

Pedro A. Sanjuan Oral History Interview – JFK#3, 8/14/1969
Administrative Information

Creator: Pedro A. Sanjuan
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Biographical Note

Pedro A. Sanjuan (1930-2012) was a staff member of the Nationalities Division of the Democratic National Committee and the Assistant Chief of Protocol for the Department of State from 1961 to 1963. This interview focuses on relations with diplomats in Washington D.C. and Robert F. Kennedy's 1965 trip to Latin America, among other topics.

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By PEDRO A. SANJUAN

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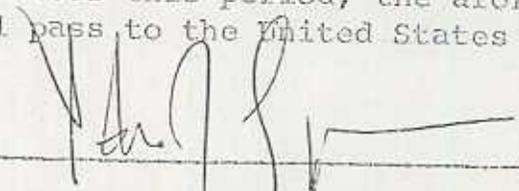
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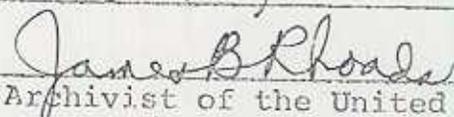
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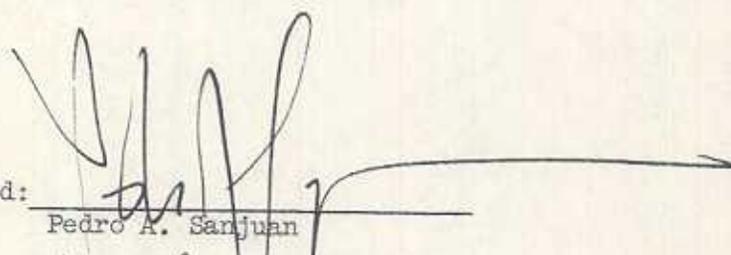
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Pedro A. Sanjuan

Date: April 19, 1971

Pedro A. Sanjuan– JFK #3
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Third Oral History Interview

with

PEDRO A. SANJUAN

August 14, 1969
Washington, D.C.

By Dennis O'Brien

For the John F. Kennedy Library

O'BRIEN: You mentioned in the last interviews that you did some advance work on some of the trips for the President. Now was that Kennedy or was it Johnson?

SANJUAN: For the trips to Latin America?

O'BRIEN: Right.

SANJUAN: No, I didn't do any advance work for Kennedy. I think we had a misunderstanding there. I was asked to do advance work by officials in the Department of State when I was in the heat of this, civil rights for Africans business in the Department, but I have a feeling that that was an effort to get me out of the way, so, that. . . . And I said no. And that was the end of that.

O'BRIEN: Well, when the Cuban missile crisis. . . . Well, first of all, the Bay of Pigs. Did you get any feedback or any insight into the reaction of the diplomatic community here in Washington to the Bay of Pigs incident?

SANJUAN: Bay of Pigs incident? No, not really. The one thing that was rather humorous or amusing was a little bit of a thing that occurred just before the Bay of Pigs situation. A very dubious individual, who was at the time Councillor at the Embassy of Nicaragua, a very exalted position, came to me and told me that the third or second secretary in the Soviet Embassy has asked him--this was about a week before the Bay of Pigs invasion--had asked him about confirming the intelligence that they had received at the Embassy that the United States invasion forces for the invasion of Cuba, were training in Nicaragua. And he said that he was certain--this Nicaraguan diplomat, had told the Soviet in return--that he was not aware of any such thing, but he would check it out. And he came to me, and he said, "Pedro, I'm trying to get this information across to responsible people here in the Department, and all I can get to is the Nicaraguan desk officer, who is not particularly interested in it. Since you have some connection with the White House, maybe I should give this information to you."

And so I said, "Well, that's very interesting. Why do you get so upset about it?" I knew nothing about the Bay of Pigs situation. I mean, at that time I knew nothing about what was going to happen. And he said, "Well, you know, we are training American and Cuban forces in Nicaragua." I said, "Oh, really, is that the case?" "And this is for an invasion of Cuba." I said, "Oh, I didn't know that." "And the fact that the Russian Embassy knows it is very, very disturbing." I said, "Well, I imagine it would be. When is the invasion going to take place?" He said, "Well, I don't know. I cannot tell you. I certainly don't know, but you people in the Department should know it." I said, "Well, probably there are people in the Department who know about the truth or lack of truth in what you say, but I certainly am not one. I had nothing to do with this." So I then said, "Thank you so much. I'll pass this on."

And I went to see [Theodore C.] Ted Achilles. Ted Achilles was then doing some sort of overall thing on Latin America, involving intelligence on Latin America and certain things, and I told Ted Achilles. I said, "Look, I was informed about this yesterday by this chap, and I think I should tell you." He said, "Well, thank you very much. It's very interesting."

I was quite baffled or quite, you know, flabbergasted when a few days later the Bay of Pigs invasion came out. And I realized that what I thought was the peculiar imagination or desire for dramatization of a gentleman for whom I did not have a great deal of respect in the Embassy of Nicaragua turned out to be absolutely true, and that probably a Soviet diplomat did know. What it proved to me was nothing of any importance, really, concerning that particular incident because I'm sure that Ted Achilles thought was, "Well, okay, so we know about that. . . ." But what it proved to me was that the whole operation involving the Bay of Pigs was one of the least guarded secret intelligence operations in history. The third secretary in the Soviet Embassy knew it, and the Minister of Nicaragua knew it and he was not a particularly discreet individual. It was a humorous thing.

I had no other knowledge about the Bay of Pigs except that afterwards Chester Bowles was sort of a beaten man, apparently because he had made some noises, rather strong noises, when they were going into the thing. The rumor was that Chester Bowles and Arthur Schlesinger had been the only ones who had made strong noises opposing the operation (and that Dean Rusk had apparently stayed out of it), and that somehow Chester Bowles had been incorrectly believed to be the man who had released some statements to the press concerning what had actually happened at the White House meetings before the Bay of Pigs, and that actually he had said that his role was that of being, you know, the "only good counselor" of the President. Somehow the picture that shapes up from the information that I heard at that time and later was that Robert Kennedy believed Bowles ratted to the press at the time and was very furious at Bowles for having said who was the good man and who was the bad man in those Cabinet meetings.

Eventually, from some people who were on Bowles' staff in whom I have a great deal of trust--and I think, I'm not sure, but I think Tom Hughes was one of the ones who eventually told me this. He eventually became Assistant Director of Intelligence Research, and he was at that time on Bowles' staff. He was a Bowles' man. And maybe from a very, very tall chap, who was a Foreign Service type, who eventually went with Bobby to Indonesia. Bobby had a great

deal of regard for him. I can't remember his name right now. A very tall drink of water, a very proper Foreign Service guy, you never would have thought that Bobby would have liked this guy, and they hit it off beautifully. It's almost like the situation of Burke Marshall and Bobby Kennedy, the last two people who have ever hit it off, and they hit it off so well after they got together. But what was the name of this chap? They got him--name like Vernon, or something like that. And I know him fairly well, but right now the name escapes me.

O'BRIEN: Yes, he's come up before. I guess with the. . . .

SANJUAN: Yes. But nobody could mistake him. He was six feet two, very--his neck stuck at a forty-five degree angle from his head, and he was very proper, so to speak, Foreign Service. This guy, whom I liked very much eventually, told me that Bowles had not released anything to the press, that this was totally wrong, that this was not true, that somebody else had betrayed Bowles and had made this information available. Somehow the leak had pointed the finger at Bowles so that people thought it was Bowles. And poor Bowles got murdered as a result of it.

What did happen in the Department, though--and this I knew about--right after Bowles was wounded and started to trail blood, figuratively speaking, after Bowles was obviously suffering from a lack of confidence, was that every enemy that he had in the Department--he had been trying to change things administratively in the Department and make some strong departures, and he made a lot of enemies. His programs were very good, he had some fairly good ideas, but Bowles never followed through too well on his good ideas, and so consequently there had been a lot of random fluctuation ideas coming from him. Anyhow, at that time everybody like a pack of hungry dogs pounced on Bowles, and Bowles was through. I mean, he was through and he was quite shocked and quite nervous, and he didn't want to talk to newspaper reporters, and he was irritable, and he, I gather, even had tried to get a campaign going so that his friends would send telegrams to the White House saying, "Keep Bowles as Under Secretary." Of course, that was the last thing he should

have done because it gave a sensation of fear and his guilt.

Eventually, Bobby learned and believed the story that Bowles really hadn't done this. And I gather that as Attorney General even, before he became Senator, he regained a lot of affection for Bowles and got to like him again and realized that Bowles had not been the fellow who spoke out of school.

Now, who was the fellow who spoke out of school? I don't know. I imagine that somebody in the Cabinet and perhaps somebody in the Department. So that would narrow it down to, in that particular group, three or four people; Secretary Rusk, Ball, who was--no, Ball wasn't there yet, so it couldn't have been Ball--but some Assistant Secretary, somebody may have done this, and actually Bowles got the blame. It was a beautiful job of assassination. And soon thereafter Bowles was no longer Under Secretary; he was then roving Ambassador, one of these Ambassadors-at-large, and Special Assistant to the President with a little room on the other side of the Secretary's office in the Department with only two secretaries--and a very nervous man. And then he went as Ambassador to India.

O'BRIEN: Took him out of the picture.

SANJUAN: It was an unfortunate demise.

O'BRIEN: Did you get any reaction from them to the Cuban missile crisis? Were you assigned to . . .

SANJUAN: No, I was . . .

O'BRIEN: . . . briefing the diplomats?

SANJUAN: No, no, no, no. No, I wasn't assigned to any such thing. I had no particular role in that. The only thing I know about the Cuban missile crisis is what little my father-in-law has said, and my father-in-law, Ed Martin, who was in the middle of it, informs his family sort of after he informs the maids, in that order of priority. The last people to know anything about what he does is the family, so really what I know from him is worth very little.

O'BRIEN: You didn't go out and contact any of the diplomatic corps here in Washington?

SANJUAN: No. And that was not done, by the way, in a very systematic manner. I think that there was some announcement made, but I don't think it was done very systematically or very thoroughly. I think it would have been probably quite improper in diplomatic usage to have gone and done that to any degree. Now I think there was a meeting of the diplomatic corps in the Department, and somebody briefly made some statements concerning what was going on. I was not involved in that at all.

O'BRIEN: How about the situation that developed in the fall of '62 in regard to "Ole Miss" [University of Mississippi]? You know, the Oxford, Mississippi . . .

SANJUAN: Again, we were aware of what was going on, and all of us were briefed at the sub-Cabinet meetings at the White House, and we knew, but my role in that was zero. And there was no effort to do anything with the diplomatic corps. I think, if I remember correctly, my office put out some documents at one time or another on civil rights in the United States that we sent to all the embassies with the approval of the Department. Everybody was a little nervous about it in the Department. We did this with a couple of speeches of President Kennedy's, translated them into French for them, by the way, and sent them to some African embassies where French was the leading language and also to the French Embassy. In the Ole Miss situation we undertook at different times an explanation on an individual basis with this or that embassy, with this or that ambassador, at this or that party or session, but on a systematic basis, no.

O'BRIEN: Was there any feedback from any of the African diplomats on their reactions?

SANJUAN: The African diplomats, as a whole, behaved fairly abominably concerning the civil rights movement in the United States because in spite of everything that I had to say then and that my staff was saying and that the Secretary of State was induced into saying by us, the stuff that we used to feed upstairs and so on, about these Africans and how in the United States you could not treat Americans who were black as inferior people and expect the Africans here, the emissaries to this country, or the people in Africa to really appreciate this, in spite of all that and the fact that we were using this sort of a lever to push civil rights under the door in the guise of foreign policy, the truth of the matter was that the majority of the African diplomats in Washington at that time were, first, diplomats, and second, Africans, and third, blacks. They really did not care very much about the situation. They felt that this was an American problem. Really, my opinion is that many of them felt that as long as they weren't in trouble, they wouldn't care less who was thrown in the clink or who were thrown out of a restaurant. And it made me quite furious at times.

For example, I remember the Minister Counselor of the Embassy of Ghana, who today is the Ambassador of Ghana here in Washington, whose name is [Ebenezer Moses] Debra--he is the Ambassador now who told me that, "These American Negroes are all a bunch of social climbers. All they want to do is get close to Africans in order to gain prestige. Basically, they're a very inferior bunch, and we really see very little in common with them." And I said, "Well, now, Debra, tell me how many American Negroes who are really worthy of respect, have you met? I mean, why should you in the diplomatic corps here, who only attend parties--and you attend parties where the usual moochers and hangers-on go to parties in Washington are present, plus other diplomats and some members of Congress--why should you know anything about American Negroes? What do you really know about them? Have you ever been out in the country?" He said, "No, I don't know very much about them, don't want to know anything about them, because frankly. . . ." He was the one who first made the statement that I heard later on, "We are not descendants of slaves. They are, so they're different people."

So I had very little respect for that, but that was no reason why I should have made any of that public. I still kept pretending that the Africans were very upset about this, because my main problem wasn't the Africans. To tell you the truth, I couldn't care less what happened to the Africans or to the diplomats. I don't really have a great deal of respect for diplomats. I do think they're sort of a fairly obsolete profession in most cases. Particularly in big capitals like this most of the diplomats don't accomplish a damn thing, and consequently, as diplomats, I have very little respect for them. They think they're a privileged class, and they go around owing debts and doing things that they shouldn't be doing and doing very little good for their country, like spending money--particularly the Africans who, really had no real business to occupy them at all except to fly the flag and keep a staff and send silly cables and clip things out of the New York Times and see the Secretary of State once a year. What I was interested in was civil rights, you know. I had only one base of operation, and that was the Department of State, and I was making the best of it. So I had no great sympathy for them, but I wasn't about to let on to this. They were going to be useful to the cause of civil rights whether they knew it or not and whether they liked it or not. And I did the best I could along these lines.

For example, as I told you before--I don't know whether I told you with this microphone between us or not--in many cases they got involved in some of the biggest messes conceivable, as diplomats normally do: a case of an assassination attempt on a man's wife and a robbery and the most absurd things; one who was thrown out of a house of prostitution in Baltimore and he said it was a case of racial discrimination and so forth. Now, in these particular situations, I was mostly afraid that one of these things would become public, and we would then have, instead of the effect I was trying to produce, the opposite, some Southern newspaper or a number of Southern newspapers saying, "These blacks are all the same. You see what happens when they're diplomats; they're just apes in disguise." And I just didn't want this to occur, and it didn't.

The closest we came to this was when the Ambassador of Cameroun in a period of fifteen minutes was guilty of the acts of assault with a deadly weapon, extortion, and kidnapping. It took us three months to get him out of Washington, and this came very close to being published. But Roger Tubby and I in the Department were able to hush all the major newspapers that knew about this--all the newspapers that knew about it, including, I think, the New York Times, and the Post and so on--on the basis of national interest. They were pretty decent about it, and it never got out. But that was our main worry, you see. This fellow finally got thrown out of the country as persona non grata, and he claimed the CIA had done it. He was a complete paranoiac. He went as Ambassador to Germany as part of what is called the--it must have been a way of paying the Germans back for starting World War II.

O'BRIEN: What is the story behind that panga?

SANJUAN: Well, I had it in my office, and I've always had this rather incredibly lethal machete which is known as a panga. It's a Congolese weapon which has three edges, one on each side, and then it opens up at the front of the weapon and it has another edge which you can use to thrust at the person's throat. It's a very lethal thing. It's also got two sharp points. People ask me where I got it. The way I got it was the following. A fellow named [Luis] Nduki, N-D-U-K-I, Nduki, was the second secretary of the Embassy of the Congo at the time the Embassy of the Congo was really very badly staffed. They had a chap who was very good, very nice fellow named [Mario] Cardoso, who was the Ambassador--but he was not really Ambassador; he was an acting Ambassador; he was the Minister--who used to get \$229 a month to live on, and as Ambassador he couldn't really perform the job because you couldn't live in Washington for that. I remember we used to invite him to our house for dinner, and he used to come and she used to leave the house every ten minutes to check on the chauffeur. We finally discovered that he had his two babies in the car, and the chauffeur was going around and around the house, and Mrs. Cardoso was worried about the babies.

