

Dean Rusk Oral History Collection

7O, 7P, 7Q, 7R, 7S, 7T

An Autobiographical Sketch by Dean Rusk as told to Richard Geary Rusk

BEGINNING OF 7O, SIDE 1

DEAN RUSK: I was born February 9, 1909 in Cherokee County, Georgia. My great grandfather, David Rusk, was one of three brothers who came over from Northern Ireland, he was among the people we call the Scotch-Irish. He came over about the end of the 18th century and landed in Charleston and found his way over to the western part of South Carolina, in the Pendleton area--the John C. Calhoun kind of country. Then he made his way to north Georgia, the southern part of Cherokee County and staked out several hundred acres of ground there at a time when that was mostly Indian country--free for settlers to stake out. In a little family graveyard up in Cherokee County, I can see his grave and my great-grandmother's grave and note on her tombstone that she was born in 1776, and I have often reflected upon the fact that only four of us have spanned the entire life of this country as an independent nation. My grandfather, James Edward Rusk, kept the original home place going; he was a man of considerable substance. For example, he was the Justice of the Peace in that area and when neighbors had a problem, somebody's cow trampled on someone else's garden or something, they would simply meet with my grandfather under a tree somewhere and settle it. Very rarely did anything go to the county courthouse in that area because they tried to settle their problems locally.

My grandfather had eleven children. My own father was next to the youngest son. He was the only one of those eleven children who went to college. He went to Davidson College in North Carolina, a Presbyterian liberal arts college, because he had in mind going into the Presbyterian ministry. After Davidson he went to the Louisville Theological Seminary and was ordained as a minister in the Presbyterian Church. But he did not have a good run at his profession in the ministry because he had some trouble with his throat and had to leave it. He did some school teaching and then went back to Cherokee County and rented a forty acre plot of land from his sister, my Aunt Mary Roberts, and it was on that forty acre farm that I was born.

I thought all my life that I had been delivered by a veterinarian because our next door neighbor was our uncle, Dr. Roberts, but I learned many years later that a doctor had come over from Woodstock, a town about eight miles away in the middle of a dark, stormy night to preside over my birth. I must confess that I can't remember in much detail about those years in Cherokee County because we left there when I was less than four years old. I do remember the death of my grandmother and the fact that her sons, all together, sang at her funeral. I remember the men playing marbles in our yard, a marble game called Tennessee Nines. I remember the walk about four hundred yards from our house down to the old home place, down the road--the heavy forest on both sides and how scary it was to walk along there at night, when one didn't know what would come out of the woods at you--all imagination. I remember going to the hill with a load of sugarcane to be ground up for sorghum syrup, but life on the farm there was very tough--red clay

hills not very productive. There was a little bottom land along the river there where things could grow a little better. My father's cash income in the course of a year on that little farm was perhaps a hundred dollars with a few bales, but we grew our own food and made our own quilts, things of that sort.

The old house in which I was born was built by my father. It was one of the first houses in that part of Georgia to have glass windowpanes. Of course we had a well on the front porch and we had a privy about fifty yards behind the house. One thing I do remember is that my father and about a dozen neighbors joined together to put up a homemade telephone system connecting about twelve or fifteen farms in that area. It was one of those telephones where you turned a crank and each house had a particular ring: one long, two shorts or a long and a short. When the phone rang for anybody, whatever the signal, anybody else could pick up the phone and listen to what was being said and there were three long rings on the telephone system which was a signal for everybody to come to the phone. They used that in case of fire because you might need help from neighbors or if a mad dog came through and they had to follow that dog from farm to farm until somebody could kill it. I used to say they also used it if an agent of the federal government came into the area because we lived very much among ourselves and outsiders were not very welcome. As a matter of fact, anybody from as far away as across the river was looked upon pretty much as a foreigner.

This little house had three rooms. Our diet was very inadequate. We lived on the pork that we got from slaughtering pigs after the first hard freeze. We very seldom had any beef because we only had two cows and we needed the milk. There were always some chickens--maybe twenty, thirty chickens--but we only ate chicken on very special occasions. We ate a lot of fatback and bacon. We did have some smoked ham. We bought our wheat flour but we grew our own corn for cornbread and ate a great deal of cornbread. The sorghum syrup was our principal sweetener--dessert, very little coffee. The calcium content of our food was very inadequate and most of us have had very poor teeth because of that. We knew that we were poor but if anybody else had called us poor we would have shot them. Of course, I was the third son so most of my clothes were hand-me-downs. My mother sewed most of our clothes. My father cobbled our shoes and cut our hair and we were as close to self-sufficiency as you could be on a forty acre farm and with limited supplies of cash. I have never known how much rent my father had to pay my aunt for that farm, but it could not have been very much. My two older brothers and my older sister Margaret attended a typical one room schoolhouse. In those days they had seven grades in one room and the only qualification for the teacher was that he or she be a graduate of that particular school. I did not attend that school because I wasn't old enough before we moved to Atlanta.

I got something of a feel for life in Cherokee County as well as down in Rockdale County where my mother grew up because after we moved to Atlanta in 1912, we kids would go back to the country during the summer vacation. I spent a lot of time with kinfolk on the farms until I was fourteen or fifteen years old and so I had a good chance later on to get a real sense as to what life had been like on the farm.

In 1912, my father, realizing that this was a man-killing little farm and it was almost destroying my mother physically, took a job at the post office in Atlanta as a mail carrier and we moved to Atlanta in 1912. Atlanta was maybe seventy-five thousand to eighty thousand by that time, it was

sort of a railroad center. We first lived in a little house on Fifth Street which has long since been overrun by Georgia Tech and although it was in the center of Atlanta, it still had an outdoor privy. That is a matter of some importance because one of the things I remember about that place was both my brother Roger and my brother Parks had typhoid fever while we were living there. But we soon moved out to West End and Whitehall Street along the Central of Georgia railroad which ran from Atlanta down to Macon. I entered school there--Lee Street School. I was very fortunate in being able to attend the Lee Street School because it was then the normal training school for the Atlanta School System. That meant that we had only very select teachers for our regular classroom teachers, and we had fifteen or twenty of the teacher candidates around to help out with projects and pageants and teacher's aides and things of that sort. Looking back on it, I feel that I got a very good start in grammar school.

My mother had been a schoolteacher briefly. With two older brothers and an older sister, I learned to read and write and do arithmetic before I was of school age so I took a test to see whether I would skip the first grade and go into the second grade. As a result of that, I started off going to school in the second grade. The teacher I became acquainted with was Miss Ethel Massingale, my second grade teacher, and she and I corresponded all of her life until she died in her eighties, she was not married. But we had excellent teachers, we learned the basic things about reading, spelling, arithmetic and things of that sort--it was a pretty well-disciplined school. One thing I look back upon with some satisfaction was that each year we would study a different part of the world, using what they called Carpenter's [Geographic] Readers, they were little geography books. One year we would use the Reader on Latin America, another year Africa, another year on Asia, another year on Europe and all of our projects and pageants and things like that were built around the area of the world that we were studying at that time. So one got a feeling even at that early age as to what the world was about, people in other parts of the world.

We had seven years of grammar school there. The first three years were in an outdoor school, which was very unusual then. One square building, split down the middle in two directions with walls, but the outside walls were wide open, and we attended school in those classes right through the winter. There were canvas curtains we could raise in case of rain but when it got cold in the winter we had thick woolen bags in which we would tie ourselves. In really cold weather, we would heat bricks at home and bring them to school and put them in the bottom of the bag and about every hour and a half or so we would pause and the teacher would serve hot cocoa. I remember when I was in the fourth grade going down to the city's Board of Education to testify in favor of continuing that open air school, but the Atlanta school system did not continue it. I suspect because it was pretty hard on the teachers to teach under those conditions but I never had colds or anything else. I have never been as healthy as I was going to that open air school.

After the seventh grade I went straight to high school, we didn't have junior high school in those days. Again I was very fortunate because in the Atlanta school system in those days they had two high schools, Boys' High School and Girls' High School whose primary purpose was to prepare young people for college. Then they had Commercial High and Tech High for those whose primary interest was not in going on to college. So Boys' High School in those days was very much like the Boston Latin School, a rigorous program with college preparatory work with emphasis on English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, and science. I greatly benefitted from the rather rigorous discipline that they had there in that high school. Years later they made the high schools

in Atlanta all-purpose high schools where every high school tried to do everything. Maybe it is a sign of my age but I felt that maybe they slipped back a bit by losing some of the quality they had in the old Boys' High School.

The principal was Mr. [Herbert] H.O. Smith, a Harvard man who had very high standards and was a rigorous disciplinarian where learning was concerned. He would throw quite a tantrum if he came across shoddy work or anything of that sort. About 90% of us went on to college--it was a public high school. The most striking thing about this experience, as I look back over the years, was the greatest single teacher I ever had in my life, my high school teacher of Greek, named Preston Epps. He had classes of eighteen or so perfectly normal teenage boys but he would just bring us alive by going into the great questions and great ideas raised by the Greeks; Plato, Aristotle and the great works that the Greeks produced. We worked very hard at it and were very enthusiastic about those Greek studies because of the inspirational quality of Preston Epps' teaching.

RICHARD RUSK: Would his wife be privy to his thoughts about you back then?

DEAN RUSK: Probably, but she is now his second wife and the wife that he had at the time he was teaching Boys' High has long since died. But Miriam Epps and I are good friends and she undoubtedly has heard him talk a good deal about those days. After he finished his Ph.D. at Chicago, Preston Epps went on to become professor of classics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and became one of the Kenan professors up there which is one of the distinguished professorships at the University and later became a professor emeritus. He and I, again, corresponded until his death in 1982 at the age of 94. He was a most remarkable man. One of the real satisfactions that I had was later on when I, at the Rockefeller Foundation, was able to find a genuine job that he could do for us on a visit to Greece and that was his first opportunity to visit Greece and he never forgot that nor did I. On Boys' High School you can check some of these things through the yearbook called the Alciphronian.

RICHARD RUSK: How was it determined who got to go to Boys' High School?

DEAN RUSK: You made your own choice, you applied. I don't know, quite frankly, whether they screened out applicants for Boys' High School. There were neighborhood high schools but Boys' High School was not, it was a city-wide school. Boys' High School originally, when I first started there, was a big, old, red brick building on Gilmore Street just across the street from the city auditorium. It was inadequate, drafty. I have developed over the years some real skepticism about whether the quality of teaching has much to do with the luxury of the surroundings in which the teaching takes place.

RICHARD RUSK: Was it a boarding school?

DEAN RUSK: No.

RICHARD RUSK: Did your dad take special efforts to get you in?

DEAN RUSK: No, I just applied to Boys' High from Lee Street School and whether anything went on behind the scenes to certify me I just don't know. I had no problem getting in.

Boys' High was about four miles from home and a friend of mine from West End and I went to school together every day, we would usually stand down at the corner and thumb a ride. His name was James Jacobs who worked for many years with the Southern Bell Telephone Company. I remember one old gentleman, who drove an old-fashioned Chevrolet touring car, would pick us up most days. But there were times when we walked in and walked home.

Boys' High began ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Corp] but began its classes at seven-thirty in the morning before the regular school started and so that meant that we got up and started going pretty early in the day to get there in time. I valued the ROTC training and enjoyed it. My final year there I was cadet commander of the battalion. We were instructed by a remarkable noncommissioned army officer named Sergeant Short, who was a good disciplinarian and handled the situation very well.

I was active in school affairs. I was on the staff of the school newspaper. I think I was editor of the yearbook, the Alciphronian, and did not limit my interest just to the classes and school books. I went out for basketball but got cut off the squad the first day because I wasn't any good but made a lot of friends there at Boys' High School who have been with me all of my life. Now that I am back in Georgia I see a good many of those fellows and its means a good deal to me; people like Harvey Hill, Harlee Branch [Jr.], Dr. Paul McGinty. There are others whose names I could provide you although many of them are no longer alive.

Then, I had always dreamed about going to Davidson College. My father had been in the class of 1894 there and he had told us a good deal about Davidson, but the question was how I was going to get there from a financial point of view. I stayed out of school for two years between high school and college working in a little law office with a young lawyer named Augustus [M.] Roan who later became a judge in Atlanta. The idea was that I would work and save up enough to go to college, but it didn't work out very well because I didn't make much more than it took to live on so I didn't really bank any money to use to go to college, but that was a useful two years. Among other things I spent a lot of time down at the YMCA [Young Men's Christian Association] learning to play basketball and at least got good enough to make the Davidson team when I finally got there but that is another story. One thing that turned out to be a lucky break was that in my senior year in high school, I was asked to be the school page editor for the Atlanta Journal. Each Sunday the Journal would run a full page of letters from the different elementary schools from around the city, each one of those schools would have a kind of correspondent and they would write in letters. It would be my job to edit those letters and paste them together to make up a school page. That paid \$40 a month and that was very welcome money in those days, but it brought me in touch with one of the great figures in Atlanta journalism, Harlee Branch, Sr., who was the city editor of the Atlanta Journal. My little desk was right under the rail behind which he sat. And then there were great sports writers like O.B. Keeler and Morgan Blake and others and I found that a very stimulating experience.

Well, after two years in this lay office, I decided that I had better head for college if I were ever going to get there and so I set out for Davidson. My brother Parks drove me up there and I had

about \$50 in my pocket but because my father had been for a time a Presbyterian minister, I was given a scholarship, a modest amount. Then I was lucky enough to find jobs with which I could work my way through Davidson. For example, every four years the local bank in town named an entering freshman to become bookkeeper and assistant teller in a little bank in Davidson. It just happened that the job came open when I got there. I was lucky enough to get that job and it helped a good deal with the costs. I waited on tables at the boarding house and my senior year I was one of the managers of the student store, I had to just piece things together to keep things going. I entered Davidson in 1927 and graduated in 1931.

Davidson was then and is now a good solid liberal arts college--very good in pre-professional training and undergraduate preparation for graduate studies and elsewhere. It had a good academic reputation, good faculty; it is even much more strong today than it was then. I found the Davidson College experience pretty hectic because I had a full day with the combination of classes and studies and basketball and other things and so I had to run from one appointment to another almost all the time. I continued ROTC at Davidson which I enjoyed every much under the direction of Colonel William R. Scott, one of the finest army officers I have ever known in my life. I used to visit with him until his death in the late 1960s, a very fine man.

I knew when I first entered Davidson that I was going to try for a Rhodes scholarship because that was about the only way I saw that I could take any graduate studies or go beyond the B. A. [Bachelor of Arts] degree. And so partly because of that and partly because things just happened, I took a very active part in student affairs there at Davidson. My freshman year I was president of the freshman class, I was very active in the YMCA work, active on their yearbook, the Quips and Cranks, was an active member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, but still I knew that I had to keep my academic work in good shape and so I boned up pretty hard. At Davidson I made, of course, a great many friends that have been friends throughout my life although I have not seen as many of them as I should like to. I went to my 50th reunion in 1981 and there were about seventy of us there which was quite a lot for a 50th class reunion that was about 70% of the class.

I took the regular liberal arts program with majors in effect in political science and history and remember with particular appreciation a member of the faculty named Archibald Currie, who had been law trained rather than through the Ph.D. track and he taught American government, principle of law and international law and things of that sort and I always enjoyed that work with him. But the person most responsible for my getting a [Cecil John] Rhodes scholarship was Professor Guy Vowles, professor of German at Davidson; he himself had been a Rhodes Scholar many years earlier and he took the initiative and urged me to apply for a Rhodes scholarship and indeed I think he was on the State Committee of Selection. I applied for the Rhodes from North Carolina because you could apply either from your own home state or from the state in which you went to college. So I applied to the North Carolina committee and was lucky enough to get it. There were two committees to go through for a Rhodes scholarship because when Cecil Rhodes wrote his will back in 1903 or 1904 he provided under his will a Rhodes scholarship to each state in the American union, thinking that there were thirteen states. Well, actually there was not enough money in the will to provide one for each one of the forty eight states, so they went into court and got the will amended to provide thirty-two Rhodes scholarships from the United States as a whole so as a result each state had its competition, its committees of selection,

then those go to a regional committee so that they would allocate by regions the number that would be required for thirty-two from the United States as a whole. And so I went off to Oxford in October 1931.

In talking with young people these days about their plans for the future, I have been impressed with the role which accident, happenstance, luck played in my own life. One example of that came up in connection with the Rhodes scholarship. The chairman of the North Carolina committee was Josephus Daniels who had been Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of the Navy. When I was before the Committee he looked over my papers and said, "Mr. Rusk, I see in your papers here that you live up in Georgia. Why should we give a North Carolina appointment to a Georgian?" And I said, "Well, Mr. Chairman, I have been living in North Carolina for four years, I have spent not only the school year here but the summers here; I worked in a bank in Greensboro in the summertime, I have paid poll tax in North Carolina." "Oh," he said, "you paid poll tax. That's alright." Now paying poll tax was a complete accident because the teller of the little bank in Davidson, a marvelous man named Thompson, was also the town treasurer and he was the fellow who collected poll tax. And just for fun or sentiment, or whatever it was, I paid him a dollar poll tax each year. I am quite convinced that if I had not paid that poll tax, I would not have been chosen as a Rhodes Scholar from North Carolina.

Anyhow, I was accepted at St. John's College, Oxford, one of the smaller but one of the richer colleges there. It had vast holdings in North Oxford real estate and things like that. I started out to read for the degree in philosophy, politics and economics, a degree called the Modern Greats by the people at Oxford. I had some fine tutors there in my own College, and of course, the lectures at Oxford are university-wide lectures and you can attend such of them as you see fit. The University publishes a lecture program for each term and you look through it and decide with your tutor which ones you think you would be interested in and would be helpful to you. The only compulsory academic appointment which I had at Oxford was my weekly session with my tutor. Each week I would be expected to write a paper on a topic that my tutor and I had agreed on ahead of time and I would bring in that paper and he would go over it with me and would criticize it and go on from there. And so, that continuous writing experience, I think, proved very valuable to me.

One of the most important things about Oxford, as far as I was concerned, was that it was the first time I had a chance to experience any of the leisure that goes along with learning. There was no such thing as working your way through Oxford so I had a good deal of time on my hands for bull sessions with my own fellow students.

Of course, every afternoon everyone was expected to take part in sports of some sort. I played lacrosse at the University and tennis, but the idea at Oxford in those days was that you took full advantage of what one thinks of as "Oxford life." The serious cramming for your exams you did during your vacations. The three terms which make up the Oxford year altogether lasts about six months so you have about six month's vacation each year. The typical habit was to load up a suitcase full of books and go off somewhere and do some really hard studying during your vacation period. I spent one vacation, I remember, on the little island of Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands off the French coast, all by myself, living with a family but no other young people around. I spent another vacation for a period up in the lake district of northern England in

the Wordsworth country on a reading party where certainly every morning was put into hard academic work and every afternoon we went out hiking, things like that.

Then I began to go to Germany during my Oxford vacations, and I was in Germany when [Adolf] Hitler seized power and I brought back some very strong impressions of what had happened in those eventful years in Germany. I was there, for example, when the Nazi storm troopers took the streets and public platforms away from the democratic parties of Germany. My first year in Germany was 1933. I went to Germany in the first instance to study international law at the Hochschule fur Politik under Professor [Viktor] Bruns. But soon after I enrolled there and began seminars with him, the Nazis took over this Hochschule fur Politik and turned it into a leadership school for the Nazi party. I then moved across the street to the University of Berlin. But the impact of the Nazis on the education system became apparent very early indeed. For example, in this seminar with Professor Bruns, we began discussing on the first day what kinds of things we ought to cover in the seminar. One of the Nazi students stood up and said, "There is nothing to study but the illegality of the Treaty of Versailles." He demanded that we simply concentrate on that subject. Well, that didn't promise to be a very productive session in international law so I was rather glad that I was forced to move across the street to the University of Berlin where there were some remnants of the educational system, although the Nazis had begun to make inroads there.

So I went back to Germany and spent some time in Hannover learning German and became relatively fluent. I went to Hamburg to study economics; they were very strong in economics at the big trading center, but most of my studies were there in Berlin itself.

It was very distressing to see what the Nazis were in the process of doing. One of the tragedies of the Nazi experience was that many of my own age German students supported Adolf Hitler for what we would call idealistic reasons. They were interested in rebuilding the public morale of Germany following the terrible experiences of inflation and all the rest of it under the Weimar Republic. It was not until later that they realized the extent to which their idealistic views had been betrayed by this man Hitler. They just didn't believe what he had written and Mein Kampf didn't think he was serious about it and let themselves become trapped.

When I was in Berlin, I lived with a German family out in Neubabelsberg, near Potsdam, and there was a seventeen-year old boy in that family. Well, he was crazy about motorbikes and he was offered a position in the SS [Schutzstaffel] Motorbike Brigade and he joined; not because he had any particular ideological views that would turn him in that direction but because he liked motorbikes. Well, he was in the SS throughout the war, served on the eastern front in Germany and all that.

As a matter of fact, I took leave for one term at Oxford in order to continue my studies in Germany because so much was happening there and came on back to Oxford for my final term and took my final exams in philosophy, politics and economics.

The final exam there produces a B.A. degree. It is a B.A. which is somewhat further along in the academic world than the ordinary American B.A. because in the English school system their preparatory school, their public schools, carry work up through what we would call junior

college and so the so-called undergraduate degree at Oxford is more or less the equivalent of a M.A. degree in an American situation.

END OF 70, SIDE 1

BEGINNING OF 70, SIDE 2

DEAN RUSK: One of the delights at Oxford was the fact that some of your professors would have open house every Sunday afternoon and some of the most important people in Europe would drop by for a Sunday afternoon tea with the professor and undergraduates. [Mohandas] Gandhi visited Oxford while I was there. He had come to London for one of the so-called Round Table conferences between the Indian Nationalists and British government and he came up to spend the weekend with the Master of Balliol, bringing along with him two goats to provide him with his goat's milk. He agreed to spend an evening with an organization of Indian students at Oxford called, I believe, the Lotus Club. He agreed that each Indian student could bring a non-Indian student with him to this meeting. A friend of mine at St. John's College who was Indian asked me to go with him. It was a very dramatic evening; a crowded room with about two hundred students in it and Mr. Gandhi sitting on a table up in front of the room in his loin cloth, cross-legged, and he simply spent the evening talking with us, answering questions. I remember one thing in particular that he said, he said, "They will think of me in spiritual terms, that is because of my way of life, the things I say, the way I dress, but they will forget that I have discovered the secret of power in India." His voice became rather harsh at this point, he said, "We Indians cannot return British fire, rifle for rifle, canon for canon, because we simply don't have such weapons, but we can drive them out of India by simply doing nothing because they can't stay here without us." He said, "If we do that, some of us may die, others of us may go hungry, but the British will have to leave." And then in rather harsh terms he said, "That is raw power." And I have never forgotten about that meeting that evening with Mohandas Gandhi.

Another evening I have never forgotten was a debate we had in the Oxford Union that famous Oxford undergraduate debating society sometimes referred to as "the training ground for prime ministers." The Oxford Union held a debate every week on some stated topic. One evening I was there at the Oxford Union when the motion before the House was "Resolve that this House will not fight for King and Country." The man who moved the motion from the pacifist side was the philosopher C.E.M. [Cyril Edwin Mitchinson] Joad. He was brilliant, witty, articulate, and his patriotic opposition was pretty inadequate so C.E.M. Joad carried the day and the Oxford Union voted with a very substantial vote that "This House will not fight for King and Country." Since I was an American and it wasn't my King and Country and also I was a reserve officer in the United States Army, I did not vote on that motion. I thought it was up to me to abstain. But that vote in the Oxford Union that night created quite a sensation and gave rise to a pacifist movement called the Oxford Movement. Adolf Hitler was later to refer to that as one of the signs that Britain would not fight and helped to encourage him to pursue his course of aggression with which we are all familiar.

But there was a follow-up on that debate that interested me. Just a very few years after the outbreak of war, C.E.M. Joad himself and Bertrand Russell, Maude Roydon, George Lansbury, joined in a joint statement that was circulated widely by the British Minister of Information, which in effect said to these same young people, "Sorry chaps, this fellow Hitler is different, get out there and fight." All without the arms, without the training, without the acts of prevention which they themselves had done so much to block. In the United States, we had similar people, among them Norman [Mattoon] Thomas, who wrote a very pained little book explaining to my generation of students why we should nevertheless fight in World War II despite all the things which he had said prior to World War II.

My generation of students was led down the garden path into the catastrophe of a World War II which could have been prevented. I will get into that as we go along. But we nevertheless did what was expected of us, knowing that it was a war that did not have to happen if people had been wise enough or strong enough at the proper time.

When I was finishing up at Oxford in 1934, the United States was still in a very deep depression and I had no particular ideas about a job so I wrote a note to President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore College who was the American secretary to the Rhodes trust and told him that if he heard of any job opportunities that came across his desk, I would be interested in hearing from him. So one day at Oxford I got a cable asking if I would accept a position as assistant professor of government at Mills College, at a salary of \$2,000 a year. I cabled back saying yes. Then I went around Oxford trying to find some Rhodes scholars from California to tell me where and what Mills College was. I had never heard of the place. The cable was sent by Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, who was then president of Mills College and she, perhaps as a matter of policy, perhaps out of financial stringency, had the practice of inviting some fresh Rhodes scholars to the faculty, perhaps knowing that the chances were that in the long run she wouldn't be able to keep them on the faculty. But one of the faculty members, a former Rhodes scholar named Buck, had been invited to spend a visiting year at Stanford and so there was a vacancy. She undoubtedly got hold of Dr. Aydelotte and he must have given her my name. But anyhow, I went to Mills College in the fall of 1934 where I started out as a young professor of government and international relations.

I was at Mills College until I was called to active duty in the army in December 1940, in preparation for building up our armed forces because of the war that was then going on.

Those were very interesting and happy days at Mills College. Among other things, I met your mother there. She was in a couple of my classes my first year. She had signed up to have those classes with Professor Buck, who was not going to be there and some stranger named Rusk was going to teach those classes, she apparently cried when she heard the news. In the summer of 1934 she had gone to Japan as part of a Japanese-American student exchange group and she was actively interested in international matters. So that was how I became acquainted with her.

As a matter of fact, in her second year I drove her down to a conference at Riverside, California, put on by the president of the University of Southern California, Dr. Rufus B. Kleinschmitt. This was a Riverside conference on World Affairs that was held in December of each year and it was the usual kind of thing--a series of speeches and discussion groups--and since your mother was a

student who was interested in international affairs, I invited her to drive down there with me and we did and that soon began to bloom into a more than ordinary friendship, so before long we were getting pretty close to each other. It was not easy for a young professor to court a student in a women's college in the 1930s, but we would get up at five o'clock in the morning and drive out in the countryside and have breakfast over a boy scout frying pan and things like that and get her back before everyone started getting up. We would sort of get away for dinner or something like that where we were not likely to run into Mills people.

It was an interesting college in those days. Aurelia Reinhardt herself was an extraordinary woman. She was large physically, commanding voice, very high intelligence; she was very active both in local and national affairs, Republican National Committeewoman from California, close friend of Herbert Hoover and his Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, who had been president of Stanford; she was a woman of real quality and determination. She held Mills College together through the depths of the Depression simply by determination, hairpins and baling wire. She was just determined to see it through, just made it happen. She was very active in the Association of American University Women, very active in her own church; she was national head of her church one year. She had a great influence not only on campus but in the entire Bay area community. I liked working for her; she was a good college president. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether Mills could have survived those rigorous years of the Depression without the special qualities of Aurelia Reinhardt. There is a good biography on her which you can read and catch up on that part of it.

Of course, your mother and I have many friends from the Mills days both on the faculty and among alumni of many classes, particularly among the classes from about 1933 to about 1945. We since have been very active in the Mills Club of New York, Mills Club of Washington, and lately we have been meeting with the Mills College group down in Georgia.

Part of that period, beginning about 1936, I began to study law at Berkeley. I was shooting in the long run to become a university professor in international law. I was thinking primarily of political science departments, but as I looked around the field and looked around political scientists, I found that almost none of them had law training; they had all come through the Ph.D. track. I felt that since lawyers and political scientists talk about the same institutions, use many of the same words, that there would be some point in going to law rather than the Ph. D. track in preparation for teaching international law, perhaps in a political science department. So I began to attend the University of California Law School at Berkeley, at Boalt Hall as it is called.

The Law School at Berkeley was one of the top three or four law schools in the entire country, it was then and still is, with a very fine faculty, able student body, a fine library; it was one of the best. It was about ten miles from the Mills campus and there were times when I had to make a twenty minute transfer from a class that I was teaching at Mills to a class at Berkeley. And I had to scurry pretty fast across the tortuous winding roads between Mills and the Berkeley campus, usually my principal problem was to find a place to park once I got over to Berkeley.

I took about a two-thirds or three-fourths program at law school, knowing that it would take me more than the three years to finish up because I was teaching full-time at Mills while I was studying law. Of course, that meant a pretty heavy load, reading and studying both for my

classes at Mills and for my law classes, but I managed. As a matter of fact, I was invited to be on the board of the Law Review at the Berkeley Law School, but I was simply too pressed to be able to put in the articles that would have qualified me for full membership on the Law Review.

