

The Interview Trip

Cordier intended his United Nations memoirs to reach as far back as the Dumbarton Oaks Conference of 1944 and to follow the course of the United Nations through the 1945 San Francisco Charter Conference and the first sixteen years of its existence. This coincided with the period of his association with the organization.

The questions he was putting to the interviewees were these. What did they consider were the significant aspects of their own contribution to the United Nations? Secondly what was their version of their contacts with and their evaluation of the work and attitudes of the first two Secretaries-General, Trygve Lie and Dag Hammarskjöld? Thirdly, how did they evaluate Cordier's own personal and official contribution to the United Nations? With one exception all of those to be interviewed were presently associated with or had in the past served with the United Nations in one capacity or another -- either as international civil servants with the United Nations Secretariat or as representatives of Member States.

On this trip Cordier held over twenty interviews which I later wrote up to the best of my ability from my own notes, since we had not used a tape recorder. In the following account I shall be identifying those whom he interviewed but I shall review only in a general way what was said, for the content is still considered to be privileged material and is in the custody of Columbia University along with his other papers. I was impressed with the manner in which each one along the way did his or her best to cooperate with Cordier and

and to help him out in any way they could. It was remarkable how much patience, consideration and affection they displayed as he persisted in his efforts to do the interviews despite his own adverse circumstances. Many with whom he talked showed a keen interest in the idea of the memoirs and urged him, as had so many others, to put his recollections down on paper because of their important historical value.

There was considerable interest among Cordier's old friends at the United Nations in his memoirs project and when Norman Ho, in the Office of Public Information, learned from me that Cordier was planning an interview trip, he notified the Directors of the United Nations Information Centres in each city where we were scheduled to stop, asking that they lend us a hand in any way they could.

We left New York on Friday, 9 May 1975 for Dublin. This was to be the first stop in an ambitious itinerary which was also to include London, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Tunis, Athens, Cairo and Stockholm. We had allowed ourselves six weeks in which to accomplish this. Cordier's son, Lowell had come with his wife to see Cordier off at Kennedy Airport. They visited with him for a while in the pre-boarding area prior to departure -- Andy was in a wheelchair. After they had said their goodbyes we proceeded to board the plane. Louise and I were certainly prepared for the worst. The expression on her face clearly

reflected her worried state of mind and I wondered if the same could be said of me.

Before they had left Great Neck for the airport, and as he was making his way painstakingly from his house to the car, he said to the neighbour who had come to see him off -- "Nobody thinks I should be making this trip but I'm going anyway." The neighbour, who was a good friend, had presented him with a photograph album, saying that when he returned she wanted to see photographs of all those people whom he was going to interview. This was a very meaningful thing to Cordier and he insisted that there should be a collection of photographs for the album. At his urging Louise brought along a camera, a supply of film and flash bulbs. At first I did not take this seriously but later wherever we had interviews -- and they took place in Dublin, London, Paris and Geneva -- he would usually remind Louise or me to get out the camera and be ready to take photographs. Of course he looked very ill, and most of the time he was in his dressing gown -- even at times in bed -- when the pictures were taken. In his younger and stronger days he had been quite photogenic and he had not lost this quality for surprisingly enough in many of the photographs he came through as an interesting personality. After his death Louise had the negatives printed and a set of the pictures was eventually deposited with his papers at Columbia University.

We arrived in Dublin on Saturday morning, and made our way to the Shelbourne Hotel by Taxi. There was no one at the airport to greet Andy and I was a little disappointed for his sake, because I half expected to see his old friend, Fred Boland as we had been in touch with him by cable about our arrival and about the interview. Our accommodations at the Shelbourne were very comfortable and Andy's own room was eminently suitable for interviews. In the afternoon Boland appeared unexpectedly at the hotel to welcome Cordier and to apologize for not having been at the airport. He explained that there had been a misunderstanding about the date of our arrival and he had only just learned of the mistake. I knew his visit made Cordier feel much more at ease. Boland remained for a short time to chat and promised to come back the following day for a formal interview.

He was a friend of long standing, who had served as Ireland's Permanent Representative to the United Nations for a number of years. It was he who had been President of the Fifteenth Session of the General Assembly in 1960, which was the last that Hammarskjold was ever to attend because of the fatal air crash in 1961. This had been the difficult Assembly at which Hammarskjold had come under such severe attack from the Soviet Union over the conduct of the United Nations operation in the Congo. Their discussion on Sunday lasted two hours.

More than once during the interview, Boland emphasized that he thought Cordier should devote an effective portion of his memoirs to the story of the development of the United Nations Secretariat as he felt that the role played by the international civil service was a vitally important one which had never been dealt with adequately.

The other Dublin interview, which was also prearranged, took place the following morning with Frank Aiken, former Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs for Ireland. He was not as close a friend as Boland but in his role as Foreign Minister, he had attended many General Assembly sessions. He was keenly interested in the United Nations peacekeeping operations in which his country had, and still was playing a very active role. He spoke of the difficulties of financing them and said he was strongly in favor of compulsory assessments on Member States to pay for the costs of these operations. A number of other topics were discussed, including the Middle East, Indo China and various personalities of his own time who had held positions of authority. He expressed a deep admiration for Dag Hammarskjold.

We planned to leave Dublin the next day, and if it had not been for this fact -- and Andy's perilous state of health -- I believe

Cordier would like to have sought interviews with some of the Irish military who had participated in the United Nations peacekeeping contingents, and particularly in the Congo.

During this trip Cordier showed a side to his personality that was completely new to me. There were those of us who worked closely with him at the United Nations who were under the impression that he was not the kind to aim at sartorial perfection -- rather he had always seemed to have a slightly rumpled look and his shoes were invariably run down at the heel. We concluded then that he was either just too busy to bother about the details of his appearance or that like many academic people he did not place too much emphasis on clothes. Consequently it was now a revelation to me to find him displaying a keen interest in his appearance and what he should wear each day. Naturally, his choice was limited because he was travelling, but even so he would very carefully select which of his two suits he would wear for a particular occasion or interview. He no longer concerned himself with shirts or ties because he could not wear them comfortably. Instead he carried turtleneck pullovers of a light weight which were more adjustable to his enlarged abdomen and these he would match up with his suit. He also carried two dressing gowns with him, each of a different shade of blue and if he did not feel equal to getting dressed he would be just as deliberate in the selection of which dressing gown he was going to wear.

In Dublin Louise began her daily search for food that her father was permitted to eat -- or would eat -- and this continued throughout the trip. She had brought along all the diet sheets and did her best to keep within permissible bounds but it was very difficult with Andy for he had an obsession for food and often insisted on eating what was not prescribed in his diet.

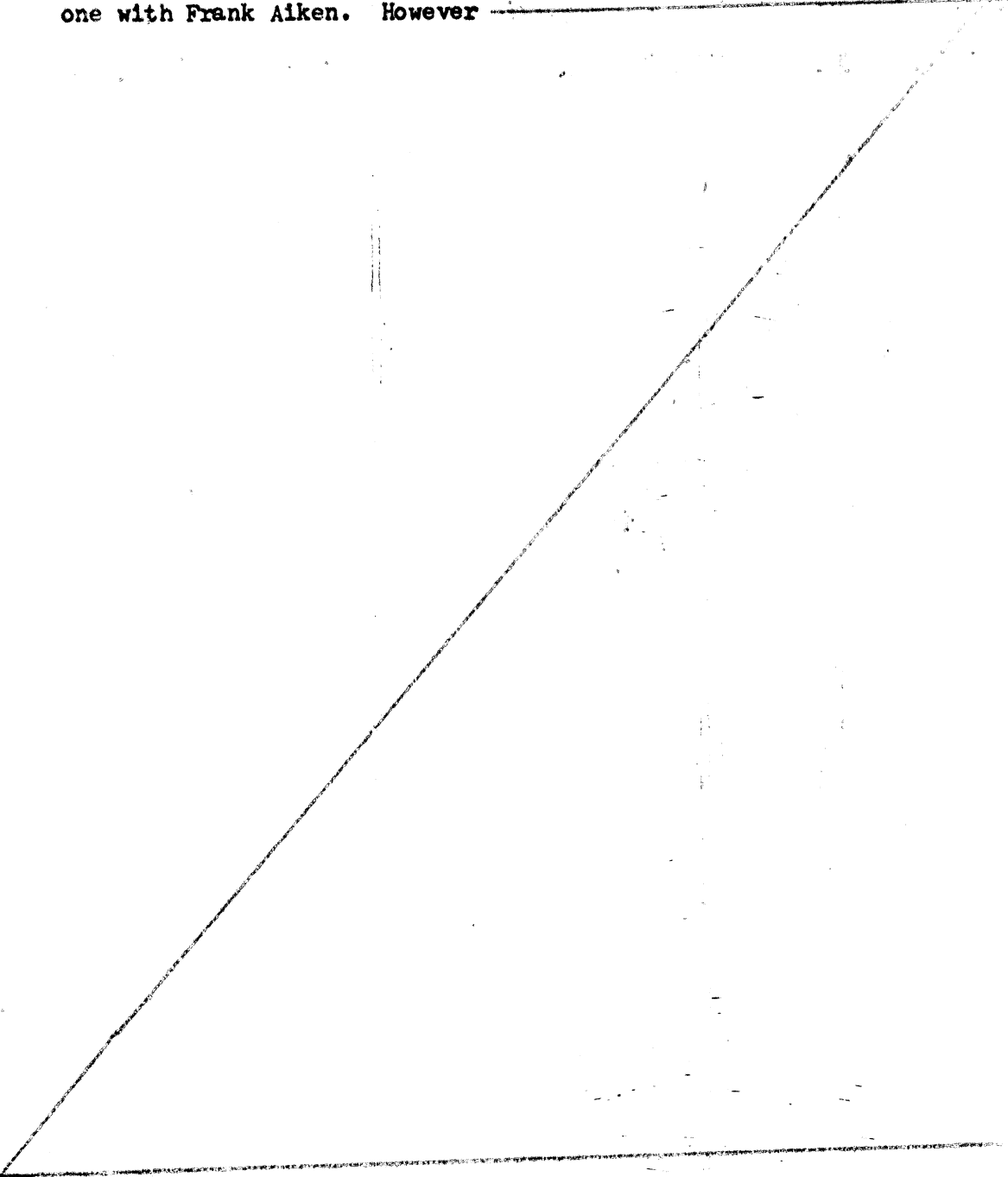
Cordier had brought his tape recorder with him from home. I had had no experience in using one and was apprehensive lest I might cut off someone in the middle of a sentence or that I would not have the microphone placed in the proper position, or that when I went to write up the interviews I would not be able to make out clearly what was said. These were rather idle fears, of course, which could be attributed to my then apprehensive state of mind. In any event I was hopefully relying on Cordier's know-how in case of difficulty. After our arrival in Dublin I attempted a practice session but without success and asked him how it should be done. His reply was a flat "I don't know." When I reminded him of the tape he had prepared the previous summer and brought to the office, his answer was, "Oh yes, but it was my grandson who set it up for me!" It seemed to be a question of the blind leading the blind, ^{and} /I never did use the tape recorder in Dublin but took notes instead. Just before we left some Irish friends of mine who examined it found _____

that it was not in proper working order. They took it away with them, had it repaired and returned it to us at the airport just as we were about to board the plane for London. We were now in good shape in case we wanted to use it.'