Well, one day I was told that Nduki, who had married an American girl, for about two days, an American Negro, and apparently somebody that was not really very recommendable--of course, he met her God knows where, at a nightclub or something. When he got home the second day he said something like, in very broken English--and he spoke mostly French, and by the way she didn't speak any French, only spoke English, so you see they had a communications problem--he said something like, "Woman, get me zat robe," or "Get me za slipper." And she said, something perhaps that one shouldn't say into this thing, an obscenity, "Fuck you, baby." And he picked up the phone and called up the Embassy and asked to know what this expression meant in English. He was told in very precise French what he had been told to do to himself, upon which he, without uttering another word, went for the panga, this weapon, picked it up, and started after his wife trying to lop her head off, which he could have easily done if he had caught her, because it was a very sharp weapon. Well, he didn't quite catch her, but he came close enough so that he got one of the two little think straps that held her dress up, and she was not wearing a brassiere, apparently. He cut off the strap with one of his blows and cut the upper part of her shoulder slightly, and she bled and ran out screaming bloody murder into the street, half exposed.

The police arrived right away, and they immediately captured the weapon and had the good sense to call the Department of State. I sent a couple of my people down, who immediately took custody of the gentleman. The usual procedure is to "detain" not to arrest a diplomat, and then you turn him over to the custody of the embassy, unless, of course, he's about to threaten somebody's life, in which case you can do almost anything you want to to him, including killing him, if necessary. But usually diplomatic usage just involves detaining. You never say he was arrested; you always say he was detained. You shot him dead, but you only "detained" him! In any case, they took this thing away, and I immediately arranged with the Ambassador, who was a very sensible chap, Cardoso, to have this fellow shipped immediately out of the country. He left on that very day on a flight to Dakar from Dulles, and that was the end. The incident never got in the papers.

Joanna Macy, John Macy's sister-in-law, who was working in my office, is the one who got ahold of this weapon and brought it to the office because she wanted to keep it out of the clutches of some investigating reporter. I coveted it for a long time, and eventually she gave it to me as an act of reconciliation and pity when I had both my wisdom teeth removed and I was absolutely miserable and the only thing that would make me happy, she thought, was to give me this thing. I had wanted so badly. And so I got it. Eventually it became a story you could tell. For awhile, though, we didn't even mention it to anyone.

O'BRIEN: Well, you did some peacekeeping, too, with some Iranian students one time in the Iranian Embassy, didn't you?

SANJUAN: Yes. That was a repeated performance. Three years in a row, all these Iranian students decided they would go to the Embassy of Iran--they were partisans of [Mohammed] Mossadegh, you see--and they would sit there, in the hall, and they would say, "Mos-sa-degh, Mos-sa-degh." And the Ambassador and the entire staff were afraid of political repercussions back home and the power that Mossadegh still had and would go up into the third floor and shut the doors and refuse to look at the students. The Ambassador would call the police. The police would come, and the police would say, "Well, we will remove these students if somebody from the Embassy will testify in court to the fact that the Embassy wanted them removed. Otherwise, of course, as far as we can see, they are doing nothing wrong here, and consequently we could be sued by one of these students for manhandling them. We have to have a witness to attest the fact that the Embassy wants these people removed." Well, nobody in the Embassy would do this.

And David Acheson, who was then U.S. Attorney, called me up the first time, and he said that, "These people have to be removed, and the Department of State has to tell the Police Department that they are violating the rights of extraterritoriality." And I said, "Well, David, I don't know." You know, most lawyers don't know very much about diplomatic usage and international law, whatever that is. I

don't think there is any such thing as international law; it's mostly based on a system of hostage-keeping, but anyway, whatever it's called. . . . And I said, "Look, we haven't had extraterritoriality since the days of the Boxer Rebellion, and this is. . . ." He, David, thought, I think--as many lawyers do, and very intelligent, good lawyers--that the Iranian Embassy was Iranian property and that, you know, people couldn't trespass because this was the property of Iran, this belonged to Iran. Well, nonsense, it's U.S. property; it belongs to the United States. There's no such thing as extraterritoriality.

So eventually we finally had to convince the Embassy that if they didn't come out and say they would testify in court, we weren't throwing the students out. And eventually they'd send some poor devil, who was the third or fourth secretary, the fifth secretary, or goodness knows what, who was expendable, and he said he would testify. And then Captain [Francis H.] Dunn at the Eighth Precinct, a very big burly fellow, would take these poor Iranian fellows one by one and fling them into the paddy wagon.

This happened three years in a row. Three years in a row they went over the bridge, up Mass. [Massachusetts] Avenue, and there they were coming, and we had to do the same thing over again: go up and drag one of the Iranian diplomats out and say, "Look, are you going to do this?" And finally they'd say yes, the Ambassador demonstrating the most cowardly inclination not to appear, and we'd get them. And then somehow they gave up. And they were nice kids. I mean, I remember having gone over there and chatting with them. And I said, "Now, look, be sensible, fellows. In a minute one of those chaps upstairs is going to give in, and they're going to say to them. . . . And you're going to be taken by the hair and thrown in a paddy wagon. Why don't you get out of here? You've made your point. There are reporters here taking photographs. Go on." And they would just keep on shouting, "Mossadegh," which was not terribly to the point. And then for some reason, they just gave up. No more. I don't know what happened.

O'BRIEN: There's something here that. . . . I really don't know how to approach this, but it--well, during the Eisenhower Administration. . . .

SANJUAN: He was President before Kennedy, wasn't he?

O'BRIEN: Yes. Somewhere in there.

SANJUAN: A period during which I was really totally oblivious of the fact that there was any man in the White House.

O'BRIEN: But there was a . . . Washington's always had a kind of--well, you've touched on it a lot here--a kind of diplomatic, a kind of caste, a social, of procedure and cars. A number of these things changed during the Kennedy Administration. I guess the one person that was sort of the center of this, that defines it, is this woman, who still writes--was it Carolyn, Carolyn Hagmer Shaw, who puts out the . . .

SANJUAN: That incredible jerk!

O'BRIEN: Yes.

SANJUAN: Yes. Well, she writes. . . . She puts out the Green Book.

O'BRIEN: Right, the Green Book.

SANJUAN: She kicked me out of the green list because I was dealing with civil rights and therefore unacceptable, she said, I had a fight with her. I told her that I was very delighted to be kicked out of that damn thing. I was between Salinger and Schlesinger, you see: Salinger, Sanjuan, Schlesinger, for two years, not at my request. She just decided whom she would put in the damn thing. Then one day, quite gratuitously, she said that I had been removed along with somebody else because the job that I was doing was not really dignified enough now that I was involved in civil rights. And I blasted her in the papers and told her that I was delighted to be taken out of that book and that as far as I was concerned she could go to the devil. I don't remember exactly what I said. The poor lady! She makes her money out of selling those things. And she, for some reason or other, becomes the arbiter of so

social mores in Washington society, which Washington society fully deserves, as you can well imagine, because it's a rather artificial society, as Mrs. [Jacob K.] Javits has stated every once in a while.

O'BRIEN: Well, the Kennedys were basically outside of this group, weren't they?

SANJUAN: Well, what group? You mean the . . .

O'BRIEN: I mean the . . .

SANJUAN: Washington society?

O'BRIEN: Yes, and the group that the . . .

SANJUAN: Washington society rotates around the people in power, and the people in power can be anybody. If Adolf Hitler became president tomorrow, they'd be adulating Adolf Hitler. They weren't outside; they were very much the--I mean, if you're invited to the White House, you're it. And that's what Washington society. . . . However, President Kennedy had a very informal attitude towards diplomatic relations and receptions in the White House and at the same time had a certain dignity about the whole thing, so actually he showed a certain informality. In the Eisenhower days things were all done by numbers in a military manner. All the diplomats were lined up and queued up, and eventually the President came in, and they were told to march, and they shook hands, and as soon as they were through, up he went and he disappeared. Kennedy loved to circulate. In the White House he just was delighted to stay as long as he could, and he was a very gregarious person, and he made fairly intelligent conversation in a--I mean, you're at a cocktail party or at a big, huge, mammoth cocktail party, which is what these things in the White House were, where it's very difficult to make sense, but he always had a fairly intelligent thing to say to everybody, and above all he had a tremendous sense of humor when one of these ridiculous protocolary situations fell to pieces, as these things are almost designed to do because they're so stilted and so artificial and so stupid. And when these things fell

apart, which was with a certain degree of frequency, he thought it was very funny. And, as a matter of fact, he seemed to like it. And Angier Biddle Duke, the Chief of Protocol, had also a certain sense of humor; if something fell to pieces, he always knew that Kennedy was going to appreciate it!

I gather that the first reception they had under Johnson, things did go to pieces, and Johnson banned Angier Biddle Duke from the White House for a while. I don't know; this may be rumor. I heard that he was told never to come back again, but somehow he made it back again. But the change in the guard was quite evident. Johnson was not particularly pleased with it, even though he tried to show a certain informality by banning white tie dress, you know, and making it black tie and so on.

The whole thing is, the whole question of who comes first and precedent and all these ridiculous things and all these silly ambassadors trying to upstage each other and being insulted when they are put further down the line than they think they should by one or two people, instead of where they should be--all of this stuff reminds me of the peculiar tribal dances of the natives of New Guinea, who are in the Stone Age, and their whole life is one huge protocol mess in order to defy the chaos that surrounds them, because since life is such a great undercertainty, in New Guinea, if they didn't do everything by the numbers and by a very rigid pattern of protocol, there would be no order in life, and, therefore, they would feel totally vulnerable. Well, it seems to me that all of the protocol we have in the diplomatic corps is similar. It's a very primitive thing. It's not a civilized thing.

Diplomats as a rule are not terribly cultured people, and they don't betray a great deal of civilization. They're usually upstarts who are trying to rise higher or silly aristocrats from countries where they have no reason for being. They rely entirely on their family backgrounds and not on their intelligence. Consequently, they're very, very particular about these protocol matters. In academic circles, where you have people who are of a slightly higher order-- I'm not going to say how high, but I mean higher--usually life is rather informal, and the reason is that these academic types are a bit more civilized. They are more mundane.

It has a lot to do with the, you know, the story in Don Quixote: They have a round table, and they don't know where to sit him after he comes to this island; finally they say, "You should sit here;" and he said, "Look, madam, put me wherever you wish. Wherever I sit will be the head of the table." It's what I think of myself, in other words, not what you think of me or where you put me, that counts.

Well, diplomats have never understood that sort of business. And they're very. . . . [Herve] Alphand used to stand people up all the time. I gather he stood up the Governor of Massachusetts once for being fifteen minutes late; and it turned out Alphand was fifteen minutes early, and therefore the Governor of Massachusetts, was on time. Alphand left in a huff and never came back again. And then, eventually, it was explained to him that the Governor of a state in the United States can easily become President and he was doing a rather silly thing by making an enemy of a possible future President. Of course, that fellow was actually Governor [Endicott] Peabody, and it would have taken a bit of a stretch of the imagination to envisage that dear fellow as President! But this stuff is really rather stupid. Kennedy took it always with a tremendous amount of good humor.

O'BRIEN: I've got a list of the State visits. I was wondering whether you might, not, you know, in a detailed or point by point--is there anything that you remember about any of these that you think maybe . . .

SANJUAN: Well, I remember a little bit about one and a little bit about the other. I really had very little to do with State visits, you know. At the time I was in the Office of Protocol, as you know, the office was divided into that trouble section that I had and the rest was sort of the ceremonial aspects of Protocol, which I always thought had a little to do with the same atmosphere that prevailed at the ladies' powder room at the Shoreham Hotel.

So I didn't have a heck of a lot to do with any of these things. But I do remember--let's see. Well, I can remember probably rather ridiculous incidents, and I don't think they're probably worth very much.

O'BRIEN: Oh, okay, well. . . .

SANJUAN: These visits were very big deals. Kennedy introduced the three-day working visit instead of a seven-day ceremonial visit. This was very good. There was a lot of opposition to the three-day visit by the bigger countries, and then they eventually accepted it as a working visit, and then everybody wanted to have the three-day visit, because that was more dignified than the old fashioned seven-day visit. But I really don't think I could add a hell of a lot to this, except some. . . .

Well, you know, when the President of Ecuador came over here, [Carlos Julio] Arosemena Monroy, the first thing he did when he went to see President Kennedy in the White House was to fall flat on his face because he was absolutely drunk. That visit was cut rather short; Kennedy was quite upset at the fact that the president of Ecuador was inebriated. Arosemena remained inebriated for the rest of the visit, which was cut down, I think, to about two days, and he was sent back to his country still under the influence of a considerable amount of alcohol. That was one of the most significant visits because it was so unusual. I hope you understand my sarcasm. I don't think, any visits ever accomplished a heck of a lot. Today communications are so rapid and so effective that. . . .

They accomplished something in terms of, you know, in terms of symbolism, and so on. When Kennedy went to Germany, it was quite a different thing. I mean, here was Kennedy, everybody knew him, everybody was looking for him, and it had a tremendous symbolic effect. But when some foreign head of state came to the United States, in this country, these things don't have any significance.

And, of course, when we had these Africans coming here and they were taken down to Nashville, Tennessee, and places like that, then I did have something to do with it. And what we had to do basically was to sanitize the whole thing so nothing serious would happen. And everybody was

very proud as to how incredibly successful we were, and, of course, the real truth of the matter is that none of these African heads of state missed a trick. They noticed what was being done, and some of them protested, others made wry comments, but everybody knew that when we're down in Nashville, Tennessee, or in Arkansas or in any part of the South, we had to be very careful that access to some public accommodation was not denied to some member of the party. The African heads of State knew where they were. It is rather naive to think that we could sanitize such a thing, but I think we succeeded probably in sanitizing these visits to the extent that there was no real incident involved.

O'BRIEN: You initiated that visitation thing, didn't you, in which you encouraged diplomats to get out of Washington and visit the various parts of America to get the . . .

SANJUAN: Well, yes. I was a little bit torn between the need to keep incidents from occurring and the need to keep incidents occurring. In a certain sense, we were not about to tell the diplomats to stay in Washington and not move, particularly Africans, and we tried to get them out as much as possible. When we got them out, we tried to keep them out of trouble as much as possible. These were days of a considerable degree of schizophrenia. You never knew what you really were, what you really wanted. But I figured that if we could propagate the notion of having Africans and others travel--because, you know, Africans were not the only ones who had problems; Indians did very frequently and Pakistanis--certainly here in Washington they did--if you could propagate the idea of having them go out and be recognized as dignified representatives of their countries, maybe we could do something to break down some barriers. At the same time we weren't looking forward to their being thrown in jail, you see, or anything like that. It was a question of how much of a brinksman could you be without getting into real trouble. And that was the essence of the thing.

O'BRIEN: Getting into, well, just before Bobby's trip to Latin America, what changes happened in your situation in the State Department when after the assassination President Johnson came in?

SANJUAN: One has to be quite fair to historical fact-- well, one has to be conscious of a number of things. Now, again, I don't believe that anything's ever black and white, and there are a lot of things that contribute to changes in circumstances. Number one, by that time, by the time of the assassination, the temper of American society had begun to change considerably. The March on Washington had already taken place, and there was a mood of urgency about civil rights in the country. President Kennedy had certainly set that mood by introducing the new civil rights legislation and by making a very strong appeal to the country and to Congress. And then the civil rights legislation, soon after Johnson got into power, began sailing through in one way or another.

I, for example, remember that when the--I think this was before the assassination, but in any case, right before-- the Judiciary subcommittee of the Senate was holding hearings on the civil rights bill. They asked Rusk to testify on that aspect of the civil rights bill which affected foreign policy internally in the United States, diplomats, basically. And I had to write the speech for Rusk. I wrote a speech, and I had a heck of a lot of trouble with one of the special assistants to Rusk, a fellow from Newsweek magazine, who was his editor, who wanted to take some things out and make some rather silly statements in the speech about how Africans were encouraged to wear their tribal costumes when they left Washington, which was, of course, not at all true, because some of them don't have tribal costumes, and second, because we didn't encourage them in any way; he wished to include some statements that I told him would be rather-- Lindley, Ernest K. Lindley--he put some things in the speech, changing what I had said, that made very little sense in terms of civil rights. I told him that Martin Luther King would not like to read that and wouldn't agree. And he said to me he could care less about Martin Luther King. And I said, "Well, you may not care about Martin Luther King, but I care about Martin Luther King, and I think the

Secretary cares, too. So we'll see who prevails."

