech for the first time. To top it off they recognized publicly the existence of an anti-regime Polish language newspaper in New York. All in all a fiasco for the communist party for which, I am sure, someone -- responsible for it or not -- paid a price.

The second most momentous event during our tour in Poland was the birth of Solidarity. Actually I had already communicated my intention to retire and become President of the Foreign Policy Association. But the strike at the Gdansk shipyards, led by Lech Walesa, who, since he had been fired, clambered over the fence for the purpose, changed my plans. The almost immediate dispatch of vice prime minister Jagielski to negotiate with the strikers demonstrated simultaneously the regime's willingness to talk and the basic weakness of its rule. Members of the non-labor dissident leadership such as Thadeusz

Mazowiecki, the chairman of KIK (Catholic Intellectual Clubs) and subsequently the first non-Communist Prime Minister, and Adam Michnik quickly appeared in Gdansk as advisors to what was to become Solidarity.

The agreement of August 31, 1980 formally recognized Solidarity and forced the departure of Gierk as party chairman and Jaroszewicz as Prime minister, to be replaced by Stanislaw Kania, a member of the Politburo, and General Wojciech Jaruzelski, Minister of Defense, respectively. Although a Communist regime technically continued to exist the die was cast for its ultimate end (in fits and starts) in 1989, to be replaced by a more or less Solidarity government and a multiparty political system.

I don't claim any credit for this turn of events which turned out to reflect the general evolution of communist-ruled Eastern Europe. However, I may have been able to exploit and perhaps even accelerate somewhat the growing weakness of a system which had sowed the seeds of its own destruction for fifty years or more in some cases.

One of our last duties in Warsaw was to show our successors around the house and office. Frank Meehan had also been a resident officer and had since become an Eastern European specialist. At this time he was ambassador in Prague. Heather had never met either of the Meehans and I had not met Mrs. Meehan -- who turned out to be a somewhat dour Scot. It was difficult to get an impression of how he was going to handle things in Warsaw but when they had returned to Prague we had the definite impression that the household staff -- including the exemplary cook -- was about to be changed. Indeed that was the case. We were later informed that Mrs. Meehan had gone through eight (8) cooks!! We were also not surprised, after seeing who apparently dominated the family, that they subsequently retired to Scotland.

## RETIREMENT

Heather and I had been discussing retirement sporadically for a while. Not to stop working but to move on to something else -- a non-profit, a small, but good, college, university or a part thereof, etc. I had enjoyed a good and successful career which I didn't have to leave (I was only 56). But it was also a demanding one with long hours. The State Department couldn't afford to pay me the overtime I had put in. Yet, as an ambassador three times, assistant secretary of state and having reached the highest rank in the Foreign Service, the most I had ever made was \$56,000 a year. (I don't know if I would have left if I had known that my salary would have doubled over the next decade.)

In the Fall of 1979 Heather and I had traveled to the US where I was to sit on the panel considering and recommending promotions to the rank of Career Minister. Other than one "public" member the panel itself had to consist of Career Ministers. It was the first and only time I had participated in such an exercise which turned out to be daunting in some respects. It required a great deal of reading of past performance reports on those eligible for promotion and carried with it the realization of how important this could be for those being considered.

I mention this because, after a short visit to Heather's family in California, we came here to Salisbury to see friends, staying in the (then) weekend house owned by my college roommate, Bob Rodie. During a ten-day stay we looked at several houses and finally decided -- much to my surprise -- to purchase the one in which I am writing this. Closing and financing the transaction from Warsaw proved to be a complicated process but was finally accomplished.

The ownership of the house stimulated an incentive to use it. As 1980 moved along in Warsaw and I ruminated about the presidential election, I also realized that the prospect of working in an administration headed by either candidate held little attraction for me. Down in the ranks such considerations did not assume such importance. But as a very senior FSO I could picture situations not to my taste in which I might have to play, however reluctantly, an important role.

I no longer remember who told me that the Foreign Policy Association was looking for a new president and, then, with my concurrence, put my name forward. After a talk with Carter Burgess, both FPA chairman and president until then, and Mary Belknap, a member of the board, I agreed to take the job. Not a good decision.

