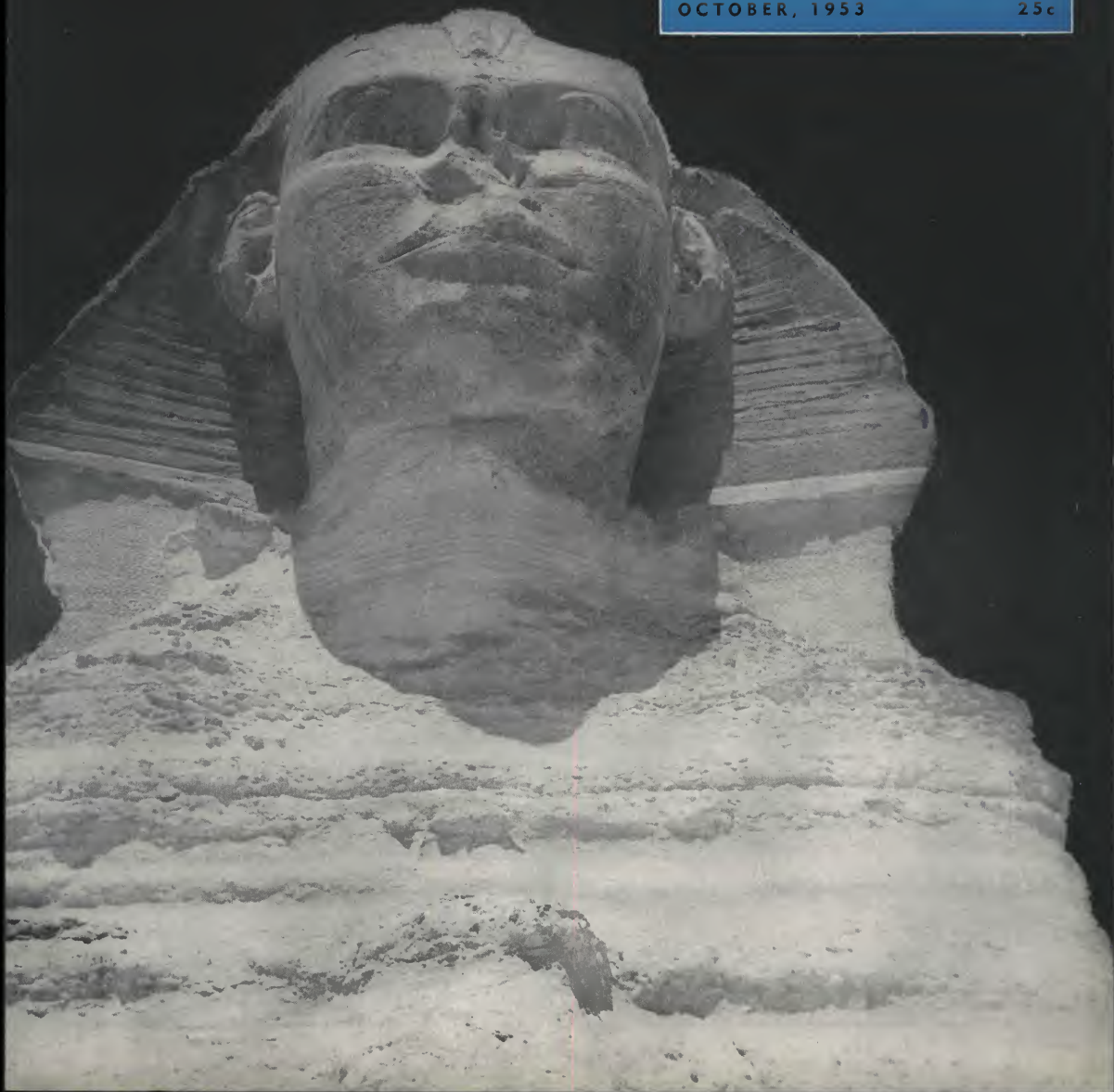


*Foreign  
Service*

**JOURNAL**

OCTOBER, 1953

25c





*... it's always*

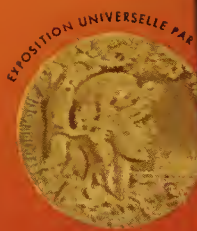
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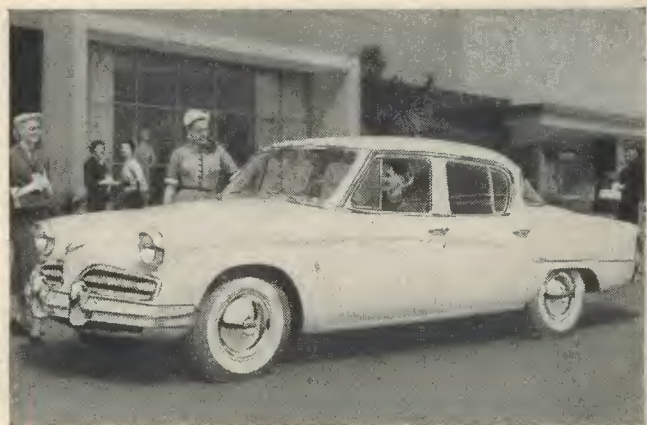
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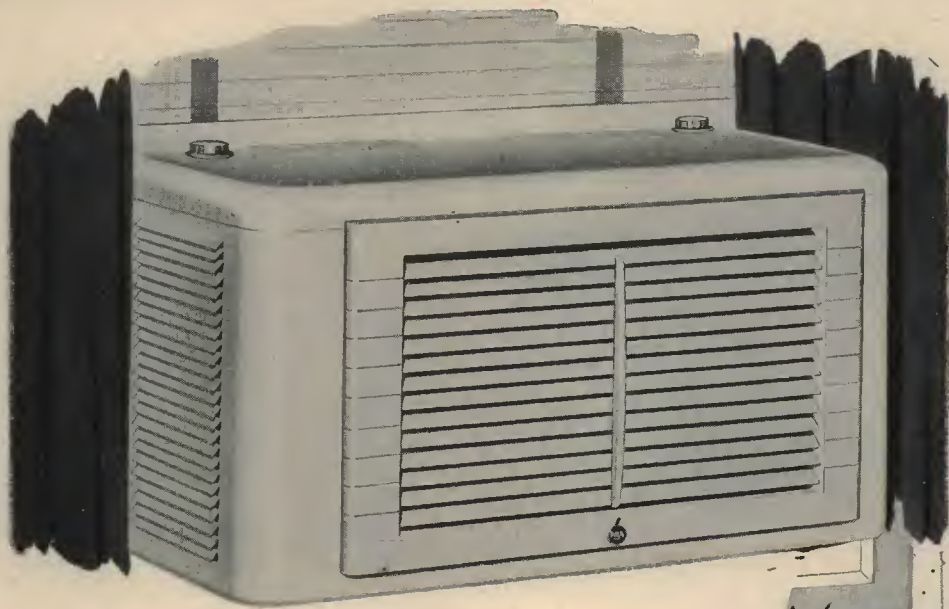
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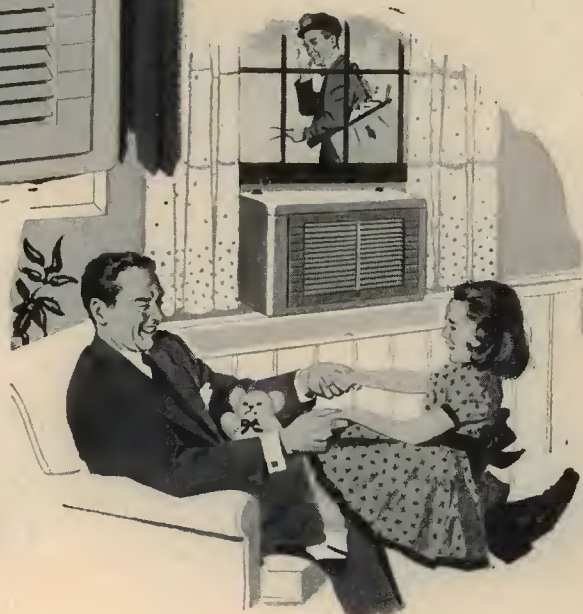
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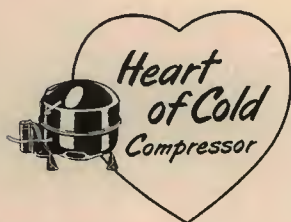
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OCTOBER 1953      Volume 30, Number 10

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COVER PICTURE: The Sphinx, in Egypt. Photo by Jack Grover.

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## Letters to the Editors

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

### PERSONNEL REORGANIZATION

London, England  
August 27, 1953

To the Editors,

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

We have just seen the Department's CA-605 which describes the reorganization of the personnel sections of the Department. Under this reorganization, management of Foreign Service personnel seems to be made the function of a unit under a branch under a division under an office under a bureau. In addition there is to be an office Deputy Director to "advise" (apparently with no operating authority or responsibility) on "Foreign Service problems and needs." Although we realize that more information will be forthcoming and that detailed comment now may be premature, it does seem clear that this new reorganization is based on the assumption that Foreign Service personnel matters with their specialized and intricate problems, both professional and personal, can be effectively directed under normal Civil Service procedures and officials.

We believe that very few officers who have served any time in the field would agree with this thesis. The argument against it is admirably set forth in the JOURNAL's leading editorial in the July 1953 issue. We wonder how much consideration was given to these views in connection with the new reorganization. We wonder how far a proposal would get to place Navy (or Army or Air Force) personnel in non-professional hands and under Civil Service type procedures. Remembering that the structures of the Foreign Service is governed by an Act of Congress, we wonder whether the new reorganization is consistent with the long-standing intent of Congress and the legal status of the Foreign Service as a disciplined career service (which in our opinion it must be if the United States is to be effectively represented abroad).

In view of the importance to the national interest that American diplomacy be prepared to meet the challenge imposed on US leadership in a chaotic world, we make no apologies for urging that the serious problems raised by the reorganization be given renewed consideration at the highest levels.

K. C. KRENTZ  
A. R. RINGWALT  
J. K. PENFIELD

### THINGS ARE BETTER ALL OVER

Genoa, Italy  
August 12, 1953

To the Editors,

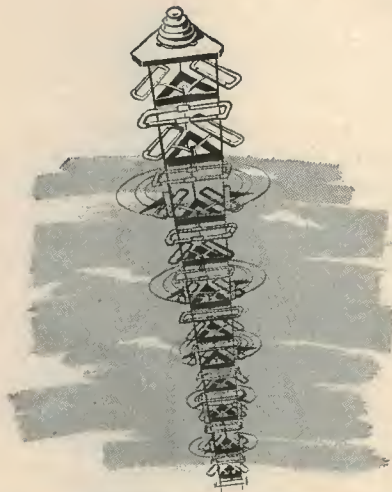
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I'm certainly glad the new administrative experts in the Department have finally realized we never had it so good and are now restablizing efficiently and rightly our foreign service lives.

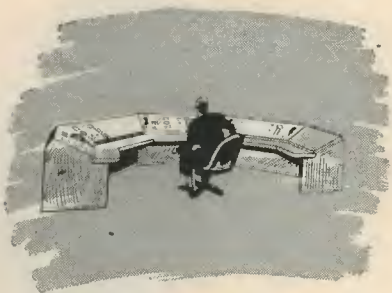
Actually, we never did like home leave every two years—

(Continued on page 6)

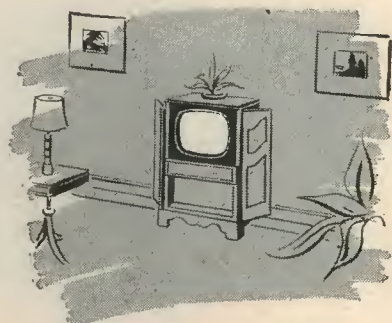
# IT&T *is ready* for the coming expansion in **TELEVISION**



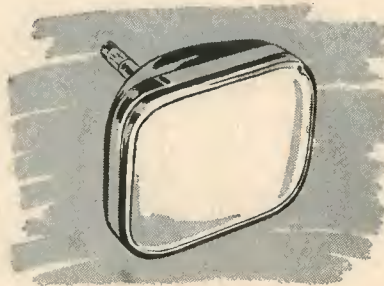
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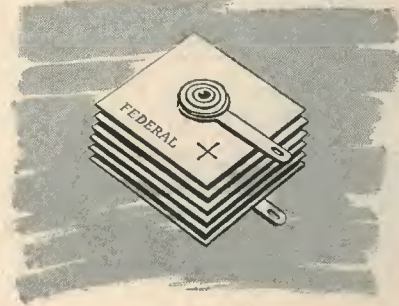
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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 4)

cost too much money, it was inconvenient to leave all our nice foreign friends, and anyway we've been growing apart from our dull, placid American acquaintances.

Then again we hated traveling first class—stupid, vain shipmates, rooms were too big, they served too much food, and everyone knows it's much more fun to travel cabin class. Gay parties, younger folk, lots more kids for the stewardess.

'Nother thing. It's much more stimulating to have other rules of the game changed frequently too—it's no fun knowing every year what your accrued leave and other leave benefits are. No. It's much more fun to have to guess: 180 calendar days, 60 working days, 30 working days, 26 working days, 20 working days . . . good trend.

Another rule of the game that I'm glad they changed is selection out. The old system was hardly worth it, it presupposed FSO's were *per se* competent and valuable and there was a spot for all but a few who couldn't adjust. Now, although unfortunately only temporarily, we have a good system—it affects more people. The new policy is called "one strike and you're out" or "retroactive action is truth."

But the best idea of all has been that of smoothing out the promotion system. It's no fun getting promoted too quickly, we all know that, because the quicker one gets to the top the quicker he gets in the public eye and the quicker his head is chopped off. Besides, we like being in Class 5. After all it's only money and it's great sport trying to spend our money on foolish things. The old promotion policy of saying how many people in each class would be promoted and when they would be promoted didn't work out very well, mainly because people actually got promoted I guess.

With all the happiness and peace of mind the new systems described above have brought me, there's just one thing that bothers me and I hope the new administrators of the Department can do something about it. I seem to remember that one of the last paragraphs of the Act of 1946 says "The provisions of this Act shall be interpreted liberally in order to effectuate its purpose."

As soon as they change that nasty word "liberally" to something like "stringently" or maybe just insert a neat little phrase after "liberally" such as "so long as it doesn't cost any money" I'll be able to crawl back cheerfully into the woodwork where all good FSO's belong.

FSO-5

## NEW TRAVEL REGULATIONS

American Embassy, Wellington  
July 25, 1953

To the Editors,

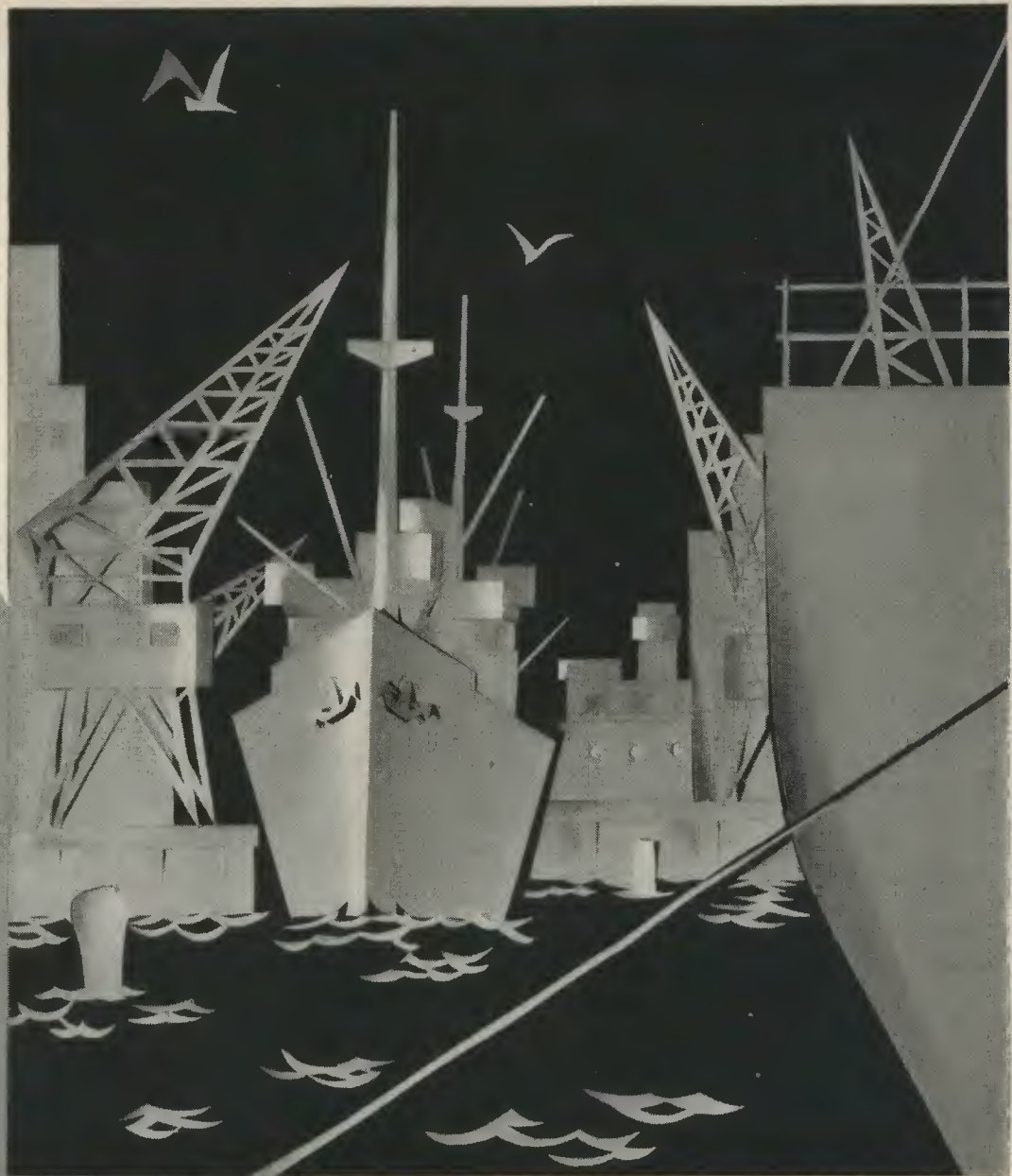
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Who is responsible for this incredible morale shatterer which arrived in the field last week under the title of Transmittal Letter A-146, June 29, 1953: *Certain Revisions in the Travel Regulations*, in which the meat of the subject is as follows:

Page 180, FSTR 3.61: "The actual departure of all dependents and the beginning of shipment of all effects may take place on or after the date of the authorization but shall not be deferred more than 6 months after the employee completes his personal travel pursuant to the authorization."

This legislation hits straight and hard at every officer who has left a child in the United States from any age up to 21 years. This in effect says that any officer who is trans-

(Continued on page 8)



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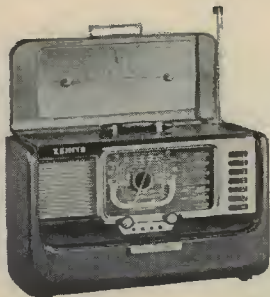
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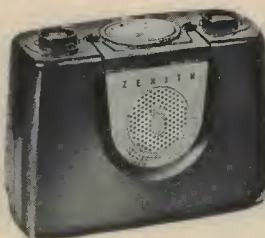
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**LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 6)**

ferred in more or less the first 6 months of any fiscal year will not set eyes on his children again, except at his own expense, until his home leave comes, theoretically 2 years (or more) from the time he first leaves Washington, or until another transfer, which would bring him through Washington.

There is one out apparently, in 3.64:

"The officer delegated authority to authorize or approve the travel may waive the time limitations specified in FSTR 3.61 through 3.63 when in his judgment the circumstances warrant."

This paragraph must have been inserted for catastrophes, serious illnesses, or the more unusual "exigencies of the Service." In almost any ruling on any subject, of course, some loophole of this sort must be made. However, this does not mitigate the severity of the original paragraph, as its intention is plainly to move persons and effects within 6 months, or to let them forfeit whatever chance they have of staying together as a family.

How can people on the salaries paid by the Foreign Service possibly afford to send for their children out of their own pockets? Is it the theory that American children should not be brought home at all for schooling, so that they may become American in thought rather than English, Indian, Latin, or whatever alternative is abroad? If they are home, any private school now will cost at least \$1500 for 9 months board and tuition for one child. With 2 or 3, the burden for education alone is grim. What are we supposed to do? Are we not, when we join this Service, supposed to have children, or are we to shunt them off on any or all relations or friends who will be willing to bear with them—a small vacation here and there, and just-go-and-jump-in-the-ocean for the long 3-month summer period when school is not in session.

At this post the round trip ticket from Washington is a minimum of \$1500. Will the Intellects who devised this ruling tell me how an ordinary family in say Class III or II can pay this fare for one or for two children without going into debt? The alternative, they say, is to split the family until the officer may be lucky enough to enter his home territory again.

If the budget carries a provision for the transportation of a family with children (or dependents), plus household effects, in the first place, have they lost anything by allowing an amount of freedom in the choice of time and travel within the budget year? Money is still money, whether it is spent in one month or another. It would be, of course, most agreeable to have all accounts wrapped up and put away within as short a time as possible, but it is completely unrealistic to expect this to happen in an existence like ours.

The Foreign Service is not a grocery business, an automotive business, or any other kind of a business that runs along smooth, categorical lines. It is, although interesting, an extremely confused and upsetting mode of life even to adults whose feet are firmly on the ground. Now comes this

*(Continued on page 10)*

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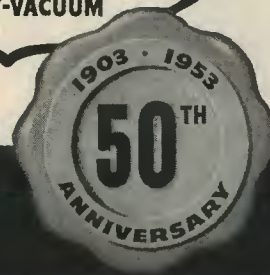
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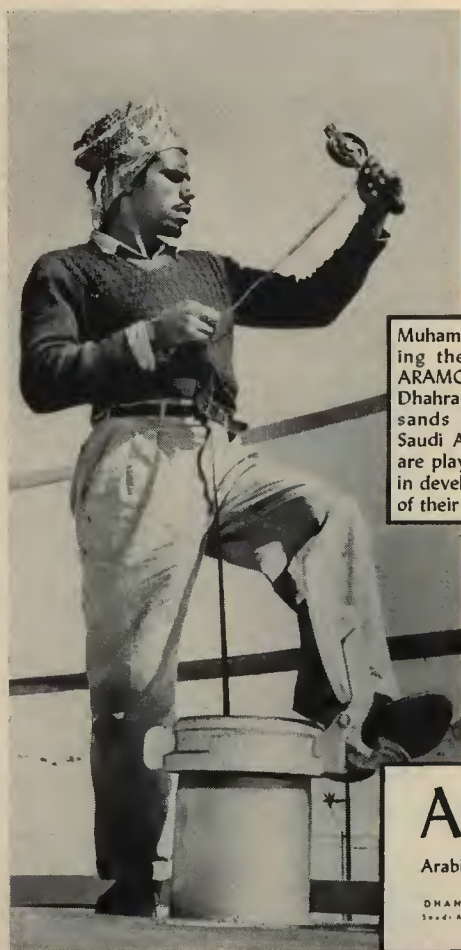
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**LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 8)**

ruling which must be resented by every couple in the Service who has a child.