Well, we had a meeting with Rusk, and Rusk heard both sides, and he sided with me. And then he said to everybody, "Do you think Southern Senators and Congressmen are going to be very upset about my testifying? And do you think they're going to hurt the Department by reducing our budget?" Everybody but me said, "Yes." I said, "No, not at all." And he said, "Well, why don't you think so?" I said, "Because Southern Senators and Congressmen could care less about what happens outside of their own states or districts. You're not affecting anybody's stance or anybody's position in any congressional district, and so consequently, I really don't think the Department will be hurt in any way." And he said, "Well, I'm going to say this, what's been written here, regardless of what the effect is." During the hearing he got into a big fight with [Strom] Thurmond. Rusk did very well. He read the statement I wrote, but his exchange with Thurmond was far better than anything that was written. It was really very good. He made Thurmond look like an utter fool, which is not too difficult, but he did it quite well. I was quite proud of Rusk at that time. I thought he did a good job. But in any case, what I'm trying to say is that here was the civil rights legislation going through, and consequently after, just before and after the passage of the bulk of it, the conditions that had prevailed before, as far as these Africans, no longer held. There was no problem really anymore about throwing an African out of a public place anywhere. There was still a lot of discrimination in the South; there still is. The situation hasn't changed that radically even after the legislation, but as far as the Africans were concerned, there was no longer any question that we would have any more problems around Washington. We would have no more trouble, and so it became an issue that was no longer exploitable, you see. I mean, I couldn't make the same amount of noise I had been making before. You take that; that's one element, that the situation changed; consequently, I couldn't really do what I'd been doing before.

Secondly, and just as truthfully, even though the President, President Johnson, very strongly espoused the cause of civil rights, the White House was no longer the same White House. Kennedy had been quite happy to have anybody make the right noises outside of the White House in any of the Departments as long as it helped his efforts. Johnson was extremely jealous of his prerogatives, and nobody spoke unless allowed to speak or told to speak.. And then there were some elements in the White House at the time who were very much opposed to any civil rights of any sort, Marvin Watson being one. And secondly, Johnson himself considered civil rights and anything that was related to civil rights to be managed by the White House. It had to be done by the White House and to be all arranged in the White House and to be sort of. . . . He was the impresario. And so in that sense, there was no opportunity unless one wanted to lose one's head. Now, I'm not adverse to risking my neck provided it's for something. But since the issue was no longer exploitable, since civil rights and the wave of civil rights had caught up with what we were doing and passed us as an incredible tidal wave, much bigger than anything we had been doing before, it would have been utterly ridiculous to keep beating the drum. I would have been trying to, you know, become a publicity seeker saying, "Me, me, me. I can do this, and I've been doing all this." And there was no sense in that or profit for anyone. Had I done that once, I know my head would have been lopped off. It wasn't worth losing your head. For what? I mean, the cause had been won, in a sense, the battle was won. Now there were militant blacks; what need was there for militant "nigger-lovers" as Marvin Watson referred to me once?

The thing of importance at that time or soon thereafter is that somehow, by miracle or by magic, the blacks in the country became their own leaders for a change. You know aggressive black militancy took over at that time. And we had then SNCC [Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee], the [James L.] Farmer, the Stokely Carmichaels, the Floyd McKissicks, and so on coming to the fore and making noise. Now this was very good, by comparison, because before the March on Washington, aside from a few leaders, the Negro element in the United States was devoid of any real aggressive leadership, and consequently whites could do a lot for civil rights then. But after this, with the new breed of

fire-eating leaders that the blacks developed--and notice I use "Negroes" in one case and "blacks" in the other because the wording changed even with Mr. Watson, who, I gather, never said that again. It was absolutely pointless and ridiculous for white people to be making any noises again because what would happen to us basically was going to be that one side was going to be just as opposed as they ever were, and now the blacks were going to tear you down saying, "Who the hell do you think you are, you honky white, that you can come here and tell us what we should be saying ourselves?" I sensed this, and it was quite obvious that my role from then on was to shut up and let the blacks handle their own fight, which after all is what was necessary, because you can't really have people depend on others for assistance forever, and the Negro, or the black, was no longer dependent. This is a very interesting case in social evolution that should be studied because it transpired during a very short period of time.

O'BRIEN: Well, those of you that were, like yourself, were closely, I'm sure, associated with Bobby and Jack Kennedy, what kind of a feeling did you sense towards the White House, and in turn, what was the treatment of the Johnson Administration of you people?

SANJUAN: Oh, well, I'll tell you, there was no mistreatment in the sense that I was left alone. I mean, there was no--Johnson didn't want to lose any of his Kennedy image. During those first days he needed the Kennedy support. Moreover, Johnson didn't have a lot of people who came with him, and he had to keep the staff; the Democrats in power had to stay in power, and they were mostly Kennedy Democrats or other people who had associated with Kennedy. So, no, there were. . . . The only thing that I can recall is when somebody reported to me that Watson had said that I was that trouble-making nigger lover. And I informed the individual to go back and tell Mr. Watson that he was absolutely right, right on both counts: I was a trouble-maker and a nigger lover, and what else did he have that was new? But that was a minor thing. I mean, nothing came of it.

The one thing that was missing was any possible access from a position like mine to the White House, which I had had all the time before. Before I could pick up the phone and call up McGeorge Bundy, as I did a number of times, on a real crisis situation, or call up Pierre Salinger, which we did very frequently. As a matter of fact, I sent him sort of like a daily report on the incident picture during the worst days of these incidents, and he used it a number of times to brief the President. That type of free-wheeling, direct access to the White House disappeared instantly. I knew some of the people in the White House afterwards. I knew

William D. Moyers slightly, and--and Bundy was still there, but you just didn't pick up the phone and call the White House. There was no reason to. It's totally, though--I think it would be totally unfair for me to criticize that because, frankly, why should I have called the White House? I mean, you know, to be very emotional about it and very silly, my President was dead, and this guy wasn't my President anymore. The people there were a bunch of Texans I knew nothing about and I had no empathy with, so I didn't have the inclination to call the White House, either. So to say that this stopped because, you know, it was imposed and so on would be unfair. I think that for very good multiple reasons this practice ceased.

However, there's no question that different people in different departments no longer circulated freely. One thing that was interesting, for example, was the fate of the sub-Cabinet group on civil rights. We had one more meeting after Kennedy's death in the White House. Johnson attended it. Johnson read a statement from a piece of paper. Johnson said some things that sounded like hell, but not because he wanted to, because he didn't know any better. That was the last meeting we ever had. That group never met again. Now, again, somebody could say, "He didn't need them. Look at what he did on the Hill. Look at what he did for civil rights." And there's no question, he passed that legislation, and he didn't really, perhaps, need them. But we never met again; that's another factor that has to be taken into consideration. At that meeting I think Johnson said, "I want all of you people to look around you. . . ." You know, the sub-Cabinet group on civil rights had people

like Louis Martin, and it had people like George Weaver and had Bob Weaver--George Weaver was there, not Bob Weaver; George Weaver was there, and there were two or three other Negroes there. It was an integrated group, you might say, of forty whites and five or eight Negroes! But Johnson never looked up once; he looked at no one. He read from this thing with his glasses on, and he said, "I want you to look around you and say to yourselves, 'I am going to do my work as if I were a Negro. I want to do my work here in behalf of civil rights as if my skin were black.'" And I felt like saying, "Mr. Johnson, Mr. President, some of us are Negroes. You don't realize that there are Negroes here because you haven't looked around," you see.

And then he told us that Carl Rowan had been chosen by him to head USIA [United States Information Agency], not because Carl Rowan was Negro--baloney, of course, this was ridiculous; everybody knew he was chosen for that reason--not because he was Negro, but it was because he was a very competent man, and he would try him out, and if he didn't prove to be a competent person he would kick him out. Well, good grief, what a thing to say! I mean, why inform everybody that he had chosen this man because he was competent and then in the second breath say, "And if he turns out to be no good, I'll kick him out." You don't say that about somebody you just appointed. Why appoint him, if you think he's going to be no good--and if you feel he's good, you should leave it at that, you see. So the whole meeting was conducted in a patronizing tone, and it didn't sound very good.

Johnson just didn't have the terminology and the touch. But I also don't think there's any question that Johnson had a very sincere desire to be known as the President who had done the most on civil rights. There's no question about that. And whatever the reasons were, whether it was egocentricity or whether it was a real honest desire to make all men equal, who cares? The results are what's important. And he really brought about those results in terms of legislation. Of course, it was Kennedy's program, and Johnson was not the author, but he definitely pursued it. To take anything more away from him other than that originality and the other things and to say that he, you know, was insincere, that's ridiculous.

Believe me that when Kennedy used to walk in a room all of us, certainly I felt that all of a sudden this tremendous magnet had walked in and, you know, it was a little awesome because this guy was really something. When Johnson walked in the room, all that you felt was, "I hope he doesn't look at me because this guy has a bad temper. He's a big oaf." So I had no great. . . . I could never really warm up to Johnson. But I think one has to be fair. The man did accomplish things, and he tried. And he had the touch of Midas. He some times said "niggers," and he said "coloreds" and all sorts of clumsy things. But that's quibbling about semantics.

O'BRIEN: Well, let's get on to Bobby's trip to Latin America. When did you first realize that he had this trip in mind, was considering going?

SANJUAN: Well, apparently, oh, about two or three weeks before it happened, there had been something between Bobby's staff and Teddy's staff. Teddy was supposed to go to Latin American at that time. And then, I don't know who it was, but somebody on Bobby's staff decided that it was going to be Bobby instead. I remember there was a little sort of rivalry between the two staffs, and it was decided that Bobby was going to go.

O'BRIEN: Did you ever get any insight into that rivalry?

SANJUAN: Oh, there was a lot of rivalry between the two staffs. I don't know how unfriendly it was, but there was a lot of rivalry. There was bound to be some rivalry. I don't think the rivalry was so much from Bobby's staff to Teddy's; I think it was more from Teddy's to Bobby's. Robert Kennedy, Senator Kennedy, was the senior member of that family then, and Ted Kennedy was the junior, and Senator Robert Kennedy would frequently walk in and lord it over his brother or say, "I'll do this," and that annoyed the staff. And in this Latin American trip, it was quite obvious that that had annoyed them considerably. Now, I don't know how far this went, but it seemed to go fairly far in the sense of resentment on the one side. The other side, I don't think, cared a hoot. The people on

Bobby's staff were too busy fighting each other to really worry about what Teddy's staff was doing. It was a very competitive staff, Bobby's staff, tremendously competitive and very ruthless, but also very effective.

Now at that time I was told by John Nolan that Bobby was going to go to Latin America, and did I have any suggestions, and would I like to go, and could I suggest anything that he should do beforehand. And I said, "What do you want me to do?" He said, "Well, I don't know." So I tried to call him back. I couldn't, so I got Joe Dolan, and Dolan said, "Write a memo and send it to the Senator. Tell him what you think should be done." So I wrote a memo, and I said, in it, "I think you should have a briefing by the following people," and I wrote a list of names. The first name I put on the list, I think, was Frank Mankiewicz. Frank Mankiewicz was then Latin American Director of the Peace Corps. "You should see Frank Mankiewicz; you should see. . . ." Oh, I don't know what others. I think Ben Stephansky and a number of other people I thought he should talk to.

O'BRIEN: You don't remember any of them in particular?

SANJUAN: Ben Stephansky. . . . Mankiewicz was the first choice. I really though--he didn't know Mankiewicz then, you see. I think I introduced Mankiewicz to Bobby; at least, Mankiewicz says I did. I didn't get Mankiewicz the job, though, but I did introduce Mankiewicz to Bobby. Bobby didn't know who Mankiewicz was. Anyway, Ben Stephansky and maybe Arturo Morales-Garrison, though I probably regretted the latter suggestion later because Arturo never contributed very much except his own particular problems as to why he wasn't getting promoted, which were of no particular interest to Bobby. And I don't know, maybe I said, "Ed Martin should also brief you," though I don't really think so because he was Ambassador to Argentina at the time. Ed was on home leave here and I told him that Ed Martin, my father-in-law, was going to be here. I'm a little fuzzy on this. I don't have. . . . Four or five people. And there was. . . .

O'BRIEN: How about [Jack H.] Vaughn?

SANJUAN: Hmmm?

O'BRIEN: Did you suggest Vaughn?

SANJUAN: No, of course not. No, no. I certainly did not suggest Vaughn. I mean, I knew that he was. . . . Vaughn was then Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs in the Department of State. I figured Bobby would get his own briefing there. Also, I didn't really think that Vaughn was that good. I did have, of course, a pleasant friendship with Vaughn. I could have said a lot of other names like Link Gordon. I was not trying to suggest a bunch of names that he might have known. I was trying to suggest people he might not have thought of, and Frank was one of them.

Then we had a couple of sessions in Bobby's house at Hickory Hill in which, you know, the question was, "What are we going to say when we get to Latin America?" And, I remember it was breakfast and it was absolutely hectic. People kept saying "What if they ask about the Bay of Pigs? What are you going to say? What are we going to say about the oil situation in Peru and the expropriation," and so on. And then somebody brought in the eggs and some rolls and some coffee, and Brumus, that impersonation of a dog that really was a mastodon, a five hundred and sixty pound God knows what he is, or was, came in and ate the eggs and the sweet rolls. And at that point I got pretty mad at Brumus, but you know you can't really do much about getting mad at a Sherman tank. There he was. So I tried to push the dog with my leg, and Bobby turned around and said, "Don't be cruel to him, Pedro. Let him eat whatever he wants." And I felt like saying, "Well, what do you think. . . . How can you be cruel to this animal?" But I didn't kick him anymore, or push him anymore with my foot, and he proceeded to eat everything. We had no breakfast.

The briefing sessions during breakfast were worthless really because everybody would throw out ideas like, "What are we going to say about this?" And somebody else would come up with, "Well, why don't we say that the Bay of Pigs situation is something that has nothing to do with the

present time. We won't discuss it," which would have been an atrocious answer, you see. Or somebody would say, "They'll never ask us that." I remember I mentioned the Bay of Pigs once. I said, "Let's go back to the Bay of Pigs thing." And somebody said, "They'll never ask us that." The first thing that happened the moment we got to Peru, after he made his first speech, is that a student got up and said, "What about the Bay of Pigs?" although they were never going to ask us that, but they did. The briefings were pointless because Bobby was a purely extemporaneous politician. Nothing that would have been prepared would have been suitable. Moreover, why burden him with preconceived notions when he was absolutely excellent on the spot. He did beautifully, and he could think of the proper thing right then and there but not ten minutes before. Had he taken the briefings seriously, this would have cut down on his spontaneity, which was the best quality he had.

Then we had a meeting at the Department of State, a briefing for Senator Kennedy, and he asked that certain people be there. I was asked to go, and Frank Mankiewicz came. Frank Mankiewicz had been at the breakfast meetings, and Bobby had forgotten to hear and talk to and to like Frank Mankiewicz.

O'BRIEN: Now, is this the one with Vaughn?

SANJUAN: This is the one with Vaughn.

O'BRIEN: Now let me switch the tape over if I may. I think it's about ready to run out. [Interruption] Okay, why don't we continue with that briefing with Mankiewicz and. . . .

SANJUAN: Well, the briefing was scheduled, and we were supposed to go there. I went to the briefing. It was quite surprising because Bobby came early, and he came with Nolan and [Adam] Walinsky and Johnston, I think, Tom Johnston. And I was there early too. Well, I sat on the Senator's side of this very, very long table. And on the end of the table, not on the Senator's side but on the end of the table, as if he were presiding this thing, was Frank Mankiewicz. Bobby sat in the middle of the table, kept balancing himself on a chair very

precariously so that you thought any moment he was going to fall over. Bobby used to do that a lot, never fell over but you thought he was going to. And he was smoking a cigar, which, by the way, Bobby didn't know how to smoke. He used to smoke cigars very badly. He used to drop them frequently on his pants. It was not his best possible stance when he was smoking a cigar. But anyhow, on the other side, besides Jack Vaughn, who sat on the middle of that other side, and [Anthony] Tony Solomon, who was a good friend of mine, and [Robert M.] Sayre, who was then Deputy Assistant Secretary, I think, and who obviously had been a good friend of Johnson because he had been the Mexican officer, desk officer, who had been sent to the White House to handle Mexican affairs during the visit with the President of Mexico in California, by the name of . . .

O'BRIEN: Not Lopez Mateos, but . . .

SANJUAN: Yes.

O'BRIEN: Diaz Ordaz the present President.

