Dag Hammarskjöld Remembered

A Collection of Personal Memories

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Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation

Association of Former International Civil Servants New York

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Acknowledgments

In 2001, on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of Dag Hammarskjöld's death, the Association of Former International Civil Servants in New York (AFICS/NY) paid tribute to their late "boss" (as he was fondly and respectfully called by the UN staff working with him), the second Secretary-General of the United Nations. A booklet published for the occasion contained the personal memories of AFICS/NY members and kept his legacy alive by evoking those values and that integrity Hammarskjöld represented and personified in such an exemplary way.

Ten years on, as part of the commemorations of the 50th anniversary of Hammarskjöld's death, AFICS/NY and the Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation seized the opportunity to join together in keeping these memories alive in a similar undertaking. We gratefully acknowledge the midwife role by Diane Jumet, who was crucial in facilitating the contacts between AFICS/NY and the Foundation and turning this idea into a reality. We also thank Mary Lynn Hanley, the co-editor of this volume on behalf of AFICS/NY, for the fruitful collaboration and all her work.

Using the booklet of 2001 as the foundation, we decided to add more voices and record further testimonies of a lasting nature. Though these too are personal recollections, they also document contemporary history, adding new perspectives and dimensions to what we know about the personality of Hammarskjöld, his sense of duty, work ethics and integrity, but also his humour and his more private side.

AFICS/NY succeeded in adding a few more of the voices of former staff members to the collection, while the Foundation was able to secure additional testimonies from others close to Hammarskjöld at work and in private. The informants we enlisted range from the pioneer Sir Brian Urquhart (who was the second staff member of the UN to be recruited) and another old hand, Jean Gazarian, who had previously worked with the first Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, as a translator (he continues with translation to this day!), to the Swedish confidantes assisting Hammarskjöld in his office, Per Lind and Wilhelm Wachtmeister, his butler Rolf Edin, his niece Marlene Hagström and his nephew Knut Hammarskjöld, to whom he became a second father.

We thank all of them for their willingness to share their personal, at times intimate experiences with a wider audience. We are also grateful to Trevor Grundy for allowing us to include a complementary story, which provides further insights.

The compilation of this volume of personal recollections completes the activities mounted during 2011 in memory of Dag Hammarskjöld half a century after his death. They uniquely enrich our knowledge of the second Secretary-General and draw further attention to his stature as a meticulous international civil servant and a decent human being. Along with 15 others (UN staff and crew) aboard the DC 6 christened *Albertina*, Hammarskjöld sacrificed his life on the night of 17-18 September 1961 near the airport of the Northern Rhodesian mining town of Ndola in an effort to bring peace to the former Belgian Congo. The respect for him lives on.

Henning Melber
Executive Director,
Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation
Uppsala, November 2011

Foreword

It is now fifty years since Dag Hammarskjöld left the world and the United Nations behind. Yet, with every passing year since his death, his stature grows and his worth along with his contribution becomes more apparent and meaningful.

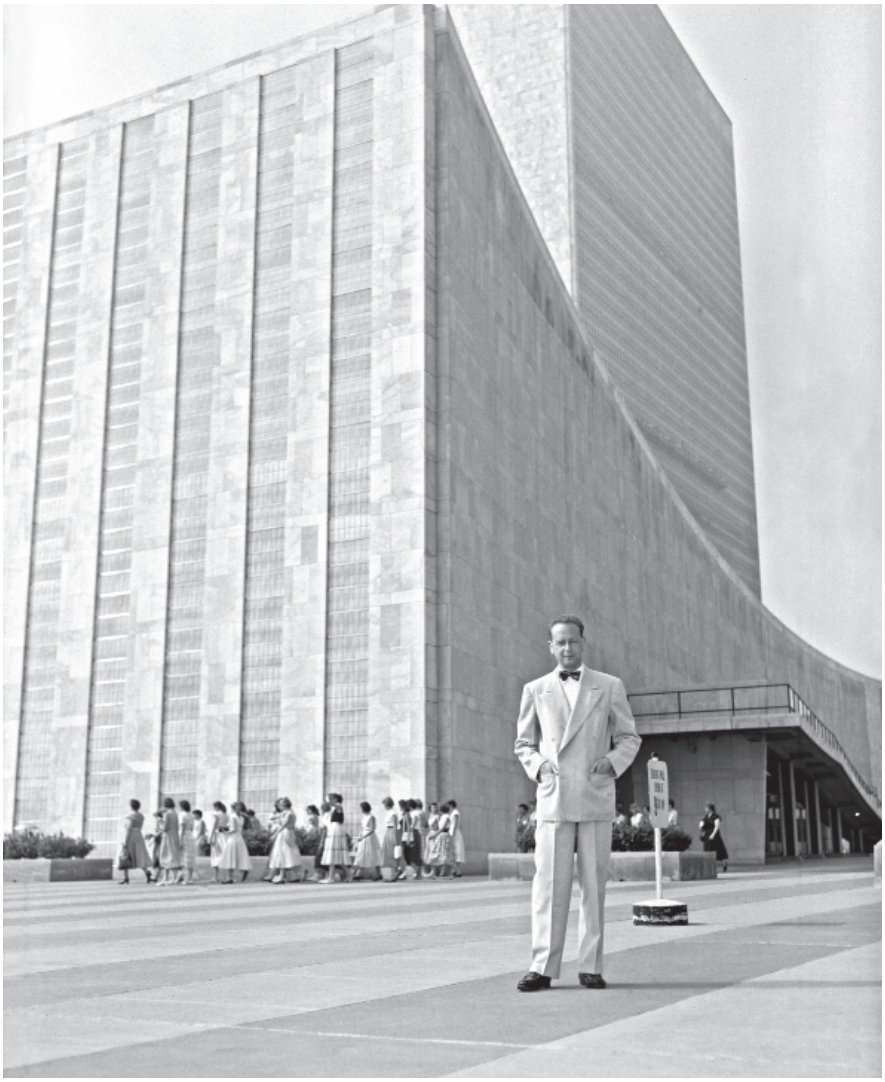
When Hammarskjöld was at its helm the United Nations was still a relatively young organization, finding its way in a post-war world that had entered a new phase, the cold war, for which there was no roadmap. He was a surprise choice as Secretary-General, a so-called "safe" choice as there was little expectation that this former Swedish civil servant would be more than a competent caretaker. Few imagined that Dag Hammarskjöld would embrace his destiny with such passion and independence and even fewer could have foreseen that he would give his life in service to his passion. But as Hammarskjöld himself stated: "Destiny is something not to be desired and not to be avoided – a mystery not contrary to reason, for it implies that the world, and the course of human history, have meaning." That statement sums up his world view.

Ten years ago AFICS/NY was inspired by George Saddler and Andrés Castellanos, both former Presidents of AFICS/NY, to put together a volume of memoirs written by staff who had served with the Secretary-General. Those memoirs are reproduced here and are supplemented by new ones written at this remove of 50 years. Also included are two speeches by Dag Hammarskjöld, one in which he reflects on the role of the international civil servant and the second, his last speech to the UN staff.

We hope that these memories succeed in imparting to those who never knew or worked with Dag Hammarskjöld the intrinsic flavour of this unusual, highly intelligent, highly complex individual who believed deeply in the ability of people, especially their ability to affect the world in which they live. He once reflected: "Everything will be all right – you know when? When people, just people, stop thinking of the United Nations as a weird Picasso abstraction and see it as a drawing they made themselves." Today that advice rings as true as ever.

Linda Saputelli
President, AFICS/NY
New York, November 2011

Dag Hammarskjöld – Second United Nations Secretary-General



Dag Hjalmar Agne Carl Hammarskjöld was Secretary-General of the United Nations from 10 April 1953 until 18 September 1961, when he met his death in a tragic plane accident while on a peace mission in the Congo. He was born on 29 July 1905 in Jonkoping in south-central Sweden, the fourth son of Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, Prime Minister of Sweden during the years of the First World War, and his wife, Agnes. He was brought up in the university town of Uppsala, where his father lived as Governor of the county of Uppland.

At age 18 he graduated from college and enrolled in Uppsala University. Majoring in French literature, social philosophy and political economy, Hammarskjöld received his Bachelor of Arts degree with honours two years later. For the next three years he studied economics at the same university and received a "filosofic licenciat" degree in that field at the age of 23. He continued his studies for two more years to receive a Bachelor of Laws degree in 1930.

Hammarskjöld then moved to Stockholm, where he became secretary of a governmental committee on unemployment (1930-1934). At the same time he wrote his doctoral thesis in economics, entitled *Konjunkturspridningen* (The spread of the business cycle). In 1933 he received his doctorate from the University of Stockholm, where he became assistant professor of political economy.

At the age of 31, after having served for one year as secretary in the National Bank of Sweden, Hammarskjöld was appointed to the post of Permanent Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Finance. He concurrently served as Chairman of the National Bank's Board from 1941-1948. (Six of the Board's members were appointed by Parliament and the Chairman by the government. This was the first time that one man had held both posts, the Chairmanship of the Bank's Board and that of Under-Secretary of the Finance Ministry.)

Early in 1945, he was appointed adviser to the Cabinet on financial and economic problems, organizing and coordinating governmental planning for the various economic problems that arose as a result of the war and in the post-war period. During these years, Hammarskjöld played an important part in shaping Sweden's financial policy. He led a series of trade and financial negotiations with other countries, among them the United States and the United Kingdom.

In 1947 he was appointed to the Foreign Office with the rank of Under-Secretary, where he was responsible for all economic questions. In 1949 he was appointed Secretary-General of the Foreign Office, and in 1951, joined the Cabinet as Minister without portfolio. He became, in effect, Deputy Foreign Minister, dealing primarily with economic problems and various plans for close economic cooperation.

In 1947 he was a delegate to the Paris Conference where the Marshall Plan machinery was established. He was his country's chief delegate to the 1948 Paris Conference of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC). For some years he served as Vice-Chairman of the OEEC Executive Committee. In 1950, he became Chairman of the Swedish delegation to UNISCAN, established to promote economic cooperation between the United Kingdom and Scandinavian countries. He was also a member, from 1937-1948, of the advisory board of the government-sponsored Economic Research Institute.

He was Vice-Chairman of the Swedish delegation to the sixth regular session of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris in 1951-1952, and acting Chairman of his country's delegation to the seventh session of the General Assembly in New York in 1952-1953.

Although he served with the Social Democratic cabinet, Hammarskjöld never joined any political party, preferring to remain politically independent.

On 20 December 1954, he became a member of the Swedish Academy. He was elected to take the seat in the Academy previously held by his father.

Elected to Two Terms as Secretary-General

Dag Hammarskjöld was unanimously appointed Secretary-General of the United Nations by the General Assembly on 7 April 1953 on the recommendation of the Security Council. He was re-elected unanimously for another term of five years in September 1957.

During his terms as Secretary-General, Hammarskjöld carried out numerous missions for the United Nations in the course of its efforts to prevent war and serve the other aims of the UN Charter.

In the Middle East these included: continuing diplomatic activity in support of the Armistice Agreements between Israel and the Arab States and promoting progress towards better and more peaceful conditions in the area; organization in 1956 of the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) and its administration since then; clearance of the Suez Canal in 1957 and assistance in the peaceful solution of the Suez Canal dispute; organization and administration of the United Nations Observation Group in Lebanon (UNOGIL); and establishment of an office of the special representative of the Secretary-General in Jordan in 1958.

In 1955, after a two-week visit to the People's Republic of China, he was able to secure the release of 15 detained American flyers who had served under the United Nations Command in Korea. He also travelled to many countries in Africa, Asia, Europe, the Americas and the Middle East, either on specific assignments or to further his acquaintance with officials of Member Governments and the problems of various areas.

On one of these trips, from 18 December 1959 to 31 January 1960, the Secretary-General visited 21 countries and territories in Africa – a journey he described later as "a strictly professional trip for study, for information," in which he said he had gained a "kind of cross-section of every sort of politically responsible opinion in the Africa of today."

In 1960, when President Joseph Kasa-Vubu and Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba of the Republic of the Congo sent a cable on 2 July asking for "urgent dispatch" of United Nations military assistance to the Congo, the Secretary-General addressed the Security Council at a night meeting on 13 July and asked the Council to act "with utmost speed" on the request. Following Security Council actions, the United Nations Force in the Congo was established and the Secretary-General himself made four trips to the Congo in connection with the United Nations operations there. The first two trips to the Congo were made in July and August 1960. Then, in January of that year, the Secretary-General stopped in the Congo while en route to the Union of South Africa on a mission concerned with the racial problems of that country. The fourth trip to the Congo began on 12 September and terminated with the fatal plane accident.

In other areas, Hammarskjöld was responsible for the organization in 1955 and 1958 of the first and second UN international conferences on the peaceful uses of atomic energy in Geneva, and for planning a UN conference on the application of science and technology for the benefit of the less developed areas of the world, held in 1962.

He held honorary degrees from Oxford University, United Kingdom; from Harvard University, Yale University, Princeton University, Columbia University, the University of Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins University, the University of California, Ohio University, Amherst College, and Uppsala College in the United States; and from Carleton University and McGill University in Canada.

Part 1 | Personal memories (2001)

Dag Hammarskjöld – A Leader In The Field Of Culture[1]

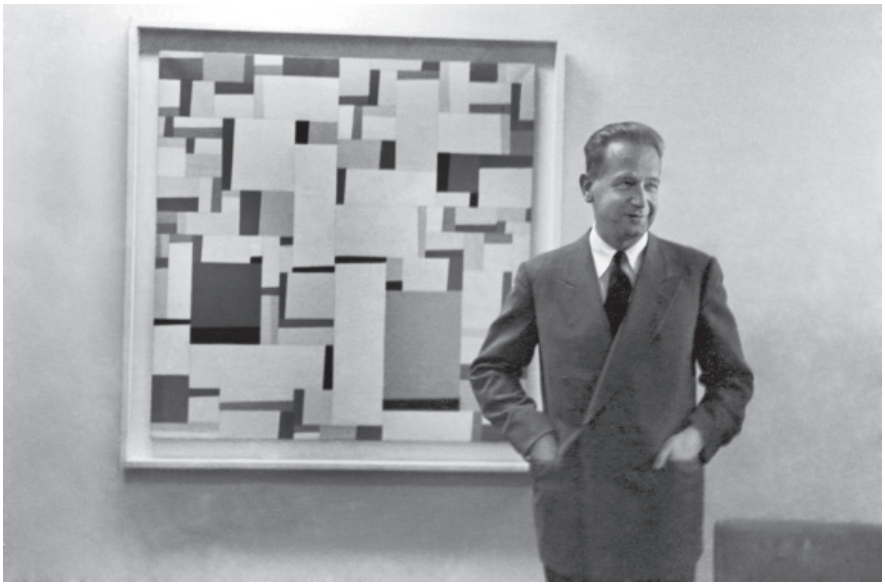
Brian Urquhart

One of the most impressive, and unusual, features of Dag Hammarskjöld's way of life was the integration into one scheme of activity of all his interests and pursuits. As Barbara Hepworth put it, "Dag Hammarskjöld had a pure and exact perception of aesthetic principles, as exact as it was over ethical and moral principles. I believe they were to him, one and the same thing." Literature, music, the visual arts, and nature were both his recreation and an important and sustaining part of his routine. They were the true companions of his bachelor life. They refreshed him and lightened the burden of his very public office. "It is curious," he wrote after his visit to China in 1955, "how experiences can suddenly fertilize each other. Subconsciously my reaction to the Peking landscape was certainly flavored by [Saint-John Perse's] *Anabase*. On the other hand, reading *Anabase* after having seen northern China, it is a new poem …"

Even at the most critical periods, Hammarskjöld made a point of finding time for his literary and artistic interests. Just before and during the period of the Congo crisis, which absorbed absolutely all the time and energy of the rest of us, he translated into Swedish Perse's *Chronique* and Djuna Barnes' extremely difficult play, *The Antiphon*, which premiered in Stockholm, published an article on Mount Everest with his own superb photographs, and kept up his correspondence with Barbara Hepworth. He also started on a translation of Martin Buber's *Ich und Du*, which he was actually working on during his fatal last flight. He evaded answering a journalist who asked him how he found time for all this extra-curricular activity. The point, I think, is that, for Hammarskjöld, it was *not* extra-curricular. It was very much a part of a perfectly balanced curriculum.

Hammarskjöld's wide and continuous reading was required for his work as a member of the committee of the Swedish Academy that awards the Nobel Prize for Literature, but it was a pleasure as well as a duty. He had strong and interesting views on writers both contemporary and classical, as well as on

1 Originally published in *Development Dialogue*, 2001:1



Hammarskjöld on the 38th floor of the Secretariat building, standing in front of "Rational Look," a geometrical abstract painting by Fritz Glarner, lent to the United Nations by New York's Museum of Modern Art.

publishing. He was always ready to help and support writers, young or old, and it was through his initiative that Eugene O'Neill's dying wish was fulfilled – to have his last and unpublished play, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, first produced at the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm.

At the UN, Hammarskjöld particularly enjoyed walking round the headquarters and finding ways to improve its aesthetic quality, as well as the artists who might assist in this task. The pictures in his own office, mostly selected by him on loan from the Museum of Modern Art – Gris, Picasso, Feininger, Glarner, Matisse, Rouault, Delafresnaye, Braque, Leger, Helion and others – made meetings there a particular pleasure. Hammarskjöld was responsible for acquiring, with the financial help of Thomas J. Watson, the moveable orchestral stage for the General Assembly Hall. He instituted the tradition of annual concerts on UN Day – concerts which had the largest worldwide broadcast audience in history. He devoted a great deal of time and attention to the programmes and other details of these concerts and was extraordinarily knowledgeable about music.

Hammarskjöld regarded as completely private the essential part of his life devoted to the arts. None of us at the time had any idea of the extent and variety of it. Nor did we know much of his love of nature, and the walks he delighted in, whether around Brewster in New York, where he had a weekend house, or along the shore in Skåne, or in the mountains of Lapland. His beautiful photographs are a lasting witness to his love of nature.

I am very glad that this hitherto rather neglected side of Dag Hammarskjöld's world is being opened up on this 40th anniversary, featuring three particular aspects of it. The striking personal integrity, as well as the demanding abstract

forms of her sculpture, made Barbara Hepworth an inspiring friend and support in the travails of Hammarskjöld's last years. Her great memorial to him, *Single Form*, dominates the forecourt of the UN headquarters in New York. His relationship with the poet/diplomat, Saint-John Perse/Alexis Leger, is a perfect example of the integration in Hammarskjöld's life of literature and his public, political work.

Manuel Fröhlich's study on the Hammarskjöld-Hepworth correspondence is a striking new assessment of a great man and his impact, character and interests. Marie-Noëlle Little has contributed a splendid introduction to and overview of the Hammarskjöld-Perse (Leger) correspondence, which throws new light on both protagonists.* Bengt Thelin, finally, has provided new and moving insights into the importance of nature in Hammarskjöld's life.

*2011 update: She has recently published *The Knight and the Troubadour: Dag Hammarskjöld and Ezra Pound* (Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation, 2011), about Hammarskjöld's part in the liberation of the poet Ezra Pound from St. Elisabeth's [mental] Hospital in Washington D.C., where he had languished since the end of World War II.

Photograph by Hammarskjöld. The Swedish flag flying from a boat overlooking Lapporten (Swedish: "The Lapponian Gate")

Memories of Those Days

Alice Smith

Hammarskjöld with Ahmed S. Bokhari, Under-Secretary-General in charge of Public Information.

I worked in the United Nations Secretariat from December 1946 to 1966. I never worked with Dag Hammarskjöld. I began in the Legal Department, then was senior secretary to Ahmed Bokhari, Under-Secretary-General of the Department of Information. After his death I became head of the Public Inquiries Unit in the Visitors' Service. We received all the fan mail, hate mail, requests for Dag Hammarskjöld's autographs and inquiries re UN activities from the general public. I therefore felt a certain connection with the Secretary-General on the 38th floor, although we worked in the first basement!

After Bokhari's death, I did some work for Wilder Foote, the S-G's Press Secretary. He wanted a list of Dag Hammarskjöld's speeches. I decided to add the topics covered in each speech and this involved reading them, one after the other. This job increased my appreciation of Hammarskjöld, his vision for the UN and his strength in initiating a new path.

I was impressed that Dag Hammarskjöld cared about many aspects of UN Headquarters besides his own post. He watched over the quality of the artwork and even selected music for the UN Day concerts. I remember being very interested in his choice one year of two contemporary American composers who were experimenting with Asian musical traditions. It was a way of adding an international tone to the concerts, a mixture of east and west. One was Henry Cowell and the other Colin McPhee (if I remember rightly), who had been living in Indonesia and was influenced by their gamelan music. This helped to open me up to other musical traditions, and this east-west influence is continuing to this day.

Eventually I became head of the Public Inquiries Unit, where we received a lot of the S-G's mail from the general public. When Dag Hammarskjöld was re-elected he decided to visit all the offices in the building to greet the staff. He even came down to our offices in the first basement, which I much appreciated.

I remember being especially impressed by Dag Hammarskjöld's decision to make a tour of African countries in 1960, such a tumultuous year. Perhaps it was because at that time Africa was a continent so distant from my awareness. Yet several former African colonies which had been under UN trusteeship were gaining their independence. Joseph Lash, in chapter 18 of his book, *Dag Hammarskjöld, Custodian of the Brushfire Peace*, published around 1961, reports that in 1953 only four African states were members of the United Nations. By the end of 1960 the number was 26. The Congo crisis started that year and Africa has been a crucial part of the international scene ever since. With their colourful turbans and flowing robes African diplomats became very noticeable at UN meetings.

The title of Lash's second chapter is: "Dag Hammarskjöld: Who is he?" It reminded me that, when his name was first announced in the press, everyone wondered, "Who is that?" Very few people knew him. He was an unknown (and I assume that governments hoped he would be a nice, quiet, unobtrusive executive.)

What a dramatic change! When Dag Hammarskjöld died so tragically he was a figure of international reputation, much admired but also much criticized, for his role as Secretary-General in defending the cause of world peace. The jacket cover of Lash's book says: "Dag Hammarskjöld transformed the office of Secretary-General and the UN itself into a major influence in world affairs." It was certainly a privilege and stimulating experience for me to be working at the UN during that period.

It is so sad to see what is happening in the world today, after so much work to build peace. People seem to enjoy killing each other more than ever.

Lash ended his last chapter with a quotation from a speech, which Dag Hammarskjöld made at the University of Chicago Law School in 1960. It reflects his views of the role of the United Nations at that time when he was facing so many challenges:

> Working at the edge of the development of human society is to work on the brink of the unknown. Much of what is done will one day prove to have been of little avail. That is no excuse for the failure to act in accordance with our best understanding, in recognition of its limits but with faith in the ultimate result of the creative evolution in which it is our privilege to cooperate.

This seems to me to apply just as well to the United Nations of today.

An Actor Observes

Philippe Lecomte du Nouy

In March 1957, I asked Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud, with their famed theatre company, to perform *Le Misanthrope* in the General Assembly Hall. Dag Hammarskjöld needed no persuading; he gave the green light at once.

The day before the performance, the Secretary-General heard that I had invited the Barraults to lunch in the cafeteria and I received a call from the 38th floor inviting the three of us to join him in his private dining room.

Dag Hammarskjöld spoke fluent French with a Swedish accent and the conversation was as sparkling as the champagne that was served.

The Secretary-General was incredibly knowledgeable about the theatre, philosophy and aesthetics. He was a perfect host, although I noticed his charming smile was tinged with a certain gravity and melancholy.

On the way down to the General Assembly Hall, past "my" Trusteeship Council Chamber on the second floor, I asked Jean-Louis what he had thought of our host. The answer came in a flash: "*Un chinois aux yeux bleus*."

I have never forgotten that description … or that lunch!

Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld in 1954 in the Swedish Ambassador's Residence in Beijing. Photo by Peder Hammarskjöld

Coffee Diplomacy

Bruce Stedman

Dag Hammarskjöld paid his first visit to the United Nations Emergency Force in the Gaza Strip at Christmas time in 1957. He flew in from Beirut in the UNEF Dakota, landing at "Gaza International," a grass strip that dissected the Israel-Gaza border. We (I was Chief Administrative Officer of UNEF) thought it a good thing if the S-G's first experience of UNEF would involve exposure to military field operations, so we took him directly from the plane to the headquarters of the Brazilian Company that was responsible for that sector of the demarcation line.

Surrounded by local press and television reporters, the S-G was led to the company headquarters tent, where he was greeted by the Brazilian Captain in command and given a little talk about the Company, its duties, and how it fitted into the big UNEF picture, illustrated with a few maps and overlay charts. The Captain's English was all the more effective because it wasn't perfect but it was very clear, delivered with modesty but pride, and the S-G was quite touched. When the Captain finished his little lecture, he said, "Sir. As you know, we're from Brazil, and we think we have pretty good coffee. May I offer you a cup of Brazilian coffee?"

Hammarskjöld nodded his thanks while one Major Forrero, a brash fellow of small stature and liaison officer for the Colombian Battalion said, "Yes sir, Mr. Secretary-General. This is the second best coffee in the world, and when you visit the Colombian Battalion, I'm sure you will have the opportunity to taste our coffee, and see how it compares!" Hammarskjöld nodded.

And then one of the local newsmen spoke up. "Well, Mr Secretary-General, you are certainly familiar with the world-famous 'Arabic coffee' which is what we normally serve in these parts." Hammarskjöld again smiled and nodded but said nothing.

Then another representative of the media spoke. "May we ask, Mr. Secretary-General, which type of coffee you personally prefer?"

After the slightest pause, the S-G replied, with a stronger than normal Swedish accent, "Vell, in my opinion, good coffee is like fine wines, each one suited to its own occasion." The sighs of pleasure and relief from the UNEF staff present were barely audible!

Hammarskjöld's Meeting With Dayan

Bruce Stedman

During that visit, Hammarskjöld spent most of his time within the Strip, viewing various aspects of the UNEF operation, but he took part of one day for a quick trip to Tel Aviv, to call on General Moshe Dayan, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs. UNEF had no operations within Israel. In spite of many requests from our side that equity really required equal treatment of UNEF by both Israel and Egypt, access to Israel was denied. Nevertheless, UNEF had been an unqualified success; on that all parties were happy to agree. So our visit to the General was really a social call. Hammarskjöld thought it was necessary to make the point by his visit that Israel was a party to and clear beneficiary of the UNEF operation, whether UNEF personnel were actually in Israel or not.

After a few exchanges of small talk (which was not exactly Hammarskjöld's cup of tea), the General asked a pregnant question: "Mr. Hammarskjöld, why didn't you tell me that UNEF was going to keep the Egyptian troops out of the Gaza Strip? If you had told me that, our attitude toward a UNEF presence in Israel might well have been different." Hammarskjöld replied, "My dear General, if I had told you that, it wouldn't have come to pass!"

Sentry of the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) standing guard beside the UN flag at a desert bivouac.

Promotion Prospects[1]

Sean Finn

I was a small part of the UN for 39 years. Daunting, now, in some ways to reflect on it, yet it never lacked for variety, or even elements of comedy.

Kashmir, for instance, in 1959. The Secretary-General, the formidable, even forbidding Dag Hammarskjöld, was due to pay a week's visit to the region. There were hopes (even then!) that a settlement of the Kashmir dispute might be in the offing. And how the choice was made still baffles, but I was selected to be his Administrative Aide throughout that week. Relative youth and unenlightenment endow their own form of courage; but I was told that technical training was also necessary, and this mainly consisted in mastering the intricacies of the Hagelin Code Machine. This, effectively, was a kind of typewriter where, through a prescribed code, the outgoing text would be scrambled and the possessor of the code on the receiving side could unscramble it. "This gives us," a Swedish Military Observer solemnly assured me, "an hour's advance on the Israelis." Cloak and dagger stuff … and the high-tech of the day.

