

THE SECURITY AND SAFETY SERVICE AS VIEWED BY THE NEWS MEDIA

Since the early days of the United Nations at Hunter College and Lake Success, the important role played by the United Nations Security and Safety Section has been recognized by the American news media. The following excerpts from contemporary magazines and newspapers pay tribute to the professional qualities of the members of the United Nations Security Service, and in particular to the excellent leadership of their three Chiefs—Frank M. Begley, John J. Cosgrove and H.A Trimble. They show some of the difficult situations that the Security Force has had to cope with over the past 32 years, and also relate some interesting anecdotes about the daily encounters of the Security Officers with the public.

49 U.N. GUARDS OFF TO PALESTINE TASK

By A.M. Rosenthal
Special to The New York Times

LAKE SUCCESS, N.Y., June 19—The United Nations sent out its first international police force tonight—forty-nine men bound for Palestine to protect the truce.

Just before 6 p.m. the Palestine patrol left LaGuardia Field in two transport planes headed for Cairo, Egypt. From there the last leg of the trip into Palestine will be under the orders of Count Folke Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator, who will deploy his guards along the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road and in the Holy City itself.

"The men who left for Palestine tonight were from seven countries, but they were all veterans, all volunteers. They filed into the planes dressed for the tropics—slate gray blouse and slacks and pith helmets. Each man wore a United Nations shoulder patch and carried an unloaded .38 Smith & Wesson revolver. It will be up to Count Bernadotte to decide whether ammunition will go into the weapons.

The departure of the guards was without ceremony, but it was a large part of a stepping-up of the United Nations' role in Palestine. A few hours before the planes took off it was reported that Secretary-General Trygve Lie might make a quick



United Nations guards before boarding plane at La Guardia Field.

[The New York Times]

visit to the Holy Land to inspect the more than 160 United Nations personnel stationed there.

Mr. Lie said he had no definite plans, but pointed out that a trip could be made to any part of the world where the United Nations had a staff.

From the United States delegation meanwhile came official confirmation that Count Bernadotte would be in charge of three United States destroyers, as well as his "land and air forces." The United States said that the three men-of-war would be assigned from the Mediterranean Fleet to the mediator for duty patrolling the coast of Palestine.

The French Government also announced that it was complying with Count Bernadotte's request for naval assistance by dispatching the corvette Elan.

Belgium, which was also asked for a ship, notified the Secretary-General that she would be unable to send one now.

The United States told Mr. Lie that it was lending the three destroyers for the period of the current truce. It was understood, the United States said, that the warships would be used only for transporting personnel and supplies and for observation. Use of force by the destroyers was ruled out and the ships' commanders were not empowered to board other vessels.

On board the two planes were twenty-eight members of the United Nations Security Guards. They were all Americans, most of them combat veterans. The number of United States citizens was swelled to forty-two by fourteen other volunteers from different departments in the United Nations staff.

The original list contained fifty names, but one of the Americans did not appear at the field. United Nations officials did not know what had happened to the man, but said he might be sent on a later plane.

The "international" part of the force was supplied by the other members—two Frenchmen, one Norwegian, a Dane, a Swede, an Australian and a Chinese. In charge was John Cosgrove, graduate of Manhattan College and a resident of Queens. He shepherded a young group: the average age being 25.

Forty-two of the men left in a Sabena DC-4 that will land in Cairo on Monday. The other seven took off in a British Overseas Airways plane that will arrive a day later in Egypt.

When the men signed up for Palestine duty, the volunteers were told that they would be gone at least for two months. They took no food or medical supplies with them but each man packed a first-aid kit, a whistle, flashlight, tropical clothes and some desert necessities like insect repellent and sunburn lotion.

The chief job of the United Nations force, once it gets to Palestine, will be to patrol the vital Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road, to see that the Arabs allow food to get through and that Israeli elements do not smuggle arms into the Holy City. Some of the men will be assigned to guard duty at the Mediator's headquarters in Cairo and some to the United Nations' office in Jerusalem's King David Hotel.

At the field the men gathered an hour before take-off time. Waiting rooms were filled with wives and mothers and there were a few crying babies.

The mechanics were giving the plane the last check-up when Mr. Lie's limousine pulled onto the field and the Secretary-General hurried out to say good-by. Mr. Lie climbed into the Sabena plane after the men and told them he wished them well and knew that they would do a good job. He also reminded them that they had "one command—United Nations and its mediator."

