

PART THREE

1974 - 1975 ANDREW CORDIER'S LAST YEAR

Thucydides described his Greek heroes as men who "dared beyond their strength, hazarded against their judgment, and in extremities were in excellent hope. "

Thucydides, 460-400 B.C.
The Peloponnesian War, Book 1, 70
(The Corinthians speaking of the Athenians)

1974-1975 ANDREW CORDIER'S LAST YEAR

Attempts to write memoirs, illness,
family and financial problems

In these pages I shall try to depict the last year of Andrew Cordier's life as it was, with its trials and tribulations, its victories and defeats, its petty moments and its great ones. There was his illness and there was his odyssey in search of a book in which I became involved. This story tells of his great desire to write his memoirs before he died, of his determination in the pursuit of that goal and his obstinancy in the face of adversity and defeat, which in the end astounded all who knew him. It is filled with pathos because it of necessity dwells on his illness and the events surrounding it. Some may say there is too much sadness for it to be told -- some may think there is too much of the detail of his day to day struggle to keep going, and that I have introduced too many trivialities. But all the events, great and small form the thread of the story of how he went forward despite his desolate situation and the small day to day obstacles that would have deterred a man of lesser will and determination. He was down many times during his last year but he never accepted defeat until like the boxer in the ring he could no longer "get up from the floor." One of his friends described him as a man "who had kept the engine running long after it should have stopped."

I had last heard from him after the death of his wife. In December 1973 I sent Christmas Greetings with a brief note giving a change of address and explaining that I had sold my house. He replied saying he was just about to leave for California to spend three months at the University of California in Berkeley as Regents Professor. In his letter he mentioned the memoirs again and spoke of the possibility of an interview. I replied suggesting that perhaps in the summer I could spend three weeks in New York for this purpose as well as to have a look at his United Nations papers but it would have to be on my vacation as I was now permanently employed with a local trust company.

In early January he replied from Berkeley in a clear, well-expressed letter asking if I would consider spending two to three years at Columbia University for the purpose of assisting him with his United Nations memoirs which he was now ready to tackle. He said he also planned to write a book on his years at Columbia University but explained that there was someone else that he had in mind to collaborate with him on that. He suggested the salary which he could offer. His letter came as a complete surprise and out of the blue.

Because of my long association with him at the United Nations I knew that I could be of considerable help to him and my later experience with the Office of Public Information would also be

useful. The possibility of working with him on his book intrigued me. Moreover this time I did not feel inclined to turn him down. On the other hand I was reluctant to return to New York as I knew it would mean a considerable financial and psychological adjustment. I explained all this in a letter, adding that I was however giving the matter serious consideration. One thing had worried me -- he indicated that he might have to place me against a secretarial post, that his present secretary had indicated she would be wanting to make a change because, as she had told him she "would like to be with someone who would be around for 'the long haul'" This sounded to me like a situation that could present difficulties and was not a little reminiscent of Andy's administrative "wishful thinking." In any event -- and aside from the obvious personnel difficulty -- for practical reasons I thought a straight research post would be better, but I decided not to make an issue of it then, hoping that another post would turn up in the interim.

Several weeks went by and no reply from him. Concerned that he had never received my letter I decided to check with the Hotel Durant where he was suppose to be staying just to reassure myself that he was still there and that I had not misdirected my reply. To my surprise instead of answering my inquiry the hotel operator put me straight through to Cordier. He was overjoyed when he heard my voice because he thought I had called to give a firm acceptance. Immediately he said "Oh, I'm so glad you've decided to come." I was taken aback because I had not expected to speak to him and neither had I arrived

at a firm decision -- I was still in the deliberating stage. But in typical "Andy fashion" as they used to say at the United Nations, he was so quick and so positive that he turned the trick and before I knew it I had firmly accepted. His voice sounded fine, just like the old Andrew Cordier. During the conversation I raised the question of the practical arrangements and asked if he could put me against a research post, that I thought it would be better. His answer was that the whole problem was a question of funds.

While he was still in California we had a further exchange of letters; in one he asked that I send a curriculum vitae to his home in Great Neck so that immediately upon his return to New York at the end of March he could begin setting things in motion with the Personnel Office of the University. We agreed on July 1st as a starting date, and I began thinking in terms of leaving Saskatoon in mid-June. Because it was Andy Cordier and because of his status at Columbia University I had no doubt but that everything would be arranged without difficulty. However during the weeks that followed the date of his return to New York I received nothing further in writing from him, nor did I receive a letter of appointment from Columbia University. I was puzzled. Finally I was able to reach him by phone, but only after several futile attempts during which I was informed that he was in hospital

"for tests" -- no other explanation. He told me that it was difficult for him to place calls from the hospital and that was the reason he had not returned my call, but he assured me that "everything was going along smoothly." Some instinct told me that this was not so and I suggested to him that if there were difficulties with the University there was still time to cancel out the arrangements, that I could still retain my apartment and also my job with the trust company, but he sounded very confident and I decided to go ahead with my plans.

It was close to my departure and I still had nothing in writing either from him or from Columbia University, although we had been in contact by phone several times. One of the things I required for the border crossing, since I was going to be working in the United States, was a document of some kind from Columbia University, or from the Department of Immigration, and this was the subject of one of our phone conversations. I had also written him about it. Needless to say it was with a good deal of trepidation that I set out for New York for I still had no confirmation of any kind and I had to cross the border as a "visitor." I doubt if I would have done it for anyone else but Andy Cordier..

Although he had kept reassuring me, Andy had indeed run into unexpected difficulties which he had not wanted to tell me about,

and knowing him I am sure he thought he could straighten them out somehow. First there was the rapid deterioration in his health both while in California, and following his return, and this was why he had been hospitalized. Difficulties had arisen about funds -- he had discovered in the interim that certain monies which he had been expecting from the University for his research and writing project would not be forthcoming; the "secretarial" post which he had planned to use was not so readily available after all, and finally there was some resistance from Columbia to my appointment because of the "affirmative action" programme of the United States Government to give job opportunities to minority groups and under this the University wanted to give "appointments like mine" to black candidates if possible. This could have been because Cordier did not at first seek a post of professional status for me. So things were not going smoothly at all for him but he was not about to give up either with me or Columbia. The underlying cause with Columbia could have been his state of health.

By all accounts Andy's condition had been gradually worsening over the years but this deterioration had accelerated in the last year and a half of his life. Friends who had seen him in September 1973 at a memorial service for Hammarskjold told me that he looked fairly normal then and indeed I saw photographs that would indicate this. Apparently the decided change came a few months later because

when he arrived in Berkeley in January 1974 I did hear that people were shocked at his appearance and other changes in him, but perhaps he himself did not feel as ill as he looked or acted. While in Berkeley staying at the Hotel Durant he seems to have kept up an active program of lectures and speaking engagements, even travelling away from the campus to do so. From his files one could see that he also engaged in considerable personal correspondence during those three months and his letters were clear and concise.

Nevertheless I believe he was already frightened and worried by the time he set out for Berkeley, and experiencing a sense of loneliness too, because in the first letter to me -- in which incidentally he thought I might now be residing in Vancouver -- he suggested that if I happened to be visiting in the San Francisco area I should be sure to come to see him at Berkeley. I know that he also urged other of his friends to come there to see him and I learned that his granddaughter did spend some time with him in California. I was interested later to hear from him how much he loved California -- that he was thrilled with his stay in Berkeley and if it had not been for the fact that his roots were now in New York, with his children and grandchildren there, he would like to have remained in California.

The mysterious interruption in our correspondence which had

caused me such concern in Canada was followed by a mysterious kind of behaviour on his part when I arrived in New York in the final week of June 1974. I was to stay at first with friends in Connecticut just outside of New York and had given him my phone number there. He knew the date of my arrival and he telephoned me on that day but he was very reticent about everything -- his recent hospitalizations -- my appointment at Columbia University -- and about making arrangements to see me. There were excuses about the grandchildren being at the house so he could not see me there; he did not yet want me to come to see him at the office and I was to postpone opening a bank account in the Columbia University area for, it seemed, my appointment had not yet been finalized. He sounded irascible and abrupt, This all came as a shock and after several more telephone conversations, and much discouragement on my part, he finally offered to meet me for lunch at Butler Hall, a restaurant on the Columbia University campus, almost a week after my arrival. On the appointed day I was waiting in the foyer of the restaurant when the hostess came forward to ask if she could help. I replied that I was waiting for Dr. Cordier, whereupon she immediately summoned one of the waitresses and asked her to "fix up a table immediately for Dr. Cordier" and to serve him as soon as he arrived, adding as she turned to me "Dr. Cordier is a sick man, a very sick man." This was not good news and I was astonished and immediately worried.

I looked about me and still could not see him. But then suddenly from behind me a low voice said "Hi, neighbour." I turned to see a stranger peering at me, someone I had never seen before. This man said "Its Andy." I could not believe my eyes. In the two years since I had last seen him the burly, stocky man had disappeared. In his place stood a smallish old man with a narrow head and face, a long hooked nose and very little hair. He was stooped with a large abdomen. His skin had a grayish tone; his mouth was slightly distorted. Only the voice was familiar. He looked like a dying person. Suddenly a lot fell into place. I thought -- there is no job, no book, he is dying. Thinking back now at how ill he was, I realize I should have been more patient and tolerant. But at that moment I was very insecure and so I became upset and angry within myself. I tried to conceal my feelings but shortly after we sat down I blurted out "Andy, tell me about you, you've been ill, what is it?" I'm afraid my tone was rather abrupt. He replied, "Oh, just a little liver trouble which has some unfortunate side effects!" And he changed the subject and began to talk about the book. Would I begin by researching the papers in his United Nations cabinets to familiarize myself again with the contents as I had not looked at them in twelve years. He handed the file list to me. He mentioned very little about his personal situation at home. We talked about Louise and her shop in Connecticut. One or two university people came to the table to greet him, a little tentatively, a little

diffidently I thought, as though they hardly knew what to say. It could have been his appearance and the change in him that was upsetting them.

I had told him that I would like to live in an apartment to hotel/begin with and he had reserved a furnished apartment for me at Butler Hall, the one apartment hotel on the Columbia University campus. After lunch this day he took me around to introduce me to the manager and her assistant. It was obvious that they held him in high esteem and had considerable affection for him. Later they informed me that they had great faith in him in and/his capacity to overcome his difficulties and write his book.

Andy and I then proceeded to his office in the School of International Affairs. He said that his secretary "was taking a few days off" and had suggested to him that I "could fill in for her." I was a little puzzled and surprised by this and protested because I did not want to intrude in any way. He insisted that this was just a temporary measure until my job was approved, that in any event I was to be placed against a research post. I was relieved to hear this because it was ten years since I had done any secretarial work, and in any case it would not have been a very practical idea if I were going to work with him on the book. However in spite of his reassurance I sensed that

I was in for a very trying office situation. I tried to calm myself -- I believe he dictated something and I had difficulty typing it because I was unaccustomed to the typewriter. Presently the afternoon was over. His driver took him home to Great Neck and I returned in my own car to my friends in Connecticut, shaken and upset at what I had found. I had brought my Volkswagen from Canada, which turned out to be a godsend with all the trips I was later to make back and forth to Great Neck and ^{to} the various hospitals that he entered.

That evening I received a call from his daughter Louise from Connecticut. She asked me how things were going. I was relieved and pleased to hear from her. I unburdened myself. She said "The reason Dad did not want to see you was that he did not want you to see him." She told me that his health was poor, that the grandchildren were living at his home; that because of this it was a very difficult situation so far as she was concerned, so much so that she did not feel there was any point in her going to the house in Great Neck except when it was absolutely necessary. He had been hospitalized more than once since his return at the end of March and doubtless that was why he had not written. He had been too ill to do much. I asked why no one had let me know. She explained that as for herself she had been unaware until very recently that I was coming. Actually, as it turned out, I found that everyone concerned seemed to have assumed that I was fully

informed about the state of Andy's health before I left Canada.

It was during the first few days of the following week that I discovered there was no publisher and that Cordier was sorely in need of funds to carry on with his writing project. At this time I was still unaware that he had only recently learned that the research monies that he had been counting on from the University when he invited me to come to Columbia would not be made available to him. Consequently I could not understand why he was only now beginning to try and raise money for it was during those few days that he prepared his first approach to donors for funds. In response to these approaches he did receive some modest amounts but it was not nearly what he had hoped for.

I was also puzzled to discover that he had done nothing up to now about a publisher as I felt he had access to many publishers, remembering the number that had approached him when he resigned from the United Nations. In addition he had an entree with Columbia University Press although he had informed me that it was not his intention to approach them to do his memoirs. The only conclusion I could come to was that ill health had prevented him from seeking out a publisher before this.

At the end of my third day in his office, in spite of the

fact that he looked so sick and weary, I decided to try and explain my apprehensions to him. I said it had now been six months since we had first discussed my coming to Columbia and if the University was still holding up my appointment, then they might never approve it, or else they might prolong approval for months. I felt I could not remain in New York without the additional income and that I should return to Canada. This seem to come as a great surprise to him and he became distressed and angry. It was the first time I had seen him like this. "What was a little delay in the approval of the appointment, he said, adding that he thought there must be something else which I was not telling him. After all, he said, he had gone to a great deal of trouble to get me on the Columbia staff, and if I did not stay I would be putting him in an embarrassing position with the President of the University and all others concerned. Why had I come to New York if I was not interested in working on the book. He had interpreted me wrongly there as I certainly was interested in the book but I didn't think it was now a valid possibility and I was concerned about finances and my immigration status. He repeated that there must be some other reason. He was right, of course, there was an underlying one and it was the state of his health, but I had not wanted to mention this. However now I thought I should be more frank with him so I said "Andy, you are not strong enough to do a book -- it takes a great deal of energy and drive -- please give up the idea."

I felt that he had only one or two months to live at the most, but of course I did not say this to him or that I thought perhaps Columbia was withholding my appointment because of his health. He protested again and asked me if I was really serious about returning to Canada. I said I was. We did not part on a happy note. He was distressed and so was I. In the light of my decision I thought I had better release the apartment at Butler Hall. I was convinced that he had brought me to New York on a fool's errand or out of caprice. Later I realized that I had been unfair to him. I went to see Louise in Connecticut and told her what I felt the situation was as I thought she deserved an explanation.

