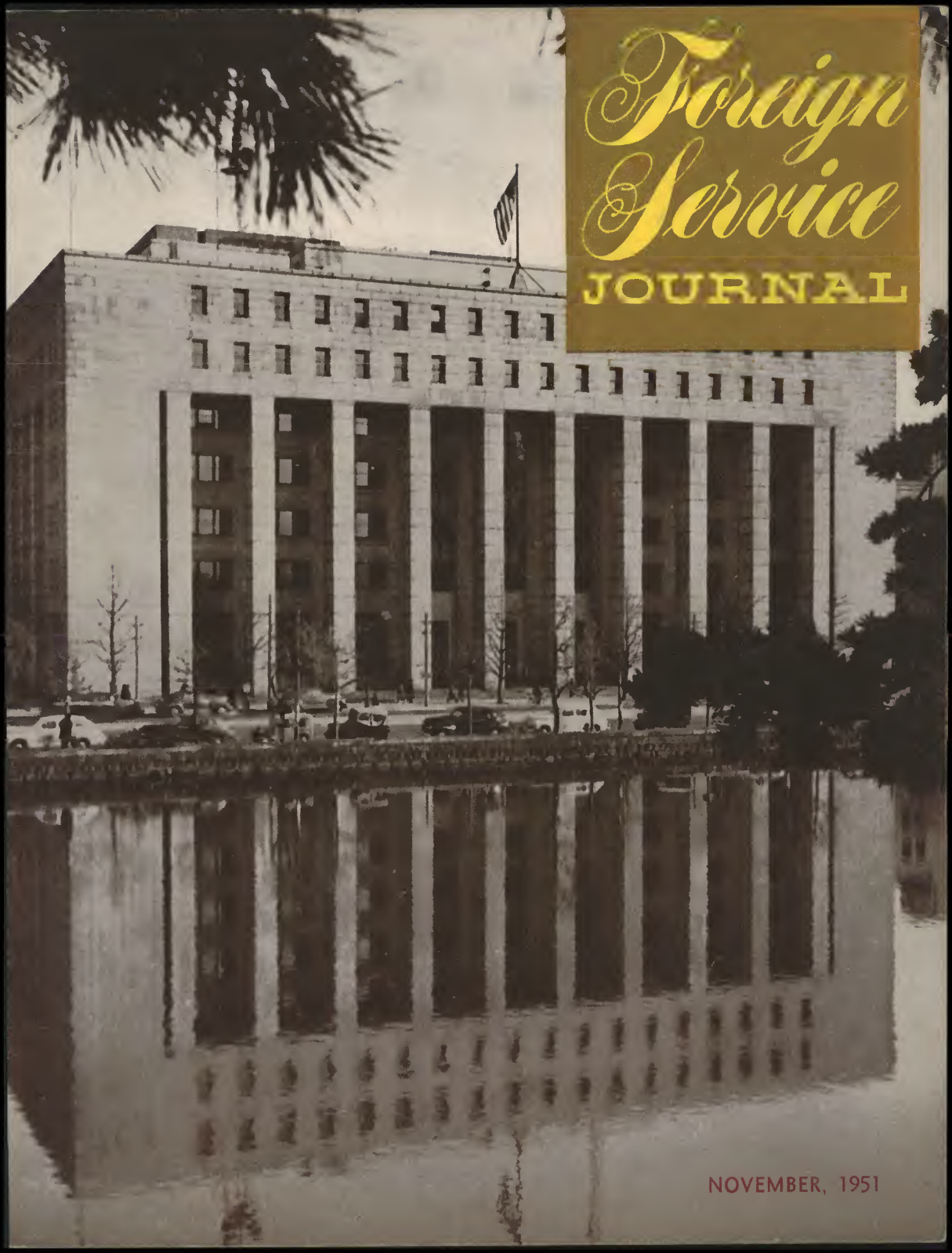

Foreign Service JOURNAL

NOVEMBER, 1951

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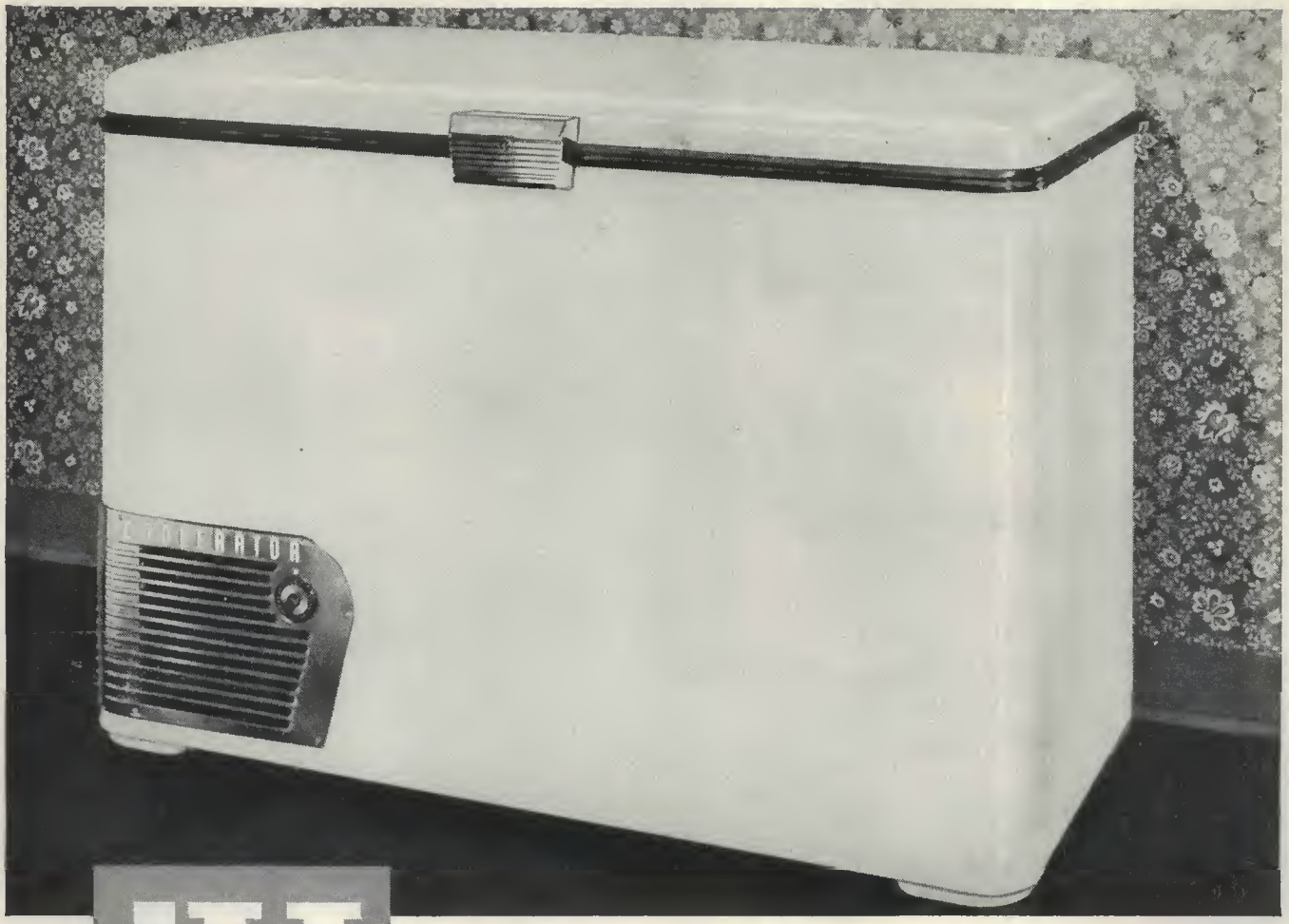

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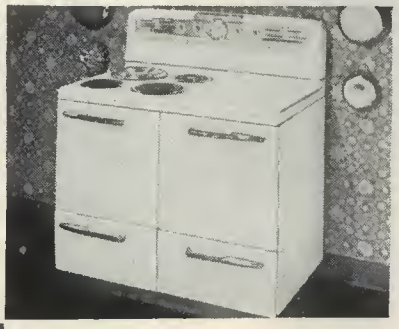

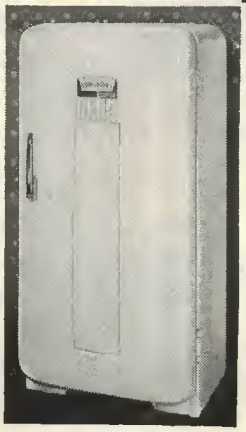

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Letters to the Editors

Pseudonyms may be used only if your letter includes your correct name and address.

RED TAPE AND RETIREMENT

Box 2, Silver Bay, New York,
August 1, 1951.

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Some months ago you published a letter from a recently retired colleague in whieh he described what certainly appeared to be undue delay by the Department in handling the various administrative and finaneial details of the retirement procedure. The same issue carried an article by another officer who had been selected out who likewise had some eomments to make on the apparently unnecessary time lag between relinquishment of duty and final settlement of accounts.

With these things in mind I have kept a careful record of the unwinding of the red tape in my case. Here it is. I believe it demonstrates either that the two cases mentioned above were exceptional, or that mine was, or that there has been marked improvement in the handling of sueh matters in the Department.

June 14 Application for voluntary retirement submitted.
June 28 President accepts resignation as Minister to Hungary to take effect eoncurrently with retirement.
July 12 Check received for salary due from last pay day at my former post to date of retirement.
July 24 Check received for refund of voluntary contributions to retirement and disability fund, with interest.
July 25 Statement received showing ealculation of retirement annuity and formula for ealculating income tax.
July 27 Check received for lump sum annual leave payment.
July 31 First annuity eheek received, representing annuity for the period July 1 - July 31.

I have not yet received any communication from the Department stating officially that I have been retired and authorizing shipment of effects to my new home; but it is obvious that I am retired and I will have no place to put my effects until the end of this month.

Very truly yours,
NATHANIEL P. DAVIS,
Foreign Service Officer, retired.

RED TAPE AND ADMINISTRATION

Port-au-Prinee, Haiti,
Oetober 9, 1951.

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

In Ambassador Beaulae's reeent exeellent aecount of his outstanding eareer appears the following quotation which must have stimulated the inagination of many Foreign Serviee Officers:

"1, like other eonsular officers, had blanket authority

(*Continued on page 5*)

to call a warship whenever, in my judgment, its presence was needed for the protection of American lives and property. I not only could call warships, and did, but I could request the landing of marines."

Without further comment I quote below a paragraph from a reeent communieation received at this Embassy from the Department which might be considered indicative of a certain trend:

"If any more details can be given regarding the inefficiency of the two Buckeye lawn mowers, they would be helpful in determining whether further efforts should be made to keep these machines in repair or whether new machines should be sent."

JOHN H. BURNS,
Chargé d'Affaires a. i.

SELECTION OUT

American Embassy, Paris
October 1, 1951

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

In a letter dated July 5, 1951 (August issue), Mr. Richard A. Johnson suggests that the low 10% selection-out rule be abandoned and that in its place there be substituted lists to be submitted by Selection Boards of "officers whose performance is not up to the standards of the Service."

I am strongly in favor of Mr. Johnson's suggestion. Even within the limited range of my observation, actual experience with the rule has confirmed by conviction that it can operate to the detriment of the best interests of our Government and the Service. Furthermore, having served on one of the Selection Boards I have no doubt that as a practical matter they can conscientiously and fairly prepare lists of the kind Mr. Johnson has in mind.

C. W. GRAY.*
Washington, D. C.
28 September, 1951

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Mr. E. Talbot Smith's letter in your Septemher issue is a moving example of the loyalty and devotion commanded by the Foreign Service. When an officer can write under a caption "Selection Out" about an organization he served "conscientiously and enthusiastically for 29 years," no one can possibly doubt the esprit de corps. It prevails even though the Old Gray Lady on Pennsylvania Avenue—since moved to Virginia Avenue—must deal low cards along with the high.

FSO

HEALTH INSURANCE FOR RETIRED OFFICERS

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Some findings of the Health and Hospitalization Committee of the Retired Foreign Service Officers Association should be of interest to active as well as retired officers.

Few companies will insure persons over sixty-five. Insurance rates rise sharply for those above sixty. At age sixty-four there is often a reduction of benefits. Under a good policy, the same rates and benefits are continued as long as

(*Continued on page 7*)

*Former Chief of FP.

The Fourmost Bonds

OLD GRAND-DAD—*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey* . . . rich, full flavor: indisputably finer!

OLD TAYLOR—*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey* . . . renowned for its undeviating quality!

OLD CROW—*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey* . . . a hearty, 'man's whiskey', too!

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the dues are paid; cancellation is not at the option of the insuring company.

A person older than sixty-five pays, to one good company, $3.00 a month, or $2.50 in a family policy. A discount is available to the Association for group insurance.

When one takes out health insurance, his contract (policy) should:

1. preclude cancellation by the company to avoid a claim;
2. specify any limitations on allowances for hospital room, medical or surgical supplies, anesthesia, operating room, x-rays, surgeon's fees, etc., or diseases not insurable or those originating before the contract; and
3. state clearly the minimum period a contract must run for recognition of claims.

All officers should look ahead during their fifties and appraise the needs of their families for life, health and hospital insurance. Life policies ought to be reviewed in the light of current income taxes. *ACT* before age sixty.

CAROL H. FOSTER, *FSO, Retired.*

(ED.: Mr. Foster is Vice-President of the Retired Foreign Service Officers Association.)

BUREAUCRATIC VOCABULARY

Bangkok, Thailand,
Sept. 25, 1951.

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Some months ago a contributor to the JOURNAL listed some specimens of officialese that set his teeth on edge. What would the Washington bureaucrat do without the following words, which form the very bed-rock of current gobbledegook? Some of these words are found in the dictionary; others are not, at least in their new connotation. If all of them were banned the language would gain in clarity.

Essentiality	finalize
impact	immediacy
programming	thinking (noun)
maximize	implement (verb)
country-level	firmed up
end use	totality
implementation	over-all

W. T. TURNER

ABSENTEE BALLOTS

Stockholm, Sweden,
October 16, 1951

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

It might be of interest to a good many people in the Foreign Service if the Editors would give their opinion as to whether members of the FS should be encouraged to vote on absentee ballots. I have recently seen an interesting pamphlet prepared by the Democratic National Committee (Ring Bldg., Washington) entitled "You Can Vote—Summaries of State Registration and Voting Laws" which the JOURNAL could undoubtedly arrange to have sent to members of the Service free of charge if it were to favor such a step.* At this time when foreign relations have become such an issue in our national elections, Americans in the FS are likely to have even deeper convictions than the man on the street and I am sure that many of them woud like to express their convictions in the form of a vote next year.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT F. WOODWARD

*It does and it will. Pamphlets are put out by both Committees.

A Studebaker truck pays off with staying power that's real earning power

ECONOMIZE for keeps next time you do any truck buying. Get a Studebaker—the truck that's got a stand-out reputation for keeping rolling.

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Twenty-Five Years Ago

by JAMES B. STEWART

COMPLIMENTS FLY AT RAUSCHERS. JOE GREW and ALLEN DULLES had a heart-warming time of it at a luncheon of the Foreign Service Association at Rauscher's. The latter had resigned and this is only a fraction of what the former said about his old friend: "Allen, we've worked through strenuous and important times with you, we've shared outstanding experiences, we've played golf and poker with you and we know that not only will you assuredly achieve success in your new profession but that you will never for a moment be forgotten by the friends and colleagues in the career in which you have rendered such distinguished service." And this is only a sample of what Allen said in reply: "You, Joe, have been at the same time my chief, my colleague and my friend, and it is from such association that there comes the inspiration for our work in the Service." Thus it is, "when quality meets quality the compliments fly."

STRAWBERRIES VS. PRUNES. "Often I find it hard to explain, even to my own satisfaction, why I am leaving the Service," said Mr. Dulles. "They tell the story of the man who would never eat strawberries for fear it would spoil his taste for prunes. In my case I am afraid that if I continue any longer the diet of strawberries, I would not be able to face the diet of prunes—and I know well that I cannot avoid it and had best take it now."

SERVICE CHANGES: JOSEPH C. SATTERTHWAITE to Foreign Service School; H. FREEMAN MATTHEWS, Third Secretary Budapest to Bogota; GUSTAVE PABST of Milwaukee, Third Secretary Santiago to Berlin; CLARENCE E. GAUSS, Consul General Tientsin to Shanghai temporarily; JOHN R. MINTER, Consul at Breslau to Coblenz and EDWARD J. SPARKS to Valparaiso as Vice Consul.

IN THE NEWS: GEORGE S. MESSERSMITH, Consul General, Antwerp; ALEXANDER W. WEDDELL, Consul General, Mexico City; Diplomatic Secretary, DANA G. MUNRO, Panama; ALPHONSE GAULIN, Consul General Paris and Consul General STUART J. FULLER.

JOURNAL SPORTS. Foreign diplomats in Washington challenged members of the State Department to a tennis tournament. Nine matches, doubles and singles, were played at MR. WILLIAMSON S. HOWELL'S residence in Georgetown. The diplomats won 5 to 4. State players were: J. M. CABOT, F. R. DOLBEARE, HENRY CARTER, LELAND HARRISON, E. M. HINKLE, F. D. K. LE CLERCQ, J H. MACVEAGH, GEORGE WADSWORTH, W. R. WILLOUGHBY.

(*Continued on page* 52)

Foreign Service JOURNAL

published monthly by
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NOVEMBER, 1951 Volume 28, Number 11

CONTENTS

COVER PICTURE: The Dai Ichi Building in Tokyo photographed by Eric Parma.

The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION is an unofficial and voluntary association of the members, active and retired, of *The Foreign Service of the United States and the Department of State.* The Association was formed for the purpose of fostering *esprit de corps* among memhers of the Foreign Service and to establish a center around which might he grouped the united efforts of its memhers for the improvement of the Service.

The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL is not official and material appearing herein represents only personal opinions, and is not intended in any way to indicate the official views of the Department of State or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

The Editors will consider all articles suhmitted. If accepted, the author will he paid a minimum of one cent a word on publication. Photographs accompanying articles will, if accepted, he purchased at one dollar each. Five dollars is paid for cover pictures. Reports from the Field, although not paid for, are eligihle for each month's $15 Story-of-the-Month Contest.

Issued monthly at the rate of $4.00 a year, 40 cents a copy, hy the American Foreign Service Association, 1809 G Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Good News for Car Owners!

THE WORLD'S FIRST & ONLY BLOWOUT-SAFE PUNCTURE-SEALING TUBELESS TIRE

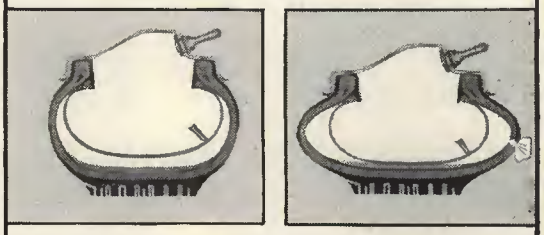
The Revolutionary New

Firestone Supreme

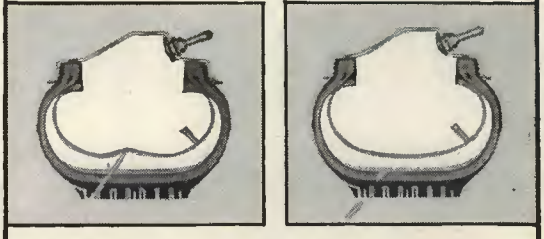
HERE is a tire so completely safe that it marks the beginning of a new era in highway safety. Any tire, even of the tubeless, puncture-sealing type, will blow out if the tire body is torn open by a large, sharp object. But the new Firestone Supreme has a patented construction that gives protection against the dangers of all blowouts and punctures.