The family has survived as a unit ever since its emergence from the cave. It has resisted disintegration and attempts to scatter it in the name of nationalism, patriotism or financial expediency with surprising determination and force. In our time the Nazis have tried to do it, the Russians have tried to do it, and now, by God, the U. S. Government is trying to do it. Can we never learn to see beyond our own noses?

ELIZABETH G. HASELTON

**HOME LEAVE ORDERS**

American Embassy, Stockholm

August 5, 1953

To the Editors,

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I note from the July issue of the Foreign Service News Letter that it has been decided to approach "more realistically" the problem of overdue home leave orders at non-hardship posts by the simple expedient of raising to three years the time of service necessary for eligibility for home leave orders. It is interesting to note that the Department believes that thus "it should be possible to discharge home leave obligations when due."

At the present time I have served almost 26 months at such a post and find myself in a position where even if funds were available and orders could be issued, it would be almost impossible for me to depart for another six to eight months. I am quite happy at my post and my job so I have no objection to this situation. However, there is one large fly in this beautiful ointment: I have just completed seven years in the service with no paid home leave in spite of the fact that that time included service at two hardship posts. That record is a minor one, of course, compared to that of my superior officer who has been in the service 24 years without paid home leave. Even his record is not a particularly rare one since his immediate predecessor almost equalled it.

At the risk of being overly cynical, I believe I can say that there are thousands of us who do not for one moment believe that the Department will adhere strictly to any established criterion. Home leaves have always been regarded as a privilege rather than a right.

Although it may seem somewhat astray from the point, I believe it pertinent to point out that such situations would not develop if it were settled policy to make as much effort to justify the regular continuing basic obligations and duties of the Foreign Service as is spent in justifying more spectacular programs. At my three former posts, one of our biggest problems was that of trying to persuade the Department not to send us additional personnel. Yet at the same time, home leave orders were a rarity.

The simple question then is, if a three year minimum is set for eligibility, when will we actually receive orders? Will it be three, three and one-half, or four years? The assurance that "it should be possible" to issue them at the

(Continued on page 12)

**RETIRING?**

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (from page 10)

end of three years can only lead to wry and hollow laughter.

If this seems too untrusting, I can only say that although there may well have been people abroad who received home leave orders upon eligibility, I never recall having met one.

DOYLE V. MARTIN

LET US SPEAK OUT

American Embassy, Vienna  
July 31, 1953

To the Editors,

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

It is perhaps trite to say this is our blackest hour. In all Foreign Service history it is doubtful if it has had to withstand such onslaughts or been so defenseless. We can only guess at the effect this is bound to have in future years. But we have some examples.

A friend of mine made a reservation for tickets at the National Theater in Washington. He called for them when the lobby was crowded. The ticket seller asked my friend for identification. He said he worked for the State Department. This was greeted by those who overheard by snickering and two or three loud guffaws.

Those who have been "riffed" (victims of the Reduction in Force) are telling of returning to look for jobs at home. Almost without exception they report a hesitance on the part of personnel and employment officers when mention is made that the past several years were spent with the Foreign Service or the State Department. It is almost as though the interviewing official were asking himself the question (which he probably is) why is this fellow out of a job? Is he a subversive, a sexual deviate or a loyalty risk? On the other hand, young men thinking of the Foreign Service as a career are asking themselves seriously, am I prepared to be the victim of character assassination by being associated with a service that has such a large incidence of security risks and socially maladjusted persons?

Mrs. Roosevelt was in Vienna the other day and graciously consented to attend an informal meeting with Embassy staff members. She was asked what we as public servants could do to protect ourselves from "guilt by association," from "demagoguery" and often times open villification. Her answer was that we should *speak out*. Her warning was that freedom and individual liberty are easily lost and one of the evidences of its losing is when the individual feels his dignity is in jeopardy or irretrievable.

Where does the Foreign Service Association and its mouthpiece, the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, stand in this matter? We know it is no less seriously concerned than we who form its membership. But is the Association doing all it can to "speak out" against slander and irresponsible criticism? The answer would probably be in the form of a counter question. What can we do?

This letter is written to suggest a way that may be worth trying.

The Foreign Service Association has been in existence since about the time of the Rogers Act in 1924. That was almost thirty years ago. During that time several thousand career officers have retired or resigned. Many are dead and many are today inactive and unwilling to enter the hurly-burly of public controversy. Yet there must be several hundred retired officers and chiefs of mission now in influential

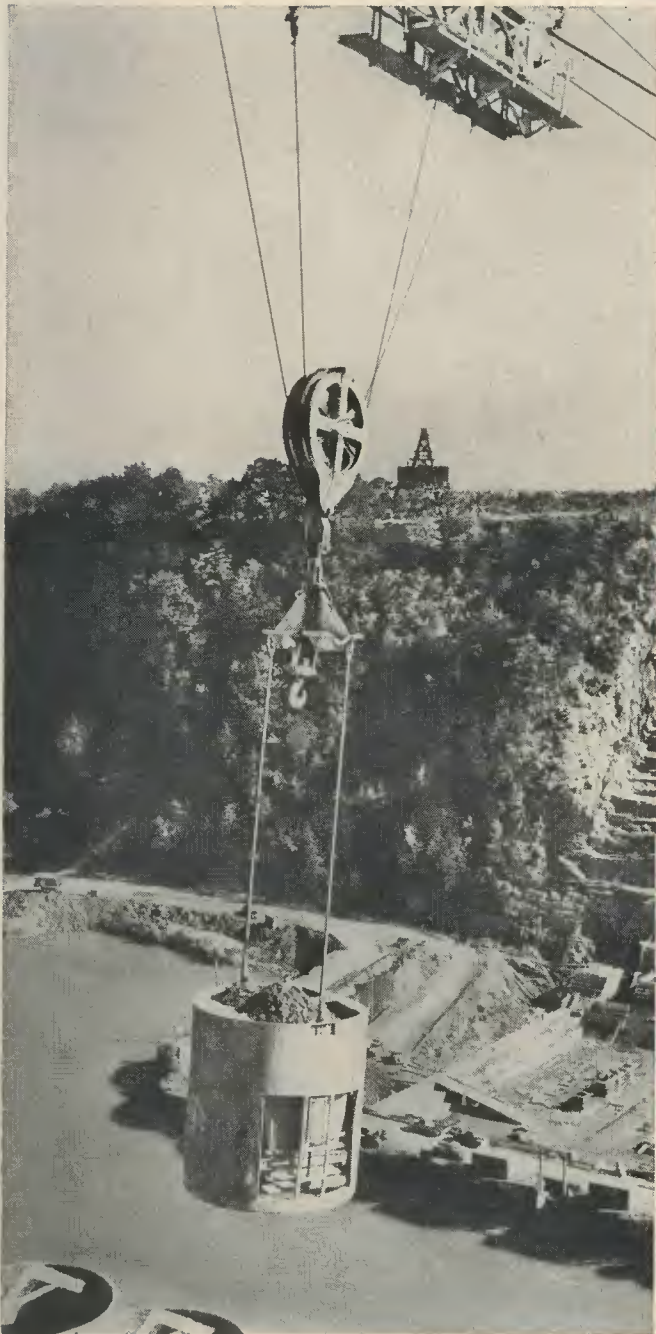
(Continued on page 16)

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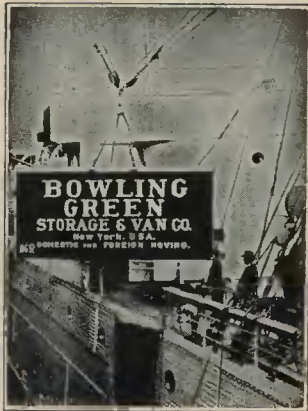
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## Twenty Five Years Ago

By JAMES B. STEWART

### MEDITATING ON VITAL STATISTICS:

PLITT—A son, JACQUES R., was born on September 10, 1928, at Athens, to CONSUL and MRS. EDWIN A. PLITT.

FUNK—A daughter, MARGARET HELEN, was born on September 23, 1928, at Florence, to CONSUL and MRS. ILO C. FUNK.

MEMMINGER—A daughter, ELIZABETH ANNE, was born on September 1, 1928, at Bordeaux, to CONSUL and MRS. LUCIEN MEMMINGER.

VAN DEN AREND—A son, HUGH, was born on June 1, 1928, at Leipzig, to CONSUL and MRS. FREDERICK VAN DEN AREND.

MARTIN—A son, JOHN FLETCHER, was born on June 17, 1928, at Ancon, Canal Zone, to DIPLOMATIC SECRETARY and Mrs. JOHN F. MARTIN.



ACKERSON-EDWARDS. VICE CONSUL GARRETT G. ACKERSON and MISS RHODITA EDWARDS were married at New York on July 28, 1928. COLE-COLE. CONSUL FELIX COLE and MISS MARILLA COLE were married on September 22, 1928, Montclair, N. J. HARRIS-BATTLE. CONSUL GENERAL ERNEST L. HARRIS and MISS SARAH J. BATTLE were married on September 1, 1928, at Vancouver.

CHANGES: GEORGE L. BRANDT, Department to Beirut; WILLIAM M. GWYNN, Prague to Paris; GORDON P. MERRIAM, Beirut to Paris; LAWRENCE HIGGINS, Puerto Mexico to Mexico City; CAROL H. FOSTER, Department to Rotterdam; ALEXANDER W. WEDDELL, CONSUL GENERAL, Mexico City, resigned. His assignment to Montreal was cancelled.

ABOUT PEOPLE: FORMER CONSUL GENERAL and MRS. AUGUSTUS E. INGRAM recently visited Bradford, where Mr. Ingram served as Consul from 1909 to 1920. He participated in the ceremony for the handing over to the Brontë Society of the famous Old Parsonage at Haworth, henceforth to be a museum and library for relics and literary works of the Brontë family.

MISS ANNA A. O'NEILL, an Assistant Solicitor, was appointed assistant to the Undersecretary. She was admitted to the D. C. bar in 1916.

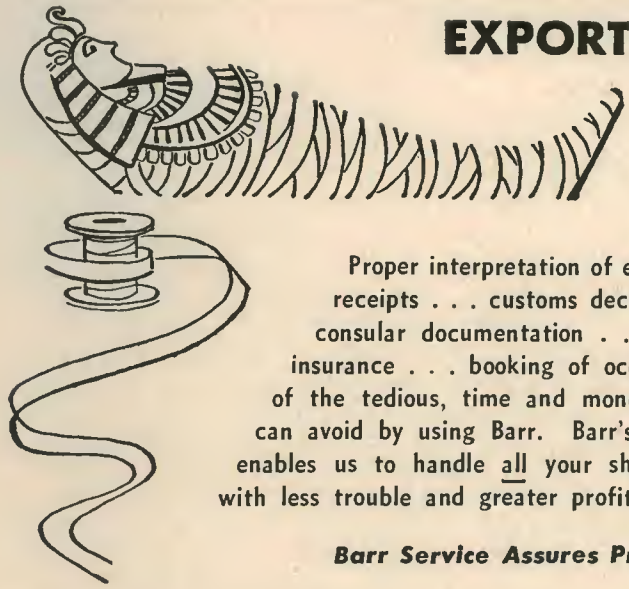
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July, 1928, carried a copy of the despatch of September 23, 1870, from American CONSUL D. M. ARMSTRONG, Rome, to the Secretary of State describing the capture of Rome by the Italian Army from the Pope's forces. ON HOME LEAVE: HOWARD K. TRAVERS, Palermo; W. J. GALLMAN, Quito; GEORGE D. HOPPER, Antofagasta; R. F. BOYCE, Hamilton, Ontario.

### I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER WHEN, as American Minister to Portugal, I visited all her African colonies, paid the expenses of the trip out of my own pocket and took a flyer in the stock market to help cover them.

With SECRETARY KELLOGG's permission, I informed the Foreign Office of my plans and set off one day early in the year 25 years ago to circumnavigate Africa. My friends in the Portuguese government were delighted and said that I was the first representative of any government ever to under-

(Continued on page 16)



## EXPORT RED TAPE

got you all  
wrapped up

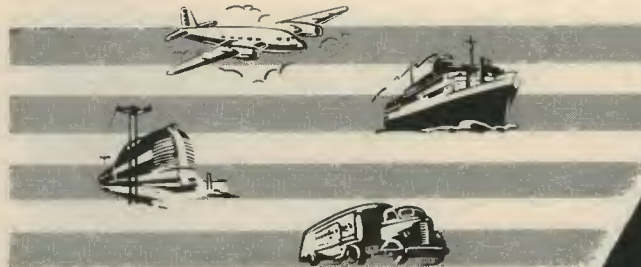
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**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO** (from page 14)

take a visit to the Colonies, so prime an element in the Portuguese scheme of things.

Before starting the trip I bought some Pierce Arrow stock on a very slim margin and, commending my soul to the Foreign Service, I set sail. On the way 'round I called on all the Missions and Consular offices that I could find. I saw JOHN LORD, EDWIN KEMP, BAYLE, RALPH TOTTEN, CECIL GROSS, TERRY HINKLE, GASTON SMITH, JOHN BOUCHIAL, RAYMOND GEIST, NORTH WINSHIP, ROBERT SKINNER and JOE GREW.

I wish that I could tell about King Solomon's Mines, Olive Shreiner's African Farm and John Buchan's Lodge in the Wilderness. Perhaps these and other adventures will appear some day in a memoir. And oh yes! I netted enough from the stock to pay for the entire trip.

*Fred Morris Dearing*

P. S. From **NORMAN ARMOUR**: Your column is one of the features in the **JOURNAL** that I enjoy most, bringing back as it does memories of old friends and old days.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITORS** (from page 12)

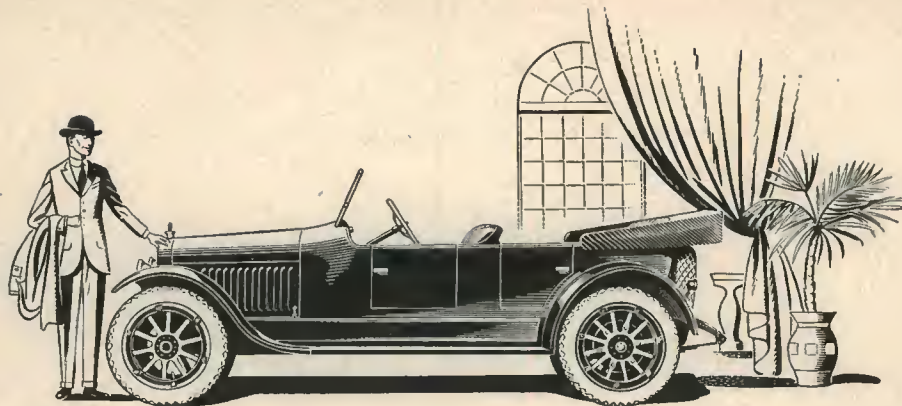
positions in communities throughout the nation who, if properly organized, could constitute collectively a lobby of some political consequence. Added to these former officers are dozens of "political appointees" from previous administrations—such as Averill Harriman, Stanton Griffis, Myron Cowen, Perle Mesta. What about such distinguished ex-FSOs as Hugh Gibson, Joseph Grew, Norman Armour, William Phillips, Stanley Woodward, James B. Stewart, George Messersmith, etc.? These are men who know the Service, who have often during active careers testified to its overall integrity and seriousness of purpose. If these people could be reached regularly wherever they are, kept informed and specifically asked to "speak out" either singly or together, the echo would resound in our hearts and restore some of the dignity of our profession. Isn't this the American way to do things?

Congress discounts in advance much of the testimony of Department officials and active FSOs who would naturally stand up for themselves and the Service. Responsible members of Congress may not intentionally disparage the Service and those who are fair are open to persuasion. Yet because we remain inarticulate, have no "veterans'" organization back of us and control no bloc of votes, we leave unanswered many unwarranted statements. If Congressmen knew that an attack on the Service would provoke a reaction they would be sure of the ground on which they took their stand. What Congressman would make an irresponsible attack upon the American Legion, the CIO or AF of L? If Congressmen are critical of activities of these bodies they speak frankly to Legion or labor organizations representatives in Washington.

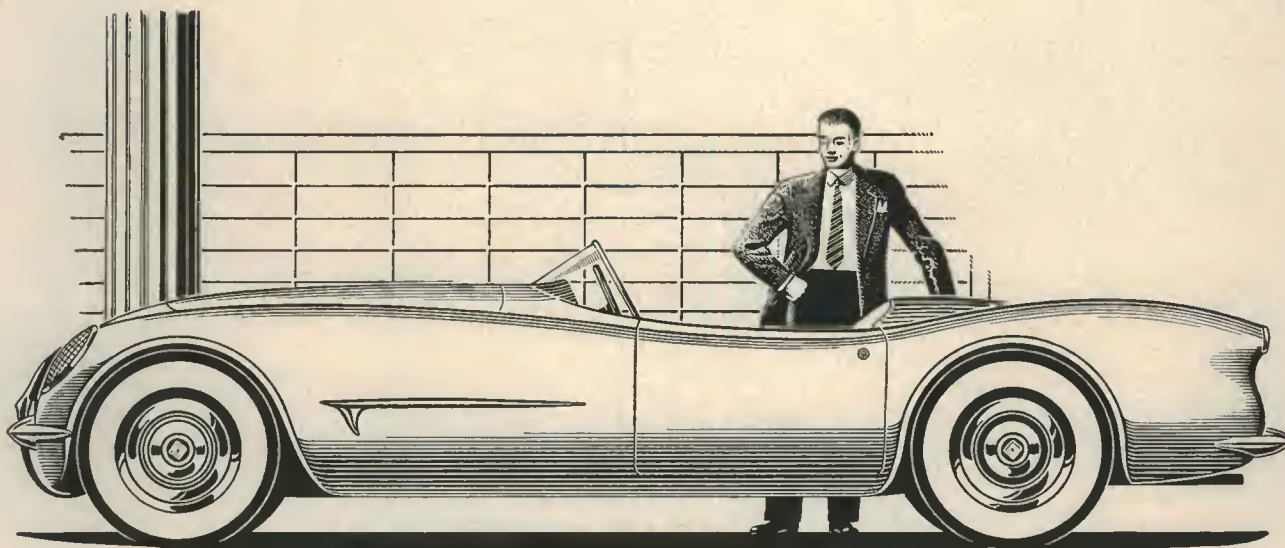
In conclusion then I urge that this letter be published with an invitation for replies from FSO's, FSS's, FSR's, and former political appointees who know the Service. A summary of the views obtained in reply might be used as the basis for discussions leading to the formation of a separate Association or a branch of the existing Association for the specific purpose of defending the Service of which we who presently form its membership are justifiably proud.

As Mrs. Roosevelt suggests, "Let us speak out."

ROBERT G. MCGREGOR



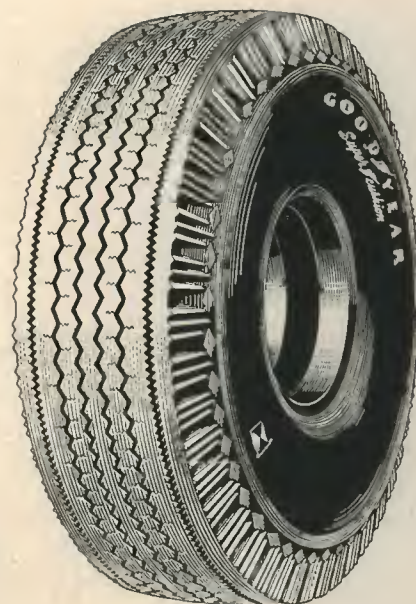
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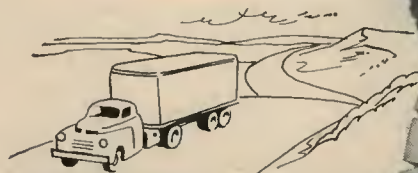
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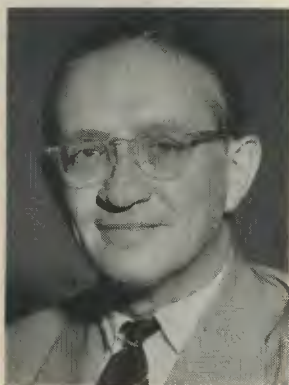
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By Lois Perry Jones



Robert D. Coe  
Ambassador to Belgium



Roy Tasco Davis  
Ambassador to Haiti

### Appointments, Personals

THE HONORABLE EDWIN FORWARD STANTON, until recently Ambassador to Thailand, retired after thirty-two years in the Service. Mr. Stanton served successively in most of our posts in China until the outbreak of World War II, when he was interned by the Japanese. After several years of service in the Department, he was appointed Consul General at Vancouver, and in 1946 Minister to Thailand. In 1947 he was named the first American Ambassador to Thailand.

Over 2000 persons went to the Athens Airport to bid farewell to THE HONORABLE JOHN E. PEURIFOY when he left Greece to return to the United States.

A *New York Times* story stated that the new Indonesian government had accepted the appointment of HUGH S. CUMMINGS, JR., as the United States Ambassador. Mr. Cummings, most recently stationed in Paris with the North Atlantic Council, served as Counselor of Embassy at Stockholm and Moscow.

WEBSTER B. TODD of New York was sworn in as director of Economic Affairs in the United States Mission to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and European Regional Organizations. Mr. Todd, who will have the rank of Minister, is head of Todd Associates, Inc., construction engineering company.

WALTER C. DOWLING, career officer who has been serving as deputy chief of mission in Austria, was appointed to the post of Deputy United States High Commissioner for Germany. Since entering the Foreign Service in 1931, he has served in Oslo, Lisbon, Rome, Rio de Janeiro and Vienna in addition to his periods of service in the Department.

MRS. CAROL RENNER ARTH of Redlands, California, was appointed Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, CARL W. MCCARDLE. Her principal duties will be in the field of information liaison with non-governmental organizations.

ROBERT F. WOODWARD, whose most recent assignment was Chief of Foreign Personnel, was named Deputy Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. He replaces THOMAS C. MANN, who was assigned as Deputy Chief of Mission at Athens. Mr. Woodward, during his foreign service career, has served in seven Latin American posts. Mr. Mann was Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary for American Republic Affairs and has served at Caracas and Montevideo.

WILLIAM T. SANDALLS, Executive Officer in the School of Advanced and Specialized Studies, Foreign Service Institute, was recently promoted from Lt. Colonel to Colonel in the Reserve Corps, the Department of the Army announced.

### Clased Consulates

Consulates closed or soon to be closed as a result of the economy program are: Vitoria and Fortaleza in Brazil; Guayman and Torreon in Mexico; Adelaide and Brisbane in Australia; Victoria, Hamilton and Regina in Canada; Bradford and Newcastle in England; Bergen, Norway; Gibraltar; Malaga, Spain; Tenerife, Canary Islands; Godthaab, Greenland; Bari, Italy; Dunedin, New Zealand; Cebu, Philippines, and Mombasa, Kenya.

### USIA Area Heads

THEODORE C. STREIBERT, Director of the new United States Information Service named the assistant directors who would serve as the "eyes and ears" of the agency.

The assistant directors are: NEDVILLE E. NORDNESS, for



Before Thomas C. Mann left for his post in Athens, the staff of the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs gave him a farewell party and a small gift. Shown in the picture from left to right are the following officers of the Bureau: Edward G. Gale, Robert F. Woodward, Assistant Secretary John M. Cabot, John L. Ohmans, Mr. Mann, W. Tapley Bennett (standing), John C. Dreier and Rollin S. Atwood.

