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Chief of Staff

Foreign Relations Committee, 1955-1973

Interview #1

The Early Years

(Wednesday, September 14, 1983)

Interviewed by Donald A. Ritchie

RITCHIE: I read in the *Congressional Staff Directory* that you were born in Falls City, Oregon. Did your family traditionally come from Oregon?

MARCY: No, my father came to Oregon in the late 1890s from Minnesota. My mother was a native-born, first generation Swede. She came to Oregon with her father, who would have been my grandfather on that side, following the migration of the Swedes who left Michigan when the forests there began to be depleted. Many of the people in the lumber industry then moved to Oregon and Washington. Her father made his living as a lumberman, and my grandfather on the other side was a hardware merchant. I think my father got into--let's say into the professional class because he was the only male member of the family. He had four or five sisters and I think his parents pushed him in the direction of becoming a white collar person. He became a minister. So I spent my childhood mostly in the Willamette Valley of Oregon as Dad moved from one parish to another. Among my first memories were Dad as a circuit rider. He had the biggest, fastest horse in town to get him from one church to another in the countryside. He was probably the first person in town who had a motorcycle, which got him out to his parishes faster. I think he was one of the

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first people in town--maybe the doctor was ahead of him--in a small town, who had a Model-T Ford. I can still remember going out into the barn on Monday mornings to see if Dad had managed to run over a jack rabbit so we would have some meat that week.

RITCHIE: What church was he a minister in?

MARCY: Methodist Church. He liked the Willamette Valley and spent most of his life there, although he did end up as minister of one of the prime churches in Portland, then he moved to the First Methodist Church in Tacoma, Washington.

RITCHIE: You were born in Falls City and you lived in Salem for a while; were those your two primary places of residence, or did you move all around?

MARCY: Oh, we moved up and down the Willamette Valley. We lived in Forest Grove, Hillsboro, Eugene, and other places. The reason we moved to Salem was that Dad became District Superintendent. He was on his way up and that's where the D.S. lived.

RITCHIE: So then you changed schools a lot while you were growing up.

MARCY: Yes. I moved from one grade school to another. I went to two different high schools. I finally settled down when we moved to Salem. I went to Willamette University, which is described

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as the oldest college west of the Mississippi. It was a small Methodist college. I think Dad was a trustee. So that's where I got my college education.

RITCHIE: You started out at Willamette University?

MARCY: Yes, I started at Willamette and I finished there. One of the reasons I started at Willamette was because Dad as a Methodist minister got a cut-rate on the tuition, which was very modest as I recall. But he wasn't able to help much when it came to paying my fraternity and other expenses, so while I was in college I had two very interesting jobs which pretty much paid my way. One job was as a wrapper at the state library, which was located in the capitol building of Oregon, across the street from Willamette. I'd spend every afternoon, usually from about 4:00 until 6:00 or 7:00 o'clock in the evening wrapping books, to be mailed to people all over the state who had written and asked for books. My other job, which was much more interesting, was as a proof-reader on the *Salem Statesman*. It was a daily morning paper, edited at that time by a Mr. Charles A. Sprague, who later became governor of Oregon. That was fascinating work, although I must say it was rather hard. I would start work at 6:30 in the evening and usually got off about 2:00 o'clock in the morning. I'm still a fairly good proof-reader as a result of that experience.

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RITCHIE: Well, then you decided to come east to Columbia. What made you make this big jump from west coast to east coast?

MARCY: When I finally got my degree--well, let me intervene with what I consider an interesting episode. I ran for student body president at one point and was defeated, very narrowly I must say, by the prime athlete of the university at that time. As a consolation prize I was made editor of the yearbook, which was called the *Wallulah*. There was a provision in the by-laws of the student body stating that if the editor and manager ever managed to break even financially on the publication of the *Wallulah*, they would get up to five hundred dollars which

they could split between them. I think I was very astute. I picked as business manager a man named Herbert Hardy, who subsequently became a distinguished attorney in the state of Oregon. Herb came to me and asked for the job. He said, "Now, if you let me be the business manager, we'll make some money." The way he did it was he went to each of the fraternities and the sororities and the dormitories and asked them simple questions like "Where do you buy your milk?" and "Where do you buy your groceries?" Then he went to the local dairies. In the past they had bought space in the yearbook for about \$25.00 a page. Then he went to the merchants and said, "Well, now, I'll tell you, last year you had a full page in our yearbook and you paid \$25.00 for it, but I have checked on how much money the university spends with you and have decided that this year instead of letting you have that page for \$25.000, it's going to be

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\$150.00." By use of that less than subtle businessman approach we did come out in the black. We got our \$500.00. So between our junior and senior years, Herb and I decided that we would invest our profits and see the United States. We decided to go back east and look at the universities where we thought we might go for graduate study. So we started out on the theory that we would thumb our way to the east by highway. We spent a day with thumb outstretched on the highways and nobody gave us a ride. Towards evening a freight train came by going slow enough, in our direction. So we hopped on the freight train and rode the Union Pacific from Portland to Chicago. Then we bought a Model-T Ford for \$25.00 and toured the northeast. When we got ready to come back, we decided to see more of the United States and the Milwaukee Road provided us with travel. Fascinating summer.