It was my intention to start back for Canada immediately but my friends convinced me that I should postpone my return for a couple of weeks and rest in their home which would be at my disposal while they were away. I was glad to accept their offer and spent the next ten days doing as they had suggested. I made frequent trips to the shore to walk and think things over. Soon I was feeling more relaxed. It seemed best not to phone Andy again. But I was upset and sad. His face haunted me, his pathetic situation was almost more than I could bear. Who of us who had known him in earlier years at the United Nations would have expected, or wanted to see this

vigorous, vital man in such a sorry state? Who could have even visualized such a thing?

The Friday before I was to depart for Canada I was startled to receive a phone call from him. In his old quiet tone he said "You are still there? You have a job at Columbia, you can start right away. It is a research post." Unhappily, only a few moments before I had had word from Canada of the sudden illness of my brother with congestive heart failure and I had just told my sister-in-law that I would be returning to Canada immediately. I explained this to Cordier. His reply was "Lots of people get over heart attacks, you know. And what about me, after all I've gone through to get this appointment approved and all the plans for the book!" He had a point there, so I said weakly "I'll call you back." Then I sat down and thought for a while -- I was in a terrible dilemma. Finally I called my sister-in-law who had just come from another visit to the hospital and found that my brother seemed much improved. She said "Maybe you had better stay, it will be hard on Mr. Cordier if you don't." I agreed. I phoned him and said "It is o.k." and reported for duty on Monday, 15 July. He gave me an office two doors down from his and provided me with a typewriter. He was right after all -- my brother did recover!

Shortly after my arrival at Columbia I was introduced briefly to one of the officials who had had to give approval to my appointment. When he heard my name he looked at me and smiled, saying "He still thinks he is President and wants his own way." In my heart I half agreed with him but later when I recalled what Cordier had gone through in his two years as President, it seemed to me that this had been little to ask, especially when it was obvious that he could not survive for long, but then I did not know universities.

Cordier had been looking around for some time for a person of similar background to mine to collaborate with him on his United Nations memoirs and he was anxious to get started for he knew he was working against time. Consequently when I agreed to come he was delighted. It became more apparent to me as time went on why he had not forewarned me about the state of his health. He wanted to get the book started and he was confident that he could overcome his illness sufficiently to prolong his life for several more years. He realized that if I had known beforehand it would have deterred me from coming to New York. Moreover he thought he was doing me a favour in the long run. When I was retiring he had counselled me against returning to my home country, saying "one can never go back" after being away for so long. It was his impression that I had found the adjustment as difficult as he had envisaged, and he was right although we never discussed it again.

Now at last he had the problem of me solved but that did not mean that he was out of the woods yet. He still had another staff member to take into account. His secretary who was by now back on duty was definitely upset. I had not displaced her but she felt that in principle I had because of his original intention to use her post if necessary and if possible. This explained the unusual message she had left with him for me on my first day at the university. This little administrative tangle arising out of Andy's insecurity with regard to working funds, his ill health and his anxiety to get started on his book, did not help matters for him.

Gradually I began to become more aware of the extent of his problems, both at home and at his office. What a tangled mess he was in! Everywhere he looked he was in difficulty -- the deterioration of his health, the unexpected hospitalizations, the problems at home. He was trying to cope there by himself -- to provide the food, even to preparing his own at times, to run the house and at the same time to meet the demands and emotional problems of the two young people in his home. He had personal financial worries now as well as those at the University. His income--consisting of several pensions from his teaching career, the United Nations and Columbia University--which had looked more than

adequate just a few years earlier, now seemed to have melted to half the value owing not only to inflation, but to the additional household expenses arising from his own illness and the additional family responsibilities. Eventually before his death he was forced to place a mortgage on his house to meet personal expenses.

He felt hard pressed to raise money for his writing projects, and the outstanding building deficit on the School of International Affairs was giving him concern for he was still Director of Development for the School. Unfortunately as far as fundraising was concerned it goes without saying that he no longer had the same drive or influence. There was in any event a shortage of donor funds everywhere at this time and a reluctance to give money to universities, let alone to someone in Cordier's perilous state of health.

Yet somehow in spite of this incredible situation, Andrew Cordier had managed to keep me in New York, to finally get my appointment approved, to reserve the apartment at Butler Hall and even to hold on to it after I had released it. He had phoned the apartment manager and asked her what reason I had given for releasing the apartment. She replied that I was afraid the appointment would not come through. He simply said "Hold the apartment, everything will be all right, she will be taking it." She did as he requested for she had more faith in Andy's powers at that moment than I did. Andrew Cordier still knew how to put the

phone to good use and I must confess that I was impressed by his tenacity and audacity in the face of the great disadvantages under which he was having to operate. His great strength lay in the fact that he never doubted his own cause, even now.

He was weak, his movements were cumbrous, he walked with difficulty and his coordination was poor. His hands shook, signs it seems of Parkinson's disease. All food seemed to have become a chemical problem for him, although he still enjoyed eating and had a ravenous appetite. He was continually trying to find the proper diet and he had been given several of them. Alas here was the man who had been the gourmand, who had had the constitution of an ox, the stomach of iron. I know that he was acutely aware of his altered appearance because on one occasion he said to me "I have become a monstrosity." As the swelling would increase or decrease owing to the edema he would have to have his shirts and suits altered. He was finding it difficult to tie his shoes with that distended abdomen of his. The problems stemming from his illness seemed endless -- the side effects as he called them.

Actually rather early signs of health problems appeared not long after he went to Columbia University. For example he began to have a lot of trouble with his teeth whereas up to the time

he left the United Nations he had never had a cavity, an extraction or a gum infection. This was one of the things he used to boast about to his less fortunate friends, the ordinary mortals around him. He could consume quantities of lifesavers, chocolates and other sweets without any apparent ill effects to his teeth. Somewhere along the line there was a diagnosis of diabetes and the deterioration in his teeth seemed to coincide with that. There followed a period of several years when he was constantly having dental work done. Eventually most of his teeth were extracted and he now wore dentures which were not a good fit. He had tried several times to have this rectified but without success. This contributed substantially to his changed facial appearance.

In spite of his frail condition there was a great and awesome, almost biblical, dignity about Andrew Cordier in his last days and he was in a way a little distant in manner. Perhaps it was due to his problems or perhaps to his age and physical condition but I think it was more than that. It was a subtle change that had taken place in his personality since the time we had known him at the United Nations. I had to remind myself that in the twelve years that had passed he had been living in a different world. First he had been Dean of the School of International

Affairs and then President of this large University -- he had borne great responsibilities of a different kind to what he had had at the United Nations. New worlds had opened up to him, new experiences, new people, new problems, new suffering. He and I had to start off almost from scratch -- we had not worked together for twelve years. Even if he had not been ill it would have taken a little time. I felt a little embarrassed calling him "Andy" now. At the University he was "Dr. Cordier" to everyone. There was not the same easy informality that there had been at the United Nations.

When I arrived at Columbia I became the fourth member of Andy's small staff. Already there were his secretary, the chauffeur, and one editor who was working on the remaining unpublished volumes of the PUBLIC PAPERS. The editor was Charlotte Carpenter, a former United Nations staff member and an old friend of his and mine. The "Public Papers" project on which she was working had grown out of Cordier's early wish to do a history of the United Nations after he first came to Columbia University. He had enlisted the cooperation of a former United Nations official, Wilder Foote and they had invited Ruth Russell, formerly of Brookings Institution in Washington, to work with them. For a while they had explored the possibilities of a history but perhaps

because Andy was too busy with university responsibilities the history project never did get launched. Then in 1966 he and Wilder Foote chose another approach. They would assemble the public papers and statements of the first three Secretaries-General -- Lie, Hammarskjold and U Thant and publish them with historical commentaries. This eventually became an eight volume series, the first volume was devoted to the Lie papers, the next four to the Hammarskjold papers and the last three to U Thant. Wilder Foote was co-editor with him on the Lie and Hammarskjold books but the U Thant volumes were co-edited by Max Harrelson, who had been Chief of the Associated Press Bureau at the United Nations. By the time I arrived in 1974 all the manuscripts had been completed and some volumes already published, but a good deal of editorial work remained to be done on the unpublished manuscripts.

Cordier's private office was located on the Southeast corner of the fourteenth floor of the School of International Affairs on East 118th Street. It was a spacious and attractive room with deep, low set windows looking Southward to downtown Manhattan and Eastward to Harlem, the East River and over to the Triboro Bridge. Windows dominated the whole South wall and there was one window on the East wall, at the Southeast corner, so that there was an "L" of windows in the room. There was a large tropical plant in

that corner which I was told someone had given him. The furniture was simple and modern in design, the upholstery light in colour. Along the East wall and facing the door was his desk. Opposite were two easy chairs and a sofa grouped around a large, circular coffee table. A small collection of inscribed photographs hung on the walls very informally -- they were of Dag Hammarskjold, Mike Pearson, Admiral Chester Nimitz and Eugene Ormondy. There also was the photograph of Andrew and Dorothy Cordier taken with Pope John XXIII in 1962. The bookshelves, which lined the East and West walls, were well filled with books on international affairs, history, economics and education. Atop the bookshelves behind Cordier's desk were three art objects -- a pottery vase from Mexico, a handsome piece of bronze sculpture depicting three racing athletes, and a gilt birdcage containing a stuffed bird. This was a music box which emitted a lovely bird song when you wound it up, although I did not discover this until after his death. These three objects caught my eye every time I entered the room. I never did get around to asking him about them but I assumed they had been given to him as gifts. On a small liquor cabinet in another corner of the room stood a handsome lamp with a copper base in the form of a large globe. It was a relaxed and inviting place, and I was pleased that if this had to be Andy's last office, that it should have turned out to be like this.

Andy began to lay the ground for his memoirs. He informed me that my office was to be the repository of all his United Nations material, and I was gradually to transfer this from his office to mine. He requested some material that he was interested in from the Oral History Department -- a 1963 interview with him and another with Ernest Gross, a former United Nations associate. He instructed me to research both interviews carefully. He asked me to start reading some of the important books already published on the earlier period of the United Nations. There was General Burns' "Between Arab and Israeli" -- Trygve Lie's "In the Cause of Peace -- Brian Urquhart's "Hammarskjold" and others. He reminded me once again that I was to begin screening the eight cabinets of papers which he had brought with him from the United Nations so that I would know exactly what we had there. Actually these were the files that I had originally maintained for him as working papers but it was twelve years since I had had a look at them. They had already been used as a source material for the commentaries on the PUBLIC PAPERS. He was particularly anxious to know what there was in the way of Congo cables -- he thought some were missing, that there was a gap covering the fatal -- for him -- period when he was there in August 1960. He was also looking for some ^{personal} correspondence of that period with Bunche. I realized that this was going to form an important part of his memoirs and I was not surprised.

He asked me to set up appointments at the United Nations Archives as he wished to go there with me to examine some of the early files. We made four or five visits there in late August and September 1974. The Archives were located in Long Island City and not easily accessible. I would take the special bus from the United Nations in the morning and Cordier's driver would bring him to Long Island City directly from Great Neck. The Chief of the Archives, Alf Erlandsson, a Swede extended every courtesy -- it was his first meeting with Cordier but he knew him by reputation. We were provided with any archival papers that we needed. I always arrived ahead of Andy and would be ready with the papers we were to work on. Obviously the whole exercise was an effort for him. He was usually a little late and when he arrived he would make his way slowly into the anteroom where we were working, ^{although} The first morning he sat and had coffee with me in the staff coffee room. When we would be looking at the papers, he always seemed to become preoccupied with what was happening at home and he would inevitably place a phone call or two to his house -- he seemed to be worried about his grandchildren although he never explained to me why. I do not believe we ever stayed more than a couple of hours each visit and I remember that I was constantly concerned about him because he seemed so frail and to speak even seemed to be an effort. He told me he wanted to start with the Congo although at first it

was not clear whether it was to be a general review or whether he was searching out specific things. I was trying to follow his thinking but it was not easy to get guidance from him on this. I finally concluded that he was primarily interested in the period when he was in the Congo in 1960 and also the September 1961 period when Hammarskjold went there for the last time. Unfortunately our visits were permanently interrupted when he sustained a fall on September 26th and we never returned after that. Limited as this research was, however, it had its value for we did manage to fill in some gaps in our own papers.

About this time too he asked me to set up an interview program for those in New York City whom he wished to interview and during August and September we arranged several appointments -- some of them luncheons. We coordinated a few of these with our visits to the Archives. On those occasions we would go from Long Island City into Manhattan for the appointments. Some luncheons took place in the Delegates' Dining room at the United Nations, some at the University Club in midtown Manhattan. I never took notes at these luncheons but would write them up later from memory. Like the visits to the Archives, the interviews were somewhat of an ordeal because of his frail condition and the reactions of his friends who had not seen him for a long period. Sometimes

he would appear to coordinate his thoughts well and to speak clearly; other times he would seem hazy and unable to concentrate.

At Columbia University I heard a few adverse comments about Cordier's plan to write a book -- that he was not a "writer" in any sense, that he did not have the temperament and "why would he even contemplate such a project?" My reaction was that he was very serious about it and I felt that only ill health would prevent him from accomplishing what he wanted to do. As to his ability to write there was no doubt in my mind about this since I had always found him to be a person who, when he took time to sit down and draft, could formulate his thoughts brilliantly and easily. He was naturally gifted in this respect and it was a quality that had obviously been enhanced by his early academic and lecturing career. As for his health, yes it was a risk but his determination might just see him through.

One day in July, very shortly after I had started, he made a surprising announcement -- he was going to have the house renovated; he thought it was in very poor shape. I immediately wondered if this could have been one of the reasons why he had stopped me from going to see him in Great Neck when I first arrived. It seemed that during Dorothy's last two years she had been unable

to accomplish much and since her death the house had deteriorated further because he did not always have help and the two grandchildren were living there. During the time^{that} he had been President of Columbia and they had resided on Morningside Heights, they had rarely used the Great Neck house. Andy felt it had been neglected and now he intended to do something about it. He enlisted the help of Louise in the painting and redecorating programme and from July 1974 onwards she began to spend much more time there in order to help him. Of course it meant being absent from the shop and it was not always convenient for it was a two hour drive each way. The renovation programme in the end cost him a good deal more than he could afford.