Europe, formerly Director of the Office of Information of the Mutual Security Agency; WILLIAM L. CLARK, for the American Republics, formerly special assistant to the Administrator of the International Information Administration; G. HUNTINGTON DAMON, for the Near East, South Asia and Africa, who has been a member of the Overseas Information Program's Washington staff engaged in policy and planning for the area his new office will cover; SAXTON BRADFORD, for the Far East, who has served for the last three years as Counselor of the United States Embassy in Tokyo and Public Affairs Officer for Japan.

It is expected that the directors will spend more than half their time in the region for which each is responsible.

### Language, University Assignees

Thirty-two officers will be in full time language and area training under the supervision of the Foreign Service Institute during the present academic year. According to their language assignments they are Arabic (Beirut)—H. EUGENE BOVIS, CHARLES J. CUSICK, JOHN F. X. DEVLIN, FRED M.

(Continued on page 50)

# The

# Commodore Perry

## We Do Not

## Know

BY J. DIXON EDWARDS

Something over seven years and eight months after the last shot of the second World War was fired, last May 23 to be exact, there appeared at Shiroyama Park in the tiny, Japanese south coast port of Shimoda two groups of people, the Japanese group led by Prince Takamatsu, brother of the Emperor of Japan, and the American group led by John M. Allison, Ambassador of the United States. They came to dedicate a monument to the American who first breached the wall of Japan's medieval seclusion one hundred years before and who had, as an incident of that feat, opened Shimoda's little harbor to the commerce of the world. That American was Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry. In the United States his name is inseparably associated with the Japan Expedition of 1853—54; in Japan he is honored as "Kaikoku-no-Onjin," the "country-opening benefactor," the initiator of the explosive train of events that led to the creation of modern Japan.

In view of Commodore Perry's secure position in the history of the two countries, it is singular that so few persons know who this man was before 1853 or why he was chosen to command the Japan Expedition. It is high time, therefore, to take a close look at Matthew Calbraith Perry. In doing so, we shall discover a life in which high adventure in exotic places was interwoven with the prosaic persistence and perspiration traditionally expected of an American who reaches the pinnacle of success.

Some of the Perry success may have been due to Matthew Calbraith's forbears, sturdy New England Quakers on the one side and equally sturdy Scotch-Irish of Ulster on the other. In the first year of the Revolution, his father, Christopher Perry, in un-Quakerlike fashion, rushed to war from the paternal homestead at Wakefield, Rhode Island, and met the British upon the sea as crewman of an American privateer. He survived two captures, and, after the fighting was over, returned as a merchant seaman to County Down





種岸開港  
海運車  
汽鉄

An old Japanese print illustrating the result of the opening up of Japan to the West.

in Ulster to marry Sarah Alexander, the high-spirited girl who had brightened the days of his imprisonment in Northern Ireland. With the return of peace, Christopher Perry continued to serve as a merchant sailor until, in later years, he acquired a fleet of his own. Tales of his voyages to South America and the East Indies delighted and inspired his brood of five naval-officers-to-be. So it was that Christopher, the first of the Perrys to go to sea, laid the foundation for the nautical tradition of the family.

Although Calbraith was born in Wakefield on April 10, 1794, it was on the east side of Narragansett Bay, in the old colonial town of Newport, that he spent his growing years. In those young days of America, Newport had not yet taken on the social luster which made it famous a hundred years later. Its living was made from the commerce of its ships, especially those in the Indies and China trade. Although little is known of Matthew Calbraith's childhood, it is probably no violation of history to picture him around the Newport wharves soaking up the lore of the seafaring men and, boy-like, dreaming of the time when he could join them. One by one his elder brothers preceded him. The first was Oliver Hazard, whose name was to be known in every household of the new republic after his electrifying victory over the British in the Battle of Lake Erie. "Perry of the Lakes" they called him, as Matthew was later to be known as "Perry of Japan."

Father Christopher was by no means reluctant to use his own position as a revolutionary veteran to hoist his sons into the Navy. In 1808 he asked the Navy Department for an appointment for Matthew, and, on January 18, 1809, a midshipman's commission arrived, followed by orders for Matthew to report to New York for service on a vessel commanded by his brother Oliver.

This was the first and last occasion on which the two famous Perrys sailed together. This may have been just as well for they differed greatly in character. Oliver Hazard, dashing, handsome and bold, appears to have lived some-



The U. S. steam frigate Mississippi, commanded by Matthew Perry.

what dangerously, to have "hit the bottle" and brawled occasionally. The Navy disciplined him once for duelling. Matthew Calbraith, by contrast, was a sober-sided. Ambitious and methodical, imbued with a sense of mission, he sometimes struck his colleagues as being pompous and lacking social poise and geniality. Such an assessment of him, however, is unjust since it does not touch upon his dedication to the Navy, his keen awareness of the growth and progress of his country, his lively interest in the application of scientific inventions to naval development, and his doggedness in bucking naval conservatism. It was not through natural aptitude, but by hard work and the intelligent use of his opportunities that he also acquired a capacity for naval diplomacy, so indispensable decades later in Tokyo Bay.

But this gets ahead of the story. Matthew was only 18 when the United States went to war with England in 1812. During the early hostilities he was a midshipman aboard the *U.S.S. President*, a ship-of-the-line and flagship of the celebrated Commodore John Rodgers, who took a special interest in promising midshipman Perry. The war that had begun so excitingly for Matthew Calbraith, however, dwindled out in inactivity. After a spell of recruiting service ashore, he was transferred to the *U.S.S. United States* under

Decatur's command. This vessel never managed to leave its berth in the Thames River in Connecticut for the duration of hostilities.

With time on his hands and a new lieutenant's commission in his pocket, Matthew, then aged twenty, decided to marry. Shore leaves in New York had brought him into contact with the Slidells, a substantial mercantile family, and it was their seventeen year old daughter Jane who became his wife the day before Christmas, 1814. It was a fortunate marriage for an ambitious officer, for it provided a rich soil of social and political connections in which a naval career could grow. Matthew, who already had a strong sense of family, was never loath to ask for his relatives' assistance, or to give them his own, when called on.

When the war ended, a two year stint in command of one of his father's merchant vessels almost stole Matthew Calbraith away from the Navy and from history. It became his growing conviction that the seaborne commerce of the United States was one of the most important aspects of American life and that the Navy's prime reason for existence was to promote it. Other energetic young men might follow the course of empire west by land, but Matthew conceived his mission to be that of pushing the frontiers of American enterprise overseas. In 1817, with no change in this basic ideal, he returned to the Navy and to a period of foreign duty that furnished not only adventure but also the stimuli and experience that underlay his later contributions to naval development and to the career in naval diplomacy that culminated in the expedition to Japan.

#### *Sea Duty and Naval Diplomacy*

No problem of the young republic promised more future disaster than the problem of slavery. The United States had abolished the importation of human chattels in 1808 and had made it illegal for American registered vessels to traffic in human bondage. Still, smuggling, the freeing of slaves, and the natural increase of the slave population at home fed

the fires of resentment and disaffection. Of several solutions proposed by men of good will one was romantically imaginative, if not in any real sense a solution. For different reasons Northerners and Southerners joined in 1816 to found the American Colonization Society, the purpose of which was to establish colonies of freed slaves on the West Coast of Africa. Congress became interested in the venture because the American slave patrol on the African Coast needed a place where slaves freed at sea could be safely landed. Under the urging of backers of the Society like Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay it approved, in 1819, the first colonization expedition and authorized a naval escort.

Matthew Calbraith, who had evidently been following these developments, applied for service on the escort vessel and was made her executive officer. The emigrant ship jumped the gun, as it were, and made the entire Atlantic crossing out of sight of the escort, which overtook her only at Cape Mesurado in what is now Liberia. Here the colonists were landed in the midst of the West African rainy season, and the escort put ashore a party of carpenters and other artisans to build them rude shelters. Scurvy soon hit Perry's vessel, and she was forced to go north to Tenerife for fresh food. In her absence the colony went to pieces with internal dissension and was decimated by fever and strife with local tribesmen. On their return, Perry and his crew found only part of their shore party and only a pitiful remnant of the colonists alive. These the escort vessel picked up and carried to the British colony of Sierra Leone and then set full sail for home, wracking with fever from stem to stern.

The experiences of this voyage were not lost on Matthew Perry. In command of the vessel that escorted a second expedition the following year, he took such precautions that, not only was the colony securely planted, but his ship returned to New York without a single death from fever in its crew. He had become a rigorous hygienicist aboard ship. Believing the "African" fever due to dank miasma drifting

The landing of the naval expedition against Tabasco, Mexico, during the war of 1848, with Commander M. C. Perry in command.





The first landing of the Americans in Japan.

off the coastal swamps, Perry had forbidden his men to spend a night ashore and had kept them below decks, where he ordered fans and bellows set to work and smudge pots burned to drive away the foul air. Though he could not know it, his devices, so roundly disliked by the men, incidentally drove away the source of the fever, the mosquitoes. Thus very early in his career Perry exhibited a quality of thoroughness that, applied later to preparations for the Japan adventure, was to mean the difference between success and failure.

The ensuing decade brought many assignments to the rising officer. After a spell of pirate chasing in the Caribbean, another visit to the Guinea Coast, and defensive patrol in the Gulf during the Mexican Revolution, he was transferred as executive officer to the *U.S.S. North Carolina*, the largest ship afloat and the pride of the Navy. She was based on Port Mahon on the island of Minorca in the Balearics, an American naval station from the Congress of Vienna until the Civil War. Possession of this base attracted little attention outside the Navy. Within the Navy, however, command of Port Mahon spelled the apogee of success. It was indeed a post to strive for. Here social life was a major preoccupation, and guns were fired only in decorous salute. Dark-eyed Latin ladies and dress uniforms were the order of the day. No wonder, then, that younger officers dreamed of the pleasures of this languid spot and older ones competed for command of it. The ambition to head the Mediterranean squadron was born in Matthew Perry's breast and never left it until the day of his death, when he was in the midst of preparations to take up the long hoped for assignment.

But there was also rough business to do in the Mediterranean in 1824. The Greek war of independence against the Turks had made necessary a protective patrol to prevent raids by both belligerents on American shipping in the Levant. It was on this tour of duty, while helping a detail from the *U.S.S. North Carolina* put out a waterfront fire in Smyrna, that Perry contracted the rheumatism which, some say, soured his disposition in later life and at length produced the rheumatic heart that killed him.

In 1830 Matthew Perry received his first assignment of distinction and his first contact with the mysterious ways of diplomacy. President Jackson had appointed testy John

Randolph of Roanoke to be United States Minister to Russia and had ordered him conveyed to his post in a naval vessel. The ship assigned to the duty was Perry's new command, the *U.S.S. Concord*, a ship-of-the-line. At Kronstadt the Czar of all the Russias came aboard to inspect the vessel and was apparently so impressed with its commander's attainments that he invited him twice to St. Petersburg and applied a series of other blandishments in a vain effort to lure him into his own naval service. These attentions made John Randolph even more testy, and he wrote a despatch to Washington highly critical of Perry, alleging that under his discipline sailors suffered more than his own slaves, and that the regime on the *Concord* was more severe than that on his own plantations. Fortunately for Perry, Washington knew John Randolph's temper and probably discounted the charges. Yet he felt it necessary to rebut them and successfully did so, with the help of his officers, in 1832. He was not a man to suffer silently any slur on his reputation.

Following the return of the *Concord* to the Levant security patrol, there occurred an episode so nearly romantic as to be out of keeping with the otherwise well-regulated life of Matthew Calbraith Perry. The *Concord's* officers were being wined and dined by the Moslem rulers of North Africa. First there had been a reception accorded them at Alexandria by the Khedive of Egypt, and then at Tunis, the Bey gave them a dinner. In the course of it his daughter, ap-



The return of Commodore Perry to Shimoda with the officers and men of his squadron.

parently a lady a century in advance of her times, disclosed to Perry her ardent ambition to become a physician. The query of where she might obtain the necessary education was a real poser in the early nineteenth century. And the lady was a Moslem, to boot. Had Perry been merely a man of his times, he would have discouraged her. Instead, he applauded her ambition. Heidelberg was, of course, the right institution, he said, and she should enter it disguised as an American male student. Through connections he had formed with certain faculty members at that University, he arranged for her admission. Her gratitude was demon-

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J. Dixon Edwards, a former FSO, served the major portion of his career from 1937 to 1949 in the far east. A former lecturer at Columbia University, he is presently engaged in research for his Ph.D. under the Ford Foundation at Tokyo.

# DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY

*"Democratic diplomacy possesses many advantages; yet it possesses one supreme disadvantage: its representatives are obliged to reduce the standards of their thoughts to the level of other people's feelings. . . ."*

HAROLD NICOLSON  
*Peace-Making, 1919*

## and THE ROLE OF PROPAGANDA

BY MONTEAGLE STEARNS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of a series of three articles, to be published in successive issues, discussing some of the basic problems of our overseas information program.*

The controversial position recently occupied by the Department of State's International Information Administration has tended to conceal the basic, and as yet unresolved, issue that underlies questions of administrative experience, namely, whether there is a substantive connection between diplomacy and propaganda. With the emergence on August 1 of the United States Information Agency, administratively and organizationally independent, though subject to guidance from the Secretary of State, there is an unmistakable need, and opportunity, to determine whether the diplomatist and the propagandist have more in common than their problems.

There has, it is true, been perceptive examination of the relationship of propaganda to foreign policy and there has been extensive, if less rewarding, dispute over the propriety of our use of propaganda as an instrument of national policy. Yet these discussions, it seems to me, are, beyond a certain point, victims of their own first assumptions.

Whether or not it is ethical for the United States, with its traditional devotion to principles of free inquiry, to employ propaganda in the conduct of international affairs is surely dependent on our definition of propaganda. Those who condemn its use appear to assume that propaganda is inherently corruptive. But this is by no means demonstrable. The content and uses of propaganda are little more than a reflection of the national personality: assured or insecure; patient or hysterical; sensible or arrogant. The United States, no less than other nations, must define propaganda for itself. My assumption throughout the present discussion will be that American propaganda—for which the squeamish may read "foreign information"—must be entirely consistent with our liberal tradition; that its purpose is simply the clarification of the motives of our international behavior.

This is, to be sure, a limited definition. Properly so, I believe. To refer again to the subject of Mr. Anderson's article, my misgivings about the discussion of propaganda as it relates to foreign policy are prompted by a suspicion that the subject is too broad to permit the deduction of

profitable conclusions. If we are prepared to admit that the United States can engage in propaganda without doing violence to our liberal heritage it is clear that this must be accomplished within the context of American foreign policy. The question is one of means rather than ends, which is to say that it is diplomatic rather than political. We may state and restate our ultimate objectives, but until we have determined a logical and satisfactory relationship between the diplomatist and the propagandist we will falter in their achievement.

### *Supplementary Relationship*

In this connection it has sometimes been suggested that diplomacy and propaganda be combined; in effect, that our diplomatists become spokesmen before a wider audience. In support of this view it is pointed out that exchanges of personnel between the diplomatic and informational elements of the State Department have, in most instances, been remarkably successful. This, however, is no indication that the two jobs could be done simultaneously. In fact, the precise and inquisitive faculties of the diplomatist resist any such fusion, just as the assertive preconceptions of the propagandist are ill-suited to diplomacy. The proper relationship seems to be a supplementary one, stemming from changes in diplomatic procedure that have largely taken place within the past thirty years.

These changes have, I believe, created a functional relationship between diplomacy and propaganda that has not, as yet, received administrative expression.

The evolution of so-called democratic diplomacy after the first World War introduced, or, more correctly, recognized, the ultimate influence of public opinion on international relations. The achievements of diplomacy became, in this process, more and more reliant upon public sanction, or its interpretation by press and parliament. Today the diplomatist finds himself subject to two distinct, and invariably conflicting, disciplines: his concessions and demands are regulated by public opinion at home and abroad.

While it is altogether proper that diplomacy should be held strictly accountable to the public, and, in fact, could

scarcely hope to avoid accountability under our Constitution, it must be recognized that there is a considerable time-lag between private and public awareness of international problems. If, as a rule, the public is ultimately right, it is often immediately wrong. The tendency of public opinion to polarize around categorical positions, then to swing back toward the center after a period of collective consideration, places the diplomatist in an awkward and somewhat ambiguous position when important decisions must be made quickly. He must either accept the views of the public as a basis for negotiation, or risk eventual disavowal.

The public therefore exercises a determining influence over negotiations in two ways: it may adopt an attitude of such intransigence that negotiation is not feasible; or it may disavow diplomatic commitments after the fact.

#### *The Power of the Public*

The power of the public to discourage or veto diplomatic commitments has been demonstrated often and in diverse circumstances. It is by no means confined to the nations of the west, where the growth of representative institutions and the erosion of European monarchy after 1918 made some such circumscription of diplomatic prerogatives inevitable. Near and Far Eastern statesmen, increasingly aware of the value of public opinion as a lever in negotiations, have sought to engage, and often manipulate, public sympathy in support of their policies, even at the risk of finding themselves prisoners of public sentiment if those policies should change. Thus, in 1948 the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of Alliance was repudiated in the streets of Baghdad, while the Palestine question, Kashmir, the nationalization of Iranian oil and the Anglo-Egyptian dispute over Suez are all areas where passionate public interest has reinforced—one is tempted to say, crystallized—official intransigence, thereby reducing the margin for diplomatic decision.

There is, in truth, scarcely a nation in the world today where diplomacy can operate *in vacuo*. Treaties, which once initiated international obligations, now tend simply to confirm them. The significance of this fact for the practice of diplomacy is unmistakable, for if diplomacy cannot be adapted to the changing conditions of international society it may be ground to death between irreconcilable absolutes. The same historical processes that have deprived diplomacy of so much of its grace and elegance, transforming it from an art into a profession, may, in their inexorable course, reduce it further to a formality. Diplomacy is essentially pragmatic, and we live in an age of presumption. The danger is pointed out by George Kennan when he speaks of "the legalistic-moralistic approach to international problems." Yet, in the face of this danger, diplomacy must make its own adjustment. It seems abundantly clear that this adjustment must be in the field of public relations, and that it is here that the functional relationship between diplomacy and propaganda asserts itself.

The transfer of our foreign information activities to the Department of State in 1946, and the concurrent recruitment of information specialists by the Foreign Service was a reluctant and qualified recognition of the changing conditions of diplomacy. Theoretically the plan had much obvious merit. In practice there have emerged equally obvious failings.

In the first place, although the demand for skill in public

relations derives, as we have observed, from inherent changes in diplomatic procedure, the administrative response was not to integrate these skills with diplomacy but to place them adjacent to it. Despite the talk that we hear these days about "divorcing" the Information Service from the State Department, the fact is that there never was a real marriage. Propaganda moved into the house, not as a wife, but as a moody domestic, keeping its own quarters and budget and, in default of full employment, largely pursuing its own career.

The result, predictably enough, has been a wholly artificial and, we may judge, unintentional, division within the Department, a division that is not only operational, but intellectual.

The information specialist has set about to construct his own objectives and his own method of achieving them. He has created a curious private world in which to seek, though never to find, his own justification. He formulates laws in anarchy, confounding the circumstantial with the material, and he does so less by choice than by necessity.

The fundamental inadequacies of the Information Service, its vast imprecision and its morbid introspection, are, it may be argued, a direct outgrowth of the inability of the information specialist to adopt as his professional objectives the specific goals of American diplomacy, and his consequent failure to subordinate techniques of public persuasion to their achievement. The inadequacies are in themselves worth examining.

The imprecision of the Information Service is most strikingly revealed in its professional vocabulary. Groping toward unseen objectives, armed with untested implements, the propagandist has devised a jargon that covers his uncertainty with a veneer of business-like assurance. He makes "plans," which are directed at "targets" and embody "themes" and which are eventually "finalized." He aims not at the masses but at "prime movers" and he has not only objectives but "tasks" (distinguished from objectives by indentation) which, if they cannot immediately be finalized, must be "implemented" or at least "firmed-up." Toward this end he employs both "tactics" and "strategy," being careful to draw a distinction between "long-term" and "short-term" objectives.

#### *Borrowed Vocabulary*

This vocabulary, borrowed in about equal measure from the military and academic worlds, is applied, often with great indiscriminateness, to precise and delicate political situations. The result is unrealistic and speculative assessment of the role that propaganda may properly be expected to play in such situations. Thus, until quite recently, the foremost objective of the Information Service in a country that has been notable for its chaotic dissension for the past seven hundred years was "to foster a sense of national unity."

It is easy enough to ridicule this profound unrealism but more difficult to explain how, in existing circumstances, it could possibly be avoided. When we encourage propaganda to be self-generating, when we urge the propagandist to

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Monteagle Stearns, who graduated from Columbia University in 1948, served as motion picture officer at Istanbul and as assistant attaché in Ankara before coming to Washington to serve on the information programs staff.



# What Language Do They Speak?

By ROBERT ENGLISH

Those in the Foreign Service have to meet with poise all sorts of unusual situations. Two officers last spring had to stand up and be introduced by Speaker Ray Perkins—and briefly respond—to nearly 400 members of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. A scant few moments later they were escorted by Senate Attachés to the rostrum of President Lane Dwinell of the New Hampshire Senate. The honored guests of the Legislature once again looked on a quizzical audience who didn't know an FSO from a whole row of furrows.

Foreign Service Officers and Legislators got a lot better acquainted in the ensuing 48 hours.

This acquaintance was the result of a sort of student exchange program between Ambassadors-to-be and would-be gubernatorial aspirants. The program was initiated not in

Washington but in a state capital shaded by elms and maples and surrounded by rugged hills of purest granite.

Some time ago, (to supply some essential background), in no more than usual bewilderment attending the introduction of a Concurrent Resolution dealing with matters national and international at a state level, the New Hampshire Legislature passed a unique resolution without a dissenting voice. This resolution invited Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to pick a few of the State Department's foreign personnel for a trip to the far reaches of New England with the express purpose of observing democracy at the

Photo by Eric M. Sanford

Photograph of New Hampshire State House, Concord, N. H.

grass roots, thus to be better equipped to interpret our country abroad. Besides, the legislators hoped to learn a thing or two about the Foreign Service.

The Department met this challenge well. Jim Henderson, who has served in many posts, was the first to arrive. Right on his heels came Anita Lauve with a smile that would melt any language barrier. They were taken right into the arena of a legislative session about to begin its daily task of law making.

"What language do they speak?" asked one facetious Member.

He didn't need an answer, for a moment later he with the others heard both Jim and Anita saying in appropriate words how happy they were to be guests of the Legislature. The representatives of the Sovereign People knew they meant it.

Of course the Legislature appointed a committee and the committee worked out a program. Both visitors would sit for awhile on the Senate floor with the Honorable Senators at work and then move into the more tumultuous House in its morning session when reports of standing committees were being accepted, rejected, and, if the importance warranted, debated. The hot issue of the morning was a Bill, HB 19, to reduce some previously granted privileges to veterans. Two hours of debate on this foredoomed proposal showed the House in action, gave a hint of the art of the possible in law making.

Then Miss Lauve went to still deeper grass roots forty miles away to join a gathering of the state executives of the League of Women Voters. Back in Concord at 11 p.m. she and the wife of a recent Attorney General were both wreathed in smiles.

Meanwhile Henderson sat at three different public hearings on Bills before House committees. He found out that all Bills introduced are given public hearings, with notice given at least two days in advance so that anyone interested can appear and have his say. Jim also discovered that the committees sit like juries while the proposal before them is attacked and defended by opponents and proponents. The committee's verdict "ought to pass" or "inexpedient to legislate" is arrived at in executive session and reported to the House.

