Foreign Service JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1954 25c

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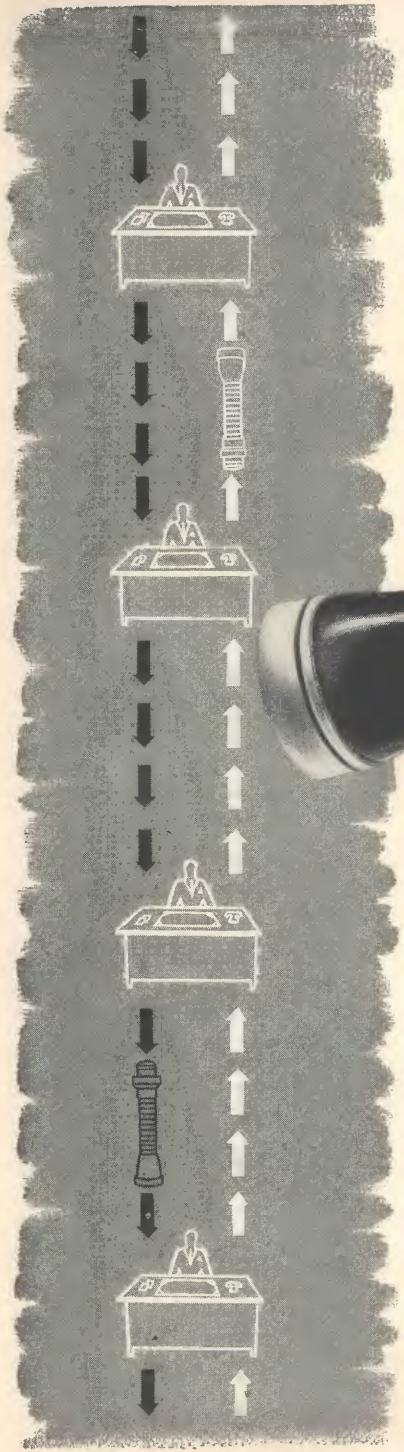

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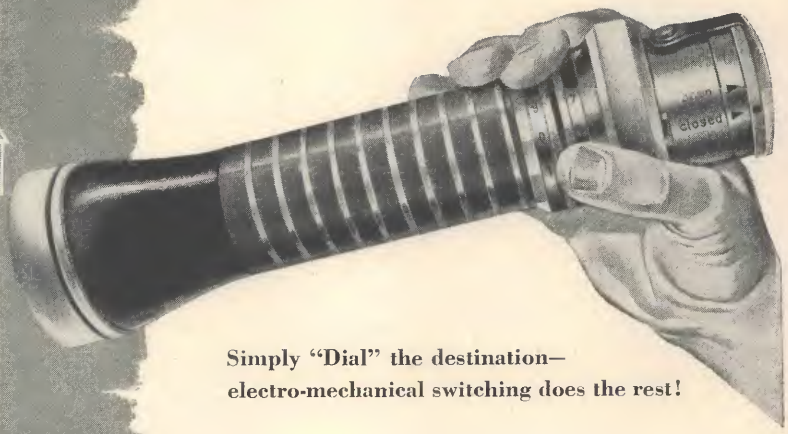

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Foreign Service JOURNAL

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FEBRUARY 1954 Volume 31, Number 2

CONTENTS

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

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

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

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COVER PICTURE: Cleopatra's Needle in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The Needle, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, came originally from Luxor, Egypt. *Photo by Jack Grover.*

Letters to the Editors

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

MORE ON FRINGE BENEFITS

Army War College,
Carlisle Barracks,
Pennsylvania,
December 19, 1953

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Reference is made to the interesting and thought-provoking letter in the December FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL by Mr. Fulton Freeman, pointing out that the Foreign Service, like the Armed Forces, is suffering a progressive chopping away of its fringe benefits to such an extent that morale is being adversely affected. Mr. Chaille made some cogent comments on the other side of the picture. But I believe some confusion still exists. Certainly, no one denies the need for economy and the most efficient use of such funds as are available. At the same time, I believe there is a feeling in the Foreign Service that the decisions as to where the cuts are to be made are not always taken with the full understanding of the situation which exists or the results which will ensue.

For example, let me take only one item—the reduction of ten percent in the weight allowances for the shipment of furniture. Allegedly, this was done because, on the whole, the allowances were generally under-used by ten percent. This to me would seem to demonstrate a sound appreciation by the Foreign Service of the need for economy, and a laudable attitude of not abusing the allowance. It consequently seems to me that the reduction of ten percent in the allowance will not save one single cent, and that claims of operating economies as a result are fallacious—assuming that everyone now uses his full allowance as the only way of assuring that it won't be cut further.

Moreover, the decision seems to be based on a complete misunderstanding of the reasons for the allowance. I for one do not consider that it was granted as a privilege. On the contrary, if my home abroad is to be representative of America (except at a few posts with government furnished quarters), it will be so only because I take my American home with me. Furthermore, as long as I am in the Foreign Service and serving abroad, the only real home I will have will be the one I take with me. And I take it with me at considerable inconvenience and expense to myself. Even when the government is paying the freight, it is not paying the insurance. That comes out of my pocket. Neither does the Department reimburse me for the damage—which occurs every time a household of furniture is moved (the last time my furniture returned from abroad, it cost me something over $300.00 to have it put into presentable shape again). Further, I have a good many sets of glassware and china which are not fully useful because, thanks to recurrent moves, I have only eleven of the dozen left unbroken, and even fewer left unchipped.

I consequently do not feel that the provision of govern-

(*Continued on page 6*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS *(from page 4)*

ment funds for the movement of furniture was adopted for my convenience, but rather because it served sound government purposes; furthermore, I question whether there will in fact be any appreciable saving as a result of this decision.

It is because so many of the decisions adopted on the plea of economy appear to be based on a faulty assessment of the situation and an erroneous anticipation of the results, that the Foreign Service complains of them. This may be because the justification and thinking within the Department is not fully explained to the field; but the feeling nevertheless exists.

William P. Cochran, Jr.

ROBERT SKINNER, TWO-STAR CONSUL

Denver, Colorado
January 3, 1954

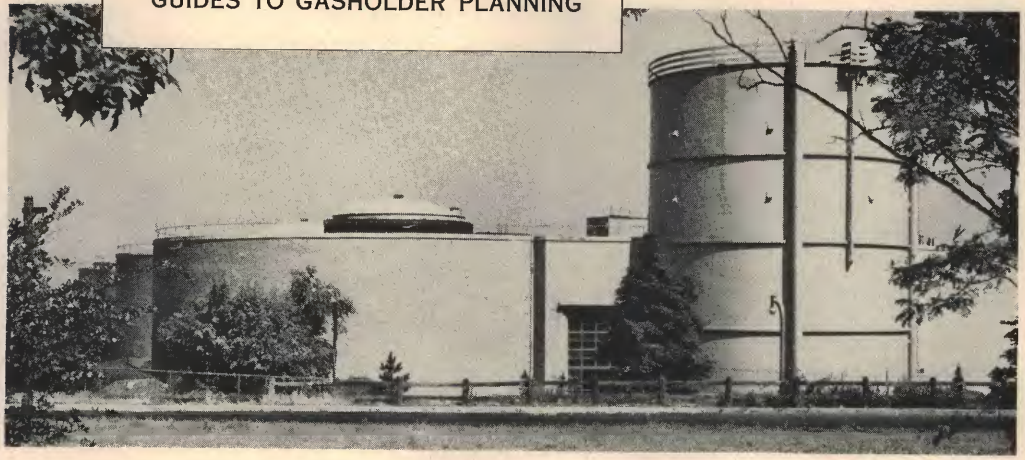
To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Robert Peet Skinner who was our consul at Marseille in 1897 and who retired as American Ambassador to Turkey in 1936, has a birthday this month and many of his old friends will no doubt enjoy reading an excerpt from an article in the January 1922 *Consular Bulletin*, in which the author, Kenneth L. Roberts, made Mr. Skinner a two-star Consul. In his article "Passing Thoughts on Consuls" Mr. Roberts writes: "I think that I shall follow the Baedeker system of starring Consuls. A two-star Consul, for example, will mean that you don't want to miss him if you can help it. It would be a shame, for example, to miss the grate-fire in the office of Mr. Robert P. Skinner in London—a fire whose size and warmth bear the same relation to the normal London fire that Bunker Hill Monument bears to a toothpick—or to miss the sight of Skinner warming his coat-tails before the fire and, with a sweetly plaintive look on his face, saying: 'I think your information will be helped if you see the King—I'll give you a letter to him—and possibly Lloyd George—I'll give you a letter to him—and maybe the Archbishop of Canterbury—I'll give you a letter to him—and, Oh, yes, the manager of the Bank of England—I'll give you a letter to him—and, Ah, a couple of brewers—I'll give you letters to them—and, hum . . .' and then to doze in front of the fire while his pen sputters and scratches at his letters."

But shucks, why stop with Bob Skinner? Hark ye! "There would be double stars for Homer Byington in Naples, the golf and tennis champion, who has trained the waiters in the Gambrinus Restaurant to leap back again with steaming platters of succulent *spiedino di mozzarella alla Romana;* for Haven in Trieste, who has a flock of trained fishermen who rush to his hotel when they are fortunate enough to catch the succulent tiny lobsters known as *scampi;* for Keene in Rome, who, given a fair field and no favors, can tell three stories to anybody else's one; for Messersmith in Antwerp; for Anderson in Rotterdam; for McBride and Keena and Huddle, who have sat on the lid in Warsaw at various times.

(Continued on page 8)

GUIDES TO GASHOLDER PLANNING



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As a matter of fact, I shall give every American Consul in Europe a double star; for I never yet have met one who failed to give me more than I asked, ... and to make me very content with America's system of picking her consular officials."

James B. Stewart

PERSONNEL REORGANIZATION

Budapest, Hungary
November 10, 1953

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I wish to express my complete agreement with the views on the reorganization of the personnel section of the Department of State expressed by my good friends Kenneth Krenz, Arthur Ringwalt and Jim Penfield, in their joint letter of August 27, 1953, to the Editors of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

I hope their letter will encourage other officers of the Foreign Service to give their support to the recommendations that the serious problems raised by the reorganization be given renewed consideration at the highest level.

Sidney K. Lafoon

HOME IS ANYWHERE

New Delhi, India
December 8, 1953

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

At home and abroad. among civilians and those who should know better, one often hears the statement, "The Foreign Service may be a wonderful life for parents, but think what it must do to the children!" These misguided souls then recall the complexes, insecurities and maladjustments that should be a Foreign Service child's through living a life in constantly changing and alien environments.

I have been a Foreign Service child for all of my nineteen years, and it is my desire not only to refute that statement, but also to show that a Service child greatly benefits from his unusual upbringing.

Many articles have been written concerning the housekeeping and language problems of the Service wife and mother, and readers of them might suppose the plight of the children to be comparable. This is not so. Our mothers are not as lucky as we are. They have not been conditioned since birth to hotel food, changing nursemaids, traveling in a trailer in Utah or being escorted by an armed guard in a Curtain Country.

I was born a five-pound twin, and as my parents were living in Rumania at the time and hospital conditions were deplorable, we were born at home. Our bassinets were clothes baskets, and improvised incubators were wine bottles filled with hot water. We were tightly wrapped in swaddling clothes "to straighten our limbs" and one of my first recol-

(*Continued on page* 10)

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lections is that of being laid in hot mustard paste during a siege of bronchial pneumonia. I can also still picture some large bright red bows that were always fastened to our pink bonnets to "keep off the Evil Eye."

I recall my own and other's experiences when I say the nursemaid situation was occasionally a trying one, but one that Service children accept with no resentment. One of our first was a kleptomaniac. She would steal buttons off our clothes, small toys, and even bits of food from the table. She was also very severe, and held a heavy hand in the nursery. We didn't love her, certainly, but we didn't dislike her either. We merely accepted her with an impish laugh and followed our own pursuits so far as possible.

Our education is sometimes a problem but not a serious one. When we change from the rigid French or Spanish system of learning to a lax American public school, the transition is easy; not so if the order is reversed. Yet every system offers us something new, though it he only an understanding of the strange habits of our classmates.

A hackneyed expression though a true one is "Travel i an education in itself." We learn not only something of the history and geography of the country we are living in, but language and customs as well. We change our languages more often than our teeth. and even our English may have a strong British accent acquired from a Nanny, or the mid-west twang adopted on Home Leave. Often the language used in play with other American children is not English but the language of the country we happen to be living in.

We may stare in amazement at the Pyramids of Gizeh or the Taj Mahal, but equally vivid in our memory is the thrill of swinging high in a cable car to reach the Sugar Loaf in Rio, and the balmy breeze and subdued excitement of the holiday crowd at Agra the night of the full Harvest moon.

Perhaps the same impulses which prompted our fathers to become Diplomats is within us, for I have never known a Foreign Service child without an adventuresome spirit. For us every new experience is an exciting one. We see things that delight us, such as dancing monkeys and bears, strange bright costumes, and camel carts at our door, and the Sphinx. We see things that repel us, such as cruelty, poverty and disease. We see things that bore us, such as viewing ancient ruins hour after hour in the scorching sun. And we see things that sadden us and deepen our feelings. At the age of three or four it hurts us to see children or animals cruelly beaten, the effects of starvation and disease, and the sickly waif that Mother brought home to be nursed back to health. Our young minds cannot always comprehend the meaning of these disasters, yet the impression is there. Each one increases our compassion and understanding and our eagerness to help.

These feelings for the counties of our temporary homes are deeper than any impressions gained from reading books, for we have been a part of them ourselves. Since the toddling stage we have passed peanuts at receptions and helped Mother receive callers at home, and by the time we are grown we feel as much at home in Cairo with the mosquito netting over our beds, as in California with its beaches and amusement parks, or with people of any age group or speaking any language, for we instinctively like everyone.

We are generally a very happy lot, though I confess we envy American young people and their home towns. When

(Continued on page 12)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS *(from page 10)*

people ask us where our home is, we'd love to say "Des Moines" or "San Francisco" but we can't, for home is where our parents are at the moment.

I think we're lucky. We've learned to think deeply and to feel deeply. We are usually gay with a sense of humor, not easily baffled by a new environment. Above all, we feel that home is anywhere.

Linda D. Mills

CAREER OFFICIALS AND POLICY

Damascus, Syria
October 19, 1953

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I applaud with approval the postscript by Mr. Louis J. Halle, Jr., to his article, " 'Policy Making,' and the Career Service," in the September issue of the JOURNAL.

As for the article itself to which these comments on Mr. McLeod's American Legion speech were appended, I am happy to see Mr. Halle make the attempt to deal honestly and dispassionately with a question that goes deep to the heart of our career Foreign Service system, and that has not always of late been approached with either honesty or dispassion. I am afraid, however, that in his effort to absolve career officials of responsibility for policy making, Mr. Halle does the professional Foreign Service a disservice. To imply that all political positions are policy making, and all career positions are not is, in my view, unrealistic.

I cannot agree with Mr. Halle's statement that "to have a great say in policy decisions is not at all the same as having the responsibility to decide policy." Everyone will certainly agree that the terms in which reports and recommendations by career officials are couched, and the many day-to-day decisions which are made without reference to those in political positions, not only influence but frequently predetermine policy. To say that such officials do not have a policy responsibility is a semantic refinement to which I cannot believe the Foreign Service has a need to resort. To be sure many non-political positions are clearly not policy making, and such political positions as that of Secretary of State clearly are. However, there is a large area between these two extremes which must be filled by professionals who cannot escape, and should not want to escape, responsibility for the formulation of policy.

Mr. Halle recognizes, and rightly, that partisan considerations should play no part in the staffing of a career service. However, he does not make what seems to me the obvious point in support of this position, namely that a necessary prerequisite for the existence of a healthy and imaginative corps of non-political professionals to administer and help make foreign policy is the concept that foreign policy should be non-partisan. This obviously does not preclude differences of opinion, but it means that such differences normally result from honest variations in judgment as to what would best serve the national interest, and are not predetermined by partisan loyalties or doctrinaire prejudices. Where foreign policy has become a partisan issue in domestic politics, those in non-political positions have frequently suffered along with their political superiors. This is probably a fundamental dilemma which can never be completely resolved, though it is sincerely to be hoped that in time more

(Continued on page 16)

25 years ago

BY JAMES B. STEWART

DOGGEDLY AT HIS POST

DAVID H. BUFFUM, Vice Consul, Leghorn, tells about the owner of a haberdashery in the Free City of Danzig and the dog "Caesar" he trained to stand in front of his shop wearing an American made collar and tie about his neck and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Day in and day out he stood at his post, shackled only by his sense of duty. But there were times when he appeared to inwardly curse the whole institution of international commerce.

One beautiful spring morning, when a young dog's fancy might easily turn into amorous channels, a lady spaniel friend approached him. The customary greetings which canine etiquette demands were duly exchanged. Various emotions were doubtless seething within his shaggy chest, and he was obviously torn between the instincts of courtship and the duties of business; but he stood his ground, mastered the situation, gazed at his friend with a bespectacled, but rather mournful indifference, and latter forthwith disappearing on the run around the corner in search of a less eccentric Cavalier.

BRIEFS: VICE CONSULS ROBERT D. COE, MONROE HALL and CARLOS J. WARNER have completed their training in the Foreign Service School and have departed for their respective posts, Porto Alegre, Tokyo, and Buenos Aires.

FRANCIS COLT DEWOLF, Assistant Solicitor, and Miss CLARA L. BORJES, of the Division of Western European Affairs, participated in a conference at Ottawa to discuss measures for the suppression of smuggling between the two countries.

MR. AUGUSTUS E. INGRAM, newly appointed Editor of the Foreign Service JOURNAL, was host at the Cosmos Club to a number of guests, including members of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Service Association and the staff of the Journal, at a luncheon in honor of MR. FELIX COLE, retiring Editor of the JOURNAL. Attending were the HON. WILBUR J. CARR, MR. FELIX COLE, and MESSRS. NORTON, HENGSTLER, DUNN, STEWART, SCOTTEN, HAVENS, DAVIS, HICKERSON, HOSMER, ANSLINGER, MARTIN, VANCE, and WARREN. MR. ARTHUR BLISS LANE was absent from the city and MR. ROBERT D. MURPHY was detained by illness from attending.

The JOURNAL contains a photograph of Commander Richard E. Byrd and his dog "Igloo" at Wellington, New Zealand. The Antarctic Expedition left Dunedin, New Zealand, for the South Pole on December 1, 1928.

A son, Samuel Carter, was born on January 8, 1929, at Washington, D. C., to CONSUL and MRS. A. DANA HODGDON.

A son, George Tucker Alston, was born on November 8, 1928, at Kingston, Ontario, to CONSUL and MRS. GEORGE GREGG FULLER.