Louise and I were both saddened by her father's desire to redecorate the house as we felt he would not live to enjoy it. At the same time we were filled with admiration at his spirit and determination. He was making a valiant effort, it seemed to me to "pull himself up by his bootstraps", perhaps so as not to allow himself to be overwhelmed by his own sad state and by the loss of Dorothy. In any event he seemed determined to make a new start and he wanted to invite people to come to the house and see him -- he even looked forward to having some interviews there.

I learned later that he also had in mind -- and this was an

impractical idea of the kind he was wont to get sometimes -- that I would stay at the house after it was renovated and work on the book from there. This would have been impossible under the circumstances and in any event I was always the kind of a person who found it preferable to work in the environment of a regular office and to have my own separate living accommodation. But I remembered that during the United Nations years Andy Cordier had been inclined to fill his household with a various assortment of people at different times -- he welcomed people around him. There was a story about his first years at the United Nations when he and Dorothy rented a large house on Long Island and he kept inviting staff members who were temporarily without living accommodation to come and stay at their home. No one knew quite how Dorothy managed it, but somehow she did.

I had now reached a stage where I was pretending to Cordier and to myself that he was not seriously ill, that he would be around for an indefinite period, and that there would be a book. At first I did this for his morale but as time went on I almost became convinced of it myself. His own stubborn assumption that he would overcome his difficulties was catching. I did not treat him as an ill person. I was not saying "Poor Dr. Cordier, and how do you feel today?" Rather I might drop in to his office and say "Lets go to

the Faculty Club or Butler Hall for lunch!" I did this not only because I remembered how much he used to enjoy a good restaurant meal but because he did not seem to have any luncheon engagements with people on the campus and I thought it was possible that people were avoiding him now. However I discovered later that it was a little bit the other way round, that he himself was avoiding seeing people unless there was a specific purpose. Actually it was his practice to eat at his desk or not at all until he returned home. There were certain practical reasons for this -- he was trying to observe a strict diet and of course he could not enjoy a drink before lunch any more. He observed that rule faithfully.

In the first weeks he would respond with an "O.K." and we would go off for lunch. Once he asked the chauffeur to drive us to a Chinese restaurant near the University. He said the food was good there and indeed he seemed to enjoy that meal. On another occasion I gathered together Charlotte and two of the women staff members who had worked with him closely when he was President and we all lunched together at Butler Hall. He seemed very pleased about that. Once or twice he accompanied Charlotte and me to lunch at the cafeteria in Johnson Hall on the campus, and on one of those occasions we sat at an outside table in the warm September sun. If a special visitor appeared he would invite him to lunch on the campus, and if it happened to be a United Nations

colleague he would always include me in case something might come up that would be of interest for the book. I remember that one United Nations friend, Alf Katzin came to see him during that summer and the three of us lunched together. Afterwards when Katzin was leaving I expressed my concern about Andy. His reply was yes that Andy was in very bad shape but he might surprise me yet by his resiliency.

But after a time I began to think that Cordier was only going out of the building to lunch in order to accommodate me or to make things pleasant for me because he was worried about how I was settling in and so I took the initiative less and less. It seemed to be such a major physical effort for him and moreover he did not seem to smile or brighten up when he ran into people he knew at the Faculty Club or Butler Hall, and when they came over to greet him they would look embarrassed and unhappy as though they did not know what to say. Until close to the end there seemed to be very few of his Columbia colleagues who were aware of the exact nature of his illness. This was unfortunate in a way as some attributed his condition to advanced senility while others concluded that he was out of sorts because he was no longer President and that this was making him ornery and demanding.

The truth was he did not want people to know how ill he was; in fact he was putting up a pretence of not being ill at all. This

he made clear to me in various ways from time to time. He had, after all, gone to great lengths to conceal it from me. He was motivated by this strong desire to complete his memoirs. He needed money for this purpose and he knew that donors would be hesitant if they were fully aware of the seriousness of his condition but he still felt justified nonetheless in seeking their financial support because he was convinced of the worth of his project and that he could overcome his illness sufficiently to carry on for two or three more years, and long enough to complete his manuscripts.

On the whole this was a different Andrew Cordier to what I had known. Instead of mellowing with time he had become crusty. He would raise his voice, lose his temper and now and then resort to a little profanity and a few slangy terms. He had become impatient with people and he was inclined to make hasty judgments and to be suspicious. He did not seem to like anyone very much, or trust anyone -- he was sick and lonely. On one occasion in my presence he was very harsh with someone who came to his office. He was annoyed with him and he did not approve of what he was doing and he let him know it. Afterwards I remarked on it and said that I had never heard him address anyone that way before. His reply was that he had had to change when he became President of the University, that he had learned then that he had to become much tougher in his attitudes. This was doubtless true but in my view the change in him was due

in large measure to the deterioration in his health and to serious personal worries. In his illness and his desperation he had become crafty too and in the ensuing months I was to find myself filled with exasperation one moment and lost in admiration the next.

In my first days at Columbia I found myself groping, wondering how to act or react in this situation. Because of his illness I did not believe he had the energy or the will to do a book, but nevertheless for the sake of his morale I felt I should take the attitude that the project would go ahead, and I would talk to him as though this were the case. For instance I would urge him to spend a few minutes with the tape recorder each evening on some aspect of his memoirs. I was hoping that he would bring in a tape each day and I could begin typing up his recollections and thoughts. Alas how truly naive I was at this point not only about the limitations of his vitality and his mental alertness but of his domestic situation.

However one morning in August when he arrived at the office he handed me a tape. He said "I did this last night -- will you see how it reads -- I'm not sure it is any good." I was delighted and transcribed the tape. It was a few paragraphs about the Dag Hammarskjöld Library at the United Nations and ran to a page and a half. His voice came through clear and normal

and when the text was typed up I had not had to change a word. His thoughts were well ordered and the text read smoothly. Just as I was finishing it, he timidly approached my typewriter and asked in a low voice how it had gone. "Fine, wonderful" I replied. "You mean, I can do it?" he said. There were tears in his eyes. It seems he had been told that he was not "understandable" on tape. I realized that he had lost confidence to this extent at least.

Towards the end of August I began going out to Great Neck to sort and organize the large collection of papers which had accumulated in Andy's study. This came about by accident. I had come into his study on one of my first visits to the house and found several cartons of papers piled on top of one another. There were also several file cabinets and desk drawers filled with papers. Amongst them were a lot of United Nations papers and also many of his Columbia University papers. Apparently he had been using his study very little if at all for some time. I not only felt that I could help him by clearing out this room so that he could use it again, but at the same time it would serve a useful purpose to consolidate the papers he had at home with those in his office at Columbia.

Andy never did get around to making any more tapes. One of

the things that I had been suggesting before I was aware of the state the study was in was that he do his recording there in the evening. After listening to several comments of this nature from me he finally said quietly "Well, you see the grandchildren use the tape recorder to record music and it is not always easy for me to get hold of it." They were also using his study I found out. This was natural I guess -- as they were living there they had just gradually taken over the house and being a grandparent he was indulgent.

One day he startled me by announcing that we would be making a trip abroad in the late fall to interview former United Nations colleagues, that he had made provision for overseas research travel in his 1974-1975 budget. We should plan to leave at the beginning of November. I was to work out an itinerary and to review the United Nations papers he had on the Congo so that we would be in a solid position both for the interviews and for the research on the Hammarskjold papers which he was planning to do at the Royal Library in Stockholm on the way back to New York. I could not envisage such a trip because his condition was so poor both mentally and physically, but I did not wish to discourage him because if I did he might give up hope. I felt it was this-- and his faith in his own will to overcome -- that was keeping him going.

Between the two of us we put together a list of people to interview abroad which would take us to Dublin, London, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Tunis, Athens and Cairo. I started to assemble biographical sketches of everyone in order to facilitate the interviews.

My concern about the wisdom of this trip was temporarily overshadowed by another event. In the early hours of 26 September 1974 Cordier stumbled on his stairs at home and took a bad fall. It was four o'clock in the morning and thinking he heard voices in the kitchen -- actually his grandson was there with some friends -- he had started downstairs to investigate. Being very unsteady on his feet, he lost his footing and was catapulted down the stairs to the lower floor, landing several feet beyond the bottom of the staircase and knocking his head against the archway leading to the front door. He was lying on the floor with blood oozing from his head when his grandson found him and it was almost an hour before the ambulance arrived to take him to the North Shore hospital. He had suffered a broken arm and collarbone and the shock of the fall had precipitated a general crisis in his system. He was virtually in a coma and his body chemistry was "badly out of whack." Perhaps this is what had caused him to fall, for on the previous day I had noted on my calendar that his condition was only "fair." Because of the impaired liver, any build-up of certain substances -- for instance proteins or potassium -- could alter his

body chemistry to such an extent that the brain fluids became affected. There would be certain changes in him -- senile-like qualities would appear -- but when the body chemistry was corrected he would return to an almost normal state.

As luck would have it, Andy's secretary left and went to another position the day after he entered the hospital. When I told him he did not seem surprised. Because of his perilous state of health, I did not see the point then of raising the question of a replacement either with him or with the Personnel Office. Instead, in order to keep the routine things going for him, I quietly took on the care of the mail and the few administrative chores in his office. I found it almost impossible now to carry on with the research work, for not only was there this added work and the frequent trips to the hospital, but more important I was in such a disheartened frame of mind. Moreover I did not expect him to survive for much longer.

He remained in the North Shore Hospital until 24 October. At first he had been close to death and the verdict was that he would not pull through. Fortunately however, Cordier's personal physician, Dr. Sarkis Telfeyan was able to find an excellent male nurse who stayed with him for two weeks and whom the Doctor credited with pulling

him through that crisis. Andy surprised everyone by his recovery. When the special nurse had to leave the case, however, he was no longer content to be in the hospital and decided to discharge himself against the advice of both the medical staff and his own physician. Since he had made no more mention of the long trip I was convinced that he had abandoned the whole idea, and I was much relieved.

He was so delicate and frail when he left the hospital that Louise was concerned about how he would be able to manage at home. There was already someone who came once a week to clean the house and who seemed to get along with the grandchildren, but Louise now also had to find someone to cook for her father and to act as practical nurse. Through an agency recommended by the hospital she did find just such a person, a Jamaican woman who was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. Unfortunately she adopted such an attitude of missionary zeal that this irritated Andy and in spite of his frailty he had more than one acrimonious discussion with her. In addition there was another problem. She did not get along with the grandchildren. They resented her and seemed determined that she would not stay, so eventually she left. Things limped along from day to day at the house, seemingly held together by a very delicate thread.

The broken arm and collarbone had healed surprisingly well and Cordier was now managing to come to the office once in a while. He was to receive an award from the Federal Republic of Germany for his work in the international field, but the date for the presentation and other arrangements had still to be determined. This was on his mind and as soon as he was able to get around he got in touch with the German Consul-General about this event. He even made a special trip to see him regarding it. A December date was set and Cordier carefully prepared a small guest list for the reception. Even in his darkest days he still had great respect for any award that he was about to receive, or had been the recipient of.

Being by nature of an optimistic outlook, he was always planning for "tomorrow." One day about this time he told me that he wished to send away for a seed catalogue so that he could make a selection of seeds and shrubs for his garden "next spring." I was dubious about his planning so far into the future but nonetheless I sent off a letter to the seed firm and he did receive the catalogue but I am not sure whether he was ever able to make use of it.

During this period he was frequently in touch by phone with Wilder Foote, his old friend and co-editor of the PUBLIC PAPERS. Wilder

lived in Camden, Maine and he and Cordier were putting the finishing touches on the last of the Hammarskjold volumes. In November Wilder flew down from Camden for discussions with Andy and I made reservations for him at Butler Hall. He had only recently returned from France where he had been living for a year and he had not seen Cordier in that time. He was much distressed at the change in him. On the day he returned to Camden, Charlotte drove Wilder to the airport and I accompanied her. It was the last time we were to see Wilder for he passed away the following February. It never occurred to us that he would go before Cordier as he seemed in such good health on that visit, but he had suffered a heart attack several years earlier. His death brought great distress to Cordier because it meant the loss of a dear friend and colleague. Moreover he had hoped to work with him further -- he thought Wilder might go over the manuscript of his memoirs when it was ready for, as he said to me, "I might get carried away and Wilder will check me up." Not many months before Wilder's death he had lost another close friend, Dragan Protitch and this had depressed him. Together they had shared many of the political problems at the United Nations where Dragan had been Director of the Political and Security Council Affairs Department. Not only had they worked closely together but they had been neighbours in Great Neck for many years.

On November 3rd Andy had a set back of a different kind. The newly decorated house to which he and Louise had given so much

thought and of which he was so proud, suffered smoke damage from a faulty oil heater. He was dismayed at this and seemed quite shaken up for some days after. However it was not long before the insurance company sent in a special team to repair the damage and put the house back in order. I was afraid the ordeal might finish him, but no, surprisingly he survived it.

The last of the luncheon outings with me took place in November. He had not been long out^{of}/the hospital -- it was decided we would go to Butler Hall which was around the corner and only two short blocks away from the School of International Affairs. He said he preferred to walk that short distance instead of having the chauffeur drive him. We started to walk but he very soon began to weaken and I thought he would collapse before we arrived at Butler Hall. He seemed to be short of breath. However we were able to continue and even to have our lunch in the rooftop restaurant. But the return walk was even more difficult. He clasped my arm as we made our way slowly back to the School. There was a short incline and he was again breathing with difficulty. Finally we made it into the building and back up to his office. The expression in his eyes told me a good deal -- he knew he had gone one notch further downhill and the knowledge terrified him. He referred to the incident several times in the months that followed. He would say "Remember that last time I went to Butler Hall -- I cannot understand why I was like that." Of course I knew and I

think in his heart he knew too. As for me I had learned my lesson -- these luncheon outings were now out of the question.