This photograph, taken in the Governor's office, shows, from left to right, the Honorable Styles Bridges, the Honorable Hugh Gregg, Governor of New Hampshire, Miss Anita Lauve, and the Honorable Herman Welker, U. S. Senator from Idaho.



He was not permitted to stay for executive sessions—only committee members can do this—but the next day he had a chance to hear these reports reach the floor of the House. Jim could observe, and did, that nine times out of ten, the committee reports on Bills were accepted without debate.

A Foreign Service Officer might find it helpful—at some post—to understand the merits of up-stream flood protection, Department of Agriculture style, vs. dams erected down stream by the U. S. Army Engineers. So grass roots indoctrination included a dinner meeting of the N. H. Natural Resources Council, complete with speakers and films. Jim was called on for a few words and chose to mention some similar projects abroad included in the Point Four program.

By the second day Jim and Anita were well acquainted in the legislature. Politicians are easy to know and don't stand on ceremony; the same appears to go for visiting FSO's.

No question now what language they speak.

But more important, no question but what they are alert visitors understanding the shifting scenes of democracy in the ninth state to sign the constitution—the one that put the Constitution into effect.

Before the session got under way the second day of their visit, they talked to the people of New Hampshire by radio from station WKXL. For not only the members of the Legislature but also many citizens have applauded the idea of having our foreign representatives take an interest in the Granite State.

Next on the program was a field trip; the twenty-one member committee on Resources, Recreation and Development, having two Bills before it regarding the Portsmouth area, were making an on-the-spot visit. The sun, for practically the first time in the month, shone down on the tug boat carrying the committee and Jim and Anita to observe rock barriers in the upper channel the potential industrial sites up steam. The trip gave them an opportunity to get to know the committee members as they never could in Concord.

On the way back the group stopped at Durham, (where the University of New Hampshire is located), for a dinner at the home of Professor Funkhouser. As far as the committee was concerned this pleasant dinner had a threefold purpose, to make a presentation to the hard working committee clerk, to be the one and only committee get-together of the entire session and finally to hear about a proposal involving the drinking water of towns adjoining Durham.

No apparent language barrier. A man from Mars might have mistaken the State Department visitors for just a couple more members of the committee.

But that was not all that was on the program in New Hampshire. Back in Concord the same evening the Taxpayers' Federation was having their annual dinner. FSO's should learn about taxes from those who pay them, so the speaking part of this meeting was included.

The people of New Hampshire hope this know-your-country program will be continued. We hope that at another time other FSO's will come up and visit us. They'll be welcome—a path has been blazed.

Robert English, now a member of the New Hampshire legislature, served in approximately ten posts during his career in the Foreign Service.



Outside the U. S. Consular Building at Munich the crowd began gathering at 7 a.m. on the final day of the Displaced Persons Act. By the time the Consulate opened, the entrance was crowded.

# VISA WORK UNDER THE DP ACT

By MELVILLE E. BLAKE, JR.

The largest immigration program ever sponsored by the United States government ended on June 30, 1952. In the four years from the passage of the Displaced Persons Act on June 22, 1948, nearly 400,000 victims of Nazi and Communist persecution, representing every nationality and religious group in Central and Eastern Europe, willingly left their temporary homes in Western Europe—mainly Germany, Austria, and Italy—to take up a new life on the farms or in the cities of the United States. Though the effect of this mass migration on the American social system is yet undetermined, it is certain to influence our domestic and foreign policies just as surely as did the influx following the potato famines of the nineteenth century.

Since immigration from Europe to the United States was halted by the Second World War, the end of the war in 1945 brought an urgent demand for immediate resumption of visa activities in Europe. This demand was heightened by the pathetic situation in which the hundred of thousands of unfortunates who had been forcibly brought to Germany and

Austria as slave laborers and who did not want to return to their Russian-dominated homelands found themselves. To aid these unhappy persons President Truman authorized preferential treatment for them within the established quota system under a directive of December 22, 1945. The main consular offices of Germany and Austria, which had been reopened immediately after the war, were authorized to issue immigration visas to these persons as well as to German or Austrian nationals who could prove that they too had been victims of Nazi persecution.

Obviously this stop-gap measure was not enough to meet the problem raised by the numbers of refugees seeking admission into the United States, and there was considerable domestic and foreign sentiment for a more vigorous approach. In late 1947 the President created a special commission to study the displaced persons problem in Europe. The commission's recommendations, as well as the reports which were submitted by various members of Congress who visited Europe in 1946 and 1947, were given thorough con-

sideration by the 80th Congress when it convened in 1948. The result was the passage of Public Law 774, popularly known as the Displaced Persons Act. This provided for the admission into the United States of 205,000 refugees or political or religious persecutees who resided in Germany, Austria, or Italy between September 1, 1939, and December 22, 1945, and who had been certified as eligible displaced persons by the International Refugee Organization. The visas issued to these aliens were to be charged to their country or origin up to the number of immigration visas which were authorized by then existing legislation but were not issued during the war and postwar period. When this authorization had been exhausted, as was soon the case for persons who had been born in the Baltic states, these aliens were to be "mortgaged" into the future against 50 percent of the national quota. In addition, provision was made for the admission of 27,370 persons of German ethnic origin who had been expelled from their homelands in Eastern Europe, 2,000 natives of Czechoslovakia who had fled that country between January 1, and June 25, 1948 as the result of fear of persecution, 3,000 orphans, and certain other categories of refugees.

The President's special commission became the nucleus



Inside the Consulate, a visa clerk is assigning cases to a typist on the last day of the program.

for the Displaced Persons Commission which was authorized by the Act. The Commission was charged with the responsibility of selecting visa applicants, finding them sponsors and jobs in the United States, conducting security and character investigations, gathering the documents pertaining to the applicants, and maintaining statistical and certain other records. A European headquarters was established at Frankfurt.

The Foreign Service was charged with the customary responsibility of determining each visa applicant's admissibility under existing immigration laws and regulations. As the Displaced Persons Section of the Office of the Political Advisor to the military government, also known as the Immigration Coordinating Office, in the Consulate General at Frankfurt, had supervised the visa activities of the main consular offices in Germany and Austria under the

presidential directive of December 22, 1945, it was given the responsibility of supervising and coordinating the activities of the Foreign Service in the enforcement of the Act and of maintaining liaison between the visa-issuing offices and the Department and the European headquarters of the Commission. Consul General Marshall M. Vance, supervisory consul general for Germany, was the first Immigration Coordinator, and he was followed in 1950 by Consul General Albert M. Doyle.

#### *Refugee Camp Aliens*

As the Act gave first preference to aliens residing in refugee camps, it was decided to establish displaced persons visa offices in the principal International Refugee Organization centers. Because of the unique nature of the program, however, the arrangements to open the first visa offices necessarily took several months, and the first displaced persons visas were issued by the main consular offices. These, incidentally, were authorized by the Act to begin normal visa issuance to German and Austrian nationals for the first time since the war and were given the responsibility of issuing visas to refugees of German ethnic origin as authorized by the Act.

In October 1948, the Department assigned approximately 140 officers and American clerks to the displaced persons program, drawing them from posts as distant as Managua and Hong Kong. Moving from regular posts to refugee camps, often located in dismal, war-gutted cities, could be a most unhappy experience. In addition, adequate office space was often nonexistent. The first officers to arrive under the program were Vice Consul Wayne W. Fisher and Mr. Sydney L. Woollons at Salzburg, who discovered that their office consisted of several filthy, unfurnished, unlighted rooms in a former Whermacht barracks. Before opening for business they were required to buy candles and supplies, to make, borrow, or "midnight requisition" office furnishings, and to perform major remodelling operations. At the Amburg and Schwincfurt refugee centers it was necessary to repair extensive bomb damage before the offices could be used; it was not until 1952 that the bomb damage to the Munich offices had been repaired sufficiently to enable the staff members to heat their offices in the winter.

Nevertheless, the Salzburg office opened on November 15, 1948, and offices soon were ready for business in Germany at Amburg, Augsburg, Butzbach, Ludwigsburg, Munich, Rastatt, Schweinfurt, and Wentorf. Subsequently several offices were closed when the refugee centers where they had been established were returned to military control for the housing of troops in 1950. When the Butzbach center was closed, however, the German federal government, in cooperation with the Hessian local government, constructed a refugee camp at Hanau which opened in June 1951 to house immigration visa applicants under the German ethnic origin section of the Act.

An operating procedure was established under which the field office of the Commission and the various welfare agencies selected eligible displaced persons and persecutees for consideration under the Act, gathered together the documents necessary to support their application for an immigration visa, obtained job and housing assurances as required under the Act, and called the applicants into the principal refugee centers from the smaller camps. At the center the

applicants were examined by a U. S. Public Health Service physician, and if they were found admissible they and their dossiers were sent to the visa office. Admissible aliens and the immigration visas pertaining to them were then sent to Camp Grohn, near Bremen, for shipment to the United States on IRO ships following preliminary examination by one of the inspectors in the European office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. As unnecessary expense was involved in sending aliens to Camp Grohn who might be found inadmissible by the immigrant inspector the immigration and naturalization stationed an immigrant inspector at each processing center in January 1950.

A special problem soon arose in Austria. As the military authorities refused to allow displaced persons to travel from one zone to another en route to the main center at Salzburg unless they could prove conclusively that they were preparing to leave the country—something no visa applicant can ever state definitely—the flow of intending immigrants from the smaller Austrian refugee camps was disrupted. To meet the problem, teams consisting of a vice consul, a Public Health Service physician, and their clerical personnel were dispatched every Monday from Salzburg to tour the various refugee camps for the purpose of examining and interviewing visa applicants. This operation proved expensive, however, and in the spring of 1949 branch offices staffed by a physician and clerical personnel were established at Linz, Villach, and Innsbruck which were visited periodically by a roving vice consul. This procedure proved expensive, too, and was ended during the severely cold weather of December 1949. As the occupation authorities had ended their ban against interzonal travel by refugees also, applicants were brought again to the Salzburg office for consideration.

#### *Special Situations*

Applicants from the western sectors of Vienna and Berlin provided special situations. From the beginning of the displaced persons program one vice consul in the Legation at Vienna issued visas under the Act in addition to his other duties. However, by April 1950, this had become a full-time job, and a one-officer displaced persons visa office was established under Vice Consul Robert F. Weltzien. As there was insufficient demand for displaced persons' visas from Berlin, however, no visa office was established there, and instead visa-issuing teams were sent up periodically from one of the offices in Germany.

Where special situations existed regarding nationality groups, temporary arrangements were made to grant them consideration. Thus, when it was learned that over 700 Czech refugees had applied for visas under the Act in Italy, Vice Consul Francis J. Hejno, a Czech linguist, was assigned in the Spring of 1949 to open a temporary office at Bagnoli, which actually remained in operation until January 1952. Thereafter, the responsibilities of the Displaced Persons Section extended from the North Sea to the Bay of Naples.

Once the novelty had worn off, an assignment to the displaced persons program was, for most personnel, an assignment to boredom. Under the Act as originally enacted, the determination of a visa applicant's admissibility was made by a case analyst of the Commission. Visa officers acted on the assumption that every alien submitted for their consideration was admissible. Thus, little was left to the imagination or ingenuity of the Foreign Service personnel.

When it became apparent in 1950 that the regulations of the Commission did not parallel the immigration laws and regulations—and that some inadmissible aliens had been certified to the visa offices as admissible—the law was amended to give consular officers greater responsibility. This amendment, passed on June 16, 1950, also increased the number of displaced persons to be admitted under the act to 341,000 aliens and authorized the issuance of immigration visas to 54,744 persons of German ethnic origin. The period of validity of the Act for eligible displaced persons was extended to July 1, 1951. Since the quota for orphans and persons of German ethnic origin to be admitted under the Act was increased beyond the capacity of the main consular offices to handle these cases in addition to their own work load, the displaced persons visa offices at Butzbach, Munich, Wentorf, and Salzburg, Austria, were authorized to issue immigration visas both to persons of German ethnic origin and to displaced persons.

#### *A Period of Stagnation*

Despite these additional challenges, an assignment to the displaced persons program was considered by junior officers as the kiss of death to a budding career or at best a period of stagnation in which the opportunities to prove one's abilities would be so slight as to provide no chance for promotion. (Subsequent promotion of personnel on the displaced persons program in the same ratio as the number of persons promoted in normal Foreign Service assignments disproved this belief. However, the feeling persisted.) Morale was not enhanced by the fact that the work load was sporadic; at times a visa officer would interview no more than one or two persons a day; a week later he would find himself called upon to see forty or fifty prospective immigrants daily. To bolster morale during the lulls, officers and clerks were loaned to the nearest main consular office—which also was the office affording administrative support to the visa office—where they could gain experience in other fields of Foreign Service endeavor. An effort was also made to transfer all officers from the program upon completion of an eighteen months' assignment.

Even though all visa officers worked at peak capacity during the Spring of 1951, it became apparent that the number of displaced persons to be admitted under the Act would not reach the authorized limit, and the Act was amended a second time on June 28, 1951, to extend the period of validity of the sections pertaining to displaced persons to December 31, 1951. The pressure subsided for a time but

*(Continued on page 56)*

Melville E. Blake, Jr., the author, shown with Inge Newmann, Mikel Drass and Detlef Niemann, war orphans admitted under the program. Mr. Blake, who was born in Mississippi, served in the U. S. Army and with a public relations organization before entering government service in 1949. His first post was as vice-consul and consular officer at Bremen.



# EDITORIALS

## The Foreign Service Of The United States

The Foreign Service exists as a part of our Government to serve the people of the United States in the conduct of foreign relations. In time of war or peace, of adversity or prosperity alike this is the enduring mission of the Service.

Mindful that at no time since the early days of the Republic have the American people faced a more serious and persistent challenge in foreign affairs, we believe the national interest requires that the Foreign Service be steadily strengthened to meet its responsibilities. Proud as we are of the record of the Service, we recognize that it must be alert to change and as responsive to emergencies as it is constant in the long trials.

Whatever form the organization of the Service may assume over the years, we believe that there are certain principles of a professional Foreign Service which will endure:

*The Service is built upon absolute loyalty and devotion to the United States, forged and tested in the exertions of its members in support of our national ideals and objectives.*

*The Service refrains from partisan politics and partisan political tests are not applied to it.* Serving each succeeding administration and its appointed ambassadors and leaders with equal impartiality and devotion, the Service strives to report on the foreign scene with complete objectivity and integrity.

*The Service is and should remain a disciplined, professional corps of men and women selected in severe competition from all parts of the*

*nation and broadly representative of the American people.*

*The Service is a tested instrument in the field of foreign affairs, providing continuity through a core of trained, experienced men upon which to base our representation abroad.*

*In the interest of flexibility the Service opens its ranks to include those who are professionally concerned with foreign affairs in the Department of State as well as abroad.*

*The specialized requirements of foreign service in many respects parallel those of the armed services and are, like them, best met by distinct legislation such as the Rogers Act of 1924 and the Foreign Service Act of 1946.* These statutes have attracted the highest type of candidate for the Service and have maintained Service morale in the national interest.

*The Service provides a career of challenging difficulty, modest material reward, a recognition which at times is less than general, and a life spent mostly far from home.* It is hard to get into and sets high standards for advancement, but it offers its members the satisfactions that come from vital service to one's country.

The Foreign Service of the United States has been developed to a high standard of competence and dedication through generations of non-partisan American effort and continuous testing in difficult assignments; so long as it is worthy of its own best traditions and of its support from the American people, it will stand in the first rank of our national assets.

The declaration of belief in the purposes and principles of the Foreign Service that appears on this page is the outgrowth of many months of animated discussion among officers of the Foreign Service Association and other members of the Services in Washington. At the Annual General Meeting of the Association on September 21, 1953, a draft resolution incorporating the substance of this declaration was approved by an impressive majority of those present. The Board of Directors was also authorized to put the declaration into form for early publication in the JOURNAL, taking into account the views of members expressed in the meeting and afterwards.

What appears here is the product of these deliberations.

We are confident that this declaration represents in large measure the sentiments and aspirations of the far-flung membership of the Service. At the same time, we do not feel that this should be or can be the last word on this important subject. We therefore look upon it as an initial step in formulating a forthright and vigorous expression of what the Service stands for.

In the weeks and months ahead we would welcome comment from members of the Service with regard to the adequacy of the present declaration and suggestions as to what further steps might usefully be taken to create a clearer understanding of the importance of the Service as a front-line force defending and advancing the national interest of the United States.

# Service Glimpses

1. Consul General Maurice W. Altaffer of Palermo was presented with a gift of an antique silver, Sicilian tray on the occasion of his retirement after more than thirty-one years in the Foreign Service. Looking on, from left to right, are Enrico Von Eles and Salvatore Failla.

2. Miss Frances E. Willis, upon her departure from Helsinki following her appointment as Ambassador to Switzerland, was given a Finnish landscape by the Legation staff. Here are Miss Willis, the landscape, and Minister Jack K. McFall.

3. Some 800 Americans and Lebanese attended the farewell party for Ambassador and Mrs. Harold B. Minor at which John H. Bruins (left), Counselor of the Embassy, presented a silver tray to the Minors.

4. Meeting reporters in Bordeaux during the visit of two U. S. Navy Destroyers are, left to right, Vincent Rotundo, Consul General John H. Madonne, Commander T. R. Ingham, Commander S. H. McGregor, and Vice Consul William A. Mitchell.

5. Admiral Cassidy shakes the hand of Mayor Alles on presenting the portrait of David Farragut to the city of Ciudadela on Minorca, Spain. Flanking the Admiral on the left is Assistant Air Attaché Felix Kalinski and on the right is Public Affairs Officer Morrill Cody of Madrid.

6. Foreign Service Officers Samuel Eaton and William Kerrigan recently completed assignments at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Medford, Massachusetts. They are shown here talking to Richard L. Bowditch, President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. From left to right are Mr. Bowditch, Mr. Kerrigan, and Mr. Eaton.



1



2



5



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3



*FIVE  
HOURS  
IN*



Procession in honor of Saint Nicholas. Under the canopy is the gold and silver bust of Lago Negro's beloved patron saint.

*LAGO NEGRO*

By MOLLY BROWN SESTANOVICH

The Christian Democrats won the elections in Italy. Well, four weeks before the election my husband and I knew they would win. We knew it positively. Because four weeks before the election we spent a Sunday afternoon in the little Southern town of Lago Negro.

Steve and I were on the last lap of a tour of his territory. We'd been with Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce when she dedicated a housing project for people who had lived in caves. We'd seen men working on roads, on bridges, on electric cables. But nowhere in all the 2,000 miles did we get a more intimate view of what Italians were thinking than in this lovely little valley town.

It was just by fate that we happened to get this intimate view. Fate being a broken clutch on the outskirts of town. When we were finally towed into the Main Square, it was 2:30 in the afternoon. We hadn't eaten, so the question then was: should we first take care of the car or our stomach?

The inner man won and we made our way to Lago Negro's one and only hotel.

We were met at the door by the combination bellhop and waiter, Luigi. Luigi was wonderfully cordial and expansive, in manner of figure and in manner of speech. Sure, sure, come on in. He'd get us some lunch. He'd cook it

himself. Carlo, the cook, wasn't there. He was off at band practice. Carlo's the clarinet player in the Lago Negro band. Today's the big festa. We'd heard about it, of course. We hadn't? We hadn't heard of the festa of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of Lago Negro? Why it was famous . . . all over the world, he guessed.

We apologized. It was just a bit of information that had escaped us. But what about Saint Nicholas? What miracle had he performed for the townspeople of Lago Negro?

Well, Luigi didn't rightly know. Something, many years ago, he supposed. If we really wanted to know we could ask Lawyer Pesce. He knew about such old time things. But, oh, (and his eyes lighted up) today would really be the day! The procession! The outdoor stalls in the village square! What wonderful things for sale! Things from Naples and Milan! Then in the evening, under the stars, danc. . . .

We hated to interrupt Luigi, but we weren't getting any less hungry. Oh, sure, sure, he'd cook us something. Something good. And without so much as letting us take a peek at the menu, he was out the door into the kitchen.

While Luigi was out whipping up something good, we took a look around the dining room. It hadn't been painted for a long time. Perhaps Lawyer Pesce would know just

when. And the hotel didn't seem to boast any napkins. We didn't see any. The clients before us had wiped their hands on the hem of the tablecloth. We decided we were awfully glad we had our sleeping bags in the back of the car. In case the clutch decided to stay broken, we might find the sleeping bags less scratchy than the hotel beds.

In a flash Luigi was back with two plates of spaghetti. But not two steaming plates. Tepid was a better word. The spaghetti was left over from the noon meal, and he'd thrown it back in the hot water for a quick boil.

The sauce for the spaghetti was not exactly delicious. It tasted like tomato puree mixed with a bit of water. We didn't like to ask Luigi if that was the way he made it. We didn't want to hurt his feelings. And he probably wouldn't have heard us anyway. He was off on a long spiel of the wonders of the great metropolis of Lago Negro.

A wonderful, wonderful city. People from all over come here and want to stay. Foreigners from as far as Milan and Venice. Nobody's unemployed here. All 6,000 people have jobs. With all the building that's going on. And the government offices. And the new telephone company. Didn't used to be that way. The town had no water. No lights. No telephone. These Christian Democrat fellows have sure helped Lago Negro.

Luigi's enthusiasm almost made us forget our broken clutch. We would have loved to have listened to him all afternoon. But it seemed that this afternoon we were destined to spend in the garage.

That is, Steve was destined to spend the afternoon in the garage. Man's work and all that. I set out sightseeing. Within two minutes I had seven guides, all under the age of ten. They were the seven Fiori kids. There used to be nine but two were dead. One died of an upset stomach. The other because his first tooth couldn't come in.

This information was offered by Carmelina, the eldest. She went on to say that it was her job to take the kids for a walk this afternoon. Papa and Mama were home sleeping. Papa is always sleeping because he is always tired. Too tired to work. Papa is the only man in Lago Negro out of a job. He could get one if he wanted to, but he is too tired. And Papa is getting even more tired, because Uncle Guiseppe is working to drain the swamp north of town. And then he's been promised a job planting olive trees in the ex-swamp. The more Papa's kinfolk work, the more tired he gets.

Mama is tired because she was up all night washing and ironing and mending. Today, more than any other day in the year, all the people have to be well dressed. Anyone who can't scare up a costume a little more elegant than his everyday garb is too ashamed to step foot out of his house. And then he misses the exciting festa of the patron saint. It must have been quite a job for Mama Fiori to get together presentable clothes, including shoes, for seven kids what with Papa out of work.

Carmelina steered me down the street where all her friends lived. The street had once been elegant. The houses were all good sized, two and three stories tall. With lovely wrought iron balconies and red tiled roofs. Many years ago one family had lived in each house. Now five or six families lived in each house, for this was the poorer section of Lago Negro. Not the slums, mind you, because there

are no slums in wonderful Lago Negro. We were headed towards the house of Carmelina's best friend, Maria Vulzoni, because Carmelina wanted to show off her American friend.

"Right here," said Carmelina.

I started up the stairs to the front stoop.

"Not up there. Maria lives in the basement."

I was just as glad Maria didn't live "up there." Because tied to the front stoop was a goat who wasn't exactly "potty trained."

