MY CENTURY

AND MY MANY LIVES

FRANK MUNK
1993

TO NADIA
AND OUR OFFSPRING

MY CENTURY AND MY MANY LIVES

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INTRODUCTION

My father's life, so far, almost spans the 20th century. His age is easy to remember. In this year of 1992, he is 91 years old. Not only does his life parallel the century, but he has always been a curious and keen observer. And not satisfied to be an observer, he has often been an active participant in pivotal political and historical events in Europe and in the United States.

For some time, I have suggested to my father that he should record his memoirs, not just for our family, but for others who are interested in the history of our times[1]. He was always too busy with the present to devote so much time to the past.

As often happens, a random event was the catalyst for these memoirs. In 1990, my parents were visiting Brooks and me in Seattle. We invited a young couple to have dinner with us who were about to be married and go to Czechoslovakia for their honeymoon. We had a pleasant evening and they learned a great deal from my parents about their destination. Two years later, the young man sent me a small clipping from his college alumni magazine. It was a request from a University of Chicago history professor for any information on President Benes's time in the United States in 1939. I forwarded the clipping to my father and he, in turn, recorded what he personally knew of this period and sent it off to the professor.

The floodgates had opened. Freed from the pressure of composing memoirs in chronological order, my father sat down at his Macintosh computer (acquired at age 90) and began to write. Chapters would arrive in my mail in random order. They were always fascinating. I was given the honor of editing. We hope what follows will be of interest not just to the Munk grandchildren and their children, but also to students of twentieth-century Western history.

Susanne Ragen

[1] In order to make this memoir more accessible, we have published these memoirs on our family website at http://www.theragens.com.

CHAPTER 1
THE SILVER BELL

The earliest thing I can remember is the tinkling of a silver bell. At least I was told it was made of silver, although I rather doubt it now. It rang at three in the morning and at three in the afternoon and I always thought the sound was magical. I could not help hearing it because our house stood in the shadow of Saint Jacob Church, built around 1430, with a very tall tower. I know now that in reality it did have something to do with silver: it marked the changing of the shifts in the silver mines.

I was born in the town of Kutrá Hora in Bohemia, then a part of Austria, on May 26, 1901. It was not an ordinary town. Silver mining started around 1300 when it was found that the area had some of the richest deposits of the metal in Europe. It rapidly grew rich and powerful and became the second residence of the Kings of Bohemia, some of whom also served as Emperors of the Holy (German) Roman Empire. In the middle of the 14th century it became the location of the Royal Mint, after the kings brought in experts from Florence to mint Bohemian Groschen. They built for that purpose what still is called the Italian Court, later used as the king's residential palace. Our back door abutted the palace. The city is full of medieval churches, including the magnificent St. Barbara Cathedral begun in 1388.

The name Kutná Hora means, very sensibly, Mining Mountain. Its glory faded in the 16th century as a result of wars and the discovery of America, when cheaper silver from Peru and Mexico made the mines uneconomic, although some mining continued until about 1800. It was even revived recently, because it was thought the mines could produce some uranium and certainly some copper. At any rate the town was for a long time a ghost town and I one of the ghosts.

One other thing that I vividly remember was the Corso. That was of course somewhat later, when I was sixteen or seventeen. The jeunesse dorée of the town assembled every day in the early evening on the sidewalk of the city square next to our store. The boys stood mostly on the side appraising and commenting on the girls who walked in pairs or threesomes up and down. Occasionally a boy would join a girl and continue to walk with her. I was an early and avid devotee of girl watching. One of the girls that I found unusually attractive was one with long brown pigtails, brown eyes, evidently very nicely put together. Unfortunately, she did not seem at all interested in us boys. Her name was Nadezda Prásilová, I knew her since she was a small kid. Her father was director of the Agricultural school.

Unbelievably, she is now my wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of our American family. Strange things do happen. I might just as well tell how it happened. Some time around Christmas 1921, when I was already very active in the student movement, I invited a group of medical students from the University of Strasbourg, newly returned to France, to visit Kutná Hora. In order to include some attractions besides cathedrals, my friend Karel Kriz and I decided to invite some girls to a dinner we planned. Our choice was Nadezda and one of her friends, because they knew some French. It was a happy choice. As I understand it, it was not my physique or my charm that made Nadezda interested in me, but my fluent French. Anyway, life was never the same thereafter. The dinner at Cerny Kun (Black Horse) was a great success.

I ought to add something about the school. I spent the first four years at the training school of the Teachers College, presumably a model institution with excellent teachers whom I still remember. I was then sent for a fifth year to the local public school, the reason being that my handwriting was not very good and needed improvement. Next, I started at the local high school, with the official name of Imperial and Royal Real School. The grade schools were provincial, but high schools were run by the Austrian government in Vienna, although in the Czech language. Ours was of the scientific kind, with lots of math, geometry and the physical sciences. I would have preferred a so-called "gymnasium" oriented to humanism, where Latin and Greek were one of the main subjects, but there was no such school in Kutná Hora, so we had to take private classes in Latin. It should also be stated that European high schools have very little in common with their American counterparts. American high schools are more democratic, European more scholarly. In effect the last two years (out of seven) of our school were more like the first two years of a typical American college, as I came to know them.

I spent the first eighteen years of my life in Kutná Hora and, in a way, I never left it.

THE SILVER BELL REVISITED

[Editor's Note: Some months after the original memoirs were published, my grandfather added these additional comments to this chapter}

Now that my 93 years exact their dues and I am not perfectly mobile, I revisit the silver bell most easily in my imagination. My roots are in Kutna Hora, that historical town in the heart of Bohemia – perhaps more so now than during my active life. I can still recall every nook and cranny of the town and these recollections have recently been rekindled by a book, sent us by friends born in the same place, as well as by another event.

The book is called Tales from Kutna Hora (Kutnohorske povesti). It was recently published in Kutna Hora and represents a most enjoyable collection of stories passed down through the centuries, starting around 1100 A.D., as told and retold by successive generations. Those who have read my "Memoirs" may recall that I began them with my earliest recollection: the silver bell ringing during the dark of night. I mentioned there the popular belief that the bell was made of silver. As I grew up, I knew, of course, that it must be nonsense. Well, it now seems that it was not so far off the mark.

In the year 1300 A.D., the Bohemian king Vaclav II founded the royal mint and invited experts from Florence to launch the minting of silver coins, called grose (groschen). The mint was located in the king's palace, which is still called the Italian Court (Vlassky dvur) across the square from our family's house. Very soon local artisans took over from the Italians. Among them, according to the story, was a man named Semernik. He soon found a way to get rich by putting aside and secretly taking home some of the silver ore. The supervision must have been very shoddy and nobody suspected him. However, on his deathbed, he was struck by contrition and as repentance for past sins he left his entire property to Saint Jacob's Church to be used for the making of a special bell. It was to be made from the silver he had stolen over the decades. There is a historical fact: the bell was recast in 1835, according to records, and part of the old silver was mixed with the new material. The book also reveals something I was not aware of as a child – the bell called the miners to work at 3am, but only on workdays, not on Sundays and holy days. It still does.

A second event which rekindled my nostalgia for Kutna Hora was a cultural festival sponsored by the city and by the Friends of Kutna Hora, to commemorate a famous Czech poet, named Jiri Orten, one of two brothers born in Kutna Hora to a Jewish family we knew well – the Ohrensteins. He changed his name to be able to publish after the Nazi occupation in 1939. He was killed by a German tank in 1941.

I was supposed to be present as one of the Honorary Chairmen of the festival, together with the Czech Minister of Culture, who was present at the festival, the former head of President Havel's Chancellery, and other dignitaries. I was the only one living abroad. I was very sorry to excuse myself for health reasons. The festival, according to press reports, was a great success. It consisted of a number of literary, musical, and theatrical events, all having to do with the work of Jiri Orten. A concert in Saint Barbara Church, patron saint of miners, was attended by more than a thousand people.

Since I mentioned my health, I was in very good shape until late in 1993. Then a number of misfortunes hit: my diabetes and my electrolytes went out of control and I suffered from a collapsed vertebra – among other problems. Then, in July of 1994, I had a cardiac attack, which fortunately proved to be rather mild. I surmounted all of these incidents, but now have to limit my natural exuberance and confine my walks mostly to a few blocks around our hilltop home – not a bad place to be confined.

In the meantime, I have been able to find a substitute for my world travels. Until last year, Nadia and I went on one or more cruises a year all over the globe. We were able to visit what is now the Czech Republic even under the Communist regime (last in 1992) and, in general, to live it up. Now, I have to learn to live it down. It is very fortunate that I found another way to roam around the world – in some ways even more freely than before. In 1991, I got a computer and I have enjoyed it ever since, learning and learning. Now, I am deeply into e-mail and the Internet, communicating with the world and replacing the so-called real world with cyberspace.

Future generations of my offspring will find it difficult to believe that there was a time when there were no computers and, in fact, no cars, no planes, no phones, no refrigerators, no shopping malls, no jazz or rock, and when a family consisted of a woman, a man, and children. Much as I am into computers, I am not sure if technology has made life better or worse – except my own life. Maybe I will discuss the outlook for the next millennium if and when the bug bites me again.

CHAPTER 2
FROM BOSNIA TO BOSNIA

The year is 1992. Bosnia is in the forefront of news.

It also was in the forefront of news in 1908. That year Austria-Hungary, then one of five major powers, annexed Bosnia which it had occupied in 1879. This very nearly precipitated a world war, although it was averted for another six years. When it exploded, the flash point still was Bosnia, namely a shot fired by a young Serb in a spot commemorated in the pavement: the assassination of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

The Bosnian crisis happened also to be a determining moment in my life. I was then a ripe seven years, as curious then as I am now at 91. This is how it happened...

My family and I went for a hike every Sunday afternoon, frequently to a wooded hill dominating the surroundings of our town, Kutná Hora. The name of the hill was and is Haj.

That particular Sunday, the talk was about Bosnia and whether there will be war. That was what my parents were talking about. So I started to ask questions... Where was Bosnia? Why was it so important? How come Austria could annex it? I was not quite sure my parents had all the answers. So I decided to find out for myself and I did. Next morning I picked up the newspaper they were reading (it was Masaryk's old CAS) and from that day on I read a newspaper, or more than one, for the next 85 or so years. My interest was set. I could not know then that my daughter would one day marry a man whose family originally came from a place neighboring Bosnia, called Montenegro, but that is another story[2]. At any rate Nadia, my son-in-law, and our daughter visited Bosnia with Sarajevo, Mostar and so on just a few years before it was rent asunder by a bloody civil war.

In the succeeding decades, I was able to satisfy my curiosity in international affairs by actively participating in what you might call student-diplomacy, by leading the Czechoslovak League of Nations Association, by becoming Secretary General of the Ènternational Confederation of Students, by participating at least in a marginal way in Czechoslovak politics, by spending time in the United States as a Research Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation, as Director of Training of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, as director of Radio Free Europe in Munich, and I do not know in how many other functions around the globe, while as the same time teaching and publishing books in several languages.

Yet my curiosity is not quite assuaged: I and the world are getting curiouser and curiouser, if not better. In this year of 1992, I do not expect we shall get any closer to a New World Order. To me it looks more like a new and worse World Disorder. I only can hope I am wrong.

[2] Brooks Ragen, Return to Vrba, 1989. Refer to: http://www.theragens.com/history/Ragen - Return to Vrba.htm.

CHAPTER 3
AT THE STORE

My political education started at the store, rather than in the classroom. My father was a clothier. He sold cloth to the tailors or to men who would then go to a tailor. Ready-made men's clothing did not exist; everybody had it tailored.

I worked in the store on most afternoons, when I came back from the "reálka." My specialty was accessories: I sold shirts, collars (all of them detached), ties and such. But mostly I listened. The store was more than a store. Each afternoon or almost so the professors whom I heard in class in the morning would come to the store, which was a kind of political club. They were mostly members of the same political party, certainly they all had the same political outlook.

My father was very politically minded. Progressive, reformist, anticlerical, anti the prevailing reactionary Austrian government, moderately Czech nationalist – as was their recognized leader, the future president of the future Czechoslovak Republic, Thomas G. Masaryk. He was something of a dissenter, hated by many, and his party, while minuscule in numbers, had an intense appeal for intellectuals. He suddenly leaped to popularity when he, almost single-handed, founded the republic at the end of the First World War, but that came later. My story starts in the first two decades of this century.

My father, Alfred Munk, was a freethinker. He sympathized in a general way with the moderate left and he was one of the first people who organized the local chapter of Masaryk's party. One of the cherished possessions of our family was a card Masaryk had sent to my father from Russia. The papers I read were first of all Masaryk's daily CAS, the free thought weeklies VOLNA MYSLENKA and VOLNA SKOLA and a weekly published by the Social Democrats RUDÉ KVETY ("RedBlooms").

My mother, born Marie Mautnerová, was more interested in literature, she was an avid reader of fiction in Czech and German. Once a year she would visit her sister in Vienna and would go to the theater of opera evening after evening. But she agreed with my father (and me) on politics.

I suppose I have never wavered much from the philosophy I learned while selling those shirts.

CHAPTER 4
PRESENT AT THE CREATION

The day was October 28, 1918 – the day that Czechoslovakia was created out of the rubble of what had been for hundreds of years Austria-Hungary, the day that the Central Powers accepted President Wilson's fourteen points. The main point was self-determination. The Czech people rose spontaneously on that day and our lives changed, never again to be the same.

I learned about it when I came home from school about noon. The next thing I saw were a group of Sokols in their Garibaldi-red shirts running through town and shouting "We are free." The Sokol was a patriotic-gymnastic society which had at once taken over the maintenance of public order from the police. On the same day, we students organized a Student Guard to reinforce the Sokols. There was not much time to lose: next to our school (and to the 14th century cathedral of Saint Barbara) were the barracks of the Austrian army, formerly a 17th century Jesuit monastery. As was the custom under Austria, soldiers were always kept away from their place of origin. At the time there was stationed in Kutná Hora a regiment of Magyars from Hungary. The Guard was ordered to circle the barracks. I ought to mention that we all were given some pre-military training during the war – had it gone on my class would have been called up.

We expected the worst, but it did not happen. The Hungarian garrison was coming out properly scared, with their hands behind their heads – one man at a time. There must have been about 2,000 of them. It was a great experience for a 17-year old, as you can imagine.

My streetside service came to an abrupt end when I was called to the Sokol headquarters, soon joined by returning Czech officers, to serve as telephone operator. The reason was that I was able to speak German. I talked frequently to the Austrian Ministry of War in Vienna to arrange the transport of the garrison to their native Hungary and in a few days it happened. The last assignment of the Student Guards was to accompany the regiment on its way to the railway station to the applause of the populace. That was the end of my first and only military duty.

But it was the beginning of a marvelous time in my life. The nineteen twenties in Czechoslovakia, as the republic was named, was very exciting. It was unusually creative, utterly optimistic, constructive to the utmost and – above all – successful. During the twenty years that followed, from 1918 till 1938, it

was stable, democratic, tolerant to minorities and reasonably prosperous – certainly the most successful of the succession states of Austria-Hungary. It ultimately remained the only democracy in that part of the world, until it succumbed to Hitler and his Nazis.

I had one more experience which may have shaped my destiny. Shortly after Independence Day, there was held a celebratory meeting in the courtyard of Vlassky Dvur, the 13th century castle of the Kings of Bohemia. It was originally built to accommodate the experts who came from Florence, Italy, to teach the Czechs how to mint money, Kutná Hora being one of the largest sources of silver in all of medieval Europe. That is where the name, meaning Italian Court, comes from. I was chosen by the students to be their speaker, for reasons unknown to me. As I spoke from the balcony to the assembled population, something came over me: I found it easy to arouse their enthusiasm – something I never suspected. If I can occasionally still open my mouth in public today – that's where it started.

Unfortunately, the happy period in the life of Czechoslovakia gave way to a time of troubles, first in the so-called Second Republic, shorn of the so-called Sudetens, then under the Nazi Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia. This was followed, after a brief interval, by forty years of communist domination, during which Czechoslovakia was invaded by the Soviet Union. Seventy four years have passed since that day in October 1918. Czechoslovakia is now on the verge of dissolution and everything points to its division into two separate state entities. I am one of those who, after a visit to Prague in the summer of 1992, believe the divorce had better come fast, before the quarrelling gets even more aggressive.

Having been present at the birth of Czechoslovakia, I now expect to witness the funeral. Even worse, a country that was born with great expectations and greater promises will disappear from the scene with barely a squeak.

CHAPTER 5
JEWS AND OTHER JEWS

One of my earliest memories is my father saying: "It is unfortunate to be born a Jew – it means you have to be twice as good and work twice as hard to make good." It never occurred to me either to doubt it or to be particularly upset about it, I accepted it as a simple fact of life.

However, to many Jews we were not Jewish enough. We never observed religious dietary laws, our food was identical to that of our neighbors. We never wore different clothing. We did not know or speak Yiddish. As a matter of fact, I never knew such people existed until I was fifteen or sixteen, when Russian armies invaded Galicia, the easternmost province of Austria, and tens of thousands of orthodox Jews were forcefully evacuated to the West. My mother volunteered to organize their resettlement in the Kutná Hora district and spent innumerable hours in a horse-drawn carriage to find room for them in the villages. They seemed like a very strange crowd to the local Jews.

We regarded ourselves as modern, emancipated and "cultured" Jews in contrast to those Jews in black caftans, with hair locks who spoke guttural Yiddish. I am sure we were wrong in our feelings, but that was the prevailing attitude. They all were repatriated at the end of WWI to their "statls" in what had by then become the new Poland.

Jews had, of course, lived in Bohemia for almost a thousand years. Suffice it to say that, by the time I was growing up, the Jewish community was roughly divided along linguistic lines: Czech Jews and German Jews. Those living in Czech-speaking districts spoke Czech, those in German speaking districts (mostly the so-called Sudetens along the borders of Germany) spoke German. But that was not the only difference: German Jews felt anti-Semitism more acutely and began reverting to Zionism early in the thirties. Czech Jews regarded themselves as "Czechs of the Jewish faith" and were increasingly regarded as such by others.

Prague was an exception to the general rule. Many Prague Jews spoke German as their vernacular, even though they had to speak Czech in everyday life. The Prague Jewish community produced many outstanding personalities, for a time Einstein taught at the German university, others were well-known writers like Max Brod or Franz Kafka. Just as the Germans were a minority among the Czechs, the German speaking Jews were a minority among the Germans. Anti-semitism was ripe. This sense of

isolation was one thing that made Kafka a by-word. I never liked him but I must admit that he was an early prophet of the Age of the Absurd. Nowadays, when you say Prague you think of Kafka, although he was absolutely unrepresentative of Bohemia when he and I were living there. He knew Czech very well, but he wrote in German.

In fact, the whole world has become increasingly Kafka-esque ever since. Our attitude towards Judaism was only a reflection of our Weltanschauung. We believed uncritically in progress, rationality, the unity of mankind, free will and self-determination and we were opposed to irrationality, whether secular or religious. Later on, I plan to describe how these beliefs affected my life and work, but let me say right now that I never doubted that humanity was moving towards peace, understanding, and clarity. In other words, light will triumph over darkness. Little did I anticipate that my lifetime would encompass much of the opposite trend. Anyway, my generation was probably the last one to inherently believe in enlightenment.

Perhaps I ought to say a little more about the Jewish side of our family. We went to the local synagogue twice or three times a year, mostly for Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur. We did not celebrate the other holidays. I learned to read Hebrew for my Bar Mitzvah, which I remember best for the presents I received, including a large and still excellent world atlas.

In spite of our laxity in matters of religion, my father served for years as treasurer of the local Jewish community. In Austria, Roman Catholicism was the state religion and was financed by the state. Other religions were by then free to operate, but had to support themselves by taxing their members. My father had the power to assess and collect the taxes the community decided upon. I do not know how popular he was in this duty, but I newer heard a word of criticism. Anyway, in addition to being a merchant, he was a tax collector.

As soon as the Czechoslovak republic was created, there was a definite flight from organized religion throughout the country. It was particularly pronounced among the Catholics, since the church was unpopular because of its support for the Habsburg Monarchy. As a result, both my girlfriend Nadia and I left our respective denominations early in the twenties, she having been born a Catholic.

CHAPTER 6
A STUDENT-DIPLOMAT

Contrary to what you might expect, I did not do much studying while a student in Prague. I had more important things to do.

When I got to Prague in the fall of 1919, I found all institutions of higher education in a state of disorganization. Nobody had expected a sudden influx of thousands upon thousands of students, all flushed with a sense of freedom and new, unlimited horizons. The result was a sudden shortage of classroom space. When I first came to class, I found the hall already crammed, so we had to stand outside and listen to the lecture through open windows. The students protested but to no avail.

So a colleague of mine, Josef Hlinomaz from Moravia, and I decided that something had to be done. We called a student strike. The response was sudden and overwhelming. I was the main speaker and the experience of speaking to hundreds, and soon thousands, of students did something to me which I never forgot.

The authorities did not like it at all and they struck back: Hlinomaz and I were called before the Rector of the university who read us the riot act with the admonition that we must call off the strike without delay, or face exclusion from all institutions of the country. We said No, and called another mass meeting.

Next morning, we were told to immediately see the top official, the Minister of Education, Gustav Habermann, an old Social Democrat, who had called workers' strikes in the past himself. We thought we would be arrested on the spot. Instead the Minister informed us that the Council of Ministers discussed the strike, the first in the short history of Czechoslovakia, decided that our demands were reasonable, and that he had already given the necessary orders. Specifically, a large new building, originally destined for the German university, would be assigned to the Czech university. We went back to the mass meeting and I have never been the same: I will never forget the triumphal reception we received.

I was something of an immediate celebrity among students. Before I knew it, I was elected to the executive committee of the newly organized Central Union of Czechoslovak Students and shortly thereafter I was head of its Foreign Department. That launched me into a veritable career. I spent much of my time after that in my office of the former

Strakova Akademie, later and presently the seat of the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia.

I must remind you that students in Czechoslovakia always played an important political role, unlike students in the United States. Their interest was always politics, not sports. Suffice it to mention that the Velvet Revolution, which led to the overthrow of Communism in 1989, was almost entirely the work of students.

Before long, I spent much of my time travelling throughout Europe attending congresses, giving lectures and meeting leading political figures. Soon after that I was elected Secretary General of the International Confederation of Students, with Prague its headquarters. One reason for my advancement was that I could speak German, French, and English in addition to my native Czech. I was also propelled into continuous contact with government officials and politicians.

I was especially in daily touch with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, located close to Prague Castle, and occasionally with the Foreign Minister, then and for many more years Dr. Edvard Benes. His twin strategies consisted of a close alliance with France as well as the so-called Little Entente (CSR, Yugoslavia, Romania), and of strengthening the League of Nations, with headquarters in Geneva. I travelled frequently to Geneva, sometimes as a delegate to some committee of the League.

My relations with the government were frequent and close. Whenever I wanted to go to some meeting abroad, all I had to do was to call Dr. Hyka at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs or Dr. Praus at the Ministry of Education, and he would immediately authorize the disbursement of the necessary funds.

In fact, the government made use of my services whenever it was felt that a mission had to be undertaken by someone not directly connected with the government. I vividly remember one example, although it happened much later. Some time in 1937, as the Sudeten crisis was coming to the boil, the Ministry asked me, if they could get me an invitation to Cliveden, the famous home of Lord and Lady (Nancy) Astor in England. It was our Ambassador to Great Britain, Jan Masaryk, who was behind the invitation. I was duly invited for a weekend at Cliveden and I went. It is not one of my most pleasant memories. The so-called Cliveden set was then, and is now, regarded as a nest of Nazi sympathizers.

I forgot the names of the other people invited by the Astors, but I remember I was told the German ambassador, Herr Ribbentrop, was at Cliveden the week before. At a magnificent dinner I sat opposite Mr. Garvin, editor of the "Observer," next to me was a well-known British society painter, Mr. László, born in Hungary. When he learned I was Czech, he started quite a tirade, that Slovakia should be returned to Hungary. I did not fare much better with my hosts and the other guests when it came to the question of Hitler's plans for Czechoslovakia. I must say it should have served as a warning to me and to the Czech government, but I am afraid neither of us read the leaves correctly at the time. The year was 1937.

One of the international meetings I remember well was the Congress of Slav Students in 1922. Slavism (or as it is usually, if incorrectly, called Pan-slavism in this country) was an ideology that was very current at the time among the Slavic peoples, viz. the Russians, Ukrainians, Serbs, Croat, Bulgarians, to a lesser extent the Poles, but above all the Czechs. The suggestion came from Dr. Benes. There were at the time many animosities among the Slavs, which made the holding of the congress difficult, the most dangerous one being the old enmity between Serbs and Bulgars, primarily over Macedonia.

I was delegated to bring the Bulgarians and the Serbs together so they both would attend the Congress, soon to be held in Prague. My most vivid memory relates to my first visit to Belgrade, capital of the recently formed Yugoslav Kingdom. I happened to have an uncle, who was a businessman in Belgrade since long before the war and for all practical purposes a Serb, he had excellent connections to the former Serbian army. The day I arrived, he had an invitation to a party organized by the Chief of Staff of the new Yugoslav army. The party took place on a steamer that plied the Sava and the Danube. It was summer, the sun shone brightly, a military band played and all the officers wore resplendent white uniforms. Everything looked great.

From Belgrade, I went to the capital of Macedonia, Skoplje (now Skopje, formerly Uskub in Turkish). I was asked by the Chief of Police to see him and the first thing he told me was not to venture outside at night, because the hills surrounding the city were full of guerillas and there was lots of shooting. the guerillas were remnants of the old pro-Bulgarian Revolutionary Macedonian Organization. At any rate, the Congress was held. For a while the animosities were forgotten, but not for long, Dr. Benes was the main speaker. I should have mentioned that from Skoplje I went to the Bulgarian

capital Sofia and brought the two groups together, briefly.

I confess to having participated in student events long after I finished my studies. I was not an outstanding student, but I got my degree at the proper time. My main concentration was in economics and I happened to attract the attention of Dr. Josef Macek, who influenced decisively my future career.

During my days and years as a "student diplomat" I made many friends all over Europe, like the President of the International Confederation, Jean Gérard, a Frenchman, Jean Baugniet, a Belgian, (later Sir) Ivison Macadam, who became head of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London, and many others. They proved helpful in my activities later. I am afraid they are all dead now.

Let me add one other thought: Most of my immediate friends at home were naturally Czechs or Slovaks. I would never have believed they would separate. Some of the Slovaks who were close to me were L'udovit Ruhmann, Karol Zibrin and especially Vlado Clementis, who later became Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Communists and who was still later executed by the same Communists. So were many of my early associates, including my successor as head of the Foreign Department, Josef Holyy, who was also executed by the Nazis. This, my century, turned out to be very bloody – and it has not ended yet!

CHAPTER 7
ON THE FRINGES OF POLITICS

I got into national politics very early after my arrival in Prague in 1919. The political system was still in a fluid state after the revolution. Originally geared to opposition to the government in Vienna, it suddenly had to take responsibility for a new state of some 14 million people at a time of new upheavals all around Czechoslovakia, a beaten Germany, a bolshevik Russia and a bevy of new succession states.