At his office and at home Cordier was still receiving a considerable amount of mail from his various affiliations and his many friends but he seemed to be withdrawing gradually from most activities. He continued however to serve as a Trustee of Manchester College in Indiana and of the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation in Uppsala, Sweden. He was also President of the Japan International Christian University. He maintained his interest in these three affiliations to the end. I would send regrets to all other invitations and notices of meetings.

The principal things on his mind now were to raise funds for his writing projects; to find a source of funds to meet the deficit on the School of International Affairs building, a considerable sum; to get started on his memoirs; to obtain international gifts for the recessed art cases in the Library of the School; and lastly to speed up the publication of the PUBLIC Papers and to promote the sales and circulation of the already published volumes. Whenever he was at the office it seemed to me he never failed to call the Columbia University Press to enquire about the status of the work or to nag them on to greater sales efforts.

As for the deficit on the building, the amount of which was I understand somewhere in the neighbourhood of eleven million dollars, he clearly had little hope of raising this, first of all because the fund-raising climate in 1974 and 1975 was very poor owing to an uncertain economy, and secondly with his frail health he did not have the drive or the vitality for this kind of fund-raising. When he retired it was his intention to do this and he carried the title of Director of Development for the School. I think he dearly would have liked to have raised this money for the University, even though the deficit had come about due to the exigencies of the times rather than through any fault of his. The building was first planned and estimated for in the mid-sixties -- as a matter of fact one of Cordier's first responsibilities as Dean was to raise money for a new building to house the School of International Affairs. A certain portion of the costs were to be federally funded but when action on this was postponed by the federal government for an indefinite period, work on the project had to be held in abeyance until this problem was resolved. Cordier had already raised the University portion from private donors based on the initial estimates but owing to inflation and the subsequent lapse of time, the costs had increased so much after the resumption of the project that Cordier had to set about raising more

money from private donors. Even then bad luck persisted for his project because funds that he subsequently raised were allocated by the University not to his building but to another one on the campus. This was a great blow to Cordier and even though the donors were unhappy about their contributions being re-channelled, there was nothing Cordier could do about it. Unfortunately it is an accepted fact that this happens in university financing. Regrettably however there were some on the campus who later pointed to Andy in connection with the building deficit and he was subjected to much unfair criticism because of it.

The building itself is a handsome structure with excellent facilities and Cordier was justly proud of it. One day in 1974 as we were leaving the building he overheard two students make some uncomplimentary remarks about the elevators which that day were behaving erratically. This upset him and he turned and looked back at them saying irascibly, his voice high-pitched and quavering "I built this building." They gazed at him in wonderment not knowing who he was. He looked so frail and weak and old beyond his years that it must have seemed incredible to them that he could have had anything to do with the construction of this or anything else.

When I arrived in 1974 the School of International Affairs Building had been in use for several years but he still had not completed a project which was close to his heart. In the library there were a number of very fine recessed art cases for which he had envisioned gifts of a traditional cultural nature from different areas of the world in keeping with the international theme of the building. The acquisition of such gifts was very much on his mind and he planned to make formal approaches to different countries and regions. He had made a start at this but was too ill to carry on in a determined manner and progress was very slow indeed.

I should mention however that he had earlier managed to acquire two art acquisitions for the building itself, the negotiations for which had begun several years before my arrival. These were replicas of two beautiful mosaics of the second and third century periods, a gift of Habib Bourguiba Jr. of Tunisia. The stones used in these were the same kind as those which made up the original art works, so the mosaics were of considerable value. The placement of these was important to him and during the fall of 1974 he made arrangements to have them hung in the large travertine entrance of the School of International Affairs. Identification plaques were prepared by a calligrapher sought out by Andy, and these are mounted close by.

As President Emeritus he had at his disposal a car and a driver, but even so he appeared to have problems about transportation. The car itself was a black oldsmobile and I shall never forget it because some of my most vivid recollections of those days are of Cordier slowly climbing in and out of that car, or seated in the back seat, very sombre in his black hat and coat, with his emaciated face and large eyes, his mouth a thin straight line, looking for all the world like a "godfather" figure. I had always been accustomed to seeing him at the wheel of his own automobile and very much in command of it, so that it was a striking change for me to see him in a chauffeur-driven car. Andy had no car of his own and completely relied on the Columbia car to get about. Unfortunately this car, although not very old, was always in trouble. There were all too frequent occasions in that summer and fall when I would be expecting him to come in to the office and he would phone to say that the chauffeur said there was something wrong with the car and it would have to go to the garage for repair. Consequently Cordier would be forced to sit at home whether he wanted to or not. The repair bills were enormous and the University was complaining. Andy had approached them more than once with the suggestion that they replace the car with another but they never did meet his request and I surmised that it might have something to do with the precarious state of his health. However there were always

budget considerations and possibly too the University was seriously questioning the need for such extensive repairs.

I was surprised when I found that he no longer had his own personal car. When I asked him about it he confided in me that he had given up his car because of the difficulties of keeping it strictly for his own use, or in good working order. There was always someone in the family who wanted to use it and either it would not be available when he wanted it or sooner or later there would be some mishap causing it to be disabled. He had decided that he just could not continue to keep a car of his own under those circumstances. He even had difficulty maintaining control over the Columbia car. His grandson wanted to drive it but Cordier would not grant him permission, and aside from that both of the grandchildren expected transport in the car. He had lost one chauffeur already on this account some time before my arrival. While he forbade his grandson or any member of the family to drive the Columbia car, I was told that unknown to him his grandson had a key made and used the car at night after Andy had retired. According to the chauffeur this allegedly accounted for the troubles with the car and also for the exorbitant gasoline bills which Andy was paying.

Cordier in his present state of health was in no condition to

drive but he had always been very capable at the wheel. During the first weeks of September 1974 he became concerned about how his granddaughter, Cathy was getting along at the private school he was now attending in New England so he got into the Columbia car one week-end and drove himself to the airport in New England from where he could make a plane connection to the school. He found the trip difficult in both directions, not only because of bad weather but also owing to the awkward plane connections. Nevertheless I think that he considered the trip was well worth while. It was a miracle that with his swollen legs and abdomen he was ever able to get back to Great Neck without an accident. He never again attempted this.

During his hospitalization in September and October when he was so seriously ill I was surprised that Andy's personal chauffeur, whose salary was continuing during Andy's illness, never came to see him except by special request and when asked to do errands or shopping for the house he appeared to resent it. He would usually give some excuse and when he did show up it was with obvious reluctance. Just about this time he complained to me over the phone about Columbia's "treatment of him", no salary advancement, no promotion and "now with Dr. Cordier in the hospital and so ill, everything 'seemed to be falling apart.'" He would like to resign this job and try and better himself elsewhere. I knew how much Cordier

relied on him and how difficult it would be to find a replacement at this stage of Cordier's illness. I had assumed that the chauffeur would remain with Andy until the end which I was convinced was not very far off, perhaps even a matter of weeks. Normally he was able to make extra pay in overtime because of Cordier's special circumstances. I reminded him of this saying I hoped it was compensating for what he considered was his inadequate salary. This ill-directed conversation was to have later repercussions. When Cordier was out of the hospital and seemingly well enough, I informed him of what had happened because I did not wish him to be greeted with a surprise resignation. He later had a talk with the driver and the crisis appeared to be averted for a time at least, for the chauffeur stayed on. Later when I found that Cordier had begun to go out of his way to give him overtime work, because he was so anxious not to lose him, I regretted that I had ever raised the question.

Cordier loved to visit his daughter Louise at the shop she managed in Connecticut and one Sunday during the fall he invited me to drive there with him along with the chauffeur and his wife and Gene, his grandson. Everything went quite well. We had a nice visit with Louise. The shop was in a converted barn which had been remodelled in an artistic way, even to the apartment which

Louise occupied. Cordier seemed to enjoy the cheerful fire blazing away in the grate and once in a while he would move close to it, and rub his hands as if he were trying to keep warm. After the visit and before we returned to New York he entertained us at dinner in a fine restaurant nearby. He still enjoyed being the host.

Towards the latter part of November when he was still quite weak he looked at me defiantly one day and said "Better make arrangements for the trip to Stockholm in December." I said "What trip?". He replied, "I have to attend the annual meeting of the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation in Uppsala on December 14th. We can research the Hammarskjold papers at the Royal Library in Stockholm at the same time." I remonstrated, pointing out that he had not been long enough out of the hospital, but he insisted. He was very testy about it and, I thought, determined to brook all opposition. He explained that his expenses would be paid by the Foundation, but mine would come out of his research travel account at Columbia. Louise, when I discussed it with her, said she thought the trip would be good for her father's morale. While I certainly agreed with her on this score I was terrified that he would collapse while we were in Stockholm or that the logistics would be so difficult that it

would be a disastrous trip. The Swedes had not seen Cordier for a year -- what would they think when they saw him? But there was seemingly nothing I could do to change his mind so I went ahead with the plans. The travel arrangements were made and the appropriate letters written to the Hammarskjold Foundation in Uppsala and the Royal Library in Stockholm, as well as to several others.

We still had never discussed a secretarial replacement so I was surprised when he brought it up at the beginning of December. He said he realized that I had not been able to turn my attention to the reading and research that he wished me to do and he also felt that someone should be in his office while we were away on "trips". He asked me to prepare the formal request for a replacement. When it was ready he signed it and I sent it off to Personnel. He got on the phone and discussed it with one of the Personnel Officers whom he knew. But up to the time of our departure on December 12th nothing had happened about candidates. There was complete silence from Personnel. I did not think they were taking the request too seriously, and I was not surprised, but I was a little upset for Andy's sake.

On Wednesday, December 11th he received the award from

the German Government. The reception was held at the Consul-General's on Park Avenue. Louise and I accompanied her father to the reception. It was not a large group but there were some close associates from Columbia University and a few intimate friends. Andy, with his distended abdomen, his peaked face and sallow complexion, eyes larger than ever in their sockets, looked his frailest. The Consul-General made a presentation speech -- Cordier stood beside him listening intently, his arms folded across his chest, one hand tucked under the other in a familiar stance. When he moved to accept the award I did not expect that he would be able to reply but he suddenly seemed to assume new stature and began to speak. His remarks were thoughtful, interesting and brief; as one of his friends said "it was such a spontaneously graceful response." His voice had the old depth and resonance. I could hardly believe my ears. Without question he was the star of the event -- it was like a miracle to me. As soon as he concluded he headed for a chair and sat down. People came over to talk to him. Once again he appeared frail and tired, his shoulders slightly slumped.

We left for Stockholm the next evening at six. I had had it in mind to request a wheelchair at Kennedy airport but when I discussed it with him he refused to entertain such an idea. The chauffeur drove us to the airport from Columbia University. Andy's grandson had come with us to see his grandfather off. When we arrived at Kennedy airport, Cordier and I got out at the Scandinavian Airlines building. A porter took care of our luggage -- we followed him into the building. I went

through the procedures at the ticket counter with an eye on Andy who did not look very strong and he had not said much. When we were given the departure gate number I knew we were in for a long walk and I did not see how he would make it but he looked determined. He straightened his shoulders as if preparing himself for the ordeal and we started to walk. We had gone about a third of the way when I saw that he was nearing collapse. Nearby I saw a flight attendant pushing an empty wheelchair. I said to Andy "Wait here a minute" and flew over to her. She came back with me and we got him into the wheelchair. This was a "first" for him -- he had never required a wheelchair before, and it was just another milestone in his long downward trend.

We were taken to the first class lounge to await the plane departure and once there Andy seemed to enjoy the pleasant surroundings, looking more relaxed and content than he had in a long time. He even appeared optimistic after that inauspicious beginning and we chatted in the old casual way. Then we boarded the plane, he in the first class section and I not far behind in the economy section, but a little over to one side so that I could keep an eye on him. The stewardness in the first class lounge immediately took over. I had advised the Airlines ahead of time that he was on a special diet so they were prepared for the

dinner hour, but I had failed to take into account the lavish amenities of the first class lounge, where bowls of fruit and nuts were set out on an open buffet. Cordier saw them immediately and I noticed that he kept the stewardess busy bringing him the fruit and nuts. For a few hours the diet was non-existent. Every once in a while I would go over to see how he was and to sit with him. When the dinner was served he ate it all.

It was morning when we arrived in Stockholm. Olle Norberg from the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation was at the airport to meet us. How glad I was to see him. He was unaware of Andy's physical problems so he had come in a small car which Andy had difficulty easing himself into. Norberg drove us into Stockholm and to the Grand Hotel where we had reservations. During the drive I was thinking of Hammarskjold as I admired the winter landscape.

Our arrival on December 13th had coincided with the anniversary of St. Lucia, an important feast day in Sweden. The Grand Hotel had a festive air. Cordier was very sentimental by nature. For a number of years on his annual trips to Sweden, he had lunched ^{THERE} ~~there~~ with Bo Hammarskjold, older brother of Dag, and one of the Trustees of the Foundation. It was usual for Bo's daughter, Agneta Richter, to join them. Bo had passed away some months before and Andy, who wanted to perpetuate this tradition in some way, had

written Agneta from New York inviting her to lunch with him at the Grand Hotel on our first day in Sweden. Agneta arrived with her husband Dr. Richter, a physician who, along with Agneta was active in the Moral Rearmament Movement. We had an unexpected problem with the dining room because it was St. Lucia's day and we had not reserved ahead for luncheon. However through the good offices of Richter we managed to obtain a table. Andy was very pleased for he loved the Grand Hotel which he had come to know so well, and there was a Yuletide atmosphere in the great dining room that day which added to its beauty.