A son, Gilbert Grosvenor, was born on November 17, 1928, at Tokyo, Japan, to FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER and

(*Continued on page* 16)

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

MRS. CABOT COVILLE.

ITEMS FROM ITALY: The *U.S.S. Raleigh*, flag-ship of Vice Admiral John Havens Dayton, visited Naples from November 30 to December 11. The customary official calls were exchanged by Admiral Dayton, CONSUL GENERAL BYINGTON and local officials.

On December 6 Vice Admiral Dayton was received in audience by His Majesty Victor Emanuel III, King of Italy. On the following day, the Admiral was received by "Il Duce" His Excellency Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy.

The HONORABLE WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR., Assistant Secretary of State, in company with MRS. CASTLE, sailed from Naples on December 5 for the United States.

NECROLOGY: In the death of COL. CHARLES OTIS SHEPARD at Pasadena, California, on December 17, 1928, the Service lost its oldest retired officer and one who had charmed all the readers of the JOURNAL by his reminiscences of his consular experiences of half a century ago.

In 1869 Colonel Shepard was appointed the first American Consul at Yeddo (Tokyo) by General Grant; in 1871 he was transferred to Kanagawa (Yokohama); and for about a year he acted as chargé d'affaires. At that time there were four young men of about 30 years of age who were chargés d'affaires—HAY in Austria, ADEE in Spain, EUGENE SCHUYLER in Russia and SHEPARD in Japan. SECRETARY FISH pleasantly referred to them as "The Little Four."

MEMORY LANE

I REMEMBER WHEN CHIEF BYINGTON was affected by thunder storms in summer and by pigeons in the spring. Once when a young man he had had the unfortunate experience of witnessing a thunder storm tragedy which occurred in the then open spaces to the South of the State, War and Navy Building. The Chief never liked thunder storms thereafter. When I was associated with him in F. P. 1 have seen him leave his office on the South side of Old State and stroll up and down the long corridor until the storm was over. As for the pigeons: On balmy spring days they would cavort by the hour on the Chief's warm window sills and, between puffs from his pipe, he would regale a visitor with amusing remarks about their billing and cooing.

J.B.S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS *(from page 12)*

mature methods will be devised for dealing with it than have sometimes been applied in the past. If partisanship cannot be completely eliminated from foreign policy, then it should at least be possible to develop personnel practices which deal with professional officers, whose positions involve them in policy questions which become the subject of partisan differences, in ways that will not intimidate such officers to the point where they abdicate their share of policy making responsibility.

I would not want this comment on Mr. Halle's article to be taken as a criticism of his plea for a career service. When I joined the Foreign Service six years ago, I assumed that the necessity for a professional career service was self-evident. The fact that Mr. Halle has found it necessary to justify this assumption at length indicates that I was wrong, and my remarks are only intended to strengthen the eloquent case which he has already made.

Alfred L. Atherton, Jr.

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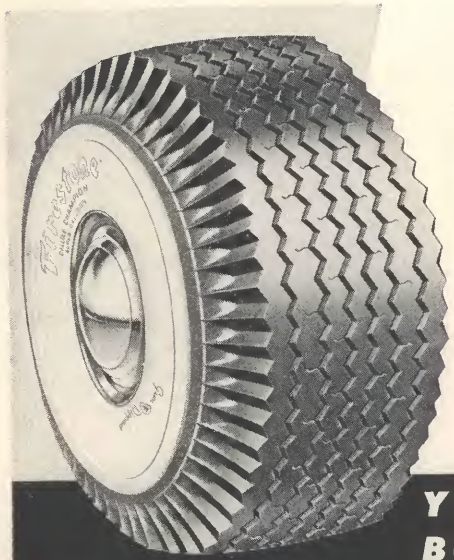

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YOUR SAFETY IS OUR BUSINESS AT FIRESTONE

NEWS from the DEPARTMENT

By Lois Perry Jones

Letter of Five Diplomats

The administration of the Foreign Service was discussed by five former diplomats in a letter printed in the *New York Times* on January 17. Secretary Dulles commented on the letter during his press conference on January 19. The letter and the Secretary's comments are reprinted below in full. The letter was signed by the Honorable Norman Armour, the Honorable Robert Woods Bliss, the Honorable Joseph C. Grew, the Honorable William Phillips, and the Honorable C. Howland Shaw.

"To the Editor of the *New York Times*:

"Since the time when the United States assumed a significant place in international affairs, at the turn of the century, the Foreign Service has been an organization of growing importance. Today it would be impossible to exaggerate that importance, whether it is considered from the angle of the constructive influence of the United States in world affairs or from the more selfish angle of our national security.

"It is to the official representatives of the United States abroad that foreign Governments and peoples have the right to look with confidence for the most authentic interpretation of American values and the American point of view, and it is upon these same representatives that the President, the Secretary of State and others engaged in formulating our foreign policy must rely for accurate information concerning persons and events abroad.

"At present these demands upon the Foreign Service are more exacting than ever before; not only because the events to be reported on have become more complex, more difficult of analysis, but also—and primarily—because the emotional climate at home has made objective reporting unusually difficult.

"Recently the Foreign Service has been subjected to a series of attacks from outside sources which have questioned the loyalty and the moral standards of its members. With rare exceptions the justification for these attacks has been so flimsy as to have no standing in a court of law or in the mind of any individual capable of differentiating repeated accusation from even a reasonable presumption of guilt. Nevertheless, these attacks have had sinister results.

"The conclusion has become inescapable, for instance, that a Foreign Service Officer who reports on persons or events to the very best of his ability and who makes recommendations which at the time he conscientiously believe to be in the interest of the United States may subsequently find his loyalty and integrity challenged and may even be forced out of the service and discredited forever as a private citizen after many years of distinguished service. A premium therefore has been put upon reporting and upon recommendations which are ambiguously stated or so cautiously set forth as to be deceiving.

"When any such tendency begins its insidious work it is not long before accuracy and initiative have been sacrificed to acceptability and conformity. The ultimate result is a threat to national security. In this connection the history of the Nazi and Fascist foreign services before the Second World War is pertinent.

"The forces which are working for conformity from the outside are being reinforced by the present administrative set-up within the Department of State which subordinates normal personnel administration to considerations of security.

"It is obvious, of course, that candidates for the Foreign Service should be carefully investigated before appointment and that their work should at all times be under the exacting scrutiny of their professional superiors. But when initial investigation attaches undue importance to such factors as even a temporary departure from conservative political and economic views, casual association with person holding views not currently in fashion or subscription to a periodical labeled as 'liberal'; when subsequent investigation is carried to the point of delaying a promotion list for a year and routine transfers from one post to another; when investigations of individual officers must be kept up to date to within ninety days; when an easy path has been opened to even the anonymous informer; and when the results of these investigations are evaluated not by persons experienced in the Foreign Service or even acquainted at first hand with conditions abroad, but by persons of quite different experience, it is relevant to inquire whether we are not laying the foundations of a Foreign Service competent to serve a totalitarian government rather than the Government of the United States as we have heretofore known it.

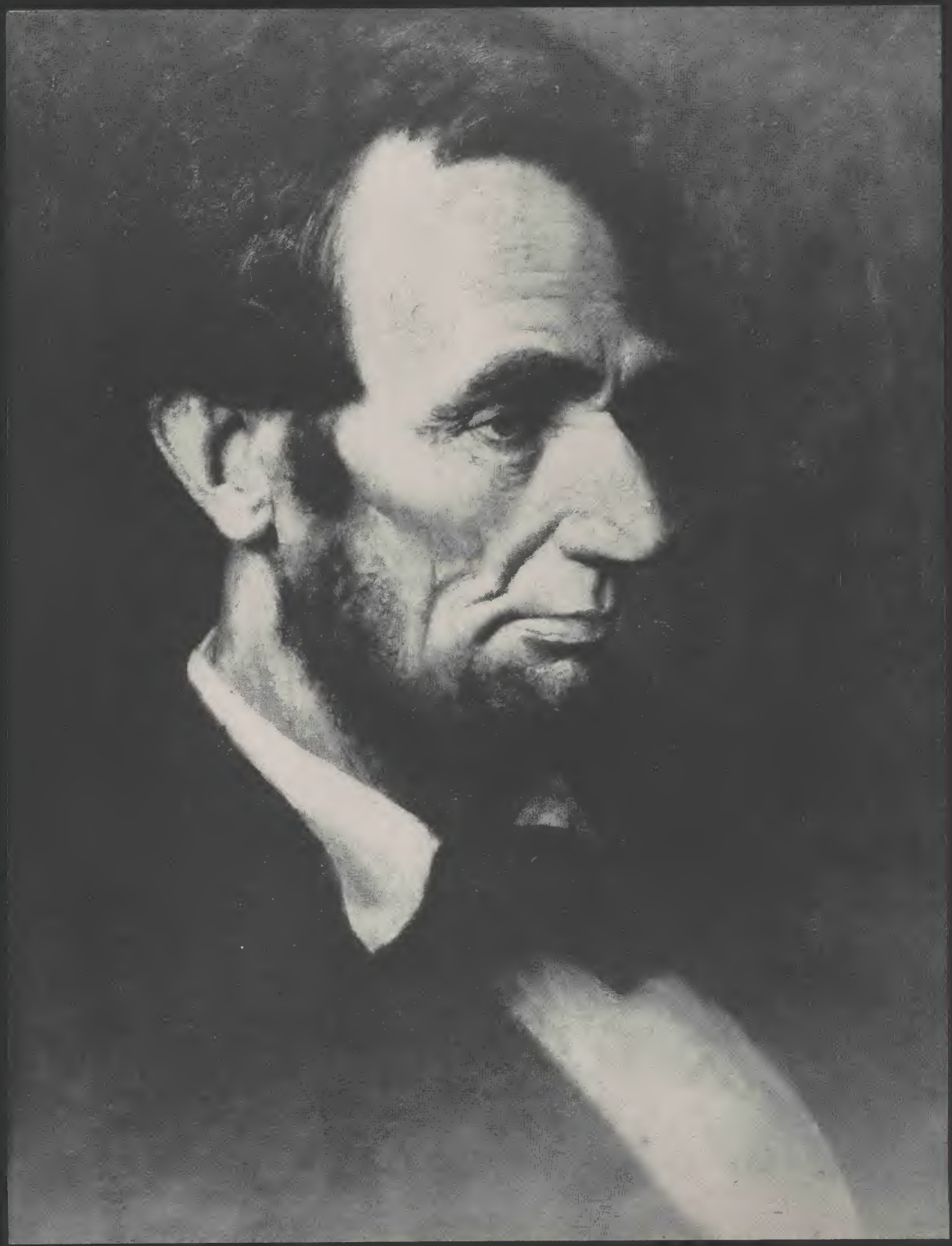
"Fear is playing an important part in American life at the present time. As a result the self-confidence, the confidence in others, the sense of fair play and the instinct to protect the rights of the non-conformist are—temporarily, it is to be hoped—in abeyance. But it would be tragic if this fear, expressing itself in an exaggerated emphasis on security, should lead us to cripple the Foreign Service, our first line of national defense, at the very time when its effectiveness is essential to our filling the place which history has assigned to us."

At his news conference January 19, Secretary Dulles made the following reply to queries as to whether he was familiar with the letter:

"Yes, they sent me a copy of that letter. I read it with interest. They are a distinguished group of former diplomats whom I highly respect. As a matter of fact, I have called upon one or another of them for advice since I have been Secretary of State.

"I think, however, that they perhaps do not have a complete awareness of the security processes which go on in the State Department. The fact is that in all security cases there is an evaluation by a Foreign Service Officer. In the last analysis no one can be or is suspended, which is the first step, without my personal inquiry into the matter and my own personal check on the evaluations of my security officers.

(*Continued on page* 57)



PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

by STUART L. HANNON

The man Lincoln would not fit any of Thomas Carlyle's hero categories . . . as divinity, as prophet, poet, priest, king or man of letters. Yet he was a little of each, excepting the king, a peculiar combination of political evangelist and poetic humanist, as grotesque externally as Don Quixote or Ichabod Crane, and yet as wise and full of moderation as the ancient Greeks.

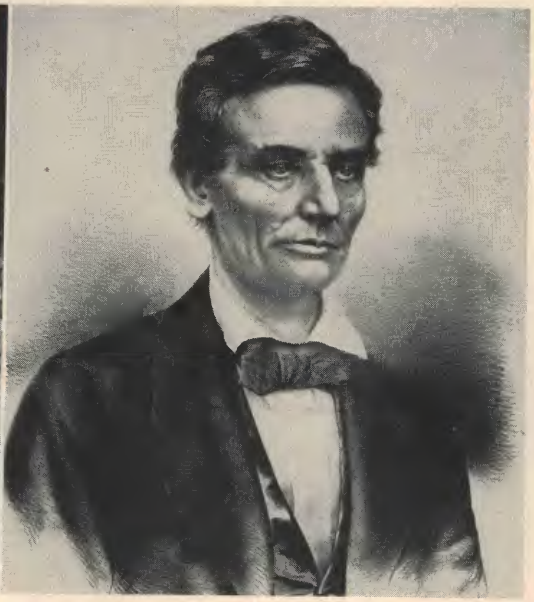
To understand this strange, lovable, tragic figure who became a saviour and who by many was compared with Moses, it is necessary to look at his early life and mature achievements in broad prospective. It is seldom that one finds in history a man who is such a unique product and reflection of his native environment, and yet who is so universal in his greatness. It would be difficult to find a more complete embodiment of the American ideal than Lincoln. The combinations of lowly origin and exalted achievement, of moral and physical strength with gentleness and forbearance, of woeful unpreparedness and astounding accomplishment, of the love of practical liberty and hate of special privilege . . . these combinations are part of the American ideal, (however unattainable to most of us) so beautifully developed in Abraham Lincoln. His inexhaustible sense of humor and talent for anecdote also combined happily, in the American image, with his tall, awkward and homely figure with its ill-fitting clothes.

Typical of this pattern and of the unaffected honesty of Lincoln's whole demeanor, was one of the stories told about him when he was President. A slightly pompous but elegantly dressed foreign diplomat decided to amuse himself at Lincoln's expense and said: "By the way, Mr. President, I understand you black your own boots." Lincoln's reply was "Yes. Mr. Ambassador, I do. Whose boots do you black?" he asked with equal politeness. Lincoln once wrote to a friend: "Through life I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule."

Who was this man Lincoln, whom we revere and around whom so much legend and so many factual studies have grown up? What was his personal background, the background of his time? Historically, it was quite cruel. When Abraham was born, Napoleon was ravaging Europe. When he was three during the war of 1812, the Indian Allies of England massacred the garrison of early Chicago. Two years later the British burned the capital at Washington, the Library of Congress and the White House. Slavery was already a political issue when Abraham was a boy of ten.

Lincoln's world environment was one which might have

The child, Abe Lincoln, reading by the fire.



The Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, Republican candidate for President of the United States.

developed a quite different character and personality, just as it developed fanatics like John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison. But he was protected, in a sense, by the isolation of the frontier, by his poverty, by the proudly free, if hard and ignorant life of the pioneers. But it was also a restricted, parochial environment, in which no one was likely to rise to prominence, at least outside his immediate community.

Lincoln's ancestors were weavers, carpenters and pioneer farmers. As for the child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, the future appeared almost hopeless. Neither parent could read or write, although Lincoln's father did learn to sign his name, with considerable effort. The Kentucky cabin in which Lincoln was born was grim and cold. When the family moved to Indiana, several years later, they lived in an unfinished cabin, with one side open to the fierce winter. An outdoor fire on the open side was supposed to heat the cabin. There was no floor except the earth, no windows. A bearskin hung over the entrance. The Lincolns at this time had no knives and forks so they ate with their fingers. Soap was

The two photographs above show Lincoln's residence in Springfield, Illinois, at the close of his campaign with Senator Douglas, and Lincoln surrounded by his war cabinet. In the lower picture, beginning at the left and pictured clock-wise are Lincoln, Gideon Welles, Montgomery Blair, Caleb B. Smith, Edward Bates, Edwin M. Stanton, William H. Seward, and Salmon P. Chase.

The Lincoln family in 1861. The three children are Willie, Robert, and "Tad."

rarely if ever seen. When the exhausted mother died at the age of 34, Lincoln was 9 and his sister was 12. Things became much worse before they got better.

It was here in Indiana that young Lincoln acquired his elementary knowledge of reading, writing and Euclid. When he could be spared from work, he walked two miles to school. His entire contact with formal education lasted less than a year. But his unending thirst for knowledge, which became almost legendary, began here and never stopped until he was a fully grown and famous man. The young frontiersman borrowed books from miles around. He read the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, History of the United States, a Life of George Washington, etc. Soon he was attracted by the "Laws of Indiana." Lincoln read his books several times, pondered over their style, debated with himself their arguments or message.

In 1830 Lincoln's father moved the family again, this time to new and better land in Illinois . . . always farther westward, the pulse of the times. Shortly thereafter, Lincoln left the family for his first independent job at nearby New Salem. He was 22. His contacts with men, the frontier, politics, life in general, began to deepen and broaden. He was soon to fall in love. His reading now included Shakespeare and Robert Burns, and he studied English grammar avidly. At 23, he ran for the State legislature, campaigning for local improvements, emphasizing the value of education, of knowledge of one's own and other countries, of guidance by the scriptures. One campaign statement was prematurely typical of Lincoln. Speaking of men's ambitions, he said: "I have none so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." Then he concluded by saying that should he lose, it wouldn't be a matter of much chagrin because he had become too familiar with disappointments already. It was a curious speech, but already revealed a flair for politics. Since he was not known outside his own precinct he lost, but in his territory he received 277 of 300 votes.

Lincoln's reading now moved into a still broader stream . . . Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Voltaire, Paine, Volney, volumes on ancient history, Blackstone's Commentaries on law, poetry, etc. His livelihood came to him through an assortment of jobs . . . storekeeper, postmaster, surveyor, but his heart had long been set on the law and politics. In August 1834, he received his first big chance for political advancement. Although his early predilection had been for the Whig party, particularly for the great figure of Henry Clay whom he admired, Lincoln accepted and was elected as Representative to the General Assembly of Illinois.

A portrayal of Lincoln's death, and of his funeral car.

Lincoln's personal life was absorbed by an excessive, almost supernatural, amount of melancholy. The constant manifestations of deep gloom that pervaded his spirit began with the death of Ann Rutledge, whom he deeply loved, when he was 26. Much fiction has been added to this early romance, but enough facts survive to emphasize the effect of this episode upon his mind. Lincoln grieved inordinately and his close friends feared for his life. On some occasions, in later years, Lincoln would speak of his moods of depression. His law partner, Herndon, once said: "If Lincoln ever had a happy day in twenty years, I never knew of it . . . melancholy dripped from him as he walked." Lord Charnwood, one of the ablest of Lincoln biographers, commented that the great emancipator "was being moulded for endurance rather than for enjoyment." The phrase is well-turned because Lincoln, even in the eyes of those who worked and suffered greatly, utterly astounded them with his capacity for mental labor and anguish.