"Giacomo lives up there. His father is rich now. Used to be a beggar," supplied Carmelina, who will some day be the town gossip. "Didn't have a job for six years. Then the government gave him a job planting trees out in the country. With all the money Giacomo's mother bought a goat. Now they sell milk. They're awfully rich."

Another vote for the Christian Democrats, I thought, as we came to Maria's door. From the door you could see all of Maria's house, for it was just one big room. Against one wall was a big over-sized double bed where Maria and her mother and father and little brother slept. In one corner



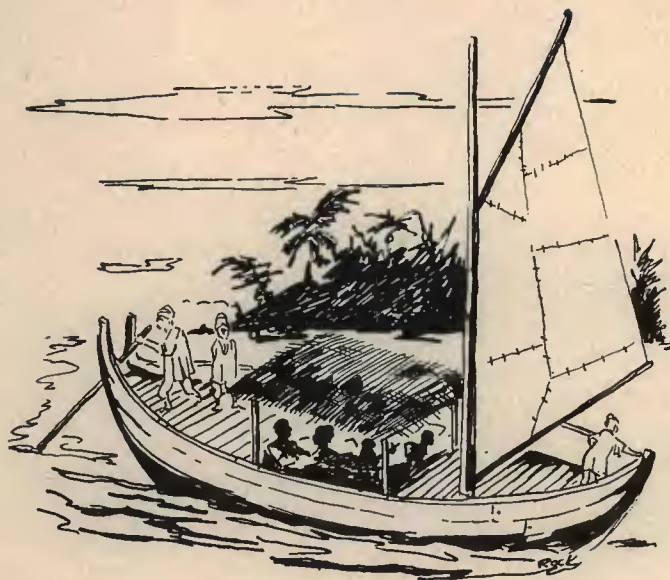
Feast-day costume of an unmarried Lago Negroan girl.

there was an old-fashioned wood-burning pizza oven. The rest of the room boasted a chest of drawers, three rickety chairs, a picture of the Madonna and a footlocker. No table, but this didn't stop Maria's mother from making spaghetti. She had put a board over the trunk and was busy kneading the dough.

She was very sorry Maria wasn't at home. But wouldn't I come in and sit down and have a glass of wine. I didn't have time for a glass of wine? She was very sorry. I must come again. Yes, she always made spaghetti for the

*(Continued on page 61)*

Molly Brown Sestanovich is the wife of Stephen N. Sestanovich, now Public Affairs Officer in Naples.



"Sat on bare boards under thatch"

*Monday:*

Arrived at airport at 1:30. Met by young FSO bachelor in Embassy. Drove to city in Embassy station wagon. With car windows open, weather about right for tweed suit. Couldn't see much, very little street lighting. General impression of totally different terrain, unfamiliar smells and sounds. Glimpses of cows, roadside huts, dimly lighted. Arrived at Hotel. Unimpressive exterior and interior. Our room huge, horrid furnishings, tub stained and peeled, dirty water in toilet bowl, only two beds, had to send for another. Susie cried for a solid hour after we got to bed about 2:00 a.m. I was hard put to it not to join her. Sounds from our hotel window very strange and disturbing—moans, coughs, cries, mournful chants, unidentifiable creakings and rumbings. We all finally got to sleep and slept till 2:00 the next afternoon. Had our "brunch" sent up to the room and were waited on by three servants in turbans, bright cummerbunds and bare feet. They stood around and watched us eat, not even allowing us to pass the salt. Such service made me excessively nervous and I kept trying to persuade them to wait out in the hall but I suppose they are used to these untrained Americans and have learned to overlook their peculiarities.

Bob went over to Embassy after lunch. Children and I took a ride around the Central Park of the city. Went in a rickshaw. Man charged us 10 dollars when we got back, only had 3 which I gave him with some misgivings. Hotel manager said one would have been enough.

*Wednesday:*

Called on the Ambassador's wife as per protocol. She took girls and me to the swimming Club before lunch. Susie had a lovely time but Katie yelled without cease. Under the circumstances very difficult to appear charming, gracious, diplomatic, intelligent, discreet and master of any situation.

About 6 p.m. we went over to the Embassy for a drink. Girls well-behaved. W's very nice people. A USIS couple stopped in. Most attractive. Have a little girl born same day, same year as Katie.

# we took to the field

BY AN AMALGAMATED WIFE

*Thursday:*

Life in hotel has many drawbacks but Susie has found an English boy near her age and is having quite a good time. Katie sticks to me like a leach.

*Friday:*

Children and I sick. Me pneumonia, Susie bronchitis, Katie G.O.K.—local term meaning God Only Knows. Mrs. W. took Katie and me, the S's (Embassy people), Susie and Bob. W's house lovely. CLEAN, quiet. Beautiful garden full of brilliant flowers. Well-trained servants full of service. American community friendly and informal—all helping me find a nurse for the children, writing us encouraging notes, coming to call. General atmosphere of friendliness and informality. W's, salt of the earth.

*Monday:*

No house or apartment in sight but hired a "Butler" today. No household without one I was told and advised to snap this one up and put him on the payroll as he is a very good one and domestic harmony hinges on one's butler.

*Wednesday:*

Hired a nurse for the children. They won't go near her. Very helpful.

Pneumonia is routed and am feeling better. Katie has lain and slept since we've been at W's. Will eat nothing but scrambled eggs and cocoa. Looks terrible, lost much weight she can ill afford. No fever. No symptoms. Must be psychosomatic.

*Friday:*

Moved to a boardinghouse. Only available accommodations one large room, one flight up, right on street. Butler and nurse came with us. Am told Mustapha is a first class butler which is just what we need in one room in a boardinghouse.

*Saturday:*

First cocktail party. At Embassy. 7:00 sharp, formal clothes as are all cocktail parties here I'm told. Very strange

custom. Bob in a frenzy for fear I'd be one minute late as this was one of those lines-of-duty parties where underlings supposed to rally around and help out. Some help! Introducing people I've never seen before to people they've known for 15 years. Nervous about leaving kids with nurse as I find she speaks almost no English, can't use the phone; kids feeling very insecure don't want me out at night.

*Sunday:*

A boardinghouse Sunday, nothing to do. Everyone depressed and restless. Very homesick. Wished I were back in my messy Sunday morning kitchen complaining about woman's work being never done. We finally called the E's who were very cordial and invited us to tea. Their apartment is charming. Large verandah opening onto spacious lawn. Quite private, surrounded by high stone walls, as are all gardens here. 3 large bedrooms and baths. Whole apartment would hold several D. C. California ranch houses.



"Fowl is bought on the hoof . . ."

*Saturday:*

Went on a British picnic with a Sir and Lady we met at the W's. We were all dressed up, shoes polished, shirt, tie, etc. Went down the river on a lunch with two butlers to serve us a picnic lunch. Got off at the Botanical Gardens. Walked around, saw what is supposed to be the biggest tree in the world, had our first coconut juice right out of a coconut. Terrible.

*Sunday:*

Went on an American picnic. Three American families and children, all dressed in blue jeans and sneakers, drove out to D. Harbor and hired a "country boat" which is a crude sort of dugout with a plank floor and thatch roof. It was manned by three ragged fishermen and propelled by a sail and/or a long oar-like pole. We sat on the bare boards under thatch and drank beer and ate fried chicken and floated up and down the river for about two hours. Both picnics much fun and interesting contrast.

*Friday:*

Moved into a sublet apartment in the afternoon. Right across from the Embassy, nice neighborhood, (as neighborhoods go in this place), large verandah, huge rooms, 14 foot ceilings. Very bare and gloomy furnishings, however. Hope our lift van arrives soon. Met the rest of our staff—cook and No. 2 boy. Cook cooks and No. 2 does the dirty work. Our four servants total salaries amount to approximately \$60 per month. This is cheap; *however*, our budget at home does not allow for \$60 domestic help. It is almost impossible to economize here on this, particularly if one does any entertaining. Kitchens are very primitive—no hot water, no sink. A faucet in the wall runs into a sort of basin formed by walling off a portion of the floor. All food preparation is done here and pots and pans scoured. Most Europeans have put a sink in pantry but still no hot water. Water must be heated on stove, (a minute gas affair on which these cooks can cook 6 course dinners for any number of people), is also impossible for a newcomer to attempt. Meat is bought from a most unhygienic and enormous market, bargained far and brought home in hunks, (quite unidentifiable to someone used to supermarket prepackaged cuts), and cut and prepared at home. Fowl is bought "on the hoof" so to speak, decapitated, defeathered, cleaned etc. in the kitchen. Every aspect of housekeeping presents similar obstacles. I don't complain. Whatever the excuse for not doing housework I'm for it.

Our number 2 boy looks like Ronald Colman with a sunburn. Our cook looks like nothing I have ever seen before but is a likeable fellow although strictly unhygienic I am sure. He has no teeth, no hair, a white beard, does all his cooking garbed in a long sarong and nothing else. But he's a good cook. Have entered the girls in a Catholic convent school. After much investigation, consultation, deliberation decided against leading European school, which admits only Europeans and Americans, in favor of the convent (more accurately a parochial school) which does not discriminate, has a good reputation for teaching, is physically a huge but quite lovely place. The girls love it and I begin to find that half our local friends send their children there which gives us something in common. Nursery school here is very well-equipped and the teachers are good but the children interest me. Very passive. In a room filled with all sorts of toys and play equipment the children sit and wait for something to be handed to them. They don't even express a preference between blocks or crayons for example. This due in part to nursery-led lives where servants wait on them hand and foot.

*Thursday:*

Our lift van arrived and was packed in one of the garages here. Worked all day and half the night to get my things out as having people for dinner Friday and up till now have had almost no flat silver, no decent china or glassware. Good to see out things but they made Susie so homesick there was

(Continued on page 38)

After ten years spent in Chevy Chase while her husband was a departmental officer, the amalgamated wife who wrote this diary found herself a new Foreign Service Officer's wife at a Southeast Asian post.

almost no consoling her. The children are still very homesick and keep saying pitifully "I want to go home." Katie would settle for importing Johnno, Mikey, Fred, Lucky and Grandma, but no compromise measures for Susie. She is in favor of going home to live with Granny and Granddaddy. Actually I doubt if she would miss us at all.

*Friday:*

Our first attempt at entertaining here. S's, W's, and D's for dinner. Flat looked 100% better with our things put around. Very good meal. Taught the cook Coq-au-vin and he did beautifully.

*Wednesday:*

Cocktails at W's then on to a large dinner party at M's. Met a local man who is in advertising here. Fascinated by his reaction to movie "Hucksters"—pure admiration for our advertising techniques. Discovered for first time how terribly exaggerated our negro problem is in other countries. Englishwoman, in the States for first time, said she was surprised to see negroes walking the streets unmolested.

*Thursday:*

Meeting the TCA people from all over the country this week. We entertained a family named D—from a northern state. They brought their three children and really descended—a rough and ready crew. In one way they are good representatives of the U. S. Simple people, not afraid of hard work, they have no complaints about the place they live although it is far from ideal. Their friends and their children's friends are almost exclusively local people whom they enjoy and with whom they find much in common. However, Mrs. D. has the reputation for talking constantly about the wonders of the U. S. and it's easy to believe. During whole dinner here she talked loudly and disparagingly of the "natives" and their customs. Was quite worried at how much Mustapha was taking in as he waited table.

*Friday:*

Bill B. down from Consulate overnight. Came to tea. Nice to see him. Likes Z and his work.

In a.m. went to M. E's as a member of committee to dispose of the 19,000 dollars cleared by the American Charity Ball of last month. Decided on volley ball equipment for several TCA villages and pay salary of 1 instructor to go from village to village for one year. This on advice of TCA man who finds it very difficult for the local people to work together, and he feels it is because, as children, they have no organized group play whatsoever. Also voted money to add an extra room on a building which is a housing and training center for destitute women. Decided to approach the city government on possibility of putting in a couple of tube wells as a source of clean water in the slum sections. Decided to resume work at S Homes—an orphanage. I was drafted as chairman of this project—by default, as I am only one not already doing something. Am not enthusiastic as working with children not my forte. And persuading a group of women to go out once a week to teach sewing, knitting, games, art etc. is not my idea of fun. Too late now.

*Wednesday:*

Dinner tonight at the F's. Several USIS people there. I get impressions of quite a lot of disillusionment among them—more so than one finds elsewhere. They are in constant contact with type of person who is looking for something for nothing. Seems to me Americans are too often regarded as animated money bags.

The women here have their own disillusionments—mostly through the servants. We come out here, unused to servants most of us, and full of all-men-are-created-equal theories. We treat newly acquired servants like old family retainers and trust them and give them to understand that they are our friends. Then we feel betrayed when they continue in their time-honoured custom of making a little on the side by doctoring the food accounts, borrowing money to marry off a daughter or going home to a sick wife and failing to return. They don't appear to be as interested in being equals as we think they should. Maybe because they're too busy just scraping along. A highly paid butler earns \$20 a month. Most of the servants come from small villages all over—and leave their wives and children behind. They go home for one month once a year and support their families out of the \$20. Their day starts at 6:00 in the morning and often isn't over until 2:00 the next morning. Many of them don't have a regular day off. Our butler is exceptional in intelligence and training. We talk to him quite a bit—a good source of lower class information and opinion otherwise difficult for us to obtain. He comes from a village about 500 miles from here. No electricity in the whole village. Three children. His wife is in Purdah which means she can never leave her house unless fully covered from head to foot. They own six acres and from those 6 acres they get only enough food to feed his immediate family. He rented out two acres two years ago and under the new land redistribution plan here his tenants have now been given the two acres. Makes one wonder if the people of this class are interested in progress. Depends, I suppose, on how far ahead they can see. For Mustapha right now it just means taxes, loss of land, red tape, and the western concept of emancipated womanhood as a threat to his women in Purdah.

*Monday:*

The hot—but really hot—weather beginning. Children's school closed for 5 weeks summer vacation on Saturday. Left for R., seashore resort overnight from here. Small town on the sea noted chiefly as a religious center and as a quiet, clean place to spend a few days at the seashore.

Left for the station at 8: p.m. Fantastic trip. Wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it. Bob drove. Mustapha sat in back with the children and was invaluable giving directions and waving cattle out of our path. The approach to the H Bridge was hair-raising. Pouring onto the narrow confines of the bridge (down the center of which are trolley tracks) cattle of all sizes, small herds of goats, rickshaws, pairs of bullocks drawing two-wheeled carts, huge trucks, horse-drawn carriages and vast hordes of pedestrians.

Station itself beyond description. It has housed about 700 refugees for the last 4 years. They live in squalor in the station itself. They eat, sleep, keep house, ply their

trade here. Their children run naked, begging from the travellers going to and from the trains.

Comparatively cool, lovely ocean breeze. Mostly local people at the hotel. A few Europeans. Beach here quite beautiful and unspoiled. No grass but many trees, huge old stone and plaster houses used largely for vacation homes. Few are kept freshly painted (an impossibility given the salt air and the calamine type of paint), few look inhabited. Resemble deserted, not to say haunted castles. Standing on the shore and facing land, the skyline is quite astonishing. These huge stone castles at intervals, here and there the turrent shape of a temple and nothing else but sand. The world after the atom bomb.

#### Monday:

Home a week. Weather ghastly. Children covered with prickly heat, bored, lonely, homesick. I could almost send them back to their grandparents. Much better for them I'm sure.

#### Wednesday:

Dinner at R's. Very large affair. Talked to a handsome local man who has been often to U. S. and knows Americans. In his opinion TCA (Point 4) work on every day level would be better handled by Europeans who understand the uses of manpower. Very difficult for Americans to adjust their thinking from a mechanized country to one which must rely chiefly on manpower. Americans want to use machines which throw too many men out of work in a land where unemployment is one of the greatest problems. Mr. X thinks what they should have from the U. S. is top men in business field who would come over, study the country, location of resources etc. then submit a report of potentialities—and go home.

Children back in school. Morale much better. Lots of activity afternoons. Apartment looks like home with tents, thrones, hideouts, dolls etc. etc.

#### Thursday:

Brought Katie home from school today instead of sending nurse. A man and small naked child were sitting on sidewalk at school gates—just sitting, not begging. Wondered about them. Found they were waiting for lunch. As each nurse passed she put leftovers from her charge's lunch box onto the child's plate until it was heaping.

The cholera epidemic is raging. Worst in years I gather. Totally unnecessary. But problem of teaching sanitation and hygiene to these people is a staggering task. There is absolutely no understanding here of the relation between dirt and disease. One of the hardest adjustments for Americans to make is to the sanitary habits of the people. The curb of every street is a public urinal. The corner of every landing in this apartment building is stained where people have spit on the wall. My first reaction was a terrible feeling of contamination and inability to see the country for the dirt. One reason sympathy came hard was pervading feeling that the dirt was a constant threat to health of my children.

Communist demonstration in front of Embassy over Rosenberg's imminent execution. Embassy gates closed, police and militia out. No violence. About 200 demonstrators.

#### Saturday:

Rosenbergs have finally been executed. Police stationed in front of Embassy. Demonstration expected.

#### Tuesday:

No more demonstrations forthcoming over Rosenbergs now that they're dead which may point a moral.

Everyone here quite used to the Communist demonstrations (they burned Ike in effigy the other day) but I find them rather frightening.

#### Thursday:

Gas leak finally fixed. Quite an experience. Sent for Gas Co. about a month ago when we noticed strong smell of gas in pantry. An unprepossessing little man in a dirty loincloth showed up and wandered ineffectually around kitchen and pantry. Couldn't smell anything so resorted to his trusty gas detector—a twist of newspaper which he proceeded to light and run up and down all the pipes. No



"The Old Man certainly takes this Chief of Mission stuff seriously!"

explosion forthcoming—he deduced there was no leak and left. A second application to Gas Co. brought a man in shoes (sure sign that one is moving up in the office hierarchy) and a gas gauge. He found the leak way up near the ceiling and said they would send someone to fix it. Next development was arrival of 2 men in loincloths, carrying large ladder. They knew the leak was near the ceiling but not exactly where. More lighted newspapers. No results. Sent for man in shoes. He came next day, located leak for men with ladder. They poked experimental hole. Said couldn't do anything until we gave Gas Co. permission to open up wall and estimate extent of damage, (all of which paid for by tenants, not Gas Co.). They left. We wrote letter to Gas Co. Men in loincloths and man in shoes came together on next visit. Opened up wall. Said pipe needed replacing for several feet, expensive, landlord would have to send written permission to Gas Co. In the meantime they would repair leak temporarily. Did I have an old rag? I did, so they tied it around the hole in the pipe and went away. That's what I mean by the leak is fixed. They never came back.

## NEWS FROM THE FIELD

### ROME

At the insistence of AMBASSADOR CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, something new was added this year to the Rome American colony's traditional Fourth of July celebration.

It was an old-fashioned Independence Day "outing" complete with baseball, fireworks, hot dogs, beer, pop, and all the rest of the trimmings.

If the baseball game turned out somewhat one-sided, the fireworks unpredictable (and unofficial), the hot dogs skinny, and the purveyors of drinks too few to keep up with the demand, nobody minded. The estimated 1,200 Americans who turned out all, quite evidently, enjoyed themselves.

The Ambassador's decision to change the character of the local Independence Day observance was in line with the State Department's directive discouraging the huge receptions for Americans that had come to plague Ambassadors throughout the world.

As in other larger capitals, thousands on thousands of Americans have turned up in recent years at Villa Taverna, the Rome Embassy residence, for the occasion. Last year, for instance, Ex-Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker entertained some 5,000.



Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce laughs at players' antics at the Fourth of July baseball game organized by the embassy. More than 1200 Americans attended.

Mrs. Luce decided against an abrupt end to the traditional reception so soon after her arrival. She went ahead and held it. Though steps were taken to limit attendance to bona fide Americans, 3,000 turned up. The price the Ambassador paid was a sore and swollen right hand: so often and so vigorously was it shaken that it was, as she said, "tenderized." When she appeared for the American Chamber of Commerce dinner dance that evening, the hand was in bandages.

It was with these financial and physical tribulations (along



with the Department's directive) in mind that Mrs. Luce added the afternoon baseball and fixings. If everybody had fun at the game, she argued, perhaps next year the occasion could be sufficiently embellished so that the reception could be dropped. Comments of American residents during and after the game tended to show that she was right.

An Embassy committee headed by SECOND SECRETARY CHARLES HIGDON, with representatives of American business groups in Rome sitting on it, arranged the baseball game. It spent three weeks lining up two teams (one an all-Star U. S. armed forces nine from Naples, the other the Lazio team of the Italian Baseball Federation), finding a field, printing and selling tickets, and publicizing the event. Ambassador Luce threw out the first ball at the Camp Sportivo diamond at the edge of Rome, and the rousing tunes of a 20-piece U. S. Navy band from Naples made Ebbets Field seem not so far away.

Baseball has boomed in Italy since the war's end; there are 62 clubs playing weekly games in the Italian Federation league. To promote it further, Ambassador Luce took time out before the game to present a silver cup to Prince Steno Borghese, Federation president, as a perpetual trophy for the league's championship team.

Tickets to the game sold at 500 lire each at American travel agencies, banks, airlines and shiplines throughout Rome. Proceeds were donated to the American Council of Voluntary Agencies, to assist 16 American organizations doing charitable work in Italy.

Oh, yes. The score of the game: U. S. Armed Forces, 18; Lazio, 5.

*John P. McKnight*

### COPENHAGEN

On Denmark's "Liberation Day," May 5, 1953, a memorial to Franklin D. Roosevelt was unveiled on Sankt Annae Plads in the presence of leading Danish Government officials and representatives of the American Embassy. Denmark is the third country thus to honor the late American President, memorials to him having previously been erected in Great Britain and Norway.

The ceremony was marked by its simplicity, the unveiling being performed by Foreign Minister Ole Bjørn Kraft, chairman of the Committee which had sponsored the project. In warm words of appreciation to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Foreign Minister Kraft explained the background of the project and why Denmark in gratitude to Roosevelt wished to commemorate him. He characterized Roosevelt as a man whose unceasing fight in behalf of the rights of millions had become a symbol of hope, the voice expressing the future hopes of the peoples of the world in the great fight for freedom and against tyranny.

After the unveiling of the bust, Mr. Sigvald Hellberg, chairman of the Copenhagen Municipal Council, briefly expressed his city's gratitude for the opportunity it had been given to house this memorial to Roosevelt, who had helped in bringing freedom to this country and this city.



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Following Mr. Hellberg, CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRS JOHN O. BELL, as representative to the United States, expressed his country's appreciation to all who had contributed to make the erection of this memorial possible.

The initial arrangements for having a bust of Franklin D. Roosevelt erected in Copenhagen were undertaken by Mr. Ole Cavling, Editor-in-Chief of *Ekstrabladet*.

The bust was made in France, from a plaster-of-Paris cast of the well-known work of Jo Davidson. Funds for the bust were raised through contributions of a number of institutions.

*Robert W. Caldwell*

#### TEL AVIV



The leg cast in the picture to the left bears the autographs of Andre Kostelanetz, Lt. General William Riley, Israel's Foreign Minister Sharett, British Ambassador Sir Francis Evans, Governor Adlai Stevenson, Mutual Security Director Harold Stassen, and Secretary Dulles. The leg in the cast belongs to Arlene Russell, daughter of Counselor of Embassy in Tel Aviv, Francis H. Russell.