Firestone is cooperating with the Government in conserving critical materials so production of the Firestone Supreme is now limited. But when the present national emergency ends, production will be stepped up on the world's first and ONLY blowout-safe, puncture-sealing, tubeless tire, the Firestone Supreme, the ultimate in tire safety, strength, economy and mileage.

Here's How the New Firestone Supreme Eliminates the Dangers of Blowouts and Punctures



Cross-section at left shows inner diaphragm with safety valve. Diagram at right shows how safety valve closes if tire blows out, retaining a large volume of air.



Cross-section at left shows how diaphragm is deflected when nail punctures tire. Diagram at right shows how soft rubber inner layer seals hole without loss of air.

The first prize winner in the Journal's short story contest is

The Vice Consul

by William Friedman

Solomon was in his prime, I imagine, a mature and experienced man, when he was called upon to make his famous decisions. Although I prayed for the wisdom of Solomon on many occasions during my first Foreign Service assignment, I soon had to face reality—25 years ensure neither much wisdom nor much maturity despite the happy delusion nourished by so many vice-consuls that a young Foreign Service Officer is quite a man about town and something of a cosmopolitan as well.

I had almost forgotten the incident, perhaps by design, and had relegated it to the innermost recesses of my mind when it was recalled vividly by, of all things, a contemporary music-drama. This particular opus had been enjoying considerable international success and dealt with a theme which touches directly upon the Foreign Service—the sometimes unbridgeable gap between the law and humanitarian impulses. I had been reading a review of the new musical work and its treatment of a supposedly unfeeling government employee whose strict legal interpretations and love for red tape led to human tragedy. Suddenly a similar incident in my own life weighed on me again like a crown of iron and I was afraid, afraid of my own judgment, or my own moral fiber, afraid that I had failed somewhere, somehow. And at the same time I thought, "How unfair, how very unfair, to condemn the government employee, to present him as a soulless, unfeeling machine, completely indifferent to the fate of those who cannot cross the barrier strung with barbed red tape."

I remember well the day Stefan Pazar came to my office. It was a remarkable day in several ways. It was snowing, and snow was rare in that balmy climate. I watched the large, wet flakes sift down and melt as they struck the red-tiled roofs of the buildings in the courtyard beneath my window. I knew there would be no layer of soft snow on the ground, no winter sports, no softening of the harsh outlines of the city; it was not that kind of snow. But it was snow, I was homesick, and I wanted to go out and lift up my face to the sky so that the flakes might touch my cheeks as they fell. My desire to have wet snow caress my face probably had something to do with the night before. I had just been promoted and had consumed a bottle of champagne all by myself in celebration. I was not used to champagne and wished I had chosen some other way to express my exuberance over the larger paychecks to come. The slight physical illness was compensated for by a feeling of immense pride, of having arrived, of being "somebody." Suddenly the office had become a bit inadequate for a man of my obvious talents; I should have my own office, not share one with two others, certainly my desk was too small, the lighting was poor, and I was disturbed by the fact that my advice was not sought and was not followed when it was volunteered. It was in a mood of self-righteousness that I began the day.

I looked with disgust at the pile of "dossiers" on my desk. There were too many for one man to handle, and, worst of all, I had not been given proper training. It was one of those manpower crises that had thrown me into visa work. Someone had said, "All right, you go up to the visa section." I had gone, and someone had thrust a pile of papers into my hands. I was learning, but slowly.

When I looked up from my desk Stefan Pazar was standing there. Miss Brady had the nasty habit of bringing visa applicants in without announcing them. I promised myself that this time I would speak to her and would not mince words, either.

The man standing in front of me was about my age, but he had a sort of ageless expression and looked at me rather benignly as a father might gaze upon a child. He was dark, rather stocky, and powerfully built. "A man who can take

Four years in the army preceded Bill Friedman's entry into the Foreign Service in 1946. Marseille was his first post. Since then he has had two assignments to Belgrade, one to Zagreb, and is now serving at Vienna. Journal readers will probably recall his interesting reports from Belgrade during the past three years.

care of himself," I surmised. I asked him to sit down, indicating the chair beside my desk, and waiting for him to speak up. He said nothing but twisted his cap in his hands. It was not a nervous gesture but rather the gesture of someone with boundless energy who is unused to sitting still. Miss Brady placed a long brown folder on my desk. It was marked "PAZAR, Stefan." Glancing through the pile of papers neatly arranged within the folder I learned all that I needed to know, professionally at least, about Stefan Pazar.

He was indeed my age. His education was far better than average, he had studied to be an engineer, and he wanted to go to the United States to continue his studies. His relatives in America would look after him, would make all necessary arrangements, and, he told me tensely, almost in bated breath, "It is a matter of life and death."

Always "a matter of life and death"

I prepared myself to be bored and to stifle my irritation. It was so familiar. A matter of life and death. It was a matter of life and death to all of them. What could I do about it? If he was qualified for a visa, he was qualified. If not, not. But my curiosity was aroused.

"Life and death?" I repeated.

"Yes," Pazar explained. "As you know, my country is torn by civil war. If I return, I am sure to be called into the army. If I can go to the United States, I shall be spared that."

A look of scorn must have crossed my face. I thought him to be a coward, unwilling to return to his own land and share the hardships of his own people. With considerable self-satisfaction I silently recalled that I had spent nearly four years in the uniform of my country. Although I had not been very brave and in truth had never even been in much danger, from the perspective of several years my own army experiences seemed like a rather heroic proposition.

Pazar must have read my mind. Certainly the smug, self-righteous mood I was in that day must have been perfectly obvious to anyone with Pazar's keen perception. He begged me to permit him to explain a bit what he had meant. It was not merely a question of army service—he would not like that but he did not dread it—but rather a terrible division which existed in his own family. His father and two brothers were on one side in the war, and three brothers on the other. It was not inconceivable that he might have to fight his own flesh and blood. That he could not do. Furthermore, feeling ran so high in his family that a blood feud had developed. If he returned to his country he would be drawn into it, he would be forced to take sides. "I know that you do not understand these things," he concluded, "your happy country does not know such horrors, but I beg you to understand me and to let me continue my education in America. Then someday I will return to my country, an educated man, who can be of great service to his people. My brain is more desperately needed by my country than my ability to shoot a rifle."

A man's life in my hands

It was then that the smugness fell from me. I realized that this man was pleading with me to give him a chance in life, if not to save his life. He was not pleading with a judge or with a Government, but with me, a man his own age—"There but for the grace of God"—What right had I to pass judgment on another human being? I studied the case again, poring over the documents, re-reading the Foreign Service Regulations in the hope that somewhere I would see in black and white: "Stefan Pazar is (or is not) qualified to enter the United States on a visitor's visa." I found no such statement. I felt helpless. I had only a vague knowledge of the Regulations but I knew that the man before me had to prove to my satisfaction that he was able and willing to return to his country upon expiration of his visa, and that the "burden of proof" was on him.

Pazar admitted that he had applied for a visa at two other Foreign Service posts. I was grateful for this chance to gain time, to cover up my own ignorance and indecision. I told him that I would communicate with the other posts and that I could take no action until I had received all available information from them. That would take time. Did Stefan Pazar have funds to permit him to live while waiting? He did not, but he would work if his limited funds were exhausted before the answers from the other posts were received.

Each day after that he came in to see me. He did not really seem to expect an answer but seemed to want some sort of companionship, even if just for a few minutes, even if in a cold, official way. Perhaps he was trying to influence me; I never knew. But each day I became more impressed with his intelligence, his charm, his frankness of manner. I became convinced that whatever Stefan Pazar did he would do well, and that undoubtedly his country needed him alive, with brain functioning, rather than dead, perhaps one of many in a common grave, marked by a rude monument which, in later years, might be replaced by a grander marble one. But all this was beside the point, utterly beside the point, I told myself, in my best Vice-Consul fashion.

Short Story Contest Winners

1st prize	**William Friedman**
2nd prize	**Horatio Mooers**
3rd prize	**Richard McCarthy**
Honorable Mention	**Edward J. Norton**

The replies from the two posts where Pazar had also applied for a visa arrived on the same day. One reply stated that he had been considered a bona fide nonimmigrant, the other stated that Pazar had been refused a visa because it appeared that he had no intention of returning to his native land. I was horrified by the contradiction. The decision, it appeared, would be clearly up to me. I consulted some of the older, more experienced men in the Consulate. Helpful as they tried to be, it all added up to one thing: my responsibility, my decision. Did I or did I not think Pazar was entitled to enter the United States as a nonimmigrant?

Pazar did not come in that day. It would not surprise me in the least if he had learned through some sixth sense that the answers had arrived and that I must have time to think. I went home that night with something like a feeling of panic. During the next 12 hours I must decide what to tell Pazar. I felt young, inadequate, helpless.

The next day I went to the office early, read and re-read the case, the regulations, and thought and thought—The answer was inescapable. Pazar had not established his ability and intention to return to his own country upon completion of his education in the United States. Indeed, he had virtually admitted that he was going to the United States to escape military service which in any event he would have to perform if and when he returned to his home. Another post had already refused him a visa. There seemed no choice but to deny him what he was seeking.

He was calm and smiling when he came in later. "Does he know already and is he trying to shame me?" I thought, Pazar slipped quietly into the chair I offered him and said, almost shyly, "Well?" I had prepared what I thought was

a rather good speech in "officialese," a speech which would clearly demonstrate to the applicant why he was being refused, would prove that I was a humane, sympathetic, and completely just and competent official, and that the laws of the United States were Mosaic in their strength and clarity. But all I could do, when the time came, was to stammer "I'm terribly sorry, but I don't see how I can approve the visa. You don't seem to qualify."

For a moment I thought I saw tears about to flood his eyes, but he looked me directly in the eye and said in a calm, even voice: "I'm sorry, too, but I understand. Perhaps it's best this way. I shall go home." He rose, offered his hand, and strode quickly out of the office. I never saw him again.

Epilogue

Marija Frazer was the sort of girl single young men often dream of meeting on shipboard. I was returning from home-leave, en route to a new post, and for a few brief days at sea I was concerned only with good company and good dancing partners. Marija was small and dark, with luminous skin, lovely eyes, and a shyness combined with a mature sadness. She spoke with a foreign accent which somehow seemed romantic to me despite the fact that I had lived abroad so long that even American English seemed almost foreign to my ears.

We were seated at a small table in the lounge, looking out to sea where the gray waves were attempting a flank attack on the ship. I had the strange feeling that Marija was reading my thoughts. She was. "You are wondering why a girl with such an American name speaks with an accent," she began. "I do not hide such things. I have not been an American for long. I have lived there only since the end of the war, and I have changed my name. It is really Pazar. You see, I was so anxious to jump into the melting pot, to forget everything in the past, I wanted so much to be an American, as quickly as possible. Silly, I suppose, but I thought an American name might help."

That name . . . Pazar. Where had I heard it before? In the back of my mind the wheels of memory were turning.

She seemed to want to talk and I did not interrupt her. "This is really not a pleasure trip for me," she continued. "I am going to my home country for a short visit. When we get to France my journey has just begun. My poor war-torn country. I am going to visit my brother's grave. I had six brothers once. They are all gone now. My twin brother was killed two years ago and I have never seen his grave. Of course he was my favorite. I loved him very much."

The cocktail I was sipping suddenly tasted flat. I put down the glass and placed my hands on the table, as though to steady myself.

"What was your brother's name?" I asked in a whisper.

"Stefan," she replied as she lit a cigarette and blew smoke into the air.

IN MEMORIAM

GRAY. Mrs. Rose H. Gray, mother of retired FSO Archibald E. Gray, died on September 13th, 1951, in Columbia, South Carolina.

MILLER. Mr. Edward G. Miller, president of the Cuban Atlantic Sugar Company and father of Assistant Secretary of State Edward G. Miller, Jr., of Washington, died on September 22nd, 1951.

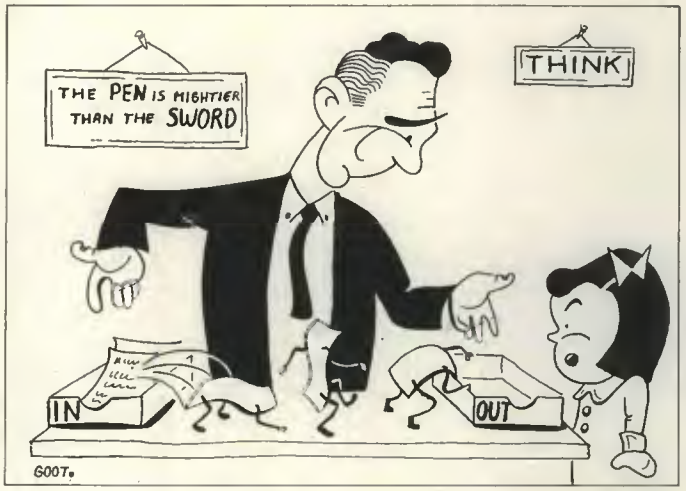
PECK. Mrs. Alice Jones Peck, wife of the Honorable Willys R. Peck, former Minister to Thailand, died in Belmont, California, on October 16th, 1951.

VICKERY. Mr. Howard F. Vickery, assistant director of the UNESCO Relations Staff of the Department, died of a heart attack on September 24th, 1951.

FROM "IN" TO "OUT"

By Rond de Cuir*

Our daughter was very small when she asked what we did at the office every day. So we explained simply but accurately: "Well, you see, there are two wooden boxes on the desk. One says 'IN' and the other says 'OUT'. Someone puts pieces of paper in the 'IN' box. We sit at our desk and take the pieces of paper out of 'IN' and put them into 'OUT'. And that is what your Daddy does all day."



Into any Foreign Service 'IN' box there inevitably drops from time to time some chat, some item, some light word which defies the forms, the files, the memoranda, and the despatches, and yet deserves some way of communication. To these unclassifiable bits will be dedicated this space—while tolerance prevails among those who edit and those who read.

Television has suddenly become a very important and decisive element in foreign relations. No one who saw the San Francisco conference on television could fail to imagine the job of the diplomat in the future! Interviews with the foreign minister on television—and the eager, seeking camera focusing its magnifying lenses on the secret note in the diplomat's hands while all the citizenry gleefully reads over his shoulder.

Just the other day millions of viewer-listeners saw and heard the witness in court in Hollywood who whispered "I'd like to spit in his eye!" No more the wry whispered comment at receptions, dedications, the openings and closing of parliaments, and museums. Not only must the Foreign Service Officer be glib in Grotius but he must be *telegenic*!

We were impressed by the television view of Prime Minister Yoshida at San Francisco carefully rolling and unrolling his scroll while the sound of his clipped Japanese accents could be heard in the background in a smooth English translation. Then the solemn, morning-coated figures of the Japanese delegation as each in turn signed the treaty. We were reminded of an account of another visit of Japanese to our shores. Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* on June 2, 1860, reported the interview of the first Japanese Embassy to the United States with the President:

". . . On Thursday, May 17, at half-past eleven A.M. the

(*Continued on page* 59)

*We are told that "Rond de Cuir" is French argot for "bureaucrat," after the round piece of leather inevitably found in the chair of the traditional government clerk.

The National Interest of the United States

by George F. Kennan

"National interest" is one of those things that you know must exist but it is too vast, too rich in meaning, too many-sided, for any positive definition. And for that reason, I'm going to ask your indulgence if I try to make it clearer by talking—not about what it is—but about what it is *not.*

National interest in International Affairs

The first would be this: the interest of the United States in international affairs is *not* a detached interest in our international environment *for its own sake*, independent of our own aspirations and problems here at home. It does *not* signify things we would like to see happen in the outside world primarily for the sake of the outside world.

Why is this? It's because we do not live just for our relations with others—just in order to conduct foreign policy. It would be more correct to say that we conduct foreign policy in order to live as a people, joined together in a social compact, for a purpose related primarily to ourselves and not to others.

It is not an expression of national selfishness to say that *our first duty, as a nation, is to ourselves.* It is an expression of self-respect. A nation which is meeting its own problems, and meeting them honestly and creditably, is not apt to be a problem to its neighbors. And, strangely enough, having figured out what it wants to do about itself, it will find that it has suddenly and mysteriously acquired criteria, which it did not have before, for knowing what to do about its relation with others.

Anyone who is pressed to define national interest in terms of our international relations has a right to say: "Tell me what we Americans are trying to be to ourselves, and I will tell you what we ought to try to be to other people."

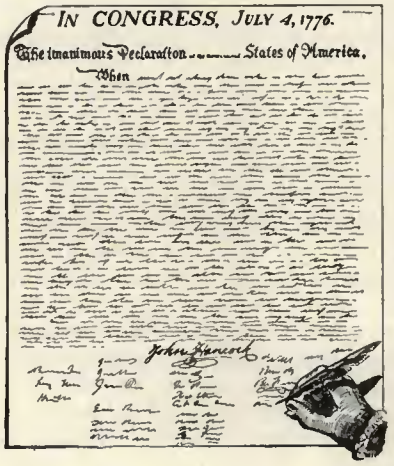
Now I don't want to expatiate about this problem of the over-all national purpose. Who can say with any authority what it is? It is not what I think—it is not what you think individually. It is the sum total of what all of us think and it finds expression in our behavior as citizens and in the behavior of the representatives we send to Washington.

But I think we might recall at this point certain things about our American system. This system was founded on the belief that the civil organization of society exists for the individual and not vice versa. Government exists in order to secure to the individual citizen certain rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Government is regarded here as only the purveyor, and the guarantor, of these rights. It is not regarded as the channel through which the ultimate purposes are to be pursued.

The Declaration of Independence says that man has the right to live. But it does not tell him how to live this life. The Declaration says he has a right to liberty—the right, that is, to be free. The Declaration does not specify what people shall be free to do; to what ends they should use their freedom. Finally, the Declaration says man has a right to the pursuit of happiness. But it does not attempt to define what constitutes happiness for the individual. Our system has been predicated thus far on the belief that the individual is capable of knowing these things for himself, and that if he is secured in his rights and guarded from the danger of infringement on the rights of others, he will know how to pursue these aims.

Today's Realities and a Society Organized for the Individual

Now these philosophical concepts of government are being sorely tested and buffeted by the realities of the time; and perhaps, since change is the immutable law of nature, they will have to undergo eventually some sort of adjustment to meet the requirements of the day—an adjustment whereby a higher value would be assigned to the collective activities of man, and a lower one to his purely private undertakings. Should such things come to pass, then I could imagine that our concept of what we are doing in international affairs *might* be somewhat altered.



