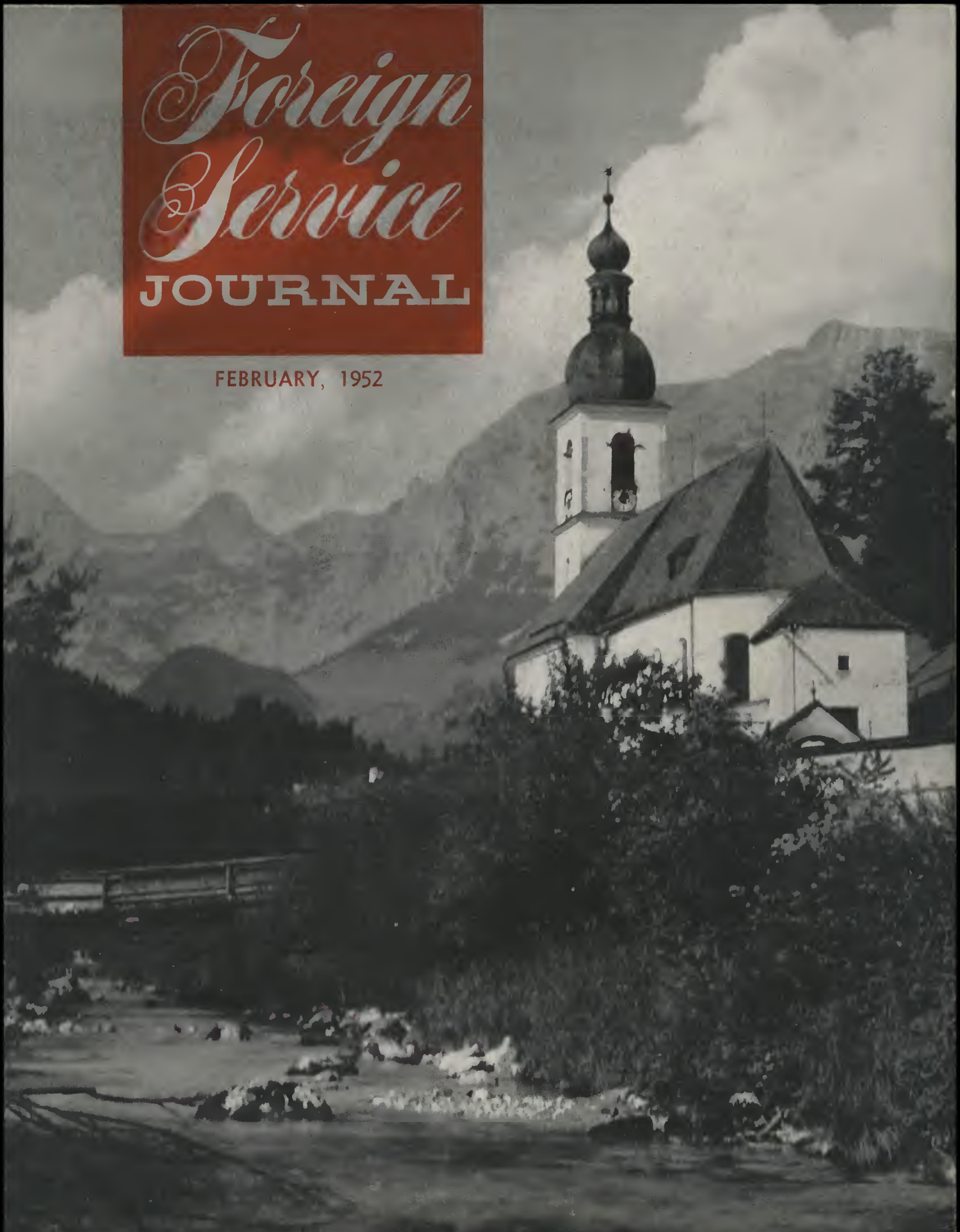


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FEBRUARY, 1952



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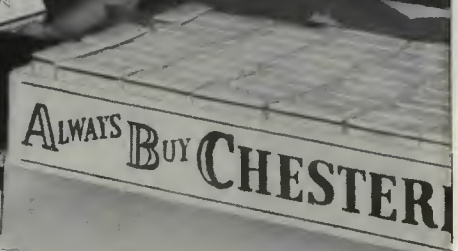
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The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL is not official and material appearing herein represents only personal opinions, and is not intended in any way to indicate the official views of the Department of State or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

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COVER PICTURE: *Bavarian Church at Ramsau, a small Bavarian village near Berchtesgaden. The mountain in the background is the Reiteralpe. Photo by Robt. B. Houston, Jr.*

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Letters to the Editors

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THE SERVICE FUND

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I strongly endorse the editorial on "The Service Case" which appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL and particularly the conclusion of the editorial which pointed out the broader implications of the recent decision of the Loyalty Review Board.

In the present day world which is undergoing so many and such far-reaching changes and in which the position and influence of the United States are of such paramount importance we need as never before in the Department of State and in the Foreign Service men and women of intellectual independence, courage and integrity—men and women who can grasp and report facts accurately (especially facts which may be unpalatable to individuals or groups in Washington or elsewhere in the United States) and who can formulate logical opinions and recommendations based on those facts. If such men and women are to be stigmatized as of doubtful loyalty and thrust out of their profession because of a single and understandable indiscretion seven years after its occurrence and with no apparent regard for the integrity and efficiency of their records as a whole, then clearly effective notice is being given that persons of that caliber are not wanted either in the Department of State or in the Foreign Service.

Unhappily, we live at a time when hysteria and the fear upon which it is based have become characteristics of American life. The professional informer has become a hero and character assassination a substitute for patriotism of the traditional kind. That is the emotional climate in which the case of John S. Service has arisen and that is why the case is of far greater significance than the injustice and the misfortune which have befallen an able and conscientious Foreign Service Officer in the midst of a distinguished career. The case is symptomatic of evils which unless eradicated cannot fail to play havoc with our American way of life and with our ability to defend it.

I understand that steps are being taken to set up a fund to enable Service to have his case reviewed by the Courts. I shall consider it a privilege, as well as an obligation, to contribute to such a fund. I realize, of course, that while the JOURNAL's parent body, The American Foreign Service Association, has an important stake in the outcome of the Service case it cannot properly use its funds and facilities in a situation of this sort.

Yours sincerely,
G. HOWLAND SHAW
Foreign Service Officer (Retired)

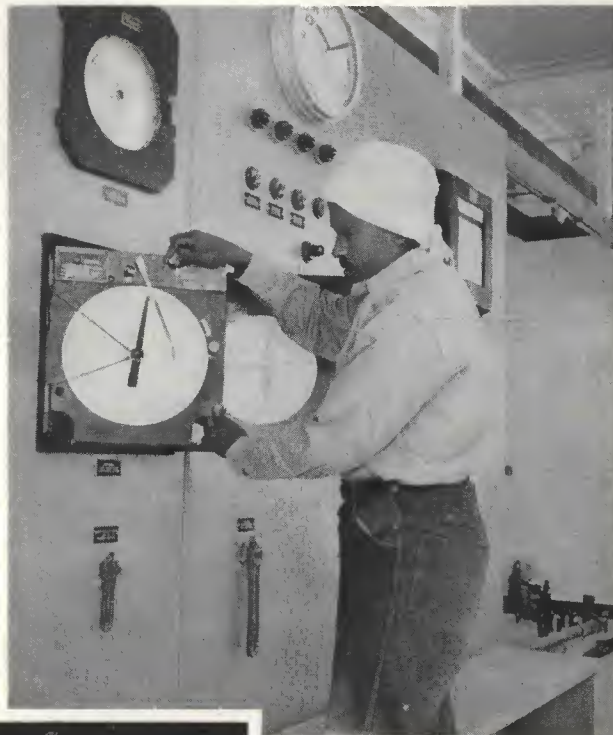
EDITOR'S NOTE: The JOURNAL welcomes former Assistant Secretary Shaw's vigorous letter and can state that Mr. John C. Reid, a prominent Washington tax attorney (who, however, has no connection with the Service loyalty case) has offered to act as treasurer of a fund to assist in taking the Service case to the courts and there defending him. Such funds would be used for briefs and other necessary legal expenses; Mr. Service's lawyers, it is understood, have not accepted and do not desire to receive any fees. Mr. Reid's address is: 306 Southern Building, Washington 5, D. C. Remittances should be made out to "John C. Reid, Treasur-

(Continued on page 7)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 5)

er." Each contribution will be acknowledged and participants in the fund will receive a report as to how the funds were used and a pro-rata rebate of any residue not required in the legal proceedings.

TITLES

American Embassy,
Bangkok, Thailand
January 8, 1952

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

What has happened to the rank of Third Secretary of Embassy? I've just been looking through the latest Foreign Service List and find that third secretaries are getting to be as rare as the giant panda. Of first rank secretaries there is a plethora, and counselors are as common as lieutenant colonels in the Pentagon during the war. We have special attaches and assistant chiefs; we have deputy this and adviser that, many of them with stratospheric rank and emoluments. But where is the lowly third secretary, once the workhorse of diplomacy? Look, if you please, at the list of officers assigned to the London Embassy, for example, and see if you can discover a third secretary. Not one will you find, whereas Ministers, counselors and first secretaries are three for a dime.

It was not so in the prehistoric days when I entered the Service. In fact I was ten long years a third secretary, and when at last I was promoted to second secretary I thought I had reached a dizzy peak of eminence. In those days a counselor of Embassy was considered an exalted personage, but I find that now it is not sufficient to be a mere counselor, and one feels hardly respectable without a "personal" rank of some kind, such as Minister.

In the old days the ubiquitous third secretary performed all the odd jobs that are now assigned to various kinds of attaché. We were a versatile lot, capable of turning out a learned dispatch complete with latin allusions and quotations from the lesser poets, or of providing an emergency forth at bridge. The third secretarial rank was the training ground for the upper grades, and as I recall it was far more heavily represented in most diplomatic establishments than any other grade. What accounts for its practical disappearance I cannot conjecture unless it is that all ranks have moved upwards. If this process keeps up the third secretary will some day, like the vermiform appendix, become merely a vestigial excrescence while our Embassies will be overrun with brass carrying resounding new titles.

I propose, therefore, that like the Armed Forces with their

(Continued on page 9)

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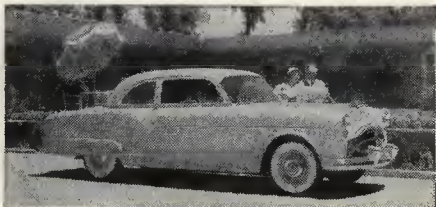
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 7)

five-star generals, we meet the situation by establishing some new ranks at the top. We might begin by having not merely Ambassadors, but super-Ambassadors, colossal Ambassadors, and super-colossal Ambassadors. We should then have Ministers, super-Ministers and super-duper Ministers. All counselors should have the personal rank of Minister, or better, of Ambassador. We should have just enough first and second secretaries around to do the wood-hewing and the water-hauling, but all third secretaries should be promoted to the new rank of "extra-special assistant" or fired.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM T. TURNER

MANAGING EDITOR'S NOTE: Agreed. In anticipation of future developments, I am asking the Board for the title "Chief, Manager-Administrator, Editorial Theater, FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL."

P.S. Of course I would also want the personal rank of Deputy Snark of the Universe.

A SERVICE OF HIGH CALIBER

Our readers will be interested in the following letter to the Secretary from Senator Alexander Wiley, who recently returned from an extensive trip overseas, a portion of which is quoted below with the Senator's permission:

"I also want to say, Mr. Secretary . . . that I personally felt that my getting acquainted with the personnel in so many of our Foreign Service units in so many countries gave me a basis on which better to evaluate their efficiency and their standing in that country.

"I am pleased to report to you that, as you already know, by and large, the men that I, for one, contacted in the Service were of high caliber and rendering good service.

Sincerely yours,
ALEXANDER WILEY"

HONOR AWARDS

American Consulate,
Bradford, England
December 18, 1951

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

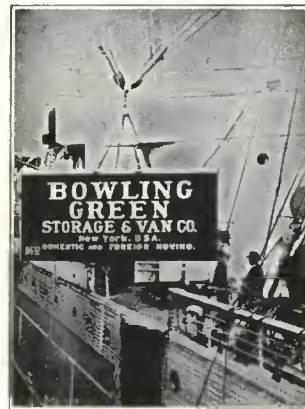
In view of the fact that the purpose of the Department's Honor Awards Program is largely defeated by failure to announce to the Service at large the names of the recipients, it must surely have been an oversight which withheld this year's list of names. Neither in the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, the News Letter, the daily news bulletins, nor anywhere else as far as this officer can ascertain, was such a list published and, two months after the awards were made, he is still in ignorance of the names of his colleagues who were so honored.

Whereas the November News Letter devoted two pages to
(Continued on page 36)

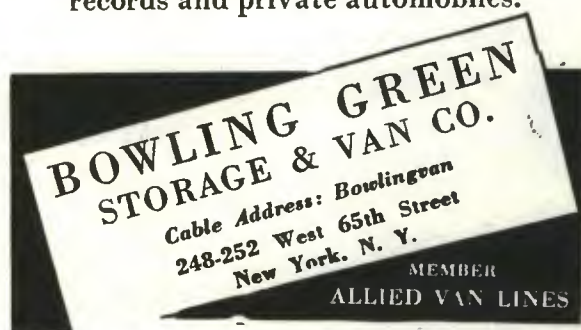
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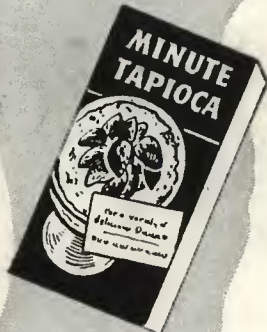
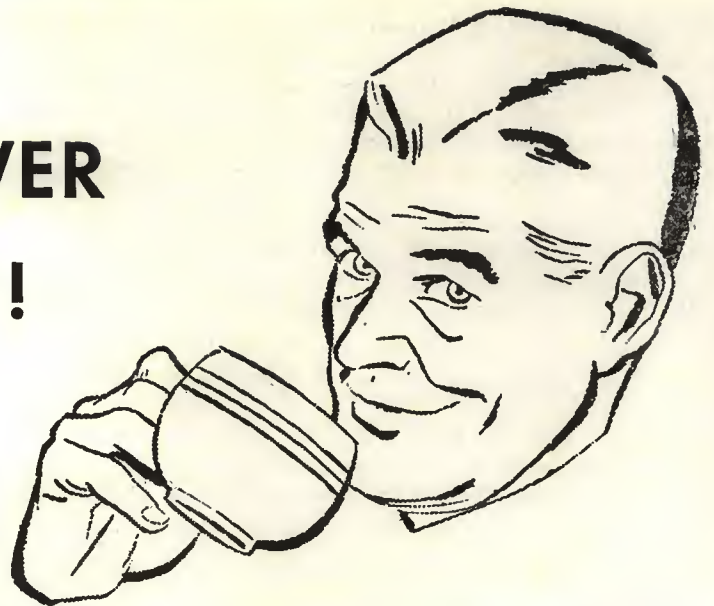


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Twenty-Five Years Ago

by JAMES B. STEWART

CASTLES VS DREAMS: In his article, "Castles in Spain," Gus FERRIN, Consul, Tabriz, wonders who started the habit of speaking of them as symbolic of unfounded hopes. "Did he think that no castles exist in Castilla, which got its name from them? If he would visit Madrid with me, I would give him an eyeful of castles any day, sure enough medieval castles with moats and drawbridges and all the other proper appurtenances." In the last sentence of the last paragraph of his article is where Gus really gets excited and hurls this threat: "Let him who would discredit dreams by calling them 'castles in Spain' cease and desist from this pernicious practice or a brick may fall on him from one of them, according to the Castillian custom of dealing with enemies."

SERVICE CHANGES: MINISTER HUGH S. GIBSON, Berne to Department for conference; JOHN J. ERHARDT, Winnepeg to the Department (A-C/C); EDWARD S. CROCKER, Rome to Budapest; PAUL R. JOSSELYN, Peking to Department; WALTER C. THURSTON, Sao Paulo to Lisbon; RALPH A. BOERNSTEIN, Rome to Department; JULIUS C. HOLMES, Marseille to Smyrna.

WORLD GOLFING CONSUL: EARL DICKOVER's secret ambition was to golf around the world and, by George, he did! Starting on home leave at Kobe he played at Shanghai with CONSUL GENERAL CUNNINGHAM and at Manila with the wife of his old friend "JANE" AUSTIN, British Consul. After a game at Singapore he had to forego playing at Penang and Colombo because of his boat's schedule.

Arriving at Cairo, CONSUL NORTH WINSHIP told Colleague DICKOVER that there was a short, parched, flea-bitten course on the desert near the Pyramids. However, as an armed guard was needed to keep dragomen and beggars away while one was driving, Cairo golf was passed up. At Naples CONSUL GENERAL BYINGTON said that he would be delighted to arrange a game but that it would be necessary to go to Rome to play it!

In the United States our traveler played golf at Washington, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and at San Francisco. He then crossed the Pacific to Kobe and to his beloved course on top of Rokkason, reached only by mountain goats, and where rough is ROUGH!

(Continued on page 38)

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As mentioned in the December issue, the Journal has announced a new competition for articles involving substantive Foreign Affairs matters. Manuscripts approximately 2500 words in length, should deal in a serious vein with some subject of foreign relations, either American or involving the relations of some foreign country, be free of information which is still classified, and be received or postmarked before July 31, 1952. The article may be objective or may advance the personal views of the author. The contest is open to all members of the Association, subscribers to the Journal and their immediate families. The Journal reserves the right to publish any submission, paid for at regular rates, without affecting the competitive status of the article, all of which will be submitted to the Judges without an indication of authorship.

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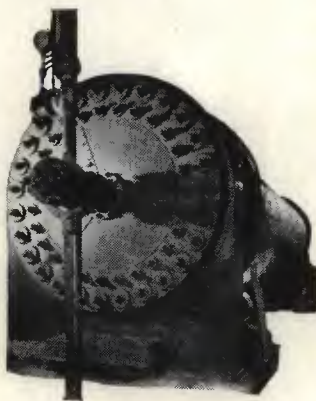


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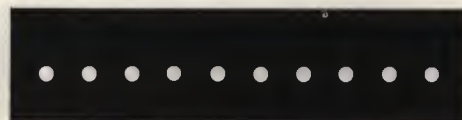


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ASSIGNMENT TO MINDANAO

by CLIFTON FORESTER

NEW appointment and assignment to post—from Oakland, California to Davao, Philippines, via Washington, D. C. for a period of consultation in the Department and New York City. . .”

I read the authorization for official travel a second time, slipped it into my pocket and started down Salvatierra Street on the Stanford campus to break the news to Nancy. The notification had been eagerly awaited for three months. Graduation would come in June. Nancy and I could be married in July and be on our way to the Philippines in late August. Last minute planning for the wedding, indoctrination in Washington and the voyage across the Pacific combined with finals to make our last days at Stanford extremely hectic. . .

“As an Assistant Public Affairs Officer you will be responsible for supervising a United States Information Service Center in a vital area, disseminating informational and educational materials and maintaining an audio-visual program to reach large population groups.”

I listened to the indoctrinating officer, took notes and perspired in Washington's summer heat. My post would be Davao on Mindanao, second largest island in the Philippine archipelago. I was told that I would be the first State Department official on assignment in the Mindanao area. The nearest consul would be at Cebu, second largest city in the Philippines and some 250 air miles northwest of Davao.

Davao: “Land of Promise”

Nancy and I boarded the *ss Mindanao* in Manila's north harbor on a rainy night. Consultation at the Embassy in Manila was over. Theoretically, I was now trained to take over a one-man post. The night before our arrival at Davao Nancy and I stood below the ship's bridge with a young Filipino and his family, coming to Davao for the first time to settle. They had never seen Mindanao before. The Filipino had been with the Philippine Scouts on Bataan and later imprisoned by the Japanese in the concentration camp at Capas. He spoke of his native province, Pampanga, and how the Huk problem had made farming difficult. Like many others in Central Luzon, he saw Mindanao, and Davao in particular, as a “Land of Promise.” Conditions, he said, would be very peaceful and peace was what they craved. They had been told that there was land enough for everyone. “Perhaps,” he said, “we can also play a part in this land of promise.”