Four years after Ann's death, Lincoln met the woman who was to become his wife, Mary Todd. At about the same time he met Stephen Douglas, a suitor of Mary Todd's and a rising politician of the Democratic party. These two people were to play tremendous roles in Lincoln's life. It would be difficult to imagine any two people less fitted for each other than Lincoln and Mary Todd, temperamentally, mentally and socially. She has been compared with Thackeray's Becky Sharp and with much worse. She was determined to marry Lincoln, and there is considerable evidence to show that the intended victim was equally determined that this design would not succeed. After they were engaged, Mary Todd tried to remake her humble fiancé in her aristocratic and temperamental image. She failed to such an extent that he asked to be released from the engagement, and suffered one of the most serious breakdowns of his life. During this period he wrote to a close friend: "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth."

But Lincoln finally recovered and, after almost two years of avoiding Mary Todd, he married her in November, 1842. A few days later, in a letter written to a colleague, the new bridegroom wrote: "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is a matter of profound wonder." There is no doubt that Mary Todd's dominating spirit, the unreasonable tongue lashings and shocking embarrassments which she inflicted upon him, shaped his character and had much to do with directing his political ambitions to the White House. Lincoln soon became aware of his wife's mental illness, which became more marked as the years went by and which, after his death, confined her to an institution. During his own lifetime, two of Lincoln's children died, the second one during the height of one of the Civil War's most violent battles. Gradually, Lincoln's sensitivity to the pains and sorrows of other people became so great that he felt them as his own. Superimposed on his sad personal life and brooding nature was the weight of millions affected by the war. He intimately absorbed the personal problems and griefs of innumerable friends who became, through the years, part of his enormous heart and conscience.

(*Continued on page* 46)

None is Swifter than these

Text and Photographs by Jack Grover

The Honorable Amos J. Peaslee, Ambassador to Australia, who began the Courier Service during World War I.

Flying out of Washington and 4 regional offices in Panama, Paris, Cairo, and Manila, the 77 members of the U. S. Diplomatic Courier Service form the most restless group of travelers on earth. Ignoring weather and regardless of season, these men are on a constant move between their bases and practically every city in the world where U. S. diplomatic and consular officers carry on the business of their Government. Bearing secret documents, they cover in the course of a year an aggregate distance in excess of 10 million miles, or an average for the individual courier that is equivalent to more than 5 circuits of the Equator.

These couriers, mostly men in their late twenties or early thirties (though one resilient veteran, well-liked Al Frazier, stayed on active duty until he was past 70), are the spiritual descendants of the earliest message bearers known to history. Five thousand years ago, speedy runners served Sargon, King of Akkad in Mesopotamia, whose conquests had created an empire that extended west to the Mediterranean and north to the Black Sea; the royal messages were stamped with a great seal, which may still be seen at the Louvre in Paris; interference with their transmittal carried the penalty of death.

The rulers of ancient Egypt had a well developed courier service. One king, in the 14th century B.C., hit upon an ingenious method to pass an important but non-urgent message through a network of spies. He shaved the head of a faithful slave, applied the message to his skull with an indelible dye, waited until hair grew to cover it, and sent him on his way. The mission was accomplished. Had it failed, the courier would have lost not only his hair but his head.

In the 5th century B.C., a vast courier system existed throughout the Persian Empire. The Greek historian Herodotus wrote a classic description of its workings and paid tribute to the messengers with the observation: "None is swifter than these." Taken by the U. S. Diplomatic Courier Service as its motto, the original Greek text is engraved on the back of the 3-inch gold eagle which every courier is entitled to carry as a symbol of his offices and duties.

The Greeks themselves developed a highly efficient courier system, but it remained for the Romans, with the magnificent roads they constructed during the 1st and 2nd centuries A.D., to bring to a culminating point the state communications of antiquity. After the final collapse of the Empire and during the centuries when the princes of Eu-

Ex-Courier Ted Pierce shown with an oxygen mask, which is sometimes available for high flights.

Diplomatic Courier Jack Grover, then regional supervisor of the diplo natic pouch and courier service in Cairo, showing a map of the world-wide web of courier routes to Diplomatic Courier John L. Otto.

rope were struggling to build new nations, the Arab peoples, united under the sudden impact of Islam, possessed the surest and fastest couriers in the world—they rode camels across the open road of the desert to complete their appointed rounds.

Not until the 17th century did the first well organized modern courier service, one depending on thoroughness of method as well as the skill of the individual messenger, emerge in Europe. It was born in England under Charles I, and the corps of men who composed it were known as King's Messengers. They are still so known—during the reign of Elizabeth II, they will be Queen's Messengers—and all subsequent courier systems, including our own, are indebted to them for their advanced procedures and rich history.

Surprisingly enough, it was not until quite recently, in 1918, that an organized and official U. S. Courier Service came into being. At once arises the question: "How were secret official messages sent before that time?" The answer is "Haphazardly."

U. S. ship captains, Foreign Service employees, and miscellaneous American travelers were handed sealed mail with the simple instruction that it be delivered on arrival. The security afforded this mail was nil. Even the thought of such laxity gives a present-day SY man quite a jolt.

Persons who carried diplomatic mail were called Bearers of Dispatches, and they received no pay for their services. However, the designation brought with it one choice perquisite, a special passport which facilitated passage at international frontiers, and the informal commissions were eagerly sought.

As might be guessed, since almost anyone could be made a Bearer of Dispatches, many persons who should not have been so designated were entrusted with the carriage of important documents. Other governments, notably the British and Austro-Hungarian, which already had good courier services staffed by professionals, objected to the lax American service and stated that they did not wish to recognize unofficial U. S. couriers.

Slowly the U. S. Government reacted to their protests. Then early in the 20th century it adopted the policy that only diplomatic personnel should be appointed couriers.

This new policy naturally resulted in a sharp contraction of the courier service—but not in the need for it. So, gradually, the more important overseas posts began to employ persons as full-time couriers.

On December 2, 1914, a few months after World War I began, the Department of State received a telegram from the U. S. Embassy at London stating that a man had been employed as official courier. Paris soon followed suit. By 1917, when the United States entered the war, couriers from these two cities were traveling regularly back and forth and to Madrid and Rome and lesser capitals as well.

As need dictated, U. S. posts in other parts of the world established courier service. In August, 1918, trips between Mexico City and the border were initiated. In November of the same year, courier service between Tokyo and Peking was established. Gradually, very gradually, U. S. courier service expanded.

The real beginning of organized courier service on a broad scale may be traced to a young ordnance officer, Captain Amos Jenkins Peaslee. Alarmed by the slow movement of official mail between France and Washington, where he was then on duty, Captain Peaslee presented a courier plan to his chief, who, impressed by its obvious feasibility, requested permission to install it. General Pershing gave the necessary orders, and Peaslee, by then promoted to major,

left for France in March of 1918 as head of a 7-man nuclear unit.

Within 3 weeks after the unit's arrival, transit time for official mail between Europe and Washington had been cut from 4 to 6 weeks to about 2 weeks. By the end of June, transit time was reduced to an average of less than 12 days. The record was 7 days, 6 hours— a remarkable achievement. Military courier service steadily expanded in personnel and area covered until the close of the war. Then the transatlantic service was technically discontinued. But in the last week of November 1918, Major Peaslee received instructions to report to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris. Impressed by the fine record of the military courier service, the Commission asked Peaslee to organize, set up, and operate a courier service throughout Europe to re-establish communication lines with the isolated Foreign Service posts and to serve the Hoover Food Missions for Central Europe.

The Army approved, and Major Peaslee, aided by personnel from the military courier service, set up offices in Paris. Now under the Department of State, members of the staff carried diplomatic passports. Operations began December 2, 1918, and this may be considered the official birth date of the U. S. Diplomatic Courier Service.

In addition to providing immediately required service in Europe, Peaslee's group also provided service between America and France and spread its strands of communication even into the periphery of Asia. Personnel increased with territory covered, and in a few months the couriers' ranks numbered 70.

Then in the summer of 1919 the American Commission to Negotiate Peace completed its work and ended its activities. On September 1 the Courier Service was disbanded and the men, on loan from the military forces, returned to their regular duties or to civilian life. Service between the U. S. and Europe abruptly ceased. For a time only 11 couriers remained on duty in Europe, although later one civilian was added in Paris and two couriers were assigned to London and one to Rome.

All through the postwar decade the Courier Service struggled along. Except in Europe—and there the Service was never ample—ship captains, businessmen, and other American travelers were once again the bearers of official communications. Even the exception was eliminated in 1933; that year, for reasons of economy, official courier service was stopped altogether.

At this, a rumble of protest came from U. S. posts throughout Europe. As the weeks and months went by, it grew louder. The posts had had a taste of efficient safehand diplomatic pouch service, and they had liked it. Before, it had been a case of not knowing what they were missing. Now they knew—and suffered accordingly.

At the time of the London Conference in 1934 President Roosevelt learned of the discontinuance of courier service, and he decided that it should be re-established. For the fiscal year 1935, mainly because of Presidential backing, the State Department was granted $24,000 with which to operate a revived service. Three couriers were employed to work out of the headquarters in Paris.

In 1935 local courier service was set up between Peiping, Tientsin, Nanking, and Shanghai, with Peiping as the base. Next Japan was included in the runs. Foreign Service career officers were used as couriers.

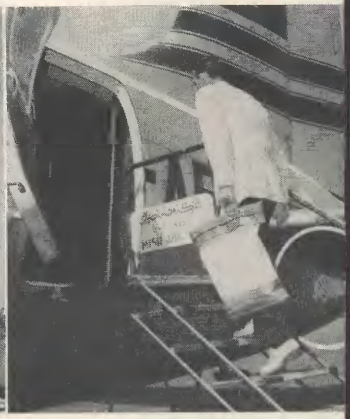
In mid 1939 a courier trip between Mexico and Washington was introduced. This was the first regular capital to capital route in what within a few years was to become a diplomatic communications network covering all of Latin America.

In September 1939 the Courier Service, like so many other organizations, began to expand under the impetus of the war that erupted in Europe. Money was now a secondary consideration. For fiscal 1941 the Courier Service received an appropriation of $58,000; for 1942 it received $144,000; and for 1943, after our entry in the war, the sum jumped to $335,000.

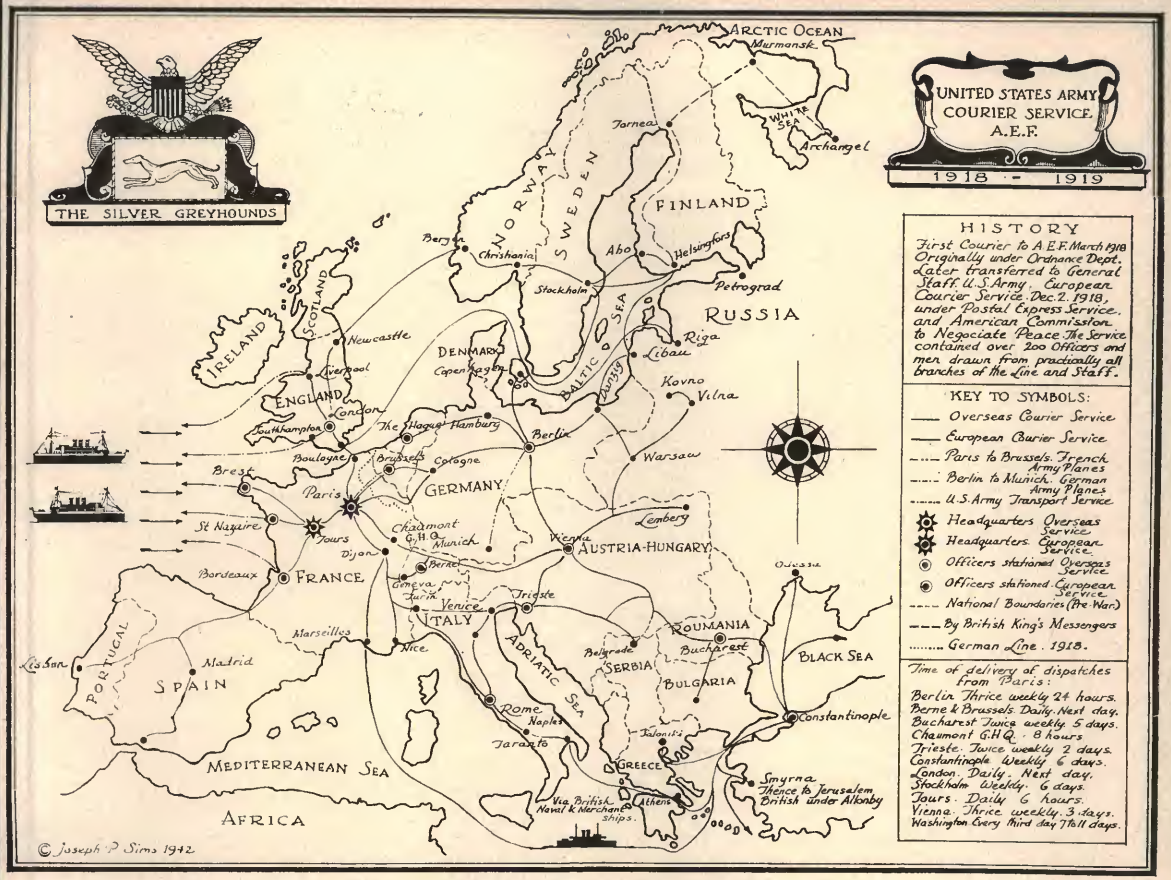
A substantial portion of the increased funds was used to provide courier service behind the advancing military

Courier Herbert Lee works long into the night on a report.

Diplomatic Courier Gerald Grunwald signing for mail at the Cairo Regional Office.



Diplomatic Courier John Grimes boarding a plane at Cairo.



The United States Army Courier Service during 1918-1919.

lines. In April 1942, for example, a courier base was established at Cairo to provide service for Northeast Africa and the Near and Middle East. In February 1943 another base was set up, this one at Algiers, by veteran and expert Courier Supervisor Thomas Valenza. This was to take care of the growing needs for courier service behind U. S. naval, air and ground forces then preparing the invasion of Sicily and Italy. A year later the Iberian Peninsula became a separate communications area. In April, 1944, as Allied forces hammered their way up the Italian peninsula toward Rome, the main courier base under Valenza crossed the Mediterranean from Algiers to Naples, at the same time preparing for a subsidiary base to be operated in Southern France as soon as the invasion of that coast could be accomplished (as it was in August).

When the war ended, the courier network in Europe, North Africa, and the Near East formed a highly efficient web of communications. But the Far East, newly wrested from the Japanese, presented a different aspect. Accordingly, a thoroughly experienced man, Slyvain R. Loupe, was chosen to organize operations in that part of the world. Loupe, who has since become head of the State Department's diplomatic mail branch, established headquarters at Shanghai and rapidly extended courier activities over a wide area.

Since the war the Courier Service has concentrated on streamlining its operations, putting them onto a scientific basis. Robert Jakes, former chief of the diplomatic mail branch, and Edward Brennan, now Regional Supervisor of the Paris Regional Office, were instrumental in this transition to a systematized, efficient *modus operandi*.

Today the U. S. Diplomatic Courier Service operates on a world-wide basis, even in many areas behind the Iron Curtain. (Courier Thomas Grimes was, in the fall of 1951, the first courier to have made all of the runs all over the

(*Continued on page* 48)

Jack Grover, who has been in the Courier Service since 1946, has traveled well over a million miles by air. A graduate of Phillips Exeter in '36 and Stanford University in '40, he did graduate work at the University of Chile in Santiago and the University of San Marcos in Lima. He was a photographer for the Navy in World War II and has several special interests, a main one of which is studying and practicing the arts of self defense.

To know how to say "I love you" in half-a-dozen modern European languages is a commonplace. Who knows, however, to say the tender phrase in even one or two of the vast number of artificial languages spawned by Europe and America within the past 65 years; in, say, Gab, Pankel, in the "Blue Language," in Monario, Panamane, Interglossa or Mondik?

Today, a world hoping for unity to safeguard itself from the universal destruction inherent in modern discord, will do well to study a little segment of world co-operation and see why a common world language never took root. One finds that lack of realism on the part of the inventor has been prominent. Also, there are many reforms, social and political as well as economic, which necessarily are more important than the birth of a universal language, however valuable that might be.

The hopes placed in universal languages were vast beyond reason, yet today such languages are failures and the world still speaks in some 1,500 natural tongues. Only *Esperanto* and the relatively young Basic English continue a fitful and harried existence, still optimistically advancing their doubtful claims.

The language makers reduced the problems of the world to a question of linguistics. Having chosen their preferred universal tongue, they saw in it a sovereign nostrum and sought to propagate it with a zeal and an enthusiasm reminiscent of the religious fanatic. Indeed the whole language movement, in its many ramifications, has more the air of a religious phenomenon than a scientific project. There is the same bitter and personal controversy between the protagonists of rival tongues; there are the revelations and mystical experiences. Friedrich Robert Gilbert, writing in 1924 in Berlin, thus describes the origin of his *Picture Writing of China and Japan as an International World Alphabet:* "Dreams which I dreamt toward the end of the year 1918, gave me the impetus to concern myself with the Chinese and Japanese alphabets." The inventor of the synthetic language *Ro*, the Rev. P. Foster of Marietta, Ohio, begins one of his books, written in 1913, with: "Dear Friends—I mean the entire world—I have a message for you." He continues: "The original impulse that drove me to the task (of creating *Ro*) I can ascribe alone to that Unseen Power in whose omnipotent hand is the destiny of all existence." Yet the Unseen Power protected its own badly. "Sympathisers have been few," he states. "Poverty distressed me." Undaunted, though, by material setbacks, the Rev. Foster remains undismayed. "*Ro* will win," he writes. "As serenely confident that it is destined to develop into the future language of the earth, as though this were already an accomplished fact, I desire here to make acknowledgement to a few of those who have one way or another helped in the construction of the language."

The Reverend creator of *Ro* may one day be right; who can dare to say otherwise: he is, at least, sincere. As in all fields of human endeavor so not least in language making are charlatans and rogues intermingled with saints and simpletons, with pedants and poseurs.

There are in the main two methods of language construc-

By STEVEN CAMBRIDGE

"Kelka Floki di Nivo"

SOME UNIVERSAL LANGUAGES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

tion. One is to think of ideas and assign to them arbitrary symbols according to some system. Thus the Rev. Foster says: "*Ro* differs radically from them all (*Volapük, Esperanto,* etc.) in that it is wholly *a priori*, in vocabulary as well as in grammer." A cursory examination will immediately show that there is nothing in *Ro* even faintly reminiscent of any existing tongue. Thus the statement, "to give is better than to receive," is rendered as "Eb ho el giy ox eb he," while the more practical "Awar ek hel evab difit" means, "Who stole my hat?"

