

## THE WORLD'S NO. 1 SECURITY CHIEF

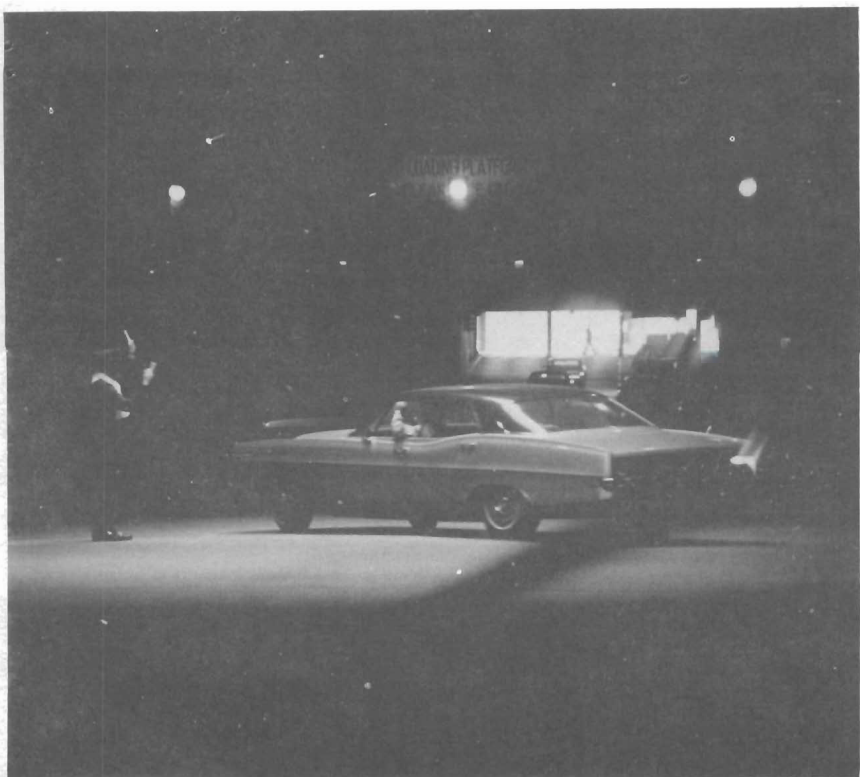
By Emile C. Schurmacher

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Close-mouthed and shunning publicity, Begley is reluctant to discuss the many critical tests faced by the U.N. Security Force since he first organized it. One of these, in the winter of 1954, began with the discovery of a plot to assassinate the then U.N. Ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge.

On a blustery February morning Begley received an anonymous telephone tip that someone would try to kill Lodge while he was attending U.N. sessions. Many tips, warnings, and threats are received at the U.N. They are channeled to the Security Office. Most of them prove to be no more than the irate blustering of disgruntled individuals. But Begley and his security men never take chances. They put forth every effort to make certain such tips *are* harmless.

For days Begley and his men guarded Lodge closely, but unobtrusively, everywhere the U.S. delegate went within the U.N. The protective screen around him included press conferences, the restaurant, the delegates' lounge. The Special Service Squad of the New York City Police Department was notified of the threat. Detectives took over protective duties the instant the ambassador left the U.N. grounds.



*A Security Officer directs traffic at one of the entrances to the garage.*

*[Photo: United Nations]*

Then, one morning, the anonymous informant called again.

"Lodge will be killed tomorrow when he gets up to speak. After that, Eisenhower, Dulles, and Hoover. The nationalists will take over the United States Government. Look out for the Lady in Blue!"

The informant hung up with a bang. Now he had sounded like a crackpot. Yet, Begley maintained his vigilance. He had noticed that the tipster had a slight Spanish accent. This and the word "nationalists" clicked in his mind. The plotters could be Latin American agitators. Perhaps Puerto Ricans. There were several members of the Puerto Rican nationalist movement active in New York City. One was a woman, a Mrs. Lebron.

The entire U.N. security force was alerted, the guard around Lodge increased. The New York City police were warned. So too, were the FBI and Chief U. E. Baughman of the U.S. Secret Service, who was charged with the protection of the President.

On the following morning, Begley posted a carefully selected group of security men in plain clothes in the visitors' gallery. Before Lodge arrived, Begley himself mingled with his men near the gates. Shortly after Lodge's car drew up in front of the delegates' entrance, a security officer signaled unobtrusively to Begley. He had spotted someone suspicious among visitors arriving at one of the gates.