I guess our assignment officially started on the Davao pier when the mayor's wife met us with a lei. “My husband,” she said, “expresses his regrets. He has a very sore throat from making too many campaign speeches for the coming election and cannot be here tonight.” I tried to accept the lei graciously while maintaining precarious balance under a full load of star apples which my wife had given to me to carry down the gangplank. Other officials came forward with more leis and a few moments later we were picking our way between carabaos to get off the crowded pier. “We were going to have a parade,” the mayor's wife con-

tinued, “but everyone is very tired from practicing for the coming scholastic meet.”

We soon learned how much practicing for the coming scholastic meet meant to the community. Every morning, starting at six, bugles blared and drums beat back of the hotel at which we were staying. Preliminary parades lasted for hours. It was our first taste of Davao's great civic pride.

The day after our arrival I walked to the USIS headquarters and discovered that the large, airy building it occupied was the same at which I had stayed in 1938 when it was known as “Helen's Hotel.” It was next to the City Hall.

There were more leis—this time from the local staff. There was Mrs. Aquino, the head librarian, who had packed a gun with her husband during the guerrilla days in Bukidnon Province and Mr. Sicam, in charge of the motion picture section, who had been instrumental in bringing new settlers to Davao from Luzon and who declared that he had been inspired by the opening of the Oklahoma Territory. And there was “Crackers” who got his nickname from selling biscuits and was a born story-teller. One by one they came forward, curious to find out just what an American Public Affairs Officer was.

I finally decided that the best place for an office would be on the porch next to the mango tree which gave plenty of shade. So we carried a desk onto the porch and I tried out my swivel chair for the first time as two little boys, perched on a limb nearby, stared and wondered what it was all about.

Official calls came next: the governor of the province, the mayor, the constabulary commander. . . . All were very interested in the function of USIS and before I knew it, I was delivering speeches all around town on our functions and purposes. The small businessman wanted information on how to run a retail shop. A teacher wanted to know



Right—Public Affairs Officer Clifton Forester and Mrs. Forester, with the mobile unit in the Santa Ana district of Davao City. Mr. Forester's first detail, last summer, was to Mindanao.

about the best methods for counseling students. A farmer came in to find out what he could about contour irrigation. A delegation of students requested materials contrasting communism to democracy.

Meanwhile Nancy was having a wonderful time discovering for the first time what life in a small tropical city was like. In a short while she was teaching English at the local Mandanao Colleges and playing an active part in the Girl Scouts. As the only State Department official in the area, I soon discovered I was expected to do a great deal more than simply carry out the functions of a Public Affairs Officer. There was the week spent, for example, trying to



The Children's Section of the USIS Library in Davao

locate an American citizen in the foothills of Mt. Apo. The Consular Section in Manila wanted "complete information." And there was the mother in California who persisted in believing that her son had been lost in a typhoon at Davao despite the fact that Davao is out of the typhoon belt. Once a little girl in Portland, Oregon, addressed a post card to the "Bureau of Information, Davao" and it was sent on to me. "Can you send me information on the Philippines?" she asked. "I want to know *all* about it."

What kind of a place is Davao today?

It is undoubtedly one of the most progressive and forward-looking cities in the Philippines. A conscientious Mayor, Bernardo Teves, is at the helm. Hailing from Cebu where he was the Provincial Fiscal, Teves is a great admirer of Franklin Roosevelt and on more than one occasion he has come to the USIS Center to listen to our records of Roosevelt's speeches. Teves is mayor of the world's largest city, 942 square miles, probably the only city with unexplored territory within its limits. There is no one, single, dominant faction here and many city-folk will tell you that this is the reason why people live so happily in Davao. This is truly the melting pot of the Philippines with an average of 3,000 settlers arriving at its port each month. The present population total is 364,854 and there is every indication that the steady increase will continue to be important in the development of the area. Squatters have moved in on the old Japanese plantations and are trying to eke out a living. This is one of the thorny problems of the area. Another problem is the mosaic plant disease which has done much to retard abaca growth. Times are not easy in Davao but the city seems to be very conscious of the complexity of the problems it must face in the immediate present and future.

Aesthetically, Davao has a great deal to offer. To the southwest Mt. Apo ("the old man") rises to a height of 9,690 feet. This extinct volcano is the highest point in the Philippines. North and south are fine sandy beaches and there you can still see the Japanese-planted off-shore anti-

invasion posts. The area has no worries about severe storms. Nights are cool and days are not unpleasantly hot. Rainfall is fairly even throughout the year.

What about the people?

They are peaceful and industrious. Most of the population is made up of Visayans. But there are sizeable sprinklings of other elements. The American community is small—about 15 families in Davao. Scotland is well represented and the community always looks forward to St. Andrew's Eve and a good dish of haggis. The Chinese are practically in control of the retail trade. They have a very imposing school which provides elementary and secondary education. The leading Chinese citizen is Consul S. T. Mih. Representing the Nationalist Government, Mih's district covers Mindanao and the southern Visayan islands. He is the only Chinese officer of consular rank now in the Philippines. A career officer, Mih has served in Paris, Guatemala, Nicaragua and Peru. Mih is much respected in the area and he works around the clock to take care of the 19,000 Chinese nationals in his district. Two newspapers—the *Mindanao Times* and the *Davao Herald-Tribune*—serve the area. Davao is a city where the Mayor plants a "United Nations Tree" on Arbor Day and holds community assemblies to acquaint the people with the dangers of Communism. It is a city where the local government asks USIS to celebrate July Fourth jointly with the Filipinos because of the "bond of friendship between our

two peoples."

USIS Entertains the Bagobos

Mrs. Milagros Aquino, our librarian, came into my office one afternoon. "The Bagobos* hope that you will visit them soon," she said. "Is it difficult to reach them?" I asked. "It is not easy," she replied.

On our first visit to a Bagobo settlement we had to leave the jeep at the end of a provincial road and continue on foot along a mountain trail southwest of Davao. Our guide told us that retreating Japanese had used the same trail in 1943. We made our first contact with the Bagobos literally in the clouds. The jungle trail widened at about 2,500 feet and we caught sight of the most ingenious water system we had ever seen. As far as one could see, long green bamboo poles zig-zagged down the mountainside, one above the other. Cool spring water gushed from the end of one pole into the one below it and so on down the hill, with branch poles going into each house.

When we arrived in the small settlement we were greeted with agong music (nine agongs were tied together on a scaffolding and could be heard for many miles). This was followed by a feast and old tribal dances. An old woman showed us the ancient Bagobo system of weaving. She placed several sticks in the ground and suatted at one end to thread abaca fiber in rough holes in the stocks.

On another trip we were able to take the newly-arrived mobile unit although at times we were in mud up to the hub-caps. Datu Monkay, a Bagobo chieftain in the Guma-

*The Bagobos are an early Caucasoid element which came in to South-east Asia. They were among the first comers to the archipelago. The Bagobos have many of the characteristics of the Ifugao, Igorot and Bontoc tribes of northern Luzon and yet they are 800 miles away from their northern cousins and their ethnic type is not to be found anywhere between Mindanao and Luzon. Today the Bagobos live in isolated groups on the eastern and southern slopes of Mt. Apo. For the most part they are still pagans. They live very much to themselves. The Bagobo dress is intricate in design. Coarse abaca cloth is used for vests and tight-fitting trousers. Small beads are often woven onto the fabric. Ear lohes are stretched at an early age and punctured. Later shells are inserted in the puncture lobes. Some lohes measure as long as two inches. Arms are unusually elaborately tattooed.

lang district had invited USIS to come up and entertain his followers. I accepted and we were off early in the morning loaded down with films, records and a projector.

Datu Monkay was waiting for us with his five hereditary sub-chiefs. All were in full costume. One of the wives of the Datu who spoke some English came forward to greet us. Suddenly the agong music was underway and two young



Bagobo girls do an ancient tribal dance

girls in traditional costume danced very slowly in a circle. They plucked on taut abaca strings inserted in a bamboo pipe. These bamboo guitars were held away from the body at a forty-five degree angle and the players had to devote all their attention to them while dancing. Meanwhile the girls sang softly. The girls were doing the "Harvest Dance in Honor of the American Air Force." The dance depicts two girls harvesting in the fields during the Japanese occupation. Suddenly American planes appear. There is much shouting and the girls are overjoyed and run to the village for the celebration. Another dance, the "Village Warner," shows with elaborate pantomime how Bagobo villages notified each other of the approach of Japanese soldiers.

To reciprocate we rigged up our electric lights, played some American-Indian music and folk-songs of the West, and then showed movies. The Datu's followers were very enthusiastic. One of our pictures which showed New Englanders eating lobsters—all in technicolor—caused no end of excitement. Another scene in the same picture which showed skiing in Vermont, aroused the curiosity of the Datu's wife. She wanted to know why it was that Americans "liked to slide on cement."

Although motion pictures are often not comprehended in areas such as this, the mere fact that USIS comes such a distance to entertain and meet together with a tribal group makes a very great impression. And sometimes a movie will have an impact where a group has never seen a movie before in their lives. The best example of this was a showing made several weeks later by the mobile unit to the Mandayas, a pagan tribe in northern Davao. We showed a Walt Disney health cartoon on "Hookworm." The very graphic presentation of an ugly-looking worm entering through bare feet to feed on the intestinal tract made such an impression on the Mandayas that they besieged the local shoe dealer the next morning with so many requests for tennis shoes that he had to come in to Davao to replenish his supply and meet the demand.

An official call on a Moro governor

The Moros are undoubtedly the best known of the peoples of Mindanao. Today the Moros are much the same as in

Pershing's time although conditions are much more peaceful and many Moros have received their higher education in Manila and occupy responsible government and professional positions.

In February I decided it was time to visit the Lanao area, one of the most populous Moro areas, and to pay my respects to the Moro governor, Mandanagan Dimakuta. I also wanted to make arrangements for USIS mobile unit operations in Lanao.

Nancy would not be left behind. At Stanford she had worked on a paper treating with Moro history and traditions. Now she wanted a first-hand glimpse of the people she had written about. At Cagayan de Oro in northern Mindanao the Governor of Misamis Oriental Province offered us the use of a government car and we started south for Dansalan. The Governor's parting words were that he would send a telegram to the Moro Governor informing him that we were coming. I explained that this would not be necessary since I had sent a letter on to Dimakuta the week before. I thanked him just the same.

By late afternoon we were climbing rapidly into the hills. It was an entirely different world. There were red fezzes on the men and they wore red and black shirts. Krises hung at their sides. The women wore small vests and chewed beetle-nut. Mohammedan mosques with tin roofs were much in evidence as we travelled southeast toward Lake Lango.

We were climbing a steep hill when the engine sputtered and finally died on us. Two Moros stood up and moved in closer when they noticed we had come to a complete standstill. Our driver tinkered for a few minutes, then told us that it would be quite a while before he could get the engine started again. Nancy and I decided to hitch-hike into Dansalan. We started up the road. A few minutes later a San Miguel Brewery truck came along and we thumbed a ride. The truck was picking up empty Coca-



Wet going encountered in a flooded town in northern Mindanao

Cola cases and turning over new bottles. In the cab of the truck we had a first-rate opportunity to see how Coca-Cola has caught on with the Moros. Whenever the truck did not stop angry boys would throw rocks at us.

We alighted from the truck in front of the Governor's residence. There were about thirty Moros on the porch. We found one who could speak English. The Governor? Oh, he was gone. Where? He didn't seem to know. Was the Mayor in town? He did not know. Was there any way to find out? Yes, a man could walk there. The Moro

(Continued on page 43)

CITY of COMPLEXITY

by WILLIAM R. DUGGAN, *Foreign Service Officer, Copenhagen*

There is a famous line written by some nostalgic soul to the effect that "If the dust of Africa settles on your heart, you will find peace in no other land." And, so it came about with me when I fell in love with the colorful city of Durban in the cosmopolitan Union of South Africa.

Durban, one of the largest cities in South Africa, is also its most complex. It lies beneath the Southern Cross at a Latitude of approximately 31° South, and a Longitude of 31° East. Situated on the shores of the Indian Ocean in a setting as glamorous as Palm Beach or Miami—the busiest seaport on the continent of Africa—it combines the old with the utterly new.

There are beach hotels that rival the best in Atlantic City or Nice . . . just behind them are Indian mosques and compounds for native municipal workers. There are Zulu rickshaw runners loping past Cadillacs . . . and primitive native witch doctors sell their compounds beside the most modern department store in all the British Empire.

Indian boys fish nude from the breakwaters that form the entrance to a harbor more modern than New York's. The railway station platforms hold streamlined electric trains; and behind them stand Zulu and Basuto women dressed in nothing more than beads.

Durban is a city of 400,000 people, and its inhabitants comprise three distinct tiers. At the base are the natives—Zulus, Shangaans, and Basutos mostly—who comprise the laboring group, industrial workers and servants. On the middle level are the Indians, numbering about 150,000. Most of these are Hindus from Madras and South India, but there are among them a few Moslems and Sikhs. They came to South Africa in the '90's to work as indentured servants in the sugar cane fields, and they have not returned to their native land, nor have they been absorbed into South African society. The group serves as the "middle class" in Durban, and comprises shop-keepers, truck drivers, waiters, and bartenders. Out of this group came Gandhi, who served as a lawyer in Durban during his early years, and who began his passive resistive movement there in 1911. His son, Manilal, runs a newspaper there and strives to emulate his father by defending the political and social position of his fellow-Indians.

At the top of the tier, by virtue of the color of his skin if nothing more, stands the white. Here, to make things more complex, is also found a cleavage. The whites number about 125,000, but they are aligned against each other. The Boer or Afrikaner, a man of Dutch extraction, in all activities opposes those of British descent, while they, in turn, oppose him.

This is not the time nor place to discuss the ramifications of South African social structure, economy, and politics. Let it suffice to say that its structure poses a confusingly complex problem in a setting that should be paradise. Man has created and compounded his problems in this setting, and the South African will need a leader more sagacious than Smuts to find solutions for his troubles.

Durban's position between the deep blue of the Indian Ocean and the deep green of the hills that roll westward from the sea to the Karoo is indescribably beautiful. Its turquoise and ever-sunny skies . . . its flower-decked streets . . . the variety of its life, its customs and its peoples make it a kaleidoscope of color.

The flowers, for example, are not easily forgotten by a visitor. The streets are lined with jacaranda trees, with oleanders, and with poinsettia trees no less than ten feet high! There is bougainvillea everywhere, and a brilliant red blossom overhanging streets that they call "Forest Flame." There is golden shower, frangipani, and hibiscus. There are cannas for the warm summer days, and strelitzia, the flower they call "Bird of Paradise." There is color everywhere!

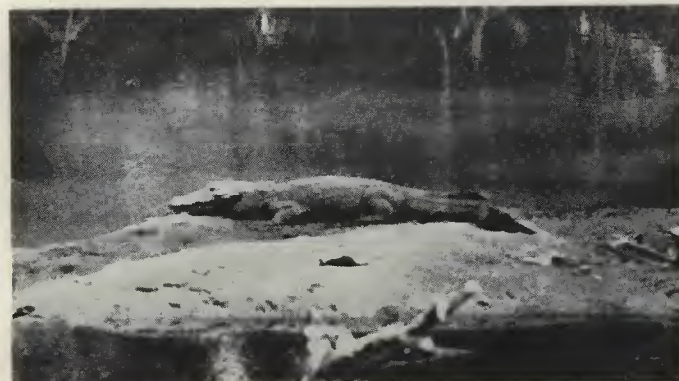
There are fruits here to rival California's, including oranges, grapefruit, bananas, passion fruit, and grapes beyond compare. There are vegetables of all varieties, but they must be used with care. Ordinarily, there is meat and flour enough, but the Government insists that a strange brown flower be used, and white flour is a luxury. The Indians insist on mutton. The natives eat little meat, principally because they can't afford it. They consider fish beneath their dignity—"A reptile of the sea." During the last war when meat was very scarce, the whites ate whale meat only, but they fare much better now.

There are monkeys in the trees of Durban's parks—some are friendly, the rest nuisances. They chatter at one as he strolls down Durban's streets. And, if one leaves a window open, they will steal food from the kitchen table! It is impossible to raise vegetables in Durban's gardens because the monkeys take the harvest first.

A friend I had in Durban contracted with the city fathers to rid the place of monkeys at 10 shillings a head. He worked three months, collecting only 48, and quit in disgust. When trapped, the monkeys simply move. The SPCA refuses to permit their assassination.

There are other types of animals around Durban, too.

(Continued on page 58)



Crocodile

OPERATION HOUSE-HUNT

By Jane Pool

"We'll *never* find a place to live," I moaned as I sank down on the side of the hotel bed. I was ashamed to let my husband see me cry about it, but I just couldn't help it.

"Now listen, Sweetie," he said, taking my hands in his, "you've got to get used to this house-hunting business. We'll be doing it *for years!* It's part of the job."

The job—I hadn't thought of it that way. I was picturing ourselves as poor creatures momentarily down on our house-hunting luck who would, of course, never be in such an unfortunate spot again. This remark put the whole situation in a new and much dimmer light.

It was true. We *would* be doing it every two or three years, for nearly the rest of our lives!

"You remember when we went through Paris—how dreadful they said the housing situation was, and," my husband added, "you remember that gloomy gothic structure of the S's we went to for drinks? The Joneses were a year finding a house in Istanbul and they say it's even worse in Bombay."

"I wouldn't care if it weren't for the baby. It's already two months—"

He parried that one with, "the baby doesn't know we're living in a hotel."

"You think you're funny, don't you?" But I felt better.

Big Support vanishes

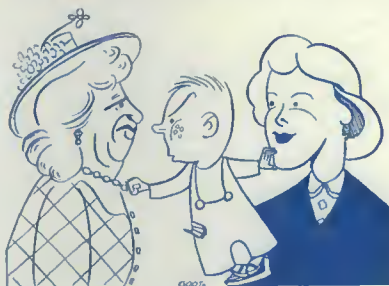
That was when I decided to map out a campaign. After Big Support had left for the office, I sat down with a pencil and a piece of paper and the result looked something like this:

A. Fortify present position in event of Long Operation.

1. Fire present nurse (n. g. and eating us out of hotel and home.)
2. Buy an additional hot plate to keep up with Baby's increasing gastronomical capacities.
3. Buy soft bed pillows ("What the devil is this?" Big Moment had said the first night in the hotel bed, "a *guillotine?*")
4. Get up nerve to tell hotel *mucama* to stop sweeping rugs with broom dunked in w. c.
5. Keep flowers in the living room and discuss current events with Husband when he comes home from the office.

This improvement of the present position hardly left me any time for the second half and ultimate aim of my campaign—to find a place to live. I was beset by such difficulties as:

interviewing nurse applicants (one didn't care to give her references as she didn't want to *molestar* her former employers, and another one was a cousin of the late Czar Nicholas II); more than one hot plate at a time blew the fuse; I didn't have time to read the newspapers.



Applicant nurse with regal Russian relatives.

Anyhow, the new bed pillows were fine.

Point "B" in the program

It was with the greatest difficulty that I got around to acting on the actual house-hunting points in my program. It read like this:

B. Operation "House-hunting" by B. A. Lady.

1. Advertise homeless condition at cocktail parties. Two martinis will foster eloquence, but watch point at which one doesn't listen to leads.
2. Agents and builders. Frequent offers of Chesterfields might help.
3. Newspaper ads. Consider furnished places. They might make a deal but look out for silver swan beds.
4. Door-to-door canvassing of *porteros*.

Maybe I went at this second program a little too zealously, because I felt like a whipped dog all the time.

The only thing that could cheer me up was to call up my friend Dorothy R. (not her name), because she was house-hunting, too. The R's were looking for a house; we "preferred" an apartment in town, but of course, after a time, a ruined quarry would have looked good.



Consider the cozy quarry

"My dear," Dorothy would answer the phone (before she'd even asked me if I'd found anything), "have you heard what happened to the N's? They moved into that house they found in San Isidro, with all their furniture and everything, and went to turn on the lamps and there were *no plugs*. Imagine *that*. There *were* plugs but the plasterers had covered them all over and they couldn't *find* them!"

"They have a house, though," I muttered as I dismally hung up.