But none of this has yet taken place — or very little. What we teach in our schools is still the rational-liberal political philosophy, not materially altered since the day of Jefferson. It is not the philosophy of the purposeful government, operating by flexible administrative control, designed as the vehicle, rather than the mere guardian, of the vital processes of society.

American Civilization Still an Experiment

I said these concepts of government were being tested and buffeted by the realities of the day. I want to emphasize this point. Let us never forget that our system of government is still an experiment. Lincoln described civil war of his own day as a contest which was to determine whether any such system as our own—any system "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal"—could long survive. He did not regard that question as one which had been answered, even after 87 years of independence.

On every side of us we see the proof of this thesis that our American civilization is still something experimental, unfinished, not fully tested. We see it in our failure to bring our lives into balance with the natural resources of this con-

The first article in this series of two by George F. Kennan (FSO on extended leave) appeared in the October issue of the Journal.

tinent; we see it in our failure, to date, to find a happier and more orderly answer to the problems of labor and wages and prices; we see it in the depressing and flimsy aspect of great portions of our sprawling big cities; we see it in the pathetic shallowness and passiveness of our recreational habits, we see it in our bewilderment as to how to handle the forces which modern technology has released among us—the telephone, the automobile, the television sets, atomic energy.

That being the case, we must preserve a certain modesty about what we conceive to be our role on the stage of international affairs. We have no right to recommend our institutions to others—we have no right to expect others to understand entirely what it is we are doing here in this country; and by the same token—not having yet finally demonstrated to ourselves the permanent validity of our own system—we have no right to be too emphatic or critical in our views about the validity of others. The whole nature of our national development here at home tells us not to become too ambitious in our ideas about intimacy with other peoples, but rather to lay upon ourselves the restraint of one who goes his own way out of his own conviction, asking only that others reserve judgment on what he is doing and leave him alone to do it, as long as he, in turn, minds his own business and does not step on their toes.

If you take this view, as I am free to say that I do, you conclude that the greatest thing America can do for this world is to make a success of what it is doing right here on this continent and to bring itself to a point where its own internal life is one of harmony and stability and self-assurance; and that the fundamental interest of our Government in international affairs is to assure that we should be permitted, as a people, to continue this Pilgrim's Progress toward a better America under the most favorable possible conditions, with a minimum of foreign interference, and also with a minimum of inconvenience or provocation to the interests of other nations.

Russia Likely to Continue a Problem

Now I know what's in your minds at this point. You will say: all right we are supposed to go ahead with our domestic life here at home, and the rest will flow from that. That sounds fine in theory, but what do you do about the Russians and world communism? Suppose they don't leave us any chance to do these things? Suppose their threatening behavior is already ripping the stuffings out of this domestic life of ours. Are you telling us to ignore these things, to go our own way as though none of this existed? Is this isolationism? The answer to these questions is "no." Of course we have to react and defend our interests in such a time and such a situation. But what I am concerned with here is the spirit and concept within which we do all that; and what we expect to get out of it. What I am afraid of is that we may get unrealistic and exalted ideas about what it is we can expect to achieve.

If our policies of resistance to Russia are successful, I think that the best we can hope is there will be no major war and that within some years this will be a somewhat easier world to live in. I think all these things are relative. I do not think we can ever hope to have a situation in which such a country as Russia will not be a problem for us. That goes for other countries, too. And my plea is that if we are going to resist threats to our security, we do just that: we take them as they come, and deal with them as they come. We don't kid ourselves into thinking that just because we coped successfully with one problem at the one moment we are going to be immune from other ones rising in the next moment; we don't assume that the only world we can live in is a perfect one and we recognize that no matter how impressive is the external threat, it is never impressive enough to absolve us from our duty to ourselves and to the improvement of our national life.

Abstractions Are Not National Interest

And it is in this connection that I want to hoist my second warning flag. It would be this: the national interest does *not* consist in abstractions. And we will not get closer to it if we try to think in abstractions.

What do we mean by peace? Is it just an absence of international violence? You can have that sort of peace very easily. All you need is non-resistance. That sort of peace prevails today in the Kremlin's satellite area.

Well, you may say, that's all right; but what we mean is a *just* peace. That, again, is a fine idea, within limits. But beware of carrying it to extremes. Beware of the assumption that in every one of the quarrels which wrack the lives of other peoples in this world there is always distinguishable some moral issue—that there is always some party which is "right" and another party which is "wrong" by our standards. Too often you will find hatred pitted against hatred, error against error, treachery against treachery.

We cannot wholly solve this problem by making procedure the criterion and by establishing juridical concepts which will always tell us which acts of a foreign state are moral and which are not moral.

And this is not all. The effort to get at the source of international instability by legal definition and legal inhibition affecting the conduct of governments in the international fields has no clearly-defined relation to one of the greatest sources of instability in human affairs: namely the field of violence and contention within the national borders: dispute over who shall be considered the government capable of speaking for a country in the international field. Great civil conflicts and revolutions radiate their powers, both beneficial and poisonous, to the surrounding peoples and become in themselves sources of danger or promise to those who live abroad. We cannot say, therefore, that world peace would be achieved *just* by people living up to their promise not to march across other people's borders.

Must we despair, then, of the effort to achieve this thing we call world peace? Must we conclude that we are in a bear pit with wild beasts and that the only question is: who has the sharper teeth and claws? I think not. We may not be able to inhibit all international violence but we still have many significant choices. We must have enough faith in our purposes and our judgment to make these choices in accordance with what we believe to be useful in this world. We must be capable of determining wherein lies our national interest in the course of events outside our borders, and then follow that determination.

But what we cannot do is to measure our national interest against abstractions. We cannot permit ourselves to think of world peace only in static or in legalistic terms. We cannot permit ourselves to think of it only negatively, in terms of the things we do not wish to have happen.

Peace is Dynamic

The Norwegian writer Björnson said: "Peace is not the absence of war; peace is to want something." And that something must be something alive, something growing, something relative. Peace means influencing our world environment in a series of specific situations in ways that we honestly believe to be compatible with our duty to ourselves and contributory to the growth of dignity and decency in world affairs, not to their decline.

So much for the second thing which national interest is

(*Continued on page* 42)

USIS moving picture exhibition in the village of Tule, Oaxaca, under the famous Tule tree whose grandeur has been 2000 years in the making.

adventure in understanding

by R. Smith Simpson

It is not easy to get to know what a people think.

It is infinitely more difficult to get to know a people so well that one understands also *why* they think the way they do. And how strongly are opinions held? Public opinion polls do not answer such a question, nor some others whose answers are needed for useful evaluation. Furthermore, opinion changes. What a people are thinking today is not necessarily what they will be thinking next month. Hence the accurate reporting and appraising of opinion is not only a difficult task but a continual one. When one adds to the hurdles to be overcome by the Foreign Service officer that final one of getting away from his desk, loaded with reading material not only from his own solicitious government and his country generally but from the printing presses of the country to which he is assigned, it is obviously not easy to make the task appear more difficult than it is.

Labor reporting covers a wide field

Among these officers are some fortunate enough to have in their daily contacts a fairly good cross-section of fact and opinion in a capital. Such a one, I submit, is the Labor Reporting Officer, who must consult not only newspapers but union and professional publications; not only labor leaders responsive to unions scattered all over the country, and government officials who deal with the problems of these unions, but also employers, large and small, in varied lines of business and themselves possessing varied contacts. But even this cross-section is, after all, a cross-section of information or misinformation, understanding or misunderstanding in the capital of a country, and capitals can at times—in some respects, and on some issues—reflect inaccurately life and opinion in the rest of the country. How is one to break through this cordon? How is a foreigner to sample opinion in a sufficiently extensive part of a country so as to get the feel and drift of a people's thinking and yet not wholly desert his desk and routine responsibilities?

In some countries labor movements are active in politics and have a wide set of social interests—and so are concerned not only with wages, prices, hours, and work conditions, but also housing, nutrition, social security, profit-sharing, schools, recreational facilities, clinics, hospitals, libraries—and thus government budgets and on into foreign policy. In these instances where labor movements find themselves involved in pretty much the whole gamut of social affairs, a labor reporting officer should be able to find a technique capable of providing a rapid survey of an area of a country wide enough to afford reasonable assurance that he is sampling the opinion of at least a significant segment of the nation.

The extent to which and the ways in which any given technique for a sampling of public opinion can be used by a diplomatic officer will vary from country to country and even within countries. A knowledge of the people and their habits must determine these things. I have been experimenting with a technique which may prove useful to others. Properly used, with deference to the feelings of people and their duly constituted authorities, the procedure with which I have experimented has been yielding a rich and rewarding return in three different posts over the last five and a half years. As it involves the use of Embassy films, not the least interesting aspect of this technique is that it involves a close, cooperative relationship between two sections of the Embassy—that in which the Labor Reporting Officer is located (be it political or economic) and the public affairs section.

Responding to requests for film exhibitions which come in routine fashion to an Embassy's public and labor affairs officers, and utilizing the apparatus of a labor movement to make advance bookings in selected towns and villages, I have found that a labor reporting officer can journey fairly rapidly through an extensive area, and establish contact with a good cross-section of the communities visited. He possesses, in the subject of the films themselves, easy means of striking up conversation. In the audience of an evening's film exhibition, one can talk to lawyers and laborers, doctors and dogcatchers, politicians and peasants, the privileged and the under-privileged, men and women of all callings, of all degrees of information, of all kinds of opinion. By day one can talk to his hotel-keeper (who is sometimes a veritable chronicle of information and shrewd observation) to more public officials and politicians, physicians, journalists and social workers. All of these get around and are predisposed to friendly conversation by the desire, made manifest by the film exhibition, of the visitor to know the people and contribute to the understanding of his own country in that community. Indeed, the good will engendered by such an "adventure in understanding" is an invaluable by-product of this technique.

How extensive an area can one cover within a limited time? A trip of the Labor Reporting Officer of Embassy Mexico City, on which he was accompanied by two film operators of the mission's public affairs staff, lasted three

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First Secretary of Embassy at Mexico City, R. Smith Simpson had a varied career before he joined the Foreign Service in 1944. He is a member of the Virginia bar and has been a labor adviser, administrator, business executive and university professor. His Service posts have been Brussels, Athens and Mexico City.

weeks. The team visited three sizable states having an area of nearly 127,000 square miles and a population of over three million, giving twenty-four exhibitions of films in more than twenty communities. These exhibitions were attended by some 10,000 people. The pilgrimage covered a distance which speedometers clocked at 2,128 miles. This meant weekly travel averaging over seven hundred miles, with an average of more than seven exhibitions in more than seven communities each seven-day period. This entailed working on Saturdays and Sundays, of course. Travel was over good roads and primitive, some parts being over that superb Pan-American Highway which the Mexicans have constructed from border to border of their rugged and magnificent country, other parts being along burro trails and water courses where the going was rather rough.

A grass roots tour

Only two scheduled villages eluded the reach of the party. One was a remote community—a choice little gem of a Mexican village—at the foot of the snow-capped volcano Popocatepetl; and the other, San Pablo Gueletao—the birthplace of the famous Mexican statesman, Benito Juárez, which lies buried deep in the red clay mountains of Oaxaca. The village of Juárez is all but inaccessible in rainy weather, and this attempt was in the rainy season. When rain overtook the party and the circuitous mountain road became converted into a slippery, clay slide, the party little by little became convinced that, lacking chains, failure was inevitable and reluctantly turned back.

First Secretary of Embassy Simpson eating with his Mexican companions in a one-room, Indian adobe structure. If one looks closely, he can see a Coca-Cola bottle or two on the table, this soft drink having won such popularity in Mexico that it can be found even in remote retreats. One does not have to look closely, however, to see that huge "tortilla" one of the men is eating.

The trip was a rewarding one and it is believed a good cross-section of public opinion in Mexico was obtained. One certainly returned much better informed regarding thinking outside the capital on economic and political programs. In the course of this trip, also, the Embassy officer received many pleasant tokens of gratitude and friendship. Among these was an invitation by the Governor of one of the States to participate in the inauguration of a sports park. In another community, he was elected the first honorary member of a service club. One of the manifestations, the memory of which he cherishes also, was the gift of a sombrero by a *campesino*.

Perhaps other U. S. missions abroad may find this technique worth experimenting with—and perhaps, as well, missions of other countries located in Washington may find it of value. As in other captials, preoccupation with Washington matters may sometimes make it difficult for diplomatic representatives to know what average Americans are like and what they are thinking and doing. This situation requires a bit of adventuring in understanding people. Some day, we hope, this may be done in the USSR—and that diplomats of the USSR will also knock around a bit in our country, with open minds, to see what our people are really like. On the basis of this kindly adventuring in understanding may be found some of our best hopes for peace.

ADDRESSES OF FORMER MEMBERS OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE RETIRED OR RESIGNED AFTER FIFTEEN OR MORE YEARS OF SERVICE

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Les Allinges
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Address Unknown

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Doty, William F.
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jungle patrol

By LaRue Lutkins

Malaya's three-year-old "Emergency" has forced existence there into a security-conscious, spy-conscious, wartime mold. Dramatic proof of the need for precaution was the ambush-slaying last month of British High Commissioner Sir Henry Gurney who was headed for a weekend of rest from his high-tension job.

Because security here is routine, I wasn't at all surprised to pick up the phone and hear a voice say, "We'll meet tomorrow morning on the soil of Devon." It was the British Adviser in Kelantan, Mr. W. F. N. Churchill, who was arranging for me to go along on an inspection trip to an isolated area near the Siamese frontier. His message meant that we would meet at Tanah Merah, which means "red earth" in Malay, and Devon is famed for its red soil.

Mr. Churchill, a career Malayan Civil Service officer with thirty years experience in the country, including over three years "in the bag" (prison camp) during the Japanese Occupation, is an inveterate "jungle basher" and makes frequent trips throughout the State observing conditions. He warned that though we would be escorted by a unit of Frontier Police and would in all probability be perfectly safe, we would be marching through jungle where bandits had been known to operate. He had me sign a paper relieving him of any responsibility in case of trouble.

Rendezvous

We rose early on the morning arranged for our departure and dressed in "jungle greens," the British-type fatigue uniform used by the Army and Police in Malaya while on jungle operations. Some 20 miles from Kota Bharu we took a ferry across the Kelantan River, on the opposite bank of which a Police jeep and truck awaited us. There we also met Peter Penn, the Police officer who was to command the party. This young Britisher has the immediate responsibility for the security of a Police district over 1,500 square miles in area, much of it jungle.

The first stage of our journey, to Nibong on the Siamese border, lay through safe territory and was quickly completed over a dry, dusty road. Until recently persons wishing to proceed beyond Nibong to the west had to go on foot, but the road was pushed through to Jeli on the Pergau River early this year.

Soon after leaving Nibong the road left the Kelantan plain and entered the jungle. We were alerted for possible trouble and told to put a cartridge "up the slot." It had rained earlier and the road became progressively more muddy and treacherous. First the jeep and then the truck mired and it was necessary to stand guard while they were being extricated.

Jeli was finally reached about noon—a few Malay houses and a fortified Police post. Here we left our vehicles and met our escort squad of ten Frontier Police and four bearers. After a brief rest and a cup of tea we set out on our march to Batu Malintang ten miles to the west. Half the squad left five minutes before the main party, the idea being that they would discover any trouble in time to give us warning. Returning three days later we marched as a single unit; in this way we hoped to outwit any bandit scouts who might have observed our original march and planned an ambush.

In normal times the rare visitor to these parts travels from Jeli to Batu Malintang and beyond by boat or raft, since broad rivers like the Pergau, Galas, and Nenggiri provide far swifter and more comfortable travel than slippery, leech-infested jungle tracks. Unfortunately it is a simple matter to ambush a river craft; a Malay Police officer had been killed on the Pergau only nine months before. As a result of this and several other similar losses a rule had been made that in most areas no member of the Security Forces should travel by river.

By normal jungle standards the march to Batu Malintang was easy. The path had recently been improved and widened. Mr. Churchill estimated, however, that one should double the distance of a Malayan jungle march to provide a fair standard of comparison with a walk in England or America. Our first stage was fifty minutes followed by a ten-minute halt, after which we marched for an hour at a time before stopping.

Our route lay almost entirely through the jungle with no kampongs (the Malay village) or habitation of any sort along the way. It is difficult to describe the jungle, for the prevailing impression is one of uniformity and there is little that is vivid or arresting. Vegetation is dense, and very little sunlight filters through to ground level. In this area giant bamboo seemed to predominate. One is struck chiefly, I think, by the extreme quiet of the jungle; the occasional twittering of a bird or a chirping cicada is the only noise. Except for the ubiquitous leech, of which more in a moment, one sees no animal life, not even monkeys or snakes. Occasionally, however, one sees elephant tracks like big sunken plates about eighteen inches in diameter.

Jungle Travel

The hazards and discomforts of this trip were few. One occasionally took a spill on a muddy descent. Many small streams were spanned by two logs lashed together; a fair degree of balance was required to cross in muddy boots, but by far the greatest source of discomfort to the jungle traveller, at least to the neophyte like myself, was the leeches. These nasty little creatures vary in length from one to three inches, and before gorging on your blood are about as thin as a matchstick. They like wet damp places. It is fascinating to watch one advance directly toward a person sensing a meal. They do not wriggle along the ground but advance end over end, using their tail as an anchor and wriggling sensuously the while. On a jungle path they may drop on to your neck or body from tree leaves or, more commonly,

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LaRue Lutkins entered the Foreign Service nearly ten years ago, soon after his graduation from Yale. He is now consul at Penang, his seventh service assignment.

jump from the ground to your ankles. They pass with ease through shirts, trousers, or socks and even worm their way inside shoes through the eyelets.

The bite of the leech is a sharp, needle-like jab and contains a decoagulant which prevents the flow of blood from ceasing as rapidly as in a normal cut. If unmolested they will drop off after having had their fill. The recommended method of removing them is to touch them with a lighted cigarette, which causes them to drop off. However, this is rarely possible on a march, and one either leaves them alone or succumbs to the temptation to pull them off. One is always warned against the latter as the leech's head may break off under the skin and cause the bite to become infected. I pulled them off regularly and got away without any infections. In any case the leech bite can itch like blazes for days afterwards, and the scar lasts for months on the tender skin of the stomach.

We finally reached Batu Malintang about four o'clock after wading the Pergau River up to our thighs as we neared the village. It was with truly voluptuous pleasure that we stripped off our wet jungle clothes and revived in the cool and rushing waters of the river. Not long afterwards we began to fortify ourselves with gin and orange squash which we followed with a satisfying dinner of canned soup, meat pie and peas, and fruit. Tablets of an anti-malaria drug called Paludrine were also part of the meal. Tired after the day's march, we turned in early. Inside the Police post living-quarters rooms our bedding had been spread on top of thin bamboo matting, which overlaid a mattress of small poles laid between two sides of a wooden frame. On this couch I discovered bones that I had not known existed, but by the third night I was finding the bed almost comfortable.

The two Temiar aborigines we saw at Kampong Lawar. They had come to trade. The one on left holds a blow pipe, arrow quiver at his side.