During all that period, I was a reserve officer in the U.S. Army. In those days, Congressional appropriations were so small that we had a minimum of active training, an occasional two week camp during the summer, but most of the reserve training was done by correspondence work, map problems that were sent out by the area headquarters over at the Presidio, San Francisco. So doing those map problems to keep my reserve commission alive and moving forward was on top of whatever I had to do as a professor at Mills and as a student of law at Berkeley. I was told in late 1939, early 1940 that the prospect was that I would be called to active duty as a reserve officer and so I did not continue my law work in the fall of 1940.

Indeed, I was called to active duty as a captain in the Army Reserves to take command of the A-Company of the 30th Infantry which was then stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco. I had never had active command of regular troops before and I suppose I was rather green, but I had been very active both in high school and in college ROTC, eight years of it, and had been the cadet commander both in high school and in college.

The 30th Infantry was a part of the Third Division, made up of the Seventh, Fifteenth and Thirtieth Infantry Regiments. But they were distributed up and down the West Coast. The Division had not been mobilized as a division for a very long time, but it was stated that the Third Division on the West Coast and the First Division were the only two divisions in our army that rated "ready for combat," but that was ridiculous. When I took command of Company A of the 30th Infantry, we had a little over one hundred men in the Company instead of two hundred and twenty-five called for by the Tables of Organization. A number of those men were holdovers from World War I and obviously too old for active field duty as infantrymen. We did not have our full complement of machine guns; we had no mortars even though mortars were simple metal tubes; we were very limited in ammunition for purposes of training. At one period, I remember, we were rationed to ten rounds per man per season for training on the range to teach people how to shoot. That may have been because we had been moving about everything we could scarp up to Britain in connection with their war effort.

But we did maneuver in Marin County then eventually down at Fort Roberts lower down in California. Then the Third Division was pulled together up in the state of Washington at Fort Lewis. In the summer of 1941, I was transferred from Company A to become assistant G-3 of the Third Division, assistant operations officer. G-3 is the tactical and operations unit of the General Staff. We were heavily involved in maneuvers both on the Olympic Peninsula across the Puget Sound from Seattle and in other training exercises with far less equipment than would be normal if we had any idea of going to combat.

Then in October 1941, I received orders to report to the War Department General Staff in Washington for a G-2, G-2 being the intelligence organization of the army. My division commander protested this transfer; I expressed my own lack of desire to take it, but the War Department persisted; your mother and I were off to Washington. It turned out that my assignment there was to organize a new section of G-2 to gather information about British areas

in Asia and the Pacific. This new section which was committed to me was to cover Afghanistan, the Indian subcontinent, Burma, Malaya, Australia, New Zealand and the British Pacific Islands, a vast area with which I had had very little contact.

When I arrived I tried to find out why it was that I was assigned to that job despite the objections of my division commander, and I was told that a large stack of cards on individual officers were run through a sorting machine and my card fell out for that particular job because I spent three years in England. When I arrived I asked to see the files of information which we already had on that vast part of the world and a dear old lady, almost at the point of retirement, Mrs. North, took me over to a set of file cabinets and pulled out one drawer marked British Asia. There we found one copy of Murray's Tourist Handbook on India and Ceylon; it had been stamped confidential because it was the only copy in town and that was the only way to keep track of it and be sure that no one else ran off with it; there was one 1925 military attached report from London on the British army in India and about a half a drawer full of clippings from the New York Times which Mrs. North had been clipping between World War I and II on that part of the world and that was it. It is hard for people to realize how naked we were in terms of information intelligence about so many parts of the world at the beginning of World War II.

However, I passed my first test with flying colors. About my second or third day there on the job I got a telephone call from a full colonel in the War Plans Division of the General Staff who said "Rusk, I forget, is Indochina in South China or in North China?" I was able to explain to him where Indochina was. It is a bureaucratic fact that when someone finds themselves on a desk with a particular tag on it, that person overnight becomes the expert on that particular job and so I was the War Department's expert on that vast part of the world almost from the first day, it is laughable of course but that is the way it happened. We began to build up that section and accumulate information and establish contact with people who had experience in those countries and gradually began to sort things out.

After being in G-2 for over a year and a half, I was then sent to Commander General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I went out there for a ninety day crash course put on especially for majors and lieutenants; I had by then been promoted to major. As a result of that, I was assigned, in effect, to a pool of officers who were being prepared for General Staff functions overseas. In the spring of 1943 I was assigned to become the staff officer for General Joseph [Warren] Stilwell, "Vinegar" Joe Stilwell, in the China-Burma-India Theater.

I prepared myself to go, put Mother and David on the train for California where she was to stay while I was overseas during the war; she went to Mills and stayed with some friends for a bit and then got a little house up on Underwood Drive on the campus itself. I think we paid something like \$20.00 a month rent on that little house during the war.

General Stilwell happened to be coming to Washington for consultation and so it was arranged that I would fly to India with him. I think that was in early June 1943. We flew to India in one of the new DC-4 aircraft which then appeared to be a magnificent plane. I thought at the time that it was the plane to end all planes--four motored, had long distance capability, had a good record of reliability. We went first to London where General Stilwell had consultations with British military authorities and then flew from London to North Africa, crossed North Africa, which had

been, by then, recaptured by the Allies, on to India. I was put in the Operations Section of General Stilwell's staff at the headquarters in New Delhi and soon became the Chief of War Plans for General Stilwell's headquarters, he had another headquarters up in Assam in northeastern India where preparations were being made for a reentry into Burma, and still another headquarters in China.

The command structure out there was very complex indeed because the British Chiefs of Staff were the executive agents for the U.S. and British Combined Chiefs of Staff for Burma and India, whereas Chiang Kai-shek was the Supreme Commander for the China theater, General Stilwell was, in theory, under the command of Lord Louis [Francis Albert Victor Nicholas] Mountbatten in the Southeast Asia command for India and Burma, but was also Chief of Staff to Chiang Kai-shek in the China theater. So command arrangements were rather complicated, and we had to work more or less on the basis of cooperation rather than direct command.

The China-Burma-India theater was the lowest priority in the war as far as the general Allied strategy was concerned. First priority was of course the war against Hitler in Europe; second priority was given to the operations in the Pacific under General [Douglas] MacArthur and Admiral [Chester William] Nimitz and the China-Burma-India theater was more or less at the bottom of the list. That had an influence on the manpower we were allocated, supplies, the equipment in terms of aircraft and things of that sort that might be needed so we had to make do with minimum resources. General Stilwell, for example, kept pressing for at least two American infantry divisions, but he never got them. He finally got one reinforcement regiment called "Merrill's Marauders" which were used in operations in north Burma but there were never any major American ground forces involved in that area.

We did make a major commitment toward building the Burma Road for a reentry into China. We did not know at that time how the war would develop with the Japanese and we could see the possibility that even if the Japanese were defeated in the Pacific and in their main islands that the large Japanese forces on the mainland of China would continue to fight. In any event, it was important to keep the Chinese in the war somehow in order to pin down, use up those Japanese forces which might otherwise be thrown in to reinforce those who were opposing MacArthur and Nimitz. So we needed this backdoor entry into China for the purpose of mining supplies and we took on the arduous task of opening up a road from northeastern India, Assam, through northern Burma into the Yunnan province of China. For that purpose the terrain was terrible, the rainy season made construction extraordinarily difficult, but through heroic and sacrificial effort, a lot of help from the Indians and the peoples of northern Burma, we were able to push the road through.

As a matter of fact, however, the road was never used significantly for the purpose for which it was built. We had constructed back in the United States several thousand special truck-trailer combinations to be used to haul supplies across that road into China but by the time we got the road open the DC-4 aircraft could do the job of sixty truck-trailer combinations because a DC-4 could make the trip over the hump in the Yunnan province of China in about an hour, could make several flights a day and the two to three week journey by road by truck-trailer combination simply was not practical.

My job as Chief of War Plans for General Stilwell was as much political as military. Most people have overlooked the fact that General Stilwell was sent out to the China-Burma-India Theater with an impossible mission. His job was to try to get the Chinese in China and the British army in India, made up mostly of various Indian troops, to fight the Japanese as soon and as hard as possible. But it was apparent that Chiang Kai-shek was not going to commit such forces as he had strongly against the Japanese because he was looking over his shoulder at the Communist in China at the end of the war, and he could see MacArthur and Nimitz steadily advancing across the Pacific. It was also obvious that Mr. [Winston Leonard Spencer] Churchill was not going to commit the British army in India in any serious way against the Japanese until the defeat of Hitler because the army in India was the only imperial reserve which Churchill had. The army in India provided many of the forces that were able to hold on in the Middle East at a time when the war was going very badly for the allies. So General Stilwell, without any major American forces of his own, was in the position of saying to both the Chinese and to the British, "I will hold your coat, now get out there and fight." The result was that frustration, disappointment, irritation both with regard to the British and with regard to the Chinese, were built into the very nature of General Stilwell's role out there. There were many ruffled feathers to be smoothed, we had some problems with the Indian National Movement, many of whose leaders were in jail. For example, they demanded to know when we would stop killing their cattle to feed our troops. Our supply lines back to the United States were very long across submarine infested waters and it was important for us to subsist on the land as much as we could. We finally agreed that we would not slaughter cattle that were not over twelve years old and that we would do so in screened areas which would not be seen by those peoples who might object. Of course, that meant that we ate a great deal of hamburger, because cattle more than twelve years old tend to be pretty tough and scrawny. The Indian Nationalists also demanded that we give permission to our soldiers to marry Indian girls. We compromised by agreeing that if a soldier were under orders to go home and was within thirty days of point of embarkation either by ship or by air, then we would then give him permission to marry. There was a general rule that troops in active theaters of operation were not to marry local people. I believe that was true in Europe and in the Pacific. As a matter of fact, when a soldier was within thirty days of embarkation, he wasn't too much interested in local marriage, but the principle had been accepted and that seemed to satisfy the British Nationalists.

There was a bitter struggle between General Stilwell and his own subordinate General Clair [Lee] Chennault about how to use such materials as we could move across the hump. General Chennault and Chiang Kai-shek wanted almost a monopoly on that tonnage for his air force, but General Stilwell knew that if Chennault's air operations were beefed up without strong Chinese ground capabilities alongside of it that the Japanese would simply move in and take over his air fields which indeed they did. That controversy moved all the way to Washington and one of my jobs was to draft most of the cables which represented General Stilwell point of view on that standing strategic difference of view.

END OF TAPE 70

BEGINNING OF TAPE 7P

DEAN RUSK: One point, on which most of the writers have got it wrong, had to do with the relations between General Stilwell and Lord Louis Mountbatten. Officially, they had to represent different points of view originating in London and in Washington, but they had a high regard for each other personally, partly because each one knew that the other wanted to fight, wanted to get on with the war. Although General Stilwell was sardonic about any kind of headquarters or bureaucracy or red tape or anything of that sort, he often spoke to me of his high regard for Lord Louis Mountbatten as a person and as a commander. Lord Louis was a most extraordinary man, had all the endowments that any man could wish: he was extremely handsome, had position, wealth, intelligence and was, I think, a fine leader in that theater. He had the disadvantage of being in a theater of operation of such low priority that he was never given the resources with which to conduct the kind of war against the Japanese which he had in mind. But that was true for all of us out there in that particular part of the world since the war in Europe and the war in the Pacific had overwhelming priority as far as resources were concerned.

In June 1945, I was given rest and recuperation leave and a chance to come back and spend a month with your mother and David, who were living at Mills College. That month was a joyous occasion--we had been separated for two years. I had not been with David during his earliest growing period and so it was a period of very special meaning to our family. While I was on R and R leave at Mills, however, I received orders transferring me from the CBI theater to the Operations Division of the War Department General Staff -the famous OPD, and instead of returning to India, I reported back to Washington to serve in a section of the General Staff charged with long range policy planning issues, such things as our participation in the newly born United Nations, matters dealing with the terms, circumstances of the eventual surrender of Japan, problems arising out of the occupation of defeated Germany, many questions of that sort. I was not among those officers who were informed about the development of the Manhattan Project and the atomic bomb. But I remember very vividly the day that the flash came in reporting the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima. A colonel of the regular army sitting at the next desk, upon reading this telegram exclaimed, "This means that the war has turned upon itself and is devouring its own tail. From this point forward, there will be no sense in governments resolving their differences by war." That instinctive insight has not yet been translated into the real world although we have now put behind us thirty-seven years since a nuclear weapon has been fired in anger.

The section of the General Staff on which I was serving at that time provided the staff backup for General George Marshall with regard to the matters coming before our Joint Chiefs of Staff or the U.S.-British combined Chiefs of Staff. We also provided the staff support for Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy, who was the War Department's member of the State/War/Navy Coordinating Committee called SWNCC in those days. That meant that we were involved in a wide range of major policy issues and there was never a dull moment. For example, we played a part in the decision to retain the Emperor of Japan, we felt that act alone would open the way for peaceful post-war occupation of Japan rather than an occupation being imposed upon a resisting people which would have been, among other things, a major military burden upon the forces of the United States.

The actual surrender of Japan came somewhat more quickly than we had anticipated, even with the atomic bomb, and so when it occurred we still had to spend several all-night sessions preparing the actual surrender documents to get them out to General MacArthur for the ceremony on the battleship Missouri. Those surrender documents had to be agreed with the British and the Russians and the Chinese.

One episode there turned out to be more significant than we thought at the time. There was a difference of view between the State Department and the War Department as to the areas in which American forces would receive Japanese surrender. The State Department wanted us to take the Japanese surrender as far north on the mainland of China as possible, including major points in Manchuria, but the army did not want to make itself responsible in those areas in which it did not have adequate forces in the event of trouble either with the Japanese or the Russians, so the Army did not want to go on to the mainland at all for purposes of accepting the Japanese surrender.

The compromise was finally reached that we would at least have a toehold on the Korean peninsula as a kind of symbolic presence. Two colonels, Colonel Charles [Hartwell] Bonesteel and I, who had been a classmate at Oxford by the way, went into a neighboring room to make a map study of the Korean peninsula. I think this occurred in the middle of the night while the State/War/Navy Coordinating Committee was meeting. We looked at the map, and we thought that it would be well to have Seoul, the capital of Korea, in the area in which Americans would accept Japanese surrender. But we knew that the army was going to be very resistant to any extensive area so we looked just north of Seoul for some convenient dividing line and there were no clear geographical points that would make a logical line for the areas in which the surrender would be accepted, but there was the 38th parallel and we recommended that. Well, none of those present at the meeting from State/War/Navy were aware that at the turn of the century the Russians and the Japanese had been in discussion with each other about a division of a sphere of influence in Korea along the 38th parallel, had we known that, we would almost certainly have accepted any other line of demarcation because if the Russians remembered then they would interpret that as an acknowledgement of their sphere of influence in Korea along the 38th parallel and in any talk we later put forward about the agreed unification of Korea was just for show; it was not real. But in any event, it was that kind of accident that was responsible for the 38th parallel.

My work on the General Staff at this time brought me in regular contact with that part of the Department of State that was working on the United Nations. We were particularly interested in such things as the makeup of the armed forces which the U.N. Charter provided would be furnished to the United Nations through special agreements negotiated with the U.N. Security Council. And so I had become well acquainted with people in the State Department working on United Nations affairs.

In February 1946, I was demobilized as an army officer, the rank of colonel, and accepted a position as Assistant Chief of the Division of International Security Affairs in the Department of State. That division was part of the Office of Special Political Affairs which was the office handling United Nations matters at that point. The office had been created during World War II for purposes of planning for the post-war world organization. The Division Chief under whom I

worked was an old friend, Joseph [Esrey] Johnson, later to be president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The director of the Office of Special Political Affairs at that time was a man named Alger Hiss.

During that service as Assistant Division Chief one of the interesting things I did was to accompany Secretary of State James [Francis] Byrnes to New York where he sat in the Security Council to represent the United State over the question of Azerbaijan, the first case before the United Nations Security Council. We and the Russians had put a line of communications through Iran during the war to have that additional route through which to ship Middle East supplies to the Russians in support of their war effort and we had our forces in the southern part of Iran during that period--transportation/communication forces and they had theirs in the northern part of the country, particularly the northwest province of Azerbaijan. But at the end of the war, they refused to withdraw their forces and this looked to us and to the rest of the world like an attempt to grab all of the province of Azerbaijan for Russia, so the matter was brought to the Security Council. You might find a picture of Secretary Byrnes sitting there at the Security Council table and you will find seated behind him a fellow who looks strangely like your father.

In the summer of 1946, I was asked to come back to the Pentagon to take a position as the personal assistant to the Secretary of War, Mr. Robert Patterson. Actually, I worked principally under his assistant secretary, Mr. Howard Petersen, longtime friend who has been, for many years, a banker in Philadelphia. In that job I continued to work on United Nations matters on United States participation in the fifteen nation Far Eastern Commission, which used to meet at the little Japanese Embassy out on Massachusetts Avenue and which had a kind of supervisory control over the occupation of Japan. I worked on the integration of the army and a number of other questions that were part of the responsibility of the Secretary of War. I remember how desperately we had to work to find food for occupied Germany and occupied Japan, there was a world food shortage at that time. We had a direct responsibility for feeding the peoples in these occupied countries, and it was a very close thing in terms of scratching up enough food on which they could live.

In early 1947, George Marshall, who had spent a year on that fruitless mission to China at the request of President Truman, became Secretary of State succeeding Secretary [James Francis] Byrnes. Soon after he took over the State Department he invited me to come over and take charge of the Office of United Nations Affairs, the job formerly held by Alger Hiss, and I made that move because I had a keen interest in the United Nations and went over to the State Department again.

Working under George Marshall in the State Department was a very special experience. He was a man who tried to pick people in whom he had confidence and then delegate major responsibility to them. His view was that if he found somebody to whom he could not delegate, he would remove them and get somebody else to do that job. I learned a great deal from George Marshall, and I will be doing an article one of these days on George Marshall as a teacher.

But those first years at the United Nations were very stimulating and rewarding years. There was a new atmosphere, there was a new sense that maybe things could work out for the better although we knew immediately that we were going to have major problems with the Russians in

the United Nations as elsewhere. When the General Assembly of the United Nations meets in September each year, almost every major question of foreign policy comes before the General Assembly in one way or another, either in debate or before one or another of its major committees. So my job in backstopping the U.S. delegation to the United Nations drew me into almost every aspect of our foreign policy, and I had to work closely with those in charge of our relations with Europe and Latin America, Asia, Near East, Africa, just to get our delegation to the United Nations properly informed and instructed for those sessions up in New York.

While I had been special assistant to Secretary of War Patterson, he offered the Presidio of San Francisco to the United Nations for its new home. It was a fantastic offer because the Presidio had extensive grounds, it had residences, it had office buildings, it had a hospital, it had an airstrip, a golf course, a yacht harbor, movie house; it had everything. It was probably, in those days even, a hundred million dollars property. But the United Nations turned it down for that location there on the East River in New York. My own guess is that had we had jet commercial aircraft in those days, they might well have accepted the Presidio, San Francisco. But there were many delegations who simply could not face the prospect of making a long flight to New York and then making another three thousand mile flight on to San Francisco and so the New York site was chosen.

While I was on that job involving the United Nations, it was my practice about once a month to sit down with one of those long yellow pads used in government and make a list of the matters in which I thought I should be concerned, be thinking about--one line per item. And those lists would usually run eighty, ninety or one hundred items each month. When I made a new list I threw away the old list, although I wish now that I had kept them. Once I ran across one of these lists that I had stuck away in a draw somewhere that was a year old, and it was fascinating to see what had happened to such a list in the course of a year, how extraordinarily things had changed; some problems had gotten better and some problems had gotten worse. New problems had arisen, older problems had simply disappeared and I could speculate on whether there was any correlation between which things improved or got worse and whether we ourselves had done anything about them. I think we tend to exaggerate the necessity for action about a lot of matters which, given time, will simply work themselves out or disappear while new problems come into existence.

That job as office director was made an assistant secretary job in 1949, and I became the first assistant secretary of United Nations Affairs on my fortieth birthday. At the time there was comment that I was very young to become an assistant secretary of state but now the titles have been inflated so much there are a great many assistant secretaries much younger than that.

When President Truman was reelected in 1948, Secretary Marshall, who had been having some health problems, resigned and Dean [Gooderham] Acheson, became secretary of state, and I continued to serve in United Nations matters when Dean Acheson took office. After a time he asked me to become deputy undersecretary for political affairs, whose technical rank was still that of an assistant secretary but the function was given the name of deputy undersecretary. My job was to help the secretary in coordinating the points of view, interests and attitudes of the various political bureaus of the Department: Europe, Africa, Latin America, Asia and so forth. There were a good many differences of views among these bureaus because they had different

responsibilities and it was perfectly natural. For example, on colonial issues you would have the Asian and African bureaus in disagreement with the European bureau because the European bureau was responsible for our relations with the colonial powers. My job as deputy undersecretary was to help iron out those differences with a view to developing some national policy with regard to matters in which there were inherent contradictions.

After a time as deputy undersecretary, I became assistant secretary for Far Eastern Affairs. The China question had created deep divisions in the United States and it provided the occasion for a series of vicious attacks in the Congress and by others against some people in the State Department, including some of the old China hands, involved Dean Acheson himself. It was one of the motivations behind what came to be known as McCarthyism, and so I indicated to Dean Acheson that if he wanted me to take on the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs and try to make a fresh start, that I would be willing to do so and he accepted that suggestion. My principal experience with the Far East had been during World War II and at the end of the war when we were dealing with such things as the surrender of Japan.

I had been assistant secretary for Far Eastern Affairs only a few months when the Korean War broke out, beginning with the major invasion of South Korea by North Korean forces, and I suspect that I am going to have to do a special tape of the Korean War so I won't try to go into much detail here.

At the same time, however, we were anxious to bring the occupation of Japan to a conclusion. It was our view and it was a view shared by General MacArthur, that the occupation had reached a point of diminishing returns. President Truman had asked Mr. John Foster Dulles, leading Republican who had worked with us on United Nation matters and other foreign policy questions, to come back into the administration in order to work toward a bipartisan basis on all of the questions in Asia with the exception of China. There was little prospect that the Republicans and Democrats could get together on China partly because the Republicans were making a major partisan issue of the so-called loss of China. So Mr. Truman asked John Foster Dulles to turn his attention to the Japanese Peace Treaty, and he became our principal negotiator of the Japanese Peace Treaty. I was his principal backstop as far as staff was concerned in the Department of State. Mr. Dulles did an extraordinarily fine job in working out the Japanese Peace Treaty, traveling all over the world discussing it with thirty-five or forty countries. In preparation for a possible Japanese Peace Treaty, the bureaucracy in Washington put together stacks and stacks of position papers and based on those papers, the peace treaty would have been a very long and complicated affair, but Mr. Truman wrote John Foster Dulles a very simple letter, not more than two pages in length, in effect telling Mr. Dulles that he, Mr. Truman, wanted a peace of reconciliation with Japan and instructed Mr. Dulles to get that kind of peace. So Mr. Dulles, with the help of others, such as myself, brushed aside all of this accumulated paper work. He went for a simple, direct, relatively brief peace treaty. There were some problems because certain countries like the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, were not particularly interested in a peace of reconciliation.

There were countries who wanted large reparations but we Americans knew that any reparations imposed upon Japan would become a burden upon the United States and so we resisted the idea of including major reparations in the peace treaty.

It was finally worked out and the Japanese Peace Conference was held in San Francisco. We developed procedures which made it impossible for the Soviets to veto the Japanese Peace Treaty. We had earlier succeeded in denying to the Japanese an occupation zone in Japan itself as it happened in Germany. After all, the Soviets were in the war against Japan only for a few days before the Japanese surrender. And so the rest of the world proceeded with the Japanese Peace Treaty concluded in San Francisco in 1952.

At the same time we concluded a security treaty with Japan and with the Philippines and with Australia and New Zealand, the so-called ANZUS Treaty. The treaties with the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand were aimed as much at the possibility of a Japanese military revival in the Pacific as in any other threat. These treaties were in part a quid pro quo for the acceptance by the Philippines, New Zealand and Australia of a peace of reconciliation with Japan.

I had, I think in 1951 perhaps, been invited to become a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation. There were a number of friends of mine on the Board, people like John J. McCloy, Mr. Robert Lovett, Mr. Lewis Douglas, John Foster Dulles and others. After a period as a trustee, I was invited in 1952 to become president of the Rockefeller Foundation. I felt that I should take that job; the prospects were fascinating in terms of the work that a private foundation could do to contribute to, as the Foundation charter puts it, "To contribute to the wellbeing of Mankind throughout the world." The Rockefeller Foundation had established a very honorable reputation with its work, wholly non-political in character, such things as public health, medicine, the arts, particularly in the so-called developing nations. Mr. Truman called me over to see him at that point and told me that I could have any job in his administration that I would take; for example, he suggested that I might become ambassador to Japan. "But," he said, "I will not stand in your way in taking the best job in the United States." referring to the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation. So, in the spring of 1952, I became president of the Rockefeller Foundation. [Richard, we can get into this in some more detail, but I think first you ought to read the annual President's Review that I wrote on the work of the Rockefeller Foundation to give you some background so that you will know a lot more about what the Foundation was doing and my general approach to its work and then we can make a special tape on that.]

During the Foundation years, I continued to be active in international affairs, in fact I visited widely in many countries; was active in the discussion groups at the Council on Foreign Relations. I did a certain amount of lecturing on international matters. I had never taken any active part in elective politics. Beginning with World War II, it would have been inappropriate for an army officer during the war, and during the years at the State Department we were expected to stay out of elective politics. Of course, at the Rockefeller Foundation, a tax-exempt, philanthropic institution, it would have been inappropriate for me to take too much of a part because it would inevitably leave the impression that somehow the Rockefeller Foundation was, itself, in politics which was a no-no. But we were encouraged to be as active as we wanted to be in local matters, politics at the local level.

You will remember, Richie, that during our years at Scarsdale when I was at the Rockefeller Foundation, we took an active part in the Scarsdale community. I was a member of the Town Club and for some time chairman of its Education Committee. We had our Saturday sports

programs which you remember very well. I was on the library board there in Scarsdale and was a local Democrat although the Democratic party in Scarsdale was very much of a minority party. I was co-chairman of the Democratic Committee in support of the candidacies of John F. Kennedy and his running mate Lyndon Johnson. We had Adlai [Ewing] Stevenson [III] come to Scarsdale during that campaign. There had been a love affair between Stevenson and the Democrats of Westchester County. We had a huge turnout, the high school auditorium was filled and we had a big crowd outside with speakers. One of the problems was that Adlai Stevenson spoke to his old supporters and friends without mentioning the fact that the purpose of the meeting was to support the candidacy of Kennedy and Johnson. Since I was chairman of the meeting, it was up to me to spend about five minutes at the end of the evening reminding people that we were there to support the Kennedy ticket.

I had never met John F. Kennedy until after the election in 1960 when he was president-elect. In mid-December he called me to come to see him at his house there in Georgetown, Washington [District of Columbia]. I went in and we spent about an hour and a half together talking about various possibilities as secretary of state. He had three or four names on his mind and I had two or three suggestions to add to his list. We talked for about an hour and a half and there was no discussion whatever about the possibility that he might ask me to take the job. So I went on back to New York and told my colleagues at the Rockefeller Foundation that I would be staying at the Foundation, that any press speculation about my name that they might have seen had nothing to it. The very next day Kennedy called me and told me that he wanted me to take the job. I said, "Now wait a minute. There are a lot of things we ought to talk about before you make that decision." And so he said, "All right, come on down to West Palm Beach tomorrow and we will talk things over." So I went down to West Palm Beach and we spent a morning together talking about personnel matters such as getting Adlai Stevenson to take the U.N. job and Chester [Bliss] Bowles to become undersecretary of state. In fact, during that morning he telephoned both of them to insist that they take those two posts and then he made the announcement about mid-day down at West Palm Beach.

I had never in the world expected that I would be secretary of state. I had not organized my life or my staff for that possibility. I didn't have any team to take with me to the State Department so that my team on the job was to be the Foreign Service. But that ushered in a pretty hectic period; much of the burden of that transition to become secretary fell upon your mother because she had to make arrangements for you kids to finish your year in Scarsdale and to get everything put together for a move to Washington, to find a place in Washington in which we could live. We had very few resources and couldn't do it on the grand scale that some people were able to do it. I think I lost about fifteen pounds in the first three weeks after Mr. Kennedy's announcement. But that was about the story as to how I was tagged for the job as secretary of state.

There is one postscript I want to put on the comments I made about living on Whitehall Street in West End along that railroad track. It was a very stimulating place for a young boy to be growing up. Down at one corner was old Number Seven fire station and when we first moved there the fire wagons were drawn by horses who were trained to leave their stables when the bell rang and take their places along the shaft, harnesses would fall down on them from above more or less automatically and with the fastening of three or four buckles they were all already to go. The pump was driven by steam and the pump wagon was fired by coal. In the middle of the night it

was very dramatic to see that pump wagon pulled by horses running along with the fire blazing out of its stack and with the open oven into which the firemen were shoveling coal.

Up on the next corner, in the other direction, was a switching tower for the railroad and we could climb up into the tower and sit and watch the switchman there pull his levers and his signal and route trains through a major assembly yard which was just north of the switching tower.