(Continued on page 35)

EDITORIALS

TRUTH PURSUES

The recently reported results of a study by Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University concluding, with abundant evidence, that 50 statements by Senator McCarthy concerning the State Department "have been radically at variance with the facts" calls to our attention once more the great difficulty involved in repairing the damage done by the demagogues. Professor Hart's report will presumably get a polite reading in educational, bureaucratic, and perhaps some journalistic circles, but it has little chance of reaching the headline readers to whom Senator McCarthy appears to address himself.

As the 1952 political campaign gets underway, the familiar calumnies against the Department and the Foreign Service are reappearing in speeches by certain budding candidates and, in turn, in the nation's press. Headline readers who may have questioned McCarthyism are now becoming more confused by what some more respected figures on the political scene are saying.

What does this all mean? It means that the State Department and the Foreign Service with it, is a red-hot political issue. It means that we cannot ignore the charges that are being made against us. There is available in the record ample evidence to refute the unjust charges.

But, fortunately or unfortunately, we cannot enter the political arena in which this battle will be fought. The members of Congress of both the Republican and Democratic parties who know the Department and the Foreign Service as made up by and large of hardworking, selfless public servants must carry on the fight for us. They must be joined during the coming political campaign by responsible leaders within and without the Administration and by the non-career ambassadors who have seen the labors of Foreign Service at firsthand. The Foreign Service is too valuable a national asset for us to allow it to be debased by calumny.

In the hands of an energetic group of campaigners, Professor Hart's little book debunking Senator McCarthy might help greatly to narrow that gap between some of the big headlines and the pursuing truth.

SOCIETY OF THE WASHINGTONI

When Prime Minister Winston Churchill was in Washington last month much public attention was directed to the American half of his ancestry. He was invested with honors of the Society of the Cincinnati, an organization whose membership is limited to one male descendant of an officer who served at least three years in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War. He qualified because his great-great grandfather, Lieutenant Reuben Murray, was an officer under George Washington in a Connecticut Regiment.

In this connection, another most interesting fact has come to light. Mr. Churchill's forebears also include a member of the American Foreign Service. His grandfather, Leonard Walter Jerome, 1817-1891, was appointed American Consul at Ravenna, Italy, March 18, 1850, and at Trieste, January 15, 1852, where he served up to the end of August, 1853. Following his retirement he returned to New York and

founded the family fortune, reportedly having accumulated \$6 million from investment ventures in the next few years. We might note at this point that the Foreign Service certainly must have been different in those times. Nowadays the profession is not notable as a lucrative one and any ex-consul from Trieste who made millions after his tour of duty would certainly be a subject of investigation. However, this consular grandfather explains a great deal about Churchill, insofar as we are hereditists. For if the Prime Minister's talents in strategy and the arts of war stem from his great-great grandfather Lieutenant Murray, we suggest that his equally obvious talents in the arts of diplomacy stem from grandfather Consul Jerome. Here, surely, is the well-spring of that quick perception, reporting and organizing skill, precise choice of language and ability to mold the mind of fellow men, in Mr. Churchill's case, by his supreme mastery of the spoken word.


The JOURNAL suggests that there be created a Society of the Washingtoni. Membership could be limited to not more than two direct descendants (male and female, since both have a place in diplomacy) of a civilian officer who was posted abroad for, say at least a year, in Foreign Service during the critical, formative period in the rise of our Free Nation. This period might be the century commencing December, 1776, when Benjamin Franklin, patron saint of the Service, went to France—and might extend through the Civil War, a time of testing whether "any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

The Society of the Washingtoni would have an illustrious company of ancestors. Many American families already honor these Foreign Service forebears for their individual fame. This reverence could be amalgamated into a force to stand up for the Foreign Service, undertake research into its history and lore and protect its future against the scurrilous sort of attack that, unfortunately, is becoming all too commonplace.

Who are these ancestors, other than Franklin, whom we would revere? To name only a few, let us start with "A" in interests of impartiality: the Adams's, John and John Quincy, since both Presidents had prior service as diplomats; Thomas Jefferson, once Minister to France; Albert Gallatin, the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, ex-Minister to France and Great Britain; Bret Harte, ex-Consul in Prussia and Scotland, and Nathaniel Hawthorne who was Consul at Liverpool. In the field of music, among others, there is John Howard Payne, former Consul at Tunis, who is immortalized by his "Home, Sweet Home," epitomizing the nostalgia encountered by every Foreign Service Officer. William Dean Howells, author, poet, playwright and editor, was once Consul at Vienna and Confederate General John Singleton Mosby served as Consul in Hong Kong. Additional names famous in diplomacy include Robert Livingston, former Minister to France, who arranged the Louisiana Purchase and Chief Justice John Marshall, ex American Commissioner to France, where President James Monroe also served as Minister.

We think the descendants of ancestors such as these would comprise a group with which, like the Society of the Cincinnati, most persons would be proud to be identified.

Well . . . it was fun to write this, anyhow.

SOMEBODY asked about the Foreign Service and why people joined it. **AN EXPERT** gave a reply. 



"I used to be janitor at the Department of State, but I was selected out."

A CABIN DE LUXE circa 1917

By ARTHUR C. FROST

Editor's Note: Travel in the Foreign Service commonly bears no resemblance to the tourist folders, with their sunny skies, turquoise sea and bevy of beautiful girls gathered around the swimming pool on deck. Mr. Frost, a retired Foreign Service Officer, recalls vividly an anecdote of travel in the first World War.

Our Consul General at Marseille was amiable, even encouraging. "The last ship was sunk with all on board and, as the German subs are now sinking about every other one, your chances for a reservation on tonight's boat for Algiers look good. All the same," he added soberly, "better leave with me the address of your next of kin and other pertinent data . . . just in case."

When I went aboard the small French steamship after dark that night, my optimism was scarcely equal to that of the Consul General. The old tub looked ready to fall apart without any assistance from the enemy. Every inch of deck space and passages was packed with coal-black Senegalese troops, frost-bitten on the western front and invalided back to North African hospitals for amputation or other treatment. Reserved for me was the "cabine de luxe" of the ship, distinguished only by an iron bed instead of bunks.

Voyage required an iron bed

Once beyond the breakwater and the Chateau D'Iff of Victor Hugo memory, the ancient craft began to toss and

(Continued on page 38)

Dear Joe,

You have asked me for advice about joining the Foreign Service.

You are a brave man. Perhaps McCarthyism will weed out the faint-hearted and only the brave will now join the Foreign Service. If so, that may be one good thing. You need to be brave—in the sense of expecting no glory and of risking public abuse, malaria and also fever.

Come into the Foreign Service with no illusions. In other words, don't join if you're looking for glamor, for chances to sip cocktails with celebrities, and for a great role in history. Few individuals reach fame in the Foreign Service. Fortunately a still smaller number achieve notoriety.

Think of the Foreign Service as a job that tears up your roots. On your second or third home leave, your enthusiasm at looking up good old Bill or Sam will have diminished and the old home town won't seem so homelike. The people you will most want to see will be your colleagues in the Service. However—and this is a point to remember—each time you come home you will look at America with a fresh and exhilarating sense of rediscovery, and I wager you'll see and sense things your old college pals never notice and never think about. Your ties to one community may be gone but your sensitivity to America will be deeper.

Don't join the Foreign Service if you don't have an abnormally developed sense of curiosity. Nothing could be sadder than the Foreign Service officer who drags his prejudices around the world with him, sets up his little tent and proceeds to live dumbly impervious to the sights and smells and sounds of the country around him. And if your reactions to strange sensations are more frequently disgust than excitement, then the Foreign Service is no career for you.

Do you like people? The Foreign Service is a kaleidoscope of people. So if you prefer studying formulae to human nature, perhaps you'd better take that job in the laboratory and leave the Foreign Service to your more gregarious fellow countrymen. At the same time, membership in the Rotary Club is no automatic ticket to success in the Foreign Service. In fact you need to be a combination of a college professor, hard-headed businessman, explorer, journalist, salesman, and psychologist. I might even add poet to the list. And a touch of musicianship won't hurt—because a sense of timing is more important for today's diplomatic practice than all of Scott's Cases of International Law put together.

You'd better marry somebody with as healthy a curiosity as yourself, with a temperament that can stand housekeeping that "Good Housekeeping" never imagined, and with toughness of physique and spirit.

I haven't mentioned the knowledge you need to have or the education and experience which will meet the formal requirements of the Foreign Service. You can find all this information in the pamphlets and besides, lots of people can bone up on subjects and pass examinations. It's the things that aren't pamphleted that make the difference.

This could go on for a long while. But I think you may get the general idea. If you don't, perhaps you'd better answer that ad under "Business Opportunities."

Foreign Service people will all give you different answers. That's a good thing. But I think they all have a feeling of belonging to something that gives them a lot of inner satisfaction and from time to time just enough recognition to puff out the chest a little. Nobody's a martyr. Nobody gets rich, but most people squeeze through and even send their kids to college. And, for some strange reason, some of these kids join the Foreign Service.

As ever,

TOM.

TRAGEDY on the

by EDWARD J. NORTON, *A runner-up in the JOURNAL's Contest, revised and edited by JOAN DAVID*

The morning of February 28, 1844 dawned gloriously, gained in splendor. The low-lying sun wove a tenuous golden web about the Virginia hills; a gentle breeze carried the haze across the river and brushed softly over the mud-plastered streets of Washington. For a brief half hour the Capital was transfigured; its glaring immaturity veiled.

Before daybreak curtains had parted and sleep-filled eyes searched the skies. That day was to mark an extraordinary social event—gala reception and cruise aboard the U.S.S. *Princeton*, a completely new type of ship just out of the Philadelphia yard, anchored near Alexandria. All Washington was excited about it.

President Tyler (a widower), and his family from the Executive Mansion; members of the Cabinet; high functionaries of State, attaches and secretaries of foreign missions, and others "comprising a large and brilliant party" had accepted invitations.

The belles of Washington spent the early forenoon fitting petticoats, hoops, furbelows, pantalets, bonnets and slippers—running their maids rough and ragged. The beaux fussed about the cut of their waistcoats; dabbed brilliantine on their whiskers; postured and smirked before their mirrors.

A reporter for a Washington newspaper inspected the *Princeton* and described her in a wealth of detail:

"She is the most stupendous man-o-war to enter the waters of the Potomac. Her faultless hull and elegant tapering spars comprise a ship a sailor would ever love to look upon. She is the vessel that symbolizes and carries with her the valued title of 'Pride of the Navy'."

Although her designer, John Ericsson, is best-remembered through his invention of the *Monitor*—his "cheese-box on a raft" which, in one battle, rendered obsolete the wooden navies of the world, his principle of screw propulsion, revolutionizing maritime trade and travel, remains to this day outstanding evidence of his patient and inspired toil. The *Princeton*, equipped with Ericsson's propeller, was the first screw warship ever built.

The *Princeton* had a displacement of about one thousand tons, a complement of one hundred and sixty officers and men. She was ship-rigged, spreading fourteen thousand feet of canvas in plain sails. She had the most approved type of engines of her day, placed below the water line (another innovation of Ericsson's), for protection against enemy shot.

The bow gun, fantastically named "Peacemaker," was fifteen feet in length, weighed about twelve tons, and was "of prodigious size and power." Her sister, aft, was called "Oregon." Both guns were twelve-inch smooth-bores, mounted on trunnions of Ericsson's invention and might be fired from port or starboard without change in the ship's course. The secondary battery consisted of twelve carronades—all forty-two pounders.

"An ordinary charge of powder for her great guns," wrote the Washington reporter, "is thirty pounds. The guns carry a ball weighing two hundred and twenty-pounds; such is the precision with which they can be fired that an object the size of a hogshead can be hit nine times out of ten at a distance of half a mile."

Cock-hatted, brilliantly uniformed, Commodore Stockton inspected his vessel. He found everything ship-shape from figure-head to jackstaff. Uncomfortable in high-collared, gold-braided tunic, he went below, unbuckled his sword-belt and sank into a chair. He had been irritable and nervous all morning.

The Commodore lifted his head—listening. Forward the men were singing on old sea chanty to the tune of Yankee Doodle. It had been roared out in the foc'sles of every American man-o-war since the days of the Revolution:

"Talk as you like about old Crapeau
'Bout Portuguese and Spaniards;
'Bout Danes and Swedes and Dutchmen too,
They know their lifts from lanyards.
But take a true Columbian tar,—
A lad who loves his swanky,
You'll find him when he's gun to gun
He's every inch a Yankee."

As he opened a port and looked overside the Commodore chuckled. Not only the memories of the song but the weather raised his spirits. He squinted at the sky and sniffed the soft Southeast breeze into which his ship soon would be heading. Over the Capital the mist had cleared; the blue enamel of the heavens intensified. A perfect spring day!

A Splendid Man-of-War

About eleven o'clock the paddle-wheel steamer bearing the guests was sighted. The crew of the *Princeton* skinned aloft to remain in the slings until given the whistle for laying out. A few minutes later the paddle-wheeler was steering about the bow of "the splendid war-ship to enable those aboard to view the *Princeton* in all her pride of architectural model; to admire her carved, gilded and newly varnished billet-head, her tail boards, and her shapely, swelling sheer-water." Then the guests observed her yards manned and heard her gallant crew cheering their arrival."

Shy maidens and their over-attentive escorts moved about the decks of the *Princeton* exclaiming, questioning, marveling. And bevy of those modest maidens, forgetting for the moment their beaux and their mothers, gazed brazenly with bright and beautiful eyes at the tall, handsome, lieutenant of the watch, polished speaking trumpet under his arm, as he marched the lee side of the quarter-deck. That officer apparently ignoring the animated scene about him,

Former Foreign Service Officer Norton now lives in Malaga, Spain, where mail reaches him c/o Bevan, S. A.

POTOMAC

was well aware of the girlish admiration he aroused and from time to time put on a bit of dog, shouting unnecessary orders from the horseblock. He got away with it.

Mr. Tyler was among the last to board the *Princeton*. The band played the National Anthem; and the Presidential salute was fired by the carronades. "It was quite amusing," according to one newspaper story, "to see how many ladies remained on deck although they had been politely requested to step below so as not to be annoyed by the smell of powder and the noise of the reports."

The last gun banged; the ladies removed their hands from their ears. The engines of the *Princeton* turned over and she was under way down the river. A banquet was spread in the Commodore's cabin and through the open skylights officers on deck heard the hum of voices, rippling with laughter, the strains of music and the applause after toasts.

Past Fort Washington where the river widened, the giant "Peacemaker" was fired. The ball striking the water was clearly visible as it rebounded five or six times before disappearing. Of those who observed the performance of the great gun none was more interested than the Secretary of State, Mr. Abel Upshur. He had been Secretary of the Navy for a brief period until his friend, President Tyler, chose him to succeed Daniel Webster.

Shortly thereafter the guests were invited to witness the second trial of "Peacemaker." Secretaries Upshur and Gilmer responded at once. The Honorable Mr. Gardiner, of New York, followed; after him the United States Chargé d'Affairs at Brussels, Mr. Maxey, of Maryland; Commodore Kennon, Chief of a Navy bureau, the Assistant Postmaster General and Commodore Stockton. All stood immediately behind the gun. A few ladies and their escorts stood on the after deck.

A terrific blast and a searing flame coincided with the firing of the gun. The ship trembled; cries and groans were heard on all sides. As the forward movement of the *Princeton* shredded the pall of smoke, a terrible scene was revealed. The giant gun had burst about three feet from its heavily reinforced breech. Secretary Upshur had been instantly killed; Secretary Gilmer died as he was being lifted onto a stretcher. Mr. Maxey had been killed; Commodore Kennon had been killed; Judge Gardiner, of New York, was dead. One sailor of the crew had been killed; also a colored servant of Mr. Tyler's. More than twenty of the guests and crew were injured. Commodore Stockton, who had been knocked down and slightly injured by the explosion

was soon on his feet and stood, with blackened face, staring at the shattered "Peacemaker."

For a few minutes the terror on the deck was heightened beyond any power of description to portray. Naval discipline then took over. The ladies there were escorted, some forcibly, below; those in the cabins had to remain there. Spare sails were, temporarily, spread over the mutilated forms forward; as much attention as possible was given to wounded sailors—some of whom, in blood-stained uniforms, endeavored to assist those less injured than themselves. Mrs. Gilmer, half-crazed, wildly searched for her husband until she yielded to the kindly ministrations of friends who took her to the cabin where she found Judge Gardiner's two daughters—leading belles of Washington, silently weeping.

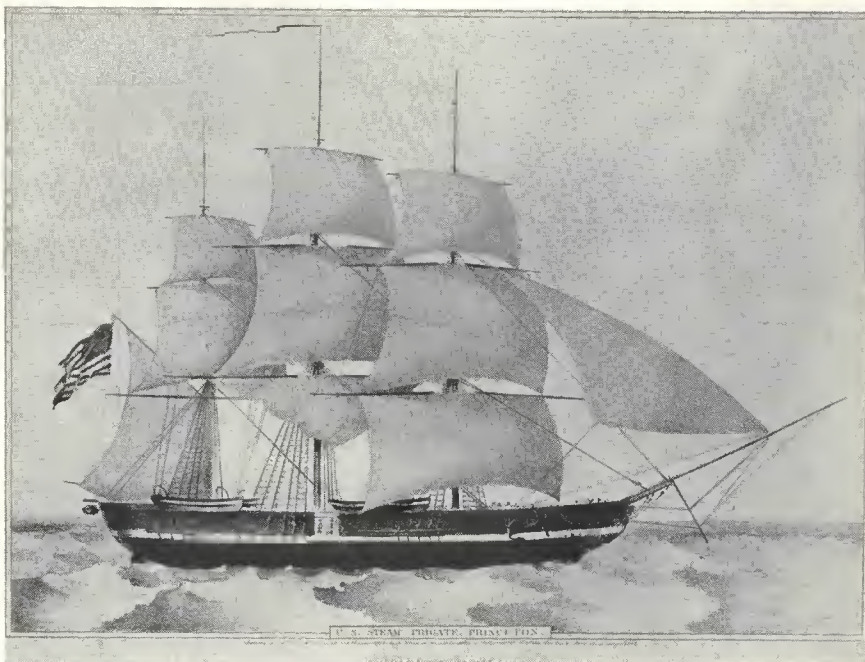
The engines of the *Princeton* turned over again; she proceeded up-stream, colors at half-staff, to Alexandria where she disembarked her horror-stricken guests.

The coffins of the dead, borne by seamen from the *Princeton*, followed by escorts of naval officers, were, by President Tyler's particular desire, carried to the Executive Mansion and deposited in the East Room. And the newspapers said: "That vast apartment so often the scene of brilliant festivity—so often echoing the strains of joyful music and the mingled voices of the gay—was now converted, in the providence of God, into a sepulchral chamber, cold, silent, and dark."

When a Saturday was fixed for the funerals, Washington was filled with those who came to witness the rites. General Scott led the military escort. All departments of the Government were represented in the vast procession. "With these honors, accompanied by minute-guns and tolling bells, the bodies were borne to the congressional burying-ground; after which, as usual, the military closed the solemn pageant of outward ceremonial by firing volleys above the graves of the lamented dead."

An inquiry was held. Nothing came of it. The charge of powder, carefully weighed, was exactly thirty pounds—the same as at the other tests of "Peacemaker." There may

(Continued on page 44)



U. S. Steam Frigate, "Princeton," litho by N. Currier*

*The caption reads: "Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844 by N. Currier, in the Clerk's office in the District Court of the Southern District of New York. Lith. & Pub. by N. Currier, 2 Spruce St., N. Y."

CEYLON Jungle Hunt

By Argus Tresidder

Public Affairs Officer, Colombo, Ceylon

Most of the books about Ceylon that can be found in American libraries were written by nineteenth century hunters, retired Indian Civil Servants or British Army Officers who felt that their stories of adventure in the jungles of Ceylon were unique. All together they presented a picture of Ceylon as alive with dangerous big game, a paradise for the sportsman who loved to stand firm against a charging wild elephant or dared to look an angry buffalo in the eye or boldly come to the rescue of villages menaced by man-eating crocodiles. The island must have constantly trembled as fierce rogue elephants, shot at the crucial moment by .400 bullets placed accurately between the eyes, crashed to the earth. The jungles, sinister, mysterious, swarmed with malarial mosquitoes, cobras, savage bears, pythons, leopards, and other enemies of man, to be conquered only by the most intrepid explorers.