The New York Times
Sunday, June 20, 1948

TOUGHEST BEAT A COP EVER HAD

By A.M. Rosenthal and Richard Witkin

The job of protecting the lives of United Nations delegates, from Vishinsky to the ambassador from Honduras—the job of diplomatic cop to the world—is handled by Frank Begley, a thirty-nine-year-old Irishman from New Haven, who not so long ago was well situated in the saddle of a Connecticut highway-police motorcycle. For five years Begley has been combining the techniques of the detective, the psychologist and the diplomat to carry out his sometimes nervous assignments, such as making sure that some crank among United Nations visitors doesn't harm, or even embarrass, any of the 500-odd delegates.

In the days when the UN's staff was being put together, the men at the top picked Begley for their chief security post precisely because he was not the stereotype of the gravel-voiced, rough-tongued police sergeant. He had a good record as a cop, and the United Nations was looking for a first-rate police technician.

But more than that, Begley had a way with him. His former state-police bosses swear that motorists liked getting a ticket from him. And the U.N. was looking particularly for a cop who had the deft approach to unpleasantness. They also wanted a



At Flushing Meadows.

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man who could organize a security setup unobtrusive enough to make the visiting public feel at home, yet efficient enough to keep the occasional troublemaker away from the delegates.

The truth is, Begley says, a security outfit can plan and train and needle itself into perpetual alertness, but, having done that, it can only pray. The way Begley looks at his job, security works pretty well against psychoneurotics and cranks because they tip their hands. But it can't stop the coldly planned type of attack that ended the life of Sweden's Count Folke Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator, in Palestine. Begley speaks from experience here. He was driving Bernadotte's car when the assassins struck, and his right temple is still scarred by powder burns he suffered in grappling with one of the terrorists.

Begley's U.N. guards have been trained to watch out for potential troublemakers; for the signs betraying nervousness—the high-pitched voice, the abnormal fidgeting. They've discovered that under the stress of waiting in a ticket line or waiting in a conference chamber for a meeting to start, many a neurotic or psychotic plotting a one-man demonstration or a public tirade will give his game away.

That's one big reason for what is called the "U.N. shape-up"—a ticket-line routine that gives guards a chance to screen the visitors as unobtrusively as possible. The Begley file bulges with accounts of crackpots whom guards spotted and invited aside for a quiet talk, and who ended up by being led off the premises shouting threats. Almost every meeting day the U.N. plain-clothes lieutenants will give an arranged signal to one of their

blue-uniformed guards to stick close to some spectator they're not sure of. Once a hysterical woman broke in on a Security Council speech with a fit of screaming. Another time a publicity-seeking lobbyist launched into a political harangue in competition with a delegate. In each instance Begley's men had sensed trouble coming and were sitting right behind the demonstrator when the blowoff began; they were able to hustle the disturbers out in minimum time for the course.

It was William O'Dwyer, then the mayor of New York, who introduced Begley and the United Nations to each other. Begley had worked for O'Dwyer in his Air Force investigation squad during the war. When the U.N.'s top men asked O'Dwyer to recommend an able, smooth police operator, he put in Begley's name.

The situation Begley walked into was this: Officially, the United Nations was responsible for its diplomats; actually it had only Begley and a few assistants to act as their protectors. Even when Begley was permitted to get himself a guard force, its members were not to carry arms or even billies. It just wouldn't do for a peace organization to advertise its fear of decidedly unpeaceful activities.

Begley went to a beanery and thought things out over a cup of coffee. It was plain that some countries would insist on sending bodyguards of their own. It was plain, too, that the New York police would feel they had to be in on any security setup operating in the city. Here was a situation that could lead to all sorts of jurisdictional squabbles and trampling of toes. Before his second cup

of coffee, Begley realized that he was faced with a problem that would prove whether he could be a diplomatic diplomat's cop.

As things turned out, Begley was able to transform this potential liability into an asset for the United Nations. Instead of getting stuffy about letting outside police into his bailiwick, Begley not only welcomed them but used them as part of the U.N. security operation.

The scheme he evolved in the beanery has become standard operating procedure for the United Nations. It is based on the assumption that each of the three police elements—city, home country and United Nations—has special qualifications to handle one part of the security job, and that the three taken together provide the best available protection. Begley's job was, and is, to do the meshing.

