Foreign Service JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1954 25c

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Foreign Service JOURNAL

published monthly by
THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION
OCTOBER 1954 Volume 31, Number 10

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 representa 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.

Issued monthly at the rate of $3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy, by the American Foreign Service Association, 1908 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Printed in U.S.A. by Monumental Printing Company, Baltimore.

COVER PHOTO: The fortress and the first of three towers in the city of San Marino. The Republic of San Marino claims to be the oldest and smallest republic in the world. It consists of 38 square miles completely surrounded by Italian soil and has a population of 12,000 inhabitants. *Photo courtesy of the State Tourist Office of San Marino.*

Letters to the Editors

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

MORALE POLL SUGGESTED

U. S. HICOG, Bonn

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The report of the "Secretary of State's Public Committee on Personnel" states that "a high state of morale is essential to an effective Foreign Service," and adds that "the morale of the Service today stands in need of repair." Certainly no reorganization plan can hope to be successful if it results in further reducing present morale. It would seem pertinent and highly desirable, therefore, to attempt to ascertain the effect of the Wriston Committee proposals on the morale of the present members of the various groups affected by the Report. It is suggested that it would be useful in this connection to conduct a survey of reactions on the basis of a simple poll. The main question asked might be: "On the basis of your knowledge of the recommendations of the Wriston Committee Report, do you feel that the implementation of these recommendations, taken as a whole, would (a) substantially improve, (b) slightly improve, (c) not affect, (d) slightly lower, or (e) substantially lower, your morale?" Respondents might further be asked which features in the report they liked most or found most objectionable and what suggestions, if any, they would have for achieving a better Service.

The survey should include responses from personnel at home and abroad. The entire operation need not take more than a couple of weeks, and the cost should be insignificant in comparison with the importance of the issue, (as well as with some of the contemplated expenditures on other phases of the program.) Results should be tabulated by FSO, FSS, and Departmental employees, and broken down also into junior and senior officers. The findings should be immediately published in the FS Journal and the News Letter.

Judging from the reactions of a score of junior FSOs at my present post, I believe that such a survey would show that the report has had a decidedly unfavorable effect on the morale of this group (and possibly others as well). If this impression should be confirmed by a Service-wide poll, it would clearly indicate that a very serious problem exists which threatens the success of the reorganization plan. Without necessarily departing from the major goal of amalgamation, such findings would further seem to indicate that some measure or measures, not contemplated in the Report, are clearly called for to correct this situation.

John A. McKesson

ADDITIONAL ECONOMIES

Belem, Brazil

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Leon B. Poullada's article "Economy . . . True . . . . And False" appearing in the May, 1954, issue of the JOURNAL is by far and away the best, most accurate, most fair and

(*Continued on page 6*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS *(from page 4)*

complete presentation of the effects of recent "economy" cuts on economy and on Foreign Service morale . . . . the one that hits the nail of gripes from the field on the head and yet offers a series of positive suggestions for improvement . . . . a truly commendable effort.

If copies of that article have not been sent to the budget and administrative officials concerned, they should be, and I for one offer to pay the bill for the necessary copies of the May issue of the JOURNAL (with special attention drawn to Mr. Poullada's article) that may be sent to them at this suggestion.

Attached is a copy of a letter dated April 12, 1954, that I sent to the Director of Foreign Service Personnel. It is another presentation of the "False Economy" theme; it adds little to Mr. Poullada's article, and lacks much of the analysis and positive program contained in his article. Yet, it is another voice from the field sincerely concerned over policies which seem to have resulted in false economy and in a debilitation of our Foreign Service.

You may publish part, all or none of it as you choose, but they have a saying in Portuguese that goes:

"Agus mole, pedra dura, tanto bate até que fura."

Robert W. Dean

Editor's Note: What follows are the pertinent excerpts in the two letters which Mr. Dean enclosed. The first letter, to the Director of Foreign Service Personnel, said: "Because I don't believe a Foreign Service Officer should say anything about the Foreign Service (even to a fellow officer) which he is not prepared to say to the Directors of the Service itself I am passing on to FP the attached copy of a recent 'gripe' letter I sent to a fellow officer in Germany . . . . . The emotional overtones of the attached letter may prejudice somewhat the logic of the argument, in which case the document may still be of interest to FP as a statement of one junior officer's frank opinion and his deep-felt qualms concerning the future of the Service."

The second letter says, in part: "Which brings us to that current and choice and inevitable topic of just where the Hell is the Foreign Service going?! We have all viewed with qualms, but with a good deal of equanimity the shudders of uncertainty, contraction and change that have rippled through the State Department-Foreign Service organism in recent months, going on years. We expected a period of pains, distentions and abberations due to the 'change of life' taking place back home. We expected acts of patronage and some political demagoguery, hysteria and chest beating. But the expected return to sanity is taking a long time and there seems to exist a real danger of serious self-inflicted wounds or permanent debility resulting from the present prolonged period of imbalance.

"I, like the rest of us, have been watching hawk-like for the inexcusably delayed promotion list—which has now begun to appear piecemeal in the Foreign Service News Letter. 'Piecemeal' because they say there is more to come. I should certainly hope so! I watch that list hawk-like not

(*Continued on page* 8)

"Bodihisattva"
A painting from Adjanta, India, 5th Century, A.D.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS *(from page 6)*

for my name (not eligible) but for the names of our friends who must appear on this coming list if the promotion system is worth its salt and if the Foreign Service is going to preserve itself.

"A companion list which I watch closely is that of resignations. There have begun to appear names of excellent and experienced officers who have retired under their own power after a careful evaluation of their situation. The administrative experts and the assistant secretaries can point with glee at the consequent reduction in expenditures for salaries. It is about time the coin is turned over and someone points out the corresponding loss to the Service in morale, experience, training, and ability, not to mention the straight dollar expense of terminating a 4 to 14 year employee, his return to the United States and the subsequent inter-office and often times inter-post shifts in replacing him. It is difficult or impossible to buy back experience lost with that officer. Such voluntary resignations are a blow to the very recruiting and on-the-job training systems set up by the Foreign Service at great pains and expense. Any calculation of the cost to the Government of such resignations must include the expenses made in recruiting and training.

"Many of the excellent Foreign Service officers that I know in the FSO-6 ranks have taken a beating in the Foreign Service thus far. They are over-age-in-grade due to military service and post graduate University work preparatory for the Service. Most have undergone long delays between taking the Foreign Service examinations and receiving appointment. They took a blow to the chin in being passed over by their first board and have been recently pummelled by the inexcusable delay of one year in announcing the results of last year's promotions boards.

"Yes, I am watching like a hawk the *promotion lists*. Many of the eligibles particularly in the FSO-6 group are excellent material that should not be lost to the Service but many will be if the Foreign Service-State Department organism does not soon come to its senses. Along with excellence, intelligence, and sound good sense go a sense of pride, versatility and the calculated judgement that will fatten the resignation lists if the injustices continue.

"Yes, I watch hawk-like the *resignation lists*. I trust FP is doing the same. They are in a position to know when the voluntary resignations of valuable officers become an expense too great for the Service to suffer. They should be the first to show the other side of the economy coin, to stiffen their backbones and loudly but logically go to the defense of the Foreign Service. Somebody has got to have the guts to face the facts and present them to Mr. Dulles, Congress, Mr. Eisenhower or to anyone else concerned.

"It is interesting to note how quickly public officials, the Press and public opinion come to the rescue of a beleagured army organization even in opposition to bloody Joe, but when the State Department and the Foreign Service are on the stand there is a meek silence with few notable exceptions. The Foreign Service arm seems to be a natural whipping boy for all sorts of investigating and appropriations committees not to mention the free-lance politicians and publicity hounds.

"This we expect and don't give a hoot if we feel that good sense and equilibrium are maintained within the Foreign Service-Department organization. But when that very

(*Continued on page* 10)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS *(from page 8)*

organization shows signs of acting upon some of the demagoguery, not distinguishing between guff and real investigations and reductions indicated by facts, poorly conceived measures and instructions are transmitted to the field. The men in the field then get the impression that we are getting shot at from behind our own lines, and we don't like it. We are used to enemy darts from the other direction and expect to place ourselves and our families in positions of hostility and danger from time to time—but from without! Continued pot shooting from behind waxes disconcerting.

"Well, enough of this crying in my Foreign Service beer. I do it because that is one of the privileges and expected traits of the Foreign Service Officer, and because I am really worried about the delay in the return to sanity of the Foreign Service."

SALARIES AND DIFFERENTIALS

Colombo, Ceylon

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Is it not possible to point out the unfairness of the policy indicated in the answer to Question 95 in Questions and Answers relating to Secretary Dulles' Integration Program of June, 1954?

It has long been recognized that, in the absence of differentials, FSOs can neither afford to work in Washington nor be assigned posts for which they are fitted by experience and training.

If State Department personnel are now to be "integrated" at their current salaries and differentials are to be eliminated, every FSO now in the Service will be doomed to Washington assignments below his level of maximum performance, not to mention financial disaster.

When the reality of a "double salary standard" between State and the Foreign Service has long been admitted, how can it be just to "integrate" at current salary levels without bringing every FSO up to the new standard?

Leslie Albion Squires

THE MEDICAL BRANCH HELPS

Arlington Forest, Va.

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I am enclosing an account of my experience in contracting and combatting tuberculosis, because I believe it will be heartening to others in the Foreign Service who may wonder what they can expect from the Department in case they should also have the bad luck to contract a serious disease while on a foreign assignment.

Following a tour of duty at a small South American post during which time I was treated for "chronic bronchitis," my case was discovered when I had my physical examination in the department and it was definitely diagnosed during a stay at the Naval Hospital at Bethesda.

The only occasions that lightened the gloom of this news

(Continued on page 12)

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were the frequent visits of Foreign Service Nurses Emily Bateman and Barbara Mella. They did their best to persuade me that I would eventually recover my health and return to an active career in the Foreign Service. They explained that all the expenses of treating my disease would be borne by the Government and arranged for my admission to the sanitorium of my choice, near my home town. Improvement in my lung condition and general health was immediate and sustained during my six months internment.

The Medical Branch can take a large part of the credit for my quick recovery because they relieved my mind of worry about finances. Miss Bateman wrote to inform me that I *might* qualify for compensation under the Federal Employees' Compensation Act, and enclosed the necessary forms to be completed. I found out, when I finally returned to Washington, that my claim had been disapproved by the Department of Labor, which administers the Compensation Act, and had been returned to the Medical Branch not once but several times. Each time, the Department sent it back with more arguments in favor of its approval and, in July, as I was scraping the bottom of my savings barrel, I received my first compensation check. The persistence of the Department in looking after my interests meant that (1) I used only sick leave and (2) I received an amount equal to about 70% of my salary during my period of leave without pay.

When I returned to duty in November, the Medical Branch would allow me to work only a four hour day, which meant, of course, that I would receive only half of my salary. However, I have been receiving half of my compensation at the same time, so have been able to make ends meet.

It may be well to state here that disability claims under the Federal Employees' Compensation Act are generally paid only in cases of *injury* incurred in direct line of duty. It is not easy to prove conclusively that one contracted a disease like TB because of his assignment abroad. In my case, the World Health Organization figures show that the death rate from TB at my former post is roughly seven times as high as in the U.S., and my claim was paid on that basis.

My impression of the Department's part of this affair is that it has done everything possible for my welfare.

Robert C. Johnson, Jr.

AN INTERESTING ARTICLE

Trieste

To the Editors,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I have just finished reading Leon Poullada's article entitled "Economy . . . True . . . and False" in the May issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

Believe me when I say that I have not, in eight years as a JOURNAL subscriber, read such an interesting and constructive article. It would be worthwhile, I believe, to make Mr. Poullada's study available to *all* members of the Foreign Service and I am going to see to it that every member of our office staff has the chance to read it.

Congratulations to Mr. Poullada for an excellent piece of work that is well stocked with suggestions that need only be carried through to implementation.

G. Ryder Forbes

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25 years ago

BY JAMES B. STEWART

U.S. MARINES STORM U. S. CONSULATE: "The spectacle of United States Marines storming an American Consulate in a foreign country to compel the United States Consul to lower the Stars and Stripes to half-mast as a mark of respect to a member of the royal family, has probably occurred only once in the history of the United States, and it happened in Honolulu, Kingdom of Hawaii, on September 21, 1870.

"Despite the fact that the Queen Dowager Kalama, relict of King Kamehameha III, was dead and that this was generally known, even to the United States Minister, HENRY A. PIERCE, the American Consul, THOMAS ADAMSON, JR., refused to lower his flag to half-mast on the grounds that he was not officially in possession of such news.

"From the *U.S.S. Jamestown*, a detail was sent ashore to compel the flag to be placed at half-mast, and in the event of non-compliance by the civil representative of the Washington government, to place it there. When the detail arrived at the Consulate, the Consul refused it admittance. A short scuffle ensued, the Consul yielded to superior force and the flag was lowered.

"Soon after the Marines had retired the Minister sent orders deposing Mr. Adamson." (By Albert Pierce Taylor, Librarian, Archives of Hawaii.)

BRIEFS: COUSUL GENERAL and MRS. HOMER M. BYINGTON, and their six children (Jean, Homer, Jim, Joan, Janice and Ward) sailed from Naples on August 24 on the *S.S. Roma*, for Washington where Mr. Byington is to become Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel. He reported at the Department on September 3.

. . . . At the first annual convention of the International Association of Gardeners, held at Toronto, it was proposed to create a 400-acre garden on the border between the two countries to be called "The International Peace Garden" and to stand as a memorial to the 100 years of peace between the two countries. It was proposed to have 200 acres on the American border and 200 on the Canadian side.

. . . . Apropos of President Hoover's penchant for collecting elephants in bronze, ivory, alabaster, etc., some amusing stories could be told by Consuls in out-of-the-way posts about their sidetracking offerings like crocodiles, every sort of monster of land and sea, and often dangerous reptiles and insects. (*Washington Star*)

STORK: A son, George Washington Gowen II, was born on September 14, 1929, at Rome, to VICE CONSUL and MRS. FRANKLIN G. GOWEN. A son, Oliver Edmund Clubb, Junior, was born on August 11, 1929, at Peiping to VICE CONSUL and MRS. OLIVER EDMUND CLUBB. A daughter, Elizabeth Thornton, was born on March 11, 1929, at Saltillo, Mexico, to CONSUL and MRS. LYNN W. FRANKLIN.

CORAFA ANECDOTES: The following 3 anecdotes are from the tribute in the August JOURNAL by retired CONSUL GENERAL GEORGE HORTON* to that extraordinary character

(*Continued on page* 16)

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It's truly a small world when you tune in your X-371. Into its 5 cubic feet, General Electric has packed the latest electronic advances. The result is a table radio that makes it *easy* for you to enjoy clear shortwave reception from stations thousands of miles away!

Shortwave Tuning Is Simpler, Quicker. Beside a standard broadcast band, Model X-371 offers you 9 super-spread shortwave bands, 2 general coverage shortwave bands. With the extra-wide band spread you find and keep stations easily. New "Rainbow range" dial lighting spotlights the band in use.

Tone Is Richer, More Lifelike. Model X-371 has a large powerful 10" speaker. And a speaker of this type, size and sensitivity is *unique* in a table model radio. Tonal fidelity is exceptional.

All This And Durability, Too. Model X-371 has been specially, thoroughly treated to resist the rigors of all climates. Latest printed circuit techniques assure more efficient, stable operation.

Since this all-wave radio was introduced last year, demand for it has been impressive. You will learn why when you see and hear Model X-371 at your G-E representative's. Also available in Blonde Korina as Model X-372. *For more facts, write: International General Electric Co., Dept. 43B, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y., U.S.A.*

ER-54-6

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

—U. S. A.—

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

CONSTANTINE M. CORAFA who died in Athens in 1929.

(1) "Corafa's mentality and his manner of using English were so strange that it was necessary to know him well to get his meaning. When his wife died, many prominent representatives of the Consulate and the Legation attended the funeral. As the mournful cortege moved away from the door of his home, he turned to Mr. (Jack) Erhardt and whispered: 'This is the proudest moment of my life.'

(2) "At one time I had in my employ a mischievous boy by the name of George. One day I heard an explosion in Corafa's office. A chair tipped over with a crash, and the lid of a desk was explosively slammed down, accompanied by a sulphurous and murderous outburst of wrath. Corafa broke into my room, waving a sheet of paper, and exclaiming: 'Mr. Horton, who wrote this? One of my ancestors was General Corafa, who took a city in Italy, burned it to the ground and massacred every man, woman and child in it!' George had laid some work on his desk with a sheet of paper bearing the legend, 'For Mr. Corofallapoulos.'

(3) "I shall never forget the report which he wrote on the subject of 'Wire Fencing in Greece.' He was busy on it for a month, or more, during which time he would jerk back his chair half a dozen times a day and dash out of the office, or come rushing in, to sit at his desk and work feverishly. Whenever I asked him to do anything for me, he would reply, tearing his hair: 'But my God, Mr. Horton! I'm working on this report on wire fencing.' At long length he came to my desk, with a paper, saying: 'It's done, Sir. Here is that report.' I took it and read:

Wire Fencing in Greece.

Wire fencing does not prevail in Greece, the only kind being: 1—The man. 2—The dog. 3—The gun.

The farmer wanders over his field with a dog and a gun.

(Signed) Constantine M. Corafa,
Vice and Deputy Consul General."

P.S. Shelly Mills writes: "We are sailing for the new assignment, Quito, just 25 years after I first set out over the same route to another highland capitol. An acquaintance saw the item about me in the July JOURNAL but had missed the '25 Years Ago' heading. He stopped me to ask if I had a son in the Service who was going to La Paz."

*Author of "Home of Nymphs and Vampires" (The Isles of Greece) and other books.