FPA was founded -- as it happens by Brooks Emeny who directed the Cleveland Council on Foreign Affairs when I was in high school -- to undertake a program in national education and enlightenment about international affairs. Its best known product is the Great Decisions program which annually prepares a publication with a discussion of eight current international issues and discussion outlines and bibliographies. These are used in student and adult discussion groups throughout the U.S. A second popular publication is the Headline Series, published quarterly, each issue devoted to a single subject usually written by academic or other experts. (I wrote one on Poland.)

It was not surprising that, as CEO, I had to spend a fair amount of time in fund-raising -- FPA always seemed to be on the brink -- although that was not my favorite form of activity. I exploited my position as a retired ambassador and assistant secretary of state, particularly as ambassador to Poland at an exciting time. I did a fair amount of speaking which also served to spread the word about FPA.

I reported to a large Board of Governors, most of whom were reasonably prominent businessmen, bankers, financiers, lawyers, etc., selected in part for their reputations and access to donors either from their own institutions or others. Periodically we gave major luncheons with well known speakers (chiefs of state, prime ministers, foreign ministers, etc.) at large hotels, which also had fund-raising objectives. Selecting the person who would introduce the speaker and those who would sit at the head table nearly always had money as a motive. I had no objection to these affairs and the reason for holding them, but I saw the latter as a way to finance and expand the realization of our primary goal -- education in foreign affairs.

As time went on it became increasingly apparent that some of the governors, including several on the executive committee, did not share my emphasis on the education objective. At executive meetings we understandably discussed fund raising and board membership, but, after that, the luncheons seemed to attract the most attention. I can hardly remember that, with the exception of a small number of board members (not executive committee members), there was much interest in our education product or extending our reach to schools and citizens' groups. I did my duty but whenever the opportunity arose I pushed those objectives. We did make progress (it had been some time since FPA had had a president with substantive credentials) and were even able to increase the budget.

But change was being contemplated -- from the chairman, Leonard Marks, former director of USIA and a Washington lawyer, Carter Burgess, my predecessor and chairman of the Executive Committee, who had some kind of varied and -- to me -- confused past in the private sector, and Mary Belknap, whose influence in the FPA hierarchy still defies my understanding. (I should have paid more attention when, after I requested -- from Poland -- suggestions about a real estate firm to consult about housing in New York, she proposed one which dealt only with exclusive and correspondingly expensive listings significantly beyond our means. And I knew that at the time.)

Apparently these three, perhaps with a few others, held a rump session of the executive committee (of which I was also a member) in a private apartment determined to dispense with my services. However, I would not go quietly and a rumpus arose among some members of the board.

It was an illuminating if unpleasant experience. Confronted with contrary opinions the "cabal" was caught off guard and had difficulty explaining its reasons and the manner in which this small group had supposedly made a recommendation for the whole executive committee. The rather lame reason was dissatisfaction with the way I ran the office, but no details of this "failing" were ever revealed. The only thing I could think of was my preference for delegating responsibility to the extent possible. Admittedly this was somewhat new to most staff members who were more used to the rather dictatorial approach of my predecessor. Mrs. Belknap did express her desire that, at the New York luncheons, I should greet people and act as a maitre d'hotel. I asked why I had been hired if that is what they expected of me. Much to the surprise of most board members I pointed out that I had not known there was a job description which I learned about only during this brouhaha. She also apparently objected to my speaking engagements which, however, helped publicize FPA and raise money -- both badly needed.

Disappointingly but not surprisingly, especially given the large size of the Board, the Governors, whatever their feelings about the activities of those behind the move, were reluctant to engage in a knock down controversy which, if I won their support, would require them to focus on a serious reorganization of FPA, probably including the replacement of the chairman and the executive committee. They didn't want to be compelled to devote that much time and effort to their pro bono positions. Nor did at least

some of them wish to get on the "wrong side" of those with whom they might have or expect to have a professional or business relationship. Even so the process of "getting rid" of me took over nine months -- to the chagrin of the initiators.