SANJUAN: That's right. Yes, that's right. Anyway, names will escape us. That's not important. Besides all those people on the other side was Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker sat along with about eight other officers in the Department, all crowding that side of the table, then there was another row of about sixteen and another row of about ten and another row of about five or six and then some spectators. In other words, from the very beginning things divided themselves into Bobby's side and the other side, the Department's side, you see. It was really quite comical. And nobody came over to sit on the side of the Senator except for me. I mean, I was in the Department of State, I was an official in the Department of State, and I sat on that side. I thought some other people would have come over. No. They all stayed on that side. So actually the thing didn't look very promising to start with. It looked a little peculiar.

Vaughn made a sort of preliminary statement saying, "We are happy to have you here. We hear you are going to go to Latin America, and it's our duty to brief you and keep you abreast of whatever is developing there. So the best thing to do is, do you have any questions?" Well, Bobby did have some questions, and he very politely and in a very subdued way, almost inaudibly, as a matter of fact, at the start, said . . .

BEGIN SIDE II TAPE III

SANJUAN: Well, the meeting that was held at the Department of State, was at the Department's request. But in any case, there was a very, very long table, Bobby came early.

O'BRIEN: Yes, well, we caught that.

SANJUAN: We did.

O'BRIEN: Everything, everything . . .

SANJUAN: Oh, it's all set. I don't have to repeat that.

O'BRIEN: No, you don't have to repeat that at all.

SANJUAN: I thought that maybe I'd have to go into that.

Well, anyway, Bobby, as I said before, asked a subdued sort of a question--I don't remember exactly what it was--and he got a fairly belligerent answer from Vaughn, something that made those of us on that side feel a little ill-at-ease because there was no reason for Vaughn to reply in such a clipped and ill-tempered way. It was not really ill-tempered, but it was sort of short-tempered--let's put it that way--in reply to a very benign question. Then the questioning went on like that until Bobby said, "Well, what do you think we should do about the situation in Peru?" You remember at that time we had just stopped aid to Peru because of the oil situation.

O'BRIEN: Right, the IPC [International Petroleum Company] thing.

SANJUAN: That's right. "What do you think I should say if they ask me about the IPC thing and our embargo," in which case I'm sure that Bobby meant, quite honestly, "I think I'm going to be asked about this, and what do you think my answer should be?" The reply from Vaughn was really quite flippant. He said, "Well, I think you should tell them that this is a situation in which the United States is protecting its own interests and that your brother would have done exactly the same thing." Well, now that's a rather silly reply to a Senator who's going down there. And so Bobby smiled and quite good naturally said, "Well, now, Mr. Vahwan,"--he kept calling him Mr. Vahwan all the time; that was Bobby's pronunciation--"Mr. Vahwan, I really can't say that, can I? I mean, that's not an answer I can give. I mean, this is a briefing, and what I want are some viable things, not some. . . . I mean, I can't go down there and say that." He said, "Well, I don't know that there's anything else you can say. I mean, after all, your brother did something quite different, but I'm afraid that that was quite wrong in the old days. When the junta got into power and you withdrew recognition of the junta, I think that was quite a mistake. I don't think that that's the way you should handle things." And Bobby said, "Well, I happen not to think it was a mistake when President Kennedy did that. I agreed with him, and I happen to think it was right." "Well, I don't think so. I think one of the great mistakes of the Alliance for Progress was to get involved in these things."

The conversation went like that, not exact wording, but it went like that. And Bobby said, "Well, frankly, I don't really believe that I can agree with you. And, Mr. Vahwan, I would like to know something: Would you mind telling me, if you know so much about the great mistakes of the Kennedy Administration in its implementation of the Alliance for Progress and its policies towards Latin America, just where were you at that time. If I remember correctly, you weren't even in this country. I happen to have been in the White House when those meetings were held, and I'm afraid that I had a little better information as to necessity

for these policies and the way they were taken. I'm not really very interested in your opinion because I don't think your opinion is based on very direct knowledge of what happened." Well, now the battle was joined. Vaughn's belligerence had finally paid off in the sense that now Bobby was getting mad. And Bobby got mad, frankly, I think, more at the fact that Vaughn was saying "your brother" instead of "President Kennedy," which is what anybody should have said at the time, than at the real things that were being said.

The same thing came up again with the question of the Dominican crisis. Bobby tried to play it straight once more. Thinking that the Dominican Republic and the Dominican crisis had been a very serious matter that would elicit questions in Latin America, he said, "What should I say about the Dominican crisis?" And the same answer came back, "You tell them that this is a policy that happens to be in defense of the best interests of the United States, and it's none of their business," something like that. And Bobby said, "Now, look, you're not giving me answers that I can really consider to be serious attempts at briefing me. I can't say things like that. Now I really want an answer." Well, you really had a confrontation then because Vaughn reiterated that the Alliance for Progress had made very great mistakes under Kennedy and that we had not. . . . And then Bobby said, "Well, do you actually believe that we should, instead of trying to protect democracy and trying to maintain representative governments or trying to use our influence to maintain representative governments, that we should use our influence instead to protect American oil interests? Is that your point of view, then?" And Vaughn said, "Yes. That's exactly what I think."

Shortly thereafter, or at that point, Vaughn got up and said, "I'm very sorry but I've got another meeting. I've already been here far too long, and I've got to leave. You will excuse me. Mr. Solomon, who is the Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, will continue to brief you on economic matters as they pertain to Latin America. He's quite a Latin American hand. Excuse me, please." And he didn't shake hands; he just left. It was quite obvious that this was not a break for any legitimate reason, that this guy was going to go to his office and sulk, or at least that he was angry and that he was breaking

up the meeting.

What followed was a long and very, very well thought out exposition on economic questions in Latin America by Tony Solomon. I don't think that senator Kennedy was really listening because he was a little bit upset about what had happened. Then the whole thing ended. It was like a battle, really.

I must say that Bunker attempted to answer some of the questions that Vaughn had not answered, and Bobby was quite friendly to Bunker, quite respectful to the senior diplomat. And Bunker gave some answers which were attempts at finding a solution. I personally didn't think they were worth very much because they were really standard, pat answers out of a manual. But anyway, that doesn't really matter; Bunker made an attempt. He was Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, and he was here.

Then the two sides sort of, you know, broke up. Our side passed through the enemy side, and we went outside to the diplomatic entrance. Then the comments began to come to the surface from everybody on Bobby's staff of, "What kind of a briefing is this," and, "This was the most absurd thing in the world," "This was a trick," "This was a sortie into enemy territory," "What the hell happened to that guy?" Jack Vaughn was considered to be a friend. The thing went on and on and on. Mankiewicz said, "I don't know what happened to Jack Vaughn. This is not the Jack Vaughn I knew in the Peace Corps."

They took a car. I went back to my office. The next thing I knew I got a call from, I think it was Dolan--I'm not sure--saying, "We are leaving on such and such a date," which was two days hence. "Have you got your shots?" And I didn't have my shots. So I went and got my shots, and then I received a call from the Under Secretary's office, what's his name? You know. He'd been Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs before.

O'BRIEN: Woodward?

SANJUAN: No, no, no, no. Oh, you know, the Texas fellow.

O'BRIEN: Mann?

SANJUAN: Mann. Tom Mann.

O'BRIEN: Yes, where was Tom Mann in all this?

SANJUAN: Tom Mann wasn't at that meeting. I don't know where he was, the men's room for all I know, but he wasn't there. Anyway, I got a call from Mann's office saying that I wasn't going with Bobby. I said, "Well, that's interesting. What do you mean I'm not going?" "You're not going on this trip with Bobby." I said, "Well, I may not be going in my official capacity, but I've got a heck of a lot of leave, and I can take it, and then I can go as a private citizen. Is the Department actually telling me that I'm not going to get a visa to go with the Senator? The Senator has asked me to go, and I think that, regardless of what feelings here may be, this might be a rather gauche move to make. I would suggest you clear it with the Office of Congressional Liaison because you don't want to annoy Senator Kennedy gratuitously. You know, it isn't really worth it. I mean, you made his life very miserable here the other day, and I think that was rather stupid. But if you deny me permission to go no matter what the circumstances, I mean if you just say, "You can't go at all," why, I think this is going to look quite obvious and you'll go have another confrontation. Frankly, I don't want to be the middle of this, but if it comes to a confrontation, you know which side I'm going to take. So you might as well be forewarned. I might have to resign, and you know what a mess that's going to be." And I was told, "Well, this is what I've been told to tell you."

So I picked up the phone, and I called the Senator, and told him. I said, "Senator, I've been informed by the Department I'm not going." He said, "Well, do you want to come or don't you?" I said, "Well, of course, I want to come. You've asked me to come. I want to come. But I've been told I can't come." He said, "Well, you just get your. . . . Did you get your shots?" I said, "Yes, I did, and that's really what bothers me. This gamma globulin shot that I got against hepatitis is a pain in the proverbial ass, and it hurts me. To get this for nothing is really silly. Now I do want to go."

So about a day later I got another call from the same gentleman, who was the Executive Director (that means in charge of administration for the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs) who said, "You are going to go as coordinator from

the Department of State for the trip of Senator Kennedy to Latin America." I said, "Well, gee, that's a change. Do you mind telling me what a coordinator does?" He said, "Well, just coordinate the trip. Make sure that all the things that he's supposed to get, all the help he's supposed to get from the Department is all right." I said, "Well, what's the itinerary? Where's he going to stay? I mean, I don't know any of these things." "Well, you'll get all that." I got nothing, absolutely, you see. So I obtained my visas and my diplomatic passport, and I said I was the coordinator of the trip.

Well, we got down to Peru--there was a blackout in New York, you know that terrible surge that had gone backwards and blacked everything out. The first thing that the Senator did when we were coming close, landing in Peru, was to look for the--"where is the interpreter? Send an interpreter." Well, the interpreter wasn't there. And so I was asked to be the interpreter. Walinsky came and said, "I want you to read"--it was 3 a.m. We were flying over Central America, and I was awakened from a very sweet sleep of ten minutes after everybody had settled down. And Walinsky said, "I want you to read the speech." I said, "Well, look, Adam, I'm a little sleepy. Why don't you just forget it. I'll hear him say it." "No," he said, "you're going to be the interpreter, and I want you to read the speech so that you can write it down in Spanish." I said, "Well, I don't do that. If I'm going to be an interpreter, a consecutive interpreter, which is the only way you can do this since we have no equipment, no electronic equipment--I don't want to know what's in the speech. Bobby and I have done this before. I've done this in New York with him and in other places. I've translated for him in the Department of Justice when he had some Latins. He knows how to do it. He'll give me about a minute and a half of talk and shut up, and then I'll say it in Spanish, and then he'll continue and so forth. And if he says something he shouldn't say in a certain area, I'll change it without telling him. We already have this routine pretty well down pat." He said, "Well, I want you to read the speech anyway." So I think I said something unkind to Walinsky like, "Go to hell and leave me alone." And then he said, "Well, I want you to read it

because I want you to tell me whether you like it or not." I said, "Well, that's a different question. I'll gladly read it and tell you whether I like it or not, but I'm certainly not going to translate it." So I read the speech. And I told him what I didn't like about it and what I did like.

Then we landed in Peru the next morning. None of us had had any sleep at all, or maybe an hour and a half or two, in the course of. . . . Before we got down there, Bobby decided that he wanted to have some words in Spanish to say. I said, "Well, what do you want to say in Spanish?" He said, "Well, I want to say something like, 'I'm very happy to be here in Lima?'" I said, "Okay. I'll write it in Spanish." So I wrote it in phonetic symbols, actually phrases, so that he could read it better. And he said he didn't want it phonetically; he just wanted it as it was. I said, "Well, what difference does it make?" So he said, "For my use, so I can say it." So I went ahead and I wrote it in straight Spanish, and then I gave it to him. He said, "Well, Pedro, I can't read this." So I said, "No, that's why I was giving it to you phonetically." "Why don't you go over it with me?" I said, "All right." §

So I said, "This is a very short phrase, and it would be very nice if you could say it: Es para mi un gran placer estar en Lima, something like that. Of course, I think I said "plaser" because I was giving him a Latin American rather than a Spanish pronunciation. I am originally Spanish. But Bobby's aptitude for language is minus rather than plus. I mean, it's just nothing, and he made a joke of it. He always said he had taken ten years of second year French and so on, things like that, and it was all rather funny. So he started saying, "Ees payray my. . . ." I said, "No, no, no. Es para mi." And he said, "Ees payray my." I said, "Well, look, it's not how it looks to you when you read it; it's the way I pronounce it."

Well, to make a long story short, we got there and he picked up this piece of paper and he said, (the first words he said in Lima): "Ees payray my one grand plasar de eesta in Laima." And he didn't even get Lima right, you see. The audience sort of wondered what kind of Russian he was speaking, or Swahili, and he said, "Pedro, will you translate?" And I said, "Yes." I said, "The Senator has just made a statement in Spanish and wants me to translate. He's just said it's a great pleasure for him to be in Lima." That was very funny, and they laughed. And really it worked very well, because they were warmed by his effort, totally disastrous, at saying something in Spanish.

We then spoke to a group of students in a large auditorium. He gave the speech that was written for him, and then they started asking him questions. I did all the translating. I stood there next to him on the stage. And we had some Odristas get up and ask him impertinent questions and some apristas and some communists and some socialists, everything under the sun. And he answered them all very well. He had a way of, you know, getting to the crux of the matter and hitting the thing right in the head. He got a very strong spontaneous reaction from the students.

O'BRIEN: Well, backing up a bit here, who was writing the speeches for him on this trip?

SANJUAN: Walinsky wrote one speech. There was only one speech, really, basically, and it was all written by Walinsky and then modified by Walinsky.

O'BRIEN: There wasn't anything written back in Washington . . .

SANJUAN: Oh, I don't know. Maybe it was, but it didn't look that way to me. The fact of the matter is that, you know, he really didn't use that speech more than once or twice. Eventually he got away from the speech he realized that what he said extemporaneously was far better received. He really didn't use the speech too much. The speech was modified a couple of times by Walinsky. And eventually, in regard to Argentina, the speech suffered

from the fact that it was basically the Peru speech, and Argentina and Peru are not the same part of the world. By that time Bobby was really using the speech very sparsely and cutting it very short and concentrating on the questions and answers. And in that area, he was very good.

O'BRIEN: Well, who was he pitching. . . . Who was the speech pitched towards?

SANJUAN: The speech was sort of a fairly liberal statement with a lot of allusions to the great Latin Americans and the need for reform. It was all right in emphasis; it just lacked an application to any particular point, you see. The best thing would have been to have had a Lima speech and a speech for Santiago, Chile, and a speech for Concepcion (dealing there with the problems of the miners and other thing because Concepcion is a mining center. . . .), and then to have had a speech for Mendoza in Argentina and a speech for Buenos Aires and so on. As I remember, that type of thing was impossible because, well, Walinsky did his best but he didn't know anything about Latin America, knew zero. And so this thing changed only in a certain way but not as much as it should have.

O'BRIEN: In his extemporaneous remarks, were these more adjusted to the particular audience he was. . . .

SANJUAN: Well, sure, they were adjusted to the question that was asked, you see. The question was asked, and usually the question was very pointed. Many of the questions weren't questions; they were statements. You know how Latin American students do. They get up and say, "First let me greet you on behalf of the Aprista movement of Peru, which is honored to have been invited to this great. . . ." And there would be a fifteen minute speech welcoming him, which, of course, was not germane. And he would say, "How about asking a question? Make that a question. Give me a question." And I would say, "He wants you to ask him a question," in Spanish. And they would say, "Just a minute, I have something else to say." And finally the question was popped and Bobby--I mean, I can't; if I were to give you now a series of questions, we'd spend all night trying to

figure out what the questions were and that is not important. The important thing is that Bobby, when he heard each question, sometimes an ill-mannered question or a badly intended question or a mean question, he would know just immediately how to react to it and answer it in a way that did not necessarily offend the interlocutor but that gained him at the same time the approval of the majority, a large majority of all the students there. This was the case in Peru.

O'BREEN: Right. In Lima did he run into a good deal of hostility from students there?