Begley followed three men and a woman in a dark coat. Approaching the entrance the woman opened her coat. Beneath it she was wearing a blue dress.

"Pardon me, are you Mrs. Lebron?"

For an instant the woman looked startled, and Begley knew he had scored.

Security officers quietly closed in around the quartet and just as quietly escorted them to the gate. At this point they could do no more. The U.N. Security Force does not possess custodial police powers. If it apprehends a suspicious person or a criminal, that individual is turned over to the New York City police or, if a Federal offense is suspected, the FBI.

But with these four no actual offense had yet been committed and the New York City police beyond the gate couldn't arrest them—not on the basis of an anonymous telephone call.

For the next few days Begley maintained his strong guard around Lodge and scrutinized all visitors. Mrs. Lebron—the Lady in Blue—and her three male companions, R. Cancel Miranda, A. Figureroa and Flores Rodriquez, might make another attempt to enter unnoticed. They did not return, however, and detectives also reported that they had not been seen in any of their usual haunts in New York City. They seemed to have vanished.

On March 2, while [the U.S.] Congress was in session, Mrs. Lebron entered the visitors' gallery of the House of Representatives with her three fellow plotters. No one paid any special attention to the quartet until the woman in the blue dress suddenly jumped to her feet and began to scream:

*"Viva Puerto Rico!"*

Drawing automatic pistols the four fanatics began triggering in blind fury at the men on the floor below. One Congressman, sitting at his desk, was shot through the shoulder. Another was hit in the leg and fell moaning in the aisle.

Terror gripped the men and women in the visitor's gallery. Rushing to the exits in panic, they blocked the aisles, preventing the House special police from entering. The terror spread to the floor below as the quartet kept on firing. Bullets splintered into the walls, the floor, the Speaker's dais. Three more Congressmen were wounded.

By the time a special cop grabbed the shrieking Lady in Blue, the terrorists had emptied the magazines of their automatics with a final hail of bullets. Mrs. Lebron fought with the ferocity of a tiger. She and two of her companions were finally subdued. The other one, Rodriquez, eluded capture but was apprehended later.

All five Congressmen recovered from their wounds. The quartet, members of the same nationalist group which had tried to kill President Truman at Blair House four years earlier, were sentenced to prison.

Thwarted by the alertness of the U.N. Security Force from staging such a scene in the General Assembly, the plotters had succeeded in the U.S. House of Representatives.

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After the war, Secretary-General Trygve Lie decided that as an international organization and a world power in itself it was appropriate for the newly formed United Nations to have a Security Police of its own, instead of being dependent upon the New York City Police Department for protection. He asked O'Dwyer [William O'Dwyer, New York City Mayor] to suggest a qualified candidate to organize such a force. O'Dwyer recommended Begley.

The Secretary-General studied the slim, young ex-intelligence officer with the receding hair line who reported to him. Wearing a gray suit and dark necktie, Begley looked like a conservative business executive and Lie nodded in approval.

"The assignment is temporary," he explained. "Three months should be sufficient for you to organize a small but efficient security system at Lake Success for the protection of U.N. delegates and personnel."

Begley took the assignment. He recruited a force of security officers, both uniformed and plain clothes, who measured up to his own particular specifications. Although he gave preference to ex-servicemen and ex-policemen, he did not want them to have a "cop" look. They were all tall—at least five-foot-ten—and competent in judo, for the main security emphasis was placed upon unarmed defense. They had to have good memories both for the faces of the then 55 delegation members and for the key personnel among the 2700 U.N. employees.

In addition, they were required to develop a sort of dual personality. In their private lives they were American citizens. On duty they were working for a world power which, while occupying U.S. soil, was governed by its own laws.

This is a distinction not easy to understand, for within U.N. territory: "Federal, State, and local laws apply except to the extent to which they are inconsistent with regulations made by the U.N. pursuant to its authority. The U.N. has the power to make all regulations operative for full execution of its functions, and if there is a conflict in regulations those of the U.N. are to be observed."

This was a new type of security work, a combination of police, investigation, intelligence, and diplomacy against an international background that was without precedent. It offered a challenge to Begley. After organizing the force within the allotted three months he remained with it as Security Chief.

It wasn't very long before Begley learned that the primary function of his security force, protection, led into curious and sometimes bizarre byways.

There were the Soviet delegates, for instance, who tried to bring their own security agents into the U.N. with them. Foreign Minister Gromyko threatened to return to Moscow when Begley explained to him that the U.N. security force was charged with his protection.

"I fail to see any evidence of it," he said.