I had other reservations about using a tape recorder and they dated back to the time when I was with the Guided Tours at the United Nations. I remembered how when speakers would address the guides and it came to a question of taping their remarks for later classroom use, we would encounter a variety of reactions. Some objected on the grounds that it would inhibit them; others did not want their comments taped, saying they wished to be "off the record." I pictured difficulties of this kind in the interviews and thought perhaps it might be better for everyone concerned if I took down the discussions in shorthand. As it turned out we never did use the tape recorder and I continued to take notes. This was not a deliberately planned thing, it just happened that way and largely because of an incident that took place later -- but maybe in the end it was best because it seemed less formal, more relaxed.

Louise spent an afternoon in the country with friends and did a few shopping errands. I took a few short walks in the neighbourhood of the Shelbourne Hotel, but other than that the two of us stayed pretty close to the hotel. As for Cordier he never left his room in Dublin, despite an earnest invitation from Frank Aiken. On the whole he seemed to hold his own there and I felt that we would be fortunate if he maintained that level. His meals were

served in his room -- Louise arranged that -- and except for the two interviews, most of the time he rested in bed. We started taking photographs there and some of these turned out very nicely, including one with Frank Aiken. However



through an oversight I failed to photograph Cordier with Fred Boland. He was quite upset about this and phoned Boland to try and persuade him to return on Monday for the photograph but the latter was unable to do so because of other commitments. I don't believe I missed out on any photographs after that because from then on Andy usually reminded me about the camera.

On Tuesday, May 13th we set off by taxi for the Dublin Airport. We were bound for London, the next stop in our bizarre journey. Cordier seemed to be in a cheerful frame of mind. When we arrived at Heathrow Airport I must admit I felt rather vanquished by the throngs of travellers and the general air of confusion and wondered how Louise and I were ever going to cope. Consequently I was relieved and happy to find the driver from the United Nations Information Centre waiting for us as we emerged from Customs. He introduced himself cheerfully as "Ginger", quickly got us organized and into the Centre car, and took us directly to the Hotel Mandeville where the Centre had made reservations for us in accordance with Cordier's request for a "good but not expensive hotel."

Soon after our arrival, Michael Popovic, the Centre Director, called at the hotel to welcome Cordier and to bring some information materials that we had requested but I noticed that Cordier seemed too tired to respond in any positive way, and so Popovic finally left after a moment or two.

Louise went off early that evening to meet some friends. Soon after I ordered dinner sent up for Andy and sat with him while he ate it. But once I thought he was settled, I slipped off downstairs to have my own dinner -- I wanted to get off by myself and think things through a bit for I was disappointed in the hotel -- and in the accommodations -- as I felt they would not be adequate to receive people for interviews. I was discouraged about it and later in the evening when Louise returned I discussed it with her. I discovered that she was of the same mind. The next morning on her initiative we moved to the Carlton Towers in Chelsea. It was going to cost a

good deal more money but Louise knew London and had some money there so she undertook to make up the difference in cost. At first Cordier had some misgivings but once ensconced in the Carlton Towers he obviously felt more at ease and comfortable. For that matter all of us benefitted from the improved amenities and the cheerful atmosphere.

To add to the festive mood of that day Louise and her father had some old friends for lunch -- the late Peter Collins' sister and her husband who were very dear to Louise. We lunched downstairs in the dining room of the hotel. For the moment Andy seemed to have shed the trappings of illness and was dressed for the occasion in what I called "his elegant grey suit" -- he was in surprisingly good form and seemed to enjoy the luncheon. After it was over I was feeling ^{very} relaxed and gratified at the way things seemed to be going.

Needless to say during that trip there were many sad moments but some seem to stand out in my mind more than others. An incident took place that evening at the Carlton Hotel which quickly brought me out of the state of euphoria into which I had lapsed. Louise and a friend were going to the theatre but first we all dined together with Andy in his suite. After they had left for the theatre I went along to my room which was some distance away down the corridor. Although I knew that Andy had retired, after an hour or so I began to have feelings of uneasiness and decided I should look in on him. To my dismay I discovered him lying on his side on the floor between the twin beds in his room. It seems that in attempting to get out of bed to go to

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the bathroom he had caught his foot in the bedclothes and fallen to the floor. In his present state of "lopsidedness", with such an enlarged abdomen, once having fallen he could not get himself up. He had been lying there for at least half an hour, helpless, in his underclothes. He looked embarrassed and his eyes were filled with fear. I suppose what happened was not in itself a major tragedy -- and I thought by this time that I was inured to anything -- but the sight of the once powerful Cordier lying in this helpless, pitiable state was so upsetting that at first I could not even think logically, and I just stood there looking down at him. It was several seconds before I made a move to help him. Then when I tried to get him up I could not -- he was a dead weight.

After several more fruitless attempts I called downstairs to the hotel desk. They responded immediately and in what seemed no time at all two porters appeared in the room and quickly lifted him to his feet. It was then I noticed that he was already more swollen than when he had left New York just a few days before.

He had four interviews in London. The first was scheduled for the following day with Paul Martin, Canada's High Commissioner to London. Knowing that the latter would have a busy schedule I had not liked to ask him to come to the hotel, particularly as I had not informed him of Cordier's state of health --it would have been very awkward to do so and ^{IN ANY EVENT} ~~besides~~ I did not think Cordier wanted me to. Besides I thought it might be good for ~~my~~ ^{HIS} morale to dress and go out for an appointment. So with his permission I arranged for the meeting to take place at ten o'clock at Paul Martin's office in MacDonald House on Grosvenor Square. Earlier Michael Popovic had offered us "further assistancelf needed" and when I told him of this appointment he quickly placed the Centre car at Cordier's disposal for the visit to MacDonald House. Ginger picked us up at Carlton Towers and drove us to our destination. When we arrived at MacDonald House Cordier seemed to have difficulty easing himself out of the car, but otherwise everything seemed in order and we slowly made our way in silence, up the stairs into MacDonald House.

Paul Martin had been Canada's spokesman at the United Nations on many occasions and his association with the world organization went back a long way, both as a Member of Parliament and as Canada's Minister for External Affairs. Cordier was _____

looking forward to this interview. Martin reacted with shock and surprise when he saw Cordier. "What have you done to yourself, Andy?" he asked as he stood ready to receive us -- I concluded he was referring to Andy's changed and frail appearance^{but} he did not press the subject and ushered us into his office. As soon as the discussion began I noticed that he did most of the talking, and deliberately I suspected. I was fidgety because Cordier seemed dazed and not nearly as responsive as I thought he would be. It was then that I noticed a cut on his head which was bleeding but I said nothing and the interview continued on. He afterwards explained to me that he had struck his head on the roof of the car as he was getting out and this had stunned him somewhat. During their discussion Martin reviewed the early days of the United Nations, its historical development, its problems, the personalities they both had known, the Congo and the United Nations peacekeeping forces in which Canada had played an important part. When their discussion came to a close and we took our leave of Paul Martin, I did not expect to see him again.

It was a beautiful sunny day and Ginger offered to take us the "long way round" back to the hotel so that we could enjoy a little tour. Andy seemed quite happy about this. He was obviously content to be back in London once again and I knew it held special memories for him. We had a lovely drive past Buckingham Palace, and through St. James Park. For a while we followed slowly along behind the Queen's mounted horse-guard, a thrilling sight in the May sunshine. But beautiful as it all was, the measured clack of the horses' hooves seemed to me to be hammering out a solemn message for Andy. He remained silent during the drive as

though his thoughts were very far away. I did not dare break the silence for as we drove along I had the feeling that we had been suspended in time and during those few minutes that day in London Cordier seemed to have taken on another dimension beyond my understanding. It was the same mood that had gripped me several times in Sweden -- when I first saw Solzenhitzens's white orchid lying on the dashboard in the limousine in Stockholm -- later when we stood beside Hammarskjold's grave in Uppsala, and then during the long dark December days in Stockholm while we were waiting for access to the Hammarskjold papers.

It was his own resiliency that dispelled my macabre mood, for when we returned to the hotel he seemed entirely different. He ate a good lunch in his room and prepared for a three o'clock interview with Sir Alexander MacFarquhar, a former United Nations official. MacFarquhar had served as special adviser on the civilian assistance program in the Congo in 1960 and 1961 and had been a member of Dag's "Congo team" as well as a close associate of Cordier's. Although he had had no advance warning of Cordier's condition, he displayed no sign of discomfiture or surprise when he saw him and whatever his feelings may have been he managed to conceal them admirably. They discussed the Congo and the Middle East, weighing the pros and cons of the long dispute between Israel and the Arab States. They spoke of Hammarskjold and the circumstances surrounding Cordier's

resignation. Cordier seemed to be in better form than he had in the morning and on the whole I thought the interview went quite well. Some time after Cordier's death I received a note from MacFarquhar in which he said, "Cordier was a great man and his major contribution to the stability of the United Nations and its development will surely be assessed in due course."

That evening Cordier retired early to prepare for the following day and Louise and I slipped out to the theatre to see the "Norman Conquests", a British comedy. After the theatre, on the way back to the hotel, she asked the taxi driver to take us around by the House of Lords and Westminster Abbey so that I could get some appreciation of these marvelous buildings. We got out of the cab and stood looking at them for a while, faintly outlined against the sky in the moonlight. I was wishing I could return to take another look but I knew this was out of the question.

The following day, Cordier had three visitors. The first appointment was at eleven o'clock with George Ivan Smith, an Australian and a former United Nations official with wide experience in the public information field who had worked closely with Hammarskjold. This was the one and only time that I set up the tape recorder for an interview and George immediately said he would prefer that we not use it. He did not explain why, but instead volunteered to do a resume of the interview which he said he would send to Cordier in New York. This was the sort of reaction I had feared we might come up against and it confirmed my feeling that it might ^{be} ^{to} better/rely on my notes. They discussed

Hammarskjold, his personality and his unmistakable genius. When noon arrived we adjourned downstairs to the dining room for lunch and continued the talks there. This was at Cordier's suggestion and it came as a complete surprise as I did not think he would feel up to this. However, once in the dining room he ordered a good lunch for himself and seemed in complete command. Before leaving George presented him with a gift -- it was an interesting portrait drawing which George's daughter, Angela Connors, had done of Cordier. Throughout the interview, although George did not mention it, I sensed that he was suffering not a little from shock at discovering Cordier in such frail health.

Earlier that day Andy had a surprise phone call from Paul Martin saying he wished to visit him at the hotel and so an appointment was arranged for four o'clock. Obviously he was coming to pay his respects. Andy made no attempt to conceal his appreciation of this gesture and spoke of it frequently afterwards. Martin said he was distressed about the circumstances of our visit to his office the previous day and had he known of Cordier's delicate health he would never have allowed us to make the trip to MacDonald House but would have arranged to come to the hotel instead. I was conscious of ^{AN} unspoken rebuke not only from him but from MacFarquhar and Smith as well, for not having alerted them beforehand about Andy's condition, and I regretted this but there was nothing I could do or say then or earlier to help the situation as I considered that my hands were tied. Later in New York I received a nice letter from Paul Martin in which he described

Cordier as a "great man of admirable will", and he added "few had done more for the United Nations."

Andy's old friend Julia Henderson dropped in to see him at six o'clock that evening. She had somehow learned of his presence in London and where he was staying. As he had already interviewed Julia

New York in February, I guessed that she was making a friendly visit now out of sentiment and concern. Cordier asked for her views on the third world response to population control. She replied that there had been progress but at the present birth rate they would never catch up in housing, education and food. I photographed them together and this picture turned out very nicely. After Julia had left I reflected that, taking everything into account, the London visit was going extremely well, and once again I felt greatly encouraged.