I was on the tarmac at New Delhi Safderjung Airport when the S-G arrived from Kathmandu, on an aircraft provided by the King of Nepal. He was to be officially welcomed by Mrs. Lakshmi Menon, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. (The main portfolio of Foreign Affairs was held by Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister.) But most in the reception party were elbowed out of the way by Krishna Menon, the Minister for Defence and the former Indian Permanent Rep. to the UN (and earlier, incidentally, a former non-resident Ambassador to Ireland.) He personally knew the S-G and quickly demonstrated that he, too, had a lien on some of the spotlight.

The S-G's programme in Delhi called for an official luncheon by the President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, and then a visit to Srinagar in Kashmir, followed by a flight to Amritsar. He was then to change planes for Sochi on the Black Sea to meet Premier Krushchev at his dacha there. Meanwhile, I had made tarmac contact with Bill Ranallo, the S-G's official bodyguard (later to die with him in that tragic air crash), assuring him that the Hagelin machine was in finely-tuned fettle, ready to transmit any top-level messages the S-G deemed necessary – and that the UN radio station network was on 24-hour standby (using Morse code, the system of the time.)

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1 Editor's Note: Published posthumously. Sean Finn passed away in 1997 and his wife, Mary, kindly provided this reminiscence, found among his papers, in April 2001.

Later that day, some trial messages were transmitted, mostly to do with protocol arrangements for official receptions and dinners in New York on the S-G's return. And, incidentally, I recall in one of these protocol exchanges the suggestion being raised that the S-G would attend the opening of the Metropolitan Opera's new season, escorting another distinguished Swede, Greta Garbo. (I often wondered afterwards whether this intriguing pairing ever materialized.)

The official luncheon at Rashraphati Bhavan was, initially, a low-key affair – dignified but staid. The President, Dr. Prasad, was a distinguished patriot, but like some of us, seemed somewhat uneasy in the lush colonial surroundings of that former Vicereagal Lodge, now his official residence. His wife was not present and the role of hostess was taken by the Prime Minister's daughter, Indira Gandhi, later to carve her own niche in the history of India and lose her life in the process. Her father, Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, was also there, seeming distant and moody, but with a physical appearance livened up by the customary red rose on his achkan. Halfway through the meal, however, the tempo increased. A delayed guest made her appearance: none other than Lady Edwina Mountbatten, in a Girl Scout's uniform, on her way, she said, to Papua New Guinea. She had a sureness of touch and presence and, of course, had lived in Rashtrapati Bhavan as the wife of the last Viceroy of India, Lord Louis Mountbatten. An old, valued friend of the Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, she certainly spread a specific sparkle throughout the gathering to which even the dour, serious, but ever loquacious Krishna Menon – and to an extent, the S-G – were not immune.

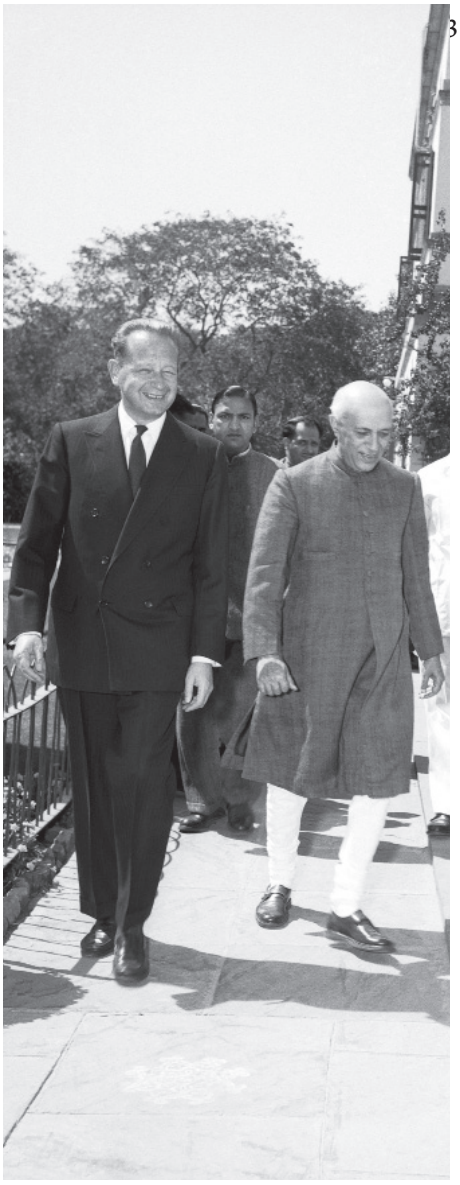
The flight to Srinagar was on a UN plane, supplied (with crew) by the Italian air force. There were five passengers, the S-G, his political aide, Wilhehm Wachmeister, General Nimmo, the UN Chief Military Observer, Bill Ranallo, and myself, safely sandpapered at the rear with the Hagelin machine. The crew radio officer had scant acquaintance with English so we hoped there would be no Hagelin messages to be transmitted in flight. But there were! Not long out of Delhi, we received a priority message to say that the Egyptians had seized a boat with Liberian registration making its way through the Suez Canal, claiming it carried an Israeli cargo. The Canal had not been too long reopened after that well-known contretemps. A series of cables to the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Dr. Fawzi, recommending release, was initiated from our flight. Quite a bit of time was consumed before the issue reached some kind of conclusion and the Italian radio operator coped well, though not without pain, with the Hagelin-converted text.

Whatever material I had for the S-G was transmitted through Bill Ranallo so I had little direct contact. He did query me, once, on my nationality, and I made what (I thought) was a witty response, saying that my vocal chords clearly

revealed it. "Oh yes, of course," he answered, "Scottish." Well, once that was corrected – laboriously, not wittily – he went into a little cadenza of praise about Ambassador F. H. Boland, then slated to be the next President of the General Assembly. I recall him mentioning that "Freddy" was one of the best diplomatic technicians in the business. Sadly, it was Ambassador Boland who, later, spoke the panegyric on the S-G's tragic death, telling the Assembly, "… we meet in the shadow of an immense tragedy …" Indeed, as is documented, Ambassador Boland could have been Hammarskjöld's successor but declined.

During the flight, the S-G took many photos, particularly of the Kanchenjuga Mountain Range, one of which was later published on the back page of the *London Times*, which at that time we would receive on special airmail newsprint. The plane made stops at Jammu, Srinagar and Amritsar. As we left, there would be little knots of local dignitaries at the plane to bid the S-G "*bon voyage*." On two of these occasions I was standing amongst them as the S-G came along to shake hands and express thanks. On both occasions he also shook hands with me, thinking I was part of the knot and showering thanks for making his visit to my area so pleasant! Then he mounted the steps – and I dutifully followed him.

Obviously, not much of an impression was registered. But that did not deter me, later, from mentioning the S-G Aide bit in updating my internal UN bio-data. This was in the innocent expectation that it might possibly have provided a modicum of oil for the promotion wheels. It didn't. But here I am, over three decades later, mentioning it again. Too late now.



Hammarskjöld and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru in New Delhi in March 1959 .

A Remarkable Person

Donald R. Hanson

In December 1959, Dag Hammarskjöld arrived in Liberia, the first stop on his Africa tour. My wife and I had been in Liberia since April as I had an assignment to assist the government with housing and planning. A few days prior to the Secretary-General's arrival, all United Nations personnel and spouses were alerted and invited to meet him for breakfast.

William Miner and I, the first-ever United Nations Technical Assistance personnel from the Secretariat assigned to this never-colonized country, were there. The other 20 or more persons at that meeting were from the "Specialized Agencies," including the World Health Organization (WHO), the UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), and the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN (FAO). Dag Hammarskjöld had arrived from New York on a 16-hour flight. (In 1959 we flew on propeller planes, which required twice the time of today's jets.) We understood that he had come straight to Liberia, arriving at the airport at 4:00am. (Why is it that poorer countries always seem to have arrivals and departures during the night time hours?) He met with us at 6:00am in the restaurant of the only existing hotel in Monrovia.

This early morning meeting after such a long, exhausting trip was a remarkable feat in itself, but when added to what followed, astounding!

Most, if not all, of us expected the usual "pep talk" that was typical of executives. Most of us had worked in government, universities or private companies before. Many of the "up-country" experts from FAO working on forestry projects, as well as those of us working in villages on housing and community development, came from 20-100 miles away to hear what our respected UN leader had to say.

In a very astute introduction he explained the purpose of his visit. We learned, only then, that he was to visit 23 other African countries. I silently gasped!

This was his first tour of Africa for the purpose of fully understanding the strengths and needs of the continent's newly emerging nations. After detailing the Secretariat's views on Africa, much to our surprise, he asked each of us to explain briefly what his or her assignment was in Liberia and to describe any special problems. This was not the typical pep talk! One by one, foresters, agriculturists, education administrators and housing and community development advisers each spoke for a few minutes. I was deeply impressed that the Secretary-General was willing to hear these details from so many field personnel. Of course, we know that this is the practice that any good administrator should follow. But, to the best of my knowledge, he was the first Secretary-General to do so, and during my 28 years of tenure, the last. Even more remarkable, he was to undertake the same process in 23 additional countries within about 30 days. This attention to technical assistance was remarkable. UN attention to peacekeeping, refugees and diplomatic affairs was, and is, normal. But detailed examination of UN technical assistance field operations undertaken by high-ranking officials is rare. My wife and I left the meeting inspired and even more dedicated to the UN and to assisting developing countries. Our admiration for this outstanding man grew to profound adulation, which exists to this day, forty years later.

The next day, we discovered that at 9:00am, after our breakfast meeting, Dag Hammarskjöld had met with President William Tubman and his cabinet. Of course Hammarskjöld had been given a general briefing about the projects in Liberia by his staff in New York. Now, fortified with first-hand knowledge from 20 field personnel, the S-G was able to discuss fully the economic social, technical and administrative activities, as well as the problems in Liberia, and to offer constructive advice, support and criticism. The very astute President Tubman undoubtedly had his own words of wisdom to share.

That same afternoon Dag Hammarskjöld flew on to Ghana, where he presumably undertook the same exhaustive schedule he had had in Liberia and would have in each of the remaining African Counties.

About a year later my bountiful admiration expanded even further. I had returned to the UN Secretariat in New York to develop details for an expanded housing programme in Liberia: a housing law, a low-cost urban development and a 20-village rural school and teacher housing project. There was a knock on my office door and standing before me were Dag Hammarskjöld and our section's director, Ernest Weissman. I stood in awe while being introduced to our Secretary-General. After the introduction he studied me for a few moments and then said, "I know you. We met in Liberia last year." Naturally I was flattered and wondered, egotistically for a brief moment, if he had come just to see me. I found out a few minutes later that he was on his annual visit to meet *every* – let me repeat – *every* employee in the Secretariat. I immediately realized that his humanism, balanced with his administrative skills, were without bounds on both the highest intellectual and the purest pragmatic levels.

ONUC, September 1961

Omneya Tewfik-Foz

On 1 September 1961 I arrived in Léopoldville on mission with ONUC and was assigned to the Office of the Chief of Civilian Operations, Mr. M. Khiary, to be his translator. Mr. Khiary was from Tunisia and had not mastered English. Almost all reports coming from New York Headquarters were in English and had to be translated.

Dag Hammarskjöld chatting with Premier Adoula (right) and Vice-Premier Antoine Gizenga (wearing glasses) during the official reception on 15 September 1961.

Dag Hammarskjöld arrived in early September. Because of the deteriorating situation a meeting with Mr. Tshombe, one of the leading figures of the Congo's independence, was to take place soon. The place and date were kept secret. On the sixth floor where the office of the Chief of Civilian Operations was located at that time, one large room, next to the Chief's office was assigned to the staff: secretaries, Press Officer and me. ONUC headquarters used to be a hotel, Le Royal, and had long corridors with doors on each side leading to the rooms. On more than one occasion at that time we would see the S-G *"en bras de chemise"* walking in the corridor – maybe to stretch his legs.

Security was very tight, as usual or even more so; the guards knew us from New York Headquarters. (I don't remember having an ID then.) Bill Ranallo, the S-G's personal guard was on duty. I remember teasing him on my way to hand a translation to Mr. Khiary; when the S-G was there Bill stopped me, pretending he did not know me and had never seen me before. I went in by a side door and after handing in the translation, left by the main door, right where Bill was standing. He laughed at my "trick" and I laughed, not knowing that this was the last time I would speak to Bill or see the S-G. The day was 16 September 1961.

We knew the S-G had planned to leave that night, but we were told late in the afternoon that the schedule had been changed, and that we could go home instead of waiting for his departure. The staff was always on duty call. Needless to say, the news the following day shattered all of us! The first thoughts were "WHO?" and "WHY?"

May I add that whenever I go to the UN, I stop by the Meditation Room to remember all those who died serving Peace.

Getting the News

Norma Globerman

On the morning that the disappearance of Dag Hammarskjöld's aeroplane was announced on the radio, I was eight months back from a brief stint in the Congo. I had joined a meeting with him on his previous trip to Leopoldville, and had seen him many times before at UN Headquarters, but was much too junior and too far removed from the S-G's office to be able to say that I "knew him." I had returned to the TAB Secretariat, only to be requested to join the S-G's staff on a temporary assignment, which stretched into August and then September of 1961. My office was on the opposite end of the hall from his, facing towards the plaza and the city.

I arrived in the building that September morning, already shaken by the news, and immediately joined in the cluster of staff wringing their hands over the lack of information about what had happened to the plane. There was a fair degree of optimism, as I remember it, that it had been diverted to another airport and for some reason couldn't yet establish communication with the outside.

When it was obvious that no one had new information we dispersed to our respective offices. I stood at my window staring out, but not really looking, for an undetermined amount of time – and then my attention was caught by movement in the entrance plaza. All the flags were being taken down. That's how I learned that Dag Hammarskjöld had died.

On 18 September 1961 the flag of the United Nations was flying at half-mast following the confirmation of the death of Dag Hammarskjöld.

A Haunting Memory

Cecil T.J. Redman, H.B.M.

International security has its sad and terrible face. Little did I know just how tragic that face would become when I left my small village in Trinidad for the United Nations.

The UN Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjöld and his entire party, including UN Security Staff, were killed in a plane crash between Leopoldville (in what was then the Congo) and Ndola (then in Northern Rhodesia) on 17 September, 1961. Almost 37 years later, the idea that I might have saved them still haunts me, as does the knowledge that I could have been on that plane.

Had I still been serving in the Congo, as the UN's Chief Security Officer in charge of the mission I would have made all security arrangements for the flight. My staff and I would also have accompanied the Secretary-General to Ndola. Seven UN staff members, including security staff, two Swedish soldiers and the entire crew lost their lives that night, among them, four members of the staff I had left in Africa just five months earlier. The eighth member of the party, Sergeant Harry Julien, died two weeks later, having sustained burns over 90 per cent of his body. He had driven me to the airport upon my departure in March 1961. The UN had never before faced such a tragedy. At Headquarters in New York, I watched the world body go into total shock. It was pandemonium! The entire staff, delegates from all over the world, the public – all were affected. People were crying openly in every office, on every staircase. I had never seen so much sadness … disbelief … sheer grief. Numb for hours, I could barely cry until the tears came down before my anguished staff. But we in the Security and Safety Service had to hold up and carry on.

Etched in my mind forever is having been part of the Guard of Honour that greeted the arrival of seven caskets from Africa at Idlewild International Airport (now JFK) in New York. Tears fell as I helped the Security Director, Colonel Begley check the names on the caskets while airline vehicles waited to convey them to the respective international carriers that would take them home. After all these years, I still remember everything in detail, even the weight of the caskets.

I spent many nights pouring over all that might have had a bearing on the accident. Maximum security had always been absolutely necessary in the Congo. What had happened? Where was the slip-up? Where had there been a weak spot? The circumstances under which that flight took off for Ndola and the

meeting with Moise Tshombe, and the tragic end of the mission, later prompted the representatives of Cyprus, Ghana, Morocco, Togo and Tunisia to call on the UN to conduct a proper and detailed investigation. This would also be a tribute to Mr. Hammarskjöld and all who perished with him.

The car with Dag Hammarskjöld's casket passing a farmer on the road to the funeral in Uppsala. Photo: Scanpix

Two Poems

Yvette Ripplinger

In September 1954 I had the opportunity to attend the Venice Film Festival. Among the films reviewed, there was an Australian documentary depicting the way a responsible herdsman worked while leading herds across the country to their final destination. I still remember the herdsman figure, sitting on his horse with part of his face hidden by his large hat's shadow, so you saw only his profile, watching calmly but with impressive vigilance all the motions of the herd, and going to the rescue whenever necessary.

The day that brought the news of the Secretary-General's accidental death was a long and difficult one for, by an unfortunate coincidence, it also marked the start of a new Technical Assistance Programme, with the arrival of a large group of African Fellows, rather demoralized by the news. Yet, for the sake of the work and the planned briefings, all manifestations of grief had to be pushed aside. After 6:00 P.M., when all activities had ceased, I was finally alone in my office on the 27th floor, free to give way to my own feelings of great loss. I was staring through the window at the GA Building that looked like an empty shell when, all of a sudden, the images of the Australian film seen in Venice years before came back to me and I saw again the watchful horseman responsible for the crossing of his herd to safer ground; strangely enough, the face under the hat had become that of Dag Hammarskjöld. Immediately afterwards, I sat down at my typewriter and the poem, *Death of a Herdsman*, was the result.

Many things in this poem, of course, are symbolic. The "contrary currents" may be viewed as political manoeuvres or opponents; "his design" was of course, the emergence of new nations; the "weaker ones" small and politically untried, needing "their blood kept cool, their heads reasoned;" as to "the watchful shepherd, eyes alert, mind on guard, knowing the job was not yet done" it is of course a strong analogy with Hammarskjöld in the UN context. Then, tragedy strikes. For those knowing the problems with Africa, the new nations and the world at the time, some of the analogies will not remain obscure. And the last stanza is, of course, an homage to the figure of the much-regretted Secretary-General.

Death of a Herdsman

He pushed himself up to midstream,
his strong horse bucking under him.
For time had come for him to take over
his part of the labour:
his to gather the herd, scattered wide,
floundering in the river's tide,
take them across the river,
keeping their heads above water,
calmly, patiently, side by side,
to reach the shore, solid, steady,
and ready them for a longer ride.

It was a dangerous river
made unruly from a flesh flood
with contrary currents bent to mar his design,
swift frightening waters surrounding his flock,
threatening his safety, all he had in his care.
He knew it could be done, if only
the herd would huddle peacefully,
swim patiently, purposefully, their blood
kept cool, their heads reasoned,
their bodies one large stolid mass, a safety wall
against the mounting tide.

He kept his eyes steady on the stray ones,
the weaker ones, not yet travelled,
not yet used to herd life, still too headstrong
or too young; impatient in motion,
new to the sense of whole, and direction.
He would then turn back, keeping his horse afloat,
the beast under him tense, yet sensing his strong will,
sensing his deep purpose,
in the end obedient,
to nudge the new-born, lagging,
frightened by effort, weakened by fight,
nudge them along to the shore, still struggling,
to breathe new life and then go on
to wider expanses, refreshed, reborn.

He went back many times, never seeming
to fear, to tire, and never wavering:
watchful shepherd, eyes alert, mind on guard,
knowing the job was not yet done
till every one was on land, safely gone.
Then he went back once more...

With no warning,
the violent waters came upon him, churning,
overwhelming.
His hold was lost, his steadfast friend
left alone in the swift cold current
to scramble as it could.
The River had caught him alone at last.
He was carried away, struggling still,
helpless flotsam within a stronger Will,
and then lost...

Not all the herd had reached the solid shore,
yet he had shown the way, of many borne the plight,
fought their fight
and, to the very last, done his task.
For his was to help the herd safely across the shore,
only this, nothing more.

18 September 1961

Although written after the tragedy, *Train Ride* was composed with the thought of the possible mental process a man like Dag Hammarskjöld may go through if reflecting upon his life while travelling through it. I can say, with all possible modesty, that this poem was written on his behalf, with deep empathy on my part.

Train Ride

I see sky whizzing by through leaves in sunlit trees,
Spare limbs now thick forest broken by blue lightning
When day is caught like a ball in between.
I see rivers dancing to a secret music
Falling to fast rhythms up to now unrevealed,
Racing with the machine in maddened speed,
Green grass turn yellow grain in a minute's magic.
Life is a long ribbon that unwinds yet stands still
While the machine courses against its will.

Life is held within stones, and roofed with red or grey,
Caught in sleepy willows touching across the stream,
In the grass freshly cut, crowning the oxen's day,
Dense in dumb animals, still as statues, yet real,
Now transfixed for ever within mind's memory:
These horses' gait in mid-air has been stayed;
The farmer's hands in motion have congealed;
Those sun-blanched stones were gently-grazing sheep,
Retained onto the eye through the eye's leap.

Yet, behind me, these motions unfinished
Will unbend to their end, ignoring transient speed.
The oxen will move on with the task accomplished
And shelter with warm hay and slow munching,
Green grass grown patiently to a ripened seed;
The river will find joy doing murmuring deed
Feeding the living roots with slow but sure magic.

All of this I shall not be there to see.

I cannot stop. I have chosen the seat
That passes by stillness and simple peace.
Steel wheels will not slow down before they meet
Their destined end. I know this has to be,
That soon after steel and I disappear
Green blur, once more, will become steady oak,
Human stands till and gather on, and sky will clear
When we are already by a thin wisp of smoke.

16 September 1963

Under Fire With Dag Hammarskjöld

John A. Olver

The challenges and difficulties facing the United Nations in the world of the 1990s have been so serious and widespread that even those of us who joined the Secretariat in the 1940s, and who are by no means summer soldiers, have tended to become disheartened. We need to remind ourselves and others that perilous times have occurred before, when know-nothings, isolationists and self-servers have blocked progress towards international cooperation.

In this highly personal reminiscence, I have tried to capture some of the excitement, danger, anxiety, satisfaction, and even comedy involved in working in direct contact with Dag Hammarskjöld, the greatest Secretary-General of all. Hammarskjöld's example of selfless devotion, determination and sacrifice, in the face of unprecedented problems, should inspire us again, just as it did in perhaps the most desperate time for the organization, in 1961. In that year he gave his own life to what remains a most noble cause.

This story begins in 1952, when the Security Council, faced with the resignation of Trygve Lie of Norway, the first and somewhat pedestrian Secretary-General, began to consider possible successors. Over a period of four months, and after several false starts and failed candidacies, the Council was finally able, in March 1953, to agree to recommend Dag Hammarskjöld, for approval by the General Assembly.

At a brief ceremony at City Hall on 27 April 1953, the City of New York paid a special farewell to Mr. Trygve Lie, the first Secretary-General of the United Nations, and, at the same time, officially welcomed Dag Hammarskjöld, Mr. Lie's successor.

Hammarskjöld Takes Office

Dag Hammarskjöld, Minister of State in the Swedish Foreign Office, became Secretary-General of the United Nations in 1953 to the surprise of himself and most of the diplomatic world. His name slipped through a sloppy and unstructured selection process after more widely known candidates had been passed over for political reasons. The choice on this occasion turned out to be fortunate for the organization and the world, through blind luck.[1]

We staff members quickly became aware that a different spirit would govern the still rapidly expanding organization and especially its Secretariat, besieged by McCarthyism and the threats of those, like their many descendants today, "who prefer drowning to swimming in the conditions imposed by the water," a phrase of the French poet and philosopher, Paul Valery, favoured by Hammarskjöld. The S-G (the shorthand reference for Secretary-General) announced that he wanted to see as many of us as he could in our own places of work, and sure enough he soon appeared – rather shy but appealing – in my own lowly cubby-hole in the Budget Division. As a young and very junior staffer called upon to handle some of the details of the massive reorganization effort he soon embarked upon, I was impressed by the speed with which my papers reached the top and came back down with comments and decisions.

Hammarskjöld began to take part in major political affairs to a far greater extent and with more impact than anyone had expected. We were elated when he played a major and ultimately key role in efforts to free American prisoners held in mainland China after the Korean conflict. It had become clear that American and other efforts would not succeed, and a General Assembly resolution called on Hammarskjöld to undertake negotiations. Doing so over many months, and in the face of handicaps caused by familiar successes of American politicians and diplomats in putting their feet in their mouths (a tendency that continues to this day), the S-G patiently and skilfully brought about success, to worldwide acclaim.

By early 1956, Hammarskjöld was heavily immersed, among other international problems, in relieving tensions in the always-troubled Middle East. His calming discussions with the region's leaders drew international support but could not prevent two unhappy developments: the abrupt cancellation of World Bank assistance for construction of the High Dam on the upper Nile (one of many ill-considered moves sponsored by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles), and the retaliatory nationalization of the Suez Canal and declaration of martial

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1 My longtime colleague and friend, Sir Brian Urquhart, former Under-Secretary-General and a close observer of every Secretary-General, has written several penetrating analyses of the still unsatisfactory selection process. His *Hammarskjöld* (paperback edition by Harper & Row, NY, 1984) is a masterwork, and was an indispensable source in the preparation of this paper.

law in the Canal Zone by President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt. These events stalled Hammarskjöld's efforts, and by September the world became preoccupied with the likelihood, and then the awful reality, of a British-French-Israeli military adventure, or more properly misadventure, in the form of concerted invasions.

The First Peacekeeping Force

The United Nations, and not least it's Secretariat, were understandably in a state of shock at this development. Nevertheless, Canada's Lester Pearson and Hammarskjöld came up with a swift and effective response, the novel concept of an emergency international peace force. Driving himself with an intensity and self-sacrifice we had started to recognize but could hardly believe, Hammarskjöld inspired all his key units to prodigies of performance in producing the necessary framework to enable a completely untried idea to take actual form in a matter of days. In the Controller's Office, we translated the most fragmentary data into at least passably reliable budget estimates and organizational proposals, somehow changing our focus quickly from planning for conferences to planning for the transport, feeding, clothing, arming and financing of multi-national troops still not identified.

Once again I was impressed with the speed and savvy demonstrated by the S-G as the major questions raised by the planners boiled up to his office, and too often to him personally. Although he was inclined ordinarily to dismiss the management services, with which I was working, as essential nuisances, he came to understand and value the work on impossible tasks performed by the Controller and the Office of General Services, which covered field operations services, purchasing, contracting, travel and transportation, communications and security.

A few short months later, at the time that UN troops were first entering the Gaza Strip as Israeli forces withdrew, I discovered that my theoretical planning efforts were due for testing in an unexpected and personal way. The Chief Administrative Officer of the United Nations Emergency Force – a kind of civilian Chief of Staff supervising on the ground all the support services for the troops – was due to be rotated out.

I had been helping the Personnel Office in the difficult process of selecting a successor, a sensitive matter in view of the S-G's intense personal interest. It was slow going, with many false starts, until the day when I was suddenly informed that my own name had been approved by the Secretary-General for the assignment. My limited experience in the UN and as an army sergeant were in my mind as I nervously recalled for my Personnel office interviewers the Abe Lincoln story of the tarred and feathered culprit being ridden out of town on a rail, who had only one timid comment: "If it wasn't for the honour of the thing, I'd just as soon get down and walk."

It turned out to be a highly complex management assignment, with control responsibilities on behalf of the S-G exercised as diplomatically as possible to keep the enthusiasm and naturally expansionist tendencies of the military commanders within budgetary as well as practical and political limits. Like most UN field officers, I welcomed the relative freedom of action and opportunity for the exercise of initiative, as compared to the Headquarters bureaucracy, but I found very quickly that I had reckoned without Hammarskjöld's participation and interest.

Largely through the S-G's principal partner in peacekeeping, the supremely gifted and motivated Under-Secretary-General Ralph Bunche, my education in diplomatic and political matters, as well as in all the facets of the new, untried art of running a multi-member international force, was rapidly advancing. Ralph was a tough taskmaster but always fair and in the end, understanding, and I felt relaxed in the knowledge that my inevitable mistakes would not get any particular attention from the Secretary-General.

