

# CANDOER News



A quarterly Newsletter dedicated to Communicators AND Others Enjoying Retirement

July 2011

Summer Issue

Volume 11 - Number 2

## Inside this issue

<b>Cat's Corner</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Remembering Eagleburger</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Heart Health</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>The Nut Case</b> By John Lemandri	<b>5</b>
<b>Teletype operators needed for State</b>	<b>6</b>

Welcome to the latest issue of the newsletter dedicated to the **CANDOERS** (**C**ommunicators **AND** **O**thers **E**njoying **R**etirement). This newsletter will be distributed quarterly. New issues will be posted on the Web for viewing on or about, January 15, April 15, July 15, and October 15.

The **CANDOER** Web site and newsletter may be viewed by going to the following URI: [www.candoer.org](http://www.candoer.org)

***The success of this newsletter depends on you. I need contributors.***

Do you have an interesting article, a nostalgia item, or a real life story you would like to share with others? If you do, send it

to me at the following e-mail address:  
[candoercat@gmail.com](mailto:candoercat@gmail.com)  
or to my snail-mail address:

Robert J. Catlin, Sr.  
2670 Dakota Street  
Bryans Road, MD 20616-3062  
Tel: (301) 283-6549

Please, **NO** handwritten submissions.

This newsletter is available on the Web **only**, free, to any and all who worked with or for DC, OC, IM, or IRM.

None of the material in this newsletter has a copyright, ***unless otherwise noted***. If you wish to print the newsletter and make copies to distribute to others, please feel free to do so.

The **CANDOER** News will be available in three formats: the first format is as a web page; the second format is as a PDF file; the third format is as a Microsoft Word document.

The PDF file and Microsoft Word document will allow you to download and print the newsletter exactly as if I had printed it and mailed it to you.

If you are unable to read the PDF formatted newsletter, you can go to [www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep2.html](http://www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep2.html) and download the FREE reader. When

installed on your computer, it will allow the automatic opening of any PDF file.

### THE TERMITE

Some primal termite knocked on wood  
And tasted it, and found it good,  
And that is why your Cousin May  
Fell through the parlor floor today.

### Cat's Corner

Erick Morin has added the **CANDOERS** to Facebook. If you would like to join the group the URL is:

[http://www.facebook.com/pages/Candoe r/175231445841913](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Candoe%20r/175231445841913)

Summer has finally arrived. I thought it never would. We had a bad spring here in Southern Maryland. It was the middle of May before we started seeing warm weather and then it seemed to rain every day. This weather really cut into my fishing. By the first of July last year I had been fishing 65 times. This year I have only been out 43 times. The fishing has been great. I just cannot get out on the water often enough to suit me.

This issue continues with the articles sent to me by John Lemandri.

Also included in this issue is a health related article written by a regular reader of the **CANDOER** Newsletter and a follower of the **CANDOER** Web site, Millie Bruce.

Millie Mary Bruce (@millie\_bruce on Twitter.com) was born in Banffshire, Scotland on August 2, 1944. She had an undergraduate degree in Meds at the University of Glasgow in 1962. She has done nourishment therapy and she educated adult nutrition in Adult Day Care Clinics. She previously worked for scientific journalists and reviewers that produced articles for the New England Journal of Medicine. She is now retired and from 2005 to the present she has been a guest copy writer for health-related web sites and blog sites.

With the death of Secretary of State Eagleburger Tim Lawson suggested I include **CANDOERS** remembrances of him. The remembrances are included in this issue.

This issue also includes several of my favorite lyrics by Ogden Nash.

### PLEASE, I need more articles.

#### THE COBRA

This creature fills its mouth with venom  
And walks upon its duodenum.  
He who attempts to tease the cobra  
Is soon a sadder he, and sobra.