So I left FPA which appointed one of its board members to chair a search committee which eventually selected its own chairman -- perhaps because they had difficulty finding some outsider who would take the job. He was succeeded about three years later by a nominee of the chairman. I gather this new president almost ran FPA into the ground running up a \$600,000 deficit. He was replaced by the executive vice president of the Council on Foreign Relations -- a good choice, who, however, agreed to do it only for two years. He had similar problems with the executive committee and gave up the job early. However, he had been so effective in raising funds that he was able to remain in a paid advisory position without the unpleasant responsibility to the board. Now someone from the private sector with no international relations experience has taken over. WHAT A HISTORY of an organization which should be doing better.

Not long after I left FPA, Larry Pezzullo, who had been co-chairman of the entering FSO class I trained in 1958 and now, after several ambassadorial appointments, was director of Catholic Relief Services (CRS) the overseas relief agency of the Catholic church, got in touch with me. He asked if I would be willing to take over CRS's African operations, reorganizing them and the African program itself. After consultation with Heather I agreed to do it but for only about two years.

Two complicating factors had to be resolved. We had sold our New York apartment, planning to move full-time to Salisbury. That was easily solved -- I rented a studio apartment two blocks from CRS headquarters. However, I had also succumbed to a plea to take over as interim head of the Institute of World Affairs in Salisbury. It was founded after World War I in Geneva by a remarkable woman, Maude Miner Hadden, and her husband. It gathered university students of a variety of nationalities in summer seminars on international issues. During World War II it moved to Salisbury. Since the three seminars were held in the summer, directed by faculty members recruited from universities in the general area, my presence was not always essential. During the "off" season I occasionally spent only three days in New York in order to carry out the IWA administrative responsibilities. When seminars were actually in session I spent more time at IWA.

In effect my job was to determine if the traditional program was still viable, especially since international affairs had become a much more widespread course of study offered in an increasing number of institutions. Actually, by this time the ICWA (Institute of Current World Affairs), an organization which, over the years, had awarded fellowships for overseas study to young professionals, nearly all of whom were or became journalists, was involved with the almost destitute, land-poor IWA. It became clear that the traditional program was no longer feasible due to lack of applicants and finances, the deterioration of the physical plant and the lack of adequate finances other than those from ICWA. Unfortunately, Mrs. Hadden left the financial bulk of her estate -- which could

have kept IWA in business -- to a youth foundation in New York which was almost moribund but still had assets and, by her will was entitled to 50% of the proceeds of the sale of any IWA land, its only real asset.

I did not feel beholden to ICWA and my relations with its president, Peter Bird Martin, grew steadily more problematic, although I had once harbored some hope that other ICWA board members, who understood the situation, might more forcefully bring their views to bear on him. Anyway I left although I didn't have to. Subsequently, a new director, who spends most of his time at his home in Washington, was named. Certainly there is not much IWA activity going on in Salisbury and I have no idea how the costs of the plant and what activities it undertakes are financed. I am told the director is well-paid (which I wasn't) and his frequent trips abroad come out of the IWA budget. Since then (1989) I have neither held nor sought a full-time position.

My time at CRS was, however, rewarding even if, not surprisingly, it also presented some frustrations. I was its first non-Catholic department head which didn't hamper me in my work, but was, I am sure, resented in some quarters. I took over in the midst of the Ethiopian famine crisis. CRS, along with some other non-profit organizations, including Church World Services and Lutheran World Relief, led a coordinated, ecumenical effort (known as Church Drought Action Africa -CDAA) distributing vast amounts of food throughout the country. I traveled there frequently as well as to other parts of Africa.

Three times I took groups of American bishops to Africa, once to Ethiopia and neighboring countries, once to west Africa and once to southern Africa. Perhaps the bishop I got to know best was John Snyder, Bishop of St. Augustine, but a native of Brooklyn. In fact, after a visit to his brother in Albany, he stopped here for lunch. I also invited the local Catholic priest and it was amusing to observe the conservative parish priest exchange views with a reasonably liberal bishop.

I managed to tangle with the US Government since the food in the Ethiopian program came from AID. We managed to work it out but not without some bad aftertaste. Occasionally the merged operation, which CRS led, faltered as one or another of the partners showed signs of wanting to "go it alone" at the expense of the efficiency and cost-effectiveness of the combined effort. It almost seemed at times as if the US government encouraged a split, even at the cost of complicating its own commitment as the primary provider of food.