#### LAGOS

The output of the Consulate General has gone up, peoples' eyes are less red in the morning, tempers, are better, and Lagos life seems a bit more bearable. Why? We're in the rainy season now. The extra coolness and drier rain (between rains) are even worth the trouble of water-filled yards and the nightlong, off-key booming of the frogs in the "drainage" ditches.

FSS GEORGE ROORBACH has just purchased a tiny Fiat car, into which he inserts himself like a folded carpenter's rule, and is most pleased with himself. George is better equipped with transport than any of the rest of us, as he now has a sailboat *and* a car. He is also pleased with the recent arrival of TDY of WALTER OMACHEL (from Athens) to do our accounting. George had taken over from Marge Wicka and was not exactly on familiar ground. We also have HOWARD MCVITTY coming soon to take over as Information Officer, which will mightily relieve PAO JACK JONES

BOB ROSS went off on another tour of part of Nigeria during the first two weeks of May. By air, he hopped from Lagos to Port Harcourt, Calabar and Enugu and back again for a quick look at the economic and political scene in the Eastern Region. The political scene was not encouraging, as it was replete with evidences of the critical stresses attendant upon assumption of more authority by the Nigerians themselves. While in Calabar Ross stayed several days in a house reputed to be haunted by the ghost of the famous Sir Roger Casement, who lived there as British Consul before going to

Ireland and getting himself hung as a rebel. However, Sir Roger was not at all in evidence while the American Vice Consul was in residence.

We have had a goodly portion of visitors here lately: JOHN GUNTHER and his wife; geographer DR. PEATTIE and his wife from Ohio U.; DR. BILL JONES from Stanford; JOHN UTTER from the Department; exchange lecturer ADELAIDE HILL; USISer LUCILLE DURKIN; and more. Lagos seems definitely to be less off the beaten track than it used to be, and more Americans are interested in this huge area containing some seventeen million people. Of course, we have been trying all along to tell our friends at home that Nigeria is important and we are pleased to see evidences that so many of our compatriots are in agreement. Most of our visitors schedule only a few short days to see Nigeria and then discover that (a) Nigeria is bigger than they thought, and (b) that transportation is difficult to obtain when you want it; so leave muttering about their bad scheduling, etc.

*Bob Ross*

#### ANTWERP



Miss Marjorie L. Fried about to depart for her wedding in Antwerp on August 1, 1953, to Mr. Edmund A. Luyckx. With her are Consul General Prescott Childs, who gave the bride away, and ring-bearer Master Eric Luyckx, nephew of the groom.

#### STOCKHOLM

A moving ceremony was held at the Embassy Residence on Wednesday, May 27, when CONSUL FRITHJOF C. SIGMOND retired after 41 years in the United States Foreign Service. His retirement coincided with his 70th birthday and was the occasion for a presentation by AMBASSADOR W. WALTON BUTTERWORTH on behalf of the staff of a handsome sterling cigar and cigarette box, suitably inscribed. Consul Sigmond, who was born in Zumbrota, Minnesota, joined the Foreign Service at Stavanger, Norway, in September 1910, and later served at Bergen until 1933 when he was transferred to Stockholm which then ranked as a Consulate General.

What is generally considered the hottest summer in Sweden since 1947 has accelerated the exodus of Swedish

*(Continued on page 44)*

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residents from Stockholm and their replacement by an unusually large invasion of tourists. The usual attractions of a summer in Stockholm have been enhanced this year by the elaborate celebration of the 700th Anniversary of the founding of the City. Stockholm is acknowledged to be much older, but the local press explained that "ladies as old as Stockholm can choose the age they like." Every evening open-air concerts, boating excursions and other festivities have provided a lively atmosphere which has been further accentuated by the initial introduction this week of Coco-Cola to Sweden and the opening of two high class night clubs. Night clubs have never previously been licensed in Sweden.

The summer influx of foreign visitors is being accentuated in July by two major international conventions. The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions will convene on July 4 and approximately 25 delegates plus wives and children have arrived from the United States, including George Meany and James C. Petrillo of the AFL, Walter and Victor Reuther and James B. Carey of the CIO and a number of other leaders in American and European trade circles. The following day, July 5, the International Federation of Business and Professional Women will also convene in Congress in Stockholm with 1300 delegates including 141 from the United States.

If the Swedes sometimes seem surprised at the amount of interest shown by Americans in their country, it is equally true that they fully reciprocate this interest and the establishment of the Fulbright scholarships to the U.S.A. this year has only tended to further strengthen the great cultural bonds which have always united the United States with Sweden—the first country to recognize our independence.

This post claims to be the most prolific in the Foreign Service at the present time and will accept any challenges on that score. During the past nine months, ten American children have been born to personnel in the Army, Navy and Air Attaché offices alone. The total includes two sets of twins, JULIA and CHRISTOPHER, born September 15 to Col. and MRS. FREDERICK M. SPERRY, army attaché, and MICHAEL and JEFFRY, born September 24 to LT. COL. and MRS. ROBERT R. SCHAEFER, assistant air attaché. The political and economic sections have not been spectacular contributors to this record but their ranks studded with bachelors who have to date remained steadfast.

*Paul F. Duvivier*

### C A R A C A S

In an impressive display of friendship for the United States and the new administration, the Venezuelan Government and people extended a whole-hearted welcome to DR. MILTON S. EISENHOWER, who arrived in Caracas on June 23. Dr. Eisenhower was accompanied by MRS. EISENHOWER; ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE and MRS. JOHN M. CABOT; ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF TREASURY ANDREW N. OVERBY; ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF COMMERCE SAMUEL W. ANDERSON; and W. TAPLEY BENNETT, JR., Deputy Director of the Office of South American Affairs, Department of State. Venezuela was the first of the ten South American Republics to be visited by Dr. Eisenhower on his recent good-will and fact-finding tour as his brother's personal representative.

A press conference at the residence of AMBASSADOR FLETCHER WARREN shortly after the mission's arrival was attended by the largest number of reporters and photographers ever to appear at such an event here. The conference

was filmed and televised, and attracted big headlines in the nation's press.

The next day Dr. Eisenhower placed a wreath at the National Pantheon, a tomb of Simón Bolívar, in a tribute to the Liberator of Venezuela. Accompanied by Ambassador Warren, the party called on Venezuela's President, COL. MARCOS PÉREZ JIMÉNEZ, FOREIGN MINISTER AURELIANO OTAÑEZ, and other top Government officials. The Caracas Municipal Council convened in special session to award honorary citizenship of the city to Dr. Eisenhower.

At Central University of Venezuela (founded in 1725) the University Reform Council, in a ceremony presided over by the Minister of Education, awarded the degree of Doctor Honoris Causa in Political and Social Sciences to Dr. Eisenhower.

A reception given in honor of Dr. Eisenhower by Ambassador and Mrs. Warren was attended by 500 persons, including the President, Cabinet ministers, other high-rank-

### A T H E N S



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Talcott (she is the former Dorothy J. Murray) receive the congratulations and best wishes of their friends at their wedding reception in Athens on June the twentieth.

ing civil and military officers, and influential business and cultural leaders. A noteworthy feature of the reception was the fact that the President, who seldom attends foreign diplomatic functions, remained at the residence for more than two hours, conversing with Dr. Eisenhower and Assistant Secretaries Cabot, Overby and Anderson.

President Pérez Jiménez gave a luncheon at the Military School in honor of Dr. Eisenhower, attended by important officials and ranking officers of the armed forces. After the luncheon, the President escorted Dr. Eisenhower on an inspection tour of the School's facilities.

Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Cabot, escorted by Mrs. Warren, visited the Binational Center in Caracas. The Center, known as the *Centro Venezolano-Americano*, has one branch in the center of town and another in the new eastern residential area. The 12-year-old organization has more than 14,000 students and members. Except for the salaries of the director and his assistant, and the purchases of some books, which are paid for by the Department of State, the Center is entirely self-supporting. Its activities include classes in English, Spanish, history, literature and music, and lectures, folk dances, a library, exhibits of State Department informational materials, and motion pictures.

The Eisenhower party departed for Bogotá on June 27, after a brief but extremely successful and informative visit to Venezuela.

*Carl Bartz*



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## THE BOOKSHELF

Francis C. deWolf, Review Editor

### NEW AND INTERESTING

by FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

1. **The Singing Sands**, by Josephine Tey, *Published by Macmillan Co.* .....\$2.75

Well written, adult, civilized detective story. Protagonist: Inspector Grant, locale: London and Scotland (both the Country and the Yard). Highly recommended by Christopher Morley and—your Review Editor.

2. **Memoirs: Franz Von Papen**, *Published by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.* .....\$6.50

*Apologia Pro Vita Sua* by the kicked-out-from-the-United-States-in-World-War I German-diplomat; Hindenberg's Chancellor; Hitler's-in-Turkey-Ambassador. Once a Nazi. . . .

3. **Too Late the Phalarope**, by Allan Paton, *Published by Charles Scribner's Sons* .....\$3.50

The author of "Cry, the Beloved Country" again presents us a vivid view of present day South Africa, and the searing problem of racial segregation as effected by the Boers. August Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

4. **Hitler's Secret Conversations, 1941-1944**, edited by Trevor-Roper, *Published by Farrar, Strause & Company* .....\$6.50

Martin Bormann took down the outpourings of Hitler—*en pantouffe*—after the day's work was done. The Fuehrer had views on everything: history, women, art, Shakespeare, dogs, etc., *ad nauseam*—pontifical and moronic with overtone of insanity. Ghastly but illuminating.

**Southeast Asia in the Coming world**, edited by Philip W. Thayer. *The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1953.* 296 pages. \$4.75.

Reviewed by EARL E. HUYCK

It has become popular to reassess the assumptions on which U. S. policies have been based regarding the multi-faceted problems of Southeast Asia. *Southeast Asia in the Coming World*, following the lead of the Harris Foundation lectures (*South Asia in the World Today*, 1950) and of Lennox Mills and Associates (*The New World of Southeast Asia*, 1949) is the most recent compendium to address itself to this task. This volume contains the twenty-two papers that were read in the course of a conference held in the Departmental auditorium under the sponsorship of the School of Advanced International Studies of Johns Hopkins in cooperation with the Rockefeller Foundation.

These papers are useful in presenting the viewpoints of notable academic, business, and governmental experts—

both Asian and American—concerned with Southeast Asia. Paul Clyde laments "the poverty of our Oriental scholarship, . . . since of omission not unrelated to the catastrophes which have overtaken our relations with the Far Pacific. . . ." Although U. S. treaty relations began with Asian countries (Thailand) as early as 1833, the Open Door doctrine, ineffectual though it was, continued to be heralded as a keystone of American foreign policy long after it had been enunciated. Down to about 1949 both the U. S. and the Soviet Union gave precedence to Europe. U. S. attitudes were torn between playing nursemaid to the countries of Europe, midwife to the countries struggling to be born in Southeast Asia.

Claude Buss scores VOA because "propaganda about the American way of life is money wasted—in Asia. . . . Those who should listen—cannot understand what the Americans are talking about." Paul Linebarger emphasized that, by contrast, communism is important precisely because it is couched in simple terms and gives Asians both a sense of purpose and a desire for participation.

Other lecturers indicate that for the future the "country-to-country" or "crisis-to-crisis" response is not a sufficient *modus operandi* and advocates the merging of foreign economic functions into one agency, a step that is being undertaken. U. S. policies must somehow square internally with the interests of urban as well as peasant groups and externally with those governments which would follow "an active independent foreign policy."

But can the heady new wine of nationalism be contained in the same old skins? Many of the discussants sense cultural, economic and political changes that are bound to have widespread repercussions. Despite the probability of continuing welfare that is characterized as "chronic, economical, and inter-civilizational," there is a manifest desire for modernization but without all the trademarks of westernization. To the western observer, for example, the commercialization of rice production is *comme il faut*, but to the Asian it is industrialization that is essential—at least for Indo-China.

There is concensus that a beginning has been made in re-orienting the traditional cultural matrices and that there is a general desire on the part of the Southeast Asians to participate in their own right and in their own manner arising from a "faith in their ability to do almost everything for themselves."

This book, of course, has a few flaws stemming primarily from its divergences of viewpoint, which are its greatest weakness as well as its greatest strength. There are varying definitions as to what countries comprise Southeast Asia, for example. Repetition of basic information as to geography, type of economy, position and attitudes of the important Chinese minority, on the other hand, give one a *déjà vu* feeling after reading the first few papers. Variations in approach, furthermore, are as striking as the subject matter itself. Finally, a concluding chapter serving the function of a rapporteur would have been helpful in recapitulating the major problems and the possible courses of action that may be taken for their resolution.

*Southeast Asia in the Coming World*, nonetheless, is thoroughly readable and worthy of being read by those who wish to understand what lies behind measures being taken by the newborn Southeast Asian powers and by outsiders with strategic interests in the area.

**A Front Row Seat**, by NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT. *University of Oklahoma Press, 1953. 304 pages with index. \$4.50.*

Reviewed by FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

Like all his Roosevelt cousins, uncles, and aunts, Nicholas Roosevelt has led an interesting life. Born in 1893, he spent many a happy summer with his cousins at Sagamore Hill and especially got to know and admire his cousin Theodore Roosevelt. He was attached to our Embassy in Paris at the outbreak of World War I; served in the AEF; participated in the Paris Peace Conference; went to Hungary for the Commission to negotiate peace with Professor Coolidge—later he went back to Hungary as American Minister; he covered the Washington Naval Conference; traveled in the Far East for the *New York Times*; worked for the *New York Herald Tribune*; and was Deputy Director for the OWI during the last war.

During the course of his wanderings, he came across many of our Foreign Service Officers, worked with them and liked them which should make this book particularly interesting for members of the Service.

The book is both entertaining and thoughtful and I feel certain that readers of the JOURNAL will enjoy it as much as I have.

**American Wartime Transportation**, by Joseph R. Rose, *Crowell, New York, 1953. pp. xi, 290.*

Reviewed by ANTONIO A. MICOCCHI

This book sketches the normal peacetime traffic patterns in transportation by rail, motor, sea, inland waterway, pipeline, and air. In each case it outlines the problems created by the shift in wartime traffic pattern and the increase in volume. It concludes with the steps taken to solve the various problems as they arose.

The volume is self-contained, but suggestive rather than exhaustive. Rail transport gets the lion's share of attention; air transport the least.

Some of the solutions assume an epic quality, lending unexpected zest to an objective technical study. Of exceptional interest are Centralized Traffic Control, the Return of the Tank Car, the Planting of the Pipelines, Synthetic Rubber to the Rescue, and the Open Top Cars (subject headings paraphrased).

Assuming the author's judgments are sound (and I believe they are) one must conclude the voluntary cooperation is most likely to succeed only if government control is the sure alternative; that in another emergency it may be more efficient to give to the Interstate Communications Commission's Service Bureau the authority of the Office of Defense Transportation, provided the Service Bureau is then subordinated to a War Production Board.

The author does not say so but, while all those concerned with wartime transportation should be congratulated for their brilliant improvisations, the fact remains that the basic transportation facilities are clearly inadequate to cope with the next emergency which, should it come, will no doubt make greater demands on the transportation systems than the last one.

While this volume makes unusually pleasant reading for such a technical subject, this reviewer feels that generalists in the Foreign Service would be better served by a more philosophic but shorter treatment of the subject.

(Continued on page 48)

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## An Appreciation Of The Late George X. Bobble

by SEYMOUR I. NADLER

I suppose I was more hurt than surprised when so little notice was taken of the death last month in Drawkcab of retired Career Minister George X. Bobble. It was fitting, in a way, that he should have died in the capital city of Isediwes, where he had begun and ended his career and where he had chosen to retire. As a young vice consul, it was not until he arrived at his first post, Drawkcab, that he realized the name of the city was *backward* spelled backward. A vice consul of normal perception, he discovered some fourteen months later that, by transposing each pair of letters of the country's name, Isediwes turned out to be *sidewise* spelled sidewise. The shock was too much, and he was quietly granted home leave (no small concession in those days, or, for that matter, as things are developing, these days.) In what must have been a weakened condition, he married Dorothy Eastshore, of Providence, R. I.

Dorothy was courteous, and she liked people, all people. Rather than "do things," she did things. She always said what she meant, and all of it could be repeated without hurting anybody's feelings. She went with Bobble to his next post, Shanghai. She did not learn mahjong, did not care for morning coffee sessions. The indigenous inhabitants of the city loved and respected her. Since she was obviously a serious handicap to a rising young diplomat, Bobble was congratulated by all the other consular wives when he divorced Dorothy.

George X. Bobble gained first fame among members of the diplomatic corps in Paris with his then-famous solution of l'affaire seating of Mesdames Bunkle and Clup. Old-timers will recall the incident. Arthur Bunkle was on his way to serve as consul general in a Middle East country, while Prestwick Clup was enroute to a similar position in Africa. With their wives, both arrived simultaneously for a stopover (for consultation, of course) in Paris. They were invited to a dinner given by the ambassador. Mrs. Clup pointed out that, while both her husband and Bunkle had received their promotions at the same time of the same day, they were on opposite sides of the International Date Line and Bunkle's promotion was actually a day later. As usual, the only one who knew anything about this business of the International Date Line was the disbursing officer, and he could only come up with answers in terms of dollars and cents per diem. Bobble came to the rescue. He it was who conceived the procedure whereby the ambassador sat with his back to the table, with Mrs. Clup on his right, as she wished, and with Mrs. Bunkle on what would have been his right had he been facing in the normal direction. Bobble was commended and, needless to add, transferred; vice consuls are not supposed to score protocol triumphs.

Another victory of George X. Bobble, forgotten in these hectic days, occurred when he was consul in charge in a city in Southeast Asia. His establishment was visited simultaneously by two investigating committees. One, concerned with security, prepared to nail Bobble to the cross on the basis of having found that 38.4% of the intra-office correspondence was typed by use of red typewriter ribbons. Bobble, to his everlasting if forgotten glory, simply turned to the other committee, the one on economy, and quietly proved how the red typewriter ribbon procedure prolonged the life of the ribbons and saved the government \$119.13 per (fiscal) year. The two committees departed immediately for Washington to investigate each other.

When Bobble returned to Drawkcab as Minister to Isediwes a few years ago, the populace turned out cheering, as if remembering his foreign service debut there thirty before as vice consul. This was not, of course, true; there was simply an unfortunate rumor about concerning American aid. Bobble, then 53 years old, employed buxom 19-year old Nina l'Amour as his housekeeper. There was much nasty talk about this in the cafés (three) and night clubs (two) of Drawkcab. When it later became quite clear that Nina was nothing more than a housekeeper, there was even nastier talk. Drawkcab—and one must face it—is that type of capital city. Shortly after this, Bobble retired. All things considered, there was no one place on earth he had rather have been than any other, and so he decided to settle in Drawkcab. He did the usual things one does in retirement, writing letters to the *Times*, gardening (his begonias received honorable mention at the annual Drawkcab Flower Show), and issuing statements on world affairs.

He died quietly one night and was quietly buried the next day. The only untoward incident was that involving an unidentified Frenchwoman who made a special chartered flight from Paris and danced on Bobble's grave.

I am planning to write a book about Bobble and his career and would appreciate receiving letters of his which anyone may possess or reminiscences of anyone who knew him well. I should especially appreciate any information relating to that Frenchwoman.

### THE BOOKSHELF (from page 47)

**British Government**, by Hiram Miller Stout. *Oxford University Press, New York, 1953, 433 pages. \$5.00.*

Reviewed by WM. H. J. MCINTYRE

Here, in one carefully conceived and well-balanced presentation, are all of the ingredients necessary to convey a general appreciation of British governmental mechanisms. He who desires to understand these mechanisms must sensibly "feel" them as a derivative of centuries of unbroken continuity. The book ably conveys this "sense." Comprehensive but not labored, scholarly but never pedantic, factual but most certainly not pedestrian, within twenty three groupings selected with a knowledgeable discrimination, it presents the British people; the political parties; the concepts and the operation of the legislative, executive and judicial functions; the civil service etc.

It would lie beyond the intended scope of this book were it to be consulted as a reference by some one who might seek for minutiae to put a fine point on an argument. It may be read, if desired, for sheer enjoyment. But particularly it may be read with a utilitarian motive by someone freshly assuming duty on British soil.

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## NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENT (from page 19)

DIEHL, WILLIAM L. EAGLETON, ROBERT H. HERON, RICHARD B. PARKER, THEODORE B. PARKMAN, LARRY W. ROEDER, ROBERT A. STEIN, WILLIAM A. STOLZFUS, ROBERT W. STOOKEY; Chinese—THOMAS W. AINSWORTH (Monterey), JOHN B. DEXTER (summer Cornell, Yale), NORMAN GETSINGER (summer Cornell, Yale), ALFRED HARDING (Hong Kong).

Others are: Indonesian—ROBERT A. BISHTON (Cornell) and ROBERT J. MACQUAID (Cornell); Japanese/Korean—DONALD S. MACDONALD (Harvard); Japanese—RICHARD ERICSON, PHILIP M. DALE, KINGDON W. SWAYNE (all at Tokyo); Persian/Turkish — KATHERINE W. BRACKEN (Princeton).

Studying Russian are: WILLARD ALLEN (Detach. "R"); NATHANIEL DAVIS (summer Cornell, Columbia); RALPH A. JONES (summer Cornell, Detach. "R"); WARREN A. KELSEY (summer Cornell, Harvard); WILLIAM A. MCFADDEN (summer Cornell, Columbia); ROYE L. LOWRY (summer Cornell, Harvard). Studying Serbo-Croatian at Indiana is STEPHEN E. PALMER. THOMAS J. CORCORAN is studying Thai at Georgetown and ROBERT B. DRESSEEN is studying Turkish at Princeton.

Only two officers will be given advanced training in economics this year. They are FRANK J. DEVINE, who will study labor economics at the University of Wisconsin, and SEYMOUR M. FINGER, who will study advanced economics at Harvard.

Mr. Devine has been second secretary at Montevideo, Mr. Finger has been second secretary at Budapest.

### Department Cuts

The reprogramming for the current fiscal year necessitated by cuts in the salaries and expenses budget of the Department will result in a reduction in force of 1109 persons below the 11,198 employed June 30, 1953. Of these reductions, 489 will be in Washington.

The cuts will fall as follows on Americans in the Foreign Service: Bureau of Inter-American Affairs, 101; Bureau of European Affairs, 221; Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs, 22; Bureau of Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, 18; Special Assignments, 13.

Local employees of the Foreign Service will be cut as follows: Bureau of Inter-American Affairs, 15; Bureau of European Affairs, 55; Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs, 89; Bureau of Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, 122.

In Germany, reductions in the special appropriations have resulted in the dismissal of 250 of the 1,000 Americans employed there and about 1,200 of the 6,000 Germans employed.

### USIA cuts

Almost one-fourth of the personnel of the United States Information Administration (approximately 2000 persons) will be dismissed as a result of the cut in the agency's appropriation for the current fiscal year. The total staffs, here and abroad, will be reduced from about 8,200 to 6,200 and about 500 unfilled jobs will be abolished. Dismissal notices will be or have been sent to 1,300 aliens working for the agency in overseas jobs, 300 United States citizens in foreign posts, 200 in Washington, and 270 in New York.

Besides the reduction in the number of personnel engaged in information activities, other changes that may be made in the program are the following, according to a *New York Times* story: elimination of operations in twenty-nine countries (as yet undecided) and reduction of major operations in most others; reductions in the press and motion picture services, and in the foreign information centers; curtailment of the exchange of leaders and specialists by about 60 per cent, of students by about 15 per cent, and visits of journalists from North Atlantic Treaty Organization countries by about 60 per cent.