### Remembering Eagleburger

#### Tim Lawson

I still remember Secretary Eagleburger's final day in office. It was in January 1993. Because Eagleburger was an almost constant smoker and no one was brave enough to ask him to stop the State Department was almost the very last federal agency to mandate a "no-smoking" policy. It would have to wait until Eagleburger was gone. Assigned as Special Assistant to the DAS (for IRM) and a smoker myself at that time (with the help of my Thai bride I managed to quit about six years ago), I joined a group of probably forty or so smokers from throughout the Building who came to the cafeteria late that last afternoon. We ordered coffee, sat and smoked, determined to see out this final afternoon of evil pleasure. At around 1630 or so, Eagleburger, trailed by two or three assistants and two DS bodyguards, came walking through the cafeteria with, as usual, cigarette in hand. Before exiting, he stopped, turned around and looked at us. The Secretary then proceeded to take a long deep drag from his cigarette before turning and leaving. Us hardy bunch of cafeteria smokers had just been witness to the 62nd Secretary of State departure from official duty status. In what seemed like only a second or two later, four local security guards walked in at both side entrances to the cafeteria and announced that all smokers were hereby instructed to extinguish cigarettes and that with immediate effect "smoking was no longer authorized in any spaces of the U.S. State Department." The "smoking lamp" at Foggy Bottom was out forever. At that moment

there was a kind of muddled, yet audible collective moan from the group as we stood up and headed outside to the Department internal courtyard (which was extremely cold that late January afternoon) and promptly lit back up again. There we were, all smoking and shivering, and in silent reverence, wishing the now former Secretary of State all the best.

---

### **Jim Prosser**

I first met Larry Eagleburger when he was assigned to the US Mission NATO in Brussels as the Political Advisor to Ambassador Harlan Cleveland in about 1968. He was a fine gentleman and easy person with which to work.

Subsequently when I was posted at American Embassy Moscow, Eagleburger accompanied President Richard Nixon's then National Security Advisor, Henry A. Kissinger, on his frequent "private" visits to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. And "private" they indeed were. No advance party, security details, etc., nothing. They flew commercial airlines 1st class and never requested anything from the Embassy EXCEPT for a supply of Pepsi Cola to be placed in their rooms at the Kremlin.

I previously had known about Eagleburger's love of Pepsi Cola, but not Kissinger's.

---

### **Bob Catlin**

In all the time I worked at State I never met Eagleburger at main State. I did run across him when I went on a TDY trip to Beijing in November/December of 1975. I was there to support President Ford and Kissinger when we formally recognized the Peoples Republic of China. Joe Acquavella was CPO. Joe assigned me to work the Midnight Shift. About 2 in the morning I was processing traffic from the Department when I hear a knock on the window. I went out and open the window and there stood Eagleburger. He has several pages of a hand written speech that Kissinger was to give when he and the President arrive at the airport later that day.

He says to me, "I need this typed up in a large font and double spaced." I explained to him that the only typing device I had available was a teletype Model 28 and it only had one font. He said NO you have to type it in a larger font. Again I explained to him I had no typewriter, but down the hall in the first office to his right, along side the Ambassador's office (George H. W. Bush), are two secretaries whose sole purpose was to type anything the party needed before/during the President/Secretary's visit. He got irate and demanded I type up the speech. I shut the window in his face and after several minutes he quit pounding on the window.

That morning, as I was getting off shift Joe, told me Bush wanted to see me. Bush said Eagleburger demanded my name and that I be reprimanded. He asked me for my side of the incident. I explained to him what had happened and he said he would take care of it. I never hear another word about it.

---

### **Bob Walker**

One story about Lawrence Eagleburger that I can relate too is when he and I were in the TACSAT room that was set up during the Granada invasion. John Kennedy and Sid Reeves were the only two State Department Communications people on the ground. Mr. Eagleburger was trying to find out what was happening and was jabbering away at them. He'd carried an ashtray into the small room, setting it down by a NO SMOKING sign. He then began chain smoking. At one point he had two cigarettes going in the ashtray and another in his hand. He looked over at me and said "Bob is one of those yours?" pointing to the ashtray. I said "No Sir". He said good, I thought I was about to run out of cigarettes.