I was concerned, for organizational reasons, about the structure of CRS. Pezzullo was the first lay executive director, but the board was wholly made up of bishops, who were elected by the American hierarchy and who submitted to the latter the request for the CRS annual budget. In fact, although there was a limited fund-raising effort, it never resembled the all-out efforts of similar organizations. It depended on the bishops.

I was not the only one who drew attention to the lack of lay participation in the CRS leadership. Even if the board had to be composed only of bishops, several of us suggested that a lay advisory group would help not only to raise funds but also to associate church laymen directly with CRS efforts. Bishop Snyder was one of the few who supported this idea. At one board meeting (I was present) the question arose and the chairman, the archbishop of Indianapolis, named -- deliberately -- Snyder to look into the question. After doing so, the archbishop said "You know how I feel about this suggestion," effectively killing any possibility of serious consideration. To the best of my knowledge the situation is unchanged. In fact, I hear there is a recrudescence of the emphasis on the Catholicity of CRS.

Leaving CRS as a regular employee did not end my association with it. In a consulting status I was asked to initiate, oversee and make the necessary recommendations for "right-sizing" the organization. With an internal team representing all the CRS organizational units, we came up with a series of recommendations reducing administrative costs by 20% over two years, which, because it allowed for predictable personnel changes, enabled it to make the inevitable personnel reductions entirely through normal attrition.

I did two more consulting tasks for CRS. The first was an examination of a program which had been opened in Poland under the new circumstances arising out of the post-Cold War evolution of Eastern Europe. I found the program developing satisfactorily. In the course of my visits I met Walesa for the first time (I could not do so in 1980 for neither his or US interests) in Gdansk. I was not greatly impressed although I could detect his ability to organize and lead the Solidarity movement. However, he did not appear to have very clear or profound ideas about the next stage of non-communist, presumably democratic, Poland.

The second was in another country in which I had spent considerable time, Morocco. There CRS was implementing part of a structural adjustment program designed to create - - in Morocco and elsewhere -- a more disciplined financial and budgetary situation and simultaneously to mitigate the country's growing debt burden. The concept derived from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the international Bank for Reconstruction and Development (IBRD or World Bank). The CRS country representative was a Tunisian of considerable talent and drive. Unfortunately, as was subsequently discovered, he had less than impressive concepts of financial probity and was relieved.

On my first visit I reestablished contact with Mustapha Alaoui, now Minister of Justice. At that time and on each subsequent trip I had dinner with the Alaouis, usually with an interesting group of Moroccans in official positions or from the private sector. Occasionally, I would go to Casablanca and see others of my earlier contacts, either former ministers or trade union officials, socially. Once I had dinner alone with the Alaouis and, as I was leaving, mentioned that it would be pleasant to see Thami Amar, former Minister of Agriculture. Mustapha said the Amars lived only two blocks away and, on my next visit, he would invite them for dinner with me. But the next time -- and thereafter -- I was

never able to make contact with the Alaouis. Since I could not fathom any other reason, I can only assume it was tied to internal politics and, for his own or other reasons, it was inadvisable to continue our social contact -- probably because at least some of my other old friends whom I saw occasionally on these trips were in the political opposition -- as was Mustapha himself when I first met him (See page 24 above.) I have no doubt that the internal Moroccan security services kept as close watch on my comings and goings as they had when I was an American diplomat in their country.

Before I go on to a final section which I will call "reflections" I should add a few more personal items. Our older son, Steven, finally took his Ph.D. in linguistics at the University of Illinois. While in graduate school he married Elaine Collins, somewhat younger than he. She has been a good daughter-in-law -- less important than being a good wife which she also is. With a good sense of humor and an inquiring mind she is getting used to the quirks of this family whose way of life and background is so different from hers. Steven and Elaine have two children, an older boy named Alaric, who, hit by an automobile at the age of two-and-one-half and in a coma for several weeks, still bears some mental problems at 14. Daughter Margaret is a bouncy, winning eight year-old likely to make her way in part through her engaging personality. Steven suffers from the Ph.D. glut and has so far been unable to find the kind of professional position he seeks. He does, however, prepare and read papers at professional meetings and teaches a linguistics course to some 200 students on the internet. Undoubtedly an academic type, he can be very intense and single minded. But I think he is a good teacher and I hope he will find what he seeks.