The second method is to use the common factors of the roots of various existing tongues and construct an artificial language from them according to a favored grammatical system. Such are the vast majority of the artificial languages.

There are various gradations in between, such as *Oz* (1932), which is a mixture of the two methods and which is similar in construction to the second method. As its inventor Charles Milton Elam claims, *Oz* has every advantage of these languages "except a perverted familiarity with some of their stems by a small percentage of the total population of the earth." But on the whole *Oz* has an obvious merit which it shares with the pure philosophical languages: it would be just as difficult for a Tibetan to learn this language as for a Portuguese, thus not giving the latter an unfair advantage such as he would have in *Esperanto*.

One further in-between type is frankly to take an existing language and mould it for international use. Such is Basic English.

It was not till the publication, in 1880, of *Volapük*, "the Language of the World," by Father Johann Matin Schleyer of Litzelstetten, Baden, Germany, that explosive interest in universal languages developed; an interest reaching its apogee in the decade before World War I. Later, the *Esperanto* of Dr. Ludwik Zamenhof was to eclipse *Volapük* in 1887 and woo to itself the votaries of the latter tongue, but at the moment *Volapük* was all the rage. At its height it claimed a million adherents. Clubs were formed in Central European cities, notably Vienna, and the fad spread to all of Western Europe and to Russia under the inspiring motto "Menad balpük bal" (One mankind—one language).

By 1889 *Volapük* was dead and the bubble had burst. "*Esperanto* was of a simplicity so seductive that it has induced a society, formed in Nuremberg for the propagation of *Volapük*, to abandon their Lord and Master and embrace with the same fervor the new evangelist, since the other had shown himself apocryphal," writes the Chilean Dr. Alberto Liptay in 1892 as he tries to work the same trick on *Esperanto* by the introduction of his *Langue Catholique*.

Esperanto had its years of undisputed hegemony; its adherents multiplied; books and periodicals published in many cities reached respectable proportions. Its simplicity was indeed seductive and to the educated European who usually knew a second language and had studied Latin at school it appeared both easy to learn and the obvious solution of the universal language problem.

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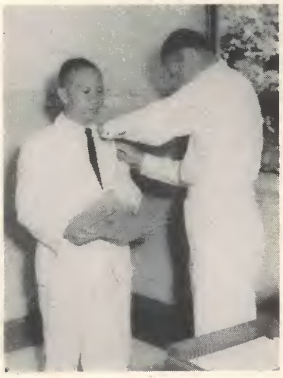

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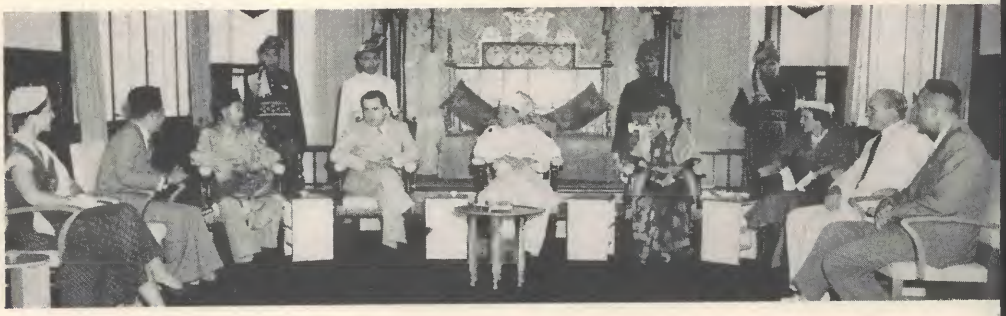

1. Homer S. Fox, who retired from the Foreign Service at the end of December, was honored at a reception by his colleagues in Brussels. Ambassador Frederick M. Alger, Jr., is shown here presenting Mr. Fox with a silver tray given by members of the Embassy staff. Mrs. Fox is at his side.

2. The Honorable George P. Shaw, Ambassador to Paraguay, is shown greeting Argentine President Juan Peron during Peron's evening reception for the diplomatic corps. Argentine Ambassador Rafel OCampa Giminez is in the center. The picture was taken shortly before Ambassador Shaw's retirement after 33 years in the Service.

3. Pictured at the annual Halloween Fancy dress ball in Stuttgart are Vice-Consul and Mrs. Wm. P. Stedman, Jr. The Consular Club which gives the affair has a membership made up of American, British, French and Dutch consular officials.

4. For the first time in its long history, an American was guest of honor at the St. Mary's Ball in Montreal. The photograph above shows Senator Kennedy, guest of honor, and Mrs. Kennedy greeting Consul General Butrick and his daughter, Ann. Others in the

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GLIMPSES

8

picture are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas V. Burke.

5. The Honorable Charles E. Bohlen, Ambassador to the USSR, is shown shaking hands with Henry Shapiro, United Press correspondent, before the latter's departure from Moscow. The skyscraper in the background is the new ministry of foreign affairs.

6. Consul William B. Kelly fastens the gold 30 year award pin to the lapel of K. H. Tan, Chief Clerk of the American Consulate at Medan. Mr. Tan has been with the Foreign Service since August 20, 1923.

7. During the visit of Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon to Kuala Lumpur, they called on his Highness, the Sultan of Selangor. They are shown above in the Sultan's throne room. The visit is described in detail on page 39.

8. Contestants for the Little Brown Jug in Tokyo are pictured after the Foreign Office team won 14-13. Americans in the photograph are, from left to right, standing: Jeff Parsons, Col. Bill Ryder, Jules Bassin, Jack Conroy, Paul Brumby, Larry Lutkins, Capt. Jerry Fusco; crouching are: Slamming Sammy Berger, Andy Kerr, Lt. Col. Bill Larsen, Lt. Col. Harry Pratt, and Major Charles Maggio.

An ice cave
on the
Tasman Glacier

Skiers on the Glacier disappear
as they move toward Lendenfeld Saddle
in the far distance

THE HIGH COUNTRY

By Helen C. Scott

Sixteen hundred miles north of the Antarctic and fourteen hundred miles southeast of Australia lie two small islands whose total area approximates that of the State of California. Poetically called "Ao-Tea-Roa" or "The Land of the Long White Cloud," Maori legend relates their origin in the saga of an ancient fisherman who hooked such a large fish that it broke in two when he attempted to land it, and fell back into the water, one portion of the fish becoming the North Island and the other portion South Island, the whole forming the country of New Zealand.

Mighty Everest's conqueror was produced by this land, which itself soars to breathtaking heights and permits only 25% of its area to creep less than 650 feet above sea level. In such a place no newcomer can long go without hearing of the beauty of South Island and the magnificence of the Southern Alps.

So it was with us, and in this land of inverted seasons Spring fever caught up with us about the middle of November to inspire an exploration of Southern Alpine heights, glaciers and lake country.

The morning of November 19 dawned much as usual in North Island's Wellington—cloudy and cool with a brisk southerly wind. Everyone predicted a rough crossing, for by departure time the wind had worked itself up almost to gale force and Cook Strait is notorious for its roughness. This stretch of water at its narrowest point is a little over 16 miles, but the distance from Wellington to Picton, the nearest South Island port, is 52 nautical miles. A journey like this takes just under four hours to make on the little *Tamahine*, which all our friends assured us had a strong tendency to rock and roll even in comparatively calm seas.

Having watched from my office window many times the "Tam's" departure from Wellington, listing either to port or starboard depending on the wind, I was more than ready to believe all I had heard of her sea-going shenanigans, and we went aboard well fortified with dramamine tablets, books and portable radio.

Happily, despite all the dire predictions, it was an uneventful trip across, and we were fully able to enjoy all the beauties of Marlborough Sounds as we approached Picton.

One of the first things a tourist learns in New Zealand is the necessity of being at a hotel by meal time if he wants dinner. During the day, of course, it's possible to go to a tea shop or milk bar and get tea and sandwiches, but in the evening most of these places are closed and the unwary traveler who arrives at his hotel after the dinner hour (generally 5:30-7:00) frequently finds himself going to bed hungry. For this reason we decided to stay the night in Picton rather than drive on a while after arrival and risk checking in late at a hotel below Picton.

Next morning's sunny brightness was perfect for a drive through bush-covered country around the glistening waters of the sounds of the area, and then back down the east coast of South Island to New Zealand's third largest city, Christchurch.

Known as The Garden City of the Plains, Christchurch is a bit of old England transplanted below the Equator. Here the Avon River meanders a picturesque 37 miles and under 15 bridges to get through town. We reached the city just in time to get caught up in the 5:00 p.m. rush. Thousands of bicycles, hundreds of cars, trams, buses, taxis, and countless pedestrians (or so it seemed to us) competed for the right of way. This may explain why we drove past our hotel three times before "discovering" it!

Leaving Christchurch next day to head for the high country we came into rain, a fact which didn't dampen our spirits since we were then traveling on dirt roads and the rain kept the dust down. But the Southern Alps were completely obscured by cloud and we failed to get any glimpses of them until we came over Burke's Pass and onto the Mackenzie Plains, well inland.

Mackenzie country and wool are practically synonymous in New Zealand for this is where the finest wool is grown. Some of the sheep stations in this area cover as much as 200,000 acres.

Standing watchdog over this rich pasture land is magnifi-

Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu, with "The Remarkables" in the background.

cent Mt. Cook, New Zealand's highest, a skiers' and climbers' paradise. It towers to a height of 12,349 feet and the Maoris call it "Aorangi" or Cloud Piercer.

Situated near the base of this rugged peak is one of the finest resort hotels in New Zealand, The Hermitage, which in the summer is base camp for scores of people who attempt each year the difficult climb to the summit, and in the winter is a rendezvous for skiers. Not being in condition for any such strenuous mountaineering, we had to content ourselves with a trip to Ball Hut and out on the Tasman Glacier on the slopes of Cook.

An innocuous statement that, but this particular trip is one which will not soon be forgotten. Ball Hut is twelve miles from the hotel over one of the most terrifying roads I have ever traveled, full of great holes and boulders and dropping off precipitously on both sides. It was barely wide enough for the bus, and it took exactly an hour to cover these twelve miles.

Once arrived at the Hut we discovered that there was still more to come, for the glacier itself was many feet below us at the foot of a bank made up entirely of loose shale, rising practically perpendicularly from the ice. We all donned climbing boots, grabbed heavy sticks (more for self-assurance than any real assistance, I think) and half climbed, half slid down the side of the bank onto the glacier. The guide solemnly assured us that he had never lost a tourist yet, but that statement was small comfort to me at one stage when about halfway down the descent I made the mistake of looking over the edge of what seemed like a bottomless pit. Fortunately the person behind me was an old hand at such things, and she walked down the side of the hill as easily as she would walk down Main Street. Her instructions to "stand up and walk down" worked!

The Tasman Glacier is 18½ miles long and about ¾ of a mile wide, the largest in the world outside of the Polar regions and the Himalayas. It moves as much as nine to eighteen inches a day and is constantly changing. We heard deep rumbles and groans as the ice shifted, and saw minor avalanches in the distance. Walking on the ice was as easy as walking on an uncrowded sidewalk, and we were all intrigued by ice caves, ice falls, and deep pools of blue water where the ice was melting under the summer sun.

Sheep on the Glen Lyon station, Mt. Cook district, in the Southern Alps of New Zealand.

From the Hermitage it is an easy trip past beautiful Lakes Wanaka and Hawea—lovely, clear, and icy jewels set in the heart of the Alps—over the "Crown Range" to Lake Wakatipu and Queenstown, possibly the most popular of resort towns in New Zealand.

Many interesting and lovely tours may be taken from Queenstown, one of the most interesting (and nerve-wracking) being a trip to the old gold mining town of Skipper's. This is reached only after traversing a narrow and tortuous fourteen miles of clay road which once was only a donkey track. The unwary driver who ventures beyond a sign reading "This road recommended for experienced drivers only" may heartily regret his daring. On one side are steep cliffs of clay and sheelite and on the other, 300 awesome feet straight down from the lip of the road, lies the Shotover River, a rushing torrent of icy water.

At the very end and over a wooden suspension bridge is the ghost town of Skipper's, once a prosperous gold mining settlement. The old pub is still there, and so is the cemetery, but mostly only tumbling piles of rubble remain to remind the viewer of days past. There is still some gold left, though only one family does any mining today.

On a clear day the trip up Lake Wakatipu on the steamer *Earnslaw* is a truly lovely sight. Bounded on all sides by rugged peaks, including the famous saw-toothed "Remarkables," Lake Wakatipu is an icy body of water whose 1500-foot depth gives it an appearance of black ink. It is known as the lake that breathes because it rises and falls three inches every five minutes. Nobody knows why!

The steamer is the only transport into the sheep stations at the head of the lake, and at every landing men, women and children and dogs were down at the dock to greet us as we tied up. Though this, too, was once a gold mining district it is now almost entirely devoted to "wool farming" and the only mine remaining extracts not gold but scheelite from the ground. Here we stopped long enough to explore.

Operated originally as a gold mine, the shaft now is kept going by three brothers, the eldest of whom could have stepped out of almost any Western movie. He was dressed in faded denims and a plaid wool shirt, and was more than busy about his work, but nevertheless he found time, with typical New Zealand courtesy, to take us down the dark and damp mine shaft into the interior to show us how raw scheelite is extracted. After he led us up again into welcome

(*Continued on page* 50)

On the left is a photograph of Marlborough sounds.

EDITORIALS

SAVING THE SEED CORN

The drive for increased economy in Government has resulted in a stringent contraction and overhauling of the Foreign Service Institute. The process has naturally given rise to some concern about the future of the training function in the Service.

The complement of the Institute numbers 35 as compared to 58 persons on board as of November 1951. The Institute's staff has been cut 29% from the level of July 1, 1953. As the number of potential trainees has declined, many of the key courses have been curtailed or deferred: the Intermediate Course has been suspended since June, 1953.

The Institute's Language and Area courses and the assignment of students to universities for work in special subjects like economics continues, although on a reduced scale. Research work, so necessary for the vitality of an academic institution, has never been performed at the level projected in the original ambitious plan for the Institute. It is thinning to a trickle as a number of key positions have lapsed or gone unfilled.

In 1952 the Institute gave instruction to 5,138 persons; the total in 1953 was 3,922.

The members and friends of the Service are well aware that budget cuts are bound to involve painful choices among projects of major importance; they fully appreciate the difficulty of the task for those who must make the decisions.

Some shortening of sail is inevitable. The cuts in the Institute seem consistent with those elsewhere in the Department; the allocation for the Office of Personnel, for example, has been reduced on the order of 31%. Moreover, the deferment of recruitment in the Service and the reduction in force have an obvious effect on a training program.

The paramount concern of budget management must be to spare the muscle while cutting the fat. We believe the Institute lies close to the heart muscle of the Service.

We are not aware that there is any slackening in the need for practitioners in the field of foreign affairs who are as well equipped as Americans may be in our time.

This was the conviction of the Congress when in 1946 it framed an organic act for the Service, building on the lessons of the great emergency and looking to the testing years ahead. In its report on the draft legislation the House Foreign Affairs Committee emphasized repeatedly that "if the highly selected talents of the future Service are to be kept from atrophy a continuous program of in-service training must be directed by a strong central authority drawing on the best educational resources of the country."

The Congress was also impressed by the results yielded by the parallel system of in-service training in the Armed Forces; many members of the Service share this impression, reinforced by their own experience while studying at the National War College and other service institutions in pursuance of the Department's training program. We hope that this aspect of training will be continued and expanded, including the training now provided in the Institute for members of other departments.

It is sometimes argued that academic training in the Institute or in a cooperating university is a luxury while the real needs of the Service can and ought to be supplied by on-the-job training. We do not deny the value of the latter, incomplete as we conceive it to be. But even if the dwindling complement of our missions in the field could give greater time to study this would not be the whole answer or anything near it.

The learning process requires a season of detachment, a period of reflection and evaluation and concentration. The best skills require sharpening in a new use and contact with skills in other disciplines.

A broad education is the foundation of good judgment and good reporting in the Foreign Service. As a former Director of the Institute has poined out, "the saying that those who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies with them is particularly applicable to the Foreign Service Officer and to his educational qualifications."

An Officer's understanding of the problems of human society is his guide to what is significant and to what he should look for and report. He can be assisted to this understanding by study at the Institute or at other centers of learning or, in the words of the House Report, "wherever possibilities exist for widening the background and raising the professional competency of Foreign Service personnel."

As the Army, Navy and Air Force are fully aware, in-service training programs are a capital good. As manufacturers know, they can save money in any one year by economizing on machine tools; but in the long run the quality of their product may fall below that of their competitors.

The Foreign Service Institute is an investment in the future. Whether the next few budget years are lean or fat the seed corn of the Service should be maintained; an imaginative and continuous training program is essential to its maintenance.

ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP

The Board of Directors of the Association and the Editorial Board of the JOURNAL call attention to the expanding activities of the Association, developed over the past year.

These activities—the development of the personal purchases program, the establishment of a personnel placement committee, and the Association's work in helping to provide group automobile insurance—are unspectacular. But they prove that the Association is seeking out new benefits for its members. They also mean that joining the Association may be of considerable practical utility in addition to its other advantages of enabling a member to form closer bonds within the Service. Wisely used by the individual, the Association's activities can repay the member for his dues two or three times over in the course of a year.

(*Continued on page* 57)

2ND CLASS SAFARI

By Beatrice Russell

Safaris are big business nowadays. They have put Kenya on the map and made a Hollywood star out of Stewart Granger, but they are out of range of the average man's wallet. A first class Safari, complete with experienced hunter, and enough equipment to insure such luxuries as portable showers and martinis before dinner can run well over three thousand dollars.

Stationed in Addis Ababa, my husband and I succumbed to Safari fever, and fortunately, our Ambassador shared our enthusiasm. On the condition that we combine official government business and pleasure, he offered us the use of the Embassy's Chevrolet one-and-a-half-ton pick up truck, plus the gasoline required.

Taking an Italian mechanic, and two Ethiopian servants we planned to drive south to Nairobi, Kenya, from there to Mombasa up the coast to Malindi, northeast to Mogadiscio, Somalia, north again to Hargesia, British Somaliland, and then west to Addis, a 3500 mile triangle.

Much shaking of heads and dire predictions that we had bitten off more than we could chew followed the announcement of our plans, and speculations on how long it would take us to reach Nairobi (if we got there at all!) ranged from seven days to two months. Despite the gloomy predictions of our friends, my husband's enthusiasm for the trip was unbounded. If mine was a little less so, I hid my doubts in the greater fear of being left out of the adventure.

The sun was just rising over Addis as we crossed the railroad track and headed out of town. Our truck held the road amazingly well weighted down as it was with fifty gallons of drinking water, one hundred and sixty five gallons of gas plus enough canned goods to delight the stockholders of the American Can Company.