Half way through the luncheon, Dr. Richter leaned over to me and said in an undertone, "He is in very bad shape, what is the trouble?" I explained as best I could in a few words. Richter then turned to Cordier. He told him he had noticed that he was in considerable distress, and that in his view Andy should have some fluid drained off while he was in Stockholm. He, Richter could make the necessary arrangements. He seemed to regard it as a matter of some urgency. Andy apparently had not heard of the draining procedure and the idea intrigued him. In New York he had always been given diuretics to reduce the fluid and he had some of this medication with him. He told Richter he would think it over. This was Friday and the annual

meeting of the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation was to take place the next day in Uppsala at the offices of the Foundation. It was in Uppsala that Dag Hammarskjold lay buried. The week following was to be spent in researching the Hammarskjold papers at the Royal Library. I assumed that on reflection Andy decided it would not be feasible for him to enter the hospital in Stockholm for he did nothing about it. However he kept the idea in mind and he mentioned it several times during our stay. He seemed to think that Dr. Richter's suggestion could be the answer to his problems.

My room in the Grand Hotel was next door to his. I had especially requested this in case of emergency. I had brought along some research materials and Urquhart's book on Hammarskjold so that I could work on these in my spare time. I had also brought along some knitting. As it turned out these latter precautions were fortunate because the way the following week developed.

I spent a fitful night wondering if he had fallen or called out and I had not heard him. The next morning I was up and dressed early, on the alert for any sounds from the next room. Very soon I heard Cordier's voice calling me. I went in to find that I had to help him dress -- no one had warned me but I was not surprised. In his predicament dressing himself was difficult. He had to wear a binder around his abdomen it was so distended. He also wore

elastic stockings. He required assistance with these and also in putting on his shoes. One foot was so swollen that I found it difficult to tie the shoelaces, and I had to get down on the floor to do this. I joked about it and said "Andy, I never thought I would be on my knees to you." He laughed a bit and said "No, I guess you never did." He had managed to wash and shave himself. I noticed that he had a urinal with him and that the urine in it was very brown in color. I was deeply worried when I saw this and I mentioned it to him, but he gave no explanation. The thought stayed with me that this could mean hospitalization in Stockholm. I assisted him with the rest of his clothes and ordered breakfast for him. When we were ready to leave I helped him on with his hat and coat and gathered together his papers for the meeting.

That morning I tried to lend a hand with his various medications but I must confess I did not know one from the other, being completely unprepared for this. However I had brought along several of his diet sheets so I naively thought I would be prepared to cope with the diet problem. He had an assortment of these dating back one or two years. The trick was to know which one to use, and there was a good deal of overlapping. I am sure he found this as puzzling as I did. However the plus in it for him was that whatever he decided to eat he could justify from one or other of the "special" diet sheets. Therefore I suspect that for the moment he was quite content with this confusion but I found it hopeless and frustrating.

We made our way slowly down to the lobby. The Foundation car was waiting -- this time it was a limousine. I was relieved because he had great difficulty getting in and out of automobiles now owing to his distended abdomen and the edema in his legs. He had to ease himself in and out and he usually needed help. The limousine, a rented one, was being chauffeured by a woman. A white orchid lay across the dashboard in front of her, so large and so magnificent that one could not help but notice it. I could not take my eyes off it because it seemed so symbolic of the sad, haunting situation that we were in, and I had the irrational feeling that this was not reality but a dream. However I rallied enough to comment on the beauty of the flower. She said that Solzenhitzien had given it to her before he left Stockholm. He had been there for the Nobel ceremonies of the Swedish Academy the previous week and she had been his driver. Obviously this gesture meant a great deal to her for she seemed to cherish the flower.

The car carried two other passengers that day -- Ernst Michanek of the Swedish International Development Association, who was the Chairman of the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation and a Mr. Blix of the Foreign Office who was also a Trustee. Driving through the countryside to Uppsala reminded me very much of Canada -- the evergreens were plentiful and one had the feeling of the north again. It was exciting for me to be in Sweden much as I had reacted against the trip originally, and I was now anxious to see

Uppsala which was so closely associated with Hammarskjold.

We were driven directly to the cemetery in Uppsala, there to meet with the other trustees. A wreath was to be placed on Dag Hammarskjold's grave in accordance with established tradition and this year there was one for his brother, Bo who now lay buried beside him. Cordier was to place the wreath on Bo's grave -- Michanek on Dag's. It was very slippery because of the snow and I was worried that Andy would not be able to make it. However I kept my fingers crossed and my lips sealed as it was clear that he intended to participate in the ceremony regardless of the weather conditions or his own physical problems. He was attired in his same black topcoat and the black hat. His eyes were large, his face gaunt, his mouth tightly drawn.

It took several people to get him out of the car and before it was accomplished he had a near fall as his heel slipped in the first attempt -- he was not wearing rubbers -- he had not brought any with him and he would not let me buy him any. Somehow they managed to pull him to his feet and to get him going again. Then with one person holding him on either side he was assisted to the graveside. From the impassive

expression on everyone's face you would have thought this was the most natural situation in the world. At the edge of the plot they stopped and someone held out a large wreath to Andy for Bo's grave. It seemed much larger than he was in my eyes. He grasped it shakily in his two hands and walked slowly and unsteadily by himself to the foot of Bo's headstone. He looked as though he could easily topple over and I was almost certain that he would. After he had placed the wreath on the grave he remained there motionless for a few minutes, standing as erect as he could, and staring straight ahead, his eyes large and sombre. He appeared to be lost in contemplation and I wondered what was passing through his mind. Was he offering a prayer for Dag and Bo or was he reviewing in his mind the past and his association with both Hammarskjolds which had come to mean so much to him. As for me I had the unhappy feeling that he was standing at his own graveside and I wondered if that thought had occurred to him also. After a suitable interval two of the men approached him and he was led away, unsteadily, while Michanek placed the wreath on Dag's grave.

Andy was assisted back to the car and we were then driven to the home of the Rector of Uppsala University, Professor Segersted. He and his wife were entertaining the trustees at lunch prior to the meeting. Segersted was one of the trustees. Everyone was

very kind and solicitous of Andy. I do not believe any of them were quite prepared for the great change in him but they all carried it off very well. The Segerstedts were marvelous hosts and it was an extremely good luncheon. I looked over at him -- he seemed pleased and I felt he was enjoying himself. He had always admired the Swedish custom of toasts and when the time came for this he made a brief speech and did surprisingly well. Then it was time for them to leave for the meeting. Cordier went off with the other trustees while Mrs. Segerstedt and I remained behind. She was very kind and took me for a stroll. We looked at some of the small shops and I bought some Christmas things.

Shortly after four o'clock the car was waiting to take us back to Stockholm. We were with Michanek and Blix once again. During the whole drive Andy sat slumped down in his seat, his hat pulled down over his eyes. He made no attempt at conversation and appeared fatigued and downcast. By the time we arrived at the Grand Hotel it was six o'clock. Our friends left us with the parting admonition that someone would return at seven to take us to the restaurant where the Foundation was to have its annual dinner. I was surprised at the alacrity with which Andy gave his assent as I had never expected that he would be equal to ~~an evening out~~ judging from his demeanour in the car. Guests at the dinner would be people from the Foreign Office as well as others connected with the

assistance programmes in the developing countries.

It was Olle Norberg who came for us in his car at seven. The restaurant -- Djurgardsbrunns Wardshus -- seemed to be away from the central part of the city. It was one flight up, but somehow Andy made it. There was a reception first. It seemed to me that I knew only two or three of the people but I endeavoured to make conversation with whoever came my way, all the time keeping a watchful eye on Andy who, although people were coming over to talk to him, did not appear to be taking in too much. He had a far away, lost look. They in turn would appear non-plussed and move away from him after a minute or two.

Presently it was announced that dinner was served and we made our way into the adjoining room. A long table was set up -- there were place cards and I found that I was seated opposite Andy who was in his place beside the Chairman. As is usual in Sweden it was a very fine repast and I knew that Andy would like that part of it. When it came time for the toasts, I did not expect to hear anything from Andy but surprisingly he made a very fine speech which was an appealing and warm tribute to Hammarskjold. It was quite profound in tone and he related it to the work of the Foundation. His voice was deep in tone and strong. He had done it again, just as he had in New York a few days before at

the German Consul-General's. There were some moist eyes. Cordier was not a cynic -- his remarks were never in that vein. On the contrary there was always sentiment and hope in them. The Swedes were visibly affected. He was indeed the grand old man of the occasion. It flashed through my mind that during his seeming withdrawal and silence in the car he must have been contemplating his remarks for the dinner -- I was fooled again. After dinner we moved into another room for coffee. Cordier sat opposite me at the large circular table as though he were someone apart, listening but not taking part in the conversation. After an hour or so I caught his eye and he nodded his head as if to say it was time for us to depart. The first days in Sweden had gone much better than I had expected.

The next day was Sunday. Andy informed me that he would rest and he did not attempt to get up. After breakfast I went out to explore the city. I began by looking for a church near the Grand Hotel but became hopelessly lost, so turned my attention to the other side of the marina. I crossed a bridge, "followed my nose" and found myself outside the King's Palace. The guards on duty outside the palace that morning wore fatigues and the blue United Nations beret. I decided they must be from the United Nations contingent of the Swedish armed services which has played such an important role in United Nations peacekeeping forces. It was almost like a special welcome. A tour of the Palace was just starting -- I joined it.

After the palace tour, I walked to "Gamla Stan", the old town, where there were many small shops, making it a good place to stroll. I saw lots of tempting fresh fruit and bought some for Cordier as I knew how much he liked it -- there were grapes, pears, oranges and bananas. When I returned to the hotel I looked in on him. As soon as I entered the room he asked what food I had bought. Was he clairvoyant I wondered -- otherwise how could he have known that I had done some food shopping? Many times during my long association with him I had asked myself this same question and it had become a matter of serious interest to me. Moreover Cordier was one of the few people I had encountered who seemed to know all about Edgar Cayce, the late well-known psychic. It was a topic I often meant to pursue with him but somehow the right opportunity never seemed to present itself.

The food refrain became a familiar one for he was always hungry. When he saw what I had brought he looked pleased and decided not to order lunch or dinner but to eat the fruit instead. This worried me a little for it appeared that he was not going to take his diet into account at all that day. Little did I realize at the time that I should not have included grapes in the package because of the high water content. This did not help with his edema which by now was building up rapidly. I left him with the fruit and went downstairs for lunch. After that I went to my room as I thought I had better stay nearby in case of emergency. I kept listening for his voice as I occupied myself during the afternoon with knitting, doing some research and writing Christmas letters.

Since the rooms we had were at the front of the Grand Hotel we were able to look out on a marina. There were boats coming and going, loading and unloading, and people strolling by. There was a kiosk out there too where food snacks were obtainable, and this added to the general activity. I was thankful for all this as

I felt it helped Cordier to pass the hours. He told me that every once in a while he would get up and watch from his window and he seemed to take a childish pleasure in that.

That evening I dined by myself in the hotel. Cordier was still resting, doubtless reserving his energy for the rest of the week. I knew he was to dine with the Richters, and possibly also Ernst Michanek. He also hoped to see Karl Gierow, Secretary of the Swedish Academy and to discuss with him Hammarskjold's literary interests as it was his intention to devote an important portion of his memoirs to Hammarskjold both as an individual and as Secretary-General. Aside from these engagements, the rest of the week was to be spent in researching the Hammarskjold papers at the Royal Swedish Library. He had written Uno Willers, the Chief Librarian, from New York. Willers had been a close friend of Dag's and one of those entrusted with the custody of his papers. We were to see him on Monday.

Before retiring I looked in on Andy. He asked me to sit down and have a chat. He opened up a bit and talked about the past. It was then that he told me what a deep and bitter struggle it had been for him to take the decision to resign from the United Nations. But he said that if he had known what a rewarding career lay ahead for him at Columbia University he would not have grieved so

much about leaving the international organization. I was glad to hear this from him. It was a plus as far as I was concerned.

The next morning I thought he seemed nervous about the first visit to the Library, and later concluded it was because he expected some problems. We made our way there by taxi. When we arrived we found that there were some logistical difficulties to overcome. First we had to climb the steps to the main entrance and once inside were informed that we would have to use a staircase to reach Willers' office, which turned out to be narrow, spiral and steep. I knew that Andy could not make it. I explored the situation a bit more and after asking further questions was finally directed to a private elevator to Willers' floor. So there was a way after all -- I felt as though I had overcome a major obstacle.

It was sad for me to discover that Willers was in a wheelchair. Cordier had known beforehand but I had not. Willers had suffered a severe injury in an accident several years before. He looked quite bent over in the chair and very frail. He and Cordier had a brief, formal conversation and then Willers sent for the Chief Archivist, Harry Yarv. Willers asked him to arrange for us to see the papers. Yarv left, saying he would be back shortly. When he returned he began to apologize, saying that while they had the keys to the file

cabinets, they had encountered another and unexpected problem. There were protective steel bars on the cabinets held there by a padlock but alas Yarv said they were unable to find the combination to this and apparently it had been mislaid. He and Willers decided they would have to cable Per Lind in New York for the combination. He too was a custodian but as a member of the Foreign Office he was in New York attending the United Nations General Assembly. In the meantime they said we could do nothing but wait. This was a great disappointment to Cordier as we had such a limited time at our disposal, but I fully expected a reply back the next morning as Andy had earlier informed Per Lind of his plans to be in Stockholm at this time. 7

Before we departed Harry Yarv took us to the basement area so that we could see where the ^{Dag} Hammarskjold papers were kept. We found that they were ^{housed} in the same room as the private papers of his father, Hjalmar Hammarskjold and his brother Bo. It did not appear that any of them had been catalogued as a collection. When I entered that room I was immediately struck with the feeling that there could be no more final symbol of death than this -- the depository of the papers of the deceased. It was very cold in that room and Andy could not tolerate much cold; he kept his hat and overcoat on and asked Yarv if it would be possible for the Library to provide a heater for the room. Yarv promised to

locate one and said he would have it installed there by the time we returned to work on the papers. We left and went back to the hotel to await the outcome of the cable but the days drifted slowly by and no word from the Royal Library or from Per Lind. In the meantime Cordier kept whatever other engagements he had and in between engagements he rested.