All in all, the Czech political parties (there were so far no Slovak ones) adapted to the new realities pretty well. Very early there formed a coalition of the five major parties, with occasionally some smaller ones, to lead the country. In fact for the rest of the first republic, which lasted 20 years, all major decisions were taken by the five men leading the five parties, known in Czech as "petka," i.e., the fivesome.

Some of us, including me, regarded the emerging system as essentially not quite democratic. I was one of the first who tried – but failed – to revive Masaryk's Progressive party, with its orientation to humanism, real democratism and cooperation among people. There were two leading lights in the leadership, Professor Emanuel Rádl and another Professor, Zdenek Nejedly. I was to be the head of the youth movement and was in very close contact with those two. The effort failed, partly because President Masaryk did not give it his silent support.

Perhaps wisely he voted for an efficient, if not always entirely democratic, system. Subsequently, Rádl became perhaps the most influential Czech philosopher after Masaryk. His important book called "The War of Czechs against Germany" ["Válka Cechu proti Nemcum"] warned of the threat of national intolerance, anticipating not only the scourge of Nazism, but also the inhuman expulsion of all 2.5 million Germans from Czechoslovakia at the conclusion of WWII.

Nejedly later joined the Communist party. After its seizure of power in 1948, he became Minister of Education and perhaps the most hated man in the country for many years, responsible for the purging of universities and for intellectual Gleichschaltung.

I was soon attracted to my professor of economics, Josef Macek, a Social Democrat and one of the administrators of land reform, which took land from the aristocracy and distributed it to the peasants. He influenced me not only intellectually by being a strong Keynesian, but more directly by

recommending me for a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in the United States, where I spent two years (1931-1933) at Harvard and Columbia. As I describe later[3], without this scholarship I could not have become a professor in this country.

Like Macek, I was for a time interested in an idea promoted by another Social Democrat, Senator Frantisek Modrácek, who advocated an economic system based on cooperatives owned by employees. It did not get off the spot either. At about the same time Masaryk's old daily CAS [TIME] was restarted with silent support and some financing from the President and I became editor of its student department. It was an easy job for me because I had by that time become one of the student leaders, as described elsewhere in these memoirs.

At the end of the nineteen twenties I finally joined a real and important political party, known successively as the National Social Party, the National Socialist Party and the Czech Socialist Party. The latter incarnation was of course caused by the desire not to be confused with the Nazis. There were at the time three different parties, broadly of the left, namely the Communists on the extreme left, next the Social Democrats and then our party. President William Clinton would have had no difficulty joining it.

I became chairman of the Economic Committee of the party and exerted some limited influence on its policies, primarily by initiating two devaluations of the national currency, the Czechoslovak Crown, together with my Social Democratic counterpart, later a leading Communist, Zdenek Fierlinger. Both devaluations led to increasing exports and, thus, an improvement in the economy. When I left Czechoslovakia in 1939, I was carrying messages from the party.

[3] See Chapter 11 for the details on how Frank and his family left Czechoslovakia under duress in 1939.

CHAPTER 8
MORE LIVES THAN TWO

I have clearly lived two different lives, one in Europe, the other in America. But, in addition, I have also lived two lives in my native Czechoslovakia: one was academic and the other practical.

I started out as an economist and most of my theoretical work and writings were in the field of economics. Later on I gradually shifted to international politics, while my special interest remained the interface between the two.

I have also fluctuated between different sub-areas of the two main fields. Early in the 1920's I got interested in what was then called scientific management of work, also known as taylorism. It later acquired a bad reputation as a mostly cold-blooded exploitation of labor, but originally it was part and parcel of a trend towards what later was known as capitalism with a human face. The chief exponent of this special effort in our country was Docent Václav Verunác [the title of docent was more or less equivalent to that of associate professor in this country]. I soon became a permanent feature of the sessions he used to hold in his office. Verunác was consultant to many corporations, including the shoe factories of Tomás Bata, later known as the world shoe king. He successfully experimented with such innovations as workers' profit participation and many practices now attributed to the Japanese.

I next turned to the then practically virgin field of economic planning. There was no such thing in practice and very little in theory, not even in the Soviet Union, which adopted economic plans and planning only about 1929. I published my first book, which dealt among other things with economic planning, in 1928. The name of the book was "Nové Hospodárstvi" [New Economics] and it was published by the government publishing company ORBIS. I was then regarded as a promising young economist and began writing numerous articles for a number of magazines.

It was as a result of these activities that my former professor Josef Macek recommended me for the award of a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in the United States, where I spent two years, 1931 to 1933.

While in America I was particularly interested in new forms of retailing, especially chain stores and chains of department stores. Another field which attracted me was advertising and the whole area of propaganda and public relations. During my year at Columbia University I spent a good part of my time downtown,

talking to store executives and advertising agencies. My interest in economic and business planning led me to forecasting. I visited for instance one of the first institutions pioneering in that field, the Babson Economic Institute.

After returning home, I started an advertising organization, somewhat like the Advertising Federation of America, under the name of Reklub, the Czech term for advertising being reklama. I became its first president.

While at Harvard, I started writing my doctoral dissertation which I finished after my return to Prague and published as a book under the title of "Distribution and Distribution Costs." I received my doctorate in 1936.

After that, I devoted most of my attention increasingly to problems of macro-economics and what you might call macro-politics, no doubt influenced by the darkening clouds of another world war. It was also connected with my becoming an economic advisor and head of the economic committee of one of the major political parties.

All of the above activities would have barely provided a source of income. As a matter of fact, I had from the outset pursued a double career, one theoretical, the other in the real world. From 1922 until my departure for America in 1931, I was with the Prague International Fair. I started as a part-time helper in the News department. My first assignment was to draw a chart of the fluctuations of the Czech of the Czech currency, the crown, in terms of the Swiss franc. I rose rapidly in the ranks and soon became the permanent Director of International Relations. The Fair was a public corporation sponsored by the City of Prague and supported financially and in every other way by the Czechoslovak government. Exports were the life blood of the Czech economy and the Fair played a very important role in their success.

My duties were manifold: I had to prepare all the printed propaganda, make speeches abroad, deal with foreign exhibitors and visitors, represent the institution through public relations, act occasionally as an interpreter, negotiate with foreign governments – the agenda was practically unlimited. I was recently reminded of one of my regular duties, when I was present at a dinner for about 270 guests at my granddaughter's wedding. I organized any number of banquets, mainly for foreign visitors, including many government delegations, having to take care of everything, including speakers, seating arrangements, menus and everything else. Much of it required a good deal of diplomacy. The Fair, which originally used offices next to the City Hall in a Renaissance 16th century building, was seen daily by thousands of tourists. Later, a large, modern Fair Palace was built. I organized a permanent exhibition of Czech products, started the first fair of radio when it was in its infancy and all kinds of export programs. It was a very satisfactory kind of work.

I did not go back to the Fair after our return from the United States. Instead, I became Manager of the local representation of Adrema, a leading German manufacturer of addressing machines. In fact they were much more than what the name indicates: they were precursors of present-day computer databases since they could naturally be used for other purposes, such as inventory control, payrolls or anything of that kind. The only difference from databases was that they were mechanical-electrical whereas computers are electronic. One of my tasks was to help businesses in devising their organizational use. I had also to travel a good deal. Adrema was part of the largest Czech firm in the whole field of business machines. It was owned by Richard Gibian, who became my friend. He was an unusual man, a very able businessman, an excellent musician, and a very cultured individual.

He tried to keep me when I got an offer I thought I could not refuse. In 1937, I was approached by the owners of an expanding chain of department stores, somewhat in the vein of present-day Walmart or K-Mart. The name of the stores was TETA ["Aunt"] in Czechoslovakia, TATA ["Dad"] in Yugoslavia, and SORA ["Sister"] in Romania. It was a very profitable venture and I was offered one of the highest salaries in the field.

I was hired with the understanding that I would become General Manager of the combined companies as soon as the man who was presently in the top job would retire, which was expected soon. I was the heir apparent. He died just as I was leaving. I left of course in a hurry when I learned about my impending arrest after the German invasion in 1939.

The reason I was eager to try my hand was of course my old interest in these new forms of retailing, as I describe it elsewhere. I was given a "golden handshake" when I left, but it did me no good since I could not take any money with me. One day I was well off, and the next day I was penniless. Incidentally, TETA had political problems which limited its growth. As a result of pressure by the party of small business, strict laws limited the opening of new stores and much of my time was spent in political negotiations.

Thus ended my excursion into the realm of business and naturally I suddenly was also cut off from my more academic interests in that part of the world. In fact, I had to start all over again. It was to be a hard time for both Nadia and myself. However my sudden departure from Prague was really a godsend because I would surely not have survived the 6 years of Nazi occupation or the ensuing more than forty years of the Communist regime.

CHAPTER 9
AMERICA 1931-1933

In May of 1931, I received a letter that changed my life. It was from the Paris office of the Rockefeller Foundation and it read as follows: "I am authorized to offer you a Research Fellowship for study in the United States for a period beginning approximately October 1st, 1931. The Fellowship entitles you to a monthly stipend of $150 per month, an allowance of $50 per month for your dependents, and, in addition, necessary travel and tuition expenses insofar as they are specifically authorized in advance."

The letter was a surprise. I recalled that my former Professor, Josef Macek, had asked me some time ago if I would like to go to the USA, but I did not give any thought to his enquiry. I accepted the offer right away, in spite of knowing that it would stop, or at least delay, what looked like a very promising career.

I had just been named a fellow of the Masaryk Academy and head of its Institute of Business Research. I was named a member of the Social Research Institute of the Ministry of Welfare and a lecturer at the School of Political Science. I was serving on the Permanent Committee on Economic Planning and one of the editors of "Sociální Problémy" (a journal of the social sciences) as well as "Hospodárská Politika" (Economic Policy). Much of this followed the 1928 publication, by a government-owned publishing company, of my book, "The New Economy – a Study of the Second Industrial Revolution." I knew the fellowship would interfere with all these activities, but I thought it would be worth it. It also interfered with some other plans: I was one of the people who planned the construction of a modern settlement on the outskirts of Prague called Baba which was an exhibition of Bauhaus-style housing. The construction of our own house began just about when we were to leave.

Nadia was just then working as secretary to the daughter of President Masaryk, Alice Masaryk, herself President of the Czechoslovak Red Cross. Nadia's job was to assist in her social welfare activities. Alice Masaryk was kind enough to get free passage to America for Nadia by having her appointed as inspector of emigration, to check the facilities provided by the shipping line to immigrants going to the United States.

We crossed the ocean on M.S. Saint Louis of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. We boarded at Hamburg on September 22, 1931, arriving in New York on September 30. This was of course the time of the Great Depression and the world economy was in a

sorry state. We got a taste of it as the ship docked in Queenstown (now Cobh) in Ireland. The headlines read England Abandons Gold Standard. It was a symbol of England's economic decline just as the present decline of the dollar (I am writing in 1992) symbolizes the decline of our economic power.

We met some other Rockefeller Fellows on board the Saint Louis: two Poles, Zenon Wachlowski and Jose Chalasinski and their wives, Baer, a Hungarian, and Max Ascoli and wife, from Italy. They all returned to Europe except Ascoli, who divorced his redheaded Italian wife, married an American heiress, and became a wealthy publisher of magazines. I happily kept my Czech wife.

New York impressed me more than it now impresses me. I believe it was much more livable at that time. I was impressed by its modernity, its standard of living, its advanced technology, but also negatively by the contrast between wealth and poverty. The streets were full of people selling apples and all kinds of other things, or simply begging. Unemployment stood at about 25 per cent, and President Hoover was very unpopular. So was prohibition. It was proof of self-respect, and of good connections, to serve hard liquor whenever you had visitors at home – a custom I thoroughly disliked since I was not accustomed to alcohol (and still am not).

We only stayed long enough in New York to get oriented and to plan my project. This I did by conferring with Dr. Meredith Givens at the Social Science Research Center, as advised by the Rockefeller Foundation. I originally wanted to stay in New York. However, Dr. Givens suggested I stay one year at Harvard. I had of course heard of Harvard before coming, but I had only a faint idea of its stature, so I asked Givens if it would be worthwhile to study at an institution so far out in the countryside. He assured me that Harvard was not second rate. I reluctantly accepted his suggestion and we left for Cambridge.

In Cambridge, we found a room at a house in 50 Wendell Street, owned by a relative of the then American Ambassador to Germany. Most of my classes were at the recently completed Graduate School of Business Administration, across Charles River from the main campus, where I also was given office space. I was very surprised when I attended my first class that instruction at the school was based primarily on the case method instead of general lectures. I had never encountered anything similar in Europe. It occurred to me that it must be an extension of teaching at law schools, based on Anglo-Saxon common law as distinct from Roman Law, in use all over continental Europe, and, of course, also in Quebec. I must confess, Roman Law still impresses me as clearer and cleaner.

Fortunately, we knew some people in Boston. I had met Edward Filene, owner of the famous department store, in Prague when he was visiting the Prague International Fair, of which I was one of the directors. I took him around Prague and spent much time with him at the request of the American Commercial Attache and found him very agreeable and knowledgeable. He not only invited us to his home (he was single), but also introduced us to some prominent Bostonians, including the widow of a governor of Massachusetts. To us these glimpses of upper-class New Englanders were a real revelation.

However, our first visit after arriving in Cambridge was not to historic Boston, but to lonely Walden Pond, described so lovingly by Thoreau. We met many people in the towns surrounding Boston and I became very fond of New England and New Englanders. At the end of the academic year the Rockefeller Foundation encouraged us to see more of the United States. I spent much of the summer session at the University of Chicago. I knew some of the people at the University from Europe, especially Professor Louis Brownlow, Director of the Public Administration Clearing House, with whom I reestablished relations after my second coming to the United States.

Nadia left in the middle of summer for Houston to help her sister Vera Scott, who was expecting her first child. I used the time to see something of the West, which always attracted me. I took the train to Denver, and then hitchhiked all over Colorado, especially over its Rockies. I found the mountains fascinating, both the high peaks with snow and glaciers and the abandoned mining towns, now mere ghosts of themselves. I even tried my hand at gold panning. The creeks above Boulder, Colorado, were full of unemployed men panning gold from the creek beds. Gold certainly was there, I saw it in their pans, so I stayed for several days in their camp, ate their food, and enjoyed myself. Then back to Chicago on the luxury train, the Columbine.

I also took other trips from the Windy City. I ought to call it the Hot City, on some days the only place to be was up to the neck in Lake Michigan. One of my trips was to Kenosha, Wisconsin, specifically to meet the liberal Governor, Philip La Follette.

We spent the rest of the summer at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. We made the trip as far as San Francisco in the car of our Polish

friends, the Wachlowskis, I mostly in the car's rumble seat, eating the ever-present sand. It was however a most interesting trip, across the Bad Lands of South Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and across the Sierra Nevada to the Bay Area – with me still in the rumble seat. From San Francisco, we went with one of the many people who made a lean living by taking people in their old cars, with them living and sleeping in the car. Such was life during the Depression. When we got to L.A., we got a nice apartment in Santa Monica, only to have to give it up when I learned that I was due at USC and not, as I assumed, at UCLA.

Los Angeles in 1932 was idyllic compared to what it is today, the streets bordered by palms with the charm of the missions still visible. I bought a second-hand car, my first, learned driving, and before the onset of autumn we set out to drive East. Everything went fine until we got close to San Antonio, Texas. We had an accident and ended up in the ditch. I was unhurt, but Nadia had a bad cut on her leg. We were taken to Santa Rosa Hospital in San Antonio, where they kept us for a couple of days. the local Czech community learned about the accident from the papers and came to visit us at the hospital. A woman said: "Oh, you are doing so well; we were planning to give you a nice funeral." She seemed truly disappointed.

We stayed for a while in Houston with Arthur and Vera Scott and then left by train for New York. The Rockefeller Foundation had extended my fellowship for another year and I spent it mainly at Columbia University. My attendance was more irregular than at Harvard. I was very eager to talk to many academic and practical experts and also spent some time in Washington, D.C.

While in Washington, I made an effort to get better acquainted with the U.S. government. I visited many departments and individuals and was fortunate enough to get guidance, and use working space, at the Brookings Institution. Unfortunately, all my notes got lost in Prague during the war. One conversation I vividly remember was with Justice Louis Brandeis at the Supreme Court. His family came originally from Czechoslovakia.

The Depression reached its nadir in the spring of 1933, just as we were about to return to Europe. A day after our ship departed from New York President Roosevelt closed all banks to avoid a general run on them, and the New Deal started in earnest.

We did not go directly back to Prague, the Rockefeller Foundation having extended my grant for three more months so I could complete my research in Berlin. It was an extraordinary time in Germany, coming only about two months after Hitler assumed total power (or seized it) in the Reich. Berlin was plastered with posters proclaiming:

Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany.

This prediction that was ultimately fulfilled, but not the way it was intended.

I went to Germany mainly to consult Professor Julius Hirsch at the Handelshochschule in order to complete my work on the cost of distribution. It was published in book form under the title "Problem of Distribution and Distribution Costs" (in Czech) in Prague in 1935. It served as the dissertation for my doctorate in 1936. Professor Hirsch was just about to leave Germany, like so many other prominent Jews, and to start teaching in Denmark. The contrast between the sophisticated intellectual and artistic life of Berlin and the sound of marching S.A. and S.S. detachments of the Nazi party could not have been more dramatic. Berlin was still a great metropolis, but there were signs of impending Armageddon everywhere. I must say I should have seen them more clearly than I did, believing that it still was a long way from Berlin to Prague. I was wrong.

Anyway, we returned home in late spring and moved directly into our newly finished villa on the hill called Baba. Prague looked very normal and peaceful after Berlin.

CHAPTER 10
THE ROAD TO MUNICH

Little did Nadia and I expect, after our return from America in 1933, that the next few years would be the most nerve-racking period of our lives. On the way back we spent three months in Berlin, where I wanted to complete my research. We therefore saw Germany immediately after Hitler's seizure of power. Nevertheless, I did not expect that the next major crisis would involve Czechoslovakia.

The question of some three million German speakers in Czechoslovakia, mostly in areas adjacent to Germany, later known as the Sudetenland, became the focus of Hitler's drive to dominate Europe. I became involved in the crisis early. I found it recounted in a book that was smuggled out of Czechoslovakia and published in Canada, the memoirs of my old friend Prokop Drtina, who had served in the presidential office of Thomas G. Masaryk and later as Dr. Benes's secretary. In his autobiography called "Czechoslovakia - My Fate" ["Ceskoslovensko - Muj Osud"] Drtina described our efforts to come to terms with the leader of the German pro-Nazi movement, Konrad Henlein. Within a few years, he became spokesman for the overwhelming majority of Germans and a very controversial figure.

Many leading Czech politicians, including the man who was soon to become President, Dr. Benes, were opposed to any dealings and compromises with Henlein. Others thought of possible accommodation. To reach a decision, a small group of young politicians, to which I belonged, decided to invite Henlein and have it out with him. Drtina in his memoirs describes the historic meeting in some detail, naming the participants, including me.

Henlein, who was accompanied by his lieutenants, proclaimed his devotion to democracy, accommodation with the Czechs, and loyalty to the republic. The Czech participants disbelieved his professions, saw through his feints, and warned the government of the danger. They proved right later. When Henlein published his memoirs, he admitted that, from the beginning, he followed Hitler's orders. He then became his Gauleiter, when the Nazis annexed first a part and later the bulk of Czechoslovakia. I have to make a correction to a chapter I wrote earlier: this meeting took place in the fall of 1934, not in 1936.

In 1935, President Masaryk resigned on account of ill health and Benes replaced him. Two years later, Masaryk died. His funeral became a manifestation of devotion to the idea of his republic and of opposition to fascism as represented by Hitler. The situation became more and more dangerous until Hitler openly proclaimed his aim of destroying Czechoslovakia.

In May of 1938, a few months after Germany invaded and annexed Austria, Czech intelligence warned Benes of German military moves in the direction of Czech borders. Germany issued a denial, but I am sure that the warnings were correct. As an example, the names of the German generals mentioned as commanding the three Reichswehr columns [Blaskowitz, Reichenau, and List] were the exact generals who led the real invasion on March 15, 1939. Benes declared a partial mobilization on May 20, 1938. It was vastly successful, but it enraged Hitler.

It so happened that my brother-in-law, Arthur F. Scott, husband of Nadia's sister Vera, was visiting us at that time. Through my connections with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I arranged for the Ministry to put at my disposal an official car and driver. We also received permission to visit the mobilized army units on the border of Germany. Both Arthur and I were impressed by the spirit and caliber of the regiments and the weapons we saw: heavy and field artillery, tanks, antiaircraft guns, etc. A major, who accompanied us, also showed us part of the fortifications along all the German borders. They were very impressive, at least to a layman. The heavy weaponry seized by the Germans after the 1939 invasion was said to have made the German breakthrough in France a year later.

Arthur Scott's visit proved to be very helpful to us when things got critical. After inspecting the fortifications, Arthur was rather pessimistic and offered us help if we ever should need it. I declined with thanks, but it happened to be vital when we had to leave Prague in a big hurry and he arranged with the President of Reed College in Portland for me to teach there.

Czechoslovakia tried desperately to assure French and British support in the face of the German challenge – even I was mobilized to go to Cliveden, the core of English appeasement efforts in 1937. By the middle of September, the situation got desperate. After Chamberlain visited Hitler in his mountain retreat near Berchtesgaden, France and Britain put pressure on Czechoslovakia to accept Hitler's demands and turn over the Sudetenland to Germany. There were massive demonstrations in Prague against the surrender and a new government headed by a general was appointed. We, of the small political

group that met in the Havel residence, also opposed accepting the Franco-British plan.

Chamberlain flew once more to visit Hitler at Godesberg. He was enraged by the latter's intransigence and recommended that Czechoslovakia mobilize for defense against the expected aggression. Immediately, a full mobilization was undertaken and the country made ready for war. I drove Nadia and the children to Kutná Hora, since I expected a bombing raid on Prague at any moment. I believed they would be relatively safe in Kutná Hora, which did not seem to be a military target. I myself returned to Prague and prepared for the bombing by blacking out the windows in our house.

A strange episode happened on September 29, 1938. Some time earlier I had joined the Defense Corps of Czechoslovak Motorists. Its members offered to volunteer with the armed forces in case of war by serving, together with their vehicles, in whatever way would be necessary. In the afternoon of that day, I received a call from the army ordering me to report with my Skoda-Popular immediately at the barracks named after Czech King George of Podebrad.

When I reported for duty at the barracks, which are located in the center of Prague, I was told that I would be taking two officers to a place in the north of Bohemia, that the officers would guide me, and that I was never to mention the trip to anybody, not even to army personnel. It was the worst trip of my life. It was a hazy day, it soon got dark and the only lights permitted at the time of general blackout was a blue plastic shield covering the lights. You could barely see a few yards ahead.

I drove over two hours, practically blind and not knowing where we were. My two passengers, a colonel and a major, did not speak at all. Finally, we stopped at a barrier surrounded by soldiers in full field gear, supported by a machine gun. The two officers got out, showed their identification and walked away, ordering me to wait in the car. After several hours, they came back and I drove them back to Prague. In the meantime, it started raining. I still do not know how I made it. When they got out they again warned me not to mention the trip to anyone. My guess is that it was an attempt at a military coup against the anticipated acceptance of surrender. Rumors of such a coup were certainly in circulation among the initiated.

The surrender came indeed the next day. Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, and Daladier met in Munich and completely surrendered to Hitler's demands. One third of Czech territory was ceded to Germany. The rest was annexed six months later. My basic pessimism [call it realism] carries the dismal date of September 30, 1938. It was a historic day – a day to remember. I never will forget it.

I have never felt more badly. My pessimism can be dated as of September 30, 1938.

CHAPTER 11
THE ESCAPE

You may think we left Prague because of my Jewish background, but you would be wrong. The reason was much more pressing[4]. The anti-Jewish drive by the Nazi occupiers had not yet begun, everything still seemed more or less normal. I was, of course, foolish not to have tried to leave earlier when it would have been easier, but I believed, wrongly as it turned out, that I could weather the storm on account of my "Aryan" wife.

One day in May, a man came to my office in Jungmannova 32. After closing the door carefully, he showed me the I.D. card of the former Czechoslovak secret service. I was flabbergasted: this was two months after the German invasion and to identify oneself this way was out of the question. The man then said, and I quote: "I am to show you a little paper." And he showed me an order by the Gestapo to arrest all members of the Economic Committee of the Socialist Party. My name was on top since I had served as its chairman. He then left, but I did not have to be told anything more.

We worked feverishly to get out, but it was almost impossible. No one was permitted to leave the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia without a permit from the Gestapo secret police and that was given only very exceptionally. After the debacle of Munich, with hundreds of thousands of refugees, mostly German Social Democrats, leaving the so-called Sudetenland, a mass relief had to be organized in what remained of Czechoslovakia. The need was overwhelming and a group of Canadian Quakers helped by sending Beatrice Wellington to Prague.

Nadia helped her greatly by mobilizing her acquaintances at the Ministry of Social Welfare, at Prague City Hall, and in the various welfare agencies. We became good friends. Miss Wellington proved most helpful in this dangerous situation. In the course of her work, and because she was Canadian, she inveigled the Gestapo to issue departure permits to a group of young children who were trapped in Prague when their parents had to leave Czechoslovakia prior to the invasion on March 15.

She simply put the names of Frank, Nadezda, Michael, and Zuzanka Munk on the list she submitted to the Gestapo and the Gestapo issued the permits, along with all the others. But that was only part of the problem. We also had to obtain American and British visas, but that was simple. We had good friends at the two legations and they gave us the visas immediately.

We now had to take the plunge. We left Prague on May 20, 1939. The day was a Saturday. We told our maid and our cook that we were going away for the weekend and took a taxi to what was then [and is now again] called Wilson Station. The train reached the border between the Protectorate and Germany proper in some thirty minutes. Instead of regular border guards, the border was policed by the dreaded SS, in their black uniforms with the skull and bones emblem on their caps.

The train stopped and by that time we were almost its only passengers. Two SS men came and demanded our documents. My spirits sank to the lowest level ever. I turned over our passports, our Gestapo permits, and also our tickets. The man said: "How did you get the exit permit." I knew we would be lost if I seemed worried. So I answered very businesslike: "If you have any questions, why don't you call your headquarters in Prague. They will tell you." All of this in German, of course.

The two did not say a word, simply collected the documents and left. I saw them walk straight to the station building. I was never so scared in my life. I knew they could take us off the train and that would be the last of us. In fact, they turned back before reaching the station and came right to our wagon. I was sure they would arrest us right then.

Instead they came in, returned our documents and said: "Heil Hitler. Wir wunschen Ihnen angenehme Reise" [We wish you a pleasant trip]. I just mumbled and they left. The train started immediately and an hour later we were in Germany. Evidently my reply made them think. We might get into trouble, they thought, the signature on the permit was that of the Head of the Gestapo in the Protectorate and it was genuine. Fortunately, the Germans have a proper respect for their superiors and for discipline.

Now I come back to why I had been so frightened: I knew that the original list submitted by Miss Wellington listed Frank Munk as six years old, and Nadia as five years old. Had the two men telephoned to Prague, our age would have been revealed and we would have been trapped. It was our salvation that the grey card issued by the Gestapo did not give the age – only the name and number of passport. But it was a very narrow escape.

