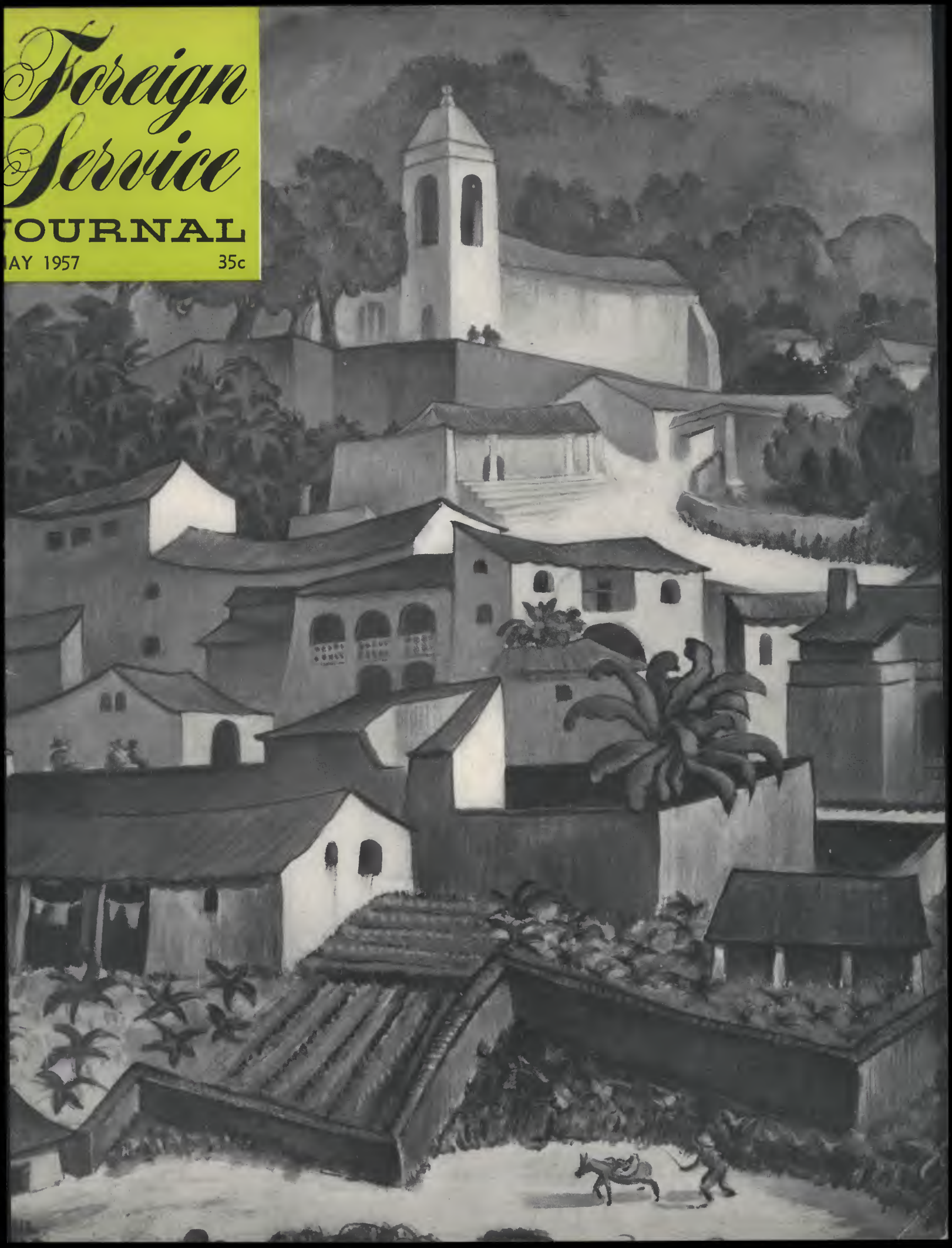
Foreign Service JOURNAL

MAY 1957 35c



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Foreign Service JOURNAL

published monthly by the
AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

MAY, 1957 Volume 34, Number 5

CONTENTS

TAXCO HILLSIDE BY PAUL CHILD

Before dawn, Paul Child says, he rose to paint this village on a hill, between Mexico City and the sea. The mist was rising as the sun came up and it was quite cool. He painted in tempera on gesso. How many people can you discover who were also up early that morning? For more information about the artist, see page 51 in Our Contributors column.