The appointment with Karl Gierow was on Wednesday, December 18th at three-thirty. We drove to the Swedish Academy in a taxi. It was situated in the OldTown and the driver seemed to have difficulty finding it. Andy appeared to be in good form mentally and was obviously doing his best to play down his physical difficulties, that is he was trying to act as normal as possible. He had taken special care with his toilette, wearing his grey suit which he looked particularly good in. Gierow greeted him warmly and was responsive and friendly throughout the interview. Andy asked questions about the unpublished O'Neill plays which had been brought to light through the efforts of Gierow and Hammarskjold--"Long Day's Journey into Night," "Touch of the Poet," "More Stately Mansions" and "Hughie." Hammarskjold had also been co-translator with Gierow of the Djuna Barnes' play "Antiphon" from English into Swedish, which ^{had} played at the Royal Swedish Theatre in Stockholm in 1961, and Andy wanted to know more about this. Cordier and Gierow reminisced about Gierow's

visits to New York when Dag was alive. Before we left Gierow asked if we would like to see the meeting room of the Swedish Academy. Andy was delighted and showed a keen interest in this room of blue and gold -- it was of special interest to him since Dag and his father before him had been members. I knew when we took our leave of Gierow that the visit had been very satisfactory from Andy's point of view and he confirmed this to me later.

A year or two beforehand friends had placed Andy's name before the Nobel Peace Committee but he never did receive this recognition. It was obvious to me that this would have meant a great deal to him, more than I felt it should have and I pondered a lot about it. Was it because it represented the supreme recognition, for I remember him telling me about how when he was a very young man and learned that the Ph.D. degree was the highest that could be obtained he determined to seek one for himself. Or did he believe it would have been a vindication of his role at the United Nations? Perhaps even it was the money involved -- was he so desperate for extra funds that he felt he could make good use of the prize money for his writing? On the other hand had those annual visits to Stockholm each December since 1961, coinciding as they did with the Nobel awards

ceremonies inspired in him a strong desire to be part of that distinguished company -- I admit it was all pretty heady stuff. One could speculate on and on, but like all other situations in life, I presume he was motivated by a combination of all those things.

It was on Tuesday evening, 17 December that we went to the Richters for dinner. It was a pleasant and relaxing evening for Andy. The discussion centered first on Dag and also on Agneta's father, Bo Hammarskjold. Cordier reminisced about himself and some of his own experiences with the United Nations. He was very expansive and they were intrigued with his stories. I was surprised at how well he was still able to rally when the occasion demanded it. Dr. Richter drove us back to the hotel. The Richters were dedicated members of the Moral Re-Armament movement founded by Frank Buchman, the American evangelist whose "Oxford Group" started in the nineteen-twenties. Its stated aims are to further democracy by stressing moral and spiritual values and "to work to change the motives of men and nations to create a basis for social, racial and international understanding." There were many like Cordier who were not sympathetic to this movement because of what they considered to be its emotional overtones, so when during the drive to the hotel Richter asked Andy if he would consent to appear at a Moral Re-armament meeting before he left Stockholm, I knew he would not

agree to it. At first he did not answer -- it was as though he had not heard the question, but when Richter persisted, Andy explained briefly and clearly that it would not be proper for him to attend for he would not be truly committed to the work of the group. He had, he said, his own opinions and convictions which governed his way of thinking. He spoke in a direct, blunt and firm manner but there was such complete honesty in his answer that I think Richter respected him for it in spite of any disappointment he might have felt. I knew that Andy had been anticipating this conversation and also rather dreading it.

The other engagement Andy had that week was on Thursday evening, 19 December when he and Ernst Michanek dined together at a restaurant. Otherwise he kept to his room pretty much and rested. I would go out briefly for shopping and walks but I felt I should ~~stay~~ **STAY** close to the hotel in case he needed help or in case there was a call from the Royal Library to tell us we could have access to the files. There was an early dusk in Stockholm in those December days, creating an atmosphere in the city which seemed to match the mood of suspended waiting in which we found ourselves and I felt overwhelmed by the oppressive sense of Andy's doom. It was not until Friday morning, just five days after we first visited the Library, that we received a call from Per Lind who had just returned to Stockholm from New York and Geneva. He said he would

meet us at the Royal Library and give us the long-awaited combination. We met with him at eleven o'clock and it was almost mid-day before we had finished our chat with him. This now left only that afternoon and Saturday morning to review the papers. Our meeting took place in the room where the Hammarskjold papers were deposited. Yarov had placed an electric heater there but even so Andy was shivering and did not remove his coat.

During the discussion Per Lind was careful to state that there had been a time limit imposed on the Hammarskjold papers in Stockholm of twenty-five years and this had been the decision of the United Nations. Sole access had of course been given to Brian Urquhart for his book on Hammarskjold. He also pointed out that in any event there were only certain of Dag's papers that we could have access to and those were the ones in the file cabinets -- there were others not in the cabinets which were sealed and kept elsewhere to which there could be no access. Per concluded by saying that if there was a specific paper that Cordier needed, Per would be glad to see that he received a copy. Andy offered no comment and he was looking so uncomfortable physically that I thought perhaps he was not ~~taking~~ it all in. At the conclusion of the conversation, however, he ^{INFORMED PER THAT} ~~stated that~~ he intended to make another trip abroad in March and April of 1975 for the purpose of interviews for his book and he would be returning by way of Stockholm. At that time he

would like to spend a week or two reviewing the files, since there was so little time at our disposal now. ~~HE MADE NO REFERENCE TO~~ ~~what Per had been saying.~~ ~~The discussion seemed to end there~~ and Per offered no further comment except to take note of the fact that Andy would return in April.

Although he had said nothing at the time, the long wait for the combination to the cabinets had stung Andy after all, and I later sensed that rightly or wrongly he related Per's delay directly to the latter's statements concerning the restrictions on the papers. The imposition of these restrictions seemed paradoxical as far as Cordier was concerned for he had not only served as a Trustee of the Hammarskjold Foundation since its inception, but it was he who, after Dag's death, had personally made the arrangements for the screening of Hammarskjold's files on behalf of the custodians. It should be remembered also how closely he had worked with Hammarskjold and that in the end his own professional reputation -- and career -- had been seriously affected as a result of that association. He wanted to write about Hammarskjold and it was too bad that he was denied access to sources that might have thrown some light not only on his own situation but on Hammarskjold's history making decisions and activities. I feel that had he lived he might have overcome this obstacle.

The Linds had invited Cordier and me to dine with them that evening. On our way there we passed a Finnish gift shop which was next door to their apartment. Andy insisted on going in to see if he could find a piece of Scandinavian handicraft which would be suitable for one of the display cases at the School. He finally purchased a handwoven Finnish piece, very attractive, but I did not think it was really what he had in mind, and I felt he was rushing it because he was so desperately anxious to fill those empty cases.

He seemed in good form and very relaxed when we arrived at the Linds. He and Per reminisced about Dag's early days at the United Nations when Per had served as his Swedish assistant and they discussed the developments that had taken place at the United Nations since then. Andy had rallied once again, doubtless stimulated by the presence of old friends and the pleasant atmosphere. It was another one of his good times. The talks with the Linds, the Richters and Karl Gierow contained much of interest and I wrote them up as interviews after our return to New York.

We spent a few hours at the Royal Library on the Friday afternoon after the meeting with Lind and we returned there again on Saturday morning. There was a file list available which we were able to work from and although our time there was short -- and Cordier was uncomfortable because of the cold and his swollen condition -- we were at least able to determine what we should look for when we returned in the spring. Cordier was so positive about this that he almost had me convinced that he would overcome all the odds against him and that we would actually be coming back to Stockholm in April. As far as I was concerned now anything was possible with him and I would have to keep taking that into account.

During those ten days in Stockholm the edema kept worsening.

When we left New York both legs were fairly normal in size -- this was a condition which fluctuated from time to time -- but now one leg was twice the size of the other and fluid was oozing from it. I could hardly get the elastic stocking on and his abdomen was more distended than ever. We were scheduled to return to New York on Sunday, 22 December. I wondered if he would ever make it or if he would have to be hospitalized in Stockholm, and I was dreading that prospect.

Several times during our stay he had talked about Richter's suggestion of draining off the fluid and the day before we left Stockholm he announced to me that on his return to New York he intended to get in touch with a specialist about entering Columbia Presbyterian Hospital to have the edema reduced. He was going to ask to have it drained off, or "tapped" as the procedure is sometimes described.

When making the final arrangements for our departure I found that we would have to return via Copenhagen with a change of planes there, and this I did not like, although there seemed to be no other alternative. A wheelchair was the order of the day now and he no longer objected. I arranged to have one at the Stockholm, Copenhagen and New York airports. On Sunday Sven Hamrell, Executive

Director of the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation and Olle Norberg called for us at the hotel. They took us to the airport and saw to all the arrangements for embarkation. As we sat in the special waiting room before departure, they discussed Cordier's return "next year" for the annual meeting just as though it would really happen, and they talked in the same vein about the proposed spring visit when he would be coming back to review the Hammarskjold papers at the Royal Library. During the whole of our visit to Stockholm Sven Hamrell had kept in close touch with us in a solicitous and watchful way and I was confident all the while that he was ready to come to Cordier's assistance in the event of any crisis. For me it was very reassuring, as I am sure it was for Cordier.

We had a long wait at the Copenhagen airport but without access to a special lounge as we had had in New York and Stockholm. Instead we had to remain in a crowded waiting area which worried me because he was in the wheelchair all the time. When we finally boarded the plane and took off for New York, I breathed a sigh of relief. On our arrival at Kennedy he was taken from the plane in a wheelchair by a flight attendant. There was a delay while I straightened out my status with the immigration authorities as my "exchange"

"visitor" status with Columbia University had never been stamped in my passport. This took some time but he waited patiently in his wheelchair nearby making no comment, asking no questions then or later. I had never told him that my visa status was giving me concern and if he sensed it he said nothing. Finally we were allowed to proceed. I followed him as he was whisked along in the wheelchair. There was no problem with the luggage and we went speedily through customs. Andy's driver was waiting for him in the arrival lobby so at that point we parted company and he went on to his home in Great Neck while I headed for Manhattan and my apartment in the airport limousine.

During the next few days I was in Maryland spending Christmas with friends, but he was constantly on my mind. Immediately upon my return I called to see how he was and he informed me that he had made arrangements to enter Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in January. It surprised me that he had followed through on this but at the same time I felt relieved for it was important that he receive medical help as soon as possible.

It was January 3rd before I drove out to Great Neck to see him. He was resting in bed and I concluded that this was what he had been doing since his return. It struck me forcibly then just how much willpower it must take for him to get up and get dressed, for whenever possible he was in bed. Consequently he must be feeling tired and lethargic most of the time. That day he was in a reminiscent, talkative mood. He said he wanted me to know how much he appreciated my having come to New York to help him out, and that he was deeply grateful. I was pleased to hear

this from him, because I had been so discouraged I had wondered if what I was doing was any use at all.

While we had been in Sweden Louise had accepted a role in the theatre which was to have a brief run in Palm Beach, Florida. It was a revival of the "Seven Year Itch" in which she had played some years before. During the first ten days of January she was in New York rehearsing but left for Palm Beach on January eleventh. She expected to return in a couple of weeks.

When Cordier entered Columbia Presbyterian Hospital on January 7th I knew he had high hopes that when he had the fluid "drained" off he would be in good working order again. The chauffeur and I accompanied him to the hospital but ^{then} he admitted himself while we stood by. He insisted on doing it this way and refused any assistance from us. I concluded that he had by now been admitted to the hospital so many times that this was routine for him. He was wearing the black topcoat and the black hat was pulled down over his eyes. Underneath he was wearing his pyjamas. He held his hospital card in his hand. He had to stand at the wicket and answer the usual questions just like everyone else. The admitting clerk did not seem to recognize either him or his name. The fact that he had been President of Columbia seemed to be of no particular moment. This was one

of the scenes with him that really broke me up -- I had to turn my eyes away.

He was in a very serious condition and acute discomfort when he arrived at the hospital and they had a lot of work to do to bring his body chemistry back to some sort of normalcy. He was placed on a diet for both diabetes and cirrhosis. There was one big disappointment awaiting Andy -- the specialist did not remove the fluid by draining -- instead he put him on diuretics. I assumed that the doctor did not favour the draining procedure, at least for Cordier, but Andy would never talk about it to me.

He remained in the hospital for about three weeks, during which he seemed to become weak and disinterested. Since Louise was not in New York I was going to the hospital as often as I had an excuse to do so, which was almost every day. I was always bringing him the mail, most of which I knew he would not even look at. Therefore it came as a surprise one day when he asked me to make preparations once again for an interview trip abroad. I could hardly believe my ears and I thought perhaps I had heard him wrong because he spoke in such a weak voice. He informed me that I was to work out a new itinerary and to draft letters

to the various people whom he hoped to interview. He brought up the subject of the biographical sketches, which I had long ago ceased to collect and he asked me to resume that. I wondered how he knew that I had stopped, but then I had to remind myself that he was always much more aware than he let on or than I gave him credit for. He asked me how the search for a secretary was progressing. I had nothing to report on this as there had been no word from Personnel and of course I had not followed up on it. He suggested that I get busy on this because we would have to start work on the book and I should not be spending my time on the details in his office. I did not believe he would ever come out of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, let alone return to the office, and certainly not ever make another trip. Nevertheless I proceeded as though the reverse was the case. We scheduled the trip for March and April 1975 and I sent off the letters. Some he signed; others I signed for him. No mention was made in any of them of Andy's state of health.

Sometime before the hospital treatment was completed he began to develop deep anxieties about his home situation. His granddaughter was still at school in New England but his grandson was alone at the house and Andy began to receive some frightening reports from Great Neck about his grandson's condition, as the

latter appeared to be in a highly nervous and agitated state. Andy was frankly terrified about what the future held for him at home with this situation but he felt that he had to be there to try and keep things under some sort of control. He decided to interrupt his hospital stay and get back to Great Neck. Everyone tried to dissuade him but we all knew he was right, even the doctors, although they were frustrated and annoyed at his decision to leave the hospital prematurely.