[4] Brooks Ragen, Leaving Prague. In 1999, the year Frank passed away, this history was presented in a paper at http://www.theragens.com/history/Munk - Leaving Prague.htm.

I was still apprehensive. By now it was early afternoon. We had to travel all across Germany throughout the night. They could still arrest us since they knew our itinerary from the railroad tickets. I was relieved when the train arrived in Leipzig, Germany, towards evening: There on the quai was standing a man in the brown uniform of the Nazi SA, the stormtroopers, waving at us!

That is another story. Some time in 1934 a German lawyer named Thiersch from Leipzig, with whom I had some business relations, came to Prague to ask me if I would keep some funds for him in case he needed them. The reason that he wanted some money outside Germany was that he mistrusted Hitler and thought he would bring about disaster. Czechoslovakia then seemed safer to him. After the invasion, he came again and I returned his money. He then said if we ever needed help to send him a wire saying: "Aunt Mary arriving at ...." and he would be at the station.

Indeed he was. He had brought oranges for the children, which were appreciated, since we had no money, only the food we had brought along. What I did say was that he wore the brown uniform of the SA, the Nazi stormtroopers. Evidently, he had seen the light in the meantime. The German conductor, who had seen him welcome us, was very polite to us after that.

We crossed the border of Holland in the morning and my wife practically kissed the Dutch conductor when he came in. But there was a problem: we were not permitted to take any money out and I was afraid to try smuggling. Unknown to me Nadia had taken one single $20 bill. She concealed it behind the picture of a German town in the car. Once across the Dutch border, she tried to take it out, but, alas, the bill had disappeared somewhere behind the wall. We were thus penniless, but happy.

The train disgorged us in Hook van Holland and we took the ferry to Harwich, England, where Tom Bonner expected us. He was on a Guggenheim Fellowship in Cambridge that year. As a last greeting to the Continent, I guess, as the ferry was entering Harwich harbor, Suzie suddenly took Michael's new cap and threw it into the sea. We were in England.

CHAPTER 12
WITH PRESIDENT BENES IN CHICAGO

I met regularly with a group of young politicians, economists, managers, and lawyers at the home of Václav Havel, father of the future (and last) President of Czechoslovakia. The future president was only a minor nuisance then, together with his brother. They were respectively two to three years old. We met about once a week in the patrician house built by the president's grandfather on the quay of the Vltava, with a magnificent view of the Hradcany Castle, the seat of emperors and presidents.

The group's membership varied, but it included some of the contemporary leading lights among intellectuals. Many of them were close to Dr. Benes, who became President after the abdication of President Masaryk, who died in 1937. Theirs was to be a tragic fate: some became members of the brief government which tried to govern with Communists from 1945 until the putsch of 1948. Some joined President Hácha, who became the figurehead of the so-called Protectorate under Hitler. Still others collaborated openly with the Nazis and disappeared in the outer darkness after the allied victory.

When they learned that I was about to leave for the United States, they asked me to meet with Benes and deliver a number of recommendations. I also carried messages, without, of course, a single piece of paper, from other groups and grouplets, future cells of a growing underground. President Benes himself had abdicated shortly after the Munich surrender to become Visiting Professor at the University of Chicago. He left home sometime in October.

As a result, my first stop after our arrival in America on June 26, 1939, and a few days in New York was Chicago. The Czech Ambassador in London, Jan Masaryk, had already advised Benes of my arrival and Benes arranged with the university a series of lectures that I was to give. Incidentally, they provided more than enough money for my ticket to Portland, my first gainful employment in the New World.

I spent several days with President Benes, sometimes just the two of us, sometimes at a conference organized by the Harris Foundation and at other times at a session with leaders of Czech and Slovak organizations in the USA, as well as editors of Czech and Slovak newspapers.

For me, the private conversations were the most exciting. Benes had two main themes: he defended

his decision to accept the Dictate of Munich and to give up the borderlands in Bohemia and Moravia without a fight. I must say this was not accepted by the group that met at Havels and we had made that clear to Benes at the time. We, and I think the majority of the Czechs, wanted to stand up to Hitler and fight. Benes, it seemed to me, felt guilty for having surrendered, and till the end of his life he tried to explain his decision to himself and to the Czech people.

His explanation was that we could not have defended ourselves in case of war, that we could not have resisted the German army for more than three weeks, and that it would not only have devastated the country, but the Germans would have totally annihilated the Czech people.

However, the thing that made the biggest impression on me, and remained embedded in my memory, was his scenario for the future. He said in so many words that he expected the war to start soon, that in the beginning England and France would stand alone, and that the war would go badly for them, but that at least England would hold, and that it would finally be won by the Soviet Union. The last point sticks in my mind, because Benes, while severely criticizing the French and British government, expressed great confidence in the Soviets and their decisive part in the war. I was rather surprised to hear him say that, but he repeated it several times.

One of the messages I had brought from Prague was that he ought to leave Chicago, return to Europe, and start organizing a government-in-exile. He said he already had decided to do so, that he was only waiting to see President Roosevelt (he had already spoken to Secretary of State Cordell Hull), and that he would settle in London. There are some historians who believe that the main reasons for his haste were not only my messages, but also the fear that the Czech Minister in Paris, Osusky, might try to do the same thing in Paris.

In addition to Benes, I also met other prominent Czechs, among them the President's nephew, Bohus Benes, whom I later got to know very intimately. He became Czechoslovak Consul in San Francisco while I was teaching at the University of California in Berkeley.

[My grandfather later added the following text to this chapter as an afterword.]

In 1993, a group of Czech historians, studying the period leading to World War II, have recently discovered the secret notes President Benes made of important conversations.

I have just received a letter from Dr. Antonin Klimek, a well-known Czech historian, telling me that among many other documents that have just been unearthed, there have also been jottings about my meeting with Benes in Chicago in July, 1939. He also sent me a transcript of these notes insofar as they could be deciphered.

These notes basically confirm my own account, as reported in my Memoirs. In addition, they complement my report by bringing up points I had forgotten in the years that have passed. Some of them refer to persons who were to play important roles in Czech resistance to Nazism, and subsequently to Communism, as well as measures and countermeasures related to German plans for economic exploitation of the Protectorate Bohemia and Moravia (the part of former Czechoslovakia now embodied in the Czech Republic). Other points dealt with future communications between the President and the underground at home, and the plans for setting up a government in exile in London.

Dr. Benes was known to have made notes of many meetings, but they were thought to be lost. Evidently, the Communists seized them after the 1948 coup and held them closely in the offices of the Central Committee of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, hoping to find material they could use to undercut Benes' reputation. For that purpose, the notes were deciphered some time between 1952 and 1955.

However, both the Communist Party investigators, and contemporary historians, ran into a problem. Not only were the notes hastily jotted down, often in abbreviated form, but they were all taken in a type of shorthand, originally designed in German/and known as the Gabelsberger method, which was used by the Czechs prior to World War I. Dr. Klimek mentioned in his letter to me that there is no one presently conversant with this kind of shorthand!

It so happens that I could have been of help to the investigators. I am one of those ancients who not only knew Gabelsberger shorthand, but also actively used it. During my student days I used to supplement my finances by taking shorthand records of speeches, lectures, and conferences, etc. I recall, for example, taking a shorthand record of a major speech by the Czech national leader and first Prime Minister of newly founded Czechoslovakia, Dr. Karel Kramar.

Dr. Klimek's letter was not only a welcome confirmation of my recollections of the encounter in Chicago; it also reminded me of the length of my

life's span and the historic upheavals of this century, especially since the letter arrived on my 92nd birthday, May 26, 1993.

CHAPTER 13
PORTLAND, OREGON

I arrived in Portland on July 15, 1939, following my meeting with President Benes in Chicago. The only thing I knew about Portland was that it was the home of Jantzen swimwear, with the logo of the diving girl. As to Oregon, the only thing I could recall was "the folly of Smoot and Hawley," the high protective tariff voted by Congress in 1930. Smoot was the first Mormon elected to Congress and Hawley was a Congressman from Oregon.

The previous night I interrupted my train trip in Spokane to meet an advance scout from Reed College at the old Davenport Hotel. Bob Terrill had been deputized to look me over and to find out if I was qualified to teach at Reed. That was in keeping with the indefinite and qualified invitation to join its faculty that I had received in Prague.

So, while I found the first glimpses of the Columbia Gorge from the train window entrancing, the future seemed anything but certain. I found my family already settled at the home of Arthur and Vera Scott. We would not have escaped from Prague without their help, but I was on my own now. Evidently, Bob Terrill had given a satisfactory report about me, or so I gathered when I met the President of Reed, Dexter Keezer, who later became a good friend of ours.

We found Oregon to be truly beautiful and also extremely welcoming to new arrivals. Everybody was helpful and friendly. Nevertheless, we really were quite shaken, except Suzanne (until then known as Zuzanka) who was only two years old and born with a sunny disposition. The sudden disappearance of everything familiar was a traumatic experience for Michael, then five years old. Nadia, too, went through a period of depression. As for myself, I suppose I was too busy to be depressed. Nevertheless, I could not but be aware of the sudden decline in our fortunes. Most immigrants to this country come to improve their fortunes. Ours had moved in the opposite direction: we were well settled in Prague, secure socially, economically, and professionally, with a vast array of friends and, in my case, I was regarded as a promising young social scientist.

My main worry was the fact that I had no assured future. Reed did hire me, but only for a year, and only after the Rockefeller Foundation agreed to pay half of my salary. My title was Lecturer in Economics. The courses I was to teach presented no problem, except one: I also had to teach a course in Statistics. I had, of course, studied statistics, but had

no math since my high school days. While mathematics is international, and I could easily write the formulas on the blackboard, I did not know how to pronounce them in English, so during the first few classes I had to learn from the students. Even so, this happened to be one of my most successful courses. A surprising number of the students became professional statisticians.

To tell the truth, I not only survived the first year, but, in effect, I soon became a part of the community. This was due to the fact that I was meeting almost daily many Oregonians and, before long, people up and down the entire West Coast. As soon as the press discovered our arrival and my association with Reed, I was deluged with requests for speaking engagements. This had nothing to do with my speaking ability, but with circumstances: Czechoslovakia had been in the headlines well over a year, especially at the time of Munich, of the ensuing dismemberment of the country, and of its final absorption by Nazi Germany in March of 1939. It was a hot subject in the papers and in international politics and the logical choice of anybody programming public events. To top it off, the Second World War started, within weeks of my arrival, on September 1, 1939.

Within weeks I was travelling almost daily to remote parts of the state, and beyond. Even before the start of the academic year I already knew more people than most college teachers meet in a lifetime. What follows is a partial list of my speaking engagements, illustrative of the variety of my appearances: City Club of Portland, American Institute of Public Relations, Seattle, Sierra Club, Multnomah College, American Legion Department of Oregon, American Pulp and Paper Mills Superintendents Association, Rose City Park Methodist Church, Oregon Bar Association, Optimist International, Vancouver Institute (University of British Columbia), YMCA (San Francisco), Oregon College of Education, Women's Club (Walla Walla), Oregon Feed Dealers Convention, Roosevelt High School (Eugene), Republican Business Women, Grants Pass and Josephine County Chamber of Commerce, California League of Women Voters (San Francisco), Commonwealth Club of California (San Francisco), Oregon State College (Corvallis), Southern Oregon College of Education (Ashland), Rotary Club (Grants Pass), High School Principals Conference (Salem), University of Oregon, and so it went on and on.

What I did not know was that I would be following that kind of schedule not just for months after my arrival, but for years and years. It is still a matter of some amazement to me how I could at the same time prepare and teach my classes at Reed, but evidently I did. One such engagement pinpointed my interests for a long time: Professor G. Bernard Noble, who taught international politics at Reed and served as Dean and founder of the Northwest Institute of International Relations, invited me to be a member of its faculty less than a month after my arrival. The Institute was a respected feature on the Reed campus summer after summer. When he left for wartime service in 1941, he proposed me as his successor. The Institute happened to be the precursor of the World Affairs Council of Oregon, which we founded in 1950.

This activity helped me to overcome any problems connected with uprooting and rerooting and made me feel at home surprisingly soon. Another element in our rapid acculturation was the presence of the Scotts. They had many good friends and these in turn became our friends. We were invited to many parties. I also am sure that we were greatly helped by the fact of this being our second coming to the U.S.A., since I had spent two years (1931 to 1933) as a Rockefeller Foundation fellow at Harvard and Columbia.

CHAPTER 14
BERKELEY, 1941-1944

When we arrived in Berkeley on August 17, 1941, it was not like our arrival in Portland two years earlier. We had been in Berkeley, at least briefly, during our first stay in America when I was a Research Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation from 1931 to 1933. We found a house rather quickly at 2555 Buena Vista Way north of the campus, with a beautiful view of San Francisco Bay and of the Golden Gate. One advantage of the house was the proximity of Hillside School across the street. Both of our children started school almost immediately, Suzanne in the kindergarten and Michael in second grade. Little did we think that the world scene would change so abruptly while we were there. I had to work hard on some new courses, one of which was **Capitalism and Planned Economy**, a subject which interested me then, and still does today, some fifty years later.

One day in December I got in my car, all alone, and drove across the hills, through Walnut Creek, and up a high mountain called Mount Diablo, not far from Sacramento. The view was spectacular, with the glint of San Francisco Bay on the Western horizon. While on top of San Diablo I overheard people talking excitedly about some attack on Hawaii. I paid no attention, believing they had had one too many. When I got home, I learned that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, destroying the entire Pacific fleet of the United States. The date was December 7, 1941, "the day that will live in infamy."

Within a matter of weeks the whole world scene changed radically. Previously the prevailing political attitude was one of isolationism, nurtured by an aggressive America First movement, with a supporting cast on the left, claiming that the war raging in Europe was just an example of capitalist competition (at least before Germany attacked the Soviet Union). Now suddenly the war became popular. It was very impressive to watch the United States changing gear and girding for the struggle. Very soon a line of barrage balloons appeared behind the Golden Gate bridge. Not much later we saw from our living room explosions on the horizon – we never learned whether they were Japanese submarines sinking U.S. ships or being sunk.

I found the university very congenial. It seemed more collegial than some I knew and gave me support whenever I asked for it. The students were more appreciative and less critical than at Reed. The department also received Nadia and me very kindly in a social way and not only its members, but others on the faculty soon became our friends. I loved walking home from my office at South Hall. The campus was less crowded than it is today and beautifully landscaped. Especially in the spring, it was redolent with the fragrance of numerous trees and shrubs.

No sooner did we arrive in Berkeley, than I found myself just as busy on the lecture circuit as I had been in Portland, if not more so. I must have made hundreds of speeches, to large audiences and small, while in Berkeley, not only in the Bar Area, but throughout California and soon in places like Denver and beyond. I have no doubt that my popularity was due not to my ability to speak, but to the war itself, and to the fact that I was a credible witness to what was going on in Europe. I must have had just the right accent, understandable, but foreign enough to sound authentic, which it still is today more than 50 years later!

My most significant venue was the Commonwealth Club of California in San Francisco, which many people regard as the most important civic platform in the state. I suppose each American president and presidential candidate has spoken there at least once. It is something of a must for celebrities visiting San Francisco. I was no celebrity, but I was given the unusual recognition of being invited three times to speak before it in the course of a single year.

Perhaps, too, it was not me, but my message. In the past, while teaching at Reed, I was primarily trying to wake up America to the dangers of Nazism and German expansionism. Now I shifted to the problems the world would be facing after defeating the German-Japanese coalition. A good example of this was a speech I delivered before the Commonwealth Club, meeting at the St. Francis Hotel in downtown San Francisco on January 15, 1943. The subject was "Post War Reconstruction: Our Last Chance." I described not just the physical destruction that would follow, and the suffering of the people, but especially the complete devastation of the political and economic system the victorious allies would encounter. I called for immediate organization of an effort to start with relief supplies and rehabilitation even before the end of hostilities. However, my main point was that peace would fail again unless there was a determined international drive to provide reconstruction capital for investments in the war-ravaged countries. Although I did not know it then, I foreshadowed what was to become UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) in the year that followed and the Marshall Plan a few years later. It probably had something to do with my

being invited to become the head of training for UNRRA as soon as it was launched.

I more or less repeated the message at Institutes of International Relations at Riverside, Mills College, and also during the ensuing summer at Reed, and at numerous other meetings. The University of California published a series, which included my contribution. In addition, I taught a class on postwar problems held evenings at the University's extension center in San Francisco.

In the meantime, I was enjoying my classes in Berkeley. One difference from my experience at Reed was the size of the classes: whereas at Reed much instruction was in the form of conferences, at U.C. I had some classes with well over 100 students. How did my students react to me? The other day I found an old clipping from the "Daily Californian," the student paper at U.C. of April 22, 1942:

> TO THE EDITOR: I am beginning to wonder why our University, which is always importing renowned men to speak on the foreign situation, does not partake of the wisdom of its own faculty members. I refer to Frank Munk, lecturer in economics. Mr. Munk, a former official in the Czechoslovakian government, has seen nations trampled beneath the tread of Nazi boots. That Mr. Munk is a popular speaker can be seen from the fact that he is always appearing before luncheon and city clubs. If he were to speak at a University meeting, his campus would suddenly wake up to the realization that there is a war going on. If a University speech is not possible, why can't we borrow Wheeler auditorium, put Mr. Munk in it and benefit from the experiences of one who has seen history in the making?

I was certainly very aware of the war. In addition to my regular load, I was soon teaching two other courses for the U.S. Army: one at U.C., an area course on Central Europe and the Balkans in the Army Specialized Training Program, and the other on the campus of Stanford University in the Army's Civil Affairs Training School. This latter one was preparing officers who would, and did, become military governors of defeated enemy countries. This required lots of commuting to Palo Alto.

I also volunteered for training in the Berkeley Auxiliary Police. This was in preparation for any emergency (it never occurred, but no one knew). We received regular police training, including gun firing. At the end of training we had to pass an examination, as well as practice firing. I don't remember the circumstances, but I had to take both children with me that evening. I did pretty well in the gun practice and was awarded a badge which read "Marksman." This may have been the first and last time I impressed my children.

One would meet interesting people at the University, most frequently at the Faculty Club. One of them was Hans Kelsen, renowned authority on international law. Strangely enough I never met him when he lived in Prague as professor of the German University. There existed an invisible but practically impenetrable curtain dividing the Czech and German universities, we were just invisible to each other. We had to get to Berkeley to become friends.

Another person whom I saw frequently at the Faculty Club during lunch was Robert Oppenheimer, head of the nuclear bomb project. The building where he had his office was guarded day and night by Marines. We knew the reason was a secret military project, but we never suspected its nature.

I also enjoyed good relations with the two chief administrators of the University, President Robert G. Sproul and Monroe E. Deutsch, Vice-President and Provost. They were helpful whenever I needed support, like providing a grant so I could finish my research on the economics in totalitarian regimes. This permitted me to write a serious book[5], which was published under the title of "**The Legacy of Nazism**" with the sub-title "The Economic and Social Consequences of Totalitarianism" (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1943).

It was generally well received, I only regret I do not now have the file in which I kept the reviews. I am attaching an information sheet *[Editor: see the next page]* prepared by Hiram Motherwell for the staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System which describes some of the salient points of the book.

[5] Frank Munk, The Legacy of Nazism, 1943. Several chapters are published on the Internet at http://www.theragens.com/history/munk - Legacy of Nazism.htm.

THE LEGACY OF NAZISM
DR. FRANK MUNK
Macmillan, July 1943
Bulletin No. 20
August 9, 1943
Post-War Division, Program Department
Columbia Broadcasting System

There is no hope that Nazism will disappear into thin air when Germany falls. Therefore, what kind of a legacy will it leave behind? What can be done about it?

ECONOMIC EFFECTS

Nazi "economics" is not economics in any sense elsewhere recognized. It is not an attempt to balance forces and create a sound economic order, but a whipping of those forces into perpetual motion by state power for political purposes.

It is "re-industrializing" Europe by zones. Heavy and processing industry in the inmost zone (Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, etc.). In the second zone (France, Denmark, Holland, Belgium) industrial specialization so these regions cannot function as units without Berlin. The third zone (Poland, Balkans, Baltics, etc.) is being de-industrialized and condemned to agriculture only, which means a perpetually lower standard of living.

It has made a fiction of finance and banking, though full results will not be apparent until the Nazis are defeated. "The total collapse of Europe's financial system is almost inevitable." Terrific inflation foreseen as soon as Nazi controls are removed.

It has shattered the market. "The price system has been torn to rags...the damage is irreparable." It has largely wiped out small independent business.

The overall effect has been to unite European industry under central control of Berlin, but unity does not mean uniformity. Hitler's "cartel system" consists of many different kinds of economic structures --- state monopolies, private trusts (like the Hermann Goering Works employing 600,000 workers in 20 countries), public corporations operating under state control but not theoretically part of the state, mixed corporations under state control, even Labor Front which is itself a vast industrial, banking and distribution concern.

The "Cartel system" has proved fantastically efficient as a productive machine. Failures in it come from lack of understanding human factor. Post-War Europe cannot get rid of this system. We cannot cut it up into its prewar components without cutting off its own arms and legs.

SOCIAL EFFECTS

In accordance with industrial zoning and need to fortify political power, Nazis are reshuffling Europe's population. The plan, now partly accomplished, is to:

- Move the entire Dutch and Czech population to the Baltic Coast and to Russia.
- Move a quarter million Slovenes to Siberia.
- Condemn Poles permanently to serf labor, a la Pharoah.
- Eliminate Jews.

Old political anatomy of Europe shattered, and continent will be obliged to grow new bones.

Millions of deportees, refugees and forced laborers will seek to rush "home," and will clog social arteries.

The entire class system of prewar Europe will have disintegrated. German upper classes will be eliminated by United Nations (confiscation of Junker lands, etc.). Middle class and small businessmen have been liquidated throughout Nazi Europe, and have become State employees. Hundred million peasants in East Europe will be "searching for a new heaven and new earth" since they won't be able to support selves on their land, and their countries have been deprived by Hitler of all means of producing wealth which could be exchanged abroad for food.

SPIRITUAL EFFECTS

Hatred, unparalleled for volume and intensity, of conquered peoples for Germany and Italy; especially of Jews, Poles and others whom the Nazis have sought to slaughter or starve out of existence.

Emotional anarchy will be suffered by tens of millions as a result of years of suffering and tension.

POST-WAR PROGNOSIS

The entire Nazi economic structure must be taken out of Nazi hands, and the landed military and industrialist classes expropriated out of existence. Who will inherit it?

"In this post-war world cartels, trade associations, and all the various governmental bodies set up all over the world will perchance become the vehicles of reconstruction ... It is extremely improbable that Europe will attempt to return to a laissez-faire economy..." All-out planning under some form of world-wide controls needed.

The great danger is restriction of domestic markets. "The world is not so afraid of American tariffs as of American depressions."

"The composition, distribution and character of Europe's population must undergo periods of painful and prolonged readjustment."

"There will develop a vacuum of intellectual leadership that will probably take a generation to fill." Shattering of class relationships point to "new forms" of social controls.

Hate is so violent that "there will be an irresistible urge to apply racial discrimination to Germans ... It should be led into orderly channels."

Incidentally, after I had left the University, I was the recipient of the Gold Medal for Literature of Scholarship by the Commonwealth Club of California for 1944, an award made annually on a national basis.

While in Berkeley, my relations with the Czechoslovak government in London became even closer. This was partly due to the presence of a new Czech Consul in San Francisco. It was Bohus Benes, nephew of President Benes whom I had met together with the President in 1939 in Chicago. Bohus was generally credited with saving the President's life in 1938, after the catastrophe of Munich, by flying his plane to Prague and spiriting him in the same airplane out of the country. After the establishment of a government-in-exile in London, Bohus evidently had a falling-out with some members of Benes's entourage and was sent to San Francisco to be far from London.

Our family and the Benes family became very good friends, especially because they, too, lived in Berkeley. This was also true of our children, especially of Suzanne, who was close to Benes's daughter, whom they called Muska. She is now Mrs. Zbigniew Brzezinski, wife of President Carter's national security adviser and well-known scholar.

I was the main speaker on October 28, 1942, the day of Czechoslovak independence, at a big meeting arranged by the Czechoslovak National Council in San Francisco. There were many other occasions where Bohus Benes and I were speakers together. Sometime in 1943, the Czech Finance Minister, Dr. Ladislav Feierabend, visited the Bay area and was a dinner guest in our home. He showed us the new banknotes (more precisely state notes) printed in England for use in Czechoslovakia after liberation. I am reminded of the occasion whenever I visit Czechoslovakia, because some of them are still in circulation – probably not for long.

Some time after the visit I was appointed an adviser to the Czechoslovak Ministry for Reconstruction. The only thing I did in this connection was publish a pamphlet analyzing probable economic problems that would emerge after the war. I neglected one possibility, which became the reality, namely the almost complete nationalization and socialization of Czechoslovakia under Soviet auspices. By that time, we felt completely at home in Berkeley and I was looking forward to settling down. Then everything changed, practically overnight. I received a telegram from Washington asking me if I would be interested in joining the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), then in the blueprint stage, to take charge of training its overseas personnel. I replied in the affirmative, was granted a leave of absence by the University and left for Washington on April 5, 1944.

Nadia and I often talked about whether we preferred California or Oregon, if we had to make the choice. It was all theoretical and on that basis she leaned towards California, whereas I favored Oregon. I suppose I still do, especially in view of what happened to California, and especially to Berkeley in the sixties. I am glad I was not at U.C. during that troubled period. Also, I have a feeling that California has by now lost much of what made it liveable and attractive. A single look at Los Angeles now in 1992, compared to the L.A. of 1932, tells the story. My real choice now, and then, is Portland and I am happy that is where we are.

CHAPTER 15
AN INTERNATIONAL CIVIL SERVANT

Ever since the time of Woodrow Wilson and the founding of the League of Nations my preference would have been to join the League or a specialized agency of the League. At that time there were only two: the International Labor Office (ILO) and the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation. Some time in the twenties the ILO started a competition to recruit a Czechoslovak citizen for one of its jobs. I participated, together with several hundred other people. Two finalists were selected: my friend Dr. Jaroslav Kose and I. Kose got the post.

The next opportunity arose in 1944, while I was teaching at the University of California in Berkeley. This time the post was offered to me. Dr. Harry Cassidy, who knew me at the University, telephoned from Washington to ask if I would be interested in becoming Director of Training for the newly created United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, known as UNRRA.

I accepted with enthusiasm. A leave of absence was granted by U.C. in a hurry and in a few days I was on the plane to Washington. The family followed shortly by car. I arrived while UNRRA was in the first stages of organization and I was one of the first recruits. When I reported to the headquarters on Dupont Circle the whole staff could sit around a large table, and did. There was the Director General, Herbert Lehman, former Governor of New York, Commander Jackson, the Deputy D.G. [a Britisher], Sir Arthur Salter, a prominent British economist whom I had known in London and with whom I was quite friendly, and a few others. I was very kindly received and told that the training of UNRRA staff was one of the first priorities. For the first time during the war there was a feeling that it would not go on indefinitely, there was a distant whiff of victory and a growing realization of tremendously difficult postwar problems.