The next morning we left for Paris. Our departure from the hotel went smoothly enough. On our arrival at Heathrow Airport Louise went off to look after the departure arrangements while I stayed with Andy. He was very silent and he appeared to be depressed. We found ourselves a place to sit in the busy terminal whilst we waited for a wheelchair to arrive. Judging from the hectic atmosphere around us I was fearful that we may never get one but it finally came, and we eventually boarded the plane. After we were seated the reason for Cordier's downcast mood soon became clear, for I heard him complain to Louise that he was feeling ill and he might have

to seek medical help in Paris. On hearing this my buoyant mood of the previous day completely disappeared.

When we arrived at the Charles de Gaulle airport in Paris we found that it was Manuela d'Arcy of the United Nations Information Centre who had come to meet us. An old friend of Cordier's, she had served for many years on the United Nations staff in New York and Andy expected to have an interview with her. As we approached her in the waiting area with Andy in the wheelchair, her expression never altered nor did she make any comment except to greet us with affection and warmth, but I wondered what her thoughts were for she must have been ~~surprised~~ ^{SURPRISED} when she saw Andy. She accompanied us in a taxi to the hotel and saw to it that we were settled in.

At the suggestion of Cordier's old friends, Ernest and Kathryn Gross, we had asked for reservations at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, where they too were staying. During our stay in Paris, not only were they exceedingly hospitable but they also provided much needed moral support and it seemed that their generosity and concern knew no bounds. Ernest Gross had been United States Deputy Permanent Representative to the United Nations in the early nineteen-fifties under the Truman administration and in later years had served as a legal consultant to Hammarskjold. Cordier was looking forward to his interview with him.

The Queen Elizabeth Hotel was close to the Avenue Georges Cinq and in an elite area of Paris with many restaurants close by. It was

not a modern type hotel but a period piece in its decor and furnishings. Elegant in a quiet unobtrusive way, it had a small bar and dining room. During our few days in Paris I managed to have a few nice strolls in the May sunshine along Avenue Georges Cinq as far as the River Seine.

On the first evening the Gross's left us to our own devices so once her father was settled, Louise and I went out of the hotel for dinner. We did not stay away long as we felt we should keep in close touch with him. Nevertheless the visit to the restaurant was a welcome respite from the tensions that we had been under. In the weeks that followed this was to be our mode of recreation, for from now on, unless there was a very special reason Cordier always ate in his hotel room. Whenever we would return from these outings he would usually enquire wistfully about the restaurant and then when we would describe it to him, he would become very thoughtful. We knew he was missing this and would like to have been with us.

It was Saturday, May 17th, when we arrived in Paris. Gross told Andy that he had arranged a small luncheon in his honor for Sunday at the Circle Internationale, a private club in Paris. Cordier accepted the invitation and on Sunday we all met together beforehand in Gross's suite. It was then that Andy informed Gross that he needed medical help and he thought perhaps he should seek it in Paris -- he said he was worried about the build-up of fluid in his system as it was draining his energy. They discussed the possibility of his going to the American Hospital but after seeming to ponder over it for a few minutes Cordier said he would prefer to wait until he arrived in Geneva where he was known and could consult with the

United Nations Health Service. I interpreted this to mean that he merely intended to seek medical direction from them but I was later to discover that he had something more substantial in mind.

When we arrived at the Club Andy seemed tired and I noticed that he sat quietly at the side for a while, not entering much into the conversation, but once at the table he began to participate more. There were ten of us altogether -- the Gross's, Jean and Manuela d'Arcy, Monsieur and Madame Parodi, Monsieur Chauvel, Cordier, Louise and myself. Parodi and Chauvel had served in New York many years earlier with the Permanent Mission of France to the United Nations. The discussion soon turned to the role of the United Nations Secretariat and the international civil servant -- and to the effects of the "cold war" on the United Nations. Manuela d'Arcy and Ernest Gross both paid tribute to Cordier. She recalled that his were the shoulders on which everyone could lean at the United Nations. She also spoke of his uncomplicated, pragmatic approach and said he had always dealt with things in human terms. Gross complimented him on his strictly international outlook, saying that he considered that Cordier was the ideal of what an international civil servant should be. The comments seemed to me to be worthwhile enough to be written up and so I later treated the occasion as an "interview."

After our return to the hotel I had a few minutes alone with the Gross's in their suite. It was then that Kathryn asked if it was really

"essential for Andy to have made this trip", obviously referring to his state of health -- saying "Could he not have done the book without it?" Her husband replied that in his opinion this was a very important mission for Cordier -- and that it was "very important to Columbia too that he make the trip and write the book." The interviews would "corroborate what was in his mind, or modify and recall events to him."

The next day Cordier and Gross had two interview sessions, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. These took place in Andy's room as he did not seem to have the energy to get dressed or even to get up/^{and} while they talked he was lying in bed. In spite of his lassitude, however, he seemed to be able to contribute a good deal by way of his own recollections of the Trygve Lie era and especially the Korean war. It was during that period that Gross had been United States Deputy Permanent Representative and Cordier was trying to recall for him the purpose and events of two official trips which he, Cordier, had made to Korea, in 1951 and 1952. He recalled that the latter was certainly of diplomatic importance for he had gone there at the request of the Unified Command (of the United Nations force) -- with the concurrence of Trygve Lie -- in an effort to resolve differences which had arisen between the Command and the Korean Government under Syngman Rhee. Andy reviewed his two trips at length and Gross was urging him on, indicating to me that he felt what he was saying would be of historical value. In spite of Andy's weakened condition I considered this to be one of his own most productive interviews.

We had been invited to a supper party in Cordier's honor the following evening at d'Arcy's. I thought he would refuse but he did not and I doubted if he would be able to make it, but he proved me wrong once again for he rose late in the day and got dressed and the three of us went off to the party together. Andy remained for the whole evening -- from six thirty to ten thirty -- and took part in the conversation, a considerable feat for someone in his condition. However it was at that party that I heard him for the first time cancel an engagement that was important to him. Leif Belfrage, a member of the Swedish Foreign Office and a close friend of Dag Hammarskjold's, had planned a luncheon for Cordier the following day. This had been arranged long in advance of our arrival in Paris as we had written Belfrage from New York asking for an interview. When I heard Andy explaining to Belfrage that he did not feel up to it, I realized how considerable must be his physical distress now. Belfrage was very understanding and arranged instead to meet Cordier late the next day in Gross's suite for an interview. Belfrage did not cancel his luncheon but went ahead without Cordier.

The Gross's were also at the d'Arcy's that evening, as was Hernan Santa Cruz, a Chilean, who had represented his country for many years at the United Nations. He too was an old friend and associate of Cordier's. The question arose as to what effect the now greatly enlarged membership was having on the United Nations. Santa Cruz

said he favored universality of membership and that it was important to the newly independent states to become members of the world body. He emphasized how much he valued his own years at the United Nations, saying that the experience had completely changed his outlook. He spoke of the important contribution of the United Nations in the fields of decolonization, human rights and technical assistance. I later did a summary of the evening's discussion, not only because I found it to be of considerable interest, but because when the evening came to an end Cordier quietly, almost shyly asked Santa Cruz if he would mind being listed as one of those he had interviewed for his book. Santa Cruz seemed taken aback, more by Andy's diffident tone I thought than by the request. He seemed to have to think for a moment before replying -- then looking directly at Cordier, his eyes very sad and solemn, he said "I would be honored."

Cordier did not leave the hotel on Wednesday, nor did he get dressed but he did have several visitors. The first to come was Claude de Kemoullaria who arrived at three fifteen and stayed for an interview. They had a long discussion and he did not leave until five. This was not a pre-arranged appointment for we had not been on touch with him prior to coming to Paris. He had obviously learned of Cordier's presence through Belfrage's luncheon where he had been a guest. De Kemoullaria was a former United Nations staff member who had joined the Secretariat in January 1957 as the French special assistant to Hammarskjold. In those days, with the enhancement of Dag's stature internationally, each of the Permanent Members of the Security Council had sought to have one

of their own nationals serving close to him on the "38th floor" in an assistant capacity. Claude talked of Hammarskjold's problems with de Gaulle when the ^{LATTER} ~~later~~ was President of France -- of Dag's role in the Congo and of his difficulties with the Soviet Union. He praised what he considered to have been the very effective teamwork of Hammarskjold and Cordier and said it had been an important factor during Hammarskjold's tenure. Shortly after Hammarskjold's death in 1961 Claude had submitted his resignation. He was now with a banking firm in France.

The appointment with Leif Belfrage was at six o'clock and took place as pre-arranged in Gross's suite. Cordier did not dress for this meeting but remained in his dressing gown. Belfrage had been a close friend of Hammarskjold's and had succeeded him in the Swedish Foreign Ministry after Dag had been appointed to the United Nations. He was now Sweden's representative to the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development. Their discussion was devoted to Hammarskjold's personality and his spiritual leanings. It was to Belfrage that Hammarskjold had bequeathed his spiritual diary which was later published as MARKINGS and Cordier was anxious to hear all that Belfrage had to say about this. He commented on the phenomenal success of MARKINGS which had exceeded all expectations.

After Belfrage's departure Cordier had another visitor

in the person of Al Davidson, a former United Nations staff member who was now living in Paris. He had somehow learned that Cordier was in Paris and had come to pay his respects. Cordier had retired by this time but Davidson sat by the bedside and chatted with him. Andy insisted on having a photograph taken of the two of them and I complied, but reluctantly, for I was unhappy about recording his invalidism in this way. Later on I learned to accept this.

This was to be our last evening in Paris for the next day we would be on our way to Geneva. Louise and I did not go out for dinner but instead she prepared and served a meal in her father's room, and this seemed to please him very much.

With the possibility of Cordier's hospitalization in Europe now looming up before us, Louise and I were under an additional strain. She was nonetheless striving to keep everything as cheerful as possible and I was trying to hold up my end by making the trip as meaningful as possible as far as the interviews were concerned. One of her major concerns was how she would go about financing a perhaps prolonged hospitalization in Europe. The other was that her father might not survive the trip and would die in Geneva. We were continually reviewing all the possibilities that might have to be faced.

It was with some sadness and discouragement that I prepared for the departure to Geneva the following morning. Cordier's fortitude in the face of his infirmities and his determination to carry on were admirable but at the same time tragic to behold. His

condition was such this day that I was concerned about the very logistics of getting him to the airport. I need not have worried however for when we arrived in the lobby we found Claude de Kemoularia waiting for us. He said he had come to place his own car and driver at our disposal for the trip to the airport. This was like an answer to a prayer and I was surprised, happy and grateful to see him. I never did learn how he had come to know the time of our departure.

The plane left Paris at ten past ten that morning and soon we were in Geneva for it was only an hour's flight away. A group of Cordier's old friends had come to the airport to meet us, all of whom had worked with him at one time or another and had a deep affection for him. There was Paul Coidan, Gerald Gregoire and ? Outremont, from the European Office of the United Nations, and Georges Palthey and Constance Rhodes, former colleagues who were now retired. The meeting at the airport was a strain, for not only were these old friends witnessing a vast change in Cordier, but they were also for the first time seeing him in a wheelchair. However I knew that everyone present would have been more or less prepared for the change in Andy as I had been in touch with Alf Katzin in Geneva ever since he had visited Cordier in New York the previous summer. It was Katzin who at that time had cautioned me to be prepared for "Andy's resiliency."