Peter did graduate from the DOD high school in High Wycombe and, like some of his classmates enrolled in Frostburg State College in Maryland. Initially, he often registered for five courses, later dropping two, which slowed his advancement. But at one point two of his professors "turned him on" academically and suddenly he became the student his native intelligence would have predicted. Since his graduation from college he has been in New York, hoping, with two friends, to make his mark in the multi-media field. In the meantime he works often as a "temp," although he did learn a little about the dog-eat-dog corporate entertainment world during a regular job at Sony. He is an interesting, thoughtful, sometimes outspoken valued member of this family. Even those, whom, as it turns out, Peter does not think so highly of, comment positively on his personality and manner.

## REFLECTIONS

It is not easy to sort out my thoughts as I come to the end of this informal description of my life (ca. 2/15/96). There is much that has been omitted, not deliberately or in an effort to mask certain events, but because I see no sense in burdening the potential reader with picayune and meaningless details which reflect an overly self serving effort to inflate my importance or contribution. (I would note that this is essentially written for my sons who were not involved in the substantive aspects of my profession and, I assume -- perhaps mistakenly -- are less interested in the amount of background detail I would have to

devote to such matters.) I hope one will note that, by and large, I have named those for whom I had respect or close working relationships but tried to refrain from identifying by name their opposites. What follows is meant to be relatively free-flowing and frank. In writing the above and searching my memory -- sometimes fruitlessly -- I have sometimes envied my colleagues who, in prescient conviction of their future importance -- justified or not -- retained important documents or kept a diary just so they could write something grander than this.

I can honestly say that, as a young FSO, when I considered it at all, I thought I would probably achieve -- and be content to do so -- a level three rank (equivalent to Counselor or perhaps Consul General) below the summit I reached and assuredly not at the age of 51. I certainly did not anticipate becoming an ambassador (three times), less so an assistant secretary of state. Although inevitably parallel to the pace of my advancement, I had never expected to spend so much time in the US -- part of it, of course, at USUN.

I have been asked if there is anything I regret. Only half-jokingly I could cite my early, voluntary retirement from the Foreign Service, but not because I could have stayed at least another ten years with perhaps even higher positions. In that following decade government salaries nearly doubled and I would have had a larger annuity (right now I feel the need of it).

Of course I regret the mistakes I have made and the misperceptions and misanalyses I have communicated. I am no less prone to those failings than others in my profession. In retrospect I regret most, over more than 30 years as a diplomat, that I neither had nor sought the opportunity for at least a year's sabbatical. Even an assignment to the National War College was cancelled. I have been told and did sense that my reputation as a troubleshooter and crisis manager served to deprive me of that opportunity. On the other hand I could, perhaps, have successfully lobbied for a year at a university or think-tank, which I probably would have preferred to one of the war colleges. But I didn't think of it then and it possibly would not have been granted. I think such an opportunity outside the hurly-burly, long hours and intensity of diplomacy would have helped me reflect more profoundly and at my leisure about my profession and all of its many and increasingly complicated components.

Not counting my reluctance to go to Korea without my family in 1953, I never asked for or turned down an assignment. I did request a transfer after two years in Ouagadougou, but two years was not an abnormal tenure in such a post and I did not request a specific ongoing assignment. As I observed the Foreign Service, its quirks and practices, I made an early decision to refrain from hitching my star to any senior officers, even if I respected, liked and learned from them. Nor, as a senior officer, did I allow or encourage any junior officer to hitch his star to mine, although some tried. I did not want any success I enjoyed to be attributed to being a "protégé" of someone else, nor did I desire to make any compromises which might be required were I in such a position. Nor did I want my juniors to pay a price for their association with me. I'm glad that I never deviated from this path.

As to the Foreign Service itself, it is composed of good, bad and indifferent people, has never been particularly well managed, was and is a target for carping congressmen and others, and watches in dismay as ill equipped, if not ignorant, political appointees receive ambassadorial and other important positions (analogous to my becoming a bank president). Yet, with the discipline the profession requires, it serves faithfully and frequently even surmounts the barriers and lack of understanding it encounters among those appointees, its superiors and the occupants of the White House.