My first job was to visualize the general approach to training personnel, especially for relief work in the war-ravaged countries abroad. I presented an outline, which was immediately approved, and I set out to find a suitable locale. The one we chose was on the campus of the University of Maryland in College Park, Maryland. It had decent facilities, including dorms, was only a few miles away from the District of Columbia, and easily reached from UNRRA headquarters. Yet it had a pleasant, country-like atmosphere. As a result my family also settled in College Park and I started the training.

Perhaps the best way of describing the UNRRA Training Center, of which I was the head, is to include an article by Benjamin Fine in the "New York Times" of May 21, 1944. I was at the same time the center's administrator and one of the faculty. All my previous experiences came together here and I think it was a successful and in many ways a pioneering venture. For the first time an international staff was organized and trained, which ultimately grew to almost ten thousand people, recruited around

EDUCATION IN REVIEW

UNRRA School Is Training Workers for the Grim Job of Relief in War-Stricken Countries
By Benjamin Fine
The New York Times, May 21, 1944, Page E-11.

In what is probably the only school of its kind in the world, a group of carefully selected men and women have returned to the classroom for a concentrated eight weeks' program dealing with the salvaging of human lives. The school, located on the peaceful University of Maryland campus, is the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration Training Center. From early morning until far in the evening, these men and women--there are fifty of them on the campus now, and they are called "members" rather than students--sit in classrooms, listen to lectures, pore over maps and books, and tackle "homework."

Operated by UNRRA, under the immediate supervision of Dr. Frank Munk, a Czech refugee who has been a lecturer in economics at the University of California since 1941, the training center has been in operation since May 1. A continuous flow of members is expected, as UNRRA will need many hundreds of field workers in devastated countries of the world before the full job of rehabilitation is completed. The Maryland project can accommodate as many as two or three hundred at any one time.

This is not an academic institution in the accepted sense of the term. The "students" are all employes of UNRRA or of the voluntary agencies collaborating with it. At present the center is emphasizing the "Balkan Mission." Following their training the men and women will go to Cairo, there to get practical experience in dealing with refugees. Several camps are located in Egypt. When the time is ripe they will take their posts in Greece, in Yugoslavia, and wherever else they may be needed.

the globe and operating around the globe, since it also operated in China.

Curriculum of Five Parts

Although the course of studies is rather flexible, the curriculum can be divided into five major headings: a study of regions, languages, instrumentalities, people and operational programs. The students learn about the region to which they are to be assigned – the economic, political, social or cultural background. They study the languages of this region; each member of the training center is required to select one language for extensive study. Instrumentalities of services – such as the agencies that are to operate in the field, especially the functioning of UNRRA itself – are stressed.

A typical week's work may include such topics as "People in Need," "What UNRRA Expects From Its Representatives in the Field," "Simple Living," "Balkan Mission," "Displaced Persons in the United States of America," "How to Get Along in Greece," "Work of Division of Industrial Rehabilitation," "Impact of Nazism" and "Allied Military Government in Sicily and Italy." Each student gets two hours of language daily.

In a sense, the training school is a point of embarkation. Even before their eight weeks are up, many of the members are "alerted" and then called into active service. They know that they may be sent abroad on twenty-four hours' notice. While at the school they live in dormitories, eat in the cafeteria "army style," take toughening exercises, and follow a semi-military discipline.

"You are going to see things that will be awfully hard on you physically and emotionally," their lecturers warn. "You will need strong stomachs; it will not be an easy job. You'll have to learn to take it."

"Greeks" or "Yugoslavs"

All is not grim and solemn. A spirit of fun and friendship has developed among the members. In the evening, before they return to their rooms to study, they go to the athletic field, play baseball, volley ball and sit around an improvised camp fire. Last week the "Greeks" beat the "Yugoslavs" by a 28-3 score. They greet each other with "Zdravo" (hello) and sing out "Zbogom" (God be with you) when they turn in for the night.

Last week Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt paid an unexpected visit to the school. She sat with the members in the Serb-Croatian class, listening to the students respond as the instructor, Steve Boljanich, asked questions in this language. Intent on his instruction, he did not hesitate a moment, but asked Mrs. Roosevelt a question when it came her turn to recite.

Many personalities came to College Park to lecture to the Center. I met others at luncheon or dinner meetings of various organizations to which I was invited. At many of these events I lectured about UNRRA and the problems of postwar relief. Above all, it was extremely rousing to be part of the concerted drive of a great nation fighting a major war. However much one opposed the sacrifice of so many human lives, one could not but be impressed by the tremendous power of solidarity, devotion, drive, and patriotism.

We also lived a very active social life, made many new friends, and were forever commuting between Washington and rural Maryland. Our contacts were particularly numerous with the Czechoslovak Embassy, the Benes government-in-exile having been recognized early in the war by the Roosevelt administration. Speaking of the Roosevelt administration, Eleanor Roosevelt was a special supporter of UNRRA, and helpful in many ways. Several times both she and I were speakers before the same meetings. I particularly remember one such occasion, when both of us gave addresses before the Potomac Cooperative Federation, both stressing the need for large-scale humanitarian relief.

THE MOST DARING COOPERATIVE EXPERIMENT

Dr. Frank Munk, director of Training, UNRRA, made the following speech before the Potomac Cooperative Federation, Washington, D.C., on February 27, 1945. Other speakers at the meeting were Mrs. Roosevelt, Congressman Voorhis and Mr. P. Taft of the State Department.

A few weeks ago, I stood in the middle of a village in Greece. That village was burned by the Germans not once but twice. At the approach of the Nazis, the population took to the high mountains surrounding it. Those who were not fast enough were killed by the Germans, and their bodies, as well as those of dead animals, were thrown into the wells to make the place uninhabitable in the future. No sooner had the German armies left Greece than the people of the village began coming back again. Of their homes only the stone walls remained. I visited this village, Domvrena by name, some two months later. The people of Domvrena were already helping themselves. There was no timber in the village. Men and women climbed the mountainside, felled the sturdy pines and brought the logs down on their backs - eight hours up and five hours down. They brought one log after another until they could build a little shelter – a kind of lean-to, in a corner of two charred walls. Roofing was a problem because the mud would be washed away by every rain but they hoped that some kind of roofing material would finally find its way to Domvrena. They did more than just repair their flimsy shelters. First the whole village started to rebuild its Church, dynamited by the Germans.

When we came, services were already being held in the Church, although the Priest was still living in the morgue. The school was started again; it still had no roof, no windows, no doors, no furniture and no equipment with the exception of one book and a map cut out of newspapers. Yet the children were able to read from that precious book – small children in the morning and older children in the afternoon except when it was raining too hard or when the winter storms came down from the mountains. The third thing the whole village tackled as a whole and got going, was the mainstay of their livelihood, the major economic support – the village cooperative that ran the olive press. Everything depended on it because the only thing that was left alive after the Germans slaughtered and drove away all the animals was the olive grove in the beautiful valley overshadowed by the Halikon mountain range. But the olive grove was of no use until the oil was pressed.

For four weeks, the village neglected its own shelters and families, living in caves and under the boulders in order to repair the building and machinery of the olive press. It was a great day when the make-shift installation was complete and a thin streak of smoke rose over the village like a flag, celebrating victory over death and destruction. The press rattled and smelled but, the co-op was working again. They knew that they could exchange oil for wheat and together with the small relief rations they were getting from time to time, it assured them they would survive the hard winter. They still are ill; 75% of them have malaria, 26% dysentery, the children have scabies and trachoma, but they have some kind of food and some kind of shelter.

The experience of this village is on a small scale compared with the experience of most countries in Europe. They hope they will get some help from their friends abroad. They could use more food, medicines, clothing, roofing paper and expert assistance, but they are not waiting with hands folded. They have suffered more than any human being should be made to suffer but their determination to live is unbroken. I have found many examples of a highly developed community spirit. The Yugoslav refugees in the UNRRA camps, the Greeks in their mountain villages

have shown what group spirit and group solidarity can perform. Everywhere from France to Greece cooperatives have been among the first institutions to be reestablished after liberation. First, locally, then by region and finally by state. Cooperatives are finding their feet again. They are the first cells in the economic body to heal and they are in many places the nuclei of recuperation. As a happy medium between complete regimentation by governments and complete lack of social cohesion, cooperatives are the "middle way" to which many of the nations of Europe look ahead. They grow from the grass roots and wherever they have taken hold, they have survived the storm of war and occupation and can now be utilized as instruments of rehabilitation.

But even the strongest spirit and the sturdiest heart do not help where resources don't suffice. This is the hardest winter Europe had to go through. Millions of people go without food without shelter and without adequate clothing. The meager resources of these people must be supplemented, they must be shared by those of us who are so much happier and so much safer. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration has been set up to supplement local effort and local resources. It is the most daring cooperative experiment to date and a test of the will to cooperate between all members of the United Nations, large and small. As the Director General of UNRRA, Governor Lehmann recently has emphasized: "UNRRA is not a super-state. It is a creature of the governments which created it. Its resources and its powers are derived exclusively from governments." Unless the great supplying countries and their governments allocate to UNRRA the necessary supplies to alleviate suffering, and the necessary shipping to get it over, UNRRA is unable to do its share.

But the same is true, in reverse, of the countries in need. They too must be willing to put trust in an international organization of which they are members. I am happy to say that the first full-fledged agreement between UNRRA and a member government has just been signed between the representatives of the Administration and the government of Czechoslovakia. It is, perhaps, symbolic that the signature of the UNRRA agreement constituted the last act of the Czechoslovak Government before its return to the home country.

Yet even governments will be powerless unless backed by a strong public opinion. Cooperation must be put on a firm basis of mutual knowledge and understanding. Nothing will further it more than close contact between such popular organizations like the cooperatives the world over and nothing will better strengthen the bonds of friendship and of freedom than such actions as the Freedom Fund of Cooperatives. If we can utilize, further, fructify and implement the spirit that I have seen among the common people of Europe, if we can solidify existing international organizations and build new ones, then rehabilitation will become reality and war will become a bad dream only.

Mrs. Roosevelt left before the end of the meeting when she was given a message. The message was that President Roosevelt had just returned from the conference at Yalta.

Our friends at the Czech Embassy included the Czech Ambassador, Vladimír Hurban, a member of a historically prominent Slovak family, and his wife. But there were many others. I remember an incident at one of the Embassy parties: After a few pleasant hours of socializing, I discovered that I had locked myself out of my car. So there was nothing to be done in a hurry but to smash a little triangular window. As soon as the deed was done, I realized the car was an identical model, but not mine. It belonged to the Commercial Attache of the Embassy, and I had to eat humble pie.

About five months after it was inaugurated, I had to leave the center to my second in command, Harold Snyder, to undertake the first of my trips to wartime Europe. By that time it was clear that UNRRA, which was a cooperative effort of forty-four nations, would have to recruit personnel in Europe as well as in the USA. On June 6, 1944, General Eisenhower opened the second front with the invasion of Normandy. By October, when I left for Europe, much of France was liberated. It was high time to start training in Europe.

I remember my first trip. Travel in wartime was very different than it is now. In the first place, the only planes that crossed the Atlantic were military planes. The Travel Section of UNRRA had close connections with the War Department and made all arrangements. Secondly, travel was shrouded in secrecy. You were told about the time and route of the trip only at the last moment and were not supposed to reveal it to anybody. I was instructed to report to a certain office on October 8 and, naturally, to wait. I still did not know where we would be flying until I boarded a plane and was told we would stay overnight at Dorval airport near Montreal. Next morning, I boarded a "Liberator" bomber, clearly not equipped for the luxury trade. It had no seats, we sat or lay on

the metal floor. All the other passengers were military personnel of various services and ranks. Food was K-rations distributed before takeoff. Another thing that was distributed was parachutes. Soon after we gained altitude the Air Force sergeant showed us how to use one. It sounded reassuring. I do not remember now how long the flight lasted, but I recall rather vividly the moment the sergeant returned from the cockpit to tell us we were nearing the northwest coast of Ireland and that we ought to put on the parachutes because there was a warning of enemy planes in that area. However, we soon saw the rocky coast of Ireland and some British fighter planes beneath us. I was lucky that there was no need to jump. Evidently I would have made a slight mistake: had I pulled the string which I thought would open the parachute, I would have instead severed my connection with the parachute. One should never overestimate one's intelligence. We landed in Prestwick in Scotland, where we left the bomber and transferred to a plane which seemed luxurious to us. It had real seats.

I settled in London in a room provided by friends at 5, Robert Adam St., W 1. It was a funny place, all kinds of young people having all kinds of relationships which I never figured out. In the meantime I was very busy. The instructions I received before leaving Washington were to organize and coordinate training centers which were just being opened, or soon to open, in Europe and to do so in cooperation with the European Regional Office in London. That sounded clear enough, but it was not. The minute I met the head of the ERO, Sir Frederic Leith-Ross, and the director of training, Professor Fulton, I learned my first lesson.

It was immediately made clear to me that the United States was welcome to supply the bulk of relief, but that the use and distribution should be left to Great Britain on account of its greater experience in Europe, knowledge of local conditions, and for a number of other reasons. It was indicated to me that I was welcome in England, but that Fulton would continue to do things in his own way. I was glad I was not entirely a stranger to the craft [or craftiness] of diplomacy. Next I was taken to the Training Center which already was in operation in a former girls' school in Reading. I revisited Reading several times to give lectures, but for most of my stay I worked in London.

After about a month and a half, I left for the Continent. In addition to the Center in Reading, England, there was already a training operation active in Cairo, Egypt, and soon one was to be started in Granville, France. There was still a lot of fighting in France and Italy, as well as on the Eastern front, and naturally I again had to rely on either the U.S. or the Royal Air Force for transportation. I should also mention that I later wore a U.S. officer uniform with the red UNRRA insignia on its shoulders and that I carried an I.D. card giving my assimilated army colonel rank. This was necessary because I could have been shot as a spy in case we had to land or were shot down in enemy-held territory.

We flew across France and spent the first night in Air Force barracks at Istres near Marignane on the Etang de Berre, not far from Marseille, from which the Germans were recently eliminated. The next day a Royal Air Force plane took us over the Island of Elba to Rome and then to Naples. On the fourth day we finally made it to my destination, which was Bari on the Adriatic Coast of Italy across from Yugoslavia. I had to spend some time there because of the presence of an UNRRA mission destined to go to that country. Actually the mission was cooling its feet in a place close to Bari, normally a summer resort, called Santo Spirito.

The reason for the delay was political. Marshal Tito, who had by that time practically won the guerilla war against the German and Italian armies occupying Yugoslavia as well as against the pro-royal Chetniks, balked at permitting an UNRRA mission on Yugoslav soil. He believed, perhaps not entirely without reason, that the British government would use it against his wishes. I was asked to visit the mission in order to raise its morale, which was not improved by long weeks of waiting under the rainy clouds of wintertime Italy. Winter there is not exactly a tourist paradise even in peacetime, and this was a particularly dreary winter. The mission members perked up when I visited Santo Spirito, most of them being graduates of College Park.

It also helped me to reevaluate our training in the framework of a complete mission and its various specialties. In addition, I was very interested in the political problem, most of the negotiations with Tito having been held on the Island of Vis, not far from Bari. On my return to Washington, I did support the idea that the entry problem could be solved by the appointment of a Russian as head of mission, which was approved at the highest level in Washington, possibly over Churchill's objections. Subsequently, a Russian was also appointed as head of the mission in Czechoslovakia, unexpectedly producing a certain problem for me personally.

From Bari, I flew to Cairo by way of Malta and Benghazi in Libya. I disliked Cairo, dusty and dirty,

especially after the war in North Africa. Staying at famous Shepheards Hotel, I found time to visit the pyramids, but my business was with a small and mostly British UNRRA contingent in Cairo and its suburb, Maadi. In Maadi I was also issued an English uniform to facilitate my contacts. One of my tasks was to help in the takeover of camps for refugees from Greece and Yugoslavia. These camps, housing about 30,000, were administered by the British army and were being transferred to UNRRA. I visited both of the camps, both on the Sinai Peninsula, one at El Shatt, the other at Moses Wells. My main impression was one of a rocky, inhospitable desert. Soon afterwards all of the refugees were returned to their homelands.

I spent another week in Athens. Ever since I took part in the teaching of the Humanities course at Reed College, I was enamored with classical Greece, especially with the works of Plato and Aristotle. It was, therefore, a very emotional moment for me when I trotted in their footsteps on the Agora and the Acropolis. It was all the more telling because Athens at that time, shortly after liberation, was completely bereft of tourists.

My main attention was naturally centered on relief needs. A representative of the Greek government took me around rural Attica. I later recounted my experiences upon returning to Washington in a speech which was reproduced in many magazines, including the “Reader’s Digest” and which follows this report.

I returned to London around the middle of October 1944. There was a surprise in wait for me when I got to the apartment where I had my room. There was only a big hole in the ground where the house once stood. A V-1 had struck next to it destroying several houses and burning the rest. All through my previous stay, there was the periodic sound of exploding V-1s. The air alarm became a steady accompaniment of daily life. Now, after my return, another sound could be and was expected at any moment: explosions of the V-2s. Whereas the V-1 was a pilotless plane, the V-2 was the first of real rockets, rearing high into space and then hitting the earth with real vengeance. Not without reason did the Germans call all these new weapons “Vergeltungswaffen” [Revenge weapons]. One of the first V-2s killed one of my oldest friends from Kutná Hora, Karel Kríz, the one who suggested I invite Nadia Prásilová to that fateful dinner. He was then the Press Chief of the Czech government in London.

As I said, the steady boom of explosions, and of racing ambulances and fire engines, was a regular part of daily living. sometimes I got a real taste of what London had to go through. One night I was a dinner guest at the home of Ivison Macadam, my old friend from student days, and of his wife, born Carolyn Corbett in Portland, Oregon. As soon as we sat down, the sirens let loose. The sound of explosions seemed to come closer and closer. Ivison got up and into his old clothes, topped by a fire warden’s helmet. Before I knew it, I was standing with him on the roof of the building. Large and small pieces of incendiary bombs and material seemed to be raining down, and we were busy dousing them as fast as we could. It seemed to me we spent much of the night on the roof with a good view of the fires all around us, but perhaps it was only an hour or so. There did not remain much of the evening.

I might add that my stay in London also enabled me to take up new and old contacts with the Czech government-in-exile headed by President Benes. I had very interesting conversations with the Foreign Minister, Jan Masaryk, who was later either killed by the Communists or committed suicide, with my old friend, Hubert Ripka, who will later reappear in this saga, with Dr. Feierabend, who had visited us in Berkeley and showed us the newly designed bank notes, and many others. They all urged me to return to my old country after the war.

One other memory comes back to me: On the last day of my stay in Athens, I heard occasional shooting in the streets. It marked the beginning of the vicious Greek civil war, with the Communists trying to seize power with the help of Tito and Stalin. The Greek civil war triggered Truman’s call for aid to Greece and Turkey, which in turn led to the creation of NATO, and that was, of course, the beginning of the Cold War, which in turn.....

I soon left London to report my findings to headquarters. It turned out to be quite a trip. I naturally thought I would be flown back by about the same route as the previous one. It was winter by then and seemed a smart thing to be dressed for cold weather. So I wore my British uniform because it was made of wool. I could not have made a worse mistake. The first day we ended up at Shannon airport in Ireland. I even had time to pay a fleeting visit to Limerick. Our next day took me to Lisbon, Portugal. We took off in the morning, but had to turn back because of an engine failure. We started again the next day to make it as far as Dakar, Senegal, in Africa. On the day afterwards, we crossed the Atlantic without incident and landed in Natal, Brazil. The plane made further stops in Fortaleza and Sao Luis de Maranhao, before arriving in Belém on the

Amazon River. The heat was inhuman, especially in my rough woolen uniform. I do not know what kind of plane it was, but it surely was a local, stopping at Cayenne, Paramaribo, Georgetown, Port of Spain, Saint Lucia, Antigua, San Juan [Puerto Rico], Ciudad Trujillo, Port-au-Prince, Camaguey, and finally Miami. On the eighth day I deplaned in Washington completely exhausted, but just in time for Christmas with the family. College Park never looked better.

CHAPTER 16
RETURNING TO PRAGUE

On January 31, 1946, I was back in the Prague I had left almost seven years earlier as a penniless refugee. I was returning as Chief Economic Adviser representing the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

Prague liberated itself more or less as a result of a popular uprising even before the war officially ended. In those early days in May 1945, thousands in Prague fought the Wehrmacht in the streets of the capital. One of them was Nadia's brother, Vladimir, who put on his old lieutenant's uniform to contact the American army that was racing from the West, but was stopped by President Roosevelt's decision one hour's drive from Prague.

For me, it was an emotional moment. With Hitler defeated, the allies victorious, and President Benes already back as head of state in the Hrad castle overlooking Prague, everything looked more or less normal. But it was a different normality. Almost three million German-speaking citizens already expelled, the ethnic structure of Czechoslovakia was completely altered. President Havel much later apologized for this drastic measure, but the great majority still thinks it was a just retribution for the German atrocities committed during the war.

There was another fundamental difference from prewar Czechoslovakia. The new government was un unstable coalition of Communists and democrats. The Soviet armies, like the U.S. army, had evacuated Czechoslovakia more than a month before my return, but the Communist party was rapidly increasing its influence and power by means fair or foul, always propelled by a victorious Soviet Union.

But let me first explain how I got there. During the latter part of 1945, the Training Center at College Park, Maryland, was gradually running out of steam, with the bulk of training completed. Most of the missions were already operating in their respective countries. It was clear that additional recruits would have to be sent after much less preparation or recruited locally. The administration began looking for a different assignment for me. It was decided that I would be most useful as an economist.

I had already been sent on several trips throughout the U.S. and Canada to give talks about UNRRA and postwar reconstruction in order to gain support for its mission. I had, of course, also given speeches to practically any important forum in Washington itself. I cannot list all my destinations, but I remember

vividly the talks I gave in Seattle and Portland. There I addressed the League of Women Voters, a public meeting in Central Library hall, and the City Club. Interestingly enough, I talked not only about UNRRA, but about the postwar in general. Quoting the Oregon Journal of September 12, 1945, I said: "Portland and other West Coast cities will be the back doors to the United States no more… The first industrial revolution centered around the Atlantic, the next will be around the Pacific."

Sometime in November of 1945, it was decided that I should go as Chief Economic Adviser to Poland. Everything was ready, I already was issued warm clothing for Poland's hard winters, when my appointment had to be canceled. The reason: the Polish government refused to accept me, stating in a secret cable they would not confirm any Czech citizen in that position. [We became American citizens only in 1947.]

After some discussion, it was decided that I could be most helpful in the same function in Czechoslovakia. The Czech government immediately accepted. The only objection was voiced by the newly appointed chief of mission, a Russian, Pyotr Ivanovich Alexejev. He had come to Washington just at that time in order to look and be looked at. Only two of the mission chiefs were Russians, Alexejev in Prague and Michail O. Sergeychich in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Both were appointed purely for reasons of international politics, in order to remove Soviet objections to UNRRA missions and to placate Stalin. I might add that one of the Deputy Directors General was also a Russian, a rather congenial one, Michail A. Menshikov. Alexejev objected to a Czechoslovak in such an important post in the mission. However, after I met him at a party at the Mayflower Hotel and subsequently in private, he changed his mind and agreed to my nomination. I had reasonably good relations with him while in Prague.

That was only the beginning of problems. As the Communists were gaining strength by increasingly infiltrating the mechanism of the Czech state, they did everything to make the work of UNRRA more difficult, in spite of the fact that Czechoslovakia largely depended on UNRRA supplies. As an example, the contact man of the Czech government in dealings with UNRRA, E. Loebl, insisted in an article that UNRRA does not give supplies free of charge, but that they have to be paid for, which was patently untrue. Loebl was, of course, a member of the Communist party and took his instructions from the party. More seriously, they insisted that any markings indicating U.S. origin of the supplies, would have to be removed before distribution.

I vigorously combatted this propaganda, delivering many speeches, mostly in Czech, but occasionally in English, by numerous interviews in the newly free Czech press, and by addresses on the Czech radio, there being, of course, no television.

In the meantime, I was busy talking to my friends in the government, old and new. One of the old ones was Hubert Ripka, the Minister for Foreign Trade, who was pressing me to remain in Czechoslovakia and who had already found a niche – or two – for me. I was also in touch with other leading people, one of whom was Benes's former Secretary and currently Minister of Justice, Prokop Drtina, who was later to end tragically. I saw President Benes, who also said that I was needed, and strongly recommended that I should finish my assignment with UNRRA and then return. I saw him again shortly before leaving Prague.

I did not neglect the Communists either. I thought that in the worsening international climate, with signs of the coming Cold War in the air, UNRRA should try to steer a steady course of cooperation whenever possible. With that in mind I paid a visit to Antonín Zápotocky, the head of the Central of Labor Unions [URO], one of the most influential men in the KSC [Communist Party of Czechoslovakia]. Zápotocky became Gottwald's successor as Prime Minister when Gottwald was elected President in 1948 and succeeded him as President on Gottwald's death a few years later. I had a generally favorable impression of Zápotocky: he seemed reasonable, no fire eater, and on the whole well informed. He surprised me by also suggesting that I come back, even though he must have known my background.

With all the above in mind, I decided that I wanted to return to Prague for good. I informed Nadia, who was staying in College Park all this time where the children were attending school. Nadia was willing, whether enthusiastically or with reservations I still do not know. UNRRA cooperated by making all the arrangements with the State Department and the military for their travel. She also bought and had crated for transportation a number of household appliances, including a refrigerator, a washing machine, and other things.

One element in my decision was that our house on Baba, built as part of an exhibition of modern housing construction in 1932, was returned to us. It had been confiscated by the Germans after our departure. I did not even have to apply for its return.

One day an employee of the City of Prague simply brought me the deed, I suppose mostly because of my association with UNRRA. UNRRA happened to be extremely popular, in spite of all the Communist propaganda. People remember it even today after all these years. [I am writing these memoirs in 1992.]

The final element in my decision to return was undoubtedly the fact that I could look forward to a promising and stable career. In America, I had taught at two prestigious schools, Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and the University of California in Berkeley. However, both of these were temporary appointments and I had no guarantee of permanence. While in Prague I received two permanent appointments, and I still possess the documents appointing me full professor of the newly reorganized University School of Political Science and another one appointing me Deputy General Director of the entire nationalized chemical industry, one of the largest industries in Czechoslovakia.

I owed this appointment to my friend Minister Ripka, although, I assume, it must have received the approval of the government. The reason ostensibly was my former work on economic planning, but I never could fathom why it was to be the chemical industry – my last and only connection was a chemistry course in high school. Interestingly enough this double job was like an echo of my previous two-lane approach to life – one theoretical, the other practical.

Around the middle of April the mission received a wire from the European Regional Office in London, headed by Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, asking if I would be willing to exchange my post in Prague for one in Vienna, Austria. Evidently they needed somebody who could speak Russian and was fully conversant with problems of East-Central Europe. I was not eager to leave Prague at that moment, but I tried to be a good soldier and I accepted. They wanted me in Vienna as soon as possible.