The first day we made two hundred miles, the last half of which was over the dustiest road of our whole trip. In order to breathe at all I had to improvise a nose mask from some spare gauze. I had visions of arriving at our destination with an advanced case of silicosis. The worst injury I suffered, however, was a posterior exceedingly bruised from the unaccustomed lurchings and bumpings.

By the second day any semblance of a decent road had disappeared. The ruts in some places were shoulder deep, and we had to spend the day precariously riding the ridges, and by-passing whole sections of the road where the density of the bush would allow it. After driving nine hours we had covered the staggering distance of fifty-nine miles. Although we made an effort to camp as far away from the villages as possible, the second night, we literally couldn't find a cleared space that an Ethiopian didn't occupy. We finally stopped in a clearing amongst some wild banana groves that looked relatively uninhabited. We had no sooner gotten our camp beds up, however, when we found ourselves surrounded by some twenty chattering gesticulating natives, whose personal appeal was not enhanced by the generous application of *geese* (rancid butter) which they had rubbed all over themselves. Communication between us was complicated by the fact that our boys spoke only Amharic, which although the official language of Ethiopia, is only spoken by thirty-five percent of the population, and our uninvited guests were Gallas. Finally we were able to

A 2nd class safari is informal, Mrs. Russell discovered—but coffee tastes good whether it is drunk in 1st or 2nd class surroundings.

ascertain that they were concerned that we might burn the wood stored up for the construction of a Tukkul (native hut). When we had set their minds at ease on this score they slowly drifted off. That night we instituted the practice which we followed through the trip of maintaining four two hour watches, beginning at nine P.M. and ending at five A.M. when we climbed out from under our mosquito nets, had a cup of coffee and broke camp.

The third day we had our first lesson in bridge building, when we hit a sizeable stream spanned by only two old logs, spaced to accomodate the wide wheel span of the ten ton Diesel trucks that sometimes pass, but of no use to us with our smaller Chevrolet. Undaunted, we enlisted the aid of some local natives and after three quarters of an hour of grunting, hauling and pushing, we had built for ourselves a bridge which we hoped would hold. I use the editorial "we" as I applied nothing weightier than my opinions on construction to the task. As amateur Seabees

we weren't bad and the truck took the bridge like a breeze despite my apprehensions.

"Baksheesh" seems to be the one word which defies language barriers. When the job was done we found ourselves surrounded by outstretched palms. We had brought along a bag of change for such eventualities and we were amused when the natives took the coppercolored nickels and dimes but refused to accept the newly issued quarters. Evidently finances in the bush didn't involve such vast sums.

After our experience with the bridge we spent the next four hours climbing up, around and down the sides of mountains. I hate heights! When we hit a particularly treacherous incline on the approach to Ageremariam I looked out the window on my side to see a sheer drop of more than one thousand feet falling away, it seemed to me, right from under the wheels of the truck. The road ahead wasn't too reassuring either—no wider than three yards across in some places and with a solid rock foundation. As Mario our mechanic said, it was like trying to drive upstairs. I stood it as long as I could then I had to get out and walk ahead of the truck. All in all I was making better time than the truck!

It was also on this road that we saw tribesmen with their faces, heads and spear tips painted red. They neither waved nor smiled at us as the other natives had, but ignored us completely. In Ageremariam and just beyond we saw several more of them, but it wasn't until later that we learned that they were members of the Jam Jam tribe and that this being their marriage season, they were searching for members of another tribe to kill so that they could bring home trophies of their exploits as proof of their manhood. The British Consul who enlightened us on this subject assured us that white men are considered below par and are only killed as a last resort. Nevertheless, I was very glad that I didn't know of this quaint custom at the time. Later that afternoon we saw our first game—a large herd of Zebra, and shortly after, with dinner in mind, Russ shot and killed a large bird which Mario claimed made delicious eating. The bird, which was called an Imperial Bustard, had a wing spread of over ten feet, weighed approximately thirty pounds and tasted something like veal.

The next day we reached the mountain retreat above Mega, where the British Consul and his wife treated us to good food, a bath, clean sheets and pleasant conversation.

My husband was sorely tempted to accept the Consul's invitation to stay over in Mega a day or so and do some hunting. So far on our trip we had fattened our larder with guinea fowl and gazelle, (the latter is the most delicious meat I've tasted in Ethiopia) but we had not done any serious hunting. The Consul promised us a shot at a Greater Kudu, which because of its beautiful curved horns is a prize in any hunter's trophy room—all this and lion too! However we had a long road ahead and those cynical estimates to beat so we took our leave regretfully the next morning.

Refreshed and rested we crossed the Ethiopian border into Kenya on our fifth day. In British Moyale, just across the frontier we learned that there was tribal trouble around Buna, sixty miles south along our road so we decided to drive late into the night to avoid camping in the area. We drove until twelve thirty o'clock, but after our heavy lidded driver had driven us into a mud hole, in which we were an hour digging out, we agreed to run the risk of stopping for some sleep. We caught a few hours of unmolested rest and then drove on into Wajir early the next morning where we checked in and had our pass stamped, allowing us to cross the North West Frontier Province. This stamping was actually a precaution for our safety, for if in crossing the three hundred mile desert, we should fail to check in after a reasonable time at Isiolo, the next outpost, the District Commissioner at Wajir would send a search party for us. We later heard that the authorities usually don't allow single vehicles to make the trip, and we still don't know why an exception was made in our case.

Just north of Wajir we saw our first and only leopard. The cat crossed in front of our truck and stood about fifty yards away, swishing its tail impudently at us, as if it knew our Ethiopian hunting license was not valid in Kenya. Then it moved unhurriedly off into the bush.

Because of the extreme midday heat we camped by a muddy river around eleven o'clock in the morning under the one tree between Wajir and Isiolo, and napped until four P.M., then drove late again to reach Isiolo and the outskirts of civilization before pitching camp. From Isiolo to Nairobi the roads improved with every mile and around noon of our seventh day we crossed the Equator. I had to forego the usual baptism, however (much as I needed it!) because our water supply had about given out. At 3:15 P.M., tired, dirty and triumphant we drove up to the American Consulate General in Nairobi.

H. Earle Russell prepares some game for a meal on the safari trail.

After three delightful days in Nairobi we headed south again to Mombasa on one of the best stretches of road we were to have on the entire trip. After the rigors of roads a la Ethiopia, the three hundred mile drive separating Nairobi and Mombasa was merely a day's outing. I might not have enjoyed the trip so much had I known then about the encounter a driver in a truck similar to ours had had with a charging rhino on the same road only a week before. The truck was demolished and the driver killed!

Here seems to be as good a time as any to explode any

impression I might have created that I'm a fearless hunter. The possibility of marauding leopards and lions I faced with a certain equanimity, based largely on ignorance, but I was deathly afraid of elephants and rhinos because of several unpleasant stories hunters had told me about these unpredictable animals. I soon learned to recognize their droppings, and for miles after spotting some of the same, I imagined rhinos lurking behind every thorny bush and every camel in the distance looked to me like a charging bull elephant.

While we never did encounter either a rhino or an elephant, despite frequent indications that they were in the area, we ran over and killed something just as deadly—a giant puff adder. My fear of rhinos is recently acquired, but my distaste for reptiles is old and deep seated. There are relatively few snakes in the highlands of Ethiopia, but in and around the lush vegetation of tropical Mombasa, the jungle abounds with them. On the seventy mile drive from Mombasa to Malindi I counted four snakes slithering across the road in front of us. The puff adder we ran over, according to the pamphlet in my snake bite kit, is one of the deadliest of all the poisonous snakes because of its hypodermic-like fangs which inject the verom directly under the skin. The poison of most snakes is largely dissipated if one is bitten through any material because of the venom runs down an open groove in the back of the fangs. Fortunately the adder is very slow moving, which is why we were able to hit it while driving at a moderate speed. Russ and Mario got out to finish the snake off and afterwards we measured it at seven and a half feet.

We spent a wonderful week surfing, lying in the sun and relaxing in Mombasa and Malindi before facing the awesome 1,900 mile return trip. We traveled due north from Malindi on a dirt track to join the old Nairobi—Mogadiscio road at Garissa, the last British outpost before the Somali border. A hundred miles beyond Garissa, the road disappeared and we followed the tracks of a previous truck through the bush. Somewhere near the mythical border town of Liboi, we picked up a Somali who appeared from nowhere and seemed in a bad way. We kept him with us that night and the next morning when we reached the Italian border post of Belle Scongani we heard his story. One of the Somali border guards said he was the same man they had been instructed to escort to the Kenya border for repatriation. He had evidently stowed away on board a ship in Mombasa and been picked up in Magadiscio. At this point our hitch hiker, who had spoken only Swahili before although we had tried Italian and English on him, said in perfect English, "Gentlemen, perhaps I had better state my case." It seems that the guards, according to their instructions had escorted him to within a short distance of Liboi with the idea that the British border guards would pick him up there. However, as we knew, Liboi was nothing more than an empty oil drum, marked Liboi, and the nearest British were one hundred and thirty miles away in Garissa. The man had been stumbling around for four days without food or water when we came along. When all this was explained to the guards they were quite chagrined and offered to put the man up until a vehicle, going to Garissa, arrived. Subsequently we found out that our truck, the one whose tracks we followed, and a third were the only vehicles to pass through in four months. His wait may be a long one.

After leaving Belle Scongani we made the only serious error of the trip. Following a ten year old map we chose what looked like the shorter route to Mogadiscio only to find, after going some one hundred and fifty miles out of our way that the road completely disappeared a few miles short of the Juba River. We tried to drive the truck across the short distance that separated us from the river, but the bush became so dense and the ants, which dropped in on us by the hundreds from the branches scraping the sides of the truck, were so voracious, that we were forced to beat a retreat before we had gone more than a hundred yards. Even if we had been able to reach the river, it wouldn't have done us much good because we learned later that the ferry indicated on our map was no longer operating. We were disgusted with ourselves and dead tired but we were determined to retrace our way at least to Afmadu, an Italian outpost some twenty-five miles short of the turn where we had made our mistake. At Afmadu we saw the Italian District Commissioner who invited us for tea. Signor Colli was an enthusiastic hunter and he claimed that the area around Afmadu was literally crawling with large game. To prove his point he told us at great length how an old lion had run off with a Somali woman on his compound the previous week. In order to make up some of the time lost and partly to pacify Mario, who found some of Signor Colli's stories disquieting, we got up at three o'clock the next morning and drove steadily, reaching Mogadiscio, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, that night. Between interviewing and being entertained by various officials of the Italian Trusteeship Administration, we put in a very busy two days and it was with some reluctance that we left Mogadiscio and our new friends to start on our last lap home. We had a very good road from Mogadiscio to Ferfer on the border and on the morning of the second day we were able to cross back into Ethiopia. That afternoon we were somewhat taken aback to see a man on a motorcycle speeding toward us with a small dog perched beside him in the side car, jauntily sporting goggles like his master. We couldn't have been more surprised to see Ali Khan fly by on a carpet! The man, who claimed he was doing a tour of Africa to advertise his motorcycle for a German firm, warned us that he had been attacked about two hours before by Shifta, (bandits) but had frightened them away with a few shots from his pistol.

We later learned that both the German and his dog were killed, presumably by tribesmen in Somalia, about a hundred kilometers east of the Kenya border on the road we had traveled. We were a bit uneasy but although we camped near Wardare, the area mentioned, we were not bothered, and the next day we drove the rest of the distance to Hargesia, capital of British Somaliland. Here, the warm hospitality of the Governor General and his wife gave us

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Beatrice Russell, wife of Foreign Service Officer H. Earle Russell, will have to wait a bit for another safari, since her husband was recently transferred to Tunis.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

KUALA LUMPUR

The visit of Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon, although kept secret by the Federation of Malaya for security reasons, was marked by the throngs of photographers and reporters that attended them everywhere.

The order of the day included the usual meetings with leaders, (while Mrs. Nixon visited the Methodist School, and a Children's Home,) a buffet lunch given by the American Consul for more leaders, Asian and British; visits to a tin mine, a rubber plantation, a resettled village; and a dinner for 45 at King's House with General Sir Gerald Templer and Lady Templer as hosts.

Despite the rigorous day put in by the Vice-President, and the late evening, after so many late evenings, Mr. Nixon was up early on an unscheduled visit to front line operations. No doubt the highlight of his 24 hours in the Federation was his chance to talk to a communist terrorist a few minutes after his surrender.

But the part that we were able to witness, and probably never would have seen, had the Nixons not come, was a scheduled call on his Highness, the Sultan of Selangor. Arriving in a motorcade with flags flying, we were taken upstairs in the place to be received in state in the Throne Room.

The Mentri Besar, Inche Othman, and the British Adviser, Mr. Hammett, led us to seats in a formal semi-circle with the Sultan at the center. The Sultan spoke, through Inche Othman, of Nixon's visit, and of the State of Selangor, while the rest of us took in the opulence of the scene. We were seated in front of the divan, covered with cloth of gold, which serves as the throne. Above it was a canopy of wood, carved and gilded, encrusted with seals, and hung with rich embroidery. On either side stood two guards in black and silver sarongs, bajus and turbans, with long swords lying against the embroidered shoulder cloth of royal office. Just in front of them were two stewards, one in a beautiful pale blue silk, and the other in dark green, both worked with silver. The Sultan himself had on white and gold, baju and sarong, with a white Sungkok, while his wife the Tengku Ampuan, was in rich purple worked in gold, with a white and gold scarf. The Raja Muda, or Crown Prince, had on an apple green costume worked with gold, and a dark green sungkok.

In front along the sides of the room, scarcely visible behind the lights for the benefit of the press, sat the nine Territorial chiefs of Selangor, each in cocoa brown and gold costume with turban of the same.

Soon three more stewards came into the room with trays which they put on the floor. They salaamed to the Sultan picked up their trays, and served us coffee. Then they backed away from the Sultan, put down their trays, salaamed again, and backed out of sight.

Conversation became more general, with the Sultan sometimes speaking in English and the rest of the party joining in. There was talk of the Sultan's proposed visit to the U. S. in 1955, when the Raja Muda will also come. (He stayed home as Regent this year, when the Sultan went to the Coronation in London.)

And then another break as the stewards salaamed, and removed the coffee cups, passed cigarettes and brought in gifts for the Nixons. The Tengku Ampuan gave Mrs. Nixon a blue velvet evening bag, embroidered by the palace ladies, in gold with the Malay Kris. Vice President Nixon received a Kris with ivory handle and scabbard, carved and worked in gold by palace craftsmen, and a silver framed picture of the Sultan. After viewing, these were replaced in beautifully embroidered gold satin cases, and we were taken down to see an exhibit of Malay handicrafts and some of the gold embroidery actually being done. A tour of the Sultan's collection of weapons, and silver, a glimpse of the Royal jewels, and we were on our way to keep the rigid schedule the Nixons had to follow throughout their trip. But no schedule could keep Mr. Nixon from shaking the hands of all the Territorial chiefs, saying a word or two to each, and leaving the impression of warmth and pleasure that had made him popular everywhere he goes.

There have been numerous personnel changes in Kuala Lumpur in the past few months. From the Consulate here to the Consulate General in Singapore have gone Miss Linnea Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dale, and Mr. Ivo Fatigati. Miss Harriet Smith of USIA returned to the Department for consultation, resigned, and we hear that she is going to Cairo to manage her sister's dress shop there! George Ross, USIA, has been transferred to Surabaya. Frank Welch, USIA chief here has just gone home on leave.

New arrivals include the new Consul, Eric Kocher, and his family, who have been in Washington, while Mr. Kocher attended the National War College; Miss Helen Simonson, from Singapore, who will be working in USIA; and Mr. R. R. Raven, Public Affairs Officer, from Tokyo to head up USIA here.

George W. Ross

PARIS

So many people have come and gone, there would be no point in listing even the important ones. RIF has descended upon us like thunder (we now have some 90 Americans less than in May, in the Embassy proper, USIA and MSA, but not counting our multifarious appendages) but the Embassy still looks like a teeming behive of activity—or rather, like several beehives, for we occupy five buildings.

Two examples and two figures in the comings-and-goings department: we have, of course, a new Ambassador, C. Douglas Dillon, who has taken hold with amazing speed and effectiveness. When this appears we expect to have him back with us after a delicate but successful spine operation which he underwent in New York in November. At the

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other end of the spectrum, we have lost Pierre Bizet, our doorman who bravely cared for the Embassy during the war and distinguished himself, among other occasions, by the firmness and tact with which he handled the numerous Communist delegations that we sometimes have to contend with.

Congressional visitors? MARCELLE LECOMTE has a chart in her office, on which she and her staff plot the arrivals and departures, and that chart stretches practically from one end of the wall to the other. Since August, we have had over 500 congressional visitors, including wives and staff members but not counting multiple visits; and of course not counting numerous other VIP's.

After the band arrived, the Paris Embassy dance picked up in tempo. Shown above are two jitterbugs, who found it more comfortable to join the "overflow" section of the dance.

We are so big that the RIF situation has produced an entirely different psychological effect here than elsewhere; for few of us know more than one or two people who have been affected. We live in clans, in sections, with separate grapevines that sometimes do not even connect. Result: we lack that cohesion and team spirit and friendliness that we ought to have. However, we are doing something about it. Last April, we formed an unofficial Recreational Association to foster a greater spirit of comradeship among us. The Association has continued our institution of Embassy Dances, and with the proceeds of those dances we finance such events as cocktail parties for new arrivals. We also hold Bingo games as a means of getting new people into circulation and have promoted a Camera Club, Bridge Club, Chess Club—and all of them are now going concerns.

The "Executive Committee" of the Association usually meets once a month at lunch time in one of the conference rooms, and to save time we munch sandwiches while transacting our business. We have held a very successful dance on December 5. The Summer Dance was somewhat less successful, but it also contributed to getting people together. It also produced a bit of drama that we hadn't bargained for.

The Summer Dance began at 9:30 p.m. on June 12. By 10:00 the Committee was a bit nervous because the dance band hadn't shown up. By 10:30 the situation was serious, by 11:00 desperate. Frantic calls went out for a substitute orchestra. At 11:30 (we had played records until then), *two* orchestras began to arrive, but one man at a time . . . We finally sorted them out and got one complete band playing. Let us spread the mantle of charity over the question of who had been responsible. In any event—and this is the most remarkable part of the story—not once did any member of the Committee lose his temper during that crisis. But some of us seemed to have aged a bit that evening.

Our Courier Section (for we are the center for many service activities throughout Europe) has produced two dramatic news events: the narrow escape of PAUL DOUGLASS, who was among the ten survivors of a major plane crash near Madrid on December 4; and the sinister machinations of HARRIS BALL, the acting regional supervisor, who deprived the political division of one of its best secretaries, HELEN WINTER, by marrying her and abducting her to the United States.