Begley had been unobtrusively guarding the Soviet himself. For the next several days he permitted Gromyko to spot him in the near background. Gromyko didn't like this, either. Now, he said, he was being spied upon by "secret United Nations agents."

Begley went back to what he described to me as a "low visibility" technique. He did not go into details, except to explain that when the occasion demanded he could make himself look like someone else.

"I discovered I had the knack," he grinned "when I made up as a drunken Polish workman to get evidence against a gambling ring back in Connecticut."

The technique worked. After that, Gromyko actually smiled at Begley when they met face to face.

Several Arabian rulers and sheiks also tried to bring bodyguards—armed with razor-edged scimitars and equally lethal daggers—into U.N. territory with them. They yielded to the argument that the U.N. might be compared to a mosque where, instead of footwear, weapons and bodyguards were left outside.

Another problem for the security force was the eccentrics, for the most part, harmless crackpots. Each day brought anywhere from a dozen to a score of them, and there was no telling what fantastic idea or obsession they might have.

The security officers soon became adept at spotting and getting rid of them. Along with their other training, Begley instructed his men in the technique of the "Gentlemen's Rush." This is the diplomatic U.N. version of the better known "Bum's Rush" used on undesirables in less imposing surroundings.

How does it work, considering that visitors and sightseers in the U.N. number thousands daily? Here is one instance:

A respectably dressed man of about 50 approached the reception desk and informed the uniformed young lady that he wished to see the head of the Chinese delegation to the U.N. She was immediately alert to the fact that the caller did not know the delegate's name.

"Do you have an appointment, sir?" she asked politely.

"No, but it is urgent!"

"In that case, will anyone else in the delegation do?"

She made a move as if to pick up the phone and then hesitated. Given a little time or encourage-

ment a harmless crackpot visiting the U.N. will often air his grievance to anyone who is ready to listen.

"I must see the chief delegate himself! My wife told me they're putting in a laundromat on our block. Another one in our town! Isn't it a shame the way they're putting the poor Chinese who own all hand laundries out of business all over the country? I know the Chinese delegate will be interested. I want him to lodge a protest with the U.N."

As soon as the clerk got the drift of his complaint she unobtrusively pressed a button. In short order a plain clothes security officer appeared. He looked dignified and courteous. As far as the caller could tell he might be an important official.

"Why, Mr. Smith," there was a hint of surprise in the clerk's voice, as though the newcomer's arrival was sheer coincidence. "Perhaps you can assist this gentleman?"

"Mr. Smith," like all U.N. security men, was a good listener. He also was a good talker. Engaging the visitor in conversation he started walking towards the entrance with him. His technique was to maintain the conversation at a level of interest and without interruption until they reached the outer gate.

When they did, "Mr. Smith" bade the caller good-by, courteously assuring him that the matter would be looked into. The crackpot departed, not only appeased but also flattered that he had gained the ear of a U.N. "diplomat."

In many such incidents Security handles the situation so smoothly that neither delegation members nor U.N. personnel are disturbed. Some

eccentrics are less easily diverted and insist on seeing "someone in authority in one of the offices." Obdurate ones have gotten as far as the security office. Many of them have been given a diplomatic audience by Begley.

One of these was a mixed-up dreamer-idealist-mystic who demanded to see the Secretary-General. Side-tracked to the office of the Security Chief, he expounded upon what he called the "Universal Principle of Skyborne Peace" which had been revealed to him in a dream.

"If everyone could float through the air like billowy clouds," he declared, "they could visit freely with people of other nations. They would not require passports, because frontiers would be meaningless. Since wars are fought because of quarrels over frontiers there would be no more wars."

Begley remained straight-faced and thoughtful, as always in such situations. He acknowledged that the theory was interesting.

"I haven't actually floated like a cloud yet myself, except sometimes at night when I dream," the caller added. "However, I want you to give the Secretary-General my assurance that I will continue to work on it."

Begley thanked him for taking the trouble to drop in and personally escorted him out of the building and to the gate.

U.N. Security is continually on the alert for a far more sinister type of caller: the psycho, fanatic, or over-zealous patriot who may be a potential assassin. It employs an intelligence system which is thoroughly discreet and international in ramifications. Begley realized the need for such intelligence

information when he became Security Chief. He set up a special unit which has since expanded into a safety and security section.