The bodyguards from back home know their own delegate's habits and idiosyncrasies—just how afraid he is of crowds, whether he gets jumpy at the sight of autograph hunters, and so on. The city detectives know how to get out of a nightmarish traffic jam, can whip up a motorcycle escort in a matter of minutes, and, above all, know their way around town. The United Nations guards, consisting of 150 men from fifteen countries, watch over all the conference rooms, corridors and lounges, and represent the authority within the enclave.

The first test of whether the delegates would go for Begley's system came on a day in March, 1946, when a planeload of Security Council representatives arrived at LaGuardia Airport for the initial meeting in the United States.

On board was Andrei Andreievitch Gromyko, now deputy foreign minister of the Soviet Union and then a poker-faced young man of thirty-seven, very consciously on his way up. Begley introduced himself and gave with his best smile. Gromyko didn't smile back. The charm stuff out, Begley tried the strictly business approach. He advised Gromyko that the U.N. couldn't protect the Russian all by itself, and for this reason had called in New York City cops. Was that all right with Gromyko? It was. Then came something a bit more ticklish.

"Mr. Gromyko," said Begley, "we can supply city police who speak Russian. Or we can choose men who don't understand a word of Russian."

For the first time, Gromyko permitted himself a little smile. He paced around the airport waiting room for a time, then in a short speech let Begley know that the Russians would cooperate, but would live every minute of their stay in the United States under the firm belief that they were in hostile territory. "If I say I don't want men who speak Russian, you'll make sure to assign them to me anyway," said Gromyko. "So I might as well ask for them in the beginning."

The Russians were always Begley's big security problem. They were the most obvious targets for assassinations. The Russians felt the same way about things, and usually made sure a formidable contingent of MVD agents was on hand in addition to city police and United Nations guards. The United States, paradoxically, was glad to have these Russian agents in the country, because it wanted the Soviet Government to share some of the responsibility for protecting its men.

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The only Russian-block delegate who ever came to harm in the United States was a Ukrainian named Gregory V. Stadnik. He was the victim of what, in the U.N. lounges, is referred to as The Pastrami Sandwich Shooting. Early in the morning of November 21, 1946, Begley was at home, sleeping the sleep of a man who has spent the day showing the gate to cranks, when the phone rang. A New York City detective whom Begley had been nice to was returning the favor. He told Begley to get down in a hurry to the New Yorker Delicatessen at 38 West 58th Street. By the time Begley got there, a small army of police under the commissioner himself was on the scene.

The police story was this: at 12:19 a.m., two Ukrainian delegates walked into the store to make some purchases, and ran into the middle of a holdup. One of the bandits, as he left with sixty-five dollars in cash from the till, apparently got jumpy and fired a few shots. Some of the bullets smashed Stadnik's right thigh. The Ukrainian was rushed to Roosevelt Hospital, where he was to spend the next six months.

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Egypt's series of charges against Britain four years back touched off the first ruckus within the closely guarded chamber of the Security Council itself. Egyptian nationalism was aroused by Britain's refusal to pull its garrisons out of the country. The hotheads at home were yelling that the Cairo delegates were not pressing their case hard enough at the United Nations. A couple of the young Egyptian extremists came over from Egypt to offer their spectacular brand of services to the decidedly unwilling Egyptian delegation.

For a few weeks, Begley and his men shadowed the young Egyptians all around the U.N. The visitors spent most of their time in the press area, where they tried to stir up a little copy about themselves. One of them, Mustafa Momen, did get a couple of paragraphs in the papers by spreading his prayer rug every day and praying in the direction of Mecca. But that didn't make for headlines back home, so Momen decided to pull some stunts that no newspaper could ignore.

On August 22, 1947, Momen came to the Council chamber. He had a pass, and the guards let him in. He sat down quietly toward the front of the spectators' section, cannily choosing a seat in the middle, where the guards would have trouble getting at him.

About an hour after the meeting started, Momen planted his red fez squarely on his head, jumped to his feet, pulled out a long document, and shouted that it was written in blood by Egyptian patriots who would not rest while Britain kept her troops in Egypt. The delegates stared at him in embarrassment while the guards rushed in and carried him, kicking, into the corridor.