MARRIAGES

DUNCAN-FLOURNOY. Miss Bruce Flournoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Flournoy, Jr., was married to Mr. Basil McVoy Duncan, Jr. at Gallilee Church at Virginia Beach, Virginia, on August 28, 1954. Mr. Duncan will attend the University of Richmond this coming academic year, where he will major in French and Spanish. Mr. Flournoy has recently returned from Santiago, Chile, where he was First Secretary of Embassy.

TOUDIC-LA BARR. Mrs. Agnes Arnold La Barr, former Cultural Affairs Officer in Paris, was married to Mr. Claude Auguste Toudic, of Paris, France, on August 7, 1954, at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Toudic will live in California, where Mr. Toudic will continue aviation engineering studies and related work.

NEWS to the FIELD

By Lois Perry Jones

The Under Secretary of State

Walter Bedell Smith

Herbert Hoover, Jr.

After nineteen months of service as Under Secretary, GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH resigned and his resignation was accepted effective October 1. HERBERT HOOVER, JR., who has served for the past year as a special adviser to Secretary Dulles, was confirmed as Under Secretary to succeed General Smith.

Approximately 200 persons attended the luncheon September 13 given by the Association in honor of General Smith. At that time Andrew Foster read to the members and guests present a telegram he had received from Secretary Dulles. It said, in part, "I know that members of the Foreign Service share my own profound regret that General Smith has decided that he cannot continue much longer as Under Secretary of State. There have been many eminent Under Secretaries, but I know that you will agree that the record of General Smith is outstanding. My regret at his departure is, however, mitigated by the knowledge that General Smith will continue to be available for special service from time to time."

General Smith concluded the remarks he made at the luncheon by reaffirming his belief that the men and women of the American Foreign Service have a professional intelligence and competence second to none, and his desire not to sever completely his connections with the Service.

Mr. Hoover represented the United States in the negotiations which resulted recently in the settlement of the Iranian oil dispute.

Upon the conclusion of his work with the Iranian oil problem, Secretary Dulles wrote to Mr. Hoover, "The events of the past few days, indicating a happy conclusion to the Iranian oil controversy, make it appropriate for me to express my appreciation for the fine work you have done since agreeing, at a personal sacrifice, to become my Consultant last September."

Mr. Hoover, an engineer like his father, the former President, has served as a consultant with numerous organizations in the United States and has assisted several foreign countries on technical and economic problems.

Appointments and Resignations

THE HONORABLE JOHN J. MUCCIO, former Ambassador to Korea, was nominated as Minister to Iceland in August. Minister Muccio, who served on the 1954 Selection Boards, entered the Service as a consular assistant in 1921. Among the posts at which he has served are: Hamburg, Hong Kong, Yunnanfu, Foochow, Shanghai, La Paz, San José, Panama, Managua. He served on the staff of the U. S. Political adviser on German affairs, Supreme Headquarters, A.E.F. in 1945, and was made a Career Minister in 1947. He became Ambassador to Korea in 1949.

Raymond A. Hare

The new Director General of the Foreign Service is The Honorable RAYMOND A. HARE, *who resigned his post as Ambassador to Lebanon in September. Ambassador Hare, who was previously Ambassador to Saudi Arabia and Minister to Yemen, was Deputy Assistant Secretary in the Bureau of Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs during his last tour of duty in the Department. A career officer, Ambassador Hare entered the Service as a vice-consul in 1927. His assignments overseas have included service at six posts in the NEA area, and two in the EUR area.*

ROBERT MILLS MCCLINTOCK, who has been Counselor of Embassy at Saigon, was named the first American Ambassador to Cambodia resident at Phnom Penh. Previously, the Ambassador to Viet-Nam also served as Ambassador to Cambodia and Minister to Laos. A graduate of Stanford University, Mr. McClintock entered the service in 1931. Since then he has served in Panama, Japan, Chile, the Dominican Republic, Helsinki, Stockholm, Brussels and Cairo.

From 1945 to 1949 he served as Special Assistant to the Director, Office of Special Political Affairs, and later as political adviser to the U. S. Delegation at the General Assembly. He is a graduate of the National War College, class of 1951-52. Ambassador McClintock, a former member of the JOURNAL Editorial Board, is well known as a writer and lecturer on diplomacy and naval affairs.

(*Continued on page 44*)

THE EDITORIAL BOARD ANNOUNCES THAT THE CONCLUDING DATE FOR THE ESSAY CONTEST HAS BEEN EXTENDED FROM OCTOBER 15, 1954, TO DECEMBER 15, 1954. WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS.

A view of Vigo, Spain, which was in rebel hands when "The Floating Embassy" approached it.

The Floating Embassy

The article below is a chapter of Mr. Bowers' book, *My Mission to Spain*, published by Simon and Schuster. It is reprinted here as a special courtesy granted the JOURNAL by the author and publisher.

By CLAUDE G. BOWERS

It was raining dismally, and there was a heavy sea when, with Schoellkopf and Garrison I went on board the *Cayuga*, a two-thousand-ton ship, to scour the entire northern coast in the evacuation of Americans. Along this full length of the picturesque coast of the Biscay waters, from the French frontier to near the Portuguese border, we had consulates at Bilbao and Vigo only. In no other port was there a consul on whom Americans could lean so for help or advice. Consequently, there was no one in these parts to assemble Americans for embarkation, and, in all but two, it would be necessary for us to land and personally search for our people in the town and surrounding country. Because of the break-down of all communications in Spain, we had no idea what we should find, or what difficulties encounter. Our primary purpose was to get the Americans out of danger; and the other purpose was to confer with the consuls in Bilbao and Vigo who had been unable to communicate with us by telegraph or telephone concerning conditions in their territory. I was to be the only ambassador or minister personally to participate in the evacuation work.

The moment we drew out of the harbor in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the ship began to pitch and roll. That day Schoellkopf and I were seated at a table in the center of the captain's office going over telegrams, when we were startled to find ourselves at the far end of the room with chairs and table in precisely the same relative position as when in the center. After that, the chairs and table were securely tied. We established an office for the "floating embassy" in the large, pleasant quarters of the captain.

And now, for the first time since the war began, we commenced to lose the feeling of being completely isolated from Spain. It was utterly impossible in any spot in Spain to get the most remote notion of what was transpiring in any other spot beyond the neighborhood, because all communication had been cut. But the moment we reached the *Cayuga*, with its wireless facilities, messages began to pour in from consuls theretofore shut off. One message intercepted, origin unknown, interested us greatly: "Keep clear of the *Cervera*" —a rebel ship the government had declared a pirate and which was said to be in the waters of Gijón.

It was five in the afternoon when we reached Bilbao, whose harbor, with five warships, had a martial air; and the moment we arrived the captain of the crack German battleship, the *Deutschland*, then in the harbor, wirelessed greetings. We had last seen this premier of the German fleet at San Sebastián, when its captain, ill-advised, undertook to land armed men for the evacuation work. The Spaniards instantly bristled, and, but for the intervention of diplomats

of other nations, who persuaded the captain that such bellicose gestures would endanger the lives of all our nationals and make evacuation work impossible, the wharf would have been stained with blood. Soon we were to have a similar contact with this inexplicable Teutonic psychology.

The captain of the British ship, making his ceremonial call, brought the information that Germany was sending bombing planes to the rebels. I am not personally positive that this was true at the time. However, on July 7, 1936, nine days after the rebellion broke, William Shirer, of the Columbia Broadcasting station in Berlin, wrote in his diary:

"The Nazis are against the Spanish government, and party circles are beginning to talk of help to the rebels." On August 25 he wrote: "Press now quite open in its attacks on the Spanish government. And I learn from dependable sources that the first German airplanes have already been dispatched to the rebels." And on November 12 he wrote: "Dodd [American Ambassador] tells me our consulate in Hamburg reported this week the departure from there of three German ships loaded with arms for Spain."

It is positively known that about the middle of November, Hitler sent one combat group (3 squadrons of Junkers-52), a fighting group (3 squadrons of Heinkel-51), a company of radio operators, a company of telegraphists, a company of "listeners" and meteorologists. Soon the Nazi Condor Legion would be doing yeoman service against the Spanish democracy, commanded at different times by Generals Sperrle, Volkmann, and Von Riehthofen. So proud was Hitler of the part he played in the destruction of the Spanish Republic that on February 4, 1939, Shirer reported in his diary: "A big German film company completed last summer, at the cost of several million marks, a movie based on the exploits of the German Condor Legion . . . . Hitler, Goering, Himmler saw it and praised it."

Whatever doubt there may be of the exact time the armed forces of Nazi Germany appeared in Spain, an embarrassing incident leaves us in no doubt as to the very early arrival of the Italian Fascists. Six hydroplanes, sent by Mussolini to the rebels, in compliance with prewar arrangements, were forced down in North Africa in French territory within a few days after the beginning of the war. The French sent General Denian, Inspector-General of the French air force, to investigate, and he reported that the planes had taken off from Sardinia, destined for Melilla and Ceuta, then in possession of the rebels.

Less than a month after the war began, a German tri-motor Junker 52 was forced to land in the airport in Madrid for

A scene of the Basque country of Northern Spain.

gasoline, and it was taken over by the Spanish government. It was a military plane. On orders from Hitler, Hans Voelkers, the German Chargé in Madrid, well known to me, called on Augusto Barcia, the Foreign Minister, to demand the immediate release of the plane. I knew Voelkers well, and I can well understand his embarrassment. Within an hour after he left, the French Chargé called on Barcia with instructions from the flabby Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, to ask that Hitler's demand be immediately respected. He made a second call within an hour to say that Delbos begged that satisfaction be given Hitler. That same day Delbos, in Paris, summoned the Spanish Ambassador with an urgent appeal, and Voelkers called again in Madrid to say that Hitler "demanded" immediate action. He was told that the plane was a warplane and that the Council of Ministers would determine its disposition. The council unanimously agreed not to release the plane, and the crew was turned over to the German Embassy, the plane was sealed, and Voelkers was notified.

After all this, no one with any pretense to elemental honesty, in office or out, could pretend to doubt that Italy and Germany, the Axis, were engaged in a war of aggression. Within two months, everyone knew that Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany were waging a war on the Spanish democracy by prearrangement.

On Board the Cayuga

Soon we adjusted ourselves to life on board the *Cayuga*. Consul Chapman, who bad joined us on board for dinner at Bilbao, painted no pleasing picture of conditions there. The

A typical Basque country house and its environs.

British and Americans in Seville were evacuated aboard the destroyer "Shamrock."

A view of the main street of Bilbao.

government of the Basques was reasonable and self-respecting, the Basques were friendly and accommodating, but some syndicalists, with their anarchistic fringe, were sometimes defiant of the constituted authority.

Meanwhile, news was pouring in over the wireless. Saragossa has been taken by the rebels in a surprise attack of the army, and government troops were marching on the town. . . . Americans from Madrid were going by train to Alicante to be picked up by the *Quincy*. . . . Gil Robles had taken up residence in Portugal.

That night Captain Hall, of the battleship *Oklahoma,* came on board for the night. He was in command of our vessels in northern waters, and, at the moment, three of our warships were in the harbor. After dinner, we went to the engine room and saw the picture *The Kid from Spain.* Directly in front of the curtain, three rows of the seamen sprawled, lying almost flat, their heads raised a little on the pillow so as not to obstruct the view. We sat with the officers on chairs in the front row, and when the ship lurched, the chairs were apt to slide. Behind us were all the other sailors, and soon these would be joined by men, women, and children taken on board for evacuation.

It rained all night, and in the morning we looked out on a heavy sea. The air was damp and chill, the skies were gray and gloomy. Chapman came on board early with the disturbing news that the Basque government proposed to take over the American Firestone plant and might displace the executives and demand the secret formulas. Should such a demand be made, it would be refused, and it was feared permission to leave the country would be denied the executives. It sounded ugly, and it was in keeping with the stories assiduously spread about the "communist" nature of the Azaña government, through the unscrupulous propaganda radio stations of Germany, Italy, and Portugal. This story was too good to have been improvised. It had clearly been inspired by the Axis allies of the rebels. I arranged to have the executives of the plant accompany me when I called on the governor for the facts.

With Schoellkopf, Garrison, and Lieutenant Jones, I went ashore. Unpleasant possibilities loomed in the sensational stories afloat. There was, no doubt, some curiosity, uneasiness, and resentment over the presence of so many American warships. The previous day, the British had been refused permission to embark their refugees from the nearest and most convenient pier. And we had heard blood-curdling tales of armed desperadoes in the streets.

Landing a mile from town, we telephoned the governor, and, in a few minutes, two armored cars arrived, with a clean-cut, snappy captain of Assault Guards in charge who might have stepped out of a ceremonial occasion at West Point. Reluctantly, I took along the correspondent of a press association, but with the distinct understanding that he could not be present at the interview with the governor. But he was.

The drive to the city was uneventful. It was over the road leading from the city to the pretentious villas and mansions of the rich. In that of the Marquis Ibarri I had dined three years before. But that morning there was nothing to foreshadow violence. The all-but-deserted highway was perfectly tranquil. Down the road, a group of citizen-soldiers would move toward the center of the road as we approached, but a wave of the hand of the captain with us, and they stepped back. The city streets were peaceful, and but few armed men could be seen. But for the absence of automobiles and the queer silence, the city seemed entirely normal.

We went to the governor's office prepared for controversy, to be greeted by Governor Novas with a warm, disarming cordiality. He was a republican of Azaña's party, surprisingly young, and most personable, with a pleasant face, and friendly eyes bubbling with good humor. He shrugged his shoulders and smilingly apologized for not having had time to shave, and for the stiff way he held his neck, because of a cold.

I mentioned the rumor about the taking over of the Firestone plant and the reported demand for the secret formulas. Novas smiled incredulously. Because of the exigencies of war, he said, the government, like any other, anywhere, was forced to requisition the use of industrial plants for the manufacture of war materials, but nothing was wanted from the Firestone plant but tires for army cars and trucks. "We do not want the executives to leave," he said, "since we know nothing about operation; and we certainly have no desire for the secret formulas, since we are not going into business." The executives of the company readily agreed to produce tires to the capacity of the plant, and thus an amicable arrangement was made within five minutes. When I asked if we could count on the extension of all facilities later, should any of the executives desire to leave, Novas gave assurance.

Very informally, even parenthetically, I explained the presence of our warships in the harbor; and expressed regret that the British had been forced that day to use the most inconvenient pier for the embarkation of their refugees. Novas raised his eyebrows in honest astonishment and summoned the harbor master, a competent and gentlemanly Basque. He, too, was amazed. And then it came out that turns were taken in the guarding of the piers, and that some syndicalist extremists had evidently been on guard when the British arrived with their refugees. It was admitted that the government occasionally had brushes with these extremists, syndicalists and anarchists. "What time will you embark your people?" asked the harbor master. We told him. "Very well," he said, in a determined voice, "I shall be there to see them into the boat."

I left Novas with the feeling that I had met a gentleman. After some shopping, we returned to the ship. When the correspondent joined me in the car, he said:

"God! What sinister eyes that man had."

"What man?" I asked, astonished.

"That governor."

And then the explanation flashed upon me. The correspondent represented an association that was supporting the Fascists on the theory that the loyalists were communists bent on pillage and murder, and when I read his story—for he had slipped into the governor's office during my interview—I was not surprised. I read with amazement that we had passed groups of murderous-looking men as we rode in the "armored cars" in command of a villainous-looking captain of Assault Guards. We had been stopped repeatedly, and once when we were ignoring the order to halt, we heard the cocking of the guns and hastily backed up. But, in the end, it seemed that I had handled the governor with the "sinister

eyes" properly enough. I had told him bluntly that when Americans wished to leave I expected him to see that they had no trouble. And then, pausing dramatically as in a melodrama, I had looked into the "sinister eyes" and said; "That is the reason the *Oklahoma* is here."

Thus Novas was repaid for his kindly consideration for the Americans. Soon I was to get accustomed to this type of propaganda when a part of our press would refer to the loyalists in Spain as "hordes from Russia." Goebbels was trying it out in Spain and finding it easy.

Visitors on Board

That afternoon, while the refugees were being embarked, I remained on board for the ceremonial calls. The British commander of the *Comet*, a young, ruddy, hearty Britisher, came with another story of German ineptitude. He had just visited the German destroyer, the *Albatross*, and had found the captain and his men on deck, armed, and preparing to land. "But you can't do that," stormed the red-faced British. "You will make it impossible for all of us." The German had seemed startled on hearing that Bilbao was not swimming in the blood of the slaughtered.

Scarcely had the Britisher left, when a messenger from the *Albatross* came to inquire if I would see its commander. I had a vision of a bluff, blustery, stone-faced Prussian, and I had no doubt I would dislike him. Then, in dress uniform, the commander appeared, and I almost gasped. My prejudices vanished the moment I saw him. A tall, manly young officer, with pink cheeks and a charming, frank face that beamed with friendliness, saluted. I could not bring myself to mention his plan to land armed men. Instead, I told him of my visit to the town and of the absence there of armed men or trouble. That he understood my meaning was evident in his explanation that when, in response to orders from Berlin, to go full-speed ahead from the Baltic to Bilbao, and he found five warships in the harbor on his arrival, he had assumed there was serious trouble.

A little later, the commander of the French destroyer, sword, braid, and all, came on board, and then the harbor master appeared to ask if the embarkation of our people had been satisfactory. Such were my experiences in Bilbao in the last days of July, 1936.

After dinner, we were on deck when we steamed out, enjoying the beauty of the shore line, with the great green hills and cultivated fields. As we passed the *Deutschland*, all hands were lined up at attention; and as we passed the *Oklahoma*, the band was playing the "Star-Spangled Banner."