Batu Malintang is the center of an administrative subdistrict, where the Government is represented by a *penggawa* or headman. Since the Emergency a Police post has been erected on the outskirts of the tiny village of some thirty houses. The post is manned by three Regular Police plus a platoon of Frontier Police and is within a wired and fortified compound. The Police carry out daily patrols throughout the area and set night ambushes for the bandits on jungle tracks assisted by the Home Guards of the neighboring kampongs. Each village has one of these defense units, ten to eighteen males of all ages armed with Government-provided shotguns.

Six months before our trip an estimated 50-60 men had made a night attack on the Police post. They had been beaten off after an exchange of fire. Small groups of four to five bandits were still seen throughout the area presumably searching for food. Several months before a Home Guard unit in a nearby kampong had killed two guerrillas in an ambush, for which each of them received a reward equivalent to about $75 in American money. Only a week before our arrival other Home Guards had fired at some night-time marauders and recovered a Sten gun magazine in addition to wounding one bandit. One of the reasons for Mr. Churchill's trip was to present $20 rewards to each of the villagers involved and by inspecting and commending the Home Guard units in the area to let them know how much their work was appreciated by the Government.

Early on the second day after a quick plunge and a bit of breakfast we set off on a side trip to Kampong Tadoh, a village about five miles distant on a small tributary of the Pergau. We commenced our march by wading the river; our trousers and socks were immediately soaked and our boots leaden and squashy.

Mr. Churchill and Kampong Home Guards

After an easy walk of less than two hours we reached Tadoh, about four miles from the Siamese border. Here we rested on the porch of the village headman. Malay houses are simple, open affairs which are raised four or five feet off the ground because of the heavy rainfall and so as to provide greater ventilation. As at every village where we halted to rest some one scrambled up a palm tree and cut down coconuts to relieve our thirst. Using his *parang*, a Malay deftly cut an opening from which to drink. Formerly I had always turned up my nose at coconut juice or water as the liquid is variously called, but on this trip I learned to regard it as a delicious and refreshing nectar.

While at Tadoh we met the local Home Guard unit, the members of which discussed their problems and worries with Mr. Churchill. They were a cheerful and enthusiastic lot, who were clearly enjoying their part-time defense activities. They referred to the bandits as *tikus* or rats; being Malays they lost no love for the Communists, who in Malaya are almost entirely Chinese. After a pleasant chat we said goodbye to our host the headman and promised to send him some medicine, for he appeared to be seriously ill.

Back in Batu Malintang about 2 o'clock just ahead of a heavy shower, we feasted on chicken curry and tinned pineapple. Having consumed all the orange squash available at the local village store the previous night, we were reduced this evening to mixing our gin with a hideous concoction libelously labelled "American Ice Cream Soda." It took a brave and thirsty man to down much of this even when liberally laced with gin. The following and final evening we experimented with a gin and coconut water mixture, which was at least palatable.

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EDITORIALS

THE DIPLOMAT AND THE POLITICIAN

The spectacle of the politician at loggerheads with the diplomat is becoming so commonplace on the American scene as to seem the natural thing. And yet nothing could be more illogical or irrational than conflict between these two. For, truth to tell, the functions of both of these professions are quite similar, the differences being chiefly that that one performs in the domestic sphere and the other in the international sphere.

Aside from an affinity arising from similarities in their work, an element of camaraderie could also be expected between the two since they are subjected to common criticisms. In the opinion of a fair section of the public all politicians and all diplomats are scoundrels, wholly unbound by principles in gaining their ends. These critics could perhaps understand and condone a need to compromise *interests* now and then, but *principles*—never. And anyone who would compromise principles is less than an honorable man. Thus emerges the low esteem in which both the politician and the diplomat are often held.

This sort of rationalization is, of course, completely false. In domestic affairs there is perhaps no profession more essential or more honorable than that of the politician. He makes possible our living, expanding democracy, comprised of unlike-minded elements which, if left to themselves would destroy each other as, for example, was almost the case during the Civil War when racial and economic conflicts arose and the political process broke down. In the conflicts between labor and capital, as a more recent case in point, heads would he bleeding and bones broken were it not for the politician, who with apparent craven willingness to sacrifice principles, can act as mediator in finding a basis for mutual accommodation of what appear to be unalterably opposed, unlike-minded elements of the community.

Similarly the diplomat performs a function of accommodation between the unlike-minded elements of the world community—this time sorted out into nations—which are in varying degrees of opposition. One can almost make up a libretto of public attitudes on typical, day-to-day international problems: "Negotiate with the Russians about the return of those ice-breakers? I should say not. On a point of principle we should demand their return. It's the same principle as if I loaned you a ladder when your house was on fire! It isn't the value which the shipping interests place on the vessels, it's a matter of national honor and. . . ." And when the diplomat does negotiate some settlement or temporary accommodation, he is damned for his covert, shameless compromising of national principles even though the alternative might be the bloody type of accommodation attained by war.

The plain fact is, of course, that since time immemorial, man has entwined his principles and his interests and the two have become an amalgam. Behind the challenge of Senator Allen, "Fifty-four forty or fight," there was an interest in the Northwest. And an accommodation proved possible, though both in England and the United States the politicians and diplomats involved were douhtless given low ratings in many quarters.

One day, we can at least hope, it may come to pass that the politician and the diplomat will both see the similarity and complementary nature of their professions and in mutual recognition of the honorable character of their work, will establish some ground rules for their public conflicts as is the case among members of Congress. In that august body, composed of elements in unmitigated partisan conflict, the camaraderie is highly developed and underlies rules of conduct among club members which are even more inexorable than the actual statutes passed hy Congress. We long for this day, or at least signs of progress toward a day when Acheson vs. Taft, Stassen vs. Jessup and McCarthy vs. Vincent will not be made to appear to the public as brawls. At the very least, these matches need something like the Marquis of Queensberry rules which apply in those newsworthy contests which are reviewed on the sports page.

A PERSONAL LESSON FROM KENNAN

It is difficult to read George Kennan's analysis of our national interest in this month's JOURNAL without noting that his remarks about a nation can be applied with startling appropriateness to the individual.

For the man as much as for the country, self-knowledge that comes from self-examination is a prerequisite. Next, there must be an awareness of one's needs and aims, basic components of any plan of living. There must be no self-deception. The ostrich technique may suppress fear but it does not eliminate reality.

People, like nations, must look for the right way to express their views and desires, without hurting themselves or others. The manners and behavior of nations are prime factors in successful negotiations. As for the individual, each of us has known men whose worldly accomplishments have been achieved as much by ability to deal with people as by skill in substantive matters. Moreover, behavior, as Mr. Kennan points out, not only affects others, but has its repercussions upon the person or nation concerned. How we act may determine what we become. History is full of examples of the genesis of ruthless sadism in people or nations who started out as second-string bullies. In personal as in foreign affairs, *how* is fully as important as *what*.

FORMULA FOR THE FOREIGN SERVICE*

"The conduct of our foreign affairs is big business and will so remain for countless years to come. The nation's prosperity and security will depend to a large extent on how we get on with other nations. This is no task for the cowardly, who don't dare think; the stupid, who can't think; or the opportunistic, who will pretend to think whatever promises to get them ahead in the world."

*From an editorial in the New York Times for November 5, 1951, entitled Wanted: Apprentice Diplomats.

Norman Armour Retires

By J. F. McEvoy
Public Affairs Officer, Caracas

Norman Armour, his lean Lincolnesque figure unbowed after nearly forty years in diplomatic harness, brought to a close October 1, one of the truly great careers in the American Foreign Service. The New York *Times* put into words what the veteran diplomat's associates long had known—that he has been "a model of the American envoy at his best."

Said the *Times*, in seldom employed words of eulogy: "In these days when the State Department and all that belongs to it are being so unjustly — and sometimes dishonestly — criticized, it is well for all of us to be reminded that our Foreign Service has men of the caliber of Norman Armour. The gibe of 'cookie pusher' becomes silly when one studies careers like his, with devoted service ranging from imperial Petrograd to the strategic oil capital of Caracas, Venezuela."

Like the *Times*, the press of Caracas (last stopping place on a tour of duty that began in 1912 in the Vienna of the Hapsburgs) hailed the departing envoy as "a diplomat's diplomat" and expressed the hope he would reconsider his resignation.

Recalled to duty twice

But Norman Armour, who twice before came out of retirement to accept the call of duty, told associates he hopes to make his retirement stick this time. "After all," he declared, "in our country it's three strikes and you're out."

Mr. Armour and his charming wife, the former Russian princess Myra Koudacheff, have settled down to a rural life at his country home near Gladstone, New Jersey. There they can look back on the Armour's countless diplomatic experiences in posts all over the world. He started his career in Austria and moved up the promotion ladder in assignments in Russia, Belgium, Holland, Uruguay, Italy, Japan and France. In 1932 he was named Minister to Haiti and three years later Minister to Canada. In 1938 he was appointed Ambassador to Chile and the following year assumed the post of Ambassador to Argentina.

After five years in Buenos Aires, Mr. Armour returned to Washington to take over the direction of the Office of Inter-American Affairs. In December, 1944, President Roosevelt named him Ambassador to Spain. He resigned from the Service after a year in Madrid only to come back in mid-1947 at the request of the then Secretary of State George Marshall. He was made Assistant Secretary of State for Political Affairs.

In October, 1949 he retired for the second time. It was while he and Mrs. Armour were on a fishing trip in Canada that the call came again from Washington. Would he take over the Embassy in Caracas? He would, for a year—a vital year as it turned out, with Venezuelan oil assuming new importance as a result of the Anglo-Iranian petroleum dispute.

Mr. Armour's career was marked by courage, tact, an unfailing sense of humor. He captivated his friends and placated even his enemies with his considerate treatment of all with whom he had contact.

As a young Secretary in imperial Petrograd, he was left in charge of the Chancery when the Bolsheviks took over. Practically all of the Embassy property had been evacuated except an old safe and a top hat left by the Departing Ambassador. Young Armour, suspecting the Reds would soon demand that he turn over the Embassy property, put the top hat in the safe and then carefully sealed the door with wax and ribbon. Then he left after receiving orders from Washington. Months later he heard that the Bolshevik leaders, incensed at finding only a top hat—symbol of hated capitalism—had destroyed the entire Embassy from top to bottom.

A courageous leader

During the revolutionary rioting which in 1948 all hut wrecked the Conference of American Foreign Ministers in Bogotá, he was the calmest man in town. When the "bogotazo" was at its height, with flames licking the first two floors of the Embassy, it was Assistant Secretary of State Armour who encouraged the frightened stenographers and buoyed up the courage of the Embassy officers trapped in the burning building. The following morning, he led most of the group out of the huilding through lines of rioters and looters to safety.

For his service under fire he was made a full fledged member of a nehulous organization of newspapermen and diplomats which calls itself "Survivors of Bogotá." Many an unsuspecting person has received a shock to hear Mr. Armour say with a smile, "Sure I'm an SOB. There are quite a few of us around."

A master of the polished phrase, Mr. Armour told French newspapermen when he was leaving Paris for Haiti in 1932, "My regret at leaving Paris is equalled only by an anticipation in going to Haiti."

Ambassador Armour is a man of deep liberal convictions and has no use for dictators. When informed that a revolution was underway to try to unseat a "strong man" government in a neighbor country, he suggested facetiously, "Maybe we should call up their embassy and express our sympathy—with the movement, that is."

There are many who believe that this ageless man (sixty-four last October 14) may again be called out of pasture to serve his country. But, for himself he says he will be content to serve out the rest of his time as "Squire of Cherry Field Farm" with an occasional trip to see the many friends of the Armour's in all parts of the world.

BIRTHS

BARNSDALE. A son, John Steven, was born on September 28, 1951, to FSO and Mrs. William J. Barnsdale in Naples, Italy, where Mr. Barnsdale is assigned as Vice Consul.

FISHER. A son, Richard Hansen, was born on October 22, 1951, to FSO and Mrs. John W. Fisher in Barranquilla, Colombia, where Mr. Fisher is Vice Consul.

GONZALEZ. A son, Paul Raymond, was born on September 12th, 1951, to FSO and Mrs. Raymond E. Gonzalez. Mr. Gonzalez is currently assigned to the Department on the ARA staff.

McNEILL. A daughter, Alison Pemberton, was born on October 19th, 1951, to FSS and Mrs. Allen P. McNeill, Jr. in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Mr. McNeill is assigned as Vice Consul to the Consulate in Santos, Brazil, and Mrs. McNeill is the former FSS Mary Stuart Malone.

NEWS from the DEPARTMENT

by Joan David

Shop Talk

On the assumption that at least one of the amendments to the Foreign Service Act of 1946 which were introduced shortly before Congress recessed will pass and that differentials will go to FSOs and FSRs as well as FSSs, FP's Allowances Branch is now ironing out the question of whether the recently enacted government pay raise will mean a proportionate increase in differential payments to those at hardship posts and in allowances.

In another section of FP the leave provisions which were coupled with the pay raise in the recent legislation are under study. Although the Civil Service Commission will be administering the Foreign Service leave system, representatives of FP are now participating in the discussions of the Leave Work Group (Employee Relations Committee) of the Federal Personnel Council, where the details of the regulations are being worked out. In addition to the graduated Civil Service leave system in which 20 days of annual leave are given for those with three to 15 years of service, 26 days for 15 or more years, Foreign Service employees will earn one week of home leave for every four months served abroad. So far there has been no limit set on the amount of home leave which can be accumulated, but it must be used while the employee is still in the Service. The past practice of lump sum payments for unused accumulated home leave upon leaving the Service is being discontinued. Annual leave can be accumulated up to 60 working days on which lump sum payments can be made.

The Education Bill for Foreign Service children passed the House before its recess and is expected to come up before the Senate early in 1952.

Another Consular Training Program

The seven people who are now taking special training in the Foreign Service Institute's fourth Consular Training Course are: JACK C. MIKLAS (Tangier), SAMUEL KARP (London), ANNABELLE L. BURRELL (Athens), MARGARET L. ALLEN (Alexandria), WILLIAM J. ORNDORFF (Department), ANTHONY WILLIAM MUCCI (Accra), and ROBERT TURNER WALLACE (Frankfort). The course began early in October and will be completed by Christmas.

Foreign Division of Defense Production Authority

In the spring of 1951, MANLY FLEISCHMANN, Administrator, realizing the importance of the coordination of the political, military, and economic aspects of Defense control, set up a Foreign Division to assume the responsibility in these matters. The recently created Division deals, on a day-to-day basis, with a number of government agencies, notably, the Department of State, the Office of International Trade in the Department of Commerce, ECA, Defense Petroleum Administration, and other agencies. It is staffed by officers who have had considerable foreign experience, including service with the Department of State. Among those carrying some responsibility are: L. MALCOLM SLAGHT, director, CHARLES R. HERSUM, ELEANOR DULLES, WILLIAM C. BRISTER, J. W. DARLING, J. F. FREEMAN, JOHN NELSON, BASIL DAHL, JOHN DUBOIS, LAWRENCE A. FOX, MARSHALL WELLS and FRED A. CHRISTOPH. In many instances these officers are continuing under this new agency work similar to that which they have carried on before in cooperation with Foreign Service Officers both in this country and abroad.

Personals

CHARLES DERRY has recently returned from an out-of-Washington assignment in Sacramento, where he was working on the Central Valley project of the Bureau of Reclamation.

CHARLES BLATTNER, erstwhile JOURNAL correspondent in Taipei, is now in the Department where he is one of 23 persons participating in this year's nine-month intern program.

Ambassador to the Philippines MYRON COWEN has resigned as of mid-November to take a special assignment as assistant to SECRETARY ACHESON. His first task will be responsibility for the execution of the recently-signed Security treaties with the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand.

Newly appointed Ambassador to India Chester Bowles. For an enthusiastic account of the new Ambassador's enthusiastic reception in India, see the New York Times for November 6, 1951.

Photo by Penfold

Time during the last few weeks has run stories on HERVÉ L'HEUREUX (recapitulating under the headline "They Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" the unprecedented Congressional action to keep him in Washington for a fifth year) and MARVIN WILL (whom they dubbed "Diplomats' House Mother" in a story on his receipt of an Honor Award last month).

NILES BOND spent most of last month in Washington on consultation in connection with the Japanese treaty. He is back in Tokyo now with the rank of Counselor.

Former FSS FRANK D. HENSON is now Sgt. Henson and has been in active fighting in Korea. Flown to Japan after two months in the front lines, he received word a week later (October 1st) that his platoon had been hit and most of the men in it were killed.

Retired FSO LAWRENCE BRIGGS' lifetime study, "The Ancient Khmer Empire," is described by one reviewer as "an historical account as solid as Angkor Wat itself." Another expert calls his book "the definitive work" on the subject.

Another retired officer, Consul General WILLIAM H. BECK, whose last post prior to his retirement in May, 1951, was at Southampton, England, has been appointed to the staff of the National Geographic Society in the Office of The Secretary. Before entering the Department in 1920, Mr. Beck was secretary to the Geographic's DR. GILBERT GROSVENOR, President and Editor.

From a letter to Book Review Editor FRANCIS DEWOLF from Dr. R. R. HACKFORD, Assistant Professor of Political Science, Washington University, St. Louis:

"I am a political scientist who teaches foreign policy and international politics courses here at Washington University. The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL is used in one of the classes when the Foreign Service itself is the subject of study . . ."

EDWARD T. WAILES is now Director of the Foreign Service Inspection Corps in place of HOWARD K. TRAVERS who is Ambassador to Haiti.

The Director General's office will no longer handle public relations for the Foreign Service after December 1. PETER VISCHER who, with DONALD H. ROBINSON, was assigned that job along with the publication of the Newsletter, has resigned. MR. ROBINSON will probably be reassigned shortly. Publication of the Newsletter is expected to continue.

In Casablanca Consul General HENRY MADONNE has been presiding over one of the last two remaining consular courts which this country established by treaty in 1778. (The other is in Tangier.) Acting as judge in certain types of cases involving American nationals in Casablanca was no problem when there were two or three cases a year. Now, with some 3,000 Americans working on the air base there, CONSUL GENERAL MADONNE has found his docket swamped with two or three hundred cases a year.

In the October issue of the *Stanford Review*, alumni magazine, DR. GRAHAM H. STUART, well-known authority on the operation of US foreign policy, points out that critics of US foreign policy are, both at home and abroad, misdirecting their criticism at the Department of State. He writes, "All the State Department can do is to advise, and execute if the policy is approved. The President makes our foreign policy. and he must be held responsible for it."

Journal Staff Changes

J. Graham Parsons

The JOURNAL'S Board continues to change. *Transfers again!* FRED REINHARDT'S assignment to the Imperial Defense College in London was cancelled and he is now in Paris where he is in charge of the non-military aspects of the curriculum of the newly-created NATO Defense College. In his place the Board has appointed J. GRAHAM PARSONS, who has been in the Department since July as Deputy Director of the Office of European Regional Affairs. Jeff Parsons took the written exams for the Foreign Service while serving as Private Secretary to AMBASSADOR JOSEPH GREW in Tokyo. He joined the Foreign Service in 1936.