RITCHIE: This would have been in . . .

MARCY: This would have been in 1933.

RITCHIE: There must have been a lot of people riding the rails in 1933.

MARCY: There were, yes, the cars were crowded. We usually rode on the top of the trains, tied ourselves on at nights so that we'd be sure not to fall off. Recalling that summer reminds me of my first experience with the United States Senate. We decided we ought

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to visit Washington, and go to a hearing. The hearing we attended was in what is now, maybe even then was called the Senate Caucus Room. My recollection is that at that time they were having some very interesting hearings. So we spent a day in the Senate Caucus Room, obviously in the back because we were not very well dressed. As a matter of fact, we earlier on had stopped to see the Rockettes at

Radio City Music Hall in New York, which had just opened up. We got there at eleven o'clock in the morning, carrying packs on our backs and pretty dirty. We paid our entrance fee and came in. Then these fine ushers looked at us and said "Ahem, gentlemen without coats will sit on the first mezzanine." We went to the first mezzanine, and the attendant said, "Gentlemen without coats will sit on the second mezzanine." Anyway, at that age, which would have been about sixteen or seventeen, we obviously wanted to get as near the Rockettes as possible, but we ended up in the top gallery.

RITCHIE: It seems to me that in the summer of 1933 the Wall Street investigations were going on, the Pecora investigations, with J.P. Morgan. They were using the Caucus Room.

MARCY: I guess that's right. You're right. I was thinking of Senator Nye and the munitions investigation, but it does seem to me that the day we were there--and I'm not sure whether I'm remembering this or built it up since--one of the witnesses was a midget. That stuck with me, anyway.

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RITCHIE: There was a midget that they sat on J.P. Morgan's lap at one time during those hearings. That was in the summer of 1933, at least through July of '33 the Pecora investigations were going on. A lot of the people who testified in the Pecora investigation also testified in the Nye committee because it was all about Wall Street bankers and their relationships with the international munitions trade. So it could have been one or the other.

MARCY: Somehow J.P. Morgan sticks with me now that you refresh my recollection of that episode.

RITCHIE: Well, what was your impression of the east coast, having grown up in the west?

MARCY: I should add one other thing. That was the summer of the World's Fair, as I recall, so we stopped in Chicago. And again being anxious young men, I remember we showed up on the Midway, and we went to one of the girlie shows. Herb and I showed up as early as the show opened and were the very first ones there and sat in the front row. I remember the master of ceremonies looking at these two kids sitting in the front row and saying: "Young gentlemen, you may see but you may not touch. Well, reverting to your question, the upshot of our survey of the universities was that Herb liked Harvard. He had his mind pretty well made up to be an attorney. I didn't know what I wanted to do. But when I finished my senior year the only job open to me was that of a teacher at a high school in

Dayville, Oregon, which was way, way out in the corner of the state. At about that time, for some reason, I don't recall quite why, I applied to go to graduate school at Columbia. And for some reason I was accepted. Columbia probably wanted some geographic diversity in its student body. So I was set to go to Columbia, but I didn't have transportation from Oregon to New York. I went to the editor of the newspaper, who was then no longer Governor Sprague, but was Sheldon Sackett, who at that time was dating the secretary to the governor. Anyway, he ran an ad in the paper a couple of times: "Young man seeks transportation to east coast." No luck. Finally, the editor said, "Well, I will have my friend, the governor's secretary, take care of you." The upshot was that she made arrangements for me to be a guard as we were returning people from the insane asylum to the states from which they had come. The rule, as I recall, was that you could not put a deranged person on a train without accompanying guards. We had three patients to deliver to the Chicago area. The guards, or keepers, or whatever they might be called, consisted of a nurse at the state mental hospital and her husband, who was a guard. I went along as a third person, the sort of muscle man to make sure that we got the patients to bed at night and they didn't cause any trouble. Instead of buying a round trip ticket so I could come back to Oregon, the state was kind enough to

buy me a through ticket, so after delivering our patients in Chicago I came on to New York. That's how I got back there without having to pay for transportation.

RITCHIE: When you came to Columbia you were going to go into the government and political science department?

MARCY: No, as I look back I don't think I had my mind made up. I just knew that I wanted to have graduate education, and New York was intriguing-- everybody wanted to see the Big City. And Columbia was a nice big university. Columbia had a very good employment office, so I was able to get a job right away that took care of my board and room. I was a tutor at the Horace Mann School for Boys, which was a very plush private high school for the rich. My job was to keep order in the study hall from 7:00 o'clock at night until nine o'clock. Usually I would go there for dinner. The boys would stand up and bow their heads, and one would say the blessing. The blessing was standard, and I thought very appropriate for a boarding school. As quickly as possible the designee would say: "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful." Not a bad way to deal with the food of a boarding school! I kept that job for a while, and then my sweetheart, that's what girlfriends were then called, joined me. In December of 1934 we were married at the little chapel at Riverside Church. Mildred was a competent secretary, having been secretary to the treasurer of the state of Oregon, so she