### Interesting Quotes

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart in his book, *My Europe*, said, "But the career American diplomats are a remarkable body of men, thoroughly trained for their job, eager, receptive, more alive to the social convulsions of a changing world and less conservative in their attitude than many of their British colleagues. I think that ever since 1918 they have been more often right in regard to Europe than we have and that man for man they are fully our equals."

Adlai Stevenson in a press conference in New York stated: "I for one am proud of the Americans representing us abroad and of the goodwill and respect they enjoy in their stations. And I often thought in distant places of what we at home owe in gratitude to many of our fellow citizens who serve their country abroad with fidelity and devotion, often in the most trying circumstances. I hope prompt and decisive steps will be taken to restore the self-confidence and initiative of our foreign services which have been sadly undermined of late from home."

### JOURNAL Matters

LEE E. METCALF, Officer in Charge, Pakistan and Afghanistan Affairs in the Office of South Asian Affairs, is the newest member of the JOURNAL Editorial Board. A Texan by birth and breeding, Mr. Metcalf has served at seven posts since his entrance into the Service in 1940, and in addition was detailed to Yale University for special study in economics in 1948. JOURNAL readers will remember Mr. Metcalf best as the author of "Hon. Minister of Texas Goes to Washington," which was published in the November 1952 issue.

### Community Chest Drive

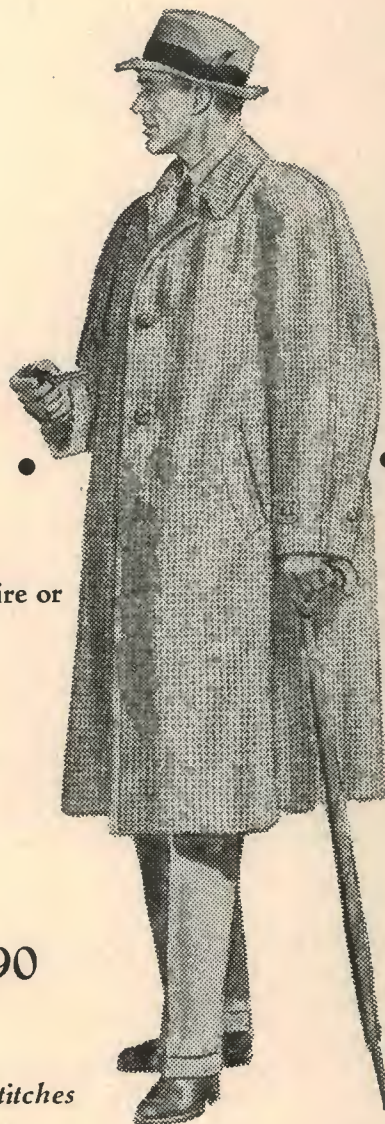
With SECRETARY DULLES as Chairman and ASSISTANT SECRETARY THRUSTON B. MORTON as Vice-Chairman, the State Department Community Chest drive opens October 12.

Officers organizing the drive expect Department contributions to run well over its quota of \$56,620. Last year, with a 94.15% subscription, \$85,405 were collected for the 101 private agencies that participate in the Community Chest Federation for the National Capital Area.

Pledges from the Foreign Service should be sent to Assistant Secretary Thruston B. Morton; checks should be made out to "Community Chest Federation." Donors interested in a particular agency may indicate on their checks for which agency their contribution is intended.

(Continued on page 56)

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#### COMMODORE PERRY (from page 23)

strated when, after her graduation, she came to live in the United States under the name of Mme. Camou. She fully repaid the debt by serving as a nurse during the Civil War. There is script potential here of which Hollywood might well take note.

The last act of Matthew Calbraith's early days at sea was one squarely in the tradition of naval diplomacy. The Jackson administration had, among other campaign promises, guaranteed to collect from their predecessors a series of long-neglected claims against the Bonapartist regimes. One of the administration's targets was King Bomba of Naples, who had steadfastly brushed off the importunities of successive American envoys. It was decided that the new American minister, John Nelson of Frederick, Maryland, would not be more successful without a show of power. After John Nelson had made his first *démarché* and failed, an American warship, the *U.S.S. Brandywine*, commanded by Matthew Perry, anchored in Naples harbor, and the commander joined Nelson in the negotiations. The effect on King Bomba, was at first too faint to be detected; but four days later, when the *U.S.S. United States* anchored beside the *Brandywine*, he is believed to have looked thoughtfully at the harbor. Still the negotiations lagged. They picked up somewhat on the arrival of the third vessel, and by the time the fifth had cast anchor, the Neapolitan court was in a thoroughly tractable mood, and arrangements for paying the claims were speedily made. Undoubtedly Perry, who was second in command of the fleet, had in mind this practical lesson in power-backed diplomacy when he was preparing in 1852 to knock on the doors of the Mikado's empire with such a knock as could not fail to open them.

#### From the Quarter Deck to Brooklyn Navy Yard

Many a naval officer of those days knew only sea service, but this was not to be for Matthew Calbraith. And well it was too, for his transfer in December 1832 to command of the recruiting station at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, upon his own application, ushered in ten of the most creative years of his life. Unexciting though many of his achievements of this period were, cumulatively they did much to bring the modern American navy into being. For Perry personally, Brooklyn meant a better opportunity to impress the powers in Washington at close range and, more than anything else, to broaden his own intellectual horizons.

To put across effectively his ideas for reform of the navy and naval service, Perry needed a vehicle. This he created by founding the Brooklyn Naval Lyceum and Library and its organ the *Naval Magazine*. To the latter he contributed many unsigned articles on steam navigation, modern gunnery, officer and apprentice training, harbor development and other practical matters. The magazine became a staunch advocate of the establishment of a naval academy, but it was not until 1845 that Annapolis eventually came into being. When Congress appropriated funds in 1836 for the first Antarctic Expedition, it paid tribute to the effective work of the Lyceum by asking it to outline the subjects to be investigated by the expedition and to recommend a scientific staff and leaders. As one of the committee that reported to Congress on these matters, Perry was offered the command but declined in favor of a friend, Charles Wilkes.

At Brooklyn, Matthew Calbraith was in an excellent position to rise rapidly. The year 1836 brought him his captaincy, the highest naval rank then existing, short of the brevet title of commodore, awarded a captain who com-

manded a squadron. (Admirals did not appear until the Civil War.) A chance to attract further favorable notice came the same year when, upon his application, he was given command of the radically new, experimental steam vessel, the second *U.S.S. Fulton*, which was regarded as a sort of mobile battery or harbor defense. Its clumsy movements around New York Bay attracted wide attention from the public and press. Perry, with his eyes on the future, not only foresaw the possibilities in this type of warship but also the necessity for training a whole new corps to handle the novel machinery. A problem in discipline and morale was therefore involved, for the veterans of ropes and sails were loath to admit firemen and engineers to their ranks. To increase the prestige of this new branch of the service engaged much of Captain Perry's attention, and in 1838 he suggested to the Navy Department that the *Fulton* be made a training school for naval engineers and apprentice firemen. It is with no small justice that Matthew Perry is today remembered as the "father of the steam navy."

The experiments with the *Fulton* were such a success that Perry was asked to consult in Washington on the building of the Navy's first steam-driven war vessels, the *U.S.S. Missouri* and the *U.S.S. Mississippi*, both of the side-wheeler type and fitted with auxiliary sails. The latter became Perry's favorite ship, and her decks were under his feet that July morning in 1853 when the Japanese Shogun's coast watchers on Cape Izu first glimpsed the "black ships" of the Americans.

The Navy had other tasks too for Captain Perry. It sought his advice on a rational and scientific lighthouse program and sent him to Europe the summer of 1838 to observe European progress in this field. Upon his return the Navy acceded to his petition that he be allowed to experiment with the new "Paixhans" guns with which the British and French were firing loaded shells instead of round shot. Thus came into being the Sandy Hook Gunnery School, where the ballistics of the new shell guns and the effects of their firing on wooden ships were worked out.

#### The Somers Affair

Hardly had he been elevated to command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard in recognition of his work, when there occurred one of those fateful events that have often leveled the most imposing careers to the ground. It grew out of Perry's criticism of the time-honored recruitment system that had caused such vexation in the War of 1812, when months were required to obtain a full complement for even the smallest vessel. Since the westward movement of Americans had kept the maritime population small, the situation scarcely improved as the century wore on. For a long time Perry had advocated various stratagems to popularize the naval service, improve the training, and combat the defect of short enlistments. The abolition of flogging had been one of his suggested improvements. Training cruises for midshipmen and apprentice seamen had been another.

In 1842 the opportunity came to test this latter proposal when the brig *U.S.S. Somers* was authorized to make an experimental training cruise with 130 apprentices and midshipmen. Perry used his influence to secure command of the vessel for his brother-in-law, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, and to obtain permission for two of his sons, Matthew Calbraith Jr. and Oliver Hazard, to take the cruise. As events were to prove, Mackenzie, a gentleman of some literary ability, was not an ideal choice to command such a group of young novices.

It was unfortunate for all concerned that one of the chosen midshipmen should be the derelict son of the Secretary of War, who had but recently been dismissed from a college in upstate New York. According to the accepted accounts of the voyage, the Secretary's son, having read a good deal of the pulp fiction of the day about Caribbean pirates, decided to organize a mutiny, jettison the officers, and sail the *Somers* to the Spanish Main for a jolly life of "yo, heave ho!" The mutiny, or "joke" as it was afterwards called by some, was not taken lightly by Mackenzie when detected. He lost his head and, after a drumhead council of his very junior officers, proceeded to execute their verdict of hanging. Up to a yardarm, then, were swung the three supposed ringleaders, including the son of the Secretary of War, and their bodies were buried at sea.

It requires no feat of the imagination to picture the uproar that broke in Washington when the news was brought down from New York by the *Somers'* courier, young Oliver Hazard Perry, who let the secret leak out before the ship's despatches were in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. In New York matters were made even worse by a mistake of Matthew Perry, who tipped the story, while the ship was still held incommunicado, to his friend General Webb, editor-publisher of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, before any of the other newspapers were aware of the tragedy aboard the *Somers*. The slighted dailies thereafter mercilessly attacked both Perry and his brother-in-law and kept the story alive long after a court martial had exonerated Mackenzie. The incident, however, ruined his career, and it almost ruined Perry's.

#### *Back to the Quarterdeck*

Luckily, therefore, orders of February 20, 1843, took him away from the embroilment to command the Africa Squadron. His new assignment was to quell the uprising of an African tribe from the interior, the Fishmen, who had terrorized the entire Guinea Coast, its American traders and the American Negro settlements. By burning out the Fishmen villages, Perry settled the matter, apparently for all time.

An ensuing brief shore assignment as one of the commissioners appointed to draw up plans for the establishment of a United States Naval Academy had hardly ended, (Perry was offered the first command of the academy), when the outbreak of the Mexican War provided him with a new outlet for his abundant energy. The opening months saw him in New York and Norfolk seeing to the outfitting of the ships that were to blockade the Mexican Gulf Coast. This accomplished, he was sent as second in command of the blockade force, and in February 1847 he succeeded as commodore to command of the squadron, reportedly the largest ever assembled up to that time under the American flag. The high point of the naval campaign came with the investment of Vera Cruz, which blocked the way to the capital. The reduction of the city's fortress of San Juan de Ulloa was achieved by the unprecedentedly smooth cooperation of the army under General Winfield Scott and the naval forces under Perry. Six of the new shell guns were dismantled from the ships and taken ashore to batter the land side of the fortress while the naval force with its remaining fire power hit San Juan from the sea. As virtually all Perry's marines, including his son Oliver Hazard, had been landed to supplement Scott's forces, he was considerably hampered



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in further land operations against the river ports along the coast when the leathernecks marched off with Scott to the Halls of Montezuma in Mexico City. With characteristic ingenuity he met the problem with an innovation. Then and there he gave his sailors training in land fighting, formerly the exclusive province of the Army, and formed the first naval brigade in American history, committing it to its first action ashore in the battle of Tuxpan.

#### *And So Japan*

New York gave the returning commodore a hero's welcome. As a New Englander, he had not been in sympathy with the aims of the Mexican War, but he had fought effectively, and he was given his due recognition. Then he retired to his home in Tarrytown to rest and perhaps to reflect upon another issue that had been stirring the public during his absence.

In February 1845 a resolution, albeit unsuccessful, was introduced into Congress recommending "that immediate measures be taken for effecting commercial arrangements with the Empire of Japan and the Kingdom of Korea." Perry might also have noted other resolutions to the same purport passed by the merchant communities of New York and Baltimore and by those in Hongkong and Canton. Pressure was building up. Expressions of public indignation began to be heard against the almost unknown Japanese for their harsh treatment of Christianity, their inhospitality to the shipwrecked seamen of American whalers, their refusal to trade with the world on other terms than those by which, since 1638, they had permitted one Dutch ship a year and a handful of Chinese vessels to come into the port of Nagasaki.

Investors in the \$17,000,000 Pacific whaling industry were probably the loudest complainants. Since the fisheries treaties of 1824 and 1838 with Russia, the industry had boomed. By 1845 there were over 600 American vessels engaged in hunting the big mammals. The calling had a hazardous drawback, however. No one could foretell with certainty what would happen to men shipwrecked on the coasts of isolated Japan. Some had been killed, many mistreated, and no reliable arrangements existed for obtaining coal and provisions.

The efforts made by the American Government in 1832 and 1846 to open the island country had failed. Commodore Biddle's attempt in 1846 had been doomed through faint-heartedness, inadequate preparation, and an unimpressive number of ships—two only. A Commander Glynn had called at Nagasaki in 1849 to take off American castaways and had succeeded only by dint of threats and bravado and also, strangely enough, because the Japanese had heard, through the Dutch, of the prowess of the Americans in the Mexican War.

President Fillmore and Secretary of State Daniel Webster began to take the matter seriously in hand in 1851. This was in response to the urgings of Commander Glynn and the mercantile communities. It was also seriously considered because the Whigs needed a distraction from their domestic political difficulties. The initial choice for the task was Commodore Aulick, but he got no further than Hongkong when he was recalled to face a possible court martial. The day after Aulick's recall, Secretary of the Navy Graham wrote Perry to report to Washington. He was to take Aulick's place. Detractors say that Perry brought about Aulick's re-

call to his own advantage, but historians do not accept this view. The commodore still had his heart set on commanding Port Mahon and had but recently turned down command of the Indies, or Far Eastern, Squadron.

Even before his formal orders were issued March 24, 1852, orders, incidentally, which were written by Perry himself at Webster's suggestion, the commodore had thrown himself into feverish preparations. He was determined not to make the mistakes of Commodore Biddle and demanded a force larger than that assigned Aulick. He had been reading every available book on Japan and knew already the importance of pomp and circumstance in impressing the islanders; the theatrical side of his nature did not rebel at this idea of a power-backed performance.

With characteristic thoroughness Perry canvassed the New England ports for men who could relate their actual experiences on voyages to Japan. He sent to Holland for books and charts. He gave personal attention to the long list of presents to be taken to the ruler of Japan. He chose his own officers, and he himself arranged for the coal supplies to be sent forward to islands in the Indian Ocean. These activities were not facilitated by the preoccupation of his superiors in the Government with the coming election of 1852, nor by his temporary duty that summer in the maritime provinces of Canada settling certain fisheries difficulties with the Canadians.

It is not intended here to discuss the details of the negotiations with Japan that led on March 31, 1854 to the signing of the Treaty of Kanagawa. These are amply recorded in the voluminous report Perry made to Congress on his return and in numerous secondary works. Some of the reasons for the success of the expedition, however, merit attention.

Both at the time Perry delivered to Japanese officials President Fillmore's letter to the Emperor at Uraga on Tokyo Bay in July 1853 and at the time of his promised return in February 1854 to hear the answer and to accomplish the objectives of his mission, he was thoroughly prepared to use force if necessary. Moreover, his aloof bearing toward the Japanese, his refusal to deal personally with any but the Shogun's immediate representative and with all others only through a hierarchical arrangement of his officers, together with the panoply he displayed were all perfectly in keeping with the caste-organized society of pre-modern Japan. The Japanese could understand this type of man and respect him, although American's might criticize his lack of democratic traits. Interestingly enough, in this centennial year of Perry's arrival, the Japanese press has remarked upon the similarity between the Commodore and certain American commanders in postwar Japan.

The treaty was despatched to Washington via California, while Perry inspected the opened ports of Shimoda and Hakodate and then, taking leave of his ships and men at Hongkong, returned by a passenger vessel via England to New York. At Liverpool he consulted the American consul, Nathaniel Hawthorne, how best to put the record of the expedition in written form, and he asked Hawthorne, unsuccessfully, to do the job. The novelist left this thumb-nail sketch of Commodore Perry: ". . . a brisk, gentlemanly, off-hand but not rough, unaffected and sensible man. . . I seldom meet with a man who puts himself more immediately on conversable terms than the commodore." Another sketch of him, by the Chinese interpreter of the expedition, the

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*Department News Releases*

LEO M. CHAMBERLAIN, Vice President of the University of Kentucky, Lexington, is lecturing in Pakistan and India under the auspices of the educational exchange program of the International Information Administration.

The day after the Korean armistice was signed, SECRETARY OF STATE DULLES welcomed to the Department of State the Eighth Annual Boys Nation, which is sponsored by the American Legion. During the course of his speech to them the Secretary said, "They (the men and women in the Foreign Service) are entitled to much of the credit for having brought the Korean war to a successful close."

WILLIAM H. BALL, Vice-President and Director of Ball Bros. Co., Inc., in Muncie, Indiana, was named U. S. Special Representative with the personal rank of Minister to attend the Central Africal Rhodes Centenary Exhibition on Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia.

*Intermediate Course*

The intermediate course at the Foreign Service Institute is growing in popularity with the officers selected for the course, NORMAN BURNS, FSI director stated last month. The course, presented primarily for FSO's in Class 5, is similar to courses at the various service staff colleges, even though the students have not achieved a corresponding seniority.

During the course, FSO students discuss issues personally with prominent statesmen, journalists, industrialists and academicians. The course also features a systematic seminar approach to the study of U. S. domestic and foreign problems, with members of the staffs of the regional bureaus, research analysts and representatives from other governmental agencies among the guest speakers present on these occasions.

Position papers on aspects of U. S. Foreign Policy, reflecting research and consultation within the Department, are prepared by teams formed within the class. Field trips occur through this highly concentrated program. In the last course, the FSO's visited industrial plants and attended conferences at the United Nations and the United States Foreign Trade Council. The group was also the guest of the Department of the Army and attended, in company with the graduating class of the United States Military Academy, an all day Ordnance demonstration and "shoot" at the Aberdeen Proving Ground.

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renowned missionary-scholar-diplomat, S. Wells Williams, is not so flattering. Unused to the ways of naval men, Williams charged Perry with using "all under him as only means and agents for his purpose" and with being indifferent to the wishes and opinions of others.

Upon the Commodore's return, America broke out in a rash of welcoming dinners, testimonials and receptions. The writing of the official record, which was to take a year, had to be postponed while the celebrating was in progress. Twice he addressed the American Geographical Society, and, in one of these lectures he advocated the taking of Okinawa as a naval base to further American commerce in the Eastern seas.

The grateful merchants of the Atlantic seaboard urged Perry's appointment as Commissioner to China, but the Commodore's hopes remained fixed, as they had long been, on the Mediterranean command. Surely this could no longer be denied him. As a stand-by appointment he was anti-climactically returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but in February 1858 his hopes were at last rewarded. Port Mahon was his. Although the prize was not too little, it was too late. Death stopped him on March 4, 1858, at his West 32nd Street home in Manhattan.

New York gave him official burial. The Governor, General Winfield Scott and fellow commodores acted as pallbearers. The men of his favorite ship, the *U.S.S. Mississippi*, together with as many of the other sailors of the Japan expedition as could borrow old uniforms and rally in New York, marched in the funeral cortege down Fifth Avenue and over Fourteenth Street to St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, where he was interred in his wife's family vault.

The new monument at Shimoda is not only the most recent in a series of tributes to Matthew Calbraith Perry as a symbol of friendship between the United States and Japan. It is also a fittingly renewed pledge of that friendship and an assurance that the Commodore's place in the history of the two countries rests secure. So also rests secure his role in the development of the American navy, which owes so much to his wise and courageous foresight.

*VISA WORK (from page 30)*

began to build up again in late 1951 when the Commission adopted the policy of obtaining a consular—and therefore definitive—rejection in the instances of many applicants who had been rejected previously by the Commission. At the same time, thousands of displaced persons who had been reluctant to emigrate from Europe before, realizing that there would be no further extension of the sections of the Act pertaining to them, appeared at the refugee camps and their visa offices in a vain attempt to secure consideration in the closing days of the program. The case load jumped considerably for all offices: Salzburg, for instance, was asked to consider an average of 844 cases weekly in the last two months of the program as compared with a weekly average in 1951 of 500 cases; Munich received 1251 cases against a 1951 weekly average of 950.

To meet the additional case load in November and December all offices remained open on Saturdays and holidays with the exception of Thanksgiving and Christmas. In addition, it was decided also to keep all offices open until midnight on December 31st or until all applicants had been considered. Even these overtime measures proved inadequate at some offices. The Wentorf and Salzburg offices required the

(Continued on page 58)

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### VISA WORK (from page 56)

services of several local employees from the nearest main consular offices, while the Munich office was required to borrow seven vice consuls from the Consulate General in that city on December 31st.

December 31st, then, became Deadline or D-Day. Beginning just before Christmas literally thousands of uninvited aliens swarmed into the refugee centers, making a shambles of camp administration. Crowds gathered before each consular building at dawn, there to remain until the office was closed for the evening. No amount of persuasion would convince these unfortunate people that the Commission's field offices had summoned into the camps a sufficient number of applicants to complete the program. To the last they nourished the hope that some means would be found to issue them a visa or that some miracle would result in another extension of the Act.

During the program quota numbers had been allocated to the visa offices in blocks by the Displaced Persons Section which, in turn, received them in even larger blocks from the Department. However, in order to ensure the maximum control over quota numbers on the last day so that none would be lost or go unused, it was decided to issue them almost on a number-by-number basis from Frankfurt. For this purpose five direct telephone lines were installed in the quota number control office of the Displaced Persons Section. As applicants would be found admissible by interviewing officers in the visa office their visas would be assembled and a note would be made by the clerk of their countries of origin; when several visas were ready, a call would be made to Frankfurt for the appropriate quota numbers, and the numbers would then be affixed to the visas. Only Bagnoli was excluded from this system since the majority of cases at that office fell under the "Venezia Giulia" section of the Act, and these quota numbers were allocated in a different manner. By midafternoon most of the quota numbers at the Displaced Persons Section had been depleted and the coordinating office made a telephone call to Washington for the last numbers to be used on the displaced persons section of the program.

If, because of the many calls, the Displaced Persons Section resembled a telephone answering service on a businessman's holiday, the visa offices more closely approximated bedlam. So many dossiers had been received from the field offices of the Commission that the visa clerks could merely take each case, check the documents, and send the aliens to the visa typing room. The visa assembly rooms were unable to meet the pace set by the interviewing officers and approved applications mounted. Outside the offices, in the corridors and stairwells and around the consular buildings surged a sea of shivering anxious applicants. At Munich the situation was particularly bad. A human blockade sealed the visa officers' rooms from the rest of the building, and interviewing officers were not able to locate anyone not in the front ranks. As the evening progressed the rumor spread that dissidents planned a demonstration and possibly violence to the consular personnel if they failed to receive visas. The local military post responded to a request for protection by dispatching a company of military police to the camp, and their presence may have been the only reason that the program ended quietly at Munich.