It was not long, though, before I discovered that the S-G was personally reading all of my many messages to Headquarters and that a lot of Ralph's cautionary pronouncements were in fact Hammarskjöld-inspired. The fact that our Force was attempting to operate as a buffer between two bitter antagonists, Israel and Egypt, meant that almost daily we would have an incident that would shake the delicate balance the S-G was desperately trying to maintain.

One day, the Egyptians might arbitrarily arrest some of our local employed staff; the next day, the Israelis, who had refused to have the UN Force on their side of the line, would protest incursions across the line by UN elements. Rotations of our troops to and from home countries were particularly hard to work out, since there was no way in or out of Gaza without crossing terrain or airspace, or using facilities of one antagonist or the other. Often there would be misunderstandings about permissions, or communications would break down, and Hammarskjöld would quickly hear from Prime Minister Ben-Gurion or President Nasser or both. On one of these occasions, Bunche later admitted to me, the S-G asked him indignantly, "Don't our Administrative Officers have <u>any</u> political sense?"

Hammarskjöld was unanimously re-elected by the General Assembly in September 1957, for another five-year term to begin in April 1958. We members of the Secretariat wholeheartedly welcomed the news that our leader would continue. My tour in Gaza finished at the end of 1957, and I was again back in the Controller's Office in New York. There was no hint of the struggle and pain that shortly lay ahead for many of us in the embattled Congo, nor any foreshadowing of the tragic fate that awaited Hammarskjöld himself.

By this time, the decolonization process in Africa was in full flood, a fact dramatized by an extensive tour of the continent by the S-G in late 1959 and early 1960. He began many new initiatives designed to assist the emerging governments, and through special representatives and personal emissaries tried to highlight their needs and prospects. Towering as a special challenge for the international community was the Belgian Congo.

This huge central region of the continent had a wealth of natural resources but an almost complete dearth of trained African professionals to replace the thousands of Belgian civil servants and corporate personnel. Anti-colonial disturbances caused the Belgian authorities to advance independence arrangements hurriedly. The Cold War loomed in the background, as both East and West saw opportunities to advance their interests. For their part, the former Belgian masters planned to stay on as long as possible.

Hammarskjöld was aware that trouble lay ahead. He therefore arranged for Ralph Bunche, one of the greatest authorities on African affairs as well as on the new science of peace keeping, to arrive in Leopoldville (now called Kinshasa) as his personal representative for the independence ceremonies scheduled for the end of June 1960. There was some hope that Bunche's prestige and experience would contribute to a cooling of tensions.

Unfortunately, almost immediately after independence the new government lost control of the situation, mutinies took place in the Congolese Army, and Belgian nationals (and other foreigners including Bunche and his staff) found their lives at risk. Once again Hammarskjöld and Bunche were forced to improvise desperately, finally succeeding in fashioning, with Security Council approval, plans for another international force.

Destined to grow to 20,000 troops from many countries (but not from any of the great powers), the force included a number of African contingents. It was designed to be coordinated with a massive civilian programme of technical assistance. This programme was conceived initially as a quick-fix training and expert support operation to make up for years of educational neglect and lack of practical experience on the part of the indigenous population. (This many-faceted operation was to become known as ONUC, the acronym for Organisation des Nations Unies au Congo.)

The fact that the Congo was ablaze, and about to explode, left no possibility for designing and carefully implementing a master plan to be executed by well-trained, highly coordinated troops meshed with seasoned support and service

personnel on the civilian side. In the event, matters had to proceed as they always had to in the financially limited, modestly staffed Secretariat, which was expected to act like a superpower without any of the built-in assets. In round-the-clock sessions, Hammarskjöld and his staff appealed to carefully selected countries for troops and to major governments for transport and logistical support; screened all eligible staff for possible immediate assignment to Bunche as the nucleus of the 2,000-person establishment to come; and spent precious hours in committees and councils to ensure that the necessary international support was marshalled.

All of this was unknown to me at the time, as my concentration was on the habits of bass in the Delaware River as part of a family summer vacation in a remote backwoods village. When the phone rang, I expected to discuss a fishing trip with a favourite companion, but instead heard the Director of Personnel "inviting" me, on behalf of the Secretary-General, to leave the next day for an indefinite stay in the Congo as Chief Administrative Officer of a new peace-keeping force and a related civilian operation.

The next seven months became a blur of troop movements, logistical and management nightmares, hundreds of assignments and reassignments of staff, duels with determined military officers over allocations of accommodations and scarce supplies of everything, and endless jockeying with Headquarters over every kind of administrative and financial question imaginable. An illustration of the unusual nature of the problems was provided by recalcitrant Congolese soldiers who, for unfathomable reasons, abruptly hauled off to jail a number of our international staff. It took a lot of time and effort to secure their release from a confinement that could not be classified as humane. My exasperation rose when the financial services questioned the continued payment of daily living allowances during the stretch in jail, pointing out that room and board were being provided free of charge.

To make life even more difficult, Hammarskjöld quickly became a constant, high-pressure presence in my harried life. I soon learned that when a restless, driven, gifted genius focuses almost his full attention on any task, the place to be is not in his direct line of sight.

Crisis followed crisis in an ever-rising crescendo. All of us, from the unflappable Ralph on down, were under the pressure beyond all others – the need to try to match the incredible demands that Hammarskjöld was putting upon himself. Message after message, phone call after phone call, the S-G spurred us on, while the time differential meant that we rarely achieved a good night's sleep.

As July neared an end, we were in a somewhat zombie-like state, but felt a jolt of adrenaline when the S-G let it be known that he planned a personal visit to Leopoldville. This news affected everyone, but in my own case it represented a recipe for disaster. In spite of his limited resources and authority, the Secretary-General of the United Nations has a world position that puts him in the category of a Head of State; the managerial services of the UN see to it that he is able to function in that kind of capacity at the New York Headquarters or wherever he travels. My imagination failed me completely as I tried to fathom how the Chief Administrative Officer, in this case unfortunately myself, could possibly hope to provide even a semblance of the usual treatment and backup in the volatile, dangerous conditions of the Congo.

Without the powers of an occupying military force, and with the rebellious Congolese troops in turbulent possession of practically all facilities designed for military purposes, we had been forced to rent the Royal, a high-rise apartment building in a residential section of the city. Mostly but not entirely vacated by its terrified Belgian residents, the Royal soon became, as the ONUC Headquarters, both military and civilian. Several of us, including Bunche, had taken up living quarters there for security and other practical reasons, and we quickly decided that the S-G would also have to be shoehorned into the building. My military colleagues were naturally horrified at the thought of operating from such a makeshift command centre (the elevators small and undependable, the stairways narrow.) A particular difficulty was that we were just setting up the ONUC Headquarters in this deficient building as the S-G was scheduled to arrive.

We spent a lot of time trying to anticipate the problems of actual arrival: we already knew from hard experience that in the Congo anything could happen, and that usually it would be the worst thing possible. Thus it was a relief to learn that Hammarskjöld had decided to arrive via Brazzaville, just across the Congo River from Leopoldville.[2]

Logistical and security problems at the large but chaotic airport of Leopoldville made unexpected and often ugly incidents the rule rather than the exception. The Belgian forces were dragging their feet about withdrawal, and their tempers rose as more and more reports of mistreatment of Belgian nationals poured in. On the perimeter and beyond, rebellious Congo Army troops milled about, assisted in their depredations by local residents who sprang out of the bush at any hour of day or night. At the same time, monster aircraft, mostly cargo planes of the U.S. Air Force, were landing one after another to disgorge

2 At the time, in an intriguing display of African complications, two countries claimed the name "Congo." The ex-French colony to the north, above the Congo River, was designated Congo-Brazzaville for "clarification."

arriving troops, equipment, food supplies and huge crates of mysterious contents that were piling up faster than we could truck them out. At one point, I was asked to sanction a temporary halt in the air shuttle because it was feared that the surface of the airport might crumble under the weight of the dozens of overloaded planes, and hangars were overflowing with supplies awaiting shipment to points all over the Congo. I had agreed after seeing a large hangar half occupied by a pre-fabricated road bridge, addressed to me but with no indication of its ultimate destination.

We had little time to sit in meetings, but I insisted that my small group of civilian supervisors gather to plan for the arrival of the S-G in the most fool proof way possible. While our former Belgian Congo and the city of Leopoldville were close to full collapse, the ex-French Congo across the river was no bargain either, having only recently achieved independence and acquired a volatile and erratic President, the Abbé Fulbert Youlou, who still wore the white, Dior-designed cassock of his former profession and who seemed to be largely concerned with attracting attention.

My own concern was heightened by a recent experience when I had crossed the river on the ferry on the combined mission of looking at conditions in Brazzaville and greeting the arriving Legal Counsel for ONUC, Bill Cox. I found the ferry ride to be surprisingly efficient and agreeable, but when I reached the Brazzaville side it became clear that the welcome was far from warm. Scowling, heavily armed soldiers surrounded me, and their captain informed me that the President wished me to return to Leopoldville without proceeding to the airport. There followed a tense few minutes as I insisted on moving forward, calling attention to the diplomatic privileges guaranteed by my United Nations laissez-passer. Suddenly I was informed that the French Ambassador was trying urgently to reach me by telephone. A friendly and wise diplomat, he urged me with some embarrassment to turn back, at which I expressed surprise and indignation. After some fruitless pleas, he blurted out: "But, Monsieur Olver, he has given orders to shoot you if you proceed."

While I doubted that a similar greeting would be in store for Hammarskjöld, I told my group that we had to plan carefully to anticipate any untoward events before we reached the ferry. Once there, ONUC troops and security personnel could be counted on to ensure a safe trip across the river and up to nearby ONUC Headquarters at the Royal. We worked hard on every kind of detail for the airport arrival and the transfer quickly to the ferry. The Abbé naturally made a bid to have a large and time-consuming airport arrival ceremony, but finally gave way when it became evident that every minute was precious for this abbreviated but historic trip. At last a solid schedule was ready and I breathed a sigh of relief, while still complaining to my French-speaking colleagues about their insistence on designating the airport-to-ferry trip as a "cortege," a word that brought funerals to my mind.

On the day of the arrival, it was a pleasure to see all of the planning take form without a hitch. Every key person was in place as the KLM plane bearing Hammarskjöld touched down at the Brazzaville airport. I felt almost relaxed during the short ride to the ferry landing, and stepped forward to guide the S-G onto the waiting boat. Suddenly I was jostled aside and a startled Hammarskjöld was being pulled away from the ferry by the ubiquitous and unstoppable Abbé. Kidnapping by the President of the country having not been considered as a possibility in any of our disaster scenarios, we all froze in horror as the pair headed for the nearby Presidential speedboat. Before we could recover, Abbé and S-G flashed by us with a roar, heading – to my relief – for the landing across the river at Leopoldville.

For a few moments, surrounded by a moiling mass of diplomats, soldiers, ONUC staff, and unidentifiable personnel who invariably showed up at great events and whom we called "straphangers," I contemplated the river and decided that I would never again set foot in Brazzaville. At my side was the tough, never-say-die chief TV cameraman from NBC, who had already been through a few semi-serious scrapes with me.

> "Sorry, Joe," I said, "but I guess that the Hammarskjöld arrival won't be featured on the Evening News."
>
> Chewing on an ever-present cigar stub, he smiled. "C'mon, John, you didn't think I'd come over without backup, did you? My other crew is waitin' for him on the other side."

This cheered me considerably, as I realized that our arrangements for the Leopoldville arrival, complete with honour guard and ultra-secure transfer to the Royal would go forward as planned, and that the Abbé's freedom of movement would be seriously restricted on our home grounds.

By the time I reached the Royal myself, I found the Secretary-General already established in his suite, looking quite comfortable in shirtsleeves and surrounded by the documents, cables and other paraphernalia that inevitably appeared wherever he was. He looked up with a slight frown as I expressed the hope that the unforeseen intervention of the Abbé had not caused him too much inconvenience. In a fruitless effort to lighten the atmosphere, I remarked that at least his exposure to the infamous crocodiles of the Congo River had been very brief, for which I was rewarded with another scowl. I learned at that point that wisecracks were not much appreciated, a lesson that kept being repeated over the next months.

The S-G wanted to know about office accommodations, and with some trepidation I had to inform him that since space was tight in the Royal and security concerns were high, we wanted him to use one of the large living rooms on the floor. This was a room that we had already begun to employ as a briefing centre and consultation area, and Ralph Bunche had found that it was a most convenient place for small meetings and group drafting sessions. To our surprise, Hammarskjöld seemed to have no objection to working in a collegial atmosphere, and he happily slaved away on drafts of correspondence and speeches without being bothered by the constant comings and goings of central staff.

In a short time, the room became the nerve centre of the whole ONUC effort, and it soon acquired the name of "Snake Pit." The S-G had a smaller room for very private consultations and solitary work, but as time went on and his trips to the Congo continued, he became more and more comfortable with the Snake Pit. Fairly often I would look up from brooding over a cable announcing, say, the imminent but entirely unexpected arrival of a new contingent for the Force, to find him addressing me: "Olver, let me read to you a paragraph I have just drafted on Constitutional Law in the Congo." This seemed to help him clear his mind on the matter, in spite of my inability to produce any very useful comment, but the interruption left me no further along in deciding what to do about the arrival of 2,000 more Moroccan troops.

Communications represented a major headache, as is always the case for United Nations missions in the field, but the frequent visits of the S-G more than doubled the usual quota. In those days before faxes and E-mail it was necessary to rely on telephone, cable and telex contacts with New York. The significant difference in time zones meant a heavy amount of traffic pouring in to us not only into the evening hours but also well into the wee hours of the morning. Our UN Field Service radio personnel performed miracles in handling cable and radio communications, but there was naturally no way to replicate the highly sophisticated system to which the S-G was accustomed in New York. It was soon evident that Hammarskjöld expected to be informed immediately of any important message arriving at whatever hour of the day or night. Many cables involved other than Congolese matters, and after erring on the side of caution several times at 2:00 or 3:00am, I learned another hard lesson: the S-G required little or no sleep, and in fact welcomed pressures that would challenge his mind for at least 20 hours a day. Woe betide anyone who, regardless of motive, failed to confront him instantly with the latest challenge with which he had to grapple. Sad to say, woe betided me on numerous occasions.

Over the course of his several stays in the Congo, Hammarskjöld often demonstrated his disregard for the clock and for the normal body's need for at least a few hours of sleep. We all had learned to operate on a most restricted sleep schedule, but it turned out that the S-G favoured having no schedule, other than a tendency to catch two or three hours after 4:00am. It was therefore not unusual for me to awaken, in the darkest hours of the Congo night, resisting the entreaties of a sympathetic night security guard to arise and dash to the S-G's office.

I came to believe that Eleanor Roosevelt should have pressed for the right to a good night's sleep as part of her work on the Declaration of Human Rights. But there was nothing intentionally cruel or unusual in this, for in the Hammarskjöld mind we were all in a righteous struggle, and there should be no limits on the sacrifices we were willing to make. There was no discrimination either; while I caught a large share of the night duty because of the service nature of the job, others including Ralph Bunche and Brian Urquhart also put in huge amounts of post-midnight time. And it was hard time, too, because the penetrating and hair-trigger Hammarskjöld mind never eased off at any hour or under any circumstances.

My first pre-dawn summons remains particularly vivid in memory, probably because it was the first. Almost immediately after his arrival for his initial stay, the S-G became heavily involved in the preparation of a particularly important document for the Security Council, involving delicate questions of constitutional law and fundamental aspects of the Congo-UN relationship. This had gone through many drafts and revisions, and the S-G decided that the text should be translated into French. While we had not yet acquired a language staff as such, we had a number of staffers fluent in English/French, and I assigned the job on an urgent basis with confidence in the result. At 3:00am, an urgent summons came, and I presented myself to a stern-faced Secretary-General who waved a paper at me in barely controlled anger.

"What kind of nonsense is this?" he asked tensely.

In a somnambulistic state, and not having a clue as to what he was talking about, I could only gawk at him, which seemed to raise his temperature even higher.

"I asked for a translation into French, and you have given me a garbled, misleading text that is not even close to the original English. What kind of translators do you have?"

Managing to pull myself together a bit, I explained that I had no translation staff as such, but that we were as usual relying on whatever resources we could muster.

There followed the first of a number of lectures I received over the next six months, describing the importance of the mission, the need for the highest standard of performance, and the vital nature of the documents prepared for the Security Council.

The lecture went on for some time, and I found myself nodding off again, until he finished with a flourish by announcing sharply, "HEADS WILL ROLL!!!!"

This startled me into enough consciousness to repeat in questioning and troubled fashion, "Heads will roll, Secretary-General?"

At this he seemed to realize the extent of his hyperbole and quickly said, "Oh, not you, Olver. I'm talking about those people back in new York who aren't giving you the things you need. Now take this so-called translation and get me a decent product by noon at the latest."

This exchange appeared to stay prominently in his mind, because he would often ask me on future visits if I was getting proper response to requests for more help. At one point we were sitting amiably together in the Snake Pit on one of the rare occasions when he was not operating at full throttle.

"You know," he said conversationally, "I'm working hard to pry people loose for you. It's a struggle, because every boss says automatically that anyone we name is indispensable." Then, in a remark that proved to be prophetic, he added solemnly, "I tell them that in this situation nobody is indispensable, including the Secretary-General."

Hammarskjöld struggled to keep the Security Council behind him in his peace-making initiatives and his duels with Patrice Lumumba and Moise Tshombe and other erratic Congolese figures, while still carrying out the punishing requirements of other responsibilities as Secretary-General. He nevertheless found time during his Congo sorties to reflect on the shaping of the huge international effort he had created almost overnight. In an atmosphere worthy of a Shakespearean tragedy, with enormous pressures pounding at him from all directions, he managed to serve the broader vision that accounted for much of his achievement as Secretary-General. I admired this so much that I found it easy to forgive the rather ruthless way in which he deprived us of rest and forced us to try to do better than our best.

On one occasion, Hammarskjöld and I were inspecting the largest room I had been able to set aside in the Royal, where he was to have a staff meeting with all the principal elements of ONUC represented. The room was cramped, and the S-G was annoyed. I was treated to a testy dressing-down that ended only when I diverted him with a question about coordination of the civilian staff with the military command. Almost instantly he was embarked on a careful explanation of his new concept that would embody peace-keeping forces, technical

assistance, and support services in a fully unified organization. With great care he drew a chart for me, and explained how he foresaw that each element would evolve and link up with the others over time.[3]

Practically all services that were taken for granted in New York had to operate under the most adverse conditions in Leopoldville. As a prime example, the internal telephone system of the Congo had reached almost a meltdown condition after the abrupt departure of the Belgian technicians who ran it. While our military and UN Field Service technicians managed to give us modest telephone facilities for communications within the Royal, and to ONUC installations elsewhere, external lines were inoperable for the most part, and repair services were missing or completely incompetent.

From the beginning, Ralph Bunche had endured the telephone situation with growing anxiety, because Congolese leaders were constantly trying to establish contact with him by phone with little success. Serious misunderstandings often arose from garbled conversations and crossed lines. With the arrival of the Secretary-General, a crisis became inevitable, especially since by that time a single instrument in the foyer just outside the Snake Pit seemed to be the only reliable link.

One post-midnight summons by the S-G related to a call from New York that had faded out completely just as he was about to announce a crucial decision. Ralph tried to explain to him that there was little that could be done, but this as usual failed to deter Hammarskjöld from demanding action. I made the mistake once again of venturing a light remark, something about Indian smoke signals, which only brought out the familiar scowl.

At 3:00am I did not expect to be able to inspire much effort in a hopeless cause on the part of my staff, but five hours later I went into a serious discussion with the Chief Radio Operator, the closest approximation to a telephone expert that we could produce. As I anticipated, he quickly assured me that telephone equipment was quite outside his field of competence, but with commendable loyalty agreed to penetrate the bowels of the building to see whether there were any obvious interferences with the outside telephone lines.

He reappeared at the Snake Pit about noon, covered with grease and grime, to report that he had been in the third basement with a couple of assistants, where the building's electrical, sewage and telephone lines all made their hook-ups

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3 Realities on the ground often failed to meet the S-G's vision. Good coordination between military and civilian elements, and strong military leadership, were elusive for months because of an unfortunate choice as first Force Commander. Only determined action by the S-G's Military Adviser, Gen. Indar Jit Rikhye, saved the day.

with the outside world. After considerable exploration, he had finally found the exchange box for the phone system and thought he had detected a cause of at least part of the problem.

As he was about to reveal this welcome news, Hammarskjöld wandered into the room, and I explained quickly what we were discussing. The S-G asked quite anxiously if anything could be done.

"We've already done what we can, sir, and it should help," replied the Chief. "There was so much wiring attached to the box that we couldn't imagine what it was for. Then we discovered that it was mostly wiretapping equipment; evidently every espionage service in the world loaded itself onto the box. Once we detached all the spaghetti, the signal came through much more clearly."

Hammarskjöld looked at me with a small smile. "Ah, the price of fame," he said.

One of the greatest worries for me was that we would be unable to meet the Secretary-General's requirements for top-notch secretarial services. He was accustomed to dictating long and highly complicated messages and documents at any hour of the day and, as we have seen, of the night as well. To meet the situation, he was assigned the regular services of several of our best bilingual executive secretaries, including two Canadian women, Alice Lalande and Pauline Lacerte, who were ranked as outstanding at the New York Headquarters. Hammarskjöld valued them highly and worked them very hard, but they never failed to measure up. Alice was with the S-G to the very end, perishing with him in the aircraft crash the next year.

To supplement the hard-pressed stars, and to provide for the masses of routine typing which flowed through the office each day, I set up a small secretarial pool in a nearby office. I was pleased with this initiative and felt that it was a form of insurance against the terrifying eventuality that at some moment the S-G would want to dictate and nobody would respond. Hammarskjöld saw the benefits in this arrangement and cooperated by cheerfully using someone from the pool when his regular helpers were unavailable.

The Snake Pit became the scene for a particularly outstanding example of Secretary-General distemper when, in typical Congo style, things fell apart in this arrangement and the centre did not hold. It was very late in the lunch hour when I sought out the Snake Pit in order to catch up on some work that kept getting delayed by interruptions in my own office. To my dismay, the Secretary-General was there, in his most restless mode.

"Where's that document that I dictated this morning?" he demanded.

Pleading ignorance, I asked who had taken the dictation.

"Oh, someone from back there," he said, gesturing vaguely towards the hall leading to the pool. I hurried "back there" and my heart sank as I found the place deserted.

As I re-entered the Snake Pit, with absolutely no possibility of satisfying the S-G, I was joined by Bill Ranallo, the burly security officer who had been assigned years before as Hammarskjöld's bodyguard, and who, after demonstrating initiative and quick intelligence, had evolved into an all-around personal assistant. He too was fated to follow Hammarskjöld to his death in the crash.

It was reassuring to have Bill tell me that he knew the identity of the missing secretary, and he went off to find her as I returned to the Snake Pit to inform the S-G that the document should be in his hands very soon.

When Bill joined us, I knew from the look on his face and the emptiness of his hands that we were in trouble. Hammarskjöld did too, and pounced.

"Where's that document, Bill?"

"Sorry, sir, it's not ready."

"Not ready? I particularly asked to receive it by lunchtime. Why isn't it ready?"

Bill shifted his feet, looked at me pleadingly for assistance I could not offer, and finally squared his shoulders.

Almost mumbling, he replied, "The secretary had something of higher priority to do."

Aghast, I looked at him in pity, anticipating the blast he was about to receive. Instead, the piercing eyes of the Secretary-General turned toward me.

"Are you," he asked in a voice as cold as a Swedish winter, "the Chief Administrative Officer of this mission?"

Yielding to the recurring temptation to lighten up, in spite of previous misadventures with him, I said, "Well, I was, up until the last few minutes."

His gaze never wavered. "Please," he said, "have the goodness to remember that the Secretary-General of the United Nations is entitled to at least a certain degree of priority around here. At least I think so."

Bill and I retreated quickly, and I could not wait to ask him why, of all the stupid replies in the world, he had chosen that particular one. Although he was deep in gloom, he managed to say, "John, I can't believe this myself, but when I found out that the secretary had actually gone to lunch, I just didn't know what to say to him. That's the first thing that came into my head."

Experiences with Hammarskjöld were by no means always tense and worrisome. While dedicating himself day and night to fighting for stability in the Congo against the longest possible odds, he was nevertheless able to enjoy the company of close associates at less intense times. Mealtimes often became points of relaxation, even though his interest in food was not very strong. Those of us living in the Royal were able to take breakfast and lunch there, helped by Congolese staff that had previously served the Belgian tenants. Continuing curfews and troubles in the street meant that such staff headed home well before dark, meaning that the evening meal was usually taken at a restaurant.

On one occasion, the S-G was leading a crucial staff meeting that ran far into the evening hours, until at last he himself had to admit that he was tired and hungry. Since he wanted to resume after a break, there was no possibility of adjourning to a restaurant, and the Greek greasy spoon on the ground floor was closed for the night. Hammarskjöld said with a smile that since I was in charge of logistics it was up to me to feed the troops.

The only food resources open to me were the supplies on hand in the apartment kitchens, and these were not very helpful because the servants habitually took leftovers home and bought the next day's supplies afresh. Desperately looking around my own ill-supplied kitchen, my eye fell on a pile of cartons in the corner, and I took hope.

A few days previously, there had been a minor riot just outside the Royal, and this had caused me to wonder how we might survive if we were penned up there for any lengthy period. I had therefore asked our Chief of Procurement to give me some of the C-rations that the U.S. Air Force had brought in as emergency supplies for the newly formed peace-keeping force. A quick glance assured me that the boxes of rations contained enough cans of meat and vegetable mixtures to create a large stew that would be sufficient for the dozen people involved. Quality and taste were another question altogether, but I grimly started opening cans and emptying them into a huge pot on the stove.

It turned out that a jumble of flavours and ingredients were included, but since Bill Ranallo kept coming out to the kitchen to warn me that the "Boss" was becoming increasingly anxious to get the meal under way, there was no time for selectivity. Throwing aside any pretence of unifying my gourmet product, I dumped can after can indiscriminately into the pot. Turkey with mushrooms joined baked beans and ground beef with onions and endless other combinations in the muddy swirl I was stirring. My taste buds had collapsed under the pressure, but when the temperature seemed right I told Bill to serve the stuff.

I groaned when Bill reappeared a few minutes later, bearing the Secretary-General's plate. "Oh no, he wouldn't eat it? What are we going to do?" I asked.

Bill smiled. "He loved it," he said, "and he wants another helping. I almost never see him take seconds, and this great dish of yours seems to relax him. Maybe you should market it with a label saying 'By Appointment to the Secretary-General of the United Nations.'"

There was another small success on the recreation front when Ralph Bunche mentioned that the 55th Hammarskjöld birthday was coming. We speculated about the chances for running a successful party in the grim circumstances still facing us. I told Ralph that I would take on the "catering" if he would produce the S-G in the Snake Pit at the appointed time for a purported staff meeting.

At my next session with Procurement, we found ourselves in more than ordinary complications about the flow of supplies in view of port closings, road blockages and overcharged air delivery schedules. So depressingly bleak was the picture, and so overwhelming were the handicaps to quick action, that I felt the need for a quick fix in morale. If we couldn't feed and clothe the troops as we wished, maybe preparing a birthday party would give us all a lift. My challenge to see what could be done in a hurry locally was met with eagerness.

Well before the time set for the party the next afternoon, the essentials began to arrive in my office, gleaned from a town that was still almost shut down and barren of many essentials. Odd mixtures of decorations appeared, and a couple of balloons, while a case of champagne had been unearthed somewhere. There was even a birthday card, printed in Flemish but obviously conveying the right sentiment. And just before the appointed time, the Chief of Procurement breathlessly arrived with a perfectly baked cake, festooned with icing and the usual Happy Birthday inscription.

A surprised Secretary-General appeared at the Snake Pit and to the delight of the celebrants quickly entered into the spirit of the occasion. One of the presents was a box of the small cigarillos much favoured by the S-G at times of relaxation, and he immediately lit one as he toured the room accepting congratulations. His compliments to Procurement for the cake and other hard-to-get items were received with joy, and the graceful birthday speech by Ralph was the climax of one of the few sentimental occasions of Hammarskjöld's time in the Congo.