Before leaving I went to see President Benes once more. It happened to be my last encounter with him. Benes was in a very optimistic mood. He said that he had his doubts occasionally on whether democracy in Czechoslovakia would survive Communist and Soviet pressure, but that he now felt pretty satisfied that the coming elections to parliament, scheduled for May 26, 1946, would bring a democratic majority. When I expressed my doubts about continuing compromises and concessions to the Left, Benes looked at me and said: “Dr. Munk [pane doktore], don’t forget we are not in Western Europe, but have to live between Russia and Germany.” I could not but agree. He seemed very glad when I told him of my decision to return “home,” probably in September, and of my plans. He wished me success. I never saw him again.

As a postscript, the elections of May 26 gave 40.17% of the vote to the Communists, 23.66% to national socialists [my old party], 20.23% to the Catholic party and 15.59% to the social democrats. The democratic parties did receive a majority, but it would be too small to overcome the pull of the KSC. The struggle continued until the Communists staged a coup, under threat of Soviet military intervention, in February of 1948. Benes resigned and died shortly thereafter, and Czechoslovakia became a full-fledged Soviet satellite until 1989.

CHAPTER 17
TALE OF TWO CITIES

I left Prague on April 23, 1946, in the company of Tom Morrell, an English journalist who was also being reassigned to Vienna, having hitched a ride in his car. We travelled by way of Kutná Hora, Jihlava, and Znojmo. It took us some time to get through the Soviet checkpoint on the border of Austria, even though we both had special passes issued by the Soviet military government.

The situation in Austria differed substantially from that of Czechoslovakia. The latter was regarded as an ally who was liberated. Both the American and Soviet armies had left Czechoslovakia some four months earlier. Austria, on the contrary, was still occupied by the armies of the United States, Britain, France, and the Soviet Union. Indeed it continued to be occupied until the conclusion of the Austrian State Treaty, which neutralized Austria in 1955.

Vienna also was very different from Prague. In spite of the threatening attitudes of the Communist party, the atmosphere in Prague was one of moderate optimism, as illustrated by the comments of President Benes to me. In addition, Prague did not suffer much physically from the war: there was some bombing during the war, but compared to most of Europe it was not serious. There was only limited damage from the last few days of the conflict. Vienna, on the other hand, was badly damaged, although the damage differed greatly from one quarter to another.

The Austrian mission of UNRRA had its offices, and also housed its staff, in the Astoria Hotel, a stone's throw from the Kärntner strasse in the center of Vienna. At the time of my arrival it was filled with rubble, no single building was standing intact and there were only a few dilapidated stores. When I last visited Vienna a few years ago, I barely was able to recognize the surroundings. Kärntner strasse today is one of the most sparkling streets, selling everything luxurious and fashionable.

But the biggest difference was psychological. Austria looked like someone who was once wealthy, but had hit on bad times and was now an impoverished relative living on charity. That was not very far from the truth and UNRRA was the biggest charity. There was also something else that struck me rather forcefully: I had visited Vienna briefly in 1948 a few days after Anschluss, meaning the annexation of Austria by Germany. I was impressed by the enthusiasm that greeted Hitler. Indeed Austrians were among the most devout followers of Nazism.

Now, in the spring of 1946, and all through my stay in Vienna, I was not able to find anyone who was a Nazi. They all professed that they opposed Nazism all the time. A very strange transformation! Even the official position of Austria was somewhat shadowy. Under the UNRRA statute, it could only provide relief to countries which were victims of fascism and nazism. Somehow Austria slipped through: instead of being treated like Germany, it was classified as a victim and therefore eligible to receive UNRRA aid. There was no doubt it was needed. Vienna, with its two million inhabitants, was in dire need of food and completely dependent on UNRRA. The problems were compounded by the fact that the only open life line was the single railway line from Trieste to Vienna, routed through difficult Alpine terrain.

One of my main jobs in Vienna was to serve on the Economic Committee for Austria, as well as on a committee that met regularly at the office of the Austrian Prime Minister to consider relief problems. The former committee probably was the most important, because real power was exercised by the military governments of the four occupying powers, with the Austrians pretty much in the background. The Economic Committee for Austria was in turn composed of one representative each of the United States, Britain, France, and the USSR, and one representative of UNRRA.

The Committee met regularly. Its decisions were pretty much law to the Austrian government. Many of the problems were caused or aggravated by the attitudes and actions of the Soviets, who were in occupation of the three Easternmost provinces of Austria, Lower Austria, Upper Austria, and Burgenland. I should have said four provinces, because Vienna was also a province. It, in turn, was divided into four sectors, one for each of the occupiers. Only the center of town, known as Vienna I, was under joint occupation, symbolized by the four military policemen in jeeps, made famous by the "Three Men" movie.

I was soon put to the test. One day I was called by the Minister of Interior to inform me he had received reports by the Gendarmerie [rural police] that the Soviets were confiscating wheat and other foods from the supplies stored in the Burgenland. This was the province consisting of the fertile flatlands along the borders of Hungary, the only part of Austria with a surplus of food. This was a most serious matter because it was in direct contradiction of allied agreements and endangered UNRRA commitments to Vienna. I immediately contacted Washington and got a call from the new Director General, Fiorello

LaGuardia, who had succeeded Governor Lehman. His instruction could not have been more direct: "Give 'em hell."

At the next meeting of the Economic Committee, I addressed the Soviet representative, Colonel Olchovsky, and told him that I was instructed to inform him of the following: unless the Soviet military immediately stops the illegal confiscation of food supplies in the Burgenland, UNRRA will stop furnishing food to Vienna, and will do this without further notice. Colonel Olchovsky defended the practice by saying the Red army badly needs these supplies for their own troops of occupation, but promised he would pass on the report to his government. Nothing more was heard about the matter, but after about two weeks the Minister called me again to say he had a new report from the Gendarmerie commander to the effect that all food confiscations had stopped.

The UNRRA mission chief, a Britisher, Brigadier Parminter told me I must be one of the few people who ever gave an ultimatum to Stalin and got away with it. In spite of occasional clashes, I got rather well acquainted with Col. Olchovsky. He sometimes invited me to the Soviet officers club for dinner. The Americans set up their officers club in the former building of the Austrian National Bank. The Soviets needed more proletarian surroundings – they took over the Hofburg, the former Palace of the Austrian emperors. I must say their food was better. After the dinner they usually showed movies – all invariably evocations of Tsarist and Great Russian victories, like one about Alexander Nevsky, the conqueror of the Teutonic Order.

Strangely enough, Col. Olchovsky was destined to play a major role in my life. One evening after the inevitable vodkas he suddenly said: "Gospodin Moonk, I hear you have decided to return to Czechoslovakia after you are through with UNRRA.....I suppose you are a party member." I just mumbled. Olchovsky again: "You know, if I were in your shoes, I would not hesitate about joining the party. We cannot tolerate indefinitely this regime that is kind of sitting between stools, half socialist, half capitalist. We must have one that openly shows it color." Nothing more was said, but his comments stuck in my mind.

Next morning, when I came to my office, my secretary said there was a call waiting for me from some place called Portland. I asked her to put me through. The call was from Peter Odegard, President of Reed College, telling me that Professor G. Bernard Noble had decided to stay with the State Department in Washington. He said he was calling me to ask if I would be interested in returning to Reed. He could offer me a professorship in the political science department on a permanent basis. I am not sure what my reply would have been had he called a day earlier. However, having digested my brief conversation with the Russian, I did not hesitate and said I accepted his offer and would be on hand next September.

Next, I sent a wire to Nadia, telling her I changed my mind and decided to go back to America. I also asked her to sell all the things she already had bought for Europe, including the refrigerator and the washing machine. We would be back in Portland the coming September. It was as simple as that.

Later I kept musing I must have a personal Guardian Angel: for the second time an unknown appeared to save me. Had I returned to Prague, I would likely have been one of the first to be liquidated after the Communist putsch in February 1948.

The Austrians can be very charming when they want to be or have to be. I was invited to many parties, some at Schonbrunn, some at Ballhausplatz, the Foreign Affairs Ministry, another survivor of past diplomacy. I could always just call any Ministry and they would jump. I would not be human if I said that I did not enjoy this brief brush with power.

But my stay in Vienna was slowly coming to an end. Since I had a car and driver at my disposal, I drove several times to Prague and once or twice to Bratislava, less than an hour from Vienna, and previously almost its suburb. Early in September the time had come. From Vienna, I returned to Prague, to say goodbye to my friends and to tell them about my decision to go back to the New World. Most of them understood; Communist pressure was getting heavier and heavier.

I arrived in Portland on September 19, 1946. At 8 o'clock the next morning I was facing a class of eager and critical students at Reed College. My days of glory were definitely over.

CHAPTER 18
GLOBAL OUTREACH

When we returned to Portland in 1946, I thought it was for the long haul – and it assuredly was. I was quite busy the next few years solidifying my home base, which in effect was the whole West Coast, and, of course, Reed College. But before long I began missing my participation in the Big World and its travail. I therefore eagerly accepted a proposition made to me by Columbia University to lead a study tour to Europe, which would investigate the major political and economic stirrings.

Columbia University had set up a department called World Study Tours, chaired by professor Goodwin Watson, for the purpose of organizing a limited number of summer tours to enable students to learn firsthand about the outstanding issues of politics, economics, and social life abroad. Each tour was to be led by a member of the Columbia University faculty or by another scholar whom they would select for this particular program.

I was gratified to be invited in the fall of 1948 and began work immediately to develop the project, with a view of leading the tour in 1949. My interest was focused at the time on the reconstruction of Europe after the war, a continuation of my wartime work with UNRRA. Since that time important progress had been made and major changes had occurred. In Western Europe, new hope had been created by adoption of the Marshall Plan and its subsequent implementation. In Eastern Europe momentous changes seemed to cement Soviet domination and the introduction of Soviet-type economic systems centered on economic planning on the Soviet model. This was particularly true of Czechoslovakia after the Communist coup and takeover in February 1948.

As a central theme of the tour I picked "National and Supranational Economic Reconstruction Plans." In particular I wanted to focus on the administration of the Marshall Plan, the work of the Economic Committee for Europe of the United Nations and, in Eastern Europe, on the first Five Year Plan in Czechoslovakia – admittedly a challenge for 6 to 8 weeks of study and travel.

After a good deal of correspondence with institutions on both sides of the Atlantic, the group sailed from New York on June 15, 1949. Our first destination was Paris. The administration of the Marshall Plan was in the hands of two bodies. The guiding principle of the Marshall Plan was that the United States would aid Europe only if it could present a coordinated, common approach to reconstruction. This was done by the establishment of the Organization of European Economic Cooperation (OEEC): The American counterpart was the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA) with headquarters in Washington, D.C. and the main European office in the Palais Talleyrand in Paris. Heading the office as the Special Representative of President Truman was W. Averell Harriman. We were not able to see Harriman, but were briefed extensively by his Executive Assistant, Mr. Bellows.

The people at Palais Talleyrand did a very good job preparing interviews for our group: in addition to meeting a close associate of Mr. Harriman, we also talked to the heads of various divisions, including the General Counsel, Labor, Industry, Trade and Payments, Information, Food and Agriculture, and East-West Trade. They also scheduled our visit to OEEC, where we met their European counterparts. One had the impression that the Marshall Plan was in good hands, as I think in retrospect that it was. The reconstruction of Western Europe was one of the great achievements of American foreign policy after the war. There would be no European Community today had it not been for American aid then, and if it had not been administered as a cooperative venture of both former allies and former enemies.

In addition to Paris, we also had a glance at provincial France during a brief stay in Lyons. While there we had a session with André Philip, who represented the region in Parliament. After returning to Paris we met with another important deputy from the North of France, Maurice Schumann, who played an important role in bringing France into the Common Market, precursor of the European Community.

Our next stop was Geneva, where we were expected at the Palais des Nations, the former world HQ of the League of Nations, and now the European headquarters of the United Nations. We had meetings with the Economic Commission of the UN, which proved to be much less effective than the institutions we studied in Paris. We also met representatives of voluntary organizations accredited at the UN, including my old friend Bertram Pickard, and visited the World Health Organization (WHO).

Our final major destination was Czechoslovakia. I had asked Mrs. Friedlová-Capková of the American Institute in Prague, whom I knew, to organize our visit. This was particularly important, because I wanted the group to get factual and, if possible, impartial information about a recently communized economy and political system, but I wanted them to be impervious to Communist propaganda. And I

wanted the same for my own sake. I am not sure we fully succeeded in this, but I think we did not do too badly.

We had a long session at the State Planning Office (equivalent to the Soviet Gosplan), at the Association of Czechoslovak Industries (by now completely nationalized), at Skoda Works (now in 1992 acquired by Volkswagen), at Tatra Works (another car maker), at the Trade Union Council (known as URO), and with other institutions. I ought to mention a presentation made at the Social Insurance Administration by Nadia's brother, Dr. Vladimír Prásil, about social insurance in the country. He was a well-known expert in the field and one of the authors of its legislation. We spent almost three weeks in Czechoslovakia which included considerable travel. We visited the famous international spas in Western Bohemia, Karlovy Vary (Karlsbad), and Mariánské Lázne (Marienbad), and had a very enjoyable week in Slovakia, which included a few days in the Tatra Mountains.

The political atmosphere in Czechoslovakia was not as bad in 1949 as it became soon afterwards. By that time the inner-party conflict between the Moscow faction and the domestic communists erupted in a bloody purge of the former, many of whom were Jews, and ended in the execution of the party general secretary Slánsky and many others. Not all of its victims belonged to the category listed above. One of the people who were condemned by the show trials was my old friend from student days, the Slovak, Vlado Clementis.

Our group received a mixed official reception. On the whole we were welcomed; one of the pictures of the group shows the Lord Mayor of Prague receiving us at the old historic City Hall. Strangely enough it also shows the secret police agent who was trailing us – he wanted to be in the picture. Speaking of secret police: I had to return one morning to the Hotel Paríz, where we were staying, to pick up something I had left behind. When I entered my room there were two men rummaging through my suitcase. They identified themselves as officials of the StB (State Security). We conversed politely for awhile, they asked me about how things were in the U.S., then I asked them to put things back again and to lock the suitcase, which they did.

From Prague, our group went to Germany and flew back home, while I travelled to Southern France to spend some time with my mother, then living with my sister Anca in Nice.

Several years passed before I organized another study tour. Columbia University urged me repeatedly to do so, but I needed more money, and regularly taught a summer session, sometimes at the University of Washington. Reed College always enjoyed a high reputation, at least among academics, but unfortunately it did not translate into salaries.

The next venture occurred in 1955 and it was another study tour to Western Europe. This time I did not target economic recovery, since it was by that time well on its way. My main interest then was the domestic political situation in a number of countries. We started in England, visiting Oxford, and had discussions with some of the people I knew, and then proceeded to London. We had a briefing at the Foreign Office, and then in Westminster, first with members of the Conservative Party, and second with the Labour Party. It also included a meeting with Sir Henry Bunbury, whom I had known for many years as head of PEP (Political and Economic Planning). Among others we met Nancy Balfour and Peter Self. In Paris, we started at the Quai d'Orsay, the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the Parliament. This time we also made stops in Italy and in Yugoslavia, in which I always was interested. Unfortunately, our time was limited, and we had to confine our stay to Slovenia and Western Croatia. It was my first visit to the country under Tito. The rest of the tour included Austria and Germany. Again, I left the tour in Wiesbaden and visited my mother in St. Etienne de Tinée.

By 1956, the Cold War was in full swing and world politics clearly depended on relations between the two superpowers. So I decided my next project would be a tour to the Soviet Union. At that time it was not simply a matter of travel arrangements, but a political question which required careful handling. I first wrote to the State Department and received the following letter from the Officer in Charge of USSR Affairs:

"At the meeting of Foreign Ministers now being held in Geneva the West and the Soviet Union have agreed that there is a need for greater contacts between the West and the East and that one of the ways....is by encouraging tourism between both areas. To demonstrate this Government's sincere desire to have restrictions on tourism and other visits removed, Secretary Dulles announced....that U.S. passports will henceforth not require special validation for travel to the Soviet Union and certain other European Soviet bloc countries."

He added that it is hoped that as a result of detailed discussions in Geneva the Department will be able to

define the role of study groups. He suggested that we communicate with the Department on this matter when the results of the work of these experts become clear.

That left us about where we were before, but I decided to go ahead. To facilitate things further, I got Reed College and the Oregon Journal to co-sponsor the tour and invited the Journal's Editor, Arden X. Pangborn, to join me as co-leader. This was all the more necessary because Columbia University had in the meantime created a separate entity, the Association for Academic Study Abroad, to be in charge of tours.

Our next problem was transportation. What would now require only a few telephone calls, was then a complex matter. Since there were no regularly scheduled flights to the Soviet Union, ATA had chosen a charter line, the Flying Tigers, for the trip, which also was co-sponsored by the World Affairs Council of Oregon. This required approval by the Civil Aeronautics Board. As a matter of fact, this was exceedingly difficult, and we would not have received it if we did not have the direct support of Senators Richard Neuberger and Wayne Morse and of Congresswoman Edith Green.

We finally took off on July 4, 1956. The program was in two parts. The first part was the Amsterdam Forum, which I put together and which I moderated. It was planned as a seminar on the subject of "Europe Looks behind the Iron Curtain" and it brought together a number of European experts in the field. The second part was the tour itself. We planned the discussion before coming to Russia because we knew we could not talk freely while there.

We spent a couple of days in Finland before entering the USSR. From Helsinki we arrived by train at Finland Station (like Lenin in his time) in Leningrad. The only way to plan a trip in the Soviet was by using the services of Intourist, the Soviet travel organization. Anyone who has had to depend on Intourist will tell you of its unreliability, slowness, and bureaucratic rigidity. As a matter of fact, after experiencing the general lack of flexibility in the Russian system, you don't blame Intourist for not being more efficient. We were in effect unable to make them assist us in our programming by arranging meaningful meetings for our group. In general, the only people who understood the meaning of a study tour were officials of the American Embassy in Moscow. They even arranged for us to have a session with Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen, an old Moscow hand well informed on all aspects of the Soviet system. We told him about our difficulty in obtaining Soviet visas for our group. He was not surprised to hear that we were waiting for months and only got the visas after the Oregon Journal sent a wire to the new Soviet Foreign Minister, Shepilov, just after he had replaced Viacheslav Molotov.

In spite of these limitations, the tour proved to be very interesting, if only by confirming what one knew about the Soviet Union from long periods of study and research. Nevertheless, everything assumes a new dimension after you have seen the real thing. I liked Leningrad, its historical buildings rebuilt after wartime destruction, its canals, its literary reminiscences, and the people – tough, resilient and, I thought, more Western than in Moscow, which I did not like.

Next we visited Minsk, the capital of Bielorussia (now Belarus). The only interesting visit was one to a huge collective farm – Kolchoz Cerveny Partizan (Red Partizan). I have always wondered why Russian collective farms were, and are, so inefficient. Elsewhere, especially in East Germany and Czechoslovakia, they turned out to be quite successful, especially when the heavy hand of the party was removed.

Travelling by train, we next went to Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, at that time more Russian than Ukrainian, from there to Odesa and then by ship to Yalta, known here mostly because of the wartime Yalta Agreement. We also visited Pionerski Lager Livadia, summer camp of the youth organization, known as the usual first step towards the nomenklatura, the Communist party hierarchy. From Yalta we went again by boat, the Rossyia, to Novorosijsk and then by train to the capital of Georgia (in Russian called Gruzia), Tbilisi. Our first visit in Tbilisi was to the offices of the local paper, Zarja Vostoka (Dawn of the East), published in two editions, Russian and Georgian. We met the Editor, Mr. Chikvishvili, and were surprised when he opened our conference by pointing to the statue of an old Georgian poet outside the building and saying: "The first thing you have to understand is that we Georgians are an historic, cultured people, unlike the Russians. We were Christians hundreds and hundreds of years before them, we had our own alphabet when they were chasing bears in their forests – and we have the best football team now." I was truly amazed at this exhibit of nationalism, and it gives me an insight into present problems after the implosion of the Soviet Union.

From Tbilisi, we flew directly to Moscow, where we stayed for some time and were shown all the usual sights. I found Red Square quite impressive,

including Lenin in his Mausoleum, with the massive Kremlin behind the Mausoleum and the cupolas and domes of the Cathedral of Saint Vasilyj Blazhenyj on the other sides – somehow essentially Russian. We spent considerable time at Moscow University on the Lenin Hills, almost exactly at the point of farthest penetration by the German army in its drive towards Moscow, when reinforcements by the Soviet army were rushed to the front by streetcars. The University was more impressive with its Stalin architecture and its size than by any obvious intellectual vigor. We were not able to organize a meaningful debate – not that I blamed them. We also visited the Gorodski Soviet (City Soviet) and even had time to go down the Moscow-Volga Canal.

From Moscow, we flew to Prague on an Aeroflot plane. We only had three days in Prague. The political climate had obviously worsened since our visit in 1949. We had difficulty seeing many people and had to limit contacts by and large to a single session at the Alcron Hotel.

As to the Soviet Union, now the former Soviet Union, things could not be more different. We now meet many Russians on their visits to the United States, and we find them for the most part very open, very eager to engage in intellectual free-for-alls and anything but secretive. It would be so much easier to do now what we tried to achieve some 35 years ago.

As a boy, I was an avid reader of the books by Jules Verne, the French author of adventure and science fiction books a hundred years ago. One of the books I vividly recall was "Around the World in 80 Days." Today you evidently can do it in one day, more or less, and all you need is a telephone call. It was not quite that fast in 1957 when the spirit moved me and I led a study tour around the globe in a little less than eighty days.

In 1957, we left on a Greek liner, the S.S. Queen Frederica. Its master was Captain Konstantinos Condoyannis, otherwise an Admiral of the Greek Navy. Its destination was Athens by way of Gibraltar, Malaga, Palermo, Naples, the Ionian Sea, landing in Piraeus. I welcomed the long sea voyage because it gave me the opportunity to prepare the trip with daily lectures and discussions with the group and with occasional guests. This time I did not wish to tread on familiar ground. Instead I had planned to delve primarily into Asia and Asia's role in world politics.

However, I could not neglect essential sight-seeing and we spent some interesting time in Greece. Everybody has to visit the Acropolis and the Agora at least once in one's life – and I have done so several times, but every time it leaves me with a deep impression. And I had to take the group to my favorite place – Cape Sounion, the easternmost point of Attica and to my mind one of the most beautiful spots on earth. However, we found time to talk about Greek-Turkish relations at the Greek-American Cultural Institute.

We spent two days in Istanbul, but our serious business began in Beirut. Lebanon in 1957 was not yet the battleground which it has become since. Beirut was an elegant city, the playground of the Middle East, with a French flair and beautiful beaches. We met with members of the Lebanese government, all of them Christians. But my most lasting memories were those of Palestinian refugee camps, dirty, dilapidated, evil smelling. I could not help thinking back to the day when Israel achieved its statehood (I happened to be in San Francisco) and of my sympathies for the first Jewish state since antiquity, but I was appalled by the fate of the refugees. I still cannot believe that there can be a lasting peace between Israel and the Arabs. During our visit to the camps we were accompanied by staff members of the United Nations Refugee and Works Administration (UNRWA), some of whom I knew in UNRRA. We also visited Baalbek, which has since become one of the centers of radical terrorist organizations and spent some time at American University, since then frequently a target of hostage taking.

From Beirut, we drove by bus across the desert to Damascus for meetings with members of the Syrian government, and thence to Baghdad in a terrific sandstorm. We did not stay very long, in contrast to Tehran. The Iranian government headed by the Shah-in-Shah was at that time in the midst of an ambitious program of land reform, buying land from the feudal land owners and from the religious Islamic establishment, and distributing it to peasants. It was this program which led to its demise and the revolution of the ayatolahs, who opposed the reforms and, in a general way, to modernization, for the sake of religious purity and fanaticism. We had meetings at the Iranian Foreign Ministry and also met with members of the American Embassy.

We visited Karachi, the port city, and Lahore in Pakistan and were given our fill of the iniquities of Indian rule in divided Kashmir. We had a good illustration of the bad relations between India and Pakistan when we tried to cross their border. We went by bus to the river dividing the two. At that point there were numerous porters awaiting us. They

took our baggage and carried it to the middle of the bridge. They put our baggage down and returned to the Pakistani side. The baggage was taken up by Indian porters, carried to the other side, and loaded on another bus to take us to Amritsar.

Amritsar is the holy city of the Sikhs, a religion originating about 1500 A.D. as a reconciliation of Islam and Hinduism, but by now a threat to the unity of India. That unity was one of the subjects we discussed at one of our next stops, the capital of New Delhi. We were lucky to be able to arrange a meeting with India's Prime Minister and founder of modern India, Jawaharlal Nehru. I confess I was very impressed by him. He was highly educated (in England). To me he looked like a happy fusion of Western and Indian culture, and above all as a man of wisdom. His family came originally from Kashmir and belonged to the highest Brahmin caste, but he was trying to improve the lot of the lowest castes. He was succeeded by his daughter, Indira Gandhi, who was assassinated by Sikh nationalists – a good example of the deep fissures dividing India, which is a continent rather than a country.

A most pleasant interlude on our trip were the few days we spent on a houseboat on the lake at Srinagar in Kashmir. We had to sit up on hard seats on the night train to Pathankot and then to fly on a small plane across high mountains and through valleys barely wide enough for its wings, but it was worth it. It would be much more difficult now: the Moslems are engaged in a violent struggle against Indian domination. Yet I like to think back of idyllic Srinagar.

We saw Jaipur Agra and the masses bathing in the Ganga (Ganges) River at Varanasi (Benares), but learned more about India in the metropolis of Calcutta, especially from Bismal Sinha, West Bengal's Minister of Land Revenue. I have to admit that I did not like India much: the heat, the dirt, the smell, the masses, the cows in the streets, the impudent monkeys – and just too many people. However, I respect the fact that India is still a democracy, even though a creaking one.

We took a steamer from Calcutta, down the Hooghly River to the Indian Ocean, with stops at Penang and Singapore. I used to love the colorful stamps of the Straits Settlements in my boyhood, when I was an avid and expert stamp collector. Now Penang was part of a newly formed independent Malaysia, but there was still something of the colonial atmosphere about it. I have been twice in Singapore since then and every time there are more skyscrapers and banks and stores, but I liked it best that first time, when there still was old Raffles Hotel and a whiff of Britain. By now it is homogenized, but also "exhibit A" of a paternal and socially minded dictatorship. We had long discussions with its Minister of Education, Chew Swee Lee, of Chinese origin like the whole ruling class, and his colleagues, but I still am not sure how I feel about it. Anyway, Singapore is a great success story if you believe in modernization.

And, yes, I left out Burma. Rangoon fascinated me. It looked rather exotic, and I was quite impressed by our meeting with U Nu, the Prime Minister. I thought him intelligent and well informed, but, unfortunately, shortly after our visit he had to hand over the government to the head of the army, General Ne Win, and it has been a nasty military dictatorship ever since.

Yokohama and Tokyo were our last stops and I presume we were rather tired by then. Anyway, we did not have enough time to explore Japan in depth. It would require a special study tour and probably more than one. I admire Japan and the Japanese: their intelligence, their discipline, their art, but I am not sure I trust them. I certainly do not believe that they will forever live under a democratic government and that they will stay peaceful. History has a way of surfacing when you least expect it.

We returned home on the last ship that was still carrying passengers to America, the S.S. Hikawa Maru. It was essentially a freighter and it felt like it. We were glad to disembark in Seattle.