---

### **Joe Chaddic**

In 1982 I volunteered to work week-ends in support of the Lebanon task force during the Habib Mission from June to September. Larry Eagleburger was serving as the Under

Secretary for Political Affairs at the time. We had a satellite link established to support the mission in Lebanon. On several occasions I would need to take messages directly to Eagleburger, and since it was on the weekend he would be dressed very casually, and I often found him in his office sitting on an exercise bicycle, churning away, while reading official material that was on a reading platform between the handle bars. He was always charming, friendly and polite when he would add my material to the handle bar stack. I was very impressed with the man and the importance of his position.

---

### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Behold the hippopotamus!  
 We laugh at how he looks to us,  
 And yet in moments dank and grim,  
 I wonder how we look to him.  
 Peace, peace, thou hippopotamus!  
 We really look all right to us,  
 As you no doubt delight the eye  
 Of other hippopotami.

---

### Are You Doing These Five Frequent Issues For Your Heart?

By Millie Mary Bruce

For both males and females of all ages cardiovascular disease is considered the number one killer. It kills more people than ALL kinds of cancer grouped together. If you're black or over sixty-five, your chance of heart disease is bigger. However, it's an equal opportunity destroyer.

Everyone, at any place, anytime may have a heart attack [1].

**Myth #1:** Solely older individuals need to be concerned about their cardiovascular system.

What may induce a heart attack build-up gradually? Being a couch-potato, boredom, over eating, and never doing exercises are typically bad habits that might begin when we are children. A lot more health professionals are starting to see patients of strokes in their 20's and 30's rather than patients generally in their 50's and 60's.

Simply being in good physical condition and at the proper weight does not make you protected from heart attacks. Although, both working out regularly and maintaining an ideal bodyweight helps, you still must check your cholesterol and blood pressure levels. The right cholesterol (or lipid profile) amount is below 200. A very good blood pressure level is 120/80.

**Myth #2:** I'd feel sick if I had high blood pressure levels or high-cholesterol.

They name these "silent killers" basically because they show NO signs. 30% of all mature people have high blood pressure. Of those, one-third do not know they already have it.

High-cholesterol is a way of measuring the fats stocked through your blood stream. Fats may be dropped anywhere in your body, but tend to congregate around body organs, including your heart. This habit might run in families. So, even if you are at a good bodyweight and don't smoke, have your cholesterol levels and blood pressure examined on a regular basis. Once shouldn't be enough [2].

**Myth #3:** Both males and females DON'T experience the same symptoms.

Women and men CAN have precisely the same indicators and symptoms, however they generally will not. Ladies seem to have the subtler warning signs though males often have the kind of heart attacks you see in the films. But, either gender CAN have any signs or symptoms.

These subtler signs, which include jaw achiness, nausea, shortness of breath and excessive fatigue, are more likely to get described away. "My jaw hurt mainly because my lunchtime sandwich was on whole-grain bread and I needed to chew very hard," or, while clutching their stomach, "I probably should not have had that extra piece of pizza." "Half of women don't have chest pain at all," states Kathy Magliato, a heart physician at California's St. John's Health Center. Add all the little indicators and symptoms to each other and pay attention to your entire body.

Surely, both men and women could experience the "grab-your-chest-and-fall-

down-gasping" type of cardiac event but now you fully understand that isn't the only way.

**Myth #4:** If my sugar level is in check, Diabetes is just not a heart risk.

Though continuing to keep your blood sugar level with a normal range (80 ml-120 ml) helps keep you healthier, just having the added blood sugar in your system takes its toll on arterial blood vessels. You'll need performing exercises and eating healthier to help take control of your diabetes, bear in mind to measure your blood pressure level and cholesterol levels, too.

**Myth #5:** My medical doctor would order tests if I were at risk for cardiovascular disease.

Typically, most of us forget to tell the physician the little pains we feel. The medical professionals, with no knowledge of the various things we think as insignificant, might pass over heart tests.