Right across the railroad track was a huge ice plant and we could go over there and sit on the rafters and suck ice and watch them make ice. They made it in big blocks in those days and the ice trucks would go out and chip off the amount of ice that a particular customer wanted for their iceboxes. Next door to the ice plant was a Karo syrup plant, and again we could go over there and sit on the rafters and suck sugarcane and watch these huge caldrons of syrup boil away while they were making syrup.

Beyond these two plants was an industrial dump where the various industries and businesses in the area would throw out the things they no longer wanted, and we could find all sorts of things with which to make things. In our own backyard we had two huge cottonwood trees, which were wonderful for climbing in, which we could make tree platforms and treehouses. We had a sandy backyard, and we could set a brick up on edge and push it through the sand to make a track and we were in business as a railroad. There was never a dull moment for us growing up as children, there was always a fresh adventure every day.

Another postscript I might add is that I had a considerable variety of jobs when I was young. When I was eight or nine I was a delivery boy for a little grocery store run by a man named [Claude] Leatherwood just across the tracks. My job was to go out and visit customers he sent me to and get their orders, and then I would come back with a little red wagon and haul their groceries out to them. The railroad track was the dividing line between the poor white part of town and the poor black part of town. And in that job with the grocery store I would serve people in the rather squalid little houses in the black community as well as the people in the white community. I was paid for work on afternoons and Saturdays. I was paid three dollars a week by Mr. Leatherwood, and I would take my pay in the form of three hundred pennies. I had quite a sack of pennies at one time as I saved this pay from the grocery store.

There were other times when I would go over to the ice plant and get ice and deliver ice to various people for their iceboxes. When I was a little older I got a job as an office boy with the Foote and Davies Printing Plant that required me to catch the trolley cars and change trolleys downtown, but this was the principal printing house in Atlanta. My job was to keep the papers filed and to keep the Dictaphone records cleaned off so they would be fresh for further dictation, to handle the mail, to stamp the outgoing mail and get it to the postman--a variety of chores. But it was discovered that even in those days under the child labor laws in Georgia that I was too young for a job that caused me to have to move around with big and dangerous equipment such as the printing presses, paper cutting machines and things of that sort so my job at Foote and Davies came to an end.

Once I dropped into a place there a little further toward town on Whitehall Street called the Southern Electric Supply Company. I just walked in blind and asked them if they didn't need an

office boy. It just happened that at the time I went in there they had stacks and stacks of correspondence that needed sorting out and filing away and so they took me to do that job and were apparently satisfied and kept me on as an office boy for about a year. While I was working for them we found that I would be permitted to buy electrical equipment, wiring and things of that sort at factory prices. So, my father took advantage of that and we wired our home on Whitehall Street and had electric lighting for the first time in my life. I was then about fourteen years old; before that we used kerosene lamps or indeed read by pine knots in the fireplace. I mentioned that when I was in high school I was the school page editor of the Atlanta Journal--so I had a variety of jobs along the way, all of which I enjoyed.

There is a postscript on the Japanese Peace Conference in San Francisco, I think I said 1952, it must have been 1951 and we did not permit the Soviets to exercise a veto to hold up the Japanese Peace Treaty. We did that through some extraordinary rules of procedure. Mr. Dulles had gotten agreements from all the other participants in the Congress except the Soviets and people like the Czechs and the Poles who were under the domination of the Soviet Union. But we devised some extraordinarily unusual rules of procedure. These rules of procedure specified that we had come to meet in San Francisco for the purpose of adopting that specific treaty which Mr. Dulles had already negotiated with the overwhelming majority. The presiding officer was Dean Acheson, the foreign minister of the host country. The situation was such that if the Soviets made a motion to amend the peace treaty prior to the adoption of the rules of procedure, the motion was out of order because the first item on the agenda was the adoption of the rules of procedure. After we adopted the rules of procedure, a motion to amend was out of order because the rules of procedure said that we were there to approve that particular text which was designated in the rules of procedure itself. It took the Soviet delegation about two days to understand fully what had happened to them and they walked out, I think on the third or fourth day, taking Czechoslovakia, Poland and one or two others along with them. But we were determined not to have the same experience with Japan we had had with the Soviet Union with regard to Germany, where the postwar effort to conclude the German occupation on the basis that was agreed to during the war, simply broke down because the three Western allies and the Soviet Union simply could not get agreement on any matter of real consequence.

A further postscript on my years in West End while we were living on Whitehall Street--our family was very active in the Presbyterian church, and I told you my father had started out to be a Presbyterian minister but was not able to pursue it. We belonged to the West End Presbyterian Church and Sundays were a very important day to us from a religious point of view. I went to Sunday School around nine-thirty [ante meridiem]. I always went to the Sunday morning church service at eleven o'clock, then we had a young people's society meeting around six or six thirty on Sunday afternoon and then there was the Sunday evening church service. So a good part of our Sundays were spent at the church and that was where I found my friends of my age both in the Sunday School class and in the young people's society which was called the Christian Endeavor in those days. I was active in Christian Endeavor and when I was about twelve was, I think, president of the State Christian Endeavor, the Junior Christian Endeavor. And I remember driving to different parts of the state to attend Christian Endeavor meetings, sometimes to make little speeches about the work of Christian Endeavor. In those days I had an idea that I might, myself, become a Presbyterian minister but somewhere between high school and college those

views began to fade and after I got to Oxford and saw the turbulence of world affairs and what was developing, my interests turned to international affairs more and more.

But the church was very important to us in growing up in Atlanta. There was very little of what would be called juvenile delinquency; on the whole our group of young people were quite well behaved; I never heard of drugs. We occasionally ran away somewhere and smoked a little rabbit tobacco in lieu of tobacco. I never took a drink of alcoholic beverage until I reached Oxford after I had graduated from college, which sounds like a very strange thing to say but it was a community that I look back upon with great appreciation and I got a lot out of it.

There was a boy scout troop organized in the West End Presbyterian Church and I joined that as soon as I was old enough. I enjoyed the scouting but I was not very good at such things as handicrafts, swimming and a few things of that sort and so I never made it beyond second class scout. Later on, when I was secretary of state, I used to meet with some Eagle Scouts each year as a kind of gesture of support but I was always a little embarrassed when they asked me about my own boy scout experience which didn't go very far.

One thing about West End which was of great importance: In our own family, because of the influence of my own mother and father, we were voracious readers. We read everything we could get our hands on. Fortunately, in West End there was a children's library called the Joel Chandler Harris Library on Gordon Street about six blocks from our home. It had been founded in memory of Joel Chandler Harris, the author of Uncle Remus stories, but the library was filled with all kinds of children's books, such things as the Rover Boys, the Tom Swift books, but also a good many more serious books about the world and so we were very active users of that children's library. The library at our school was not very good and we could not borrow from that in the same way we could from the Joel Chandler Harris Library which was call The Wren's Nest. All of the children in our family; my older sister Margaret, my two older brothers Parks and Roger, my younger sister Helen, and I all started out with a great interest in extensive reading that stayed with all of us throughout our lives.

When I was very young I memorized the Westminster Shorter Catechism. It contained the articles of faith of the Presbyterian Church, and I received a Bible from the West End Presbyterian Church when I memorized and repeated the Westminster Shorter Catechism from memory. I have reflected on that because the first question of the Westminster Shorter Catechism is the question, "What is the chief end of Man?" and the answer in the Catechism, a theological question it was, "The chief end of Man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." Many years later during the Cuban Missile Crisis, as I drove around the streets of Washington and saw people on the sidewalks and shops not knowing what was going on, it came back to my mind this first question of the Westminster Shorter Catechism "What is the chief end of Man?," because I realized during the Cuban Missile Crisis that this first of all questions about what life is all about had become an operational question before the governments of the world. I mention that simply because it almost startled me during the Cuban Missile Crisis to find myself thinking about that very first question in the Catechism.

I mentioned that I had taken ROTC four years in high school beginning with the age of twelve and extending through college; a total of eight years. In those days we all took ROTC, it was

taken for granted. As a matter of fact, you had to have a medical excuse of some sort not to take ROTC; it was just taken for granted that if your country got into trouble and needed you for military service you would be there. That period of eight years of ROTC resulted in a commission as a reserve second lieutenant in the United States Army. Through keeping up with my correspondence work with the Army Reserve Program, I was promoted to first lieutenant and then captain. I was a captain at the time I was called to active duty in December 1940.

END OF 7P

BEGINNING OF 7Q

DEAN RUSK: This has to do with the kind of life that was lived in Cherokee County in the first decade of this century. There was a considerable contrast between north Georgia on the one side and eastern Tennessee or western North Carolina on the other. The people who settled in eastern Tennessee came down the valley of Virginia and brought a good deal of the culture and technology of Williamsburg with them. But those who settled north Georgia came up through South Carolina and found themselves moving into Indian country and were much more pioneering and simplistic than Virginia of the colonial days. For example, it is almost fair to say that Cherokee County was pre-scientific and certainly underdeveloped early in this century. There was a minimum of medical care, public health; education was in one-room school houses if there was any education at all. Things like typhoid fever, pellagra, goiter, all those things were simply part of the environment in which the good Lord had put us. Of course, all the childhood diseases went through all of us; mumps, chicken pox, measles, all the rest of them.

For care in those days--sore throats, my father would put a little soda in some sorghum syrup, heat it up on the top of a chimney on the lamp and when it was warm, would feed it to us in a spoon; of course there were no antibiotics. We had calomel for some diseases--that simply moved your bowels. Clearing the bowels was looked upon as being good for you.

But we planted our crops more or less by the phases of the moon spelled out in the Farmers' Almanac. There were very few improved seeds or fertilizer. We had a little guano but fertilizer was mostly the manure that came from the horse, the cow and the chickens. We didn't have a single motor on our farm; the plow was pulled by a horse, so was the wagon, so was the little buggy. Weeding was done by hand, by hoe, by rakes; the corn was gathered by hand, so was the cotton and sugarcane was cut by hand and loaded on the wagons by hand. There was rural free delivery by the post office and the postman would come by maybe three times a week in horse and buggy and we had our mailbox up on the little road that was a little more important than our road and we would go up there to get the mail occasionally. Of course, we used a Sears Roebuck catalogue which every home had a copy of. The privy was about fifty yards from the house. There was no running water. We had a well on our front porch and we drew all our water out of that, hand drawn by bucket and pump. The only thing that suggested any kind of modern movement was a homemade telephone system that my father and about a dozen neighbors built to connect about half a dozen farms or so.

Nevertheless, my father was a college graduate; my mother was a former school teacher. They put great emphasis on reading and we developed very early a voracious appetite for reading and ambition with respect to education.

Religion was what people these days would call hard-shell Protestantism. Churches were places where the community gathered and was as much a social event as a religious event. But everybody came. There was not a service every Sunday because the minister would have to serve several churches and he was sort of a circuit minister. But there were deep religious commitments and beliefs. We were poor but we read in the Bible that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to Heaven, so we managed to accept the fact that we were poor but would have been very resentful if anybody else had called us poor.

Of course a good many things were done on a community basis. If a man wanted to put up a barn, the neighbors would come in and help him. Usually a group would gather together for corn shucking time to shuck out the ears of corn and get grains and seeds off the cobs or the women would have a quilting party and would make quilts in different homes so there was almost an automatic cooperation in things that could better be done by a group than by individuals. About the only things we bought from the store were things like salt, cloth for clothes, maybe some wheat flour at times, things of that sort. I remember my father would occasionally come back from the store with a can of Vienna sausages. There were seven links of sausage in the cans, still are, and there were seven of us in the family so that each member of the family got one link of sausage and that was a great treat. So all my life, including my days as secretary of state, if I went to a big reception where there was a big spread, I always went straight to the Vienna sausages because they were a real delicacy. Work began before sunrise and ended at dark. Before sunrise you could feed the animals and do several chores but daylight was spent in the fields most of the year working in one way or another. Except for when my older brother and sister were in school, they would be out in the field doing whatever had to be done. For example, my mother was more or less responsible for the vegetable garden and the children would help. I was one, two, three years old so I am sure that I didn't pull my weight in terms of working the field although in later years I would go back up and pick cotton and pull fodder and shuck corn and all the rest of it. There was a substantial breakfast and the big meal of the day was mid-day and then a fairly light supper because the output of energy during the day at work, but it was tough. The very fact of earning a living out of those red clay hills, which was tough, tended to make rather stern people out of all the Rusk family up there. My father was a gentle man but when he spoke, you knew he meant it and he did have an occasional burst of temper which was not easy to get around. My father was one of the younger members [I forget now I think there were one or two in the family younger than he] in a group of eleven children.

In those days families saw a lot of each other, they were not spread all over the country; first cousins got to know each other and visited each other frequently. You always knew that if you were going on a trip, usually by horse and buggy or surrey or wagon, that you could stage your trip by staying somewhere with a member of your family and you didn't have to ask for a reservation, you would just drop by and say that you wanted to spend the night. We used a lot of pallets; just straw on the floor with a quilt or something laid on top. So it was easy to take care of a good number of people at the same time. We learned a lot about the Bible, we learned a lot

about the Sears Roebuck catalogue, the Farmers' Almanac. It took perhaps ten days to two weeks to get an item from Sears from the time the order was put in. There was a Sears quite early down in Atlanta and that made it easy to get orders. On rare occasions my father would come into Atlanta to do a little shopping or whatever else or go up to Canton to the county courthouse. The county courthouse in those days was kind of a community meeting ground, especially when the judge came through to hold court. There was a minimum of record keeping. For instance, they did not record births when I was born and I had to get a delayed birth certificate many years later from the state of Georgia. Everybody knew everybody else over a considerable area and if strangers came through that was a matter of great curiosity. Strangers, in fact, would be followed from farm to farm until they got through the area. I regret to say that at the time in Cherokee County, a black was not permitted to spend the night in the county. This came out of the Reconstruction period when relations became very bitter. No blacks lived in Cherokee County. We weren't too much concerned about what was happening in Georgia as far as the governor was concerned or about Washington as far as the president was concerned. Our primary interest was whether the cow was giving milk, whether members of the family were healthy, whether the chickens were laying eggs and what was happening at the center just didn't seem very important to us.

Of course, we were affected by such things as the price of cattle but again that was looked upon as almost part of the environment. Our little farm was in the southern part of Cherokee County, about thirty-five or forty miles north of Atlanta. There was a railroad which came up to Woodstock which was about eight miles away toward the west. The roads were largely one track roads, themselves clay, no gravel as a matter of fact. In the rainy season the wheels of the wagons and buggies would cut deep ruts in them and you pretty much had to travel in the ruts because it was almost impossible to do otherwise. The bridges were loose planks across heavy beams. At Roswell, eight miles to the east of us, was the site of one of the old covered bridges; it was always fun to go under there. I don't remember seeing an automobile of any sort while I was in Cherokee County. It was not until we moved to Atlanta that we began to see cars because people up in that part of the country simply could not afford automobiles and all that went with them. My father was a very quiet man; quiet in his family and with his neighbors, and we were a rather formal family inside the family. There was no cuddling each other; we were a rather dour bunch in the sense that we didn't talk very much about the things we felt most deeply. We didn't intrude on each other very much; there was a kind of sense of privacy within the family itself. I don't think I ever heard my mother call my father by name. We knew that when she spoke without naming anybody that she was speaking to him and he would occasionally call her Fanny, her name being Elizabeth Frances Clotfelter; but it was a rather formal relationship but that did not detract in any way from a sense of commitment and family loyalty and things of that sort. It was just the way we were.

Our little house had been built by my father with planks. There was a fireplace and a brick chimney which he had built out of homemade brick. There were three rooms; a bedroom for my mother and father and anyone of the children who needed a corner to throw down a pallet. There was a second bedroom which was more or less for the children and there was a kitchen-dining room combination with a fire stove in the corner with a stove pipe and flue going up into the ceiling. I remember once when we were eating there and we noticed that the roof of the kitchen-dining room had caught on fire at the point where the stove pipe went through. There was quite a

scramble to draw water out of the well in time to put out the fire because these things were pine boards and would burn very well. I think after that we usually kept some water around in buckets or in pots in case we needed water in a hurry, we could get some. There was no central heating of course, no air-conditioning in the summer. There were shade trees around the house and that made it pleasant. My father had put in window glass and that was one of the first houses in north Georgia to have glass windows. Our light was entirely from the kerosene lamps with wick and burning kerosene oil and that meant that the chimneys had to be washed every day. I suppose I washed a thousand chimneys in my day because that kind of light does gradually smoke up the chimneys. But we did a good deal of reading just in front of the fire. It was a wood fire and usually produced a light bright enough for reading. We used to play games with each other involving spelling and identifying names and places. We had in our home a copy of Webster's Blue Black Speller and we used it to drill each other on spelling and we got where any member of the family could spell any word in the Webster's Blue Black Speller.

I began to do that while I was in Cherokee although we continued to do that after I moved to Atlanta, but I had already jumped in even though I was only three years old. I have no doubt that I was strongly influenced by my parents. Perhaps more so after we went to Atlanta when I was more aware of what was going on and more aware of them. But when we moved to Atlanta, my father took a job at the post office carrying mail. We took with us from Cherokee about forty or fifty jugs of sorghum syrup; they were stored under a bed there in Atlanta. We would use sorghum syrup for our dessert; we would spread some of it on a piece of bread or maybe when it was cold weather it would get quite hard and goeey like taffy and we would lick it off of a knife. I remember it was a very sad day in our family when that last jug of sorghum syrup was used up and we didn't have that anymore. My chief memories of Cherokee County came not from the time I lived there myself but the visits we made regularly back to Cherokee County while we were living in Atlanta. We would get a train in Atlanta up to Woodstock and then thumb a ride out from Woodstock to some of my relatives living at or near the old homeplace. Cherokee County is about sixty-five miles west by north of Athens and about thirty-five miles due north of Atlanta-Traveling back and forth to Atlanta was a good all day journey by horse and buggy or wagon and we would usually stop at some kinfolks along the way for overnight when we made that trip. But Woodstock was a one street town, so was Roswell eight miles in the other direction and that, of course, is hard to believe when you look how the entire county has grown-up as a bedroom for Atlanta these days. We had very strong recollections about the tragedy of the Reconstruction period.

Both my grandfathers had been in the Confederate army but it is a great tragedy that Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee could not have lived and worked together to reconcile the North and South after the Civil War. The Reconstruction period left behind a great bitterness in the South toward Yankees and toward the North and I think Lincoln could have prevented a great deal of that, had he lived. Cherokee was more typical of the general South than were the people in the far north of Georgia, up in the mountains. My grandfather Rusk gathered together about one hundred men and took them off to join the Confederate army. I suppose that was partly why he became a colonel so quickly; he was the leader of that group. But there were no slaves up there in that part of Georgia, to them this was not a slave problem as such; the fact that Georgia was at war, it just seemed natural to take part on the side of Georgia. There were some constitutional issues which have long since been forgotten, which were not directly related to slavery.

I had one narrow escape while I was living in Cherokee County. Our barn had a hayloft and there was a door to the hayloft which was maybe fifteen feet off the ground. I was playing there in the hay once and fell out of the door in the hayloft, but fortunately my head fell into a fresh pile of cow manure which the cow had just deposited in the right spot that broke the fall. My mother told me that I cried brown tears for a week after that. But in general, as far as I was concerned, life was fairly normal and fairly tame. The excitements came by accident. There were woods in every direction. As a matter of fact when you set out to clear what we called some new ground, neighbors would come in and you would have a party to cut down the trees and pull up the stumps to get a new piece of ground ready, we had a total of forty acres. There were other Rusks for several miles in each direction because my great grandfather had settled out a very large acreage up there--a thousand acres originally.

By the time two or three generations worked their will, that acreage had been split up. But there were still Rusk families in that area in different directions. But it was great fun to go hunting through the woods for wild muscadines, for a honey tree. One of the great finds was to find a tree in which bees had built their hive. When you found one, you built a fire at the bottom to smoke the bees away and then you cut down the tree. The trees were usually small trees and you had a bunch of honey to take home. Our vegetable garden was very important to us. We kept ourselves pretty well in fresh vegetables during the summer and mother would can a great many vegetables and fruits to be used in the winter with the Mason glass jars. Canning day was always an important day. It was hard work to do all that canning but it proved very valuable to us as the season wore on. You will have to ask my two older brothers about what kind of child I was in those early days. I have the impression that I was not too troublesome. Apparently, I did run off once in a while to a neighbor's house and they would have to call around to try to find out where I was and come for me. My mother was Elizabeth Frances Clotfelter. That German family came over and at least my grandfather found his way to Rockdale County, south of Atlanta. There the situation was somewhat easier because the farmland was more productive, gentler as far as the people were concerned and my father and mother met in a not unusual way. When my father was at Davidson he had a classmate named Joe Clotfelter, and Joe Clotfelter asked him to come down to Rockdale County and visit during one of their Christmas vacations. My father did and met Joe Clotfelter's sister, Fanny, my mother.

My mother was apparently a beautiful young woman. Her contemporaries have told me more than once that she was generally looked upon as the prettiest girl in Rockdale County and I can believe it because she was always a handsome woman. But life was more gentle in Rockdale County and that reflected itself in the attitudes of the people to a considerable extent. There was more of a relaxed family relationship among the Clotfelters than among the Rusks. Indeed, when there was a fit of temper or something of that sort, my mother would sometimes say, "That's the Rusk in him." Growing up in a family with two older brothers and an older sister and a college-educated father and a school teacher mother, I got off to an early start in such things as reading, writing and simple arithmetic so that when I became of school age in Atlanta, I took a test to see whether I should be started out in the second grade rather than the first grade. I remember the test because I think the only question I missed was when I was asked to spell "girl" and I spelled it "gal" and the teacher who gave me the test smiled. I started out in the second grade. But again in those days there was a high degree of concentration on reading, writing, and arithmetic and

spelling--the fundamentals that we at least think about, those of us who are older. We had a lot of drilling; we would have spelling matches all the time, spelling bees in the classroom.

My mother, when she was young, had won a gold medal in a spelling contest and we always had that around the house. I think that probably spurred the children to learn how to spell. That is one of the things that I learned early and stayed with me the rest of my life. There were some interesting people in the children I went to school with--the Lee Street School. One of my classmates is the wife of Harlee Branch who was at Davidson during my time there. He was the son of the city editor of the Atlanta Journal. Harlee Branch was president of the Southern Company for many years. I still see them from time to time. Another classmate was Suzette Heath and she has been the lifelong wife of Eugene [Robert] Black, who was president of the World Bank and president of American Express. I have seen them from time to time. So many of those early childhood associations continued into the future. But we were all relatively docile as school children and there was very little truancy, very little criminal activity on the part of children. We were trained to behave ourselves and to mind our manners. I remember in the second grade we played out the story of "Sleeping Beauty" and I played the role of the Prince. A girl named Frances Spalding played the role of the Princess. When the time came for me to kiss her and to wake her up, the teacher very carefully put a little handkerchief over her face for me to kiss. Both in Cherokee County and in West End in Atlanta we were people of very modest resources to put it gently but we were immaculate. We kept our clothes clean, we kept the house clean, we scrubbed down the pine floors about once a week, I remember that because on the next day I would always get splinters in my bare feet because when you wash pines it throws up splinters.

The yard was always swept up; there was no trash lying around. There were always some flowers either in the ground around the house or in pots, say on the porch or in a window. We never let ourselves get dirty. Of course there were times when we came in from the field dirty; but we had wash day for clothes, once a week. My mother was given, as a wedding present, a big cast iron wash pot, and I must have built fires under that hundreds upon hundreds of times because you would boil the clothes in that wash pot and then there would be a couple of rinsing tubs and then you would hang them out to dry. I brought that tub with me to Athens and we had it in the vestibule of our apartment with some flowers in it and then some rascals came along and stole it and we have never been able to locate it.

RICHARD RUSK: I can remember as a kid driving back through Cherokee County and you going up to rubble of bricks and picking up a brick.

DEAN RUSK: That was off my father's chimney--the old home. The little house in which I was born in Cherokee County was torn down by a cousin during the 30s to get planks with which to build chicken houses but my older brother Parks bought the land in the old homeplace and has built a little cottage there and he and his wife live there now.

So we get up there about every six or eight weeks or so and always enjoy it. He is reconstructing a log cabin which perhaps my great-grandfather used when he first came up there. A good many of the family memorabilia are already being stored there. I had fine teachers at Lee Street School but the standards were very strict both at home and at school. My mother would keep in touch

with my teachers, as she did with the other children, and home and school worked very well together. In those days you usually had some homework to do. Homework had dropped out of fashion after that but we would always have some sums to do or a paper to write or some spelling to get ready for or something so there was always homework in the home. Although Cherokee County is not all that far away from Atlanta we were still far enough up into the foothills so that there was some of the feuding tradition still existing. It began when a boy and a girl had gotten into trouble and my uncle was going into Woodstock one day in his buggy and he saw the other man coming down the road in the other direction. They got down to the bottom of their respective hills to cross the bridge over the stream and they got out and started shooting each other and my uncle killed this fellow. He was acquitted in court when he was tried. But feuding was not unknown and strangers had to watch themselves pretty carefully as to how they conducted themselves up through that country.

RICHARD RUSK: Was there crime in that area?

DEAN RUSK: Not very much. I don't recall problems of stealing crops and things of that sort. Of course everybody knew everybody else's cattle and horses and things of that sort. I just don't know. I was never particularly aware of crime.

There was no drinking whatever in my family and I never was aware of any drinking among my kinfolk and neighbors although I suppose some of them did. But I was about twenty-one years old before I realized that the bottle in my father's medicine chest labeled "old reliable corn cure" was a bottle of corn whiskey. But if we had a sore throat or something, he might get out a teaspoon of sugar and pour two or three drops of whiskey in it and have us take it down our throats to ease the throat a little. As a matter of fact, I never took an alcoholic drink until I got to Oxford, until I had graduated from college. A young Englishman had held a twenty-first birthday party and it was normal at those parties to serve sherry. They poured me a glass and I sat there and looked at that glass of sherry for about a half an hour and finally sipped at it and drank it and fell from grace. When I was in Atlanta, about fourteen years old, I saw an ad in the local newspaper for an office boy so I went downtown and applied for it and I found myself working for an outfit called the Knights of the Mystic Kingdom and they had a little club room with an American flag and a cross and they would go out and get membership based upon anti-black, anti-Jew, anti-Catholic, anti-foreign, charge them ten dollars for membership and then the organizers would simple take off and abscond. But while I was working for them, I worked for them for about ten days, I found myself delivering packages for them around town and one day I discovered that I was carrying liquor, that I was bootlegging for them, so I decided to quit that job and try something else.

But I always remember the Knights of the Mystic Kingdom as kind of an offshoot of the Klu Klux Klan and was just a plain racket from the point of view of the organizers. I don't remember anything about the original Klan but during the time that I was aware there was no Klan activity in Cherokee County.

RICHARD RUSK: Why were there no slaves up in Cherokee County?

DEAN RUSK: The slaves were usually to be found on the larger farms and plantations farther south. North Georgia was settled by freeholders who simply went up there and staked out some ground with their families and did their own work and raised children to help them with their work and just didn't get into the slave economy, maybe they couldn't afford slaves, I don't know. It was poor country. About the only cash product that came out of our farm were three or four bales of cotton each year. When my father would go into Woodstock or Roswell he might take along a basket of fresh eggs to trade or some sorghum syrup or something of that sort. There was a fair amount of barter going on at that time. But we did not produce very much for the market as such except for cotton. Of course cotton is a pirate as far as the land is concerned; it takes out the nutrients very fast so normally you would have to keep replenishing the soil with guano and fertilizer and things of that sort. It was really an uneconomic crop for that particular kind of country. I think the boll weevil was a great blessing in Cherokee County because it drove people away from cotton and turned them toward chickens and things like that.

The boll weevil came to Cherokee County in the teens and twenties. As an example of the kinds of standards set in our family, I remember coming home in the fourth grade with a report card that was all A's except for a C in conduct, and my father gave me a terrific whipping because of that C.

END OF 7Q, SIDE 1

BEGINNING OF 7Q, SIDE 2

DEAN RUSK: --through much of the South by combination of education, public health, and steadily increasing productivity. The first outside effort that we were aware of took the form of public health campaigns in such things as hookworm and malaria, things of that sort. When they started to work on those public health problems, they realized they couldn't get very far with them without education and so they began to step up the standards and availability of education. School in Cherokee was not compulsory. Most of the kids I knew went to school. The school year was based on the calendar of the crops. We didn't hold school during planting season or during harvest season. But most of the kids had to walk two, three, four, five miles even, to a one-room school house. The teachers' standards were almost non-existent. The little school that my older brothers and sister went to, which was about two miles away, had a teacher whose only qualification was to have been a graduate of that particular school and be big enough to whip any boy in the class. But it was tough getting back and forth to school in the winter time-- nevertheless we had to learn. Roads made a big difference because they greatly eased the ability to get to town or bring products not only into nearby towns but into Atlanta, and of course automobiles came in. I can remember that my father once bought a new Ford automobile for \$289.00.