As for Andy, he greeted them with a mere nod of his head and there was no smile on his face. He appeared dejected. I wondered if this were due to physical distress, or if it was embarrassment at having his old friends see him in the role of an invalid. Their greetings were warm but somewhat subdued; they were very solicitous and instantly took things in hand, looking after the luggage, and arranging for our transport to La Residence Hotel, where Paul Coidan had made reservations for us. This was a hotel which incidentally turned out to be one of the "good but not too expensive" ones that Andy had been looking for ever since we began our trip.

There were two other old friends waiting for us at the hotel -- Alf Katzin and Adrian Pelt and they greeted Cordier with warm concern. He spoke briefly to them and then Louise took him to his room. Time passed and there was no sign of their return. As everyone seemed to be at a loss to know what to do next, I finally took it upon myself to speak for Cordier and invite them to stay for lunch. Then, keeping my fingers crossed, I went upstairs to see Louise and Andy and tell them that their friends were waiting for them to come downstairs and join them for lunch. Cordier was still looking very downcast and I expected a refusal but instead he immediately agreed and even seemed pleased with the idea. Happily I ^{APPEARED} ~~seem~~ to have cleared up a misunderstanding

as it seemed he had been wondering what we were all doing downstairs without him, and especially me! I shook my head, could this be the Andy Cordier that I had known?

In spite of its inauspicious beginning, the luncheon turned out to be a good one, with some interesting exchanges of anecdotes. One could describe that luncheon as an "ice-breaker." There were six of us -- Adrian Pelt, Constance Rhodes, Alf Katzin, Cordier, Louise and myself. I was pleased that Cordier still possessed enough of his old sureness of instinct to insist on being host, thereby supporting my "invitation" and I smiled to myself for I suspected that he knew all along how that luncheon had come about. This rare instinctive quality of his was one of the marvelous things about him that used to continually delight us at the United Nations.

La Residence Hotel was on the Route de Florissant near the Boulevard des Tranchees in an area described as Eaux Vives which was immediately south of where the River Rhone flows into Lake Geneva. I discovered that this was a considerable distance from the United Nations building (Palais des Nations), which though also on Lake Geneva, was several miles to the north of the Rhone. We were in a central urban area quite close to the main thoroughfares and there were small shops and restaurants close by. The hotel had a large reception area where one could order refreshments, and a dining room with excellent cuisine. There were trees and gardens surrounding the building. Our rooms were comfortable and Cordier's was large and quite appropriate for receiving people.

Paul Coidan was the Deputy Director of the European Office and he was the one with whom I had spoken on long distance from Paris about Cordier's wish to consult the United Nations Health Service. On Cordier's explicit instructions I had had to use the words "Just a routine check, blood pressure, etc., " when talking to Coidan. Later when we arrived in Geneva I did not feel free to enlighten him further. Consequently he was somewhat in the dark about Cordier's illness. I presumed that Andy thought by putting it in the above manner he

could keep the nature of his illness and the extent of his debility sub rosa until he himself could consult with the head of the Health Service.

Coidan had arranged the appointment for nine-thirty on Friday, May 23rd, the day following our arrival. Louise and her father set off for the clinic with Alf Katzin who had kindly offered to transport them to the Palais des Nations. I sensed from Cordier's mood that he was greatly relieved that he was at last going to receive medical help but more than that he radiated such an air of optimism and faith in what the United Nations Health Service could do for him that it was almost pathetic. When he returned to the hotel everything was different -- he seemed exhausted and dispirited, as did Louise. I enquired how things had gone to which he replied rather dourly that they had done nothing more than "take his blood pressure." Louise later explained to me what had happened. Both a nurse and a physician had attended him at the clinic. However when the Doctor was examining Andy he said bluntly to him "How did you ever get here? You should be in a hospital!" At this Andy left the examining table, got himself dressed and walked out. Afterwards his comment to Louise was "That doctor does not know anything." Whether his indignation stemmed from being treated in what he considered was a cavalier fashion, or whether it was from extreme disappointment, I do not know, for the truth was that he had hoped to receive

medical treatment right there at the United Nations Health Service, rather than enter a hospital, which apparently he was doing his best to avoid. To look to the United Nations clinic for treatment was of course unrealistic but I concluded that he was grasping at straws because he was working against time and fate. I believe he desperately wanted to complete the interview trip and perhaps even a first draft of his memoirs before death overtook him. There were other factors. Re-entering a hospital at this time could be a severe psychological blow because it would mean that his case was growing more hopeless -- and besides hospitals had become an anathema to him now. On the other side of the coin it must be remembered that he had embarked on this trip contrary to everyone's advice and knowing how proud he was I am certain he did not want to be proved wrong. There was always this human side of Andy that lent a little zest to everything that was happening, no matter what the circumstances.

For the rest of us the immediate problem was that his condition was acute and he badly needed medical attention. The question was how to get things "back on the rails" again. Fortunately when Georges Palthey came to see Cordier for an interview appointment on Saturday I was able to have a word with him alone and explain what had happened at the Health Service. I told him how concerned Louise and I were about what to do next. Palthey thought that it would be better if the senior doctor from the Health Service came to see Cordier at the hotel rather than have him make another trip back to the Palais des Nations. He felt that under these circumstances the physician's advice might be more acceptable to Andy even if it meant entering a hospital. Accordingly during the week-end

he had a talk with Paul Coidan, who was able to arrange with Dr. du Lac, the chief of the Health Service to see Cordier at the hotel at twelve noon on Monday. Andy was agreeable to this.

Debilitated as he was Cordier had commenced to set up his interview schedule immediately upon our arrival in Geneva since the original intention was to spend only six days there. The first interview was with his old friend, Adrian Pelt and took place on Friday afternoon following the unproductive visit to the Palais des Nations. Pelt had had a lifetime career in international organization and government. He had served on the staff of the League of Nations before joining the Netherlands Government-in-exile in London during World War II. In 1945 he had attended the San Francisco Conference on the Charter as a member of the Netherlands Delegation. Following that he held top level administrative posts with the United Nations in both New York and Geneva. In 1949 the General Assembly had appointed him as United Nations Commissioner in Libya at the dawn of that country's independence. They had a long discussion during which Cordier appeared relaxed and talkative despite the clinic episode earlier in the day. Here was an example of the resiliency which Andy's friends always talked about, and marvelled at.

Cordier's next interview was on Saturday morning with Georges Palthey. Georges, who was French, had served with his own government prior to joining the United Nations Secretariat in 1948 as Deputy Director of Personnel. For a number of years prior to his retirement in 1973 he was Deputy Director of the European Office in Geneva. Cordier and Palthey had a long discussion about the development of the United Nations Secretariat and the increasing importance of the Geneva office. At the conclusion Palthey gave a careful and interesting assessment of the personalities of Lie and Hammarskjold and of the Cordier role at the United Nations.

Andy had another and unexpected interview in the afternoon with Thanassis Aghnides, the former Chairman of the United Nations Advisory Committee on Administrative and Budgetary questions. This body is recognized as an important and powerful group because of the subject with which it deals and is a Standing Committee of the General Assembly, its members being periodically elected by that body. When Andy heard that Aghnides was living in Geneva he told Georges that he would like to talk to him even though he suspected that Aghnides "being of a critical turn of mind" might be very critical of his, Cordier's role. We were able to get in touch with Aghnides through Georges and Aghnides said he would be able to come to see Andy at four o'clock.

Aghnides, who was now in his eighties, lived quite close to our hotel. He appeared to be quite happy to see Cordier and to be there talking to him. I noticed that at first Cordier was a little "on his metal", possibly because he expected that "critical reaction", but he need not have worried for it was quite the contrary. Aghnides was very positive. ^{Moreover} he showed no sign of shock or surprise when he first saw Cordier, although I am certain he was not prepared for the great change in him.

Because Aghnides had not received the usual "interview" letter, Cordier outlined for him the three points -- first he would appreciate an evaluation of Aghnides' own contribution; secondly he would like to have Aghnides' assessment of both Lie and Hammarskjold, and lastly he would like to hear from Aghnides how he viewed the "Cordier role." Aghnides began -- he was very concise and to the point and he seemed to be able to marshal his thoughts with ease.

He traced back to the days of the United Nations Charter

Conference in San Francisco in 1945 which he had attended as a member of the Greek Delegation. He explained how his appointment to the Chairmanship had come about at that Conference and he reviewed his subsequent role as Chairman. He spoke of Trygve Lie and their early acquaintance in London and commented on his relations with him as Secretary-General, as well as with his successors Hammarskjold and U Thant. Aghnides had served for many years with the League of Nations. He compared the United Nations with the League and spoke of the negative effects of the Cold War and later of the enlarged membership on the workings of the United Nations.

After Cordier's death I received a note from Aghnides in which he paid tribute to Cordier, saying, "Andy Cordier was the backbone of the organization and the United Nations was fortunate to secure at the critical moment the services of this outstanding, indefatigable and loyal servant."

Constance Rhodes lived in a charming old farm house in Songy/Viry just across the French border. She had invited some of Andy's friends to come for lunch on Sunday but now after seeing him she was concerned that he would not feel up to it. However he surprised her

by saying he would attend. He did not disappoint us and on Sunday we drove with friends out to Songy/Viry. When we arrived Constance persuaded Cordier to sit in a chair near the fireplace so that he would be warm and during the luncheon the guests could come over to his chair to talk to him. The Pelts were there and the Palthays, also Alf Katzin. There were others including Jehan de Noue and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cook. Constance had set out a tempting buffet on a table in the adjoining room within sight of Cordier. She had also prepared a special diet lunch in consultation with Louise which she ~~was~~^{PUT} in front of Andy not long after our arrival. He gazed at this with disappointment, almost disdain, toyed with it for a while and then set about getting some of the wonderful food from the buffet brought to him. Every once in a while he would just beckon to one of the guests close by and point to some delectable morsel on the buffet table. They would always go and get it for him. I thought something like this would happen, for Constance was renowned for her cuisine and he would not want to miss any of it. That afternoon I reflected on how strange it was that throughout this debilitating illness, Cordier's appetite continued to be enormous.

The contrast between what he had been at the United Nations and what he was now must have struck everyone forcibly that day, as it did me. Nevertheless the power of his personality was such that he remained the centre of things throughout the afternoon

despite his invalidism. After luncheon all of us except Cordier moved to an upstairs sitting room for coffee, while he remained where he was, resting on a sofa near the fire. Not long after we had started our coffee I noticed Russell Cook slip quietly away and go downstairs. He did not return and we later discovered that he had gone to sit with Cordier in case he needed anything.

Monday, May 26th was a busy day for Cordier. - Paul Coidan was to have a luncheon for him at the Palais des Nations and he was determined to go. The appointment with Dr. du Lac was scheduled for twelve noon and prior to that he was to have his interview with Paul Coidan.

Coidan, whose background was in budget and finance, had come to the United Nations Secretariat in 1946 from the French Government. He had headed up the Budget Division of the United Nations in New York from 1949 to 1955 and later had held assignments in Geneva, the Congo and Rome. Finally in 1973 he had succeeded Georges Palthey as Deputy Director of the European Office. Because of the nature of his assignments there had always been a close contact with Cordier, and also with Lie and Hammarskjold. Coidan described his own role as chiefly administrative and financial. He had always considered that it was the responsibility of people like him to "keep the house running smoothly" and he had always tried to play it that way. He said

that in his view the United Nations was well ahead of its time in spite of the many criticisms levelled at it. One thing he felt was most important and that was that the Secretariat staff maintain the "confidence, esteem and respect" of the Member States.