By many accounts (memoirs, etc.) most secretaries of state and presidents enter office dubious about this professional group (they may employ less complimentary descriptions) which makes the "simple" pursuit of diplomacy unnecessarily complicated in order to preserve its supremacy. Almost without exception they leave office with high praise for the Foreign Service which may have contradicted them but, in doing so, prevented ill advised policies and practices. Even Dean Acheson, one of our most strong minded and most effective secretaries, who suffered fools not at all and who, I am proud to say, signed my first commission as a Foreign Service Officer, admitted he should have listened to George Kennan and "Chip" Bohlen about international control of nuclear weapons.

Largely an elite corps of generalists when I entered, as international affairs became more complicated and the US became an activist player in world politics -- as opposed to its earlier isolationism -- the Foreign Service became more specialized, both substantively and geographically. This evolution first manifested itself in economic and public affairs. Eventually, of course, this became partly institutionalized in what we now know as the Agency for International Development (AID) and the United States Information Agency (USIA). Both became independent agencies, still under the policy guidance of the Secretary of State. Some FSOs were always attached to them in various functions, but each had its own recruitment and personnel system, linked in part to that of the State Department. Although economic assistance and public diplomacy had a certain amount of autonomy, political considerations of the Department of State, rightly or wrongly, often overruled them. Overseas the representatives of both -- and other -- agencies report to the ambassador. More important, however, is that the Foreign Service has gradually grown to represent a more authentic reflection of the US population as a whole.

My becoming an African "expert", although I never considered myself one, was pure happenstance. (Please note that I never had any training except for a week-long so-called "sensitivity" seminar and intensive French for four months. Not the junior, mid-career, senior officer or other course or any assignment to specialized training at a university.) I became the labor officer in Morocco because I had been labor officer in Düsseldorf. Those four years in Casablanca coincided with a lot of pan-African activity including the birth of the All-African Trade Union Federation (AATUF) in Casablanca. Morocco, as one of the earliest independent African states, was active in African affairs. (Arabic-speaking North Africa was then the responsibility of the Bureau of African Affairs but was later switched to the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs.)

As the number of independent African countries grew to 50, it was clear that we severely lacked personnel who had experience in the region. Therefore those who served in one place in Africa tended to remain assigned to the region. University training in African studies, sometimes including language, Swahili initially, the lingua franca of East Africa, became more commonplace for selected junior officers. Those of us who came to the African scene relatively early were assigned to Africa during much of our remaining service.

I had no particular objection as long as there was something to do. Bukavu was interesting because: 1) I had the experience of opening a new post; 2) I was in charge for the first time; 3) the Simba rebellion (unfortunately) gave Bukavu an importance it wouldn't have had otherwise. Service both in Casablanca and Bukavu opened my mind to an aspect of diplomacy I had heretofore not considered seriously enough. These were cultures almost entirely foreign to my own. European cultures, although different, were related to mine to one degree or another. The differences could be assimilated, understood and coped with by almost anyone with adequate sensitivity. After all the US is essentially a country of displaced Europeans.

In Morocco there were a fair number of Moroccans whose education was almost entirely in French institutions, some of whom were functionaries in the French-ruled protectorate and some who served in the French armed forces. However, despite the French "civilizing mission," they remained no less Moroccans whose first language was Arabic or possibly Shluh and who were practicing Sunni Moslems. They had a long history of their own as well as an imperialist record in Spain from the 8th to the 15th century.

But in the Congo (Zaire) there were only 12 university graduates at the time of independence (although those who worked with Belgians in some way usually spoke French) and the society was highly tribalized -- some 300 in all. Interestingly the President of Kivu Central when we were there had studied in East Africa and was a Swahili scholar. Our son, Peter, who spoke French, Arabic and Shluh in Casablanca, dropped the last two for Swahili and Bashi, the local tribal language, in Bukavu. (He spoke Moré as well as French in Ouagadougou.)