Martin Herz

VIENNA

As a result of an Allied Council decision of August 14, 1953, all members of the Allied Commission and the Embassies of the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union are now able to travel anywhere in Austria with an easily obtainable permanent pass. Many members of the American Embassy have taken advantage of this easing of travel restrictions to make frequent trips into the Russian zone. In the past, the difficulty, if not impossibility, of obtaining Soviet authorization to visit their zone, which surrounds Vienna, forced American personnel to either remain in the city on weekends or to make a long trip to the American zone if they wanted a change of scenery. Opportunities for sightseeing in the Soviet zone are numerous but perhaps the biggest advantage is that prices are much lower than in the Western zone, where the American's loose grip on the dollar is more widely known.

A recent event of major importance in Vienna was the marriage of Second Secretary FINDLEY BURNS to the former MARTHA LOBECK, also of the Embassy, at Christ Church on October 31, 1953. The wedding was followed by a reception given in their honor by Ambassador THOMPSON. The Ambassador's only objection was that FINDLEY seemed to be operating a RIF program on his own. To get back into a more serious vein, the happy bride and groom are now on home leave in the United States, after which they will proceed to Berlin, where MR. BURNS is now assigned.

Robert J. Martens

SINGAPORE

What's the night life like in Singapore? Normally rather quiet, but this week you can go to the Badminton Hall on Monday night to see Auzurie and her Indian dancers (Singapore is an Indian as well as a Chinese and a Malay city), the next night you can hear Britain's star pianist Solomon playing a concert of Beethoven sonatas in Victoria Memorial Hall, and then, if you can stay up until 11 p.m., you can hear Xavier Cugat playing sambas and rumbas in the ball room of Raffles Hotel on Wednesday night.

The following week there will be a private showing and demonstration of Cinemascope at the Odeon theatre—quite unlike any theater in the United States. It opened in 1953 and features an entire ground floor given over to a garage where cinema goers can park their car and take an elevator to their seats. There's also a drive-in box office where you can book seats for 65 cents and $1 for future performances.

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The War of the Revolution, by Christopher Ward; 2 vols., edited by J. R. Alden, *MacMillan Company, N. Y., 1952.*

Reviewed by A. Edward Irving

This military history of the American Revolution is written with great sweep and a vast amount of well organized detail and local color. It provides sound judgments on British and American strategy, tactics, and fighting personalities. The account is largely based on secondary sources and apart from consulting the archives of Delaware (the author's own state) Mr. Ward did not attempt much independent research. His collation and interpretation of existing materials are thorough and well executed, however. Professor John A. Alden has capably edited the work for publication after the author's death.

The narrative moves steadily over generally familiar ground from the early battles of Concord and Breed's Hill to Yorktown and gives an excellent panoramic picture of the struggle for independence. It reveals how the ill-equipped, ill-trained, and often divided American troops were welded into a formidable fighting force, which to the end of the war relied mainly on large scale guerilla tactics to defeat the British and overcame problems of logistics, often faulty command, lack of discipline, and low morale among both military and civilian elements of the population. Full consideration is given to the frequent military indecision and mistakes of the British and the aid of France after 1778, both of which contributed to the final victory of the colonies. The battles and campaigns in the North, the South, and the trans-Allegheny region are systematically reviewed with a wealth of discussion on fortifications, terrain and gunnery. Detailed maps and orders of battle illustrate the text. All the great names and events, and many lesser ones, are fitted into this interesting synthesis.

Climate Vegetation and Man, by Leonard Hadlow, *Philosophical Library, New York, 1953. 288 pages. $4.75.*

Reviewed by H. C. S. Thom

The layman who wishes in a few hours' reading to obtain the fundamentals of the climatic pattern of the world in relation to vegetation and man's activities will find this book well suited to his needs. It is not a book for the traveler who desires simply to obtain climatic data for an area but rather for the person who wants some understanding of the mechanism of climate and its effects. It is simply written so that a person completely new to the subject will find very little to confuse him. The author has chosen a simple classification of the climates of the world which is closely related to the layman's common knowledge of the subject. It is also a classification which emphasizes the most important climatic factors and will appeal to the general reader as an easily comprehended and rational division of climatic regions. The type is very readable and the illustrations are easily understood, numerous, and well chosen. The maps are small but sufficiently detailed to clearly depict the general patterns of climate. There is also a discussion of the effects of ocean currents on climate which is too frequently not found even in more advanced texts.

Books are too often judged on the basis of the author's recognized knowledge of a subject. If an author is an expert in a particular subject, then his book must necessarily be outstanding. The reader, often, however, unknowingly suffers more from poor choice of material and poor arrangement than he does from inadequate knowledge on the part of the author. Hence two of the main obligations of the author to the reader are to choose the appropriate materials and present them in a logical, easily understood arrangement.

The author of this book, while not an eminent authority on this subject, has chosen the important materials and presented them in a logical arrangement which makes it easy for the reader to obtain an adequate and coordinated knowledge of the subject. The book is divided into three parts: I. The Foundations of Climate; II. Nature's Response to Climate: Natural Vegetation; and III. Man's Response to Climate and Vegetation. Part I contains fourteen chapters discussing in order the basic controls of climate, the main climatic elements, and the mechanisms of weather. Part II consists of two chapters covering vegetation in general and the effects of climate on vegetation. Part III has eleven chapters relating vegetation and man to the various climatic types and a concluding chapter briefly reviewing the subject.

The professional climatologist and plant geographer could find a number of instances of oversimplification always necessary in an elementary text. They would also find some generalizations which may not be strictly correct but justified by the simplification gained. Two points in respect of

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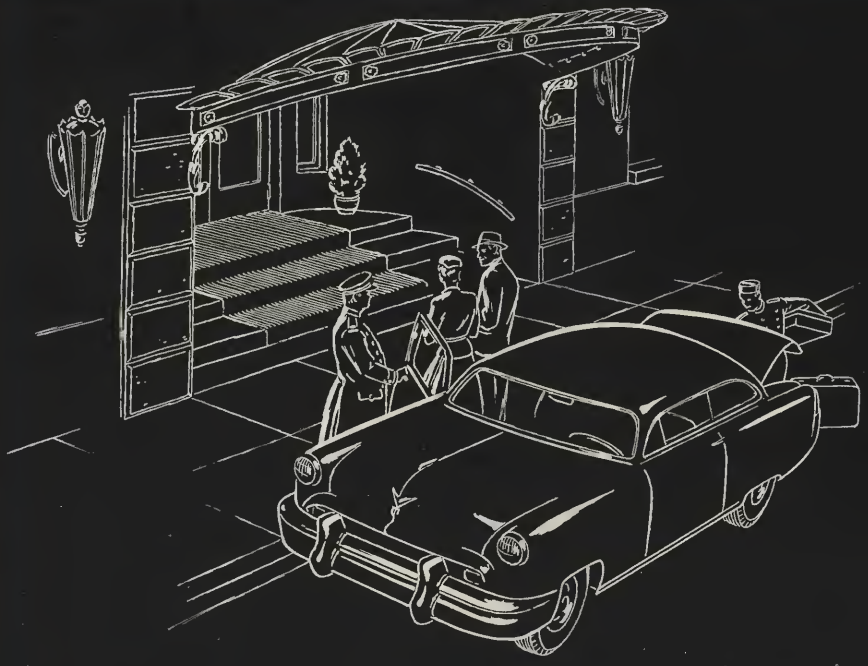

To the man who

wants the best...

The man who always wants the best of everything invariably chooses Goodyear Tires. In every respect—safety, comfort, mileage and appearance—Goodyear Tires are definitely superior. Proof of this fact is that the world over, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other make.

GOODYEAR

PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN *(from page 23)*

The great issues leading up to the Civil War began to take shape in 1832, when Lincoln was only twenty-three. In that year, South Carolina called a convention to condemn the national protective tariff. The delegates resolved that if the Federal Government tried to make South Carolina obey the law, they would withdraw from the Union. At this point, fiery President Jackson branded nullification as a violation of the Constitution. He further informed South Carolina that he intended to enforce Federal laws with all means, and that if any blood was shed in opposition to national law he would hang the first guilty person apprehended. However, the slavery issue did not become the real storm center of politics until ambitious Stephen Douglas promoted a congressional act which abrogated the famous Missouri Compromise of Henry Clay, which had confined slavery below a geographical boundary, the Mason and Dixon Line. Kansas and Nebraska, where slavery had been abolished in 1820, were now permitted to come into the Union with or without slavery.

It is sufficient for our purpose to mention this fact without going into the considerable complicated American history of the time. For Lincoln it was a tocsin. From the days of his early Mississippi experiences he had hated slavery, had exclaimed "If slavery is not wrong then nothing is wrong." Yet he disagreed with the violent methods of Abolitionists, and knew furthermore that many Southerners were opposed to slavery. In addition, slavery was not yet unconstitutional. Now began the period of the great Lincoln-Douglas debates which rocked the nation. Until this moment, Lincoln was not widely known, although he had represented Illinois in Congress for two years.

Douglas was a formidable rival, short of stature, full of vitality, a political expert. On the same platform, Lincoln and Douglas looked like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Lincoln's great simplicity, honesty and remarkable eloquence caught the imagination of the people. Huge crowds assembled from considerable distances to hear "honest Abe." We can only give a glimpse of the debates here, but one or two quotations may convey Lincoln's arguments well enough. Speaking of slavery, he said:

"It is the old issue of property rights versus human rights . . . the eternal struggle between two principles. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same spirit that says . . . you toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it. Whether those words come from the mouth of a king . . . or from one race of men who seek to enslave another . . . it is the same tyrannical principle. As a nation, we began by declaring 'All men are created equal.' There was no mention of any exceptions to the rule in the Declaration of Independence. But we now practically read it 'All men are created equal except Negroes.' If we accept this doctrine of race or class discrimination, what is to stop us from decreeing in the future that 'all men are created equal except Negroes, foreigners, Catholics, Jews or . . . just poor people?' Many good citizens agree with the Judge that we should accept that conclusion . . . don't stir up trouble . . . let each state mind its own business. But I advise you . . . watch out! When you have enslaved any of your fellow beings, dehumanized him, denied him all claim to the dignity of manhood, placed him among the beasts, among the damned, are you quite sure that the demon you have thus created will not

The famous statue of Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial.

turn and rend you? All I am trying to do, now, and as long as I live . . . is to state and restate the fundamental virtues of our democracy, which have made us great, and which can make us greater. I believe most seriously that the perpetuation of those virtues is now endangered, not only by the honest proponents of slavery but even more by those who echo Judge Douglas in shouting 'Leave it alone!' This is the complacent policy of indifference to evil, and that policy I cannot but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republic of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions everywhere to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity. There can be no distinction between one section and another, one race and another, one class and another. A house divided against itself cannot stand. This government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free."

On the day before his 52nd birthday, Lincoln left Springfield for Washington. In choosing his cabinet he chose no "yes" men or henchmen but strong individualists, including rivals of the recent presidential campaign, men who were to oppose him and quarrel with him but who were highly qualified in their own right. One of his most ruthless critics, to whom he gave the post of Secretary of War, became one of his staunchest supporters and admirers. And over Lincoln's bier more than four years later, Stanton said: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

With heavy heart, Lincoln stated the Union case in his inaugural address. His closing statement was a strong and warm appeal to the South to stay the hand of secession:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of Civil War. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend it.' I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We

must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The military side of the war between the States posed grave problems for the President, problems which he had to resolve for the first two years without much help, and with almost crushing opposition within his own camp. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers. Emotions ran so high that, according to Horace Greeley, 500,000 might have been raised. Unfortunately, there was no one to lead them. The military brains and daring of the nation were within the Confederacy. The Northern generals were a collection of cautious engineers, frontier Indian fighters, debonair mimics of Napoleon's Marshals, men with courage and no talent or with talent and no confidence. Some, like members of Lincoln's cabinet, were conniving for the Presidency themselves. And so, as the President worried through one military reversal after another, appointing and replacing generals as they proved incompetent or arrogant or both, he himself . . . the most peaceful of men, the most sensitive to human anguish . . . became a military leader.

One of the first to recognize this fact was Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War to Stanton. Looking back on his close association with Lincoln and the course of the war, Dana wrote: "If one will study the records of the war . . . and the writings related to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln." Dana compared him with von Moltke as a strategist. After World War I, an Englishman, Brig. General Colin Ballard, wrote a book entitled "The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln," in which he did a rather effective job of proving the book's title. To Ballard, Lincoln was the supreme strategist of the North, "the forerunner of what we now call the High Command." Lincoln was in perpetual correspondence with his generals, usually in restrained debate with them, particularly McClellan who had an arsenal of excuses for not engaging the enemy. One of the most amusing of these was that his horses were fatigued. To which Lincoln replied, "Will you please pardon me for asking what your horses have been doing that would fatigue anything?" On another occasion he wrote McClellan: "Would you mind if I borrow the Army of the Potomac if you don't plan to use it for a little while?"

It wasn't until after Gettysburg that Lincoln found his winning generals . . . Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas. In one of the most stupendous campaigns in military history, Grant hammered at Richmond while Sherman, with 100,000 men, drove for Atlanta to sever the Confederacy. Of Sherman's Army, a Southern general said "There has been no such army since Caesar." The cost to both sides was frightful, for General Lee, with able lieutenants, still commanded the Confederates, now fighting with their backs against the wall. In one battle, in one hour, the North lost 7000 men killed.

Against this background, the election of 1864 was coming up. and Lincoln's enemies were legion. It was a bitter anti-Lincoln campaign and he was almost resigned to losing it. Political opportunism was rampant and rank. But with the fall of Atlanta, the hopes of Lincoln's opponents also fell, and the President was re-elected . . . re-elected by the people. Many of them came to serenade him at the White House following the election. He expressed deep gratitude for the confidence placed in him, and refused to impugn the motives of those who opposed him, often most cruelly. He referred to the severe test of an election during a civil war, and said: "But the election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections." He counseled against vindictiveness. Lincoln wanted no Carthaginian peace. He had long worried about the extremists, the abolitionists and others, who were only waiting for vengeance at the end of the war. Terrifying issues would be the treatment of the negroes, even though legally freed in 1863, and the treatment of the rebellious officers and men.

The magnificent second inaugural address, filled with the spirit of conciliation, with pleas for moderation, ended with this sublime supplication: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Eighteen days before Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Lincoln left Washington with his wife and one son, Tad, for what appeared to be a brief vacation from his overwhelming burdens. But his destination was General Grant's headquarters, and the purpose of his journey was to help General Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies. Lincoln had never recognized secession; to him there was only one nation, indivisible. He knew that many men would, at the end of the war, still wish to treat the South like a conquered nation, a segregated State. Lincoln had never clearly stated his plans for surrender. He had to be a shrewd politician to hold the North together, but he had no intention of permitting this political role to compromise his principles or moral judgments. And in this spirit he met with Grant and Sherman in conference.

What was said behind locked doors has never been completely or clearly reported. But when Grant met Lee on April 9, 1865, after a few reminiscences of their days long before the war, Grant wrote out the astonishing terms of a surrender which was unconditional. The enlisted men were to surrender their arms, the officers to keep theirs; all were to go home in peace, with the promise not to fight the government again. Lee's men were also permitted to take horses and mules with them, "for the Spring plowing," as Grant explained the gesture. On hearing that Lee's men were near starvation. Grant asked his men who had three rations to

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Stuart L. Hannon, who became a Staff Officer in 1949, has served as public affairs officer in Stuttgart and Bern. "Portrait of Lincoln" was originally an address given by him in Bern last year.

PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN *(from page 47)*

turn over two to the Southerners. As Lee departed, almost in tears over the unprecedented terms, so light and gentle, Union troops who had heard of the surrender began to fire salutes of victory. Grant ordered all celebration to cease. "The rebels," he said, "are our countrymen again; the best rejoicing will be to abstain from demonstrations in the field." The Civil War, which took the lives of 610,000 Americans, was over.

On a river-boat, returning to Washington, Lincoln asked a miltary band to play "La Marseillaise" for his guest, the Marquis de Chambrun. Then he asked it to play "Dixie," the Confederate battle song. They did, but with some amazement. On the way home, the peace-maker read from his favorite Shakespeare play, Macbeth, the strangely prophetic lines:

> "Duncan is in his grave.
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
> Treason has done its worst; nor steel nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
> can touch him further."

Around April 1, 1865, Lincoln had a dream which disturbed him but he soon forgot about it. Retiring late after poring over war despatches, he dreamed he heard subdued sobbing in his home. Wandering through the rooms, he saw no one but heard much weeping until he finally reached the East Room of the White House. There he saw a catafalque, surrounded by soldiers and sad-faced people. "Who is dead in the White House?" asked Lincoln, and the soldiers replied, "The President . . . he was killed by an assassin."

During his last days, the "Great Emancipator" reprieved many soldiers from the death sentence. Lincoln reprieved many when any shadow of doubt or light of mercy could be shown. And even where the guilt of desertion was flagrant, Lincoln would say "I believe this boy will be worth more to the world above the ground than under it." The quality of mercy, to Lincoln, was no mere tolerance; it was the essence of Christianity.

On a bright Spring afternoon in April, 1865, the President talked to Mrs. Lincoln about their life. "Mary, we must be more cheerful in the future," he said. "Between the war and the loss of our darling Willie, we have both been very miserable." That evening, they went to the theater, and on entering their box the play was stopped and a tremendous ovation given the President. He relaxed and after a while, the war, with its suffering, unbridled passion and corruption, was for an hour or so replaced by enjoyment. Lincoln smiled and laughed. Mary Todd Lincoln held her husband's hand, and he remarked that the gossips certainly wouldn't know what to make of that. Peace was warm and good and life seemed normal. Then suddenly there was a pistol shot. The President slumped over in his chair, mortally wounded by a bullet in the brain. A man leaped from the box to the stage shoulting the incredible words, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and disappeared. It was April 14 . . . Good Friday.

And so, with the assassination of its principal actor, the tragic drama and era of the Civil War, of slavery and disunity, came to a close. The struggle of man against the inexorable was classic in its tragic height and depth. Wrote Lincoln's secretary, John G. Nicolay: "It would seem that Providence had exacted from him the last and only additional service and sacrifice he could give his country . . . that of dying for her sake. Those of us who knew him will certainly interpret his death as a sign that Heaven deemed him worthy of martyrdom." Walt Whitman began his immortal poem "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," and a world began to mourn . . . mourn for a man of freedom and democracy, for one who had liberated three million slaves and saved a nation.

"What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence?" he had asked one day. "It is not our army and navy . . . these are not our reliance against tyranny. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors."

In America, the bells began to toll and the guns, thousands of guns that had just become silent, began to rumble, hour after hour, like distant drums. There was a funeral in the nation's capital. And then, a train of eight coaches, draped in black, started North . . . through Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, then West through Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago until, finally, it reached the beginnings of the man who was no more . . . Springfield, Illinois.