Now the fashion is to describe Ceylon as the pearl of the east, a glorious tropical island of infinitely varied beauty, from the coconut palms leaning out to the blue Indian Ocean



Isle of Pearly Beauty

over sandy beaches, to the neat tea plantations on the steep slopes of mountains rising more than 8,000 feet above sea-level. Most recent books mention elephants as docile creatures contentedly doing the work of bulldozers or marching with trunks respectfully curled, wearing resplendent trappings, in religious processions, called peraheras. Writers today are concerned with Ceylon's ancient civilization, whose greatness is apparent in the ruins of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa; in the modern restoration of the superb Sinhalese irrigation system which once helped grow the food for a population three times that of today; in the tea and rubber and copra and spices and graphite and gems that make Ceylon a prosperous young nation, three years an independent member of the British Commonwealth.

The jungles, however, still cover more than sixty percent of the island, and in spite of DDT, which has almost eliminated malaria, and good roads which take hunters into the farthest corners in a few hours, and long-continued illegal destruction of protected wild-life, there is still excitement—and some risk—for the sportsman.

Here is a mild tale of a hunting trip deep into a Ceylonese jungle. It will disappoint those who like to read about the bright face of danger, because we did not look into the reddened eyes of a wild elephant bearing down upon us as we failed to hit a vulnerable spot with our last bullet. Neither did a shaggy, short-sighted bear come snarling out of a thicket to tear off our faces with septic claws, nor a twelve-foot crocodile snap off the leg of an unwary tracker. Actually, for all the big game we saw, we might have been in western Pennsylvania during the deer season (though our jungle had fewer trigger-happy hunters wandering about).

With us on our expedition was the number one elephant hunter in Ceylon, a Tamil ex-schoolteacher, gentle and modest, who admits that he stopped counting after he had killed 150 elephants—all proscribed rogues or crop-destroyers. In his long white shirt and sarong (which he changed for khaki in the jungle) he was a figure of dignity. Tall for a Ceylonese, he had a noble paunch and a finely moulded, interesting, serene face. Mr. Rasaratnam was in every way the leader of our party—never firing a gun himself, gravely nodding permission to the anxious killers or preventing them from taking illegal shots at protected game. He knew exactly where he wanted to go and led the way in his high-clearance truck which could navigate any kind of bad road. At night he spread his bed-roll on a long gun chest in the back of the truck. From it he produced his own supply of Jaffna water, from his home at the northern tip of Ceylon, mangoes, and the hard candies of which he was very fond.

Elephant lore

The old hunter's stories were fascinating. He told them in a well-modulated voice in excellent English, always impersonally. "You can tell how high an elephant is when you find his footprint," he said, "by doubling the circumference." That one is hard to believe until you discover that an elephant's foot may be 50 inches or more around. "A leopard's shoulder is always four times the circumference of his footprint," he went on, "When my people want to shoot leopards that are attacking their stock, they make a horseshoe-shaped trap and bait it so the leopard exposes his shoulder as he drags it away. A gun is set to go off at the proper height, measured by the footprints, when the bait is taken. By the way, leopards, like tigers and other members of the cat family, have a very poor sense of smell. Otherwise our forests would have in them only the big cats."

His elephant stories were best, since he knows more about elephants than any other man in Ceylon. For example, he told us about the father of the well-known Speaker of the Parliament, Sir Francis Molamure, who recently died. Sir Francis conducted last year what was probably the last elephant kraal or hunt, when herds of wild elephants were driven into a tremendous stockade and made captive with the help of tame decoy elephants. The elder Molamure, an

even greater hunter, had a wonderful elephant which he had trained to go into the jungle with him slung underneath so that they could mix with wild elephants without arousing suspicion. At an opportune moment Molamure leaned out of his hammock and noosed the hind leg of a baby elephant, then frightened away the rest of the herd and took the baby home a prisoner.

Elephants in the Musth

One night the master came home from a hunt and dismounted from his elephant, which was just beginning the treacherous *musth* season, but still quite docile. Elephants in *musth* are often chained up until the mysterious madness, which is heralded by secretions of glands on the sides of the elephant's head, disappears. As he walked away, Molamure praised his faithful mount and promised to bring him some fresh paddy. At that the elephant lashed out savagely with his trunk, knocked his master against a bank, and killed him instantly. After the *musth* period was over, the elephant seemed to realize what he had done and refused to eat. As long as he had strength, he went to his master's grave each day and mourned. Finally he died of starvation.

There were other tales. "Right here," Mr. Rasaratnam said, as we waited at sunset in a park-like part of the jungle, "I saw more than 200 elephants walking in single file several years ago. They were migrating from one part of the jungle to another. My tracker was out and would have come straight in the path of the elephants if I hadn't signaled to him and then scared the herd so that the leaders turned back. You know if an elephant gets angry and has time to think about it, he can be very savage. But if you confuse him, he can be made to act like a complete fool."

He showed us a wood-apple, a tough-shelled, bilious-looking fruit about the size and hardness of a baseball. "Elephants love wood-apples," he told us. "They swallow them whole and after a time they come out in the droppings still whole, but with the insides absorbed through the shell." We tasted a wood-apple, whose seedy pulp is about the color of peanut butter; it was like an unstringent persimmon.

But I am letting elephants dominate this hunt, and since we saw none of Ceylon's freckle-faced, small-eared, three-toed, seldom-tusked pachyderms, perhaps I should make this a more factual report. In the first place, the northern jungles of Ceylon are quite different from what movies of Brazilian or African jungle have made us imagine all jungles must be. Any picture of slimy thickets, through which rain



Elephant drinking from a hole dug in soft sand. Note spotted deer in right background (arrow).

seldom penetrates, the green hells of romantic writers who have described exasperating creepers and thorns and trees whose every branch might hold a panther or an anaconda, is entirely wrong in Ceylon. The undergrowth is thick, and there are thorny branches, including one viciously spiked variety of which elephants are very fond, somehow untroubled by the heavy thorns which could do great damage to sensitive trunks. But there are wide trails, often passing through open meadows, well worn by the jungle villagers who live far back from the roads, raising a little paddy and a few scrubby cows.

We left the metalled highway from Anuradhapura to Jaffna at Mankulam and drove west in an open jeep through a

(Continued on page 52)



The Sambhur, an Elk-like Creature

The Author, Argus J. Tressider describes himself as a camera hunter. Now on home leave, he plans to return to Colombo for a second tour of duty. A Ph.D. from Cornell, he taught at the U. of Kansas and of Tennessee, also at Madison College, leaving his academic career for Navy duty as Lt. Comdr. The photos accompanying the article are by Col. C. P. Jayewardene, head of Ceylon's Boy Scouts, who toured the U. S. last year on a leader specialist grant.

THE BOOKSHELF

Francis C. deWolf, Review Editor

The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover, 1874-1920, Years of Adventure. *The Macmillan Company, New York, 1951. 496 pages. \$4.00.*

Reviewed by EDWARD E. HUNT

This book is the record of the first forty-six years in the life of Herbert Hoover, thirtieth President of the United States. It constitutes a fabulous record, as he was one of relatively few Americans of his time who had a world-wide experience, his engineering work carrying him into all the continents and most of the countries of the globe and his relief work during and after World War I making his name a household word everywhere. His ability to tell a good story, often at his own expense, may surprise some of his readers but his versatility and skill in handling an incredible number of activities, must be known to everyone. Those of us in the Department of State will find the book especially rich in material on the economics, politics, personalities and social organizations of country after country and continent after continent. His high sense of public duty is another outstanding feature of the volume. The period covered had little to do with politics in a partisan sense but the book describes a tremendous chapter not only of Mr. Hoover's personal life, but the life of his country, and it is one of which the American people may well be proud.

"La France aux Antilles de 1939 à 1943," by Admiral Georges Robert, *Paris, Librairie Plon. 1950, 228 pages.*

Reviewed by ELIZABETH H. ARMSTRONG

Admiral Robert's book is an important contribution to the history of four troubled years of Franco-American relations in the Caribbean. His administration after the fall of France of the French possessions as High Commissioner for Martinique, Guadeloupe and French Guiana was carried on in obedience to and indeed, until the last months, in strict collaboration with the Vichy Government.

Admiral Robert's book clearly demonstrates not only his deep sincerity but also his sense of patriotism, mistaken as that may have seemed to many outside observers. Bred in the tradition of loyalty and authority of the French Navy, it was only natural that the Admiral should attempt to do all within his power to maintain French sovereignty over the territories entrusted to him. His anti-British sentiments were greatly enhanced by the attack of the combined British and De Gaullist forces on the French fleet at Oran in the summer of 1940. Admiral Robert's anti-Americanism appears to have been based on his early conviction that the United States was playing power politics and his firm belief that American adherence to the Monroe doctrine, which he felt had been restated and even expanded by the Act of Havana signed by the 20 American republics in 1940, made it inevitable that the United States should wish to eventually annex not only the French, but all the European territories in the Americas. In the Admiral's opinion the weakness of the French after 1940 furnished the United States with the long desired opportunity for annexation.

Admiral Robert's account of his stormy administration of the French Caribbean Territories presents an interesting if somewhat biased account of his stewardship. In doing so

it deals only with military and political phases of the struggle and only mentions in passing the essential economic, social and racial stresses and strains which shook the French territories during the war years and from which they have by no means recovered even yet. Admiral Robert's study might well be supplemented by some further examination of what went on behind the scenes in the French territories during the years when their populations, cut off from the mother country, suffered economic dislocation, the threat of actual starvation, the possibility of internal revolution and even faced possible military occupation although not annexation by the United States.

Scholarships, Fellowships, and Loans (Vol. 2), by S. Norman Feingold. *Bellman Publishing Co., Boston, 1951. 312 pages. \$5.00.*

Reviewed by VAN G. PETERSON

If you are a male graduate of a high school in Cook County, Illinois, you can qualify for a full tuition scholarship to go to college! If you are about to pursue a medical research project in New York City, there is financial aid for you! Many young men and women, wishing to enter colleges, universities, seminaries, upon their own resources, possess these peculiar qualifications, and are quite unaware of it. Grants provided by generous men to help needy students are often shrouded in obscurity, and "go begging."

This book should shed much light upon such grants. Dr. Feingold, at present director of the Jewish Vocational Service of Greater Boston, has wide experience in educational guidance, and seems to be well acquainted with hundreds of student aids. This second volume contains much information not found in Volume 1.

It has been laid out with great care. The scholarships, fellowships, and loans are listed alphabetically by the administering agency. Under these titles are paragraphs dealing with qualifications, funds available, general information, and the agency's address. There are three indexes, the most useful of which is certainly Index C, classifying the grants under their purposes—college teaching, chemical engineering, general education. Every prospective college student looking for financial help should consult this work.



"As it stands, Johnson, you've written an excellent children's book. What say we sex it up a bit and make a best seller out of it?"

Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power, by Paul Blanshard. Boston, *The Beacon Press*, 1951. 340 pages. \$3.50.

Reviewed by W. E. O'CONNOR

The central thesis of this book is best stated in the author's own words: "The two patterns of power (Vatican and Kremlin) are as alike as the two poles of the earth. They occupy the opposite extremes of the moral universe, but they represent the same intellectual climate—the climate of authoritarian rule over the human mind."

Mr. Blanshard, a student of both law and theology, associate editor of "The Nation" magazine, and a wartime officer of the Department of State, is best known to the public as the author of the controversial and best-selling "American Freedom and Catholic Power." The present book seems to be following the footsteps of its predecessor to fame and/or notoriety. This reviewer found the book well written and well documented and found Blanshard's conclusions (without attempting to comment here on their validity) to be startling and thought-provoking.

Entirely aside from its philosophical implications, the book would be of considerable interest to anyone working with American foreign policy in Europe since Blanshard devotes much attention to the Catholic political parties on the continent such as the MRP in France and the Christian Democrats in Italy. He speaks of an unofficial but effective connection between these parties and the Vatican and of possible united action by all the Catholic parties of Europe. He particularly warns against allowing the United States to become linked, in the minds of Europeans, with these Catholic parties in the process of opposing Soviet power, since, according to Blanshard, such parties through history tend sooner or later to become identified with the extreme Right. In his judgment, it is the philosophical free-thinker and liberal (who, at the present time in Europe, is usually politically a Socialist) who is our vital and best European ally.

NEW AND INTERESTING

by FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

1. **The Saturday Evening Post Stories, 1950**, Random House, N. Y.\$3.00
Eighteen short stories and two novelettes which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* during 1950—a varied selection by such authors as Kay Boyle, Conrad Richter, and Paul Gallico.
2. **Bears in the Caviar** by Charles W. Thayer, J. B. Lippincott Co., N. Y.\$3.50
Entertaining adventures and misadventures in the USSR, Germany, and Afghanistan, by a gay FSO who blazed the trail in Moscow in 1933 when we established relations with the USSR. You won't find this in the "Foreign Relations of the United States."
3. **New Tales of Space and Time** edited by Raymond J. Healy. Henry Holt and Co., N. Y.\$3.50
Original stories of motion in time (both backward and forward) and space (mostly forward) with an agreeable dosage of philosophy, history, humor and science with a dash of Utopia and Buck Rogers. Definitely different!
4. **The Confident Years 1885-1915** by Van Wyck Brooks, E. P. Dutton, N. Y.\$6.00
The erudite American critic completes his five-volume study of American literature—including such writers as Edith Wharton, Theodore Dreiser, Gertrude Stein, and Ezra Pound "the village cracker-barrel crank on a planetary scale with a touch of genius."

(Continued on page 46)

ADELE DIX RETIRES

It is a sad day for the Paris Embassy and a sadder one for the Department and the Foreign Service. Adele Dix, Chief of the Welfare and Protection Division, better known as "Dixie" to thousands of associates and friends for 37 years, is retiring. We have in her a model of constancy and a paragon of devotion. She has the unique record of never having had but one boss, our Department, and never having done anything except Foreign Service work. She always remembers a face and a name no matter how many years pass.



Ambassador Bruce and Adele Dix looking at the silver tray she received on the occasion of her retirement after 37 years in the Service.

I can testify that "Dixie" is a *rara avis sui generis*. She is the only person I have ever known in the Service who has unlimited credit with the end-users. When you and I notify the Department that \$177.14 is required for the repatriation of destitute John Doe, all other self-help measures having proven unproductive, we may not have the answer for some days, but when Dixie

does it, the money is there the next morning. Now, in this repatriation business there are cases and cases; some are better than others, and at times it has seemed to me that a lawyer might hold up the low priority ones for a while. Evidently, the Department's lawyers find Dixie's cases too good. The money arrives like clockwork.

Pondering her success story I first noticed that her communications were brief and factual but this was only a part of it. The *vrai secret* I discovered was at the bottom of the page where there appeared "AD-230." My associate Rufus Lane, and I believed for a long time that "AD" stood for Adele Dix and we wasted a lot of Government time and ink affixing our own initials to her work. Then the truth dawned on us that "AD" really meant "Authorized Dix." This was not all. We were fooled too by that file number "230," which the book says is the symbol for welfare cases. Studying those three digits more closely it all became clear. "30" is a journalist's symbol meaning "the end." But what about the "2"? Nothing could be simpler, "2" means "twice." Dixie's 230 cases are "doubly finished."

Dixie's career is a great lesson. Character, integrity, pride in and loyalty to one's organization, respect for the tax-payer's dollar, an honest day's work every day, high standards of personal and professional conduct; she measures up on all counts. Consul General Messersmith best expressed it when he said to a group of young officers, "You must never forget that the law under which you are hired and clothed with certain powers has to do with the *American Foreign Service*. The most important word is 'Service'".

Cecil Wayne Gray



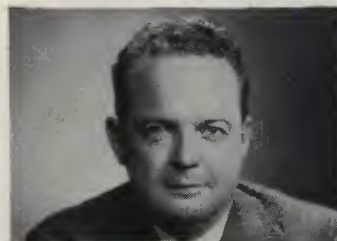
NEW CHIEFS



DAVID K. E. BRUCE



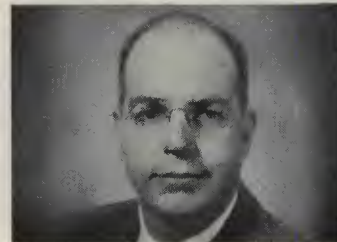
JAMES E. WEBB



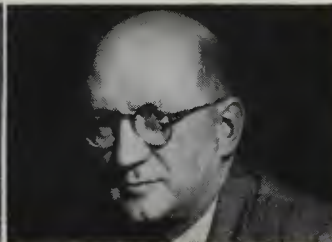
GEO. C. MCGHEE



HENRY A. BYROADE



HOWLAND SARGEANT



JOHN M. ALLISON

Notes about the new personalities who are to fill four top ranking State Department positions:

Ambassador David K. E. Bruce who is leaving the Embassy in Paris to replace Undersecretary James E. Webb, once resigned as Vice Consul at Rome to become a farmer. His farm, Stanton Hall in Virginia, is still his home. He is married to the former Evangeline Bell, charming daughter of a Foreign Service Officer, the late Edward Bell.

John M. Allison, who replaces Dean Rusk as Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, assisted and accompanied John Foster Dulles during negotiations that culminated in the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty. Of midwestern origin, John has been identified with Japanese and Far Eastern matters for the past twenty-five years. Of equal importance, he was Chairman of the Journal Board until February, 1951.

Henry A. Byroade, 38, on loan to the State Department from the Army, will be one of the youngest Assistant Secretaries of State, also replacing one of the youngest Assistant Secretaries of State, George C. McGhee, 39, as chief of Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs. Ambassador McGhee, since assuming his post in Turkey, is now our youngest Ambassador.

Howland Sargeant, who has been named Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, vice Edward W. Barrett, holds three degrees from Oxford where he was a Rhodes Scholar, and wears keys from Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Kappa Kappa. He is also adorned with one other outstanding decoration . . . his wife is Myrna Loy.

USIE to IIA

The reorganization of the State Department's Information and Educational Exchange activities into the International Information Administration, with one Administrator, Dr. Wilson Compton, does not represent any major change in the program. Under the new plan, the Administrator will have undivided responsibility for the program, and will report directly to the Secretary of State.

The reorganization is expected to tighten and strengthen the direction of the program and to provide greater operational flexibility, while assuring that the information program continues to operate in full support of U. S. foreign policy. The effectiveness and impact of the information program should be increased under a more unified direction, so that the United States will speak with only one voice.

Dr. Compton, member of the famous Compton family and most recently President of Washington State College, is well known in Washington where for many years he headed the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. He lives on 1200 timbered and grassland acres at Herndon, Va.

Point Four

Work that was begun by the late Dr. Henry G. Bennett as head of the U. S. Point Four Program of technical cooperation, will be completed by Stanley Andrews of the Agriculture Department.

Mr. Andrews, hitherto Director of the Office of Foreign Agriculture Relations, is taking leave from the Agriculture Department to become Special Consultant to the Secretary of State to aid in the development and execution of the Point Four Program in the Near East and South Asia.

Thrice decorated for outstanding achievement in his handling of agricultural and rehabilitation problems in both military and civilian missions abroad, Mr. Andrews brings a wealth of experience to his new assignment. His name and record are familiar to the Agriculture Attachés throughout the world.

"A" is for Ambassador

Newsweek reports that Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, Ellis Briggs, is likely to succeed Foy D. Kohler as VOA director.

Lincoln MacVeagh, Ambassador to Portugal, is, on similar authority, slated to succeed Stanton Griffis as Ambassador to Spain.

Ambassador Griffis' resignation has been accepted by President Truman, which fulfills a long standing desire on the part of Mr. Griffis to return to private life. Drew Pearson reports that the Ambassador plans to publish his memoirs soon.

Other Presidential nominations include Admiral Raymond A. Spruance as Ambassador to the Republic of the Philippines, Edward J. Sparks as Ambassador to Bolivia, George C. McGhee as Ambassador to Turkey.

Henry S. Villard is slated to be the first Minister to the United Kingdom of Libya. Mr. Villard is another JOURNAL alumnus. He was Board Chairman for ten years.

Ambassador Peurifoy is in Washington for consultation, and Ambassador Chester Bowles has just returned to New Delhi after two weeks of busy consultation in the Department. Ambassador George Merrell is home on leave from Kabul, Afghanistan, and Ambassador Joseph Satterthwaite

(spelled with four "t"s) has returned to his post in Colombo, Ceylon after finishing his work on the selection panel.