That was the old T-Model Ford and one year that was the price on it, but that was after we moved to Atlanta. Electricity made a big difference because it not only provided much better light but also made it possible to begin to use electric power in place of manpower for a good

many of the chores around the farm; pumps, such things as that. This was not really until after TVA [Tennessee Valley Authority] came in. Just to illustrate the transformation that occurred, in the twenties and thirties, cousins of mine in a rather shamefaced kind of way would go into Atlanta to get work and they looked upon themselves as failures on their farms. But it wasn't too long, the forties and fifties, before, in fact, they became industrial workers with a country home. They would go into jobs in Marietta or Atlanta and then come back to a couple hundred acre farm up in Cherokee and raise chicken and fatten cattle and so forth, so this made a big difference. Consolidated schools for high schools made a big difference, school buses made a big difference--it has just been a transformation within one person's lifetime. When I was once at a meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the Western Hemisphere in Punta del Este, Uruguay we were talking about some of the problems of development. I took some time out in my remarks to describe to them the beginnings of Cherokee County in my day and what had happened to transform the life of those people within my own lifetime and I told the story in order to show them that development is not something that takes two or three hundred years, as some of the economist talk about, but in these days it can happen pretty fast by this powerful combination of education, public health and increased productivity. We are very lucky in this country when, in the administration of Abraham Lincoln, we invented the land-grant colleges.

We used to call them agriculture-mechanical colleges. Those institutions mobilized brain power and aimed education at those fields that were very important for development -agriculture and engineering. Along the way, we learned that it's entirely proper for an educated person to get his hands dirty -to work. I can remember when the first county agent came into Cherokee County. He didn't know much, but he knew more than we did. He knew that you didn't dig your well downhill from your privy, for example. County agents for the Department of Agriculture taught people how to do such things as contour plowing, where the improved seeds were and how you could get them. Of course, in the early days we could write to our congressman in Washington and he would send us out passels of vegetable seeds and things of that sort. But there developed a momentum that kept moving and steadily things became much better. The principal cash crop which it produced for many years was chickens because that kind of country can grow chickens - the climate is right, it doesn't take much land to grow chickens. Much of the feed was grown on the farm but you could grow corn and other kinds of grains; but if you are growing chickens and the market is reasonable you can always by some additives to the feed that works very well. I suppose now the principal product in Cherokee County would be manpower for the industries in the towns plus services that go with any kind of community such as merchandizing and things of that sort.

There was a little timbering but the turnover is so long that people don't turn to it systematically as a means of making a living. If they have some standing timber they might, at some point, make a deal with a lumber company to come in and pull out some of the timber. Of course, as the large cities began to develop nearby then there are such things as cord wood to be used in fireplaces, Christmas trees and things of that sort because Georgia can grow things. The head of the Kimberly-Clark Paper Company, Jack Kimberly, was on the board of the Rockefeller Foundation with me, told me once that Georgia alone could grow all of the pulp required by the United States if you simply wanted to do it, that it was a heck of a place to grow things.

RICHARD RUSK: What effect did all these changes--increased productivity, better health, I presume now the land wasn't quite so harsh--have on the attitudes of the people?

DEAN RUSK: Well, I missed a good deal of that because from 1927 until 1970 I did not live in Georgia. I went to North Carolina to college, then to England, then to California and from there to the Army, to Washington, to New York, so by the time I got back to Georgia in 1970, it was just an entirely different place. There were paved roads, communications, radio, television, supermarkets not far away.

RICHARD RUSK: I suppose this made you a real believer in what technology could do.

DEAN RUSK: Yes, but I also attach a good deal of importance to the attitude of people toward work. I know that there are those who make fun of what is sometimes called the protestant ethic of work but we learned to work in Georgia. Even today when foreign firms--European, Japanese--come in to build plants in Georgia; I have talked to a number of heads of those firms and they usually comment on the fact that the work force down there takes pride in a job well done.

You don't have the laxity of feather bedding and all sorts of other things that might be found in some of the old parts of the country like the Northeast. I suppose during those years in Atlanta the principal influences upon me were my father and mother, my first teacher in school, Ethel Massingale, and my high school teacher of Greek, Preston Epps, but I think also my contemporaries. We were pretty close knit as a community of young people around the West End Presbyterian Church. There was no fooling around; we were extraordinarily well behaved by modern standards. There was a strong recognition between right and wrong and peer pressures were in the direction of doing the right thing and not doing the wrong thing. So that, looking back on it, was a pretty wholesome atmosphere in which to grow up, a minimum of complications. Now, I suppose that we had our share of what would be called juvenile delinquency. For example, at the end of World War I, while we were living along that railroad track on Whitehall Street in Atlanta, there was a very severe coal shortage. The price of coal just went up through the ceiling. People such as we, who were on modest income, just couldn't afford coal. We could not even get any if we thought we had the money. So when I was about eight or nine years old, we would wait for a coal train to come along on the railroad track which was just across the street from us and we would throw rocks at the men on the coal trains and they would throw coal back at us. I remember that because the policeman on the beat would be sitting down at the fire station with his feet on the rail, chewing the fat with the firemen and he would see us and laugh like everything because he knew that we weren't trying to hit anybody but that we were trying to get some coal. Well these days, the social workers, the cops, the psychiatrist and all the rest of them would turn out to try to deal with this kind of juvenile delinquency, but it was just a part of growing up under those kinds of circumstances. I think one thing we learned from that experience was a good deal of self-reliance; we didn't go around looking for shoulders on which to cry. I remember we had a bicycle at our house and finally one of the tires got to the point where we just couldn't use it any more. Well, a new tire cost three dollars and my father didn't have three dollars for a bicycle tire. We waited for two years until we got a bicycle tire for Christmas.

Now that was something we just took for granted; we didn't fret and snort about it because it just wasn't there. If we thought we wanted to try something on, we would try to make it. For example, we made our own little crystal radio sets when radios came in, and those were easy to make, homemade with coil and crystal and whiskers and so forth and I remember what fun it was to drag that whisker around over that crystal and pick up KDKA in Pittsburgh, one of the first radio stations in all of the Southeast. You can make do with a lot of things because your imagination had free scope. I mentioned earlier that in our sandy backyard we could stand a brick up on edge and push it through the sand and make a track and we were in business with a railroad. I have no doubt that we had as much fun with that kind of a railroad as you and I did in Scarsdale many years later with a store bought train set costing hundreds of dollars.

RICHARD RUSK: You've spoken of some of the good characteristics of the people back in that world. What are some of the characteristics which you thought weren't so good?

DEAN RUSK: I think generally that we had our fair share of prejudice back in those days. There was a prejudice toward Yankees, there was a prejudice toward Catholics. Just across the street from the West End Presbyterian Church was a little Catholic church [that we looked on] as kind of a den of iniquity. We had a neighbor whose backyard adjoined our backyard and he was a Catholic and we looked upon him with great suspicion. I don't remember that we had much prejudice as far as the Jews were concerned. As far as the blacks were concerned it is hard to describe the relationship. I mention this railroad track on which we lived to separate the poor white from the poor black part of town and there were black kids over there our own age and typically for twenty-nine days of each month we would play together--all sorts of games, no problems--but about once a month we would choose up sides and have a fight and of course when you choose up sides, color is the easiest way to decide what side you're on so it was always black and white. We would proceed from fists to flips to slingshots to bow and arrows and finally we got around to BB guns.

RICHARD RUSK: What were flips?

DEAN RUSK: Flips were little rubber bands on a Y-stick and you pulled it back and let it fly; whatever you had in it. I remember once after one of those occasions coming home to my mother to take a homemade 5-foot spear out of the lobe of my ear. It had gone through there and stuck and so it got to be pretty dangerous before we all moved apart.

But, on the other hand, when I worked as a delivery boy for that little grocery store, Mr. Leatherwood's, right across the tracks when I was eight, nine, ten, that sort of thing, we would serve the black families and in the grocery store they were treated exactly the same way, and I would go out and take orders from the black families. If they were sitting on the porch talking, they would often ask me just to sit on the step and wait a bit until they got through with their talk so I listened in a great deal on the talk which they had among themselves. I came away from that with a strong impression that some of my black friends have later confirmed and that is that blacks growing up in this country live in two entirely different worlds. I think that I got some glimpses into what blacks are like when they are all by themselves when I was a grocery boy sitting on the steps listening to them chew the fat.

RICHARD RUSK: You came from a part of the world which had its share of prejudice towards blacks and people different from them, how do you account for the fact that you came out of there a racially tolerant person? Obviously education was one reason and the fact that you traveled.

DEAN RUSK: I think that living where we did on Whitehall Street there in Atlanta we had a lot of associations with the blacks-They worked in the ice house, they worked in the Karo syrup factory, we kids played together although we were not in school together and I think that it is important for people to discover, this almost has to be an individual experience, that when you are with a person of another race, nothing happens. I mean later on, of course Davidson College was not integrated at that time, Oxford was, a good many blacks studied in Germany, it just steadily became apparent to me that blacks and browns and yellows and so forth were people like everybody else and so I think I did escape the worst types of prejudice based upon the color or race or religion.

RICHARD RUSK: Was the rest of your family as successful in doing that?

DEAN RUSK: Well, my older sister Margaret, bless her heart, was one of the more conservative members of our family in this matter but she found her way home with it. I remember when integration first started she remarked to me once that she just about decided that she would rather see a black man entering a bus and go to the nearest seat than to elbow his way through a lot of white people to get to the rear.

Now she couldn't accept the possibility that she had been wrong all of her life. She rationalized her way to the answer. But there is another element which causes me to believe that with a little luck, the South can still show the way to the rest of the country in race relations. Back in those days the theory was wrong, nevertheless there was an infinity of direct personal relationships between blacks and whites in all sorts of ways and they were combined in common undertakings; in work, merchandising and all sorts of things. Now that the theory had been straightened out in the South, these many, many personal relationships between blacks and whites have been continued and you don't get that in places like Harlem or Watts, or south Boston or places of that sort. So we have an opportunity there to find our way home on these things more readily and more easily than some people in other parts of the country.

RICHARD RUSK: How did the family and your friends from that part of the world take [Margaret Elizabeth] Peg's marriage and give that all the privacy and treat that with all the respect that it deserves?

DEAN RUSK: I think at the beginning, Peggy's marriage rather startled members of my family, but they got over it very quickly. I have a cousin, Mary Lou Westbrook up in Cherokee County, who very shortly after Peggy's marriage gave a family party for your mother and me to come up and simply be there and to show that this had not broken family ties or anything.

Then Peggy and Guy [Smith] have been there and visited with members of my family and except for the two or three months in which the wedding occurred, I never heard any more about it from members of my family. There was a fellow named [Harry L.] Golden, a newspaperman in North

Carolina, who wrote a column once--you should get hold of it in the course of this preparation--in which he pointed out that integration was only a problem in the sitting position. That there had long since been integration in the vertical position and in the horizontal position, it was only when people in the two races were expected to sit together that problems arose. After all you look at all the mulattoes and quadroons, octoroons in the South, obviously there has been a good deal of integration over the years.

This is a little comment that won't amount to very much, but the city of Atlanta tore down the old Lee Street School. It had gotten pretty creaky and there was a business development in that area and they built another fine, modern school which they, against my recommendation, named the Dean Rusk Elementary School.

Well, I get over there about every year or so for a little visit and I am struck by the warmth of the young people. I usually drop in unannounced and visit a few classes and things but I am very proud of that school, it is probably 98% black as a matter of fact, but they did invite me to come over there one year about three years ago to talk to the kindergarten and first and second grades. Now that is a tough audience, and I found myself at the blackboard illustrating everything with stick figures and we had a very good time.

RICHARD RUSK: What were you talking about that particular day?

DEAN RUSK: Well, I was talking about Washington and the government in Washington and the Cabinet and things of that sort. Some of the second graders had boned-up on some questions ahead of time and asked questions without any inhibition whatever. I remember one little boy asked me if I had ever disagreed with my president and I said "Oh yes" and I mentioned two or three things where upon the next little boy said "Then why didn't he fire you?" But it is a fine school and when you are down there we will go over and visit and let you have a look at it. There is one element which one hesitates to talk about because it may sound a little corny to some people. There was one aspect of that kind of culture in which I began down in Georgia that I think stayed with me and that is the notion of duty.

The idea that there were certain things that were simply an obligation and that you were expected to do what it was your duty to do. I don't think that came just out of the eight years of ROTC that I had, it came before that; that is a characteristics of culture of that area that maybe is present in other parts of the country, I don't know, but that was a rather strong streak in those days. My interest in international affairs or at least in other countries began quite early. I mentioned that at Lee Street School we used a series of geographic readers called Carpenter's Readers. One year our book would be on Latin America, another year on Asia, another year on Africa, another year on Europe and we studied other cultures even at that young age. Beyond that the churches had missionaries. Our church, for example, had a part of a missionary in China and a part of the missionary in Africa. And about every year or two the missionaries would come back to report to their supporting churches and they would bring back all sorts of artifacts and show slides of different circumstances in which they were working. That interest in elementary school continued in high school and in college, but I think it was not really until I got to Oxford that I experienced the great changes that were occurring on the world scene with the rise of Hitler to power, that I became deeply involved and became deeply concerned.

RICHARD RUSK: What do you remember about the international events in those times, you might as well include the national. Anything make a really strong impression? You must have been quite young when World War I was going on.

DEAN RUSK: I remember World War I. I had some cousins who were in the war. About three blocks from home was the huge Candler warehouse which was a depot for military supplies and there was a lot of activity there during the war years. They even brought quite a few German prisoners to work in the Candler warehouse and I could walk down the railroad track and peek through the fence and see these German prisoners. After all I had heard about the Huns and Kaiser Wilhelm, these looked like fairly normal human beings to me and didn't look quite like the ogres that we had been told they were. But just after the war, I found myself carrying signs in support of Woodrow Wilson's plan for the League of Nations; we did that at school. We had one or two visitors which caused us to turn out with our signs. For example, General John J. [Joseph] Pershing came through Atlanta and drove out to Ft. McPherson nearby. That brought him past our school, so we were all lined up waving American flags and carrying signs about the League of Nations.

But we were pretty much concerned with our own day to day problems throughout the 1920s. Those were the days of Warren [Garnett] Harding, [John] Calvin Coolidge and Herbert [Clarke] Hoover, and international affairs still were not very important as far as American activity was concerned. We had drawn back into a rather isolationist point of view following World War I. I don't remember about the Teapot Dome Scandal; I learned about it later. Georgia was always a Democratic state in those days. Even Al Smith, a Catholic, carried Georgia because in those days the Republican Party was associated in peoples' minds with the Reconstruction period, the damn Yankees, so that I might have been fourteen or fifteen years old before I ever saw a live Republican on the hoof, because everybody was a Democrat. A Republican had no political opportunity to get elected to anything. During the two years that I stayed out of school between high school and college, as I indicated, I worked in a little law office of Augustus [M.] Roan. Well, he didn't have much of a law practice, was just beginning, and so he took on various projects. For example, he handled the football program for Georgia Tech and I found myself selling advertisements in the football program. In connection with that I got some tickets to Georgia Tech's home games.

He would handle such things as the program for the State Meeting of Nurses and so we were doing a good many things other than the practice of law. During that period I spent a great deal of time in the YMCA [Young Men's Christian Association] practicing basketball. I had been cut off of the basketball team in Boys' High School the first day I turned out for tryouts. I really wanted to play basketball and I spent a lot of time over at our church just shooting baskets in the net of the backyard of the minister whose home was in the manse next door to the church. He had a son my age. But at the YMCA I tuned things up; we had church leagues and our West End Church had a team on which I played so we were playing a lot of basketball in those days so I managed to hone it up enough so that when I got to Davidson I made the freshman and varsity teams. I played all four years and started in the varsity team. Of course it was a very different game in those days. There was a center jump after every point, a foul or a field goal--and this was before jump shots, hook shots. Everyone had his own spot on the floor which was his spot

from which to shoot and the idea was to keep maneuvering around until you could get open on your spot and take a shot. Somewhere at home I have one of those little "Fifty years ago" items that newspapers use sometimes to fill in spaces, someone from North Carolina sent it to me.

This was a little story about a basketball game in which Davidson College, the team on which I was playing, defeated the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill by a score of 17 to 12. Now this wasn't a slowed-down game, both sides were trying like hell, but you know you had very tight defense and the shooting was nothing like what it is now. I was six feet and a half but I played center; I sometimes refer to myself as the last of the midget centers. But my freshman year at Davidson there entered at Duke a fellow named Joe Crosson, who was about six feet five inches and we always looked upon him as sort of a glandular freak. Well, I had to play against him for four years. Of course, he most of the time got the tipoff but occasionally I would when he would not expect me to jump and I would surprise him and jump anyhow. Sometimes he would goof off a little and I would get the tip on him. But even in those days the grind of a basketball season was pretty severe; a lot of practice, pretty tired by the end of practice, weren't feeling like kicking around much that evening, interfered somewhat with studies but it was a lot of fun.

RICHARD RUSK: Didn't you go back and visit the Davidson basketball team at one time when Driesell was the coach?

DEAN RUSK: Yes, one time I went back and went down to the gym where they were having basketball practice, looked on and it was a different bunch than in my day and just for fun I got a basketball and got about fourteen feet out and shot a basket and it went in.

They thought that was very funny and threw it back to me and I tried a second basket and it went in the second time. Well, they threw it back to me for a third try and I decided to quit while I was ahead and didn't dare a third shot. But in those days there was a designated foul shooter, and you would have one man on your team to shoot all the fouls, and I was usually the designated foul shooter on our team. Just to show you a little of the atmosphere and the squareness of life in those days, our coach, who was actually the regular football coach at Davidson, also coached basketball, but he really didn't know too much about it. He went off one summer to basketball coaching school and came back in the fall and starting teaching us intentional fouling and we refused to play it that way, we refused to accept it. We took the view that intentional fouling was unsportsmanlike conduct and we just told the coach that we weren't going to do it. Davidson College in my time was a very strict place. The majority of the Board of Trustees were Presbyterian ministers. It was a church school in the official sense. We did not have dances on campus. I remember being on a committee of students that met with the Board of Trustees to petition them to let us have dances on campus because the dance had to be held over in Charlotte about twenty miles away. Under those circumstances about a third of the young women there were young ladies of ill repute and we thought if we could hold dances on campus that everybody would bring his own girl and things would be different but the Trustees turned that down. We were not allowed to play bridge on campus. Of course, there was no drinking. I was on the student council and one of my jobs was to enforce such rules as the rule against drinking. But I made a practice when I was going to see somebody over in another dormitory to send a friend along in advance and tell them that I was coming so that they could hide their bottles

before I got there. I am sure there was drinking on campus, but it was not permitted. We had compulsory chapel every day about ten o'clock in the morning and although that seemed to be quite a chore it did give a convenient time for the student body to meet and to make announcements and to transact student body business. Of course there was a short devotional at each one of the meetings and very often visiting dignitaries would come through and drop into chapel. I didn't mind chapel very much; it was sandwiched in between the regular class schedule and wasn't too bad.

Speaking of compulsory chapel, when I got to St. John's college at Oxford, which was very high church, the Church of England, and they had compulsory chapel every morning at seven thirty. I suppose that was to get everybody up, not have goofing off by sleeping in. But during my first week at St. John's the Dean of the College called me in and told me that he had noticed on my papers that I was a Presbyterian and when I confirmed that he said, "I hope you won't mind my saying this but you will not be particularly welcomed at our chapel." So I was relieved of seven-thirty compulsory chapel for the rest of my time at St. John's -I was always grateful for that. I might say a word about my brothers and sisters. My sister Margaret was the oldest of the five children.

END OF 7Q, SIDE 2

BEGINNING OF 7R

DEAN RUSK: My sister Margaret was the oldest of five children. She was very slight in build and during her teens was seriously ill. I am not sure what the problems were, but we were not all sure that she was going to make it, but she turned out to be the strongest of the family. She had a very sturdy spirit and she knew how to live with adversity and before too long she got a job. At first as a dentist's assistant and then as a doctor's assistant and worked all of her life in a doctor's office. Along the way she was always a great source of encouragement. In high school, if I ever needed a little extra money she was the one who provided it. She read a great deal; she was a very intelligent young woman although she never went beyond grammar school. In her later years she became an elder in the Morningside Presbyterian Church and was very active in church affairs. In fact the church was her life outside of her family. My older brother Parks dropped out of school at the end of elementary school to get a job in order to help the family make ends meet and make it possible for the younger children to continue in school. He worked mostly in the field of newspapers and public relations. He was a cub reporter on the Atlanta Constitution; there was a time when he sold automobiles. I remember how excited we were when he drove a demonstration Stutz Bearcat out and parked it in front of our house. That was the car to end all cars in those days. He continued in the newspaper work; for a time there he published a little weekly paper called Atlanta Life and he found himself running quite a campaign against corruption in City Hall.

He particularly aimed his barbs at one individual to whom he gave the name "The Lone Wolf" and spent a good deal of time exposing the corrupt activities of this fellow to the point where my

brother had to get an ex-professional wrestler to go around with him as his bodyguard because he received a lot of threats. Well, he did this for a period well over a year and then the Atlanta Constitution picked up the same story which my brother had been exposing for a long time, ran some articles on it and won the Pulitzer Prize with it. His was a little six to eight page paper that he had created. It was a struggle financially; he did most of the writing for it. Parks was editor for two or three years of the English language paper in Rio de Janeiro in Brazil; he was editor and publisher of a Miami Beach newspaper. Then he came back home to Georgia and built a little cottage up on our old home place in Cherokee County and did public relations work including professional work for political campaigns. He is a very shrewd grass roots political analyst and so he has worked for a number of candidates over the years and has also been involved in various bond issues and other referenda questions before the voters. He is an extraordinarily able fellow and although he hasn't had formal schooling, he knows a great deal about what is going on in the world and is widely read and is a very interesting person indeed. My next older brother Roger went to Tech High School in Atlanta. He had a special interest in mathematics and technical engineering matters. From there he went to Nacoochee School, a Presbyterian school up in the mountains of north Georgia and then went to Maryville

College in Tennessee, which was a college run by the Northern Presbyterian Church. Then, I think he did some graduate studies at the University of Tennessee and became professor of physics at Tennessee where he spent the rest of his life. He retired as professor of physics at the University of Tennessee and has done some very imaginative things about training school teachers who teach physics and devised a good many interesting experiments built on materials that anyone could get from any local 5 and 10 cents store. I have run across a good many people who studied with him at the University of Tennessee and they all speak of him in the highest terms. My younger sister Helen was perhaps the one in the family that I was closest to because we were nearer the same age and growing up at the bottom of the ladder as far as the children were concerned; so we were very close as children.

She was a lovely girl. She attended Girls' High School in Atlanta. Helen went to Maryville College and there she met a wonderful young man named Richard Orr who was on the way to becoming a minister. Then Richard Orr volunteered for the chaplaincy in World War II and went out to the South Pacific and was in places like New Guinea and places of that sort and developed aplastic anemia and died during the war. After a time, Helen married a very fine man named James Perkins who was working with the railroad retirement program and they lived first in Nashville and then in Memphis. In 1981, my sister Helen developed cancer and we lost her. In early 1982, my sister Margaret went to sleep one night and did not wake up. She was eighty-two years old at the time. We all thought that she was going to outlive all of us--she almost did. But we were a rather close family although we were not a demonstrative family. I always treasured my relations with my brothers and sisters. I was in India for two years during the war and in 1944 while I was in India, my father died at the age of seventy-four of a heart attack. My mother lived to be eighty-four and died in Atlanta while I was at the Rockefeller Foundation. By and large the Rusks have tended to live relatively long lives.

I suppose the two men who most influenced me along the way were Robert E. Lee and George Marshall. It is almost pretentious to say that because I had no thought that I could ever equal either one of them. Robert E. Lee was something of an idol for most of us in the South when I

was growing up. He was looked upon as one of those southern gentlemen who had extraordinary qualities of both decision and character--gentle in nature most of the time but firm when firmness was required. He proved to be a brilliant technician during the Civil War but steady erosion of manpower and resources brought him to defeat which was so important to the health of the country as a whole. It would have been a great tragedy if the Confederacy had won the Civil War. Douglas Southall Freeman's great four volume biography of Robert E. Lee was something that I always treasured and have read more than once. I read it when it first came out in the 1930s. After the Civil War was over, Robert E. Lee helped to found Washington and Lee University and participated in founding the college fraternity of which I am a member, Kappa Alpha, the first chapter of which was at Washington and Lee. The motto of Kappa Alpha is Deux et les dames, but the other fraternities translate it as "my God the women." But he was an authentic folk hero. I said earlier on the tapes that Robert E. Lee had been an officer in the Union Army and at the time of the Civil War was offered command of the Union forces, but he could not bring himself to fight against his own family and friends and people in Virginia so he joined the Confederacy, but he was furious with the politicians who had allowed the Civil War to develop.

He was convinced that this was a war which could have been avoided. It might have been had there been concessions on both sides but there was a pride among southern leaders that caused them to be pretty stiff-necked when controversies arose and sometimes they let their own rhetoric get away from them. This made it difficult for them to make concessions and there were radical northerners who were not in any mood to compromise. As a matter of fact, it was these radical northerners who were largely responsible for the penal period which we often call the Reconstruction period at the end of the Civil War. There was a rigidity of view on both sides that made compromise very difficult. But pride has been one of the qualities which was sometimes the burden of southerners. It had its place but there were times when it was overdone. George Catlett Marshall was one of the most extraordinary men in public life that one could encounter. He was a great teacher about the public service and how it should be conducted; both by his example and by little remarks he would make from time to time. He had been chief of staff of the army during the grueling days of World War II. Churchill had called him the principal architect of victory in World War II, and he had every right to retire on his laurels.

But President Truman asked him to go off to China to try to bring about some kind of reconciliation with the Chiang Kai-shek government and the Communists. He went out there on what was predictably an impossible mission and worked very hard trying to find a basis for agreement between those two sides to try to avoid a civil war in China. He came away rather disgusted with both sides. The failure of his mission was not due in any way to lack of effort and good judgment on his part. The two sides just were not going to agree with each other. While he was in China, President Truman sent him a cable asking him to become secretary of state and in typical George Marshall fashion he said, "Yes, Mr. President." So he came in the early part of 1947 to take over the job as secretary of state. He did not bring with him a substantial group of people who were so-called "Marshall men"--he did ask for Robert [Abercrombie] Lovett to be undersecretary of state, Robert Lovett having been assistant for air during World War II in the Pentagon. And there were two or three lesser people: Marshall Carter came over to be his own personal assistant in the office of the secretary, he asked me to come over and take charge of

United Nations Affairs but he had not expected to be or planned to be secretary of state so he had not developed a team to bring over with him.

He tried to reduce things to their simplicities. For example, he expected any recommendations that we brought to him to be set out on a single page. Now you could have annexes and tabs and things of that sort in case you wanted to provide material which he could read further, but he felt that unless we had thought through the problem to the point where we could reduce the essence of the problem to the space of one page that we had not thought about it enough. It was one of his ways of training us to bore into a matter and to find out what the central question was. There were times when we when we would cheat a little on his one page idea by using legal length paper, single spacing instead of double spacing and narrowing the margins, cramming as much as we could onto one page, but he was very insistent on that. It was very good intellectual discipline for those around him.

RICHARD RUSK: Did you operate the same thing as secretary of state?

DEAN RUSK: Not quite. I tried to insist on brevity but I felt that the one page thing was a little too restrictive for complicated questions. Marshall had a great respect for language, for words. He always had an unabridged dictionary at his elbow at his desk and he would constantly search through it for exactly the right word that he wanted to express himself. He didn't believe in using ten words if you could say what you meant in three. I remember when I first went to work for him, I took up to him a draft reply to a letter he had received and my draft reply said in effect, "Dr. Mr. Brown: I have read with much appreciation your letter of March 18. I feel that" and I went on with the letter and he stopped me right there. He said, "Now wait a minute, Rusk, I didn't receive his letter, you did and I didn't appreciate it one bit, so let's strike that out. Let's just say, I have received your letter." And he said, "I feel, I don't have feelings about questions of public policy, if I think it, let's say I think it." But everybody who worked for him has mementoes in the form of drafts which he had corrected in trying to tune up the language to be precise and exactly to the point. He kept his official relationships and personal relationships very distinct. He always stayed at arm's length with people above him and with people who were working under him. He was very strongly of the view that personal relationships should not have anything to do with the merits of policy issues.

He always called us by our last name, but never by first names. Once President Roosevelt apparently called him George and he said "It's General Marshall, Mr. President." I think one of the reasons for that, among other things, is that during World War II, he had to relieve some of his own classmates and some of his own best friends in the army because they were not able to cut the mustard, so he wanted to keep just a little arm's length from colleagues while he was carrying out official responsibility. I tried to follow that a bit in my own experience and developed a reputation for being aloof or enigmatic as a result of it. He almost never complimented anybody who was working under him while he was working under him. After that relationship had ceased, no one could be more generous or appreciative than George Marshall. The nearest I ever came to a compliment from George Marshall when I was working under him was in Paris while the United Nations was meeting in 1948. One morning about three o'clock, I was awakened in my hotel room by the message center from over at the embassy and was told by them that there was an "Eyes Only" telegram from President Truman to Secretary Marshall and it

appeared to require an immediate answer. So I got some clothes on and went over to the code room and picked up the message. It did indeed need an answer so I went over to General Marshall's quarters at the hotel and woke him up about four o'clock in the morning. He put on the bathrobe and slippers and came out and read over the incoming message and then looked at my draft reply and made a few changes. As I was leaving the room to go back to the message center to send off his reply he said, "Rusk, there are times when I think you earn your pay." Well, since I was making about \$9,000 a year at the time that was not so effusive a compliment as to interfere in the merits of any policy question. But after he left office, I visited him and he couldn't have been more warm and friendly and interested in what was going on. George Marshall was a great delegator of responsibility.