CHAPTER 19
RADIO FREE EUROPE

I have always thought that one major advantage of college teaching was the fact that you did not have to do it all the time, in keeping with my permanent itch to try new adventures. When I was invited by Radio Free Europe to join their staff, I took the hook and obtained a leave of absence from Reed College for the academic year 1958 - 1959, subsequently extended till 1960.

Radio Free Europe was organized in 1949 to broadcast to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria to encourage opposition to Soviet domination. It was clearly a product of the Cold War, although it survived the latter. It was financed partly by private funds, but mostly by the U.S. government.

To some extent, my stint with RFE was a byproduct of the critical events in Eastern Europe towards the end of 1956: first upheaval in Poland, but primarily the revolution in Hungary. The working people in that country staged an armed revolt against the Soviet army of occupation. Within a few days, the Communist government was defeated. At that moment the whole might of the Soviet Union was mobilized against Budapest and the revolution collapsed.

Many people blamed RFE for having excited the opposition and raising too many hopes of help from the West. As a result it was thought in many quarters that the news services of RFE ought to sound more like the BBC and less like the Voice of America. It was also felt that special attention should focus on the intellectual elites.

I was originally hired for another assignment, but when I met the European Director in New York it was decided to create a special post for me, that of Adviser on Intellectual Cooperation to the Director. I think it was a sensible decision: when the time for Communism ran out in Czechoslovakia, it was the students who brought about the Velvet Revolution.

Before leaving for Munich, I had to return to Portland for an important event – the wedding of Suzanne and Brooks Ragen on June 17, 1958.

Munich was chosen because of its proximity to the target countries. It is also an attractive city with a beautiful background of the Alps, which we greatly enjoyed. But I must confess my first impressions were largely very mixed. To me it was the home of the Nazi movement, with its Brown House in the center, and the place where the infamous Munich Pact was signed. I would never have lived in Munich if it had not been for the facts just described. As it was, we lived in Munich for two full years – and liked it.

The RFE offices were located in a modern building in the center of an extensive and beautiful park called Englischer Garten. Entry into the headquarters was tightly controlled; everybody had to show a special pass. This was a necessary provision. During my stay, agents of the Czech communist government tried to put poison into salt shakers used in the cafeteria inside the building. Speaking of agents, the Czech government also succeeded in infiltrating the staff. The agent later returned to Prague and wrote a book about his experiences, in which he mentions me.

The managing staff of RFE were Americans. The Director was born in Holland and used to head Dutch resistance to the Nazi occupiers. His name was Erik Hazelhoff. Almost all of the editors and broadcasters, who totalled about 2,000, were exiles from various countries. It was a most interesting group of people, occasionally querulous, but very stimulating. We used to meet many of them socially and liked them. And, of course, I found some old friends, and made new friends, among the large Czech group, including the head of the Czech desk, Julius Firt.

It was Firt who first suggested to the management that one way to reach the intellectuals would be to broadcast a kind of University of the Air to people who were fed a steady regime of Marxism-Leninism in their schools of higher education. This became the centerpiece of my programming. I finally arranged with the College of Europe in Bruges (Brugge) in Belgium to prepare university-level lectures on problems dealing all the way from philosophy to European integration.

The College of Europe was a brain child of Henry Brugmans, a Dutchman and enthusiastic proponent of European integration, who became the first Rector (President) of the College. During my stay in Munich, I also joined the faculty of the College and taught there from time to time. I found Bruges a charming city, full of old-world style.

I gradually realized that I was useful to RFE in another way. By associating with the intellectual leadership of Europe in these projects, it made RFE credible and respectable in their eyes. RFE was seen as a positive force, not just as a propaganda arm in the Cold War. It also was valuable to me. I was always aware of G. Bernard Shaw's dictum: "Those

who can, do, those who cannot, teach." It felt good to be a doer for a change.

Sometime during my tour with RFE, I also realized that American support for European integration, and specifically what came to be called the Common Market (the progenitor of the Atlantic Community), was a double-edged sword: it might unite Europe, but divide it from America. Something of that is now happening, in pitting in some ways a European trade bloc against a North American bloc. As a result I directed my attention to efforts to create an Atlantic Community instead of a European formation.

I participated in a number of formal and informal meetings, in Geneva, at Villa Serbelloni in Bellagio, and finally in Brussels. I have before me an RFE press release (which I had written) reporting the formal launching of an Atlantic Institute, "for the purpose of strengthening and coordinating the cultural, moral, intellectual, and spiritual forces of the Atlantic Community." The meeting elected an organizing Committee chaired by Paul Van Zeeland, former Prime Minister of Belgium, and a Steering Committee that included me. The Institute was subsequently established in Paris. As readers of these "Memoirs" will learn, I spent a year at the Institute in Paris, while writing a book called "The Atlantic Dilemma."[6]

RADIO FREE EUROPE
ONE ENGLISH GARDENS
MUNICH
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:FROM: D.F. GROZIER

Munich, July 17 (RFE) -- Dr. Frank Munk, 57, author and professor of political science at Portland, Oregon's Reed College, former UNRRA director of training and former chief economic advisor to UNRRA's Austrian and Czechoslovak missions, has been named Advisor on Intellectual Cooperation to the European Director of Radio Free Europe, Munich.

Referring to the current broadcast of radio courses of the College of Europe over RFE transmitters to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Romania (first broadcast: June 2, 1958), Dr. Munk said they represent "part of an intensive effort by Radio Free Europe to present to Eastern European scholars and intellectuals the ideas of Western Europe and of the free world generally."

Special emphasis will be placed on European unity and scientific, artistic and cultural achievements, according to the veteran educator, administrator and economist.

"I'm looking forward to the opportunity of developing cooperative relationships with leaders of the free world and especially of Western European thought" he said.

Dr. Munk, who is on leave of absence from Reed College, where he has held the chair of political science since 1946, was born in Czechoslovakia. Social science research fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation at Harvard, Columbia and the Brookings Institute from 1931 through 1933, he left Czechoslovakia in 1939. He has been an American citizen since 1947.

His American academic career, which began with Dr. Munk's appointment to the faculty of Reed College in 1939, includes faculty membership at the University of California (Berkeley), a visiting professorship at the University of Washington and leadership in the Northwest Institute of International Relations, of which he has been dean since 1947. In addition, Dr. Munk is a member of the Adult Education Association of America's Executive Committee and of the Executive Council of the Pacific Northwest Political Science Association.

As president of the World Affairs Council of Oregon, Dr. Munk pioneered "the Great Decisions," a community-wide discussion of international affairs through discussion groups, radio, television and press. This program won the Foreign Policy Association's first national award for "the most significant contribution to citizen understanding of world affairs" and received commendations from President Eisenhower, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Adlai Stevenson

During the two years with RFE, I gave more lectures and attended more conferences than I care to remember, but some stand out in my memory, partly because of the caliber of participants, and partly because of the ambiance. Among these I recall a Congress for Cultural Freedom held on the Isola San Giorgio in Venice, or a similar meeting in Vienna hosted by the President of Austria and the Austrian Government in the Palace of Schonbrunn. I could not but think of the time I spent in Vienna in 1946, right after the war, and to compare this new, self-confident Austria with the dismal prospects of only a few years ago. Of other meetings I like to remember Alpbach, a charming resort high in the Tyrolean Mountains,

[6] Frank Munk, The Atlantic Dilemma, 1964. Several chapters of this book are published at: http://www.theragens.com/history/Munk - Atlantic Dilemma.htm.

which is still used each year for the same purpose. All in all, for me these were a very satisfying two years.

As my leave from Reed was about to expire, I had to make another major decision. Erik Hazelhoff, the Director, asked me to stay with RFE indefinitely and with a higher salary. I was tempted. But finally I decided to return to Reed and a lower salary. My reason was that I wanted to have real roots in one country rather than remain an international migrant. I think I made the right decision, although I frequently thought of the exciting years in Europe.

Before I left, I received a letter from Eric Hazelhoff from which I quote: "I am sure you are aware of my feelings about your departure. Often enough have I done my best to persuade you to stay, and it is only because I am familiar with and respect your reasons for wanting to return to the United States that I have not employed some more insidious wiles in order to make you stay with us. It is my considered and conservative opinion that no single person has done RFE more good in the last two years than you. I am unfortunately also of the opinion that this is largely due to a unique combination of talents and mentality which you possess and which makes it almost impossible to expect similar successes from your successor, whoever he would be."

CHAPTER 20
PARIS

Much as I liked and enjoyed teaching, I liked "doing" even more – at least at times. On my return from Radio Free Europe, I stayed at Reed College for a year. In 1961, I was again on leave in order to serve with the Atlantic Institute, which I had helped to found in the previous year. It was a period pregnant with impending crises: the Berlin Wall in August 1961 and the threatening Cuban Crisis in October 1962, which could easily have ended in nuclear war.

This mission began very pleasantly when Nadia and I boarded a freighter of the Holland-American line, the S.S. Dinteldijk in Oakland in September. There were only about 15 passengers on board and it took a month to deliver us to Antwerp, Belgium, by way of the Panama Canal.

Before taking up my assignment in Paris, I had to perform another task. I was appointed a University Lecturer by the U.S. Information Service, the information arm of the State Department, to make a tour of French and German universities. We first picked up a new Mercedes (my second) in Stuttgart and headed for France. I delivered the lectures, naturally, in French, the theme being the ground breaking nature of the presidency of John F. Kennedy.

It was an exciting time for France: Charles de Gaulle, the man with the symbolic name and the leader of the Free French during WWII, had just made a deal with the Algerian revolutionists leading to Algerian independence. This deal was violently opposed not only by the "pieds noirs" (the French settlers), but also by a substantial element of the French army, led by General Salan. It was generally believed that the army would stage a coup against de Gaulle. There was widespread unrest throughout France. Each night, as we travelled from one French university town to another, we were awakened by the sound of plastic bombs going off in the middle of the night.

From France, we motored to Germany and I repeated the performance, except that the subject of my lectures was the changing and maturing relationship of Europe to the United States and, of course, the language was German.

We finally arrived in Paris early in December and I went to work at the Atlantic Institute, which found a home right in the center of Paris in the historic Hotel de Crillon on the Place de la Concorde. We rented an apartment at 10, rue de Villiers in Levallois-Perret, located in what was then known as "la ceinture

rouge" (the red belt) because of prevalent Communist control of those parts of the capital.

The Atlantic Institute was headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., son of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, onetime leading isolationist and opponent of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Lodge, with whom I worked in Paris, had been himself a U.S. Senator and was the Republican candidate for Vice President on the unsuccessful ticket headed by Richard Nixon in 1960. He was later to become U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam and West Germany and was U.S. chief representative at the Paris peace talks with Vietnam. The real business of the Institute was in the hands of my old friend Jim Huntley, its Executive Secretary. My own title was Senior Research Fellow.

My main task was to write a report on the future of the Atlantic Community. I did so while in Paris and it was published as "The Atlantic Dilemma" by Oceana Publications in 1964. A Spanish version also was published. It dealt with the history, problems, variations, and outlook of the communitary cooperation of the nations of Europe and the United States after the Second World War. It advocated common institutions across the Atlantic of the kind that we now know as the European Community. It stressed the necessity of including the United States because it might otherwise result in an adversial relationship. By now (1992), we have plenty of evidence that this is not just a theoretical possibility, but a real danger. The protracted negotiations about trade matters under GATT auspices are a good example of the fractious relationship I had warned against. My main point was that there existed then, and possibly only then, a window of opportunity to make a transient community relationship permanent.

While working on my book, I was also active in promoting the ideas of the Institute by participating in conferences all over Europe, this time including the Scandinavian countries. In these countries, and especially in Sweden, there was a historic reticence about getting too closely involved with continental politics and it is only now, in the early nineties, that they either are, or like Sweden, would wish to be, members of the EC.

I also renewed my connection with the College of Europe in Bruges and continued teaching there as a visiting professor. The college has by now become an important adjunct to the EC and is a training ground for the growing number of "Eurocrats," the staff of the seat of the EC in Brussels.

The year was a most stimulating one. Not only could Nadia and I explore the charming countryside of La Belle France, but it brought me in constant contact with extremely interesting people, like Raymond Aron, the French political analyst, or Denis de Rougemont, head of the Centre Europeen de la Culture in Geneva, Jacques Freymont at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in the same city, or Sir Isaiah Berlin or Max Beloff in England. I was particularly attached to Hugh Seton-Watson, perhaps the world's best expert on Eastern Europe and son of Professor Seton-Watson, who was one of the chief supporters of President Masaryk in the foundation of Czechoslovakia. I also liked Pierre Uri, who at that time was number two at the Institute.

We left Paris in the fall of 1962 to return to Reed. However, my interest in the Atlantic Community did not end then and there. I was invited to become a Research Fellow of the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, they wanted me to join them on a full-time basis. I decided against it, but we worked out an arrangement whereby I would come to Philadelphia regularly, while doing the bulk of my work in Portland. I continued this contact for a number of years, in effect commuting between the two cities. Even after resigning as research associate of the University of Pennsylvania, I continued as a member of the Atlantic Studies Committee, which met regularly at the Institute, until 1971.

Incidentally, this Institute seemed to be a breeding ground for United States Ambassadors under the Nixon administration. Not only the Institute's Director, Professor Robert Strausz-Hupe, and his Deputy, William Kintner, were named Ambassadors, but my colleague, Professor Robert Neuman, became, in succession, U.S. Ambassador to Morocco, Afghanistan, and Saudi Arabia. I have a suspicion that I, too, might have been considered had I been a Republican and a hardliner in world affairs.

CHAPTER 21
THE RAGEN/RADENOVIC SAGA

June 28 is a special day in all of former Yugoslavia. It is, of course, the day that will go down in world history as the beginning of a set of world wars. But for Yugoslavia it is Vidovdan, the day of Saint Vitus. "It had been a day of holy mourning for the Serbian people....when they had confronted their disgrace and vowed to redeem it, until the year 1912, when Serbia's victory over the Turks at Kumanovo wiped it out." Thus, Rebecca West[7].

By disgrace they mean, of course, the defeat of the armies of Tsar Lazar of Greater Serbia by the Turkish hosts on Kosovo Polje in 1389. Our story begins right there. Four brothers, who had taken part in the battle, decided they could not live under the Turk. Rather than face conversion to Islam, they would flee. So they left and walked for weeks, perhaps months, until they could not go any farther – they had reached the sea.

Six hundred years later, Brooks and Suzie Ragen together with Nadia and I were scanning the dilapidated books of a Serbian Orthodox monastery called Praskvica Monastir near Milocer in today's Montenegro[8]. And we found references and the names of the progeny of the four brothers. Their name was Radenovic (pronounced Rajenovich) and that was also the name of Brooks' father and grandfather, who came to the United States late in the 19th century. Later, as we drove ever higher into the mountains above Milocer, we found first one and then many other families of the same name. I remember stopping at a lonely farm and asking a woman who was doing her washing outside if she knew anybody named Radenovic. "Yes," she answered, "I am a Radenovic."

How did we find the trail? First, among the students who came with me to Zagreb in 1967 there was a girl whose family had originally come from Montenegro, and who knew that there were two major clans in that part of the country, the Radenovices and the Mitrovices. Secondly, Suzie had used her detective talent in pursuing the antecedents of Brooks' family. Thirdly, I had previously visited Sveti Stefan, an island converted entirely into a luxury hotel off the coast of Montenegro – one of the most charming places I know. It is located exactly opposite the towering mountains which are the home of the Radenovic clan.

I assumed naturally they were all Montenegrins. To my surprise, when I put the question to them, they all said that they were, of course, citizens of Montenegro (Crna Gora in Serbo-Croatian), but they were Serbs. They had kept their ethnic identity from the Battle of Kosovo to the computer age!

They had evidently kept not only their identity, but also their wits: the Montenegro Riviera is full of big hotels, a real tourist paradise. All of the hotels are state owned and normally full most of the year. What we found was that practically every one was being managed by a Radenovic, all the way down to the maitre d'hotel.

On second thought, I understood better why they were regarding themselves as Serbs rather than Montenegrins. This part of the coast was incorporated into Montenegro only after the breakdown of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918. For most of history it was either Roman or, later, part of the Venetian Republic, although it was frequently contested by the Ottoman Empire. Napoleon made it part of the short-lived Illyrian Republic. It was in effect the Southern extension of Dalamatia, and when Dalamatia was incorporated by Austria in 1814 this part became an outpost of the Habsburg Empire. It was an important outpost because it included the Bay of Kotor, the main naval base of Austria. Kotor, by the way, had a great reputation as home of some of the most capable mariners. When Peter the Great of Russia decided to build a navy, he went to Holland for the shipbuilders, but he sent his young nobles to Kotor to learn seamanship and navigation. So, when Brooks' grandfather arrived in America, he was classified correctly as Austrian by the Immigration Office and later by the U.S. Census.

Montenegro was historically limited to the mountains. When I was a young boy, I thought every Montenegrin was a hero, and I was not very far from the truth. Literally the Montenegrins fought for centuries for their independence. They were the only ones who succeeded in spite of continuous incursions and attacks. It was not only the mountains (the name means Black Mountain in the Venetian dialect of Italian), but perhaps also the fact that they were so poor it did not pay to bother much with them. At any rate, Rebecca West sees them as "like the people of Homer as any race now living: they are brave, and beautiful, and vainglorious."

[7] Rebecca West, Black Lamb and Grey Falcon: A Journey Through Yugoslavia

[8] Brooks Ragen, Return to Vrba, 1989. Refer to: http://www.theragens.com/history/Ragen - Return to Vrba.htm.

CHAPTER 22
REQUIEM FOR YUGOSLAVIA

Just as the Bosnian crisis of 1908 awakened my curiosity about international politics, the first war in my memory was the Balkan war in 1912 and its sequel – the second Balkan war in the succeeding year. The first war was waged by Serbia, Romania, Greece, and Bulgaria against Turkey and it ended Turkish domination over the Balkans, except for a small area around Istanbul. The second war opposed all the other states to Bulgaria. They all represented the preliminaries of World War I.

To us in Czechoslovakia it was not an ordinary war. The prevalent ideology in East-Central Europe was Slavism [erroneously called Pan-Slavism]. We cheered on the Serbs, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians because they were Slavs, i.e., people speaking Slavic languages. It was Slavism that led to the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in 1914 and thus to the big bang. It also was Slavism that led to the creation of Yugoslavia (then named Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes) as well as the founding of Czechoslovakia in 1918. And it is the demise of Slavism, resulting from the experience of Russian hegemony under Communism, that now presides over the splitting of the two countries, even though one disappears in blood and the other in an unpleasant divorce.

My first personal contact with Yugoslavia was a boy from Montenegro. His name was Nikola Radovic. He was one of thousands of children who were invited by Czech families to stay with them for the duration of the war. It was a very popular cause. Nikola was staying with one of my friends and became immediately a pet of the whole school. We all were very eager to meet him. He knew no Czech, but we could communicate with him quite well – the two languages have much in common. He was learning fast and so were we.

I visited Yugoslavia shortly after it was founded, but my most important experience happened during the sixties. By that time I was teaching at Portland State College, having retired from Reed College in 1965. One of the inducements for my switching colleges was an invitation from my old friend Fred Peters to become Associate Director of the Central European Studies Center, which he had just helped establish at PSC. As part of this program we were teaching many of the relevant languages and had launched a very respectable course in area studies.

In 1965, it was decided to establish a program in Yugoslavia and to make it available to our students. Having received the necessary funding from the U.S. Office of Education, we negotiated with the University of Zagreb and came to an agreement establishing a Zagreb Institute for Central European Studies. I was selected to be its first Director. I arrived in Zagreb on September 20, 1967, and shortly afterwards seventeen students arrived, all of whom had had two years of Serbo-Croatian as well as other pertinent classes. Nadia naturally came with me.

I vividly remember my initial confrontation with Yugoslavia's problems: When I arrived, my first visit was to the Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy. His first question was whether I spoke the language. I answered that I spoke Serbo-Croatian, more or less. His answer was: "Dr. Munk, we do not speak Serbo-Croatian, we speak Croatian." In fact, there are no two languages, only numerous dialects, but I understood that his statement did not reflect linguistics, but politics.

Our year in Zagreb was most interesting and we made quite a few good friends. It was somewhat marred by an unfortunate experience: shortly before Christmas, while returning from an official trip to Belgrade, I stumbled over a suitcase while detraining at the Zagreb train station and broke my leg. They took me to the Emergency Hospital. My stay was a special experience by itself: all the surgeons who operated on me were women. I was in a room with several former partisans. The Director of the hospital was also a professor at the University, and a general of the army medical services. He came often to see me and explained that everything was ready for war and that male doctors would serve in front hospitals. I might add that those female surgeons were very good in fixing my complex fracture so that I now have to think twice to remember which leg.

However, it was spring before I could leave our apartment house. In the meantime, I continued to meet my students regularly and lectured while lying in bed. Later I spent several weeks in a charming resort on the Istria Riviera which specialized in physical therapy using sea water baths. When I returned to Zagreb I found a worsening political climate. Students at the University were demonstrating against the Belgrade government, and there were occasionally violent clashes with the police. Marshal Tito finally put an end to it by a show of force, but that did not solve the problem.

All through the year, we were exposed to the realities of Yugoslavia whenever we saw our friend Radoslav Katicic, professor of Slav Linguistic, an expert on the original, prehistoric language from which all Slavic languages started. He hated the Serbs and made no

effort to conceal his feelings. His face changed when he recited the sins of Belgrade. He expected the worst, and soon after we left Zagreb he moved to Austria and joined the faculty of the University of Vienna.

I was advised by the American Embassy to keep a low profile, although I gave some public lectures and spoke over Zagreb ratio, naturally in "Croatian." The reason for the advice was the war in Vietnam, which was extremely unpopular with the students. All of this changed abruptly after the invasion of Czechoslovakia in August of 1968 – overnight the U.S. became the good guy and the Soviet Union the bad guy.

Before the end of the school year, I went with the students on a tour of Yugoslavia, visiting Banjaluka, Sarajevo, and Mostar in Bosnia-Hercegovina, Split, Dubrovnik, and Kotor in Dalamtia, Cetinje, and Titograd in Montenegro, Skopje in Macedonia and, of course, Belgrade, the capital, where we met many officials. It surely reads like a contemporary newspaper.

Perhaps I ought to say something about the internecine fighting going on now in 1992. It is a mistake to believe that ethnic relations were always at razor's edge. For a deeper understanding of that part of the world, I recommend a Nobel prize-winning novel by Ivo Andric[9], Bridge over Drina, or a famous book by Rebecca West[10], Black Lamb and Grey Falcon. The former deals with the history of a real bridge at Visegrad between Bosnia and Serbia in the 16th century. It describes relations between Moslem Slavs and Orthodox Slavs [i.e., Serbians]. Most of the time they were peaceful and indeed intimate. Interspersed were violent conflicts. Originally all of the nationalities [not counting minorities like Hungarians or Albanians] welcomed the creation of Yugoslavia. But later they objected to Serbian domination, until we got to the present tragic situation.

I revisited Zagreb a year later at the request of PSC to evaluate the continuation of the program. It may not be out of place to quote a part of my report to PSC, which deals with the political situation in 1973:

"The situation in Croatia, while still in flux, has reestablished after the events of 1971 and 1972 and is generally calm. The new government of Croatia is on the whole carrying out the policies of Savka-Dabcevic [popularly known as Queen Savka]: language laws have been amended to appease Croatian nationalism and economic policies have been more favorable to Croatia. The fundamental problems of Yugoslavia are still unresolved viz. federalism vs. confederalism, planning vs. socialist market economy, party rule vs. a degree of free discussion, but at the moment Tito has reestablished a balance, and, incidentally, his own position as arbiter. The students are quiet and studying, faculties somewhat apprehensive, but not alarmed."

I should add that Yugoslavia had broken with orthodox Communism since the break with Stalin in 1948. It pursued some radical reforms, most especially by replacing state ownership with socialist ownership, at least in name. It adopted a system known as socialist self-government. In theory each enterprise was managed independently. The workers elected their managers and decided how to distribute profits. They also were supposed to choose the managers and to dismiss them. During our stay in Zagreb, Yugoslavia probably had the highest standard of living in East Europe and the least oppressive of its governments.

I deplore the breakup of Yugoslavia. It was a noble experiment and, unfortunately, it failed like many other noble experiments. It was a great opportunity and not only was it missed, but we shall miss it, too.

[9] Ivo Andric, The Bridge on the Drina
[10] Rebecca West, Black Lamb and Grey Falcon: A Journey Through Yugoslavia

CHAPTER 23
A FEDERAL APPOINTEE

One of the more unusual phases of my career was my appointment as Public Member of the Regional Wage Stabilization Board in Seattle during the Korean War. I served in that capacity from August 1951 to February 1953.

It was a job I neither sought nor particularly enjoyed. I never felt entirely comfortable with it for the simple reason that I did not consider myself fully qualified. I was recommended by Mr. E.B. MacNaughton, who was for all practical purposes president of just about everything in Portland, including First National Bank (now First Interstate), the Oregonian, and at that time also President of Reed College. He apparently suggested me to Senator Wayne Morse who arranged my appointment by the National Board.

The Korean War was then in full swing and the administration introduced price and wage controls to combat inflation. The purpose of the Board was to decide any labor dispute which "is not resolved by collective bargaining or by the prior use of conciliation and mediation and which threatens an interruption of work affecting the national defense" where the parties to the dispute either submit the dispute to the Board or "the President is of the opinion that the dispute… substantially threatens the progress of national defense."

The Board was a tri-partite body composed of three members representing business, three for labor and three public members, of which I was one. In most cases, the three business members and the three labor members voted differently, at least on the record, as a result of which the public members usually decided the outcome of the decision. Unofficially, a good deal of hanky-panky was going on, with business and labor able and willing to countenance various deals. I only gradually learned the ropes.

Back room deals were not uncommon and occasionally welcome. When our Michael needed a summer job (he was then about 18), I only had to mention it to the labor member representing the Machinists Union and he promptly got a job in an armaments factory in Renton.

At the beginning, I had to heavily rely on the other two public members and on the Regional Chairman, Leo Kotin, who was a labor economist by profession. Only gradually did I gain experience and more confidence in my judgment.

While serving the government, I had a brush with McCarthyism, being investigated by the Loyalty Board of the National WSB for having contributed $5 to the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee in the 1940's. Naturally, the investigation came to nothing.

I was glad when the Board was abolished by Executive Order in March 1953. The continuous commuting to Seattle by train and many nights in different hotels while there were becoming rather tiresome, even though some of the cases were rather interesting. This was, of course, long before the Ragens moved to Seattle. Usually, all of what I saw of the city was the old Federal Building on Second Avenue and the hotel.

After I had concluded my membership in the Board, the new, and last, Regional Chairman, Professor J.B. Gillingham wrote a letter to Duncan Ballantine, the President of Reed College, of which I include a copy. I am not sure my term in office warranted the evaluation, but here it is for what it is worth.

February 11, 1953

Dear Doctor Ballantine:

This letter is to thank you and Reed College for making possible the very valuable services of Dr. Frank Munk to this Regional Wage Stabilization Board during the 18 months of its active life, which ended February 6 with President Eisenhower's executive order suspending all wage and salary controls.