immediately got a job on Wall Street, which kept the money coming in and paid the rent. In the meantime, I had found another job, which was very interesting. At that time, Columbia had an undergraduate course called "Contemporary Civilization." Every student was required during the second year to take field trips to visit five institutions around the city--a governmental institution, an industrial plant, and so on. My job was to take twelve or fifteen students at a time to visit the Ford factory across the river, or the Bellvue Morgue (which was always intriguing), or a court, or the Nabisco cookie factory, the New York fish market, and so on. I got paid \$5.00 a trip, which was not bad. I did that for a year, under the direction of an economics professor named Roy Stryker. At that time, Columbia professors were very much in demand in Washington. Roosevelt's New Deal was underway and the big wheels--Rex Tugwell and people of that kind--were going to Washington. Roy Stryker, who had set up this field trip program left for Washington and the Department of Agriculture. There he set up and ran that part of Agriculture which sent photographers to record the dust bowl and agricultural poverty. But anyway when Stryker left I was fortunate enough to be his successor with an office and secretary. The first book I wrote was a description of each of these institutions we visited. I held that position for several years and finally persuaded the head of the department, Professor Horace Taylor, that it wasn't enough to have somebody just running these programs and taking the students on trips

and that I ought to be engaged in teaching them, too. With some reluctance he gave me one of the classes, so for several years I taught a beginning course in economics at Columbia. Since I had a good job, my wife was working, and we were comfortably ensconced, I took a master's degree in international relations under Professor Parker T. Moon. Then I developed a close relationship with Professor Lindsay Rogers, whose name might strike a bell with you. He was Burgess Professor of Public Law.

RITCHIE: *The American Senate.*

MARCY: He wrote *The American Senate* in 1926. Lindsay asked me to write the foreword to a subsequent reprint. That was after I was at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, so I was able in a sense to pay back my friend Lindsay for all he had done for me. I got acquainted with Lindsay Rogers in an interesting way. I remember going to his seminar of twelve or fifteen students. He lectured for an hour and then he asked: "Any questions?" Dead silence. Lindsay folded up his papers and walked out, saying, "If I can't stimulate any questions from this audience in an hour, I don't know why I should spend a second hour with you." At the next class I sensed a repeat performance. So I spent my time while he was

lecturing thinking, "if he does that, what am I going to do?" Sure enough, he got to that point, "Any questions?" Again, dead silence. I don't

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remember what the question was, but with great fear I asked him some question, and he took off. Thereafter, our friendship grew. Jobs were scarce those days so after I had my master's degree I thought I might as well stay in the university and get a Ph.D. I asked Lindsay Rogers for advice. He suggested I take advantage of a system then in effect at Columbia whereby if you get a law degree, that satisfies all residence requirements for a Ph.D. in international relations. So if you take the law degree, then all you do to get a Ph.D. is to pass the oral exams, pass the language exam, and write a dissertation. So I did that. After I got my law degree and passed the New York Bar exams, Lindsay said, "Now, let's get those orals out of the way and let's get that dissertation done." He added, "I don't really think you need a Ph.D. but," he said, "if you want to teach you just have to have a Ph.D., it's a license to go into teaching if you decide to do that." He added: "When it comes to the dissertation, let's pick a subject that nobody knows anything about, that there isn't anything in the literature about it, and you can do a minimum amount of research but you will still know more about the subject than anyone else." So we picked the subject of presidential commissions. Lindsay said, "And when you come to the orals and you have to defend your dissertation, I'll help you." So in due course I got the book done, and he helped me, and I got the degree.

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At that time Columbia required that all dissertations be published. Nobody was interested in commercially publishing dissertations, so we were compelled to go to Columbia University Press and pay to get dissertations printed. I think I had to pay \$400.00 to get Columbia's King's Crown Press to publish *Presidential Commissions*. Some years later, Columbia Press sent me a letter when I was in the Department of State. The letter said, "We have 200 copies of your book left, and we're cleaning out our storage space, and we'll either sell it for scrap and send you the money or if you want to pay the transportation costs we'll send the books to you." So I said, "Send them to me" and wondered what to do with them. They were out-of-date.

At that time, many of the bookstores in Washington would put out a lunchtime display of books, ten cents a copy. I made a point of going to three or four bookstores, looking up the manager, saying "I've got ten copies of a book here you can put out on your display." I'd give them away. And they'd put them out and I'd get a playback. Colleagues would come to me and say, "I saw one of your books on the bookstand today, I bought a copy for a dime. Didn't know you ever wrote a book." So it worked out very well. Some twenty-five or thirty years later, a publishing company called DeCapo Press asked me for permission to republish

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the book. As I recall they paid me something like \$500.00 for reprint rights. So after all those years, I didn't do too badly on that dissertation!

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RITCHIE: Did it shape your opinion of presidential commissions afterwards?

MARCY: Yes. Every now and then I go back and look at it; ever since recent presidents have appointed so many presidential commissions I've gone back and referred to it. I think I made some rather acute observations at that time. I remember I categorized them, some of them were "shirtfront" commissions, appointed because there was a political problem, not because they were expected to do anything about it. It still holds.

RITCHIE: Herbert Hoover was also a great one for appointing commissions.