The interview was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. du Lac. Coidan and I left and went into the adjoining room to await the outcome of his visit while Louise remained with her father. It was not long before Louise came to tell us that du Lac had already made arrangements for Andy to enter the Cantonal Hospital and had suggested that he do so immediately. His physician was to be Monsieur Mach, an eminent liver specialist. Cordier had agreed to the hospital but maintained that he must first attend the luncheon. Although I was relieved that at last Cordier was going to receive medical attention, still the fact that he was entering the hospital meant that my worst fears were being realized and by the time we started off for the luncheon at the Palais des Nations I was in a very gloomy frame of mind.

With the exception of one or two, the guests were all the old friends who had been with us on the day of our arrival. The luncheon took place in an anteroom off the main dining room of the Palais.

of the Palais. It was a pleasant event although it goes without saying that there was an air of sadness, even of finality about it. Everyone seemed to be striving to make conversation. It must have been difficult for some of those old friends -- remembering happier days -- to behold Andy in his present state and to know that this was in all probability the last time they would be with him. At the end Cordier gave a nice little speech of appreciation and thanks to Coidan -- he had never failed on that score, but when the luncheon guests had dispersed and we were leaving the Palais I could see how really downhearted he was.

After we returned to the hotel he announced that he would like to rest. Then as the afternoon wore on he became anxious and developed misgivings about entering the hospital. I can't say I blamed him, but he was irascible and difficult about it and in spite of Louise's urgings, refused to get up. It was not until the arrival of Alf Katzin at six o'clock that he agreed to get dressed and ready for the hospital. When we arrived there in Katzin's car it was decided that Louise would accompany her father to the admitting office while Alf and I waited nearby. She had found it necessary that day to arrange a substantial loan from one of Andy's Geneva friends in order to pay the hospital admission fee. This was a temporary arrangement, of course, just to tide her over, but it was a great help as we did not know how long the funds we had with us would hold out and she was waiting for her father's bank account to be replenished in New York.

To my knowledge she never did disclose to him that she had had to borrow the cash for the hospital deposit. As for the actual medical and hospital expenses these would eventually be taken care of by the medical plans with which Cordier was affiliated in New York.

The Cantonal Hospital was in the Eaux Vives area and within reasonable walking distance of the hotel. On occasion I would walk there but when I was tired I would take a taxi. Louise and I spent a lot of time at the hospital -- between the two of us we made several visits a day. Six of the interviews took place in Andy's room at the hospital. I remember that there was an annex to go through before reaching the main building and the elevator to Cordier's floor, and it meant walking up a long ramp each time. It seemed to me that ramp was placed there just to give one a lot of time to think, for that is the effect it had on me, and it was the most depressing part of the visits to the hospital.

The surprising thing was that once he got established in the hospital Andy seemed quite taken with it. He liked his room which had a splendid view of the city. He was very favourably impressed with Dr. Mach and held him in high esteem. Mach had told him that he proposed to drain off the fluid. This was good news to Cordier and it was what he had wanted ever since Stockholm. Even his diet pleased him. Heretofore he had always followed one that included restrictions for both diabetic and liver conditions. Dr. Mach was

not restricting the sugar. Instead Cordier was given several deserts a day which suited him just fine. Mach, it seems, was a devotee of sugar, claiming that it was "protecting" as is protein and cleared the liver and kidneys. Cordier came to the conclusion that here at last was a physician who knew what he was talking about. He grew optimistic and sent off a glowing letter to Dr. Telfeyan, in Great Neck telling him all about it.

It was not long before Louise and I discovered a rather chilling aspect about the draining -- or "puncture" treatment as it was called in Geneva. In a private conversation with her, Dr. Mach's

assistant, Dr. Perrier explained that the draining off of the fluid was a potentially dangerous procedure and could produce serious mental and physical shock. It would therefore have to be approached with caution, that is they would have to avoid too drastic an approach for fear of upsetting the kidney or cerebral functions.

According to Andy, Mach had told him he would drain off enough fluid to get him in shape to "continue his travels." For some reason Cordier was under the impression that the treatment could be completed in a few days and consequently he saw no reason at this point to change his itinerary. Things were going well as far as he was concerned, as a matter of fact better than he had expected.

He eagerly awaited the first draining procedure which took place on Tuesday, May 27th, the day after he entered the hospital. I must say that although it left him noticeably weakened, he seemed to be in very good spirits after it. He was pleased and spoke with confidence of continuing the trip when the procedure was completed. He almost had me convinced to the point where I found myself becoming imbued with his new optimism and for a brief period I had that old feeling that with Andy Cordier "anything was possible."

The interviews were continuing in the hospital. Constance Rhodes had an appointment with him that afternoon at five o'clock. She was one of Cordier's oldest and closest friends at the United Nations, having worked with him in the United Nations Preparatory Commission in London in 1945. She was British and before World War II had been

on the staff of the League of Nations. In New York she had worked closely with Cordier as a member of his General Assembly team for twelve years. She had gone back to Geneva in 1958 where she served as an official of Conference Services until her retirement in 1969.

During their interview she and Cordier reminisced about the work of the General Assembly and the personalities associated with it. Their conversation was interspersed with some lively anecdotes as well as Constance's recollections and impressions of both Lie and Hammarskjold. When the interview was finished, Louise and I left with Constance to have dinner at her home in the French countryside. It was beautiful there that evening and I was just a little sad thinking of Cordier in the hospital, and knowing how much he would like to have been with us.

Constance was not only solicitous and concerned about Cordier these days but she was also very considerate of Louise and me. She made Louise welcome at her home during those times when her father would be engaged in interviews at the hotel or hospital and offered her the use of the house during her absence in England -- she was to leave in a few days.

Before she left for England Constance volunteered to relieve us one morning at the hospital as Cordier did not have a special nurse. When we returned in a couple of hours we found Constance wide-eyed with shock after having had to help Andy with the urinal. We had not counted on this eventuality and so had neglected to warn her. I never knew anyone quite as uninhibited as Andy about calling on whoever was at hand for help -- he had always been like that and he never did fail to get a positive response. His approach always seemed so spontaneous and natural that you just could not quarrel with it.

Unhappily his hopes of remaining only a few days in the hospital were fast disappearing. Owing to the risks involved Mach was spacing out the draining procedures. Cordier was doing his best to persuade Mach to speed up the process but without success. Mach would listen and appear to agree with him but he did not alter the pattern. I wondered at the time if Cordier had been made fully aware of the risks. As I recall it there were ^{just} three puncture treatments in all, probably because with each one he seemed to grow weaker.

Louise and I very soon knew that Cordier would have to give up hope of any further travels but we were reluctant to be the ones to suggest it as we felt that he would only react negatively to us. Fortunately, and without any prodding from us, his friends took it upon themselves to bring about a change in his thinking. It was Georges Falthey who took the first initiative. He began by suggesting that some of those whom Cordier wished to interview might prefer to come to Geneva

to see him, rather than for him to travel to see them -- he thought perhaps it may even be more convenient for them to do so as they might have some business to do in Geneva. Cordier was so receptive to this idea that I knew Georges had hit upon exactly the right face-saving device and ^{he} agreed to let Georges explore the possibilities. Thus it was that Andy's friends were able little by little to persuade him to call off the trip. They did not approach it all at once -- first it was Rome, our next stop -- then Tunis, then Athens and finally Cairo, but he clung to the idea of Stockholm until almost right up to the end.

Cordier had arranged to see Piero Spinelli in Rome and Georges persuaded Andy that Spinelli might be one of those who would come to Geneva if approached to do so. Palthey got in touch with Spinelli who agreed, saying he could be in Geneva at the end of the week. We were now able to cancel Rome from our itinerary, which enabled Cordier to take care of Spinelli's expenses out of his University research travel budget.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 28th, Alf Katzin came to the hospital for his interview with Cordier. He was another staunch old friend and colleague who had worked closely with Andy and who, since our arrival in Geneva, had been the best possible of friends

in every way, always seeming to appear like magic at the most critical times to lend a hand. A South African, he had served on active duty in World War II -- in Africa, the Middle East and Europe -- and after that for two years with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Europe and Washington. At the request of Trygve Lie, who was then Secretary-General, he had joined the United Nations in 1948 as a special consultant. He later served abroad in Korea and the Middle East on special assignments for Trygve Lie. During his United Nations career he had also served for two years as Director of Personnel and for another period as Deputy Under Secretary of Public Information, so he had had a rich United Nations background. Since his resignation in 1963 he had been residing in Geneva.

That afternoon he and Cordier discussed a number of topics, including the Korean war and the problems confronting the United Nations forces there -- the administrative problems of the Office of Personnel -- the role of the International secretariat -- Hammarskjold and the Congo. During the interview I thought Cordier showed the weakening effects of the "puncture" of the previous day as some times his thoughts were jumbled or vaguely expressed and he would drift at random from one topic to another. I recalled the warning which Dr. Perrier had given Louise.

There were no interviews scheduled for Thursday or Friday -- this

was the doctor's wish in order to give Cordier a chance to rest after the second puncture on Thursday. It was during these two days that he decided to call off the Cairo and Tunis visits and to explore the possibilities of alternative arrangements.

In Tunis he had hoped to see Habib Bourguiba Jr., and also Mahmoud Khiary, a former United Nations official who was serving with the United Nations operation in the Congo at the time of Hammarskjold's death. Arrangements for our stay in Tunis had been made through the United Nations Resident Representative there and it was he who had been in contact with Bourguiba and Khiary on Cordier's behalf. With his help we were able to contact Khiary in Tunis by phone to tell him of the change of plans. Khiary informed Cordier that he was preparing to come to Paris shortly for medical treatment but it would not be possible for him to make the trip to Geneva. Instead he promised to send replies to a "questionnaire" on the Congo which Cordier would prepare. Andy wasted no time in drafting his questionnaire which took the form of a letter to Khiary. We received an acknowledgment from Khiary in which he said he would be getting busy on the questions as soon as possible and that Andy would be hearing from him later. But there was never any further word from Khiary and I presumed it was because he subsequently learned of Cordier's death.

One of the topics Cordier wished to discuss with Bourguiba concerned the circumstances surrounding Tunisia's independence, in

which Cordier appears to have played a role as an intermediary between the French and the Tunisians during the General Assembly in Paris in 1951. He was also anxious to present Bourguiba with the photographs of the two Tunisian mosaics in place in the School of International Affairs. Cordier was unable to reach him by phone so instead he cabled him from the hospital inquiring if he would be visiting Geneva in the near future. We did not know it then, but Bourguiba was already in Geneva.

In Cairo, an important reason for Cordier's visit was to see Sture Linner, a former close associate of Hammarskjold's who had been head of the United Nations operation in the Congo in the crucial years of 1960 and 1961, and therefore at the time of Hammarskjold's tragic plane crash. Linner was now United Nations Representative in Cairo, As with Khiary, he hoped to discuss with Linner the circumstances of Dag's last few days in Leopoldville. Cordier was also looking forward to seeing Mahmoud Fawzi, the man who had been Egypt's Foreign Minister in Dag's time.

Cordier decided to ask Linner if he could come to Geneva. He cabled him explaining the situation and asking what the possibilities were. But with Fawzi, he merely sent a cable of regrets that he could not visit Cairo for health reasons. Perhaps he did not make a similar proposal to him because he thought it would be less feasible.