The reporters who make up the international press corps dropped the Council meeting immediately and rushed to interview Momen. Within a few minutes he had more attention than he had been able to scrape up in weeks; he was headline news, and he was happy. After that, Begley made a ruling: no more interviews within U.N. grounds for troublemakers. "Out to the gate with them right away," Begley told his men.

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In the summer of 1948, Trygve Lie sent Begley to Palestine to serve on the staff of Count Bernadotte, the U.N.'s newly appointed mediator. Begley knew little about Palestine, but in the confusion attending the arrival of the pathetically small and untried U.N. team, he soon found himself ticketed as a Middle East expert. Jerusalem, held half by Arabs and half by Jews, was a city of truce observance at gun point during the daytime; at night, there were epidemics of truce violations, with the ever-present threat that full-scale war would break out again. With the skimpy U.N. mission thinned out over most of Palestine, Begley woke up one day as the ranking U.N. official in Jerusalem. He had no instructions, but nevertheless proceeded immediately to do what he could, through common sense, to keep the truce from breaking down altogether.

The Begley truce patrol depended simply on the nerve and lung power of the ex-cop. When Arabs and Jews opened up at night trying to annex a chunk of territory, Begley and a U.N. partner would stumble over rubble back routes to the rival positions, often just across an alley from each other. They would shout over the noise of machine guns, demanding in the name of the United Nations that the firing stop. Gradually and painfully, Begley and his colleague would get the shooting to sputter out. With the dawn, the U.N. team would get the rival commanders together onto neutral ground and haggle over yards taken during the night.

Bernadotte, returning to inspect the city, was so impressed with the way Begley had taken over and won the confidence of both sides that he told him

that the Holy City was his headache for the duration.

Supply was a life-or-death problem in the Jewish section of Jerusalem, which was virtually surrounded by Arab-held territory. Arab positions cut the life line from Tel Aviv, and convoys had to bring in provisions over the back way—the “Burma Road,” a rutted, rock-studded trail that had been hacked out under Arab fire. The “Burma Road” made good newspaper copy, but even under truce conditions only a trickle of food and medicine reached Jerusalem by way of it. Begley, beginning to relish the role of no-man’s-land diplomat, went to see the Arab Legion commander to work out a deal.

He got the Arabs to agree reluctantly to a daily food-and-medicine convoy through their lines to the Jews. Begley himself rode in the first truck of the first convoy, past the rifle sights of Arab marksmen. There was no way of knowing when one of them would break discipline and fire a few rounds. Every day after that, Begley rode with the convoy.

Ralph J. Bunche, who won the Nobel peace prize for his work in Palestine, had this to say about Begley’s convoy duty, “Nothing like that had been done. It was creepy business and it took guts.”

Within a few weeks, Begley had picked up a few things in Palestine—a piece of shrapnel in the leg and an affectionate title from the Jews: “The goy from Jerusalem.” Late in the afternoon of September 17, 1948, Count Folke Bernadotte was returning to Jerusalem’s Y.M.C.A. building from an inspection tour of the Holy City. Begley was at the wheel. The car was third in a three-car convoy. Atop the Hill of Evil Council the party was stopped

by a roadblock. It was manned by Stern-gang terrorists disguised in Israeli uniforms. No one was worried, as roadblocks serving as identification checks were a fact of life in the fragile truce.

The uniformed men guarding the roadblock fanned out and, in a perfectly calm manner, began looking into each car. They didn't respond to any commands of the Israeli liaison officer in the lead car. In a few hideous seconds a tragic drama was enacted. Two of the soldiers peered into the Count's car from the driver's side. One of them recognized Bernadotte and, without a second's pause, stuck his gun into the rear left window and cut loose. Begley threw open his door and grabbed the second assassin as he started to fire. Begley says he knocked the gun aside and he thinks he deflected some bullets. But the other gunman's volley sent six bullets into the Count's chest, killing him, and another volley killed a French military observer sitting next to him.

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For years there has been corridor talk around the U.N. that Begley is Lie's hatchet man. There is much truth in it: Begley is not ashamed of the fact that his first loyalty is to "T. Lie" and that one way he carries out that loyalty is to "keep his eyes and ears open" for signs that mean trouble for the Secretary-General.