He took the view that he, as secretary of state, should do only those things which only the secretary can do. If anybody else could do it, he would expect them to do it. That meant that he would go home at four-thirty or five o'clock in the afternoon. Of course, he had a great undersecretary in Robert Lovett, who was in every sense fully qualified to be secretary of state himself. But he delegated and if he found that he could not delegate effectively to a particular person, he would get somebody else to whom he thought he could delegate, but he was very strong on it. There is a story that illustrates this point having to do with D-Day and the Normandy landings. There was apparently a colonel on duty at the operations center in the Pentagon. Sometime early in the morning, about two or three o'clock, the flash came in from General Eisenhower saying that he had made the decision to begin the landing. So this colonel picked up the phone and called General Marshall over at his quarters at Ft. Myers and said, "General, we have the message from General Eisenhower that you have been waiting for, let's go." George Marshall said, "Colonel, what do you want me to do about it?" and the colonel said, "Nothing sir." "Then why did you call?" In other words, there was something that was in Eisenhower's hands; there was nothing that Marshall could do at that point, it was Eisenhower's responsibility. I had a little sympathy with the colonel at that point because I think that it is possible I would have thought that if I had not called Marshall that he would have asked me the next morning why I didn't.

One point I have copied General Marshall; when I became secretary of state, I made the decision and announced it at the time that I would never write memoirs. There are many reasons for it. I wanted leaders of other governments to know that if they wanted to talk to me in confidence, they could do so and I wouldn't run out and write a book about it. Memoirs tend to be self-serving and I don't have much taste for that kind of writing. Memoirs can only contain a fragment of the story, of what really went on, particularly for someone who served there for eight years. I have other things I want to do with my life rather than knuckle down for a considerable period over the laborious business of writing that kind of book, in this sense I copied General Marshall. He was once asked about whether he would write memoirs and he said, "No. If I were to write memoirs, I would owe it to myself as a matter of personal integrity to tell the full truth, but if I were to tell the full truth, I would injure a great many people including myself; therefore, I will leave this job to the historians." Marshall had a rather wry sense of humor. For example, I was flying with him from Washington up to the United Nations in New York on a little DC-3 airplane and we were sitting across the aisle from each other on the plane. He reached into his briefcase and pulled out a bunch of papers and passed them over to me and said, "This is a

speech the department has prepared for me to use in New York tomorrow; look it over and see what you think."

Well, just as I began to read this draft speech, the plane got into some turbulence and began to bounce around and I simply cannot do that kind of work on a plane in turbulent weather without getting air sick so I handed the papers back to Marshall and said, "If I were to read these now, I would get sick, I will take a look at them when we get to New York." He said nothing but put the papers back into his briefcase. But when we got to New York, he sent a telegram back to the department saying, "Rusk says this speech makes him sick, get me another one." Of course, that made me very popular with the department at that point. During the administration of Franklin [Delano] Roosevelt there grew up something called New Deal resignations. People would go in to Franklin Roosevelt and offer to resign for the purpose of getting a fresh vote of confidence from FDR or to put some pressure on him on particular policy points. It was a form of blackmail that people used freely on Franklin Roosevelt.

Marshall would have none of that kind of thing. Soon after he became secretary of state, a senior officer of the department came in and made some policy proposals to him and then added that if Marshall could not see fit to take that line of policy, then the officer felt that he could no longer be of any use in the department and would have to resign. Marshall said, "Mr. So and So, whether you or I work for the government of the United States has nothing whatever to do with the merits of this question. So let's remove this irrelevancy. I accept your resignation, effective now. Now, that is done. If you wish to spend a few minutes with me talking about the merits of this problem, I would be grateful." So no one ever pulled a New Deal kind of resignation after that on George Marshall. No president or cabinet officer should allow that to be done to him because it is a form of pressure which is wholly irrelevant to the merits of the issues that are before those high officials.

At one point, Harry Truman pulled the rug out from under George Marshall pretty badly on a matter involving what was then called the Palestine issue. Some of his friends told George Marshall that they thought he ought to resign. He said, "No gentlemen, you do not take a post of this sort and then resign when the man who has the constitutional responsibility for making a decision, makes one. You can resign at any other time for any other reason, including no reason at all but you can't resign on that account." Well, that is the extreme view of what I would call constitutional discipline as it relates to the president and the handling of the Executive branch of the government. After all, the first sentence of Article II of the Constitution reads, "The Executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America." Period. It is the president who is elected by all the people to give direction to the Executive branch of the government within the laws of the Constitution. That is fundamental to our constitutional system. When we were in Paris in 1948 for the meeting of the United Nations, both General Assembly and Security Council, the American delegation was housed in a small, pretty crummy little hotel not too far from the hall where the U.N. was meeting. It had been completely gutted by the Germans for all of the metal, for example, the pipes and the radiators, and all the rest of it and it was about as bare a place as one can imagine. Secretary Marshall's office was in a corner room which could only be approached by going through either one or two dilapidated bathrooms. No rug on the floor, the barest of furniture and we once suggested to Secretary Marshall that he should have more adequate space. He said, "Oh no."

Those foreign ministers, who are living over at the Ritz Hotel, who want to come over here to borrow a billion dollars, should see where I am living." On one occasion, Secretary Marshall had received a long and rather unwelcome telegram from Mr. Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary. It fell to me to draft a reply and I mustered my wit and eloquence and wrote a reply that just took Mr. Bevin to pieces; just left him nothing to hang on--told him what was what. I took this draft reply up to George Marshall and he looked it over and paused a moment and then turned to me and said, "Rusk, this is a very able telegram and I am sure you enjoyed drafting it. But I am not going to send this kind of message to my friend Bevin. Write me another one." Another piece of the example that George Marshall set for the rest of us about public service had to do with the period after he had left the office of secretary of state and retired to Virginia with uncertain health; he had had an operation.

RICHARD RUSK: Is this why he left his office?

DEAN RUSK: Largely, but then in the middle of the Korean War, President Truman decided that Secretary of Defense Louis [Arthur] Johnson was not the same man that he wanted on the job and he asked George Marshall to come back for a period as secretary of defense and Marshall once again said, "Yes, Mr. President, if that is what you want, I will do it." Marshall was very clear about relationships; how public business should be transacted. For example, President Truman had his famous differences with General Douglas MacArthur and he was in the process of thinking it all out and deciding what to do and talking with senior cabinet people. In one of these sessions, Secretary Marshall said, "Mr. President, General MacArthur is a general in our army on active duty, you are entitled to have a recommendation from your Joint Chiefs of Staff on this matter. I suggest you ask them for one."

So Truman asked the Joint Chiefs of Staff for their recommendation and they unanimously recommended that MacArthur be relieved. But it illustrates the clarity of Marshall's own thinking about matters of that sort. Marshall and I were on a train going from Washington to New York on one occasion and as we went through that rather long tunnel, railroad tunnel, between Washington and Baltimore, he smiled and said, "I think of this as the 'Black Jack' Pershing tunnel," and I waited for an explanation. He said that after World War I, when he was an aid in Washington to General Pershing, they were with a group of socialites on a special car going from Washington to New York and he said, "As we approached this tunnel, Pershing called me over and said, 'Marshall, when we go through that tunnel, you keep Mrs. So and So off of me.'" He smiled and said, "I always think of 'Black Jack' Pershing when we go through this tunnel." On one occasion when we were reminiscing about various things, which Marshall was willing to do when one was traveling with him, he remarked that his rough rule of thumb in World War II was to that Empire--these little notions of freedom. It was not possible for the British to have such a strong and active democratic system in England and to impose imperial rule in other parts of the world, so I think the collapse of the British Empire was built into the very nature of the British political system, but of course it didn't really happen in any major way until the end of World War II. In my time at Oxford there were, of course, a great many foreign students studying there. Many of them from Commonwealth countries.

As a matter of fact each of the Commonwealth countries had been assigned a Rhodes scholar, at least one, some more. And there were a good many Indian students studying at Oxford. They formed their own club; I think it was called the Lotus Club. There were Germans, there were people from the Continent, there were blacks from Africa and other places; it was a very cosmopolitan kind of student congregation there in the 1930s and I got to know a good many of these people from outside of England. Now the thirty-two Rhodes scholars who went to England each year were distributed among these many colleges. Maybe each college would take one or two of the incoming Rhodes scholars so that any given time a college would have say three or four maybe five American Rhodes scholars. We theoretically were attached to Rhodes House where the secretary of the Rhodes Trust lived and where we got together maybe once or twice a year; but by in large the American Rhodes scholars did not collect with each other very much. Of course, we knew those who were within each our own college but social life was largely a matter that took place within each college. There was some exchange, because we had a lot of sports events and there were archery clubs and dramatic clubs and all sorts of things that brought people back and forth across college lines but most of the friends we made were Englishmen and people from other countries rather than Americans; I think that was very good because it meant that we

Americans over there did not just draw ourselves up into a little puddle of Americans and try to live as if there were no such place as England. I value that experience in England because I came away with a very deep respect for England based upon knowing a lot more about what I like about England and what I did not like about England. Well, I liked the way the English took everything in a kind of laid back kind of fashion. They didn't get unduly excited about what was going on; of course that was before television and things might have changed a good deal since then. They respected each other's privacy; they did not intrude upon you in any way; each person was very much on his own. As a matter of fact, there were a minimal number of rules about personal conduct at Oxford. If somebody wanted to drink himself to death, the University couldn't care less, it was up to him. If he wanted to flunk out, if he wanted to fail, they just let him fail. When you went there they said now here is this degree you want, if you want this degree, you pass that exam, it is about a four day exam, if you want that degree. You could take that exam at the end of two years, three years, or four years, they didn't much care. If you passed that exam, you got that degree, if you didn't, you didn't. There were no such things as grades for each term or course grades and things of that sort. They had a very strong lecture program in all subjects, in all fields. Each term the University would print up a big sheet of lectures to be offered during that term and you could look it over and decide which ones you would like to attend.

You might attend those that were directly related to your own examination that was coming up or you might branch out and listen in lectures that were in wholly different fields. And the lectures were given in the halls of the different colleges so often you had to go off the other colleges to attend a particular lecture.

RICHARD RUSK: Did you prefer the English system to the American?

DEAN RUSK: In general, I prefer the English system of grading and not grading and the awarding of degrees. For example, at Oxford those who do the examining are not those who do the teaching. They use outside examiners. The result is that there develops an alliance between

your tutor and yourself over against that common, external enemy -the outside examiner. Whereas in our system where each professor gives the exam and gives the grades at the end of each course, you cannot avoid a period of tension between teacher and student and I think I prefer the Oxford system.

RICHARD RUSK: Getting back to the overall impression that England made on you, what were some of the things you cared for or didn't care for there?

DEAN RUSK: Well there was a great sense of roots in England, a great sense of history. It was, after all, British parliamentary institutions developed over a period of centuries beginning with Magna Carta. They had worked out at considerable cost and at times considerable cost of life a way to transform the notion that the "King can do no wrong" into the notion that "If it is wrong the King cannot do it."

They succeeded in imposing upon the exercise of raw power, democratic restraints rooted in the electorate itself. The Common Law was a great tradition that is part of the English fabric and it was very exciting to read about some of those old British judges in the early days, putting their arms around the prisoner at the bar and at the risk of their own lives saying to the King, "You cannot do this to this man," so we who value institutions of freedom have an enormous historical root in the British experience. After all their Petition of Rights and Bill of Rights preceded our own Bill of Rights and Constitution and so it is not for nothing that the Parliament over there is called the Mother of Parliaments. During my years at Oxford you could still observe what remained of a class system. Most of the undergraduates at Oxford were gentlemen by origin but it was not worn on their sleeves and they didn't make a great deal out of it, possibly because they simply took it for granted. But those who were in the so-called lower classes, the tradesmen, the scouts, the servants around the college and so forth also more or less took it for granted and did not presume to be anything else. And so, one was not confronted daily with what would appear to be injustices based upon a class system. Over the years as more and more state financing became available for scholarships and things of that sort, the class structure at Oxford and Cambridge has changed considerably because a great many young people on the basis of state scholarships can now compete to go to Oxford who in my day would never have dreamed about the possibility of going to such places.

There were puddles of privilege that one encountered. When I was secretary of state, I went to London and was visiting with our Ambassador David [Kirkpatrick Este] Bruce and he took me around to his club for lunch and when we entered the door of the club the mayordomo there said very quietly to Ambassador Bruce, "I am very sorry Mr. Ambassador, but your guest is not welcome here." And Ambassador Bruce said, "But this is the Secretary of State of the United States," and the man said, "Well I'm very sorry, but he will not be welcome here in the club." Whereupon I laughed and said, "Well that's not the way we do it in the Century Club in New York." "Oh," he said, "you're a member of the Century Club, please come in." I mentioned the afternoon sports in which we all took part. One thing that I liked to do was to get on a bicycle and peddle around the countryside because Oxford is located in beautiful, beautiful country, particularly the constable where every turn in the road gave you a lovely view so I did a lot of biking through the countryside and found it fascinating, usually stopping off somewhere in some

little pub for tea before coming home. During one vacation some of us, about eight or ten of us, went on a reading party up in the lake district of England, up in Wordsworth country.

And I decided to grow a beard and it turned out to be red and bushy. Well, we had an old motorbike up there and one day I put on an American helmet that I used in lacrosse and strapped it down over this beard and put on an American sweatshirt and some old baggy pants and got on the motorbike and went off for a little ride around the countryside. I stopped in what we would call a filling station to get some petrol gasoline for my motorbike. While I was there, a big limousine drove up for some gas and a lady with a lorgnette in the back seat and she looked at me very intently through the window from the back seat in the car and they drove on off. When I got back to camp where we were staying,

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DEAN RUSK: --had an invitation there from the lord and lady of the local manor house to come and have tea with them the next afternoon. Well, we all had been growing beards and were pretty crummy, so we debated whether or not we would get cleaned up and accept. We decided that we should because part of her invitation was motivated by the fact that there were some Americans nearby and she wanted to extend some hospitality. So we got cleaned up and when we got over there we found that the hostess, the lady of the manor, was that same lady who was in the car at the filling station the afternoon before. During a lull in the conversation, she said, "Oh, young gentlemen, I must tell you; yesterday I saw the most horrible creature I have ever seen in my life." Then she proceeded to describe me in some detail. Well, we all laughed and then we told her about it, and she was a very good sport and thought it was very amusing. I didn't care very much for the food in England.

They would serve watery beef and veal and lamb and they didn't pay much attention to preparing their food in a tasteful fashion. I thought that their facilities, such as their bath and toilet facilities, were much more primitive than they need have been in that kind of society which had, after all, launched the industrial revolution. There was a general absence of central heating which, coming from the South in this country, I found a little difficult at times. But I also thought that the British, despite their worldwide empire, were relatively indifferent to customs and manners and cultures in other parts of the world. As far as many of them were concerned, I was still from "out there in the colonies" and many of them had very few up-to-date ideas about what America, the United States, was all about. One little example of the kind of arch attitude that they sometimes took: My tutor in politics, W.C. Costin, in tutorial one week, made a rather nasty remark to me about the fact that our Supreme Court justices are appointed to the Court because of politics, that most of them had come through the political track. Well, I went off to the library and did a thumbnail biographic sketch of British law lords, who are the equivalent of our Supreme Court, over a period of about two hundred years and found that about ninety percent of them came through the political track, junior members of the ministry or cabinet or attorney

general or something of that sort. When I presented that evidence to my tutor, he was utterly surprised because they had sort of assumed that somehow their law lords were appointed within the framework of political purity.

During my first term at Oxford, the Japanese seized Manchuria. I felt instinctively that something very important was happening and I spent an enormous amount of time trying to follow the Manchurian dispute in great detail. I studied the reports that came out in the League of Nations, such as the Litton Commission Report. I spent an awful lot of time on it. As I look back on it, that time give a general half the troops he asked for and then double his mission and he smiled, "That rough rule of thumb worked out pretty well." He was very familiar with the military commander to want everything including the kitchen sink for any kind of operation that he might undertake and Marshall had to use a good deal of discipline in allocating resources to various commanders in World War II. When Marshall was secretary of state, he was in a meeting once with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and some matter came up on which one of the generals pounded the table with a very strong line of argument and at the end wound up by saying, "And I will stake my military reputation on that." Secretary Marshall simply leaned back in his chair and looked at this gentleman and said, "That's very interesting General. Tell us about your military reputation." General Marshall was in no sense a tough thumping militarist. For example, I remember once in the State Department at a morning staff meeting he said to us, "Gentlemen, let's not begin to discuss this problem as if it were a military problem, that tends to turn it into a military problem and that must always be the last resort."

During the Korean War, he knew that it would make no sense to open up all-out war against China despite the fact that General MacArthur was pressing for just that action. Truman's military advisers told him that the only targets in China which could affect the war in Korea would be the mass destruction of Chinese cities with nuclear weapons. Truman simply wasn't ready to go down that trail and those of us who had experience in China knew that we could have remobilized millions and millions of our armed forces and even then would have been able to occupy only a few cities on the fringes of the eastern coast of China, that we couldn't subdue this nation of several hundred million people. The Japanese had found that out; we would have found that out. I just might inject the thought here that I think I know something about how the decisions were made to employ American forces for the last forty-five years and I can't think of a single occasion when they were used on the initiative of our military. Those decisions were made by civilians; they were not made by military people banging the drums saying, "Just turn it over to us and we will wind this thing up." There is one little aspect of the Korean War that I might put on the tape at this point: We reached a point of almost stalemate in Korea after American forces had retreated from the north in that disastrous advance into the far north of Korea, but General Ridgeway was given command and stabilized the retreat and headed back north and we had position fairly close to the original 38th parallel. George [Frost] Kennan, who was then in the Department of State, had some very quiet talks with Ambassador Jacob [Iakov Alexandrovich] Malik, the Soviet representative to the United Nations up in New York. The basis of these talks was to wind up the Korean affair on the basis of the original position--the status quo ante.

Mr. Malik was the first to announce publicly that there would be talks so the Russians got a certain amount of credit for initiating those talks but actually it was George Kennan, on the

instructions from the Department of State, who actually started them. But then when the talks got underway at P'anmunjom, President Truman made two decisions that had not been covered in the original talks between Kennan and Malik. The first one was that we would not go back exactly to the 38th parallel but would stop the fighting at the existing line which in some places was somewhat north of the 38th parallel--there was high ground there and our military thought that it would be advantageous to be in that position rather than further back where the terrain would be more disadvantageous. Truman agreed with our military on that and we proposed that the new demarcation line be slightly different than the 38th parallel. The other decision Truman made was that we would not return North Korean and Chinese prisoners against their will. We had had an unhappy experience at the end of World War II with respect to German and Russian prisoners and Truman just decided that he wasn't going to do it. Well, that was a wholly new point, a very difficult point, from the point of view of the North Koreans and the Chinese. And I have no doubt that those two decisions by President Truman played a considerable part in prolonging the talks at P'anmunjom for about a year during which very substantial additional casualties were taken on both sides. I was not able to adopt George Marshall's techniques nearly to the extent that I would have wanted to when I, myself, became Secretary. Among other things, the world had gotten considerably more complicated. There were explosions of new members in the community of nations, erupting out of the former colonial empires. The membership of the United Nations was growing rapidly--

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DEAN RUSK: --reflect methods used by a president. Harry Truman considered George Marshall to be the greatest living American; he had unlimited regard for him and he delegated to him massively in the foreign policy field and that made it possible for George Marshall to delegate very extensively to people beneath him. When I became Secretary under John F. Kennedy, he had a much more informal way of administering his office in the Executive branch of the government. For example, on one occasion he was reading a little squib in the morning newspaper from page ten or twelve or something that interested him and he picked up the phone and called the desk officer on that particular problem at his home. Well, when he did that, two things happened. One was that it scared the hell out of that desk officer to be called by the president of the United States and second, it meant that whatever that problem was it had to come up to my desk because I had to be interested in and involved in anything that the president was personally interested in. Well, that kind of informal administration tended to get in the way of delegation downward to my own colleagues. Lyndon Johnson was a different administrator. If he had been reading that little item in the morning paper, he would have called me, not the desk officer, and left it up to me to take care of that problem as far as the Department of State was concerned. George Marshall was remarkable in that he had no false sense of prestige or face; he did not care about things that might, to be expected, would embarrass most people. For example, I went down with him to attend a hearing before a committee of the Senate; we met in a large caucus room there in the Capitol. Since I was the person who was supposed to be most familiar

with the particular subject matter, he took me along to sit at his right hand at the witness table and he suggested to me early on that when he got a question from a Senator, I would whisper my proposed answer to him; but the old man was getting a little deaf by that time and so as we went along, he would turn to me and say, "Louder, louder."

As my voice got louder, it was picked up on the microphone in front of Marshall and everybody in the room could hear what I was saying. But he would listen to what I was telling him and then he would simply sit there and without any embarrassment at all, repeat exactly what I had said to the Committee, even though everybody in the room had heard me say it the first time. It just didn't faze George Marshall at all to do that. General Marshall brought with him from his army experience the concept of completed staff work, and he injected that into the State Department. He wanted you to develop a recommendation to him in complete detail, not only with respect to the policy to be adopted but to the measures by which it was carried out. He wanted a paper in front of him which he could simply sign and then everything would be put in motion. His view on that was that unless you had thought out all those things, you had not sufficiently thought about the problem because very often the means are just as important as the subject, and so he required us to think things through by presenting matters in sufficient detail so that his decision would lead to actual operation being undertaken, diplomatic or whatever. Soon after he became secretary of state, Marshall was at a morning staff meeting with about fifteen of us and someone down toward the end of the table remarked about poor morale in a certain part of the Department. Well, you could see the old gentleman straighten up in his chair a little and he looked at us around the table, "Gentlemen, it has been my experience that an enlisted man may be entitled to a morale problem, but an officer is not. I expect the officers of this Department to take care of their own morale. No one is taking care of my morale."

And when word got out around the Department that there was no shoulder up there on which to cry, the morale of the Department went to the highest point that it had ever been before or since. Since Marshall's day we have become somewhat familiar with the kind of guerilla war going on in Washington about respective responsibilities and authority and competition for influence with the president. That was no problem in Marshall's period during the Truman administration because everybody in town knew that Marshall was the adviser to President Truman on foreign policy matters and his commanding presence and style was such that he just wasn't challenged. The only exception to that, I would have to say, would be the influence of the Jewish community exercised through a staff officer in the White House working directly with Truman and there were times when that channel cut across what Marshall was trying to do. On those Palestinian issues that gave rise to the birth of Israel, Truman was somewhat schizophrenic. On the one side, he had been deeply impressed by the horror and tragedy of the Holocaust; he was strongly in favor of a homeland for the Jewish people in Palestine where such things could not occur and he was also aware in addition to the Holocaust that in almost all societies, there are elements of anti-Jewish prejudice; a good deal of which he could see in our own society during the years in which he lived. But on the other hand, Truman agreed with George Marshall that we ought to do our best to try to find a solution out there with which both sides could live so that there would not be simply a succession of wars between the Jews and the Arabs.

So those two points of view sometimes led him to take, what appeared to some, contradictory positions. But this stemmed from the problem in Truman's own mind and not through any

discipline on the part of the Department of State as some members of the Jewish community have charged from time to time. For example, just before the British mandate in Palestine was to expire, the British had announced that they were just leaving Palestine on a certain date regardless of what the situation would be. The United Nations had already passed its partition resolution but we still were trying to find a way to get these two sides to work things out between them. So President Truman and Secretary Marshall asked me to undertake a very private negotiation in New York between what was then called the Zionist group and the Arab delegations. These talks occurred in the old Savoy [?] Hotel in New York. The Arabs had quarters down at one end of the hall and the Zionist the other end of the hall and I had rooms in between. I would shuttle back and forth, up and down the hall trying to work things out for a political and military standstill to take effect when the British mandate expired, to get some more time to try to find a solution everybody could agree with. Of course, the problem was to work out the conditions that would [obtain] during the standstill. And we made considerable progress on a good many of those with the exception of the rate of Jewish immigration into Palestine during the standstill.

We finally got the Zionist side to agree to a figure of twenty-five hundred a month which was nothing; a very small figure given the circumstances of the period. And so with some confidence I went down to the other end of the hall to put this to the Arabs and when I did one of them said, "This is impossible, if we agree to that, they will simply bring in twenty-five hundred pregnant women and that would make it five thousand." We could never get an agreement on the rate of Jewish immigration into Palestine. But while these talks were going on, Secretary Marshall down in Washington, with a slip of the tongue, referred to these talks going on in New York. Well, that was the first time the existence of such talks had even been known by anybody and when that happened the talks simply collapsed because the constituencies on both sides, both among the Zionist followers and among the Arabs, were not prepared to consider such talks in the first place and so leaking the existence of these talks brought them to an end. When I went to Oxford in the fall of 1931, I was admitted to St. John's College, Oxford University being largely a federation of more than thirty colleges.

The College itself was the center of your student and academic life. They arranged for your tutors who were relevant to the exam you were planning to take. I, myself, started out to do the honors course in philosophy, politics and economics. At that time, Oxford was very skeptical of the so-called research degree. One hundred and fifty years ago the British Masters and the German Doctorate were the same degree; they were licenses to teach. The Germans went off in the direction of meticulous research which has made some powerful contributions to the natural sciences, but which may have had a baleful influence on the social sciences and the humanities [I can talk about that a little latter] but the B.A. Honors Degree was the central focus of Oxford teaching in those days. For your first two years you lived in the college itself. My first year I shared a living room with separate bedrooms with an American from North Carolina, Grady Frank, who became a lifelong friend.

And then my second year I shared a similar living room and two bedrooms arrangement with David French, who also has been a lifelong friend who succeeded me at Mills College, later became Dean of the University of Michigan's branch at Flint, Michigan; I visited him recently in Cincinnati. He was Dean of the Faculty at Mills, as I was, before he wound up at Michigan. The

Oxford term is roughly two months and each term runs for about eight or nine weeks so that there are relatively long vacations at Christmas time and at Easter time and a very long vacation in the summer. The fall term, for example, did not begin until early October. A typical day at Oxford during those days was to be awakened by your servant, they were called scouts in those days. They were long-time employees of the college, each scout would serve eight or ten students. My scout would come in and light a fire in my fireplace, there was no central heating, and would put the kettle on to boil water for tea and would serve breakfast in my room. Usually it was something like eggs, bacon, bread of some sort, coffee, if you wanted beer, you could have it. Then during the morning, you would usually go about your academic work. You would read, work on the paper you had to present every week to your tutor, your Don. Then, typically, you would have lunch in your room, usually with some friends and the scout would serve that lunch; bring the food up from the kitchen downstairs which was called the battery. That was a very simple lunch; maybe some sliced ham, some cheese and a roll, maybe a piece of fruit. After lunch, it was almost required that everybody take some part in sports. The afternoon was given over to all kinds of athletic activity.

Almost everyone participated. Each college had its own playing fields and clubhouse. St. John's playing field was out on Woodstock road. They had tennis courts, of course they had soccer, cricket and rugby and all those things. And on the river, each college had at least one or two boats. The Eights and the boat race each year was a big event, but I never took part in rowing. I played college tennis, horsed around with a little college cricket and rugby. I did go out for the University lacrosse team although I had never played lacrosse before and found that the lacrosse team was made up mostly of Americans and Canadians. Lacrosse was played in England but perhaps more by girls than by men. The tactics of lacrosse are not too different from basketball, of course you play on a huge field and there is an awful lot of running, but I went out for lacrosse and made the University team, and I was very much impressed with the way University teams were handled; there were no professional coaches. Each year the team would elect a captain for the next year. He would be a student and when the next year came around, the Captain would post an announcement indicating when, what they called trails, would be held, at such and such a field and anyone who wanted to try out for the University team would simply turn up. We would go out and scrimmage and practice.

The captain would make up his mind as to whom he wanted to invite to take part in the games. If we had a game coming up on a particular day, you would get a little note from the captain saying, "Dear Dean, we are playing so and so on such and such a day, such and such a place, I would be glad if you could take part." Now if you were busy with an especially important paper or something, you would just write him a little note back saying, "Sorry I can't make it this time, but maybe you will think of me for another time." Oxford University awards blues and half blues for what we would call letters in this country. The major sports like cricket, soccer, rugby, boating, were given full blues. Some of the minor sports, like lacrosse, were given half blues. Tennis was, I think, was a full blue. But I thoroughly enjoyed the lacrosse. It was during my period that we introduced headgear into lacrosse in England; before that, they had played bareheaded. So when we introduced headgear, that changed the style of lacrosse considerably, because it got to be a much rougher game.

