

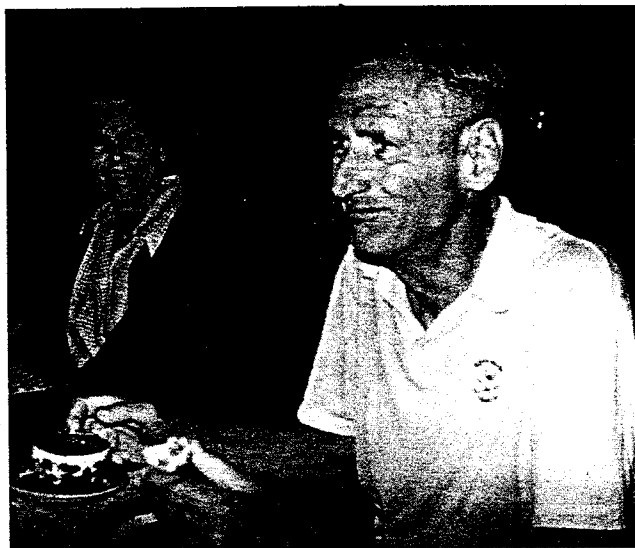
*Editor's note: From ROTC at Princeton, to paratrooper, to colonel in the U.S. Army, to the C. I. A., to diplomat and to Deputy Under-Secretary of the Army under Ford, there isn't much of the world that Barney Koren hasn't seen. We asked him to tell a little about his life after Princeton and his various posts and experiences during his 23 years of service to the U. S. government.*

The number one goal in June 1933, for those of us not aspiring to higher education, was—"find a job". In those days it was "any job". Edgar Palmer '03, a director of the Ward Baking Company, persuaded the management to take on some college graduates in the hope that some of them would "bubble to the top". Jud Corrigan and I were lucky. He went to work in Baltimore and I in Brooklyn, shovelling bake ingredients down a chute, and later driving a delivery truck. After two years I decided that "bubbling to the top" in Wards was neither obtainable nor desirable, and was able to switch to The Bank of New York, and take some courses in banking and accounting at N. Y. U.

What a time to be living in Manhattan! Parties and dinners and walks with your date down 5th Avenue to Washington Square to see the sunrise, often in top hat and tails! But while we were dancing, storm clouds were gathering in Europe, and, despite Bob Taft's efforts for neutrality, it became obvious that there would be a war and it would include us. In 1940 I had the good fortune to reactivate my ROTC commission and emerged as a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

The greatest good fortune of all, though, came when Virginia finally said "yes", and we were married in August 1941. Then came active duty as a paratrooper with the 13th Airborne Division and assignment to the European theatre, with service in France and Germany. After V-E Day I received orders for Japan. Fortunately, V-J Day intervened.

Back in 1946, we lived in Princeton and I commuted to my old job at the Bank of New York. Two years later, though, the lure of government service pulled me to Washington and a job with the CIA.



Very quickly, however, the Foreign Service looked much more attractive than a life of anonymity in Intelligence. I took the Foreign Service exams and, before I knew it, we were on our way to our embassy in Haiti. We enjoyed the Haitians who are, or were then, basically a gentle, sweet people totally incapable of governing themselves. They need a leader, but a good one. I came to know a French trained MD named Duvalier, who became head of their new Social Security System. He used and milked that system until he became the hated and feared "Papa Doc", ruler of those poor nice people.

Next came Switzerland, a happy mix of work, skiing and golf—until the army again seemed the way to go. I wrote to classmate Frank Pace, then Secretary of the Army, that I'd love to come back on active duty if they had room. So at Frank's request, Foster Dulles '08 released me from State on leave of absence—Princeton magic again!—and in 1953 I was on the way to Berlin, in uniform, as

Chief of Staff of the Allied Staff there which was responsible for the occupying forces of England, France and the U. S. Again, what a fascinating time to be in that spot—first the blockade, then the airlift, then the refugees, and the wall.

Now the destruction of the wall! Is there any event in our lifetime more cataclysmic and more portentous than the collapse of communism represented by the destruction of the wall? Also, one cannot live among the Germans and not feel their innate power. It is not surprising that they have emerged as the dominating power on the continent. No wonder the Poles are worried, and the others as well, especially now that unification seems inevitable.

I finished my leave of absence with a two year stint as an executive assistant on President Eisenhower's White House staff. But I had to make a decision whether the rest of my life would be with the Army or as a diplomat. The State Department won out (or lost) for I resumed life as a foreign service officer. I travelled all over Asia—Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Malaysia, Thailand and the Phillipines as Director of North Eastern Asian Affairs, before being assigned to Manilla in 1958 as First Secretary of our Embassy there.

I became friends with the Ferdinand Marcos, he then a congressman. I liked them. Ferdy was very charismatic. He knew just what he was doing and made no bones about the fact that his ambition was to become president of the Phillipines. We played a lot of golf together. He was one of my two best friends there. The other was Benigno Aquino (whose assassination led to Marcos downfall and whose wife Corazon is now Phillipines' president). It was sad and surprising to me to see the depths to which the Marcos had fallen. Corazon was a sweet, attractive, pleasant and interesting person, a family person. We never guessed that she had such incredible potential.

After Manila came two years as Ambassador to the French Congo, not my favorite place. I witnessed that country's transition from western orientation to Communist domination. In 1966 I became Director of Civil Operations in Vietnam; in 1968 to the State Department's Foreign Services Inspection Corps, entailing travel to U. S. embassies around the world; and finally an appointment as political advisor to Admiral John McCain, Navy Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific stationed in Hawaii—not hard to take.

Looking back, and trying to think ahead, we are clearly facing breathtaking times. Some guesses about the future: A unified Europe will become a body to reckon with and will replace USSR as one of three superpowers; environmental concerns will increase, as will recycling, as the earth piles up wastes and becomes over-populated; the U. S. will be almost torn apart by racism, but will survive and grow stronger, morally, mentally and economically.

Obviously, Princeton and *especially* '33 has meant a great deal to me over the years—very special ties. This feeling increases, as our numbers decrease. 1933 has always been a great Class, and this will continue as long as we live, maintaining the tradition of contributing to the nation and to Princeton.

Virginia and I made our home in Boca Grande, Florida after retirement, with summers in beautiful Dorset, Vermont. We now live in a wonderful Lifetime Care Community known as Williamsburg Landing on the James River in Virginia outside of Williamsburg. Come and see us.