Serving in Morocco with its more or less national culture only slightly modified by various tribes and clans was one thing. The Congo, with its vast expanse, 300 tribes distrusting each other and often fighting among themselves, suffered an immediate post-independence, both tribal and economic, challenge to its unity from Katanga, led by Moise Tshombe, which was eventually ended, primarily by one of the UN's earliest major peacekeeping operations.

(Referring to my comments on page 58 about ethnic ambassadorial appointments, this morning [3/8/96], the *New York Times* reported a good example. It reported that our ambassador in Dublin, Jean Kennedy Smith, an Irish-American and sister of the late president, had been reprimanded by the Secretary of State. She was properly reprimanded

for punishing career officers who, through the well-established dissent channel to the Secretary of State, expressed their disagreement with her recommendation that a visa be granted to the head of the Sinn Fein, Garry Adams, without the assurance that the IRA would continue to observe the cease-fire.

However, the story also revealed that she sought to reduce refusals of visitor visas to less than two percent for two consecutive years so that Irish visitors to the US would not require visas. If that level is achieved by honest observance of the visa regulations, so be it. But a special effort imposed by the ambassador and implying a relaxation of those regulations is not necessarily in the US interest. Rather it seems to reflect special treatment probably stemming from her background and thus pro-Irish bias.

As a very junior diplomat I was ordered to issue a visitor's visa to an applicant I had refused on the basis that she appeared to be an intending immigrant. Since I had observed the regulations and had the authority, I again refused to issue the visa, pointing out that my superior, if he wished, could issue the visa himself. He did so and I was not penalized -- but I do occasionally wonder what happened to that person.

Many Americans do not fully comprehend the importance of cultural differences -- including language -- in understanding other nations and nationalities. As a people we tend to be very self-centered, expecting our qualities to be universally admired and emulated. Furthermore, as a large, powerful state embracing almost a whole continent and over 260 million people, we don't often feel the need to reach out better to understand others who are just as much products of their different cultures as we are of ours. Only about 1.2% of the total US population speaks another language at home, unsurprisingly Spanish in two-thirds of the cases.

Unfortunately, the near universality of English as the language of business, science, etc. and as the primary second language world-wide seemingly makes it less necessary to learn foreign languages, thus creating a disincentive for Americans in general to do so. As a result our foreign competitors and colleagues, through mastery of our language, gain advantages by acquiring insights into our culture and practices while we, depending on the increasing global use of English, fail to do the reverse. Even worse, we seem to take satisfaction from that state of affairs, thus encouraging and preserving highly doubtful, if not inaccurate, conceptions and preconceptions of foreign cultures. Paradoxically and predictably the white, largely Anglo-Saxon, portion of our population, from which the dominant features of our culture emanate, will lose its numerical majority in the 21st century. What cultural -- as well as political and social -- changes will stem from that evolutionary development is still unknown, but changes there will be.

To return to the conduct of international affairs, it is and will probably remain a realm of activity dominated by human minds and intelligence even as it profits from some new technology, e.g. communications. But the realization of its major objectives, peaceful, mutually advantageous relations among states, conflict resolution, peace-making and -- keeping, etc., will continue to rely on human knowledge, perception, analysis, persuasion,

imagination and negotiation -- not machines. No robots, automation, "smart" bombs and the like.

We used to speak of "one world." And to a certain extent the contemporary wave of "globalization" in so many fields provides a somewhat superficial appearance of progress in that direction. But the number of nation states has increased, not decreased, thus the need for greater appreciation of cultural differences and increased allowances for the disputes or misunderstandings accompanying their birth. Ethnocentrism, both foreign and domestic, has become more pronounced and therefore more divisive even as we appear to acknowledge the necessity of taking it increasingly into account in order to broaden our understanding. The recent contentious debate over the appointment (now cancelled) of a non-Jew as head of Jewish studies at Queens College and the question about whether a director of a specific ethnic studies program should always be of that ethnicity has sharpened the debate. Actually, in my view, objectivity, as well as knowledge, not ethnic background should be determining. The first known hominids -- at least so far -- may have been in Africa, but that doesn't mean that all of our present cultures derive from the same geographic origins as some xenophobes seem to contend.