DAVE MCKILLOP is another of our Board Members to go to the field in the past month. He is now assigned to Hong Kong. To date no replacement has been named for him on the JOURNAL.

At about the same time Business Manager BOB WINFREE took off for an asignment in Bern. GALEN STONE is our new Business Manager and STEPHEN WINSHIP fills the newly created position of Circulation Manager. Both young men are veterans, thirty years old, have been in the Service since 1947, are FSO-5's and are married.

The Department and Its Work

"The Department of State Today" is a 30-odd page booklet which sets forth the role of the Department, its organization and operations, and the interrelation of domestic and foreign affairs which renders the Department's work complex and requires its present structure. This is a good publication to send relatives and friends interested in your career — the Editor of your home-town paper or that businessman who seemed so concerned and confused when you were talking together during home leave. Send names and addresses of people you want to receive the booklet to Francis Russell, Office of Public Affairs and copies will be mailed.

Former Minister to Hungary, Nathaniel P. Davis, shown here with Mrs. Davis, was one of the six men who received the Distinguished Service Award medal at the State Department's recent Honor Awards ceremony. Now retired, Mr. Davis had entered the Foreign Service as a clerk more than 32 years ago. Others who received the Department's highest award were: Ambassador to Italy James Clement Dunn, US Despatch Agent Howard Fyfe, Dr. Albert A. Giesecke (Political Officer at Lima), Ambassador to Korea John J. Muccio, and Marvin Will, Chief of the Department's Employee Services Section.

Association's Annual Election

When the voting was closed on September 15th, 804 of the 1900-plus ballots had been returned. The eighteen who received the highest number of votes, and were asked to serve as an Electoral College, were: ELBRIDGE DURBROW, CHARLES E. BOHLEN, RICHARD P. BUTRICK, HOMER M. BYINGTON, JR., HOWARD K. TRAVERS, HERBERT S. BURSLEY, FLETCHER WARREN, EDWARD T. WAILES, BURTON Y. BERRY, JOHN D. HICKERSON, WILSON C. FLAKE, WALTON C. FERRIS, GEORGE J. HAERING, JOHN F. SIMMONS, WALTER THURSTON, H. FREEMAN MATTHEWS, HENRY S. VILLARD and JAMES C. H. BONBRIGHT. Since four of the men were unable to attend, the four receiving the next highest number of votes, JACK K. MCFALL, WILLIAM O. BOSWELL, VINTON CHAPIN and WILLIAM L. BLUE attended in their stead.

Chosen at the meeting as Members of the new Board of Directors were HERVE J. L'HEUREUX, HOMER M. BYINGTON, JR., STUART W. ROCKWELL, PHILIP H. BURRIS, and ROGERS B. HORGAN. Alternates selected are: V. LANSING COLLINS, JR., STEPHEN WINSHIP, WALTER N. WALMSLEY, JR., EDWARD T. WAILES, and MRS. FLORENCE H. FINNE.

JOHN F. SIMMONS and WALTER THURSTON were elected President and Vice President, respectively.

I Was A Greek Specialist

by *Carl Bartch*

Although I never did learn Greek, I spent several months in hot pursuit of that ancient language in the spring and summer of 1948, when I was assigned to our consulate in Cyprus, a Greek-speaking island in the eastern Mediterranean. While still in the United States, I was warned that the Cypriots speak a bastard sort of modern Greek dialect, mixed up with Turkish and Arabic words. I was cautioned to stick to the pure, or relatively pure, Athenian Greek I heard on my language recordings, and never, *never* to learn the Cypriot variety.

Early in my study I encountered a mental block, which, as any good practitioner will tell you, is a serious obstacle to almost anything, particularly language study. This was occasioned by the Greek word for "yes," which turns out to be pronounced "nay." Try as I did, I could never get used to that, even with my recordings to help me. I thought I had after several months in Cyprus, but found that I was shaking my head from side to side every time I said nay, or yes.

Later I found that there is another Greek word for "yes," pronounced "malesta," but by then it was too late.

Pedagogic Possibilities

Convinced of the worth of learning a language by listening to records of other people speaking it (which required no conscious effort on my part), I purchased some records and took them with me overseas. When I arrived in Cyprus, however, I found that the electric current was 50 cycles, so that my phonograph turntable revolved slower than was intended, and for awhile I spoke Greek in a low, growling voice, with the words strung out over such an extensive area that people developed a habit of fidgiting and looking at their watches whenever I spoke to them.

Later I engaged a teacher, a Cypriot who had been educated at Athens, and he called at my home three nights a week for my lessons. At first we got along well, but as the weeks went by he began asking personal questions, such as how much money I made, and why I couldn't afford a more comfortable house. I finally had to let him go, not because of the whiskey he consumed (he claimed this relaxed his palate, and thus facilitated the study of language), but because I just wasn't learning Greek. I discovered later that he had picked up some English, though.

Having failed to master the language either from my records or a teacher, I embarked on still another plan of study. Since I lived some distance from the consulate, I decided to have my lunches downtown, visiting a different Greek restaurant every day. The menus were in Greek and the waiters spoke little English and I reasoned that I would either learn the language or starve to death in the attempt.

This failed, too, through a combination of communism and indigestion. When I had mapped out my course of action, I hadn't reckoned with the intensely political character of things in Cyprus. After I had visited a different restaurant every day for two weeks, I found that my friends were avoiding me, and often would cross the street when they saw me coming. At first I took no notice, as my friends often do this, but when I saw complete strangers crossing the street, I decided something had to be done. Upon inquiring, I found that I had inadvertently lunched at several communist restaurants, as well as some violently Greek nationalist and other pro-British ones. Not only that, but I also used communist matches and cigarettes, and drank Trotskyite soft drinks. This whole situation came to a head several years later, when Coca-Cola invaded Cyprus, but that is a different story.

Linguistic fluency helps

I must admit that when I arrived in Cyprus, armed with my weeks of intensive training in the purest Athenian Greek, I felt superior to the poor local inhabitants, who hadn't had the advantages I had, and couldn't even speak their own language properly. I had memorized certain key phrases that were designed to fit almost any situation, as do most Cypriots. One of the most useful phrases I knew was "Pu ine tomeros?" (Where is the toilet?) but I found that while I could enunciate this perfectly, I couldn't understand the answer, unless my informer pointed.

That was probably my basic trouble. For while I was trained to speak the language without the trace of an American accent, I couldn't understand anyone else, and sometimes didn't even know what I was saying. Some time later I happened to ride with a Lebanese taxi driver who apologetically explained that while he could speak English, he couldn't understand it. I think both of us had the same difficulty.

For a time I carried with me the Greek edition of one of those small pocket size booklets of useful words and phrases the Army printed during the war. Although most of the phrases had to do with such subjects as "Where are you wounded?" and "Bring me tea and bandages, please," I found some that could be used, especially in restaurants. One that always mystified me, though, was "My brother is almost never shot at by Turks." I can't understand how that got in a booklet of useful words and expressions, but it may still be useful in some sections, for all I know.

Reviewing my brief period of specialization in the Greek language, I remember many difficulties, but if you ever happen to get down to Latin America, please stop in to see me, especially if you speak a few words of pure Athenian Greek. We'd get along just fine.

Carl Bartch's most recent contribution to the Journal was "Cyprus, Isle of Love" in our July issue. His present post is Caracas.

MARRIAGES

TALBOT-STEENDAL. Miss Edith Steendal and FSS Jack V. Talbot, were married in Manila on July 20th, 1951. Mr. Talbot is assigned to Manila as Supervisor of the Courier Services.

MANDER-PRESTON. Miss Shirley Preston and Mr. Peter Mander, were married in Melbourne, Australia, on September 28, 1951. Mrs. Mander is the daughter of Consul General and Mrs. Austin Roe Preston. The young couple will make their home in Pakistan where Mr. Mander is a local British businessman.

BANKS-GLENN. FSS Virginia Glenn and Mr. Walter Landale Banks were married on September 8th, 1951, in Montevideo, where Miss Glenn, before her marriage, was Secretary to Ambassador Ravndal.

ORDEN-TRESCOT. FSS Mildred C. Trescot and Mr. David B. Orden of Copenhagen, Denmark, were married on October 18th, 1951, in Tangier, Morocco. Mrs. Orden was assigned to the Embassy, Madrid.

Here Magellan Died

By

CLIFTON FORSTER

Photo by Claude Ross

South Pacific Island

Nancy and I had stopped over at Cebu in the southern Philippines en-route to our new post at Davao on the island of Mindanao. The decision to visit the island of Mactan, separated by a narrow channel from the Cebu mainland, came late one afternoon. It was on this island that Ferdinand Magellan met his death at the hands of Lapu-Lapu, a tribal chieftain, in the year 1521. It was also here that other men came to interpret the event in stone. The interpretations are stimulating from the standpoint of national psychology as well as history.

Magellan had made the very serious mistake in April of 1521 of getting mixed up in tribal politics more than halfway around the world. It cost him his life. After "Christianizing" Raja Humabon, the ruler of the fortified town now known as Cebu, Magellan was approached by a Mactan tribal chief, Zula. Zula presented Magellan with two goats. Zula did not give something for nothing. For the two goats he asked for Magellan's support in crushing a rival on Mactan—Lapu-Lapu. Magellan accepted and on April 27th he led his small Spanish force ashore. Lapu-Lapu and his followers were there to meet him and in the ensuing conflict Magellan was speared to death. The expedition returned to the Old World without its leader.

Mactan is not much to look at as you approach the Cebu landing field by air from Manila. The island is nothing more than a raised coral reef lying eight to ten feet above sea level. As the plane loses altitude coming over the central mountain range of Cebu you can see Mactan's flat terrain lying across from Cebu City, now second largest in the Philippines. You also can see the submerged parts of the coral reef sloping away from Mactan's shore line. In some places the water is so clear that the submerged part looks as if it were above water.

Forgotten Monument

We could find no one who could tell us anything about the monument reported to be built on Mactan in memory of Magellan. It was one of those familiar cases where people were well aware that something exists, but never have the time or energy to go and investigate. I was no exception. Before the war I visited Cebu several times and each time we entered the harbor, it seemed quite appropriate to comment, "Magellan was killed over there you know." But that was as far as it went. This time I had a wife along who was fully determined that we should not miss seeing a thing. Nancy had us down to the waterfront and into a small launch before I could object.

Crossing the harbor we passed the hulls of sunken ships —casualties of the last war. As we came closer to Mactan we could see Standard Oil installations—huge oil tanks, silver in the afternoon sun. Not far from the tanks we could make out an old stone church near the waterfront and the town of Opon behind it. This is the largest town on the island. As we came along side the wharf, we were cheerfully greeted by a group of children shouting "Hello Joe!"—a carry-over from the war's world-wide GI "Joe."

We climbed out of the launch over coiled rope and proceeded up a steep road into the town. Here we found a large plaza next to the old stone church which had been built by Spaniards. A statue of Lapu-Lapu, Magellan's opponent, stood in the plaza facing the waterfront.

Discovering that "Magellan monument" was several kilometers north of Opon, we bargained with drivers of vehicles horse-drawn and motor-driven. Finally a driver of a truck converted into a small bus agreed to take us to the monument and back for five pesos. He assured us he would take us "like a non-stop to Magellan," so we climbed into the rear of the truck over a cargo of coconuts and bananas. "Like a non-stop" was an understatement. We sped along the bumpy road at a perilous seventy miles an hour, hanging onto the wooden seats for dear life. Our driver had a Buick radio installed in a Chevrolet dashboard, which

he informed us he had put together himself. He turned the radio on full volume and we made our way across the island to a blasting Visayan dialect rendition of "Stormy Weather." From time to time we would pass through coconut groves, but most of the country was open. After a time we could see the shore of the far side of the island ahead of us. The driver began to slow down. We passed through a tiny settlement of nipa shacks. Coconut trees were all around us and in the distance, through the trees, we could see a monument within a tall iron grill fence.

The monument was of yellow stone, standing about forty feet above the ground. The truck came to a dusty stop and we alighted in an open area bordered on three sides by coconut trees. On the west was the channel. We started toward the beach to the strains of a radio commercial for locally-made soft drink. Three nipa huts were close by. In front of one, a naked child was pushing a lawn-mower.

(*Continued on page* 46)

John H. Madonne, American Consul General, and Commander Robert Henderson, Assistant Naval Attaché, present their compliments to his Excellency, Si Hadj Hammad El Mokri, the Pasha of Casablanca, on the Arab feast of Aid Seghir, which marks the end of the month-long Arab fast of Ramadan.

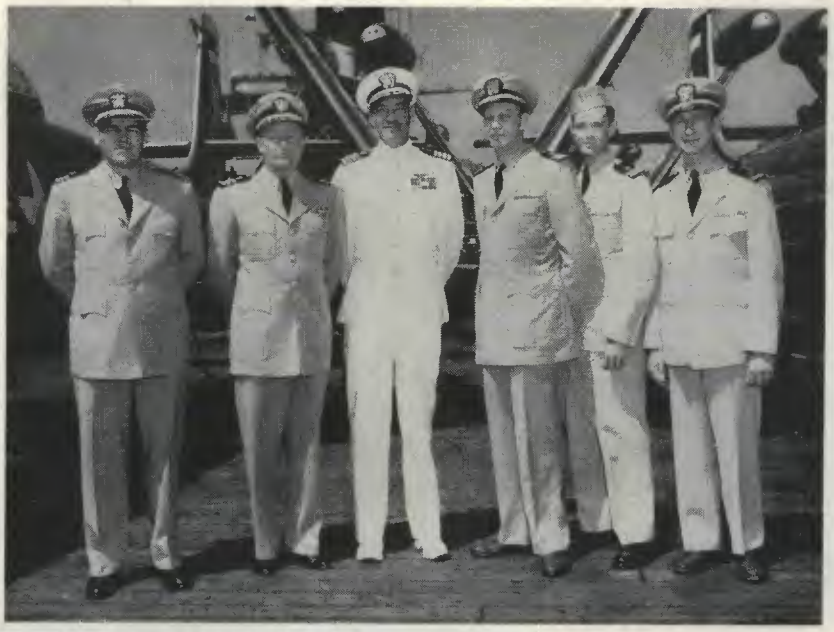
Courtesy Deane R. Hinton

Staff of the Consulate at Mombasa, Kenya, August 24, 1951. L. to R 1st row—Arthur, Nyambu, Gilbert. 2nd row—Dorothy Bond, Betty Hil Kay Taylor, Zita Cardozo. 3rd row—VC Frederick E. Myers, Cons Deane R. Hinton, Robert Foffonof and Peter Fleming.

Consular Conference in Mexico City—Summer, 1951. L. to R.: VC Lawrence B. Elsbernd (Guaymas), Consuls James C. Powell, Jr. (Nuevo Laredo), Arthur Williams (Agua Prieta), Weldon Litsey (Torreon), Henry G. Krausse (Merida), VC Charles H. Taliaferro (Piedras Negras), Consuls Antonio Certosimo (Mexicali), Elvin Siebert (Tampico), Consul General Stephen A. Aguirre (Ciudad Juarez), Consul Louis F. Blanchard (Tijuana), Ambassador William O'Dwyer, Consul Edward S. Benet (Reynosa-Chihuahua), Consul General Rolland Welch (Monterrey), Consuls Culver E. Gidden (Matamoros), Ben Zweig (Nogales), VC Charles L. Rice (Mazatlan), Consul General Carl W. Strom (Mexico City), Consuls Richard A. Johnson (Guadalajara), Warren C. Stewart (Veracruz), Odin G. Lor (San Luis Potosi).

Courtesy Carl W. Strom

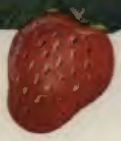
SERVICE GLIMPSES



This summer abouty thirty Naval Reserve Officers serving at Foreign Service posts in Europe were given their two weeks of active training aboard various ships of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Here, l. to r., are: Lt. Com. James A. Hagler (Paris), Com. Edward Macauley, FSO (Embassy, London), Capt. John O. Lambrecht of the USS Oriskany, Lt. Com. Eugene E. Richards (in charge of Civil Aviation for Bavaria, Nurnberg), Lt. Wayland B. Waters, FSO (Consulate General, Hamburg), Chief Warrant Officer Elliot S. Sears (US Army, Casablanca).

William C. Bullitt (right), one-time US Ambassador to the Soviet Union, visits the USIS Library in Bombay during an informal trip through India. With him are Consul General Prescott Childs and library assistant Miss H. R. Alimchandani.

Ambassador to Panama John C. Wiley chats with President Alcibiades Arosemena after presentation of his credentials.



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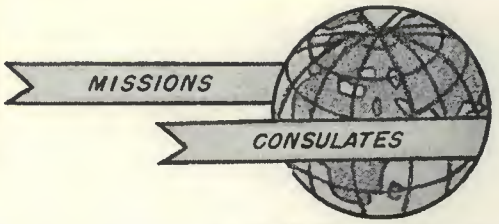
Seagram's V.O.