It is reported that our Ambassador to Italy, James Dunn, will take Ambassador Bruce's post in Paris; and that Ambassador to Argentina, Elsworth Bunker, will go in turn to Rome.

Hail to the Chief

President Truman sent a strongly worded reply to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in answer to the committee's request for the loyalty file of John Carter Vincent. Mr. Vincent, who is appearing at his own request before the McCarran group, agreed with the request, but the President's letter directed the State Department to refuse to turn the documents over to the committee.

"To surrender these confidential documents," said Mr. Truman, "would create a serious danger of intimidation and demoralization of Foreign Service personnel."

"It is of overriding importance to our national security, internal as well as external, that officers of the Foreign Service are free to present their reports and express their views as to problems of international relations, without fear or favor, completely and honestly, as they see them at the time and not in anticipation of the possible reaction of some future investigating committee which might hold opposing views."

Such an action, the President stated, would be "contrary to the public interest" and would "undermine the integrity of the loyalty program."

Personals

FSS Winifred Burrows and FSS Dorothy Sparks Cummins were seen embracing on Connecticut Avenue last week. That is what happens when two gals from Bombay meet unexpectedly on home soil.

Richard F. Boyce, retired FSO, is now connected with Philco Corporation of Washington.

Friends of Frank N. Doodha, take note. His new address is 529 Bush Street, Apt. 305-308, San Francisco, Calif.

The newly merged US Information Service and the Information Division of the Mutual Security Agency Mission in London will be headed up by S. Joseph Evans, Jr. Mr. Evans who is PAO with the rank of Counselor of Embassy, was the former London correspondent for *Newsweek*.

An inspection and evaluation assignment as Special Representative for the Secretary of State will take Thurman L. Barnard on an extensive tour beginning in the Far East. Mr. Barnard had been serving in an acting capacity as General Manager of the International Information and Educational Exchange Program.

Howard B. Calderwood, Office of the United Nations Economic and Social Affairs of the State Department, spent part of January in Geneva as Delegate to sessions of two organs of the World Health Organization.

During recent months Mrs. James E. Webb, wife of the retiring Undersecretary, undertook a most commendable and fruitful endeavor to have Foreign Service wives resident in Washington meet the wives of officers of the Department, ladies of the Cabinet, and wives of Congressmen concerned with foreign affairs. A series of four teas were held at the Webb residence, a most charmingly decorated and tastefully furnished home to which over 200 Foreign Service wives were invited. There they had an opportunity to meet the following ladies who poured for Mrs. Webb: Mrs. Oscar Chapman, Mrs. Freeman Matthews, Mrs. Clark Clifford, Mrs. Humelsine, Mrs. Ray Atherton, Mrs. Park Armstrong, Mrs. Fulbright, Mrs. Hickenlooper, Mrs. McFall, Mrs. Rusk, Mrs. Thorpe, Mrs. Byroade, Mrs. Hickerson, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Merchant, Miss Dorothy Fosdick and Mrs. William Bundy.

Institute Head Resigns

Harry C. Hawkins is resigning his position as Director of the Foreign Service Institute to accept the appointment of the William L. Clayton Chair of International Finance at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. Mr. Hawkins was selected from a wide field of scholars and educators, and will become the first incumbent to the Clayton Chair. The Clayton Chair at Fletcher has been established by the American Cotton Shippers Association as a tribute to the outstanding public service of Mr. Will Clayton, former Assistant Secretary of State.

During his career in the Department and the Foreign Service, Mr. Hawkins has frequently returned to academic work; this is his second return to the Fletcher School.

In his immediate assignment, he will continue to live in nearby Virginia, at Springdale Farm, commuting to Cambridge.

Harry Hawkins is a member of the JOURNAL Board, upon whom we will continue to rely for experienced counsel.

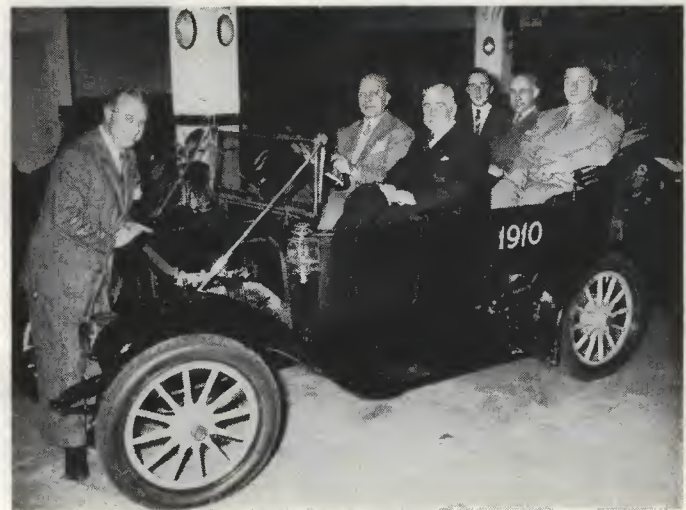
Journal Board Changes

We regret to report that Galen Stone and Stephen Winship have resigned their JOURNAL responsibilities as Business and Circulation Managers, respectively. Miss Sue Eilbacher, of the Bureau of European Affairs, takes on circulation management matters, and a report is due shortly on the business managership.

Among Our Advertisers

James M. Gilchrist, Jr., who heads the firm bearing his name appearing on page 5, resigned from the FS in November of 1948 after having served successively in the Department and at Managua, Lagos, Brisbane, Canberra and Pretoria. Jay hopes his Service friends will be able to find time on visits to Washington to stop at his office.

We are delighted to welcome back, indeed we will roll out the red carpet for our PACKARD advertisers, whose ad appears this month on page 8 after an absence of two years.



Those in the FS concerned with trade promotion and protection, especially automotive, will recognize Dewey W. Smith at the crank and Dick Hutchinson at the wheel of the antique stem-winder Studebaker depicted above. Other passengers are officials of Studebaker's dealership at The Hague where the photo was taken. The newer vehicle appears on page 57.

Remember our new address, 1908 G Street, N. W.



"And the snow fell deeper, deeper..."
—Reciting Hiawatha, Maurice P. Dunlap
cleans 540 feet of sidewalk in Minnehaha
County, S. D.



Ambassador Harold H. Tittman pinning the Dis-
tinguished Service Award medal of the Department
of State on Attaché Albert A. Giesecke at the
Embassy Residence, Lima, in December, 1951.



John J. McCloy, U.S. High Commissioner for Germany,
Parker, Maj. Gen. Geo. P. Hays, Deputy High Commissioner
R. Bowie.
Center row, left to right:—A. M. Doyle, E. W. Debevo
Shuster, Shepard Stone and G. G. Wolfe
Back row, left to right:—J. E. King, Jr., G. J. Swope,
Coverley.



Staff and friends at the American Embassy in Lima, December, 1951. In the front row,
from l. to. r.: Senator Ricardo Leon Velarde, Dr. Alberto Lopez, Senator Rafael Aguilar,
General Daniel Matto, Attaché Albert A. Giesecke, Miss Marian Bridgett, Finance Minister
Andrés Dasso, Ambassador Tittmann, Attaché Charles Bridgett, Miss Margaret Bridgett,
Senator Carlos A. Barreda, Dr. Angel Maldonado, Dr. Luis E. Valcarcel, Director of Commerce
Jorge Guerinoni.

Second row: Dr. Julius Klein (former Under Secretary of Commerce, now economic and
financial adviser to the Peruvian Government) appears between General Matto and Dr.
Giesecke. In the top row, Mrs. Tittmann Bridgett stands directly behind the Ambassador.
Mrs. Bridgett is at her left and Dr. Giesecke's daughter, Mrs. Corazoa, is at Mrs. Bridgett's
left in the third row.

Below: Some of the 500 participants of the Paris Embassy Halloween dance. Note the
preponderance of good-looking girls.



Service



London—Ambassador W. S. Gifford presented Length
ploys. Collectively, they represented over 132 years
Ronald J. Verney, 12 years of service, Mrs. Verney, Her
Pippen, Mrs. Norbury, Mrs. Rudolph, The Ambassador
Earl, of the Disbursing Office, Mrs. Earl, William G. Hi



Embassy staff, Frankfurt.—Front row, l. to r.—M. S. Harris, C. G. John J. McCloy; B. J. Bittenwieser, Samuel Reber and Rear Admiral C. R. Jeffs, USN, Dr. J. R. Newman, Dr. G. N. F. Thompson, R. F. Bertram, Gert Whitman and H. M.



FSO's William Koren, Jr. and Martin Herz leaving the National Assembly, Paris.



Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan presents his credentials to the President of Nicaragua.

Glimpses



Dublin—Ambassador Mathews inspecting Guard of Honor of the Irish Army at Aras an Uachtarain after having presented his Letter of Credence to President O'Kelly.



Service Awards to seven of the Embassy's faithful local employees for continuous service. The recipients were, from l. to r.:—Pippen, 32 years, Wilfred J. Norbury, 13 years, Mrs. Minnie E. Lee, of the Economic Section, Leonard A. G. years, and Reginald Rudolph, 32 years.



Rotterdam—Mrs. Mabel Gordon, wife of Consul Bartley Gordon, welcomes Rear Admiral James L. Holloway, USN, Commander, Midshipmen's Practice Squadron, at the reception given by the Consulate on the occasion of the Midshipmen's visit to Rotterdam.



For clean taste...

These big, golden, *clean-tasting* pears are shipped from Canada's vast orchards to the tables of the world.

look to Canada



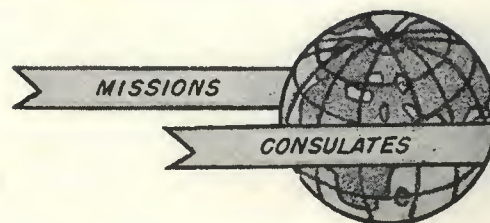
Pure mountain air; waters, clear and cool; rich, sun-steeped
 farmlands—all these combine to give Canada's good
 things to eat and drink a delightfully *clean* taste. There
 is no *cleaner-tasting* whisky than Canada's Seagram's V.O.

With its superb, light body, its mellow
 smoothness, Seagram's V.O.

is a truly great whisky.

Seagram's V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
Honoured the world over

NEWS FROM THE FIELD



PARTY IN PAKISTAN

The sun was very warm on the serene lawn of the Consul's residence in Ramna. The December breeze gently nudged the orange marigolds. Treasure-hunt clues had been hidden in tree trunks and fence posts, the pony and his trim, white turbaned groom were waiting near the garage. In the cook house, bearers, sweepers, dhobies, and messolghis were preparing tea for one hundred and thirty guests.

The American community in Dacca had invited one hundred and fifteen Bengali orphans from nearby Tejgaon to a Christmas Party. All of the Americans in Dacca, both Consular and business, had contributed rupees, the wives had bought prizes, made cookies and sandwiches, and the USIS had brought documentary films. Twenty minutes before our guests were to arrive, we were waiting in the quiet spacious compound. CONSUL BILL BOWLING played with Polly, the mongrel dog inherited from DUDLEY and JANE WITHERS, the former American first family of Dacca, RUBY NELL and JULIAN GARRETT of USIS adjusted cameras nearby. HOWARD WICKLUND of the Consulate and DIX DAVIS of the Information Program were away in India but contributed to the party before they left. STANLEY MARON, young American Professor of Philosophy at Dacca University, sat joking with STEPHANIE COUGHLIN, Friends Service Nurse here and VICE-CONSUL DAVID SCOTT and wife BETTY joined them.

We heard them singing as they approached down tree-lined Minto Road. The green and red pot-bellied bus stopped outside the gate. By the time the Gurka guard had opened it, the first group had started. Single file, brown bare feet making no noise in the drive, they bashfully came in. Their little hands clasped together, touching their foreheads they salaamed and wished us good day in Bengali. All of this was accompanied by self-conscious giggles and sidelong glances of shining black eyes. The smaller children wore dresses or shorts as American children do, but the older girls wore white saris bordered with small colored designs. The children were followed by the demure Bengali nuns and the American Sister Superior. While waiting for Brother Felix, the Games Master, the one hundred girls entertained us with Bengali folk dances and folk songs. The older girls in the center, they formed a semi-circle in front of us. The older girls led them and managed the intricate oriental gestures with complete unselfconsciousness. The four thru six group were chubby-armed mirrors.

A Pakistan Pony

The treasure hunt was a noisy gay affair with candy for all and a pony ride for the first to find clues. (The East Pakistan Rifles had loaned the pony for the afternoon.) The riders were nervous and absolutely quiet, enjoying the danger as much as the novelty. The children who didn't ride the pony were given a trip around the compound on the handle bars of the bikes of BILL BOWLING and JULIAN GARRETT. All thru the rest of the afternoon, small groups were waiting for a jeep jaunt around Purana Paltan Maidan with DAVID SCOTT. He was serenaded by each group in Bengali. The boys sang one song which boasted an English line: Pop goes the Whizzle!

It was about this time that we began to realize we had so many children with us. They separated into small groups

and played circular games exactly like American children—blind man's bluff, in-and-out-the-window, etc. They needed no equipment except their sari ends for blinds or their shawls for ropes. They paid very little attention to the adults except to smile to us and wave the orange or banana or bag of candy they had won, thus sharing their triumph with us.

At the big races of the day BILL BOWLING was judge and prize awarder. Each child won something. Colored movies were taken of them by DR. U. G. DAILEY, the visiting American surgeon. We were somewhat relieved to see that even the children were getting tired and it wasn't old age that made us feel as we did. The fifteen minutes we allowed for food was overestimated by eleven. They sat quietly comparing prizes and munching extra cookies until the adult's tea was finished.

We then went to the badminton court on the other side of the house for "The Gift of Green," "Children's Zoo" and "Four Years of Pakistan," all movies with Bengali or Urdu sound tracks.

By six-thirty they quietly filed out to the bus which by careful packaging miraculously held them all.

As the bus drove off the older girls sang very quietly and sweetly a Bengali goodbye song with those two words in English, a phrase learned just for the occasion.

The community in Dacca at present is childless but for a few hours these laughing Bengalis gave us a child's-eye view of Christmas.

Betty Scott
(Mrs. David Scott)

ROSARIO

In a rapid tour of Argentina's second-most densely populated area PRESS ATTACHÉ and MRS. GENE KARST of the Embassy in Buenos Aires visited seven cities and towns, fifteen newspaper offices, five radio stations, two cultural institutions, besides several government officials, hospitals, clubs and factories. They were conducted on their trip by the Rosario PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER ROBERT D. BARTON whose zone of activities includes, besides Rosario, the important cities of Cordoba and Santa Fe, both of which are capitals of their respective provinces.

Apart from discussing various aspects of the USIE activities with newspaper editors and radio directors, Mr. Karst's interviews offered an opportunity to interest them in the monthly publication called "Informaciones" which he founded and edits in Buenos Aires. The magazine uses to a large extent INP material adapted and translated especially for the periodical's Argentine readers. Since its initial number which appeared in February, the circulation has grown so that every Province and National Territory of the Republic has paid subscribers. The monthly press run now surpasses 20,000 copies.

The climax of Mr. Karst's visit came when a reception for the directors, editors and reporters of Rosario's four newspapers was held in the USIE offices in Rosario. To quote the most venerable paper in the country¹, *Las Capital*, "The

¹Written in Spanish. The English-written Buenos Aires *Standard* was founded a little before *La Capital* and carries as its masthead "Doyen of the Argentine Press."

reception took place in a warm feeling of cordiality which demonstrated the ties of friendship that unite the United States Information Service with members of the Argentine press."

Following the office reception, the Karsts were invited to attend a *criollo asado* at the Club Martin Fierro, in company with the Lord Mayor of Rosario, DR. JOSE LO VALVO and CHIEF OF POLICE TRIGUERAS. The festive evening was completed with an exhibition of Argentine folk dances, gaucho songs, and guitar playing.

Robert D. Barton.

GUATEMALA

We are in that unique week of the year which comes between Christmas and New Year's Days. Most people in Guatemala City seem to feel the seven-day stretch is best utilized in recuperating so thoroughly from Christmas celebrations that a very good time may be had on New Year's Eve. The American Embassy tries gamely to squeeze some normally productive work-days into this festive period, but the business-as-usual attitude is hard to come by.

The mail these days brings in steady quantities of Christmas cards. (A few of us tardier souls are still sending them out too!) Christmas trees in living-rooms and Christmas decorations in store-windows show us how much the holiday is "Americanized" in this country. But a Christmas custom more native to Guatemala, that of the *posadas*, is no longer in evidence because it ends on Christmas Eve. That evening, and the eight evenings preceding it, Guatemala's streets are frequented by little processions, each one headed by bearers of statuettes representing Joseph and Mary. One marcher beats an unchanging rhythm of two notes on a hollow turtle-shell, and others carry lanterns and candles.

This religious custom is basically a re-enactment of the arrival of Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem and their search for lodgings in the town's crowded inns (*posadas*). In keeping with the tradition, the typical Guatemalan procession of a group of friends goes through the streets to the home of another friend, who with his family is already expecting the visit. Pausing outside the house the visitors chant a song in which, speaking for Joseph and Mary, they ask for lodging. The family inside sings a reply, the door is opened and all go in. At this point drinks are usually served, and the event changes complexion and often ends in the kind of party considered seasonable at any time of year.

Speaking of parties, FIRST SECRETARY and MRS. KIEG played hosts to an all-Embassy Christmas party December 22. It proved to be, among other things, a good opportunity to welcome socially into the Embassy our most recent arrivals, including the KRAUSSES (Public Affairs Officer) and the CALDERHEADS (Administrative Officer). Since two public affairs officers at the same Embassy party would look suspicious if a spy from FP were around, PAO JOSEPH RIES, who is about to leave us, showed up appropriately disguised as Santa Claus.

On December 25 occurred a more exclusive Embassy celebration—a Christmas Dinner exclusively for single people, proffered by the Embassy's number-one bachelor, AMBASSADOR SCHOENFELD. Everybody present says that a good time was had by all.

Nevertheless the Ambassador's secretary, MARY KOHLER, has just declared herself ineligible for such future gatherings at the Residence by becoming engaged to BILL RODGERS,

Director of the *Instituto Guatemalteco-Americano*. Sharp-eyed Embassy observers have for some time agreed that these two would make a fine couple, and now it appears that Bill and Mary have reached the same conclusion.

Kenedon Steins.

SAN JOSE

The Embassy at San Jose has had several changes in its personnel during recent months. In the spring we changed Chargés d'Affaires; ANDY DONOVAN went to El Salvador and PHIL WILLIAMS came here from Managua. AL HARKNESS, Public Affairs Officer, was transferred to Caracas. Our Administrative Officer, BILL CALDERHEAD, went to Guatemala in exchange for KEN VITATOE. BETTY ORAM, secretary in the Economic Section, resigned and was replaced by GRACE MENTAG. BETTY SHERMAN, for several years a member of the Administrative Section, left with her husband to take up residence in the United States. JUNE WHITE and DOROTHY STRAYER arrived to fill vacancies in the Administrative Section. CARLOS ALCIVAR, consular section, left for Lima and ANN TERRELL has taken his place here.

On November 10, 1951 our new Ambassador, PHILIP B. FLEMING and MRS. FLEMING arrived in San Jose. He presented his credentials on November 20 to the President of Costa Rica and so after a period of fourteen months the United States is again represented by an Ambassador in San Jose.



Arrival of Ambassador and Mrs. Fleming at San Jose, Costa Rica, Nov. 10, 1951. Photo at La Sabana Airport Administration Building shows Embassy staff members and representatives of the Costa Rican Government greeting the new arrivals.

In spite of the changes in personnel, the Embassy produced a softball team made up of members of the Military Mission, Marine Guard Detachment, and local and American members of the Embassy. Under the guidance of ART CROUSE and JESUS HERNANDEZ, our club won second place in the Costa-Rican-National Softball Championship.

To aid the Costa Rican Public Health authorities combat an outbreak of jungle yellow fever, the United States Air Force lent a helicopter to Costa Rica to enable medical personnel to reach isolated centers of population to give injections against the disease. The helicopter also served as an object of curiosity for the many Costa Ricans who had never seen such an aircraft before.