On Friday, Cordier had no appointments, but even so it did not turn out to be a quiet day for him. Louise left in the morning for Evian to visit friends, renting a car for the trip. She planned

to return to Geneva the next day. In the early part of Friday Constance Rhodes spent a few hours with him at the hospital while I worked on the interviews at the Palais and at five o'clock Paul Coidan came to see him. They discussed the Congo and the difficulties which had faced the United Nations in financing that operation in the nineteen-sixties and since.

Piero Spinelli arrived from Rome at nine o'clock that evening and came straight to La Residence Hotel where I had reserved a room for him. He and I chatted for a while about Cordier. The next morning we went to the hospital together. It was some time since they had met and Cordier greeted Spinelli with sincere cordiality -- he was pleased that he had come to Geneva.

Their discussion lasted almost three hours. Spinelli had joined the United Nations in 1957 as an Under-Secretary when he was appointed as Head of the European Office in Geneva. Prior to that he had served as a career diplomat with the Italian Foreign Office. He and Hammarskjold had had an excellent rapport and he had undertaken several diplomatic missions on Hammarskjold's behalf, first as the Secretary-General's Representative in Jordan in 1958 during a difficult period between Jordan and Egypt -- this was the first time Hammarskjold had used the principle of the "United Nations presence" to ease a difficult situation -- and later in 1960 when Hammarskjold assigned him to Togo in a similar capacity because of difficulties between Ghana and Togo. He had accompanied Hammarskjold to Tunisia in

1961 during the conflict between France and Tunisia over Bizerte. There was much that Cordier wanted to discuss with him -- his special assignments, the Congo, the Hammarskjold air crash at Ndola -- his assessment of Hammarskjold. They went into all these matters and I felt that it was a worthwhile meeting as far as Cordier was concerned. At the end, in defining Cordier's role, Spinelli stated that to him Cordier represented a unifying force in the United Nations and that this feeling was no longer there once Cordier had gone. Spinelli returned to Rome that evening.

It was during Spinelli's visit that Cordier received his call from Bourguiba who, just as we had heard, was in Geneva. There was time for only a brief chat on the phone and an interview was impossible as Bourguiba was preparing to return to Tunis following a brief period of hospitalization in Geneva. Cordier was disappointed of course.

Louise returned from Evian in the afternoon and that evening she and I dined out together at a restaurant. We discussed the car and decided it would be a good idea to keep it for the duration of our stay in Geneva as it would give us more mobility and independence. Almost every day now I was going back and forth to the Palais des Nations for one reason or another and Louise needed a car to get around as she had errands to do -- moreover if she had an hour or two to herself she could use it to drive to Songy/Viry. In addition we still had to take into account the trips back and forth to the hospital.

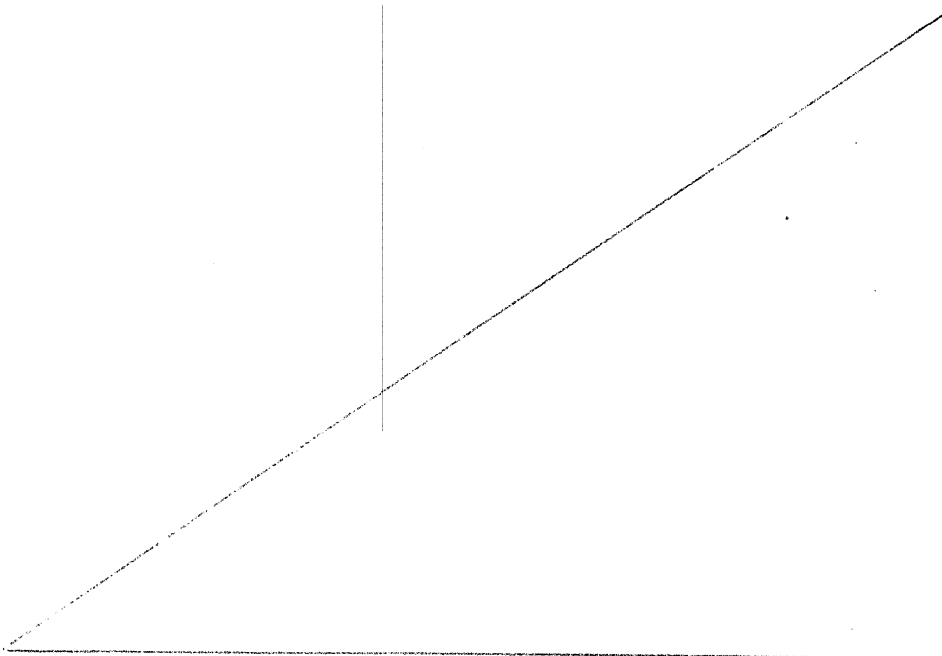
By now, as we know, Cordier had been persuaded or had persuaded himself to cancel out Rome, Tunis and Cairo but he insisted that he must still go to Athens and his plan was to proceed from there to Stockholm and thence back to New York. The person whom he seemed most anxious to see in Athens was Agda Rossel, the Swedish Ambassador to Greece, who had been a close friend of Hammarskjold's, but he hoped also to interview Constantin Stavropoulos, a former associate who had been a key official at the United Nations. On Saturday Andy advised me that he had discussed his plans with Dr. Mach who had agreed, as he "thought Cordier should be able to leave the hospital in a week's time." I accepted what Andy told me and sent off a cable to Athens "postponing" Cordier's arrival "to June 9th or 11th" and expressing the hope that these dates would be convenient. This was the third time Cordier had altered the date of his visit to Athens but each time, with amazing patience and forbearance, Agda Rossel had always cabled back a cordial assurance of welcome.

On Monday, June 2nd, Thanassis Aghnides came once again to see Cordier, this time at my initiative, because I wanted to photograph the two of them together, mistakenly thinking the first one had not been successful. However both turned out to be excellent. At five that afternoon Andy had an interview with his friend Russell Cook. This was not pre-arranged from New York but had come about as a result of Constance Rhodes' luncheon the previous Sunday. I am certain there were others in Geneva, like Russell Cook, whom Cordier would like to have interviewed had he not been ill -- and had he had the time.

Cordier was up and seated in a chair. The weakening process was apparent in his face and eyes. Noting his condition Cook sat close to him and did most of the talking. Cook was Personnel Director of the International Telecommunications Union in Geneva but in earlier years he had served with the United Nations Secretariat. An American he had joined the staff in 1946. He had seen the early recruitment and build-up of the Secretariat and had been involved in the housing and other problems with which the United Nations was faced in New York in the early years. He recalled this period. He spoke also of his experiences in Palestine where he had been assigned during the crucial period between December 1948 and June 1949. Cook said he and his colleagues had all recognized in Cordier a person who had no ulterior motives, and although he was a United States national he was never "speaking for the United States, but always as an international civil servant." As such his influence was far greater than it could possibly have been otherwise. These comments were of particular interest to me as they reflected what I had heard from others.

During the interview Dr. Mach arrived. Cook and I waited outside the room until his visit was over. When Mach joined us in the corridor he said "Mr. Cook will you help me convince Dr. Cordier that he must remain in hospital -- he really should be in hospital for weeks -- what is all this about his going to Athens?" I intervened and said "You mean you did not o.k. his leaving the hospital next week and travelling to Athens?" Mach's reaction was one of annoyance. He glared at me and said no, he had not. He asked if I would tell Louise to meet him the next morning at the hospital, that he needed to talk to her.

On the following day (June 3rd) Cordier received the third "puncture" treatment. But before that Mach had his talk with Louise. What was important he said was that after the "punctures" there should be no brain deterioration -- "dissolve of the brain" was how he described it in his French-English. What was also important was the Cordier accept the fact that he was a sick man and that he should not leave the hospital too soon. Mach proposed that he remain in hospital until they could "get things under control", perhaps another three weeks, or if the stay in hospital was reduced, then that he should at least remain on in Geneva for a while after leaving the hospital. It would be dangerous to travel now. As a footnote to the above I must say that ever since the second puncture I had begun to be alarmed at what I perceived to be a pronounced physical and mental deterioration and I concluded that Mach too was alarmed.



Cordier reluctantly abandoned the idea of Athens and I sent off the final cable of regrets to Agda Rossel and Stavropoulos. Andy was delighted that same day to receive a long distance call from Agda telling him she would be in Geneva shortly on business and would call him on her arrival.

I was going back and forth frequently to the Palais des Nations to send cables, or make long distance calls -- it was simpler to do these things from there -- and to see people. In addition I was making ^{the} one or more visits to the hospital each day. At the same time I was trying to do some work at the hotel on correspondence for Cordier and also on the interviews. The interviews were giving me some concern. I wanted to get them written up as quickly as possible so that I could consult Cordier about them. I finally concluded that it would save time if I could do this work at the Palais and spoke to Paul Coidan about it. He was very responsive and promised to see what he could do. Fortunately he was able to find an office which would be available to me for two weeks. The writing up of the interviews incidentally proved to be a much more formidable task than I had bargained for and I was still engaged on it long after Cordier's death. Unfortunately circumstances continued to be such that I never was able to consult him about any of them.

Often on those trips to the Palais des Nations, I would gaze at the peacocks strutting about so proudly in the gardens and remember a little sadly the story of Hammarskjold and the peacocks in New York.

After the third puncture Cordier rested for five or six days and there was only one scheduled appointment. The weakening process continued and some days he seemed literally to be dissolving before my eyes. I was reminded again of the doctor's warning about the risks involved. Mach was away during this "rest" period attending a conference but Perrier was looking in Cordier.

On Thursday evening, June 5th, Edward Hambro came to see Cordier. He was Permanent Representative of Norway to the United Nations in Geneva and had learned of Andy's presence through mutual friends. One after another they had come -- in London, in Paris and Geneva -- once they had learned he was nearby. Hambro and Cordier had been friends since the San Francisco Conference of 1945 when Hambro was a member of the Norwegian Delegation. For a brief period after that he had served on the United Nations Secretariat staff and later on in his career he had been a member of the International Court of Justice. He had also served as President of the United Nations General Assembly but that was some years after Cordier's departure from the scene. He was very knowledgeable and had co-authored a book on the United Nations Charter with Leland Goodrich of Columbia University which is a recognized reference work. Cordier was at a low ebb and his face looked drawn and ravaged but he nevertheless insisted on having a photograph. During the interview he grew more vague and disoriented. Hambro, however

kept up a brave flow of conversation for forty-five minutes, as though there was nothing unusual about Andy's condition. He contributed some interesting comments about Lie and Hammarskjold which I thought were especially useful, coming as they did from a fellow Scandinavian who was able to speak from both the Secretariat and Delegation standpoint.

He paid high tribute to Cordier for his moral courage and dedication to the ideals of the Charter, his outstanding work with the General Assembly and for his later role as President of Columbia University. Hambro had to leave the following day for Norway and apologized for not staying longer, but said he would look forward to resuming the discussion when he returned in two weeks. It was quite evident that he sincerely meant this but regrettably by the time he came back to Geneva we had departed for New York.

Dr. Mach returned on Friday, June 6th. He and Perrier told Louise that Cordier would need ten more days in hospital, followed by a week's rest at the hotel. They would "go easy on the punctures now", -- actually to my knowledge there were no more attempted after that.-- and

they suggested that he not resume interviews until the following Tuesday. Perrier indicated that there had been some impairment of the cerebral function and this accounted for the disorientation. Now I remembered that I had seen this before -- it was in New York after the intense reduction of fluid at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital.