CANADIAN WHISKY

Honoured the world over

NEWS FROM THE FIELD



The Journal Presents:

YOUR FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Algeria (Algiers)—John L. Leonard
Argentina (Buenos Aires)—Oscar H. Guerra
Argentina (Rosario)—Robert D. Barton
Australia (Sydney)—Richard B. Parker
Austria (Vienna)—Findley Burns
Austria (Salzburg)—Robert G. McGregor
Azores (Ponta Delgada, São Miguel)—Lena P. Bridges
Belgian Congo (Leopoldville)—Howard D. Jones
Bolivia (La Paz)—Gilbert A. Crandall
Brazil (Porto Alegre)—Alexander Peaslee
Brazil (Rio de Janeiro)—G. Harvey Summ
Brazil (São Paulo)—William A. Krauss
British Honduras (Belize)—John R. Bartelt, Jr.
Burma (Rangoon)—Henry B. Day
Canada (Toronto)—Leonard Thompson
Canada (Vancouver, B. C.)—Roland K. Beyer
Chile (Santiago)—John M. Vebber
Ceylon—Theodore L. Eliot, Jr.
Colombia (Barranquilla)—Edward T. Long
Colombia (Bogota)—John A. Barrett
Costa Rica (San José)—William P. Stedman, Jr.
Cuba (Habanu)—Henry A. Hoyt
Denmark (Copenhagen)—William R. Duggan
Ecuador (Quito)—John Hamlin
Egypt (Cairo)—Joseph S. Sparks
England (Bradford) Weslcy E. Jorgenson
England (London)—William Busser, Margaret Herrick
Ethiopia (Addis Ababa)—Arthur L. Paddock, Jr.
Finland (Helsinki)—G. Alonzo Stanford, William Barnes
France (Bordcaux)—Edwin P. Dyer, Jr.
France (Lyon)—Glenn R. McCarty, Jr.
France (Marseille)—Joseph P. Nagoski
France (Paris)—Martin F. Herz
Germany (Bremerhaven)—Erich W. A. Hoffmann
Germany (Hamburg)—Bruce M. Lancaster
Germany (Munich)—Daniel Sprecher
Grecce (Athens)—Patricia M. Byrne
Haiti. (Port-au-Prince)—John H. Burns
Honduras (Tegucigalpa)—Byron E. Blankinship
Iceland (Reykjavik)—Mary S. Olmstead
India (New Delhi)—Clare Timberlake
India (Madras)—Helen R. Sexton
Israel (Haifa)—Jesse D. Dean
Iran (Tehran)—John H. Stutesman, Jr.
Iraq (Basra)—Edward C. Lynch, Jr.
Ireland (Belfast)—Paul M. Miller
Ircland (Dublin)—William H. Christensen
Italy (Milan)—Joseph E. Wiedenmayer, Tom Bowie
Italy (Naples)—John A. Moran III
Italy (Rome)—To be appointed.
Japan (Tokyo)—Agnes S. Crume
Korea (Pusan)—Michael D. Brown, Richard Hormanski
Liberia (Monrovia)—G. B. Pettengill
Libya (Tripoli)—Curtis F. Jones
Malaya (Penang)—LaRue Lutkins
Mexico (Ciudad Juarez)—Blanche B. Lyons
Mexico (Nuevo Larcdo)—DeWitt L. Stora
Mexico (Matamoros)—Raymond Bastianello
Mexico (Mazatlan)—Arthur V. Metcalfe
Mexico (Mcrida)—Henry G. Krausse
Mexico (Mexicali)—George H. Zentz
Mexico (Mexico, D. F.)—R. Smith Simpson
Mexico (Monterey)—Mrs. Helen Steele
Mexico (Tampico)—Elvin Seibert
New Caledonia (Noumea) Claude G. Ross
Netherlands (Amsterdam)—Clyde W. Snider
Nethcrlands (Rotterdam)—Bartley Gordon, Violet Smith
Netherlands (The Hague)—Charles Philip Clock
Norway (Oslo)—William Walter Phelps, Jr.
Panama (Panama)—Joseph Dempsey
Paraguay (Asuncion)—Thomas D. Kingsley
Philippines (Manila)—John E. Roberts, Andrew E. Olson
Philippines (Davao)—Clifton Forster
Portugal (Lisbon)—Charles C. Carson
Saudi Arabia (Jidda)—Sam Maggio
Singapore—James J. Halscma
Spain (Barcelona)—James N. Cortada
Spain (Madrid)—William Haygood
Spain (Malaga)—George E. Palmer
Spain (Seville)—Robert E. Wilson
Switzerland (Bern)—Robert M. Winfrec
Switzerland (Geneva)—James M. Macfarland
Switzerland (Zurich)—Eleanor Borrowdale
Sweden (Göteborg)—Francis H. Styles
Sweden (Stockholm)—Paul F. DuVivier
Tangier—Mrs. Alexander J. Davit
Trinidad (Port of Spain)—Leonard E. Thompson
Turkey (Ankara)—William O. Baxter
Turkey (Izmir)—Adeline K. Taylor
USSR (Moscow)—Culver Gleysteen
Venezuela (Caracas)—Carl Bartch
Yugoslavia (Belgradc)—Bruce Buttles

Tropical Tubabao

(Guaranteed to make your present post seem better)

Everyone has dreamed at one time of living a carefree existence on some far-away tropical island in the South Pacific. The eleven Americans who staffed the Consulate at Tubabao in the Philippines had almost six months of island life, and that was enough.

Opened in August, 1950 to issue immigration visas under the Displaced Persons Act, the Consulate at Tubabao was located on a tiny isle just half a mile off the tip of Samar, one of the larger and wilder islands of the archipelago, 8 degrees north of the Equator. A rickety wooden causeway links the coral reef of Tubabao with the larger island, but frequently strong winds, driving rains and high seas isolate the island completely. The location was not selected from a travel folder. Like Mahomet, this particular office went to its hill of work rather than the opposite.

The inhabitants of this tropical island are chiefly Caucasian refugees from China, flotsam and jetsam of the Communist capture of China, settled there under depressing and primitive conditions in a camp of the International Refugee Organization (IRO). Tents and weather-beaten quonset huts are

scattered under the coconut palms. The camp has no boundaries nor barbed wire fences, but unauthorized departure would be extremely hazardous due to sharks, treacherous currents and uncharted, razor-sharp coral reefs in the surrounding waters. Some of the refugees had been on the island more than two years when the office was opened, and numerous nervous disorders, several cases of insanity, not a few deaths, and one suicide were attributed directly to protracted existence on Tubabao.

It was to help some of these refugees by issuing visas that the Consulate was opened. At peak strength the staff consisted of four consular officers, four clerks, two Immigration Inspectors and one USPHS Medical Director. Three Filipinos and five inmates of the camp comprised the local staff.*

Staff quarters—Consulate Tubabao

The Consulate consisted of a flimsy hut surrounded by refugee tents, connected by narrow paths cut through the jungle with the IRO administration shacks and the inevitable outdoor latrines. The only Consular office space completely walled in wood was used for files and security storage. Several small offices were separated from each other and from the large public waiting room by strips of canvas which, as partitions, hid only the heads and upper torsos of the occupants. Privacy was out of the question during the tedious, nerve-wracking interviews conducted through refugee interpreters and interrupted unceasingly by extraneous noise.

Living quarters were also deficient. At nominal rental the IRO furnished the Consular staff a pair of quonset huts. The two American girls were assigned the one bedroom which boasted a private bath; the nine men doubled up in the smaller hut, sharing four bedrooms and two primitive baths. There was no piped hot water available and all water for drinking and brushing teeth had to be boiled. Frequent water shortages closed down the bathing and toilet facilities completely. The electric light, even when the power plant was working, was too poor to read at night without eyestrain.

Fauna of the Island

Rats, snakes, bugs and wild dogs all either shared these quarters or lived as close as they were able to get by constant effort. The rats could be seen by day walking boldly across the floor or scurrying along rafters overhead; at night they often fell or jumped onto mosquito nets covering sleepers' cots. Cobras and moccasins slithered alongside and under both office and living quarters. After the first scorpion was found nestling between the mattress and bottom sheet on one cot, everyone inspected rooms, beds, clothing and shoes both morning and night. Large cloth-eating cockroaches and waterbugs lurked in the corners for a chance to invade wardrobes, and spiders of various species added to the discomfort. Mosquitoes were ever present. Mangy half-starved dogs ran wild throughout the island. Only by constant precautions did the staff avoid any serious cases of insect, dog or snake bite.

Disease was not lacking. One officer received the shock of his life when, some weeks after interviewing a child suffering with leprosy, he reported to the IRO hospital for diagnosis of an aggravating and painful condition and was told in a blunt manner, "it looks like leprosy." Happily, further tests disproved the preliminary diagnosis. All the Americans suffered from dysentery and other complaints peculiar to the tropics, although full precautions were taken, including shelling, peeling, boiling, or chemical washing of all native fruits and vegetables. The constant close contact with refugees afflicted with active tuberculosis did not lessen the strain.

Food and Recreation

Refugee cooks at the IRO mess hall turned out monotonous meals consisting mainly of rice, bread, noodles and tough, stringy meat of the water buffalo. A native vegetable resembling a turnip but tasting worse was sometimes served. Other vegetables came from cans; fresh garden vegetables and salad greens such as are found in Manila were nonexistent on Tubabao.

Office quarters—Consulate Tubabao

For recreation there were picnics by native canoe or sailing craft to nearby islands or coral reefs, but this slight change soon became tiresome. Strong swimmers bathed in the lagoon, either wading over the sharp coral to deep water or plunging off the edge of a floating dock beached and half-sunk during the invasion of the Philippines. All swimmers had to keep a sharp lookout for sharks and beware of being swept away by the currents.

Ancient motion pictures were screened outdoors twice weekly for the camp population, but inclement weather and breakdowns of the power plant made complete showing of a film a rarity. Two half-hearted attempts were made to hold softball games; the extreme heat and the sharp coral pebbles on the limited playing area discouraged further attempts. The hardier of the staff played an occasional game of ping-pong and, after energetic cajoling and prodding, joined in staff bridge and poker sessions, electricity permitting.

What might be called civilization was the town of Guiuan, Samar, some 12 miles distant. There one could find telephones and a cable connection with Manila, 500 air miles

*Editor's Note: Readers of the Journal will recall that the cover of the March issue showed the staff of the Consulate at Tubabao in front of the quonset hut used as an office. Foreign Service personnel assigned to Tubabao were C. E. Gidden, Consul; T. F. Valenza, V. C.; J. J. Ingersoll, V.C.; G. D. Laurell, V.C.; Robt. Green, FSS; Wanda Sherman, FSS; Georgia Acton, FSS; Gale Martin, FSS; Dr. Leo Tucker, USPHS; John Sullivan, Im. Insp.; Donald White, Im. Insp.

away. Small coastal steamers operated between Guiuan and Manila, taking three to five days to make the run, and Philippine Air Lines planes land three times a week at the Guiuan airstrip. Trips to Guiuan in the old Consulate carryall or in a jeep borrowed from the IRO were necessary to conduct cable and pouch business and to maintain requisite social and official contacts with municipal officials. Yet notwithstanding the deadly monotony of life on Tubabao, few persons volunteered twice to make the trip because of the physical torture involved in negotiating the rough dirt and coral road to Guiuan.

Weather? Variable Quarterly

From August through October the sun shone constantly and mercilsesly on Tubabao. Hot breezes day and night kept dust and dirt ever-present in the air, on the person and liberally through clothing, quarters and bedding. From November through January, in which month the Consulate was

New Yorker Thomas Valenza has been in the Foreign Service (his second job) since he was 19. A staff officer of Class 5, he is currently assigned to the Visa Division in the Department, quite a change, he says, after Tropical Tubabao.

closed, Tubabao was beset by constant winds and rain, interspersed with squalls and typhoons. On several occasions the offices were flooded, halting all work while documents, files and typewriters were protected with tarpaulins kept in readiness for this purpose. Evacuation plans were in operation and key personnel kept a 24-hour alert during the typhoon warnings.[1] Wearing apparel and bedding stayed clammy and became moldy and mildewed. The rainy season really made a living hell of the island; morale hit rock bottom and tempers flared.

A refugee child goes swimming off Tubabao waterfront.

[1]The wisdom of such precautions is evident in the following postscript in a letter received by the author last May after the Consulate was closed: "P.S. We were hit by a terrific typhoon on the 5th of this month, which continued for over 30 hours; 85% of the tents were blown down and 15% of them were badly damaged. Even our hospital was severely hit. The roof from the t.b. sanitorium was blown off, and many other buildings damaged. There are 56 deaths in Samar by this typhoon, two planes crushed and four pilots killed. People in the camp are crawling like ants in the ruins, trying to save their last belongings."

Toward the end of the assignment, homesickness and longing for a few civilized comforts became chronic. The constant association with the disheartened and destitute refugees having little or no hope of resettlement in better circumstances made it difficult to shake off mental and spiritual depression. Nevertheless, in spite of all hardships of life on Tubabao, the American staff as a group carried on in the best traditions of the Service, efficiently and without serious complaint. But conviction grew that life on this particular South Seas island isn't exactly the way it's painted in Hollywood or *South Pacific.*

Thomas Francis Valenza

BARRANQUILLA

Like Grandfather, Like Father, Like Son

Three American Vice Consuls, grandfather, father, and son, at the same post over a period of 60 years! That's the record of the Strunz family at the American Consulate, Barranquilla.

Ever since he entered the Foreign Service on May 1, 1943 at San Jose, GEORGE H. STRUNZ has had the dream of following in his grandfather's and father's footsteps and becoming Vice Consul at Barranquilla, Colombia. This dream became fact last August when George, an FSS-10, was promoted from Economic Assistant to Vice Consul at Barranquilla, where he has been serving since June, 1950.

George's grandfather, August, who was born in Germany in 1835 and naturalized in New York City in 1859, later went into business in Barranquilla and sometime between 1890 and 1900 was appointed a Vice Consul. (Perhaps some JOURNAL reader with an elephantine memory or voluminous Foreign Service files can furnish George with the exact dates and titles). George's father, August Jr., who was born in Barranquilla, was commissioned as American Vice and Deputy Consul in the same city on January 30, 1904, and served in this capacity for almost three years.

Even with all these ties to Barranquilla, however, it wasn't until 1950 that George even saw Barranquilla, having spent the previous years of his life in Costa Rica, Mexico, and the United States. But the assignment to Barranquilla, which George claims was a routine one with no connivance on FP's part to pre-judge fate, fulfilled half of George's long standing dream and the action of the promotion board and Department in revising his status upward to Vice Consul completed the chain of events.

Edward T. Long

BORDEAUX

Two U. S. Navy Hydrographic ships, the U. S. S. SAN PABLO and the U.S.S. REHOBOTH paid a week's visit to Bordeaux the first part of April carrying a number of civilian scientists in addition to their naval complement. A reception was given by MR. LINTHICUM and various other forms of entertainment were offered to the officers, scientists and enlisted men. During the course of a softball game near where the ships were tied up, a passing Frenchman was hit in the eye by the ball. He was taken on the SAN PABLO, but language difficulties hindered finding out what he wanted. Finally, however, it developed that all he wanted was to keep the ball as a souvenir of his contact "avec les Américains" and he was not angry at all, only excited.

Foreign Service Inspector JAMES S. MOOSE, JR., and Administrative Inspector MERVYN V. PALLISTER made a thorough inspection of the post and all personnel the first week of May. A series of receptions, etc., were given in

their honor. Bordeaux Consulate survived the inspection intact, due largely to the efficient French staff, most of whom have had many years of service here.

In June, MR. CECIL W. GRAY, the supervisory Consul General, paid one of his semi-annual visits to Bordeaux and gave a short speech to the staff. MR. EDWARD CROUCH, an Administrative officer of the Embassy, accompanied him.

FREDERICK B. LYON, newly appointed Consul General, and his wife and son and dog, reached Bordeaux on the 13th of June and Mr. Lyon assumed charge shortly thereafter. MR. AND MRS. LINTHICUM departed on the 16th of June and Mr. Linthicum will take up his duties in the Department after home leave.

On July 4th, CONSUL GENERAL AND MRS. FREDERICK B. LYON gave their reception in the offices of U.S.I.S. More Americans were present than ever before, mainly U. S. armed forces personnel and their wives, and the entire French staff of the Consulate also attended.

Bastille Day was celebrated at Bordeaux by a parade which incuded a display of French military equipment and other commemorative ceremonies. Mr. Lyon watched the parade from the Tribune d'Honneur erected in front of the Grand Theatre.

During July, August and September, many business firms and shops take their annual holiday and the Grand Theatre closes until October. Bordeaux then relapses into its summer lethargy and will not come alive until October when the schools and university reopen and vacations are over.

There has been considerable movement of American personnel at Bordeaux since March with a number of arrivals and a few departures. Both the Consulate and USIS now have their full complements. On March 13th, BILL MITCHELL and his wife ROSE and four children arrived on transfer from St. John, New Brunswick. After living in the Hotel Splendide for over a month, they finally located a suitable house. MISS JOAN E. GOUGH, clerk-steno for the USIS, reached Bordeaux during the first week of April and thus became the first American girl at Bordeaux in over three and a half years. TED ARTHUR, the PAO, and his wife and son left for home leave the latter part of May and are expected back in late August. Ted is being replaced by JOHN MCCARTHY from Paris. JOHN AND HELEN MCCARTHY and their newly born son are living outside of Bordeaux in a chateau with some 8 bedrooms, *salons*, *salles à manger*, etc., only temporarily, however, until their return to Paris in late August.

MISS JO-ANNE LENT, librarian for USIS, arrived in mid-July and that completed changes in American personnel until the Arthurs return.

Edwin P. Dyer, Jr.

GENEVA

BUDDY BREARD'S two-out last-inning single to left scored BILL MURPHY from third and BILLY HILL from second and gave the Geneva Consulate General baseball team a 8-7 decision over the Bern Legation in the annual Labor Day encounter held at Geneva before an enthusiastic crowd. Features of the game were LLOYD JONES' long triple to deep center and a pinch-hit double by CONSUL GENERAL R. E. WARD, JR. On a play which caused a red hot "rhubarb," Ward was cut down in an attempt to steal third. After the game, a lunch was held at which the TWA Skyliner Trophy was presented to Captain Breard by RICHARD P. SPATER, director of the Geneva office of the Trans World Airlines. The Consulate General also won the cup in 1950.

James Macfarland

ACCRA

The Consulate recently received its new official Chevrolet, but, until it was actually landed, the members of the Consulate staff felt much trepidation. You see, Accra is a surf port and ships must anchor up to a mile out in the roadstead. Then cargoes are unloaded by means of surf boats, which are vigorously paddled through the surf by chanting nude and semi-nude natives.

With our knowledge of the local people who own autos now resting on the bottom of the sea, we nervously watched the unloading of the crate onto two surf boats and its, to us, breathtaking advance to the beach. Only when we actually saw the auto crate on dry land did we uncross our fingers for we knew that in the past some cars had "almost" made it.

Hyman Bloom

PORT-AU-PRINCE

Many members of the Foreign Service who during the past fifteen or twenty years have served at Port-au-Prince will regret to learn of the death on August 13 of PIERRE MONTENARD who made a career of being house boy to various members of the staff of this Embassy. Pierre obtained his first domestic training with American families stationed at Port-au-Prince during the Marine Occupation, 1915-1934, and after the withdrawal of these forces began what became, with few and short exceptions, a period of uninterrupted employment with officers of the Embassy. Among those for whom he worked and of whom he frequently spoke were NORMAN ARMOUR, SELDEN CHAPIN, STANLEY WOODWARD, EDWARD SPARKS, BURKE ELBRICK, VINTON CHAPIN, WAINWRIGHT ABBOTT and HORATIO MOOERS.

In addition to his permanent duty station, Pierre was a standard fixture at most social events. Whether engaged to

assist or direct, he usually wound up in the latter capacity and he regarded himself (and was regarded by others) as the dean of Haitian house boys.

Upon applying for a position with a newly-arrived officer, Pierre would present a sheaf of letters of recommendations that any Foreign Service Officer would be proud to have in his dossier. In 1950 during the Bicentennial Exposition of Port-au-Prince, Pierre advised me that he had been offered the sum of $50.00 a month by one of the new hotels. This salary being far above the normal wage for an employee in a private home, he was told that he should accept the offer, as his own salary could not be raised above the present level. Pierre hastened to explain that he did not want a raise but only wished to find out if his service was satisfactory and if on my departure he could receive a letter similar to those he already held to add to his collection and to present to the next First Secretary. I sincerely regret that I was prevented from writing such a letter, as I would have been glad to add my "excellent" to the many that had gone before.

John H. Burns

LA PAZ

News from Bolivia is as scarce as oxygen at this altitude. The only items that I can think of for the moment are:

FSO Thomas J. Maleady is now Chargé d'Affaires.

DR. GRAYDON S. DELAND, professor of Spanish and Portuguese at Florida State University, has arrived in La Paz to assume the duties of Director of the Centro Boliviano-Americano. DR. DELAND is accompanied by his wife and daughter. MR. JACK VAUGHN, former Director of the Centro Boliviano-Americano is now Director of the Centro in San José, Costa Rica.