SANJUAN: No. The reception from the students--anybody who says that the student reception in Lima was hostile doesn't know what he's talking about. The reception in Lima was dangerous because they had such tremendous enthusiasm for him that it took us about an hour and a half to get out of that darned auditorium. And we made it, you know, in one piece by mistake--by chance. Ethel had to be pushed into the car horizontally. We couldn't get her any other way. We lifted her up, Seigenthaler and [William J.] vanden Heuvel and I and somebody else lifted Ethel up, and then we took her above our heads and sort of introduced her like a torpedo is put into a torpedo tube. That's the only way we could get her into the car. And then he got out of the car, outside. He always had this habit. After you went through a hell of an effort to get him into something, to get him out of the crowds, the first thing you knew he was out again on top of the car and again creating a problem, security, safety, and so forth. And I remember I was trapped against the trunk of the car. I was pinned to the car, and my great worry was, "If they start this damn thing, I'm going to be. . . . What will I do?" And I had decided that I would jump on top of the trunk and ride with the car rather than be run over by the wheels of it. You know, I didn't know where I was except, "If it backs up, it'll hit me. At least, it'll crush me." So there I was, and I was pinned down. And I remember my arms were sort of. . . . I was trying to get on top of this trunk, and the crush of the students wouldn't let me.

And he'd gotten out and was on top of the car. He ruined, by the way, something like ten cars on that trip, crushed all the roofs on them or scratched them. Many of them were Cadillacs. Well, anyway, more wasteful uses of taxpayer's money have been made in the history of this country. He was quite mad. He said, "Pedro, where are you? Why aren't you here?" I said, "I'm down here." "Well, get up here." I said, "I can't. I can't move." He said, "Well, I've got to have you." I said, "Well, I'm trying." So he said, "Well, why don't you translate from down there?" So he made a statement up above in English, and this voice from nowhere, from the trunk of the car, from below, yelled the translation. Eventually he got fed up with this. I guess he had enough, you know, so then we went through another great exercise to try to get him in. Then somehow, I don't know, we got him in. Of course, when his car finally left then the crush subsided, and we could get into other cars, and we left and went back to the hotel.

And then we went to see, in Lima, about ten different slums, ten *barriadas*.

O'BRIEN: How did these go, these slum visits?

SANJUAN: Oh, these slum visits went well except for the fact that, you know, slums are all pretty much alike and I had some real fears. You know, you get into a *barriada* in Lima, into a real slum, and you get into these very, very narrow passages, very filthy and dirty and very narrow, in an area that you have really no control over with people who--well, you don't know who they are and what might happen and what they might do. They didn't know who Kennedy was, had no idea. And you get into a real dangerous situation. Somebody might do something to him. And particularly, in one case, we had a collapse of a wall that almost hit some people, including Ethel, who was close by, a wall of abode. It just seemed to me that to go from one of these *barriadas* to the other was to re-view or re-see or revisit the same scene over and over again, and it was exposing him to a danger which was totally unnecessary, particularly since in terms of crowds the most he could ever talk to any time he got up to talk was, oh, maybe about twenty or thirty or forty people because there wasn't enough room around there to congregate any more.

O'BRIEN: Well, was this pitched at the American press?

SANJUAN: I don't know who figured out that itinerary. I would hesitate to say that there was any evidence that Bobby had pitched it that way. However, maybe somebody on the staff who figured out this itinerary was thinking of the press, but there again, you see for public purposes you would only need two or three of these visits, not about ten of them. We went to so many slums that eventually, we were filthy, by the way, covered with dust, with grime, tired, fatigued. I was sick of smelling urine, which is all that you could smell in these poor areas. These poor people live in miserable, heartbreaking conditions. And then we destroyed so many of these poor huts. The newspapermen climbing on the roofs that are made of straw and sinking their feet through them. I was pretty upset about the lack of consideration.

One interesting thing was the following; we went to a place called the John Kennedy something or other, which was supposed to be low income housing projects. And there was a little band, as there was everywhere we went, and the fellow who ran the thing was there with a reception committee. And there was a speech and some flowers for Mrs. Kennedy. Then we went into one of the model homes. And then Bobby turned around and said, "Tell me, who is the owner of this house?" Well, the owner popped in with a very lovely smile on his face and a tray with about ten champagne glasses on it. Bobby had some champagne, and then said to me, "What do you think of the champagne?" I said, "Well, it's not bad champagne. I don't know whether it's local or Chilean or imported, but it doesn't taste like very bad champagne to me." He said, "Well, ask him how much he pays for this apartment." And I said, "How much do you pay?" And he said, so many soles, which was equal to about a hundred and twenty dollars a month, pretty high rent for Lima. And so I said, "About a hundred and twenty dollars, more or less, in soles." He said, "Gee, well, how can he afford it? Will you ask him what he does? What is his main problem? What is his main problem? In life, what's most difficult for him?" thinking of the fellow in terms of poverty, you see. And the fellow said, "Gee, I can hardly ever find a taxi here." So I said, "Well, he says he can't get a taxi."

And Bobby said, "Well, for goodnesssakes, what does he do?" I said, "What do you do?" He said, "I'm Deputy Director of the Primary Education Division of the Ministry of Education." And Bobby said, "Well, what the hell does this have to do with low income housing? This isn't low income housing. Is this AID [Agency for International Development] money?" He turned to a fellow named [Ernest V.] Siracusa who was the Minister Counselor in the Embassy, and said, "I'm absolutely flabbergasted. What kind of a waste of money is this? Is this where we're putting AID money, into homes for high officials of the government who pay a hundred and twenty dollars a month and can't find a taxi? I'm ashamed of the fact that this place bears the name of John F. Kennedy. What I want to see is some housing for the poor people we've seen in these slums. And here, the first project I see--look at this, champagne!" And Siracusa tried to say something, but Bobby said, "I don't want to hear your answer. I know your answer. Your answer's an official answer. But I've seen the proof, and this is terrible." He was very upset about it.

We went to the Peruvian Senate towards the end of the days we were in Lima. I think it was the second day. It was at the end of the day, and we were absolutely filthy. Senator Kennedy's hair was all coming down in front of his face. I gave him a comb as we went in, I remember, to suggest that, you know, at the risk of being swatted, that he should comb his hair. He was grateful. I remember he said, "Thank you, Pedro," and took it and combed his hair, using the tip of the comb so that it made it ten times more than it was before. It flew up in the air even more. With that type of hair, you'd have to comb it with shellac to keep it down.

So we went in. I remember, very interestingly, that most of the Senators were older men--all of them, as a matter of fact, were sixty or above. We both sat there in the settee, and some of them were so ignorant of who Kennedy was that they started to talk to him and point to me, indicating that he should translate, thinking that I was the Senator. And I immediately said, "No, I'm the interpreter; he is the Senator," in Spanish. When I spoke Spanish everyone realized that I, of course, wasn't the Senator. They said, "Well, he looks so young." Some of these people were far back and I don't think they could see because actually Bobby looked

older than I did. I mean, he had a very wrinkled face and I didn't have any wrinkles in my face, not that many, anyway. It's quite obvious to anybody looking closely that I was younger. But he was thinner or something. That was rather amusing.

And then the questions that were asked were rather amusing also because none of them were germane. They were the most idiotic questions, like, "Who is the head of your family? Who runs the family? Are you the one's who's going to be President of the United States?" And then a lot of personal things that had nothing to do with the price of eggs.

Bobby said things like, he asked about, "Well, what about some of the most important issues? What are you people doing about the. . . . I've seen a lot of very poor people today in Lima, and I've seen large crowds that live in the most abject situations. What is being done about this?" And the answer that was given was totally inadequate, something like, "Well, those people, you know, the problem is that they shouldn't be here. They should be back in the country where they came from, where they can live more pleasantly because they live off the land." And this was, of course, no solution to anything. He said, "But they are here, aren't they? I mean, they're not out in the country. They're here. They must come here for some reason. People don't go places to starve. They must live worse in the country than they do here." "Oh, no, no. They have an ecstatic existence in the country."

And then he said, "Well, what about birth control? Is there anything being done about birth control here, because it seems a very important thing?" "Well, we don't talk about that publicly, and you can't publish it in the papers because it's bad manners," he was told. "So I wouldn't broach this subject publicly while you're here because it's not considered to be in good taste."

And I say this for the record--whatever record you're going to make of this--because eventually when he was in Cuzco, he was surrounded by a group of Indians and some reporters. It's very bad to be an Indian in Peru. I mean this is a real insult, to be called an Indian. You don't say to anybody you're an Indian. And these were real Indians, poor Indian villagers. Bobby said, "Who are you?" to a

fellow in front of him. The fellow said, "My name is so-and-so." "And how many children do you have?" I said, "Tell him how many children you've got." And he said, "I've got nine." And Bobby said, "Well, I'm ahead of you. I've got eleven now, and maybe you'll catch up with me."

This was reported here and editorialized upon as having been a terrible example of how Kennedy, Catholic Kennedy, had gone up there and had actually urged somebody to have more children. He should have been trying to say, "You people should have fewer children." Well, the fact of the matter is that he was quite concerned about birth control, and he said this where it counted. He said it in the Senate and to some legislators, and he said, "You should worry about birth control." And when he was up there in the country he was just joking, he was jesting. After all, a man who believes that birth control is a necessity need not necessarily say, "You shouldn't have had nine children. And I'm sorry I've had eleven." You're proud of your children. And it was taken totally out of context and made an issue of that was totally unrealistic, and moreover I heard both sides and I know very well how it was done. I don't think the reporter heard the other side because we were there without simultaneous interpreters in the press, you see. I don't know who the reporter was. I don't remember. But it was, I think it was a fellow from Time magazine.

O'BRIEN: Andrew Glass, wasn't it?

SANJUAN: No, Glass didn't do anything until he finally wrote that thing in the Saturday Evening Post, so I don't think it was Andy Glass, unless he was also sending some stuff back. In any case, it was a very unfair thing and a very stupid thing to do.

O'BRIEN: How about his relations with the various embassies? There were stories of Ambassador [J. Wesley] Jones in Peru . . .

SANJUAN: Oh, in Peru it was terrible, for two reasons: first, because Jonesie, as they called him, Jones did not make a very good Ambassador-- stayed there a long time, but he was not a real, you know,

modern ambassador. He was sort of a stooge, he just kept the pace, kept appearances. He was a representational-type ambassador. I don't think that Jones really knew what he was supposed to do or what he had to do, what he should have done. But I think that the Embassy was pretty well run by the number two man, whose name was Siracusa, and who, I gather, was not particularly friendly to the Kennedys and was very reactionary, or not a very liberal man. It was quite obvious to us that the Embassy did everything possible to keep the trip as quiet as possible. For example, no press releases were issued before Senator Kennedy arrived. There were no translated statements of the press releases when we got there. And these things had been wired ahead. The press releases had been wired ahead of time. No itinerary had been given to the papers. Secretly, I was just as happy about that because nobody would know where he'd go and he wouldn't get bumped off. But there was no itinerary, and no real preparations had been made.

Everything had to be arranged right on the spot there, and we had to get very mad. And we did. I mean, I didn't get as mad as others did because I didn't have a chance to, I wasn't that involved. My role as coordinator, let me tell you, became very difficult to fulfill, if it had been any at all to start with, because he wanted me next to him all the time whenever he appeared publicly, there was nothing I could do to arrange anything. And I did some of this at night. But it was really quite difficult to do anything except just become his interpreter and his body-guard, because he didn't have anybody in front of him and I sort of looked for trouble and pushed people out of the way and tried to keep him from getting crushed. But [Richard N.] Goodwin and vanden Heuvel (who had a very mean temper and overdid things a little), and Seigenthaler, particularly, had to get furious at the staff of the Embassy to get anything. And it was quite obvious that there the thing was gummed up on purpose.

When we got to Chile, [Ralph S.] Dungan, of course, was not at all opposed to the trip. Dungan thought it was great, but Dungan and the Embassy were two different things. Dungan had, from what I could see, one of the most incompetent staffs that you could ever wish on any ambassador. I had never seen such nincompoops in my life. For example, I had a special assignment, one little thing I had to do in Chile officially for the Department. I was going to contact somebody in the Foreign Ministry and get some information concerning a program that had to do with refugees. One morning, when Bobby was resting, I had to go to the Foreign Ministry. The Embassy is next to the Carrera Hilton Hotel, and the Foreign Ministry is across the square, the Plaza de Armas, in the main government building. It's about a block and a half. I couldn't find a single soul in the Embassy who could tell exactly where the Foreign Ministry was. I suspect they never went to the damn place, and they really didn't know. I was absolutely stunned. I said, "Well, what kind of an Embassy do you run here?" I wasn't talking to the Minister Counselor--I don't think he was around--I was talking to members of the staff, and nobody could tell me. Finally I went outside and asked a policeman who said, "Yes, right there, you see."

The Foreign Ministry, by the way, in Chile is three or four rooms, fairly inadequate, in an old building. The Foreign Ministry is not quite what we would consider the State Department, so maybe there's some reason why they didn't know where it was.

In any case, there was an incompetent staff, and they gummed up a lot of things. They had the wrong accommodations, and they had the wrong buses. This was absolutely murderous as far as some of us were concerned who went along on a per diem. The embassy staff knew very well I was in the Department of State and that the press was also on a limited budget, and they made the most expensive accommodations at the Carrera Hilton for us. I was getting sixteen dollars per diem, and I was assigned to a thirty-five dollar suite! And so I told the fellow who got me this, "You must be out of your stinking mind. Don't you know what per diem I get? Why did you have to put me in this hotel? And why in this suite? I don't need all these rooms." I had three rooms AND bath and sitting room and all that. I said, "Moreover this is a very ugly hotel, but to boot I don't

like to pay thirty-five dollars for it." He said, "Well, we didn't know." I said, "Well, what about the press? You've done the same thing to them. All of them are sitting there in these expensive rooms and these guys don't make much money, you know." I said, "Well, you're incompetent." And then it turned out that they were really incompetent. Everywhere we went the buses weren't there. The taxis weren't there, and so forth. I could only attribute this mess to the incompetency of the staff and not to anything on Dungan's part. Dungan wanted it done right, and tried to do everything he could.

In Chile we had opposition from the students.

O'BRIEN: Yes, you had quite a session there at the university, didn't you?

SANJUAN: In Chile we got into quite a session, not at the university, but we got into quite a session at a stadium that had been sort of a workers' athletic stadium with very, very bad access and egress problems. There were about four thousand students there, and there was a group of Spartacists, the Spartacos, who are the Chinese Communist Communists sympathizers. Behind us, behind the platform, there was this group of Neo-Russian Communists, who, by the way, were for Kennedy and were moderates--Moscow Communists. The rest of the students were just students. Some of them were left wing and some right wing.

Bobby got up to speak, and on the platform were, all of us, Seigenthaler and Walinsky and Johnstone and myself and somebody else and some people in the press, and then some people in the press sat around him on the platform. The Spartacos just started shouting and shouting and shouting, and it was impossible to quiet them. He couldn't talk. And then we started getting missiles hurled at us. Eggs, a couple of eggs flew. And then they started to throw these copper coins, these copper pennies, which when thrown vertically can be quite lethal. I was hit by one in the head, and I had a headache all evening from this rather sharp thing that hit me. And Bonnie Angelo, who was then with the Newhouse newspapers, was hit in the head with one, too, and apparently she didn't like it one bit. Or maybe it was an egg, but anyway. And at that point I remember that I,

Seigenthaler, and somebody else said, "Senator, there's police outside, we can call them in." And he got very mad at this. He said, "I don't want anybody to call any police." So I said, "Well, we're not going to call them, I mean, we're just telling you that if you want them. . . ." He said, "Well, I don't want them." All right, he didn't want them.

And then all of a sudden a group of students, I would say probably very right-wing students, maybe a hundred and fifty or two hundred of them, men, got up, rolled up their sleeves and started walking toward the Spartacos and got into the bleachers and just beat the hell out of them. It was really rather unpleasant to see. They grabbed these guys, dragged them by the hair, boys and girls, and kicked them right out of the stadium. And, of course, the best thing was to sit tight. Then he spoke. And the first thing he said was, "I'm sorry those people had to leave because I would have wanted to talk to them." And then there were cries of, "No, no, no. They don't belong here. You talk to us. Don't mind them." All the Spartacos were bleeding outside. But in a sense, they deserved it because they were determined that he wasn't going to talk. However, I just don't like to see, you know, anybody punching a girl in the nose. It bothers me. And I saw that a couple of times.

The funny part of it was the attitude of the Moscow Communists behind us. They were just cheering him and booing the Spartacos--because there was a rivalry. The Moscow crowd applauded the Senator at the right places. You would have hardly thought they were Communists. They were applauding the U.S. We were definitely the U.S., you know. I mean, this may not have been the visit of Nelson Rockefeller, but there was anti-U.S. feeling directed at us, and Bobby, of course, had to make statements that were not not pleasant to many of the left-wing students because he wasn't there to criticize the United States, nor would he, in many cases.