MARCY: Oh, he was, that's right. But in the late 1930s nobody had written about the subject, and there was hardly anything they could dig up. But I got 150 or 200 pages out of it, and a degree, that was enough.

RITCHIE: What were your aspirations at this time? You were getting a law degree

MARCY: It is hard to say what my aspirations were. I guess I hoped that when I got through law school some big law firm would come around and say, "Marcy, we need you." Nobody did. The market for jobs until the time of World War II was depressed.

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In any event, I did get a job at the College of the City of New York, and I taught there for a couple of years, both in the day school and in the night school. My recollection is that I was teaching something like eighteen hours a week, which sounds terrible, and it was. I taught public administration, and constitutional law, and state government, and American government--the whole schmeer. It wasn't just repeating the same course. But it was a magnificent experience because the students at City College, as we called it--that was at 138th Street--were brilliant. They were mostly highly intelligent young men and women--as I recall there were a few women in the classes--all of whom competed to get into the university. About all I had to do was to open the subject and then sit back and listen, because the students would have done their work. As I recall, one of my students was Marvin Kalb, who has gone on to greater fame. I kept that position until the spring of 1942. The man who then headed the department at the College of the City of New York, who was a great man to talk about the advice he was giving people in Washington, came to me and said, "We're going to have to cut back, and you're not going to get tenure." He fired me, to put it bluntly--I

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wouldn't have admitted it at the time. But, in any event, that was the end of that job. Fortunately, I had a friend who had come to Washington a couple of years earlier, a man named Willard Barber. Willard was in the Department of State. At that time the Department of State was recruiting. He suggested that I talk with a

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man named Joseph Green, a man of some eminence in the Department of State. Joe Green was setting up a division of the Department of State which was called the Special War Problems Division. Essentially this division was to make sure, as best we could, that the provisions of the Geneva Prisoners of War Convention were observed. So I came to Washington. My immediate superior was Bernard Gufler, a career foreign service officer who subsequently became ambassador to Norway and then Ceylon. We conducted negotiations for exchanges of American civilians who had been caught in Europe in the war, and German civilians who were in the United States. Subsequently, after the war had been going on for a while, sick and wounded prisoners of war were exchanged. We dealt with the Spanish who represented the United States with Japan, and the Swiss represented us with the Germans. That was fascinating because the Germans were meticulous in observing the Prisoner of War Convention. Privates were treated as privates. Officers were treated as officers. By then we were getting German prisoners of war in this country, so I saw a good bit of the United States, traveling by train with representatives of the Swiss embassy who were charged with visiting prisoner of war camps in the United States where Germans were held.

I'll put down for the record one incident that I recall. At that time I visited P.O.W. camps in the United States with a Swiss diplomat. At one time we were to investigate an American officer at a camp in New Mexico who allegedly had pulled a pistol on one of the

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German prisoners of war. We showed up at the camp commander's office on a hot, Sunday morning. We walked in on the camp commander, who was obviously a tough soldier. One of the first things he said was, "I shouldn't be here trying to baby these German bastards. I should be out in the front-lines. That's what I was trained for, and they keep me out here feeding these guys potatoes, pandering to their every need." And the Swiss looked at him and said, "Well, I am here to investigate the shooting incident." I thought, my gosh, we're in real trouble. And the camp commander pulled back and roared with laughter. He said, "Those prisoners, they'll get you a story any time." He said, "Here, I'll show you the pistol." And he reached into his desk and pulled out a pistol. The pistol projected a BB shot by rubber bands. He said to the Swiss, "Put a quarter up on that file cabinet over there, stand it on its edge. I'll show you the kind of thing I was doing to those prisoners." The Swiss put it up, the commander took careful aim, pulled

the trigger: Bang! he hits it. Then he shoots a BB into his own hand. It was a toy. Well, by this time, the Swiss was so intrigued he asked the camp commander, "Where can I buy one, I want to get one for my son." There were more egregious things than that that occurred.

During that time I got a fascinating education in treaty law. I was aboard the *Gripsholm* on one of its exchange trips to Marseilles. At that time, while we were negotiating exchanges with the Swiss, the Swedes were running the ship. We crossed the Atlantic

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on the *Gripsholm* with about six hundred Germans, sick and wounded, and picked up an equivalent number of Americans, who were mostly downed fliers, burned, or seriously wounded. The *Gripsholm* sailed all lights on with a big red cross on its side. This was at the height of submarine warfare, but we had conducted enough negotiations through the Swiss so the Germans assured us that all of their submarine commanders had been informed that this was a Red Cross vessel. Hopefully we were assured--we always had our fingers crossed. In any event, the trip went without trouble. I don't remember how many voyages the *Gripsholm* made. I went only once.

RITCHIE: What was your function on the voyage?

MARCY: To keep the records. The principal American officer was a career foreign service officer, named Sidney Lafoon, who also had a long distinguished career in the foreign service thereafter. It was a riotous bunch of American prisoners that we got back when they knew they were headed for home. It was a fascinating experience. Shall I continue in this vein?

RITCHIE: Before we get a little more into the State Department, there was one question I wanted to ask about Columbia in the 1930s. I was just reading James Wechsler's obituary the other day. He was the editor of the school newspaper in 1935.