Details of how it functions are, understandably, a secret. This much may be said: where the personal safety of *any* member of a delegation may be jeopardized on U.N. grounds, no national, political or other lines are drawn by the secret police, security, intelligence or similar organizations of *any* nation. They cooperate fully with the Security Force in this particular, because they trust Begley and his discretion. Like the Security Force itself, they dread to think of the repercussion that might follow the assassination of a delegation member in an arena dedicated to peace.

"Should such a tragedy occur within the 17 acres comprising U.N. sovereignty it might cause the dissolution of the United Nations, precipitate global war, or both," a U.N. spokesman gravely informed me.

As a consequence, U.N. Security probably receives more international "precautionary" information than even our FBI or CIA. In addition, over the years, Begley has assembled a photographic gallery of known cranks, fanatics and potential assassins whose faces every guard and officer at the U.N. is required to study and memorize.

The most trying period in Frank Begley's career as a top U.N. security officer began on Sept. 1, 1960, twenty days before the opening of the autumn session of the General Assembly. It started with an announcement from the Kremlin that [Soviet Premier] Khrushchev was coming to New York City to participate personally in proceedings.

This was followed, in quick succession, by similar announcements by the leaders of many other nations. Within the next few days Begley compiled a list of visiting dignitaries which included a collection of the gravest security risks ever to gather under the U.N. roof.

In addition to Khrushchev and Cuba's Castro, the greatest potential targets for assassins were: Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Hungary's Kadar and Sik, Czechoslovakia's Novotny, Poland's Gomulka, Romania's Gheorghiu-Dej, Bulgaria's Zhivkov, Albania's Shehu.

There were other leaders who had incurred the wrath and indignation of various factions to the point of seeking an opportunity to exact deadly vengeance. These included: Tito of Yugoslavia, Nasser of the United Arab Republic, Sukarno of Indonesia.

To protect these contentious visitors as well as all other delegates Begley commanded a security corps of four well-trained and specialized units with able assistants. These units were investigative, plain clothes officers assigned directly to the protection of delegates, a tour squad of 80 men, a safety unit, and the "conference squad" of 450 uniformed guards.

It should also be mentioned that all of the U.N. assembly halls, conference rooms, corridors, and other vulnerable areas are equipped with electronic protective devices monitored from a Security nerve center in the basement of the main building.

The U.N. Security Force was thoroughly experienced in guarding delegates within its buildings and on its grounds. For almost 14 years Begley and his aides had been able to predict, with consider-

able accuracy, what delegates might require special protection. They had also become skilled in gauging the temper of the various groups of agitators, refugees, protesters and others who occasionally gathered outside or picketed the entrances. They had known when to request assistance from the New York police, and there had been no serious disturbances.

The arrival en masse of these world leaders created unprecedented problems and hazards. There was even the possibility that Khrushchev might so infuriate large numbers of anti-Communists, anti-Castroites might be so goaded by the appearance of Fidel, or hot-tempered Hungarian refugees might be so incensed by Kadar that a demonstration outside the U.N. gates could flare into a large-scale riot and result in a mob invasion of the grounds. Outside cooperation was needed and the U.N. Security Force received it.

In addition to the 8,000 men assigned by New York City Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy to protective duty in Manhattan, a task force of 300 six-foot-tall cops of the Mobile Reserve and 248 mounted cops were ready to respond to any call from the U.N. for assistance.

A direct telephone line was hooked up between the office of the U.N. Security Chief and the U.N. Operations Desk at Police Headquarters. The U.N. office was also linked directly to a Special Subversives Control Center set up in a suite in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue, which fed information back to Begley of the probable comings and goings of vulnerable delegates.

A secret intelligence network was set up in which both the FBI and security agents of the U.S. State

Department participated. While the General Assembly was in session, this network operated not only in New York City but in Boston, Montreal, Washington D.C., Miami, Tampa, Chicago and other cities in which there seemed a likelihood that some particular group might decide this was an opportune time to kill a U.N. delegate.

Begley's particular and little known Castro headache began one afternoon when a Federal agent called the U.N. Security Office from Miami:

"We've got pretty definite information that a rabid anti-Castroite named Al Alquilar, a Cuban, left here for New York City, planning to kill Castro," the agent reported. "He's a crack shot and he's armed with a high-power rifle with telescopic sights. He may try to pull it off at the U.N."

Shooting Castro at close range *within* the U.N. did not have much chance of success. The Security Force is on to all the tricks, including the raincoat over the arm in which a pistol can be hidden and the sawed-off knockdown shotgun or rifle which can be concealed in a briefcase. All precautions are observed, including a rule against pointing an innocuous-looking camera at a delegate least its "lens" be the muzzle of a short-barreled firearm.