On the day he was to be discharged Louise and I went to Columbia Presbyterian Hospital together. The doctor had arranged to meet with Louise to give her new instructions for her father's diet. Instead when he came to the room the doctor sat up on the bed beside Andy and began to lecture him sternly in our presence. It seemed to me to be a very insensitive, rather arrogant performance. He said he would like to review in front of us the whole medical history of "Andrew Cordier." In 1973 when they had performed a hernia operation they had discovered a badly degenerated liver from cirrhosis. Even at that time there was practically no liver function left. Now here he was after having just recently come to them for help in his difficulties, leaving against their advice and before the treatment was completed. They would not be responsible for what would happen as a result. Doubtless he would have to return to them again for help and they would again have to "patch him up." The doctor seemed to be

washing his hands completely of Andrew Cordier and one wondered what sort of a reception poor Andy would get if he ever did return. I presumed that the doctor was acting out of concern for his patient and he thought he was performing a service, but instead it sounded as if he was castigating a sick and dying man. Throughout it all Andy sat on the edge of the bed, never saying a word. He was in his nightshirt and dressing gown looking decrepit, mournful and humiliated. His last defences were down about his physical condition. I was embarrassed that it had happened in front of me because I knew he had been trying to keep the full facts from me -- or perhaps he had not accepted that 1973 diagnosis! The doctor's attitude rather surprised me because I knew he was well aware of the reasons why Andy was leaving the hospital too soon and that it was because he was consumed with worry and fear about his grandson.

Louise got her father packed up and discharged from the hospital and took him home in her car. It was already February. Once more she had to set about looking for someone to care for her father. This took some doing but she finally found a practical nurse called Nina who remained at the house until after Andy's death. I shall never forget Nina for she turned out to be a friend as well as nurse. She was the last of the many

who had come to help out at the Cordier house over those many months. As predicted by the doctor, Cordier was in worse shape than ever following his return home. The intensive reduction of the fluid, even with the diuretics, had been a shock to his system and he was in a very weakened condition. His doctors had hoped to keep him in hospital long enough for rehabilitative treatment and this is why they were upset at his leaving when he did.

For as long as I had known them the Cordiers had had more than the usual share of family worries and responsibilities. I was aware that he had contributed to the support of his own and his wife's parents during their declining years and I recall how Dorothy used to make periodic visits to Indiana or Ohio to help out/and to give nursing care when needed -- she would make these long trips by car. In addition a matter of profound concern was that their only son, Lowell, had the misfortune from his early twenties to suffer from recurring depressive or mani-depressive episodes. This seriously affected his life, interrupting his college education and preventing him from developing any sort of meaningful career. Lowell was twice married and had three children -- a son and daughter from the first marriage, and another daughter from the second. Cordier was giving substantial help to both families

and a sizeable amount of his own personal income was eaten up by these outlays. He had always been entirely dependent on his salary -- he was not a man of means. I am certain that his wife, Dorothy, made many personal sacrifices in order to ease the financial burden. For many years I was of the firm conviction that they were unnecessarily supportive of their family, but during the last year of Cordier's life when I became more closely associated with his situation, I decided that he and Dorothy never really had a choice, taking into account the extent of the problems and the dictates of their own Brethren conscience.

The two young people now residing with Andy were the children of Lowell's first marriage. From their childhood they had spent a good deal of time with the Cordiers and Dorothy and Andy appeared devoted to them. After Dorothy died, the two -- now in their late teens -- had moved in with Andy and seemed to have become a permanent part of his household. As an observer it appeared to me that Cordier was somewhat over-indulgent, but that it seems to me comes with being a grandparent. On the other hand, the grandchildren seemed to be nursing some deep-seated resentments -- perhaps due to a disrupted childhood -- and as time went on some of these appeared to be directed against Andy himself. There was an air of tension in the household.

Life had become onerous for him without Dorothy. With

his health and strength deserting him he was trying to keep the house going. Housekeepers would come and go and his expenses kept increasing, yet he never complained to me about his personal financial situation. However more than once he did remark to me rather ruefully how difficult he found it living with the young people, that the generation gap was just too great.

On 17 February Andy came to the School to keep an appointment with his old friend and former colleague, Julia Henderson. Julia, who now lived in London, was Secretary-General of the International Planned Parenthood Federation. Andy had hoped to interview her in London in March but this date conflicted with a trip she had planned to the United States and she proposed that instead the interview take place in New York. I was a little worried about how it would go as he had not recovered any strength since his hospitalization and there were times when he was not too alert mentally. However Julia, who had not seen him in some time, showed no sign of shock or surprise when she greeted him and during the interview she did most of the talking. Julia, an American, had served with the United Nations since its inception, first

in budget and finance and later in technical assistance and the economic and social fields. She had worked with both Lie and Hammarskjöld. After reviewing her own career Julia spoke of both men and the contribution they had made to the organization. She stressed the importance of Cordier's role as a coordinator and problem solver, saying that his "open door policy" had been a source of strength to the Secretariat. I was taking notes and watching Andy closely. Although he had a few bad moments during her visit, I felt that on the whole he came through remarkably well. When the interview was over and I escorted Julia to the elevator I could see that she had been deeply affected by this meeting with Cordier. There were tears in her eyes and I do not think she ever thought she would see him again.

It had not been easy to revive the request for a secretarial replacement but eventually the difficulties were surmounted and I had begun to go through the charade of interviewing secretarial candidates referred by Personnel. I say "charade" because I never really expected to see Andrew Cordier functioning in the office again. However I kept reminding myself that one could never predict with him. Moreover by his very attitudes he could make one believe that anything was possible. I also told myself that if by some miracle his life were prolonged for a few months -- or perhaps even a year -- and if we were going to work on the book, it would be a great step forward if I could turn my attention to the research instead of being pre-occupied with other matters.

As I recall it, there were three candidates. Two were from Harlem, very young and inexperienced and just out of business school. They did not seem to be aware of who Cordier was and even if they did I wondered how they would react when they saw his condition. The third candidate -- young, quite experienced and competent -- was already on the Columbia staff but looking ahead to a career. Needless to say I was becoming discouraged because I did not see how any of these applicants would work out in this particular set of circumstances. It would have to be someone who not only knew of Cordier and something about Columbia University, but who would be understanding of an unusual situation and the temporary nature of the position.

Finally a mutual friend suggested Alice Riley as a possibility and this sounded just right. Alice was a former United Nations staff member, now retired and it seemed that she would be willing to come even if only for a few months. She knew and admired Cordier and I was certain he would remember her from the United Nations days. He was interested and I put through a memorandum to Personnel describing her qualifications. In the meantime he said he would like to interview her, so one day late in February he came into the office for this purpose. He looked exceptionally frail that day and gave the impression of having shrunk once again in size. His mind seemed clear enough but he spoke with difficulty and did not seem to have full

control of his saliva. It must have come as a shock to Alice who had not seen him in some time but this did not alter her decision to help out. Personnel approved but there was still one other administrative step and that was the formal approval of the Dean of the School of International Affairs because of Cordier's affiliation still with the School. A date was set for Alice to start -- on a Monday at the end of February -- but a few days beforehand Cordier made a disastrous visit to the office.

He had been growing ever more unsteady on his feet. When he would come to the office, he would put out his hand against the wall for support as he walked along the corridor but after the most recent hospitalization this was even more marked. If I happened to see this I would pretend not to notice and some of the Columbia staff used to dart into their offices rather than encounter Andy in this state.

I remember on this particular day that I happened to be standing at the elevator as he emerged from it alone. He was wearing the familiar black hat and coat. He was out of breath and had difficulty walking so he put his hand against the wall to steady himself in the usual way. As we slowly made our way to his office, he forced himself to make conversation. He asked in a weak voice if the fire in the New York Telephone Company building in my neighbourhood the previous evening had affected my phone service. I told him it had. There had been a great deal of publicity about the fire on the radio and he was still obviously paying close attention to what was happening. But I

could not help wondering if perhaps he was using the conversation as a device to distract me from his condition that day.

He took off his hat and coat and said he wished to dictate something and in his now cumbrous way seated himself in a chair near the coffee table. I sat opposite, notebook in hand. From what transpired after that I sensed that what he had on his mind was the car. He had been getting more and more desperate about it -- so many repairs -- yet it never seemed to be working properly. He had made another and recent attempt to persuade Columbia University to replace it with a new car. In principle I suppose he was right. It would have been more economical for Columbia to acquire another and better car than to continue paying these enormous repair bills. They would always hear him out but they would never take any action. Perhaps they felt the repairs were not justified or more likely they did not expect Cordier to survive long enough to make the change worthwhile. Either he did not realize this or if he did he would not accept it -- he was capable even now of great self-deception concerning his condition. He had begun to talk of turning elsewhere for help with the car situation. On several occasions he had mentioned the name of one of his donor friends in this connection but I had refused to let myself entertain the idea that he was serious. It was too disquieting to see Andy Cordier in the role of mendicant.

I am certain that on this particular day what he had in mind was to ask his friend to provide him with the funds for a new car but in trying to dictate a letter he could not seem to advance further than her name and this he kept repeating over and over again. He would interrupt himself to ask if I would read back what he had said as evidently he thought he had phrased a letter. I would reply each time that he had given me only a name and that I had nothing to "read back." This would infuriate him and when I would try to placate him he would wave his arms in annoyance and cry out in angry tones. Once he struck out at me. But it was useless, the only word he could utter was the name of his friend. This went on for quite a while before I would admit to myself that he had become unable to communicate.

But now I was alarmed and knew that we had to get him home. I rushed off to try and find the chauffeur. As I left his office I could hear Andy calling out my name in loud tones. In the meantime the scene had attracted the attention of several of our co-workers and two or three people looked in to see what was happening. A friend from the office nearby came and sat with him. When I returned I found her holding his hand and speaking in soothing tones. Finally the driver came on the scene and quietly asked if he wished to go home. Cordier made no protest and meekly allowed himself to be helped on with his hat and coat.

During all this it was essential that I keep out of Cordier's sight; otherwise he would have wished to "continue on with his work" which was now impossible. I was worried about how the chauffeur would be able to handle the situation in the car and offered to accompany him, but he felt confident that he could manage the trip alone, so I remained at the office. He later told me that he did have some problems but eventually made it to Great Neck without serious mishap. Fortunately Nina was at the house and she was able to assist Cordier upstairs and into bed.

After their departure I sat down to think things over, coming to the sorrowful conclusion that Cordier had probably made his last visit to his office and that it was time I spoke to someone in authority at Columbia. The logical person seemed to be the Dean of the School and so I went to him immediately. I explained what had taken place, voicing my fear that Cordier would never again be able to come to the office. We discussed the immediate practical problem which was the question of Alice Riley. He finally decided -- and I agreed -- that there would be no point in allowing her to start work now. He would consequently withhold approval of the appointment and when she reported for duty on Monday he would undertake to explain the situation to her. Alice was disappointed at the outcome and this distressed me, but at the same time I was convinced that I had done the right thing for it seemed clear that Cordier would have to be hospitalized again almost immediately and that this time he would most

certainly not recover. Once again I had failed to reckon with his surprising resiliency.

Outside of the office my routine had continued to be the same. I was still making frequent trips to Great Neck in my car, chiefly as a morale builder for Cordier, but also because Louise still had to be in Connecticut most of the time. I was constantly in touch with her by phone and I felt it was giving her some ease of mind to know that I

was coming to the house frequently. It was also a help to Nina who was acting as housekeeper but who incidentally was now assisted by a practical nurse. I was able at the same time to occasionally resume the screening of Cordier's papers in his study and sort them out for future use.

No matter what the problems were, Cordier's devotion to his children and grandchildren seemed boundless. About a year prior to this time his son, Lowell had been in a car accident and suffered two broken legs. One evening when I dropped in at Great Neck his son arrived for a visit. Lowell was still incapacitated to the extent that he used a walker but in spite of this it was his intention to try and make it up to the second floor to see his father. Someone must have told Andy about it because soon we heard a commotion on the stairway -- it was Cordier who was very weak at this time, making his way slowly downstairs with the help of the nurse -- we could hear him say to her: "You know my son had a severe accident; he broke both his legs; he wanted to come upstairs to see me but I could never allow that -- poor fellow -- I must get downstairs to see him -- it was a terrible, terrible accident." He did not realize that we could all hear him. He finally reached the foot of the stairs and slowly turned the corner into the living room -- his face lit up when he saw his son. The nurse got him into a chair and he said to him, "Lowell, walk a bit for me -- let me see how you are getting along."

During this period there was growing concern about Andy's grandson whose condition was becoming steadily worse. On one occasion I witnessed an incident which made me realize how serious the situation was. I had brought some papers to the house and had taken them upstairs to Cordier in his room. The chauffeur was there with him. Cordier left us for a few minutes to go into his private bathroom. Suddenly we heard his grandson's voice demanding to know the whereabouts of his grandfather. He entered the room looking for him -- we told him where he was but this did not deter him -- he called out in loud tones saying he must see him. We could hear Cordier's faint responses from inside asking him to please wait, but he refused to do so and followed his grandfather into the bathroom. He was hostile and wrought up, demanding money, saying he needed it to buy food. We knew there was already food in the house. They emerged from the bathroom, Cordier gently remonstrating with him but to no avail. Shakily Andy handed him a small sum but he complained bitterly that it was not enough. When his grandfather suggested that he make out a list of what he needed, this only infuriated him the more. Andy did not relent although he was quite obviously intimidated by this tall, strong grandson of his. When he was gone Cordier turned to us with a stricken look. To me he said "Now you can see what I am up against."

His grandson's condition continued to deteriorate and he grew more upset and disturbed. This culminated one day in an

even more violent outburst against his grandfather. The simmering hostility had been there for some time-- his grandfather's illness seemed to enrage him more than excite his sympathy. When the incident happened, Nina, who was as terrified as Andy apparently was, managed to contact a member of the family who sent for Louise. She drove in from Connecticut immediately and was able to convince her nephew that he should enter a hospital that night for treatment. He was hospitalized for some time after that and as fate would have it he and his grandfather were never to see or talk to each other again. Andy was now frankly terrified of his grandson and from that evening on he dreaded ever sharing the house with him again. He spoke of it time and again and feared his return. The shock of that violent scene never left Andy and at the time it had a deleterious effect on him both mentally and physically.

By early March Andy was confined to bed most of the time. Since his last visit to the office he had never mentioned the trip nor had he raised the question of a secretarial replacement. He knew something had gone wrong that day at the office but he could not clearly recall what had happened. One day he said to me "We must finish up whatever we were doing at the office that day." Other than that we never discussed the incident.