This is as good a point as any to insert a brief comment on Africa. To serve in African affairs in the independence and post-independence period was exciting. A whole continent was in movement which most of us applauded and welcomed. And certainly we had to make allowances for the stumbling new regimes whose leaders had little experience or complete understanding of the rigors of self-government or democracy and were often deposed by civilian or military coups. Since the US had little experience in Africa and even less investment -- tangible or intangible -- there (except for Liberia and some Cold War considerations), we were often forced to observe with mixed feelings, the continued control and influence of the ex-colonial masters. As time went on, despite our sometimes exhilarating experiences, some of us, including me, became more and more pessimistic about at least the short-term possibilities for the success of African self-government. Only now, as I see the possibility that South Africa, with its strong economy, will be able to build a road to success for itself and some of its southern African neighbors, have I regained a certain level of hope for the future.

As this post-Cold War world evolves, disputes -- even violence -- will not disappear, but the threat of a nuclear holocaust may significantly diminish. Nevertheless, it cannot be expected that the nuclear powers will dispose of all of their nuclear weapons unless and until an absolute ban can be agreed to and its enforcement assured. Until then the retention of a minimum number and the means to deliver them represent the only deterrent to a first strike by another nuclear power. The possible use of poison gas and biological weapons is less clear, since their manufacture by almost any state, e.g. Iraq, is technologically possible.

Despite the enormous strides in technological progress I detect no substitute for diplomacy as it has been largely conducted up until now. Certainly technological advances, particularly in communications, affect diplomacy. But the need and importance

of human contact, cultural sensitivity, historical knowledge and informed decision-making, all done by human beings, will remain. Sophisticated intelligence-gathering equipment will undoubtedly be further developed and improved, but its data and trends, even if correct, will still have to be measured against the thoughts and receptivity of human beings, particularly decision-makers. For whatever reason, logical or not, they may reject or disbelieve its contents or implications. And if the latter are inaccurate or misanalysed either by the intelligence agency or its end-users, the number of permutations and combinations become daunting. And certainly whether the information is accurate or not and whatever decision is made it would be useful to know what one may be up against, especially if the intelligence is correct.

I have kept adding to this pseudo-memoir beyond several stopping points I had previously, if tentatively, determined. I hope what follows is the last addition (January 1, 1997). Sometime after my retirement the State Department, at the urging of the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA), activated the latter's proposal to create a kind of Foreign Service reserve corps for retired officers. This necessitated filling out an application, including information on which a security investigation and clearance would be undertaken so that, if recalled for any reason, the applicants could enter on duty immediately without the usual somewhat lengthy clearance process. Whether those investigations were carried out I do not know, but, to the best of my knowledge, the objective of the concept was never fulfilled.

However, at least the senior retired diplomats in most western European countries are often subject to recall without any special procedures. Admittedly the members of the professional diplomatic services in those countries tend to be more homogeneous and class-bound than the American service. For instance, since its founding after World War II, the overwhelming majority of French diplomats -- like many of its government servants generally -- are graduates of the École Nationale d'Administration and, even after retirement, are considered available for duty and subject to recall at any time.

Why do I raise this subject? Certainly not because I seek this form of temporary reemployment myself, although I would have seriously considered it for the first ten years or so after my retirement. Rather because there is a large reservoir of skilled, experienced diplomatic manpower whose talents, I am sure, could be put to good use in certain situations. In part those talents are based simply on their intellectual and similar qualities and their actual experience. For instance the events, including instability, in central Africa have become very reminiscent of the Congo crisis of 1964 -- even to the point, as in 1964, that Mobutu, who was then chief of staff of the Congolese army, was in Europe and delayed his return to take over his duties until sometime after the fighting in eastern Zaire had broken out.

In short such veterans can offer personal qualities, a sense of history, aplomb (they've been there), perhaps somewhat greater objectivity than their juniors, knowledge or acquaintanceship with some of the foreign players, frankness and, one hopes, a sense of service without the fear of failure, intra-service competition or damage to their careers

which often inhibit and characterize active duty officials. It is my view that the Department of State should have a mechanism, including a roster of individuals, along with their specialties and evident strengths, to call upon its retirees in case of necessity or desirability.

Here ends Bill Schaufele's saga, such as it is, in the hope that is not too self-serving or egotistical either for my sons or anyone else doomed to read it.

*End of interview*