The frequent arrivals and departures of the Secretary-General caused perhaps the most strain on those of us responsible for making the necessary arrangements. Aside from large UN centres like Geneva and Vienna, which have full

facilities and services for meeting any requirement speedily and efficiently, most UN field offices and missions rarely if ever have a visit from the S-G, and if they do, plans are made and agreed far in advance. In the ONUC circumstances, we found that more often than not there would be only the scantiest advance warning because of fast-breaking developments and quick changes in travel plans by the S-G, often at the last moment.

Hammarskjöld arrivals became easier after the Abbé Youlou travesty, and our control of the Leopoldville airport improved as the impact of the early airlifts subsided. Departures were another matter entirely, whether they involved an internal Congo flight by ONUC aircraft, or an international flight, usually the first leg of travel to New York. Problems invariably arose, some fairly trifling while others were of great magnitude.

An example of the trifling type took place at boarding time for one of the internal flights. After the usual succession of scheduling and destination changes, some occurring at literally the last minute, Hammarskjöld and his personal staff were at last boarding the aircraft under my watchful, nervous eye. Twilight was approaching, and I was trying to hurry everyone including the S-G up the stairs. Suddenly he paused at the door to the aircraft itself, pondered a moment, and then turned to me.

> "I want you to send off a most important message for me," he said. "It must go immediately; I'll draft it right now."

Still standing in the doorway, now enveloped in the gathering darkness, he proceeded to scribble his urgent message on a tattered scrap of paper. Handing it to me with an additional emphasis on its importance, he disappeared inside as I headed down the steps. Once I reached the ground, the runway lights were bright enough for me to study the paper in my hand, and I realized that apart from the name of the recipient there was hardly a readable word. The S-G's poor handwriting and the unfortunate method of drafting in a standing position in the dark had produced an inscrutable product.

Luckily, back at the Royal there were a couple of Hammarskjöld assistants who had read and typed hundreds of pages of quite similar hen tracks. Somehow, over a period of two hours and after analysing each curve and stroke letter by letter, we fashioned a text deemed to be close if not exact, and I sent it off without any untoward results.

The worst airport experience occurred at the end of Hammarskjöld's first visit, when he suddenly announced to me that he needed to leave for New York the very next day to attend an urgently called Security Council meeting.[4] I quickly realized that there was no way to meet the deadline through the use of commercial services. After checking and rechecking all the airlines' schedules, with expert help from my deputy, Virgil De Angelis, a former head of the UN Travel Service, it was evident that a special plane would be required from Leopoldville to Europe, connecting with a commercial flight to New York.

Since ONUC had no aircraft capable of such a flight, and since other arrangements could not be made in time, we turned in some desperation to the small team coordinating the Leopoldville end of the continuous shuttling of American Air Force transports bringing the constant flow of men and equipment from European bases. While this work was indispensable, a low profile had to be kept because the U.S. was not an official part of ONUC. The team, consisting largely of engineers and other technicians, followed orders by staying on the base and keeping largely to themselves, but my responsibilities kept me in close touch and we often helped each other. In typical American style, a flying Post Exchange would arrive every few days, and its goodies were often a great treat for my hot and weary airport staff. Conversely, we were able to provide transport, food items and other services and supplies not easy to secure locally.

I made a hurried trip to the airport to discover whether the Secretary-General could hitchhike the next day on an aircraft returning to Europe. The Captain in charge assured me that they would be happy to help if the timing were right, and sent me with his blessing to Steve, the Master Sergeant in charge of line operations and a key figure in our cooperation. I explained the timing problem before us: for the next day we had booked the S-G on the late afternoon Air France flight from Paris to New York, so that he could be at the Security Council meeting the following day. Could we somehow get him to Paris in time for that flight?

We were standing on the tarmac beside a giant C-130 just being relieved of its load of jeeps, tents and food supplies. The din was so terrific that we had to scream at each other, but Steve got the picture immediately and scanned a clipboard he was holding. I waited tensely.

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4 The urgency was not overdone. The eastern "breakaway" province of Katanga, under the unpredictable and volatile Tshombe, was coming close to armed insurrection, and the S-G needed Security Council support for decisive UN action. He got it in a series of Council meetings on 8 August, the last of which came to an end at 4:25 the next morning.

At last he shouted, "Got a small transport going back to our base at Chateauroux tomorrow, and from there we could give him a car to Orly Airport. There should be just time if we can make take-off by nine in the morning. Still got some work to do on it, but we should finish by then."

The next morning there was a mob scene at the airport at eight o'clock, when Hammarskjöld arrived for the hastily arranged flight. All of the senior ONUC personnel and military staff were on hand, led by Ralph Bunche, supplemented by most of the diplomatic corps, Congolese officials, and the ubiquitous news media. I had thought it best to provide the S-G with as much privacy as possible by having him wait in the control tower, but large numbers of dignitaries proved capable of making their way there in spite of improvised security.

In this hubbub, I chose to hang back, knowing how Hammarskjöld detested both the waiting and the noisy crowd. I felt comparatively relaxed because Steve had assured me earlier that the plane would be ready on time and that only a final check remained to be done. With about 45 minutes to go, my satisfaction disappeared as Steve anxiously entered the room and found me.

"Just having a little trouble with a stuck valve," he whispered. "We should still make it okay."

Hammarskjöld had seen this exchange and beckoned me over.

"Trouble?" he asked demandingly, more loudly than I thought necessary.

"Just a minor glitch," I replied, more confidently than I felt.

"You are aware, aren't you, that this is one of the most important trips I've ever undertaken?" he came back.

As I retreated a few steps to avoid more of this kind of encouragement, I saw that the crowd, which had closely surrounded him, had mysteriously started to melt. It appeared that everyone, including Ralph Bunche, had suddenly discovered the need for fresh air or for consultations elsewhere.

I walked over to the huge window looking out on the runways, hoping to see signs that the S-G's aircraft would soon be ready. It had earlier been brought up near the tower for easy access. Now I saw that the cowling was off one of the engines and that the repair team was swarming over it like angry bees. Before I could turn back into the room, Hammarskjöld was beside me.

"Only twenty minutes left," he said. "Do you really think this flight is going to happen? You organized it, after all."

"Sure," I said confidently. "They haven't had to scrub a flight yet. They're the best in the business."

Realizing that the next quarter of an hour was bound to be the most uncomfortable one of my life, I desperately tried to change the subject. At first, forgetting the Hammarskjöld distaste for idle chit-chat, I tried to lure him into a discussion of his flying experiences, and even had the effrontery to ask him how many times he had crossed the Atlantic.

This got me absolutely nowhere, deservedly, and we stood looking out at the dismal scene in an equally dismal silence for a few moments. Somehow I had the good fortune to blunder into a mention of geography as a factor in diplomacy, and this interested him enough to use up a few minutes on the dragging clock. He thought that instant communications of the modern day, while offering many advantages, too often had the unfortunate effect of requiring instant reaction to complex, often dangerous situations. In the old days, weeks and even months could pass before those required to take action actually had to do so. By that time, the crisis had often simmered down or cleared up entirely.

After this exchange, I was foolish enough to think that perhaps the flight interrogation might be over, but the S-G's eyes unfortunately remained on that blessed Air Force plane.

"Tell me, John," he said in a deceptively relaxed and friendly way, "I'm really interested in your reactions right now. You know how important this Security Council meeting is and how absolutely essential it is for me to be there. History is being made, and the entire future of the United Nations is at stake. How do you feel?"

"What do you mean?" I asked nervously, afraid that I already knew.

"I want to know your feelings about being the single figure responsible at this moment for the outcome of an effort that is really historic. That aeroplane is your choice, and right now that choice looks disastrous."

As I searched for an answer to an unfair question, I realized that Hammarskjöld was really reflecting on his own situation and the impossible choices facing him. "I feel absolutely rotten, S-G," I said, "but that goes with the job."

Suddenly there was new movement around the plane below, and the figure of Steve detached itself from the others and looked up at the tower. High in the air he raised his arm, with a jaunty thumbs-up salute to us.

"Let's go, sir," I urged. "No time to waste."

A Mysterious Luncheon

A strange encounter with the S-G in January, my seventh and last month in the Congo, unexpectedly brought a sense of equilibrium and satisfaction on my part, after the long, arduous and frustrating months highlighted by the many failures to bring perfect service to a round-the-clock perfectionist.

When we learned of Hammarskjöld's intention to stop off in Leopoldville on his way to another impossible assignment in South Africa, imposed by the General Assembly, we felt capable of providing him with all the necessary facilities to permit him to carry out his ever-challenging consultations with the ever-baffling cast of Congolese politicians. By now ONUC had reasonable control of the airport and main activity centres, and a large, suitable house with efficient services had been acquired for the use of Rajeshwar Dayal, the experienced and brilliant Indian diplomat, serving as head of ONUC since September. It was supremely relaxing to know that the S-G could stay in such special quarters rather than the rough-and-ready, overcrowded, noisy Royal, with all its built-in deficiencies.

The day of arrival was in great contrast to the first occasion in July, now seeming a lifetime ago. The S-G was brought to the Royal by helicopter, and was able to get right down to business, with staff and services on hand that could match the facilities anywhere he went. Best of all, for me, there was no cloud on the horizon that would cause me nasty trouble.

As always, my peace of mind was quickly shattered. Ten minutes after his arrival at the Royal, Hammarskjöld summoned me. He was at his desk in his private office, and I took this as a bad sign, since he tended to be more relaxed in the Snake Pit. Still, he appeared to be in good form, showing no sign of the turmoil of the last few months in New York, when Khrushchev had mounted his furious attacks on him.

"Come in, sit down," he said, very pleasantly. After inquiring about my health (I mentioned with just a touch of malice that I had been getting a bit more sleep lately), he passed a piece of paper to me.

"That's a list of people I want to invite to lunch tomorrow at Dayal's house. It's my own list, and I don't want any changes in it. I'd like you to issue the invitations in my name as soon as possible. If anyone has a problem with it, tell them that it is a personal list of mine. If they still want to argue, tell them to see me personally."

As I walked back to my office, I scanned the paper in growing mystification. It bore no relationship to the usual protocol-minded, rank-conscious structure that

is the usual United Nations formula, and it seemed to reflect an unusual ratio in favour of staff distinguished for their hard work and loyal approach to any event sponsored by a high official. A number of key, high-level names were missing, and I noticed with satisfaction that they would not have been on any party list of mine either. Equally intriguing was the presence on the list of a remarkable number of people, many of them in the lower echelons of ONUC, who had delivered sterling performances under particularly difficult and often dangerous conditions.

I asked Cynthia De Haan, who ran my office with superb skill and good humour throughout my assignment, to get the invitations out with the least possible delay but to be ready for some early reactions. Cynthia saw my point as soon as she had the list, and only minutes after dispatching invitations she was fielding a mixture of agonized complaints and unbelieving acceptances with her usual discretion. Some of the uninvited would not be turned aside, and I was forced several times to offer to arrange an appointment with the S-G, an offer that was uniformly declined.

It was a delightful January day in the Congo when the luncheon took place in a setting that had everything to enable the guests to forget the horrors that lay just beyond the neatly manicured lawns. My spirits were as high as my mystification was great when we arrived to be greeted by a sunny, relaxed Dag Hammarskjöld, great actor on the world scene who was playing a new role here: fellow member of an exciting UN mission where we were all for one, one for all. Those of us with field experience knew very well the feeling of comradeship provoked by dangerous service together.

Remembering my responsibilities for the success of this surprising function, I started to tour the premises to make sure that everything was in place and all services at the ready. To my astonishment, this tour was stopped before it began, as the S-G placed a friendly hand on my arm and said, pointing to a nearby sofa, "Come and sit down with me. We haven't had the chance to talk together for some time."

Once seated, we exchanged a few comments about recent events in New York and Leopoldville, like a couple of old soldiers gossiping about their latest postings. This led to some almost nostalgic remarks on his part about our past adventures together in the Congo.

> "So much was happening that I didn't realize until recently how some of you were being pressed beyond the limit. That certainly goes for you, John, and you had to take more than most."
>
> I mumbled something about knowing the awful stress imposed on the whole organization, and especially on him.

"No, really," he countered. "I know that sometimes I was unreasonably hard on you, and I just hope that you didn't take it personally. You have been doing a fine job, and I appreciate it."

Stunned by this entirely unexpected blessing, I circled the room warily, noticing that the S-G was having similar chats with a few of my colleagues who had been under similar strain. We compared notes as soon as possible and found that the dialogue had been quite similar in each case. None of us had an explanation for this unprecedented semi-apology.

It was only after my transfer back to New York, a few weeks later, that the mystery was solved. I discovered that some of the wives had become troubled by the increasingly weird tone of our letters, and that they had expressed concern to Virginia Wieschhoff, wife of Hammarskjöld's principal adviser on African affairs. Virginia was one of the few who had no problem in talking directly to the S-G, and he had accepted her protest about his attitude towards hard-pressed staff and had promised to try to improve.

Encounter in Geneva

By the following summer, I had been transferred to the Palais des Nations in Geneva, that massive tomb of the League of Nations, transformed by the UN into a hustling, large-scale conference centre and base for GATT, the High Commissioner for Refugees, the Economic Commission for Europe and other important elements in the post-war surge towards greater international cooperation. The building still had the look of a somewhat shabby but very grand museum, with high ceilings, long and impressive hallways, and seemingly endless public spaces, conference rooms, and offices with views across green parks to Lake Geneva.

Heading down one of the marbled halls one afternoon, I was startled to encounter Hammarskjöld, walking all by himself. The contrast between the energetic, restless Secretary-General and his serene, subdued surroundings made me smile. He returned the smile as if he knew what it was about, and greeted me warmly.

"Not much like the Congo," he observed. "I expect you are not having quite as many headaches."

When I expressed sympathy because of his own inability to reduce the headache quotient, he shrugged and said casually, "As you know, in our business we have to take it as it comes."

We chatted for a minute or two like any pair of UN colleagues catching up with each other as paths cross again after an intensive time together on the firing line.

As he turned to start on his way again, he looked back and said reassuringly, "I have the definite feeling that we are beginning to get the Congo situation under control."

For no reason that I can fathom, and rather uncharacteristically, I muttered, "Take care of yourself, S-G."

A Tragic Crash

Three months later, on a gorgeous September afternoon in peaceful, quiet Geneva, we heard the shattering news of a mysterious plane crash at Ndola, just over the Rhodesian border from the Congo, that had taken the lives of Hammarskjöld and his team as they sought to arrange a cease fire in Katanga.[5]

The tragic event reverberated around the world. Already reeling from the struggles to keep the blue and white flag of peace flying high in the face of the Congo struggles and attacks by troublemakers anxious to sabotage efforts towards international cooperation, we had to wonder if the organization in which we had invested so many hopes could itself survive.

UN Headquarters in New York, suffering special traumas as the home base of the Secretary-General and of many of those who perished with him, quickly went into high gear in order to arrange the earliest possible recovery and identification of the bodies in the remote site of the crash and to bring them to their proper resting places. Among other things, this involved designation of an official recovery agent, and the Director-General of the United Nations European Office at Geneva, Ambassador P.P. Spinelli of Italy, was designated for this difficult and wearing task. He left immediately for Salisbury, Rhodesia, accompanied by Knut Hammarskjöld, a high international official in his own right, and qualified to represent the Hammarskjöld family as a closely connected nephew of Dag.

Spinelli had been persuaded by the Secretary-General to join his top team as a political trouble-shooter and envoy extraordinary. While his nominal designation as head of the large and growing European centre of UN activity was important, Hammarskjöld quickly learned to take advantage of political and diplomatic skills honed by many years as a leading member of Italy's diplomatic establishment. Quiet and gracious in approach, Spinelli had helped Hammarskjöld with crises that included Bizerte, Togoland, and, in particular, Jordan.

As one of Spinelli's closest aides, I worried about the effects on him of the harshness, emotional strain, and difficulty of this assignment. It was obvious that the task of identification of the remains would be unnerving and fatiguing, but beyond that would lie the demanding challenge of executing the still unfolding plans for bringing home the 16 who had been lost. There were

5 This was in continuation of Hammarskjöld's efforts to keep this province from breaking away. The cause of the crash remains a mystery.

mounting demands for the earliest possible return; the Swedish Government was anxious to complete arrangements for funeral ceremonies involving world leaders, the media were demanding schedules, the grieving families were making constant inquiries.

This was all churning in my mind even as I was spending a quiet Sunday at home. My brooding was interrupted by an urgent call from the Palais, the taut voice of the Sunday duty officer informing me that "the boss needs you in Rhodesia right away." Much as I wanted to help, I dreaded involvement in such a painful task, but the reply was automatic: "Get me a seat on the first plane to Salisbury."

It was a long ride through the night, and a lonely one. As day broke, there was Africa again, where I felt I had already given about all that I had to give. Then shame came to me as I thought of the Secretary-General and the colleagues who had perished with him.

The Funeral Plane

Salisbury was the rendezvous point with the huge Pan American Airways plane that had been chartered by the UN to bring the bodies back to their final resting places in Europe and North America. As I arrived at the airport, the Rhodesian Protocol Officer handed me a handful of teleprinted and cabled messages from New York, Geneva and Ndola. Most of them urged me to make arrangements for an impossibly early take-off, but some contained useful information about planned ceremonies and formalities in a growing list of stops that would be required. One of the most welcome bulletins came from Spinelli in Ndola, announcing that the punishing task of identification of remains had been completed and that he would arrive shortly in Salisbury, in the company of Knut Hammarskjöld.

The Pan American skipper was trying anxiously but futilely to reach me, as I knocked on his door. His pilot's jacket was draped over a chair and his sleeves were rolled up, but I was encouraged to see that he looked ready for an early take-off. He had been pouring over maps and flight plans strewn around the room.

"Mighty glad to see you," he said with a relieved smile. "I've been going nuts trying to guess just where we're going to go, and when. Things at the airport here are in good shape, and we can get going as soon as you give the word."

I riffled uneasily through my stack of messages, which I had been trying to distil into some kind of a plan. "With a bit of luck, we may get off tomorrow afternoon – Tuesday. We have to try for that if we're going to make Stockholm by Thursday, which is a must because of the ceremonies for the Secretary-General.

The Captain looked thoughtful. "We have quite a few stops, don't we?" he asked. "It's going to be tricky to make perfect scheduling if we have to weave around and land often."

I explained that we didn't have much choice. Leopoldville was essential because a stunned ONUC staff, military and civilian alike, had to have the opportunity to pay tribute to their own comrades and colleagues. Next came Geneva, home city of one of those lost, and the European centre for the UN. Then Malmo, operational base for the Swedish air crew of the downed plane, followed by Stockholm, a capital city in total mourning. Dublin and Montreal had suffered losses and awaited our arrival, and we would finish in New York, where the last of the victims would be delivered home.

> The Captain nodded, and said he would start working up a flight plan. "I've got airport information on most of those stops, but nothing on Malmo. I wonder if we can get in and out okay – I need at least 5,000 feet on the runway. Know anything about Malmo?"

Startled at this assumption of airport expertise on my part, I ran Malmo through my head and came up empty. Then I remembered that on leaving Geneva I had grabbed a copy of the World Airways Guide for use in case my own travels had to be realigned. There was a very vague memory that among its hundreds of small-type pages were some data on world airports. A look at the index provided a reference, and I came up triumphantly with a figure of 5,500 feet for Malmo's main runway.

> "Great," said the Captain with satisfaction. "We can get in easily, and maybe even get out again."

As we talked further about the timing of arrivals and the details to be attended to at each stop, I could not help wondering whether all of our planning was fated to be based on equally fragmentary information. Still, we calculated, recalculated, and finally set up a plan that by late evening we announced as final and irrevocable. To our astonishment, this was accepted by all authorities involved, and it stayed firm all the way across the world to New York.

In the morning, the planes from Ndola came in to Salisbury airport, bearing the 16 caskets under the watchful guard of Spinelli and Knut Hammarskjöld. Weary and disheartened as they were after gruelling days at Ndola, they insisted in helping me to supervise the loading of the Pan American plane and the completion of final plans for departure.

That afternoon we returned to the airport to find that a moving ceremony had been arranged, the first of many we were to encounter over the next few days. The strife and unrest that were sweeping Africa were pushed back for a few hours, and highest honours had been arranged. Rhodesian leaders joined with common people, black and white, in paying last respects.

The flight across the vast reaches of the Congo to Leopoldville gave us time to coordinate our thinking about the rest of the trip and to become accustomed to travelling on a flying funeral chapel. Most of the seats had been removed, and the rows of caskets were fastened in place up forward, leaving a small compartment in the rear for the living. Flowers were banked everywhere, some bouquets and wreaths bearing inscriptions from the high and lowly of Africa who had wished to show their gratitude and grief before we left Rhodesia. Each casket was covered by the appropriate national flag.

Spinelli lost little time in getting down to work with me, even though strain and fatigue clearly showed in his face. His questions about the flight plans and airport ceremonies were anxious but quick, for we were aware that we would be making our first stop at Leopoldville in a few hours.

"What time are we due? Are you certain they are prepared?" he asked uneasily. "What about the other stops?"

My brief time in Salisbury had been spent, with much assistance from the pilot, in working out the answers to such questions, and in assuring by telephone, cable and telex that all points involved were fully informed and in agreement.

"You can relax, Piero," I told him comfortingly. "We agreed with Leopoldville that we would arrive at 19:45 hours this evening, and we're right on schedule." In typically cautious style, he nevertheless proceeded to dictate a couple of messages for the pilot to send on ahead – "just to make sure."

I rose to go forward to the pilot's cabin and glanced out of the aircraft. Sunset was arriving in the Congo, and suddenly the sky seemed torn between the colours of red and black. It occurred to me that this colour scheme was appropriate, and that I was back again in the centre of a hurricane. We had come from the fringe, where disaster had crushed us, and now we were headed back into the very eye. Leopoldville was apt to be more unpredictable than ever.

The pilot's cabin brought back a sense of order and efficiency. The flight crew were quietly going ahead with their jobs in the usual efficient way, amidst all kinds of mysterious dials and gadgets that never fail to inspire confidence.

"Right on time," the Captain greeted me, giving a thumb's up. "Those winds I was worrying about have diminished. Sure, I'll get those messages off to the Leopoldville tower for you right away."

As I walked back through the funeral chapel portion of the plane, I was surprised to find that I was no longer jolted by the presence of the flag-draped

caskets. Instead, there was acceptance, accompanied by a continuing, deep sadness over the loss of my friends and gratitude that I could play a part in getting them home. It was evident that emotion had to be controlled, for there were four long days and nights ahead.

The cabin crew, attentive but not intrusive, were offering coffee and refreshments as they did at every opportunity, and they kept up a high standard of service throughout the long journey.

In the gathering night, we came roaring into the big Ndjili Airport at Leopoldville with such perfect timing that I noticed the first bump of the wheels on the long runway at exactly 19:45 hours. It felt good to know that we had satisfactorily accomplished the first segment of the trip. Only six to go …

> Knut Hammarskjöld turned to me. "How does it seem to be back?"
>
> "Almost like my first landing last year," I replied. "Just fourteen months ago our first wave came in like this, except that we were in a big military cargo carrier with just room enough for a few seats among the jeeps, food, weapons and tents that were jammed into it. It was dark then, too, and we were all nervous, as we are now. There were a few floodlights on the field, and behind them we could see the shadows of the Belgian paratroopers guarding the airport. Now the Belgians are gone, but everything else is the same – the feeling, the lights, the sense of trouble, the darkness beyond."
>
> "I wonder what's going on out there," Knut mused. "Anything can happen now. This could be like last year all over again. Let's hope the bullets aren't flying."

These comforting thoughts accompanied us as we debarked. We half expected to hear the noises of shooting and rioting, of the Congo in agony again. Instead, we found an airport full of thousands of mourners, internationals and Congolese, anxious to honour Dag Hammarskjöld and the others who had given their lives in the struggle for peace.

The Headquarters elements of the United Nations Force were drawn up as a huge guard of honour around the plane, with a gladdening touch of cooperation with the Congolese Army, which had interspersed some of its newly trained units among the UN troops. We were greeted by Sture Linner, head of ONUC and close Swedish friend of Hammarskjöld, who had planned a simple and moving ceremony for our brief half-hour stay. There were prayers by chaplains, followed by visits to the plane by wreath and flower-bearing representatives of all those on hand. President Kasavubu and General Mobutu came aboard for the Congo. The Irish Commander-in-Chief of the UN Force represented the men in blue berets, and the dean of the diplomatic corps also appeared. The chapel on the plane was quickly filled high again with the scented blossoms of Africa.

Outside, there were a few minutes for hurried consultations about onward flight plans and review of latest messages from Geneva and New York. There were reunions, too, with UN comrades who had carried on in the Congo or who had arrived in recent months. Finally, the military bugler sounded "Last Post" and "Reveille" and it was time to be airborne again.

North to Geneva

Precisely 30 minutes after touchdown, the wheels of our plane lifted from the runway and the physical link with the Congo was broken. Looking around at the brooding faces, though, one could see that the imprint of that unhappy land was stamped on all of us forever. Sture Linner had joined us for the onward travel to Stockholm, and I sat beside him wondering whether there was any comfort I could bring to one who had suffered through all the torments of the terrible Congo months, only to lose some of his most valued colleagues and closest friends.

> He looked up at me with the shadow of the appealing smile that had so often heartened me during the early days of the fighting and arranging for truces and trying to build a peace-making machine with improvised resources. "You must have been having a terrible time," he said. "Is there any way I can help you?"
>
> I tried to thank him, but could only say rather gruffly, "Try to get some sleep, Sture. They tell me you haven't been to bed for a week, and it's a long flight to Geneva."

The plane roared on northward, and again Spinelli fretted over the details of arrangements for the coming stops. We planned to arrive at eleven o'clock the next morning in Geneva, and we knew that this international centre would be ready and waiting for us. We kept going over, again and again, the dozens of messages we had received, finally satisfying ourselves that all reasonable coordination had been accomplished.

As morning light started to appear we arrived at the Mediterranean, and then flashed across that same sea I had crossed in the other direction so recently. By early morning the high mountains began to appear, and suddenly, or so it seemed, the great white tower of Mont Blanc speared upward below us. The view was unusually sharp and clear, and it occurred to me that Dag Hammarskjöld, passionate mountain lover, would have enjoyed this moment. I glanced over at Knut.

> "Yes," he nodded, "Dag would have liked this."

Now began the descent for Geneva, down the length of the long, blue lake with the tidy Swiss city waiting for us at the far end. The familiar bump of landing

was felt again, and my watch confirmed that the leap from the heart of Africa to the heart of Europe had been accomplished with split-second timing: it was precisely eleven in the morning.

The plane was towed to a large hangar at one end of the airport, and we disembarked into a glorious Geneva day, to join the silent ranks of thousands of mourners. We were home again, yet somehow we felt lost and far away.

In the hangar, the authorities of the city and canton, long accustomed to important ceremonies yet personally affected by the loss of a world leader whom they had come to know well, had set up a small chapel where last respects could be paid to the Secretary-General and his companions. There was a catafalque upon which the Hammarskjöld casket would rest, accompanied by a book in which mourners could inscribe their names. In a few minutes, the casket was in place, and a long procession, stretching far out along the side of the airfield, began to form and to move slowly into the hangar and out again. We saw in the endless line the faces of family members, friends, and persons from all walks of life and from offices of the United Nations and the many other international organizations, plus the diplomatic corps and representatives of the Swiss Government.

Spinelli had been asked to take a position with the guard of honour near the catafalque. As I passed by, he drew me aside to ask about plans for departure for Sweden.