But the blues and half blues are given to only those who participate in matches against Cambridge. You can play in every other match during the season, but if you don't play against Cambridge, you don't get a blue or a half blue. Well, my first two years there we beat Cambridge pretty handily in lacrosse. Once at Oxford, the other time at Cambridge. But the third year, Cambridge had, by that time, picked up a good many Canadians. I remember the third match with Cambridge, I was playing directly opposite of a huge fellow, big, brawny, tall, fast, he just beat the hell out of me and Cambridge won that match. There were no training rules although we ran for the duration of the game and there were no substitutes. We ran like the dickens, but there were no training rules. The only training rule that I ever encountered was the admonition not to drink more than one pint of beer at lunch the day of the game--that we called matches. [Has all that stayed the same at Oxford?] I think it has all stayed pretty much the same. I gather that occasionally one of the alumni they call "Old Boys," would come up and work with, say the crew that was going to row against Cambridge, or something of that sort. It was just so very relaxed.

For example, if our lacrosse team had a match down in London, you get a note saying the match will be at three o'clock on a certain field and it was up to you to pack your gear, to get yourself down there and turn up at the field. It was just very relaxed and loose and I think it was a much more wholesome kind of sports activity than the highly organized, highly disciplined, pressurized collegiate sports that we tend to have among so many colleges and universities in the United States. The University teams were drawn from all over the University but underneath that each college would have its own team in all the sports and they would have a kind of regular rather intensive program of intercollegiate competition in tennis, soccer, rugby and all the rest of it. I played tennis for my college, St. John's, but I didn't quite make the Oxford University team. My roommate Grady Frank was captain of the University tennis team. He had grown up as a missionary in Japan and had gotten in a lot of tennis over there before he came to the United States.

But it was very curious, one of my athletic disappointments was that I had gone to Oxford from North Carolina, and had I been able to make the sixth position of the University tennis team comprising six players, there would have been six men from North Carolina representing Oxford University, the other five were from North Carolina throughout; Teddy Burwell, Marion Cunningham, Grady Frank and two others, but an Englishman beat me out for the sixth spot on the University team. But afternoons were taken up with sports and whatever you were playing, tennis, cricket or whatever; you took time out around four o'clock to have tea. You would have tea in the clubhouse and take a break--very good relationship among opposing teams--they all had tea together, it was quite good fun. After that you came back to your quarters and got showered and rested and maybe a bull session with some of your fellow students, maybe a game of bridge. Then about seven o'clock came dinner and dinner was in the dining hall, the main auditorium that each college had. It was rather formal. Everybody put on coats and we wore our academic gown into dinner.

At the end of the hall was a little platform on which was what was called the High Table at which the Dons sat for dinner, they were in black tie. Dinner was a rather formal matter, we always had a Latin grace, the grace was said by one of the so-called senior scholars, the rest of us kept a stop watch on him and if his grace went for more than a number of seconds, he had to buy

beer for everybody. Conversation at dinner was very lively and interesting. You could not discuss girls or women in the Hall, if you did that you had to buy beer for everybody, but dinner would last for maybe an hour, hour and a quarter, then the evening was free for study, or bull sessions or bridge or whatever it was. Many colleges had debating societies. St. John's had one and I participated in the college's debating society but once a week the Oxford Union held one of its debates. The Oxford Union was a very famous undergraduate debating society, sometimes has been called "the womb of prime ministers." Those debates are rather formal. The debaters themselves are in white tie and tails and it is conducted more or less like a debate in the House of Commons. Each week a particular subject will be tabled for debate, the subject being chose by the president of the Union after some advice from some of the other officers of the Union. There were times when the subject was very serious, there were other times when it was laid on just to have a good time. I remember one debate while I was there: "Resolve that this House regrets Christopher Columbus," and this was a rip-roaring debate pulling the legs of the Americans. In those days, Britain was still presiding over a vast Empire.

It was only in 1931 that the Statute of Westminster had begun to clarify the independent status of old members of the Commonwealth, such as Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and commonwealth status came into being. Of course large areas like India, Malaya, and Burma were still in effect colonies although the beginnings of home rule were already on the way in a number of these places. So it was still customary for young Britains, particularly those who came to Oxford and Cambridge, to look upon the Empire as part of their career. They were looking toward public service in say the Foreign Service or the Civil Service, they were looking toward a life of politics, most of them were from English upper classes in those days, to whom politics would be kind of a normal expectation; some were headed for the clergy, some were headed for the armed services. It was just taken for granted that there was a British world out there which needed services and would be calling upon young Britains to go overseas to do various jobs. As a result of that, in addition to the British Foreign Service as we know it and Civil Service or the Sudan Service, or the Egyptian Service and appointments to those were valued very highly. A good many of my friends went off to overseas duty immediately upon graduation. Of course, the Oxford Union usually included in its debates some distinguished person from the outside; maybe one on each side of the question. So we got to see a good many of the people whose names were in the newspapers in those days, particularly from British politics.

I think that British politicians accepted invitations from the Oxford Union with alacrity because it was looked upon as a distinction to be invited to come there. In the 1930s, the British tended to take their Empire for granted although there began to be stirring which brought about far-reaching changes later on. For example, the drive of the old members of the Commonwealth, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, for a high degree of independence was already well on the way and that was registered the Statute of Westminster in 1931. There were also stirring in India. Mr. Gandhi had already begun his movement out there and by the 1930s there were so-called Round Table conferences between the British government of the day and Indian nationalist leaders so that there were stirring in the Empire. It is not surprising because when the British, largely in the 18th century, built their Empire in all parts of the world they took along with them in their knapsacks the seeds of destruction of was wasted because it was merely one of the episodes that produced World War II. But there was a strong sense of pacifism during my time at Oxford. The League of Nations was not looked upon as an instrument for enforcing the

peace. I remember Wellington Coö, representing China, standing before the League of Nations, pleading for help of the world community against the invasion of Japan, and it was help that never came. In the early 1930s, the scars of World War I were still very apparent and frequently discussed. In World War I, Britain, and I suppose Britain was not alone, lost a high proportion of its young manpower in that dreadful trench warfare. Wars in which maybe 200,000 men would be lost in only 400 yards of ground.

I have heard the term "decimated" about the youth of England in that war. Since decimated means reduced to a tenth, I think that word is somewhat exaggerated, but nevertheless they lost a great many of the flower of their youth in that World War I, and it made a very deep impression. That was very much in Churchill's mind when he was one of the leaders in World War II; he simply wasn't going to go through that kind of war again. No, I think that Britain suffered dreadfully in that war and one could feel it; it was on people's minds. Almost no family was without a casualty in World War I.

RICHARD RUSK: Did they have any clue as to what was coming in 1931?

DEAN RUSK: No, not really. Because when you look ahead the trigger point in World War II was almost surely the seizure of Manchuria by the Japanese and the refusal of the world community to take any action against Japan. That was repeated again when [Benito] Mussolini in 1935, I think it was, marched into Ethiopia. And again, there was the frail little figure of Emperor Haile Selassie standing before the League of Nations pleading for help. At that point, at least, the League of Nations began to discuss economic sanctions against Italy, but in America the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would not even let Cordell Hull make a statement saying that if the League of Nations imposed sanctions upon Italy, we would not frustrate those sanctions by insisting upon our right to trade as a neutral nation. We weren't ever willing to go that far.

RICHARD RUSK: The League itself was a brand new idea, brand new concept, but prior to the creation of the League, was there ever any incident where the international community would come to the aid of a country that was under attack?

DEAN RUSK: No, I suppose that the closest to collective security prior to that was the loose federation of European forces which finally put themselves together to oppose Napoleon, at least in anything like modern times. But after Mussolini went into Ethiopia and got away with it, there was the Civil War in Spain. [Francisco] Franco's forces moved to overthrow the Republican government of Spain; Mussolini and Hitler actively participated with Franco with airplanes, weapons, personnel, but the democracies simply looked the other way and pretended that this was nothing but a civil war; finally drove the supporters of the Republican government in Spain into the hands of the communists. During Oxford vacations, I spent a good many of those in Germany and that was the period when the Nazis and Adolf Hitler were rising to power. I watched the Storm troopers take the streets and the public platforms away from the democratic parties of Germany. In political campaigns, the Nazis would break up other people's meetings and they would guard their own. They would put on these big parades through cities and would attack anybody else's parades who would try to do the same thing. My first excursion to Germany was to Hannover, where I went to study the German language. I had been told that in

Hannover they spoke the purest German spoken in Germany, and I took German lessons at the University of Hannover.

The next vacation, I went up to Hamburg and studied economics, Hamburg being a great trade and economic center. In both instances I lived with families and pretty much concentrated on my studies because the vacation was limited in scope. But already the Nazis were stirring and you could see the attraction of the Nazi party and the program to many Germans who had suffered through the trials and tribulations of the Weimar Republic. You see, during the 1920s there had been this devastating inflation which had wiped out the value of any kind of currency or savings or anything of that sort and Britain, France, the United States did less than might have been done to help the Weimar Republic get back on its feet. Then I went to Berlin to study, first at the Hochschule fur Politik because I wanted to do a seminar with Professor [Viktor] Bruns in international law but by that time the Nazi momentum was gaining a great deal of momentum. Nazi students in this seminar insisted that we do nothing in the seminar but study the illegality of the Treaty of Versailles, which was one of the doctrines of the Nazi party. Then I moved across to the University of Berlin, but even there the Nazi influence was beginning to be felt very strongly. I remember attending a lecture given by a professor in the University of Berlin on the subject of how best to incorporate the Germans in the United States into the Third Reich. He debated in his lecture seriously about whether they should demand territorial enclaves in places like Milwaukee, St. Louis, or whether they should try to do it simply through party organization as branches of the Nazi party. It was almost ridiculous to see how serious he was about something which was almost nothing but wild dreams.

One of the tragic recollections I have was that many young Germans my own age, student age, in the beginning supported Adolf Hitler for what might be called idealistic reasons; they wanted to see the public morale of Germany restored; they wanted to see Germany respected among the nations of the world; they wanted to get away from some of the despair and lethargy and economic problems affecting Germany. They didn't really believe what Adolf Hitler had written in Mein Kampf. It was not until later that they realized the extent to which they had been betrayed. So, Adolf Hitler came in partly through the use of pressure, use of force on the streets, but partly through a kind of seductiveness that took into camp an awful lot of people. That, I think, is one of the tragedies of the German experience during the 1930s and World War II. While I was studying in Berlin, I lived with a family out in Neubabelsberg near Potsdam, and this was a place of many lakes. So one day I was out in a canoe, and I pulled the canoe up on a little sand bank to go into a little restaurant to have lunch. When I got back my canoe was gone. I notified the water police and about an hour later, they came pulling up in their little boat towing my canoe and they said to me, "Here is your canoe; we have caught the thief and he will be punished, but we are fining you five marks for tempting thieves."

I had not tied or locked my canoe. I thought of that often afterwards because when you look over the events and sad story of the 1930s, I think that we democracies, with our pacifism and indifference to aggression elsewhere, were guilty of tempting thieves. For example, when Hitler marched his army into the Rhineland, contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, we learned later that in his orders to his troops he said that if the French show any sign of resistance, you German troops come back home. But the French did not show any sign of resistance and he occupied the Rhineland and discovered that he could get away with it without being punished. That helped to

build the momentum of aggression in his mind, then Austria, then Czechoslovakia, then his attack on Poland which finally triggered World War II. This matter of tempting thieves is a problem that we have to think about in terms of preventing war, particularly the larger wars. There was one thing at Oxford that I particularly enjoyed: Professor Alfred Zimmern was professor of international relations at Oxford, and almost every Sunday he would have an open house in his own home for any students who wanted to drop in. Often he would have some distinguished visitor from the continent or someone up from London to be there to visit with students and talk things over. For example, he had [Edvard] Benes from Czechoslovakia on Sunday; we all enjoyed that. Professor Zimmern, later upon his retirement from Oxford, became a professor at Hartford College in Connecticut in the United States, and I corresponded with him until he died. But that kind of informal discussion and contact at Oxford was very valuable. I had one lucky break at Oxford which helped me get out of there without winding up in a debtor's prison. The Rhodes scholarship stipend was just enough to cover essentials and you had to watch it very closely to be able to get by on it. I had no further resources of my own to call on. But my travels in Germany proved to be a little expensive so I had run up some bills at Oxford.

The spring of 1934, I was in Germany about to come back for my final term at Oxford, and I got a telegram from David French, my roommate and friend, who reminded me of the Cecil Peace Prize competition. A prize established by Lord Robert Cecil for the best essay among British colleges and universities on any subject dealing with international affairs. David French told me in this telegram that the deadline for getting in a paper was about one week away, and I could not come to Oxford unless I submitted a paper. So I holed myself up in a little hotel there in Berlin and wrote for about five days straight. I picked as my topic some reflections on the relationship between the British Commonwealth of Nations on the one side and the League of Nations on the other. I got this paper off just ahead of the deadline and shortly after that I learned that I had won the prize. The prize was one hundred pounds. Well, a hundred pounds was five hundred dollars in those days and that allowed me to pay my bills and just squeak home.

Once at Oxford I was having some American friends in for breakfast, and when I put in the order with my scout for breakfast I asked him to serve cantaloupe as the first course. He went down to the battery and came back and said, "The Master of the battery wants to know if you really mean that you want cantaloupe." I said, "Yes, of course that is what I would like to have." So he served the cantaloupe and my bill came in at the end of the term and those cantaloupes were five dollars a piece. They probably were hothouse cantaloupes or had been shipped in from the tropics somewhere. But that was a pretty expensive breakfast as far as I was concerned in those days. St. John's College had a marvelous wine cellar. I am sure that the fellows in the college, the Dons, spent a fair amount of time sampling the wines all over Europe and getting some of the best ones into St. John's College. St. John's was noted for having one of the best wine cellars in all of Oxford. While I was at Oxford, I really had beamed at college and university teaching in the international field.

It seemed to me that that was where the action was; that was where the really important things were going on. I had come to have a real appreciation for the quality of life in academia with its relatively free time in between class sessions and fairly long vacations and so forth. I had long since given up any idea of going into the ministry and I had no taste whatever for going into the rat race of business competition. I had not, at that point, really begun to think of government

service as such. As a matter of fact my government service began while I was on the faculty at Mills. I got a little summons from Uncle Sam to report for duty as a reserve officer in December of 1940. It was those six years of military service which led to my going to the State Department. I began that trail. But my ideas were really aimed at college and university teaching in the international field. During my first term at Oxford I think I was hazed a little by my fellow students because I was appointed to chair a committee of the Junior Common Room--the Junior Common Room being the organized students of the college--to wait on the president of the college to petition for a powder room for ladies in the college. There were no such facilities and if you had a lady guest and she needed to withdraw, you would have to take her outside the college, across the street down into an underground and put a penny in the slot and let her do what she had to do. The president of the college at that time was old Dr. James, a heavily bearded man in his eighties whom we called the Bodger and so I, with two other members of the committee, went into call on him. We went in to see him, and I made my speech asking for a powder room.

When I got through he simply glared at us and said, "What a monstrous proposal." And that was the end of that. I am quite sure that the officers of the Junior Common Room knew very well what would happen to me if I were on this committee but they nevertheless stuck my nose into it. When we all had finished our final exams at Oxford, the Dons of the college gave an wing-ding of a party for those who had-just gone through the exams, wine and other liquids were flowing freely. I remember at that party that one of my tutors made a rather stuffy remark about what fine lecturers they had at Oxford. So I said, "Well, I suppose not all of them are. I remember the fellow who was lecturing on [David] Hume. I went to his lecture and the first day there were about 225 students there and this young man came in with his back to the audience and mumbled; the second lecture there were about 75 students there and he did the same thing. For the third lecture we were about down to 30 and he did the same thing and I quit. He wasn't a very good lecturer." And my tutor said, "Well what did you do about Hume?" And I said, "I had to work it up on my own." So he said, "Well, that might have been the best lecturer you had." We would meet our tutor at Oxford once a week and for a time you might have two tutors going at the same time and have two tutorials a week.

But at each tutorial you would bring in an essay, maybe 18 or 20 pages, long on a topic that had been agreed on the week before and the procedure of the tutorial was for your tutor to go over your essay and criticize and discuss it and to branch out from there into other things. But these weekly essays turned out to be exactly the kind of writing that was required in the final exams. So that you had that practice in getting ready for the kinds of essays that had to be written for the exams. Richard, I don't think you should use this in any of your writing but on my final exams at Oxford, I remember that about halfway through one of my philosophy papers, I simply tore it up and started over again, I did not think that I had done very well. Well, when the written exams were over in ten days or two weeks, you come up before a board of oral examiners for the oral part of your examination. When I went before the oral examiners, they made such complimentary remarks about my exam and didn't press me on any additional questions. I went back and reported to my Dons at my own college what the oral examiners had said. They said, "Oh well, you are a certain first." The grades being first class, second class, third class, fourth class. However, when the results came out, I found myself with a second.

Then I got a note of apology from the examiners because apparently the philosophy reader on the exam had gotten my paper mixed up with somebody else's. I may be the only person who has had a note of apology from the examiners at Oxford University. But I got the gentleman's second, which is a very respectable outcome. One little matter not related to anything we have been talking about--I had been a friend of John Foster Dulles during the Truman administration, during the negotiation of the Japanese Peace Treaty. When I was at the Rockefeller Foundation he became secretary of state. At the end of the 100th day in office, I wrote him a long letter, about three pages, commenting on how he was doing with respect to the various parts of his job. Eight years later when I had finished my own 100 days, my secretary Phyllis [D.] Bernau, who had been John Foster Dulles' secretary, very quietly came in on the 100th day and laid on my desk a copy of this letter which I had written to John Foster Dulles eight years earlier. So just for fun, I sent a copy of that letter to Mr. Shultz when he took office. When I arrived in New Delhi to serve under General Stilwell, I was assigned to the G-3 section in the New Delhi headquarters, so-called Rear Echelon, the Forward Echelon was up in Assam and there was another headquarters over in China, but the headquarters in New Delhi was the headquarters for all American forces in China, Burma and India.

Since I was directly involved with war plans from the very beginning, I spent a great deal of time traveling into Assam, to China, down to Ceylon where Lord Louis Mountbatten's headquarters were. I usually travelled in a small, converted bomber that had been turned into a staff plane but they were piston planes and very slow and there were times when it seemed that I spent more time in the air getting from one place to another than I did on the ground. My direct superior at the beginning was General Frank [Dow] Merrill, who later became commander of Merrill's Marauders and took that group into Burma. But he was my immediate chief, and I found him a very able and agreeable man for whom to work. We remained friends until his death from a heart attack quite a few years ago. We had two major missions. One was to try to encourage the Chinese as well as the British army in India to take on the Japanese as quickly as possible and the other was to cut through a supply line to China. The Japanese had interrupted the old Burman Flying Tiger days. We thought it was very important, as did Washington, to try to get some supplies into China to keep China in the war because if they simply dropped out of the war, it would release very large numbers of Japanese forces to be turned against MacArthur and [Chester William] Nimitz who were coming across the Pacific.

RICHARD RUSK: What kind of war making potential did China have back in those years?

DEAN RUSK: We sometimes forget that China had been fighting the Japanese for a decade prior to Pearl Harbor. After all, Manchuria was seized in 1931 and following that the Japanese moved in on the coastal areas of China and imposed great losses upon the Chinese forces. I think many people underestimated the erosion of the ten years of warfare on the political and economic structure of China itself. That was a decade when China was getting no help from the outside. As a matter of fact, we ourselves continued to send scrap iron and oil to Japan to be used in making arms for the attack on China; pretty disgraceful story. But when Pearl Harbor came along, we needed for our own purposes that idea that there was a China, a great country that was a local ally, strongly fighting the Japanese, and we created a kind of idealized picture of what was left of free China because things were very grim for us just after Pearl Harbor. For example, think of March 1942, three months after Pearl Harbor. Imagine that President Roosevelt might

have gone on a nationwide radio hookup and said the following: "My fellow Americans, I have some very serious things to say to you. Hitler's armies are smashing at the gates of Leningrad, Moscow, Stalingrad; [Erwin] Rommel is rushing through north Africa toward Cairo; my intelligence people tell me [because they were at the time] that Russia will be knocked out of the war in the course of the next six or eight weeks.

We cannot mobilize our own armed forces except at a snail's pace because we simply don't have the arms and equipment for them. The Japanese have just destroyed the heart of our fleet at Pearl Harbor and they are rushing through Asia and we see no way to stop them; the jig is up." Now based upon certain present day standards of something called credibility, had Franklin Roosevelt said that in March of 1942, he would have been telling the truth; but had he said it, he would have been telling a profound lie because he and Churchill and Joseph Stalin and millions of others built upon hope and confidence and necessity and we defeated the Axis powers. I mention that because China was very important to us during the first part of the war both psychologically and militarily and it was not until MacArthur and Nimitz managed to come right into the Philippines and into Okinawa and places like that that we knew that we did not have to rely upon China for help in the actual defeat of Japan in the main islands of Japan.

RICHARD RUSK: What percent of Japan's war power was tied down there in Asia?

DEAN RUSK: It is a little hard to say but at least there were hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, Japanese soldiers in China in one capacity or another. Some of them were line of communications troops to supply the Japanese effort farther south but, I think, during the war itself, we exaggerated some of the Japanese forces. For example, we thought there was an elite Japanese route army in Manchuria.

Well, at the end of the war, when the Russians got into the war against Japan for about four days, we found that the Japanese army in Manchuria had become something of a shell because they had drawn a lot of officers' men out of it to reinforce their forces in the Pacific. Nevertheless, it was a substantial effort so our job was to try to find some way to get supplies into China. We looked at all possible ground routes. As a matter of fact, we even looked at the possibility of going up through Afghanistan and coming through extreme western China. We scoured Asia for ways of getting into China, but cutting a road back through Burma seemed to be the only really feasible way to do it. On one occasion, while I was still in the Pentagon back in Washington, Madam Chiang Kai-shek came to Washington and she went in to see President Roosevelt.

After her visit we got a note from FDR in the Pentagon saying that Madam Chiang Kai-shek had proposed that we open up a coolie pack route from India into China over the mountains and that the Chinese would furnish whatever number of people, one to two million, to carry loads into China by foot. Well, it didn't take us long to figure out that on that three or four week journey, that each Chinese soldier would eat two or three times his load and there was no food in that area; it was an utterly desolate area. We sent a little note to FDR saying, "Mr. President, this is not feasible because these coolies would eat more than they could carry on this kind of journey." Back came a little note from him saying, "Then drop their food to them by air." And we had to send back a little note saying, "Mr. President, if we had the planes to drop their food by air, we could take the supplies into China to begin with." That just illustrates how desperate people were

to try to find some way of getting into China. But the route from Assam, through Burma into China was very difficult terrain indeed--beautiful country in the dry weather but when the monsoons came up and the rains began to fall, it just became a quagmire so the engineering problems were formidable indeed.

I personally was not involved in the planning and construction of this road although it was within our theater, but we had General [Earle Gilmore] Wheeler, particularly, and one or two others, whose names I will dig out, in charge of the actual construction. The road was about three hundred miles, but it was winding, the ground was treacherous, there were many streams to be bridged and of course there were Japanese taking potshots. There were times when men had to drive bulldozers with a little piece of metal up in front of them as protection against snipers. We used a great deal of Indians in front of them as protection against snipers. We used a great deal of Indian labor and Burmese labor.

The Karens and the Kachins, two north Burmese tribes were available to us and were very helpful to us in trying to mobilize some forces to get that road built; but that was a two-year effort and required an enormous amount of toil but it was a contingency kind of effort, somewhat like the Alkin Highway built into Alaska, we built that in the event we needed it. But as I said earlier in another tape, we couldn't be sure that if we defeated the Japanese on their own home islands that the Japanese forces in China would then surrender, the war might be continued in China itself. After all, all of our experience with Japanese forces, up to that point, had been that they were fanatical in their conduct of the war and that they just fought to the last, so we just didn't know. We had a big problem with our line of communications back to the United States. It was long, it was slow, and there were periods when we would lose half of our ships trying to come to the China-Burma-India Theater to submarines down in the south Atlantic.

I remember once Lord Louis Mountbatten was furious that among three ships which were on their way out the only ship that survived happened to have a good deal of its space taken up with a box of chocolates for every American in the theater, whereas the ship with arms and other crucially needed supplies got sunk. But Washington was a long way away, and it was not easy to get the Pentagon to understand the circumstances in which we were operating. For example, we could see that we and the British were going to return to Burma from the north, we would find ourselves on these narrow gauged rail lines but without any engines, without any rolling stock, and so quite early in 1943, we sent a cable back to the Pentagon to ask them to prepare for us some small locomotives for a narrow track which could be moved in by air and the Pentagon just pooh-poohed us on the idea of an airborne locomotive. But when we actually got in Burma and got hold of a part of that rail system, we needed such things and so we had to construct some light locomotives out of jeeps by putting flange wheels on them and pulling whatever we could. Another instance of lack of imagination in the Pentagon: We had a homing pigeon communications company out there. Under the circumstances we were faced with in Burma, that homing pigeon company was very useful at times. One day some of the Chinese troops got into the pigeon coops and they made pigeon stew out of all the pigeons, so we sent a telegram and asked the Pentagon for a complete replacement for the pigeon compliment for the such and such Sigma Company.

Back came a telegram from the Pentagon saying, "Request denied. It is the assumption of the tables of organization that the pigeons would furnish their own replacements." We had not told them that the Chinese troops had eaten these pigeons. In 1944, the Japanese became aware of the continuing build-up of Allied potential in India and so they launched a major offensive against eastern India to try to break that up. An account of that campaign is fully described in General [William Joseph] Slim's fine book on the subject and you will have to read that for it. General Slim was a fine British commander. During that operation, when the British forces were very hard pressed, we used whatever air we had in support of British forces, and it worked out very well. We defeated the Japanese in that campaign and opened the way for us to move much more deeply into Burma. By the time the road to China was completed, it was safe and secure from a military point of view, and we had driven the Japanese much farther south. For operations in Burma and India we were under the control of the British chiefs of staff who were the executive agents for the U.S.-British combined chiefs of staff for that theater, just as the American chiefs of staff were the executive agents for campaigns in Europe and in the Pacific.

Being under the British chiefs of staff meant, in effect, that we were under Mr. Churchill's command and he tended to follow things that were going on out there in considerable detail. I had a little long range exchange with him at a time when he didn't know me from Adam's off ox. We received an order from him to launch a long range penetration group, a [Orde C.] Wingate-type operation, into Burma. This group would involve about 3,000 men who would wander around shooting at whatever Japs they could find, but they weren't going to seize any terrain or capture any particular objectives, they were going in there for four or five weeks and then come on back, supplied by air the entire time. It was an operation that had no perceptible influence on the outcome of the war. So as Chief of War Plans, I gave this operation the code name PINPRICK. Well, when that got back to London, out came a rocket from Mr. Churchill saying, "Change of name of PINPRICK to GRAPPLE." Well, that may be one of the differences between Mr. Churchill and myself. General Stilwell kept pressing Washington for at least two divisions of American ground forces to be used out there. He thought it would greatly speed up the effort to break back into Burma, recapture Burma and open up the road to China, but the European and Pacific theaters, quite rightly, had much higher priority for such forces and he was denied them.

But he was finally given a brigade that came to be called "Merrill's Marauders." These were volunteers from the European and Pacific theaters. I think these fellows came out there with the idea that they would have one operation and then they would all go home; but it was sort of a patchwork kind of operation with a good deal of gallant people in it. In any event, since that was the only ground force that General Stilwell had, he used it much more than perhaps commanders are entitled the use of such a force. He drove them unmercifully and they were operating in extreme conditions. For example, they encamped in one area where there was typhus on ticks and a lot of the men came down with typhus. Fortunately, we discovered that if they were treated up at the 20th General Hospital, up in Assam under air-conditioned equipment, that they could do pretty well in bringing them out of it; there was malaria, there was nothing but emergency rations for them to eat; it was a pretty tough operation and General Stilwell expended Merrill's Marauders and they wound up being a unit which really had no further combat capability. General Stilwell was a foot soldier.

He didn't like headquarters, he didn't like the political relationships involved in high command. He was always out in the field with the troops. I suppose he might have been a superb division commander in combat, but he was impatient with all the things that go along with the highest levels of command. He got the nickname "Vinegar Joe" because of certain mannerisms he had. In fact, he was a very warm human being with great compassion. For example, he spent a good deal of time in China before World War II and he had a great feeling for the Chinese people. He felt, and I think quite properly, that if Chinese soldiers were properly equipped, properly trained, and properly led that they would be good soldiers. I think he proved that with some of the Chinese troops in Burma, but he was deeply distressed by the inadequacies, the corruption, the failure of the Chiang Kai-shek government to do what ought to have been done for the Chinese people and he was always on the side of the common people in China rather than the government and the high command. Corruption was a serious problem there. For example, when we furnished Atabrine to the Chinese forces as protection against malaria, we had to have an American in the mess line to put this Atabrine down the throats of the Chinese so that their officers wouldn't collect all the Atabrine and send it back to China and sell it on the black market.