Dr. Munk brought great wisdom, wit and integrity to the Board, and I sincerely feel that it would not have functioned as well had anyone else been occupying his chair. As you may know, he was one of the very few persons of wide reputation and prestige in the Northwest who was mutually acceptable to the Labor Members and the Industry Members of this Board. This difficulty in finding highly qualified men who were acceptable to all sides of the Board was the main reason the Board found it necessary to function with the bare minimum number of public members during most of its life. This in turn meant that the Public Members on this Board carried a heavier load in terms of cases and policy formulation than was true in most other regional boards. Dr. Munk carried his full share of the load with distinction.

The Wage Stabilization Board, indeed the entire community, therefore, is deeply obligated to you for making possible Dr. Munk's services here.

Sincerely yours,
J.B. GILLINGHAM

CHAPTER 24
FROM SILVER BELL TO SILVER SCREEN

As a boy, I was fascinated by books, which in effect preceded science fiction, mainly Jules Verne and H.G. Wells. I was particularly keen on dirigibles, more particularly German Zeppelins, but also on planes. My favorite book was Wells's "War of the Worlds," a preview of WWII.

I was also very interested in world exploration, especially of what was then called darkest Africa and, perhaps even more, in the reaching of the two poles – North and South. I was very familiar with the latest exploits of explorers like Nansen, Amundsen, Sverdrup, Shackleton, and Scott. I always loved maps and atlases; still do. During my youth, the world was largely unexplored, unlike today. It seemed to be much larger than it seems today and more exciting, since there were many empty spots on maps.

In the twenties, while I was serving as a director of the Prague International Fair, I felt that the newly invented ability to broadcast programs around the world offered unprecedented opportunities and challenges. At a time when a radio set was still a rarity in Czechoslovakia, I initiated a bi-annual Radio Fair, which became the starting point of a new radio industry in that country.

I was, of course, asked from time to time to speak on radio, and later to appear on television, and I liked these experiences, which became particularly frequent after I came to the United States in 1939. I would have welcomed an opportunity to try my hand especially in television and that opportunity came in 1962 when a Portland television station, KOIN, a CBS affiliate, asked me to do a regular weekly program of my own. I continued the program weekly for the next five years, until the station adopted a new format. In addition to the weekly broadcasts, called WORLD ACCENT (a play on my accent in English), I was on call to appear on the regular daily news hour.

I enjoyed these programs, especially experimenting with different techniques, such as clips and visuals, often inviting others for debates or testimonies. I recall one particularly challenging experiment, when I travelled to Mexico City to interview Ramón Beteta, the former Minister of Finance of President Miguel Alemán, who is famous for having brought Mexico into the modern age. I particularly enjoyed working with the crew of Televisión Mexicana, who spoke only Spanish. I could use their facilities thanks to Beteta. The program, dealing with contemporary Mexico, was generally regarded as successful. I was particularly glad to be able to experience Mexico not as a tourist, but in a workaday capacity.

After I gave up the program with KOIN, I was approached by the Oregon Public Broadcasting Service in 1975 to do a program for them, this time under the title of TOMORROW'S HEADLINES. I continued it for some time. Attached is a copy of the official announcement of the series.

KOAP-10/KOAC-7TV NEWS
Oregon Educational and Public Broadcasting Service
November 20, 1975
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Dr. Frank Munk, one of Oregon's foremost analysts of the international scene, returns to Oregon television this season. The second program in the Oregon Educational and Public Broadcasting Service series, TOMORROW'S HEADLINES, will be seen at 7 p.m. Tuesday, November 25, on KOAP-TV, Channel 10, Portland, and KOAC-TV, Channel 7, Corvallis.

Dr. Munk will discuss the European dilemma, which he describes this way: "Europe, already divided between East and West, now shows new cracks; a soft underbelly threatens to collapse while Britain is slowly sinking and the European Community hovers uneasily between success and failure." Alf Johnson, from the Washington, D.C. office of the European Community will be interviewed by Dr. Munk. They will examine current activities, conflicts and goals of the European Economic Community.

TOMORROW'S HEADLINES, broadcast monthly and produced in cooperation with the World Affairs Council of Oregon, presents expert analysis of current trends and events in world politics that will effect significant changes in international power alignments.

Dr. Munk, professor of Political Science at Portland State University, came to this country as a result of Hitler's invasion of Czechoslovakia. He joined the Reed College faculty in 1939, soon after his arrival in the U.S. and has taught at a number of other institutions. He was a Portland television commentator on world affairs from 1962-67. His professional and personal interest in world politics combine to make him a dynamic personality committed to communicate candidly about significant and often unpublicized world events.

TOMORROW'S HEADLINES is broadcast the fourth Tuesday of each month on KOAP-TV, Portland and KOAC-TV, Corvallis, at 7 p.m.

Being a television personality was a new experience – I could not go anywhere in the Portland station's viewing area without being recognized. It would

have been extremely difficult to maintain one's incognito. I still am recognized on occasion, although I have to admit these occasions are becoming rarer and rarer.
Finally, I ought to mention that I am a devotee of the shortwave radio – in fact it goes with me wherever I go. I possess three world band radios – and am about to get another, still better one.

CHAPTER 25
WORLD AFFAIRS COUNCIL OF OREGON

One of my main interests and activities during the last 40 years was the World Affairs Council of Oregon. I was one of its founders and five times its president, and I spent a good portion of my time and effort on its care and nursing. Naturally, I was not alone. Many good citizens and friends were engaged in the effort – too many to mention all of them. It was a good example of that unique American institution – volunteers at work.

But in a broader sense I was identified with the Council and regarded by many as the voice of Oregon in international affairs. As an example, when I left my last post with the Council in 1988, as chairman of its subsidiary, the Portland Committee on Foreign Relations, I was given a plaque bearing the following dedication: "Presented to Dr. Frank Munk, the Doyen of International Affairs in the Oregon County."

That may be somewhat exaggerated, but as a matter of fact I thought it my duty to contribute as much as I could to education in world problems. My area was more or less the whole West of the United States, but the Council was my base of operations, together with Reed College till 1965 and Portland State College (later Portland State University) after that.

Perhaps I ought to describe briefly the history of the Council. It was incorporated in December 1950, but in reality it was a continuation of the annual two-week Pacific Northwest Institute of International Relations, started by Professor G. Bernard Noble in the late thirties, a time when the storm was gathering in Europe and Asia. Its main purpose was to deal with isolationism, which was more or less prevalent at that time. It seemed even more necessary after the war, when the United States suddenly emerged as the leading world power, responsible for war and peace.

I must confess I felt personally responsible for the world. I suppose not quite realistically, but I had definite ideas about good and evil, much more so than I have now. In the thirties it was the battle against fascism and nazism, especially as it threatened Czechoslovakia, and later the whole democratic world. After the war, I was committed to the effort of economic, political, and social restoration, and shortly thereafter to the opposition to totalitarian Communism. I may say I never objected to democratic socialism. In fact, back in Prague, I was an active member of the National Socialist party

– the party of President Benes. I regarded Stalin's Soviet Union as an unholy amalgam of State Socialism in economics and of Fascism in the realm of state, society, and politics.

As a matter of fact, I was never a red baiter. For example, I will quote from a report in the Portland OREGONIAN of December 12, 1946, of a speech I had given before a session of the Reed College Forum:

"I don't believe present differences with Russia are of a nature that would warrant war – or even talk of war. Let us talk peace and proceed with the job of building it. Russia's immediate aim is security from attack . . . This fear is at times almost pathological, but psychologically understandable after what they have gone through in this war."

Among my closest associates at the start up of the Council were Louise Grondahl, E. Dean Anderson, and a little later Peter Gantenbein. I served five times as its President: 1950-51, 1952-53, 1954-55, 1957-58 and 1972-73. Like other organizations, the Council underwent periods of growth and periods of stress, usually of a financial nature. There were times when I had to scurry around town in search of financial backers, mostly among my friends in the business community and other well-to-do backers.

Throughout many years the Council had to depend entirely, or almost so, on volunteers who spent a great many hours working for its success. As early as 1963, it was felt that firmer foundations were needed. An advisory committee was appointed to report on possible options. It found, and I quote from its report, that "the Council has operated handsomely and proudly since its inception. Its record of achievement can be matched by few other organizations of such limited manpower. However, its operation has been characterized by the sort of informality and easygoing operation which is possible when a handful of energetic and dedicated people are willing to devote all their time to the activities of the organization.

I received another award when I completed my last period as the Council's president in 1973 and was named "First Citizen of the Year." At a banquet, where I was introduced as a former Czech revolutionary and founder of the Council I described the broader scene: "Set against the backdrop of the Watergate controversy, the U.S. is wrapped up in a mini-euphoria in a time of maxi-frustration." The euphoria was connected with the recent appointment of Henry Kissinger as President Nixon's Secretary of State. I continued: "The United States can no longer be the gendarme to the world; nor can it be the teacher or the preacher to the world. And unless Kissinger turns from his old political models to more modern concerns, the euphoria around the recent appointment will be shortlived." (Might still be timely today.)

The World Affairs Council of Oregon became of more than local importance early in its life. In 1955, only five years after it was launched, it attained national prominence because of its role as originator of the national "Great Decisions" program. This project was started in cooperation with the Foreign Policy Association of New York. The project grew out of the conviction that education in international affairs is too spotty and too shallow to have much effect. It was based on concentrating on one problem area for nine or ten consecutive weeks, but to do so in a massive barrage of newspaper articles, radio and television shows, discussion groups, school programs and other events, all based on fact-sheets prepared by the Foreign Policy Association. At the end of the nine-week program opinion ballots, distributed to discussion group members, were compiled and evaluated and sent to the U.S. State Department.

The Oregon Council received first prize in a national competition sponsored by the F.P.A. "for significant contribution to citizen education on world affairs." Among the panel of judges who decided the award were Ralphe J. Bunche, Under Secretary General of the United Nations, Norman Cousins, Editor of the Saturday Review and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The prize, which included a cash award of $1,000, was presented at a star-studded dinner in the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C. on December 2, 1955. Mrs. Louise Grondahl and I received the award from George V. Allen, Assistant Secretary of State. President Eisenhower sent a congratulatory telegram reproduced in the next page, as did Adlai E. Stevenson.

During the more than forty years of its existence the World Affairs Council of Oregon has played host to practically every important speaker in this country and many from abroad. It is the primary platform for all important visitors to Oregon. It performs many other services, among them that of organizing Oregon stays for foreign dignitaries visiting the United States at the behest of the State Department and other federal agencies. It now sponsors an important foreign relations program in schools throughout the state.

I commented already that early in its life the Council was on the whole managed as a volunteer venture. After the first few years it was felt that a more

professional management style was needed. This was finally achieved in the 1980's when Charlotte T. Kennedy was named Executive Director. Under her leadership the Council grew in membership, financial backing, programming and in every other respect,

FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION
Conference Headquarters
Executive Suite
The Willard Hotel
Washington, D.C.
December 2, 1955

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.
DEC. 1 - 7:30 PM
JOHN W. NASON, PRESIDENT
FOREIGN POLICY ASSN
WILLARD HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

PLEASE EXTEND MY GREETINGS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION WITH MY CONGRATULATIONS TO THE OREGON COUNCIL ON WORLD AFFAIRS FIRST PRIZE WINNER OF THIS YEARS FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION AWARD I APPLAUD THE ASSOCIATIONS CONTINUING WORK TO STIMULATE CITIZENS INTEREST IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS AND THE COUNCILS INGENUITY IN CREATING THE "GREAT DECISIONS" PROJECT TO ALL OF YOU MY BEST WISHES FOR CONTINUED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE OF INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING IN THE YEARS AHEAD

thus finally fulfilling the hopes of its founders.

CHAPTER 26
FAREWELL TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

I am writing this obituary on the last day of 1992. As of midnight today, Czechoslovakia will cease to exist. I was present at the creation – now I am present for the burial.

Strangely enough I, and I believe most Czechs, have mixed feelings about the split into a Czech and a Slovak Republic. On the one hand, I had a strong attachment to the old republic since its formation in 1918. On the other, I thought for some time that a divorce is preferable to continuous wrangling. When visiting Prague in the summer of this year, I answered questions about this division routinely by saying, "The sooner the better." I did so even though some members of the Civic Forum, the agent of the Velvet Revolution, thought otherwise. Among them was President Havel, who did not want to go down in history as its last President, as he finally did.

It actually was not the first time Czechoslovakia fell asunder. It was liquidated once before in 1939, when Hitler occupied what by then remained of the country. It again changed its skin in 1948 when it succumbed to a Communist putsch, and once more at the time of the Prague Spring when it was invaded by Soviet armies.

Every time it went under it got good obituaries. As the leader of Sudeten German social democrats Wenzel Jaksch put it in 1938, "Czechoslovakia was an island of human rights and a safe haven of persecuted humanity." At least from 1918 to 1938, it was politically stable, economically successful and generally prosperous. In 1937, before Munich, savings per head of population were twice as high as in Austria and 15% higher than in Switzerland.

It is ironic that even now a majority both in Czechia and in Slovakia would actually have preferred to remain a common state. That was one reason why the two leaders, Klaus and Meciar, in the end rejected the plan to leave the decision to a referendum. At the same time most people are glad that there is a final answer, which somebody has called "a divorce with mixed feelings." And so, what once started with a bang, ends now with a whimper.

At a time when other parts of Eastern Europe are ravaged by fierce civil wars, it is remarkable that the separation was accomplished without a single person killed, or even wounded. There was no fighting, only quarrelling. Compare it to Yugoslavia. Czechs are different from Serbs: sober, pragmatic, practical,

unheroic. Serbs are a heroic people and proud of it, for better or worse, with consequences that last for centuries.

The prognosis is fairly good, or at least fair, for Czechia, much less so for the Slovaks. Czech Republic is just a new name for the ancient Kingdom of Bohemia and it still has the same coat of arms with a double-tailed lion since 1158. Slovakia, on the other hand, has never been independent, for the last 1,000 years it was a part of Hungary. It still has a substantial Hungarian minority, leading to a possible confrontation with Hungary, especially if it becomes, as I think it will, another authoritarian and chauvinistic regime.

It also happens that Slovaks, unlike Czechs, fit more the pattern of Eastern European populations, being less pragmatic, more swept by ideologies and more emotional. Their economy, too, is more vulnerable, as shown by the fact that unemployment in Czechia is about 4%, whereas in Slovakia it exceeds 12%.

I ought to add something about my personal involvement with ex-Czechoslovakia. In a previous chapter I outlined my participation in the political life of the first republic, the one which lasted from 1918 to 1938. I continued my active participation during the Second World War with relations to the Government in Exile in London and its representation in the United States. As an example, I wrote a pamphlet at their behest analyzing the problems which Czechoslovakia will face after the war.

I visited Czechoslovakia at least twenty times after the war, beginning with December 1945, only some six months after its liberation from the Nazis. Frequently after the Communist seizure of power I was refused a visa by the Embassy in Washington, but always got it, with no questions asked at the Embassy in Bern, Switzerland. In later years I was regularly accompanied by Nadia and we usually spent a month in Prague and in the Czech countryside including my birth place of Kutná Hora.

In this country, I was active in the Czechoslovak Society of Arts and Sciences, composed for the most part of Czech and Slovak academics teaching in American universities. Twice I was asked to organize political science sections at Congresses in Pittsburgh and Toronto, and at a meeting of its Swiss subsidiary near Bern.

To summarize: the demise of Czechoslovakia is an important event of the last few years of my life, and I believe in the life of Europe. It symbolizes the breakdown of the achievements of 1918, of Wilsonian diplomacy, and of the entire structure created by the Versailles Treaty and the treaties which resulted from it. It also marks the end of several ideologies upon which the treaties were based, in the first place of Slavism, known here as Pan-Slavism. It was believed that all people speaking a Slavic language are destined to work together in order to stop the Germanic push to the East and South. It was this ideology which led to the creation both of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Another ideology which crashed was, of course, Marxism-Leninism, with its proletarian internationalism. It was the fall of this “false God” which caused the breakdown of the Soviet Union, a superstate based on this particular set of ideas.

Their replacement by other philosophies, namely democratism and the belief in Free Markets, by no means guarantees the future of Eastern Europe. On the contrary, the transition will be extremely difficult, both internally and internationally, leading to civil conflict and international wars. The post-Gorbachev world will be much more unstable than the post-Versailles and post-Roosevelt, post-Stalin world, especially in East Europe. The Czech Republic, however, may remain what it was for the last 74 years, an island of democracy and relative prosperity in a sea of trouble. And let us hope that it will continue to harbor the ideals of humanity, decency, and human rights which it inherited from its founder, President Masaryk.

CHAPTER 27
CENTRAL EUROPE IS BACK

Ever since I got involved in international politics, I was attracted by geopolitics. In its broadest definition, it deals with the political implications of geography, but most often it is an instrument of power politics – the struggle between states. Some theories of geopolitics have had a considerable impact on diplomacy, such as those of Mackinder, Mahan or Haushofer (whose concepts greatly influenced Hitler).

One of the most fateful consequences of the building of Stalin' s empire was the division of Europe strictly into West and East, with the elimination of what was previously known as Central Europe. The result was an Iron Curtain between the two and a whole epoch known as the Cold War.

The Cold War came to an unexpected, unforecast end in what ought to be called the "annus mirabilis" (the year of miracles) – 1989. Even more amazing was the fact that it was the work of one man – Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev. Not that he planned it that way – the last thing he intended with glasnost and perestroika was the dissolution of the Communist Party and of the Soviet Union.

Before 1914, Central Europe was increasingly becoming the intellectual center of the Western World. Most of the ideas that defined the modern world came from Germany or from Austria-Hungary (whereas, in the previous two centuries, they originated in England or France). Modern nationalism was the work of Hegel; modern socialism that of Marx; modern psychology that of Freud; and modern physics that of Einstein. Even more surprisingly, the last three were emancipated Central European Jews. And speaking of Jews, modern anti-Semitism really originated in Vienna. Hitler was of course a Viennese, as was the founder of Zionism, Theodore Herzl. The roots of Communism were to be found in Central Europe, no less than the cradle of the nuclear bomb.

Not surprisingly, in that context, the return of capitalism, democracy and nationalism, that characterized the period after 1989, has almost instantly widened the split between Eastern and Central Europe. Today, there is a world of difference. It is most visible when we compare the most advanced and, so far, the most successful state of Central Europe, namely the Czech Republic, and the succession states of the former Soviet Union and the Balkan Peninsula. It may be premature to talk about a "Czech Miracle," but there are good reasons to use that term. Perhaps the best testimony is the latest report of the International Monetary Fund, stating that the Czech Republic is the first, and so far the only Central and Eastern European country in transition, which has achieved such a degree of economic stability that it no longer needs financial assistance from the Fund.

Not only did the Czech Republic not have to use the funds previously granted by the Fund, but also it has now repaid all credits due in 1994 and 1995, while at the same time strengthening the foreign reserves of the Czech National Bank, which have passed five billion dollars. There is talk of revaluing the Czech Crown and of making it freely convertible, years ahead of time. As of this moment, the Crown is a harder currency than the dollar.

Unlike the U.S. foreign trade balance, Czech exports show a healthy surplus over imports. The current unemployment amounts to a mere 3.2% of the labor force. The national budget shows a substantial surplus of income over outgo, again unlike the U.S.; inflation in the Czech Republic is the lowest of the post-Communist states.

If this sounds like never-never land, I am not sure it can be maintained indefinitely. I think unemployment will go up if and when the government stops subsidizing the former giant socialist enterprises, when the housing market finally becomes privatized, and when wages rise so as to make at least some exports non-competitive. Political stability, which is of course the foundation of economic performance, may also decline when jobs become harder to find. So far, the Czechs solidly support democracy, which is not entirely the case in Hungary or Poland or East Germany, not to speak of the former Soviet Union. I would even say the political stability of Czechia is most unusual. It enjoys a president, Vaclav Ravel, who makes the Czechs feel virtuous, and a prime minister, Vaclav Klaus, who makes them feel prosperous. An unusual combination – while it lasts.

I admit not having anticipated so much success, although, in retrospect, perhaps I should have. After all, the former Czechoslovakia too turned out to be a success story after its foundation in 1918. When the Habsburg monarchy was torn to pieces, the economies of all succession states collapsed – except Czechoslovakia. Within a few years, the Czechoslovak Crown became one of the most stable currencies. When what remained of Austria, the new Austrian Republic, was in dire straits, Czechoslovakia joined a consortium of Western states to save it, an effort that proved a turning point in that country's development. Czechoslovakia, you

might say, also had a virtuous president, T. G. Masaryk, and a succession of effective governments, until it was obliterated by Hitler.

Perhaps it all has deeper roots, just how deep no one can say. Max Weber, whom many of us regard as the founder of modern political sociology, asserted that the Protestant ethic was the engine of the Industrial Revolution and godfather of liberal democracy. It so happens that Protestantism, in the form of Husite revolution, started in what is now Czechia, more than a hundred years before Luther. For the next two hundred years, the Czech population was mostly Protestant, until a bloody and long-lasting counterreformation instituted by the Catholic Church and the Catholic monarchy returned the country forcibly to Catholicism. However, in contrast to Poland, and even to Slovakia, the Czech acceptance of Catholicism remained halfhearted, and it never played the same role as a national icon. The Czechs are essentially practical, empirical, less emotional, and perhaps typically bourgeois. It is interesting to watch how much more difficult it is for the East Germans to give up the mores and habits of Communism, and even its advantages, than for the Czechs. Lothar de Maiziere, who served in 1990 as the first and last non-Communist prime minister of East Germany, said recently: "I visit the Czech Republic quite often, and I'm struck by how much better the mood is there than here in East Germany." He added: "I think the reason is that the Czechs designed their new system themselves and feel personally responsible for both its failures and successes. Here, in the east of Germany, it's different. Everything was imposed from Bonn." The New York Times commented on his views under the title of "*How Germany Grew Apart.*" All of this in spite of the fact that West Germany is spending some 100 billion dollars to get rid of Communism' s legacy.

Perhaps those people are right who believe that a nation's economic fortunes depend less on policies, technology, natural resources or foreign pressures, than on a single thing: its history and culture. Just like the remnants of Confucianism predetermine the economy of Japan, Korea, and increasingly that of China, Czech experience over the ages may explain that the Czech Republic was in recent years the home of the Velvet revolution, Velvet marketization, Velvet retribution, and even a remarkably Velvet separation from Slovakia.

Contrasting the history and culture of Russia, sitting athwart the steppes of Eastern Europe and Asia, with the Czechs, the most Western of the Slavs, one cannot help but conclude that what worked in the latter, will miserably fail in the former. It has been my contention since Gorbachev that in the end Russia will be neither capitalistic nor democratic. Gorbachev was, and Yeltzin is, only a transitory figure, and in the end Russia will be some kind of dictatorship, whether the autocrat will be a military figure or a nationalist demagogue. By the same token, it is only a question of time before we shall see the emergency of a new kind of Russian imperialism. Already, we see signs of it in increasing pressure towards countries of "the near abroad," military intervention in some of these former parts of the Russian empire, and opposition to the West in such places as Bosnia, Iraq and elsewhere. No wonder East Europeans are getting scared, especially the Poles, and would like to join NATO, which they will not. More later.

Russian history is fundamentally different from that of Western Europe. Its religious capital was Constantinople, not Rome. It never knew Roman law. It did not experience the Renaissance, the Reformation; the Enlightenment touched it only lightly. Its periods of liberal government were short-lived failures. Land was for centuries held collectively by villages through an institution known as "mir". Since the 19th century Russian intellectuals, both conservatives and radicals were split between so-called Westerners and Slavophiles.

The latter believed that Russian culture is superior to anything Western Europe can offer, that Orthodoxy is widely superior to other religions, and that Russia "will be the third Rome." Except for a brief period after the first revolution in 1905, Russia was an autocracy, never a democracy. The Russians were determined to avoid capitalism, which was always regarded as alien to Russian culture and tradition, a view shared by Westerners and Slavophiles, pacifists and bureaucrats, and certainly by Marxists and other revolutionaries. This is probably the main reason for the ultimate failure of perestroika.

I am amused by some Americans who, from time to time, see signs of reforms taking root. Some, like Jeffrey Sachs of Harvard, were for a time paid advisers to and propagandists for Russian governments. Others are American corporations and investment groups only too eager to exploit the natural resources and presumably unlimited markets in the Russian federation. I think they will regret these rosy expectations. Most Russians view foreign investments as only slightly less obnoxious than direct invasion.

The latest chapter in optimistic forecasts of the success of Russian economic' reform, followed by rapid disappointment, was evident in October of 1994, with the sudden collapse of the ruble. It lost some 27% of its value in a single day. One paper described it as "*The Ruble in the Rubble.*" It is clear that the ruble's slide can only accelerate, and that it will ultimately have to be replaced by another currency, which may in turn suffer the same fate, as we have seen frequently in South America. Without a reasonably stable currency, there is no such thing as a successful reform. The collapse of the German mark in the early 1920's and its role in the advent of Nazism should serve as a warning.

Much is made about the presumed progress of economic reform in Russia. Some of it is true. Streets in the major cities are full of kiosks selling just about everything; Russians (and even more Armenians and other non-Russians) travel in droves to China, or Turkey, or India in search of goods they can resell at a profit, but this is a far cry from what we call capitalism. The Russians have a word (or rather two) for it. They call it "kupil-prodal" (bought-sold). There is none of the investment mentality, especially long-term commitment, characteristic of industrial capitalism. No wonder industrial production is still declining, except for government-run industries still dependent on grants from the public treasury .As a result inflation is again accelerating and the ruble continues in its slump.

Just as democracy – where it has a chance – appears in a variety of guises and disguises, capitalism too appears in various configurations, each shaped by local culture. American capitalism is a very different animal compared to the Social Market Economy of Germany, the state-controlled capitalism of Japan, the Communist capitalism of China, the military--dominated capitalism of many developing countries or the primitive capitalism of many parts of Africa. If it really comes to Russia, its form will be very Russian. It will entail a substantial element of state control. It will strictly limit foreign investment and entry into the Russian market and investment will converge in strategic areas. It will certainly not be what GATT would call free trade.

Now, I wish to consider the final element in the Russian, and indeed the whole East-Central European problem, namely its geopolitical aspects. The map of Europe is far from settled. One focus of change and conflict continues in the Balkans .The Serbian-Croatian-Bosnian war will most likely continue for years and may bring in additional combatants, possibly Macedonians, Albanians, Greeks, and even Bulgarians, and just possibly Turks. It sounds like a replay of events in the 19th and 20th centuries.

The other and much larger area of unsettlement will be the former Soviet empire. None of the present national states have firm borders or even an assured existence, apart from the Russian federation, and that too could split before being put together again. Some of the looming major conflicts will involve Ukraine, now the second largest state in Europe, with a population comparable to France or Great Britain and an area not much smaller than that of Germany. There are a couple of likely scenarios including a Russian conquest of Ukraine, probably starting with the re-occupation of Crimea, or alternatively a split between the real Ukraine in the West and a predominantly Russian Eastern Ukraine. Former Soviet states in Central Asia are all barely viable, with the possible exception of Kazakstan, rich in oil and gas, but poor in people. The ultimate test may be whether the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania can continue their independence in spite of Russian pressure – most likely only with guaranteed support from Western Europe.