Anyway, that meeting was a success because eventually there was a lot of enthusiasm for Bobby. It was very, very dangerous, really. Mostly not so much because of a possibility of assassination, but a possibility of being mauled to death because, you know, there was no way of getting out fast. There was only one entrance, and I remember to get out of that thing was just absolute, unadulterated hell. Outside, I stayed behind, and I heard the comments of the students in the street. In the first place, I looked just like they did. Second, I speak Spanish, and I speak it fluently, and consequently I wouldn't be mistaken for an American. I chatted with several students--I mean, some of the people milling around--and went and had a beer, and then I milled around some more until they disappeared. Then I went back to the hotel. I got a pretty good cross section, and I think it was quite successful. They really liked him. They liked him, and it didn't make much difference whether they were from one side or the other. And I didn't pretend that I was, you know, with the party. I just simply pretended I was just a student. I could have been a student. Students in Chile are older. I could have been a twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty year old student. And then I came back and I told him that he had had a big success. He said, "How do you know?" I said, "Well, I was standing around listening to them. He said, "Oh, that's where you went." And I said, "Well, you didn't want me. You weren't going to talk to anybody else. You must have been pretty tired so I felt I could move around." He said, "Well, that's interesting."

In Concepcion the thing was quite different. There he could never get a word in. And there the Spartacos weren't two hundred and fifty; there were about--I think about a third of that group of students were yelling and vociferating. But he did, however, make a big gesture--it was a victory in a sense because he did not leave. He went among them. He displayed courage. And the ones who were for him were all for him, you see, so it was two thirds shouting, "We'll go with you to the end of the world," and one third sort of saying, "Down with the U.S." So, all told, the final reaction from that situation was positive, I would say. Bobby couldn't get a word in; he couldn't say anything; he didn't make a speech.

O'BRIEN: Well, in the party quite a few were recommending against him going out there, as I understand.

SANJUAN: Yes.

O'BRIEN: What did you tell him?

SANJUAN: Oh, I thought he should always go to the students. I mean, I didn't think he could pull out. The one who was mostly scared on these things and wanted to back out was vanden Heuvel. Bill vanden Heuvel was always saying, "We can't go there." But vanden Heuvel's opinion as to how this trip was to be conducted didn't really matter very much. I mean Bobby knew what vanden Heuvel was good for. He was sort of a mascot.

O'BRIEN: What was he good for?

SANJUAN: Well, I suppose he was a social friend of Bobby's. I mean vanden Heuvel didn't really have much of an opinion. Goodwin said Bobby should go, and Seigenthaler said, "You can't pull back," and that was that. I don't think my opinion mattered too much either, but certainly Goodwin's and Seigenthaler's did. I thought he should go. And the same thing in Peru, "You can't go to the students," said Bill. We said, "Of course, you can go to the students.

There were some interesting things in Peru. I remember some very funny anecdotes that revealed things about Bobby's character, his personality. We got to Cuzco. I think you should really concentrate on this part because this is the most significant part of the trip, as far as I'm concerned. I was not, by the way, in Brazil or Venezuela. I left in Argentina and came back here. That was my understanding, that I would not go with the trip. And then my father got very sick, and I got a cable or a telephone call, and I really had to come back. I told him this, and he said, "You go right back home." So I went through the whole thing in Argentina and that was it, but that was enough. By the way, I think I got one night's sleep in two and a half weeks, so that I was just absolutely exhausted. And I don't think any other people got a lot of sleep, but I was getting less sleep than anybody because it was work day and night and this constant business of being with him, and if you weren't

with him, you were trying to do something else. I finally almost collapsed. It was just too much.

But, anyhow, when we got to Cuzco, the first thing that happened was that I came out of the plane. I usually did that because I spoke Spanish. I was the only one in the group who spoke Spanish! And I came out the plane with my bag. And there was this whole line of officials. First, the military governor of the province, who was, of course, the man in power, because, you know, Lima was held by a civilian government in those days, but the countryside was ruled by the military, the military governor of the province; then the civilian governor; then the mayor of Cuzco; and then somebody else; and somebody else; all of them in their best bib and tucker, some of them with top hats or uniforms. I came out, and I said, "I'm going to have the pleasure of introducing Senator Kennedy to you. I'm very sorry I don't know who you are. Would you give me your name?" And the first fellow said, "My name is so and so I'm the military governor of the province." I turned around, and I said, "Senator, this is the military governor of the province, so and so." And then the other fellow said, "I am the civilian governor." I said, "Senator, this is the civilian governor, so and so." T

Then when I was about to say, "This is the mayor of Cuzco," Bobby looked around and he saw a big wire fence, barbed wire fence, all around the airport and behind it just about ten thousand of the poorest people in sort of suspended animation sort of looking to see what this was, ten thousand or twenty thousand people. And he said, "Who are they?" And somebody said, "They're just Indians. Forget them." And he said, "I want to go see the Indians." And he turned right around and left all those officials stuck there. He turned his back on them and said, "Let's go and talk to the Indians." So I went. And, of course, the officials were absolutely livid. "Who is he to do this to us?" "What are we going to look like in front of these people?"

And he went there, and the reaction from these Indians, from these poor people, was so incredibly enthusiastic that all of a sudden they erupted into a mass of humanity that wanted to jump over the fence. And they did. They broke down the fence, they went over the barbed wire, and I was a little afraid--there were children and women--kids were going to get ripped up by this barbed wire. And I remember I went there, tried to interpret for him and at the same time went in front of him trying to pick up pieces of barbed wire because he was getting his pants caught in it. And so I went a little ahead and tried to pick up the barbed wire and get out of the way. Well, I wasn't fast enough. I didn't get touched by the barbed wire. I don't know how. I mean, I think I had a sort of sudden sense of self preservation, which is one of the things at which I'm superior to any Kennedy, in that, you know, I, like you and other normal human beings, look out for themselves; Kennedys apparently don't. He didn't; he walked right into the barbed wire and got cut above the eye, got cut in the leg, got his coat ripped. And apparently it was as if you were throwing rice at him; he kept on going. They said, "He's wounded." Somebody came. . . . And then the news was immediately given, related to the press that he had been wounded. Of course, he hadn't been wounded, really, not badly, but he got cut. And then finally we got to the hotel, and then there was the question of getting a tetanus shot because he could have contracted tetanus. And so he was given a tetanus shot. Somebody wanted to give me a tetanus shot too, and I said, "I wasn't wounded, and I don't want your silly tetanus shot."

By the way, when you get to Cuzco, you're at twelve thousand feet, and you don't have enough oxygen, and the thing to do is to sort of lie quietly somewhere and get acclimated. Well, we went on the top of this Peace Corps Dodge truck. He was on top of it, and the driver didn't know how to drive it too well, so we had fits and starts. I was right behind Bobby and I and everybody else was grabbing on to him to keep him from falling and then grabbing on to each other so that none of us would fall.

That afternoon we had lunch at the hotel and then we went up to the country. We went up into very remote parts. And we got into a village, I remember, where he got up--and I had ascertained from talking to people that none of the villagers there spoke Spanish; they only spoke Quechua. As a matter of fact, some of the Peace Corps girls there were trying to teach the natives Spanish and English because both of those were foreign languages. Quechua's a very difficult language with a lot of glottal stops. And he got on a promontory, a very difficult place to reach, and he said, "Pedro, where are you?" And I said, "I'm coming." And I meant to come up and say, "Look, you don't want me here, because I don't speak that dialect." And I said, "Look, you don't . . ." He said, "Are you going to translate or aren't you?" And I said, "Well, yes, but you should know . . ." He said, "Look, I want to know whether you're ready or not." I said, "I'm ready, but . . ." "Well, let's start." And I thought, "Well, I can't get a word in edgewise," so I said, "Okay, Go ahead." So he said, "I want you to know that my brother, President Kennedy, had he been here, he would have wanted you to send your children to school, to get an education," and all the usual things he used to say. It used to go over fairly well, this little impromptu speech. And I then said in Spanish, "I want you to know that if my brother President Kennedy had been here he would have wanted. . . ."

For about five minutes the crowds registered no reaction whatever; their faces were dead. And so Bobby finally turned around and said, "What's the matter, Pedro? I don't understand." And I said, "Well, they don't understand, either, because they can't understand you because they don't speak Spanish. And he said, "Well, what do they speak?" I said, "They speak Quechua." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Well, it's a dialect of the Indians." And he said, "What are we going to do?" I said, "Well, I wanted to tell you before you shut me off that there's a fellow from the travel agency here who speaks Spanish, English and Quechua. He's the fellow you should have here translating for these Indians." "Well, bring him up here." So I brought him up. We grabbed him by the hair and the coat and so on, and he came up to this rather dangerous place.

He got up there, and then Bobby said, "I want you to know that if my brother President Kennedy had been here. . . ." He started all over again. And that chap said one word in Quechua--it sounded like "Greetings" which I think in Quechua is "Ayansu?" he said, "Ayansu"--and before he could get another word in, the Indians erupted in cheers, not because of what he was saying because they had only heard one word thus far, but because, for God's sake, somebody was speaking their language, you know. "Hey, Kennedy," right away. And he looked around, and he was rather funny, and he said, "Well, they really love everything I say, provided it's in--what's it called, Russian?" I said, "No, Quechua."

And when we got off in Cuzco after we went--I forgot one thing; we went up to see the Christ of the Andes, which if Cuzco is at twelve thousand feet, this was at eighteen thousand feet. Totally unnecessary to go up any higher, but went to see this unnecessary Christ of the Andes up there. Don't. . . . I mean, no irreverence meant. Christ is very necessary, but in the Andes I think we could have skipped that. And Bobby wasn't terribly interested in this. He thought it was very nice, and then he turned to look around at the human element, which was what he always wanted to look at. And he said, "How many of these people are Indians? Will you ask them?" So I said, "Well, we can't do that here, you know." And he said, "Why not?" I said, "Because, well, you know, people don't like to get called Indian here. It's. . . ." "Well, why not? They're Indians." I said, "Yes, I know, but it just doesn't work." "Well, I want to know how many are Indians." I said, "Well, it's as if you said 'niggers' in the United States. You just don't use that word." "Well, I want to know." So I said, "All right, i Cuantos deustedes son nativos?" (How many of you are natives?) And somebody said, "We are all natives here," sort of looking funny. And he turned around to me and he said, "You didn't say what I asked you to, did you?" I said, "Well, I'm not going to, you know. I don't want to offend anybody."

He turned around to the fellow from the Foreign Office who was with us, who spoke English, and he said, "Ask them how many are Indians." So this guy said, "How many of you are Indians?" And one of them, a very wise somewhat ragged old man, said in Spanish, "Aquisomos todas indios como Garcilaso." That means, "All of us here are Indians like Garcilaso." And Garcilaso, Garcilaso de la Vega, was a very famous Spanish writer, a classical writer, a great man who lived in Cuzco in the sixteenth century who was an Indian, an Inca. The answer was, "It's not bad to be an Indian in spite of what you may think because Garcilaso was an Indian, too." In other words it was really bad to be called an Indian.

When we got out of Cuzco, it was a hell of a mess. That morning we went to the airport, and when we arrived there, there we had it again, thousands and thousands of people, crowds. And he milled with the crowds. Then somebody said that he should have a picture taken with the military governor, who had been very insulted when he came in, and this would make things up. So Bobby said, "All right. Where is the military governor?" So we advanced towards the military governor, and I was separated from Bobby in those lonely moments there. He was alone with me in the crowd, and I got separated. And he turned around and said, "Where are you, Pedro? You're not a spectator, you know." And I said, "Well, Senator, really, I have no. . . . I can't get to you because I just can't cope with this crowd. I mean, there are four thousand people here." "Well, come over." So I tried. I lost my bag. One of my bags was ripped from me. And I had a handle in my hand, and finally I pushed my way through. Then he had the pictures taken. By the way, he had the pictures taken with the wrong military man. It wasn't the military governor at all; it was a major something or other. And he said, "Oh, I've had a picture and that's it." So the military governor was just as furious as ever.

And then he said, "Let's go to the plane." Well, we struggled up to a plane. And there we were, the Faucett Airlines, I remember. And we got up to this plane, and I went up first. There was a steward standing right on the stairs, and he said, "I'm sorry, you can't come in." Bobby said, "Come on, let's go." I said, "Well, he says we can't come in." Bobby said, "Well, I don't care. Let's go." I said, "The Senator wants to go, so please get out of the

way. He said, "I'm sorry, you can't come in." I said, "Look, the Senator wants to come in and please get out of my way." So Bobby said, "What's the matter? Why can't we come in?" I said, "Well, he says we can't come in." Well, Bobby said, "I don't care if he says that. I want to come in to get away from these crowds." And I said, "Well, what am I going to do?" So I grabbed the steward by the shirt and by the belt of his pants and I just shoved him in the airplane, bodily. And he went in. And then Bobby came in afterwards. And when we got inside--everybody came in; Seigenthaler; vanden Heuvel; the whole crowd; Jean vanden Heuval, formerly Jean Stein; the whole bunch--and when we were in there, vanden Heuvel said, "This plane is dirty. It shouldn't be dirty." I said, "Well, you have to take it, clean or dirty, because we're in here." And then it became quite obvious that we were in the wrong plane. Really this plane was not meant to go with us; that's why they didn't want us to come in. Our plane was somewhere else in the airport. And the people who were supposed to come to this plane now had to be shifted on to the other plane. Well, there was a very long exchange, and finally everything was settled. We got the plane, and the plane took off.

Somebody then, in mid-air, mentioned going to see Machu Picchu, Machu Picchu, we should fly to see Machu Picchu. And Bobby thought it was a great idea, so he said, "Pedro, ask the pilot if he can go to see Machu Picchu." And I, of course, was faced with the prospect of talking to this pilot and telling him that, in spite of the fact that we had taken his plane by storm, now we wanted to change the course. Well, that would have been a little difficult. And so I told the steward, the guy I pushed in, I said, "Look, get the pilot. The Senator wants to go see Machu Picchu." He said, "Well, I can't do that." I said, "Don't argue with me. It isn't I who am telling you this. It's the Senator. Would you mind telling the pilot?" So out came the pilot. The pilot was a--it was the co-pilot, a huge fellow with a huge black mustache who looked very ominous, and I said, "How am I going to handle this?" So I said, "Well, the Senator wants to go see Machu Picchu. Can you change courses?" He said, "Look, I am under orders to fly this plane in a straight course, and I don't intend to go see Machu Picchu. It's about thirty miles from here, and I'll have to change courses. It's against regulations, and I'm just not going to

do it." I said, "Well, I understand. Will you do me a great favor? Do you understand English?" He said, "No." This I was saying in Spanish, by the way. Nobody could understand what I was saying. I said, "Would you mind nodding while I speak? Just nod through the whole thing." "Well, why?" I said, "Never mind. It'll help me, and I'm going to get you out of this predicament." So I turned around and in English, with this fellow nodding, I said, "Senator, Machu Picchu a hundred and forty miles from here, and we don't have enough gas to do that, come back, and land in Lima. So it's a question of do we crash or do we go to Lima. That's all there is." And this fellow was nodding, you see. And Bobby said, "What's he nodding about?" I said, "Well, he understands English. He doesn't speak it, but he understands it." "Oh, I see. Well, fine then. In that case, forget it." I said, "It's all over, go back in." And that was the end of that.

O'BRIEN: Did you get any insight into, you know, outside of the Senate, the meeting with the Senate, but with being with some of the Latin American leaders? Like, well, like [Eduardo] Frei?

SANJUAN: Yes, the Frei thing?

O'BRIEN: Yes, the Frei thing.

SANJUAN: What about it?

O'BRIEN: How did he get along with them? Did he . . .

SANJUAN: Well, I think he got along all right with Frei in Chile. The conversations with Frei at lunch were good, and you know, they said the right thing to each other. But what Bobby didn't perceive, and what nobody in the party perceived, was that Frei is a very stuffy Chilean, like all Presidents of Chile are. You know, Chileans take themselves very seriously. That's sort of a country that has been greatly influenced by Germany in many ways, its architecture, its bureaucracy, its military, and so on. And the President takes himself very, very seriously. Frei was wearing a cutaway, and he was looking his very, very best in presidential terms. And I don't know what occurred or what

transpired in all the conversations because we had lunch but then afterwards the conversations were private and they were mostly between Frei and Bobby, Ethel and Mrs. Frei, I think, and some other women who were members of Frei's family, and I think Dick Goodwin was there. But the rest of us disappeared, so I don't know. I gather, however, later, that the conversations were successful.

