

Red, white, and blue -- and yellow

Meredith student greets returning hostages

by Ann Stringfield

Last Sunday afternoon I stationed myself in front of the television in order to watch the hostages arrive in America. As the motorcade drove to West Point I experienced a patriotic fervor that I had never before thought possible. The television screen literally exploded with yellow ribbons. The entire population of Highland Falls was chanting, "U.S.A., U.S.A." I suddenly

knew I had to go to Washington, D.C. to see Tuesday's motorcade. I rushed to the telephone and made a battery of long distance calls. I was successful. Five hours later I convinced Debbie Hutchinson and Georganne Narron of their patriotic duty. I arranged for us to stay with my cousin in Alexandria. We decided to leave around 2:00 Monday.

The next day, with Marie

Hiott added to our ranks, we set out. We had a half a tank of gas, a box of cassette tapes, and a yellow ribbon tied to the sun roof. We were ready for anything.

Tuesday morning we rode into D.C. on an army bus full of government workers going to see the freed hostages. We gave Ernie, the bus driver, our yellow ribbon and he tied it to the handle of the

emergency door. Crossing the Potomac, we passed a car with half a dozen yellow streamers whipping in the wind.

Washington was in a joyous state of excitement. The closer we got to the White House, the more crowded the sidewalks became. On every corner we met vendors selling buttons, flags, and yellow ribbons. Yellow ribbons, signs, and even yellow towels decorated the buildings. A couple of blocks from the White House sat a crane with a huge yellow bow tied around it.

We stationed ourselves in front of the White House around noon. Debbie and George went off in search of food, and Marie and I settled into the front row behind the barricade. For the next two hours we made friends, screamed when the TV cameras went by, and worried about rain.

Reporters kept popping up beside us to complain to the policeman stationed in front of us that they couldn't get through the crowds at the White House gate.

"They won't let me through," said one reporter. "Who won't let you through? The policemen?" "No, the people. How can I get through?"

"Well, I guess you'll have to say a lot of 'excuse me's.'"

The crowd laughed. The policeman smiled.

We knew the motorcade was getting closer, for we

could hear the helicopters. Ten motorcycle cops whizzed by us, turned around at the gate, and whizzed back. They did this several times and seemed to enjoy it.

I began to wave my flag and inadvertently speared a Secret Service man. I was not arrested.

Suddenly it was time. We heard shouts to our right. We looked and saw the first bus. We had been cold but were suddenly warm.

I recognized a few of the hostages. Elizabeth Ann Swift waved a flag at us. Others gave victory signs, waved, shouted, or simply smiled. Two hostages were practically hanging out of the windows. We yelled. We waved. We laughed. We cried.

There were a few who seemed despondant. Steve Lauterbach stared into nothingness. Most, however, seemed to be in good spirits. The older hostages seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. They had the look of men who had fought for something and won.

I caught the eye of one of these older hostages. For a brief moment, we shared the same thought and smiled at each other because we were Americans.

The final line of the last stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner" really says it all: "And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave-O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

U.S.A. 52; Iran 0.

Max Krebs to return

by Marcia Vickers

This semester at Meredith, Mr. Max V. Krebs is acting as a visiting lecturer in the Department of History and Political Science. Krebs is teaching a course on the United States policy in Latin America. This course is of particular interest since Mr. Krebs is a former ambassador to New Guiana and former deputy ambassador to the countries of Guatemala and Argentina.

When asked exactly what the job of an ambassador is, Krebs stated that an ambassador serves almost as a "jack of all trades". First of all, the ambassador is already a "declared spy". He reports and observes political developments of the country in which he is assigned. He is also a spokesman for the United States foreign policy. The ambassador must negotiate treaties and other agreements. He must observe and report on the economic conditions and policies of the country. Another important job of the ambassador is that of the consular—he concerns himself with problems of individual citizens and acts as a notary public. The ambassador is also a legal expert and an administration "housekeeper", dealing with embassy responsibilities.

Krebs stated that being an ambassador can be a dangerous job. While he was a deputy ambassador in Guatemala in 1968, there was an attack on a car in which five people from the military were killed. Later that year, terrorists attempted to kidnap the ambassador of Guatemala. He tried to run, but was shot. Security

measures were then taken, and people had to be transported by convoys.

As a diplomatic expert, Krebs holds many interesting views in the area of American intervention in the affairs of Latin America. He believes that the United States practices a "benevolent paternalism" towards South America. He feels that America should be willing to help these countries but only if they request it first and specify their needs. Krebs believes that the economic condition is improving in Latin America, thus making it less dependent on the U.S. When asked if Reagan will make a significant difference in our relationship with South America, he states, "Reagan has said little about human rights—the question is how to go about enforcing them."

If one would like to know how to go about becoming an

ambassador, they might follow in the steps of Max Krebs. Krebs was born in Ohio and graduated from Princeton University in 1937, where he studied politics and international affairs. He also studied languages and speaks Spanish, French, and Portugal. From Princeton he spent five and a half years in the army and became a Captain. He returned to work in a local business and then became involved in politics.

Krebs now resides near Pinehurst with his wife Esther. He has two children, a son and a daughter, and a grandson. He has previously lectured at Meredith. He spoke on United Nations Day in 1978, and he and his wife were the first Woodrow Wilson Fellows in 1979. Mr. Krebs likes teaching at Meredith and claims to have

"Meredithitis—a pleasant disease," he says.

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(Answer in next week's TWIG)

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