We could never separate a Chinese unit from its arms and equipment. For example, if we wanted a Chinese unit to move as fast as possible from point A to point B and we told them to leave all of their stuff and we would fly this stuff to them when they reached point B, they simply wouldn't do it. They had almost a fanatical sense of property and one of the instructions we gave to our men out there was never try to take anything away from a Chinese soldier, he would kill you. There were times when General Stilwell had to take unusual measures to spur the Chinese to advance even in the area where we thought there were few, if any, Japanese. There were some occasions when we told them that their supplies for the next day would be dropped at such and such a point, which might be fifteen miles farther down the road and if they wanted their supplies, they would have to go down there to get it, so they would move. On one occasion General Stilwell wanted a Chinese unit to move and they were bucking the move so he just took his carbine and headed down the road toward the Japanese and left it to the Chinese as a matter of face to trail along with him.

But in general, the Chinese forces in Burma, given all the circumstances, performed creditably and well and paid off the effort we made to get them trained and armed. It is hard to say to what extent the mission of the China-Burma-India theater was actually performed because before we had any real opportunity to capitalize on what was done there, MacArthur and Nimitz were well on their way across the Pacific and the brunt of the war shifted to the frontal attack on Japan. I have no doubt that if war continued for a much longer period what was done in Burma would have been very useful. One little matter that left some impressions and stuck with me: As Chief of War Plans, I was the person who was supposed to give advice to other staff officers who had their own problems and the chief signal officer and the chief ordinance officer, chief quartermaster, and people like that would come in and say, "Look, we have got a long line of communications back to the United States; we have got to know something about how long we are going to be out here in order to know how to do our planning." In effect, they were asking me when the war was going to be over.

But I would look at them very solemnly and say, "You should plan on our being here until April 1946," and they would go away very happy. But one day, one of them on their way out of the door turned around and said, "Oh, by the way, how do you know that it is April 1946?" I said, "I don't know, but I am being paid to give you an answer." Of course I did know something about the general war plans for the war itself, and I knew something about the preparations for the invasion of the main island, so April 1946 wasn't too bad a figure.

RICHARD RUSK: Was there anything about developments of World War II, specifically your theater, that surprised you at all? Did it go pretty much as you expected it to back in the early 40s?

DEAN RUSK: I think, in the first place, I was surprised as everybody else by the attack on Pearl Harbor. I had been assigned to G-2 military intelligence in the War Department in October 1941, two months before Pearl Harbor. But as I said earlier, I was assigned to keep track of the British areas in Asia, not in Japan specifically, but the Japanese section of G-2 was just down the hall from us, and I had friends and fellow officers there. On Pearl Harbor day, I had come into the office very early, six o'clock in the morning, because we had pretty good information that the Japanese were going to attack the southwest Pacific on that weekend, and we could track a substantial naval force that was moving in the direction and since this involved Malaya and almost certainly Indonesia, I turned up quite early. But when Pearl Harbor came some of the junior officers in the Japanese section of G-2 were up and down the hall laughing over the first flashes that came in from Pearl Harbor, they simply didn't believe it. Some of them didn't believe it until President Roosevelt went on the radio and actually announced to the nation that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. Well, after Pearl Harbor Day, my own colonel, Colonel [James] Compton, came to me with a memorandum in his hand and he said, "Dean, you might want to see this, it is very interesting.

Take a good look at it because you won't see it again. All the copies are being gathered up and destroyed." It was a memorandum that had been prepared about five days earlier in the Japanese section of G-2 indicating points in the Pacific which the Japanese might attack and Pearl Harbor was not even on the list. Had General [Walter C.] Short and the Admiral [Husband E. Kimmel] at Pearl Harbor been brought to trial, had they been court-martialed, some of us would have had a problem of conscience as to whether we should clarify the fact that G-2 simply did not anticipate an attack on Pearl Harbor. One of the successful parts of our operation in the China-Burma-India theater was flying material across the hump to China. We used air fields in northeastern India, up in Assam, but to get the supplies from the port at Calcutta up to Assam was itself a major problem because it was about a 1200 mile journey. There were large rivers to be crossed such as the Irrawaddy, which in the rainy season might be eight or ten miles wide, and of course there was a problem of building air strips on a very difficult terrain. We had little or no heavy equipment, some of them had to be built by hand. And the railroad that went up to that area from Assam was very poor and was very poorly operated.

For example, it was just taken for granted up until we got there that when the engineer driving the railroad train got to his own little village, he would just stop the train for three or four hours and go and visit with his friends and family, or when they got to a river to be crossed they would pull up a railroad ferry, broadside along the dock and then they would load these cars onto the

ferry one at a time, crosswise on the ferry. Well, we did a lot of things; we multiplied the tonnage being moved on that railway by putting some trained personnel on there to run the trains, and we put the tracks on these ferries in the longitudinal direction so that we could put five or six cars on the ferry at one time and not just put cars on one at a time crosswise. Now there were times when we perhaps overstrained that railroad.

We had one or two wrecks because our fellows would try too hard to make the trains move, but all those problems were pretty well licked in due course, but it took a lot of doing and involved some occasional friction with the Indian authorities and with both the British and Indians who were technically responsible up in that part of India. I found India to be a fascinating country; extraordinarily complex with all of its ethnic groups and languages. I started taking lessons in Urdu, which was used typically in the British army in India, but after I had quite a few lessons, one of my Indian friends told me that I was simply learning the Urdu of British military command and that I could not use it for any polite conversation among the Indian themselves so I sort of lost interest in learning Urdu. The British army in Indian was made up of many, many different tribes. Many of the best battalions came out of the hill country, people like the Gurkas, the Garhwali's and regiments of that sort. But, I think the Japanese might well have penetrated deeply into India had it not been for the fighting capabilities of those native Indian forces. The British also brought over their East African battalion--all black--and they were an extraordinary group because they could put their packs on their heads and just dogtrot along all day long and just cover enormous amounts of ground and were a very valuable unit in that situation.

The terrain was such that armored forces simply weren't very relevant to the fighting out there. It was not tankable country in the usual sense, there was too much water, too many swamps, too much soft ground and so most of the fighting had to be done by an infantryman with a rifle in his hand. None of these kind of modern warfare techniques were very relevant except by air and air supply and techniques of that sort. On one occasion we received word from the Pentagon that several light tanks were on their way to us. Well, we hadn't asked for them and we sent a message back saying that we needed light tanks like we needed holes in the head and for heaven's sake send us some things we really could use because that was very scarce shipping that was being consumed by sending us these light tanks. They were such light tanks that they had no relevance whatever to the European theater. But the light tanks arrived, the Pentagon insisted. Well quite some time later I tried to run down why it was that we got those light tanks and I learned, whether this is true or not I can't personally vouch for it, that a congressional committee was out in the West somewhere looking at military supplies and stores and things of that sort and they saw a large number of these light tanks just sitting out in the field and they asked somebody in the military what these light tanks were for and they were told that those were for the China-Burma-India theater.

So we got these tanks that they simply had to get rid of somehow, somewhere and they set outside of Calcutta and rusted and became scrape iron at the end of the war. I would have to say that I personally was not in combat in the China-Burma-India theater. There was one time when three or four of us were in a jeep with General Stilwell going down through the woods in Burma and we got a couple of sniper shots across our brow. General Stilwell stopped the jeep and looked around his staff people who were with him [he had a signal man, and an ordinance man, and people like that] and looked at me and said, "Rusk, you are the only infantry-trained man

here so let's go and see if we can find those snipers." So here I went off with a three-star general scurrying around the woods in Burma looking for Japanese snipers; we never found them, but that was a brief encounter that proved to be nothing. When the Japanese Zero planes came over our airfields, the drill was that every plane that could do so would take to the air to reduce the chances of being destroyed on the ground. I was in one of the western airfields in China, the name of which I could check on a map, when the red ball warning went up that Zeroes were on the way in, and so my pilot and I jumped in our little DC-3 aircraft and took off.

As we headed north to try to get away from any Zeroes that might be coming in, we saw a Zero coming in behind us and there was another DC-3 aircraft off about two miles to our right and for reasons best known to the Japanese pilot, he choose to attack that plane rather than ours and by the time he had shot that plane down we had gotten into some clouds and he was never able to find us. But actually flying the hump was something I was not supposed to do during the period when the Japanese were still in Burma because I was aware of general Allied war plans. There were quite a few of us who were forbidden to fly over enemy-held territory on the theory that we might get shot down and get tortured into revealing some of this material; but the only way we could get from India into China was over Japanese-held Burma. Fortunately, I wasn't faced with a problem arising from that factor.

RICHARD RUSK: You say you never had a great deal of actual combat experience over there; did you have opportunity to see the actual carnage of what modern warfare does to people?

DEAN RUSK: I did not visit the front when the Japanese were involved with their offensive against the British forces along the eastern frontier of India, but in the part of Burma that our forces were in and the Chinese were in, the fighting was more or less open country kind of fighting, cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians. There were no pitched battles of any major importance except for the seizure of Myitkyina, which was a key airport road center up in northeast Burma. I did see Myitkyina shortly after it was taken when it was pretty battered and blown up and saw something of the destruction, but it was nothing like the kind of destruction we are familiar with in western Europe or in a place like some of the Pacific islands where everything was just destroyed. The ratio of military forces, both Japanese and Allied forces, the geography in Burma, was so small that it was almost happenstance that you ran into an enemy. I mentioned the Karens and the Kachins in North Burma; they had been heavily involved with Protestant missionaries who had established mission stations up there.

Down in the southern part of Burma around Rangoon, where the predominate culture was Buddhist, there were various movements among the Burmese, some of them sponsored by the Japanese, that were not particularly friendly to the United States. But the American forces in Burma, in our effort to build the road, did not really come into contact with those and those problems did not arise until the end of the war when the question of Burmese independence had come up. One little interesting matter: President Roosevelt felt very strongly that the major colonial areas of Asia should come out of World War II as independent nations: India, Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, Indochina. He had tried to press Mr. Churchill very hard to make a commitment to the Indians that this would be the result at the end of the war, but Mr. Churchill was very resistant. One can remember his famous remark, "I did not become His Majesty's First Minister to reside over the liquidation of the British Empire." And so he resisted this notion. That

meant that there was some tension between the American and British forces in India about psychological warfare and in effect public relations kinds of problems because we were there solely for the purpose of trying to fight the Japanese and the British did not want to come clean on their desire to restore British rule in India at the end of the war, so that led to a good many frictions. Indeed, we devised a shoulder patch for the China-Burma-India theater which was worn by every American in the theater and was worn by no one but Americans out there. This shoulder patch showed the star of India, the sun of China and some red and white stripes for the United States.

The theory was that with this theater-wide shoulder patch, it would make it easier for the Indians or anybody else to distinguish the Americans and to understand that we were there solely for the purpose of fighting the Japanese. But that was the subject of some controversy. While I am at it, I might say that there is reason to believe that President Roosevelt gave up on his desire to see these areas of Asia emerge from the war as independent nations, somewhere around the beginning of 1945, whether he was getting old and sick or whether he was just tired of butting his head up against Mr. Churchill, I don't know. I saw that because around the middle of 1944, various Frenchmen began to arrive out in the China-Burma-India theater asking to be parachuted into Indochina. Well, we didn't know what the policy drill was back in Washington, so we sent a telegram back reporting that these Frenchmen were there wanting to be parachuted into Indochina and asking for policy guidance as to U.S. policy toward Indochina. Well, weeks passed, months passed, follow-up telegrams produced no result and when a staff officer had to go back to Washington for something, we would ask him to try to get the answer and nothing happened.

Finally around the beginning of 1945, there came out to us a joint chiefs of staff paper--light blue fool's cap paper--and the subject of the paper was U.S. policy toward Indochina. On the first sheet it said, "The Joint Chiefs of Staff have asked the President for a statement of U.S. policy toward Indochina; the President's reply is contained in Annex A." So I flipped over to Annex A and there was a sheet of paper that said, "When asked by the Joint Chiefs of Staff for a statement of U.S. policy toward Indochina, the President replied, 'I don't want to hear any more about Indochina.'" So there was a gap in policy for a full year there which had very considerable consequences as far as the history of that area was concerned. [As a follow-up question to that; as Chief of War Plans over there, did you have to make policy to fill that gap or take any actions not necessarily approved by Washington but simply had to be made at the scene by somebody? Incidentally, were these organized French military units?] No, just individuals, probably OSS [Office of Strategic Services] type characters. But when Franklin Roosevelt lost interest in pursuing his anti-colonial policy about those areas, bear in mind that American forces out there were under British command and so for the last year of the war and the immediate postwar period, the arrangements out there were determined by the British and that led to the return of the British to India, Burma, Malaya, return of the Dutch to Indonesia and the return of the French to Indochina.

The whole history might have been different had those countries come out of the war independent. They became independent very quickly after the war, but a lot of things might have happened differently. For example, while I was in China-Burma-India, I personally authorized the dropping of arms and American cigarettes to Ho Chi Minh in Indochina because we were

ready to help anybody who would shoot at the Japanese, so we encouraged him in his effort to resist the Japanese. We had in the CBI theater a very able group of the Officers Strategic Services, the wartime predecessor of the CIA [Central Intelligence Agency], and they conducted a good many clandestine operations. They had an extraordinary combination of bluebloods and thugs in the OSS during the war. People right out of Wall Street on the one side, people who probably ought to have been in a penitentiary on the other. And they did many extraordinary things to help out and make things difficult for the Japanese. Their operations were under General Stilwell's command, and it was my job to keep in close touch with them, help them to decide which things to do and which things not to do.

When the war was over, just after the French returned to Indochina, we soon found ourselves in the United States launching the [George Catlett] Marshall Plan and NATO [North Atlantic Treaty Organization] and in those two great enterprises the active and casual participation of the French was indispensable and what was happening in Indochina itself tended to move on to the back burner because our relations with France were extraordinarily important, say from 1946 to 1949. We did, however, in providing aid to France, some of which went off to help their position in Indochina, we did try to press them to come to a political settlement with the nations of Indochina, Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. But we did not want to press them to the point of having them say to us, "Alright, we're leaving, but this in your baby," because we didn't want that problem in our basket. They made various moves, but we had a succession of French governments during that period, not one of which was strong enough to take the action to really cut the ties between those countries and France and let them move ahead as independent countries. Now, we entered another chapter when the North Koreans attacked South Korea in 1950 because it was clear that this was a major attack by the North Koreans of a broad front for the purpose of seizing South Korea.

At the time the attack occurred, we didn't know what else was involved; what China, the Soviet Union might have in mind in addition to Korea, so President Truman put the Seventh Fleet between Taiwan and the mainland and said that we would resist any attempt to use force across that strait there in either direction, and we substantially increased our aid to the French in Indochina because we were trying to discourage the possibility that the operation in Korea might be broadened into a general Communist assault on neighboring areas in Asia. In retrospect, I think that fear was unfounded because we never got any real evidence that they were planning to attack either Taiwan or Indochina. Nevertheless, that North Korean attack gave rise to stepped-up assistance to the French in Indochina. Some of that assistance we tried to channel directly to the indigenous governments in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, but there were great difficulties with the French when we would try to do that. That was the situation until during the Eisenhower administration and the French were driven out of Indochina and Vietnam was split in half at the Geneva Conference. I mentioned on an earlier tape the running dispute that General Stilwell had with Chiang Kai-shek and General [Claire Lee] Chennault on the use of the tonnage coming over the hump. That was a battle that went all the way back to Washington and there were also some controversies between the British and the Chinese with respect to the role and activities of the Chinese forces in Burma.

The British were convinced that the Chinese forces had come into Burma carrying boundary stones in their knapsacks and that they were determined to make good on China's historic claim

to a good part of northern Burma. So there was suspicion and friction between the two. Well, I had to carry the brunt of drafting most of General Stilwell's cables back to Washington on both of these disputes. I was told in the summer of 1945 that I had been transferred from the CBI theater back to the Operations Division of the War Department's General Staff because they had found that I had been the principal author of those cables. British-American cooperation out there was not very close up through 1943 and well into 1944. As a matter of fact, it was not until it became clear that Hitler was on the way to being defeated that cooperation significantly increased. As I indicated earlier, Churchill was simply determined that not very much was going to happen out in India and Burma until Hitler was defeated because the British Army in India was the only imperial reserve he had. But when Allied forces began to roll following the Normandy landings, then cooperation became really quite good and Lord Louis Mountbatten contributed greatly to that because he was determined to see to it that the Americans and the British worked well together.

He had both British and Americans on his own staff down in Ceylon, and he followed what the Americans, and indeed the Chinese, were doing in Burma closely and with interest, but there were problems really until Hitler was on the way down. I suspect that Mr. Churchill achieved some of his policy of delay simply by sending British commanders out to India who he knew simply were not going to do anything. General Auchinleck came out, General Wavell came out and there was a lethargy about the British headquarters in India that had to be seen to be believed. I think instead of arguing these things out as a matter of policy with Franklin Roosevelt, he just achieved his purposes in that fashion. We were very fortunate in having Colonel Mike Saunders, J.S. Saunders, as the British liaison to the American headquarters and he had an office right alongside of mine. He was a remarkable fellow, friendly, energetic, understanding. He had married an American wife from Michigan, Mel Saunders, lovely woman, and he helped us avoid a great many problems after the war.

END OF 7S, SIDE 2

BEGINNING OF 7T

DEAN RUSK: --going to the University of Georgia to teach international law in the law school, a friend of mine at the Harvard Law School wrote me a little letter of welcome into the profession, and he told me a story which he said I could use if I needed it. He said that former President Harry Truman had come up to the Harvard Law School to talk about constitutional law and during the question period one of the Harvard law students raised his hand and said, "Mr. President, do you know anything about constitutional law?" and Harry Truman said, "Hell yes, I made a lot of it." So in a sense I can say that I helped to make a good deal of international law along the way. Once during the Truman administration, Mr. Truman received a long and unpleasant letter from Prime Minister [Jawaharlal] Nehru, about three pages of it, and Mr. Truman was pretty mad about it but it fell to me to draft a reply for Mr. Truman to send back to him. I took my draft reply and my copy of the Nehru letter over to see Mr. Truman and he got out his copy and I found that he had made a good many marginal notes on this Nehru letter, some

of them pretty indiscreet, such things as "What does he want me to do, consult Mousie Dung." But anyhow, we went over the draft reply and he made certain changes and I went on back to send it off, but as I was leaving the office, he said, "Is there anything else I can do for you?" and in just more or less fun I said, "You can give me your copy of that letter."

He laughed and said, "No, I won't do that but if you send me over your copy, I will put these same marginal notes on it." Well, that was a pretty indiscreet thing for him to do because if these marginal notes became public, all hell would have broken loose, so I just ignored that suggestion of his. Well about ten days later, I got a little note from him saying, "Damn it Dean, I told you to send over your copy of the Nehru letter." So I did and he put on the marginal notes and sent it back to me with a little note saying, "I want you to have this for your memoirs."--misspelling "memoirs." Well, given the hot character of that particular piece of paper, I paid some money for many years for a safe deposit box in which to keep it, but that was entirely characteristic of Harry Truman. Harry Truman was quite remarkable in that he knew how to make decisions. Almost all of the problems that get to a president are extremely complex and almost none of them have any really good answers. If they had good answers, they would have been handled down below long before.

But Harry Truman would look at a problem which had dozens and dozens of secondary and tertiary questions all mixed in, one can think of a heap of jackstraws and where the jackstraws are all tangled up and pointing in different directions and cutting across each other, interfering with each other. Harry Truman would listen to all the briefing on all the complications and then he would pick that particular element out of the pile and make his decision and go home and never look back. In other words, he was capable of that necessary oversimplification at the moment of decision. It is a trait that not all men in high office have. For example, although I enthusiastically supported Adlai [Ewing] Stevenson's candidacy in 1952 and 1956, I have wondered since what kind of president he would have made because Adlai Stevenson was so imaginative and so intelligent that he could always see the disadvantages of any line of action and found it very difficult to come to a conclusion.

He used to complain to friends about all the instructions he received for the State Department while he was our representative at the United Nations, but actually, I am quite sure that he was very pleased to receive most of them because he did not want to have to make up his mind on some of these things. By the way Richard, remind me to let you have a copy of a book review I did on a book called Our Man at the United Nations because I reflect upon the position of the person up there and his relations with a secretary of state and a president. Many people sometimes forget that almost all foreign policy decisions have to do with the future, trying to nudge events in one direction rather than another. But Providence has not given us the capacity to pierce the fog of the future with complete accuracy, there is always the unexpected; there is always the unknowable. So the policy officer who knows his business knows that his decisions are taken in the conditional mood, hopefully, possibly, if things work out right.

Now these decisions are evaluated on the basis of hindsight, this aspect ratifies in many directions. I made some spot checks on my press conferences while I was Secretary of State and found that about 80% of the questions I got at press conferences were about the future. Well, I couldn't stand there in front of 600 reporters and a battery of television cameras and answer 80%

of my questions by saying "Damned if I know." So I would do my best to deal with their questions and then if two months later things worked out about the way I said I thought they would, it is all forgotten; but if things worked out differently, that is one of those small contributions to something called the credibility gap. I mentioned that some things are simply unknowable. In a certain Tuesday night in August 1968, Soviet forces marched into Czechoslovakia. We thought we learned later that they had handled that decision on the previous Saturday night, three days before. Now when we asked our intelligence people a week before whether the Soviets would move into Czechoslovakia, there is no way on earth they could have told us because the Soviets didn't know.

There was just a piece of information that was not present in the real world. And so our most expert advisers on Soviet matters told us in August 1968 that the Soviet forces are there, they have their maneuvers, they have the capability of moving in but whether in fact they will move in, we don't know. I think a good many intelligence studies, produced by the intelligence community, should begin with the line, "Damned if we know, but if you want our best guess, here it is." Because the false sense of certainty in the intelligence reports tends to mislead the policy officers when they are reading what the intelligence community has to say. When I was Secretary of State, I realized that one of my jobs was to keep President Kennedy and President Johnson informed about what we were doing so that they wouldn't be caught by surprise, read something in the newspapers or hear something from some senator or congressman that they were not aware of. Every day the president would have on his desk a wrap up of the more important incoming and outgoing diplomatic telegrams and that was one way he could keep informed, but at the end of each day I would send over to the President a page or two of very brief notes, maybe two or three lines each, on important decisions or actions that had been taken during the day and important decisions and actions which were coming up in the next day or two.

That gave the President a chance to keep in touch with what was going on and also to inject himself into a particular problem if he saw something that was about to happen that he wanted to be in on. But the President's schedule is such and his responsibilities for the entire Executive branch of the government are such that he simply cannot follow the mass of business that is involved in the conduct of our relations with some 160 nations of the world. But most presidents will look upon foreign policy as one of their primary responsibilities. As President Kennedy once said, "Domestic affairs can only defeat you, but foreign policy questions can kill us all." Now of course, a president or a secretary of state may inject themselves into some questions being handled down below, because after all, they too read the newspapers and get a pretty good idea of what is going on in the world. But a president and a secretary of state have to come to some informal understanding as to the types of things which a president will want to look at and which kinds of things can be handled below his level.

I might go into a little more detail about the circumstances in which John F. Kennedy asked me to serve as Secretary of State. I had never known John F. Kennedy either as a senator or during the campaign. As a matter of fact, I knew the Kennedy group so little that when I received a telephone call from somebody called Sergeant [Robert] Shriver [Jr.], I thought that that must have been a military aid that had been given to Kennedy for some purpose. In early December 1960, after the election, I was at Colonial Williamsburg at a meeting of the board of trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation and various people on the board were called out to telephone calls--

[Clarence] Douglas Dillon, Chester [Bliss] Bowles. Then I was called out and it turned out to be John F. Kennedy and he said he wanted to talk to me at his little place in Georgetown there two days later. So I went by Washington on my way back to New York and went to see him there in Georgetown. We talked for about an hour and a half about various names that might be considered as secretary of state.

We spoke of David [Kirkpatrick Este] Bruce, for whom we both had the highest regard, he had been a distinguished ambassador in Paris and in other services. We spoke of Adlai Stevenson, but Kennedy brushed Stevenson's name away rather promptly--I never knew quite why that was so except possibly the circumstances at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles when Stevenson was one of the irritants from a Kennedy point of view, and it may be that Kennedy felt that since Adlai Stevenson had been the Democratic standard bearer in 1952 and 1956 elections that he, as Secretary of State, might somehow upstage Kennedy himself. In any event, it was clear that he was not going in that direction. I suggested the name of Robert [Abercrombie] Lovett, who had been undersecretary under George Marshall and later secretary of defense; one of the truly great American public servants.

But Robert Lovett had a health problem which made it impossible for him to take on public service. We spoke about Senator [James] William Fulbright at some length. It was clear that Kennedy was attracted to Fulbright, but he was concerned that Fulbright had signed the Southern Manifesto on the subject of civil rights and that his appointment might bring objections on the subject of civil rights and that his appointment might bring objections from a very large liberal wing in the Democratic party. I told Kennedy that if he wanted to appoint Fulbright and then appoint Adlai to the United Nations and Chester Bowles as undersecretary of state that the presence of those strong liberals at two important positions in his administration would, I think, not cause the Fulbright matter to be any problem to him. And he reflected on that I suppose. I never knew whether or not Kennedy had discussed the matter with Fulbright and might have indeed offered him the position.

Neither Kennedy nor Fulbright ever commented to me on that. But in any event, in this discussion there was no mention whatever of my name or the possibility that he might ask me to do it. So I went on back to the Rockefeller Foundation in New York and told my colleagues up there that I would be staying at the Rockefeller Foundation, that the press speculation that they might have seen could be disregarded, there was nothing to it. Well then, the next day, Kennedy called me and told me that he wanted me to take the job. And I said, "Now wait a minute, Mr. President, there are a lot of things we ought to discuss before you make that decision, we didn't talk about that at all," and he chuckled a bit and said, "all right, come on down to West Palm Beach tomorrow morning and we will talk it over." So I went on down to Florida and spent the morning of the next day with Kennedy. I got there quite early in the morning and when I was ushered into the living room to wait for Kennedy, there was a copy of the *Washington Post* on the table with a big, black headline saying, "Rusk to be Secretary of State."

Well when Kennedy came in and saw that headline, he just hit the roof. He asked me if I had talked to anybody and I said, "No, I talked to my wife about it, but I am sure that she hasn't talked to anybody nor have I." Then he telephoned Philip Graham, the publisher of the *Washington Post*, and blasted him for this headline. Of course, I could only hear one side of the

conversation, but apparently Philip Graham told Kennedy that he, Kennedy, Kennedy, had told Graham that the night before, and I heard Kennedy say, "But that was off-the-record," and apparently Philip Graham must have said, "Well, you didn't tell me it was off-the-record." But anyhow there was the headline. Well, we talked about a number of things. Some main lines of policy and matters of that sort. I urged him strongly to do his best to get Adlai Stevenson to take the United Nations job. I thought he would be an admirable representative at the U.N. and would greatly strengthen the administration.

And so, he telephoned Adlai Stevenson then and there and succeeded in getting him to agree to become the United Nations ambassador. I also recommended that Chester Bowles be designated as under-secretary. I had known Chester Bowles somewhat while he was a congressman, but I had known him better as a fellow trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and thought that he would be a good Under-Secretary of State. There are at least twenty positions in the Department of State as well as all of the ambassadors who are presidential appointments. He provides the names to the Senate and the Senate decides whether it will give advice and consent to their appointment. Now, usually a president will give very great attention to the suggestions of the cabinet officers about those positions, but at the end of the day, the president is entitled to have his wish on appointments which are by law for the president to make.

For example, at the very same time that Kennedy and I were meeting in West Palm Beach, he had already announced that he was naming [G.] Mennen Williams of Michigan as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. And so that was done before I ever got there. As a matter of fact it turned out very well because Mennen Williams was a very good assistant secretary of state for Africa, worked very hard at it. I had great respect and affection for him. In any event, he called both Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles, got them to serve, and then we went out and met the press and he announced that he was going to ask me to be Secretary of State. [Did you ever have a chance to really tell him whether or not you wanted this thing? It seems to be like you went down there and the thing was already set up.] I had discussed with some of the trustees of the Rockefeller the possibility that I might be invited to become a part of the Kennedy administration. They told me that the office of Secretary of State was the only position which I could not refuse.

But they also urged that if I were asked to take any other job in the Kennedy administration, that I should refuse it and remain at the Rockefeller Foundation. I did tell President Kennedy that I could serve a maximum of one term--four years--the pay of the Secretary of State at that time was \$25,000 a year. I had one child in college and two more headed for college; I just didn't see how I could afford to take the job, but at the maximum, four years. The Rockefeller Foundation provided me a termination pay, severing all of the retirement and other obligations which they might have of \$100,000 and that was put into a blind trust and was paid to me at the rate of \$20,000 a year; of course, I had to pay income tax on that so that cut down on it some. But I used that up in the first five years because you simply cannot be secretary of state on \$25,000 a year with a family and the marginal official costs of taking the job. For example, I had to buy a good many clothes that I had never had before--striped pants, silk top hat, a long-tail morning jacket and all sorts of things. Fortunately, most of those things were tax deductible as official costumes and most of them I wore only once or twice during my tenure as Secretary of State although the white tie and tails I wore more than once.

But I told Kennedy that I could not serve more than one term and that was our understanding. Later when people like Arthur [Meier] Schlesinger [Jr.] were reporting that Kennedy was thinking about another secretary of state for a second term, they didn't know apparently that my original understanding with Kennedy was that I would serve only one term. To follow that up a little bit, under the circumstances of the tragic assassination of November 1963, Lyndon Johnson called each cabinet officer in and pressed us very hard to remain at our posts. I had raised with him at that time the business of building his own administration, but he wanted to assure continuity in government at that tragic moment and he urged me to stay on and under those circumstances one could not refuse. So I stayed on.