We awoke the next morning in the harbor of Gijón. The pilot, accompanied by a keen-looking young man in workman's jeans, came on board, reporting that the day before, the *Cervera* had shelled the town, but that the damage had been confined to the killing of two men and the wounding of five Germans in a hotel where they were awaiting evacuation. We were just about to go ashore, when a ship appeared on the horizon. The officers of the *Cayuga* inspected it through glasses. "It's the *Cervera*, probably returning to shell the town again," they reported. It was approaching at considerable speed. Since, in the absence of a consul in Gijón to assemble our nationals, we would have to search the town with deliberation, it was manifest that nothing could be thoroughly done under the guns of the rebel ship. Besides, with the *Cayuga* in the line of fire, we might easily be involved in an incident, or our appearance at the moment of the reappearance of the *Cervera* might be misunderstood. We decided to go on to Vigo and stop at Gijón on the way back.

We Reach Vigo

We reached Vigo in the early afternoon. I had long planned to visit the city, but now that I was there, I could not land. The town was in possession of the rebels and to go ashore would entail a call of ceremony on the military commander. Seen from the deck of the ship, the city looked attractive, with its fort-crowned mountain in the background. It, too, was a city of silence.

When Consul Cochran came on board, I got my first description of the Fascist methods in taking possession of a town. On the day the rebellion broke, the army in Vigo marched out of the barracks to the roll of drums. In the public square, a startled population stared curiously at the soldiers. An officer stepped forward and began reading the proclamation of martial law, and announcing that the People's Republic had been put aside by the armed forces. An irate republican tried to snatch the paper from the officer's hand. That was all—but it was enough. Without more ado, the order was given to fire into the crowd of unarmed men. The citizens fell back and ran. When the smoke lifted, some were stretched upon the pavement, dead. This was but the beginning of the "New Order" in Spain. There were very few extremists in Vigo, but there were liberals, democrats, and republicans, and in a hectic rush they were caught in the dragnet, arrested, thrown into prison. The jail designed for eighty was soon packed with almost three hundred prisoners. Thereafter, "all was quiet."

But all was not serene with Consul Cochran. In the political capitalization of the death of Calvo Sotelo, "funeral services" were celebrated in all churches of all towns in rebel territory, purely for propaganda purposes. Quite properly, Cochran declined the invitation to join in an antigovernment demonstration. But when the British and Portuguese consuls appeared, officially, tongues began to wag the story that the American consul was a "red." When, soon afterward, the British consul conceived the idea of a ball game, with members of the crew of a warship of a democratic nation participating, and with the announced intention of turning the proceeds over to one of the rebel organizations, Cochran quite properly stayed away. These two offenses against Fascism made him a marked man. And when, after being insulted in the street by rebel soldiers, he forced a public apology over the radio, the fury of the armed masters of the city knew no bounds.

I listened to Cochran's story with incredulity, but when the British consul called upon me with his interpretation of the war, I was quite ready to accept the Cochran story. I listened with astonishment as he poured forth the philosophy and propaganda of Fascism. Observing my evident surprise, the consul frequently paused, solemnly to assure me of his devotion to democracy. When, at length, I accepted his assurance with the comment that naturally he was a democrat, representing the people that he did, he had the grace to blush. Clearly it was his opinion that any liberal, democrat or republican was a "red." That absurdity was soon to take

(*Continued on page 52*)

HANDICRAFTS of

By CHARLES H. DAVIS

Needlework by hand and machine is taught in all schools.

There is a story told in Pakistan about an Emperor's daughter, who, when taken to task by her father because she was wearing a flimsy dress of dewey-thin muslin, had it measured in front of him. It measured 35 yards.

Her dress was made of the world-famed Dacca muslin, a material handwoven in ancient times by Moslem craftsmen in textures so fine that many yards were needed to make a lady's outer garment.

Such delicate muslins are no longer made in Dacca. The last of the families whose ancestors wove these masterpieces died out completely during the last fifty years. But skilled craftsmen still turn out fine muslins in Dacca and other artisans create handcrafted articles of jewelry, clothing and household items all over Pakistan.

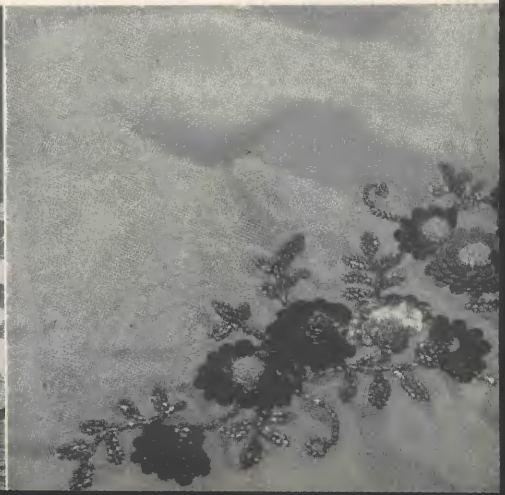
Before partition of India and Pakistan many Moslem craftsmen practiced their arts as sidelines of employment. They were mainly agricultural workers—growing jute and cotton.

After partition (1947), when Pakistan found herself a Moslem nation struggling to survive and desiring to take her place among the industrial, free nations of the world, she began to harness the creative skills of her millions of migrant people to benefit themselves and the new state.

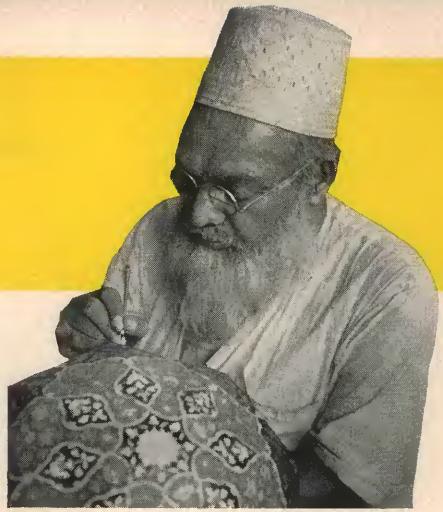
Small scale and cottage industries were formed. The craftsmen were urged to work full time at their crafts in their homes, and the government aided them with loans of money and materials so they could do so.

There are now about five million people in Pakistan engaged in the production of handcrafted articles.

The people of Pakistan are skillful at papier-maché work. Here an expert is shown at his work.



PAKISTAN



Working design on lamp shade of camel membrane.

The manufacture of jewelry has been a flourishing craft for Moslem artisans for centuries. Pakistani women love baubles, bangles, beads and other jeweled ornaments, as do women all over the world.

Miss Nighat Shoaib, charming daughter of Mr. Mohammed Shoaib, Pakistani World Bank Executive, says girls in Pakistan start collecting jewels from the day of their birth when a gift may be made to them.

Old "Kundins" (family sets of jewelry) never die. They are handed down from generation to generation to the women of the family. Usually this collection of gems consists of a gold necklace with uncut diamonds on one side and enamel work on the other. It is often matched with earrings, three or four bracelets, and possibly an ankle bracelet.

Pakistani women like to wear rings. Sometimes they are worn on every finger. One popular piece of jewelry has a ring for each finger, the rings are joined together by a gold chain and the chain attached to a wide gold bracelet.

The "Tikka" is a jeweled piece of especial significance. It is an intricately worked ornament worn by the ladies on the day of their wedding. "It is worn," says Miss Shoaib, "by the bride on her wedding day and she wears it until the end of the day. After that she may wear it on other special occasions including weddings." It is placed on the forehead just below the parting of the hair and pinned to the back of the hairdo with a gold hook.

Several smart pieces of jewelry favored by the ladies are "Karas," which are thick, solid gold leg bracelets. They may match arm bracelets. Another is the "Pazeb," a leg ornament made of gold with a fringe of miniature tinkling bells. The "Karanaphul" (ear flower) is a large earring. It is a gold flower set with precious stones and joined to a bell-shaped ornament about an inch in diameter. This is a beautiful, ornately worked accessory.

Village women like to wear their jewelry to local weddings and festivals. Often they wear so many pieces and present such a dazzling sight that it is impossible for one to admire any single piece of their collection. In some villages the jewelry worn by a man's wife or daughter represents all his reserve wealth.

Jewel craftsmen turn out a wide variety of ornaments for the women. For the waist there is the *kamarzeb;* for the arms the *mannaga, bazoo, mothan;* for the wrists, *kangan, pachunchi, alibund;* for the fingers, *challa, arsi, pare;* for the ears, *karanaphul, balian, bilji, mangtjka;* for the nose, the *nath;* for the neck, *jugnoo, panchlari, hansli, channaha;* and for the feet, the *kara* and *ghungroo.* These ornaments are made from both gold and silver. Silver is

Old exquisite styles of embroidery are adapted to modern fashion needs.

A refugee carpenter at work at Wah Refugee Camp Vocational Training Center in Pakistan.

in greater use now.

Professional jewelry craftsmen are called *sunnars* (goldsmiths). During the reign of the Mughal Emperors, great patrons of the arts and crafts, in the 17th Century, Emperor Akbar maintained *karkhanas* (workshops) exclusively for his goldsmiths and silversmiths. For a time they were a privileged class and several received honors from other Mughal rulers. Karachi and Lahore are the main centers for production of jewelry today.

The most important industry is cotton textile weaving. It is carried on in both eastern and western Pakistan. One of the products of this industry is the renowned Dacca muslins. These are the muslins that were once woven in textures so fine and so varied in fineness that each quality had a distinctive name. There was the *sherbati* muslin—"as sweet as sherbert;" the *shabnam*—"as light as dew;" and the *aberawan*—"as clear as running water."

Fine muslins still come from Dacca but the craftsmen have not reached the perfection of weaving found in the old Dacca cloths. Jamdani work, best described as a figured muslin, is made in Dacca. Its distinctive feature is the beautiful and skillful hand embroidery done on it in the loom.

Silk weaving and seri-culture are small industries that have considerable potentialities. Silk worms are reared and their silk yarn is wound on *charkas* (spinning wheels), in East Pakistan. Some weaving is done in the North West Frontier Province and in the Punjab, in West Pakistan.

Embroidered silk is a favorite with those who relish finery in wearing apparel. A very remarkable kind of embroidery is "Phulkari" which means flowered work. It is particularly employed to decorate the *chaddars* or headveils of women. The distinctive feature of true phulkari is the stitch. It is purely and simply a darning stitch done entirely from the back. Besides that only a few tiny stitches show the pattern on the inside of the folded cloth. A further distinguishing feature is the use of the cloth itself as a geometric inner decoration. The figures are not just patterns of silk worked on but are a combination of colors which include the threads and the cloth itself. Such an effect is obtained only when there is absolute accuracy of thread counting.

This complex work is performed mostly by Jat women, who seem to be the only persons in Pakistan with the ability and patience to work the tiny stitches and big spaces used in this decoration. The Jats are agricultural workers living in the Punjab. "Phulkari" embroidering is a work of leisure for the women. They engage in it late in the evening after a day's work in the fields beside their menfolk. The small amount of this work found outside the Punjab in Sind, Kathiawar and Berer is easily traced to the huts of the Jats as the place of its origin.

There are four kinds of "Phulkari": true phulkari, bagh, chobe and shishadar. In true phulkari, the ornamentation is generally scattered and a large portion of ground shows between the floral designs. Patterns are sometimes very complicated and are often isolated while the designs are scanty. Flowers and birds are the most popular designs on this variety.

Bagh has so much ornamentation that the embroidery work might be mistaken for the cloth itself. The finished piece may have such brilliance that it looks like "kimkhwah" (brocade) from a distance. The finer the fabric the greater the labor required to obtain this similarity.

Chohes have connected or scattered patterns embroidered along the border and in the center of the cloth. In some cases the center is left plain.

Shishadar is similar to mirror worked embroidery. It has small glass or mica mirrors stitched onto it. The mirrors are very thin and usually circular. They form the center pieces of the floral designs and are hung in position by long buttonhole stitches.

"Phulkari" can be done on almost any kind of cloth but *khaddar dasuti* (homespun cotton) is often used—it is said to be very easy to handle. The work brings a higher price in the market than other embroidery. Its beauty and the time and patience needed to create it make it worth more. Besides, Jat women are not overly anxious to part with it anyway because in some parts of the Punjab it is still a necessary portion of a Jat bride's trousseau.

The production of woolen fabrics is another part of textile weaving. Kashmir shawls are one of the products celebrated abroad for their beauty and utility. They are made in Kashmir by Moslem craftsmen, with such superb skill that though they appear gossamer—thin to the touch

(*Continued on page* 50)

A refugee namda weaver at work in a refugee camp vocational training centre.

Pitcher and tumblers in copper ware.

An embroidered handbag

Mission to MASSACHUSETTS

By SEYMOUR M. FINGER

My job at Harvard was to learn economics. But after 9½ years abroad, with only brief home leaves in the United States, I considered it equally important to get re-acquainted with America.

Harvard is, of course, a very special part of America—though not so special as certain attacks on it have suggested. It has one of the greatest collections of books and brains in the world, and I shall always be grateful for my exposure to them. Yet the America I wanted to see includes the businessmen, the factory hands, the lawyers, the housewives, the labor leaders and the farmers. To some extent I got to meet these people on week-end drives, socially or on visits to about a dozen factories in the Boston area, arranged through the United States Department of Commerce Regional Office. But by far the richest source of new and rewarding personal contacts was a series of about two dozen talks I gave before various groups.

The groups were not only various but varied—the League of Women Voters of Andover, the Worcester Branch of the Armenian Students of America, the Belmont Rotary Club, the "Y" Men's Club of Gloucester, the Intercollegiate Club of Boston, the Society of Former Special Agents of the F.B.I., the Wellesley Hills Congregational Church, the Brotherhood of the Temple Beth Zion (Brookline), the Hillel Club and B'Nai B'rith of Lowell, to name a few.

Audiences usually ranged between 40 and 120 persons and were friendly, interested and attentive.

Having just come from two years in Budapest, I was in an unusually favorable position. Everywhere there seemed to be great interest in hearing a first-hand account from someone who had lived behind the Iron Curtain. I tried to confine my comments to what I had seen with my own eyes—food, clothing, newspapers, films, books, churches—rather than go into issues of high policy, which were discussed in the press. Usually I would talk for 20-30 minutes, then answer questions. In many cases, the question-and-answer period took more time than my talk, and in *every* case there were still questions to be answered when the session had to be closed. After this experience there is no doubt in my mind that interest in foreign affairs *is* lively, at least in Massachusetts. Naturally, there is more interest in a personal story than in a written treatise on foreign policy, and that is precisely why returning Foreign Service personnel can do so much to stimulate interest in foreign affairs and an appreciation of the Service.

Though I tried to make my talks as informative as possible, my purpose was not just to impart information. Without ever saying so I wanted to put across the idea that Foreign Service Officers were human beings, sincerely interested in their jobs, and dedicated to serving the interests of their country. There were, moreover, many questions about the Foreign Service, stimulated perhaps by my mention of the American Legation in Budapest, but revealing an interest on the part of both young aspirants and older citizens.

The mechanics of arranging the talks were easy. While in the Department on consultations in September, I stopped in on Mr. Howard Cook, Chief of the Public Services Division (SEV) and declared myself "available." He urged that I talk about my experiences in Hungary, using proper discretion about security. All I had to do was to keep SEV posted on the speaking engagements I undertook and to consult with them when I was in doubt about certain experiences. Mr. Cook then notified the United Council on World Affairs in Boston that I would be in that area and available for speaking engagements. From then on all I had to do was wait for a phone call or letter from the Council, show up at the appointed time and place, and start talking. In certain cases, I was booked to speak to other organizations as a result of talks initially arranged by the Council. Out of one speaking engagement in Worcester developed a TV and radio interview about Hungary and the Foreign Service.

Two heads are often better than one, in speaking as in other things. On two occasions Roye Lowry, who was at Harvard on the Russian-language-and-area program and had previously spent two years at Embassy Warsaw, swapped impressions of satellite countries with me to the evident amusement of the audience. We were able to achieve a conversational informality which one speaker can hardly manage. Besides, Roye had a wonderful fund of stories about Poland which really got a rise out of our audience. Unfortunately his Russian studies took too much of his time to permit many duet performances.

On one occasion I deviated from my general rule of describing only what I had observed in Hungary. The Council asked me to give a talk on American foreign policy before the League of Women Voters of Andover. My first impulse was to refuse, since the talk would require a lot of time to prepare, and I was pretty busy learning economics. After thinking it over, however, I decided that the exercise would do me good. So I wrote the Public

(*Continued on page 46*)

1

SERVICE

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1. Manila—Hank Miller, six-foot-six USIS radio officer, played the part of Uncle Sam on the Fourth of July and greeted young Americans in the Philippines. He arrived by helicopter.

2. Ireland—Gregory Peck, who plays the leading role of Captain Ahab in the film version of "Moby Dick," Ambassador William H. Taft, III, and John Huston, director of the film, talking together after a luncheon given by Mr. Huston on the day that filming commenced at Youghal, Ireland.

3. Seoul—Anthony Stevens of the Administrative Section, Seoul, was given a cocktail-birthday party in honor of his thirty-two years of service in the Foreign Service. Called affectionately "Papasan" by the Koreans, Mr. Stevens is here shown blowing out the candles of his Service-birthday cake.

4. Kuala Lumpur—Tungku Ampuan, wife of the Sultan of Selangor, caught the spirit of the typical American Independence Day celebration provided by the Consulate and tried her skill at one of the booths erected for the party. With her is Mrs. Eric Kocher, wife of the American Consul.

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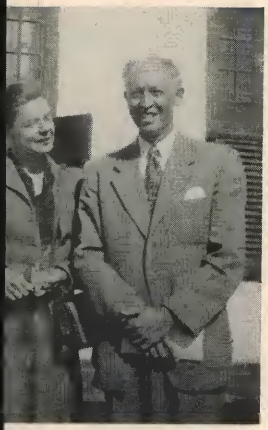
GLIMPSES



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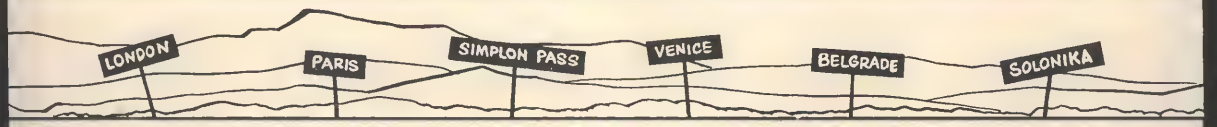
5. Guatemala—The Fourth of July reception in Guatemala, coming as it did just at the end of a period of political disturbances, was a particularly joyful occasion. Shown here in the receiving line are Counselor and Mrs. William L. Kreig, Mrs. Peurifoy, and The Honorable John E. Peurifoy, Ambassador to Guatemala.