MARCY: *The Spectator*.

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RITCHIE: He wrote a book then, *Revolt on the Campus*; and there was Reed Harris, who was later active in the USIA who published a book on Columbia called *King Football* that later came under fire. There was a very strong leftist political tinge on the campus.

MARCY: Yes.

RITCHIE: Did you find that the political atmosphere of Columbia shaped your thinking when you were a student there?

MARCY: No, I don't think so. Wechsler and Reed Harris were in the college and the *Spectator*, was an undergraduate publication. I was no longer an undergraduate. I don't remember this having any effect on me that I can identify.

RITCHIE: I've read Lindsay Rogers' book on the Senate, and the thing that struck me most about it was his defense of the filibuster, although I suspect that was more a defense of the legislative branch versus the presidency. Did you think that intellectually he had an important role in shaping the way you looked at things?

MARCY: Oh, yes, very much. Mildred and I knew him and his wife very well. I was one of his executors. His wife, Dona, preceded him in death. He was a lonely man in his later years. At the time of his death he was doing a biography of Nicholas Murray Butler, a former president of Columbia. I don't know if that's ever been finished. Lindsay certainly did have an influence on my thinking.

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He didn't point me in any particular direction. He never said, "You ought to be a professor, or you ought to go to Washington, or you ought to be in the government," anything of that sort. We were compatible people, and when I went to Washington and ended up at the Senate, he was obviously pleased. But I don't think he had anything to do with it. That was fortuitous for a variety of reasons.

RITCHIE: Sort of a natural development.

MARCY: A progression, natural development, luck. Be at the right place at the right time--or the wrong place. As I look back, the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me was to be fired from City College and not getting tenure. If I had gotten tenure at City College at that particular time . . . when the depression made teenagers and young people job-security conscious, these other things would never have happened. I'm sure I would have grabbed security.

RITCHIE: When you came to the State Department, did you consider going through the foreign service officer program?

MARCY: No, although after the war I did consider going into the foreign service under the Wristonization Program but decided not to do so.

RITCHIE: For any reason?

MARCY: That's hard to say. I had a good job. I was enjoying what I was doing. The foreign service didn't particularly appeal to me. I guess I didn't give it too much thought. I didn't go home and think for hours about whether I should join the foreign service.

RITCHIE: During the war you stayed with the treaty division?

MARCY: Yes, I stayed with SWP, Special War Problems, until the end of the war. Then as war problems disappeared the Department of State began to think about peace problems. In fact, they had been doing it during the later days of the war. As the special war problems were dying out and we were worrying more about peace issues, I was invited to join the UN division by a man named Durward Sandifer, who was very deeply involved in UN affairs and getting the United Nations started. I'd had a little bit of contact with him earlier in connection with the Vandenberg resolution and others that were adopted during the war period. Sandifer invited me to become an officer in the division of United Nations Affairs. I got there just in time to have an administrative load dumped on me in connection with the first meeting of the General Assembly in London. I did not go to the first conference in San Francisco. Then I became quite involved in UN affairs. I don't remember when I shifted from the UN side of the operation to the Legal Adviser's Office. I was indirectly involved when the UN charter was sent to the Senate. After the first meeting of the General Assembly in London, I was on a

committee to find a permanent headquarters for the UN. This was after it had been decided that the headquarters would be in the United States. An engineer and I inspected a number of possible sites. We went to San Francisco and visited the Presidio and other sites in California. There was much competition at that time between various cities that wanted to have the UN headquarters. I personally wanted the UN to be in San Francisco. If the headquarters had been in San Francisco I'm sure I would have become a UN employee. That was a fascinating period.

I was beginning to do more and more legal work in connection with problems that were arising as a result of the UN being in the United States. I worked closely with the then Legal Adviser, Charles Fahy, who had been close to President Roosevelt. At one time he had been promised the next opening on the Supreme Court, but Roosevelt died. Subsequently, Charles Fahy became a judge on the Court of Appeals here in Washington, and served with distinction for a number of years. When Mr. Fahy was Legal Adviser, I went with him on several occasions to the UN General Assembly and sat with him on the Legal Committee. He was a wonderful man. On several occasions he went out of town just in order to give me

a chance to sit in the United States chair on the Legal Committee. I worried. He said, "Oh, that's all right. You can do it. You can raise your hand just like the rest of us." That was an interesting experience. But about the same time, I was engaged on behalf of the United States in

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negotiating the Headquarters Agreement between the United States and the United Nations. This agreement is still in effect. It gives all nations access to the UN and restricts the powers of the city of New York and the police department in the UN area, and so on. In the latter years I used to see Judge Fahy occasionally. He would look at me, smile, and say, "You know, that agreement we negotiated was pretty good, wasn't it? Nobody's raised a fuss about it." So far as I know, that's still the case. Actually, I give myself a more important role than was the case. There was another lawyer working on the same problem, I.N.P. Stokes. Ike Stokes was a very competent New York lawyer. He provided the brains, and I would simply do the drafting under his guidance.

RITCHIE: I.N.P. Stokes used to work with Benjamin Cohen.