W. P. Stedman

(Continued on page 48)

FROM "IN" TO "OUT"

by ROND DE CUIR*

It is with nostalgia that we recall writing despatches which began invariably "Sir: I have the honor to. . . ." Thus we established a very personal relationship between ourself and the Secretary of State, whom we addressed as "Sir" and to whom we recounted our business, whether a request for home leave or a report on the hairpin market in our consular district. We became more certain of the reality of this personal bond when we received a communication on heavy white paper—no flimsies in those days—which also began "Sir:", ended with the subscription "For the Secretary of State," and was signed in pen and ink by someone whose name we knew and who we pictured as thinking about us, at least for the few seconds required to write his name.

Now one reaches for form 1066B or 1780Q3, in quintuplicate, and a deft typist, with a few taps in the proper spaces, takes care of the business in no time. No more stiff white paper, no wasted words about having the honor to do this or that, no foolishness about signing letters: a pen-scratched initial is quite enough. We know that gas-light days are over and that we might just as well weep in our beer for horses and buggies or for the tall mirrors and latticed swinging doors of Old State. But don't deprive us of our secret little nostalgic pang for the old inefficient words, "I have the honor. . . ."

And speaking of words—H. L. Mencken in his famous treatise on "The American Language" recalls the bitter battle of words with our British cousins which started very early in our existence as a nation. He recalls that in 1787 the *European Magazine and London Review* attacked Thomas Jefferson, accusing him of inventing the horror, "belittle":

"Belittle! What an expression! It may be an elegant one in Virginia, and even perfectly intelligible; but for our part all we can do is to *guess* at its meaning. For shame, Mr. Jefferson! Why, after trampling upon the honour of our country, and representing it as little better than a land of barbarism—why, we say, perpetually trample also upon the very grammar of our language, and make that appear as Gothic as, from your description, our manners are rude?—Freely, good sir, will we forgive all your attacks, impotent as they are illiberal, upon our *national character*; but for the future spare—O spare, we beseech you, our mother-tongue!"

What, O what, would the good *European Magazine and London Review* have said about our later inventions, such as *finalize* or *escapee*? In justice, we recall that the Department of State has at times in the past, been reluctant to embrace the new terms of our surging language. We recall clearly one period when the word "contact" was officially frowned upon. Now, however, few inhibitions affect the writers of *oficiales* and good Mother State has ceased to shake her head in even mild protest.

Arthur Krock in the *New York Times* recently defined a few of our current Washington terms. His definitions may prove educational to our readers in foreign posts who re-

(Continued on page 46)

*EDITOR'S NOTE: So much mail has been coming to the JOURNAL addressed to "Mr. de Cuir" that we are constrained to point out again that "Rond de Cuir" is the French equivalent of our word "Bureaucrat" and is used strictly as a pseudonym by our author who was intrigued by the source of the word—the round leather pad traditional in the French government clerk's chair. If you must write our columnist, just address the JOURNAL and we will turn over the correspondence to the Great Man.

OPERATION HOUSE-HUNT (from page 19)

When I first started the rounds of the agencies, in answer to their fiendish "And just exactly what is it you want, *señora*?" I would give them a specific picture.

Objective defined

"An apartment in town, of a normal size, about halfway up, say, in the Kavanagh building, and with morning sun." I soon dropped the "morning sun," however; eventually the location, the altitude, and the size followed, and I was looking at places like the house in Palermo, for example.

It sounded like just what we wanted. I phoned the Head of the Family and excitedly repeated the agent's description.

"I'll pick you up in 10 minutes." We didn't waste words.

It was a dream house, white, with side entrance in a beautiful garden. On entering, my husband and I said to each other with our eyes, "We'll take it."

On our way out, after an inspection which was merely perfunctory, and just before a breathless dash to the agent to sign the contract, I happened to say to the polite maid who had shown us around. "We could always leave the car here in the *patio* instead of on the *avenida*."

"Yes," said the maid, "because the building will come just to the edge of the *patio*." "The building—?"

The maid bit her lip. She'd said something she shouldn't.

"The building," I said calmly, in a matter-of-fact voice, so as not to frighten her, "you mean the building that will go up in the garden?" "*Sí, señora*."

"That's that," we said, and left.

So I went home and called up Dorothy.

"I found a house today," she said, "it was *divine*—but Concepción and Julio didn't like it."

"And who, pray, might they be?"

"My new *matrimonio*. They seemed too good to let go by. I can't use them here in the hotel but I thought I'd hire them anyway, until a house turns up. But they didn't like the house. Too many steps."

The newspaper ads brought forth several tempting morsels—one a five bedroom apartment (what wonderful storage space) on Gelly y Obes for 13,000 pesos a month, and another on Plaza San Martin for 8,000.

I even tried Fuller Brush Man tactics on *porteros*. I always wore my best clothes for this type of house hunting.

"They can see you're a lady without your ruining your feet in those high-heeled shoes," my Better Half would comment as I'd take them off at night.

Influencing friends and Porteros

I developed a way with *porteros*. I could even get past their wives and see the great men themselves.

"But, *señora*, no one ever moves out," they would say.

I would parry with, "But surely someone must die."

One day I had just gotten back to the hotel, spirits quite low because I had missed a really good apartment by minutes, when the phone rang. I thought it was Dorothy but it was the Head of the Family, who had a way of calling me up several times during the day—just to make sure, he said, I hadn't dropped somewhere in my house-hunting tracks.

"Just exactly what do you want, *señora*?" he mimicked.

"Don't be funny," I answered, "an apartment halfway up in the Kavanagh building."

"Meet me in the entrance of the Kavanagh in 10 minutes. We've got it," he said, and I heard the click as he hung up the receiver.

(Continued on page 51)

the awards ceremony and printed a list of the distinguished occupants of the platform who were present to witness it, no mention at all was made of the principal guests, the persons in whose honor it was held. It is true the November FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL listed the names of the six recipients of the Distinguished Service Award (the October News Letter stated that there were to be seven), but what of the others—109 according to the October News Letter, reduced to 93 in the subsequent issue.

The Honor Awards Program can serve as an extremely useful incentive towards loyal and exceptional performance but this effect, at least as far as the field is concerned, can be largely nullified if the means of the recipients are known only to those with whom they come in immediate contact.

Let there be honor where honor is due, so that those who serve abroad may have the same opportunities as their Washington colleagues to congratulate their friends and strive to emulate their success.

Walter W. Hoffmann

EDITORS' NOTE: We quite agree with Mr. Hoffman. The complete list follows.

Distinguished Service Awards:

Nathaniel P. Davis
James Clement Dunn
Howard Fyfe
Dr. Albert A. Giesecke
John J. Muccio
Marvin Will

Superior Service Award:

John O. Bell
Charles H. Bonesteel, III
Everett F. Drumright
George Q. Herrick
Donald S. McDonald
Donald L. Nicholson
Harry Walter Story

Meritorious Service Award:

Samuel Berry
William H. Bray, Jr.
Reginald Brunn
Frederick O. Bundy
James J. Byrnes, Jr.
William W. Chapman, Jr.
W. Bradley Connors
Carl D. Corse
Thomas S. Estes
Ivo D. Fatigati
Rolf Jacoby
Arthur L. Lebel
Chuhai Matsuo
Stuart E. Morgan
George A. Morlock
Vaclav Mostecky
Franklin H. Murrell
George Newman
Josef Norris
Garveth W. Rose
Chauncey O. Rowe
Charles E. Schwengeler
Elvin Seibert
Marcus W. Scherbacher
Robert F. Smith
Leroy D. Stinebower
Cesare Tavella
Raymond Vernon

Commendable Service Certificate:

Miss Harriet H. Baumgartner
Arthur B. Berthold
W. Charles Bridgett
Miss Edith Brody
James P. Burke

Raymond Cary, Jr.
Kenneth F. Channon
LeRoy E. Colby
Miss H. Alberta Colclaser
Myron Lee Cotterman
Anthony A. Covins
John Storrs Cross
Anne T. Crowley
Hugh A. Crumpler
John Devine
John R. Diggins, Jr.
Miss Nona L. Doherty
Dr. John M. Echols
Louis Alfred Fanget
C. Vaughn Ferguson
Miss Neva Fletcher
Miss Ruth French
Edwin J. Garrity
Miss Margaret S. Geibel
Jule L. Goetzmann
Miss Lucy Charlotte Gutmann
Theodore J. Hadraba
Joseph A. Harary
William K. Hitchcock
Mrs. Katie M. Hopkins
Miss Marita T. Houlihan
John A. Hoyda
Miss Virginia H. James
Mrs. Kathleen Johnson
Mrs. Miriam Johnson
Charles W. Kelley
Miss Jean E. Lashley
Miss Nichole Loewy
Louis S. Malach
Mary McHale
Armin H. Meyer
Mrs. Ruth Miller
Miss Sidney N. Milliken
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Warren F. Phelps
Miss Maurine Rhodes
Robert Rossow, Jr.
Miss Edith Lee Saunders
Leonard J. Sherwin
Robert Hale Shields
Domingos Jose Soares-Rebello
Willy Franz Strube
Carroll M. Terry
Richard N. Tettie
Miss Dorothy Ward
Miss Virginia E. Ware
Mrs. Frances Werts
Miss Dorothea Wool
Miss Elaine Yavis

Washington, D. C.
January 15, 1952

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I seek a few inches of your correspondence column to pay tribute to Joseph Cox Green, who has recently resigned as Executive Director of the Board of Examiners for the Foreign Service, an office he assumed nearly six years ago.

Mr. Green has devoted his great talents and experience to the maintenance of a Foreign Service possessed of the highest standards of competence and character. In moving to other responsibilities, he leaves behind him a host of friends and admirers.

During the past six years, I have had the privilege and the responsibility of serving on oral examining boards as a deputy examiner and I have myself faced such an oral board for admission to the Foreign Service some five years ago under the Manpower Act. To all those who, in future months, who will be coming up before such boards for admission to the Foreign Service, I wish to testify that I have

(Continued on page 40)

Qualifications Required to be An Assistant to an Elder Statesman

"The elder statesman will need foresight, planning, rigid programmes, time, obduracy, independence, method, and a faculty for insisting upon the most inconvenient precisions. He will also require a trained and numerous staff of expert assistants. What qualities should these experts possess?"

"They should possess the following qualities: health, rapidity of understanding, patience, comparative sanity, great physical endurance, charm, no class-prejudice either up or down, immense curiosity, a neat manner with maps and papers, industry, accuracy, the power to ask inconvenient questions at the wrong moment, no very outstanding physical disadvantages, intimacy with the private secretaries of their own plenipotentiaries, the good taste to disguise that intimacy, some acquaintance with the more obscure press correspondents (N.B. The less obscure correspondents will tend to reject that acquaintance), the habit of looking upwards and not downwards when they don't know the answer, courtesy, being able to type and affix carbon papers, a slight but not obtrusive acquaintance with economics, cleanliness, sobriety on all fitting occasions, cheerfulness, statistics derived from sources even more recondite and anonymous than those possessed by their foreign colleagues, some proficiency in the literature or architecture of at least one very oppressed nationality, a capacity for enduring long dinner parties, honesty, a faculty of speaking rapidly and well such languages as their foreign colleagues do not speak rapidly and well, no consummate belief in the immediate wisdom of the People or the Press, a good memory, truthfulness, and above all, a complete sterilisation of all human vanity."

"Only if he possess all the above qualities can a young man hope to be of real assistance to his superior in the negotiation of a peace of justice, equity and duration."

HAROLD NICOLSON, *Peacemaking 1919.*

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (from page 11)

IN THE NEWS: MINISTER JOHN B. STETSON, JR., Riga; WARREN D. ROBBINS, Rome; WILLIAM C. BURDETT, Brussels; WILLYS R. PECK, Peking; ARTHUR BLISS LANE, Mexico City.

SIR HOWARD'S VASE: NED CROCKER delves into the 1920's to come up with this one: "At a party given by SIR HOWARD KENNARD, British Minister in Belgrade, a young secretary smashed a prize vase. With poise plus, Sir Howard drawled: "Think nothing of it, old boy! There is another one like it in the Louvre, you know!"

P. S.: I wish to thank my old friends for opening their hearts in their Christmas messages and telling me that they never, never read a line in the JOURNAL before first having a go at TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A CABIN DE LUXE (from page 21)

roll like a plaything of the deep. At the crest of each wave the boat quivered uncertainly and then plunged desperately down and down as if to the bottom of the sea, somehow managing to right itself miraculously in the trough. With all lights out, I lay extended on my so-called bed of luxury throughout that night, the next day and the ensuing night, hanging for dear life to the head rounds with feet braced against the foot of the bed and listening to the creaking of the timbers and groaning of the Senegalese.

At one mighty dip, my cabin door flew open with a bang and in catapulted two black soldiers; just as abruptly and unceremoniously they rolled back into the passage as the motion was reversed. Then I noticed the ocean pouring through my porthole. My frantic efforts to tighten the screws on the porthole glass were futile and soon my suitcases were floating to and fro about the water-filled cabin. Finally the steward appeared and, with the aid of the ship's carpenter, forced the porthole tight, bailed me out and retrieved my water-soaked luggage.

The dining salon, I was told, remained deserted for the trip and the stewards apparently theorized that if you were too ill to reach the dining salon, you were too sick to eat. For my part, one glass of pale orange juice and two French stogies constituted my entire nourishment for the voyage.

Finally on the second morning the ship became quieter and I beheld the sun streaming into my cabin. Rousing myself from a semi-comatose state, I ambled on deck. There was Algiers right before us, rising green-girt from the sea, its stucco walls dazzling in the bright morning sunshine. We made it, after all. We had zigzagged all the way across the Mediterranean, leaving the steamer lanes to hug the Sardinian coast. That same night an American freighter had been torpedoed and sunk within a minute on the direct course. But what had probably saved us most of all was the storm; as the French master said, "les sales Boches" couldn't aim in rough seas.

As we passed the Admiralty point and approached the mole, I descried on the city hall, not the tricolor of France but the beloved Stars and Stripes waving bravely in the breeze. I learned that the flag had just been raised to honor the entry of the United States into the war, of which word had been received while we were at sea. After 40 miserable gale-tossed hours running the gauntlet of enemy perils, the sight of Old Glory gave me a thrill of supreme ecstasy. It seemed an augury of the victory to come.

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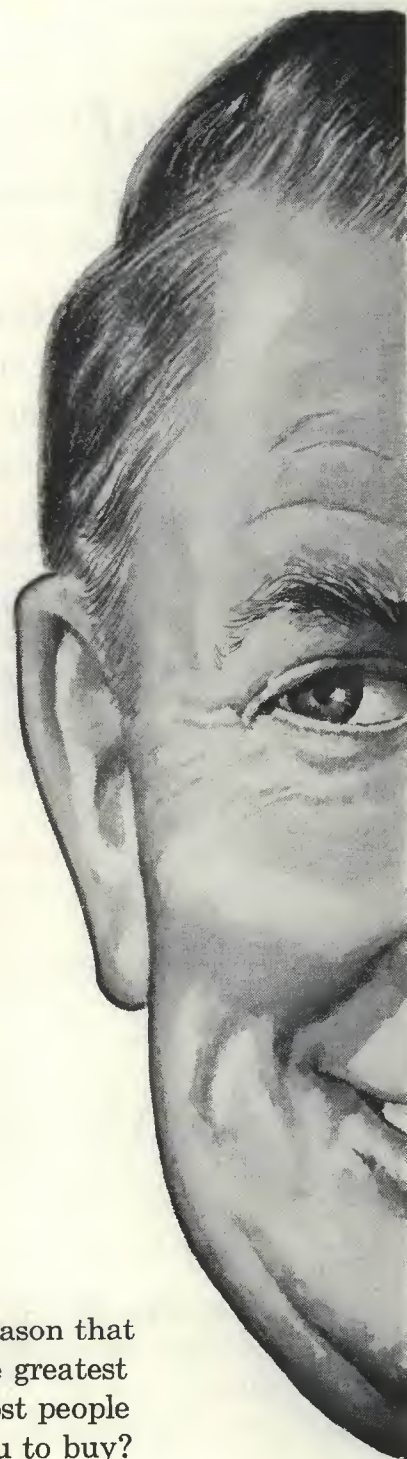
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 36)

never known or observed a case where any candidate failed to receive a fair examination free from bias, prejudice or pettiness. I am, myself, satisfied after 16 years in business and 10 years in the Department of State, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to devise a method of interview, observation and judgment superior to that which has evolved from experience and is now in use.

LIVINGSTON T. MERCHANT, F.S.O.

RE. JOHN SERVICE

American Consulate General,
Geneva, Switzerland,
January 15, 1952.

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Yours was an excellent decision to furnish each subscriber a copy of the documents in the John Service case. Here-with my thanks.

Service admits to an indiscretion or an error in judgment. Perhaps he should have been discharged for a security violation. I would seriously question such a conclusion. At any rate, any discharge should have come long ago, not after repeated hearings and closures of the case.

As to discharge because of reasonable doubt of loyalty, I may be quoted that the President's Loyalty Review Board is engaged in a witch hunt. That is what the Communists want.

R. KENNETH OAKLEY,

(Since this opinion is personal, I have not added FSO after my name.)

BOUQUETS

American Embassy,
Belgrade, Yugoslavia,
December 26, 1951

To the Editors,

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

George Kennan's "The National Interests of the United States," in your November issue, is the most adult article the JOURNAL has carried, in my opinion, since I became a cover-to-cover reader twenty-two years ago.

Bill Friedman's prize winning story is also excellent. All of us in Belgrade are throwing out our chests about our erstwhile colleague and present neighbor in Vienna.

I well know the difficulty of making every issue outstanding, but you are producing a consistently improved publication in all departments.

Every good wish for 1952.

GEORGE V. ALLEN
American Ambassador

To the Editors,

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The JOURNAL is *grand* these days and we devour it immediately on arrival. It is even better than when I was there, if possible!

Best regards from us both.

JANE* and JACK POOL

*Jane Wilson, former Managing Editor of the JOURNAL.

Italian women have won another feather in their caps in their struggle for equal rights. Those who have the qualifications necessary, can apply for positions in the Italian diplomatic service on an equal basis with men.