6. Pretoria—After a three and a half year tour of duty, Chester R. Chartrand, Public Affairs Officer, was transferred to Washington as Area Personnel Officer, USIA. Here Mr. and Mrs. Chartrand are shown at a farewell party given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson C. Flake. From left to right are Ambassador W. J. Gallman, Mrs. Chartrand, Mrs. Gallman, and Mr. Chartrand.

7. Havana—Consul General Jeff Reveley with a large portion of the distaff side of the consular section, Embassy Havana. The picture was taken on the day of his departure for Rotterdam, where he will be Consul General. Mr. Reveley wishes it pointed out that the consular section is staffed with workers not only competent but attractive.

THE HIGH ROAD TO



By JOHN E. CUNNINGHAM

The decision to drive from London to Tehran was born in Washington while on consultation after two years in Kuwait. When the plans were confided to various people in the Department, the almost universal reaction was that we were probably stark raving mad, but that it should prove an interesting trip if we arrived in one piece.

As a matter of fact, it was a marvelous trip, almost devoid of the kind of incidents which were predicted. We both agree that it was one of the most worthwhile things we have done in our lives and are resolved to drive back by a different route at the end of the Tehran tour, God and unpredictable changes in the regulations permitting.

The first major decision (after, of course, deciding on the trip) was which car to drive. Our 1950 Hudson was out since it had been left behind in Kuwait. An American-made car was not advisable since we could not afford to ship it to the UK from New York (we were entitled to shipment only from Kuwait to Tehran). We finally decided on a British Vauxhall because it was made by General Motors. We hold no particular brief for GM, but it is undoubtedly true that they have the most extensive service organization in the world, particularly throughout the Near East.

The Vauxhall Velox was waiting at the dock when we landed on the *America* at Southampton on May 22. The family resemblance to its larger brother, the Chevrolet, was immediately apparent. We grew quite fond of the neat little car on the hundred mile drive to London (interrupted by a night's stopover at Basingstoke since it was after seven before we got away from Southampton).

A day of our leave in London was taken up with documents, which were handled by the Automobile Association (membership half-price if you can show membership in the A.A.A.). The Carnet de Voyage, international registration book, and two international driving licenses came to just slightly over $10. In addition, the A.A. prepared two route booklets which were quite invaluable. They gave every turn, every crossroad, every point of interest and the exact mileage between points for the entire journey.

On the morning of June 9, we said goodbye to the friendly hall-porter at the English Speaking Union in Charles Street, where we had been staying by virtue of our membership in the ESU in Washington, and drove to Hyde Park Corner, where the A.A. route guide told us we were to begin our 5,000 mile odyssey. By 11 o'clock we had covered the 87 uneventful miles to Dover and had driven aboard the Dunkirk ferry. Unfortunately we didn't get the early start we hoped. Tide conditions delayed our departure until almost 2 and a mild storm off Dunkirk prevented our landing in France until after 6.

It was raining when we landed and we might have been less sanguine about the journey had we realized that we would be half-way through Turkey before we were to see an entirely rainless day. We headed straight for Paris through the lovely Picardy countryside along poplar lined roads. That night, because of rain, cyclists and large stretches of Belgian block paved roads, we thought it expedient to stop at St. Pol, only 60 miles and two hours away from Dunkirk. The hotel was a new one and the cooking was good as only French cooking can be good.

The next morning my poor services as an interpreter were commandeered by a South African couple, who had been fellow passengers on the ferry, in their efforts to settle their bill. At 9 we were off and by 1:30 we were settled in our comfortable commercial hotel near the Madeleine. The next three days, unfortunately, have nothing to do with the journey. I feel I could be quite poetic about Paris, an old love of mine, in a way that anyone who simply worked and lived there could never be. However, that is a story that has already been written too many times. And no one can really describe the Concord or the Louvre on a rainy afternoon. It has to be experienced.

During our stay in Paris, we drove to Orly to pick up Mike, who came by air from Philadelphia. Mike is "mostly fox terrier." He has been with us for seven years and the past month had been the longest separation. Mike must be well up among the world's best travelled dogs. He has been in 24 states and 19 foreign countries. In 1952 he had the unique honor of spending a night on the chaise lounge in the bridal suite of the Dolder Grand Hotel in Zurich (paid for by BOAC because one of their engines broke down).

On Sunday, June 13, we went to Mass at Notre Dame, and then our journey really began in earnest. That first day we had lunch in Fontainbleau and by 7 o'clock we had done the 220 miles to Dijon and were registered in the Hotel du Chapeau Rouge. We had decided to make this journey as comfortably as possible, and this included stopping at good, but not necessarily luxurious, hotels. Thanks to the A.A., we had a fair line on hotel accommodations in advance, and our policy paid dividends. No matter how hard the day's driving, we could look forward to a bath, a good meal and a comfortable bed. And it proved to be quite inexpensive, even the best hotels at which we stopped being well within our per diem allowance.

The next day was most delightful. The villages and countryside of Burgundy are among the most picturesque

Tehran

in the world, I think. And in the afternoon this was varied by the incredibly neat, almost parklike scenery of Western Switzerland. We drove through Lausanne and made the lovely quarter circuit of the Lake of Geneva. Then began the gradual ascent into the upper Rhone Valley, passing between mountain heights. This continued until, at the foot of the great ascent into the Simplon Pass, we came to Brigue, where we decided to spend the night. Brigue is, I suppose, one of the few authentically tri-lingual cities in the world. Even the school children can give directions in French, Italian and German.

The next day was classic. The Simplon Pass had some snow, but for once the rain held off and it was a beautiful sunny day. The scenery is even more lovely than the calendars of Swiss watchmakers would lead one to believe.

After the descent to Domosdossola, the remainder of the day's drive was extremely uninteresting, consisting of about 250 miles of modern, flat super highway through the industrial regions of northern Italy. This toll-road passes through Arona, Milan, Bresica and Verona and ends at Vincenza, where we spent the night in comfortable but pedestrian surroundings. We were then only sixty miles from Venice, hardly an hour and a half drive. The next day, we salved our consciences by rationalizing that the car needed servicing. So we drove to the Municipal Garage in Venice, left the car in capable hands and took a waterbus to the Regina Hotel on the Grand Canal. It was pouring with rain, but again we were lucky. By the time we finished lunch, the sun was out and we had our day in Venice in fine weather. We crowded everything Venice had to offer in our twelve hours—gondolas, aperatifs on the Piazza del San Marco, even shopping for a set of table glassware.

The next morning we drove to Trieste and arrived in time for lunch at the Army PX. From that point, we felt as though we were setting out on more or less unchartered seas. But our small apprehensions were quieted by an extremely friendly reception at the Yugoslav border. Then began what was perhaps the most picturesque drive of the journey. The paved road ended at Postumia, just twenty-five miles from the border. But the sandy road was quite smooth and any inconvenience was more than made up for by the lovely Slovene countryside and the colorful peasant costumes. At Ljubljana we stopped for tea at an outdoor restaurant. For the first time, I decided that the time had come to use my copy of Lyall's *25 Languages of Europe*. Turning to the Serbo-Croat section, I glanced at the parallel columns and told the waitress with great assurance that we would like "taksa." She stared at me with amazement. Looking back at the book, I discovered that I had jumped a line and had actually been asking for "taxes." I found that even in a Communist state, they do not tax you until after you have eaten.

At 9 that evening, we arrived in Zagreb and after great language difficulties found our way to the Esplanade Hotel. This is a hotel in the grand manner which has gone down at the heel. It is all plush and velour and the suites are huge. An effort is made to recapture the atmosphere of Hapsburg days, but it doesn't quite come off, and the attempt is rather pathetic. However, the food was good and the beds were comfortable.

We grumbled the next day because the 250 mile autoput to Belgrade was flat and uninteresting. We were to look back on this road with great longing in the next few days, for it was the last really modern road we were to see for a long time. In Belgrade, where hotel accommodations are very hard to find, the Embassy managed to get us a room in the famous Hotel Moscow, the busy headquarters for all visiting Communist Party officials. It too had seen better days; but its lobbies, lounges and restaurants, crowded with aristocratic proletariat, proved extremely interesting—and the food was excellent.

Anyone who has just driven through Western Europe immediately notices the paucity of road traffic in Yugoslavia. Private cars are almost non-existant and there are few busses and trucks. Driving south from Belgrade the next day in a steady downpour, our only traffic hazard consisted of innumerable bullock carts. This was a good thing, for the road was very bad. We arrived in Nic at 4 p.m. intending to go on to Skoplje that night. We checked with Putnik, the omnipresent state-controlled travel agency, on the location of gasoline and a restaurant. Putnik warned us that the road was impassable and advised us to remain the night at Nic.

It proved good advice. The next day's drive was the worst we had yet seen. At one point, a landslide had completely blocked with huge boulders a road which ran between a cliff and a river. We could see no way through. The foreman of a road gang pointed out a circuitous route which he thought was possible. Betty (my wife) directed the road gang in shovelling and pushing boulders aside while I drove across a small stream and picked my way around rocks and pot holes. Somehow, we crossed the landslide without a broken axel. I tried to tip the men who had worked so hard, but they refused. The foreman

(Continued on page 48)

EDITORIALS

FAIRNESS AND FRANKNESS

One of the principal features of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 was the provision for the establishment of annual selection boards or promotion panels. From 1946 to 1952 the FSO component of the Service—almost 70% of whom entered after January 1, 1945—became accustomed to a procedure under which, late in every calendar year, groups of senior officers foregathered in Washington to make definitive recommendations, leading to the publication early in the following calendar year of the complete promotion lists. This regular rhythm of activity had by 1952 become an essential ingredient in our career system. It was intimately intertwined with considerations bearing on the morale of the individual officers, the question of his transfer to posts of higher responsibility, etc. It was only natural that officers should come to expect that any changes made in this system would take into account the impact on the morale and efficiency of the Service and would be explained fairly and frankly to the Service in adult terms.

As we go to press, we hear that a FSO promotion list, based on the work of the selection panels that met early this year, has gone to the White House. We understand that this will include only a part of those who had been recommended for promotion and that one or more lists may be sent forward between now and January. Since the question of security clearance does not appear any longer to be an obstacle and budgetary considerations would hardly seem to affect the matter, it is difficult to understand why the entire 1954 list could not have been sent up at once. The only explanation we have received is that the class structure of the Service needs to be reviewed at this time. Granted that this is a problem which must eventually be faced, we seriously doubt the wisdom of conducting such a review until the integration program is finished and the results can be applied equitably on a new and enlarged Foreign Service.

Another disturbing bit of news is that it is apparently now planned not to establish new selection boards until June of next year. There is even talk of advance planning which would delay the convening of the 1956 boards until November of that year. Also the report that no decision at all has been reached with respect to the next sessions of the Staff Corps Review Panels will surely give rise to perplexity among the hundreds of officers and lower ranking personnel who will remain in the contracted Staff Corps because of their ineligibility for integration due to age and other factors.

When we consider the slippage that has occurred in the normal cycle of promotions, owing to the delay of one year in processing the 1953 promotion list, and the fact that 1954 panels, without open and frank acknowledgement to that effect, were instructed to apply a three-year rather than the two-year eligibility rule, the foregoing news raises serious questions in our minds. One question is why the normal advancement of the present FSO corps should be delayed. The other, is why the powers that be, if they have made this policy decision, do not take the field into its confidence as to the underlying motives behind the change of pace.

We have been told that the 1955 Selection boards could not be convened before June because it will only be by that time that the integration program will be sufficiently advanced so that any inequities resulting therefrom can be taken into account. We had understood from the Wriston Report that consideration would be given to FSO promotions now. We understand that the underlying purpose of the integration program is to improve the general efficiency and morale of the Service. We find it difficult to reconcile this broader aim with a disposition to permit the integration tail to wag the present Foreign Service dog.

For the good of the Service and for the smoother implementation of the Wriston recommendations, we advocate most strongly that the 1955 selection boards be convened immediately after Christmas of this year and that their recommendations be reflected in promotion lists early in 1955. We know how hard Mr. Saltzman and his assistants are working to create the most favorable conditions for the entry into the present force of thousands of new FSO's. We know that in each case the prospective lateral entrant is being given sympathetic individual consideration. We do not begrudge this. In fact, it is only by such a procedure that the goal of integration can be achieved. In the meantime, however, we ask that the interests and aspirations of those now in the service who have already demonstrated their abilities at home and abroad be given the same kind of sympathetic consideration.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

With the departure of General Walter Bedell Smith from the Department of State on October 1, the Foreign Service loses one of its most doughty champions in the highest levels of our Government. By virtue of his military background and his first-hand experience with the professional Foreign Service in the American Embassy at Moscow, General Smith entered upon his duties as Under Secretary of State with a high regard for the career principle in both military and foreign affairs. His concept of the career officer in foreign affairs no doubt stemmed from the many valid analogies which exist between the commissioned officer of the United States Army and the Foreign Service Officer of the United States. This concept calls, on the one hand, for the display of professional acumen, loyalty, and discipline above the standard usually required of the civil servant. For such devoted service there should be, on the other hand, compensatory respect, prestige and freedom from the sinuosities of partisan politics.

Motivated by this high sense of professional dedication and by a deep and abiding regard for the American national interest, General Smith took a personal interest in the Foreign Service despite his heavy substantive duties. We wish him the best of health and happiness on his return to private life.

At the same time, we wish to welcome Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr., as the new Under Secretary of State. Although his professional background has been concerned with busi-

(*Continued on page* 56)

"No, Neisan. Anone, 'Make mine 909'! Canadian Schenley 909!"
"*Hai, Ka-na-da Whisky.*"
"No, not just *any* Canadian whisky. Bring me the one whisky that has a *naturally* fine taste . . . the one that fills your glass with the beauty and magic of Canada, Dozo."
"*Ha?*"

"The only whisky bottled under supervision of the Canadian Government at exactly 90.9 proof, *the proof of perfection.* Kyu-Lei-Kyu, Wakarimasuka?"

アラ　本当ネ！
キュー　レイ　キュー
最高品ネ！*

*rough translation: ("Oh! Certainly! 909! Naturally . . . the finest!")

Canadian Schenley 909

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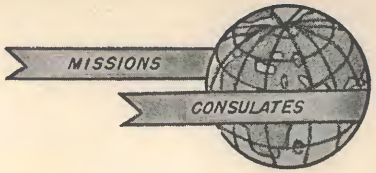
NEWS FROM THE FIELD



GUATEMALA CITY

The fourth of July celebration at the residence this year will be long remembered as one of the most joyous and emotion-filled ever attended by the nearly 1200 guests and members of the Embassy staff. Coming only a few days after the collapse of a Communist regime which in its death throes had instituted a reign of terror, the affair seemed to mark the official end to a horrible nightmare and a rebirth of freedom in this beautiful country. The final touch to a perfect occasion was provided by the dramatic appearance of Col. Castillo Armas, who had led the uprising resulting in the overthrow of the previous government. The Colonel had arrived in the capital only the day before and his attendance at the reception was interpreted as definite evidence of the resumption of friendly and cordial relations between the U.S. and Guatemala.

The rush of events immediately prior to the Fourth had made the question of whether or not there would be a reception highly problematical right up until the last moment, as the formation of a new government hung in the balance and AMBASSADOR PEURIFOY had to make a hurried trip to El Salvador on July 2 in connection with that problem. However, the dead-line was met and the show went on as though preparations had been completed six months previously. The on-again, off-again preliminaries were calculated to prostrate the most efficient hostess but MRS. PEURIFOY remained her completely calm and gracious self throughout and there appears to be little foundation for the rumors that she was seen inspecting sites suitable for opening a super-market in case a last-minute cancellation had left her with several tons of food and drink.

In addition to being overwhelmed with work during and prior to the June revolution, many of the Embassy staff spent a large part of their time briefing the drove of press correspondents who arrived here in late May and early June to cover the explosive situation. COUNSELOR WILLIAM L. KRIEG spent so much time talking that when it was all over his voice was completely gone and PAO HAROLD URIST was on the point of collapse.

It would seem that during all the excitement which occurred here at least a few of the Embassy staff would have had some interesting personal experiences but a survey has revealed nothing, unless everyone is being extremely shy. One officer stated unhappily that his most vivid remembrance of the revolution was being kept awake until 3 a.m. one night while his wife set her hair because of a rumored evacuation of U. S. citizens the following day. CULTURAL AFFAIRS OFFICER WILLIAM W. WARNER had to give up his home two days before hostilities began and temporarily moved with his family to the home of SECOND SECRETARY JOHN HILL, who had gone off to Washington and left his family behind. But he never regretted the decision as his previous residence was only a few hundred feet from a major military installation attacked on several occasions by the rebel air force. Living with two housewives, four children and several maids was as close to living in a harem as he ever expects to come, though he reported that the children behaved admirably.

Elliott H. Miller

MANILA

The Independence Day observance at the American Embassy in Manila, on the morning of July 5th, attracted some 2,000 Americans of all ages—from babes in arms to "oldtimers" who came to the Philippines at the turn of the century.

In the receiving line at the entrance of the Embassy Ballroom were U. S. CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES and MRS. WILLIAM S. B. LACY; Joseph A. Thomas, president of the American Association of the Philippines and Mrs. Thomas; Major General Robert M. Cannon, JUSMAG Chief and Mrs. Cannon; Rear Admiral H. A. Goodwin, commander, U. S. Naval Forces, Philippines, and Mrs. Goodwin; Brigadier General John W. Sessums, 13th Air Force Commander; and FAO MISSION CHIEF, HENRY A. BRENN and MRS. BRENN. Mrs. Sessums was indisposed and unable to be present.