A long-rifle aimed from *outside* U.N. grounds represented a new and potentially deadly hazard for Begley to consider. Despite a police barrier beyond the gates, a rifleman screened by closely grouped confederates might trigger several shots before he was stopped by cops. There were even better gunning positions from windows and rooftops of buildings facing the U.N. entrances.

"What made us really sweat," one Security aide pointed out grimly, "was the way Castro stood out in any crowd. Tall, bearded, and dressed in his fatigue uniform he was always quickly recognizable."

Chief of Staff Michael Birmingham, manning the U.N. Operations Desk at Police Headquarters, was notified. He promptly sent detectives to patrol buildings and rooftops in the area. Within the U.N. itself, Castro was under the constant guard of Begley and picked security men. He was unobtrusively edged away from doors and windows. His entrances and exits were expedited. No delegate was ever whisked in and out of a car more quickly.

"Zero hour for all of us," a U.N. guard told me, "occurred on the day when, after leaving the General Assembly, Castro did not get into the car we had waiting for him. Instead he looked at the crowd outside the gates.

"When he was spotted and some of the pro-Castroites shouted, 'Viva Fidel!' he flashed his toothy grin, told his aide that he was going to shake hands with them, and started walking towards the entrance. I signalled some of our men in plain clothes, but they had already observed his intentions and started after him.

"Suddenly a fight began outside the gates between the pro-Castroites and an anti-Castro White Rose group which had just arrived. I saw a lot of fights outside the gates last autumn, but this was the first one I was ever happy about. It did more to change Castro's mind than any objections Security could offer."

Fidel Castro and his entourage returned to Cuba on September 28. Although this released more than

800 New York City cops to other duties, his departure gave little relief to Begley and his overworked security force.

Threats and warnings had been pouring into the Security Office in a steady stream. Many of them were spotted as emanating from the usual crack-pots but some, in the form of intelligence reports from U.S. government agents, were cause for acute apprehension.

One alarming report from a Federal agent in Boston was that Zionists intended to assassinate Nasser. Begley touched his scalp reflectively and thought back 12 years to another September day when Count Bernadotte had been murdered. There would be no repetition of such an incident, he swore to himself. Not anywhere within the U.N.

Another, a double warning even more sinister, was that attempts would be made to kill Premier Janos Kadar of Hungary. An agent in Montreal reported that two assassins from Europe were en route to the U.N. via Canada to "take care of Kadar." Another agent, in Philadelphia, reported that a young refugee named Aladar Farkas was determined to revenge himself on Kadar for what he and his countrymen had suffered in the bloody Hungarian revolt of 1956.

Kadar wanted all the protection he could get. As it turned out he had good reasons. Aladar Farkas, from Philadelphia, was spotted and quietly picked up outside the U.N. gates as he tried to enter. He had a short barreled .38 revolver in his pocket. He was but one of many former Hungarian Freedom Fighters who had sworn that Janos Kadar would not leave New York City alive.

Nikita Khrushchev gave a beautiful performance of apparent indifference to danger. While there is no question that Khrushchev did have personal courage, his exposure to danger was much less than the impression received by millions of Americans who saw him on their TV screens. He subtly and cunningly hedged his bets and took care to minimize his risks.

He was surrounded by hand-picked MVD secret agents blending into the background. His two top security chiefs, Lieutenant General Zakharov and Colonel Burdin, were with him constantly. While Khrushchev was publicly ignoring his police guard, Zakharov and Burdin were privately complaining about lack of adequate protection.

Not only did Zakharov and Burdin continually demand more protection for Khrushchev within the U.N., but they added to Begley's worries by "discovering" new assassination plots almost daily.

Begley conscientiously checked out all warnings and threats against Khrushchev with Louis Mayan, who was in direct charge of the U.N. safety and security section, and his deputy chief, John Cosgrove.

The one which caused them the most acute apprehension came from the Soviets. According to Zakharov, on Sept. 20 he had received a radio message from MVD agents in Bern, Switzerland, that a former Gestapo agent, Otto Sellers, had flown to New York City from Bern to kill Khrushchev from the gallery of the U.N.

"Our information is definite," Zakharov declared. "Sellers is now in New York City. He is armed with an ingenious gun built inside an ordinary-looking camera by a Swiss watchmaker."

U.S. agents in Bern were immediately contacted. They confirmed the fact that a former Gestapo killer named Sellers had been living there. He had not been seen since the afternoon of Sept. 19.