Although there were no fixed appointments for the next few days, his close friends -- Pelt, Katzin, Palthey and Coidan -- kept dropping in at the hospital. I had not yet cancelled out Stockholm as Cordier was stubbornly clinging to the idea of stopping off there en route to New York. I kept up the pretence with him, even to the point of giving a tentative arrival date to Sven Hamrell in Uppsala.

Cordier was eagerly awaiting the call from Agda Rossel. Instead of phoning, however, she arrived unexpectedly at the hospital on June 12th -- unfortunately I was not there at the time which was a disappointment to Cordier -- and to me -- for although he never told me what direction their conversation took, I felt, as I know he did, that if I had been present it might have turned into an "interview." She must have been quite startled to see him so changed. However before she left the hospital she made an appointment to see him again at eleven o'clock on June 19th. He kept looking forward hopefully to that meeting but something told me that it would never take place now.

Agda's interview seemed vitally important to him and I surmised that it was because he wished to discuss Hammarskjold with her, and perhaps in regard to the Congo affair as it related to himself.

On the day of Agda's visit, June 12th, Mach informed Louise that her father could leave the hospital on Saturday, the 14th but reiterated that he should remain in Geneva for another week or ten days. He said he was worried about the "intoxication" and the small amount of salt being passed in the urine -- much too little. He emphasized that Cordier was not being released from the hospital "cured". He was a sick man and Mach would not advise Stockholm. Instead Cordier should go straight back to New York as soon as he was ready to travel.

Cordier himself appeared to have become disillusioned with Mach, the hospital, the treatments and perhaps he had an ominous feeling now. A day or two before he was to leave the hospital he said to me as he lay there wearily looking out the window, his eyes showing discouragement -- "I am so anxious to get out of here. After all one cannot spend all one's time in the hospital, can one? When I get out this week-end I would love to drive to the country with you and Louise in your rented car. I am longing to do that -- we will have a nice time." Could it be that he had been feeling a little left out hearing us talk about the car -- I know there was nothing he would have liked better than to be driving around Geneva with us.

There was one more interview scheduled for the hospital and this was with Jehan de Noue who had served as the first Chief of Protocol. DeNoue came on Friday, the day before Andy's discharge. He was visibly affected by this meeting with Andy at the hospital but he nevertheless carried on with the interview, reviewing his own career and the early days of the United Nations in New York when the Delegations were getting established. He interspersed these recollections with his impressions of Lie and Hammarskjold. Once in a while Cordier would contribute a few remarks but he was obviously too tired to say much. As Cordier began to show more and more signs of fatigue, De Noue with some relief suggested that he would leave and return another day to conclude the interview.

When Cordier was preparing to leave the Hospital, Dr. Perrier went over the medications with Louise and spoke about her father's condition. He said they were worried about the salt level in the blood now and that Cordier might have to be re-hospitalized in Geneva. Dr. Mach spoke to her on the telephone -- he said one of his colleagues would come on Monday to see her father, that there would be a blood test on Tuesday, and he himself would be there Wednesday. He reiterated as had Perrier, that Stockholm was not advisable, and that Cordier must return directly to New York.

Andy left the Cantonal Hospital with Louise and me on Saturday and we returned to the hotel. He had an appointment for that afternoon with Leon Steinig, a former Secretariat official who was now living in Geneva. He did not go to bed immediately as I thought he would, but insisted on getting dressed in his suit for the four o'clock appointment with Steinig. Just before Steinig's arrival there was a surprise visit from another old friend, James Read, an American who had formerly been the United Nations Deputy High Commissioner for Refugees. Jim had come to pay his respects, so it was a brief visit with the comments mostly confined to personalities but I treated it as an interview and took a photograph. By this time Cordier was lying down. As Jim was leaving he turned to me and said with deep sincerity "Andy is one of my favourite people."

Andy got up for the Steinig visit and sat in a chair. The latter, who had not seen Cordier for some time, was obviously upset when he found how frail he was. However Steining soon rallied and began a philosophical discussion about the concept and the merits of the international organization. An Austrian, he had served with both the League and the United Nations -- his work having been largely in

in the social field. He assessed the personalities of Lie and Hammarskjold and spoke of Cordier as a man of great understanding. He encouraged him to do his book on the United Nations, saying he felt it would make a valuable contribution to the history of the organization. Cordier replied that he hoped to begin the manuscript of his book when he got back to New York. He said "I do hope that I will live to write these two books. The second will be easier than the first", meaning the one on the United Nations and the other he planned to do on his years at Columbia University. Even at this stage he still seemed to have hope for the future. When Steinig arrived Andy had handed him a copy of the "inverview" letter -- Steinig said he would like to have time to study it and he would return another day to conclude the interview.

The following day, Sunday, seemed to be the beginning of the end. Cordier had a very disturbed night but to our astonishment in the morning he announced to Louise that he would like to drive to the country to visit the Palthays at their home in Vevey. Louise did her best to dissuade him but he was insistent, even to the point of being petulant. I realized that this had been on his mind ever since the hospital -- and besides I thought, he is now trying to keep going, to keep fighting. Louise was distressed and said "Daddy, the Palthays wre not expecting us, they will not be prepared." His reply was, "Tell them I will bring my

own lunch." Finally she gave in -- he could still be very persuasive -- and she went down to the kitchen to have the chef make up a diet lunch for him. Meanwhile I tried to locate the Palthays' phone number in Vevey through some of our friends. When Louise finally reached them on the phone they were stunned -- it had never occurred to them that Cordier would be able to come to Vevey to see them. Louise implored them not to concern themselves about hospitality for the two of us, and that as far as her father was concerned, he would have his own special lunch with him.

It was ten-thirty when we started on our journey. To me the drive was lovely even though it was raining. Vevey was in the mountains and it took us several hours. Cordier seemed content -- Louise was a good driver and very much at home on the European roads. Georges was waiting for us in the small town of Vevey to direct us to his home. It was a large compound with two separate dwellings. We were ushered inside the drawing room of one, where there was a cheerful fire blazing. Cordier sat close by the fireside -- he was chilly and did not remove his coat. After we had chatted for a while Madame Palthey excused herself and soon re-appeared again with Andy's diet lunch which she set in front of him. The question of returning via Stockholm came up and Georges suggested that Andy should postpone his trip there until December, which would, in any event, be the time of the annual meeting of the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation. Cordier agreed with him that this might be a good idea. I was relieved and

thought how skillfully Georges had handled this matter of Andy's travel. Once again he had managed to come up with a face-saving device.

When he had finished eating Andy decided that he would rest and stretched out on the sofa near the fire. The rest of us moved to the other dwelling house for our lunch. When we returned after an hour or so he was sitting on the bench in front of the fireplace, gazing into the flames. He was still in his topcoat, the old familiar black one. He said he would like to see their farm once more and he seemed anxious that Louise and I have a glimpse of it. Georges took us on a little tour in his car and Cordier seemed happy. When we returned to the house it was time for us to leave for Geneva. We said our goodbyes and started on our journey back. Cordier was sitting in front with Louise. We had only been on the road about fifteen minutes when I heard him say to her that he felt nauseous. This was the first time during all these months that I had heard him voice this complaint. Now it was I who had the ominous feeling and I was certain he must be close to the end. It was seven o'clock in the evening when we got back to the hotel.

He was awake most of the night and in great discomfort. Louise was alarmed and went off to see Dr. Mach early Monday morning. At twelve-thirty one of Mach's assistants, a Dr. Bordier came to see Andy. He was interested in his patient because he knew him by reputation, having

been a student at Columbia University when Cordier was President.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday -- things went from bad to worse.

Ever since Sunday he had slept very little and he was in great physical distress each night. On Tuesday night he said to Louise "One cannot go on like this" as if he were at last acknowledging that he would not have long. During the early morning hours of the next day he said to her "I wish I were dead." He had not talked like this before.

We were still going according to the doctor's instructions that Andy should rest for a week at the hotel before resuming his travels. On Monday, with his agreement, I had cancelled out the visit to Stockholm. But he was deteriorating so rapidly now that I feared if we waited much longer to return to New York we would never be able to get him on a plane and he would have to be hospitalized again in Geneva. Although the over-riding consideration was that he needed further medical attention immediately, one had to wonder where it would be best for him to get this attention, Geneva or New York. I was confused in my thinking about what was best, but for practical reasons it seemed to be New York.

On Tuesday morning at eight o'clock a technician from Dr. Mach's office came to take the blood sample and that afternoon LeonSteinig returned for further discussion. Cordier, of course, was in bed but he seemed interested in carrying on with the interview. Steinig, seeing the situation, said he would not stay long. He spoke again of the international

concept and said he regarded Cordier as a true international civil servant for he was able to think politically in terms of the whole world, as if national boundaries did not exist. When Steinig was leaving I saw him to the door and there were tears in his eyes. He was feeling very sad about Cordier, for whom he had always had a great admiration.

On Wednesday morning Dr. Mach paid Andy the promised visit. Later Alf Katzin came to see him and in the afternoon Jehan de Noue returned as promised to complete his interview. Seeing Cordier's worsening condition, Jehan did not stay very long. Nevertheless there was some discussion. Jehan spoke of Lie and Hammarskjold again and about current trends in the General Assembly which he felt were cause for concern. Cordier managed to make an observation about the General Assembly rules, saying that they were not followed any more.

In the early morning hours of Thursday, June 19th, Cordier reached another new low. I could hear his moans constantly during the night. Several times I got up and went in to talk to Louise and to offer assistance. On one of these occasions I said to her "Why can't we take him home today?" She seemed hesitant because I think she wanted the initiative to come from her father. However by seven o'clock that morning she announced to me that she would not wait for her Dad to make the decision, that _____

she was taking matters into her own hands. We would fly back to New York that day. Would I make the arrangements? Then she informed her father. He raised no objection.

In the morning Cordier had another visit from Dr. Bordier. After examining him for a few minutes Bordier asked Andy to try to stand up and take a few steps. Andy made a feeble attempt to get out of bed but he was unable to support himself. Louise then informed Dr. Bordier that we had decided to take her father back to New York that day -- did he think we would be able to make it? Bordier's reply was "With luck you should!".

By lunchtime all the arrangements were completed. I had picked up the tickets from Swissair for the afternoon flight to New York and notified Andy's friends that we were leaving. Earlier I had phoned Paul Coidan at the United Nations and begged him for all the help he could give us as we now anticipated difficulty in getting Andy out of the hotel and on to the plane. I was keeping Alf Katzin informed of all developments. Then I placed a call to Alice Riley at Columbia University in New York asking if she would phone Cordier's physician in Great Neck, Dr. Telfeyan, to see if he would meet the plane or give her some instructions as to what we should do when we reached reached Kennedy Airport.

All during that week Cordier's close friends, Adrian Pelt, Georges Palthey and Alf Kassen had kept in close touch. Palthey paid a visit on Tuesday, which turned out to be his last with Cordier. Before leaving, in a moving expression of affection and friendship, he bent down and kissed Andy gently on the brow. Cordier gazed up at him for a moment, obviously deeply touched, and then said "Thank you Georges." I glanced at Louise -- our thoughts were the same -- this must be Palthey's last farewell.

Despite the tense and anxious atmosphere of that last day, there were some lighter moments too. While Cordier could still carry on a conversation that morning -- and his speech began to deteriorate later in the day -- we heard him say to Adrian Pelt on the phone "The girls just can't take it any longer. They are tired and want to go straight back to New York instead of going on to Stockholm. They are determined to leave today rather than wait until the end of the week and since I am 'in a minority' I had to agree!" Pelt later appeared at the hotel to say goodbye. He did not stay very long but when he left us I knew it was with a heavy heart.