The celebration was a festive one in the informal way that has become traditional with the local American observance of the Fourth of July.

The three-hour program started with the arrival by helicopter of six-foot-six HANK MILLER, USIS radio officer, dressed as Uncle Sam. Helicopter demonstrations by the U. S. Navy and an Air Force rescue exhibition followed.

The jet-assisted take-off of a P.B.Y. from the bay and a jet plane "fly-over" by the U. S. Air Force were other features.

Music was supplied by the Navy and Air Force bands, a quartet, a barber shop quartet, and a hillbilly band, all from Clark Field. The Hillbillies accompanied a series of square dancers in which some 100 youngsters participated, all decked out in appropriate western fashion. The youngsters were trained by Mrs. John Casey, wife of the IBS' radio engineer.

Main speaker of the morning was Joseph A. Thomas, president of the American Association of the Philippines who traced the events that led to the drafting and signing of Independence and paid tribute to the American patriots who were responsible for that statement of freedom.

In the brief message that prefaced the program of the morning's events, William S. B. Lacy, Chargé d'Affaires a.i., underscored the duties of free men.

"Let us," Lacy's message read, "While taking proper pride in the material advancement of our country, rededicate ourselves this day to the greater task of maintaining the spiritual fortitude that has kept us free. As an essential part of that task, let us strive with understanding to encourage and work with our Philippine and other freedom-loving friends who, with us, supremely value the right of individual men and nations to be their own masters under God."

Mr. Lacy also recalled the words of President Dwight D. Eisenhower who, in a recent address to the American nation, stressed the value of "the things that were stated in the Bill of Rights; the things that announce the rights that every single individual has . . . his equality before the law, his right to worship as he pleases, just so he does not trespass on the rights of others."

Mr. Lacy later received members of the Diplomatic Corps at the Embassy residence and exchanged toasts with them. He was answered by acting Foreign Affairs Secretary Leon Ma. Guerrero who toasted "the President of the country that is the best friend of my President and people, the United States of America."

William W. Wright

ASUNCION

Certain officers of the Embassy have recently affiliated themselves with a new organization which has chosen to call itself the Verecunda Asociación de Trotamundos, Ramal Sesenta 7 Nueve, or V.A.T. 69 for short. The association is headed by only a Vice President, in recognition of the subordinate character of its membership, which is composed of junior officers from the various embassies and legations in Asuncion. It has no dues, no rules or bylaws, and no objectives other than the enjoyment of a monthly supper. It is commonly referred to by the wives of its members as the Diplomatic Liars and Roast Duck Society.

Asuncion's American colony of about 400 persons celebrated July 4th at an all-day picnic sponsored by the American Community Club. The celebration featured a barbecue, a greased pig run, and a stump speech by DAVID M. MAYNARD, Chargé d'Affaires, a.i. The horseshoe tournament was won by a team of Roman Catholic missionary fathers, with the Embassy's much-touted entry, popular P.A.O. JIM HANNA, being eased out in the finals.

Their winter vacation being over, Embassy children returned to their Calvert School studies on July 16.

S. Paul Miller

DURBAN

The Consulate's Independence Day reception this year was one of the most memorable to have been held in Durban as it was attended by Captain W. E. Ferrall, USN, Commander Destroyer Squadron Two, and some fifty officers from the four vessels under his command. The occasion provided an opportunity for the several hundred guests to meet the American Navy personnel who were in port at the invitation of the City of Durban to help celebrate its hundredth anniversary as an established municipality.

During the five day visit the Navy entertained groups of orphan children, went on a "safari" into Natal's Valley of a Thousand Hills where they witnessed authentic Zulu war dances, rescued a group of boy scouts "marooned" on a vessel in the middle of Durban harbor, and played host to some 20,000 Durbanites who formed long queues to visit the ships during the three afternoons that they were open to the puhlic. The sailors also challenged championship Natal baseball and basketball teams, losing to the former 7-4, hut triumphing 36-35 in one of the most exciting basketball games ever played in this part of the world.

CONSUL and MRS. PAUL C. SEDDICUM are at present on home leave enroute to Salonika, while VICE CONSUL ARNE T. FLIFLET and family are also enjoying home leave before embarking for Kuala Lumpur.

Roy P. M. Carlson

BILBAO

It has been so long since the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL has published a report from this post—none in the 2½ years your reporter has been here—that one hardly knows where to begin. But here goes anyway:

Freshly departed after just about two years here as principal officer, CONSUL and MRS. MILTON C. REWINKEL, accompanied by Linda Jean and Brandy (she's their recently-adopted German two-year-old daughter, and he's their almost-as-charming three-year-old Boxer dog) are headed for Kingston, Ontario, where Milt will represent the Foreign Service of the United States as its only student attending the 1954-55 course of the Canadian National Defence College. The new principal officer, WINDSOR G. HACKLER, is coming from Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, where he's been executive officer, via home leave in the States, which should bring him here in several months, at the earliest. Unless other changes occur, the undersigned is due to remain in charge, assisted by VICE CONSUL ROBERT SIMPSON, late (one year ago) of Cairo, where his adroit liaison work between our Embassy, the Royal Palace and the Naguib forces in the closing days of King Farouk's reign was subsequently mentioned in numerous published articles in the United States and foreign press. With the departure last year of RUTH FOWLER, administrative assistant who was transferred to La Paz, and PAT WARD, secretary, who was riffed, CHARLES T. POOLEY is now our over-all clerical staff. His last post was Hong-Kong.

Early this year, we had the honor of entertaining AMBASSADOR JAMES C. DUNN, and THE HONORABLE EDWARD L. WILLIAMS, chief of the United States Economic Mission to Spain, who came to Bilbao to visit some of its important heavy industries. More recently, we have begun to have brief visits from smaller United States Navy and Coast Guard ships: the *USS Eaton*, flying the flag of the Commander Escort Destroyer 22, tied up in Pasajes, port for the city of San Sebastian from July 14 to 19, and the commander later reported that all hands were overwhelmed by the generous Spanish hospitality; equally lavish treatment was accorded the personnel of the two Coast Guard training vessels, the barque *Eagle* and the cutter *Rockaway*, which were in Santander from June 21 to 25. On August 8, the *USS Tripoli*, a 10,400-ton aircraft carrier, is scheduled to arrive in Santander (to unload some planes for the Spanish Air Force) and on August 12, the training ship *Empire State* of the New York State University Maritime College is due in the same city for a five-day courtesy call.

An American colony is virtually non-existent in Bilbao; neither is there much American tourist traffic, since this city is off the beaten path between the French frontier and Madrid. Nevertheless, life becomes particularly pleasant in the summer as the so-called "big weeks" of celebration are held successively in most of the provincial capitals in the district. That of Bilbao, starting around August 22, will feature, for example, six nights of grand opera (stars and conductor imported from Italy, chorus and orchestra local); five afternoons of bull fights, balls, etc. The long winter calm here will be welcome after that non-stop, non-sleep schedule.

Julian P. Fromer

ROME

The 4th of July in Rome this year was as American as baseball, hot dogs, Coca Cola and the United States Navy Band could make it, for they were the essence of the Embassy's celebration. About 2000 Americans, both residents of the American community and tourists, came to the game.

At a meeting in early June, Ambassador Luce and her staff decided that this year the Embassy would test the feasibility of substituting a baseball game with all its fanfare for the formal reception at the Ambassador's residence. The response of those in attendance was enthusiastic and warrants the belief that the "reception" for the 4th in Rome may be gone forever. Few have expressed regret at this passing for too many remember them chiefly for the aftermath of aching arches, "handshake hangover" (naturally the thousands of guests inevitably managed to shake the Ambassador's hand at least twice—or so it seemed), and badly balanced budgets.

Baseball, as we know it, is only about six years old in Italy. The Nettuno team, comprised chiefly of Italian employees of the American Cemetary at Nettuno, won the European Baseball championship this year. They agreed to be one of the teams for the celebration and, despite their short tradition in baseball, held the U. S. Navy's "All Service" volunteer team from Naples by a two-to-nothing lead through the seventh inning. (Naples finally won by virtue of a couple of Nettuno errors).

The Italian Government made available to the Embassy the Foro Italico, Mussolini's showplace Olympic stadium. This was a splendid setting for the occasion with its fine field and its general air of festivity. The celebration was publicized by the USIS foursome of Dennis, McKnight, Doyle and Mowinckel. Tickets were sold in advance by wives of Embassy personnel. The local offices of American Express, Pan American and TWA made available (gratis, mind you) busses to provide free transportation for all ticket holders from the Embassy to the game and return.

Maurey Burke, with the inspired assistance of Bill Boswell and Bertha Beaton et al, manned one hot dog stand while John Bastek, ably supported by Jim Conley and Bill Crockett, manned the other. The first stand got the biggest play, despite a series of announcements over the PA system plugging the service and the quality of the second stand and accusing the first of selling green beer. It is also claimed on good authority (a candid camera shot of Budget & Fiscal Officer Bill Magee in action) that one of the key members of the first booth spent all his time counting the cash. Anyway, the hot dogs were good and over seventeen hundred were eaten. One American tourist, after eating four in succession, said by way of embarrassed explanation, "These are sure good—I haven't had one for three months."

There was a short program before the game started consisting chiefly of a band concert and drill, appropriate remarks for the occasion by Minister-Counselor Burbrow, a short talk by Prince Borghese of the Italian Baseball Federation and the playing of the Italian and American National Anthems. Minister Durbrow (Durby to most of you) threw out the first ball and it was whispered that scouts may turn up daily to sign him up for the big leagues (everyone else turns up in Rome, so it wouldn't be too surprising).

The crowd was enthusiastic and entered fully into the spirit of the day. That their enjoyment was genuine is attested to by the fact that few left before the game was finished and many stayed on after the game to visit and listen to the band. The day was considered a complete success in every way, even financially. After all costs, several hundred dollars were distributed to local Italian charities. In fact, charity started right at the game itself; although the parking was free, some enterprising Italian kids passed out parking checks and reportedly collected a hundred lire a car from some parkers, and many a lucky Italian boy got a share of the numerous hot dog rolls that were left over—and literally left with their shirts full.

The day was a success and plans are underway for making next year's celebration even better, for all have agreed that this type of a celebration somehow just "fits" the nostalgic mood of an American 4000 miles from home on the 4th of July.

William J. Crockett

BERN

Ambassador Frances E. Willis was "at home" on Saturday afternoon, June 19, and more than 200 Swiss and Americans accepted her invitation to come and share the summer sunshine and lovely gardens and terraces of the residence with her.

The weather had given the Ambassador a certain amount of apprehension in her advance planning for the occasion, for most of the preceding days were cloudy and rainy, and chilly as the waters of the River Aar. But Saturday was an unreservedly magnificent day, and consequently most of the guests arrived in a holiday spirit. There were some 90 young American students and their wives from the University of Bern, another 75 American students and their wives from the University of Fribourg, thirty kilometers away, and approximately 15 young Swiss men and women, all of them final candidates for scholarships at an American university or college in the school year beginning next fall. And last, but not least, there were six American chefs and their team captain from the Hospes, or International Gastronomic and Cookery Exposition being held in Bern at this time. Retained by their duties until an hour after the party had started, they made a dazzling entrance wearing white dinner jackets with an attractive United States insignia.

A generous choice of beverages was served with unflagging alacrity wherever people congregated, and the sandwiches, cookies, and other refreshments that accompanied them delighted the sensibilities of the most discriminating gourmet there. The conversation was congenial and animated, and afforded our young Swiss guests an excellent preview of the social intercourse they can expect to participate in when they have been transplanted to an American campus.

The party lasted until shortly after 6 p.m. and it was manifest from the words of thanks and appreciation from the departing guests that they had all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and would feel a strengthening of the ties which connect them, Swiss and American alike. to the Embassy. As for those of us on the staff who had the pleasure of attending and assisting the Ambassador, we can only hope that she will be "at home" again this summer.

Charles R. Tanguy

STAFF CORPS PROMOTIONS

Following is a list of Staff Corps promotions which have been made effective during the period June 20, 1954, through August 1, 1954.

From Class 3 to Class 2

Minor, Jack B.

From Class 4 to Class 3

Herfurt, Jack A.

From Class 5 to Class 4

Mareluis, Donald C.

From Class 6 to Class 5

Cuomo, Anthony
Gomez, Ana Mas
Loftus, Victor Harold
Moore, Carl Ernest

From Class 7 to Class 6

Alsterlund, Norah Helen
Anderson, Henry T.
Cotterman, Myron Lee
Dougherty, Warren G.
Jacyno, Joseph R.
Jones, William C., 2nd
Long, Guy Oliver

From Class 8 to Class 6

Prisbeck, Stanley John

From Class 8 to Class 7

Bleeker, David J.
Burke, Timothy Joseph
Campbell, William A.
Diggins, John Robert, Jr.
Falkner, Charles William
Gardiner, Nona Logan
Gilsinn, David Leo
Gardhamer, John Winfield
Heyneker, Gerrit J. W.

From Class 9 to Class 6

Smith, Jean Viola

From Class 9 to Class 8

Anderson, Marian Eleanor
Andrus, Faith Viola
Chabot, Marie Claire
Cheatham, Marjorie Laura
Clark, Joan Margaret
Cullin, Winifred Marion
Dumas, Henry Edwin

From Class 10 to Class 9

Brandli, Howard John

From Class 11 to Class 10

Glynn, Ellis Vincent

From Class 12 to Class 10

Jesky, Ralph J.

From Class 12 to Class 11

Agafonoff, Michael
Bates, William C.
Douglas, Paul Joseph

Morris, John Howard

Rice, Charles M., Jr.
Tenander, Tuure
Worster, Stephen C.

Oliver, John Goodwin
Rose, Helen W.
Shults, Lucy Ann
Skoufis, Peter John
Small, George Wendell
Stubbs, Cherry C.
Wharton, Josephine D.

Kirley, Louis Leslie
Lampe, Dorothea Caroline
Moffett, George, Jr.
Olson, Waldemar A.
Scott, David
Southerland, John Harlan
Telban, John
Webb, Jessie Lawson
Withey, Francis M.

From Class 9 to Class 7

Michaeka, Earl Riley

Farr, Jean Louise
Glennon, Clifford James
Harwood, Paul Vincent
Kellog, Mary Adelaide
Pritchard, Virgil Elihu
Tamalavoge, Anna Mary
Thurgood, Harriet Claire

Silfies, Frederick G.

Patton, David T.
Stanich, Raymond

The Department concluded its review of all promotion proposals for employees in classes FSS-11 and FSS-12 received during the first sixty-day period from the date of issuance of the new Regulation on May 24, 1954. All proposals were given a special Panel review. The actions recommended after Panel review were approved by the Chief of the Division of Personnel Operations and the following promotions became effective before the end of August.

From Class 11 to Class 9

Bartholomay, Thomas M.
Becker, James K. D.
Burrell, Annabelle
Carr, Paul E.
Choate, Nannette
Coleman, John H.
Craig, Betty Ann
Gibson, Ramon M.
Haughey, Frank J.
Hoffheimer, Ruth Ann
Hubbard, Lillie M.

Laurell, George D.
LeCompt, Marcelle
McTaggart, Arthur J.
Middleton, Mary F.
Mott, Gordon K.
Noland, James A.
Paulson, Eleanor
Peck, Thomas B., Jr.
Ugarte, Gabriel
Villodo, George A.
Warren, George J.

Karp, Samuel
Kautsky, Richard W.
Kessler, Earl

From Class 11 to Class 10

Andren, Sara L.
Blume, Barbara J.
Buck, Mary E.
Burton, Stewart D.
Carbone, Martha C.
Carroll, Anne L.
Cobb, Eleanor
Dayton, John W.
De Borchgrave, d'Altena
Dombroski, Theresa
Graham, William L.
Hall, Norman E.
Hardcastle, Leslie
Harrison, Minnie A.
Hill, Jesse C.
Howe, Ellen W.
Ingram, Carroll E.
Isola, Paul F.
Kelly, Bernice M.
Lasecki, Cecilia A.
MacKay, Meryl (Miss)

From Class 12 to Class 10

Baud, Sylvia
DeBriere, Charles
Hackl, Donald E.
Koykkar, Theodora A.

From Class 12 to Class 11

Anderson, Ralph L.
Ballard, Jacqueline
Barnes, Gerald
Barry, George
Baure, Irene
Boyle, Anne F.
Brown, Margaret L.
Casey, Marie E.
Chambers, Doris L.
Cohoon, Dorothy J.
Cole, Marjorie W.
Cooper, Kenneth L.
Costello, Charles J.
Cunningham, Harold W.
DeLoach, Hight
Dickey, Colette T.
Dobbs, Theodore B.
Dossick, Ruth
Dougherty, Mary P.
Douglass, Paul J.
Dull, Donald R.
Dusseoult, Gerald L.
Fohl, Louise
Fox, Robert D.
Gaffney, Johanna C.
Geraci, Philip
Gilbert, Carl L.
Glawe, Marian
Green, Robert U.
Green, Roy E.
Hadley, Howard S.
Hoshal, Wayne D.
Houser, Jacqueline A.
Houser, Richard J.
Irwin, Frank P.
Jason, John F.
Jensen, Don C.
Jones, Robert H.
Jukes, Donald R.
King, James W.
La Croix, Madeline
Lancaster, R. K.
Lassiter, James H.
Laurain, Howard L.
Long, Gertrude
McCoy, David W., Jr.

Whipple, David D.
Zwald, Herbert L.