This was not one that Zakharov had made up. U.N. Security checked and rechecked all press credentials and inspected all cameras. Begley figuratively kept his fingers crossed.

On Oct. 13, the day Khrushchev was scheduled to depart for home, Begley received two dire warnings. The first, another plot "discovered" by the industrious Zakharov and Burdin, was the disclosure that a mixed group of anti-Communist Germans and Hungarians in Brooklyn had suicidally conspired to hire a helicopter and bomb the *Baltika* moored at Pier 73 in the East River.

Although the ship had brought Khrushchev from Europe, together with several other Communist leaders, the Soviet premier was returning to Moscow by plane from Idlewild. The "plot" appeared to be another Zakharov-Burdin invention. In imaginative detail it strained credulity. The information, however, was passed along to the U.N. Operations Desk at Police Headquarters, as had been many other warnings before it.

Then, less than an hour before Khrushchev was due to take off, another alarm reached the U.N. Security office. This one was by telephone. An agitated woman declared that a bomb had been hidden in the Soviet Premier's plane. This was a possibility. Begley promptly relayed the warning to Police Headquarters.

When Khrushchev winged swiftly off to Moscow the U.N. Security force heaved a collective sigh of relief.

"We thought we had seen just about everything during those sessions," a U.N. Security officer said wryly. "But on February 15, 1961 we discovered we were wrong."

Neither Begley nor anyone else in Security likes to discuss the incident. Months afterwards, it still seems to them like a nightmare.

It began while the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., Adlai Stevenson, was answering Russia's threat to intervene directly in the Congo.

"The United States," Stevenson warned, "does not intend to sit by if others consciously and deliberately seek to exacerbate the present situation—"

"Lumumbal" shrieked a woman in the gallery.

Stevenson and other startled delegates stared upwards.

"Lumumbal"

Some 60 screaming men and women had burst into the gallery and were scrambling in the aisles, their arms flailing wildly. A U.N. security guard lunged towards the woman who had triggered the riot. She felled him with a blow from the heel of her shoe. A man kicked him as he lay bleeding in the aisle.

There were a dozen security guards scattered throughout the gallery and all of them had been punched, kicked and mauled by the time Begley came charging in with reserves. It took a full quarter hour, with tact and diplomacy cast aside, before the U.N. security officers could get the agitators out of the gallery, and they continued to resist violently in the corridors. The security men locked them into judo holds and marched them away.

A total of 15 U.N. Security men were injured more or less severely in the carefully planned riot.

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*Source unavailable*

## *UN SECURITY FORCE ACCENTS SHARP EYES*

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Once a box of battery-operated electric razors, destined for the co-op run for U.N. employees, touched off a scare when a postal official heard the box buzzing and felt it vibrating.

Everyone played the drama out cautiously but their suspicions—from the return address label—proved valid. A razor was buzzing away beardless, in the box.

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*Long Island Press*  
Sunday, November 5, 1967

## JOHN J. COSGROVE

Some people, over the years, become part of the very fabric of this house. They are usually those who have been with us for a long time; who have watched the UN grow and have grown with it; whose work has brought them in touch with so many of us, at all levels, that quite suddenly—how does it happen?—they are as much part of the scenery as the flags, the rose garden or the guided tours.

We were thinking about this the other day when the President of the United States visited the UN. There stood the Secretary-General, waiting outside his own front door in the most natural and hospitable manner, chatting with Ambassador Goldberg and Dr. Bunche. It was a warm, windy afternoon. There stood the Security men, the photographers, a gathering crowd. One of the Security Officers stopped a black-haired girl and rummaged rather apologetically in her green shopping bag. Suddenly—the wail of sirens; a motorcade of police in pale, blue helmets, wheeling with beautiful precision; more photographers, running like lunatics; the President; and on his tail a dozen Secret-Service men with pink, Hollywood faces, blank expressions and billowing raincoats.

In the middle of it all stood John J. Cosgrove, the 6-foot Chief of UN Security. Solid, bespectacled



*John J. Cosgrove*

[*Photo: United Nations*]

(170)

and smiling, he sauntered around as he usually does, shaking hands with City police officers, pausing for a word with one of his own men. As usual, he looked relaxed and cheerful, as if he were thinking what a bit of Irish luck it was to have an excuse to bask in the sun on such a nice afternoon. With his snow-white hair and bright blue eyes, he was as familiar a part of an official visit as the Chief of Protocol or the barricades.

He had had exactly seven minutes warning of Mr. Johnson's visit; he was personally responsible for the President's safety on UN territory.