"Mammograms and Colonoscopies are regularly recommended," says Merdod Ghafouri, a cardiologist at Inova Fairfax Clinic in Virginia, [3] "and are important, but heart tests typically are not regularly conducted." A heart scan can discover plaque build-up within the arterial blood vessels before you even know you have a problem.

Do you have the oil pressure and transmission liquid examined in your car/truck? Have other precautionary repair done? Shouldn't your only heart have as much consideration as your automobile?

Links to additional information about heart disease:

- [1] Family Doctor by American Academy of Family Physicians features honest health and fitness data and resources for patients. They have a good guide <a href="http://familydoctor.org/online/famdoc/en/home/common/heartdisease/risk/029.html">covering blood cholesterol and arteries</a>

- [2] Mediterranean Recipes is a free site managed by Trisha that gives her cooking interest to help people discover how to make healthy meals to avoid heart diseases. She provides a nice <a

href="http://www.mediterraneanrecipes.org/specialty/heart-healthy-recipes">easy heart healthy recipes</a> section

- [3] Health Central is considered the most trusted sources of health related information and facts and up to date news that include a doctor-authorized health encyclopedia of health issues and conditions. They have a good write-up about <a href="http://www.healthcentral.com/heart-disease/diet-162120-5.html">six steps to a better heart</a>

---

### THE OCTOPUS

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs  
Is those things arms, or is they legs?  
I marvel at thee, Octopus;  
If I were thou, I'd call me Us.

---

### The Nut Case

by John Lemandri

The American Embassy in Pretoria, South Africa, had a decent size cafeteria where many of its employees would eat their meals or have a cup of coffee. During my first week I noticed a lone figure sitting at a table, excluded from conversation with the others. As I stared in his direction, one of the employees at our table remarked that the lone figure was the Regional Psychiatrist. We all had jobs that required a top secret clearance at minimum, and no one wanted to associate with the shrink, else the State Department pull your clearance or at the very least promote you into one of those other jobs which required yet another degree of psychiatric evaluation.

For a week I watched this lonely figure eat his lunch, then quietly depart to his office. We occasionally exchanged greetings until one day I decided to join him for coffee. It so happened we had a mutual interest in the Vietnam War, so much so that we started eating lunch together. The psychiatrist found my stories amusing, and I for once was happy to find someone who would listen without screaming and running away in hysterics. I told him that since the war I often argued with myself, which he diagnosed as having a multiple personality disorder. Later, when I complained about the

cost of his treatment, he said, "Don't worry, I'll charge you the group rate." Not really, but after he departed post I did receive a year's complementary subscription to one of those psychiatric magazines. Whether or not this helped I am still debating with myself.

The psychiatrist's replacement was even more conversational when he too, found out I was the only one at the embassy who actually liked talking to shrinks. I soon realized that although psychiatrists were eager to listen to everyone else's problems, they seldom found anyone willing to listen to theirs, except, of course - me. I became their sounding board and spent hours listening and offering what sympathy I could. After all, what psychiatrist in his right mind would want to see another psychiatrist?

Toward the end of my tour most of my co-workers were convinced I was under some degree of psychiatric care, and no matter how hard I tried, I failed to convince them otherwise. I've had bestowed upon me many titles during my career, but 'Nut Case' was the best!

---

### THE OSTRICH

The ostrich roams the great Sahara.  
Its mouth is wide, its neck is narra.  
It has such long and lofty legs,  
I'm glad it sits to lay its eggs.

---

### Teletype Operators Needed for State

(This was the headline of a 1963 newspaper article in a local newspaper in Columbus, Ohio that Phil Tinney saw. He sent a postcard and the rest was history.)

**WASHINGTON** – The U. S. Department of State in Washington, D.C. is seeking experienced cryptographers or teletype operators. The State Department, as the federal agency responsible for advising the President on foreign policy matters, conducts essential day-to-day relations with foreign governments.