In the excitement of preparing for departure I had overlooked the fact that this was the day Agda Rossel was to come for the eleven o'clock appointment. Cordier had made no mention of it and I wondered if he was still waiting for her to appear. Then around mid-day she phoned, unfortunately just as Cordier was beginning to

lose his capacity to speak. She was calling to explain that due to unforeseen circumstances she had to leave Geneva that day and would not be able to come to see him. Judging from his responses he was reluctant to take no for an answer and he kept trying to persuade her to change her mind. How determined he was I thought. But his persistence proved to be of no avail and when he hung up he turned to me, saying ruefully, "Oh my, I did want to 'bag' her for an interview." His remark both amused and startled me since I still was not accustomed to hearing Cordier use slang.

When it came time to prepare for departure we found that Cordier was inert, his legs collapsing under him and he was unable to speak. We were dismayed and I privately wondered how we would get through this ordeal. At that precise moment there was a knock on the door -- it was Mrs. Deutsch, a nurse from the United Nations clinic and with her was Gerald Gregoire. They announced that they had come to take Cordier to the airport and that a car and driver were waiting below. They had a wheelchair with them. Relieved I left Mrs. Deutsch and Gregoire with Louise and slipped away downstairs to talk to Alf and Ebba Katzin who had come to see Andy off.

Between the two of them Mrs. Deutsch and Louise managed to get Andy into his clothes and then with the help of Gregoire they

eased him into the wheelchair and to an elevator taking them down to the exit on the ground level where the car was waiting. It was, to say the least, an unexpectedly dramatic departure from the hotel.

I was waiting below with the Katzins and as Cordier emerged from the hotel they bade him an affectionate farewell for they knew they would not have an opportunity at the airport. The three of us watched as Cordier was lifted into the black limousine, then Louise Gregoire and Mrs. Deutsch got in and the car moved slowly away. We followed in Katzin's car.

Mrs. Deutsch and Gregoire remained with us at the terminal until the plane's departure. A private waiting room had been set aside and special embarkation arrangements made with Swissair. Cordier was sitting a few feet from me in the waiting room, a helpless mass in the wheelchair, unable to speak. Mrs. Deutsch sat nearby, watching him attentively. His chin was lowered on to his chest, and he was staring fixedly ahead, his eyes glassy. He was in the black topcoat, the black fedora drooping low over his forehead.

When it came time to board we were driven to the side of the aircraft in a special van. There Cordier was wrapped into a strap-like device and hoisted on to the plane. We were fortunate, for another few hours and I am certain Swissair would not have allowed him to board. Perhaps they might even have prevented it then had it not been for the intervention of our United Nations friends. Everything had been quickly and smoothly arranged by them since my call to Coidan that morning and I recalled how from my very first day with the United Nations

many years before I had been impressed with the logistical efficiency and know-how of that organization. It must have been the pooling together of the expertise of people from many countries that had made this possible as well as the many kinds of situations they were called upon to handle from the beginning.

Before we left we learned that the head of the United Nations office in Geneva, Dr. Winspeare-Guicciardi had placed his own car at Cordier's disposal for the trip to the airport. Moreover that at the time of our arrival in May he had given his full support to Paul Coidan to assist Cordier in whatever way he could. It was just another manifestation of the general esteem and affection in which he was held.

Andy had a seat in the first class section of the plane. Louise and I were sitting just behind him in the first row "economy" so we were able to keep a fitful eye on him throughout the trip. Not long after we were in flight he seemed to regain some control and consciousness for I noticed with amusement that he was once again interested in food and that whenever the stewardess approached him he would point to the fruits and cheeses on the buffet. She responded by keeping him well supplied with snacks and drinks, which he somehow managed to ingest but not without a few mishaps. He also managed to sit upright during the trip and did not slump over as I feared he would.

When we arrived at Kennedy Airport two flight attendants

boarded the plane to help Cordier. A special wheel chair had to be provided to move him out of the first class section and there was a problem getting him into it because of his inert condition. Finally we were ready to leave the plane. The airline attendants led us quickly through the terminal, stopping for a moment at customs for the luggage, and finally bringing us to the arrival area. It was by now almost midnight.

Alice Riley and Charlotte Carpenter were there waiting for us, as were Leo Horne, an old family friend and Andy's chauffeur from Columbia. I made a mental note that Alice must certainly have "flown into action" in the few hours since I had called her for she had thought of everything. I was pleased to see the chauffeur because when we departed for Europe in May he had not been available to bring Louise and her father to the airport and it was their friend Leo Horne who had to drive them. I recalled that this puzzled Cordier at the time.

I heard Cordier say "Hello Charlotte" in a low voice so I knew he was aware of what was happening. Alice had a message for Louise from Telfeyan asking that she bring her father to Manhasset Hospital immediately where he, Telfeyan would be waiting. For a moment or two Louise seemed to hesitate as if she wanted to bring her father home with her, but we pressed her to go along with the doctor's request. Finally she agreed and they went directly to the hospital.

Suddenly the realization swept over me that the long sad trip was over and I got into Charlotte's car and returned to Manhattan with her. My heart was heavy at the way the journey had ended and I was bracing myself for the next stage.

As fate would have it Andy was given the same room in Manhasset Hospital that he had left only two months before. I wondered if this would depress him but he never said anything about it. At first there were special duty nurses called in and the hospital staff sprang into action as they had before, trying very hard to get him functioning again, but the days went by and he did not seem to respond. Finally Dr. Telfeyan told Louise that he thought her father had lost the will to live. After a couple of weeks had passed I noticed that special duty nurses became "harder to find" and finally there were "none available" for night duty. This seemed to indicate that his case was considered hopeless and by July ninth the life supports were no longer there.

All this time I kept going out to see him almost daily, bringing the mail and sometimes reading to him what I thought would be of interest, which he would indicate by a nod of his head. His conversation with me was very limited, either because he was too weak or he had lost the desire to communicate. Sometimes when I arrived he would say "What have you brought?", meaning food of course in which he was still obsessively interested. One day he asked Louise to bring him some of the tomatoes from their small garden which he had planted before he left. This seemed to be important. She placed them on a table near the window where he could see them.

He did not attempt to talk to me about the trip, the interviews or the book. He gave me no direction as to the future. He never spoke of death to me and he never, to my knowledge, expressed a desire for religious solace of any kind. He was visited by the Minister from the Community Church of Great Neck on one or two occasions but of what significance this was I do not know. I recalled his early religious background -- his strong affiliation with the Church of the Brethren -- and his keen interest in the spiritual and mystical side of Hammarskjold which had manifested itself in MARKINGS. But now something was missing -- there were no final noble sentiments -- no goodbyes -- he was just dissolving away as though it all had no meaning. I had seen this before in death but nevertheless because it was Cordier I kept waiting for the words or signs that never came.

Andrew Cordier died on 11 July 1975 just three weeks after he had entered Manhasset Hospital. That evening when I dropped in to see him at six-fifteen, he seemed only partly conscious, almost as if close to death. I checked with the duty nurse -- she shook her head -- the chart showed vital signs good. From the hospital I went direct to Great Neck to have dinner with Louise. We discussed her father's condition and decided to return to the hospital at nine o'clock. We sat with him for a while but there was no noticeable change in his morbid condition and he did not seem to be responding. Much depressed, we returned together to the house. I was staying with her overnight rather than make the long ~~DRIVE~~ back to Manhattan. Shortly before

midnight we were awakened by a phone call from Dr. Telfeyan. He was calling to inform Louise that her father had passed away.

There was no expression of grief on our part. It was as if his death was merely the logical culmination of a series of events. We rose again very matter of factly and went into her father's study. I realized that in spite of the emotional strain of the past year and the close friendship which had grown up between us, we were suddenly finding ourselves being very crisp and businesslike and concerned with the necessary formalities. Louise immediately placed the several phone calls that were important -- to family members, to the President of Columbia University and to the President of Cordier's old college in North Manchester where he was to be buried. We went over what each of us would do the following day, and the next morning early I drove back to Manhattan.

Louise made all the arrangements for the funeral and burial services which were to take place on Tuesday, July 15th in North Manchester. Andy was to be buried beside his wife, Dorothy who had died three years earlier. Family members and friends accompanied Louise to Indiana for the funeral, but I remained in New York, preferring instead to wait for the joint United Nations and Columbia memorial service which I knew would be taking place later.

Now that Cordier was dead the immediate feeling for me was

one of anti-climax and I was devoid of any sense of emotion. I was only conscious of the fact that there was considerable work to be done in clearing up and screening his numerous papers and that the interviews had to be written up. This required working out an arrangement with Columbia so I prepared a short brief explaining what was left to be done. The University permitted me to stay on for nine months to accomplish this.

The violence and disturbances which had marked Cordier's later years at Columbia did not end with his death. Shortly thereafter there began a series of robberies and acts of vandalism at the University from which the School of International Affairs did not escape. Cordier's office, which still contained many of his papers and possessions, was broken into several times and vandalized. After one of the break-ins I found several copies of a large and expensive photograph of him strewn across his desk, all of them scratched and mutilated. It almost seemed as though the perpetrator had a personal grudge against him.

The strange, almost aloof behaviour of the chauffeur for all those months was ultimately explained. After Cordier's death it came to light that he had from the time of Cordier's hospitalization in October 1974 until just two days before his death in July 1975, been ^{successfully} filing claims with the University for overtime hours which he had never worked and from which he had benefitted substantially.

have
Cordier must/trusted him implicitly for it was he who had prepared his deposit slips, did his banking for him and wrote out the cheques for payment of his accounts.

It was ironical that Cordier who was known as the conciliator and peacemaker, should have been subjected to the kind of personal pressure and turmoil that he was prior to his death and that incidents of violence and disturbance should have persisted afterwards in his office. Even death was not to release him from his problems.

The letters of condolence that poured in expressed a deep sense of personal loss, affection and esteem. The memorial service in New York was held at St. Paul's Chapel on Columbia University campus on 14 October 1975. As planned it was a joint service of the University and the United Nations and old friends and colleagues from both institutions were present. The small chapel was filled. This was a simple service without fanfare. Eloquent testimonies in praise of Cordier's outstanding qualities of leadership and service were given by the four eulogists -- Kurt Waldheim, Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dr. William McGill, President of Columbia University, William Petersen, Chairman of the University Trustees and Ernest Gross, Cordier's old friend. Blair Helman, President of Manchester College led the assemblage in prayer. Following the service a large reception was held in the Dag Hammarskjold Lounge at the School of International Affairs.

Eventually my work on the papers was completed, the interviews written up and I was ready to depart for Canada. But Cordier's passing did not really seem final until the day I watched the cabinets containing his United Nations papers being wheeled out of his office and on their way to the Special Collections in Butler Library.

It was a privilege to have had that last year with Andrew Cordier and I do not regret it despite its inauspicious beginnings, the subsequent turbulent, insecure periods, its many sadnesses and the disruption of my own personal life, for in the end it was an enriching experience intellectually and personally.

He is someone I cannot forget and I shall always miss him for he left on me the same indelible impression that he did on all with whom he came in contact. Oftentimes I think of him as he was in the fullness of his career and then again as he was at the end, beset by woes, yet how it was the final triumph of the human spirit that seemed to prevail over all the misfortunes that overtook him.