It struck us at the time that one of the things we're going to miss most when John Cosgrove leaves Security at the end of this month is the man's ability to take things in stride, to make a difficult job look easy. His particular version of the motto "maximum protection with minimum intrusion" (which he defines as being efficient without making a fuss about it) has certainly made life more comfortable for all of us, including the Secretary-General, than it might otherwise have been. It has also helped to create a very respectable image of UN Security and UN manners in the eyes of all those who visit the UN, including more than a million tourists each year.

The popular press always enjoys going to town on cloak-and-dagger tales about UN Security. One recent story described John Cosgrove as "the gimlet-eyed assassin-stopper" who, upon finding a ticking parcel on UN premises, "Threw all his men out of the room; then, sweat dripping from his brow, breathing a final prayer, he tore the string with steady hands from the ominous package".

"Where do they get this stuff?" drawled John Cosgrove plaintively. "How stupid do they think I am? And what the hell do they think the New York City Bomb Squad's for anyway?" You can say a lot of things about John Cosgrove (and a lot of things have been said) but you can't say he's an impractical man.

Many of us remember the Security Council riot of 1961. Those who were there remember the high pitch of the screams, the spiked heels, Neil Breen's flailing fist, Security Officers going down like nine-pins and Ambassador Stevenson (who didn't know the microphone was still switched on) enquiring in a surprised, aggrieved tone why the Security people didn't just remove the demonstrators. John Cosgrove simply moved across the floor and stood, square and silent, in front of the Secretary-General. As he left the Security chamber, Mr. Hammarskjold turned to him and said, "You'd make a good Swede". It is possible, by this time, that Mr. Stevenson felt John Cosgrove made quite a good American, thank you.

As soon as the chamber was cleared, John Cosgrove collected all the film which had been taken during the riot by the UN and other photographers and had it made into a composite movie. "Good for Security training", he says briskly. "Let's face it, the film didn't show us at our best, and we've learned a lot from it". A pragmatic man, indeed, who seldom finds it necessary to call a certain garden implement anything but a spade and admits (rather sadly) that he's "never been able to learn the art of pussy-footing around".

John Cosgrove heads a 176-man Security force. "Nobody in Security goes around expecting trouble

but we all have to be ready for anything. It's fair to say that we couldn't do the job alone. We work closely with the New York City police and other City agencies; people like Chief Inspector Sanford Garelik and his colleagues have, over the years, been truly good friends of the UN".

How was it during the 1960 Assembly, with more than thirty Heads of State and Government converging on the UN? Mr. Cosgrove grinned and shrugged, "It was pretty good to have New York's Finest on the doorstep".

The biggest day in the life of UN Security was undoubtedly 4 October 1965 when Pope Paul visited Headquarters. There were months of preparation, mountains of paper work, time schedules and security measures such as had never before been imagined at the UN, and thanks to these immense prior labours of Protocol, Security, OPI and the whole of OGS under David B. Vaughn, the visit not only went smoothly but the day itself was one of unspoiled rejoicing for thousands of people. It was also a day on which we saw the Chief of Security at his best: his officers provided good security without being heavy-handed; and without being officious, they persuaded everyone to co-operate like lambs. John Cosgrove himself gives much of the credit for the smooth performance to delegates and staff members "who were as helpful as could be. Of course, you can always trust the top people to behave properly. It's what I call the Thirty-Third Secretary who can act up on occasion—usually, I think, because he doesn't always understand why he's being asked to do or not do something". After the Pope's visit, all the planning details were faithfully recorded, along with business-

like diagrams; for John Cosgrove, in his usual practical way, thought these would be useful to have if a visit of such importance should ever take place again.

After receiving his B.Sc. from Manhattan College and his LL.B. from St. John's Law School, John Cosgrove went into US Military Intelligence. He met Frank Begley there, and it was at least partly on account of Frank Begley that he joined the UN in Hunter College Days. After twenty years in Security, there's not much he doesn't know about the UN's special problems, the special problems of UN staff and of UN Security Officers. One of his men paid him a tribute the other day, without even trying. "Sure, he's got his faults, but I'll say one thing: the closer you work with him, the more you appreciate his good points. And that's funny when you come to think of it, because with most people it's usually the other way round. . . ." One good point is the ability to understand the real paradox of Security—any Security: the better you are, the less credit you get. Let's put it this way: if, in the General Assembly, someone sitting in the public gallery should take a potshot at a statesman and be caught by the Security Officers, the Security Section itself would be warmly praised. On the other hand, if an observant Security Officer should stop a suspicious-looking character at the gate, what would he achieve? He would nip the trouble in the bud—and he would successfully prevent the Security Section from getting any praise whatsoever; he was alert enough to shut the stable door before the horse was stolen. And this happens more than we might like to think.