As the evening began the quota numbers at the Displaced Persons Section were exhausted. At 9:00 p.m. Vice Consul

Richard R. Selby, Jr., telephoned from Rastatt that all visa applicants at his office had been considered and he was given permission to close. Two hours later Vice Consul Robert M. Forcey at Ludwigsburg made a similar report and also received permission to close his office. The other offices were in operation until midnight and had sufficient cases on hand to continue operations well into the next day. Actually each office exhausted the quota numbers on hand shortly before or just at midnight, but applicants were interviewed until twelve o'clock just in case visa numbers should become available from another office at the last minute. When the announcement was made at midnight that the displaced persons section of the program was over, the disappointed aliens were unbelieving and shocked into silence. Even the next day many returned to the closed visa office before they realized that they had missed their chance.

In January, visa issuance to persons of German ethnic origin continued at the Hanau, Munich, Salzburg, and Wentorf offices, while the other offices were closed and their records and files were transferred to the nearest main consular offices. Visa-issuing teams were sent monthly to Vienna and Berlin to consider applicants in those cities. Many thousands more had applied for visas under the German ethnic section of the Act than could be accepted, and their eagerness, plus the reduced scope of the program, enabled the program to run smoothly. Because of the rapid depletion of the available quota numbers the Commission's field offices began refusing initial applications for consideration in April, and a number of uninvited aliens again flocked to the refugee centers. Their influx seemed anticlimactic after the December 31 melee, however, and the last visa of the ethnic German program was issued without fanfare on May 6th.

In May the last offices were closed and their records and files were transferred to the nearest main consular offices. The remaining personnel were reassigned within Germany and Austria where possible; however, it was necessary for some persons to be transferred to posts as distant as Johannesburg and Godthaab.

Recently refugee legislation has been enacted which will require the Foreign Service to assume again responsibilities on another mass migration program. Using the past as a criterion it can be assumed that few people will relish the thought of a tour of duty in such a specialized branch of visa work. Nevertheless, there were certain advantages for junior personnel under the displaced persons program which may be repeated. When the program began in 1948 it appeared to be the policy to assign to it officers of considerable experience—several consuls were detailed to the program in 1949—but once an operating procedure had been established, these officers were reassigned to other posts and newly-appointed vice consuls were given the administrative and supervisory positions. By 1952 all officers in charge of the visa officers were of the FSO-6 rank with the exception of Vice Consul Samuel Moskowitz at Munich who was promoted on the 1952 list. As the Displaced Persons Section reassigned officers after eighteen months on the program whenever possible, the turnover among vice consuls was high, and one had a fair chance of rising to a reasonably responsible position before his transfer. The result was that most officers were able to gain some administrative or supervisory experience to compensate for their rather dull assignment.



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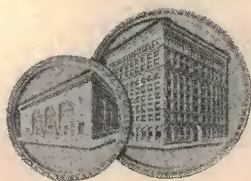


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The opportunity to assume greater-than-average responsibility was true to a certain degree among the clerical employees also. The uneven workload and the case volume during peak periods was more than sufficient to tax the patience and ingenuity of everyone. Clerical employees were not frozen out of chances for promotion either; in all, four clerks were commissioned while serving on the program, and a number received appointments as vice consuls shortly after assignment to other consular offices.

More important, from the standpoint of every individual on the program, was the training in making decisions rapidly and, at times, under pressure and in difficult working conditions. In all, four government agencies—the Displaced Persons Commission, the U. S. Public Health Service, the Foreign Service, and the Immigration and Naturalization Service, plus a host of voluntary welfare agencies and the International Refugee Organization were involved in the displaced persons program. Inevitably, as the program progressed and as more desirable applicants emigrated leaving a “hard core” of welfare cases and, in many instances, unacceptable or inadmissible aliens, frictions and tensions developed. That there was not more can be attributed mainly to the steadfastness of purpose and patience of all persons involved in the selecting and processing of applicants for admission into the United States. Nevertheless, if a vice consul deliberated for what seemed an undue length of time on an application for a visa, he could count on a host of helpful callers who offered to assist him in making a decision or were willing to settle any doubts that he might have about the admissibility of the applicant. In many instances, applicants who were denied a visa hired lawyers to fight their cases, and several lawyers in Germany and Austria became specialists in this field. Few people realized that a visa officer is bound by unvarying laws and regulations and could not have been capricious or have used his discretionary powers even if he had been so inclined.

It is too early yet to tell what form will be taken by the new migration program, but undoubtedly numerous Foreign Service personnel will be called upon to work in this field. Once Vice Consul Fisher humorously suggested that the Department form a Displaced Persons Reserve Corps similar to the Armed Forces' reserve programs; perhaps his idea will not be taken lightly and some persons may even find themselves returned to this program. To all those who receive the call it is suggested that they follow the examples of their predecessors. Be as inquiring as Consul Linto Crook and Vice Consul Fisher who crossed the Danube River at Linz to see how the Soviet guard at the zonal boundary would react—and spent the night in custody; emulate Vice Consul John L. Murphy's devotion to the task at hand, who when reporting during a 1949 visa tour of the Tyrol that a mountain downpour had washed away the bridge to Salzburg, and upon lightning striking the telephone and knocking down a nearby girl, shouted, “Never mind her. Is the connection still there?” Or be as accomodating as Vice Consul Hejno who, when an applicant threatened suicide if her visa application was refused, said, “At your service,” and gallantly opened his third-floor office window. And, above all, show the same devotion to duty that Vice Consul L. Bruce Laingen displayed when he interviewed over eighty applicants daily upon occasion. Who knows—perhaps a Legion of Merit may be established for outstanding duty in the visa field.

**FIVE HOURS IN LAGO NEGRO (from page 35)**

family. They didn't like the store-bought kind.

Up the street a little way I saw a nice old lady dressed in an old time costume sitting in front of her house. I just had to meet her. She turned out to be Miss Serafina Lainno, aged eighty. Her costume, she told me, was what all unwed girls wore a few years ago. Then she offered to escort me to the village square where today they were selling all sorts of beautiful things. I accepted readily and paid off my seven guides with candy.

As we passed by the garage Steve joined us. The mechanics had found the trouble and within an hour we should be on our way. So the three of us set off, with Serafina thanking her lucky stars we had come along. She had been wanting to come down the square, but people talked when they saw an unmarried girl walking down the street alone.

We passed by a new apartment building, five stories high with ultra-modern architecture. Serafina couldn't wait to brag about the new building. Four room apartments and each one had running water in the kitchen. She, Serafina, wouldn't marry until she found a man who could afford a beautiful apartment like this.

Just then out of the door came a young married couple who looked as though they smelled something bad. Rich foreigners, said Serafina. Came here from Genoa to work for the telephone company. He's the head engineer. Then out of the door came a young matron pushing a baby carriage. She was really gussied up for the festa! A black velvet dress, six strands of pearls, pearl earrings and black satin shoes. She would have been pretty if she hadn't put on so much make-up.

Serafina knew all about her, too. She was the prettiest girl in town. The young accountant the telephone company sent down from Turin had fallen madly in love with her. She did all right. And Serafina confided in us that the girl's father, no her grandfather, had asked Serafina's hand.

It was just a few more steps to the village square and all the fascinating stalls of merchandise. There were glasses and plates and silverware and farm tools and second hand dresses from America for 25 cents. All the stall keepers were shouting their wares. On one corner a woman was shaving ice, putting the ice in glasses, then pouring in a sickly red syrup. Standing in line for the gourmet's delight was a man, his wife, and eight stair-step kids. The man and his wife were dressed to the teeth and as proud as two peacocks.

We found out, courtesy of Serafina, that they had reason to be proud. The government was now in the process of dividing the farm land, and this man had become the owner of a piece of property he had always worked as a tenant farmer. This was a big day for them.

From the end of the square we could see a lovely, old gothic church. On the hill above the town were crumbling ruins of an old time castle. The ruins were so crumbling it was hard to tell from a distance if they were the remains of a Roman, Greek or Norman civilization. So we asked a group of men standing near.

"Many, many years ago," they all said with pride.

"How many?" we asked.

"Couldn't rightly say," said one. "You'll have to ask Lawyer Pesce. He knows all about these things."

Just then we heard a blare of trumpets that seemed to be coming from up the street beyond the village square.

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"The procession," they said. "Come with us."

So with Serafina and these friends of a few minutes, we made our way across the village square and up Lago Negro's lovely wide Main Street. And as we went we made other friends. The mother of the garage owner came up and introduced herself. As did the owner of the hotel. And at least fifteen passersby said hello. In typical Southern Italian manner, the townsfolk had suspiciously looked us over for about four hours. And when they decided we were up to no harm, they opened their arms to us.

As we neared the procession I found myself walking with the garage owner's wife, Filomena Mileo. Signora Mileo hoped that we would be able to stay for the dance that evening. It was to be outdoors in the village square.

I could hardly make out what she was saying because of the noise. At this point the procession was almost upon us. And what excitement! Like any parade back home. The street was lined with every last citizen of Lago Negro. The tallest, of course, were in front and the shorter ones were pushing and shoving in back to get a better view.

First came towards us beautiful teen age girls with what seemed to be large baskets of flowers on their heads. Only when they passed us did we realize that the flowers were cleverly made of colored glass beads.

"I made those flowers," said a little old man of eighty, who introduced himself as the town's jeweler.

Just then the people around us started to cheer, and we saw that the silver and golden bust of Saint Nicholas was approaching. Six men were carrying the bust on a litter. A large arch decorated with pink crepe paper made a frame for Saint Nicholas. Over the arch were strung Christmas tree lights.

When we got a good look at the bust we noticed it to be a masterpiece of fine craftsmanship. Hand-wrought out of solid silver, the face looked amazingly life-like, the robe looked like flowing damask. On his head was a golden crown studded with jewels.

"A lot of gold and silver in that statue," shouted the old jeweler in our ear, "but the art work is much more valuable than the metal."

"When was it made?" we shouted back.

"Don't know. Ask Lawyer Pesce," he shouted again.

We had to shout because the people were cheering so loudly for their patron saint. Loudly and enthusiastically, the way Americans cheer for a winning ball player. Saint Nicholas must have performed some fine miracles for the town of Lago Negro, but probably only Lawyer Pesce knew what they were.

Next came twenty or so widows all dressed in black holding white candles and singing an old Italian hymn.

Then . . . the end of the procession . . . the bishop. What a sensation that caused. Old men wept. Young mothers pushed their kids up for a chance to kiss his ring. It was easy to see that the Communist Party had not infiltrated Lago Negro.

Then we saw a sight that really disappointed us. Down the street came our car. It was fixed. We could leave immediately for Naples. We had hoped so to stay for the dance! We could have had a fine get-together with all our new friends . . . and maybe we could have met the illusive Lawyer Pesce.

#### DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY (from page 25)

improvise, we must not be shocked by irresponsibility.

The introspection of the Information Service is likewise a product of the illogical separation of propaganda from diplomacy. Year after year the information specialist trudges up Capitol Hill, his plans, his themes and his objectives double-spaced and properly classified in a briefcase under his arm, and each year he stands trial for his life.

He is, it appears, a man doomed to indefinite probation, a man whose functions are never assumed. He must justify not only his performance of the job but the job itself.

In consequence he spends far too much time in glum and hopeless self-examination, in attempting to refine and isolate his functions and determine their independent effect. The entire Information Service is haunted by the spectre of "effectiveness," which lurks between the lines of every despatch and sits ominously at the foot of every conference table.

The effectiveness of the Information Service is not in truth separable from the effectiveness of our foreign policy generally. There is no apparent reason why it should be. Propaganda is a technique, not a science, and like any technique its purpose is neither self-evident nor self-contained. The criteria by which we must assess the Information Service are not psychological or sociological or anthropological but diplomatic. The purpose of propaganda is implicit in its context; the justification in its application.

The conclusion is to me irresistible that the inadequacies of our propaganda, like the confinement of our diplomacy, have been exaggerated by the false distinctions that we have drawn between the purposes of public as opposed to diplomatic persuasion. We have permitted—indeed encouraged—the growth of parallel instrumentalities, arguing that the integrity of each must be preserved. Yet the results are absurdly impractical. It is as though two woodsmen, one equipped with an axe, the other with a saw, undertook to cut down a tree working simultaneously at different levels.

In our obstinate devotion to administrative integrity we have blurred questions of immediate initiative and ultimate responsibility. Our propaganda assumes a posture of independence, pursues its own indeterminate course and then, with guilty opportunism, seeks to share the approbation accorded a diplomatic success while disclaiming responsibility for failure. His status in perpetual doubt, the propagandist must forever be scurrying about in a ferment of activity. The virtues of silence and contemplation are unknown to him. They do not constitute "effectiveness" and would be regarded with hostility by any Congressional Committee worthy of the name.

The diplomatist for his part flounders in the cross-currents of public opinion. He views propaganda with skeptical apprehension. He reviews its objectives dutifully but is resigned to the conviction that they are hopelessly unreal, and, in any event, no affair of his. To the diplomatist propaganda is a bargaining point or an embarrassment. It is rarely a means.

These attitudes notwithstanding, propaganda and diplomacy need each other today as never before. Each may be too weak to stand alone. The truly awesome complexity of international problems and the turbulent, irrational and contentious atmosphere surrounding them has imposed re-

(Continued on page 64)

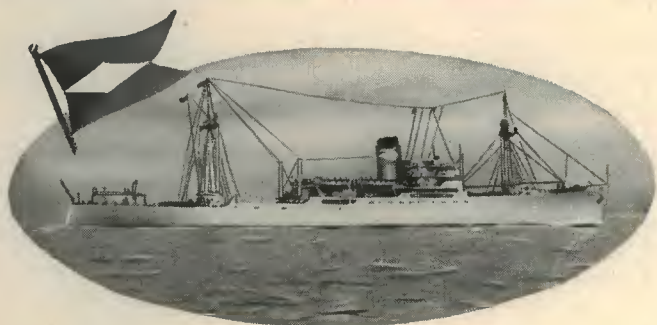
## BIRTHS

CHADBOURN. A daughter, Claudia Packard, born to Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Chadbourn, Jr., on January 15, 1953 in Paris.  
 CHALKER. A son, Jeffrey Phelps, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Chalker, on August 21, 1953 at Dusseldorf.  
 CIZAUSKAS. A son, Robert Paul, born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Cizauskas, on March 18, 1953 in Milan.  
 FINCH. A son, Jonathan Lewis, born on March 16, 1953 to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clifford Finch, in Wichita, Kansas.  
 MILLAR. A son, David MacLaren, born to Mr. and Mrs. John Y. Millar, on August 3, 1953 in Washington, D. C.  
 RICHARDSON. A son, Bruce Herbert, born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Richardson, on April 3, 1953 in Lishon.  
 SHERER. A son, Anthony William, born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Sherer Jr., on June 8, 1953, in Washington, D. C.  
 WEINTRAUB. A daughter, Deborah Jane, born to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Weintraub on July 31, 1953, in Mexico City.

## IN MEMORIAM

APPLETON. Dr. John B. Appleton, foreign affairs officer and director of special intelligence research projects, died June 25, 1953, at Bethesda, Maryland. Dr. Appleton was an outstanding geographer, lecturer and author of scientific studies. During World War II he was with OSS. He transferred later to the geographical section of the Department.

LEBRETON. David LeBreton Jr., U. S. Vice Consul stationed in Tunis, was drowned August 29, 1953 off of La Marsa, the Gulf of Tunis, while saving the lives of the two children of Consul Morris N. Hughes. Mr. LeBreton saw that the children were in trouble off shore; he jumped in, fully clothed, to rescue them, but lost his own life. The children are reported safe. Entering the Foreign Service in 1941, Mr. LeBreton served in Monterrey, Cairo, Port Said and Warsaw.



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sponsibilities upon diplomacy that the old machinery is not equipped to support. It devolves upon propaganda to clarify or neutralize this atmosphere in the interests of intelligent negotiation. Yet, if propaganda is to exercise a constructive function, it must be subordinated to diplomatic action, accepting the precise, if often limited, objectives of professional diplomacy. It cannot be expected that propaganda will change the world; that it will make people more receptive by making them more American; that it will serve as a cheap but comfortable substitute for policy; that it will sell America, or, for that matter, that it will sell anything. Propaganda will do none of these things: it will only explain what this industrious, young and infinitely hopeful nation is trying to accomplish in the world, for itself and for others.

However our propaganda may be administered, whether within or without the Department of State, the conjunction of diplomacy and propaganda is an inescapable necessity. Their inherent mutuality has, I suggest, been ignored too long.

### CHANGE OF STATION FOR AUGUST

NAME	POST FROM	POST TO
Anderson, Stewart G.	Dept.	Tokyo
Beaver, Joseph T.	Tenerife	Oslo
Bender, John L.	New Appt.	Manila
Bloom, Robert A.	New Appt.	London
Broderick, William D.	Medellin	Winnipeg
Brown, James E., Jr.	Barcelona	Turin
Byington, Homer M.	Dept.	Madrid
Cates, John M., Jr.	New Appt.	Bonn
Coe, Robert D.	New Appt.	Copenhagen
Daymont, Laurence J.	Bern	London
De Ornellas, John L.	Dept.	Mexico, D. F.
Haggerty, John J.	Dept.	Bonn
Hoffman, Walter W.	London	Birmingham
Hohenthal, Theodore J.	Djakarta	Manila
King, Bayard	Guaymas	Mexico, D. F.
Maffitt, Edward P.	Dept.	Rome
Mann, Thomas C.	Dept.	Athens
McLean, Allen F., Jr.	Chihuahua	Ciudad Juarez
Minor, Harold B.	Beirut	Dept.
Murphy, Robert D.	Tokyo	Dept.
Pool, John C.	Dept.	Southampton
Potts, Charles E.	New Delhi	Dept.
Seager, Walter E.	New Appt.	Karachi
Steeves, John M.	Tokyo	Djakarta
Stewart, C. Allan	Santiago	Asuncion
Warren, Avra M.	Dept.	Ankara
Wilkins, Fraser	New Delhi	Dept.
Willis, Frances E.	Helsinki	Bern

### CANCELLATIONS AND AMENDMENTS August, 1953

Brewin, Roger G.	Baghdad cancelled, to remain in Zurich.
Hector, Thomas F.	Dept. cancelled, now transferred to Bucharest.
Martens, Robert J.	Bucharest cancelled, now transferred to Naples.
Sober, Sidney	Dept. cancelled, now transferred to Ankara.
Winckel, Helen N.	Habana cancelled, now transferred to Hamilton.

### OFFICER RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

AMB.
Stanton, Edwin F.
FSO
Ellis, Overton G. (Retirement)
Greenup, Julian C. (Retirement)
Kleinhaus, Richard
Purdue, Richard B.
Reber, Samuel (Retirement)
Stussy, Robin E.
FSR
Hodge, Charles L.
Merrill, Frederick T.
Smith, H. Gerald
Ward, Robert E.
Wright, William D.
FSSO
Buford, Hogan F.
Cook, Eiler Robert
Copeland, John I.
Hudson, Wanda I.
Nelson, Harold
Reynolds, Vallie G.
Roach, Dorothy H.
Steele, Lora
Thompson, Paul D. (Retirement)
Walker, Joseph F. (Retirement)

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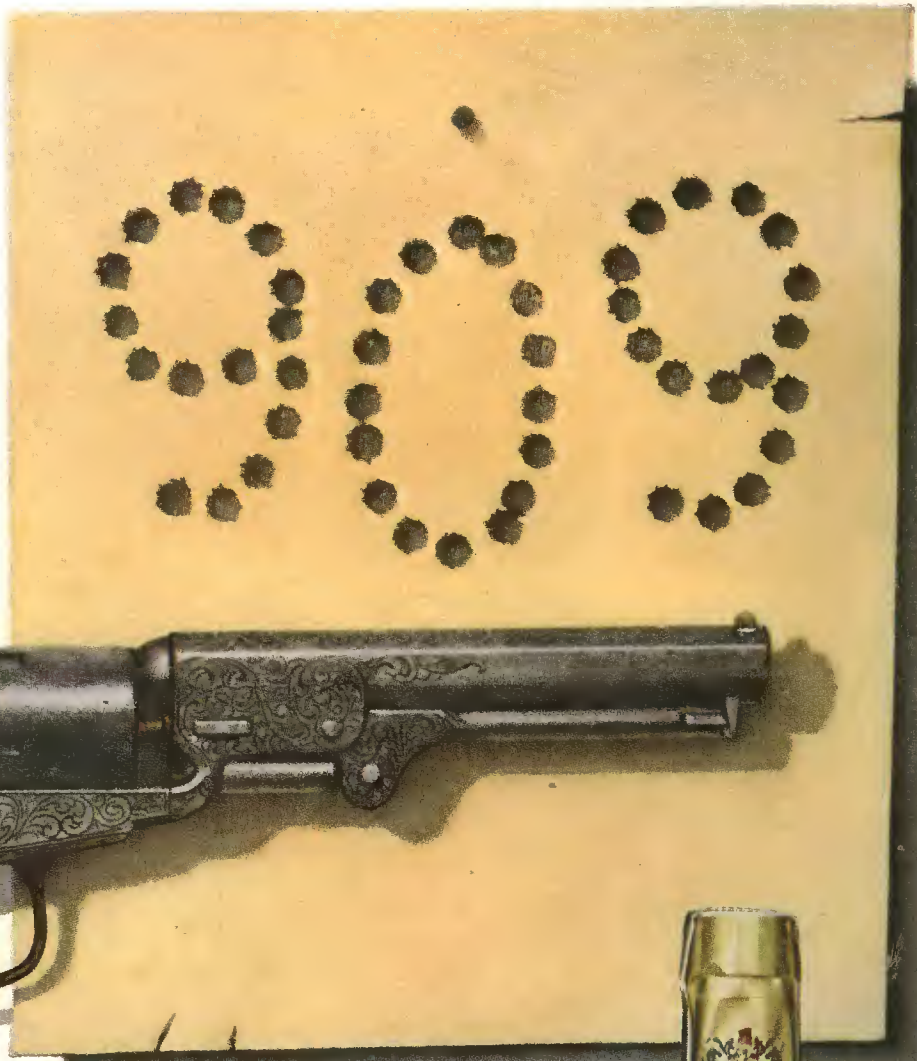
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## Proof of Perfection

(as conceived by famous artist Stevan Dohanos)



Old Model Colt Pocket Pistol, model 1849, caliber .31, decorated for presentation.

*Stevan Dohanos*

The assignment we gave famous artist Mr. Stevan Dohanos, was not an easy one...

"We want our illustration to emphasize 909," we explained. "You see, bottling Canadian Schenley at exactly 90.9 proof makes it better than any other Canadian whisky—not because the proof is higher but because 90.9 is the one perfect proof for Canadian whisky."

"We want to illustrate the *infinite skill* and *old-time know-how* that have made 909 the prestige Canadian whisky."

Yes, we asked for all this in one painting—and as sure as "909 is the Proof of Perfection," Mr. Dohanos came up with the illustration which we think does the job.

Why not decide for yourself? Try Canadian Schenley 909... Compare it! You, too, will prefer it.

Canadian  
Schenley 909



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