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The Saturday Evening Post
June 23, 1951

COPS AND CRACKPOTS AT THE UN

By George May

*Begley's diplomatic bouncers guard the gates
at Lake Success*

One day last year when the United Nations Security Council was convening at Lake Success, a well-dressed, middle-aged lady approached a UN guard watching the entrance of the Council Chamber. She had no card of admission and the visitors' galleries were filled. The guard asked her if she were on a special mission in which case, on proof, he could seat her. Then she explained that she was an illegitimate child of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary and that she had come to have her rights to succession to the throne re-established. Her intention was to appeal to the world tribunal to act on her behalf.

Overwhelmed by the magnitude of this enterprise, the guard called in his superior, Francis M. Begley, Chief Security Officer of the United Nations Headquarters.

Begley's natural Irish charm had the wanted effect on the Emperor's indiscretion. The lady of "royal" blood, after a long discussion, agreed to put her appeal in writing to the Secretary-General and retire to await developments.



...dealing with courtesy and tact in all situations.

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Begley's diplomatic treatment of her case was no doubt correct. When and if the Secretary-General received her plea, his answer to her would be that, the matter being outside the jurisdiction of UN authorities, the case could not be handled by that body. That would constitute the procedural treatment of the matter, but what Begley accomplished was to prevent a disturbance in the Security Council.

That meetings of the United Nations have never been seriously disturbed by professional hecklers, cranks, picketers or organized demonstrators—a rare record for any public forum in New York—is due largely to the rules set down for the corps of UN Security guards by Frank Begley.

However, Begley's boys are not always successful in spotting disturbers beforehand. On the opening day of the last General Assembly, a woman suddenly stood up, raised her hand and began to protest in a loud voice that the world parliament was not being opened with a prayer. A guard rushed to her seat, explained in a quiet, polite manner that, while her views might deserve attention, this was not the way to do it. He advised her to write a letter to the Secretary-General, and eased her out of the meeting.

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On another occasion when the British complaint against Albania was being heard, a well-groomed man stood up in the spectators' gallery and indicated his desire to speak. A UN guard arrived in time to prevent an embarrassing interlude in the Assembly proceedings, and urged him into the corridor. When interrogated by one of Begley's principal aides, the man calmly explained that he

wanted to file a complaint with the Security Council against the State of New York because it had turned down his appeal for renewal of his liquor license.

Numerous other irrelevant appeals and complaints were successfully deflected to the desk of the Secretary-General in writing before the potential creators of disturbances could personally "stand on their rights"—civil or otherwise.

Such was the case of two quite serious New York businessmen who came to the United Nations to put in a claim for compensation for war damages to their property in one European country.

Great patience on the part of the guards has been required to handle a pathetic young woman who periodically turns up in the corridors of Lake Success to ask protection from persecution by Nazis and Gestapo agents who, she claims, shadow her. The Security section of the UN has established that she is a former concentration camp inmate who became mentally deranged. Since she causes no trouble, she has never been ordered off the grounds; and whenever she goes there the guards patiently listen to her story and reassure her with promises to track down her pursuers.

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Autograph-hunters once cornered Prince Feisal of Saudi Arabia and while he was obliging them, tore the gold braid from the burnoose of one of his aides. Upon his arrival at the recent special sessions of the Assembly, His Highness requested a special bodyguard to augment his native guards—not for fear of attempts on his life by Jewish extremists but chiefly for the preservation of his colorful robes.

The Lost-and-Found Department of the Security Office houses a wealth of amazing items, ranging from waffle mixers to umbrellas, shoes, wrist-watches, a Bible and a dental plate. Delegates sometimes return to their native lands leaving behind coats, hats, eyeglasses and even documents and briefcases. It is the task of this section to scrutinize the lost property for identification and forward the various pieces to their owners.

When delegates fail to follow instructions laid down by the office and their own security agents, the consequences are often beyond the control of the Security Office. During a long night debate at the last General Assembly, Molotov and his Vice-Foreign Minister, Vishinsky, grew hungry and left the Assembly chambers without notifying their bodyguards, among whom was a Russian-speaking New York City detective. They took an unrestricted course and landed in a lobby filled with visitors. They were immediately assailed by autograph seekers. Their fate might have been as sensational as a note in Sinatra's diary had not Begley suddenly appeared on the scene and ushered them through a special door to the delegates' dining room.