A new golf course located at Mallasilla on the road to Rio Abajo has proved attractive to several of the Embassy staff including SECOND SECRETARY JOHN C. AMOTT and THIRD SECRETARY CHARLES PAINE, as well as COL. JOHN BURNS, Air Attaché. This new golf course, located at an altitude of 12,500 feet, is one of the highest in the world. Unlike the two other golf courses in La Paz, the course at Mallasilla is able to boast of grass on both the fairways and the greens.

Gilbert A. Crandall

BRUSSELS

October 5, 1951

AMBASSADOR AND MRS. MURPHY head up our list of departures and arrivals. They sailed for America October 4 for several weeks. Their daughter MILDRED expects to quit her job with MAAG and leave October 24 to spend the winter in Washington and New York, and FRED SCHMIDT is also planning to leave in October for home leave before transfer to Moscow. DON and FRIEDL CALDER left July 15, spending a couple of months in London before going to their new post—Istanbul. We are missing ROB and ELENA MCCLINTOCK who are back in the U. S. while Rob attends the War College. BEN and MARGARET RUYLE left October 5, for home leave and probable transfer. CLAIRE ANDREAE resigned in July to be with her mother who has been in poor health.

Arrivals have included CHAD and CHARO BRAGGIOTTI from the Department and earlier from Argentina to work in Central Intelligence. BERNADA SMITH arrived July 8 from the Department. MR. AND MRS. JOHN FITZGERALD joined us July 3 from Malta. RICHARD SERVICE arrived July 20 from Moscow and MRS. SERVICE followed in September. MR. AND MRS. RICHARD USHER arrived July 28, he to work in the commercial section. MR. JAMES DANIELSON arrived August 1 from the Department. MISS ELIZABETH KULCHAR, also from the Department, arrived August 3. JAMES FALLON, our new radio operator, and his wife arrived September 4 from Iceland. MR. WARREN DOUGHERTY arrived September 7 from Rome to take over as fiscal officer. MR. DON BOYD arrived September 18 from Karachi. CAPT. AND MRS. M. KAMINSKI arrived October 2, he to inaugurate the position of maritime attaché here.

We have also a couple of October marriages to report. FSS DOROTHY MOORE, who has worked at the U. S. Information Service here was married on October 2 to ANDRE DEFLANDRE. MRS. ALICE ROGERS HAGER gave a reception for them. They are planning a two-week honeymoon to the south of France, after which Dorothy will return to her job, until her home leave comes through. Then she and Andre (who by the way is one of our local photographers) will go to the U. S. On their return they hope to set up a new household, but Dorothy expects to continue with her work.

On October 6, FRANK MCGARY married DARIA MARSHALL who has been working for MAAG.

Margaret Kocher

WINANT HOUSE

Of the many special events which are taking place in London this year—year of the "Festival of Britain"—there is one which I think might be of particular interest to the JOURNAL readers.

Some 130 American friends of late AMBASSADOR JOHN G. WINANT wanted to make a token gift to the Festival of Britain, to share in a modest way in rebuilding the bombed houses of London, and to erect a lasting memorial that Winant would have liked. Winant House, located in Popular, a far less glamorous section of London than Mayfair, will house twelve elderly people and young married couples who have been unable to find or afford accommodations.

The dedication and presentation took place on July 5.

Mrs. Christopher Soames unveils the plaque on Winant House.

The REVEREND MARCUS A. SPENCER, the American minister of St. John's Presbyterian Church in Kensington, presided. Playwright ROBERT SHERWOOD, who had flown over from New York the night before to make the presentation, said in effect that Anglo-American relations at present were not all they should be. Many Americans were critical of aspects of British policy in the Far East, and many in Britain feared that what seemed to them American "belligerence" would touch off the calamitous explosion of another world war. There was no major policy decision that could be made in Washington today that could ignore the temper of the British people, and no decision in Whitehall could ignore the temper of the American people. It was, in practical effect, as if we had the common citizenship that had been urged by many, among them MR. CHURCHILL. He hoped he might

live to see the day when provision for common citizenship was written into our constitutions.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES (deputizing for her mother, MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL) accepted the gift on behalf of the people of Britain and unveiled the plaque which bears the following inscription: "A tribute to Londoners' courage; a reminder of two countries' never-ending need of one another; a memorial to JOHN GILBERT WINANT, a great Ambassador at the Court of St. James's; a true friend of both peoples; built for the Festival of Britain by the gift of Americans who erected this plaque."

Among those present were many personalities of the American colony in London as well as visiting Americans—DR. H. W. DODDS, President of Princeton University; SIR CAMPBELL STUART, Chairman of The Pilgrims; PROFESSOR A. L. GOODHART, Chairman of the American Society in London; MR. GILBERT H. CARR, President of the American Chamber of Commerce; The Mayor of Poplar; MR. RICHARD TAYLOR, Cultural Affairs Officer representing the Embassy; VICE ADMIRAL GHORMLEY; LT. GENERAL HARDY, U. S. Marine Corps; MR. HERBERT AGAR, and COMMANDER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Margaret Herrick

TAIPEI

The Embassy and USIS staffs continue to expand but none of the new arrivals created quite as much of a stir as did LOUISE LYON and LOIS ROORK—the first women officers to be assigned to Taipei since pre-evacuation days early in 1950. Both are Vice Consuls, arrived within a few days of each other, and promptly were descended upon by the local press for interviews and photographs.

Other new arrivals at the Embassy included FSO JIM JOHNSON, assigned as Third Secretary; and LEOLA CAMPBELL, who is relieving NORMAN ABRAMSON as Disbursing Officer while Abe is on detail in Pusan. Back from a Pusan detail is Economic Counselor OWEN DAWSON. Departures, fortunately, were not so many, the sole ones being Attaché ARMAND VALLIERES and FSS JOE LYNCH, both of whom now are on home leave.

USIS now is under the direction of PAO JAMES D. VAN PUTTEN who, along with Information Officer EDWARD CONLON, came down from Korea. Other new Information Officers recently arrived are EDWARD STANSBURY and JOHN HOUBOLT.

Work on improvements to the Embassy building is nearing completion. Rearrangement of office space to accommodate additional personnel and construction of a new commissary, garages and APO quarters have done much to alter the physical aspect of the Embassy. Further landscaping of the grounds will round out the major portion of the project.

The Independence Day reception given by the CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES and MRS. RANKIN proved a real success and was attended by some 400 guests. A few weeks before, members of the MAAG were introduced to Chinese Government officials at a cocktail party.

DR. V. T. DE VAULT, Medical Director of the Foreign Service, spent a few days in Taipei on a swing through the Far East, followed a couple of weeks later by WILSON C. FLAKE, who was touring Far Eastern posts prior to assuming his new duties back in the Department as Executive Director of the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs.

Summer definitely has arrived in Formosa and everyone is enjoying golf, tennis, swimming and picnics. Swimming currently is the favorite weekend pastime. At this time last year all of Formosa's excellent beaches were closed to bathers for military reasons. This summer one nearby beach has been opened to diplomatic personnel, and all concerned are roundly appreciative.

Charles H. Blattner

MOSCOW

Labor Day, Monday September 3, will long be remembered by the staff of the American Embassy in Moscow. For MISS JANETTE BRECKENRIDGE, FSS and LT. COMMANDER IRWIN G. EDWARDS (DC), USN, the memory will be longest and fondest. It was their wedding day.

Ambassador Kirk watches as the bride and groom cut the cake.

AMBASSADOR and MRS. ALAN G. KIRK assumed the joys and responsibilities of foster parents of the bride and made their lovely and historic residence, Spaso House, available for the service and reception. The impressive "Chandelier Room," artfully converted into a small chapel, was so arranged that the guests, sitting under the huge chandelier, faced a low altar set between Ionic columns. To the familiar strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March from a concealed organ, AMBASSADOR KIRK escorted MISS BRECKINRIDGE to the altar, where LT. COMMANDER EDWARDS awaited with best man LT. COLONEL EUGENE P. SITES, USA, of Philadelphia. FATHER JOHN BRASSARD, the only American clergyman in the Soviet Union, performed a simple, impressive service, and AMBASSADOR KIRK gave the bride away.

MRS. EDWARDS, of Tavares, Florida, and originally from Higginsville, Missouri, joined the Foreign Service in 1947 and served at the American Embassy in London before coming to Moscow in September 1950. Here she has been secretary to the Minister-Counselor, with the diplomatic title of Secretary Archivist.

LT. COMMANDER EDWARDS, USN, Assistant Naval Attaché, has been the Embassy Dental Officer since his arrival last January. He is from Salem, Oregon.

This was an international wedding in more respects than the locale. The lace veil and many of the altar decorations were provided by LADY KELLY, wife of SIR DAVID KELLY, the British Ambassador. MR. J. L. B. TITCHENER, First Secretary of the British Embassy, supplied the organ music. MRS. TITCHENER assisted MRS. KIRK in the wedding preparations, and CAPTAIN ZAHID S. KIRACLI, Turkish Naval Attaché, loaned the sword which was used to cut the wedding cake. Guests included Italian AMBASSADOR and MADAME BROSIO, AMBASSADOR and LADY KELLY, the Afghan Amhas-

(*Continued on page 46*)

THE BOOKSHELF

Francis C. deWolf, Review Editor

The Forrestal Diaries. Edited by Walter Millis with the collaboration of E. S. Duffield. *New York: The Viking Press, Inc. 581 pages. $5.00.*

Reviewed by HAROLD B. HINTON

The principal interest in reading the so-called Forrestal diaries lies in following the often unavailing efforts of our first Secretary of Defense to secure responsible evaluation of our national commitments in the troubled world, balanced against our military capabilities to carry out those undertakings. This preoccupation of James Forrestal, if we take it to heart, may be the most valuable legacy he left to his fellow citizens.

He opposed the hasty recognition of a partitioned Palestine because he knew we only had two ready divisions to cope with any fighting that might ensue, in case the United States was called upon to assume Great Britain's abdicated responsibility to assure order.

Equally, he took a poor view of the plan advanced by the then Secretary of the Treasury to reduce Germany to a permanent status as a simple, agricultural state. He felt it would take more military strength than we were likely to maintain to enforce any such scheme, and he often expressed the hope we would not try to "morgenthau" Japan.

The fragmentary memoranda the publishers have called "diaries" have been skilfully woven together by Walter Millis. The careful reader can gain an illuminating viewpoint of the momentous events in which Forrestal had a hand. Of all the individuals he mentions, W. Averell Harriman probably fares best as his contemporary opinions, expressed to Forrestal, are viewed with the advantage of hindsight.

The book is highly recommended to those who care to examine some of the sources of our present dilemmas.

Britain Today, by C. F. O. Clarke. *Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1951, 248 pages, $3.00.*

Reviewed by WM. H. J. AND MALVINA MCINTYRE

This well and objectively written book provides, within an historical setting adequate to show trends and establish relative proportions, a comprehensive appreciation of the Government and of current social and political forces. Those chapters delineating the difficulties inherent in democratic institutions, the political parties, socialism and the Labor Government, the mechanics of Whitehall, the press and radio broadcasting, merit careful study by an officer assuming duties in Britain for the first time.

The chapters on the Empire and the Commonwealth, and on foreign policy may, however, be read lightly.

Although Mr. Clarke warns us that his remarks about his fellow countrymen "should be taken with a grain of salt," he is on sound ground when, alluding to cricket, he says: "like the English character, it is a game of subtlety and reserve." The rest of his portrayal of English character largely depicts the English as they believe, or hope, the world regards them. When he tells us:

> "The Englishman will never be a great hustler, for fear of botching the job and having to do it over again. He appears leisurely, because he conserves his energy for what he thinks important."

we might ask: "With just one grain of salt, Mr. Clarke?"

NEW AND INTERESTING

by

FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

1. **Murder by the Book** by Rex Stout $2.50
The orchidaceous Nero Wolfe solves this triple murder from his Ivory Tower through his usual minion, and in this case, through the medium of the manuscript of an unpublished novel.

2. **The Magnificent Century** by Thomas B. Costain $4.50
The times of Henry III, Simon de Montfort and Roger Bacon, recounted as a colorful pageant. History of Twelfth Century England presented in a most pleasant capsule.

3. **Moses** by Sholem Asch $3.75
The story of Moses—based on the Bible, of course, but elaborated and enriched with much descriptive material of contemporaneous Hebrew and Egyptian life.

4. **The Story of The New York Times: 1851-1951** by Meyer Berger $5.00
The history of our greatest newspaper told by a Pulitzer prize *Times* reporter in terms of "stories"—practically a kaleidoscope of our national history of the last century.

The Consul At Sunset, by Gerald Hanley, *The Macmillan Company, New York, 1951, 254 pages, $3.00.*

Reviewed by ADRIAN G. DAVID

I enjoyed this book. It is the story of a former Italian Colony, of its peoples and of four members of the British temporary administration. It is a hard waterless country which produces ruthless, warlike and hardy peoples. Here water is the most precious commodity and tribal disputes for its possession and control persist from generation to generation and are resolved in blood. At the waterholes of El Ashang the Yonis Barra and the Omar Bilash intrigue and maneuver while Milton the administrator seeks forgetfulness in the arms of his dusky mistress, and Turnbull the soldier waits, powerless to intervene. Sole arrives, the administrator who does not believe in his mission and Turnbull breaks in tormented frustration but not before he has taken decisive action. It is left for the Colonel, the wise and confident old hand, to clear up the mess.

This critic has lived in "Korma" and visited many "El Ashangs" and the tale held his interest from start to finish. Mr. Hanley's descriptions of the country and its peoples show great perception but this critic does not believe that the four central characters are wholly typical or representative of the British Administrators as he knew them. Most of them the Colonel would not have considered "gentlemen," most of them did a fine job of administration, and most of them believed that what they were doing was of benefit to the peoples whom they administered. This is a good story, dear reader, but do not take it too seriously as a representative picture of British colonial administration and British colonial administrators.

Towards an Understanding of the U.S.S.R.; Government, Politics, Economic Planning. by Michael T. Florinsky. *Revised edition. New York, 1951, Macmillan. Pp. xi, 223. $3.00.*

Reviewed by PHILIP E. MOSELY

Professor Florinsky's revised edition of his useful survey, first published in 1939, offers a clear, readable and judicious introduction to the study of Soviet political and economic institutions. It is a reliable guide to the theory and structure of the Bolshevik Party and of the Soviet state and economy. It offers a clear insight into the significance of many terms, such as "Soviet democracy" or "intra-party democracy," which are often stumbling-blocks in the progress of a Western-trained student. The sections on the nature of Soviet planning and on labor controls are especially valuable. More attention might usefully have been paid to the methods by which natural, financial and human resources have been brought to bear in building large-scale and heavy industries at unprecedented speed, especially since this problem is of vital concern for many agricultural countries which are today turning to the path of industrialization. It is a crucial fact that over the past thirty years the Soviet Union has made itself a leading industrial power, second only to the United States. Unfortunately, because of limitations of space the revised edition omits the excellent chapters of the first version, which dealt lucidly with the background and events of the revolutions of 1917. The "selected bibliography" is a misnomer; a list of recommended readings would have been much more useful.

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Because of lack of space we were unable to call your attention to last month's two new advertisers, the CIRCLE FLORISTS and the FEDERAL EMPLOYEES INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS. Both firms are in the JOURNAL again this month on page 58. Newcomers this issue are the VANTAGE PRESS, page 52, and CAFRITZ INSURANCE SPECIALISTS (page 3).

Tennis—Inter-Agency and International

The State Department's tennis team concluded a very successful season this year by gaining the championship of the Inter-Departmental Tennis League.

Team members during the season were Dee Denslow, Bob Barnett, Sam Hayes, Crawford Brooks, Howland Sargeant, Bill Breese, King Hamilton, Lou Boochever, Bob Lowe, Rollie White, Bob Efteland, Steve Morris, Stu Hummel, Bob Strong, Jim McGillivray, Tom Buchanan and Bob Stevens.

Following the close of the League competition, a men's doubles invitational tournament was sponsored by the Department's Recreation Association. Each diplomatic mission and international organization in Washington was invited to enter a doubles team. In addition to the eleven teams which participated from the Department, teams were entered by the British, Cambodians, Chinese, French, Indonesians, International Bank, International Monetary Fund, Luxembourgers, Netherlanders, Pakistanis, Spanish, Soviets, Thais and Turks.

The tournament was held on the courts of St. Albans Boys School during the first two weekends in October. With perfect weather and fine tennis, the event attracted an enthusiastic gallery from Washington's diplomatic colony.

The entry of a team from the Soviet Embassy occasioned considerable interest. However, Counselor of Embassy Vavilov and Third Secretary Gusev, representing the Soviets, lost in the first round to Jack Simmons and Ted Pierce of the Department.

In the semifinals the strong Thai team of Busparoek and Prahba defeated Tsui and Lo of the Chinese Embassy, 6-1 and 6-2, while Hamilton and Boochever won out over Bowden and McGillivray, 6-0 and 6-4.

In a well played final match the Thai team went down before the smooth team play of Kingsly Hamilton and Louis Boochever, by scores of 6-4 and 6-0. Sawat Busparoek, Third Secretary of the Thai Embassy and a former national champion of Thailand, was outstanding for the Thai team but Hamilton's booming drives and Boochever's sparkling net play proved an unbeatable combination.

Individual trophies were presented to the winning team. A permanent trophy for the tournament has been presented by this year's championship State Department tennis team. Tennis enthusiasts in the Department and the diplomatic colony look forward to an annual renewal of the event.

This account should not close without thanks to J. Crawford Brooks, who captained the State team during its winning season, and who planned and organized the first diplomatic tournament.

Edward R. Pierce

RIGHT: DIPLOMATIC TENNIS TOURNEY

State Department doubles team wins over Thailand doubles team. In photo left to right, Mr. Crawford Brooks of the State Department Recreation Association presents trophy and individual cups to Louis Boochever and Kingsley Hamilton, holding his daughter Jeanne, with Mrs. Lina Hamilton looking over his shoulder. Sawat Busparoek holds his 2-year-old daughter, Willow, with Mrs. Suda Busparoek and Chun Prabha. Photo courtesy Washington Star.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST *(from page 17)*

not. Now for the third. National interest is not primarily a question of purpose or of objectives. It is a question of method. It is a question of the "How" rather than the "What." This is not to say that we do not have an interest as a nation in *what* we do and in *what* results stem from our action; but I would submit that we have a greater interest still in *how* we do those things we feel we must do.

Remember that none of us can really see very far ahead in this turbulent, changing, kaleidoscopic world of foreign affairs. A study of the great decisions of national policy in the past reveals that too often the motives of national action are ones dictated for government by developments outside of its control. Its freedom of action, in these cases, lies only in the choice of method—in the *how* rather than the *what*.

National Behavior and International Affairs

Let no one underestimate the importance in this life of the manner in which a thing is done. It is surprising how few acts there are in individual life which are not acceptable if they are carried out with sufficient grace and self-assurance and above all with dignity and good manners and with respect for the feelings and rights of others. On the other hand, there are few acts, however commendable in purpose, which cannot be rendered unacceptable and unfortunate in their results if carried out in the wrong way, with the neglect of these principles.