To effectively carry out such duties, diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States are stationed at more than 300 Foreign Service posts scattered throughout the world. For the secretary of

state to keep abreast of all developments abroad, he must be surrounded by staff capable of providing him with up-to-the-minute reports and of transmitting instructions at any time of day and night.

Receipt of the reports and transmittal of instructions must be accomplished in a manner which safeguards this country's national interests. This means that many of the communications must be encrypted when dispatched electronically, or carried by a diplomatic courier, particularly where confidential documents are involved.

For rapid interchange of information between Washington and Foreign Service posts, the State Department relies on ultra-modern electronic equipment. Consequently, in staffing overseas posts and Washington headquarters, only the most experienced and competent cryptographers and teletype operators can be considered.

Moreover, applicants also must pass spelling, verbal and typing tests; take a rigorous medical examination; and undergo a thorough and painstaking background investigation. The State Department looks upon all its employees – whether clerks or diplomatic officers – as representatives of the United States. For this reason, the Department seeks only those who possess exceptional personality and character traits.

**Appointments are made to what is referred to the Foreign Service Staff Corps, with grade depending upon the applicant's experience.**

Starting salary corresponds to FSS Class 9 and pays \$5,010 yearly with annual increases based upon satisfactory work performance. The State Department's career system makes it possible to progress in communications and records work – through meritorious service and development of expert qualifications – to FSS Class 2, with pay ranges from \$12,075 to \$14,595.

Applications are accepted from those who are: at least 21 years old; American citizens for a minimum of five years – and, if married, the wife also must be an American citizen, although not necessarily for five years; high school graduate or the

equivalent; if subject to draft, must be able to obtain written release from the local draft board, permitting the applicant to leave the country; able to meet the minimum experience requirements of two years general work experience – of which, at least 18 months must consist of recent operational experience in either cryptographic or teletype equipment.

\* \* \*

**The State** Department welcomes inquiries from all persons interested in careers as cryptographers and teletype operators. Applications forms may be obtained by addressing a post card or letter to: Recruitment Branch, Department of State, Washington, D.C. 20520.

---

### THE TALE OF CUSTARD THE DRAGON

Belinda lived in a little white house,  
 With a little black kitten and a little gray  
 mouse,  
 And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,  
 And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.  
 Now the name of the little black kitten was  
 Ink,  
 And the little gray mouse, she called hum  
 Blink,  
 And the little yellow dog was sharp as  
 Mustard,  
 But the dragon was a coward, and she called  
 him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,  
 And spikes on top of him and scales  
 underneath,  
 Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,  
 And realio, trulio daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of  
 bears,  
 And Ink and Blink chased lions down the  
 stairs,  
 Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,  
 But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him  
 unmerciful,  
 Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called  
 him Percival,

They all sat laughing in the little red wagon  
 At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,  
 and Blink said Weeek! which is giggling for a  
 mouse,  
 Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,  
 When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty  
 sound,  
 And Mustard growled, and they all looked  
 around.  
 Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,  
 For there was a pirate, climbing in the  
 winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,  
 And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,  
 His beard was black, one leg was wood;  
 It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried Help! Help!  
 But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,  
 Ink trickled down to the bottom of the  
 household,  
 And little mouse Blink strategically  
 mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard snorting like an  
 engine,  
 Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon, With  
 a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm,  
 He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,  
 And gulped some grog from his pocket  
 flagon,  
 He fired two bullets, but they didn't hit,  
 And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,  
 No one mourned for his pirate victim.  
 Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate  
 Around the dragon that ate the pirate.

But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,  
 I'd been twice as brave if I hadn't been  
 flustered.

And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,  
 We'd have been three times as brave, we

think,

And Custard said, I quite agree  
That everybody is braver than me.  
Belinda still lives in her little white house,  
With her little black kitten and her little gray  
mouse,  
And her little yellow dog and her little red  
wagon,  
And her realio, trulio little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,  
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the  
stairs,  
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,  
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe  
cage.

---

**See you next quarter!**