RICHARD RUSK: Was it a wise thing for Johnson to have done given the friction that probably existed between some of Kennedy's people and Lyndon Johnson?

DEAN RUSK: Well, it depended a little on whether people were serving John F. Kennedy the person or serving him as President of the United States. In my own case, I served Kennedy as President, in his capacity as President. I was not a part of his official entourage, I was not a member of his social set. I didn't have the kind of personal ties that a number of his White House staff had with him. People like Larry O'Brien and various others: Kenny O'Donnell, Ted [Theodore Chaikin] Sorensen--people who were there in a very personal capacity. So that when the tragedy of November 1963 came along, it was not difficult for me to transfer my loyalty from one President of the United States to another President of the United States. But for those who were serving Kennedy in a very personal capacity, they simply could not make the transition, and it was appropriate for them to leave in due course. Some of them left on their own initiative; I think one or two perhaps left at the suggestion of President Johnson.

RICHARD RUSK: Did you make a comment to President Kennedy when he offered you the post that you didn't really feel prepared for the job and his reply to that was "How do you think I feel?" Can you stick that quote into the tape for me?

DEAN RUSK: I told President Kennedy that he would have to make himself responsible for the question as to whether or not I was qualified for the job because I, myself, felt no one was truly qualified to be secretary of state. I didn't add "Or president." But those are jobs in which people have to do a lot of learning on the job. It is very hard to be fully prepared.

RICHARD RUSK: What was his response to your comment?

DEAN RUSK: He simply nodded, smiled and let it go at that. In the summer of 1963 I did say to President Kennedy that if he wanted to make a fresh start in my job in preparation for the election campaign of 1964 that he should feel entirely comfortable about doing so because it would be entirely agreeable with me. But he told me that he wanted me to stay and not to bring that subject up again. My relation with Kennedy was somewhat unusual. I was the only cabinet officer whom he always called "Mr. Secretary"--I never knew just quite why it was--he called the other cabinet officers by their first names, but someone can try to figure that out sometime. At the time of the Kennedy assassination, six members of the Cabinet, including myself, were on an airplane on the way to Japan for a joint cabinet meeting with the Japanese cabinet. We were

about one hour west of Hawaii when the commander of the plane brought back to me in my cabin a one line press flash that had come over the press ticker on our aircraft simply saying that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas.

I asked Pierre [Emil George] Salinger who was with us, Pierre Salinger being the President's press representative, to use the plane's telephone and call the White House and confirm that this had, in fact, occurred. It took about five minutes to make this call and confirm it, and so we immediately turned the plane around and headed back for Hawaii. Before we landed in Hawaii, we had received the further information that Kennedy had died. We landed in Hawaii in the middle of a full military alert because no one at that moment knew just what was involved in Kennedy's death, and we took on some additional fuel. We had communicated with the new President Johnson, as a matter of fact while he was still in Dallas, to ask whether he wanted us to come to Dallas or Washington. He told us to come on to Washington so we made a non-stop flight from Hawaii to Washington, D.C. [What were your private thoughts during that flight after hearing about Kennedy's assassination?] When we received word that Kennedy had died, and I announced it on the plane's loud speaker to everybody on the plane, each one of us took fifteen or twenty minutes with our own thoughts. It was a very grievous tragedy, genuine shock, and so each person very quietly contemplated the situation.

But then the other cabinet officers gathered with me in the forward cabin of the plane with some few other high officials, and we spent the rest of the time on the way back to Washington talking about what needed to be done under those circumstances to keep the public business flowing, to keep government going. Kennedy had died, but the nation lived, and we knew that Kennedy, himself, quite apart from the new President, would expect us to do what we could to see that this tragedy did not paralyze the government. I was in touch with George [Wildman] Ball, who was then the acting Secretary in the State Department, to be sure that all of the procedures and arrangements were going forward having to do with the death of a president and they were. There is a kind of standing operating procedure known to the State Department to cover such matters because it had happened before in our history. But we talked more about how to continue the business of the government than our private, personal matters. We didn't feel that we needed to discuss with each other our personal reactions to the tragedy, for we all understood that wasn't a matter for group discussion.

The next morning after we arrived in Washington--

RICHARD RUSK: Very early in the morning, very late at night?

DEAN RUSK: --and after a very few hours sleep, I was called over to see President Johnson. It was customary under those circumstances for all of us who were Presidential appointees to tender our resignation to the new President so he would be free to make whatever arrangements he wished to make. But Johnson urged me to stay on and put it to me in terms of duty and underlined that he was going to try to maintain the continuity of the policies of the Kennedy administration and that we all needed to pitch in and keep the country going during this moment of great tragedy.

RICHARD RUSK: If I could back up just a little bit, what were your private thoughts when Kennedy offered you the position? What did it feel like to be offered a job like that? I can recall how you looked when you returned from Florida or Williamsburg, wherever it was, you were as pale as a sheet when you walking through the door.

DEAN RUSK: Well it was prospectively a very heavy responsibility, something that I never had any idea that I would ever be doing. For example, I had developed no personal staff of the sort that people in public life usually gather around them. I was entirely happy as president of the Rockefeller Foundation; it was one of the most interesting jobs in the world. So it came as a genuine surprise that he would turn to me, but there was a sense of duty. There is the question in my mind as to whether or not--if a president asks one to take on a job of that sort--one is really entitled to say "no." There are those who do say "no"--the idea that there are long lines of people with the appropriate qualifications aching to take those top jobs in government is just a wrong impression. A president must recruit people to take those jobs and my guess is, I don't know how one would check on it, that for every person who says "yes" a president had received a "no" from just as many people. I don't want to sound self-pitying or self-serving but when you take one of those jobs you make some personal sacrifices in the ordinary case.

My salary came down to about a third of what it was at the Rockefeller Foundation. You lose your privacy, your time is no longer your own. It is very tough on the families of people in public life to have the father of the family away almost all of the time; it is tough on the children of people whose names are in the headlines all the time. The office of secretary of state was usually a fifteen or sixteen hour day, including the diplomatic dinners we had to attend as a matter of relationships. My appointment books could help with this, my appointment books are down in the LBJ Library, but it is my impression that your mother and I had a chance to have dinner at home with the family on the average of about once a month for several years so the children had to grow up like weeds on their own. You asked if I offered to resign to President Kennedy more than once. No, I didn't, because at the time we discussed my appointment, I told him that as far as I was concerned my resignation was always on his desk. I did not believe in what had come to be known as "New Deal resignations." I did not believe in harassing a president with false resignation or anything of that sort.

My view was that if I wanted to quit, I would just quit; we don't have slave labor in this country and you don't have to serve if you come to a point where you don't want to. But no, that was the only time that I specifically spoke to Kennedy about leaving before the end of his term although we both knew that I was going to leave at the end of his first term. In my long talk with Kennedy at West Palm Beach, we did not talk so much about the content of policy as about the way the Executive branch should be conducted with respect to foreign policy. I knew from what he had said in the campaign that his views and mine were very compatible on matters of foreign policy so that we didn't get into that very much. There had been various task force studies prepared for him while he was campaigning and as President-elect and we didn't pay too much attention to those after he took office. Because foreign policy is just too complex to cover in any adequate way in a conversation of that sort. There are bound to be differences from time to time between a secretary of state and a president on questions of foreign policy. The president is in a very different political position than is a secretary of state, particularly a president who has in mind running again.

And a secretary of state tries to deal with foreign policy in terms of what makes sense to the nation and pays somewhat less attention to the effect of each policy on the strictly political position of a president although a secretary of state must try to take those things into account because he has to help the president think like a president on such questions. But at the end of the day, under our Constitution, it is the president who has the constitutional authority to make the final decisions as far as the Executive branch is concerned and anyone who takes the job of secretary of state must be aware of that and must respect that constitutional view. I did wrestle with President Kennedy at times over some ambassadorial appointments. At any given time about seventy percent of our ambassadors to other countries will be Foreign Service officers and there will very likely be another fifteen or so who are professional people although not career people, but they are not political appointments in the usual sense--a man like David Bruce in London, or a man like Edmund [Oldfather] Reischauer as ambassador to Tokyo, or people like that.

But then there are always ten or fifteen percent who are just plain old-fashioned political appointments and on those the secretary of state had to wrestle with the president a bit because otherwise some dogs creep into the diplomatic establishment who have no reason to be there. I did counsel against the Bay of Pigs but I did not do so publicly; I did not say so publicly after the Bay of Pigs debacle. But no two men handle so large a number of diverse questions in exactly the same way, so that it is inevitable that there would be differences between a secretary of state and a president.

RICHARD RUSK: Did it turn out that you fellows were in agreement on the basic goals and objectives of American foreign policy?

DEAN RUSK: Yes, I think that Kennedy and I and later Johnson and I were in basic agreement on the major objectives. But after all, foreign policy is bipartisan in character. American foreign policy in this post-war period has been pretty well established along predictable lines. A country with the size, power and wealth, momentum of the United States can't go flitting around like a hummingbird sampling every little tempting flower. It has to be predictable by both our friends and by our adversaries, otherwise we ourselves could inject the screaming meemies into the world situation. It was not difficult to find agreement on the main goals of policy. President Kennedy was a very pragmatic kind of person.

During the Eisenhower administration, there was prepared for President Eisenhower a rather thick booklet called "U.S. National Security Policy" and this surveyed the world situation and tried to set forth American policy on a wide range of matters and President Eisenhower had approved it. So in the first months of the Kennedy administration people on the policy planning staff and various others set to work to revise this major document on American policy. And they worked on it for some months and finally got the clean draft finished, but, to their dismay, President Kennedy and I would not approve it. President Kennedy said that he did not know what these generalizations meant tomorrow morning at nine o'clock if a particular question arose.

My problem was that I was afraid that if we approved this thick document that people would think that we had determined policy whereas the generalizations were so sweeping that they simply were not very helpful in terms of deciding what you do about particular problems in the real world dealing with real countries in an exact moment of time. I think working on such documents can be very useful to those who work on them. It is a good exercise for people to go through, but it is not the way to make policy. There are general directions of policy that one can discuss, of course, but one should not exaggerate the ability of those general statements to really help very much when the moment of decision comes because at moments of decision there are always many, many complications that are involved in that particular problem which simply cannot be caught up in these sweeping generalizations. Another problem with such approaches is that very, very, seldom do you have a chance to make a choice between right and wrong--white or black because you find that good principles of policy are in conflict with each other in a given situation. It involves a weighing, an adjustment of factors which point in different directions and so policy is much more complicated than can be set down easily and simply in a volume of that sort.

RICHARD RUSK: Were the philosophical ends of policy often or ever discussed or were they more or less taken for granted when and if you fellows were more or less speaking on the same philosophical level anyway?

DEAN RUSK: Some people try to pretend that ethical and moral values have very little to do with relations among states. My old friend Hans [Joachim] Morgenthau used to make that argument. But I never accepted that point of view. I reject the philosophical tradition beginning with Plato and coming through the German romanticists and some of the modern social psychologists that the group, in this case the state, is a being quite different from those who make it up and that it is governed by laws and principals which are not the same laws and principles that we use in our everyday lives. I rejected that. When I became Secretary of State, I did not find something called a state in my desk drawer or in my clothes closet. I found a number of actual men and women, breathing human beings, who had been designated by their fellow citizens, under our laws and Constitution to act for all of us in certain respects. Now those ordinary human beings are influenced by and have to take into account ethical and moral considerations.

On a very pragmatic level, one must take into account the fact that people all over the world base their own action, to a very considerable extent, upon their own ethical and moral judgments about the world and about the situation and that if you are trying to influence their conduct in one way or another, you must take those considerations into account. But on the other hand, we didn't wear those values around on our sleeves. We did not very often bring them up in debate because we all knew they were there, but it isn't customary to get into the practice of preaching sermons at each other that are based upon such considerations. Therefore, the official record will show relatively little in terms of reflections upon their underlying moral and ethical and philosophical considerations. But they are there. For example, no President can pursue a major policy for very long without the understanding and support of the Congress and the American people, that alone means that moral considerations are necessarily a part of judgments made by people in high office. There was never any question in my mind or in Kennedy's mind that he was President and

that if push came to shove it would be the considered views of the President that must prevail within the laws and the Constitution.

RICHARD RUSK: The question I raised was about the time you initially talked with Kennedy in Palm Beach about the operational way of conducting foreign policy. Did you have a thorough understanding then, specifically, were you aware to the extent to which the White House would conduct policy and make policy right out of the White House and did differences develop between you and Kennedy or the White House about these operational means?

DEAN RUSK: We had very little discussion about relations between, say the Secretary of State and members of the White House staff, because this was before the period when the White House National Security advisor assumed the kind of role that Henry Kissinger assumed in the 1970s. Staff at that time were looked upon as being staff, not people in the chain of command and with line of responsibility in any way intruding between the president and the Secretary of State. You can search the news media throughout the '60s and you will find very little gossip of any sort about feuds between myself and the Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, between myself and anybody on the White House staff including the National Security advisor. [Richard makes reference to Schlesinger book and his reference to problems between the White House and State Department.] Now there were times when I had a little trouble, problems with Arthur Schlesinger. Arthur Schlesinger was Kennedy's egghead in residence, living over in the East Room of the White House with the social secretaries, and he would try to intrude into policy matters at times.

For example, the question arose in Italy as to whether or not the Italian government should shift toward the left and bring about a broader coalition with some the parties on the left and Arthur Schlesinger was very anxious that the United States nudge them in that direction, that we urge them to make that move to the left. Well, our ambassador in Rome, [G.] Frederick Reinhardt, and I, Secretary of State, felt that was not our job, that was a matter for the Italians to decide, and I simply refused to take part in any attempt to influence the Italian government on that kind of point. I remember on one occasion I was talking about something with President Kennedy and Arthur Schlesinger walked in and made some, I thought, wild-eyed proposal about something involving foreign policy. The President thanked him and Schlesinger left the room and Kennedy turned to me and said, "There are times when Arthur is very interesting in the Rose Garden." But we didn't have problems of that sort. Now there is one point that I was aware of and this is that the Department of State can't seem to find the kind of talent that is needed for that kind of help to a president. On more than one occasion, I talked to some of our inspectors of the Foreign Service who traveled all over the world interviewing Foreign Service officers and ambassadors and people like that.

And I would urge them to scour the Foreign Service looking for people who are articulate and who could help on things of that sort. So presidents, at least President Kennedy and President Johnson, needed somebody over on the White House staff who could take the materials that were sent over by the Department and shape them into something which that particular president personally would be comfortable with and use. This applied to me also. Every time an important foreign visitor would come to town, Virginia and I would usually give him a luncheon or a dinner. In preparation for his visit, I would be furnished with a big, black, loose-leaf book with

all sorts of information about that country and that person and our policies and so forth and in this black book there would always be a draft toast for me to use at the end of the luncheon or dinner. I was never able to use any of them, because the people who wrote them didn't even stand up before a half dozen people and read them out loud to see how silly they sounded when you spoke them orally. So I would look these things over and then improvise toasts and you will find a good many of those little toasts in the book *The Winds of Freedom* that was published. But the department is not a very good drafter and partly because committees are not good drafters so that Ted Sorensen and McGeorge Bundy did a great job for President Kennedy in putting what he had to say in final form. Of course, he always went over it himself, but they were invaluable help, and there may have been times that some people in the department thought that in carrying out that part of the job that Sorensen or Bundy were, in fact, interesting. Now we did wrestle a little with the White House staff at times on appointments. Although I must say that I was surprised at the relatively few applications for appointments in the State Department or as ambassadors that came through political channels.

The political people by and large didn't seem to be very much interested in the largest posts like London, Paris, Rome, Tokyo, and so forth and that was because they had to work too hard on those posts. They weren't interested in most of the far off small posts because a lot of these places are a long way from home and uncomfortable and health conditions are bad and some of them even dangerous. So that your political people tend to concentrate on nice little countries like Switzerland and Denmark and Ireland and places like that. But even so, we had occasional wrestles with some of the people on the White House staff who were responsible for helping the President with appointments.

RICHARD RUSK: I have heard it said of Kennedy that he saw himself as being a strong executive who pretty much wanted to be his own Secretary of State. Again, were you aware, when you fellows first signed on with each other, how he felt about this and did you discuss this thoroughly when you talked about the operational way that policy should be made at the beginning and did you feel comfortable about the way things did work out during the first three years?

DEAN RUSK: This notion that a president can be his own secretary of state is one of those slogans largely picked up by the news media. The Constitution puts the president in charge of the Executive branch of the government and specifically in terms of foreign policy. But a president has a full time job just being president. He can't be both president and secretary of state because of the mass of business that has to be transacted. On every working day throughout the year some 3,000 cables go out of that department to our posts and to governments all over the world. Of those, perhaps seven or eight may be seen by the secretary personally before they go out although all of those cables carry the secretary's signature; and the president may see one or two of them. The conduct of foreign policy requires delegation of authority and responsibility literally to hundreds of officers, otherwise the day's work simply could not get done. On any working day the United States is attending somewhere in the world at least a dozen multinational, international meetings, ranging in subject matter from the control of nuclear weapons to the control of hog cholera.

Now you have several hundred of these meetings going on every year, some of them lasting maybe three days at a time but some of them lasting throughout the year. And each one of those requires that a delegation be assembled, that instructions be prepared, that negotiating positions be framed, and during the course of the meeting they have to be followed so that if there is any revision in instructions required, those instructions can get to them in a timely fashion. So, the president has a full day carrying out that part of it which is his, the secretary of state has a full day carrying out that part, but then the secretary must give special attention to insuring that all those officers who are authorized to get on with the day's business understand the policies which the president and the secretary of state want them to follow. Now, I will put a figure in your mind and you don't have to believe it, you can just leave it dangling there if you want to. During my eight years there something over 2,100,000 telegrams went out of that department with my name signed to them, and I had seen only a fraction of one percent of them before they went out. But I can remember only four or five telegrams out of all that mass that had to be called back and turned around and rewritten because those who had sent them out had missed the point of policy that the President or I wanted them to follow. That is an extraordinarily professional job. There was one little practice that I used in the Department of State that helped in the matter of keeping lines of responsibility straightened. If some staff officer over in the White House called somebody in the Department of State and told him the White House wanted him to do this or that, my colleague in the Department of State was supposed to ask "Who in the White House?" because unless it were the President, my view was that I spoke for the President. I simply did not like any semblance of the notion that somehow White House staff people insert themselves in the chain of command.

Now these things are covered in that little Op-Ed piece that I did for the *Washington Post*, and you can look at that. There is one other piece that you will want to read and that is an article that was published in the spring of 1960 in the *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*, published by the Council on Foreign Relations. I had given a series of three lectures at the Council on Foreign Relations called the Elihu Root Lectures. One of them was on the Department of State in foreign affairs. Well, all three were to be published but delays and other things resulted in only the first one being published--the one on the Presidency. You will want to read that very carefully because it contains my views on many of these questions at that time. President Kennedy, when I went to see him in Georgetown in mid-December 1960, had a reprint of this article on a little table at his side. But contrary to a remark that Ted Sorensen wrote in his book, Kennedy and I did not discuss this article at all, but apparently Kennedy had read it and had a pretty good idea of my views with respect to the Presidency. Now later on, I had to eat some of the things I said in that article. For example, I said I thought the Secretary of State was traveling too much, and I had to eat that. But I think we had a pretty good understanding and more important of all, regardless of machinery, the President, Bob McNamara, McGeorge Bundy and I had a personal relationship that simply didn't go for feuding, guerrilla war, at that level of government. We spent time with each other and worked things out. We dealt with each other with confidence and trust and that made an enormous difference.

RICHARD RUSK: When you talked to Kennedy in Palm Beach when he offered the position to you, did you lay any conditions regarding your employment or what you had in mind for doing the job, upon yourselves or each other, in the way that some employers and employees sometimes will?

DEAN RUSK: Not really except for the point I made earlier that I told him that I could not serve more than one term. At one point, he turned to me and said, "Is there anything about your life that I ought to know before we announce this appointment?" And I went over a few things, particularly that I had been in the middle of the road in politics all my life and that I would predict that I would be attacked from time to time, both by the extreme right and by the extreme left, which turned out to be true. I also told him, because I wanted him to hear it from me and not from somebody else, that in the middle of the Los Angeles Convention, I had sent a telegram to the head of the New York delegation, Averell Harriman, telling him not to be stupid, that he ought to support Adlai Stevenson, and Kennedy laughed about that. But then when he asked me whether there was anything about me, my life, that he should know before the announcement was made, and after I had made my comments, I said to him, "Now, is there anything I ought to know about your life before I take this job?" and he laughed. Of course, I had, in earlier years, passed several times the so-called loyalty and security investigation. As a Secretary of State, there are a good many classifications beyond "top secret," each one of which calls for its own investigation.

One of my neighbors there in Washington once told me that if people didn't stop coming around asking questions about us that he was going to think there was something the matter with me. But there were several investigations conducted in connection with all sorts of very special and high-level restricted classifications of one sort or another. But when I took the job of Secretary of State I had to fill out a very long questionnaire having to do with loyalty and security matters. One of the questions was "Have you ever tried to overthrow the government of the United States by force or violence?" I answered that "No." Next question was "Has any member of your family tried to overthrow the government of the United States by force or violence?" I said "Yes." The next question was "If the answer is yes, name them." So I put down the names of my two grandfathers, without any further explanation. Well, apparently, that threw them into quite a tizzy until they figured out that both my grandfathers had been Confederate soldiers. I think I can say without overdrawn that I had a good deal of experience with taking responsibility and living with the results.

Earlier in my life, I had been dean of the faculty at Mills College, acting president when Aureliea Reinhardt was away, which was often; as a company commander in the army I had to make decisions every day and take the consequences; when I was in the China-Burma-India theater my responsibilities were very considerable because General Stilwell delegated a lot and expected a lot out of us; when I worked in the State Department under George Marshall, he delegated to his assistant secretaries very heavily and one had to bear that responsibility; being president of the Rockefeller Foundation involved considerable responsibility. The Rockefeller Foundation, although a large corporation in the sense of its portfolio of funds, almost three-quarters of a billion dollars when I was there, was a fund-granting organization, and I took the view that the purpose of these funds was philanthropy and not to maintain heavy staff so that we had a relatively small group in New York dealing with the questions of making grants, maybe not more than twenty-five officers at any given time; we began, however, to expand our operations in the field in places like Mexico, Colombia, India, the Philippines, so we would have our own officers assigned overseas and that increased the payroll of the Foundation but much of that payroll was aimed at the philanthropic purpose and not toward administrative overhead.

I felt that the Rockefeller Foundation should not spend philanthropic money for things that were not necessary. For example, we did not lay on any major public relations campaign. We produced an annual report where every penny entrusted to us was accounted for. Every grant made was listed; every stock transaction was listed; but I did not think it was up to the Rockefeller Foundation to try to build an image by all sorts of public relations activities and gestures. We tried to be economical on administrative matters. Shortly after I came to the Foundation, I went around for a little tour of inspection of the two floors in the RCA [Radio Corporation of America] building where we were housed and came across a storeroom as big as an ordinary living room filled with paper towels and toilet tissue. I turned to the fellow in charge and said, "Won't our supplier send us this material, say on a monthly basis, in accordance with our needs?" He said, "Oh yes, I guess they would." "Then why do we have all this stock?" and he said, "Because in World War II we had a paper shortage," and sheer momentum or lethargy continued this stockpiling on this very expensive skyscraper floor space. I once think I startled my colleagues at the Foundation when we were having a staff meeting; I asked if anybody ever had to wait for an outside line on the telephone and no one raised his or her hand so I said, "Well that seems to me to mean that we have got too many outside lines because if we cater to outside lines for more than the maximum peak of use then we are wasting lines." So I cut back of the number of outside lines we had.

RICHARD RUSK: Back to the point that you were developing that you did have a good deal of executive and administrative preparation prior to becoming Secretary, but it all related to my question as to what you felt when you took that thing on.

DEAN RUSK: There is no question that I knew that I was facing a formidable responsibility. I think I lost fifteen pounds in the first two weeks after that announcement, a combination of so many things to do and seeing so many people. One thing that President Kennedy and I did discuss at West Palm Beach was the need to keep the responsibility of the president clear before and after Inauguration Day. We wanted to make it very clear that until noon of Inauguration Day, Dwight Eisenhower was President of the United States and at the moment that President Kennedy finished the Oath of Office, he would be President. So we agreed that we would not try to intrude into the conduct of foreign affairs in the Eisenhower administration prior to Inauguration. Now, Secretary Christian [Archibald] Herter very kindly provided me immediately an office on the first floor of the Department of State so that the incoming and outgoing cables were routed across my desk so I could begin to get into the swing of things; provided me with three or four staff people who could go and get information that I felt I needed and it was a period when I could just talk things over with various officers of the department who were handling some of the more important matters.

Secretary Herter would occasionally invite me to comment on a particular problem that had to be dealt with, but I explained to him President-elect Kennedy's policy on this--we would not make comment on decisions that they were facing while they were in office. For example, shortly before President Eisenhower left office, Fidel [Ruz] Castro came up with the silly notion that the American embassy in Havana would be restricted to something like eleven people. Well, this made Eisenhower mad so he just set out to break relations with Castro. We were given an opportunity to comment on that, but we made no comment because we thought it was very, very

important that everybody in the world knew who was President of the United States at any given moment and that until Inauguration Day, Eisenhower was President. I think that is the only sensible way to do it; otherwise, following our election in November, we could have a couple of months of genuine confusion about where the responsibility lies; so we went out of our way. There were a lot of people who wanted to see President-elect Kennedy or myself in that month before Inauguration, but we tried our best to avoid seeing representatives of other governments.

RICHARD RUSK: Did the job materialize and develop as you expected it to or were you caught by surprise by the way things actually turned out?

DEAN RUSK: I think the thing that perhaps surprised me most was the sheer mass of our foreign policy business and the large administrative responsibilities of the Secretary of State. I had known a good deal about the department because I had worked in it before, during the Truman administration; so much of it was familiar, but the sheer mass of business, the budget. I felt an obligation, for example, to know where every dollar in the State Department was when I went down to Congress. So I would hold my own budget hearings within the department with the senior officers of the department on their own part of the budget. That took ten days to two weeks of hard work and preparation before going down because those appropriations committees were likely to ask you questions about any part of your budget, sometimes matters of great detail. For example, we, in those days, contributed fifty dollars a year to a little organization in London that was trying to complete a map of the world on a scale of one to one million and it was in the budget. I had to know about that in case I got a question on it from somebody in the Congress. In turn, when the chairmen of these appropriations subcommittees took their recommendations to their Senate and House floors, they had to be aware of where every dollar in that budget was because there were 535 people up there on Capital Hill and anyone of them might ask a question about any part of it.

I was a little impatient when occasionally some of my own subordinates, assistant secretaries for example, would go down to meet with an appropriation subcommittee about the budget and not know what they were talking about. I thought we owed that to the Congress to know what we were talking about when we went down and asked for public money. One item about taking on the job as President of the Rockefeller Foundation: That election occurred by the Board of Trustees in their annual meeting in Colonial Williamsburg, and on the day I was elected I got an invitation from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who was then quite an elderly man and had a home there in Colonial Williamsburg. He asked me to come have lunch with him. I must confess that I rather thought that I would go down and get my marching orders of some sort from the old man who had done so much philanthropy himself in the past. But it turned out that he wanted to say two things to me; one, he said, "Mr. Rusk, I never want to hear from you about the Rockefeller Foundation--that is an independent philanthropy. I have no desire to offer any influence, advice or anything else, so don't come to me about problems at the Rockefeller Foundation."

Secondly, he said, "If I were you I would take three or four months off in the wilderness just thinking about how you use three-quarters of a billion dollars for the well-being of Mankind. Just think about it, don't feel yourself burdened by the past of the Rockefeller Foundation; just give it your own thought." Well, that probably was pretty good advice. The trouble was that as soon as I became president of the Rockefeller Foundation, a congressional investigation of foundations in

general was launched under a right-wing Republican Congressman from Tennessee named [Brazilla Carroll] Reece, and so I immediately faced hearings that were going to look into all of the grants made by the Rockefeller Foundation as well as other foundations that this particular committee thought might be questionable. And so, instead of going off and ignoring the past to the Rockefeller Foundation and thinking anew, I had to spend my first few months there going over the past in great detail and preparing myself for hearings. And you may want to read over the submission we made to that committee about policies of the Foundation. We had to battle pretty strongly for free speech, the free arts, considerations of that sort because some of these Congressmen were prepared to attack us for having made grants to organizations that they themselves did not approve of. I remember both we and the Guggenheim Foundation had made grants to the biological work of Linus Pauling, who later had become quite a controversial political figure. In his testimony before the same committee Henry Moe, head of the Guggenheim Foundation, famous for its Guggenheim Fellowships, was testifying about Linus Pauling and these people were pressing him pretty hard and he finally leaned back and said, "Mr. Chairman, a distinguished scientist has as much right to be a damned fool in politics as anybody else." I wish I had thought of that line myself; that was a great line.

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