In Washington, a negro regiment led the funeral march. For miles outside the big cities the train tracks were lined with people. Everywhere the nation stood waiting for the black train. In Philadelphia 500,000 mourners crowded toward Independence Hall where the bier lay in State. All along the road to the West, for fourteen days, were the people waiting, the common people Lincoln had loved. As he once observed, "God must have loved the common people, he made so many of them."

What really mattered, however, was the event of his life, not the accident, however monstrous, of his death. But as the funeral train moved so slowly westward, as it passed the solemn multitudes, the white and the black, the rich and the poor, men of the cities and of the prairies, whose who had fought in blue and those in gray, they could think only of the martyr and canonize his memory with their last devotion and prayers. Yet many, then as now, must have taken deep comfort and soaring hope, from the evangelical words they had all learned from a place called Gettysburg:

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

NONE IS SWIFTER *(from page 27)*

world.) Rigid schedules assure high-speed deliveries to and from Washington and between posts overseas. Packing cases of official papers are handled as expeditiously as brief cases. A ton of secret documents presents hardly a greater problem to a seasoned courier than does a single envelope.

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THE HIGH COUNTRY *(from page 34)*

sunlight, he gave each of us a newly-mined chunk of the mineral for souvenirs.

From Queenstown it's only another short drive to Lake Te Anau, starting point of the famous Milford Track over high mountains to the rugged fiords of the lower West Coast, as well as glow-worm caves and an underground waterfall.

This country is the "last frontier" for New Zealand, for only a scant few miles from the western edge of Lake Te Anau is the edge of a vast stretch of land marked on current maps as "unexplored." On this part of the trip we were most fortunate in having as a member of our party Robin Francis-Smith, a tall, soft-spoken, typical New Zealander who has written and photographed articles about New Zealand for the *National Geographic*.

Robin pointed out the country where Wapati (elk) were first introduced into New Zealand from North America, and also the entrance to the lovely South Fiord where he expected shortly to join an exploration party from New Zealand's Dominion Museum. Their aim: to penetrate unexplored territory and confirm or disprove rumors that the Notornis, a wingless bird considered extinct for nearly a century, was still alive.

Later we learned that the trip was spectacularly successful. The party of six New Zealand scientists and naturalists who fought their way into the wilderness not only mapped many miles of previously uncharted country, but also had ample opportunity to observe and photograph the Notornis in full color in its nest. Their "rediscovery" caught scientific imaginations around the world, and *Times* magazine at home had a story on the find.

It was during this same trip into Fiordland wilderness that a hitherto unknown mountain was discovered, climbed, and named Mt. Cozette after the JOURNAL's Wellington correspondent.

I was innocent during my trip of impending notoriety, however, and left Lake Te Anau without dreaming of lending my name to a wild, distant peak.

Lake Manapouri is only a fifteen minute drive from Te Anau, and from there, en route to Invercargill further south, one leaves behind the grandeur of the Southern Alps and glacier-made lakes. Though the Alps still form a distant and rugged horizon dimly seen from Invercargill, this city is built on almost perfectly flat land. It is the southernmost of the major cities of New Zealand and is only half an hour's drive from that little point of land on which the dreamer can stand and realize that nothing lies between him and the South Pole except a few small islands.

However, not even a dreamer can stand contemplating an empty stretch of ocean indefinitely, and we reluctantly turned our faces northward again for Christchurch, where we would catch the overnight boat to Wellington and the daily routine of pounding typewriters, answering questions, and attending to other details which are part of Embassy life.

ASSOCIATION NEWS

PERSONAL PURCHASES NOTES

FORD cuts prices for the Foreign Service

The Ford Motor Company has informed the Association that the "diplomatic discount" for 1954 Ford, Mercury and Lincoln automobiles has been substantially increased for members of the Foreign Service. Pending receipt of new price lists, orders may be placed at 1953 prices with the expectation of a refund, or prospective purchasers may write the Personal Purchases Committee for cost estimates. 1954 Fords, Mercurys and Lincolns are currently available with the usual 30 to 45 days production delay after receipt of order and payment.

1954 Willys and Kaiser

Willys 1954 utility vehicles, including Jeeps and Station Wagons, are already available as the JOURNAL goes to press, and 1954 Kaiser and Willys passenger cars will be available during February. Descriptive literature and prices are being sent to all posts.

Studebaker Prices

1954 Studebaker price lists reflecting the lower prices for American Government employees purchasing through the Association, originally announced in the December JOURNAL, have been distributed to all posts and should be available to interested employees in the post Personal Purchase File. '54 Studebakers were pictured on page 2 of the January JOURNAL.

COMMITTEE ON PERSONNEL PLACEMENT

The Association's Committee on Personnel Placement has been active during the past several weeks assembling information on job opportunities for the benefit of Foreign Service personnel who have left the Service as a result of the reduction in force.

The Committee has written some 250 selected firms in the United States inquiring about employment possibilities. It has also effected liaison with the Department's Office of Personnel and the outplacement offices of other U. S. agencies in Washington for the purpose of gathering information on job prospects.

Members of the Committee have interviewed a number of their former colleagues who have called on their way through Washington and have passed along available leads. The Committee has also corresponded with former members of the Service in other parts of the country, advising them of available opportunities.

RETIRED PERSONNEL

Information regarding a proposed Register of Retired Foreign Service Personnel appears on page 14 of the November issue of the JOURNAL. The committee has received, as of January 11, 1954, replies from only five retired officers who were interested in having their names included in such a Register. It will not be possible to carry out the proposal unless several times this number wish to participate in the plan.

BIRTHS

FLECK. A son, Alan Armstrong, born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Fleck on December 8, 1953, at New Delhi.

ODELL. A son, David Driscoll, born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry I. Odell on December 11, 1953, at Haifa.

HILL. A son, James Bowdoin, born to the Honorable Robert C. Hill, Ambassador to Costa Rica, and Mrs. Hill, on December 11, 1953, at San José.

But as in the case of the *Volapükian* betrayal, the severest criticism of *Esperanto* came from the ranks of the *Esperantists* themselves. Heresy reared its ugly head, beckoning to the hotheads and meeting with the bitter hate of the orthodox fundamentalists, who thought it a sin even to suggest the possibility of altering anything that had issued from the oracular mouth or pen of the Master.

Reforms of *Esperanto* began to mushroom profusely in this atmosphere where, on the one hand, every innovation was considered sacrilegious and, on the other, every disciple could claim as much authority for his suggested change as had Dr. Zamenhof for the original. Thus there came to the fore, or remained still-born, such old and new attempts as *Idiom Neutral, Nondlingvo, Novilatin, Lingva Perfekt, Adjuvilo, Omnes, Romnal* and a score of others, all lineal descendents of *Esperanto.* Even before all these creations had arisen—as early as 1901—it was decided to unify the efforts at making an international language. A Delegation for the adoption of an International Language was established in that year. Confident that theirs was the optimum language, the Esperantists pursued their translations, attended their Congresses and issued their periodicals. By 1904 the Delegation had the adherence of 310 societies from many different countries and of approximately 1,250 members of various Academies and Universities. An international committee was elected, composed of eminent linguists and professors from many countries.

And then, in October 1907, the blow fell. Instead of choosing *Esperanto,* the committee adopted *Ido* at the proposal of the internationally famous philologist M. de Beaufront. To the *Esperantists* it was a bitter blow. Not only was their pride hurt; their pockets were threatened, since *Ido* endangered their publications, their libraries, their not inconsiderable investments in their universal language. Henceforth *Esperanto* and *Ido* were deadly enemies. Every former *Esperantist* who now adopted *Ido* was considered a traitor by the fundamentalists. As a Professor of the Sorbonne, a convert to *Ido,* put it: "Not to recognize the superiority of *Ido* (over *Esperanto*) one must be blind or else have already taken sides."

Parallel to this main stream of development from *Volapük* to *Esperanto* there are a variety of other international languages on the lunatic fringe.

There is the Cipher-Key *Number* of Nikolaus Jekel of Vienna, launched in 1909. Himself evidencing pressing need of an international language, the translator of Mr. Jekel claims for the system that it is "The *simplest* and *naturalest* manner *to make terms* written or verbal with persons in *an other idiom,* without to learn a new language." It is in the main a code based on numbers to be coded and decoded, the numbers serving as intermediaries carrying the same meaning in all languages. Thus 3—2601/70 means "he is loved." After having mastered this relatively simple method, one is supposed to learn the names of the numerals in Latin and converse with, say, a Hindu by exchanging with him a string of numbers in Latin. It is affirmed that, through practice, there will be no difficulty in recognizing 1723 to mean "fault" or 1197 "bankruptcy" or 856 as "thumb."

Just as Professor Peano had driven the Latinward road to the dead end of his *Latino sine flexione,* so had Mr. B. Rosenblum of Basel, in 1935, reached the *reduction ad absurdum* in the creation of an *a pirori* language. His language is called *Fitusa.* Mr. Rosenblum is mathematically precise and cold. He has stripped the alphabet to the bone, allowing himself only 11 letters. With these and an appropriate formula he has found that he can make an enormous amount of euphonious combinations. Thus the months of the year are, in *Fitusa* and starting with January: "Paito, faito, laito, saito, taito, maito." Running out of suitable combinations in July, he begins again in August by prefixing an a, and continues the months with "apaito, afaito, etc." There are only 12 grammatical rules and no capitals are used except for figures which are only thus denoted and no longer by the orthodox Arabic numerals. The final effect has a staccato flavor. Thus: "aki soma sako osi mu a palo maso om palos maso," means: "To create a new language is work not for one man, but for many men."

Carlo Spatari, of Astoria, N. Y., is the inventor of a Radio Language called *Spatari.* The *Spatari* Language Foundation, in presenting the work in 1937 (and apparently writing without the knowledge of the inventor) gives the reasons why the world was not sooner given the benefit of this language. The Foundation states:

> Carlo Spatari for many years has been known as a man of mystery. . . . He has lead a monk-like existence in the world's greatest metropolis, New York. . . . He might still be going on in his quiet unassuming manner—working into the wee hours of the morning to perfect his languages and systems of communication — but international language authorities—radio experts—and peace organizations all felt that there was an urgent need for his work—and so he was finally induced to come out of his shell and compile his notes for publication. . . . And the "bait" they used was not money or promise of fame but rather that the *Spatari* Language will help promote universal goodwill through better understanding.

The *Spatari* Radio Language is founded on the musical scale "do re mi fa so la ti and (surprisingly) bo." All words are a combination of these syllables. On the principle of the commercial Scott's, Boe's and Lombard Codes, ready phrases are given corresponding combinations. Thus LABODO is what one says into the microphone if one means: "The operation of this radio station is being discontinued for an indefinite period." Hearing LABADO, the Chinese listener, for instance, merely has to look up the word in the handy alphabetically arranged booklet put out by the *Spatari* Language Foundation in order to get the meaning.

The last great group of artificial languages are those that may be called of the Imperialist type. They desire to have the whole world accept as its primary or secondary tongue either one already existing national language or a combination of two or more linguistically akin languages or languages spoken by geographically adjacent or politically like-thinking countries. Such languages are suitably modified, abbreviated, condensed and simplified to make them easier for the heathen. The mainspring of some is openly militaristic, of some racial, of others political, of others again commercial or even altruistic.

Altutonish or *Tutonish,* planned by its author in 1911, is a language calculated to unite the Germanic and Anglo-Saxon people. As such, *Tutonish* is preponderantly a common factor of English and German. As explained by elias

(Continued on page 54)

molee (who does no go in for capital letters) *altutonish* or *pangerman* is "ein union spiek, makn up of deuch, english, skandinavish and hollandi. for to agenfererein (reunite) al tutonish folka into ein spiek mitin (within) feivti (50) jiera." That would be about 1961.

Not needing to be so subtle, his tongue released by war, Dr. Adalbert Baumann, writing in the *Kriegsjahr* 1915, proposed *Wede*, "a new world auxiliary language, the common language of the Central Powers and their friends." The good Dokto is sure that "military preparedness for striking (Schlagfertigkeit) would be materially increased through an easy and quickly learned auxiliary language." German in its present form, he modestly concedes, would not be suitable. *Wede*, however, has an unmistakeable Teutonic ring.

In 1917 Mr. C. L. O'Connor, pained that the Americas were linguistically divided, proposed a fusion—the *New Pan-American Language*. "The following pages," he says, "contain an attempt much more modest than a world language." His language is meant for North, Central and South America, for Hawaii and the Philippines. The fact that the adoption of his language would cut the English world linguistically in two, he seems not to consider important since he does not mention it. "All pronouns and the most frequently employed adverbs are formed by a plan which can be learned," Mr. O'Connor pleads, "by reading it carefully once." The plea was useless, for no one, unless it be Mr. O'Connor's mother or wife, had time or patience to read it once carefully.

Now there is one more distortion of English which deserves recognition. It is outside the mainstream of artificial languages and a real delight to read—if not to pronounce! "Omxrikai Spek Bai Rubi Aliv Foulk," published in "Nu Yark, N. Y." and "kapirait bai" the authoress. Miss Foulk is not concerned with any language except English which she considers good enough for the world. She goes to the point directly. "This book is simplified English spelling and grammar for international use at the Olympic Games, and for the Pan-American Union, League of Nations, and for foreigners here and at home." Miss Foulk is terse and eschews longwinded introductions or boosting of her method, serenely confident that it cannot but win friends on its own merits.

In 1940 Miss Foulk came out with another book showing an obvious advance in her conceptions. It proves her to be not a stubborn linguist content to stagnate, but an evolutionary. The title this time is "U.S. RITED IN AMERIKAN SPEK, KOPIRIGT, NOT INKLUDING CONSTITUT (i.e., the Constitution, translated into *American Spek*, is given in an appendix) 1940, Bl RUBI OLIV FOULK." This time the visual effect still shocks but the text is more readily understandable. Beneath the strangeness there yet lurks the familiar—like a transparent grinning Hallowe'en mask uncovering the plain and honest face below. Where before—in far off 1937—it took some time to decipher *American Spek*, it is relatively plain sailing in 1940.

Those that support English as the world tongue of the future are unanimous that it must be simplified. It is on the methods of simplification that they differ. Some, like Bernard Shaw, were merely for spelling reform; some for a combination of spelling reform with a simplification of grammar and even the form of words; some for simplification of grammar and the radical pruning of the vocabulary.

Mr. Eugene Fitch Ware is all for "selective agglutination," a principle he picked up while studying the speech methods of the Sioux Indians. This consists in taking sounds from a long word or sentence and making a new word of it, or them, sometimes by syllable transposition. Thus one finds: Aeroplane, "erp"; day after tomorrow, "drom."

The most notable of the reformed spelling English systems, in order to make English suitable for a Universal or international language, is *Anglic*, the perfection of R. E. Zachrisson of Uppsala, Sweden. Mr. Zachrisson puts into the mouths of American and English readers an unanswerable question.

To English and American Reederz.

Many a reedr, aaftr having glaanst at these spesimenz, wil probably poot doun the book exklaeming: "Who is this impurtinent Scandinavian who wonts me to spel diffrently from what I have bee uzed to do. What biznes has he to interfeer with our buetiful English speling?"

While considering reformed English, it might be well to consider here some discussion of phonetic English. The phoneticists are in a class by themselves. All start from the obviously correct premise that a phonetic language is more desirable than a non-phonetic one. In the question of artificial languages one cannot, indeed, presume to ask a linguist to create ready made some of the absurdities which the English language took centuries to evolve.

The phoneticists argue that children lose two years in school learning to read and write English, as compared to a Spanish child whose language is virtually phonetic. They plead further that foreign students of the English language now often give up in despair or become ill with frustration when their sense of continental logic becomes too outraged in comparing "though," "through," and "trough."

While generally true, the premises of the phoneticists, in the case of English and in view of the past history of the English language, are demonstrably false. Had the phonetic system been adopted by an evolving English sometime in the 16th century, as it was by Spanish about the same time, all would have been well. English, however, now already possesses one of the richest literatures in any language—all written in a spelling that is anathema to the phoneticists. English, as it is now spelled, is symbolic and non-phonetic and has the tremendous advantage that it can serve as a medium of correspondence between a Yorkshireman and an Australian, or a Brooklynite and a South African.

Furthermore, why should a whole generation or even two, during the transitional period to phoneticism, be deprived of one of its aesthetic pleasures and have to read "The Wolf and the Seven little Kids," for example, in the *Sound-English* of Mr. Knofach (1890) as:

dhi wulf and dhi sevn litl kidz.

wons oponn e taim dheer waz en oold goot dhat had sevn litl kidz and lovd dhem as moch as eni modher kan lov her children.

But seriously, is the effort involved in translating into the new spelling all the books of previous authors whose works would otherwise become inevitably less understandable, worth the result?

The phonetical-illusion mistake of these languages is therefore studiously avoided by Basic English. The spelling even is perfectly normal. Not, however, entirely for the right

(Continued on page 56)

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reasons. The main reason is simpler. "Any proposal which adds the novelty of phonetic reform to its burdens," writes C. K. Ogden, chief elaborator of Basic, "is bound to encounter extra resistance thereby." He does say, though: "The established spelling may even help in memorizing the individual words, whose character is more easily fixed in the mind in its bizarre visual form."

Mr. Ogden's Basic, to put it into a nutshell, is a simplified variant of normal English. It claims to use only 850 Basic words, though others, as crowingly pointed out by devotees of different auxiliary tongues, manage to creep in somehow. The grammar is much simplified, the verb is eliminated, the method is analytic. One is urged to find that it is possible to say practically everything in Basic. Were the claims for Basic modest—confined, say, to a linguistic instrument for enabling backward Africans or Eskimos to make the first step in participating in the culture of the English speaking peoples, or similarly obviously desirable purposes — one could have no quarrel with it, but only give it enthusiastic support. In Mr. Ogden's opinion, however, it is not only the ideal auxiliary tongue for the whole world, but possibly the indicated universal language of the future.

A weakness of Basic English is that it is—when all is said and done — English and thus "unneutral" in the linguistic sense.

Perhaps the worst aspect of Basic English as an international language is the question of how its general world-wide acceptance would affect the men, women, and children who already speak normal English as their mother tongue. For the non-English speaking student of English, Basic is a godsend. Basic is a platform from which wider horizons of the English language may be glimpsed. As an auxiliary language between two non-English speaking peoples, it has obvious merit from a practical, present-day point of view.

For those born and bred to English, however, despite Mr. Ogden's assertions to the contrary, it must necessarily be degenerative. While it is relatively easy for a Balinese to remember that every wetness of the air is "rain," it is not so easy for an American to remember to say "rain" whenever he felt inclined to say sleet, hail, shower, downpour, etc.