The Fourmost Bonds



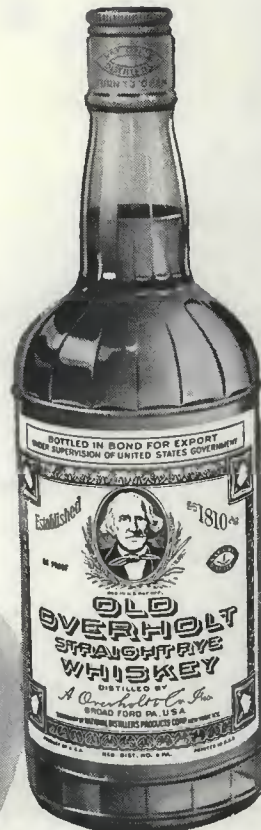
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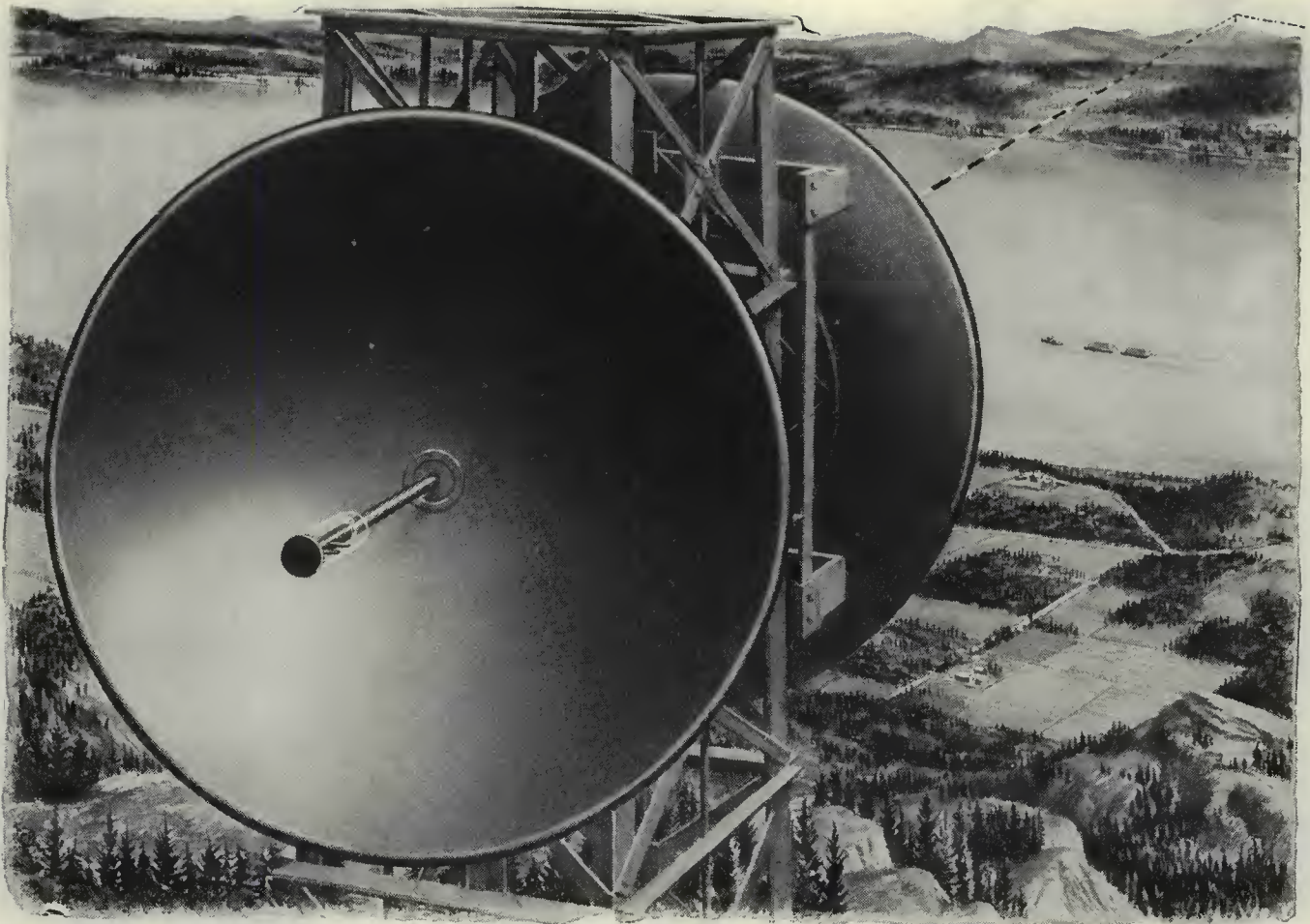
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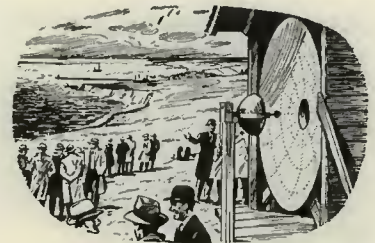
What every industrial executive should know about

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In 1931, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation became the world pioneer—the *first* to beam man's voice through space by microwave. Today microwave has become the fastest growing communications system for spanning mountains, swamps, rivers and other natural barriers without costly wire

lines—a system that is virtually immune to storm damage.

And today IT&T is still the recognized leader, with its greatly advanced "pulse time multiplex" method of microwave transmission. If your company is planning to set up, expand or replace its own cross-country communication system, look first to PTM microwave. This versatile, flexible, new method provides for multiple speech channels, unattended telegraph, telemetering, remote control and other signaling. PTM microwave is available through *Federal Telephone and Radio Corporation*, an IT&T manufacturing associate.



IT&T engineers successfully demonstrate first voice transmission by microwave, Calais to Dover, March 31, 1931.



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called a guard over to where we were standing and spoke to him for several minutes. He pointed to the guard. "You follow him."

We followed the guard down the street across the bailey bridge which led into town. It was just past noon and the sun beat down on the dusty street. We finally stopped in front of a two-story house. "Batu Ali!" the guard shouted. An old lady appeared at the window and shook her head. The guard motioned and we followed him back up the street. Suddenly I noticed what had once been a country club on the military reservation. We said good-bye to the guard. We were hot and dusty and all we wanted to do was sit down and cool off. Nancy grabbed my arm. "What do you make of that?" she asked. I looked in the direction she was pointing. In large blue letters, hanging above the entrance to the club, was the following greeting:

"WELCOME MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN
EMBASSY"

I shrugged it off as an old sign, possibly welcoming Consul General James Henderson when he had visited the area from Cebu months earlier. It is a common thing for signs to remain hanging long after the event.

We found two chairs at one end of a very large room. No governor, no mayor and no one so far, except the Moro on the porch, who could speak English. By this time Nancy had called my attention to two Moros who were preparing a long table and had set several places. I walked over and asked if they served lunch. "No." "Is there going to be a party?" "Yes." "For whom?" "Colonel Forster," he replied. "He is coming from the American Embassy." "Where is the governor?" I asked. "He has gone down to the border to meet the Colonel."

I returned to Nancy. "They think I'm a colonel here," I said. "And the Governor is down at the border meeting us." Nancy looked very confused. "That sign out front" I continued—and my own voice sounded rather strange—"is for us."

It dawned on us very suddenly: The parting words of the Governor of Misamis Oriental! He was going to send

(Continued on page 58)



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TRAGEDY ON THE POTOMAC (from page 23)

have been an undetected flaw in the casting of the gun, but since sections of the shattered breech had been blown into the river, this theory could not be sustained. Commodore Stockton was exonerated and restored to his command.

President Tyler was probably saved from death on the *Princeton* by mere chance. He had intended to accompany his Secretary of State to witness the firing of the great bow gun; a place had been reserved for him. Mr. Tyler had his foot on the lower tread of the companion-way when he was called back by the lovely Miss Gardiner whom he later married. A few moments later the gun exploded.

News Item 108 Years Ago:

WASHINGTON.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1844.

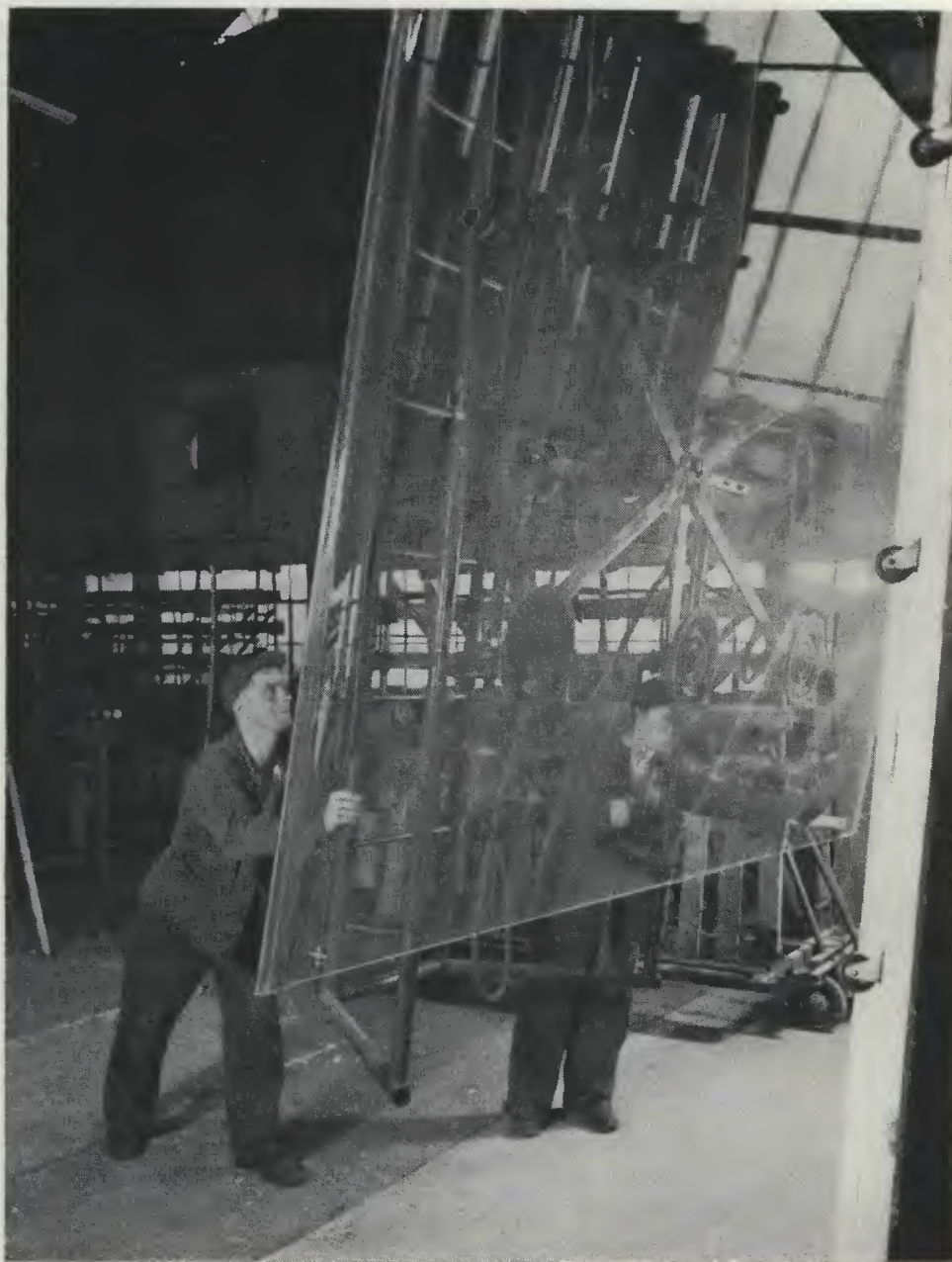
MOST AWFUL AND MOST LAMENTABLE CATASTROPHE!

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH, BY THE BURSTING OF ONE OF THE LARGE GUNS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SHIP PRINCETON, OF SECRETARY UPSHUR, SECRETARY GILMER, COMMODORE KENNON, & VIRGIL MANCY, Etc.

In the whole course of our lives it has never fallen to our lot to announce to our readers a more shocking calamity—shocking in all its circumstances and concomitants—than that which occurred on board the United States Ship PRINCETON, yesterday afternoon, whilst under way, in the river Potomac, fourteen or fifteen miles below this city.

Yesterday was a day appointed, by the courtesy and hospitality of Capt. STOCKTON, Commander of the Princeton, for receiving as visitors to his fine ship (lying off Alexandria) a great number of guests, with their families, liberally and numerously invited to spend the day on board. The day was most favorable, and the company was large and brilliant, of both sexes; not less probably in number than four hundred, among whom were the President of the United States, the Heads of the several Departments, and their families. At a proper hour, after the arrival of the expected guests, the vessel got under way and proceeded down the river, to some distance below Fort Washington. During the passage down, one of the large guns on board (carrying a ball of 225 pounds) was fired more than once, exhibiting the great power and capacity of that formidable weapon of war. The Ladies had partaken of a sumptuous repast;

The clipping above, from the Washington newspaper *National Intelligencer*, reports the tragedy on the Potomac.



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As a natural product glass has its origin in those dim and misty days of the world's formative era. Long before human life made its appearance on earth, bits of glass were scattered near volcanic regions, sand and soda ash having been fused into glass by nature's own fires.

How man stumbled upon the secret of glass is unknown, but evidence points to Syria as the birthplace of glass manufacturing around 5000 B.C. The Romans are credited with developing flat glass for windows and in the 15th Century the Republic of Venice produced "singing crystal," the first colorless, completely transparent glass. The Venetians also created the modern version of mirrors by coating spun glass with an amalgam of tin and mercury.

Glass-making was one of the very first industrial enterprises undertaken in the New World, 1608, but in spite of its early start, it was only towards the end of the 19th Century that the glass industry of America began to make great strides.

In Europe, backed by a tradition dating from the Middle Ages, many countries are again producing the crystal for which they are renowned.

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In virtually all branches of science, industry and commerce, glass is opening new vistas to the modern world, and in many ways petroleum is furthering the advancement of the glass industry.

During manufacturing, as the glass is cut to correct size and weight, the molten mass is prevented

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ESSO, a famous name in the field of petroleum research, is proud of having created many of the lubricants indispensable to the glass and other industries. Every step of industrial progress means increased demand for petroleum, and as petroleum products contribute to the expansion of industry, people all over the world benefit.

PETROLEUM HELPS TO BUILD A BETTER LIFE



THE BOOKSHELF (from page 27)

The Year Book of World Affairs—1951. Published under the auspices of The London Institute of World Affairs by Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., New York. Editors: George W. Keeton and Georg Schwarzenberger. Assistant Editor: L. C. Green. 1951. 428 pages. \$6.00.

Reviewed by ARTHUR L. LEBEL

"The Year Book of World Affairs—1951"—is a collection of articles on various topics in the field of current foreign affairs. As the average article is only about 25 pages long,

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THE VOICE OF ASIA

BY JAMES A. MICHENER

Mr. Michener undertakes to clarify in human rather than political terms the needs and hopes of the people of Asia in their relationship to the West. What, in short, do the citizens of Asia, rather than their leaders, expect of the United States? \$3.50

THE LAROUSSE INTERNATIONAL ATLAS—
1951 edition

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there is no opportunity for truly exhaustive studies. Nonetheless, the treatment of each individual subject is in general sufficiently thorough to afford the average reader useful knowledge as to the nature and development of each problem dealt with as well as its current status.

The last eighty pages of the volume are taken up with reports on certain "aspects" of international affairs based upon the works of different writers. For instance, one such report covers the "Legal Aspects." This chapter is about forty pages long, and could be described briefly as a sort of narrative review of the most outstanding written works of the year on the legal aspects of international relations.

As all books of this nature, in which various authors write on specific topics, "The Year Book of World Affairs—1951" is not designed to provide exhaustive treatment of each topic. But it is a particularly convenient device to provide the average non-expert a brief treatment by experts on a variety of current topics. In that sense this book is well worth its price.

The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution. Harold R. Isaacs. 1951. *Stanford University Press, Stanford, California* 397 pages. \$5.00

Reviewed by T. L. PERKINS

This book was first published in England in 1938 and has been revised by Mr. Isaacs for the new American edition. The author clearly states the viewpoint from which he writes, which he says is not Trotskyist but which finds much validity in Trotsky's thesis of the socialist revolution. Having in mind the viewpoint, the reader of this book will find a considerable mass of information on the growth of the Chinese Communist movement. The material is well-documented and levies upon writings on the subject in Europe, as well as Asia, which is not too often the case with American works on the subject. Mr. Isaacs' thesis is, briefly, that the Russians imposed a debacle upon the 1927 revolution in China which benefited the Kuomintang, and that the present tragedy of the revolution is that the victory of the Communists "has laid upon the country the still heavier burden of a new totalitarian tyranny." This book is useful to students of the subject because of its documentation and the scope of its narrative, which covers the Chinese Communist movement from its beginnings to the present. It would necessarily have to be read alongside other works, which present different theses on this very contentious subject.

FROM "IN" TO "OUT" (from page 35)

main out of earshot of the unceasing babble of bureaucrats talking to each other.

Research. An investigation of facts that requires more than a telephone call.

Indian. Over-educated aide who sits behind and prompts his chief at hearings and conferences, and usually massacres his agreements with other chiefs of other "Indians."

Balanced Weapons. Release by official to Columnist Y of secret document refuting attack on him by Columnist Z inspired by another official.

We should like to add to Arthur Krock's a couple of our own definitions:

Policy. Something people say we don't have and we say we do have and therefore we always write papers about.

Implement. To butcher, as with hatchet, or bury, as with spade, a policy.

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BUENOS AIRES

INSPECTOR EDWARD MANEY recently inspected the Embassy at Buenos Aires where he was formerly Consul General. His friends felt it unjust that all inspectors, except the FS variety, are honored with their own distinctive cap or badge of office. They rectified this inequity with a specially designed Foreign Service "Inspector's cap."

This headgear is fitted with eyes in the back, a "?" emblem, and the word "Inspector" in gold lettering on a pink satin background; also with red and green wings, symbolic of rapid travel from place to place and long antennae to assist in sensing the situation at each post. The top of the cap is ribboned with patriotic red, white and blue. All in all the cap is calculated to insure that the wearer will stand out in any crowd.

(Continued on page 50)

BIRTHS

CUNNINGHAM. A son, James Archibald, was born to FSO and Mrs. H. Francis Cunningham on November 25, 1951, in Bad Godesberg, Germany. Mr. Cunningham is currently serving with HICOG in Bonn.

HALLE. A son, Mark, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Halle, Jr. on December 17, 1951, in Washington, D. C.

MARCY. A daughter, Kathryn Deborah, was born to FSO and Mrs. Oliver M. Marcy on November 28, 1951, in Washington, D. C.

McCUSKER. A daughter, Karen, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. McCusker in Rome, Italy, on December 10, 1951.

MILLER. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Miller in Rome, Italy, on January 10, 1952.

NORTON. A son, James Stephen, was born on December 1, 1951, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Norton in London, England, where Mr. Norton is currently assigned.

SULLIVAN. A daughter, Mabel Comegys, was born on December 18, 1951, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sullivan in London.

MARRIAGES

HOAGLIN-FALLS. Miss Ruth Falls and Sgt. John Hoaglin were married in Rome, Italy, on January 1, 1952.

JORDAN-KRESS. Miss Eileen Kress and Sgt. Lloyd Jordan were married on December 8, 1951, in Bad Hamburg, Germany.

TRILLO-ROCHE. Miss Jean Roche and Mr. Luigi Trillo were married in Rome, Italy, on December 1, 1951.

WELLES-POST. Mrs. Harriette A. Post and Mr. Sumner Welles were married on January 8, 1952, in New York City. Mr. Welles was formerly Undersecretary of State.

IN MEMORIAM

BALLANTINE. Mrs. Emilia A. C. Ballantine, wife of Joseph W. Ballantine, retired Foreign Service Officer, died on January 24, 1952, in Silver Springs, Maryland.

BIRGFELD. Miss Barbara Birgfeld, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Clarence Birgfeld, died in Baltimore in November, 1951.

CLATTENBURG. The Reverend Dr. Albert Edwin Clattenburg, retired Protestant Episcopal minister and father of FSO Albert E. Clattenburg, Jr., died in Philadelphia in September 1951.

WOODRUFF. Mr. Harry A. Woodruff, former member of the Embassy staff at Paris died on January 12, 1952, in New York City.

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Further details are embodied in a pamphlet dated July 1950, which should be on file in all Foreign Service establishments.

Application forms will be found at the back of the pamphlet or may be obtained by writing direct to the Association.

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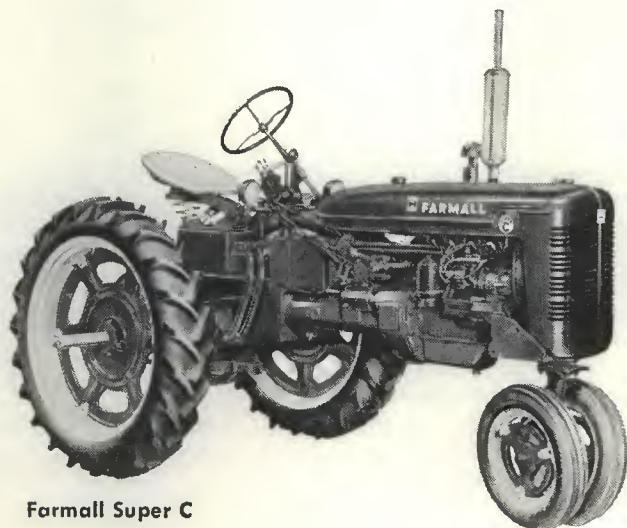
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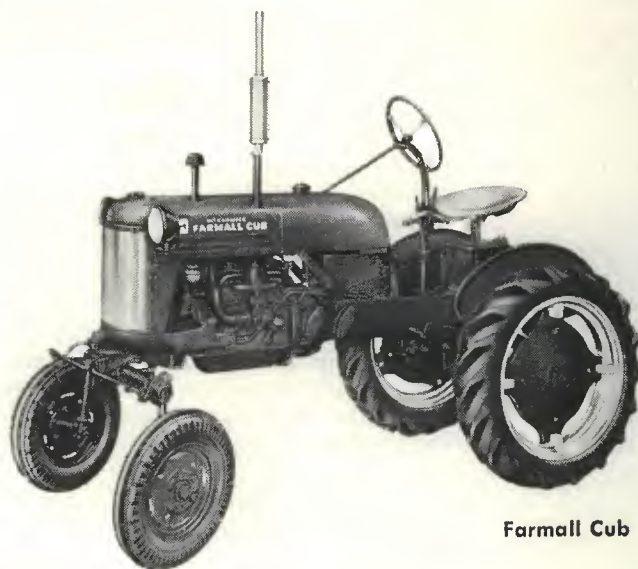
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MILAN

More Consuls and more children arrive at Milan. An almost complete change in American personnel in the last several months brought CONSUL and MRS. PHILIP J. CONLEY (3 children), CONSUL and MRS. ROBERT W. TUCKER (1 daughter), CONSUL and MRS. THOMAS D. BOWIE (1 son), VICE CONSUL and MRS. JOHN DUBOIS (expectin'), and MRS. ERNA V. BECKETT, Economic Assistant. New clerks and first-timers out are the MISSES BARBARA GAYNOR, MAE ANN CHURCH, and SONIA BLANCO. They all, together with CONSUL GENERAL and MRS. JOEL C. HUDSON (1 son), enjoyed a merry Christmas party at this Consulate General and not even the continued cold, pea-soup fog in Milan dampened their spirits. The youngest celebrant present was CHARLIE BOWIE (14 months) who nosed out last year's youngest, JOE WIEDENMAYER, III, while the oldest was 16 year old, 6'3", 200 pounder, MICHAEL HUDSON, who is studying in Switzerland.