> "Tomorrow morning at three forty-five," I replied glumly. "That will give us time to stop at Malmo before heading up to Stockholm. It seems to be absolutely essential that we get to Stockholm at exactly eleven forty-five."
>
> Looking absolutely exhausted, he nevertheless managed to say with determination, "I'll be ready. But I have something important to tell you. I've just had a message from New York requiring me to remain in Stockholm for Dag's funeral. Of course, Linner and Knut Hammarskjöld will also remain. I'm sorry, that means you'll have to do the rest of the trip on your own."

There then came the sad duty of handing over the remains and personal effects of Vladimir Fabry, the brilliant young legal adviser to the Secretary-General. Linner and I visited family members to share what we knew of the tragedy and to try to bring some kind of comfort to them.

By this time, the attentions of the news media had become overwhelming, and I realized that Linner would soon be under intolerable strain. Seeing this, my wife, Ruth, with typical perceptiveness and generosity, invited him to our home for protection and rest, an offer gratefully accepted. By the end of the afternoon, she had succeeded in sealing him off in an upstairs room, after promising

faithfully to awaken him in time for the pre-dawn trip to the airport. I too was bundled off in the hope of getting some restorative sleep.

> Almost at once Ruth was shaking me awake. "Sorry," she said, looking woebegone. "They're calling from the Palais with an urgent message they say they must read to you personally."

This felt to me like last year in the Congo, and the resemblance continued as I found it impossible to get back to sleep. Ruth made some coffee and waited up with me until it was time to awaken the slightly refreshed Linner.

Six Caskets For Malmo

Our departure was in sharp contrast to the tumultuous arrival. Only a few were on hand to see us off and to help with boarding, and the darkness was almost total. The plane was ready, and around it were the bustling figures of ground crewmen making their last-minute checks and adjustments. We wearily filed up the stairs to be welcomed by the sympathetic smiles of the aircrew, by now familiar friends.

Airport traffic problems were non-existent at that hour and we were quickly off the ground and into a long turn for a northward course, headed for a new day in Sweden. There was now one less flag-draped casket in our chapel, yet its absence could not be noticed, for 15 remained. I had the eerie feeling that this long flight was fated to circle high above the world forever, as a modern, airborne Flying Dutchman.

Shortly we reached Malmo, home base of the fallen air crew. Remembering my bizarre discussion in Salisbury with the Captain about the Malmo runway length, I smiled as we touched down with plenty of room to spare and, as usual, right on time. There was a marked-off place of honour, and we stepped off the plane into a grey, cold, windy day, in marked contrast with the African heat we had endured so recently. A short but impressive ceremony enabled us to hand over the six Malmo caskets; families, friends, officials and newsmen formed a large throng to stand in silent reverence during the brief rites.

Very soon it was time to be airborne again. In spite of our perfect on-time performance so far, all of us, including the crew, were feeling increasingly anxious about the forthcoming landing in Stockholm. The world was following our progress even more closely than we had realized, and messages kept reaching us to be sure to arrive precisely at noon. "Most essential," they read, and "urgent" and "imperative" and "Swedish Government most anxious."

Spinelli and I talked with the Captain as the ceremony ended. He glanced at his watch, stared at the sky with that intent gaze of the airman, watched the

servicing personnel bustling around our plane, and then gave us a preoccupied but confident smile. "Let's go," he said. We haven't been late yet, and we won't fall behind here."

Hammarskjöld Comes Home

It was a welcome change to take off in daylight after our two previous departures in darkness. Lake-dotted Sweden stretched out below and the sun slipped in and out of puffy clouds. As we neared Stockholm, the clouds dissipated, and suddenly outside my window three Swedish fighter planes appeared in perfect escort formation. Looking across the aisle, I saw a similar trio on the other side. King Gustaf Adolf had sent a special escort for the arrival home of Sweden's outstanding son.

As we began our descent, the escort planes peeled away with a final dip of the wings in farewell salute. The city below was an unusual sight, as all traffic had been stopped; cars, trucks and buses were lined up motionless on streets and highways of the busy capital. Activity at the airport was also in suspension, with no movement on the runways, and even servicing vehicles frozen in place. Dozens of large and small aircraft stood waiting on the tarmac, silent and still.

We touched down precisely at high noon and came to a halt in a vast square created by throngs of mourners, military and police units, officials of the Government, and representatives of most of the countries of the world. Members of the Hammarskjöld family formed a small group at the centre of the homage spontaneously being mounted in preparation for the state funeral to be held the next day at Uppsala, where the Hammarskjöld family plot is located.

To the slow, solemn beat of drums, we were slowly escorted around the plane to take part in the ceremonial handing over of the remains of Dag Hammarskjöld and the two Swedish soldiers of ONUC who had accompanied him on his final flight. Then the magnificently organized arrangements began to unfold, military commands and music occasionally breaking the deep, deep silence as the thousands watched.

Spinelli and I dined quietly together at our hotel that evening, glad to have an interlude of repose. The steady flow of messages had never stopped, and we had many details to consider about the remainder of the trip. Spinelli was especially anxious for me to make sure that the pitifully small collections of personal belongings were carefully delivered to family members. We had already seen how much these items meant to relatives, and how grateful they were to be able to speak with someone who had direct knowledge of the tragedy and its aftermath.

After dinner we walked about the proud old city, still and silent in its grief. Already there were signs of the growing legend that Hammarskjöld was to become; store and bank windows displayed his black-draped portrait, and signs were everywhere announcing the creation of a Dag Hammarskjöld Fund to aid international cooperation.

On the following morning the scene at the airport was altogether different from that of the day before. Our plane was one of many in the hangar area. The usual roar and activity of a great transportation centre were restored. There was no sign of the pageantry of the day before, since the scene had fully shifted to Uppsala, and I realized that I was boarding at just about the time set for the state funeral.

Now there were only six caskets remaining in our makeshift chapel, still more than enough to maintain the enveloping feeling of sadness. Recognizing my loneliness as the last of the escorts, members of the crew made it a point to sit with me as we flew on towards Dublin. We arrived in rain and mist at the Irish capital in the late afternoon.

Full Honors in Dublin

Ireland had been furnishing generous and unfailing military support for the Congo effort, in spite of many casualties and troubles. Frank Eivers, whom I was bringing home, had been serving as a civilian security officer with the United Nations Field Service, but the Government had decided to receive him with full military honours. The Foreign Minister greeted me on behalf of the Government, yet he stepped back in deference to the arrival of the young widow, married only a few weeks before her husband had been assigned to the Congo. She seemingly received comfort from hearing from a colleague about Frank's excellent performance and dedication to duty.

The Foreign Office considerately arranged a small, quiet dinner and a few hours of rest before takeoff in the wee hours of the morning for the long trip across the Atlantic. We accompanied the rising sun most of the way across, arriving as planned in Montreal, our next to last stop, at eight-thirty.

Alice Lalande, the only woman victim of the crash, was being brought home after service as one of the rare breed of perfectly bilingual secretaries who were key figures in UN executive offices and in difficult missions in the field. Popular and courageous, she had served in many harsh situations and had been through the most troubled times in the Congo. We had worked closely together, and I was especially downhearted as I descended the stairway for the hand-over process.

The bright Canadian sunshine helped to raise my spirits slightly, but a familiar although unexpected figure at the forefront of the crowd caused a great rise in morale. Pauline Lacerte, another executive secretary and veteran of countless UN campaigns, including the Congo crisis, had flown from New York to take charge of details in Montreal and to assist the bereaved family. In front of startled officialdom and military brass, I gave her a warm hug and mumbled thanks.

"We thought you could use a hand," she said calmly. "Let me take over now. You know that Alice and I were very close." She turned away to give instructions to the waiting attendants, while I sought out the Captain to plan the last leg of the seemingly endless trip.

An end and a Beginning

Within an hour we were aloft again, for we had orders from UN Headquarters to arrive at the New York airport at exactly eleven-thirty. The continuous flow of messages still pursued me, echoing concerns of families and pressures of the media.

Four caskets still remained in my care, including those of two of Hammarskjöld's closest associates. A brilliant American specialist on African affairs, Heinz Wieschhoff, had become a personal confidante as well as principal adviser on African matters.[6] Bill Ranallo, the driver-bodyguard who had emerged as an indispensable aide and selfless friend to the S-G, had never failed to raise my spirits and to help me through difficulties.

Two UN Field Service sergeants, Harry Julien and Serge Barrau, were handpicked security officers of the finest calibre. Harry had been the only survivor of the crash, but lived only long enough to mumble a few incoherencies to hospital personnel.

My nerves were jumping as my watch showed eleven-fifteen, with no sign of an upcoming arrival. I was about to go forward to challenge the Captain when he came sauntering back to say, "We land in fifteen minutes. Time to relax for a change."

Our plane came rolling up to its last stop amidst a cordon of police, UN guards, and hundreds of Secretariat personnel who had come in tribute to their comrades. The Secretariat took over in its quiet, efficient way, and I was soon relieved of responsibility as well as all the official documents, papers and packages that I had guarded so carefully for thousands of miles.

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6 It was Wieschhoff's wife, Virginia, who had intervened the previous year with Hammarskjöld, on behalf of his worn out staff.

As I walked out into the sunlight, still disbelieving that the long ordeal was over, still feeling the continuous pain of the tragedy, I wondered again whether the United Nations was a wonderful, dead dream that had received its final shattering in a fiery crash on a hill in the African bush. Then a hand grasped mine, and another, and still another, and all around me I saw the sympathetic, supportive faces of Secretariat friends and colleagues. They crowded in to encourage, to question, to show support and solidarity. As I felt their spirit, recalled what they had been through and what they had accomplished, and foresaw what they could do in times ahead, I began to realize that the dream was far from dead and that it could never die.

Epilogue

A few years later, in the mid-1960s, the remarkable journal of Dag Hammarskjöld was translated and published, under the title *Markings*.[7] While it deals with challenges of the spirit rather than events in daily life, some passages have particular resonance for those of us lucky enough to have passed his way.

For me, the following entry, made on 3 December 1960 (as my Congo assignment was in its last phase), captures perfectly the Hammarskjöld outlook and the determination he inspired in us:

> The road,
> You shall follow it.
>
> The fun,
> You shall forget it.
>
> The cup,
> You shall empty it.
>
> The pain,
> You shall conceal it.
>
> The truth,
> You shall be told it.
>
> The end,
> You shall endure it.

7 *Markings*, published in New York and London, 1964, by Faber & Faber, and Alfred A. Knopf.

Part II | Personal memories (2011)

Dag Hammarskjöld – Fifty Years Later

Brian Urquhart

Dag Hammarskjöld has stayed vividly in my mind for fifty years. I cannot claim to have known him well, (I wonder if anyone can) but I worked with him enough to get a clear – and quite intimidating – idea of his extremely high standards of performance, his capacity for applying an outstanding intellect to practical problems, and his visionary idea of the United Nations as a work in progress through which day-to-day work might make a contribution, however small, to the great future structure of a world of peace with justice.

It has sometimes been said that Hammarskjöld was a remote and inhuman person. I don't think this is true. He was certainly unusual in his total dedication to a great idea, his great moral courage, and his relentless focus on the things he thought important. His powers of concentration were sometimes mistaken for incivility. He liked to use every waking hour as purposefully as possible, so he had little use for small talk or large social occasions. His irritation at quite minor frustrations could be excessive but didn't last long. He was unforgiving of anything he found dishonest, dishonourable or double-faced. He had a small circle of devoted friends on whose loyalty and affection he absolutely counted. He also had a wider circle of correspondents in the upper reaches of international affairs. Their confidential correspondence shows an extraordinary degree of frankness and mutual respect, even when, as often, they did not agree. This correspondence provides a vivid insight into the personalities and politics of the time and it was an important part of Hammarskjöld's conduct of his office. He also positively liked the press corps and press conferences, during which his answers were a masterly mixture of abstraction, reflection and a minimum of hard news. He discouraged special interviews with individual reporters, which he considered an egregious form of favouritism.

There was another Hammarskjöld that I personally saw only once or twice. If, when travelling, there was an evening in some distant place where it was absolutely out of the question to pursue the normal disciplined timetable of work, he would take his small entourage to the most congenial restaurant he could find. There for an hour or two he would become the most charming and informal of hosts,

revealing a man of delightful humour and diverse interests, a friend and confidant. The mistake was to assume that this mood would last into the hard realities of the next day, but it was good to know that it existed.

I still remember vividly September 18, 1961, the day of Hammarskjöld's death. Ralph Bunche, who was, I think, the colleague Hammarskjöld most respected, called me at 3:00am to come immediately into the office. The Secretary-General's plane was missing. About 10:00am word came from Colonel Ben Matlick, a U.S. Air Attaché in central Africa, that the wreckage had been sighted from the air about nine miles from the airport of Ndola, then in Northern Rhodesia, where Hammarskjöld's DC-6 had been expected to land the night before. There was no sign of survivors.

In a long life I have heard of the death of many friends in many different circumstances, but none affected me as this did, and I suspect many other people in the secretariat had the same experience. Very few of us knew Hammarskjöld at all well, but his sudden death produced an agonizing sense of irreparable personal loss. Hammarskjöld had come to occupy a unique place in our lives by the nature of his character and leadership. In my case at any rate, I was haunted by the conviction that we would never have such a leader again. To this day I have not lost some of that feeling.

A Special Human Being

Isabel S. Bautista

Since I am a surviving member of the staff on the 38th floor of the United Nations Secretariat building during Dag Hammarskjöld's time as Secretary-General, I feel I should also speak for those close to him, who were not only my colleagues, but my friends. They were Hannah Platz, his secretary; Bill Ranallo, his aide; and Loretta Cowan, receptionist.

Dag Hammarskjöld was a unique and unusual person – truly, a special human being. To the outside world, he appeared quiet, reserved – a very private individual. To us, he was very caring, witty and extremely intelligent. I've worked for many United Nations Secretaries-General, from Trygve Lie to Kurt Waldheim, and I believe that there has and will not be anyone like Dag Hammarskjöld – at least in my lifetime. He was a deep, thoughtful and caring individual.

My career at the UN began in 1945. While working for the United States Army Base X in the Philippines I received a special commendation, which helped me in my application for a job at the United Nations Secretariat in New York. I started as a clerk in the basement of the building where the guards reported for work. This afforded me an opportunity to meet and get to know them.

When the Executive Office of the Secretary-General sent a memo around to select a secretary of exceptional qualification, I was sent to the 38th floor for an interview. I was chosen and worked for the Executive Officer, David Blickenstaff. I took dictation from him and learned procedural matters for conducting and organizing the work of the General Assembly and its Main Committees, which were numerous and complicated. I became proficient in this area and later was sent to Africa, Asia and South America to assist in the organization of various conferences.

In the meantime, my son Gil was growing up. I had Vida who took care of him and my household, enabling me to work regularly and for long hours. I used to cover for Hannah Platz, Dag Hammarskjöld's secretary, when she went to lunch. I recall one instance when I was looking over some children's books. The S-G stopped, stood across from the desk where I was sitting and proceeded to read upside down the book I was holding. I looked up, amazed, and asked, "Mr. Secretary-General; is there anything you cannot do?"

Shortly after the tragedy that took his life, I was brought to his quarters to pick up any gifts I had given him that I might like to keep. On his night table, next to his bed, I noticed a Bible and a small black prayer book. Dag Hammarskjöld, in his own way, was really a man of prayer.

Sadly, Bill Ranallo also perished with Dag Hammarskjöld in the plane crash. He was a dedicated, hard-working aide with utmost integrity in the execution of his job. When we received the news of the tragedy, I recall Hannah Platz running to my office, closing the door and both of us cried.

Loretta Cowan, our receptionist and telephone operator on the 38th floor, was another person closely associated with Dag Hammarskjöld. She was the one sent to represent the Secretariat at his funeral in Sweden.

Loretta was very dedicated to her job and a tenacious individual. Nothing stood in her way whenever and whatever she was called to do. I recall one night when the Secretary-General needed Brian Urquhart, Special Assistant to the S-G. Brian happened to be on vacation and purposely did not leave any information as to where he could be reached. Loretta, undeterred, was able to contact him with the assistance of the highway patrol. That was indispensable Loretta!

Loretta and I worked long hours. She often waited for me to drive home since we both lived in Stuyvesant Town in downtown Manhattan. Many times we would sit in the car reminiscing about the day's activities and exchanging views regarding our impressions of many diplomats who came to see the Secretary-General. We enjoyed doing just that!

These are my humble memories, which I treasure, and reminisce once in a while when I think of the United Nations and world events today.

Those Were the Days

Anna (Ankar) Barron

As Archie says in *All in the Family*: those were the days! Why God arranged for me to be working as a typist in the Press Pool during the very time that my Swedish compatriot became Secretary-General is one of those sweet mysteries of life that remain inexplicable. Just as well, for if this moment in time hadn't occurred when it did, and if Shiv Shastri's secretary hadn't been sent down to whisper in my ear, "The S-G needs you upstairs," while I was rattling away on an urgent document for Norman Ho, there may have been nothing for me to recollect.

Though already experienced at my trade as a multilingual stenographer in Stockholm and Geneva, my awe of Monsieur H., as the French called him, was such that I couldn't possibly ask him to repeat a word of his dictation, although much of it was softly and casually delivered with his back turned as he was pacing the floor. The letters being addressed to members of the Swedish Academy of Letters, my angst assumed palpable proportions. During a few silent moments while attempting to calm my frazzled nerves, my eye caught a huge desk with not a single paper on it, just a blotter, an inkwell and a telephone, and after being interrupted by a phone call, Meistro picked up his dictation exactly where he left off. A lesser brain would have asked, "Where were we?" Amazingly, he signed the letters I laboriously thumped with five carbons on the manual Swedish Underwood. If there were even one single typo, the letter had to be retyped; letters for the S-G's signature were held up against the light to reveal any erasures. (Whether this secretarial nightmare was Cordier's demand – DH was not a petty man – was never ascertained.) DH called me back from time to time for more correspondence with Academy members proposing potential Nobelists. St. John Perse, an avant-guard poet named by him, won the literary prize that year.

Impressed as I was by this glimpse of what was going on behind those august scenes, I was far more impressed by his letters of thanks in response to shaky hand-written notes from little old ladies in the Swedish countryside calling for God's blessing. Some of these replies were mailed in the diplomatic pouch to the Foreign Office in Stockholm for forwarding if there were no return address … I mean, he was one of the planet's most famous and busiest leaders taking the time to send a personal note of thanks to the humblest of the humble.

A personal thank you written in a printed copy of his talk commemorating the Swedish botanist Linnaeus (DH himself an accomplished botanist) that I had typed is one of my most cherished souvenirs, which I leaf through at regular intervals, as well as *Vägnärken*, my Swedish copy of *Markings* with its remarkable edifying observations.

I happened to be residing in Stockholm during the Ndola accident. Having received an invitation to the Upsala funeral from Cordier's staff upon sending a note of condolence, I had the privilege of attending the extraordinarily moving commemoration of the life of one of the noblest souls of the twentieth century. The attendees in the crowded sanctuary, all dressed in black, their grief expressed in sobs and tears, is as vivid in my mind today as fifty years ago, as are the deathly pale faces of Lennart Finnmark and Sverker Åström, DH' s close HQ associates, with whom I walked into the cathedral.

A Statesman on the World Stage

Natalie Thomas Pray

Dag Hammarskjöld was a Statesman on the world stage, and to those of us who knew him, the greatest of the twentieth century. His grace under pressure knows no equal.

My first assignment at the United Nations in 1961 was on the 38th floor of the Secretariat building in New York, working for Under-Secretary-General Narasimhan. There was an aura of reverence on the 38th floor, for the United Nations in general, and for Dag Hammarskjöld in particular. His quiet dignity and sense of purpose were evident.

His role in the successful reopening of the Suez Canal in 1956 introduced UN peacekeepers as more than observers. He said of the concept of soldiers keeping peace not making war: "peacekeeping is not a job for a soldier, but only a soldier can do it."

The more complex peacekeeping operation in the Congo was fateful. Soviet Union objection resulted in a radical proposal by Khrushchev in 1960 to replace the Secretary-General with a three man Troika.

Hammarskjöld's diplomatic mission to the Congo in 1961 was a tragic end to a brilliant man and his noble spirit.

Dag Hammarskjöld addressing the crowd at an outdoor celebration in commemoration of United Nations Day on 24 October 1953.

A Trusting Supervisor

Inga-Britta Mills

In the summer of 1954 I arrived in the United States from Sweden, hoping to spend a year working for the United Nations. Where I came from, we were very proud that there was a Swedish Secretary-General – especially a diplomat of Dag Hammarskjöld's stature – and as an idealistic young person, it was my dream to work at this new institution that was dedicated to building world peace.

After a brief stint working for The Swedish-American Line, I was accepted to work at UNWRA (United Nations Work and Relief Association) under Molly Flynn. The office was on the 38th floor down the hall from the Secretary-General's office. Dag Hammarskjöld must have learned that there was another Swede on the floor because I was soon called to take care of his Swedish correspondence. Then I gradually started to substitute for Aase Alm, his Norwegian secretary, who also had worked for the UN's first Secretary-General, Trygve Lie.

In 1955, Dag Hammarskjöld was elected to *Svenska Akademien*, the highest literary body in Sweden. His acceptance presentation was a translation of poetry by the French poet Saint-Jean Perse into Swedish. He asked me to work on this project, gave me a private room for the task, and told me that I could interrupt whatever was going on in his office to ask questions. It was a heady experience to enter "the holy of holies" and interrupt a conversation between Hammarskjöld and Ralph Bunche or Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. to ask if a comma were needed here or there.

Dag Hammarskjöld made a deep impression on everyone he worked with, me included. As a supervisor, Hammarskjöld was unfailingly polite and friendly, and extremely clear and to the point in his instructions. He trusted those who worked for him to get things done, and I would never have dreamed of saying I didn't understand or could not do something he asked me to do.

"Flowers of Joy"

Katie Cangelosi

The UN Singers as a group have warm memories of Dag Hammarskjöld, which have been handed down to members over the years. The Secretary-General, always keenly interested in the Singers, once asked them to memorize the Swedish folksong "*Gladjens Blomster*," roughly translated as "Flowers of Joy," which they performed several times for him, and have continued to perform, both inside and outside the UN.

In 1965, the UN Singers made a concert tour to Scandinavia that included concerts in Denmark and Sweden. The Singers had the honour of performing in Uppsala, Sweden, the hometown of the former Secretary-General. In a ceremony to commemorate his tragic death during his UN service, each singer laid a red rose on the late Secretary-General's grave.

Hammarskjölds funeral took place in Uppsala Cathedral on 29 September 1961. Part of the road there was scattered with flowers. Photo: Bonnier Arkiv

Already Fifty Years Ago

Jean Gazarian

After graduating from the Sorbonne, I took an examination and joined the United Nations Secretariat as a translator in 1946.

In those days, an atmosphere of extreme enthusiasm prevailed at the United Nations. Delegates were convinced they had adopted a system of collective security that would ban all wars forever. As members of the Secretariat, we all felt like pioneers of that great organization of peace.

Unfortunately, that ideal situation did not last long. By the time Dag Hammarskjöld was appointed as second Secretary-General of the United Nations in April 1953, succeeding Trygve Lie of Norway, the international situation had begun to deteriorate. The euphoria of earlier days was replaced by an atmosphere of extreme tension, the "cold war," that led to the polarization of the world into two camps: East and West.

On several occasions, Dag Hammarskjöld used the podium of the General Assembly to reply publicly to the attacks of Nikita Khrushchev, Head of the Government of the Soviet Union, who advocated the replacement of the Secretary-General by three persons: one from the East, one from the West and one from the South, the famous "troika."

In 1959, I was transferred to the Office of the Secretary-General, on the 38th floor, to deal with matters related to the General Assembly. I was then able to witness on many critical occasions the extraordinary energy and dedication of the Secretary-General, who used to work – and make his collaborators work – late into the night. Although I did not belong to that inner circle of political advisers that included Ralph Bunche and Brian Urquhart, I once became involved in that contagious enthusiasm. One night, at 2:00am to be precise, I was sound asleep at home when the phone rang and, at the other end of the line, a lively female voice started an active conversation which was mostly in the form of a monologue:

> "Mr. Gazarian, this is Loretta from the 38th floor. The Secretary-General would like you to come to his office to help him write a letter to the Belgian Foreign Minister regarding the Congo crisis. He wants it to be in perfect French. Could you come now?"

I had a quick look at my watch and thought of the time I would need to get ready and drive from Queens to Manhattan. Since we all worked for the United Nations, I thought there was room for negotiation and suggested that our

meeting be postponed until 6:00am. My suggestion was accepted and the letter was sent in the early hours of the morning.

Dag Hammarskjöld attended personally to every detail. He once called me early in the morning. I had just arrived at the office and felt honoured to receive a call from the Secretary-General. Actually he went straight to the point and explained the reason for his call:

> "Did you edit the French version of the resolution that was distributed this morning?"
>
> "Yes, Mr. Secretary-General."
>
> "But you changed the text of operative paragraph 2. Why?"
>
> "Yes indeed. The text was submitted in English and in the original language that paragraph had two possible meanings. In order to avoid any ambiguity in French, a precise language, I thought it was my duty to select the only plausible version."
>
> "That is exactly what you shouldn't have done. The final text was the result of a compromise. Please issue a revised document that restores the original text."

As I immediately complied with the Secretary-General's instructions, I realized that, in spite of the cold war, a draft resolution did not have to be voted upon in its original form but could be negotiated with a view to reaching a consensus. It was really the beginning of a new trend which is now an established practice.

In addition to his passion for work, Dag Hammarskjöld also had a keen sense of humour. During the mandate of the first United Nations Secretary-General, Trygve Lie of Norway, I had studied some basic Norwegian. Shortly after the appointment of Dag Hammarskjöld, my love for languages led me to the study of Swedish. My secret ambition was to be able to say to the Secretary-General a few words in his native language. My ambition was short-lived. He put an end to my effort with the following words pronounced in impeccable French: "*Vous parlez le suédois avec l'accent norvégien!*"

On 10 December 1955, the day commemorating the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, I was deeply impressed by a personal conversation I had the privilege to witness between Dag Hammarskjöld and Gabriela Mistral, the great Chilean poet and Winner of the 1945 Nobel Prize for Literature. It was obvious that they both had a very deep respect for human rights and were staunch supporters of those rights.

Dag Hammarskjöld was an exceptional person, a man of vision, precise in his work and his convictions. He was both an idealist and a realist. Like all my colleagues who worked on the 38th floor at that time, I felt keenly motivated by his dynamic leadership and deeply saddened by his sudden death.

Leader – Statesman – Friend[1]

Wilhelm Wachtmeister

Much has been written about the second Secretary-General of the United Nations (1953-61). Those who had known him for many years, such as Ernst Wigforss, Bo Beskow and colleagues and friends in the United Nations, above all the UN veteran Brian Urquhart, have been knowledgeable witnesses to Hammarskjöld's remarkable contributions to leadership in Sweden and the world organization.

When I, nevertheless, try to add to the picture of my great compatriot, it is because I saw more of him than did any other Swede during the last three turbulent years of his life. In the course of various crises – and from the outbreak of the Congo crisis in July 1960 – we were in almost continuous contact. I accompanied him on practically all his travels. Only fate, in the person of Dag himself, saved me from the last one. A signed lead article in the Swedish daily *Dagens Nyheter* carried the news of Hammarskjöld's death under the headline 'The shining genius'. The newspaper caught something essential about Hammarskjöld's talent.

Dag Hammarskjöld at Elisabethville airport prior to his return in Leopoldville (today known as Kinshasa) on 14 August 1960.

1 This text is based on a chapter entitled "Dag Hammarskjöld, Leader, Statesman, Friend" in my autobiography, *Som jag såg det* (As I Saw It) from 1996.

His intelligence and sharpness of mind were generally acknowledged. His may not have been the deep, penetrating researcher's intelligence – that was, in any event, the view of his rival Gunnar Myrdal. But it was a practical intelligence, which, when applied to his job, made him fabulously effective in his activities. It was, for example, rumoured that he could dictate a government proposition and write a diplomatic note in French simultaneously. This I never witnessed, but I have seen other aspects of his legendary powers of concentration.