As for John Cosgrove, he makes no bones about his love for the UN and the pleasure which his job has given him. He and his wife, Irma, are great City walkers. It's seldom that their Saturday or Sunday walk doesn't bring them past the UN; and if he's at the gate, why shouldn't he drop in for a minute? "An old fire horse is the expression, I think", says John Cosgrove ruefully.

We can only add that he's one old fire horse we're going to miss.

*Secretariat News*

30 April 1968

## *U.N. SECURITY CHIEF FACES TASKS*

By Tom Hoge  
Associated Press Writer

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y.—When he became U.N. Security chief, Lt. Col. Harold Trimble thought the job would be a challenge. Five months of dealing with demonstrators, VIP's and a threatened guard strike have convinced him he was right.

"Something different is going on all the time," said the tall, trim Canadian with the bearing of a military career man. "It certainly keeps you on your toes."

Trimble is not only responsible for protecting delegates, visiting dignitaries and everyone else who streams through the 18-acre U.N. complex each day. His 180-man guard force must keep hecklers out of the debating halls and prying individuals from haunting the delegates' lounge or infiltrating 35 floors of offices where the 2,000-member secretariat staff works.

The guards try to intercept troublemakers before they reach the admissions desk, but it is impossible to spot them all. And when a delegation secures a block of seats for visitors to the General Assembly or Security Council, there is no way of checking on them. At least one Communist mission here has been suspected of slipping in organizer rioters this way.



*UN Security guards quelling a disturbance in the gallery of the Security Council (Photo: United Nations)*

When the demonstration does erupt, the security men in the area eject the agitators as quickly and quietly as possible. Nine such demonstrators rose up in the public gallery and denounced the U.S. role in Vietnam when Secretary of State Dean Rusk addressed the Assembly in the recent policy debate. Nine others singled out Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko's appearance on the Assembly stage to break out banners calling for a free Biafra. Both groups were hustled out of the hall as soon as they began their pitch.

"In each case," said Trimble, "the demonstrators came in separately and, to me at least, each looked like a normal visitor. It is virtually impossible to avert such outbursts. You just get rid of them as fast as you can."

...

Trimble ran into a problem no other U.N. official had faced when more than 100 members of the guard force called in sick on Oct. 22 to dramatize their demands for higher pay. It was the first work stoppage that had ever occurred in the United Nations and the prospect of 39 floors and three basements virtually unguarded caused considerable apprehension.

Trimble took the situation in stride and managed to get through the day without serious incident by deploying the handful of men he had on duty and barring all visitors from the public galleries.

*Herald Statesman*

Yonkers, N.Y.

Friday, November 15, 1968

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

H. A. Trimble  
Chief of Security  
United Nations

Harold Allen Trimble was born in Toronto, Canada on 6 August 1916. He was educated at the Mount Forest High School and the University of Toronto. He is married and has one son and one daughter, both married.

After serving with the Non Permanent Active Militia for three years, he enlisted in the Canadian Army (active) in 1939. He proceeded overseas in December 1939, was commissioned in April 1942 and served until the end of the war in Europe with various field units and Headquarters 8 Canadian Infantry Brigade. He was promoted Captain in August 1944.

After World War II he served with various Headquarters units as Staff Captain and General Staff Officer 3rd grade. He graduated from the Canadian Army Staff College in 1951 and was promoted Major in February 1952 and was appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at Army Headquarters. From March 1953 to June 1954 he served with Headquarters 25 Canadian Infantry Brigade in the Far East. In June 1954 he was appointed at the Grade 2 Staff Officer Level at Headquarters B.C. area and in April 1957 he was

posted to the United Kingdom as Exchange Officer of the Quartermaster-General in the War Office. In August 1959 he was appointed Commanding Officer and Senior Supply and Transport Officer of the Northwest Highway System in the Yukon.

He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in August 1962 as Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General of the Army Tactics and Organization Board and in January 1964 he was appointed Chief of Staff. In May 1965 he was appointed Military Adviser to the Permanent Representative of Canada to the United Nations, a position he held until May 1968 when he retired from the Canadian Armed Forces.

In June 1968 he was appointed Chief of the Security and Safety Service of the United Nations.