McCoy, William G.
Meek, Darrell A.
Murphy, Robert D., Jr.
O'Connell, Daniel L.
O'Connell, Paul K.
Oxford, Helen
Pakis, Sue S.
Pands, John G.
Pedonti, Charles E.
Pehler, Max F.
Rickard, Samuel H., III
Russell, John B.
Sinclair, William R.
Stanfield, Denman F.
Stevens, Dorothy C.
Thurtell, Thelma
Usenik, Frances A.
Van Biesbroeck, Micheline
Wagoner, Carl M.
Wallace, Frank E.
Wolf, Alan D.

Plunkett, Clyde A.
Roman, Paul
Saly, Jack A., Jr.

Marston, Robert F.
Mason, Esther M.
Mason, William J.
Miles, Joseph C.
Nelson, Richard C.
Newton, Francis S.
Newton, Robert S.
Nordwall, Kenneth
Norris, William G.
O'Grady, Walter J.
O'Rourke, Thomas E.
Padgett, Joel
Papa, Albert
Persson, Milton G.
Powell, William G.
Propst, Paul K.
Quade, George
Reed, Caroline E.
Renteria, Herminia
Roberts, Donald W.
Robson, Catherine
Ross, Robert H.
Samson, Lyle E.
Scalise, Valentine
Scott, Helen C.
Shannon, Robert A.
Silva, John J.
Smith, Richard W.
Stokes, William H., Jr.
Stover, Mary C.
Strachan, Robert K.
Sullivan, Francis X. J.
Sullivan, James P.
Svobodny, Virgil J.
Travers, John A.
Thorsen, Margaret E.
Tilley, Margaret
Vacchi, Frederick
Valencia, Frances J.
Verreos, James A.
Vorenholt, Helga G.
Wachob, James R.
Walker, Lillian
Wasson, Glenn H.
Weiss, Louise
West, Ruth A.

Francis C. deWolf, Review Editor

THE BOOKSHELF

NEW AND INTERESTING

by FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

1. **The Ramayana** as told by Aubrey Menen, published by Scribners $3.95

The author, son of an Indian father and Irish mother, retells the story of Ramayana, his wife Sita and Valmiki in a realistic skeptic mood, but with tongue in cheek and with laughter. Anotole France would have approved. A Book-of-the-Month selection.

2. **The Drama of Albert Einstein** by Antonina Vallentin, published by Doubleday $3.95

An old friend of the Einstein family gives us an intimate portrait of the modern Copernicus who, while he was a patent office clerk, evolved the theory of relativity.

3. **Doctor to the Islands** by Tom and Lydia Davis, published by Atlantic-Little, Brown $4.50

Dr. Tom Davis of Rarotonga in the Cook Islands, son of a Polynesian noblewoman and a Welsh sea captain, and his wife, a New Zealander, take turns in telling this fascinating tale of a medical crusade — and the problem of daily life in Polynesia, ending with a tale of a 12,000 mile voyage in a 45 foot ketch from Rarotonga to Boston.

Challenge in Eastern Europe, edited by C. E. Black. Foreword by Joseph C. Grew. *Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick. 1954. 276 pp. $4.00.*

Reviewed by JOHN CAMPBELL

Eastern Europe is an area which the American public generally ignored until its conquest first by German and then by Soviet imperialism roused us both to the politico-moral issues and to the dangerous shift in the balance of power inherent in the denial of freedom to the small nations of that area. Since then the controversy over Yalta and the heat generated over "liberation" as a domestic political issue have made us, if anything, over-conscious of the importance of these problems. But they have done little to spread knowledge of the area or facts adequate for the making of reasoned judgments.

This book attempts, with moderate success, to provide a balanced picture of Eastern Europe (the Soviet satellites plus Yugoslavia but not Greece), its recent history, and the problems of the future. Dr. Black starts it with a brief sketch of 19th century history and ends with an analysis of the significance of the area in the postwar balance of power, including a critique of American diplomacy. In between is a succession of short chapters gathered under the general headings of politics, economics, and international relations. As in most such collaborative works, the contributions (half by American scholars, half by exiled East European politicians) are uneven, and the work seems to lack a general theme. Despite the excellence of some chapters (particularly that of Jan Wszelaki on economic developments and that of Henry Roberts on international relations between the wars, a remarkable feat of condensation), the book is a hybrid that falls somewhere between being a good factual handbook and a systematic study of the political, economic and security problems of the area.

Economic Planning for the Peace, by E. F. Penrose. *Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1953. Price $7.50.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. SMYSER

This is a work which should be welcomed as the worthy accomplishment of a colleague, and then read and reread with the appreciation due to a book which is as definitive as any study can be while still permitting personal judgments and occasionally subjective phrases to creep in. E. F. Penrose, who is now Professor of Geography and International Relations at Johns Hopkins, served for nearly nine years as economic adviser to the late Ambassador to the Court of St. James, John Gilbert Winant. It is a book which should not be read without having at least a nodding acquaintance with the Ambassador's *Letter from Grosvenor Square* (Boston, Houghton Mifflin), for this is perhaps the story which John Winant would have written about his economic and financial preoccupations for the post war period had he survived. Mr. Penrose seems to have shared his chief's ideals and to have worked in closer harmony than is sometimes the case with him. *Economic Planning for the Peace* is the outgrowth of one of those "memo" tasks which most Foreign Service Officers have had to meet at one time or another for a visiting State Department mission, and it has been completed first by research at the Institute of Advanced Study, Princeton, and then, after Mr. Winant's death, by a conscious effort to tell the Ambassador's tale for him, tracing the development of postwar international economic plans from their origins and demonstrating what since the opening of 1944 seemed at Grosvenor Square to be serious errors of omission and a faulty sense of proportion in the planning.

The author has not entirely escaped one of our occupational hazards—a residence of many years in London has been enough to lead even this sound economist into unconscious borrowings of attitude and feeling. There are many villains in the piece, because many subjects are discussed including relief, reconstruction, and rehabilitation to measures for international economic organization and the dismemberment of Germany. In all these fields emotions—the author discovers—were sometimes stronger than logic. One obvious whipping boy is, of course, the United States Congress, for which had to be devised alternative forms of settlement if commitments to repay or replace the balance of goods received by Britain and other governments under Lend Lease were to be avoided in the interests of post-war amenities. Mr. Penrose is very persuasive, very erudite, and extremely

(*Continued on page* 40)

readable, thus showing qualities of a high order which do not always go together. The book is to be commended for its smoothly runinng narrative, its frequent pauses for keen discussion of economic verities, and its valuable discussion of food relief planning.

For my personal edification, however, nothing in the book surpasses the final "Summing Up," when the author joins Mr. Kennan in oblique references to the handicap of antiquated political structure in the United States, and permits himself the luxury of some thirty pages of criticism of self and colleagues which cannot but be provocative, suggestive, and rewarding to any American reader.

Portrait of Tangier, by Rom Landau. Robert Hale Limited. London, 1952. xviii plus 246 pages. 21/—.

Reviewed by DONALD R. MACQUIVEY

Portrait of Tangier is a fascinating account of the International Zone as it is at mid-century and how it became that way. In less than thirty five pages the British author gives a bit of history of the Zone. In another thirty five pages he recounts the succession of rulers and their relationship to their neighbors. There is then, in a space of twenty five pages, a tourist's description of the old and the modern town and comments on two of Tangier's principal industries, money and smuggling, and the magnetic effect they have on what the author calls "birds of adventure."

The remainder of the book is concerned with the foreign and Moorish communities. Of particular interest is the discussion of the Americans and the large radio relay stations operated by them in the Zone. It is perhaps significant to note that the International Zone is relatively near a point which is the center of the land hemisphere of the earth near Nantes, France and that, with the exception of Australia, Antarctica and the southern tip of South America, radio circuits not more than 7500 miles long can reach all major land masses of the earth. The strategic location of Tangier is therefore of especial importance in radio communications.

There are other international cities and zones, but probably none are more highly developed than Tangier. Although it is a single international zone, it is, as the author says, "more attractive if appreciated piecemeal, ingredient by ingredient, than if judged as one single entity. In this respect it has little in common with Fez, Rabat, Marraksh or Meknes, each one distinctive and unmistakable, and with its continuous historical background."

The author is well equipped to write on his subject. He has been a frequent visitor to Morocco for many years. This book is one of five which he has written concerning Morocco. His approach is admittedly rather critical of the French colonial administration but he says, "All my life I have been a sincere lover and admirer of France. It needed an intimate acquaintance with Morocco to make me realize that there are many chinks in the armour of French colonialism, as, let me hasten to add, of most colonialisms." His manner of discussing these and other characteristics of the Zone and its inhabitants is refreshing and replete with illustrative anecdotes. Some thirty-eight photographic illustrations also help to bring to the reader some of the color and flavor of life in the Zone. The reader should feel well rewarded for having read *Portrait of Tangier.*

Brochés Method: Speak French, Spanish, Italian German, and English, published by the Brochés Institute of Languages, 2702 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C., 112 pages, 50 cents.

Reviewed by FRANCIS COLT DEWOLF

A little pocket *vade-mecum* with phrases in five languages. Useful for the traveler who has not the time, energy, or necessity to learn a language before entering a particular language area. If you can't master the simple pronunciation system, just point to the pictures and you will not be ill fed, ill clad, or ill housed!

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Claude G. Bowers was United States Ambassador to Spain from 1933 until 1939 when he resigned. In the same year he was appointed Ambassador to Chile where he served for fourteen years. Before this he had been a distinguished newspaperman in Indiana and New York where he was editorial writer on the *Evening World.* He has written ten books of political history, including such notable works as *The Tragic Era, Jefferson and Hamilton,* and *Party Battles of the Jackson Period.*

Charles H. Davis, author of "Handicrafts of Pakistan," wrote his article for a course in feature writing at American University taken as part of his work towards a Master's degree in communications. A native of Missouri, he served in the air force for three and one half years during the war, and came to Washington in 1947. This is his first published magazine article.

Seymour M. Finger, who carried out his "Mission to Massachusetts" on page 27, entered the Foreign Service as a vice-consul in 1946. Prior to that time, he taught in a public school, worked in business for many years, and served in the U. S. Army from 1943-45. Since his appointment as an FSO 6 in 1947 he has served at Stuttgart, Paris and Budapest. He is currently assigned to the Department.

John E. Cunningham entered the Foreign Service just three years ago this month. Besides his initial assignment to the Department, he has served at Kuwait, and is now stationed in Tehran. A graduate of George Washington University in 1950, he served nine years with the U. S. Army, achieving the rank of Captain.

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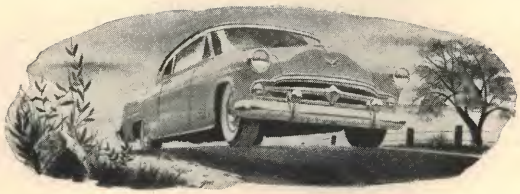

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3. **Better Performance**—a quieter, smoother, softer ride—plus even greater mileage than today's great standard tires.
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Perhaps the best proof of these statements is found in the action of the automobile industry. The new Tubeless Super-Cushion by Goodyear will be standard equipment on many of the new '55 cars.

On the next two pages you'll see how 3-T Cord permits the All-New Goodyear tubeless tire to outperform any comparable tire—tubeless or regular.

"Leapfrog" at 60 m.p.h.! When this stunt driver takes off, he hurtles that 3500-lb. automobile a full 8 feet in the air! When it comes down . . . he knows he's *landed!* The tires take a *terrific* beating!

We gave this famous crew of stunt drivers three full sets of the new tubeless tires. Told them to give them the works. Challenged them to blow them out and rip them off their rims! And they really took us at our word!

That wrecking crew put those tires through the toughest punishment a tire has ever taken. Rocked them at 65 m.p.h. in a series of hair-raising turns. Dropped them down with a thudding, two-wheel angle drop to try to blow them out with rim pinches. Leaped 8 feet in the air and came down with a crash over 70 feet away!

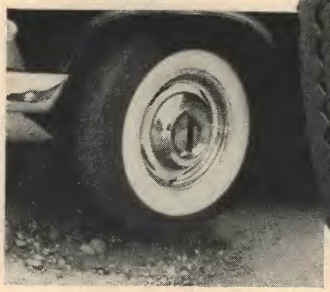
ALL-NEW TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION

We challenged the world's toughest stunt drivers to try to damage the

ALL-NEW TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION!

Goodyear's new kind of tubeless tire takes smashing impacts without damage—because it's the only tubeless tire made with 3-T Cord!

What happened?—nothing! Not a single tubeless tire blew out or left the rim. *Not a single pound of air was lost!* "The most amazing example of tire strength we've ever seen," said the Death Dodgers. Now you can have this new kind of tubeless tire for your car, and it costs you no more than a standard tire and tube.



New flat tread and light, cool-running 3-T Cord construction give increased mileage. The strength and resiliency of 3-T Cord give you a soft, smooth, quiet ride—cushion your car against road shocks.

And Goodyear's new anti-vibration tread design, with 1806 inches of non-skid edges and 880 deep-cut stop-notches, stands guard between you and a dangerous skid.

See the All-New tubeless tire at your Goodyear dealer's today. Remember it's endorsed by leading car makers.

This new tire is available with 3-T Rayon or 3-T Nylon Cord—in all popular sizes.

by **GOODYEAR**

THE WORLD OVER, MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER MAKE

Super-Cushion, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio — U. S. A.

CHARLES W. YOST, a career Officer who has been serving as Deputy Chief of Mission in Vienna, was nominated to be the first Minister to Laos resident in Vientiane. Beginning his Service career in 1930, he has served in Warsaw, Bangkok, Prague, Athens and Vienna. His Department assignments have included the positions of Assistant Chief of the Division of Arms and Munitions Control, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Special Research, Assistant Chief of the Division of Foreign Activity Correlation, and Executive Secretary to the Department of State Policy Coordination Committee.

HAL E. SHORT, of Portland, Oregon, was appointed a Consultant to the Department in August. An advertising and public relations man, Mr. Short will advise on certain aspects of the Refugee Relief Program. Mr. Short has headed his own public relations and advertising firm for the past twenty years and is a member of the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

JOHN WALTER ROXBOROUGH, II, of Detroit, has been appointed a Consultant to the Secretary of State on administration. A graduate of the University of Michigan and of the University of Detroit Law School, he served from 1944 to 1946 in the European Theater. Since 1949, he has practiced law privately in Detroit.

FREDERIC R. SANBORN was appointed as the United States member of the Supreme Restitution Court for Berlin. A graduate of Columbia College, Mr. Sanborn obtained his Ph.D. in Law from Oxford University, England. In 1927 he became associated with his present firm, Putney, Twombly, Hall & Skidmore, where he has been a partner since 1937. Mr. Sanborn has written a number of articles and reviews, primarily for law publications. He is the author of two books: *Origins of the Early English Maritime and Commercial Law* and *Design for War*.

THE HONORABLE M. ROBERT GUGGENHEIM, Ambassador to Portugal, resigned his post for "personal reasons and because of the factor of health," according to an announcement made by the White House. There was no official indication of who will succeed Mr. Guggenheim.

FSO Promotions and Appointments

Nominations sent to the Senate on August 18 included the following:

For promotion from Class two to Class one, THOMAS J. MALEADY; for promotion from Class four to Class three, DOUGLAS HENDERSON; for promotion from Class five to Class four and also to be Consul, HERBERT E. WEINER; for promotion from Class six to Class five, CHARLES H. PLETCHER.

Named to be Consuls General were R. BORDEN REAMS, ARTHUR L. RICHARDS, R. SMITH SIMPSON, ERNEST H. FISK, and ELVIN SEIBERT. Named to be a Consul was ROBERT B. DREESSEN.

Appointments made under section 517 were: JOSEPH B. PHILLIPS, Class one; EDMUND H. KELLOGG and WILLIAM R. TYLER, Class two; named for appointment to Class three were HUBERT M. CURRY, ROY I. KIMMEL, JAMES H. LEWIS, and EDWARD A. MAG.

Named for appointment to Class four: JAMES N. CORTADA, THEO E. HALL, GUY O. LONG, GEORGE MOFFITT, JR., and STEPHEN C. WORSTER. MISS ANNA E. SIMMONS was named for appointment to Class five.

The following were named for appointment to Class six: MISS KATHARINE S. CHASE, WILLIAM A. HAYNE, JAMES R. HUNTLEY, and LAURENCE G. PICKERING. Staff Officers named to be Consuls were MISS SOFIA P. KEARNEY, ROLAND W. KENNEY, J. H. CAMERON PEAKE, and ROBERT L. WARE, JR. Reserve Officers named to be Consuls were VINCENT J. AUGLIERO and J. RAYMOND YLITALO. GEORGE H. OWEN, a Reserve Officer, was named to be a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service.

War College Assignments

MILTON C. REWINKEL has been assigned to the Canadian War College. Departmental officers assigned to the National War College this year are: W. TAPLEY BENNETT, JR., PHILIP H. BURRIS, J. ROBERT SCHAETZEL, JOHN F. SHAW, LAURENCE C. VASS, and JOSEPH A. YAGER.

JOURNAL Costs Almost a Dollar

GEORGE BUTLER, Business Manager of the JOURNAL, took a close look at the auditor's report and came up with the announcement that it costs 97.2 cents to edit, print, and circulate a copy of the JOURNAL. This figure covers everything, down to the wear-and-tear on office typewriters. Since our subscription price brings in only 25 cents per copy, we feel we're really giving away the JOURNAL, courtesy of our advertisers. Moral: join the Association, and buy JOURNAL advertised products.

World Golf Tournament

From Washington to Wellington and from Capetown to Calgary, USIA and State Department personnel played golf on scores of golf courses in the first annual golf tournament held during September. Twenty-five trophies were offered, ranging from the championship cup down to booby prizes. The Callaway system of handicapping was used, with the best golfers having their (one) highest hole deducted from their scores, the average golfers having their two highest holes deducted, etc. Ties resulting from this system were resolved by reviewing score cards for low gross, low net, number of pars, etc.