Take for instance the following. Every year the Secretary-General presents to the General Assembly an annual report. While the main part of it is prepared by other staff members, it begins with a personal introduction by the Secretary-General and constitutes his policy document. It is scrutinized thoroughly in world capitals and is thus formulated with the utmost care. On one such occasion I had reason to enter the Secretary-General's office. Usually I had free access to him, but this time his excellent secretary Hannah Platz intervened: "Don´t go in now, he is thinking." I, of course, followed her advice, and could envisage the scene: Dag sitting on the edge of the window sill, looking down on the East River, and deep in thought. After about an hour, he summoned Hannah and dictated the introduction to the report from start to finish without interruption. Only minor changes were made to the final version.

Dag´s general knowledge was formidable and manifold. When listening to an opera or watching a play, he knew the content and the performers. When walking with him through the semi-exotic garden at the UN in Geneva, he knew the names of the flowers and trees in Latin and Swedish. At a dinner in a French restaurant, he knew the name of every cheese. Nothing human seemed alien to him, but he never "showed off" his knowledge. He took for granted that his interlocutor was as clever as he was. One felt elevated to a level close to his. This, of course, was most inspiring but was also a challenge. A minor lapse of attention on one's part, and the line of his reasoning was lost. This explains the criticism of his "glass-clear unintelligibility." His sophisticated abstractions were easily lost even with close attention. Without such attention, it was impossible to follow him.

Obviously, it was a great experience for a young diplomat to be regularly confronted with such an intellect. Demanding and knowledgeable, he was also pleasant. For such a busy man, Dag was remarkably considerate. If you ever asked for a day or two off – I remember only one such occasion – he would not limit himself to saying, "have a good time and enjoy yourself." No, he would take a thorough look at his calendar and hesitatingly conclude that on those particular days he could possibly manage his duties without my presence! What an exemplary personnel policy.

In addition to his knowledge, intelligence and efficiency, his most typical characteristic was integrity. He was utterly sensitive to what he saw as any attempt to unduly influence him. A personal experience is the following: During an intermission in a debate in the Security Council, Dag was talking with the British Ambassador Sir Pierson Dixon in the corridor behind the podium. Sir Pierson suggested that the Secretary-General should make a statement in support of the British position. Dag refused. The ambassador insisted that, "After all, there is something called political sense." I stood there together with Dixon's assistant, Douglas Hurd (later to become Mrs. Thatcher's foreign secretary), when Dag, stressing each syllable, declared, "And there is something called integrity," turned around and closed the door behind him.

This little episode was typical for Hammarskjöld's sense of integrity. Another aspect of this was his insistence on his position as an international civil servant. Swedish representatives were not to expect special treatment. In preparing for our frequent travels to member countries, I usually wrote to the local Swedish Ambassador and recommended that he or she lie low and not show up at the airport with children and flowers. The model was an elderly ambassador who left a letter in Dag's hotel room offering his services in case of need. That, in Dag's words, was "good style." He even reacted when Sweden was called his "home" country. It should, instead, be his "native" country!

For Hammarskjöld the office of Secretary-General was a calling and the UN Charter his bible. That was the basis of his influence and effectiveness. I have touched on aspects of his personality. Here I offer further observations about his working habits. Hammarskjöld's closest collaborators were two veterans from Trygve Lie's days, Andrew Cordier and Ralph Bunche, both Americans but international civil servants of the highest calibre, who never gave in to American pressure, which was not lacking.

The leading Russian official was Anatolij F. Dobrynin, later for 25 years Soviet Ambassador to the United States, where I succeeded him as dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Dobrynin was a jovial, pleasant and witty person who had a fine relationship with Hammarskjöld. Like all Russian diplomats, Dobrynin, who was head of the political department of the Secretariat, provided the Soviet delegation with information and advice. However, when the Secretary-General's relations with Moscow deteriorated over the Congo crisis, Dobrynin's role in the crisis was curtailed as agreed by him and the Secretary-General.

The Secretary-General's relations with the ambassadors accredited to him were generally very good. They stood in line to see him and he was generous with his time. Here my minor but not unimportant role came into play. "What does the

Secretary-General think of this or that issue" was a frequent question from the diplomats. His favourite among the ambassadors was Adlai Stevenson. Dag found him easy-going and humorous, like himself. Others were Tunisia's Mongi Slim and Burma's U Thant. Both were mentioned by Dag as his possible successors as Secretary-General.

Hammarskjöld had very good contacts with the press. His press conferences were masterpieces in the art of presentation. He gave the impression of confidential openness without giving away much substance. His answers to questions were extensive and often humorous, but not revealing. Afterwards, one would hear comments like, "It was fascinating, but what did he really say?" In any case, he was perceived by press correspondents as generous and was treated with great respect and even affection.

In a memorial tribute in a New York church on 24 September 1961, I tried to summarize a few traits in Dag Hammarskjöld's character:

> "He refused to accept prosecution and injustice as something permanent and necessary. He had confidence in his fellow humans regardless of their religion, culture, race or position in society. He had a fine belief that cooperation in a constructive spirit could secure for all a life fit for human being[s]. But he also appreciated that peace on earth was an inevitable precondition for that. To achieve this, no sacrifice was too big for Dag Hammarskjöld. When others may have hesitated in [the] face of privation, inconvenience, or risk, Hammarskjöld acted. When others would normally have given up before evidently insurmountable obstacles, Hammarskjöld strengthened his forces and reached his goal. The same qualities that characterized Hammarskjöld as a statesman were equally valid for the man and the friend. Devotion, courage and integrity were the trinity that guided him. Those who were privileged to be close to him are depressed that his warm heart has stopped beating and his brilliant brain has ceased functioning. But not only those who in the usual sense have been close to him mourn Dag Hammarskjöld. We were all close to him, because he worked for each and every one of us until the end."

These are more than conventional funeral homilies: they illustrate how many along with me remember Dag Hammarskjöld.

Dag Hammarskjöld and Douglas Hurd

Trevor Grundy

At the conference on Dag Hammarskjöld (The Senate, London University, 2 September 2011) a former British Foreign Secretary, Douglas Hurd (now Baron Hurd of Westwell) painted an interesting verbal portrait of the UN Secretary General at the time of the Suez Crisis in 1956.

Hurd was personal assistant to one of Britain's best 20th century diplomats, the late Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's Representative at the United Nations.

Hurd told an audience made up mainly of academics, journalists and men and women closely associated with Africa, that at that time he was

> "insignificant compared to Hammarskjöld and Pierson but by an accident – as happens in diplomatic life – I found myself over and over again on the 38th floor of the UN building (New York) listening to him (Hammarskjöld). I was Sir Pierson's personal assistant and there was a particular reason why he thought it necessary to have me accompany him to the 38th floor.
>
> The reason was that Dag Hammarskjöld was not an easy man to understand. He spoke perfect English but with a very heavy Swedish accent. He knew that my boss was a learned man, an educated man, acquainted

The American historian Wm.Roger Louis and Lord Hurd of Westwell at the one-day conference on Dag Hammarskjöld held at the University of London on 2 September 2011: Photo: Trevor Grundy

> with the main sources of European literature and so perfectly capable of picking up literary allusions with which Hammarskjöld might decorate his prose.
>
> I had simply to sit and remember –without speaking – the points which the Secretary General made. I was simply there as a listener but that was a fascinating role because these were amazing discussions. I had no positive role in the discussions but I had an essential role because I would draft the report which would be on the desk of the British Secretary of State in the morning.

At the time of his appointment in 1953, Dag Hammarskjöld was regarded by the British and the French as "a safe pair of hands." He was expected, above all, to be a "calming, intelligent influence as one would expect from a senior Swedish diplomat."

But Hurd said that after a while

> "it became clear that another aspect of his character was coming to the fore. I remember my boss Pierson Dixon making a comparison which often people made in those days where he talked about Hammarskjöld as having a pontifical manner. And that was not a word chosen at random. It was a suggestion that the Secretary General of the UN was gradually working himself into the position of a pope. That is to say he was gradually assuming, not precisely infallibility, but an assumption in his own mind that he had a mission: and the mission was to uphold the role and importance and integrity of the United Nations and the Secretary General was the high priest.
>
> "He had that sort of inner strength which comes to people who have a conviction that they have heard voices,as Joan of Arc did. They are inspired. They have a mission. They have a vocation. He was determined to make the office of Secretary General something more important and more interesting, more than his predecessor Trygve Halvdan Lie (1945-1952) had sought to do. Hammarskjöld persuaded himself that he had this particular mission and that rather altered the way in which you handled him. Because if you are talking to a high priest you have a different tone of voice from if you were talking to any old diplomat."

Serving Hammarskjöld[1]

Rolf Edin

People who know I worked for Dag Hammarskjöld are always asking me, "How was he?" I have always found this difficult to answer, so I am now trying to think back to the time I was with him and see if I know him better in hindsight.

I was asked by Scandinavian Airways (SAS) sometime in November 1959 to be a purser on a UN-chartered flight, set to leave Stockholm on 21 December 1959 and to return on 29 January 1960. "Yes," I replied.

Through Africa

The flight first headed, after stopovers in Paris and Lisbon, for Dakar. It continued southwards from Dakar along West Africa's coast to Guinea, Liberia, Ghana, Nigeria, French and British Cameroon and the Belgian Congo. From there we flew across continental Africa to Dar-es-Salaam on the Indian Ocean, then onward to Zanzibar, Nairobi and Entebbe on Lake Victoria and eastward to Mogadishu in what was then Italian Somaliland. Our odyssey went from there northward to the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, and beyond to Khartoum in the Sudan and Cairo in Egypt. Finally, we flew along the Mediterranean coastline to Morocco and across the Strait of Gibraltar to Madrid and Lisbon.

There were naturally many preparations to be made, particularly when it came to the supply of food for such a long time, since we seldom stopped over at an SAS base during those 42 days. At some locations, it was safest to avoid the local food and to eat from the plane's supply. We departed on 21 December 1959 at 9h00 am after we had greeted our passengers. Hammarskjöld had the previous day attended the annual summit (högtiddssamanträdet) at the Swedish Academy, where he occupied chair number 17 as the successor to his father. In addition, there were Heinrich Wieschhoff (an Africa specialist, who was killed with Hammarskjöld in the plane crash in Ndola), Hanna Platz (secretary), Wilhelm Wachtmeister (personal assistant, later ambassador in Washington) and Bill Ranallo (bodyguard, also killed in Ndola).

Later during the trip we were joined by Ralph Bunche, Under-Secretary-General of the UN. He had been with Folke Bernadotte when the latter was assassinated in Jerusalem in 1948 while on a mission for the UN Security Council to mediate between Israel and the Arab states. After the murder of Folke

1 Shortened English version of an article published earlier as "Hur var Dag Hammarskjöld?" Translated by Karin Andersson-Schiebe

Bernadotte, Bunche was pronounced the mediator in the Palestine conflict and awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1950.

Hammarskjöld came up the airplane ladder with vigorous steps. He shook hands and gazed at all of us with his blue eyes. With his slender figure and his youthful face he seemed fit and also had a sort of dignity that attracted attention.

The year 1960 had been pronounced to be Africa's year and many states were gaining their independence. It was a continent in the process of changing, which was probably the reason Hammarskjöld visited 24 countries for one or two days each. At every airport we landed there were welcoming ceremonies: a red carpet, bands and honour guards to inspect. Hammarskjöld never seemed to tire of this – on the contrary, he appeared happy and interested and he surely learned a lot. He was provided the opportunity to share his views on Africa with the new African leaders.

Our aircraft was a Metropolitan. It was furnished with beds and tables. Some chairs had been turned around so that the passengers could face each other. The passengers gave the impression they enjoyed being on the plane and we often heard them exclaim "Nice to be home again," when they returned to it after one or two days.

The Christmas tree, which I had bought before we left Sweden, arrived on Christmas Eve. It came in handy. My Danish colleague and I decorated it before the passengers came on board. That day, we served Christmas lunch between Monrovia and Conakry. The passengers were served mulled wine, herring, sardines, ham, shrimp, pig's trotters and cheese. In addition, we served drinks and Hammarskjöld had a small Loitens aquavit with his meal.

On New Year's Eve we flew from Lagos to Yaoundé. On 1 January Cameroon was to become independent, so prominent people had been invited from all over the world. No one had thought about accommodation for the crew. All hotel rooms were booked and in my journal I noted that we searched for about six hours before finding a place to stay. It was a hut on the edge of the forest, where we were soon joined by some local people who lived nearby. During the night there were some disturbances outside our hut and when I went out in the morning I discovered several corpses lying decapitated not far from our night shelter.

On 7 January we arrived in Stanleyville. The authorities had invited us, including the crew, on a boat trip along the Congo River. There were two large canoes made from large hollowed-out tree trunks. Hammarskjöld sat with the Congolese government in one canoe and we travelled in the other. The Africans who

paddled wore beautiful clothes and some of them beat drums. We came close to the Stanley Falls, if I remember correctly. Hammarskjöld photographed diligently with his Hasselblad camera.

To not prolong the story too much I will skip to the last night, which was in Madrid. There the crew ate a farewell dinner with the passengers. Hammarskjöld thanked us for a pleasant trip and gave each member of the crew a pair of golden cufflinks bearing the UN emblem. We flew from Madrid to Lisbon the following morning, where the passengers left us to connect to New York. We continued on to Copenhagen.

At Hammarskjöld's apartment

In September 1960 I received a letter from Wilhelm Wachtmeister, in which he asked if I would be interested in the position of chief butler on Secretary-General Hammarskjöld's staff on a one-year basis and in taking a leave of absence from my position at SAS. I accepted, and started in the spring of 1961.

Hammarskjöld lived on Park Avenue, 73rd Street. His cook, Nelly Sandin, also lived there. I had an apartment approximately a half-hour walk from there. His apartment was on two floors. The lower floor consisted of a grand dining room, the living room and the library, where he spent most his time when he was at home. There were many books and bibliophilic rarities, which he had collected over a long period. Tenzing's ice-pick hung over the fireplace. It was this ice-pick Tenzing had used when he, alongside Hillary, conquered Mount Everest in 1953. It carries the inscription "So you may climb to ever greater heights." Also, the service rooms and Nelly's bedroom were there. On the second floor there were three bedrooms and some other areas.

My workday could be as follows: I woke Hammarskjöld at 7:00am and brought with me the *New York Times*. Just before 9:00am, Bill or Dan arrived with another bodyguard to collect him. They had breakfast together before they left. Often I got to go to the UN when Hammarskjöld needed me there. He came back from the UN at approximately 8:00pm. If he had invited guests he would return a little earlier.

Visitors

On 15 May 1961, the second day I was in New York, he had invited the Nobel Prize laureate Saint-John Perse (Alexis Leger) and his wife to dinner. He had translated the French diplomat's *Chronique* as a guide for the Swedish Academy's Nobel Prize Committee. One can probably say that the diplomat and poet received the Nobel Prize thanks to Hammarskjöld. I was under the impression that he admired Saint-John Perse very much. You could also sense

by Hammarskjöld's body language after every dinner, when the guests had left, whether the evening had been a success or not. If he was happy, he would sometimes comment on the guests. Of Leger he said something about his sharp intellect. Another Nobel laureate, John Steinbeck, was there a few times as a guest. They conversed enthusiastically, and I remember Hammarskjöld saying, "Steinbeck would be happy, were he not in the limelight, which he now is."

The court of appeal president and The Hague judge Sture Petrén stayed with Hammarskjöld when he had business in New York. He was very eloquent and it was always interesting to hear how precisely they expressed themselves. Petrén was a friend of conjunctives. The conjunctives denotes that not everything said necessarily has to be true, so you would think that this modus should be demanded more in our present time than the other way around, or so he argued.

On Sunday 28 May, Ben Gurion was coming to visit. Hammarskjöld had gone to Brewster on the Saturday, a place he had rented a few hours' drive north of New York. On the Sunday, Hammarskjöld called Bill telling him the car had suffered a breakdown and that they would not get back in time to receive Ben Gurion. They left this task to me. When Ben Gurion with his party arrived, I was forced to explain why Hammarskjöld was absent. It felt embarrassing. Luckily, when Hammarskjöld finally returned, he could slip in through a back door without being seen by the journalists standing outside.

Recreation

It was nice to go to Brewster and most times there were only Hammarskjöld, two bodyguards and me. We sat there and ate together with everyone helping with the washing up afterwards. Hammarskjöld usually took the trash out. He spoke of the mountains in northern Sweden, the Academy and the members. After the dinners we went outside on to the terrace and drank coffee. We sensed when Hammarskjöld wanted us to be silent. Then we could sit on the terrace and watch the stars and fireflies for a couple of hours without uttering a word. He was keen to go on long walks during the weekends. That was something the American bodyguards did not like, due to his eagerness to go far and quickly.

On Saturday 1 July, Hammarskjöld, the painter Bo Beskow, two bodyguards, Bill, Victor, and I went to Brewster. There we had a small lake just to ourselves. In the middle of the lake lay a raft that Hammarskjöld had been given by some contractors from the UN. That day I water-skied for the first time. Bill had a speedboat and water-skis and Bill, Victor and I started skiing. We enjoyed ourselves and must have laughed and made a lot of noise around the raft, which was probably buffeted around. After a while Bill asked if Hammarskjöld wanted to join in. "No thank you I am trying to read." We realised we had to stop. When

we came back to the beach, Bill said: "We come here to swim and have fun and there he is just reading books." After a few hours he did not seem angry, remarking that, "It seems like Rolf has water-skied before."

I have heard and read that Hammarskjöld listened a lot to music when he was at home. He did not during my time with him. On the other hand, I believe he enjoyed music very much. In the period between Africa and New York I recorded a radio programme in which he on UN Day spoke of Beethoven's ninth symphony. I gave him the tape for his 56th birthday on 29 July 1961. I got the tape back after his death through Bo Beskow.

The parting

On his last night in New York Hammarskjöld had invited the American painter Ben Shan and Carl Nordenfalk, the head of the National Museum in Stockholm, and their wives. Shan was supposed to paint Hammarskjöld for the National Museum.

On the afternoon of 12 September Hammarskjöld left New York in the company of Heinrich Wieschoff and Bill Ranallo for the Congo. I remember wishing him good luck when I carried his bag out.

The day Hammarskjöld died everything seemed to revolve around him. TV spoke of him for hours and much was written in the newspapers. Everyone seemed to feel emptiness after him. A couple of days after his death there was a memorial service in a church, Gustavus Adolphus, which was built by Swedes around 1870. The title of the service was:

> In Memoriam: Dag Hammarskjöld, 1905-1961
> "Greater love has no man than this,
> That a man lay down his life for his friend."

Wachtmeister gave a memorial speech. Some well-known psalms were sung. When he was buried in Uppsala by former Archbishop Eidem, I was still in New York. Nelly, the cook, on the other hand was present at the funeral and she came along with Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson on board his aircraft.

Hammarskjöld the person

I thought Hammarskjöld was a good man and easy to work for. Nelly thought he was a little stiff and reserved. She had previously worked for American families and it is well known they are open and happy, which sometimes maybe a front. That he had the time to do so much was probably because he dedicated himself to what he was doing. He spent little time on trivialities. He read news-

papers and magazines in a couple of minutes and after that he came out to the kitchen with them.

In addition to his pressing responsibilities as Secretary-General he found time to, for example, translate Djuna Barnes's *Antiphon*, and Eugene O'Neil's *Long Day's Journey into Night*, together with Gierow. That play premiered on Dramaten in Stockholm. Towards the end he was in the process of translating Martin Buber's *Ich und Du*.

He was most likely happiest when he was at home reading his books. He rejected all invitations and during my time with him he was only away to dinner once, and that was with Ralph Bunche. I must end by borrowing the words of Carl Sandburg, which he used for the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, and which I believe also fit Hammarskjöld: "not often in the story of mankind does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet."

A view of a section of the study at the residence of the late UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld on East 73rd Street in New York City.

An Unusual Letter

Per Lind

I was a member of the Secretariat during Hammarskjöld's first three years as UN Secretary-General. Rather than provide memories of Hammarskjöld from that time, I have chosen to contribute to this booklet marking the 50th anniversary of this death, a document previously not published, to my knowledge. It renders a conversation which, on 11 and 12 September 1961, the eve of Hammarskjöld's departure for Congo, took place between Hammarskjöld and his secretary, Hannah Platz – "Sir Dag" and "Milady" as they often used to call each other when nobody else was in the office. It was written on 20 October, 1961, by Hannah Platz:

> On 11 September 1961, in the late morning, the S-G left his office. I was busily typing. In a little while he returned, looking quite relaxed and not too preoccupied. The moment he came back I stopped typing. "May I ask you a morbid question?" I asked him. He said "Yes," closed my door and came over to the second desk, leaning against it, waiting for the question.
>
> HP: May I know who is the executor of your will?
>
> S-G (with an amused little smile): Milady, you know who it is: Magnus Lindahl of course, my lawyer in Stockholm. That isn't morbid; that's very practical.
>
> Then the S-G sat down behind the second desk, chin in hand, looking at me questioningly. (He knew me well enough to realize that my first question was only an opening one and that there was more behind it.)
>
> HP: Well you see, I've been thinking of what to do with all these papers in case something would happen. I don't know, but the only thing I can possibly think of is to call Per Lind.
>
> S-G (very seriously, with one of his "direct" looks): Milady, that is exactly what you are going to do.
>
> HP: Could you tell me if you have somewhere, something about that on paper?
>
> S-G: No, I haven't.
>
> HP: Because you see, who is going to believe me? I think I probably would need boxing gloves.
>
> S-G (smiling): Yes, Milady, you would need boxing gloves.

HP: You think you could put something down in black and white for me?

S-G: Yes, I'll put it on paper for you.

He left it at that, got up and went back into his office. That whole conversation was a "light" one with, of course, quite serious undertones. The S-G was a little amused, a little surprised. I, myself, was a little surprised as I "heard" myself talking more than actually feeling that I "did" the talking and also a little embarrassed that I pushed it so.

After lunch the S-G went into the bedroom to lie down for a moment. He did that very often at that time of the day – or at other times of the day – not only to rest a moment but especially when there was something specific to think about quietly.

When he came back, he came into my office, closed the door and said, "Two things: a letter to Buber and the paper you asked for this morning."

He dictated the Buber letter first and then the paper. I did the Buber letter first, in draft, and while he was looking at it I did the paper. While I was typing the final of the Buber letter, the S-G sat down behind the second desk with the other draft and finished reading it.

S-G: (patting the paper and putting his hand flat on it) Now let's go over this. By "this" I mean, everything in here (pointing at his own office, to which the door was open), everything in here (pointing at the safes and cabinets in my office), everything in 73rd Street and everything in Brewster. And you will see to it that nothing, but nothing is touched before Per comes, and then you will help him with it (all this in complete seriousness).

HP: Yes, I understand. I take it then that all the safes in there (pointing at his office), all of them in here (pointing at my office), everything in 73rd Street and in Brewster should be considered as sealed until Per comes.

S-G: Yes.

HP: And this paper?

S-G: You put it in the safe.

HP: In a special envelope in this office (meaning mine)?

S-G: Yes.

HP: I understand.

He then looked at me to see if there would be any other questions from my side, but when he saw that I was just waiting to see if he would add anything, he said, "So that's it," got up, gave the paper to me for final typing and went into his office.

The S-G signed the paper later that evening just before going home and put the folder in his outbox with other papers. I locked all those papers together in the safe to take care of the next morning.

When I had the paper in my hand ready to put in a special envelope in the safe the next morning, it occurred to me that perhaps the S-G would like me to send a copy to Mr. Lindahl and Mr. Lind. I therefore typed on a small white paper: "As the original goes into the safe here, you may want to send a signed copy to Mr. Lindahl and to Per." I put the folder with this note attached on his desk. (For a moment I thought of adding brother Bo, but I didn't as I thought the S-G would add him anyway if he wanted to send signed copies at all. Besides, it went through my mind that if he wanted to do this he would either dictate a covering note or write something himself on the copies.)

A short while after his arrival in the office, the S-G came out with the folder, handed it to me and said, "Now you take care of it." I looked quickly to see if he had signed copies. And when I saw he had, but written nothing else on them nor on the small white paper which I had attached, I said, "You mean you wish me to send them?"

S-G: Yes, you send them.

I found it a little strange that he did not give me a covering note, but it was obvious that he did not want to talk about it anymore, did not want to be bothered, and that for him the case was closed.

I then put the original in a brown envelope, wrote in the upper left corner: "Secretary-General," and in the middle: "to be opened only in case of death," sealed the envelope with scotch tape and put it in the large safe in my office. I then prepared a hand-written covering note to Per, and a typed one to Lindahl, and sent them with the signed copies the morning of the 12th. I then noticed that the S-G had signed a third copy. I never asked him whether or not it was intended for brother Bo. First of all, I did not want to mention the whole thing again, and secondly I could not possibly conceive of him wanting me to send it as such without saying anything to his brother or with a note from me. So I did not send it but kept it with the original in the safe.

> I should mention that on the 11th in the afternoon it occurred to me that it was certainly possible that, if something ever happened to the S-G, I would perhaps not be *sur place*, as I very often took off during his shorter trips, or that perhaps I would be with him in case of a long trip like the African one. I therefore told trusted Loretta and trusted Pauline Lacerte (who had access to the safe as she replaced me whenever necessary), knowing that one of the two would certainly be around, and that if Pauline would not be there, Loretta would call her, knowing that in case of need there would be a paper in the big safe. They both nodded and said they understood.

The letter sent by Hannah with the copy of what Dag had written at her suggestion wanting me "in case of need to take care of all his papers" was undoubtedly surprising but typical of Dag's orderly and rational methods, of which I had seen so many examples. The reception of this unusual letter from Dag only a few days after the fatal accident at Ndola, was a shock for me and it was indescribably strange that the task given to me by Dag now so suddenly needed to be performed.

It was carried out in October 1962, beginning with meetings with my old boss and friend Andy Cordier, who after consultations with all the Under-Secretaries gave me the authority to proceed with the sorting and disposal of the papers, as well as making Brian Urquhart available to assist me.

Dag Hammarskjöld's *MARKINGS*, published in 1962, gave rise to varied images of Dag's person. A common impression was that he was a joyless introverted man marked and tormented by moral and religious struggles. For those who had the privilege of being his friends, as well as for many others who could bear witness to the open and easy sides he so often showed, it seemed important to assist in forming a different picture of him with focus also on Dag Hammarskjöld, the man of action. It was therefore gratifying to learn that Brian, impressed and inspired by what he had seen while the papers were sorted, began to talk about trying to write a book about Hammarskjöld and his time at the United Nations. In order to enable him to do so, the restrictions on the Hammarskjöld collection at the Royal Library in Stockholm were cancelled and Brian given sole access to it. After five years of writing, parallel with his demanding work as responsible for the UN peacekeeping operations, and with valuable help from Hannah, Brian's great and indispensible biography *HAMMARSKJÖLD* was published in 1972.

My Uncle and Godfather

Marlene Hagström[1]

I remember my father Sten's words to me, written in my Bible, saying "Life is like a string of pearls. Try to catch the pearls that are sometimes right in front of you. Don't let them get away." I thought about those words when I decided that I should not miss the pearl that might explain who Dag Hammarskjöld was when he was at ease and just a regular person.

As my uncle noted in *Markings*:

> "He came with his little girl. She wore her best frock. You noticed what good care she took of it. Others noticed too – idly noticed that, last year, it had been the best frock on another little girl.

In the morning sunshine it had been festive. Now most people had gone home. The balloon-sellers were counting the day's takings. Even the sun had followed their example, and retired to rest behind the cloud. So, the place looked rather bleak and deserted when he came with his little girl to taste the joy of spring and warm himself in the freshly polished Easter sun.

But she was happy. They both were. They had learned a humility of which you still have no conception. A humility which never makes comparisons, never rejects what there is for the sake of something 'else' or something 'more.'"