MARCY: That's right, yes. Then when the Headquarters Agreement was finally negotiated, I got to know Francis Wilcox, who was then chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. During hearings before the Foreign Relations Committee I would sit behind Mr. Fahy, or the Secretary of State and pass notes to the witness.

About that time the problem of liaison between the Department of State and the Congress was coming more to the fore. Charles "Chip" Bohlen was counselor of the Department of State and with an assistant secretary of state named Breckinridge Long, Bohlen was saddled with

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the responsibility of trying to keep the Congress happy--handling legislative relationships is the better term. He didn't much like that job. It wasn't the sort of thing a career diplomat particularly enjoyed, and so he passed much of that responsibility to me. I became his right-hand person on congressional relations. I had two assistants: Darrell St. Claire, who handled the Senate relations; and Allen Moreland, who handled relations with the House. I sat at the top, but there wasn't much to sit on. Darrell knew his way around the Senate, and Al knew his way around the House. All I had to do was to say, "Yes, Darrell, that sounds fine to me."

It was during that period of time that Francis Wilcox and I became better acquainted. And it was during that period of time that the Marshall Plan was presented to Congress. I don't remember very much about the Marshall Plan

liaison activities. Walter Surrey, now an attorney in Washington, handled most of the legislative drafting. He did everything.

One incident I recall was an encounter I had with General Marshall, who was then Secretary of State. One of my responsibilities was to edit General Marshall's testimony. You're familiar with this: the transcript is sent to the witness for correction. So I got General Marshall's transcripts to "clean up." Secretary Marshall called me to his office one day. He was very austere. He looked at me with a transcript in front of him that I had corrected. He said,

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"Marcy, you in charge of this?" I said, "Yes sir, I did that." He said, "Well, I don't know what it is, but I feel when I'm talking to the senators that I'm making sense and they understand me. But then when I look at the uncorrected transcript it doesn't make much sense." But, he said, "After you fix it up, it looks all right. You keep on doing it." I said, "Do you want to see the corrected transcripts after this?" He said, "No, that's all, Marcy." So from then on, all of the syntax and various things that did not get cleaned up in General Marshall's testimony, can be blamed on me. The substance can be attributed to General Marshall.

When Marshall was secretary he would come to the meetings of the General Assembly for a few days, and chair the United States delegation. He was an authoritative, powerful figure. We'd meet every morning and different people would report. When he would get through, held say to Bohlen, "All right, Chip, you take care of the press." Marshall was quick, clear, concise--no doubt about positions he was taking, and no question about his authority. The clarity with which he would delegate responsibility was magnificent.

RITCHIE: How did that compare with the other secretaries whom you worked with?

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MARCY: Well, that's really the only one that I remember clearly. I was closest to him during that period. I didn't really know Acheson. Subsequently, of course, I saw Dulles, Rusk, Rogers, and Kissinger, but from the other side of the table.

RITCHIE: Could you describe a little bit about the office of the congressional liaison? How did the State Department see that office when you were there? Was it to keep Congress happy? Was it to be a link between the Congress and the State Department? What was it's main function?

MARCY: At the time the attitude was more: "Oh, congressional liaison, it's a damn nuisance." The practice was for individual officers to deal directly with the Hill. If the subject related to the Middle East or Japan, the desk officer would deal with it. Our job in congressional liaison was as much to try to rein in the individual officers in the Department of State as it was to know about what was

going on on Capitol Hill. And the habit on the Hill was to go to congressional liaison only to ask: "Who's in charge of such-and-such?" I don't think there was even an office of congressional liaison except as it grew out of the need to get United Nations legislation approved.

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RITCHIE: Congressional relations with the State Department hadn't been particularly good before that period, and that was a pretty stormy period when you were there as well. Was there a conscious feeling on the part of the State Department that they had to do something to better the relationship?

MARCY: Yes, I think there was. As a matter of fact, that's one reason I went to work on the Hill. I think Francis Wilcox always wanted to have a job in the Department of State, and he worked very closely with the individual desk people. I think he originated the idea of getting some Department of State officers to work for the committee for a while and then send them back to the department to improve relations. I was the first experiment. Francis Wilcox asked if I'd like to come to work on the Hill for a year and I agreed. However, the administrative officer in the Department of State was a man named Arch Jean, and when I asked him if I could have a leave of absence for a year, he said "No, the department's regulations would not permit it." So at that point I had to make a decision, whether I was going to stay in the Department of State, or resign. The most the Department would do was to write me a letter saying we're sorry you're resigning from the Department of State, but if you decide to come back within the next year, we'll do the best we can to provide you with a position of equivalent rank. When I resigned from the Department of State I got to withdraw several thousand dollars from my retirement fund. So not only was Francis Wilcox going to pay me

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an equivalent salary, but I was getting a little extra cash at a time when I needed it. It was Francis Wilcox who gave me the opportunity to work for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I did have an interview with Senators [Tom] Connally and [Arthur] Vandenberg, just to size me up. But in any event, what I remember about that interview was that I was conscious of the fact that the committee staff was small and the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946 was still operative. One provision fixed the professional staff of committees at four. There was also language to the effect that the staff should be chosen with respect to their competence and without regard to political considerations. I remember Connally asking me point blank: "You in politics?" I thought to myself, well, it's going to be a political appointment. But I answered him, "No." He said, "Well, you vote, don't you?" I said, "Yes." He said, "That's all I wanted to know." That was the end of the conversation.