However, the way that we descended on Vina del Mar, that presidential summer palace, with all the press dressed in sport shirts with their shirttails sticking out--and Jean vanden Heuvel, by the way, was wearing at the time a little thing that bared her midriff up to her breasts; she was naked basically--this sat very badly because it was a very serious breach of protocol. Frei made the statement--I was introduced to Frei by Bobby saying, "This is Pedro Sanjuan, who is getting me out of trouble." And Frei said in Spanish, "I guess you have a lot of trouble to keep him out of." I said, "Well, not terribly much." He said, "Why do we have the hoardes of the Sarmatians and the Cythians here?" I said, "Sir, that happens to be the American press. Do not blame them. They know not what they're doing." I said that. He said, "Well, do they enter in this manner, do they dress like this in the White House of the United States?" I said, "Sometimes they do. In the summer they do," which, of course, was a complete lie. They wouldn't dare. And this is what they were doing, entering the White House dressed like monkeys.

I have a feeling that in that sense it could have been a more felicitous meeting had there not been this hoarde coming with Bobby. And I think that Frei probably thought, "What is this guy doing here making postures in Chile? I'm the President and. . . ." I perceived there was something of that. Now, I again don't know exactly what the substantive discussions were because we had obtained a Chilean interpreter for this trip, and he went with this Chilean interpreter in there, but I didn't hear what was going on among the members of Frei's party in Spanish--the Chilean interpreter wasn't about to say other than to translate and nobody in Bobby's party, even Bobby, could understand what was going on in Spanish. then, you see. I could have heard both sides, but I didn't. So maybe in that respect I'd better pass. I just had an impression. I mean, I was around. We were hovering--we

were there in the sense that we could see them, and we knew that there was conversation going on, but the conversation was separate and at a distance.

But the Argentina visit was, Mendoza, was an overwhelming success. I advanced that. I went the day before to Mendoza, the night before, and saw that the itinerary had been well posted and that the announcement had been made that he was coming. The Mendozans knew who he was--the Peruvians in many places did not--and some of the Chileans also didn't have the foggiest. Well I guess the Chilean students did know who he was.

Mendoza was a very great success. There were crowds everywhere. He spoke to the students at the University in those vague terms. The reaction was overwhelmingly favorable. The whole thing was a big success. We had the governor of the province with us. That was one of the nicest events of the whole trip. Of course, I didn't see the Brazilian trip, so I can't compare.

We went to see the monument of San Martin very high up in the mountains. He wanted me to ride on the fender of the car, but I had had enough hairy experiences to say, "No, thank you. I'm going to ride on a motorcycle with one of these policemen," who was an escort. And I rode behind him, and then everybody decided they would ride in motorcycles. So then Walinsky and Goodwin and Seigenthaler rode in a motorcycle.

BEGIN TAPE IV SIDE I

O'BRIEN: Okay. Well, take up with the motorcycles.

SANJUAN: Yes. And then we came down again by motorcycle after seeing this monument, which is a tremendous piece of sculpture, bronze, very inspiring and a bit corny, hardly worth a trip up there, from my point of view.

We came down. Bobby had left a bag at the Governor's place, and they yelled out of his car to my motorcycle policeman that he should go get the bag then go meet him at the airport. And that was about, oh, three times the distance that they were going to cover. And so without even saying, "Hold on," this guy took off at ninety miles an hour. I was hanging on for dear life behind him. We went through red

lights and skidded onto sidewalks and almost ran over people, and when we got there the bag wasn't there, they'd sent it to the airport. So we then made a mad dash for the airport.

Finally we got there, and this Convair was standing there, and Bobby was at the gate. And I got out of the motorcycle, ran up, and he said, "Where have you been? We've been waiting for you." That was his sense of humor. He knew damn well where I'd been. And I said, "Oh, I don't know. We stopped off to have, you know, a chocolate sundae, and then I got a pair of shoes at a shoe store, and we took in a movie. What do you think we've been doing?" It was one of the most harrowing experiences that I've ever had recently, to go on that blasted motorcycle. He said, "Well, you kept us waiting." And so I said, "Thank you, sir."

And, let's see, we got to Argentina. That arrival in Buenos Aires was epic and totally unnecessary. Anyway, we arrived in Buenos Aires, and there was my mother-in-law and my father-in-law and somebody else. Bobby came out of the plane and then Ethel came and the whole crowd came at us. We got through to the parked automobiles, to the black limousines. Bobby and Ethel got into the black limousine with the Ambassador. I got into the car behind with Natalie Cushing and somebody else. Natalie Cushing was a friend of theirs from New York, the wife of some stock broker, a very pretty girl.

We sat down and were ready to go. The crowds were there. All of a sudden we came to the point where there were large crowds, thousands of people, armed policemen on horseback with sabers and helmets. It looked like a pretty difficult situation, and I remember saying to myself, "Thank goodness, we're in here and not out there." The limousine stopped. Bobby got out, of course. There was danger; there were sabers; there were too many people; so therefore he had to get out. It wasn't a desire to go to the crowds; any politician has that desire. This was a desire to run into the sabers, I think, to get kicked by the horses. There were horses. He was going right into horses, you know, horses and men on horseback, about ten, you see. And, of course, when they saw him come out, they surged forth and the men on horses pushed people back and some got hurt a little. Finally he got there, and as soon as he got there, the horsemen with the swords being fairly brutal in Argentina and fairly stupid, tried to, you know, push him back. Some other policemen in uniform were also pushing him back.

And vanden Heuval got out of the limousine--or no, out of the third car; he was behind us in another car. He ran out there and decided he would defend the Senator in English. And I decided that this time I was needed because nobody there was going to make any sense out of this. Vanden Heuvel was saying, "Do not touch my Senator," as if that makes any difference in Argentina. He could have been speaking in Quechua in Argentina, which they don't understand either. And he was pushing, and he started a fist fight, I think, with one of the policemen, which is, of course, one of the most important things you should do right away when you land in a foreign country is start a fist fight with a policeman.

And I came over, and my intention was to straighten the matter up. Well, there was a--I'm sorry if I'm making this personal, but I have to tell you what happened to me, I mean, and to him. I rushed over, and there was a huge barrel-chested fellow, who turned out to be a secret policeman. He looked at me and didn't know where I came from, thought I was an anarchist about to kill Senator Kennedy. I look pretty disreputable anytime. Now I was disheveled and looking even more disreputable. I ran up, and as I was lifting my hand up to say, "Senator, I'm here," the secret cop punched me in the solar plexus. He just got me right in the middle of the stomach--right, plunk, there. And I lost my balance, and I reeled back and stumbled and ran and fell and stumbled. And finally I was leaning against the limousine, the Cadillac, I remember this very well. My mother-in-law, was looking out the rear window waving at me, not knowing what happened, sort of saying, "Hello," I thought was very appropriate, upon which the gentleman came over to finish me off, I think, I happened to stumble or step in such a way that he tripped on my leg, and then he stumbled. I grabbed him by the neck and pushed him down and kicked him under the car. His head went under the limousine, and I ran for the car behind us where I was supposed to be. I ran in, and shut both doors, pushed the two little things down that lock the doors, and hid in the floor. And I said to Natalie, "I'm not here." And somehow-- I don't know what happened--somehow that whole mess was resolved. I wasn't able to stand, really, because I still had a tremendous pain in my stomach.

Finally we got out of there, and we went to the Embassy. There was a big crowd around the Embassy, and there Bobby got out again. And therefore it was also a problem getting into the Embassy. Finally we got into the Embassy and a little peace and quiet. I met the plain clothes man, who said, "I'm so terribly sorry I punched you in the stomach." I said, "Oh, it was a pleasure, believe me. I know you didn't know who I was. I'm sorry I kicked you under the limousine." He said, "Oh, please. Don't mention that." And we made very good friends.

Then, let's see, the next day he went out, and we went to a lot of places in Buenos Aires and around Buenos Aires. And everytime he'd go anywhere, he'd get out of the limousine or out of the car, and he'd draw an immediate crowd of people who'd cheer him, shouting, "Kennedy!" They'd say, "Viva Kennedy." They said "Viva Kennedy" in Argentina much more than anywhere else. In a couple of places we got somebody else, an Argentine, to do the translating, so I was able to mill around in the crowds with Seigenthaler.

In one case in particular, there was a guy in the crowd who was shouting in the most obstreperous manner, "Ken-ne-dy," like this, and we had to move him out, sort of saying, "Hello, friend, you're a great fan." We pushed him out of the way.

Bobby asked at one point, I remember "Who are these people? They're so enthusiastic. I mean, who are they that they're cheering me?" I said, "Well, they're mostly Peronistas." And he said, "What do you mean Peronistas?" I said, "Yes, they're mostly Peronistas. Peronistas go big for leaders. And you are a leader. If you wanted to get elected president of Argentina tomorrow, I think we could do it. Certainly we could have a coup very easily. They'd go for you. If you want to do that, we can still arrange it." He said, "Well I didn't know they were Peronistas." I said, "Well not all Peronistas are bad, but I think most of these crowds are composed of Peronistas. These people are workers, and they're Peronistas, and they're in favor of you. I hope that's not too disappointing."

And then we went to the Argentine Senate. I don't know what the purpose of that was; I don't think any thing was accomplished. There was a big crush everywhere we went; senators piling all over the place, all over the tables; everybody pushing. He was able to say something here and something there. I remember most distinctly being shoved against furniture and statues and chairs for no purpose at all, and so was he, and so was everybody else. And there weren't that many people there. There were just a bunch of rude, very rude senators, very eager to talk to him. And after this message treatment, we left.

The next day I was supposed to go on a certain flight, but he had one more meeting. And I was ready to leave for the airport--as a matter of fact, I had already gone when a car caught up with us, and I was told he wanted me again. I had to change my flight. I came back, and it turned out that the guy that he had interpreting for him with the students--there was a very large meeting in this auditorium--was terrible, and he wanted me instead, which was very bad. I thought, because this guy was an Argentine and I'm not an Argentine. But it was hopeless to try to fight it.

We had a number of questions there from students. The answers were all very good except when a student asked him what should they do in Argentina for Argentina, or something like that, or for the people, or for progress. And he turned around, and he said, "Tell her that I think they should, the students should go out into the country and bring about some sort of reduction of illiteracy so that people can learn to read and write." And I said, "Well, you really shouldn't say that here because the rate of illiteracy in Argentina is 9 per cent as against 11 in the United States. They're very proud of it, and, you know, it wouldn't look right for an American to be telling the Argentines that they should reduce illiteracy. They've done it already." "Oh, I'm sorry. Well, then, tell them that they should go out into the country and maybe bring about some sort of land reform." I said, "They've had their land reform here and they don't like it too much, so that won't work either." And so he said, "Well, what should I tell her?" I said, "Well, I don't know. You're the Senator. I'm just telling you what you can't tell them." And then I made up some sort of answer with him, and we gave it. Nevertheless, that was a very successful meeting with the

students, in spite of that little thing. It was a successful meeting.

But the trouble with these things with the students or the trouble--or maybe the essence of these things is that most of the questions were usually pretty inane and the answers were, you know, pretty straightforward but simple--too simple. It didn't matter what was being said but who was saying it. Their tremendous enthusiasm for Robert Kennedy, not for just a Kennedy but for him, because he has that shy look--he had that shy look--and then that scared look. And then he waxed eloquent with a very friendly and a very humorous manner. He was a very humorous fellow, really, in a way, at his own expense, very warm humor, a special type of humor that didn't make you roll in the aisle with laughter, but it made you laugh very sympathetically with him. And so he won them over.

I would say, all in all, that in that trip his best success was with the students. His next highest success was with people at large, particularly with workers and people in slums and so on. Mostly there wasn't that much success there because they really didn't know who he was, but he did not make any enemies there. An area where there wasn't as much success was in the official meetings with senators and other legislators. I think that those were not terribly successful encounters, at least sort of indifferent. And the least successful contacts were with intellectuals. We did this in Peru; we did this in Chile.

O'BRIEN: Do you remember any particular groups of intellectuals or . . .

SANJUAN: In Peru, yes, in the house of this painter, [Fernando] Szyszlo, there was a whole group of intellectuals who were gathered there, I think by Dick Goodwin and Szyszlo, to meet Bobby. And there was a lot of snapping back and forth. It was very, very fast stuff. Really, I had a hard time, you know, translating something before the answer came back. But these so-called intellectuals were not happy with any answer. They didn't like Americans. They didn't like Kennedy because he was an American. They kept asking questions about intervention in

Peru, questions on expropriation, questions on the oil issue. He kept saying that he thought that our policies should change; that the United States was a democracy in which policy could be changed; and that, during President Kennedy's Administration we had done better and, therefore, that showed that the country was changing--that the United States was not what they pretended it was, an imperialist monster, because they, themselves, had to admit that there had been good U.S. policies before. And at one point, I remember, somebody said, "Well, Mr. Rockefeller"--and I think they were talking about Laurence or some one of the Rockefellers--"came down here two or three weeks ago, and he made a statement very different from yours. Who are we supposed to believe? He said that the petroleum interests, the oil interests of the United States were the number one concern, and now you say they're not. And who are we to believe?" And Bobby smiled and said, "Oh, don't talk to me about Rockefellers. We Kennedys eat Rockefellers for breakfast." Well, that was caught and printed in the papers: "Senator Kennedy says that Kennedys eat Rockefellers for breakfast." But that did not win the day. I thought it was very good, but they thought it was sort of flippant and he was trying to get out of something. And so they kept badgering him.

Afterwards we sat in the car, all of us except for him, and analyzed the session. Goodwin said that he thought it was very successful and very good--I didn't think it was disastrous. I think varden Heuval and somebody else and somebody else thought he should never have done this; I don't agree. I don't think it was very successful, but I think it was good because he got a dose of strong medicine which was very educational for him and he saw what the situation was in Latin America, particularly among intellectuals. And this was an educational process for him, as well as a good will tour. I don't think it was successful. I think it was damned unsuccessful in terms of effect on the intellectuals.

O'BRIEN: Were there any other contacts with groups of intellectuals?

SANJUAN: Yes. There were, well, not too many in groups of intellectuals in the countries that I was in, in Peru, Chile, and Argentina. Later on in Brazil other things happened that I don't know anything about-- well, I know, but I couldn't be of any use because it was by hearsay. But in Chile he met with a group of very, very liberal intellectuals and students, which were first talked to by Seigenthaler and Goodwin, and I gather that was not a very successful meeting either. I wasn't at that meeting. It was very late at night, and I was very tired, and I went home to bed for the first time in two weeks and I missed that. Then again, Seigenthaler and Goodwin also met with some of the very radical students right after that or right before that, and I gather they had quite a tiff with them. But these were shouting matches, you know. Then again in Argentina, he had a meeting with some intellectuals, some [Silvio] Frondizi people and some other people, and it was not the most successful thing.

But if you take what I saw of the trip all in all, I would say that the trip was a success. I think that in unqualified terms it was a success, in every way. He saw things that he would have otherwise not have seen. As far as the press was concerned, the trip was an unqualified success. The coverage was tremendous everywhere, including Peru where Jonesie and company had tried to prevent it. The net result for the United States was very positive, tremendously positive everywhere. I'm sure that it was so also in Brazil and in Venezuela. It was an overwhelmingly successful thing in the streets and with the students and that's what really mattered. Contrast it to the [Nelson D.] Rockefeller trip recently, and you see the two opposites.

Some people would probably say that, he was there in the image of Jack Kennedy. Well, of course, no question that Kennedy was a magic name then. I mean, I don't think it had been a magic name during the Bay of Pigs and a few other times, you know, but then after the assassination it became a magic name in Latin America. But Bobby himself, his personality and his personal charm particularly in situations of stress. I don't believe in all this crap about emotions and volatility and whatever it is that people are--mercurial qualities and excitability and Latins versus Anglo-Saxons, but nevertheless, there really is, and in spite of what Mr. [James B.] Reston has a tendency to say about machismo,

there is machismo everywhere in the world, you know. Some men are bound to be jackasses about being men and think that they belong to a very exclusive club in Scandinavia or the United States or in Argentina. But nevertheless, there is a certain admiration for courage and for boldness in Latin America that we have less admiration for in the United States, or at least we show less admiration for here. His moves, his boldness, his courage, his sort of attitude of disregard for his own safety, a boldness which was almost always present, and his charm with turning a phrase or making a humorous statement at the right time, this really had a tremendous effect and the results were very, very favorable.