I am the little girl in the frock! I was probably around seven years old at that time. When writing this Dag probably thought of when he used to meet my father and me outside the outdoor museum *Skansen* in Stockholm. The three of us, Dag, my father and I, usually met at that special place at Easter time.

I was 19 years old when my uncle died in a plane crash in Africa, so I have many memories of him from my childhood and adolescence. I wish to give you MY view and MY experience with and of my uncle Dag. I hope that my uncle and Godfather would have appreciated this. It is very touching to be aware of the fact that so many people still find meaning in their lives by reading and feeling my uncle's words.

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1 Based on a speech originally given at the UN Library in 2005.

My favourite words from *Markings* are:

> "In a dream I walked with God through the deep places of creation. Passed walls that receded and gates that opened, through hall after hall of silence darkness and refreshment – the dwelling place of souls acquainted with light and warmth – until, around me was an infinity into which we all flowed together and lived anew, like the rings made by raindrops falling upon wide expanses of calm dark waters."

Dag was at our home when he received the phone call asking him if he would be willing to accept the position of Secretary-General to the United Nations. He told us that he had not yet decided. He said, "I need to sleep on it, since it's such a huge responsibility."

Dag really was an ordinary uncle. Once, when sitting on his lap (see photo), he was the first to discover that I had gotten chickenpox. My uncle was also very concerned about finding my cat, which often disappeared. He would go out with me searching in the bushes and barns etc.

Talking of animals, I vividly remember being served turtle soup at a dinner party in Dag's home in Stockholm. I blurted out loudly, "Oh, how disgusting!" At that time I had a pet turtle at home. Dag and the other adults simply laughed and Dag never said to me that I had misbehaved. I can still see his face when I cried out; he had that special expression that I remember so well. It is difficult to explain, but his eyes and mouth and even his nose told me that he was not angry with me, just amused. I felt that he was on MY side.

Christmas Eve was a special event for many years. We all (my grown-up cousins with their families) gathered at my grandfather Hjalmar's place. Dag had a special habit of hiding his gifts among the shoes and boots in the hallway. It was so exciting for me as a little girl to find where they were and see if there were soft or hard parcels, big or small ones.

My uncle never forgot my birthday, even if he had a lot of work to do and was far away on important missions. I received a brooch from him on my 10th birthday. I felt that we had a special connection, my uncle and I. For sure, he was my guardian angel, and still is.

Although Dag was just a regular uncle to me, of course I discovered that he also was a unique person in many regards. After becoming Secretary-General, Dag was always accompanied by his bodyguard. It was of course very exciting when Bill Ranallo showed me his gun inside his blazer. I also remember very well when I last saw my uncle at my father's place. Only Dag, my father and I were together inside the house. Bill sat outside in the car, FOR HOURS! The bodyguard usually remained in Dag's presence. Maybe Bill understood that we wanted to be alone, which was a great gesture approved by Dag.

Back to *Markings*, Dag's inner journey of life.

I was about 40 when I first took *Markings* to heart. Previously I was not able to understand Dag's words properly. I think one needs a certain level of maturity and number of personal experiences in life to be receptive to them. I think we all absorb the thoughts in different ways, depending on where we actually are in our life cycle. I am convinced that Dag would not have been the person we now commemorate if he had not searched for strength from nature and the Bible. This was an absolute need for him in order to keep his balance. If he had not done so, he certainly would not have been able to be such a strong leader of the world. His weekend place in Brewster, New York certainly helped him to relax and restore himself. I have been told that he spent a lot of time out there when he was free. Other places where he used to find strength and peace were in the mountains in the north of Sweden, and in the peaceful landscape of southern Sweden. Although Dag needed solitude in order to find strength to cope with the difficult tasks as the world leader, he also needed social contact with people from different walks of life.

Finally I wish to quote some words from *Markings* that mean a lot to me:

> "God does not die on the day when we cease to believe in a personal deity, but we die on the day when our lives cease to be illuminated by the steady radiance renewed daily, of a wonder, the source of which is beyond all reason."

I quote again:

> "I don't know who or what put the question, I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering. But at some moment I did answer yes to someone or something – and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal. From that moment I have known what it means 'not to look back,' and to take no thought for the morrow."

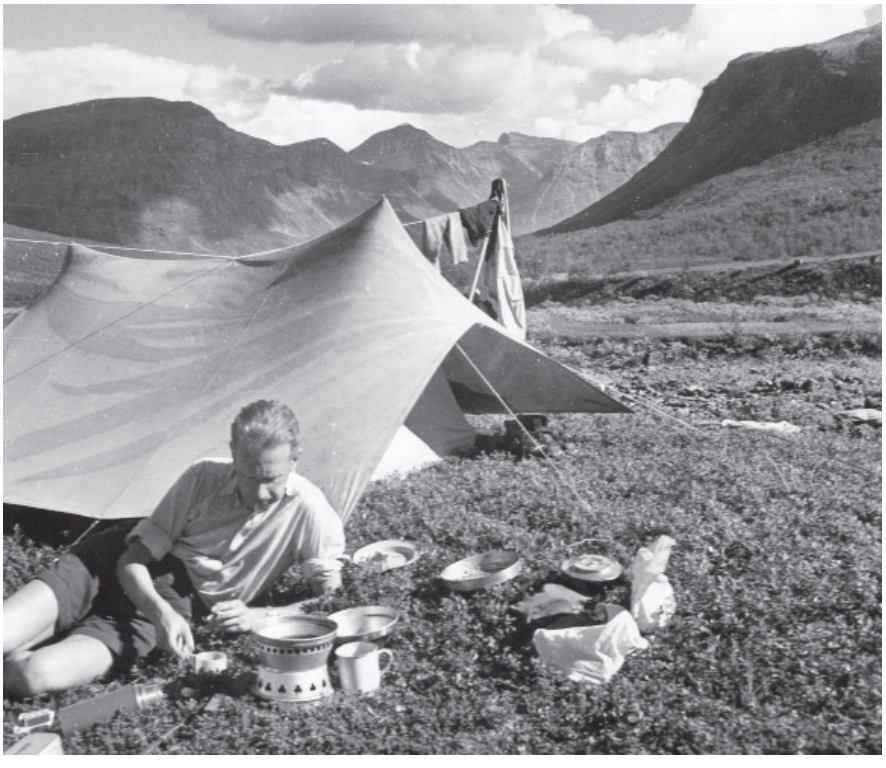
This ends my little contribution revealing another side of the personality of Dag Hammarskjöld, who was both my uncle and Godfather.

"Leave it to Dag" – A Personal Experience

Knut Hammarskjöld

Dag's skillful and successful mastering of two of the greatest challenges in the beginning of his career as Secretary-General of the United Nations made people look upon him as if having almost magical powers in his performance of work-related duties. These were the liberation of a number of American pilots, who during the Korean War had made an emergency landing in China, through negotiations in Beijing with Chou En Lai, China's foreign minister. They were two giants in terms of intelligence, experience and knowledge, who met and who seem to have appreciated each other. The release of the pilots was a gift to Dag on his 50th birthday, which he celebrated with friends in his simple cottage in *Löderup*.

The other challenge was the neutralization of a French-British-Israeli attack on Egypt and the Suez Canal. Here, Dag for the first time mobilized, with support of the UN charter, UN troops – the Blue Berets – to suppress the attackers. This "UN weapon" was later used in many contexts, not least the Congo.



Dag Hammarskjöld during one of his many visits to the Swedish mountains

My father Åke Hammarskjöld, who to a large extent had been part of creating the Permanent Court of International Justice in The Hague, was seconded by his Foreign Ministry to the League of Nations in Geneva, and was the Court's first Registrar. He spent his last years as a Judge at the Court in The Hague. He died at the age of 44 on 7 July 1937. I was then 15 years old and had the chance to see him together with Dag before he died. I still remember him in my parents' dark bedroom and with a red beard. Soon after the funeral in The Hague, to which the government of the Netherlands contributed not only with the Queen's representatives, but also with a large military orchestra and plenty of infantry, as well as cavalry, who all to begin with were positioned on the lawn of the great park of the Peace Palace. Our mother moved to Stockholm with us three boys. Peder and I continued our education in *Sigtuna* until Baccalaureate, whereas our youngest brother, Michael, went to *Östermalms Läroverk*.

For our first Christmas in Stockholm I received two books of Swedish poetry in which Dag had written, "Your father asked me to give you these books when we saw him last summer." I had the feeling that my father had handed me over to Dag. From this point in time Dag took care of me in every way when I was in Stockholm. He took me to concerts, art exhibitions, the theatre, and for long walks. We also made bicycle excursions with *Sigtuna* as a starting point. Summer as well as winter we went to the mountains in *Fjällnäs*, *Vålådalen*, *Abisko* and *Vassijaure*, often together with his friends from work or university. I also visited him in New York, where on Sundays we would browse the book-stores, where Dag was a well-known and appreciated customer. The last time, in 1956, I was on my way to an annual ICAO meeting in Caracas as Head of Division at the authority of civil aviation (*Luftfartsstyrelsen*). Bill Ranallo, Dag's bodyguard, driver and jack-of-all trades took me to Idlewild airport (now JFK), where we learnt that the same flight on the day before, on which I had been booked originally, had gone down in the sea near Miami.

"Leave it to Dag"

My father had left the responsibility for me to Dag. It is then a peculiar feeling that fate a few years later made it my task and my responsibility to take Dag from Africa back home to his mother and father and to his three brothers for his final rest in *Uppsala*. That is also the grave of my mother and my younger brothers Peder and Michael, who also experienced Dag's fair care. My brothers died prematurely by the incomprehensible force of nature.

There, in the town of his youth, *Uppsala*, Dag now rests in peace in the family grave among his near ones, remembered by the great world which once belonged to him.

Lidingö, 29 September 2011

Part III | Dag Hammarskjöld in his own words

The International Civil Servant in Law and in Fact

(Address by UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld at Oxford University, 30 May 1961)

In a recent article Mr. Walter Lippmann tells about an interview in Moscow with Mr. Khrushchev. According to the article, Chairman Khrushchev stated that "while there are neutral countries, there are no neutral men," and the author draws the conclusion that it is now the view of the Soviet Government "that there can be no such thing as an impartial civil servant in this deeply divided world, and that the kind of political celibacy which the British theory of the civil servant calls for is in international affairs a fiction."

Whether this accurately sums up the views held by the Soviet Government, as reflected in the interview, or not, one thing is certain: the attitude which the article reflects is one which we find nowadays in many political quarters, communist and non-communist alike, and it raises a problem which cannot be treated lightly. In fact, it challenges basic tenets in the philosophy of both the League of Nations and the United Nations, as one of the essential points on which these experiments in international cooperation represent an advance beyond traditional "conference diplomacy" is the introduction on the international arena of joint permanent organs, employing a neutral civil service, and the use of such organs for executive purposes on behalf of all the members of the organizations. Were it to be considered that the experience shows that this radical innovation in international life rests on a false assumption, because "no man can be neutral," then we would be thrown back to 1919, and a searching re-appraisal would become necessary.

The international civil service had its genesis in the League of Nations but it did not spring up full-blown in the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant. The Covenant was in fact silent on the international character of the Secretariat. It contained no provisions comparable to those of Article 100 of the Charter and simply stated:

> "The permanent Secretariat shall be established at the Seat of the League. The Secretariat shall comprise a Secretary-General and such secretaries and staff as may be required."

In the earliest proposals for the Secretariat of the League, it was apparently taken for granted that there could not be a truly international secretariat but that there would have to be nine national Secretaries, each assisted by a national staff and performing, in turn, the duties of Secretary to the Council, under the supervision of the Secretary-General. This plan, which had been drawn up by Sir Maurice Hanby, who had been offered the post of Secretary-General of the League by the Allied Powers, was in keeping with the precedents set by the various international Bureaux established before the war, which were staffed by officials seconded by Member countries on a temporary basis.

It was Sir Eric Drummond, first Secretary-General of the League, who is generally regarded as mainly responsible for building upon the vague language of the Covenant a truly international secretariat. The classic statement of the principles he first espoused is found in the report submitted to the Council of the League by its British member, Arthur Balfour:

> "By the terms of the Treaty, the duty of selecting the staff falls upon the Secretary-General, just as the duty of approving it falls upon the Council. In making his appointments, he had primarily to secure the best available men and women for the particular duties which had to be performed; but in doing so, it was necessary to have regard to the great importance of selecting the officials from various nations. Evidently, no one nation or group of nations ought to have a monopoly in providing the material for this international institution. I emphasize the word 'international,' because the members of the Secretariat once appointed are no longer the servants of the country of which they are citizens, but become for the time being the servants only of the League of Nations. Their duties are not national but international."

Thus, in this statement, we have two of the essential principles of an international civil service: 1) its international composition; and 2) its international responsibilities. The latter principle found its legal expression in the Regulations subsequently adopted which enjoined all officials "to discharge their functions and to regulate their conduct with the interests of the League alone in view" and prohibited them from seeking or receiving "instructions from any Government or other authority external to the Secretariat of the League of Nations."

Along with the conception of an independent, internationally responsible staff, another major idea was to be found: the international Secretariat was to solely be an administrative organ, eschewing political judgements and actions. It is not at all surprising that this third principle should have originated with a British Secretary-General. In the United Kingdom, as in certain other European countries, a system of patronage, political or personal, had been gradually re-

placed in the course of the 19th century by the principle of a permanent civil service based on efficiency and competence and owing allegiance only to the State which it served. It followed that a civil service so organized and dedicated would be non-political. The civil servant could not be expected to serve two masters and consequently he could not, in his official duties, display any political allegiance to a political party or ideology. Those decisions that involved a political choice were left to the Government and to Parliament; the civil servant was the non-partisan administrator of those decisions. His discretion was a limited one, bound by the framework of national law and authority and by rules and instructions issued by his political superiors. True, there were choices for him, since neither legal rules nor policy decisions can wholly eliminate the discretion of the administrative official, but the choices to be made were confined to relatively narrow limits by legislative enactment, government decision and the great body of precedent and tradition. The necessary condition was that there should exist at all times a higher political authority with the capacity to take the political decisions. With that condition it seemed almost axiomatic that the civil service had to be "politically celibate" (though not perhaps politically virgin). It could not take sides in any political controversy and, accordingly, it could not be given tasks that required it to do so. This was reflected in the basic statements laying down the policy to govern the international Secretariat. I may quote two of them:

> "We recommend with special urgency that, in the interests of the League, as well as in its own interests, the Secretariat should not extend the sphere of its activities, that in the preparation of the work and the decisions of the various organizations of the League, it should regard it as its first duty to collate the relevant documents, and to prepare the ground for those decisions without suggesting what these decisions should be; finally, that once these decisions had been taken by the bodies solely responsible for them, it should confine itself to executing them in the letter and in the spirit."

> "Une fois les décisions prises, le rôle du Secrétariat est de les appliquer. Ici encore, il y a lieu de faire une distinction entre application et enterprétation, non pas, à coup sûr, que je demande au Secrétariat de ne jamais interpréter; c'est son métier! Mais je lui demande, et vous lui demanderez certainement tous, d'interpréter le moins loin possible, le plus fidèlement possible, et surtout de ne jamais substituer son inteprétation à la vôtre."

Historians of the League have noted the self-restraining role played by the Secretary-General. He never addressed the Assembly of the League and in the Council "he tended to speak … as a Secretary of a committee and not more

than that." For him to have entered into political tasks that involved in any substantial degree the taking of a position was regarded as compromising the very basis of the impartiality essential for the Secretariat.

True, this does not mean that political matters as such were entirely excluded from the area of the Secretariat's interests. It has been reported by Sir Eric Drummond and others that he played a role behind the scenes, acting as a confidential channel of communication to governments engaged in controversy or dispute, but this behind-the-scenes role was never extended to taking action in a politically controversial case that was deemed objectionable by one of the sides concerned.

The legacy of the International Secretariat of the League is marked in the Charter of the United Nations. Article 100 follows almost verbatim the League regulations on independence and international responsibility – barring the seeking or receiving of instructions from States or other external authority. This was originally proposed at San Francisco by the four sponsoring powers – China, the USSR, the United Kingdom and the United States and unanimously accepted. The League experience had shown that an international civil service, responsible only to the Organization, was workable and efficient. It had also revealed, as manifested in the behaviour of German and Italian Fascists, that there was a danger of national pressures corroding the concept of international loyalty. That experience underlined the desirability of including in the charter itself an explicit obligation on officials and governments alike to respect fully the independence and the exclusively international character of the responsibilities of the Secretariat.

It was also recognized that an international civil service of this kind could not be made up of persons indirectly responsible to their national governments. The weight attached to this by the majority of members was demonstrated in the Preparatory Commission, London, when it was proposed that appointments of officials should be subject to the consent of the government of the Member State of which the candidate was a national. Even in making this proposal, its sponsor explained that it was only intended to build up a staff adequately representative of the governments and acceptable to them. He maintained that prior approval of officials was necessary, in order to obtain the confidence of their governments, which was essential to the Secretariat, but once the officials were appointed, the exclusively international character of their responsibilities would be respected. However, the great majority of Member States rejected this proposal, for they believed that it would be extremely undesirable to write into the regulations anything that would give national governments particular rights in respect of appointments and thus indirectly permit political pressures on the Secretary-General.

Similarly in line with Article 100, the Preparatory Commission laid emphasis on the fact that the Secretary-General "alone is responsible to the other principal organs for the Secretariat's work," and that all officials in the Organization must recognize the exclusive authority of the Secretary-General and submit themselves to rules of discipline laid down by him.

The principle of the independence of the Secretariat from national pressures was also reinforced in the Charter by Article 105, which provides for granting officials of the Organization "such privileges and immunities as are necessary for the independent exercise of their functions in connection with the Organization." It was in fact foreseen at San Francisco that in exceptional circumstances there might be a clash between the independent position of a member of the Secretariat and the position of his country, and consequently that an immunity in respect of official acts would be necessary for the protection of the officials from pressure by individual governments and to permit them to carry out their international responsibilities without interference.

In all of these legal provisions, the charter built essentially on the experience of the League and affirmed the principles already accepted there. However, when it came to the functions and authority of the Secretary-General, the Charter broke new ground.

In article 97 the Secretary-General is described as the "chief administrative officer of the Organization," a phrase not found in the Covenant, though probably implicit in the position of the Secretary-General of the League. Its explicit inclusion in the Charter made it a constitutional requirement – not simply a matter left to the discretion of the organs – that the administration of the Organization shall be left to the Secretary-General. The Preparatory Commission observed that the administrative responsibility under Article 97 involves the essential tasks of preparing the ground for the decisions of the organs and of "executing" them in cooperation with the Members.

Article 97 is of fundamental importance for the status of the international Secretariat of the United Nations, and thus for the international civil servant employed by the Organization, as, together with Articles 100 and 101 it creates for the Secretariat a position, administratively, of full political independence. However, it does not, or at least it need not represent an element in the picture which raises the question of the "neutrality" of the international civil servant. This is so as the decisions and actions of the Secretary-General as chief administrative officer naturally can be envisaged as limited to administrative problems outside the sphere of political conflicts of interest or ideology, and thus as maintaining the concept of the international civil servant as first developed in the League of Nations.

However, Article 97 is followed by Article 98, and Article 98 is followed by Article 99. And these two Articles together open the door to the problem of neutrality in a sense unknown in the history of the League of Nations.

In Article 98 it is, thus, provided not only that the Secretary-General "shall act in that capacity" in meetings of the organs, but that he "shall perform such other functions as are entrusted to him by these organs." This latter provision was not in the Covenant of the League. It has substantial significance in the Charter, for it entitles the General Assembly and the Security Council to entrust the Secretary-General with tasks involving the execution of political decisions, even when this would bring him – and with him the Secretariat and its members – into the arena of possible political conflict. The organs are, of course, not required to delegate such tasks to the Secretary-General but it is clear that they may do so. Moreover, it may be said that in doing so the General Assembly and the Security Council are in no way in conflict with the spirit of the Charter – even if some might like to give the word "chief administrative officer" in Article 97 a normative and limitative significance – since the Charter itself gives to the Secretary-General an explicit political role.

It is Article 99 more than any other which was considered by the drafters of the Charter to have transformed the Secretary-General of the United Nations from a purely administrative official to one with an explicit political responsibility. Considering its importance, it is perhaps surprising that Article 99 was hardly debated; most delegates appeared to share "Smut's" opinion that the position of the Secretary-General "should be of the highest importance and for this reason a large measure of initiative was expressly conferred." Legal scholars have observed that Article 99 not only confers upon the Secretary-General a right to bring matters to the attention of the Security Council but that this right carries with it, by necessary implication, a broad discretion to conduct inquiries and to engage in informal diplomatic activity in regard to matters which "may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security."

It is not without some significance that this new conception of a Secretary-General originated principally with the United States rather than the United Kingdom. It has been reported that at an early stage in the preparation of the papers that later became the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, the United States gave serious consideration to the idea that the Organization should have a President as well as a Secretary-General. Subsequently, it was decided to propose only a single officer, but one in whom there would be combined both the political and executive functions of a President with the internal administrative functions that were previously accorded to a Secretary-General. Obviously, this is a reflection, in some measure, of the American political system, which places authority in a chief executive officer who is not simply subordinated to the leg-

islative organs but who is constitutionally responsible alone for the execution of legislation and in some respects for carrying out the authority derived from the constitutional instrument directly.

The fact that the Secretary-General is an official with political power as well as administrative functions had direct implications for the method of his selection. Proposals at San Francisco to eliminate the participation of the Security Council in the election process were rejected precisely because it was recognized that the role of the Secretary-General in the field of political and security matters properly involved the Security Council and made it logical that the unanimity rule of the permanent Members should apply. At the same time, it was recognized that the necessity of such unanimous agreement would have to be limited only to the selection of the Secretary-General and that it was equally essential that he be protected against the pressure of a Member during his term in office. Thus a proposal for a three-year term was rejected on the ground that so short a term might impair his independent role.

The concern with the independence of the Secretary-General from national pressures was also reflected at San Francisco in the decision of the Conference to reject proposals for Deputy Secretaries-General appointed in the same manner as the Secretary-General. The opponents of this provision maintained that a proposal of this kind would result in a group of high officials who would not be responsible to the Secretary-General but to the bodies which elected them. This would inevitably mean a dilution of the responsibility of the Secretary-General for the conduct of the Organization and would neither be conducive to the efficient functioning of the Secretariat nor to its independent position. In this action and other related decisions, the drafters of the Charter laid emphasis on the personal responsibility of the Secretary-General; it is he who is solely responsible for performing the functions entrusted to him for the appointment of all Members of the Secretariat and for assuring the organ that the Secretariat will carry out their tasks under his exclusive authority. The idea of a "cabinet system" in which responsibility for the administration and political functions would be distributed among several individuals was squarely rejected.

It is also relevant in this connection that the provision for "due regard to geographical representation" in the recruitment of the Secretariat was never treated as calling for political or ideological representation. It was rather an affirmation of the idea accepted since the beginning of the League Secretariat that the staff of the Organization was to have an international composition and that its basis would be as "geographically" broad as possible. Moreover, as clearly indicated in the language of Article 101, the "paramount consideration in the employment of the staff" should be the necessity of securing the highest standards of efficiency, competence and integrity. This terminology is evidence

of the intention of the drafters to accord priority to considerations of efficiency and competence over those of geographical representation, important though the latter may be.

To sum up, the Charter laid down these essential legal principles for an international civil service:

» It was to be an international body, recruited primarily for efficiency, competence and integrity, but on as wide a geographical basis as possible;

» It was to be headed by a Secretary-General who carried constitutionally the responsibility to the other principal organs for the Secretariat's work;

» And finally, Article 98 entitled the General Assembly and the Security Council to entrust the Secretary-General with tasks going beyond the *verba formalia* of Article 97 – with its emphasis on the administrative function – thus opening the door to a measure of political responsibility which is distinct from the authority explicitly accorded to the Secretary-General under Article 99 but in keeping with the spirit of that Article.

This last-mentioned development concerning the Secretary-General, with its obvious consequences for the Secretariat as such, takes us beyond the concept of a non-political civil service into an area where the official, in the exercise of his functions, may be forced to take stands of a politically controversial nature. It does this, however, on an international basis and, thus, without departing from the basic concept of "neutrality;" in fact, Article 98, as well as Article 99, would be unthinkable without the complement of Article 100 strictly observed both in letter and spirit.

Reverting for a moment to our initial question, I have to emphasize the distinction just made. If a demand for neutrality is made, by present critics of the international civil service, with the intent that the international civil servant should not be permitted to take a stand on political issues, in response to requests of the General Assembly or the Security Council, then the demand is in conflict with the Charter itself. If, however, "neutrality" means that the international civil servant, also in executive tasks with political implications, must remain wholly uninfluenced by national or group interests or ideologies, then the obligation to observe such neutrality is just as basic to the Charter concept of the international civil service as it was to the concept once found in the Covenant of the League. Due to the circumstances then prevailing the distinction to which I have just drawn attention probably never was clearly made in the

League, but it has become fundamental for the interpretation of the actions of the Secretariat as established by the Charter.

The criticism to which I referred at the beginning of this lecture can be directed against the very Charter concept of the Secretariat, and imply a demand for a reduction of the functions of the Secretariat to the role assigned to it in the League and explicitly mentioned in Article 97 of the Charter; this would be a retrograde development in sharp conflict with the way in which the functions of the international Secretariat over the years have been extended by the main organs of the United Nations, in response to arising needs. Another possibility would be that the actual developments under Articles 98 and 99 are accepted but that a lack of confidence in the possibility of personal "neutrality" is considered to render necessary administrative arrangements putting the persons in question under special constitutional controls, either built into the structure of the Secretariat or established through organs outside the Secretariat.

The conception of an independent international civil service, although reasonably clear in the Charter provisions, was almost continuously subjected to stress in the history of the Organization. International tensions, changes in governments, concern with national security, all had their inevitable repercussions on the still fragile institution dedicated to the international community. Governments not only strove for the acceptance of their views in the organs of the Organization, but they concerned themselves in varying degrees with the attitude of their nationals in the Secretariat. Some governments sought in one way or another to revive the substance of the proposal defeated at London for the clearance of their nationals prior to employment in the Secretariat; other governments on occasion demanded the dismissal of staff members who were said to be inappropriately representative of the country of their nationality for political, racial or even cultural reasons.

In consequence, the Charter Articles underwent a continual process of interpretation and clarification in the face of pressures brought to bear on the Secretary-General. On the whole the results tended to affirm and strengthen the independence of the international civil service. These developments involved two complementary aspects: first, the relation between the Organization and the Member States in regard to the selection and employment of nationals of those States; and second, the relation between the international official, his own State, and the international responsibilities of the Organization. It is apparent that these relationships involved a complex set of obligations and rights applying to the several interested parties.

One of the most difficult of the problems was presented as a result of the interest of several national governments in passing upon the recruitment of their

nationals by the Secretariat. It was of course a matter of fundamental principle that the selection of staff should be made by the Secretary-General on his own responsibility and not on the responsibility of the national governments. The interest of the governments in placing certain nationals and in barring the employment of others had to be subordinated, as a matter of principle and law, to the independent determination of the Organization. Otherwise there would have been an abandonment of the position adopted at San Francisco and affirmed by the Preparatory Commission in London.

On the other hand, there were practical considerations, which required the Organization to utilize the services of governments for the purpose of obtaining applicants for positions and, as a corollary of this, for information as to the competence, integrity and general suitability of such nationals for employment. The United Nations could not have an investigating agency comparable to those available to national governments, and the Organization had therefore to accept assistance from governments in obtaining information and records concerning possible applicants. However, the Secretary-General consistently reserved the right to make the final determination on the basis of all the facts and his own independent appreciation of these facts.

It may be recalled that this problem assumed critical proportions in 1952 and 1953 when various authorities of the United States Government, host to the United Nations Headquarters, conducted a series of highly publicized investigations of the loyalty of its nationals in the Secretariat. Charges were made which, although relating to a small number of individuals and largely founded upon inference rather than on direct evidence or admissions, led to proposals that implicitly challenged the international character of the responsibilities of the Secretary-General and his staff. In certain other countries similar proposals were made and in some cases adopted in legislation or by administrative action.