Last fall the red carpet was laid out at intervals for MAYOR IMPELLITTERI of New York City, CONGRESSMEN BUSBEY, KEOGH, CIATHAM, BENTSEN, and their wives.

Joseph E. Wiedenmayer

CIUDAD JUAREZ

Little TEX POTTER, eight year old son of CONSUL and MRS. KENNETT F. POTTER made the front page of one of our leading newspapers by having contributed to a fund which was recently inaugurated in El Paso to receive donations for the needy old folks. Tex's given name is Lincoln, but when the Potters were transferred to this post, opposite El Paso, Texas, he decided to become a real Texan and assumed the name of Tex. Tex made some unusual Christmas ornaments

which he sold in El Paso, earning the sum of \$20.00, from which in turn he drew a check in favor of the organization known as "Cash for Oldsters," as his contribution to brighten their yuletide season.

Blanche B. Lyons

BELGRADE

July-December 1951

The Fourth of July Party at the Embassy residence marked the climax festivities in Belgrade. Surprise guest was SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM DOUGLAS, who visited AMBASSADOR and MRS. ALLEN en route to India. An orchestra furnished background music while AMBASSADOR and MRS. ALLEN greeted almost 200 guests. CHIEF YEOMAN DON RIGGS set off fireworks from the residence roof, which was the signal for a second rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" (the first was played when the orchestra leader mistook a private fire-cracker set off by one of the young sons of the Norwegian Minister for its cue). After the national anthem guests watched the latest March of Time on Yugoslavia, projected on a screen set up over the badminton court under supervision of USIE Filman STEVE CAPAN. Two days later the Allens left for Bled, the summer capital, leaving Counselor JACOB D. BEAM in charge at Belgrade.

New arrivals kept pouring into the Embassy during the summer, and the Allens returned to find few old-timers left. First departure of the Fall season was that of NAVAL ATTACHE JESSE HULL. Latest departure at this writing is that of ADA and ALEC JOHN POLL, who left Belgrade the day after their third Thanksgiving Day reception here.

During the summer, the Embassy rented land along the Sava river and a shack was built there under supervision of BUD STEELEY. When swimming and baseball season closed,

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Bud and the Air Force's DON WILLIAMS started football practice, and with the aid of publicity in TWIB (This Week in Belgrade), new mimeographed Embassy news sheet, succeeded in building up enthusiasm for a "Plum Bowl" Game on the Sava Field Thanksgiving morning. COUNSELOR BEAM, THIRD SECRETARY JOHN BAKER, Mailman STEVE SKRAMKO, HAROLD NELSON, LES GOTTLIEB, and GUARDS THOMAS, GILBERTSON, and MANN, under captaincy of BUD STEELY and with SECOND SECRETARY JACK KILGORE as substitute held the Armed Forces Team to a 6-6 tie (AF Team under Air Attaché COLONEL MAURICE BERRY consisted of ASST. AA PEIGHTEL, CREW CHIEF TROY WILEY, RADIO OPERATOR SANDHOFER, YEOMAN FINCIK, SERGEANT WILLIAMS, GUARDS LYONS and REHME, and FSR KRISTOVIC (lent by State). FSS GEORGIA MARLOWE with her accordion led State's cheering section in'o special "S" and "M" formations on the field during halves.

Turkeys brought down from Trieste were *pieces de resistance* at Thanksgiving Day dinners, after which all Embassy personnel and Americans in Belgrade went to the Open House which AMBASSADOR and MRS. ALLEN have, since their arrival in Belgrade, made a high spot of every Thanksgiving Day.

Jack Flatau

OPERATION HOUSE-HUNT (from page 35)

"The view is fine," said the *mayordomo* as we looked from the twelfth floor window, "and it gets the morning sun."

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CEYLON JUNGLE HUNT (from page 25)

dense forest of satinwoods, twisted varieties of banyans, choked with creepers, dambas, camphor trees, acacias, yucas, kumbaks, and many other trees, mostly stunted by over-luxuriant growth. Several times our hunters leaped out of the jeep for shots when we sighted game; once when we saw a fine young sambhur or Ceylon elk, with small antlers, again when a timid barking deer waited curiously as we approached, and several times when brilliant jungle fowl started up. The sambhur is a stately creature, often with splendid antlers. It is protected, but in Ceylon as elsewhere hunters frequently shoot first and afterwards find excuses. The game laws are sensible and rigorous, but they are hard to enforce; between systematic poaching and selfish hunters who think that restrictions are meant for the other fellow, there has been serious reduction of Ceylon's once abundant wild life, even in the game sanctuaries.

Monkeys were everywhere. We had seen them along the road all the way from Puttalam, where we had turned away from the palm-lined coast road into the jungle. The common types are lively little brown monkeys called the macaque or rilawa and the big grey wanderoo apes with beetling black eyebrows and crew haircuts. The wanderoo, of which there are four varieties, are very common in the northwest jungles. Automobiles going to Jaffna scatter huge packs of them in the road, from which they spring with great bouncing strides into the trees and then sit chattering until they decide to move off by spectacular leaps from tree to tree. Sometimes a mother may be seen, her baby hanging on tight to her chest fur, jumping almost as far as her independent friends and relatives.

We watched monkeys with endless interest all during our hunt. The same inquisitiveness, the same mock ferocity, the same desire to show off that makes zoo monkeys the most popular of all animals were apparent in the jungle. There, of course, completely free, they are artlessly uninhibited. In the zoos monkeys often take on a sly sophistication which allows them to create cunning caricatures of human beings, but it is unnatural. In the jungle they are intensely interested in everything, sometimes to their undoing. The leopard, for example, takes advantage of their curiosity which is strong enough to overcome their fear of their most dangerous enemy. He pretends to be dead until a couple of fat, nosy wanderos come down in excited terror to make sure that he *is* dead. An old trick of monkey hunters is to cut holes in coconuts and tie them to stakes. Monkeys will put their paws in the holes to scoop out the rich meat and are caught because they will not unclamp the fists full of coconut, so they can pull their hands out again.

The speed and accurate timing of these lively acrobats of the jungle are marvelous. They race along a limb and launch out into space, confident of their ability to catch another limb ten feet beyond or twenty feet below. When the sick branches of creeper-strangled trees break beneath their weight, they clutch on to solid holds as they fall. The crashing noises they make in wild progress through the jungle are not all in accord with the alleged brooding silence, except for bird-songs, of the jungles. Monkeys are too agile to be caught easily, except by clever leopards, and since hunters are seldom interested in their stringy flesh, they can afford to dart about in joyful play. Hunters respect them as signallers of the presence of more desirable animals below.

Veddah Hunters' Poisoned Arrows

In the eastern part of the island, where a few aborigines still live, the Australoid Veddahs, primitive people who still use the bow and arrow, monkeys are considered good eating. The Ceylonese authority on the Veddahs, Dr. R. C. Spittel, who has written several excellent books about the almost ex-

(Continued on page 54)

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CEYLON JUNGLE HUNT (from page 52)

tinct Veddahs, has taken some gruesome motion pictures of Veddah hunters skinning monkeys they have shot with their poisoned arrows. Hung up over a fire, they look terribly like human babies, prepared as in Jonathan Swift's "Modest Proposal" by butchers. Writers about Ceylon mention that, in spite of their incredible agility, monkeys sometimes miscalculate their jumps or catch onto treacherous dead limbs which break and let them fall to the ground, where they lie with broken backs until the ants devour them.

Our jungle camp was not quite what we expected. Instead of roosting on perches or pitching tents behind a stockade secure against wandering elephants, we found a gleaming new, white government dispensary, still unequipped, at the end of an all but impassable road. There, under the direction of the pharmacist, a brisk little scarred man who liked to be called "Doctor," we spread our camp beds and set up mosquito nets. Since the whole area had been well DDT'd by government agents in their campaign against malaria, the nets were unnecessary. Tables were set up on the spacious verandah for our meals, the European part of which we prepared ourselves over a Primus stove, the Ceylonese part—rice and blazing hot curries—sent out from the Doctor's kitchen. Nearby was an open well, attended by a creaking log sweep with which we could dip a pail twenty feet to the water below and lift it easily to the surface. There too we bathed in the Ceylonese way—pouring buckets of water over ourselves. The Ceylonese are very clean people who bathe themselves, their buffaloes, their bullocks, and their elephants in this same simple type of shower. Out behind the dispensary was a model privy which would have pleased the most exacting Public Health Officer.

Since the village people prefer a floor-level hole to the effete structure familiar to us, a specially carved box was superimposed for our use.

In this antiseptic atmosphere we settled down to our first night in the jungle, a full moon pouring down brightness upon our little island of sanitary comfort. There were strange noises: a shrill, loud meow, we learned was the cry of the peafowl; a wild cackle was the call of jungle fowl; a nearby restless snorting came from the village bull, nervous because leopards were near threatening his wives' calves; frogs croaked along the edge of the irrigation tank behind the village which watered the paddy fields; and scores of night birds sang their various songs.

We fell asleep as we listened to this jungle chorus, to be awakened at 4:30 the next morning by our noble hunter, who had planned an early expedition. Some time before daylight we started away from the village by jeep and truck to the bank of a creek. From there we traveled on foot, the hunters carrying guns, some loaded for deer, others for birds. Ahead went our "tracker," a lean man past seventy, with wonderfully clear eyes. He wore a banian (shirt) and sarong, around which was tied a pink cloth to attract the attention of game. His sarong tucked up around his meager shanks, he strode along bare-footed, peering low under the trees for sight of movement, occasionally stopping to pull a thorn out of his horny, wide-spreading foot, and occasionally jumping colonies of hard-biting black ants.

Jungle Bird Life

As the sun rose and the moon faded into a ball of cotton, the jungle was alive with sound. We were cautioned not to

(Continued on page 56)



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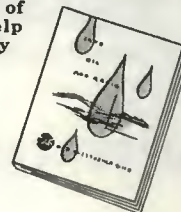
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CEYLON JUNGLE HUNT (from page 54)

speak as we moved silently over a dew-wet, sandy trail. I remembered the sound tracks of jungle films I had seen, so thick with bird twitterings that I had always supposed them faked. But here it was in fact. There were the splendid long-tailed Paradise fly-catcher, Imperial pigeons (beautiful outsized birds that our hunters spared, hoping for bigger game), red-wattled lapwings, bulbuls, orioles, green bee-eaters, magpies, barbets, wagtails, superb blue, red-billed kingfishers, the black, white under-winged robins of Ceylon—and scores of others. Ceylon must be bird heaven. There are more than four hundred known varieties of birds in the island, forty of which are found nowhere else in the world. In the cities the casual visitor is probably impressed only by the number and boldness of the crows, but if he watches he will see the drab warblers and flashing robins, the strutting mynahs who wear yellow side-tipped V's near their eyes, the brilliant kingfishers, and the great fantailed rusty crow-pheasants, who fill the morning air with their monotonous calls. In the paddy fields may be seen many kinds of storks, herons, and other long-legged birds. The northern woods are especially rich in birdlife. Before we left the jungle we saw the great somber-suited parson cranes, jungle-fowl (whose blood is in the best bred chickens of Europe and America, though when domesticated in Ceylon and India they continue to lay very small eggs and to develop fierce spurs for fighting), peafowl, the huge Brahminy kite, which is a kind of eagle, snipe, teal, flower-peckers with bright blue beaks and yellow-spotted breasts, tiny fellows which puncture the base of flowers for nectar.

We walked cautiously, halted at intervals by the tracker, who was alert for anything that might interest us. This was elephant country, and at any moment we might see a herd of the tremendous creatures which are so much more symbolic

of Ceylon than the lion on the national flag. There has never been a lion or a tiger in Ceylon. The first Aryan invader of Ceylon, in the fifth century B.C., was the son of Singha, which means lion, and the present-day representatives of that race are called Sinhalese. In any event, so far as we were concerned, the elephants were as scarce as lions, though tame elephants may be seen at work almost everywhere, some even in the suburbs of Colombo. Neither did we see any snakes, though one of our hunters had killed a twelve-foot python the week before. It had recently swallowed a young deer and was torpidly waiting to digest it. The cobras and the much more feared tic polongas (Russell's vipers), we were told, seldom come out in the daytime because they are afraid of mongooses and peafowl. I couldn't get out of my mind another of Mr. R's stories about pythons which kill and swallow horned deer. They devour the dead animal as far as the horns, then go to a stream to wait for the horns to rot off and float away.

The Deers' "Dancing Circle"

In three hours of hunting, our gun-carriers had shots at nothing but birds and a lovely rock-squirrel as big as a cat, which we later discovered is protected in all seasons. There were signs of deer, even a "dancing circle" where they had played before our arrival, but no visible animals. Those of us with nothing more lethal than cameras were quite happy after the early-morning walk, but the others hurried home to breakfast and out again to shoot jungle-fowl and teal.

That afternoon we went out again and were caught in a tropical downpour. We waited in the high truck, listening to Mr. Rasaratnam's stories, while the rain slapped on the canvas top. The birds sang happily in the shower, and our jungle expert identified each song. When the rain stopped, we watched the monkeys put on a wonderful show in nearby

(Continued on page 60)

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a telegram that we were on the way.

The circumstances surrounding our arrival at Dansalan were, and still are, we hear, the cause of much hilarity in the Lanao Province capital. Certainly the visit will not be forgotten. When the whole story was out and the governor and his party had returned from the border where they had been sitting on benches looking north in anticipation of our arrival, the laughter was uncontrollable. The fact that we had hitch-hiked into Dansalan in a delivery truck caused even more merriment!

"You Americans always have a different way of doing things," said the Judge of the Court of First Instance.

We left Dansalan late. "Goodbye Colonel Forster," someone said.



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An interesting post script: when the mobile unit arrived in Dansalan two months later, at one point during the showings shooting broke out in the audience. The operator later explained it this way: "The Moros were not interested in a film on school life. I think they became bored. When the shooting started I changed the film and showed the Marines at Iwo Jima. The Moros liked this film and the shooting stopped."

Korea: the people want to know

When the United Nations made its firm decision to halt North Korean aggression, our USIS Center in Davao realized it had a job to do. Students, teachers, businessmen and some farmers came to the office with questions on July 25th. We loaded the mobile unit with all the facts on Korea we could get to take out to the people.

As we started back along the road I realized that our job was only beginning on this island of great distances and contrasts. We were bringing America, its people and its principles, to out of the way places at a very critical time in the world's history. The extent of our success will determine to a very large degree how we are to be looked upon here in the years to come. One thing is certain: nothing is more important now than keeping the facts before people abroad. Tyranny over the minds of men can be challenged through personal contact in the field and an understanding of the facts. USIS has come to Mindanao to accept this challenge.

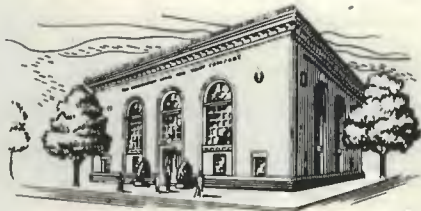
CITY OF COMPLEXITY (from page 18)

There are snakes in Durban gardens, including Mambas, small and green and the DEADLIEST known to man. There are sharks in Durban waters and crocodiles at the mouth of the Umgeni River which flows into the sea at Durban's feet. Within a hundred miles of Durban there are elephants and lions, rhinos, leopards, and the dangerous African buffalo. In 1945 a hippo lost its way and sauntered jovially down Durban's streets. The residents named it "Bertha," and it remained in the city two weeks, then disappeared again.

The natives, especially the Zulus, are a colorful cast for a colorful setting. The Zulus were once war-like people. Their famous leader, Chaka, is said to have been one of the best military geniuses of all time. He was also responsible for the deaths of millions. He insisted on honesty among his followers, and on faithfulness from his wives. The Zulus have not forgotten Chaka's chapter. Like Chaka, when not crossed, they are very honest and faithful. Fortunately, they have forgotten his barbarity. They are at once handsome and humorous and friendly, with simple wants and constant smiles. They make fun of their white masters, innocently and mischievously—never maliciously. They label every white they meet with nick-names—at once in caricature and with incisive sense. One man I know was labeled "Turkey Buzzard"; a second, "Buffalo Eyes." A large woman acquaintance was called "The Mountain Which Moves"; and another friend, "The Man with the Flying Coat Tails." My own nickname, which I discovered only after constant search and gentle bribery, was "Mabulallahleka," which literally meant "If he says he'll kill you, he will." I take it, hopefully, that they found me to be no hypocrite.

Nor, shall I ever be hypocritical about this land of theirs. It is at once fascinating and forlorn; beautiful and bewildering; delightful and dangerous. It combines in a single scene all that life is meant to be. I miss it greatly!

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CEYLON JUNGLE HUNT (from page 56)

trees, taking dare-devil leaps and then sitting on high limbs, looking gravely out from under their black brows and grey crew-cuts to see if they were being noticed. Three of us then went deer-stalking over a muddy trail. Once two jackals, waving their bushy tails, sneaked away from the sound of us; a torn-up patch showed where some wild boars had rooted before the storm; birds were everywhere—but no deer. I followed the hunters, armed with cameras, catching some of their tension as they stooped low to see through the brush. Occasionally I glanced back, not really fearful of elephants and bears, but just to make sure we weren't being stalked ourselves. I remembered that cobras are cowardly serpents and like most creatures of the jungle run off when disturbed, and I knew that polongas keep out of sight of mongooses during the day. But



Wild Boar

I wasn't taking any chances on coming across a brave cobra or a polonga which had never heard of a mongoose or a peacock. My eyes were intent on the trail or on well-camouflaged animals standing in thickets. Suddenly I looked around and jumped into the air, my breath wasted in a great gasp, my heart hammering. There not two feet behind me, was a man, a nearly naked, black jungle-dweller silently going his mysterious way through the jungle. I was prepared for an elephant or a deer, but not a man!

At sunset the non-hunters watched with Mr. Rasaratnam while the sportsmen frantically went off in the jeep to kill at least one deer so that our expedition should not be called a failure. At the edge of a beautiful meadow, in which a thousand birds were singing their end-of-day songs, we saw a herd of splendid spotted deer, big, powerful creatures weighing as much as 175 pounds each, running off with effortless grace as they scented possible danger. One of our bearers, a good-looking Sinhalese lad who could not communicate with any of the rest of us, since we spoke only English or Tamil, asked to have a shot and went out with the rifle. In a little while he came back without anything, afraid to go farther in the increasing dusk because he might meet an elephant. Incidentally, this man was abundantly tattooed, like many of the lower classes in Ceylon. On his arm was a crudely drawn head of an American Indian chief, in full eagle-feather war-bonnet!

The next morning, just before time to start home, we got our deer, not more than a quarter of a mile from camp. As we looked at its still muscles, glazed eyes, and bloody muzzle, those of us who had seen the dancing-circle of one herd and the quick vision of lithe beauty springing off among the trees the evening before felt, probably very irrationally, that we would prefer beef to venison. On the way home we were acutely aware of what our carnivorous and "sporting" natures had encouraged us to do. Not even the sight of vast armadas of white butterflies, all, according to legend, making their way as pilgrims to the revered shrine of Buddhism. Adam's Peak, gave us cheer.

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