For some time he had wanted to interview several of his

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former colleagues who were now residing in Washington, and he ^{HAD} intended to make a trip there for that purpose. One of these was William Wachtmeister, who had recently been appointed Ambassador of Sweden to the United States and Cordier had written asking him for an interview. Wachtmeister, however, thought it would be best if he came to see Cordier some time when he was in New York. We heard from him that he would be there early in March and we selected a mutually convenient day and time. I kept inquiring of Cordier if he really felt up to keeping this appointment and he would inevitably reply yes, that he wanted to have this chat with Wachtmeister. I did not think it would be wise since he seemed to be at such a low ebb and was in bed so much of the time.

Willy Wachtmeister and his wife, Ulla came to the house in Great Neck to see Andy. We arranged for Andy's chauffeur to bring them out from Manhattan and I had come in the car with them. I remember that Louise was at her father's house at the time. Andy surprised me by receiving them in his bedroom; he was lying in bed and apparently intended to remain so. Knowing how happy he was to see them, it surprised me that he had made no effort to be up when they arrived. When they first saw him they were ~~visibly upset~~ ^{VISIBLY UPSET} but quickly recovered their composure. For the first few minutes Cordier appeared to be in quite good form but as the visit lengthened his mind began to drift off now and then. At one point he found himself unable to finish an anecdote which he had started and which seemed to be very important to him, and he

said to Wachtmeister, his eyes wide, blue and childlike, "I am intrigued as to why I cannot remember what I started out to tell you." It was a sad and embarrassing moment for all of us and for a person like Cordier who had prided himself on his phenomenal memory, this must indeed have been a blow. Finally Louise served us tea and the visit came to an end. The Wachtmeisters bade Andy goodbye. On the way into Manhattan they talked about him sadly and were convinced they would never see him again.

A few days later -- on Saturday, 8 March 1975 -- I made another visit to Great Neck. When I entered his room, he was sitting on the side of his bed, staring straight ahead. Turning, he looked at me in a peculiar way and enquired if I had brought anything to eat. When I said no, he asked if I would please go to the store and bring him back some fruit as there was none in the house. There was an odd light in his eye and he spoke in conspiratorial tones. I went downstairs to see Nina -- she thought his request very strange because there was already an abundance of fruit in the house. It must be that he did not know what he was saying or doing. I was concerned that day about leaving her alone with him in this state but it was necessary for me to return to Manhattan. Soon after my departure he apparently went into a deep sleep and the next morning Nina was unable to awaken him as he had sunk into a coma. Immediately she sent for the doctor and for Louise, who was in Connecticut. Andy was taken to the nearby Manhasset Hospital. This time he was again under the care of his ^{long time} friend and physician, Dr. Telfeyan.

When he first entered the hospital it was considered that there was no hope for him, but nevertheless the medical staff and the nurses seemed to put forth a special effort on his behalf and he received much tender, loving care in that hospital. The results were positive for within three weeks his body chemistry appeared to have righted itself and he commenced to be more lucid and like the normal Andrew Cordier.

I went to see him frequently armed with the usual bundle of mail, which in a way was meaningless for I knew that he would probably never look at it. It was a gesture on my part to make him believe I thought things were going along as usual. This was quite a game he and I were engaged in.

To my surprise he began phoning the office every few days and each time he would ask "where Alice Riley was" because I always seemed to be answering the phone in his office. Each time I would make some excuse, saying that she was out for lunch, or gone on an errand. I never dared to tell him that her appointment had been cancelled or the reason why, but after a few of these phone calls, I realized that even if he could never return to the office, something had to be done about Alice. I consulted with Dr. Ralph Halford, a Vice-President of the University, who had by this time been charged with "looking after Cordier's office while he was ill." Halford thought some formula should be found to bring Alice in to work so I consulted the Dean's office and it was suggested that she might

come in on an hourly rate basis if that were agreeable to her. Alice consented to this and within a few days she was on duty in Andy's office and I was able to get to work in the "research room" down the hall.

Once he became stronger Andy liked to go for a walk in the hospital corridor. Louise and I would stand on either side of him, each clasping ^{an arm} ~~one of his arms~~ and the three of us would take a short stroll. I remember on one occasion when a little of his sense of fun returned to him and he pretended that we were marching -- he would try to lift his knees high and he was counting "one, two, three..." He looked comical in his short dressing gown and hospital night shirt. At that moment he told us how happy he was to have us there. I think he was much relieved that the two of us were able to be with him up to the end. But he could be irascible and suspicious too and the inarticulate, unreasonable periods were not easy to take. Sick or well, however, he was never boring, even though as I have said he was a man of comparatively few words. Many times even in his illness he could be amusing or endearing without realizing it or intending to be so.

Further on in his recovery, he said to me one day, "Whatever

happened about that trip we were to take in March and April -- you cancelled it, I suppose?" Judging from this delayed reaction I concluded that the disturbances in his body chemistry must be like bouts of intoxication and that he was now evidently "coming to" again. A few days later he announced that we would be making the European trip in May and June -- would I please inform everyone concerned and make the new travel arrangements. When I expressed astonishment because it was now April and he was still in hospital, he became obstinate about it. At first I did nothing about making plans, but each time I visited him he determinedly brought up the subject, so to humor him I finally got busy on the correspondence and travel arrangements. I did not believe for one moment that we would ever be able to go, but I felt there would be no harm done even if we did have to cancel out everything at the last moment. These "trips" of Andy's had now become the subject of much interested speculation on the 14th floor of the School of International Affairs, and with Dr. Halford, with whom I was constantly in touch, and I assumed he was keeping the President informed.

In mid-April Andy announced to all concerned that he would be leaving the hospital shortly. He was advised against this by his physician who said he was not yet ready to leave the hospital. However Andy insisted on having his way and finally the doctor reluctantly agreed, either because he thought there was no point in resisting him or perhaps because he knew how resilient Cordier could be. Andy was discharged from the hospital on April 20th.

For some time Cordier had been thinking about bringing his will up to date and his attorney was anxious to finalize this as soon as possible. There was one matter that was giving me a good deal of concern and that was the disposition of his papers at Columbia University. What was to happen to them if he passed away? There was a lot of United Nations material and there were also the files of the Columbia period. I discussed this with Louise and she came up to the University to have a look at them. She was amazed at the extent of the collection. I had consulted with United Nations Archives about the possibility of their taking the United Nations material in case the University was not interested and I was able to report to Louise that they would be agreeable to this. Then Louise consulted her father's attorney who raised the question with Andy. The problem was solved by Andy adding a codicil to his will stating that the papers were to be left to the trustees of Columbia University. It was on April 17th shortly before leaving the hospital that Andy finalized these arrangements. He had never before stipulated what should be done with his papers, perhaps because he did not want to think about dying, or perhaps because he had not quite made up his mind. One university had already approached him about his papers while he was still President of Columbia.

He had not been home from the hospital many days before he

informed Louise that he intended to travel to Indiana for the April 25th meeting of the Board of Trustees of Manchester College. It was amazing that he managed to keep such dates in mind. I concluded that this must have been why he decided to leave the hospital when he did. Louise tried her best to dissuade him but without success and so she decided that she must accompany him. The trip would be a brief one and not too difficult for her to arrange. This was the first time she had travelled with her father since his illness had reached such severity. She thought she would be able to manage without too much difficulty, particularly as they were to be the guests of the President of the College in his home. Louise returned very disheartened, informing me that Cordier had been in considerable physical distress most of the time and had required her constant attention. Moreover his attendance at the meetings had presented a serious problem as these were held in a room on the second level of the College Library and Andy had to be carried up the long flight of stairs. However from Cordier's point of view the journey was a great success for in a letter which he later wrote to a friend, he recounted what a fine time he and Louise had had on their recent visit to Manchester!

After this Louise continued to come to Great Neck as often as possible. I was still not taking the trip abroad too seriously and even though I had made all the necessary arrangements, I was poised and ready to cancel at any moment. Louise and I had discussed it at length and had concluded that it would be

impossible. However a few days before the scheduled date of departure, Cordier who was in bed at home, called me at the office and said "Aren't we supposed to leave this week-end for Europe?" When I confirmed this he said that he needed to get ready for the trip and he had many things to do in preparation for it. Louise had gone into Manhattan on business and he seemed frustrated because she was not there to help him.

I felt that now was the time for me to be firm and outspoken. I told him I had strong reservations about the trip because he would require nursing care and I would not be able to adequately provide it, particularly with the travel arrangements and the interviews. I concluded by saying that in any event I did not want to take the responsibility of travelling with him while he was in such frail health and that I had not believed he seriously intended to make this trip. He was very indignant and said of course he had been serious, that it was important to have these interviews and that if I was not prepared to accompany him he would go alone. Otherwise what would all those people think who had received those letters from him? The mental picture of him taking off by himself was too much, even though I knew he could not get very far, so I immediately capitulated, concluding that whatever happened I would be able to face up to it somehow. "All right" I said "I'll get ready and go with you if you feel that strongly about it." His irascible retort was "You mean you

are not ready?" And I marvelled at his strong will and his strength of purpose.

About the time this conversation was taking place Louise was on her way back from Manhattan and coming to the conclusion that if we did make the trip she should accompany us as she felt that I could not handle alone all the eventualities that might develop. One of our great fears was that he might collapse in Europe. For her to come with us meant that she would have to be away from the shop for six weeks, and while she did not feel she should absent herself at this time, she considered that she had no choice. In making this decision she realized that she would have to move very quickly in order to make the necessary arrangements with her business partner and for her own travel.

When Louise arrived at her father's house she announced to him that she would like to accompany us to Europe as she was feeling the "need of a vacation" and this would be an excellent opportunity. Outwardly he seemed to accept this as her reason for when he informed me later by telephone that Louise would be coming with us, he said it was because she "needed a vacation" but he seemed very happy that she had decided to make the trip for whatever the reason.

On several occasions during the previous months I had suggested to him that he would feel more self-reliant if he had a cane and I had

urged him to get one. Whenever the subject came up, however, he would become self-conscious and his reply was "No, I would not want to use a cane." I had not realized before how proud he was. I thought he should use one, particularly when travelling as it would give him more confidence. Others were telling him the same thing. When Andy got himself out of bed to make preparations for the trip, one of the first things he did was to go to a surgical supply house in Great Neck and buy himself a cane. It was large and black with a crook in it and it was designed to give extra support. He carried it with him everywhere after that and became very attached to it. He even kept it beside his bed. In moments of fun he would poke the cane at Louise or me to emphasize a point. She contended that he loved it because it was a "superstar" cane, -- it collapsed and could be taken apart.

Andy also made a trip to the photographers to get a new visa picture which he required for the visit to Cairo. I was sad when I saw that photograph and I wondered how he felt about it, but he never said a word when he handed it to me. I admired him for having had it taken for he well knew how bad he looked -- this was one thing he never seemed to deceive himself about.

A day or two before our departure he came to the office for the express purpose of having several items placed in the art cases in the Library of the School. He alerted us ahead of time and Alice Riley got in touch with the appropriate people in Buildings and Grounds at Columbia to ask them to meet Andy downstairs in the Library area. There were two Ecuadorian rugs which he had specially ordered from Ecuador many months before and there was also the Finnish handwoven cloth which he had purchased in Stockholm. Alice went down to the library with him -- the chauffeur was there too -- but I remained in my office to complete some urgent items with regard to our travel. I could see that he was not happy that I did not accompany them and pretty soon I received a phone call from Alice asking me to come down. By the time I arrived the two rugs were already in place in the cases and the men were working with the piece of Finnish handicraft. This one was not very successful -- it was thin fabric and did not hang well and unlike the Ecuadorian rugs, it was not traditional in design. When I arrived he was sitting there in one of the library chairs facing the art cases, his head sunk on his chest, looking as though he was completely unaware of what was going on, but ^{as} I had come to learn that this could sometimes be deceptive.

Andy had chosen the travertine lobby of the School as the most suitable place for the Tunisian mosaics and he was the

one taking full responsibility for the acquisition and placing of gifts in the art cases. Some time after the mosaics had been hung in the lobby he pressured the University photographer into taking pictures of them. His intention was to take the photos with him on the trip so that he could present them to Habib Bourguiba Jr -- the donor -- in Tunis.

My impression of all this activity in connection with the art collection for the School -- he was following up anxiously also on the completion of portraits of various senior faculty members -- was that he felt he had a commitment which must be fulfilled while there was still time left to him. Also in natural human terms I do not think he wanted anyone to say "Look, Andy Cordier started all this and he never finished it," because it was he who had raised the money for, and saw to its completion, the School for International Affairs building.

That morning when they had finished with the art cases in the Library, Cordier insisted on returning to the office, because, he said, he had some work to do." But when he arrived on the 14th floor he seemed tired and nervous, even insecure, and I assumed this was why instead of going to his own office to do the work he came and sat in mine. He told me what he wanted done, so I started the draft and then passed it to Alice to finish. ~~It was a~~ [It was a brief letter to Harper & Row, the publishers with whom he had been in contact, saying that he hoped to complete the first 100 pages of the manuscript immediately upon his return from abroad.

While he was still sitting in my office, one of his Columbia colleagues dropped in for a chat. At first Cordier greeted him with some cordiality but after the latter had switched from pleasantries to more serious talk, Cordier appeared not to be taking in what he was saying and sat staring glumly ahead of him out the window, making no attempt to keep the conversation going. As soon as he decently could the visitor left -- I felt a little sorry for him. At first I attributed Andy's rudeness to ill health but he afterwards informed me that it was the topic which had irritated him for it was one they had gone over more than once before and for which there was no solution. Seldom nowadays did Andy Cordier make any effort to conceal his irritation or hostility.

Before he left for home he signed the letter to Harper and Row. Once again I had to admit to myself that despite the impression he was giving of weakness and debility, "the wheels were still turning" for to make such a commitment to Harper & Row at this time took a good deal of courage and determination. The compelling need to do it must have been on his mind all morning and in fact may have had a little to do with his unreceptivity to his visitor.