In response, the Secretary-General and the Organization as a whole affirmed the necessity of independent action by the United Nations in regard to selection and recruitment of staff. The Organization was only prepared to accept information from governments concerning suitability for employment, including information that might be relevant to political considerations such as activity which would be regarded as inconsistent with the obligation of international civil servants. It was recognized that there should be a relationship of mutual confidence and trust between international officials and the governments of Member States. At the same time, the Secretary-General took a strong position that the dismissal of a staff member "on the basis of the mere suspicion of a Government of a Member State or a bare conclusion arrived at by the Government on evidence which is denied the Secretary-General" would amount to re-

ceiving instructions in violation of his obligation under Article 100, paragraph 1 of the Charter "not to receive in the performance of his duties instructions from any Government." It should be said that, as a result of the stand taken by the Organization, this principle was recognized by the United States Government in the procedures it established for hearings and submission of information to the Secretary-General regarding U.S. citizens.

A risk of national pressure on the international official may also be introduced, in a somewhat more subtle way, by the terms and duration of his appointment. A national official, seconded by his government for a year or two to an international organization, is evidently in a different position psychologically – and one might say, politically – from the permanent international civil servant who does not contemplate a subsequent career with his national government. This was recognized by the Preparatory Commission in London in 1945 when it concluded that members of the Secretariat staff could not be expected "fully to subordinate the special interests of their countries to the international interest if they are merely detached temporarily from national administrations and dependent upon them for their future." Recently, however, assertions have been made that it is necessary to switch from the present system, which makes permanent appointments and career service the rule, to a predominant system of fixed-term appointments to be granted mainly to officials seconded by their governments. This line is prompted by governments, which show little enthusiasm for making officials available on a long-term basis and, moreover, seem to regard – as a matter of principle or, at least, of "realistic" psychology – the international civil servant primarily as a national official representing his country and its ideology. On this view, the international civil service should be recognized and developed as being an "intergovernmental" secretariat composed principally of national officials assigned by their governments, rather than as an "international" secretariat as conceived from the days of the League of Nations and until now. In the light of what I have already said regarding the provisions of the Charter, I need not demonstrate that this conception runs squarely against the principles of Articles 100 and 101.

This is not to say that there is not room for a reasonable number of "seconded" officials in the Secretariat. It has in fact been accepted that it is highly desirable to have a number of officials available from governments for short periods, especially to perform particular tasks calling for diplomatic or technical backgrounds. Experience has shown that such seconded officials, true to their obligations under the Charter, perform valuable service but as a matter of good policy it should, of course, be avoided as much as possible to put them on assignments in which their status and nationality might be embarrassing to themselves or the parties concerned. However, this is quite different from having a large portion of the Secretariat – say, in excess of one-third – composed of short-term officials. To have so large a proportion of the Secretariat staffing

in the seconded category would be likely to impose serious strains on its ability to function as a body dedicated exclusively to international responsibilities. Especially if there were any doubts as to the principles ruling their work in the minds of the governments on which their future might depend, this might result in a radical departure from the basic concepts of the Charter and the destruction of the international civil service as it has been developed in the League and up to now in the United Nations.

It can fairly be said that the United Nations has increasingly succeeded in affirming the original idea of a dedicated professional service responsible only to the Organization in the performance of its duties and protected insofar as possible from the inevitable pressures of national governments. And this has been done in spite of strong pressures, which are easily explained in terms of historic tradition and national interests. However, obviously the problem is ultimately one of the spirits of service shown by the international civil servant and respected by Member Governments. The International Secretariat is not what it is meant to be until the day when it can be recruited on a wide geographical basis without the risk that then some will be under – or consider themselves to be under – two masters in respect of their official functions.

The independence and international character of the Secretariat required not only resistance to national pressures in matters of personnel, but also – and this was more complex – the independent implementation of controversial political decisions in a manner fully consistent with the exclusively international responsibility of the Secretary-General. True, in some cases implementation was largely administrative; the political organs stated their objectives and the measures to be taken in reasonably specific terms, leaving only a narrow area for executive discretion. But in other cases – and these generally involved the most controversial situations – the Secretary-General was confronted with mandates of a highly general character, expressing the bare minimum of agreement attainable in the organs. That the execution of these tasks involved the exercise of political judgement by the Secretary-General was, of course, evident to the Member States themselves.

It could perhaps be surmised that virtually no one at San Francisco envisaged the extent to which the Members of the Organization would assign to the Secretary-General functions which necessarily required him to take positions in highly controversial political matters. A few examples of these mandates in recent years will demonstrate how wide has been the scope of authority delegated to the Secretary-General by the Security Council and the General Assembly in matters of peace and security.

One might begin in 1956 with the Palestine armistice problem, when the Security Council instructed the Secretary-General "to arrange with the parties

for adoption of any measures" which he would consider "would reduce existing tensions along the armistice demarcation lines." A few months later, after the outbreak of hostilities in Egypt, the General Assembly authorized the Secretary-General immediately to "obtain compliance of the withdrawal of foreign forces." At the same session he was requested to submit a plan for a United Nations Force to "secure and supervise the cessation of hostilities," and subsequently he was instructed "to take all … necessary administrative and executive action to organize this Force and dispatch it to Egypt."

In 1958 the Secretary-General was requested "to dispatch urgently an Observation Group … to Lebanon so as to insure that there is no illegal infiltration of personnel or supply of arms or other material across the Lebanese borders." Two months later he was asked to make forthwith "such practical arrangements as would adequately help in upholding the purposes and principles of the Charter in relation to Lebanon and Jordan."

Most recently, in July 1960, the Secretary-General was requested to provide military assistance to the Central Government of the Republic of the Congo. The basic mandate is contained in a single paragraph of a resolution adopted by the Security Council on 13 July 1960 which reads as follows:

> "The Security Council …
>
> 2. Decides to authorize the Secretary-General to take the necessary steps, in consultation with the Government of the Republic of the Congo, to provide the Government with such military assistance, as may be necessary, until, through the efforts of the Congolese Government with the technical assistance of the United Nations, the national security forces may be able, in the opinion of the Government, to meet fully their tasks;"

The only additional guidance was provided by a set of principles concerning the use of United Nations Forces, which had been evolved during the experience of the United Nations Emergency Force. I had informed the Security Council before the adoption of the resolution that I would base any action that I might be required to take on these principles, drawing attention specifically to some of the most significant of the rules applied in the UNEF operation. At the request of the Security Council I later submitted an elaboration of the same principles to the extent they appeared to me to be applicable to the Congo operation. A report on the matter was explicitly approved by the Council, but naturally it proved to leave wide gaps; unforeseen and unforeseeable problems, which we quickly came to face, made it necessary for me repeatedly to invite the members of the Council to express themselves on the interpretation given by the Secretary-General

to the mandate. The needs for added interpretation referred especially to the politically extremely charged situation which arose because of the secession of Katanga and because of the disintegration of the central government which, according to the basic resolution of the Security Council, was to be the party in consultation with which the United Nations activities had to be developed.

These recent examples demonstrate the extent to which the Member States have entrusted the Secretary-General with tasks that have required him to take action which unavoidably may have to run counter to the views of at least some of these Member States. The agreement reached in the general terms of a resolution, as we have seen, no longer need obtain when more specific issues are presented. Even when the original resolution is fairly precise, subsequent developments, previously unforeseen, may render highly controversial the action called for under the resolution. Thus, for example, the unanimous resolution authorizing assistance to the Central Government of the Congo offered little guidance to the Secretary-General when that Government split into competing centres of authority, each claiming to be the Central Government and each supported by different groups of Member States within and outside the Security Council

A simple solution for the dilemmas thus posed for the Secretary-General might seem to be for him to refer the problem to the political organ for it to resolve the question. Under a national parliamentary regime, this would often be the obvious course of action for the executive to take. Indeed, this is what the Secretary-General must also do whenever it is feasible. But the serious problems arise precisely because it is so often not possible for the organs themselves to resolve the controversial issue faced by the Secretary-General. When brought down to specific cases involving a clash of interests and positions, the required majority in the Security Council or General Assembly may not be available for any particular solution. This will frequently be evident in advance of a meeting and the Member States will conclude that it would be futile for the organs to attempt to reach a decision and consequently that the problem has to be left to the Secretary-General to solve on one basis or another, on his own risk but with as faithful an interpretation of the instructions, rights and obligations of the Organization as possible in view of international law and the decisions already taken.

It might be said that in this situation the Secretary-General should refuse to implement the resolution, since implementation would offend one or another group of Member States and open him up to the charge that he had abandoned the political neutrality and impartiality essential to his office. The only way to avoid such criticism, it is said, is for the Secretary-General to refrain from execution of the original resolution until the organs have decided the issue by the required majority (and, in the case of the Security Council, with the unanimous concurrence of the permanent members) or, maybe, has found another way to pass responsibility over onto governments.

For the Secretary-General this course of action – or more precisely, non-action – may be tempting; it enables him to avoid criticism by refusing to act until other political organs resolve the dilemma. An easy refuge may thus appear to be available. But would such a refuge be compatible with the responsibility placed upon the Secretary-General by the Charter? Is he entitled to refuse to carry out the decision properly reached by the organs, on the ground that the specific implementation would be opposed to positions some Member States might wish to take, as indicated, perhaps, by an earlier minority vote? Of course the political organs may always instruct him to discontinue the implementation of a resolution, but when they do not so instruct him and the resolution remains in effect, is the Secretary-General legally and morally free to take no action, particularly in a matter considered to affect international peace and security? Should he, for example, have abandoned the operation in the Congo because almost any decision he made as to the composition of the Force or their role would have been contrary to the attitudes of some Members as reflected in debates, and maybe even in votes, although not in decisions.

The answers seem clear enough in law; the responsibilities of the Secretary-General under the Charter cannot be laid aside merely because the execution of decisions by him is likely to be politically controversial. The Secretary-General remains under the obligation to carry out the policies as adopted by the organs; the essential requirement is that he does this on the basis of his exclusively international responsibility and not in the interest of any particular State or groups of States.

This presents us with this crucial issue: is it possible for the Secretary-General to resolve controversial issues on a truly international basis without obtaining the formal decision of the organs? In my opinion and on the basis of my experience, the answer is in the affirmative; it is possible for the Secretary-General to carry out his tasks in controversial political situations with full regard to his exclusively international obligation under the Charter and without subservience to a particular national or ideological attitude. This is not to say that the Secretary-General is a kind of Delphic oracle who alone speaks for the international community. He has available for his task, varied means and resources.

Of primary importance in this respect are the principles and purposes of the Charter, which are the fundamental law accepted by and binding on all States. Necessarily general and comprehensive, these principles and purposes still are specific enough to have practical significance in concrete cases.

The principles of the Charter are, moreover, supplemented by the body of legal doctrine and precepts that have been accepted by States generally, and particularly as manifested in the resolutions of UN organs. In this body of law there

are rules and precedent that appropriately furnish guidance to the Secretary-General when he is faced with the duty of applying a general mandate in circumstances that had not been envisaged by the resolution.

Considerations of principle and law, important as they are, do not of course suffice to settle all the questions posed by the political tasks entrusted to the Secretary-General. Problems of political judgement still remain. In regard to these problems, the Secretary-General must find constitutional means and techniques to assist him, insofar as possible, in reducing the element of purely personal judgement. In my experience I have found several arrangements of value to enable the Secretary-General to obtain what might be regarded as the representative opinion of the Organization in respect of the political issues faced by him.

One such arrangement might be described as the institution of the permanent missions to the United Nations, through which the Member States have enabled the Secretary-General to carry on frequent consultations safeguarded by diplomatic privacy.

Another arrangement, which represents a further development of the first, has been the advisory committee of the Secretary-General, such as those in UNEF and the Congo, composed of representatives of governments most directly concerned with the activity involved, and also representing diverse political positions and interests. These advisory committees have furnished a large measure of the guidance required by the Secretary-General in carrying out his mandates relating to UNEF and the Congo operations. They have provided an essential link between the judgement of the executive and the consensus of the political bodies.

Experience has thus indicated that the international civil servant may take steps to reduce the sphere within which he has to take a stand on politically controversial issues. In summary, it may be said that he will carefully seek guidance in the decisions of the main organs, in statements relevant for the interpretation of those decisions, in the Charter and in generally recognized principles of law, remembering that by his actions he may set important precedents. Further, he will submit as complete reporting to the main organs as circumstances permit, seeking their guidance whenever such guidance seems to be possible to obtain. Even if all of these steps are taken it will still remain, as has been amply demonstrated in practice, that the reduced area of discretion will be large enough to expose the international Secretariat to heated political controversy and to accusations of a lack of neutrality.

I have already drawn attention to the ambiguity of the word "neutrality" in such a context. It is obvious from what I have said that the international civil servant

cannot be accused of lack of neutrality simply for taking a stand on a controversial issue when this is his duty and cannot be avoided. But there remains a serious intellectual and moral problem as we move within an area inside which personal judgement must come into play. Finally, we have to deal here with a question of integrity or with, if you please, a question of conscience.

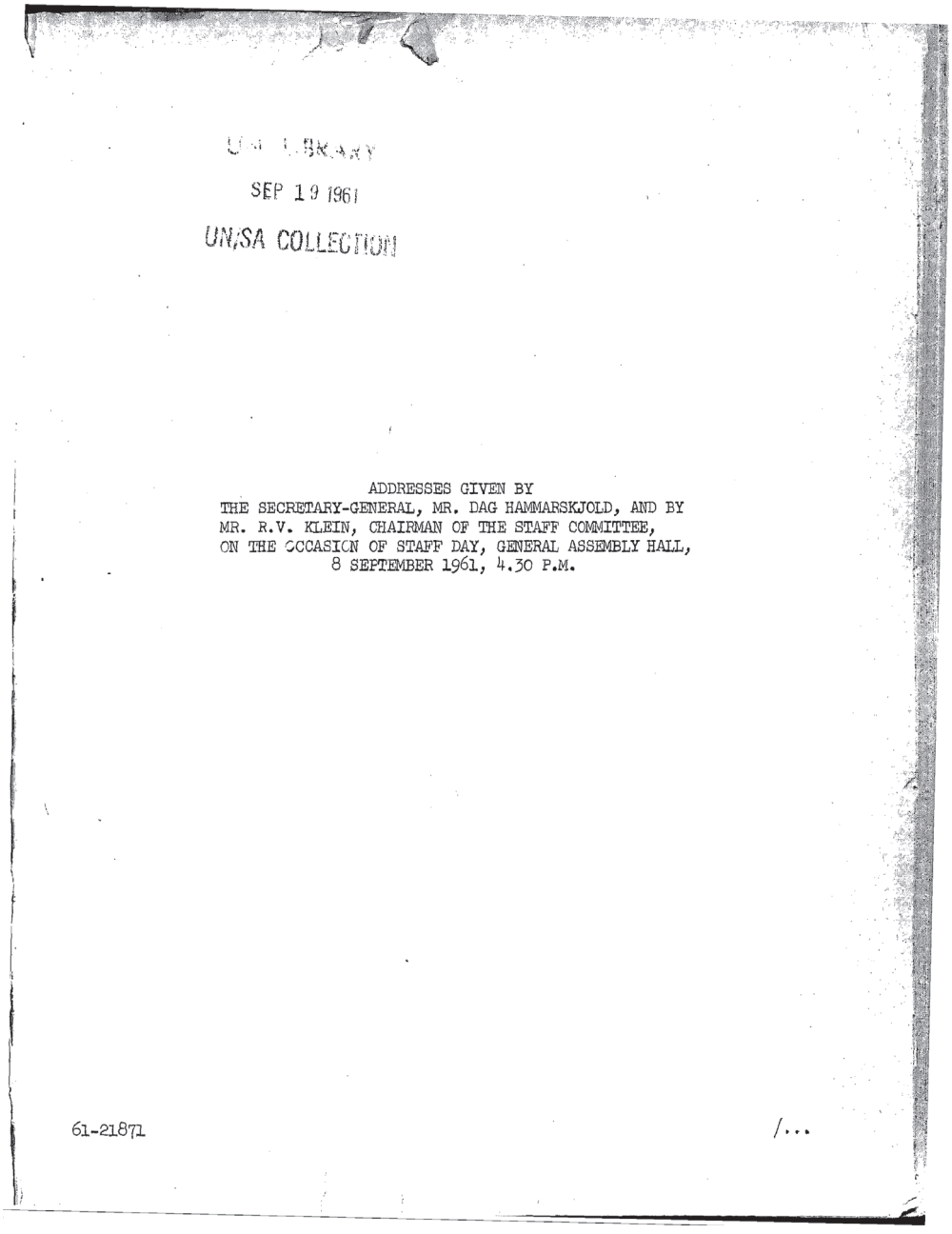
The international civil servant must keep himself under the strictest observation. He is not requested to be a neuter in the sense that he has to have no sympathies or antipathies, that there are to be no interests which are close to him in his personal capacity or that he is to have no ideas or ideals that matter for him. However, he is requested to be fully aware of those human reactions and meticulously check himself so that they are not permitted to influence his actions. This is nothing unique. Is not every judge professionally under the same obligation?

If the international civil servant knows himself to be free from such personal influences in his actions and guided solely by the common aims and rules laid down for, and by the Organization he serves and by recognized legal principles, then he has done his duty, and then he can face the criticism which, even so, will be unavoidable. As I said, at the final last, this is a question of integrity, and if integrity in the sense of respect for law and respect for truth were to drive him into positions of conflict with this or that interest, then that conflict is a sign of his neutrality and not of his failure to observe neutrality – then it is in line, not in conflict with his duties as an international civil servant.

Recently, it has been said, this time in Western circles, that as the international Secretariat is going forward on the road of international thought and action, while Member States depart from it, a gap develops between them and they are growing into being mutually hostile elements; and this is said to increase the tension in the world, which it was the purpose of the United Nations to diminish. From this view the conclusion has been drawn that we may have to switch from an international Secretariat, ruled by the principles described in this lecture, to an intergovernmental Secretariat, the members of which obviously would not be supposed to work in the direction of an internationalism considered unpalatable to their governments. Such a passive acceptance of a nationalism rendering it necessary to abandon present efforts in the direction of internationalism symbolized by the international civil service – somewhat surprisingly regarded as a cause of tension – might, if accepted by the Member Nations, prove to be the Munich of international cooperation as conceived after the First World War and further developed under the impression of the tragedy of the Second World War. To abandon or to compromise with principles on which such cooperation is built may be no less dangerous than to compromise with principles regarding the rights of a nation. In both cases the price to be paid may be peace.

Last Speech to the Staff

(Address on the occasion of UN Staff Day at the UN General Assembly Hall, 8 September 1961)



ADDRESSES GIVEN BY
THE SECRETARY-GENERAL, MR. DAG HAMMARSKJOLD, AND BY
MR. R.V. KLEIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE STAFF COMMITTEE,
ON THE OCCASION OF STAFF DAY, GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL,
8 SEPTEMBER 1961, 4.30 P.M.

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ADDRESS BY THE SECRETARY-GENERAL

I am happy to have this opportunity to meet with you today. Both in the world at large, and by way of repercussion of world events on the Organization, much has happened during the two years which have elapsed since the last Staff Day.

During this period the General Assembly has met under most exacting circumstances and the Organization has had to undertake a major operation which in its magnitude and complexity has been quite unique in its history. As a result, the resources of the Secretariat have been heavily taxed, and I know that all of you have had to work under considerable pressure and that many of you have had to put in very long hours.

Those of you who have responded to the call to go out to the Congo, mostly at short notice, have displayed your readiness often despite considerable personal and family inconvenience. Quite a few of those who went out to the Congo are now back in New York and their place has been taken by others. I hope that all those of you who have had this opportunity of participating in the Congo operation feel as enriched by your experience as the Organization has been enriched by your contribution.

I have publicly paid tribute to all those who have participated directly in the Congo operation; but tribute is due equally to those who stayed behind and did the back-stopping from Headquarters. I therefore take this opportunity to record, and express, a deep gratitude to all of you for the way in which you have responded to the demands of the Organization.

The general world situation and its repercussions on the Organization have unavoidably left their mark on the Secretariat. In particular the discussions in the last session of the General Assembly have raised far-reaching questions on the nature of the Secretariat. What is at stake is a basic question of principle: Is the Secretariat to develop as an international secretariat, with the full independence contemplated in Article 100 of the Charter, or is to be looked upon as an inter-governmental - not international - secretariat providing merely the necessary administrative services for a conference machinery? This is a basic question and the answer to it affects not only the working of the Secretariat but the whole of the future of international relations.

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If the Secretariat is regarded as truly international, and its individual members as owing no allegiance to any national government, then the Secretariat may develop as an instrument for the preservation of peace and security of increasing significance and responsibilities. If a contrary view were to be taken, the Secretariat itself would not be available to member governments as an instrument, additional to the normal diplomatic methods, for active and growing service in the common interest.

I have dealt with this question at some length in various statements, most recently and fully in the Introduction to the Annual Report. It is a question which the Secretariat itself cannot answer as it is up to the Member Governments to decide what kind of Secretariat they want. But the quality and spirit of our work will necessarily greatly influence the reply.

In a situation like the one now facing all peoples of the world, as represented in this Organization, it is understandable that staff members should sometimes feel frustrated and even depressed. In that they are not different from their fellow beings in other positions influenced by the trend of world events. There is only one answer to the human problem involved, and that is for all to maintain their professional pride, their sense of purpose, and their confidence in the higher destiny of the Organization itself, by keeping to the highest standards of personal integrity in their conduct as international civil servants and in the quality of the work that they turn out on behalf of the Organization. This is the way to defend what they believe in and to strengthen this Organization as an instrument of peace for which they wish to work. Dejection and despair lead to defeatism - and defeat.

During this period of two years, one of the major changes affecting the Organization has been the introduction of many new Members, especially from Africa. The presence of these new Members is welcome, as it reflects the spread of independence and greater freedom, and as it greatly strengthens the Organization and its capacity for service. These new Members are entitled to get their fair share in the staff of the Organization. At the same time some of the older Members have shown greater interest than heretofore in the representation of their nationals in the Secretariat.

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These two factors have lent added urgency to a problem which affects everyone of you, namely the problem of adjusting geographical distribution. It has been obvious to me that adjustments should be made as quickly as possible to the new situation on the basis of the present formula, and without waiting for the consideration by the General Assembly of a new one. It has been our concern to ensure that these changes should be carried out with the least possible adverse effect on the promotion prospects and other service rights of the existing staff. I have the feeling that on the whole it has been possible to strike an equitable balance. Special hardship aspects are still under study.

I am advised that although the promotion registers have been issued only very recently, some 99 promotions have already been approved since the beginning of this year for staff subject to geographical distribution, including the G-5 level. In addition 25 promotions have also been authorized in the professional posts which are not subject to geographical distribution. In the general services category, excluding G-5, the number of promotions already approved for 1961 is 136, and 12 promotions have been authorized in the manual workers' category.

Consideration is being given to the possibility of requesting the General Assembly to authorize a certain number of personal promotions over and above those which may have taken place within the established Manning Table. This is one of the recommendations made by the Committee of Experts on the Activities and Organization of the Secretariat.

You are also aware that a number of important proposals dealing with salaries and allowances will be considered by the forthcoming session of the General Assembly. Some of these proposals have been based on the conclusions reached by the International Civil Service Advisory Board. Some others arise out of the recommendations submitted by the Expert Committee on Post Adjustments.

Elements like salaries and promotion naturally are very close to all of us and their significance for the feeling of security and quiet of staff

members is obvious. But the spirit of a corps like the United Nations Secretariat, as it develops within the framework set by working conditions, is finally determined by other factors.

We all know that if we feel that what we do is purposeful, not to say essential for the progress of men and human society in a broader sense - yes, even if we believe that what we do is essential only for a small group of people and its future happiness - we are willing to accept hardships and serve gladly for the value of serving.

Ths common truth naturally applies to this Secretariat as to any other group in which people work together for a common aim. Of course, this does not justify those who decide on the conditions of service of the Secretariat to take advantage of the international spirit of service and of the idealism which may be found within its ranks by maintaining less than fair conditions of work. A good worker should be treated on a basis of equity whatever the motives which guide or inspire him. But it does mean that for the staff members themselves, given the proper conditions of work, the ultimate satisfaction they derive from the work will depend on their personal engagement in it and on their understanding of the collective aim which the work is intended to serve and its significance for the world in which we want to live and which we want to see built for future generations.

This leads me back to the international situation and to the rcle of the United Nations. It is ture that we are passing through a period of unusual threats to human society and to peace. The dangers are too well known for me to add any comments here. If anything, you hear and see too much about them in the headlines of every paper. It is also true that the role of the Organization is necessarily a modest one, subordinated as it must be to Governments, and through Governments to the will of the peoples.

But, although the dangers may be great and although our role may be modest, we can feel that the work of the Organization is the means through which we all, jointly, can work so as to reduce the dangers. It would be too

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dramatic to talk about our task as one of waging a war for peace, but it is quite realistic to look at it as an essential and - within its limits - effective work for building dams against the floods of disintegration and violence.

Those who serve the Organization can take pride in what it has done already in many, many cases. I know what I am talking about if I say, for example, that short of the heavy work in which you, all of you, have had his or her part, the Congo would by now have been torn to pieces in a fight which in all likelihood would not have been limited to that territory, but spread far around, involving directly or indirectly many or all of the countries from which you come. I also know what the activities of the Organization in the economic and social fields have meant for the betterment of life of millions, and for the creation of a basis for a happier future.

This is not said in a spirit of boastful satisfaction with what this Organization has been able to do - which, alas, falls far short of the needs - but as a realistic evaluation of the contribution we all of us, individually, have been permitted to make through our work for this Organization. It is false pride to register and to boast to the world about the importance of one's work, but it is false humility, and finally just as destructive, not to recognize - and recognize with gratitude - that one's work has a sense. Let us avoid the second fallacy as carefully as the first, and let us work in the conviction that our work <u>has</u> a meaning beyond the narrow individual one and <u>has</u> meant something for man.

Those of us who have had the opportunity of working in a national civil service or the secretariat of a national government know, and understand fully, the added responsibilities and problems that one has to face when working in an international secretariat. These responsibilities cannot be discharged, and these problems cannot be solved, save by our own inner dedication to the cause which the world Organization is pledged to serve under the Charter. I am sure that all of you will continue to respond to any demand made on this Organization in the service of this common cause.

I would like very much to thank the Chairman of the Staff Committee for giving me this opportunity to share my thoughts with you on this occasion.

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It is now fifty years since Dag Hammarskjöld left the world and the United Nations behind. Yet, with every passing year since his death, his stature grows and his worth along with his contribution becomes more apparent and meaningful.

When Hammarskjöld was at its helm the United Nations was still a relatively young organization, finding its way in a post-war world that had entered a new phase, the cold war, for which there was no roadmap. He was a surprise choice as Secretary-General, a so-called "safe" choice as there was little expectation that this former Swedish civil servant would be more than a competent caretaker. Few imagined that Dag Hammarskjöld would embrace his destiny with such passion and independence and even fewer could have foreseen that he would give his life in service to his passion. But as Hammarskjöld himself stated: "Destiny is something not to be desired and not to be avoided – a mystery not contrary to reason, for it implies that the world, and the course of human history, have meaning." That statement sums up his world view.

This is a volume of memoirs written by people who knew Hammarskjöld. We hope that these memories succeed in imparting to those who never knew or worked with Dag Hammarskjöld the intrinsic flavour of this unusual, highly intelligent, highly complex individual who believed deeply in the ability of people, especially their ability to affect the world in which they live. He once reflected: "Everything will be all right – you know when? When people, just people, stop thinking of the United Nations as a weird Picasso abstraction and see it as a drawing they made themselves." Today that advice rings as true as ever.

Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation

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