Board of the Foreign Service

The following officers have been designated as State Department representatives on the Board of the Foreign Service: CHARLES E. SALTZMAN, Chairman; LIVINGSTON T. MERCHANT; THRUSTON B. MORTON, and GERALD A. DREW.

Foreign Service Bill

Legislation to allow State Department employees to enter the Foreign Service without loss of salary was passed by Congress before adjourning. Departmental Officers will be permitted to receive above the minimum salary for whatever grade they enter, if their Departmental salary has been above the minimum for that grade.

Miscellaneous

SECRETARY DULLES invited Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey and Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana to accompany him as bipartisan Congressional advisers to the Philippine-US Council meeting in Manila and the meeting on a Southeast Asia Pact beginning on September 6.

The supplemental appropriation bill signed by the President on August 26 included a sum of $500,000 for the con-

(Continued on page 46)

LETTERS OF INTEREST

August 6, 1954

Dear Herbert:

The events of the past few days, indicating a happy conclusion to the Iranian oil controversy, make it appropriate for me to express my appreciation for the fine work you have done since agreeing, at a personal sacrifice, to become my Consultant last September. The fact that, thanks in large part to your efforts, one of the thorniest problems of the free world, one which so recently seemed almost insoluble, now appears well on the way to a satisfactory solution is ample reason why I should be grateful.

You have gained, I am happy to say, the wholehearted respect and admiration of the Foreign Service and the Department of State. Your tact and patience were of inestimable value in bringing about an understanding among parties with widely divergent viewpoints, while your wide experience in commerce enabled you to gain the support of some of the world's outstanding business enterprises in the working out of a problem in which their participation was essential.

My appreciation is but a small part of that which is your due. I hope that you will find satisfaction in knowing that the interests of the United States and the free world will benefit from your accomplishments.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

August 9, 1954

My dear Mr. Secretary:

Thank you so much for your kind letter of August 6th, although you are altogether too generous in your praise of the part that I have been able to play.

Any personal sacrifice has been repaid many times over by the opportunity to work with and to know the officers and staff in the Department and in the Foreign Service. Only through an experience such as this can one come to fully realize and admire the unselfish dedication to public service which governs the lives of so many of them.

It has been a particularly stimulating experience to have been associated with you personally, and to have had your confidence while working towards a solution which seems to promise benefit to all parties concerned.

Faithfully yours,

HERBERT HOOVER, JR.

NEWS TO THE FIELD *(from page 44)*

struction of a new American Chancery building for the American Embassy at Karachi.

Personal Purchases

It has come to the Personal Purchases Committee's attention that there has been some confusion regarding the interpretation of the passage in Notice No. 3-A, dated June 23, 1954, to the effect that arrangements for special purchases of automobiles will be available only to official staffs of American diplomatic and consular posts who are included in the Foreign Service List, or who would be included if post listings were complete. *The Personal Purchases Committee wishes to make clear that this passage means* if listings were complete downward in the salary scale *as well as up to date. Emphatically, there was and is no intention to limit eligibility on the basis of salary or grade.*

MISSION TO MASSACHUSETTS *(from page 27)*

Services Division outlining my intended remarks and requesting permission to speak, as well as any published materials available on the subject. Both came much sooner than I had expected. The result was a piece called "Guideposts of American Foreign Policy," outlining basic trends from 1947 through November 1953. I can not say whether the ladies learned anything new from my talk, but its preparation certainly forced me to do some ordering of my own thoughts and reading about foreign policy. From their questions I could see they had spent much time and effort in informing themselves on foreign affairs. They probably could have given me a rough time, but apparently I was spared, by the compassion of the assembled females for a lone male in their midst, from the embarrassment of too-searching questions. Anyhow, I went away with a very high opinion of the League of Women Voters, which until then had been only a name to me. Later, they sent me some of their literature on foreign policy and I was even more impressed. In May I had an equally edifying meeting with their Hingham chapter.

My final speaking engagement came as a complete surprise, during a visit with my brother in New York. Steve, my eleven year old nephew, asked me over breakfast one morning whether I would be willing to speak to his school Assembly about the Foreign Service. Still in a morning haze, I said "Sure." Steve then changed into his best trousers and slicked his hair down to an unaccustomed orderliness. This, plus coffee, got my brother awake to the point where he knew something was happening. "What are you getting all dressed up for, Steve?" he asked. Steve explained that he was going to see the school principal about having me talk to the Assembly as part of a series on "Careers" and concluded: "It isn't every day I can talk to her *on the same level.*"

Well, Friday found me sitting in the front row of the auditorium, still wondering what to say to several hundred nine, ten, and eleven year olds. Watching some fourth-graders expertly stage a play made me conscious of how silly I could look by flubbing any lines. Fortunately, the sight of a sturdy flag-bearer reminded me of the day when, as a sixth-grader and flag-bearer, I had suddenly become very nervous, let the pole slip and missed the principal's head by about two inches. (It was a very heavy flagpole.) This story broke the ice very nicely, and I was then able to hold their interest through my own career-wishes, from locomotive engineer, through baseball-player and sports writer to Foreign Service officer. I was amazed at the flood of questions and both heartened and dismayed by the keen intelligence these youngsters showed—dismayed by the fear of appearing inadequate and heartened by the thought that they may someday be better at figuring out the answers than we are.

The following week, the principal said in a thank-you note: "There was such interest and enthusiasm on the part of the parents who happened to be there as well as the pupils, that for the next few weeks there will be many potential diplomats around Public School 40." I hope that some, at least, will retain their enthusiasm for more than a few weeks.

Anyhow, Steve was satisfied and apparently forgave the sloppy basketball I had played when he got me into a game with his cronies in February.

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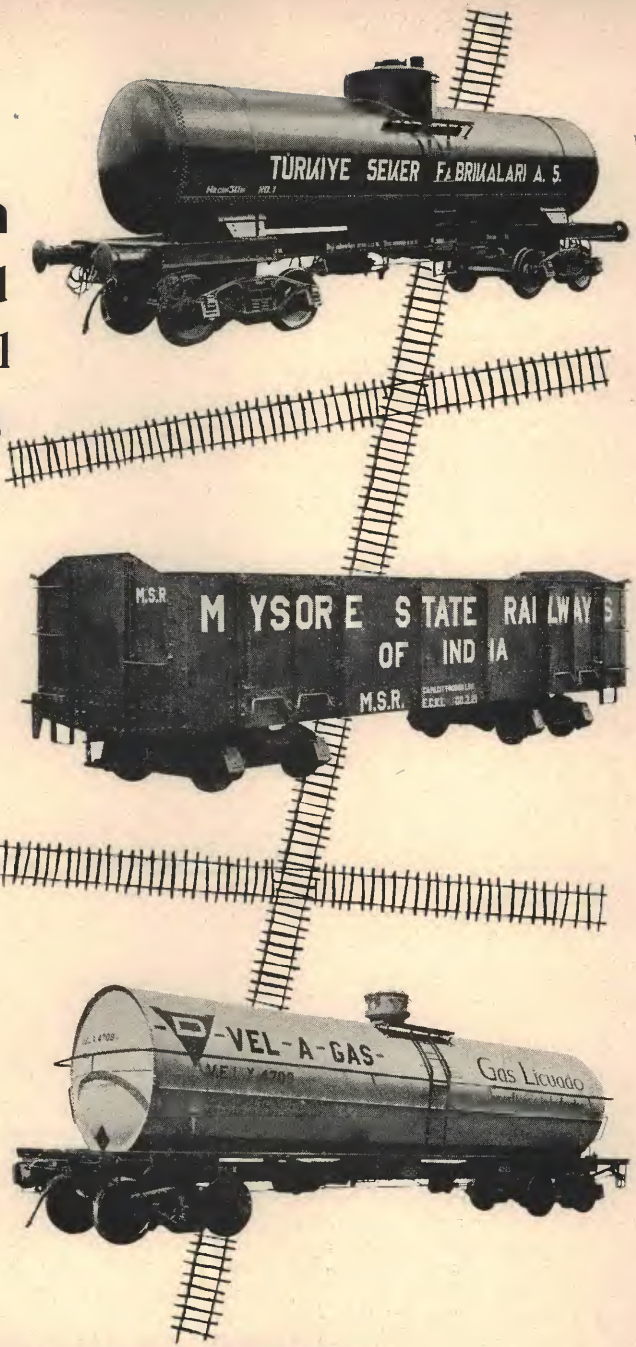

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said, "You have excellent roads in America. We cannot charge for barely making ours passable." The ruggedly beautiful scenery of the rest of that day's drive was somewhat marred by intermittent rainfall and the necessity of fording five very wide, hub-deep road washouts, one flowing so swiftly that it knocked Betty down as she tried to explore it in bare feet. When we finally arrived in Salonkia, Greece, at 10 that night, we were more weary than we had yet been.

The drive from Salonika to Alexandropolous was over a fairly good road and was very beautiful, skirting the Aegean in several places. We were somewhat startled to be awakened in Alexandropolous at 6 a.m. by a Greek lieutenant who asked us to accompany him to the security headquarters. Because of semantic difficulties, we were unable to discover why we were, we thought, under arrest. At the headquarters, we were taken to the office of Maj. General Kostopoulous, the area commander. He had discovered, through the hotel's routine police report, that Americans with diplomatic passports were passing through, and he felt he should do something to entertain us. . . . "because of the wonderful things the U.S. was doing for Greece." He was one of the most charming men I ever met.

The drive from Alexandropolous to the Turkish border was the worst of the trip. The road is almost indescribable. On one stretch of over 25 miles, we averaged just over 5 miles an hour. But we made up some lost time after crossing into Turkey because the 160 miles from Edirne to Istanbul was over a good paved road. We arrived in the maelstrom of Istanbul traffic at 8:30, hardly able to keep our eyes open. With some difficulty we found the Para Palas Hotel, got a meal and tumbled gratefully into bed.

The drive from Istanbul to Ankara via Goynuk was quite fantastic. Never have I seen such mountains outside Disney's "Fantasia." They consist of distinct layers of rock which are literally every color in the spectrum. It is an eerie sensation to see one of these monsters in the twilight, entirely devoid of vegetation and made up of great layers of pastel colored rock alternating in blue, yellow, green, purple, red and many intermediate shades.

We were robbed in Ankara, but in a most considerate manner. When we arrived at the hotel, we discovered that for the first time we would have to leave the car on the street. To be on the safe side, we dragged a great mountain of luggage up to our room, leaving only an old pair of men's shoes and two boxes in which our Venetian glassware was packed. Next morning, when we were taking Mike for a pre-breakfast walk, we saw that the car had been broken into. The thief had opened each box of glassware and removed one item from the top. Evidently discovering that he was not interested in the contents, he had replaced them and departed with the shoes. If I personally were robbing a car, I'm sure I would remove any boxes and examine their contents later in a safer place. We are grateful to our Ankara thief for being so considerate.

The next night, after a drive of 350 miles over beautiful but difficult roads, mostly mountainous, we arrived in Adana. The only hotel available was the most miserable we had seen so far. We also discovered that, at 8:30, it was too late to get anything to eat in town. Our first meal for fourteen hours consisted of peanut butter and Ritz crackers which we had purchased in Ankara for just such a contingency, and two bottles of Turkish beer apiece.

The following morning we made a very early start after a breakfast of (ugh!) macaroons and sickly-sweet cocoa. The road was good and we made excellent time, arriving in Damascus, 394 miles away, at 8:30 that evening after eleven hours of driving.

On Monday, we headed south again. There is a direct road westward from Damascus to Baghdad, but we were afraid to risk it, since it meant almost 600 miles with no accommodations or repair facilities en route. We crossed into Jordan and at Mafraq took the paved road across the desert which parallels the Iraq Petroleum Company pipeline.

The road from H-4 to Baghdad is excellent for most of the way, but the scenery leaves much to be desired. For the first hundred miles, it must be similar to driving on the moon. As far as you can see in any direction, there is nothing but a flat expanse covered with outcroppings of black basalt. After passing Rutba Wells, the basalt disappears and is replaced by gleaming white sand. For the next two hundreds miles, there is no living thing to be seen. When we crossed this stretch, the temperature was over 110 degrees and our litre thermos of water was soon exhausted. It was rather frightening in a way, but the car took this unusual punishment at over 50 m.p.h. without a murmur. Once Ramadi was reached, we were more or less back in civilization. Unfortunately, the spring floods in Iraq had practically destroyed the road and the last 75 miles were very difficult indeed. We knew Baghdad quite well from previous experience, and were able to go direct to the Semiramis Hotel where we renewed our spirits with a bath, dinner on the Hotel's very pleasant terrace overlooking the Tigris, and a good night's sleep.

The drive to the Iranian border was also very bad as a result of the spring floods. However, once over the border the road begins to ascend immediately into the Zagros mountains and the floods, of course, had not affected it. The road to the Paytagh Pass was quite easy and we then set out across the Iranian Plateau. Our stop that night was Kermanshah, where we were in for a sad jolt. The only good hotel was full and we had to stay at a native-type hotel. This establishment had hole-in-the-wall rooms, hole-in-the-floor toilets and wash-stands in the hall, where Betty was surrounded by curious spectators when she went to wash.

The final leg involved climbing over two passes, the Assabadad and the Awaz, both of which were considerably higher than the Simplon. But they were surprisingly easy. When we reached Nahavand, we were within 200 miles of Tehran. At that precise point, when we were congratulating each other on driving all the way from London without tire trouble, we had a blowout. Luckily, the rest of the journey was uneventful and we rolled into the Embassy compound in Tehran at 10 that night. The speedometer recorded that we had driven 4,888 miles since we left London, twenty-two days before.

I am sure that we will remember this trip as one of the high spots of our Foreign Service career. We passed through eleven countries and saw Europe and the Middle East more thoroughly and more intimately than would have been possible in any other way in a similar period of time. The journey was quite easy. At no point did we have the slightest passport or customs difficulty. We met with courtesy and consideration throughout.

And the cost was surprisingly little both to the Government and ourselves. Per diem and mileage came to considerably less than the fare for two people, and our out-of-pocket expenses were so small as to be almost negligible.

Brig Isobel III participating in 1937 President's Cup Regatta.

—they are, nevertheless, warmer than a blanket one inch thick.

Skill is exhibited in the manufacture of ladies handbags. A high percentage of these are handmade by cottagers from velvet, silk, brocade, cotton and leather. Some are lavishly decorated with bead and mirror work, others are magnificently embroidered with fine yarn or silk thread. Leather bags have hand-tooled designs, in many instances.

The creation of household articles is a vast industry. Items are made from skins, clay, metals, cane, jute, wood, paper and leather.

The production of items from camel membrane (internal tissue) is a 100 per cent Pakistani craft. They are made in Multane, only. Multane is in West Pakistan. The membrane is obtained from camels that die of old age, or have to be destroyed for some reason. They are too valuable to be slaughtered for this use and the tissues of any that die from disease are not suitable.

To make the products the membrane is stretched over clay molds and dried in the sun. Drying time varies according to the thickness of the finished product. After the membrane has dried the clay molds are destroyed and the membrane, which has acquired the shape desired, is washed and dried again for a short time. After this drying it is cleaned, colored and painted. Lamp shades, vases and bowls are among the articles made. They are both decorative and durable.

Pottery is an ancient craft. Every village has its potter, who supplies the villagers with everyday cooking utensils, but there are those who turn out works of art in pottery. Some of their products are ornamental only, like the kind called *kaghazi*—thin as paper.

The potter's wheel is still in use and the dexterous hands of the potter still molds the clay into the shape of the vessels wanted—as in ancient times. After the clay is shaped it is baked in crude ovens then stacked in neat piles or arranged on shelves in the homes of the makers, to await the application of the designs and colors. The designs are often ornate and the colors used tend to reveal the personality of the potter and to indicate the district in which he has settled in Pakistan. Sahawlpur and Sind in West Pakistan are centers of pottery making. From both places come jars, tea and dinner sets, goblets, vases, plates, *pialas* (cups), *kuzas* (pitchers).

Handcrafted work in silver includes silver filigree. Filigreed work in precious metals and jewelry is a specialty in Dacca.

In filigreeing, a thick wire is hammered out of metal then pulled through graduated holes in a steel plate making the wire smaller and smaller until it is the desired diameter. Then it is cut up, bent or coiled into the shape or design the workman wants. When this is done with thread-like wires on small articles like bases of little candlestick holders, the patience and high craftsmanship of the artisans are notably remarkable. These are beaten into the exact shape desired. It is soldered together and the seam beaten until it does not show. Water pitchers, cups, trays, vases and pots are produced. Production centers are Dacca, Faridpur, and Khulna.

Silver is used, also, as dessert. In well-to-do homes or high class restaurants, a guest may find his dessert of sweetmeats garnished with a sheet of beaten silver in the form of a leaf. This garnishment has been beaten to a shimmering thinness by craftsmen. It is completely edible and is said to be good for the heart.

Moradabadi work consists of enameling on metal. Designs are prepared and an engraver puts the pattern on an article with steel styles. The enamel, prepared in stick form, is carefully burnished into the engraved pattern. The article is heated again gently then when cooled is cleaned and polished. Colors used are rich and warm. Articles of enamelware are *pandans* (little boxes for betel or spices), *attardans* (perfume holders), trays, table tops, vases.

Bidri work, originated and extended by Moslem Kings of Bidar, is cast of copper or brass alloy then given chemical treatment which makes it permanently black. It is then cleaned and finished and the engraver hollows out the pattern. Silver wire is inserted in the grooves and hammered. *Hookahs* (pipes), cuspidors, flower vases, paper knives and ash trays are some articles made. The main center for Bidri work is Karachi.

Copperware is made in two ways, casted and hammered or handbeaten. Much handbeaten work comes from the Punjab where the *loharis* (coppersmiths) excel in making it. Beaten ware is more popular than the casted product. In making it sheets of copper are formed into crude shapes of the objects being made.