Another incident definitely not provided for by protocol occurred when President Truman arrived at Flushing Meadows to address the opening session of the Assembly. According to Secret Service plans, the President should have followed a previously laid-out route to reach the chambers but by some mix-up Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov arrived at the same time and in one of the corridors they came face to face. The situation was embarrassing for the *chefs de protocol* because the President was not supposed to meet Mr. Molotov before the

planned official reception. So both stood in the hallway not knowing which way to go. Finally Mr. Molotov saved the situation: he walked up to Mr. Truman, smiled and shook hands with him. In this case both the Security Service and the NKVD were on the spot—but not Begley, who had no hand in the arrangements.

During the recent Special Session of the General Assembly at Flushing Meadows the highly controversial nature of the Palestine problem, the only issue on the Special Assembly's agenda, was expected to draw large crowds which might have included demonstrators for one or the other opposing parties.

In anticipation of disturbances Begley ringed Flushing Meadows with a formidable cordon of security police for the opening of the Special Session. A force of 165 city policemen, 75 United Nations Guards, city detectives and patrol cars kept a close watch on all approaches to the Assembly hall. For each aisle within the chamber there were two plainclothesmen, one on guard at the entrance and the other sitting inconspicuously among the spectators. Special squads searched the Assembly chamber early in the morning. A whole precinct of New York's finest, stationed on the ground, were alerted on emergency duty. UN Guards, FBI, Secret Service agents, city detectives were on hand to screen everyone and particularly to search all packages. Even the two New York policewomen on duty carried .32s in their black shoulder bags.

At the end of the first plenary meeting, Begley could relax. Under the fire of questions from news-hungry reporters he smiled and revealed that the

only "incident" at the opening session was caused by a mildly inebriated old man. "This one was drunk," Begley told the press. "He wasn't mad at anybody. He just came to sleep off his hangover." Hardly anyone noticed the drunk's diplomatic ouster.

International Digest

U.N.'S "FINEST" WELL VERSED IN TACT

By Cynthia Lowry

Police Force at Lake Success handle crowds with stiff courtesy, watch them like hawks and know all about protocol

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Not too long ago Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York made an unscheduled appearance at Lake Success. His car was stopped at the entrance to the delegates parking field.

"I'm sorry," said the policeman, "this area is reserved for delegates."

"Don't you recognize my face?" inquired the black-mustached governor.

"Yes, sir," the guard replied, "you're the governor of New York state. But you're not a delegate and you'll have to enter by the public gate."

The governor did. Former Gov. Stassen of Minnesota got the same treatment. When dignitaries like Churchill, Bevin or Marshall arrive, special arrangements are made in advance—or, like Molotov, they come with their own delegations.



Frank M. Begley, (far right), and John J. Cosgrove, (second from right), inspect the United Nations Guards in front of the Secretariat Building in 1951.

[Photo: United Nations]

All the men are experts at spotting the demented or semi-demented men and women who turn up at a constant rate of about six a day.

Early in the session a middle-aged man and woman walked up to the public gate at Flushing and demanded entrance.

"I am the atomic bomb," the man said courteously, "and this is my wife, the cancer kid. We have something very important to inform the delegates."

Cosgrove [Chief of U.N. Security], a big white-haired New Yorker with a soft voice, says that pleasant words and a polite manner turn away the screwball faster than any other tactic.

"Last week a man came up to a guard and announced he was St. Sebastian," Cosgrove said. "He had a picture of the saint with him and pulled it out to identify himself."

"My," the U.N. police chief said, studying the picture, "you've put on some weight, haven't you?" "Yes," said the man, "that was painted a long time ago, in 1651."

"You are indeed well preserved," returned Cosgrove, "but I'm afraid this picture isn't quite good enough identification."

"This is very important," the man exclaimed, beginning to get excited, "I have a special message about peace given me by the Deity and I've been instructed to give it to no one but Trygve Lie."

"Well, I know Mr. Lie would like to see you," Cosgrove said, "but you can understand we've got our orders too. I'll tell you what. In this picture there's an arrow in your chest. If you show me the scar left by the arrow, that's good enough for me."

The man protested that the wound had healed, but agreed to return home for better identification—and didn't come back.

As a matter of fact, the U.N. police have had very few occasions to arrest anyone. And then they turn disorderly people over to Nassau county or New York police for due process.