And I would remind you that this question of method affects not only the outward consequences of our acts, but it has the deepest and most important effect on ourselves. Our life is so strangely composed that the best way to make ourselves better seems sometimes to be to act as though we were better. The tenor and manner of our behavior toward others, as a nation, is therefore going to have an important effect on the character of our development here at home. For these reasons we would do well to learn to think of the conduct of foreign affairs as a problem of style even more than of purpose. Where purpose is dim and questionable, form comes into its own.

What lessons would this view of national interest hold for us in the light of the problems which crowd in on us today?

I would say that the first lesson it holds for us is the necessity of a realistic appraisal at all times of the danger that confronts us. We are all steamed up about a possible Soviet attack. Perhaps we will be faced with such an attack. But we do not know that for sure. The only thing we do know is that to act as though war were inevitable, and unavoidable, when we have no proof of that assumption, is the best way to substantiate the Soviet thesis that we are aggressors and are planning war ourselves, and the best way to bring war nearer to us. Let us reckon with the possibility that war may come and let us be prepared accordingly: but let us not sell our souls to that prospect. For if we do. it will almost certainly become reality: and we shall never be sure that we did not have a part in bringing it to pass.

Secondly, some of us in Government find ourselves being reproached for not "getting mad" and for not adding our voices to the thundering assertions of anger and indignation with which the air is already full. I hope we will never yield to those pressures. One of the prerequisites for dealing successfully with the sort of problem we have before us today in the form of Soviet communism is an ability to keep cool and to rise above petty irritation.

Let us repudiate, therefore, these easy reactions. Let us repudiate idle invective and empty gestures and pinpricks. Let us reserve our power for the things that are really necessary and the things that can really advance our interest. It will be actions, wise, temperate, well-chosen actions, which will determine the outcome—not words or breast-beating or saber-rattling or storming around.

(*Continued on page* 44)

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST *(from page 42)*

Next, in our dealings with friendly nations, and particuly with those who find themselves most closely associated with us in world affairs, let us be fair and tolerant in this difficult moment. These questions which are now agitating international life are ones about which there are deep and troubled differences of opinion among us here at home. Is it surprising, then, that other nations, which have different interests and outlooks, should not see them just as we do?

Tolerance and Restraint are Essential

And finally, if we succeed in laying upon ourselves this forbearance and restraint in our dealings with the nations we are trying to collaborate with, let us then see whether we cannot find a little of it left for our dealings with ourselves. Is it impossible for us to get it into our heads that we are dealing with an extremely complicated environment; that the choices are not simple, are not obvious; that none of us is capable of seeing very clearly all that is involved; and that for that reason not a single one of us has the right to certainty or to self-righteousness and to uncharitableness toward others who do not think as he thinks? I have been in Washington, and I have been in and out of this business of the formulation of foreign policy for years on end; and I do not know one person in a responsible position in the Government of the United States who is not animated in these dark days by the most earnest sense of devotion to the interests of this country of ours. Who has the right to treat these men as reprobates or criminals because he does not agree with them? The air has been full of charges of dereliction toward the interests of this country; but I tell you that I know of no greater dereliction from duty to the American people in this day and age than to be quick to undermine their faith in the decency and good will and patriotism of other Americans over matters of opinion so deeply problematical that only almighty God could be sure He had the right answers.

I would plead, then, for concepts of national interest more modest than those with which we are accustomed to flatter our sensibilities, and for a greater dignity and quietness and self-discipline in the implementation of those concepts. I would plead, particularly at this genuinely crucial moment in American history, for cool nerves and a clear eye, for the husbanding of our strength, and for an iron self-discipline in refusing to be provoked into using that strength where we cannot see some plausible and reasonably promising end to what we are beginning. I would plead for the restoration of a sense of comradeship and tolerance in our public life and public debates, and for a recognition of the fact that *Americans may be wrong without being evil*, and that those wrong ones may even conceivably be ourselves.

If we can achieve these things we need not be too exacting in our demands for a definition of national interest. We will then have done the best we can do to bring the world closer to that state of understanding, based necessarily more on respect than on intimacy, but fortified by mutual restraint and moderation, and all the more durable and serviceable for its modesty of concept. Therein—not in the world of hatred or of intolerance or of vainglorious pretense—lies the true glory and the true interest of this nation.

MARY LOUISE MILLARD

It is with deep sorrow that we learned of the death of Mary Louise Millard, wife of Hugh Millard, Counselor of Embassy at Brussels, on July 11, 1951, at Easthampton, N. Y. One of those rare, buoyantly gay souls, Mrs. Millard went unobtrusively about being a most generous and charming hostess. In her death we lose a valued member of the Foreign Service Community.

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NEWS FROM THE FIELD *(from page 38)*

sador SULTAN AHMED KHAN and MADAME KHAN, and MR. P. A. BUSHUEV, Deputy Chief of Protocol, representing the Soviet Government. Many other members of the diplomatic corps attended and the entire Embassy staff was present.

The ushers were LT. COLONEL WILLIAM F. FRANK, USMC, of Pueblo, Colorado; LT. COMMANDER ROBERT S. DAY, USN, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; LT. COMMANDER WALLACE P. BUERSCHINGER, USN, of Green Bay, Wisconsin; and LT. HUGH M. SMITH USN, of Greensboro, Maryland.

R. I. Owen

HERE MAGELLAN DIED *(from page 29)*

The intrusion from the machine world seemed incongruous in this setting. At the water's edge we could almost visualize Magellan and his company wading in over the coral reef and passing through the in-shore swamp to meet head-on with Lapu-Lapu's forces.

As we returned to the monument, a small group of curious children followed close behind us. We were met by several goats and a lone pig near the iron grill around the monument. The number of children had now increased. Even the little lawn-mower pusher had left his machine to join the group.

It was here that we made our interesting discovery. We found a record in stone that day of two empires of the past, one glorifying its hero, the other glorifying its conquest. And we also found the spirit of nationalism, likewise in stone, which offered a third interesting interpretation of the event for which Mactan is famous.

First there was the monument built by Spain in honor of Ferdinand Magellan. This was the largest monument of yellow stone, now in a state of disrepair. It was erected in 1866 during the reign of the Spanish Queen Isabel II. The name of the Spanish governor of the Philippines at the time of its construction. Don Miguel Creus, was also inscribed in the stone. At the top of the monument was the date, 1521, the year of Magellan's death on Mactan. Under this, in very large letters, was the following inscription:

GLORIA ESPAÑOLA
A HERNANDO DE MAGALLANES

This was the Spanish monument, built during their colonial regime in the Philippines and dedicated to the memory of the famous explorer, who symbolized for the Spaniards the glory that was Spain's in the 16th century as she took to the seas to settle new lands for an expanding empire.

Close to the Spanish monument we came upon an historical marker on a large stucco and tile-surfaced platform. The

(Continued on page 48)

3

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marker had been placed on the platform by the Philippine Commonwealth Government, just before war broke out in 1941:

> This spot marks the scene of the battle fought on April 27, 1521, between the Filipinos led by Lapu-Lapu and the Spaniards led by Magellan. In that battle, which ended in a complete victory for the Filipinos, Magellan was killed. Since then Lapu-Lapu has been considered the first Filipino to have repelled European aggression.

A strong spirit of nationalism very clearly motivated the placing of this marker opposite the Spanish monument. This is what caught our interest. The Philippines, very naturally, see Lapu-Lapu, not Magellan, as the hero of that April day in 1521. An objective historian, however, legitimately could question whether Lapu-Lapu had any idea of "rebelling European aggression" when Magellan stepped ashore early that morning. Whether or not Lapu-Lapu was merely a tribal chief warring against another tribal chief on a small coral reef does not alter the fact that here Lapu-Lapu is viewed as a hero. Significantly enough, no mention whatsoever is made of the aggressive part played by the rival chieftain, Zula, whom Magellan offered to aid in defeating Lapu-Lapu. But our history, too, often is colored in deference to the pride generated by nationalism.

In 1942 Japan came to Mactan. The island empire also left its mark on the site of Magellan's death—rough letters painted in black on the south side of the Spanish monument to Magellan. Some of the letters are no longer legible. Small arms fire has torn into the stone and removed parts of the surface writing. The inscription below is all that remains today:

> The Japanese have occupied completely whole Mactan

(Continued on page 50)

HERE MAGELLAN DIED *(from page 48)*

Island by this April 10, 1942, 400 years after Magerran's coming. By E Commander Watana . . . Murat . . . and 66 . . . of Sub . . . year . . . KYO . . .

With this crude letter work (notice where the Japanese substitute R's for L's) the Japanese wanted all visitors to know that their forces had "completely" occupied the island in 1942. The Japanese forces were not out to glorify Magellan or Lapu-Lapu, both historical figures had nothing whatsoever to do with their history. So they glorified their own conquest of the island, possibly because of the feeling of elation at the thought that they, the Japanese, had occupied an area of historical significance.

Nancy and I will remember our visit to Mactan: the Spanish glorifying Magellan, the Filipinos glorifying Lapu-Lapu, the Japanese glorifying their own conquest. We left the island thinking of many things—how tragic it was for an explorer determined to complete his voyage around the world suddenly to find death in a far-away tribal conflict, how men with different backgrounds, many miles apart, interpreted an historical event. Who was the aggressor? Who was the hero? Magellan? Lapu-Lapu? Zula? I guess it all depends whose glasses you are looking through and what monument you happen to be building, marker you are placing, or letters you are painting. But one thing is clear to today's visitor to Mactan—a series of vivid impressions. There are the children following you about, the naked child pushing the lawnmower near the shore where Magellan was cut down in the surf, the truck with its radio blaring commercials and "Stormy Weather" in the Visayan dialect. There is the old, stone church with the Dutch priests walking through shaded bouganvilla corridors, next door to the glistening tanks of Standard Oil.

This is Mactan, the raised coral reef where Magellan fell, in the year 1951.

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Karl Stefan had become a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to appropriations for the State Department and the Diplomatic Service. He had been determined in his efforts to eliminate those elements in the State Department which had brought disloyalty or discredit to it in any respect. "But nobody fought more fiercely and tenaciously against any attempts to weaken it or destroy the Foreign Service because of the misbehavior, incompetence, or other unsuitability of some of its members," according to Congressman Judd.

A few weeks prior to his death, Mr. Stefan, on the occasion of consideration of the appropriation for the State Department, made "a most eloquent and thoughtful speech concerning the history and work of this Department, with statesmanlike suggestions as to the improvement of its functioning at home and abroad. Particularly was he interested in bringing all the activities of our Government in foreign lands under the supervision of the State Department," said Congressman Armstrong.

Congressman Stefan is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ida Stefan, and their two children, Dr. Karl Franklin Stefan and Mrs. Ida Mae Askren.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO *(from page 9)*

In the World Series the "Cardinals" defeated the "Yankees." The victors came from behind and conquered by taking two straight games on their rivals' grounds. The JOURNAL carries pictures of the series heroes—GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER, HERB PENNOCK, BABE RUTH and ROGERS HORNSBY.

THE OLD BASSOON. EDDIE SCHOENRICH was known around the office in La Paz as T.O. because of his mania for digging out Trade Opportunities. One day he gleefully told his boss, Consul STEWART MCMILLIN, that he was going to introduce the bassoon to the Aymara' Indians of Lake Titicaca. Eddie had discovered that the low mooing sound of the old bassoon has a peculiar fascination for the llama so that the happy Indian, sitting at dusk in the doorway of his mud hut, can call his flock from the mountains by merely tooting a few melodious notes. Thus he can keep his bare feet out of the snow and have time to gaze upon his copper-tinted Señora preparing their shuño soup.

JUNGLE PATROL *(from page 23)*

Our third day we marched west along the Pergau to Kampong Lawar, the last outpost of civilized habitation in the region. Beyond lies the jungle-clad Central Range, inhabited only by Temiar aborigines; these shy creatures wear only a loin-cloth and hunt and kill with blow-pipes and poisoned darts. Our route took us through padi fields and a number of kampongs. One interesting feature of a Malay village is the general absence of dogs, the latter regarded as unclean by the orthodox Muslim. Life in isolated Malay kampongs like these is simple and unhurried. The villagers grow a little rice, tap a few rubber trees, fish, keep a few chickens, and raise their own strong tobacco; the coconut is useful in a number of ways.

After reaching Lawar Mr. Churchill held a confab with the villagers, while Peter Penn, myself, and half of our escort squad pushed on another half mile to a lovely jungle pool. Here the Pergau plunged down from the foothills; we enjoyed a refreshing dip in the cool and turbulent waters.

Retracing our steps we rejoined Mr. Churchill at the kampong below Lawar where he was presenting the Home Guard rewards. As we entered the village, a small spotted animal streaked past us into a thicket pursued by villagers brandishing shotguns and clubs. We found out that it was a spotted jungle cat (*kuching hutan berintek*) which had sneaked into the village and killed a chicken. A few moments later the cat was triumphantly brought in and laid together with the dead chicken on the hut porch beside us.

Back at the Residency in Kota Bharu it was a delight to relax with a hot bath and a tall, cool drink. We were tired but filled with the satisfaction that comes from the realization that a physically-demanding mission has been successfully completed. Mr. Churchill told me that I was probably the first American to have visited this isolated region, which until the recent completion of the Nibong-Jeli road was most inaccessible, even by boat.

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(*Continued on page 56*)

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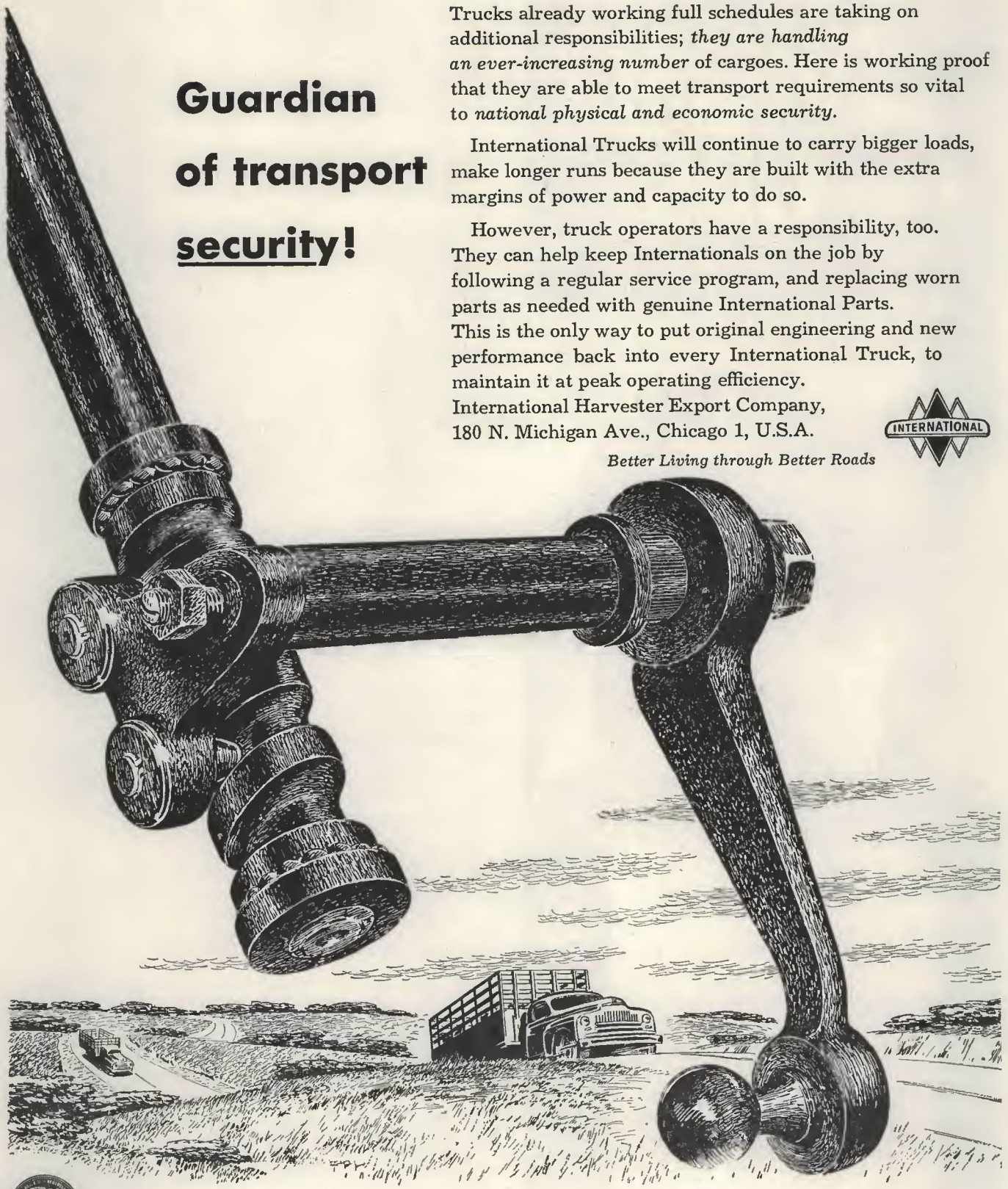

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(*Continued on page* 58)

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FROM "IN" TO "OUT" *(from page 15)*

Japancse Embassy went in carriages from Willard's Hotel to the President's House. . . . The Ambassadors werc arrayed in state dresscs of very singular style, the chief wearing a rich brocade purple silk sack, with flowing sleeves and trousers, while his two colleagues had similarly fashioned garments of green. They wore caps like inverted ladies' capes, fastened on the crown of the head by strings passing under the chin. They carried pikes, halberds and emblems of their rank. . . . During the whole ceremony the Japanese either looked steadily at the ground or directly at the President. Their entire demeanor was grave, respectful, well bred. . . .

"The letter in question was unrolled from a very large and splendid scarlet silk envelope. The interview, far from being absurd or amusing, as was anticipated, was of a solemn and serious character. Through the strange differences of dress, language and custom it was evident that the Ambassadors were men of high character, honor, intelligence and refinement, and that the New World could teach them no lessons in propriety of demeanor or in a due sense of official responsibility."

Note from behind the iron curtain

The new *Bolshaya Sovietskaya Entsiklopedia* now being published in Moscow (5 volumes are out so far and they are still in the "B") devotes 78 pages to atomic subjects. Africa gets 44 pages, architecture, 31 pages.

Since even the Soviet encyclopedists haven't quite worked up the gall to say that the first atom bomb was made by Soviet scientists, they have to find some explanation to fit the party line and here it is: "Due to the fact that the Soviet Union bore the principal burden of carrying on the war with Fascist Germany, the United States was able to solve this problem [the bomb] sooner than other countries."

Can you spare your August or September Journal? We have more requests for them than we can fill.

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Donovan, Andrew E., II	Rio de Janeiro cancelled; trf. to San Salvador
Fletcher, Allan S.	Moscow cancelled; transfer to Tokyo
Hallam, Malcolm P.	Cork cancelled; trf to Cardiff
Laidlaw, William R.	U. of Calif. instead of Washington
Larson, Helen H.	Bogota cancelled; transfer to Belgrade
Preston, Austin R.	Dept. cancelled; trf to Curacao

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AVERY F. PETERSON,
Editor.

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