RITCHIE: He didn't ask you which way you voted?

MARCY: No. That was it. After the first year with the Foreign Relations Committee, just to finish up how I happened to end there permanently, after the first year I liked it there, but I hadn't gotten to know the senators very well. So I decided to stay another year which stretched into twenty-three years. I was one of the first failures of the personnel people in the Department of State who wanted me to develop close liaison between the Department of

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State and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The idea was that I would work on the Hill for a year, learn all about these S.O.B.s and then come back to the Department of State and forever after, as long as I lived, there would never be any further problems because Marcy would have understood those senators, and be able to protect the Department of State from mistakes. It didn't work.

RITCHIE: During that period when you were handling congressional relations, did you have very many dealings with the members of Congress, the Senators and House members on the Foreign Relations and Foreign Affairs Committees?

MARCY: Very little. I traveled with them on several of their trips. I remember in particular a trip that I went on with members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, whose chairman was Congressman [Joseph L.] Pfeiffer from New York. We had three escort officers, one was the chairman's son, who was a lieutenant in the Army, and myself. A third escort officer was C.B. Marshall who was on the House Committee staff.

I recall one incident when we were in Cairo. Burt Marshall and I were in the Semiramis Hotel. We had arrived late Saturday night and were briefed by the ambassador. It was one of those times when tensions were high. One of the bridges across the Nile had guards and barbed wire. We'd been told that we should be very circumspect, the next day being Sunday, and pay attention to the regulations. No

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cameras, nothing of that sort. On Sunday morning the phone rang in our room about 6:30 or 7:00 o'clock. It was Congressman Tom Gordon who called me and said, "Carl, the Chairman has been arrested." I said, "How do you know?" He said, "Well, he was going to church and he saw these camels going across the bridge and he took out his camera and took a picture of them, and the guards were right there under the bridge and they arrested them. He's now being held by the guards under the bridge. Can you do something?" I then woke Burt Marshall up and told him what had happened. I said, "Now, what do we do?" And Burt said, "Turn over and go to sleep. By the time we wake up at 9:00 o'clock,

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somebody will have done something and they will have gotten him out." That's exactly what we did, and that's what happened!

Anyway, to come back to Marshall, Burt Marshall and I have had a very good relationship for a long time. He's turned out to be very conservative, in my view, and I'm sure he thinks that I'm a left-wing dove, which is not quite my description of myself.

When I was in the Department of State and handling the liaison job, I got a call one day from Paul Nitze, who was then on the Policy Planning Staff--he may have been chairman. He asked me what I knew about Marshall who was working for the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Nitze said, "I've got to put him on the Policy Planning Staff." I said, "Well, why?" He said, "Congressman [John M.] Vorys

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of Ohio is insisting that Burt Marshall be put on the Policy Planning Staff. What can you tell me about him?" I had very high praise for Burt. About the time Burt left the House Foreign Affairs Committee to come to the Policy Planning Staff, I came to the Hill.

ITCHIE: When I look at some of the members of the Senate and the Foreign Relations Committee in the late 1940s, they seem to be a "race of giants," the Vandenberg, the Tafts, the Connallys, and all the rest. How did they strike you as a person who had to deal with them?

MARCY: Well, you must remember, Don, that for the period from 1950 to 1955, I was one of four professional members of the staff. Francis was the one who handled most of those relationships. So I didn't have a very close relationship with Connally. I must tell you one story about him, interesting, but not a judgment of his personality.

One day I got a call from Senator Connally when he was on the Senate floor. He said, "Marcy, come to the floor, I want to talk to you." So I went up. Connally asked if I remembered how he had voted on the congressional retirement act? I said, "No, senator, I don't." He said, "Will you check and come back and tell me how I voted on that act?" So I checked, and found he had voted against it. I went back and said, "Senator, you voted against that congressional retirement act." He said, "Marcy, I was 'fraid of that"--he

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was a flamboyant man; a ham actor--"I was 'fraid of that," he said, "Got a letter from a constituent." He reached into his pocket and pulled it out. "Constituent says: 'Since you voted against the retirement act I don't think that you should draw any retirement now that you're leaving the Senate.'" I said, "Oh, senator, I wouldn't pay any attention to anything like that. You've been here a long time and

you deserve your retirement." Connally patted me on the shoulder and he said, "Marcy, you're right. And anyway, I'm a lawabiding citizen." There's a footnote to be put to that point, and that is there are a number of instances in which senators may have voted against something--the North Atlantic Treaty, for example, but subsequently it was the law of the land, and they supported it. Senator Taft, as I recall, voted against the North Atlantic Treaty, but thereafter voted for its appropriations saying the treaty was the law of the land. One of the last jobs I did for Senator Taft was immediately before he went into the hospital. It was a report on Palestine refugees. Held been chairman of a subcommittee. I don't remember much about the research or whatever I did, but I do remember that I did a very short draft report, maybe four or five pages. Senator Taft called me to his office on a Saturday or a Sunday morning, and went over that draft meticulously, point by point by point, and made

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it his own. I remember being tremendously impressed. It was the first and only time I really worked closely with him. The care with which that man absorbed every word and knew what he was putting down impressed me no end. He was a great man. I think it was the next day he went into the hospital and he never came back.