Ultimately, peace in Europe will again largely depend on Germany and Russia, with the United States a less important factor. It is too early to speculate as to what kind of Germany will exist in the year 2020. It is possible, but just barely, that the European Union will grow into a Federated Europe with a single currency, a common foreign policy, and a common defense posture, as planned by the Maastricht Treaty. But I feel this is increasingly unlikely, and certainly not possible before the year 2000. However, assuming it is going to come about, it will be a Europe with Germany as its flagship. This is indeed foreshadowed by selecting Frankfurt as the seat of the new Currency Authority, forerunner of a European Central Bank.

The Germany of 2020 may not be the Germany we now know, a brave and well-behaved country as it emerged from Hitler's defeat and from Kohl's unification. As we now know it, it is still recovering from the trauma of a lost war and from the aftershocks of trying to put together two pieces into a single whole. By 2020, and probably much earlier, the two grafts, West and East, will have grown together, and the world will again face a single Germany, with a generation unscathed by defeat and occupation. It is anybody's guess whether it will again, as in the 19th and 20th centuries, be one of an assertive and expansive nationalism. I may lay bare some of my subliminal Czech suspicions when I

admit to a suspicion that Germany may again become an unpleasant neighbor.

In that case, and perhaps long before that, the Federation of Europe will have become another pleasant illusion and an impossible dream. I freely admit that it does not seem too threatening now. The German elections of October 1994 have again shown that the radical right is shrinking rather than growing, that German center parties are solidly on track, and that German democracy is in an incomparably stronger position that the Weimar Republic ever hoped to become. So let us hope that my suspicions are incorrect. I cannot however conceal my recurrent doubts. There is an unmistakable trend toward a more nationalistic right in most European countries, as in most other areas of the world. The extreme right is already showing its muscle in France. It certainly is a strong undercurrent in Britain. Italy's new coalition already includes a neo-fascist party, harboring a descendent of Mussolini. It is gaining strength in Belgium, and it is fed by strong sentiment against immigrants just about everywhere, including the United States. So my suspicions about another version of German "Drang nach Osten" may not be so irrational.

Coming back now to the Czech Republic, there is a general realization, although not one that is too publicly raised, that relations with Germany will play a crucial role in its future. No doubt the Czechs would like to have another lifeline. They have always looked for another friend or ally elsewhere. When I was a boy it was Czarist Russia, as illustrated by my wife's first name, Nadezda. During my career as a student diplomat, and beyond, it was France and England. Everybody knows how that romance ended. Then, again for some Czechs, it was the Soviet Union, at least for some time. That ended radically in 1968. Now, for some, it is the European Union and hopefully the United States. Prague, at this time, happens to be home to some 20,000 Americans, playing somewhat the same role that Paris played after 1918. But already there is a good deal of disenchantment with the refusal of the West to facilitate the export of Czech-made goods to their countries. And, being aware, as I am, of the revival of isolationist sentiment in America, it is my guess that when the Czechs again face pressure from Germany, they will again face it naked and alone.

There are of course other possible scenarios. The only one I cannot believe is peace and a prosperous market economy all over Eastern Europe. Developments in the former Soviet Union would seem to preclude it. Most likely the next drama will take place among Russia and the "near abroad," although it may be preceded by a collapse of the political system of the Russian federation. It may well be heralded by a collapse of the ruble, or by a defeat of Yeltsin, or by any number of developments. All of them are more likely than a steady, if slow, progress of Russia towards democracy and capitalism. The next Russian revolution may be as disastrous as Lenin's, and perhaps less hopeful.

Another geopolitical scenario might mention the possibility of the Balkan illness spreading into Central Europe. The border between Central Europe and the Balkans represented for many centuries the equivalent of the Iron Curtain and fluctuated all the way between the Mediterranean and Vienna. The war in Bosnia is but the last chapter of the Cold (but mostly Hot) War between the Ottoman Empire and the Empire of the Habsburgs, which included the Czechs and the Hungarians after 1526. Now there is a definite danger of a new conflict between newly independent Slovakia and Hungary, fueled by a 20% Hungarian minority in Slovakia. There also are incipient conflicts between Slovenia and Italy, to name only a few. It may be quite some time, if ever, before Central Europe will finally settle down.

CHAPTER 28
A VIEW OF MOUNT HOOD

The railroad magnate and speculator Henry Villard, who wielded great influence in the early history of Oregon, recalled his first visit to Portland in 1874:

"I had heard much praise… of Portland, but its attractiveness went beyond my anticipations. [From Marquam Hill] The grand panorama I saw spread out before me from that height with the three snow-clad giants of Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens, and Mt. Adams clearly visible in their mighty splendor, seemed to me one of the finest sights I had ever enjoyed."[11]

On a beautiful summer morning in August 1947, I sat on the stony steps next to a house on the same hill, looking at the shining glaciers of Mt. Hood some fifty miles away, framed by tall douglas firs. I thought I had never seen anything as beautiful. That same evening I bought that house. It has been our home ever since and I still congratulate myself for that decision. Our address is still, forty-five years later: 3808 S.W. Mount Adams Drive.

As I review what I have thus far written in this report about my life, I was struck by the fact that most of it is devoted to my experiences in Europe and other parts of the world, rather than to my life in the United States, where I have spent far more than one half of my existence. The truth is that while I kept in touch with my original homeland of Czechoslovakia, both physically and psychologically, our true home is Portland and especially this house almost 1000 feet above the Willamette Valley and Portland.

One other thing that comes to mind is not only that I have lived here over fifty years, but that I was for many decades so well known and accepted as part of the community. For a great many years I could not be seen downtown without being recognized and without me recognizing many people. This was due to a large extent to the literally hundreds of lectures and speeches I had given and, later, to my television programs. I used to say I had to be very circumspect about my doings in Portland, since I could not move about incognito.

It has since impressed me rather forcefully, that one can achieve local fame rather quickly and that the fame starts fading almost immediately. It used to be that when I attended a public function a great many people would talk to me, some friends and some total strangers. I certainly was on familiar terms with the more active members of society and the opinion makers.

By contrast, when I now attend a function, which I do less frequently, I barely know anybody and few people know me. I am amazed at how completely generations change, how young people replace their elders, how the climate alters and how easily the old can be replaced – in fact how eagerly it is done. This is no complaint, just a fact which I now can vouchsafe from personal experience. I suppose that is one reason why we write Memoirs, when people do not listen to us any more.

As a sample of my previous popularity, I wish to quote from a book[12] published to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the City Club of Portland. The City Club was considered then, as it is now, one of the major platforms for speakers of the most varied backgrounds. No aspiring or perspiring politician can do without being invited to speak before the City Club and no issue of importance without being discussed before its membership. The book describes the "continuing array of star-studded speakers . . . politicians, industrialists, business leaders, statesmen, authorities on state, local and world affairs." It singles out Senator Wayne L. Morse, pointing out that he first addressed the Club in 1932 when he was the youngest law school dean in the nation. It then lists me as the "well known foreign affairs expert, Dr. Frank Munk of Reed." On the next page are pictures of the most frequent speakers: Senator Morse, Dr. Richard Steiner, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church, C.C. Chapman, "fiery editor-publisher of the Oregon Voter," and myself. I like the picture, since it shows me still with a full head of hair.

I owe a debt of gratitude to Portland, and indeed to the entire West Coast, for having accepted my family and me as their own. I do not believe that is possible in any other country and I think it is more typical of the West. I may not be popular any more, but I feel at home.

[11] Quoted in E. Kimbark MacColl, The Shaping of a City, Portland, 1976

[12] Ellis Lucia, The Conscience of a City, Portland 1966

CHAPTER 29
TOWARDS 2085

If you think that is a somewhat distant date, may I point out that it is no more remote than 1993 is from the date of my birth.

This century has generated more revolutions than any previous one and there is no indication that the rate of change will slow down. On the contrary, it is quickening at a dizzy pace. These revolutions happened in the fields of politics, economics, social manners and family relations, but above all in technology. The world of 1993 would have been unimaginable in my youth. Suffice it to point out that none of the following existed then, at least where I was growing up: automobiles, radio, television, movies, airplanes, computers, rockets, space travel, nuclear weapons, nuclear power – not to speak of man on the moon. Not only have they been invented since then, but they are in universal and everyday use now.

As a matter of fact, technology has outpaced all other perimeters of development and it is doubtful if they can catch up. No wonder the end of this century can better be described as fin de siècle. For the first time in the history of the human race our very survival may be at stake. We are just beginning to realize the possible finality of the earth environment, the impact of overpopulation and the conflict between inflamed expectations and limited resources.

I am also skeptical about claims of a New World Order and universal democracy. So far democracy is workable (and not always at that) only in parts of the world where it has grown, as it were, organically. Democracy is viable in Western Europe and those parts of the world settled by West Europeans, or, perhaps more precisely, by some West Europeans. I doubt if it can be more than temporary in Central and South America, Asia, and most certainly not in Africa.

The trials and tribulations of democracy are clearly visible in Eastern Europe. I am doubtful that democracy will emerge or survive in Russia and the other succession states of the Soviet Union. Nor would I bet on the ultimate triumph of capitalism in that part of the world. My guess would be some sort of mix. The mix will also be visible in the other East European countries and it will be different in each, with more market-oriented industries in Czechia and somewhat more Socialist orientation in Slovakia, Poland, and the Balkans.

Already the idea of free and unfettered capitalism is losing some of its appeal as the social costs of underemployment and inflation take their toll. Opposition is growing, except again in Czechia where Prime Minister Klaus keeps his faith in the teachings of Adam Smith. It is probably useful in providing the necessary energy for the transformation of the economy, but its fervor will gradually wane and give way to a traditional European state-private mix.

Underlying all of this is a general devaluation of all ideologies, leaving the world, and more especially European society adrift in what has been called an ideological void "in a world where the clash of Soviet Communism and Western democracy no longer provides clear lines for their positions."

To me, the most important change is represented by the decline of what was the central belief in my youth, namely the very concept of progress. It began to tatter during the First World War, was revived by Wilson, restored by F.D.R., given artificial respiration by the implosion of Communist societies, and pretty much given up in the last two decades. At any rate the idea of inevitable progress has become a myth.

The central belief of my mature years was the necessity of creating an international community, or at least communities. That was the ideological basis of many of my activities, especially those supporting the League of Nations, the United Nations, the Atlantic Community, and the European Community. I still believe each of these was a step forward and deserving of support, but I now clearly see the obstacles in their way.

To me and to many other observers and analysts the chief surprise is the recent rise of nationalism and tribalism all across the globe resulting in the disintegration of existing political entities, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia being the latest victims. I see the same tendency in the United States, usually parading under the guise of multiculturalism. It has a positive and a negative side. On the positive side it recognizes the need for ethnicities to enjoy their own cultural identity. On the negative side it breaks up national unity by organizing racial and linguistic minorities (and even women) as antagonistic political groups, either competing for political power or arriving at an incoherent system of quotas and practical, if voluntary, apartheids. As an immigrant myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I prefer the melting pot to the present tendency to create separate, feuding racial and linguistic communities. To me it is racism, even though it is

positive racism, and it can only lead to disintegration. I am in favor of a society in which color or ethnic background would play no role.

I have occasionally been nicknamed "Gloomy Gus," but I do not feel that way. I have just been "more stricken in years and well seasoned by life," as I read in a recent review of a book by George Kennan. I have been for the most part happy and satisfied with my life: it was interesting, creative, and always challenging. I was particularly lucky to have found (and kept) a marvel of a wife: a real beauty at nineteen and still beautiful at ninety, solid as a rock, full of kindness and understanding, a devoted mother and always a friend, in good times and bad. And an excellent cook, too.

EPILOGUE

It has been more than a year since I wrote the chapter entitled "Towards 2085." Upon rereading it, I find nothing I would not say today, but I would like to focus more on the world in which my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren will spend their lives.

During this last year, in spite of some decrepitude, I have continued my interest in computers, including a venture into the world of e-mail and Internet, which I found exhilarating. It has helped me to compensate for a decline in my ability to travel by expanding infinitely my ability to communicate allover the globe.

It also illuminates the accelerating tempo of technological progress in other fields of human endeavor: in medicine and medical technology, in understanding the origin of the world and the finality of human life on earth and in other areas of research. At the same time, there has been a gradual improvement in the economic performance of the industrialized countries and a few of the less backward developing ones. There is a growing awareness of the need to start controlling the environment and at least a tentative rapprochement between old foes: Israelis and Arabs, Irishmen and Englishmen, or of blacks and whites in South Africa.

Having said that, I still feel that secular forces are still at work in the opposite direction. The progress in technology has not slowed the growing erosion of human relations and societal cohesion in practically all areas of the world. Genocide continues unabated in such places in Rwanda-Burundi or Somalia or Bosnia, in spite of U.S. and U.N. intervention. Human rights are trampled in at least two-thirds of the world's countries. The latest example is Haiti. Even though the American invasion is only a couple of weeks old, I have no hesitation in saying it will end in a debacle. Haiti is about the last place that can be truly democratic and peaceful. It has never experienced democracy or peace and I doubt it ever will (although "ever" covers a very long time). I predict the United States will regret having sent troops once more to that unfortunate island.

And, since I specifically mentioned the United States, I have to confess a growing disenchantment with the processes that govern it. Not only has it been unable to put the federal budget on a self-sustaining basis, but also it seems less and less able to legislate urgent reforms. Congress is increasingly unwilling to tackle such needed laws as health reform or welfare reform or election reforms or elimination of control of the

electoral process by well-heeled lobbies. As a result of extreme partisanship, now practiced mostly by the Republican Party, the citizens grow ever more disenchanted with government as such. In essence, they divorce themselves from the polity, further contributing to what people see as an emerging anarchy, already visible in the spread of crime, drugs and racial conflict. The deliberate destruction of a President inescapably damaged the very fabric of liberal democracy, apart from a long-term economic decline domestically and internationally. The inability of the Democratic Party to make up its mind as to whether it wishes to be a part of the left or of the center has not helped either.

The devaluation of the government and popular disenchantment is by no means limited to America. It is also apparent in Europe, the birthplace of democracy. And naturally it is prevalent everywhere else where government never really worked, except as a dictatorship.

The decline of consensus domestically, as well as the multiplication of conflicts worldwide, is in turn closely related to the growth of racial and ethnic divisions, which I have described earlier. American society especially is presently being rent by a new variety of apartheid. Not the same variety that prevailed in South Africa under the old Boer-dominated regime, the purpose of which was to keep racial minorities down. The new American apartheid is well intentioned, since it is designed to help African-Americans overcome old indignities.

However, in reality it establishes racial origin as a basic legal category and, thus, helps to continue racism – even though this racism is positive and not negative. By definition, it is divisive and in the end it must lead to racial conflict. A good example of this new apartheid is a recent executive order providing that applicants for credit in the inner cities must first state their race, gender and ethnicity.

On a global level, I have been impressed by Samuel P. Huntington's "*Clash of Civilizations*," as first presented in Foreign Affairs in the summer of 1993[13]. His central hypothesis is that "the fundamental source of conflict in the new world will not be primarily ideological or primarily economic. The great divisions among humankind and the dominating source of conflict will be cultural." Until now all the major wars in the contemporary world were in reality Western civil wars. Emerging conflicts will be, and increasingly are, conflicts between major civilizations. Huntington lists these as "the Western, Confucian, Japanese, Islamic, Hindu, Orthodox-Slav, Latin American, and possibly African." Not everybody's list would be the same as his; for instance many would include the Western-Orthodox as a subsystem of Western (a long-lasting division between Russians), but, in his words "the central axis of international politics in the future is likely to be the conflict between the West and the Rest." Underlying his philosophy is the assumption that there will be in the future not one universal civilization but instead a world of different civilizations.

There might of course be other conflicts: as of now many of the violent clashes are intra-civilizational, like the present one in Rwanda-Burundi or those in Liberia or Mozambique, or the deepening split between modernizers and fundamentalists throughout the Muslim world, or the one in Northern Ireland, to name only a few. In Africa, which lags in many ways behind the rest of mankind, the basic dividing line is still between tribe and tribe. One such potential civil war threatens between Xhosas and Zulus in South Africa. It is questionable whether the war in Bosnia is one between civilizations, namely between the Western, the Islamic and the Eastern-Orthodox, or whether it is really a civil war within a largely homogenized Yugoslav society. There certainly was little divisiveness visible to a visitor during the Tito years, even less in Bosnia than in Croatia. After all, almost everybody in Yugoslavia spoke the same language, descended from the same racial stock, and lived for decades under Communism. In Bosnia especially, the fault lines were barely visible. Perhaps one more argument for Huntington' s forecast.

Another global overview that has made a lasting impression on me was an article[14] by Robert D. Kaplan (incidentally an expert on the Balkans) titled "The Coming Anarchy" in the February 1994 issue of The Atlantic Monthly. After describing the breakdown of government in much of Africa, Kaplan writes that: "West Africa is becoming a symbol of worldwide demographic, environmental and societal stress, in which criminal anarchy emerges as the real strategic danger. Disease, overpopulation, unprovoked crime, scarcity of resources, refugee migrations, the increasing erosion of nation states and international borders, and the empowerment of private armies... provides an appropriate introduction to the issues that will soon confront our civilization." It is his belief that Africa may be as relevant to the

[13] The Clash of Civilizations: Remaking World Order; Samuel Huntington

[14] The Coming Anarchy: Shattering the Dreams of the Post Cold War; Robert D. Kaplan

future of world politics as the Balkans was a hundred years ago. The African illness may spread around the globe, just as AIDS did – also thought to be of African origin.

Kaplan too is skeptical about the future of the United States. He thinks that it is much more fragile than more homogeneous societies, like Germany or Japan. In the past it successfully homogenized its immigrants. But now, increasingly, immigration comes from other cultural areas. To quote Saul Bellow, American used to be a country, not a collection of cultures, which it is in the process of becoming. Not only is it a congress of cultures and races, but also these races are increasingly solidifying into political power groups competing for advantage over other groups, which makes consensus almost impossible.

All my life I was a believer in human rights, humanism and democracy. Masaryk's ideas have left a deep imprint from the days of my youth, when my father's store was a kind of political club where the small town' s intelligentsia congregated in the late afternoon to discuss politics and the state of the world. It dawned on me only much later how Euro-centered the world was then and for many years thereafter. In fact, I realized the full diversity of mankind only after I came to America. At that time, in the late nineteen-thirties, I also realized how America-centered America was. It was of course the heyday of isolationism.

Now, it seems, we are witnessing a similar phenomenon. At a time when the economy and information are fully globalized, human perception is returning to separation. Incidentally, the same trends have again surfaced in Europe. On the one hand, Europe is for the first time becoming more unified. The European Union is the one and only positive development in a darkening world picture. On the other hand, we now see a move towards a Europe more concentrated on its own problems. This is partly a sequel to the liquidation of European colonial empires, and partly a consequence of a gradual divorce from the United States, now that the threat of Russian imperialism seems to have disappeared. However, there is no guarantee of a steady progression to a federated Europe, as envisioned by the Maastricht treaty. Great Britain is not the only country that has second thoughts about being deprived of her separate identity.

Much as I would like to believe that men are not only equal, but also possessing an innate desire for democracy and respect for the rights of others, I must confess my disbelief. I have always had a penchant for empiricism and realism, rather than blind optimism or blind pessimism. But just about everything I have observed during these last two decades has led me to the conviction that democracy and human rights will continue for the foreseeable future to be limited to the countries of Western civilization. Others occasionally and temporarily may experiment with democracy, some a little more successfully than others, but it always looks more like an imitation than the real thing. Democracy continues to be the most difficult of political crafts. It has had ups and downs even in Europe, let alone on other continents.

I have by now pretty much concluded that democracy can only persist in those areas, which are based on ancient Greece and Rome, on the impact of the Judeo-Christian tradition, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Enlightenment, the French and American revolutions, and modem liberalism. That excludes even parts of Europe, especially Russia and the Balkans, not to mention Asia, and even more so of Africa. After World War II, American occupation foisted a democratic constitution on Japan and South Korea, but they have not taken deep root and there is a strong likelihood that they will not be permanent. Similarly I would not take any bets that most of Latin America is safely in the democratic fold. And I cannot imagine a democratic China; had the students won on Tiananmen Square, China might by now have been split up between contending states or warlords.

In my younger years, I shared the belief that education and technology will lead to peace and democracy. I regret to say I do not believe it any more. After all, the best-educated nation in Europe, the Germans, used the latest technology in mass genocide. I would even say education itself may have contributed to the spread of armed conflict. There would have been no Reformation and, therefore, no Thirty Year War had Guttenberg not invented printing. Similarly, modem fascism and all the other crazy mass movements that have poisoned this century owed their spread and intensity to the invention of radio and later of television. It is now possible to spread propaganda almost universally and instantaneously, and hate spreads more easily than love. I am sure that the decline of popular participation in American elections is largely due to television, which can only too easily be bought.

Unfortunately, American efforts to convert other peoples do not seem to be doing so well. Other civilizations do not take kindly to the preaching of democracy. To a Chinese, it must seem almost

comical that an upstart culture wishes to preach to the Middle Kingdom with its thousands of years of Confucian tradition, which does not encompass popular democracy. Perhaps the least promising efforts are those to spread human values by economic embargoes or military intervention. The failure of such efforts last year in Somalia may well be succeeded by a similar shortfall in Haiti in 1994.

I am far from alone in thinking so, although it goes counter to what is now politically correct. Robert H. Johnson put it succinctly the other day in The New York Times: "The fundamental problem with basing foreign policy on the defense of democracy through intervention is that the government lacks the means – and will lack the domestic political support – to carry out such a policy. When other countries lack the political and cultural roots of democracy, it is impossible for outsiders to create them and the use of force in support of democracy will be unavailing." Anyway, it would be an uphill fight. It has been estimated that only some 19% of the world's population now enjoy some semblance of basic human rights, while some 55% live under oppressive regimes.

I present my latter day views with some reluctance. Not only was I reared to believe in progress towards democracy in my youth; I have also participated in two major crusades toward that goal during my mature life. These were the fight against Nazism in the thirties and forties, and the opposition to Communism in the fifties and later – until the collapse of the Soviet Union under Gorbachev. I was actively and demonstrably engaged and committed to both efforts.

I ought to perhaps explain that my objection to Communism did not entail necessarily rejection of a Socialist economy. In fact, pre-1939 Czechoslovakia might be described as a Social Democratic state. I was an active member of the National Socialist Party and chairman of its Economic Council in the crucial thirties. I also sympathized with the New Deal in the United States and with regimes like the one in Sweden.

My opposition to Communism was based entirely on the political structure of the USSR, of Mao's China, and of their colonies and satellites. While these systems practiced a type of socialism through their economic system, the political structure was an exact copy of Fascism: a monopoly party, a monopoly ideology, a monopoly press and propaganda, a monopoly education, together with concentration camps, an oppressive police apparatus, and an imperialist foreign policy. In its political aspect, the Soviet Union was an exact copy of Fascist Italy, of Nazi Germany, or of Franco Spain. It is only now that we can observe a divorce between the economy and the political state in China: it is a marriage of brutal capitalism on the one hand and brutal Communism on the other. Nicholas Kristof and Sheryl Wudunn in their new book *China Wakes* have a good name for it: Market-Leninism[15].

To my surprise I have also drifted from the acceptance of Locke to a more Hobbesian concept of human relations. I still do not buy Hobbes' description of relations between men and men as fundamentally "bellum omnium contra orones" (a war of everybody against everybody else). I still believe a world government and the prevalence of democratic regimes across the globe would be preferable to dictators and conflict after conflict, but I do not expect that it will happen in the next century.

To me, the most disquieting aspect of contemporary world politics is my impression that we are not even moving in that direction, but perhaps retrogressing. The atmosphere during these last few years of the twentieth century has been described as distrust of the future or as a feeling of floating anxiety .It is probably best exemplified by Paul Kennedy, professor of history at Yale University .In his latest book, *Preparing for the Twenty-First Century*, Kennedy takes the measure of the major challenges[16] – demography, technology and ecology – that will dominate the scene over the next four or five decades. The likely threats, he says, will range from disquieting to catastrophic. No nation will emerge unscathed, some will be devastated, above all those that suffer most even now, Africa being the prime example. The U.S. will have a better chance, but even so he predicts "a slow, steady, relative decline – in comparative living standards, educational levels, technical skills, social provisions, industrial leadership and, ultimately, national power."

Somewhat the same perspective is offered by the Hungarian-born historian John Lucas in his latest work[17]. The title is – rather pointedly – *The End of the 20th Centurv and the End of the Modern Age*. A review in The New York Times of January 26, 1993, summarizes his views as follows: "The Year 1989, when the Berlin Wall came tumbling down and Eastern Europe emerged from the shadows of the Soviet Union, not only marked the end of the 20th

[15] China Wakes: The Struggle for the Soul of a Rising Power; Nicholas D. Kristof and Sheryl Wudunn
[16] Preparing for the Twenty-First Century; Paul Kennedy
[17] The End of the Twentieth Century: And the End of the Modern Age; John Lukacs

century but also the waning of a great historical epoch, the passing of the Modern Age, which witnessed the rise of liberalism, humanism and bourgeois culture throughout the Western world."

He, like Paul Kennedy, predicts that the 21st century will not be an American one, the decline in American power reflecting "both specific shifts in the country's fortune and the fading of the age of superpowers. " He blames nationalism, especially populist nationalism, for the decline of the Western world and foresees a proliferation of small states and statelets. Lucas deplores the growing evidence of a New Barbarism all around us.

One reason for that relative decline is the diminishing capability of the nation state to deal with major problems. This is largely due to the tension between the emerging transnational economy and an erosion of the powers of government, due to the growing distrust of politics and politicians. New threats cloud the horizon: some of the fears are legitimate; others may be premature. One thing is clear: already the trend seems to forecast a growing spread between the well-to-do and the majority of the nation, and a relative decline of the powers of governments compared with the power of global corporations and global cartels, including the drug cartels.

I am however not entirely given to despair. Above all, I recognize that futurology is a risky business. Looking back at predictions during the whole of my lifetime, I have to admit that almost all of them were wrong. There is always the element of the unpredictable. Nothing progresses linearly, and technology always has surprises. Who would have anticipated the computer revolution, among others?

Secondly, some developments are self-corrective. In the October 1994 issue of Scientific American, Robert W. Kates has an article "*Sustaining Life on the Earth.*" He draws cautious encouragement from two trends: first, there are changes already apparent in the currents carrying us into the future, and, second, he points out human adaptability in the form of the emergency of new institutions, technologies, and ideas.

During known history, and certainly in pre-history, what we now call homo sapiens has survived catastrophes of all kinds and probably will in the future, barring another collision with a major celestial body like the one which doomed the dinosaurs. Nature, of which we are a part, may be more robust than we realize.

In the last analysis, says Robert Kates in the article I quoted, "Hope is simply a necessity if we as a species, now conscious of the improbable and extraordinary journey taken by life in the universe, are to survive."

Whenever I waver in my outlook, I am encouraged when I think of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They seem so full of life and promise. They are so well educated and enterprising that I have great expectations at least for this small segment of that great experiment – the human race.

I wish you, my readers, and especially my progeny, the same happiness and contentment that are mine, and I hope that you may find some occasional interest in my life and ruminations. With this, I conclude my Memoirs.

Frank Munk
1994 and 1995