Among the U.N. employees there have been few criminal arrests. One was a young man who came back one night and started packing typewriters and office equipment in his car. He told the officer on guard he had orders to remove it.

He was picked up at the gate, his home was searched and more U.N. equipment found. He was convicted of grand larceny in a Nassau County court.

"There's some petty thievery," Cosgrove said, "like fountain pens. We have plenty of trouble hanging on to pens that have been used to sign important documents—and we've had to start buying the cheapest possible ash trays. People always are carrying those off as souvenirs."

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Associated Press
November 22, 1947

SECURITY; LAKE SUCCESS

The guards at United Nations Headquarters have no real police power, and if they should feel the need to arrest anybody, they would have to call on the Lake Success municipal cops. Nor are they armed, despite the appearance of formidableness, their blue-gray uniforms give them. To date, they have been obeyed as readily as if they did have power and guns, however, which may be a hopeful omen for the august organization they are part of. The man in charge of the guards is John Cosgrove, whose title is Acting Chief of the United Nations Security Section, and we've had a talk with him. He was first a lawyer and then, during the war, a Counter-Intelligence operative in the American Army. He joined the United Nations staff twenty-two months ago, now has seventy-six men under him, and regards his lot as a happy one.

Cosgrove expects his force eventually to become truly international, but at the moment all his men are United States citizens. The unit has more of a cosmopolitan flavor than that suggests, though, for a number of the Americans became such only during the war, by virtue of service in our armed forces. Most of the guards were M.P.s or naval shore patrolmen. Besides dealing with what Cosgrove calls "psychos," of whom we'll say more, the guards are called on to check credentials, give



*"While we were in Leopoldville, Dag Hammarskjöld
arrived for the first time. . ."*

[Photo: United Nations]

directions to visitors, keep an eye on the grounds by day, patrol the buildings at night, and care for the victims of accidents. They're all first-aid experts, but so far they have ministered only to a few victims of heat prostration, two ladies who took headers on the shiny United Nations floors, and a secretary who cut a finger on a piece of paper.

The most experienced guards are assigned to a twelve-man Conference Squad, which watches over meeting rooms and patiently points out delegates to junketing members of women's clubs, most of whom want to meet Gromyko. One bunch of seven hundred of them went through headquarters a while ago and they *all* wanted to meet Gromyko. The guards have to be always ready to balk souvenir hunters, who generally try first for the national nameplates on the council tables and next for pens and delegates' scratch pads, particularly those bearing significant-looking doodles. Gavel are the supreme trophies of the hunt. Three have disappeared already. Cosgrove's men are also charged with protecting United Nations delegates, but many of the contingents bring along their own strong boys, and during Assembly meetings the Special Service Squad of the New York Police Department assigns men to any delegation that asks for them. In attendance at the recent Assembly meetings were men from Scotland Yard, Soviet secret police, and a Saudi-Arabian bodyguard armed with swords and pistols. It's up to Cosgrove to see that such men are fed and that they don't get to stalking each other by mistake.

Cosgrove has exercised what seems to associates remarkable tact on occasion. One of the first things he did was meet the problem of the sergeants' chev-

rons—should they point up, as in the American Army, or down, British style? He decided that there would be no chevrons, and ordered a set of shoulder patches reading "Sergeant." He had a few bad moments last summer when seventy Egyptians wanted to parade in the Security Council chamber, but everything ended happily. He thought he might have an ugly scene on his hands and put in his first call for aid to Lake Success Police Headquarters, but by the time the local cops showed up, he'd talked all but four of the demonstrators into going home and the leader of the party was bowed in prayer in the parking lot.

The "psychos" are mainly harmless eccentrics of the sort that turns up at every place of public interest, and they don't give much trouble. A man came around once with a large suitcase containing rye bread, salami, and a change of linen, and announced that he represented a hundred and forty million people, whose identity he could reveal only to Secretary General Lie. Cosgrove cajoled him into putting his message on paper. A behind-the-times lady asked to be placed under United Nations protection because she was being followed by Nazi agents. Cosgrove told her he would assign an undercover man to shadow the Nazi undercover man, and she went away satisfied. Another lady demanded protection from atomic rays that were shooting in through her windows and endangering her baby's health. By the time Cosgrove got through convincing her that the rays were not harmful but beneficial, he was nearly persuaded himself, and it came as a disappointment to learn that the baby was twenty-three.

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