Besides the metal crafts there is another—woodturning. A number of wooden articles come from Azad Kashmir, made by Moslem craftsmen. Much of the work is done with homemade tools and crude machines. Blocks of wood with spikes at each end hold the wood to be turned. The operator spins the wood with a bow and with his hand makes tools shape the piece. Lamp bases, candlestick holders, tables, and trinket boxes are made of wood. The products are often vividly colored and many have designs with minute details carved on them.

New industrial developments in Pakistan are improving living and working conditions of the craftsmen. The completion of two new woolen mills, which among other things furnish materials for producing cloth goods, is one development. Both mills are producing materials used by the cottagers.

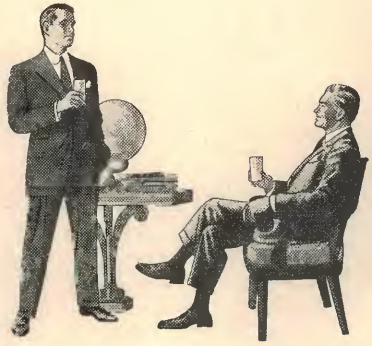
Several government agencies that were set up to help the craftsman transform his country from an agricultural to an industrial economy are still functioning. Two outstanding agencies are the Pakistan Refugee Rehabilitation Finance Corporation and the Industrial Finance Corporation. Both made loans and furnished materials to the artisans in the early days of the State's existence. The P.R.R.F.C. organized industrial colonies in various parts of the country and set up display centers where the cottagers products may be exhibited and sold.

Women's social welfare organizations are giving and have given a vast amount of aid to cottage craftsmen. The All Pakistan Women's Association is one of the most prominent. Its activities include setting up display counters for cottager's products, furnishing material to them and establishing schools and training centers for their families.

The Economic Uplift Group is doing a great service, too. It has been directly responsible for many measures adopted for improving standards for products and opening government depots to supply raw materials.

The Women's Cooperative Society is another organization which is helping the government of Pakistan to develop the creative abilities of Pakistani craftsmen for their economic welfare and the industrial welfare of their new country.

Here's straight talk about straight bourbon!



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deep root in conservative and fashionable circles in both the United States and England.

Notified of our coming, Cochran had assembled Americans wishing evacuation, including three Bryn Mawr girls who were unable to understand the gravity of the situation. In a little Ford, they had been rattling for days in the midst of the perils without suspecting danger until, on reaching the outskirts of Vigo, they were startled by heavy firing in the city. They telephoned the police station to learn the reason. "Where are you?" demanded a voice. They told him. "Well, stay there until we send for you," barked the voice. They still were giggling, persuaded that the rebellion was a lark out of comic opera. While waiting for the *Cayuga,* they had made friends with some young Fascist soldiers, who had taught them the Fascist salute and songs. These youths rowed to the *Cayuga,* giving the salute, singing the songs, and the American girls, bending over the rail, were joining with a will, until it was suggested that in view of our neutrality, of the fact that the ship was a governmental vessel, and the American Ambassador on board, it would be desirable to dispense with antigovernment, antidemocratic demonstrations.

On to Coruña

That night we went on to Coruña through a heavy fog that kept the captain on the bridge all night. The fog dissipated before the morning sun, and Coruña was spread out before us. Again, for diplomatic reasons, I was tied to the ship. Seen from the sea, the town is in the shape of a crescent, stretching a long distance along the shore. At one end, and a little beyond the town, loomed the "Pillar of Hercules," a famous old lighthouse known to song and story. The town was very still. Its silence was broken only by the target practice at the barracks.

And again I heard how Fascism took possession of these towns. The army had marched into the city that had no premonition. The civil governor and some Assault Guards died speedily without ceremony before a firing squad. It had been an easy conquest. In towns like Vigo and Coruña, the armed forces were hostile to the Republic, since Gil Robles and Franco, when in the War Office, had seen to that. And the population was unarmed. In that year's election, thirteen of the sixteen deputies from Galicia were of the Left or real republican parties, and but three were enemies of the democratic regime. But those who voted for the thirteen were unarmed; and those who voted for the three had the army. It was that simple. A small armed force had imposed its will on an unarmed population.

In the afternoon we went on to Ferrol, a navy base and a shipbuilding center to offer evacuation to the American wives of Spanish naval officers, and I sat on deck enjoying the entrancing sea view and the green hills while some of the party went to the town.

We reached Gijón at nine in the morning and immediately went ashore. We were greeted in friendly fashion and furnished a car to take us into town. Despite the recent shelling by the *Cervera,* the city was calm and orderly. But the City Hall presented a scene of intense activity. The reception room was filled with unshaven men. The mayor was coldly calm, unhurried, lightning quick in his decisions. Learning our mission, he volunteered to broadcast for us. While that was being done, we went to the Cuban Consulate to inquire about Cubans and Argentinians who might wish to leave. The office was crowded with men, women, and children. As we were leaving, the Spanish guide who had accompanied us remarked that the consul did not know that the loyalists knew that the consulate was filled with enemies of the regime in hiding. It was my first contact with the system for the protection of fifth columnists by democratic nations in the diplomatic corps that was to shock me later on.

This guide, an educated man, who had attended Cornell University, introduced himself as familiar with two of my books. As we rode through the streets, he pointed out the effect of the shelling by the *Cervera*—the wreckage near the pier of the inner town, the great hole in the pavement in front of a hospital where a shell had burst. All this he pointed out with the nonchalance of a guide piloting tourists through the ruins of ancient Rome. He told us that Civil Guards, distrusted by the masses, were imprisoned but not harmed. Explaining why the miners in Oviedo did not use dynamite to blast out the rebels in that town, he said they did not want to hurt women and children. "We want the respect of the outside world," he said.

When we returned to the pier with our refugees, we found the *Cervera* dangerously near, its boats lowered out of range of the guns that were turned toward the town. There was nothing to do but risk it. We embarked our refugees in a motorboat without an incident. As we passed the *Cervera* on our way out, it signaled in the customary manner. And there were queer happenings on the sea that night. The officers on the bridge of the *Cayuga* had seen a mysteriously darkened ship prowling on the waters and had thought it an Italian ship carrying provisions or ammunition to the rebels. This was when it was still thought bad taste to mention above a whisper Italy's notorious participation in the war.

Santander and San Sebastián

The next morning we were at Santander. It was here that we took on board the most winsome of the refugees, Gloria Sileo, a nine-year-old girl from Brooklyn, spending her vacation with her Spanish aunt. The child, both pretty and bright, was keen to return to Brooklyn before school opened. The aunt was large and jolly and eager to go herself. To evacuate the child alone would have been a problem, and the rule was rigid against taking Spaniards without a permit from the authorities. My appeal to the mayor was successful.

There was little in the streets of Santander that day to suggest a war. The city was beautiful in the hot sunshine, and the business buildings and private houses suggested comfortable living conditions. Men and women jostled one another on the sidewalks, merry and apparently carefree, and the stores and banks were open. We were graciously received by the governor, whose rooms and corridors were crowded with a constant stream of callers going in and out. The captain of the port, tall, distinguished, and handsome, was charming, and this "red" talked regretfully with Garrison of the lost pleasures of the city's fine golf course.

While we were waiting by the open window, we were startled by children's voices in song. They were packed into a trolley car going by, and in the midst of so much tragedy, it was a strange and welcome interlude.

My last view of this pleasant town, which Azaña hoped to make the summer capital, was through the porthole of my cabin just as we sailed. There loomed the King's favorite palace like a picture in a frame.

The next morning we were in San Sebastián. We had seen

(Continued on page 54)

THE FLOATING EMBASSY *(from page 52)*

it last when men were fighting in the streets and diplomatic privileges meant nothing to men playing with death. Now the government was in control. The loyalist guards who met us as we landed were rough enough in appearance, but they were fighting men in fighting days. They met us in a friendly spirit. We walked to the old quarters of the summer embassy in the Continental Hotel and marveled, as we went, at the gross exaggeration of the "destruction" wrought on the María Cristina Hotel and the Casino. It is remarkable that most truthful people will misrepresent and exaggerate in war days to give a thrill. This was impressed upon me in the beginning when an American woman, evacuated from San Sebastián, told staring reporters in Hendaye, on disembarking from the *Cayuga*, of seeing the entire coast line lighted by the fires of burning churches and convents *when not a single church or convent had been touched*. The devout Basques did not harm their churches or convents; that was a specialty of the Nazi aviators, as we shall see.

That day the people were moving about the streets in normal fashion. There was little traffic, and the sidewalk cafés along the Alameda were deserted and lonesome. Near the post office, groups were gathered about the front page of a newspaper pasted on the wall. We joined the group in reading a denunciation of Gil Robles as a "traitor," a "perjurer," a "liar," responsible for the blood welter in which Spain was plunged. The crowd read in moody silence.

We drove at noon to Hendaye to the Eskualduna Hotel, where most of the diplomatic corps had taken quarters.

That ten-day journey along the northern coast of Spain in the first days of the Second World War gave me much to think about. The sheer beauty of the rugged coast, the green wooded mountains, the cultivated fields, are unforgettable. The towns were enveloped in tragedy, silent, grim, and mostly sad. They suggested the stage setting for a tragic drama. The people were ready to die, if need be, but it seemed so hopeless. This corner was completely shut off from any possibility of assistance from the loyalist government in Madrid, since the territory held by the rebels stretched for miles between. Should the rebels attack, they could constantly be reinforced from rebel territory, but no loyalist who died could be replaced. The Basques, the Galicians, the Asturians, the people of Santander, were surrounded and isolated. For a while they would be able to get material and food by sea, but troops could not be moved in by water. Even so, the morale of these people was remarkable. They seemed to realize that they faced overwhelming odds, but they faced them gamely with a smile.

The journey back to Saint-Jean-de-Luz had been interesting, for the refugees were gay, sunning themselves on the deck by day and at night crowding into the engine room for the pictures. It was a paradise for the children—movies every evening, and a boat for a playhouse every day. The sailors fed them chocolate bars, and they romped about with smeared faces.

The Embassy at Hendaye

I established the embassy in two large cheerful rooms with French doors opening onto a balcony in the Eskualduna Hotel at Hendaye, and the next day I drove across the border to Fuenterrabia, where I found the servants at the villa contented, though the war was drawing near, and we could hear the rumble of loyalist artillery in the mountains. . . . Cochran telegraphed from Vigo that the military authorities were ignoring his intercession for an American in prison, and that he was receiving threatening letters on the stationery of the military headquarters. I advised his transfer after Fascist youths debated one night outside his door whether to kill him regardless of the effect on international relations. An amusing story drifted in from Madrid, where the pretty and charming young Countess Villada and her husband had "lost" themselves by going to a hospital to escape notice. She worked as a nurse and he as an orderly. . . . In San Sebastián, officers taken in rebellion were being court-martialed in batches of eight, granted all the customary privileges of defense, and condemned. They were, on their request, permitted to die in uniform.

This tragic phase came close to me. One afternoon I was informed by the daughter of Sr. Padilla, former Spanish Ambassador to Washington, that her brother, an officer, was to face a court-martial that night in San Sebastián. It usually meant execution at dawn. The association of the father with Washington seemed to justify a deviation from the usually rigid rule to keep entirely out of the savage struggle. There was not time to cable Washington, but I joined the British Ambassador in a telegraphed appeal for clemency. That night seven, not eight, were condemned, and young Padilla was saved, but he died within a year fighting those who had granted clemency.

The Eskualduna Hotel, one of the largest in Europe, delightfully situated facing the sea and a beautiful beach, was swarming with diplomats, war correspondents, and the Spanish aristocracy seeking to save relatives caught in the vortex of the furious struggle. For days we were deluged with telegrams, and the telephone rang literally day and night. There was no entertainment in Hendaye outside the lobby of the hotel, but in free moments we found the house of Pierre Loti, rambled over the extensive grounds of the castle built for the Empress Eugénie by the sea, or went to Cambo to walk in the elaborate gardens of Rostand.

Meanwhile, rumors flew about the march of the rebels on Irún, about the increasing number of Moors on the fighting front, about the Carlists' marching from Pamplona, and then bombs fell on Irún. The battle was not remote.

BIRTHS

BLAKE. A daughter, Kathleen, born to Mr. and Mrs. James J. Blake on July 12, 1954, in Washington.

BOWIE. A daughter, Karen Ruth, born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Bowie on July 15, 1954, at Munich.

DEXTER. A second daughter, Martha Anne, born to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dexter on August 5, 1954, at New Haven, Connecticut. Susan Elizabeth was born on November 15, 1952, at Ithaca, New York.

HOFFACKER. A daughter, Anne Alling, born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hoffacker on August 5, 1954, at Istanbul.

HOWE. A son, Bruce Miller, born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Walter Howe on July 19, 1954, in Luxembourg.

HOLMES. A son, Ronald Alan, born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Holmes on July 27, 1954, at Johannesburg.

MULCAHY. A daughter, Anne Kathleen, born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Mulcahy on August 17, 1954, in Washington. Mr. Mulcahy is a member of the JOURNAL Editorial Board.

SNIDER. A son, Martin Russell, born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde William Snider on August 29. 1954, at Long Beach, California.

CHANGES OF STATION IN JULY, 1954

NAME	FROM	TO
Adams, Theo C.	Hong Kong	Tripoli
Anderson, Dorothy V.	New Appointment	Taipei
Andrew, Robert F.	Tananarive	London
Askew, Laurin B.	Lima	Manila
Barber, Charles H.	New Appointment	Taipei
Barbour, Robert E.	Tokyo	Rangoon
Berry, Lampton	New Appointment	Singapore
Byrne, Patricia M.	Saigon	Brussels
Cargo, William I.	New Appointment	Paris
Cassilly, Thomas A.	Seoul	Meshed
Chabot, Marie C.	Tebrau	Athens
Clark, Harlan B.	Damascus	Department
Colquitt, Adrian B.	Toronto	Phnom Penh
Cook, Nancy Julia	Department	New Delhi
Dean, Robert W.	Belem	Rio de Janeiro
Diggins, John R.	Reykjavik	Antwerp
Dobbs, Theodore B.	Paris	Frankfort
Elwood, Robert B.	Taipei	Beirut
Engebretson, T. O.	New Appointment	New Delhi
Frazier, Ruby L.	Rio de Janeiro	Tel Aviv
Geen, Helen E.	Ottawa	Addis Ababa
Getsinger, Norman W.	Department	Rome
Grimes, John O.	Paris	Frankfort
Guise, Margaret L.	Oslo	Colombo
Hambley, William A.	New Appointment	Seoul
Harrison, John W.	New Appointment	Vienna
Heltberg, Arnlioth	Cherbourg	Rotterdam
Henderson, John W.	Tokyo	Bangkok
Herfurt, Jack A.	Bonn	Baghdad
Hulen, Elmer C.	Seoul	Windsor
Hutzel, John M.	New Appointment	Karachi
Isham, Heyward	Berlin	Department
Jones, William C., Jr.	Paris	Frankfort
Kalaris, Angelo T.	New Appointment	Athens
Kenner, Rodham W.	New Appointment	Mexico
Lancaster, N., Jr.	Rotterdam	Curacao
Laurendine, Chase E.	Vienna	Saigon
Lee, Armistead	Department	Kingston
Lester, Allen H.	Ciudad Trujillo	Guatemala
Linde, Kenneth W.	Lahore	Florence
Long, Guy O.	Copenhagen	Hong Kong
Magliozzi, Francis	Baghdad	Martinique
Matthews, Glenwood	Djakarta	Montevideo
Miller, Robert H.	New Appointment	Paris
Mills, Sheldon T.	New Delhi	Quito
Montel, John E.	Department	Ciudad Trujillo
Montllor, Joseph	Phnom Penh	Department
Moser, Leo J.	New Appointment	Hong Kong
Nolan, Louis C.	Dublin	Montevideo
Ostrander, Nancy	Habana	The Hague
Palmer, Stephen E.	Department	Belgrade
Panella, Jeanne C.	Hong Kong	Stuttgart
Phelan, Raymond	Hamilton, Bermuda	Caracas
Pohl, Eddie Burk	Paris	Frankfort
Redington, Robert J.	Warsaw	Ottawa
Reed, Charles, II	Florence	Johannesburg
Reed, Henry C.	Naples	Hamilton, Bermuda
Reed, Jess F.	Bonn	Habana
Rice, Maurice S.	Department	Hong Kong
Richards, Eugenia A.	Manila	Casablanca
Sanders, Terry B.	Manila	Paris
Scott, Helen C.	Wellington	Taipei
Seate, John H.	Panama	Bangkok
Sena, Ray, Jr.	Buenos Aires	Djakarta
Skiff, Robert W.	New Appointment	Paris
Solitario, Thomas	Warsaw	Mexico
Spivack, Herbert D.	Paris	Department
Tamalavage, Anna M.	New Delhi	Tokyo
Taylor, Laurence	Yokohama	Tokyo
Urruela, Charles M.	Rangoon	Mexico
Warner, Norman E.	Quito	Tegucigalpa
Webb, Dorothy H.	Bangkok	Saigon
Weinmann, Frances L.	Rome	Manila
Wenzel, Robert H.	New Appointment	Hanoi
Willstatter, Alfred	New Appointment	Salzburg
Wilson, Robert E.	Seville	Calcutta
Woodbury, Wendell W.	Ciudad Trujillo	Reykjavik
Wright, Mabel B.	Tokyo	Nagoya
Ylitalo, J. Raymond	Department	Munich

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Goldstein, Hyman
Hulley, Benjamin M.

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Niemela, Toinette
Peterson, Dorothy
Pohl, Joy C.
Pynn, George R.
Schott, William W.
Tepaske, Adelphos
Welch, Marjorie F.

EDITORIAL *(from page 32)*

ness and engineering, those who are acquainted with his role in the recent Iranian oil settlement recognize the breadth of his views and his diplomatic skill. He also brings to the Department the humanitarian tradition of his distinguished father. We wish him all success as he enters upon his new and responsible tasks.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

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