I had a much closer relationship with Elbert Thomas of Utah, and also with Guy Gillette of Iowa. I went with Senator Thomas to conduct several hearings on the UN in various parts of the country. Did the same thing with Guy Gillette. He was a charming individual. I remember one incident in a town in the midwest when we went for a walk before breakfast and several people came up and spoke to him. He was innately gracious. I recall his saying to me at one time: "I don't know what there is about me, I guess I just look like a senator." Then he told me about an incident in California when someone had come up to him and said, "Mister, we're looking for a person to play the part of a senator in this movie, and would you like to come and try out. The producer had gotten a real live senator by the lapels.

RITCHIE: What about Arthur Vandenberg? Did you have any dealings with him?

MARCY: I don't recall any particular incidents. I should, but I think he relied mostly on Francis.

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RITCHIE: The State Department, especially from reading the memoirs of people who worked there, seemed to have the feeling that senators were people to be appeased, but not necessarily taken all that seriously, and certainly not to take their advice on important matters. Acheson and others have a tendency to downplay the contributions that Vandenberg and others made. You were coming

out of the State Department and going to the Committee. I was wondering how you looked on these people. Did they seem like major figures? Or politicians? People to be humored? How did you come into this scene, making a large leap from the State Department to the Committee?

MARCY: The main thing I recall that is relevant to the question you ask is, when it became known that I was leaving the Department to go to the Committee, I got advice from all kinds of people. Generally, the advice was don't do it, don't do it-- stay with the bureaucracy. This is a good, sure, solid place. You go to the Hill and get involved with those politicians, and you may be there for a couple of years, and then you will be out on your ear. It's the same kind of advice that I got from my friend Lindsay Rogers. He said, "You know, it's nice that you're working with them up there, but for heaven's sakes, don't try to make a career out of that." So I was sort of running against the tide, which makes of your point. As for the general attitude of the Department of State it viewed Congress as just a damn nuisance. We answer their mail, we provide

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parking places for them when they want to come to the Department of State, we're constantly interrupted in our work by hearings. That was pretty much the attitude. I was running against the general trend of things when I left the security of State to go to work for Congress. I don't remember anyone else very anxious at that time to leave the Department of State and work for Congress. I recall one State Department officer who asked me after I was working on the Hill: "Well, Marcy, are you with us or against us?"

One of the things that intrigued me about the Hill was that it is a much better place for the propagation of ideas than in the Department of State. When I was in the Department of State, if you drafted a paper it had to be cleared all over the place. Eight or ten signatures was not unusual at all. And anyone would be likely to make changes. As a matter of fact, that first man I worked for in the Department of State, Bernard Gufler, was a career foreign service officer. I would say, "Now, Guf, you sign this and we'll send it directly to Breckinridge Long." "Carl," he said, "You've got to learn a lesson. You want these people in the Department to *know* about you. It's a good draft. You want to get that draft circulated so as many people as possible will say Marcy's pretty good." So he said, "Let's see, the Western European division ought to see the paper because it relates to something there, but that's certainly also of concern to the Far East, so let's put that down." That was one of the games that was played. My main point is that within the

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environment of a congressional committee if Senator A doesn't like the idea, Senator B might, and right on down the line. In a congressional committee there are ten or twelve potential outlets for a concept. So that's a game that can be

played within limits. If you've got some wild idea and a senator says, "Oh, that's no good," you drop it. But on the other hand he might say, "Well, you know, that's not bad, you might want to try it out somewhere else," so one can toy with concepts and get an amendment drafted, or a speech made, or a study started. Much depends on your own initiative in the congressional environment. All of the good ideas, of course, that the Foreign Relations Committee developed came from me, and the bad ideas originated elsewhere!

RITCHIE: The staff of the Committee when you joined it was actually smaller than the number of Committee members; there were only seven or eight full-time staff members.

MARCY: That's right.

RITCHIE: So you must have been the right arm of the members of the Committee.

MARCY: There was a change in emphasis during that period. Francis and I had different ideas about the role of the staff and our relationship with the Department of State. I say this with some qualification and it would have to be checked out more carefully, but my

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recollection is that prior to the time when Francis was chief of staff, practically all Committee reports were either written by the senators themselves or written in the executive branch. An issue would come up, there would be a hearing, and the executive branch would be asked to draft the report. That kind of thing. Francis began to change that system and the staff started drafting reports. I can't say I know of any instance in which Francis asked the Department of State to draft a report, but the reports we drafted were almost invariably sent downtown so they could be checked out, or they would give us paragraphs to include. After I became staff director, we dropped that. I thought the staff was there to write the reports. The reports were to express the senators' views, and it was really none of the State Department's business. I guess I tended to be more secretive than the Department liked. I'm sure some officers there resented the kind of change that was going on.

[End of Interview #1]