It is very interesting that he had a knack for intuitively perceiving what had to be done at the right moment. His timing was his best quality. It wasn't alone what he did or what he said, but it was the impeccable timing he had in a moment of stress, when he was really being pushed against the wall. That timing was something that was really unbelievable. And it would have won him a lot of friends whenever he would have gone down to Latin America had he lived. That is something that he had that was quite unique. I don't think that was a Jack Kennedy trait, and I don't think that any other Kennedy has had it. It was his own, and it was terribly ingratiating.

O'BRIEN: How do you look at the role of the people that went down there with him on the trip, people like Seigenthaler and . . .

SANJUAN: Well, I think Seigenthaler was very necessary. Seigenthaler, of course, has always been a great helper of his, a very loyal person, a very able, quiet, unflappable, intelligent, solid citizen who would gather opinions and figure out what the best course was and then quietly say, "I think that from what I can see, you should do such and such, or you should do this," and so on. Seigenthaler was always available for resolution of impossible situations. And Seigenthaler had his ear much more than anybody else, and so sometimes it was better to go and tell Seigenthaler than to go and tell Bobby directly because Seigenthaler would make it credible, whereas Bobby might doubt you directly.

Walinsky as a speech writer is good under normal circumstances. Under stress like that I don't think he was very good. I don't know. In this particular case his speech writing was not up to par. He wrote on a subject he was not acquainted with; he wrote very quickly; improvised very badly. And then the major speech was modified in a way that didn't succeed at all. Bobby wouldn't have done very well had he given that speech over and over again. But he didn't. He modified it and gave very little of it eventually, at least as far as I went.

I think vanden Heuvel was a total waste. I don't know. He came as a friend, so I don't know. But he was there.

Poor vanden Heuvel just was disaster. Most of what vanden Heuvel did was to provide a very large body that sometimes came in handy because he got in the way of the crowds. Most of the time he was straining his neck to see if he could get into a picture or two. He ruined a lot of pictures that had to be cropped to get this guy with his neck straining out of the way.

Goodwin, Goodwin, I'm sure, gave him some very good counsel. Goodwin was not as close to him as Seigenthaler was. I think Goodwin was quite useful. Goodwin was not obstreperous, he was not pushy, as some other people in that party were, in trying to give him advice. I think he gave him good advice most of the time.

O'BRIEN: What do you think of Goodwin on Latin America?

SANJUAN: What I think of Goodwin on Latin America?

O'BRIEN: Right.

SANJUAN: Well, I think Dick Goodwin is responsible for the best aspects of the Alliance for Progress and for some of the worst. Dick Goodwin didn't know a great deal about Latin America when he started, and I don't know that he knows a great deal now, at least not in terms of academic knowledge, but he had a very intuitive knowledge of certain things. He realized that what we needed to do was to pay attention to Latin America and to learn and to try things. He writes very well and is intelligent. He's extremely rude with everybody. He's a rude person towards

humanity, and therefore his rudeness means nothing. I mean, you know, you see him being rude to everybody including the President, so it doesn't matter. He had very poor public relations, I gather, in the White House, but I think he was a very intelligent fellow. At the time that President Kennedy got into the White House, there was really basically nobody in the government who was really a good advisor on Latin America--because Tom Mann was, you know, Tom Mann belonged to another genre, another era, a way of thinking that is totally inappropriate for dealing with Latin America. I think Tom Mann basically suffered from being a Texan like Lyndon Johnson in thinking that all Latin Americans were wetbacks of some sort or other--that's what they think of Mexicans in Texas. At the same time, Tom Mann had his points, I'm sure, but this is not the advisor that was needed, and, of course, he didn't play that role at all with Kennedy.

Ted Achilles--this was old stuff. And the same thing with that other one who came in at the beginning, who had been Assistant Secretary before under [Harry S] Truman, who was just, you know--we didn't need the solutions of the past--[Robert F.] Woodward was very weak, very inept in terms of putting his ideas through, very. . . . He knew a lot about Latin America, a lot about Spain, spoke Spanish; it did him no good whatsoever.

[Teodoro] Moscoso has been really very good as a large fish in a little pond, very good as head of fomento in Puerto Rico where the goals were limited and where his power was very large. As head of the Alliance, he was a disaster, I think, because he was a very little fish in a big pond without any power and with a tremendous job. He thought in terms of, "Latin America is like Puerto Rico, only bigger." Well, of course, there was no relationship whatever.

These were the other advisors Jack Kennedy had. My father-in-law, Ed Martin, was not really an advisor to the President. He was a good Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, who did what the Department needed and had to do. He was not an expert in Latin American Affairs, never pretended to be one. I don't know, I guess I can't judge a man's who's related to me, and I would have been unfair. I think he did a good job myself, but I may be very wrong. He may have done a very bad job. I don't think he had any real

public confrontations in which anybody has said he did a bad job. As Ambassador to Argentina, I don't know, it's just hard to judge.

But of all these people, Goodwin was a man with ideas. Goodwin was a man who--rude or not, ugly or handsome, whatever you say about him--Goodwin had the notions, had the ideas, put them across, convinced the President, formulated the Alliance for Progress, including insisting that the title had to be, you know, illiterate or incorrect, ungrammatical, at the beginning, insisted that it be called Alianza para Progreso instead of para el progreso. And even then, of course, that title was very bad. It should never have been used because the term "alliance" in Latin America, in Spanish connotes a military sort of thing; and "progress" is a very Victorian concept that we Anglo-Saxons have a feeling about which, you know, indicates that progress is always good, and in Latin America and the Mediterranean Catholic type of ambience, progress is regarded as either good or bad depending on which way you're going, and sometimes people don't like progress. The question of "Alliance for Progress" was very bad. Goodwin was responsible for insisting on this thing, which came from somebody else but he thought this was the best thing. It sounded good in English and it had to sound good in Spanish. But Goodwin, by George, had many other and better original ideas, and some of them were very good. He shook things up, and that was what was needed. There's no denying the fact that if you'd stack them all together, none of them either separately or put together amounted in terms of influence to what Goodwin amounted.

O'BRIEN: In '65, was he still as sharp or . . .

SANJUAN: No, in that trip I don't think Goodwin was as committed to the thing. Well, he had very little to do--you know, he wasn't writing the speeches. It was funny because somebody said to him, one of the reporters in Chile came up and said, "Say, did you write any of the speeches for Bobby?" And Goodwin said, "I write speeches for Presidents, not Senators." I heard that--I was right there--and I thought that was a good reply. The speeches that Bobby gave were very bad--or not very good, really--the speech, rather. And, of course, Goodwin, I'm sure, was saying,

"Look, I didn't write that, and I don't write such crap!" Goodwin wrote a very good speech, always. And this is one of the great things Goodwin had, besides being a strategist and a thinker. He could write an excellent speech and tailor it to the needs of the man he was writing it for so that it would sound as if that person had thought it up himself. Whereas Sorensen, who was a very bright fellow and who wrote well, nevertheless made it all sound like Sorensen. So that afterwards, after Kennedy died, the first State of the Union speech that Johnson gave was a Kennedy speech because Sorensen wrote it. Whereas when Goodwin wrote a speech, if he wrote it for Kennedy, it was Kennedy; if he wrote it for Johnson, it was Johnson. And that ability to write was superb.

O'BRIEN: Did Arthur Schlesinger ever get into the planning of this trip?

SANJUAN: Not to my knowledge. He may have in other areas. I never saw him, but he may have very easily. He may have been called in. He may have been asked some questions, but I never saw him so as far as I know, no.

O'BRIEN: Did you ever hold a post mortem on this thing after it was all over?

SANJUAN: Sort of. I went once to Hickory Hill, once afterwards, and that was not a post mortem. As far as I was concerned, it was sort of a get-together. Then we were all given a little cigarette case for the trip; it was made of lucite, and it was rather pretty, and it had a map of Latin America with all the points where we had stopped. That's all I know about it.

One thing that was interesting in the trip was attention he paid to the press. He really paid a lot of attention to them and was very good to them. Bobby brought them in on everything. It was very difficult to keep all those prima donnas happy, and so some of them complained that he was giving more attention to some and not to others. In a sense that was true. Andy Glass and Marty Arnold of the Times got the lion's share of the attention, but Andy Glass was very

enterprising and he, you know, was always giving his opinion and saying we should do this and we should do that. "Sit right around me. And you people who are on my staff and so on, you see me all the time, get back there and let the press come up here and see things. After all, they're going to be reporting." The press all went, you know, second class, and the rest of us all had first class tickets. Well, we never ate a first class meal. We ate back there and the press was eating our meals, which was fine with me. Ha! I thought it was great.

Dan Kurzman was along. Dan wrote some very good articles. I remember that when we got to Chile, [Jeremiah A., Jr.] Jerry O'Leary's story appeared in the Star. Apparently, Vaughn had given the story out in Washington that Bobby had been very rude in that briefing in the Department of State that I mentioned and that he had walked out. I read it. I read the transcript of it, and I thought it was a colossal lie. So I briefed Kurzman on what had really happened, and Kurzman wrote the right story and straightened the record out. I'm sort of proud of that. Nobody ever knew I did it, and I took it on my own to do that because I thought the record needed straightening out. Kurzman got hell for it, by the way. Walinsky or somebody said to him later on that he had violated I don't know what ethics, thinking that he had heard this from the Senator and had broken the confidence of a social meeting. But Kurzman hadn't; he'd heard from me. And frankly, I was just pretty mad, having seen what had happened and having seen Vaughn walk out of this meeting, stomp out of it, and leave him there, and now he was telling O'Leary that it was Bobby that had walked out. It was very simple just to straighten the record out, which I did. And if the Senator had known that I had done it, he might have been mad at me, but I would have done it anyway. So. . . .

O'BRIEN: What kind of a role did Ethel play in this whole thing?

SANJUAN: Well, Ethel played a very important role. She was most of the time with him. She took the punishment like an incredible soldier, I mean, to the point where I thought sometimes it was not real. People were kicking her and pushing her and shoving their elbows into her stomach and wrenching her neck off, and she'd sit there smiling or stand there sort of saying, "They're trying to be nice, Pedro." And I would say: "The heck they are. They're killing us." But she has a capacity, a strength, and ability to take rough treatment that really defies the imagination, without in any case appearing less feminine for it, and always refusing any particular special services or special help. Anytime you tried to get Ethel down from a car giving her your hand, she'd say, "I can do it myself, thank you," and she'd get off.

She didn't do very much speaking, and she didn't say more than a few words, but her presence there with him at all times during the moments of greatest difficulty was terribly useful. Oh, in a couple of situations she didn't go. I don't think, for example, she didn't go to one of the student meetings here and one something else there. But then she went places on her own. Where she went in those instances I don't know because I wasn't with that party. I was with the other one and I have no idea. She went to a hospital here and to see some orphan children somewhere else and to rest some of the time. But most of the time she was with Bobby. And she was so radiant and so happy and so delighted to be mauled! She was a great asset. And, of course, you know he was very close to her always, and he felt very bad when she wasn't around. And many times if she was with the party and she had disappeared or had been left back for some reason, the first thing he did was to turn around and say, "Where's Ethel?" And it was just absolutely imperative to get Ethel. I mean somebody had to go and get Ethel or else he wouldn't move an inch. She was very, very important to him.

The one thing that I noticed with dismay through the whole trip was the fact that he just felt basically violent-- I don't think you can put it in more accurate terms--violent about the presence of any guards, any protection, any police, anything that seemed to indicate that he was being protected. We had altercation after altercation with policemen in Chile, in Peru, everywhere, in Argentina: "Get out of here, he doesn't want you around." Now, in Peru the police wasn't

really police; they were soldiers. And the Peruvian soldiers are pretty brutal and very badly trained and without any regard for human life, they're killers; they're brutes; they carry these submachine guns around without the safety on. It was quite difficult to really carry out his requests--which were not put in the term of requests; they were orders--that you should get these fellows out of the way. It's difficult to approach a semi-human with a machine gun pointed at your stomach and say, "Get out of here." But he really felt terrible about protection.

Many times I said to myself, "Why does one have to be this concerned about removing something which, in a sense, is a type of protection? It's almost as if we were asking for some sort of problem." I think that this was a quality that Bobby had. I've seen it at other times. I remember, for example, having been in his office many times when he was Attorney General. He had receptionists at the entrance there, many of whom soon quit; these girls would go because after about two or three months there were so many hairy experiences with different nuts and other types that would walk in. The girls would say, "I've had it." They'd have to get another receptionist. All you had to do to kill the Attorney General in those days was to come up the elevator, enter his suite of offices and wait until the door opened up (and then all the other doors all the way down to his office were open), and run through with a pistol, and shoot him. Any suggestions that one made about safety at that time were really considered to be in very bad form; you just didn't do it.

Then after the assassination of President Kennedy, when Bobby became Senator, he had an office in the Senate Office Building, in the new Senate Office Building, that was right on the street. And as you came up First Street and Constitution and you entered into the building, you could look down and see him sitting at his desk. Well, I mentioned several times--this was after the trip--I mentioned to Mankiewicz that something should be done to keep him at least from being visible, nobody paid much attention. Mankiewicz said, "You know, what can you do with him?" So I was inside one day talking to the Senator in his office, and I said, "Look, Senator, it seems to me that this may be none of my business, and this is

something you've probably thought of before, but, well, you don't come in here and see yourself, obviously sitting at your desk." And he looked sort of very funny at me, and I said, "When I come in, I can see you there. And if I wanted to kill you and had a gun, all I'd have to do is shoot you and I'd get you from the window. I'd have plenty of time to aim and plenty of time to shoot you or to throw a hand grenade or something. It seems to me that one of the things you could do is move that desk so it cannot be seen." Well, he said that he hadn't asked me for any such suggestions, that it wasn't appreciated, that he knew how to take care of himself, that he wasn't going to change his desk no matter what anybody said. Then we had a ten minute period of silence. Bobby's periods of ten minutes of silence, were well known, periods in which he sat there and stared and said nothing. I sat and looked at the walls, and finally, eventually, he came out of it. It was very uncomfortable and very unpleasant. And I said nothing else. What could you say? But the idea, "You must protect yourself; you must be careful with your life," and so on, was taken as an insult.

So during the trip, for example, whenever we came out and went out into the crowds, you always had the problem that he felt that you were being too rough with people if you preceded him and pushed them out of the way, that you were treating them roughly, be more gentle. What do you do in a crowd of three or four hundred people that are pushing on you? You've got to give them a little blow here and there to get them out of the way; they don't move until they are hurt a little bit. They certainly don't move when you push them. You've got to kick them and hurt them, not main them or make them bleed or anything, but it has to hurt; otherwise, they don't get out of the way. If they should get on top of him then somebody with a knife or with anything can kill the object of the crowd's love. It's difficult to whip out a gun and aim, but it's very easy to jam a knife. The only thing one can do is keep people at least at three or four feet distance. And he was always chiding anybody, me or anybody else who was in front of him, for being too rough.

So it was an inevitable thing, I suppose, that eventually he would die that way. He was very courageous. And, you know, it's like what we used to say about the Japanese in World War II, that they were fanatics and that they were crazed fanatics and so on. Well, whatever they were, it was war, and war is stupid, but if there is courage recognized in war, then the Japanese soldiers and pilots were courageous men who sacrificed their lives for their country, just like ours were. And however foolhardy this was and however absurd it was, Robert Kennedy was courageous, very courageous. I wish he had been far less courageous and much more sensible, but he was, nobody could take away from him, he was a very courageous person.

I think that there was something in his character that made him very shy of people initially. He was basically scared, not of so much of crowds as of individuals. And he overcame this every time. And in that short period when he was overcoming this, any person who was looking at him would feel very uncertain. My first meetings with him during the campaign, I thought that he was very mad at me for some reason or other. Then I realized that he wasn't really; he was overcoming a shyness that he had. And I think with the crowds, why, perhaps, he had the same feeling, and when he overcame the shyness, he objected to having people get in the way and ruin his support. But he knew very well that there was danger, and he sought danger.

O'BRIEN: Well, can you think . . .