Who, among those who are sincerely aware of the beauties and potentialities of the English language, past and present, will not fear that this simplified, verbless English, this emasculated English, will not inevitably, if it gains hold, debase the English language, even if it makes the English speaking world richer by commerce? It is not valid to say that the majority of English speaking persons only use a few thousand words anyway. Now, at least, there is no linguistic barrier to a further progress in vocabulary acquisition. Basic would set a comfortable level over which the majority will not care to rise, staying forever content and poorer in spirit with their Basic movies, their Basic newspapers, and their Basic books.

To sum up, a universal tongue (or, going even further, a superior means of universal communication) *is* ideally desirable; but it is desirable for a time far in the future when, in our imagination, a technically perfect civilization will have found spiritual values enabling it to dispense with the literary treasures which now sustain it and which it would be sacrilegious and suicidal to endanger and perhaps forever discard. If there are a hundred reforms or desirable improvements to be made for the attainment of a perfect world, the priority rating of a universal language should be somewhere in the nineties.

Is the question of a universal tongue then to be left to chance and uncontrolled evolution? In human affairs planned projects seem intrinsically more logical, rational and desirable than a policy of "laissez faire." An international auxiliary tongue at the present time may be of value, though benefits from its wide application, *other things being equal*, do not seem to be commensurate with the effort necessarily involved. The theoretical requirements of an international language have long been drawn up, but either none has as yet filled the bill or there is not that crying need for it that the language-makers claim.

The interlinguists predicted catastrophe if the world did not adopt a single language. Two catastrophes, in the shape of world wars, were accordingly provided. But those wars would have come about even if all the combatants had spoken *Esperanto* or Basic English since 1900.

Thus the old, fatuous chestnut is soon pulled out for inspection by Mr. Ogden:

> The so-called national barriers of today are ultimately language barriers. The absence of a common medium of communication is the chief obstacle to international understanding, and therefore the chief underlying cause of war. It is also the most formidable obstacle to the progress of International Science, and to the development of International Commerce.

But this naive diagnosis of the ills of the world runs counter to all experience and evidence. The Chaco war was not prevented by the fact that Bolivia and Paraguay spoke Spanish. It is a sad, disgusting, but readily noticeable fact that war, rather than a common language, is responsible for the explosive development of science in the fields of medicine, electronics, atomic energy, etc., etc. And it is the acquisitive sense and energy, geographical position, climate and natural resources of a country, and not a common commercial language with its clients, which expands a nation's trade. It is not to be believed that even a single razor blade failed to be sold in Venezuela by an American firm simply because of liguistic differences. A common tongue has notoriously failed to prevent civil wars, our own for example, and has, in fact, only served to render the conflict more bitter since a far greater number of people involved had a clearer understanding of what the enemy meant to do.

Whatever the reasons, artificial languages have failed to secure a foothold or interest more than a handful of altruistically minded, but unrealistic adherents. The fact of their failure stands today.

MARRIAGES

MUCCIO-McCULLOCH. Miss Sheila Teresa McCulloch, formerly assistant attaché at Tokyo and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. J. McCulloch, was married on October 19, 1953, to the Honorable John J. Muccio, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Di-Muccio, at Our Lady's Chapel, St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

MULCAHY-LYON. Miss Kathleen Lyon, a former FSS officer at Asmara and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Lyon of Claypool, Arizona, was married on September 19, 1953, to Mr. Edward W. Mulcahy, son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mulcahy of Malden, Mass., at Globe, Arizona, at the Church of Holy Angels. Mr. Mulcahy is currently assigned to the Department.

OCHELTREE-BROWN. Mrs. Charles E. Brown, Jr. was married to Mr. John B. Ocheltree, retired Foreign Service Officer, on November 28, 1953, in Washington, D. C.

LETTER FROM DIPLOMATS *(from page 19)*

"That has taken a large amount of my time, probably an undue amount of my time in some respects. But where the reputation and happiness of individual human beings is involved I believe that I am justified in subtracting time if necessary from affairs of State to take care of these personal cases. And there has been no case of suspension or proposed suspension to which I have not given my own personal attention.

"I have not always followed the recommendations made to me about suspensions; but I would also say that in no case have recommendations been made to me which seem to me to be reckless or without some basis in fact to justify the recommendation. I have not always found it adequate, but I have personally reviewed every one of these cases and there is no Foreign Service Officer who needs to live under any apprehension that there will be any ruthless process employed so far as he is concerned.

"It is suggested in this letter that possibly some members of the Foreign Service are frightened so that they do not report accurately or clearly. I think the writers use the word report 'ambiguously.' I must say that I find no evidence of that at all. I find no evidence of any cringing on the part of the Foreign Service personnel. I believe that they are performing their work adequately, loyally; and doing their duty as I would expect of the fine body of men and women that they are."

"Eisenhower Mission"

In a series of articles on the Eisenhower Mission published in the *Washington Post,* Walter Lippmann said, "It is Eisenhower's mission to restore the constitutional prerogatives of his office in the field of foreign affairs, and with that to reestablish the credit and confidence of our diplomacy. One cannot say as yet that he has failed. But one must say that he has not yet succeeded. As compared with his success in the military establishment, there is still a very long way to go.

"Nevertheless, he has brought Far Eastern affairs under his own control, and that is a great and salutory achievement. But until he recovers control of the personnel of the State Department and of the Foreign Service, he and the country will be in trouble. He has still to make himself the final judge of who goes out of the Service and to be the undaunted defender of those whom he judges are to stay. Until that is done, the disorder of our diplomacy will continue to jeopardize the vital interests of the Nation."

John P. Davies, Jr., Defended

Renewed publicity concerning charges raised at one time or another against JOHN P. DAVIES, JR., led PAUL H. NITZE and GEORGE F. KENNAN to write letters in his defense which were published in the *New York Times.*

Mr. Kennan's letter said in part, "Neither then (in 1949) nor since have I ever had the slightest reason to doubt the honesty or integrity of his motives in making these suggestions. . . . He is a man of quick and intuitive intelligence, great enthusiasm for his work and an unfailing devotion to duty. . . I would rate him today (and I think that many others who have known him well in the Foreign Service in recent years would join me in doing so) as a talented and devoted public servant who has already suffered a unique measure of adversity for his efforts to be useful to his country and whose departure from the governmental service would be a serious loss to the public interest. . . ."

ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP *(from page 35)*

Whether or not the member uses these activities is up to him. It is also up to the member—and to the non-members whom we hope will join the Association during its current membership drive—whether the Association's activities will continue to expand in the future.

However income from dues and JOURNAL subscriptions has not quite kept pace with rising printing costs and additional overhead created by the expanding activities. This has slightly unbalanced the Association's budgetary equation. The old scale of revenue is called upon to balance old benefits plus rising costs. It is up to you whether the equation will be balanced by the additional memberships solicited in the current membership drive.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD *(from page 40)*

Other features are a private box seating 24, which can be rented for theater parties. And there is also a private party room with a bar and dance floor.

The big cinemas feature the Panoramic screen and the early 3-D pictures have all played here, the special equipment having been flown out from the States. Singapore is a good town for movies but live entertainment is rare.

FRANK WELSH, who has divided his tour between Singapore and Kuala Lampur, put on his cold weather suit the other morning and also the felt hat that has been in storage for two years and went out to catch an early plane for home leave in Minnesota. He is unique in USIS in Malaya in that he has been able to devote himself exclusively to his specialty of labor.

Robert J. Boylan

MONNETT DAVIS

Loyalty and devotion are, perhaps, the truest attributes of the dedicated public servant. Monnett Davis was, I would submit, the perfect personification of such a servant. The thought of self was ever secondary; the determination to bend every effort and to expend all energy to the accomplishment of the best for his country and for the benefit of mankind, was what drove him to exhaust his physical resources before his time.

His career in the Foreign Service was marked by constant progress toward the top, with minor set-backs as he attained the elevated areas where political currents flow. He was the recipient of more than the usual ration of beguiling expressions when called upon to cede his first chief of mission assignment for the benefit of political expediency, but never did a career officer take the blow of providence with greater dignity and with a surer confidence that right would ultimately be accorded. His duties as Consul General at Shanghai (shrouded under the euphemistic title of "cons. gen. and couns. of emb. with personal rank of Minister") were attacked and brilliantly executed without the slightest trace of the deep professional and personal disappointment which must have been his.

The subsequent recognition of his great capacity for the representation of his country was attested by assignments as Ambassador to Panama and to Israel. The fine tribute paid to his memory by Acting Prime Minister Sharett of Israel was indicative of the position which the Ambassador had achieved in that country. "His personality," said the Minister, "was a remarkable blend of keen mind and sensitive conscience, of firmness of character with gentleness of soul."

As a colleague and friend, who knew him well, I could not describe him more accurately. I would add, only, a tribute to his loving and faithful companion, Pearl Davis, whose devoted care and constant support made it possible for Monnett to accomplish seemingly impossible tasks.

Garret G. Ackerson, Jr.

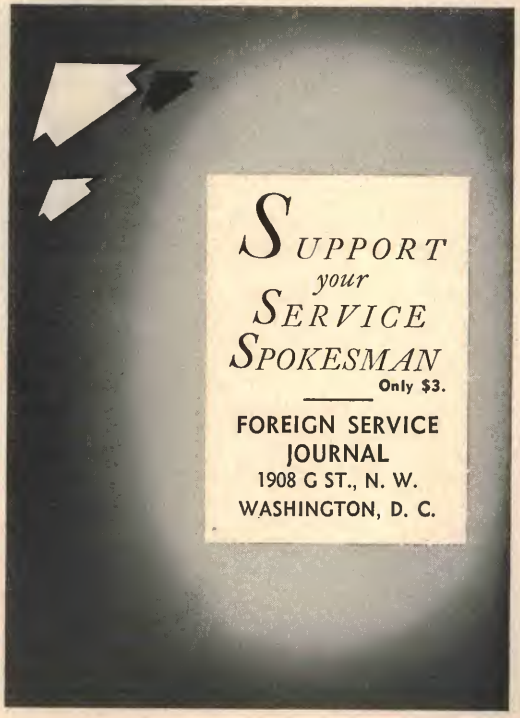
2ND CLASS SAFARI *(from page 38)*

another day's respite from canned corn beef. The Governor was much interested in our encounter with the German, and although he questioned both the man's character and business, he confirmed his story of Shifta trouble between Scillave and Wardare.

We never did get a real opportunity to hunt. On the road we saw many baboons, giraffe, zebra, gazelle, kudu and wild bear but we took off only enough time to kill what we could eat. Hunting for larger game requires a more leisurely pace than we could afford to set. It means setting up camp in a good game area and being willing to spend several days stalking the animals. We had neither the time nor the salt with which to preserve anything we might kill until we could get it back to Addis. It was sheer luck therefore that my husband spotted his prize Oryx only a day's trip from home. The animal, which is about the size of a small cow and has slightly curved horns measuring anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five inches long, darted across the road about seventy-five yards in front of our truck. The animal made off into the bush when Russ jumped out of the truck but it made the fatal mistake of stopping to look back after going about one hundred and fifty yards. Russ was able to bring it down with one shot. We spent an hour skinning and butchering it, an ordeal as far as I was concerned, but the meals we later enjoyed off of it were well worth the trouble.

From Hargesia, we drove due west into Ethiopia through Jig Jigga and arrived in Harar early in the morning after spending a freezing night on a mountain slope surrounded by hyenas. Harar nestles on a slope near the top of a mountain ridge. It is a picturesque walled city with a Moslem tradition dating back beyond the days of Mohammed Gran, the Emir who almost conquered Ethiopia in the sixteenth century. Today the walls still enclose the native city, but since the advent of the Italians a good sized European suburb has sprung up outside the walls on the west side. We were graciously welcomed by the British Consul who treated us to some hot coffee and placed his car and chauffer at our disposal. One of our boys had picked up a bad finger infection on the road and the Consul sent us to his friend, a Belgian Priest who was also a doctor, to fix it. We found the Priest was a director of a Leprosaurium, and after he had attended to Debobie, he took Russ and me on a tour of the hospital. He showed us the houses where the lepers and their family lived, and after introducing us to one of his patients, proceeded to show us photographs of various other patients, before and after treatment, of which he was justifiably proud. Each case showed remarkable improvement. I had thought that leprosy was highly contagious and I was amazed to learn that in most instances the disease is passed from one to another only after years of living close together.

We completed our trip through Dire Dawa and Awash home in two more days. For a few days we basked in the sunshine of our fame. My husband has the beautifully mounted Oryx head as a trophy of his first kill in Africa, and I have the questionable distinction of being the first woman to make this trip in its entirety. When clean sheets and fresh vegetables cease to be a novelty we have plans for a new Safari—God and the State Department willing!



CHANGES OF STATION FOR DECEMBER

NAME	POST FROM	POST TO
Bailey, E. Tomlin	Dept.	London
Bareilles, Harold J.	Bahia	Tokyo
Brogley, Bernard J.	Lima	Seoul
Brown, Aaron S.	Bangkok	Lisbon
Brown, Edward H.	Reykjavik	Colombo
Chipman, Norris B.	Bonn	London
Coleman, Edwin S.	Caracas	Dept.
Cuthell, David C.	Manila	Dept.
Demers, Normand E.	Bern	Kabul
Dillon, Thomas P.	Dept.	Reykjavik
Dowland, Robert E.	Dept.	Rio de Janeiro
Drake, Emma G.	New Appt.	Seoul
Finch, Charles C.	Tehran	Ankara
Cowen, Franklin C.	Mexico, D. F.	Nice
Guse, Martha A.	Agency	New Delhi
Heyn, John G.	Dept.	Buenos Aires
Hinke, Frederick W.	Paris	Monrovia
Hudson, William P.	Dept.	Mexico City
Hulen, Elmer C.	Pusan	Seoul
Hunt, James R., Jr.	New Appt.	Paris
Huston, Cloyce K.	Dublin	Bombay
Jesse, Elmer A.	Ciudad Trujillo	Vigo
Johnson, U. Alexis	Dept.	Prague
Jones, John Wesley	Madrid	Dept.
Kannenberg, M. Hollis	Brussels	Caracas
Koren, William, Jr.	Paris	Tehran
Mathews, Elbert G.	London	Oslo
Matthews, Glennwood B.	Manila	Djakarta
McAuliffe, Eugene V.	Berlin	Perth
Melbourne, Roy M.	Tehran	Bern
Miles, Luby H.	Pusan	Seoul
Monnet, Paul C.	Mexico, D. F.	Dept.
Morley, Elizabeth M.	Zurich	Manila
Nes, David G.	Dept.	Tripoli
Norden, Carl F.	Tehran	Paris
Ordway, John	Dept.	Ankara
Osbourn, James P.	Wellington	Naples
Palmer, Joseph, II	London	Dept.
Porter, William J.	Dept.	Rabat
Reams, R. Borden	Bern	Calcutta
Rousseau, James T.	Hong Kong	Palermo
Shearer, Eric B.	Rome	Bombay
Smith, Schubert E.	Jidda	Damascus
Snyder, Byron B.	Vienna	Paris
Snyder, Richard E.	Kobe	Tokyo
Stephens, Richard H.	Hong Kong	Tokyo
Stookey, Robert W.	Dept.	Beirut
Stotts, Maida F.	Naples	Tokyo
Thomas, Edith G.	The Hague	Manila
Toumanoff, Valdimir	Dept.	Reykjavik
Trost, Edward J.	Dept.	Hamburg
Turner, William T.	Tokyo	Bombay
Whipple, David J.	Hanoi	Rangoon
Wilkowski, Jean M.	Dept.	Paris
Willoughby, Woodbury	Ottawa	Vienna
Winfree, Robert M.	Bern	Calcutta
Wysong, Robert C.	Sao Paulo	Jidda
Yelton, Elmer E.	Luanda	Bonn

OFFICER RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

CAREER-MINISTER

Shaw, George P.
Wiley, John C.

FSO

Burt, Joseph F.—Retirement
Finley, Harold D.—Retirement
Galambos, T. A.
Harbordt, Edwin M.
Hunt, Frederick D.
Slavens, Stanley G.—Retirement
Smith, John N.
Vyse, William C.

FSR

Freund, Richard B.
Green, Joseph C.
Hooker, Robert G. Jr.
King, Leland W., Jr.
Nickels, Horace J.
Scanlan, Emmett A.
Smith, H. Gerald

FSS

Anderson, James W.
Copeland, John I.
De Herwig, Isabel
Deyman, Philbert
Greenberg, Herbert, J.
Krasa, Stephen E.
Luebker, Eugene
Minor, George C.—Retirement
Ross, Ervin C.
Sayer, Joseph M.
Sberman, Wanda M.
Smith, Roger L.
Unger, Lois M.

CANCELLATIONS AND AMENDMENTS

Adams, Ware	Calcutta cancelled, now transferred to Dublin
Barbis, George M.	Pusan cancelled, now transferred to Seoul
Brown, Willard O.	Pusan cancelled, now transferred to Seoul
Cobb, Carol E.	Koblenz cancelled, now transferred to Bonn
Crawford, J. Forrest	Transfer to Panama amended to show Mr. Crawford is also accredited to San Jose
Dean, Emily M.	Lahore cancelled, to remain in Ankara (IIA)
Elliott, James A.	Fukuoka cancelled, to remain at Sapporo (IIA)
Freeman, James B.	Hamburg cancelled, now transferred to Bonn
Le Comte, Marcelle	Tehran cancelled, to remain in Paris
Luebker, Eugene A. T.	Duesseldorf cancelled—Declined appointment with USIA (IIA)
Maestrone, Frank E.	Madras cancelled, now transferred to Luanda
Manhard, Philip W.	Pusan cancelled, now transferred to Seoul
Mistach, Edward C.	Paris cancelled, now transferred to Copenhagen
Osborne, Melville E.	San Salvador cancelled, to remain in Mexico, D. F.
Smith, Schubert E.	Tripoli cancelled, now transferred to Damascus
Welch, Marjorie F.	Bern cancelled, now transferred to Madrid

the climatology deserve correction in future editions: Ferrel's Law, stated on page 36 and illustrated in figure 40, does not cause the deflections to the right and left in the northern and southern hemisphere. If this were so, east and west winds would suffer no deflections which is not the case. These deflections are not caused by latitudinal change in speed but by the rotation of the earth under a particular point on its surface. At the equator this rotation is zero and at the poles a maximum. The deflection is said to be a result of the Coriolis acceleration. Also on page 75 the explanation of the foehn or chinook wind is incomplete. Willett has shown that the rises in temperature observed in foehns cannot result from descending and compression of air alone, but that there must be some frontal action involved.

IN MEMORIAM

DEARING. Mrs. Dorothy Dearing, wife of Fred Morris Dearing, retired Foreign Service Officer and former Minister to Sweden, died on December 5, 1953, at Red Hook. Dutchess County, New York.

HA. Mr. Ha wing-kwong died in Hong Kong on November 27, 1953. He came to the Consulate General at Canton in 1907 and served as chief clerk for many years until his recent retirement.

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