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

The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL *is not official and material appearing herein represents only the opinions of the writers, 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 one cent a word at time of publication. Photographs accompanying articles will, if accepted, be purchased at one dollar each. Five dollars is paid for cover pictures.

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May, 1957

Appointments and Designations

Ambassadorial Appointments

BONSAL, Philip W.	Bolivia
DREW, Gerald A.	Haiti
FOLGER, JOHN C.	Belgium
RUSSELL, Francis H.	New Zealand
YOUNG, Philip	Netherlands

The following nominations have been sent by the President to the Senate:

BOHLEN, Charles	Philippines
MCLEOD, Scott	Ireland
TAYLOR, Henry J.	Switzerland
WILLIS, Frances E.	Norway

The following nominations were confirmed by the Senate April 17 1957.

Class 1, and Secretary, to be also Consul General

Memminger, Robert B.

Class 2, and Secretaries, to be also Consuls General

Moreland, Allen B. Owen, George H.

To be Class 2, Consuls and Secretaries

Evans, John W. Riley, Russell L.

To be Class 3, Consuls and Secretaries

Brown, John L. Gerber, William
Walker, D. Merle

To be Class 4, Consuls and Secretaries

Duffus, Mrs. Ursula H. Jerolaman, Jean
Lentz, Lucy Richmond

To be Class 5, Consuls and Secretaries

Browne, Elwood M. Quick, James C.
Monticone, William J. Toulme, Clarence W.

Class 6 and Secretary, to be also Consul

Hallam, Malcolm P.

To be Class 6, Consul and Secretary

Shockley, William P. Jr.

To be Class 6, Vice Consuls and Secretaries

Bowe, Martin S. Jr. McKenzie, Mary W.
Glenn, Eleanor Pinard, Isabelle
Goldstein, Fannie Rossi, Irene
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Harnit, Jessie L. Sullivan, John W.
Heissel, Clarence J. Taylor, E. Paul
Henry, J. William Ward, James G.
Kelley, Margaret R. Warner, Charles T.
Lindsey, James B. Young, Walter C.
McCabe, David H.

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Appointments and Designations

(from page 4)

To be Class 8, Vice Consuls and Secretaries

Aneiro, George
Apel, Roy J.
Asencio, Diego C.
Barnes, Thomas J.
Bashe, Eugene J.
Bauman, Arthur C.
Bozzelli, Michele C.
Cantwell, John A.
Carr, George F. Jr.
Cole, Temple G.
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Grindall, Terrence T.
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Harpe, Clifford H.
Head, James R.
Jacobs, Aaron F.
Johnson, Roy H.
Kagan, Stanley E.
Knight, Robert D.
Lasky, Morelle
Leach, Norman D.
Lloyd, Wingate
Logan, Alan
Lowman, Shepard C.
Luebker, Eugene A.
McMillan, Carl H. Jr.
Maguire, Edward J. Jr.
Mills, William H.
Moser, Gottfried W.
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Parr, Ross C.
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Ramsay, Walter G.
Rich, Robert G. Jr.
Roberts, George B. Jr.
Schrader, Roger C.
Searing, Richard C.
Shepherd, Carl G.
Simmons, William L.
Skoug, Kenneth N. Jr.
Spangler, John D.
Thomson, James M.
Weyres, Virginia
Wilson, Dawson S.
Woolner, Bruce E.
Wright, Robert G.
Zuckerman, Albert J.

Staff Officers to be Consuls

Niccoll, Frank C.
Robertson, William P.
Swope, Warren L.

Reserve Officers to be Consuls

Arundale, Joseph C.
Dinsmore, Lee F.
Duke, Wilfred V.
Geaneas, Zachary P.
Macauley, Edward 3rd
Parrott, Roswell M.
Wiggin, John L.

Reserve Officers to be Consuls and Secretaries

Bonner, Henry S.
Flott, Frederick W. Jr.
Hunt, E. Howard Jr.

Reserve Officers to be Secretaries

Fendig, Philip F.
Holcomb, Franklin P.
Horgan, John P.
McCarthy, Richard M.
Rickard, Samuel H. III
Simenson, William C.

Reserve Officers to be Vice Consuls and Secretaries

Day, Osborne A.
Thomas, Fred C. Jr.

Reserve Officers to be Vice Consuls

Horton, Roderick W.
Watkins, Quentin H.
Siafacas, Spiros A.

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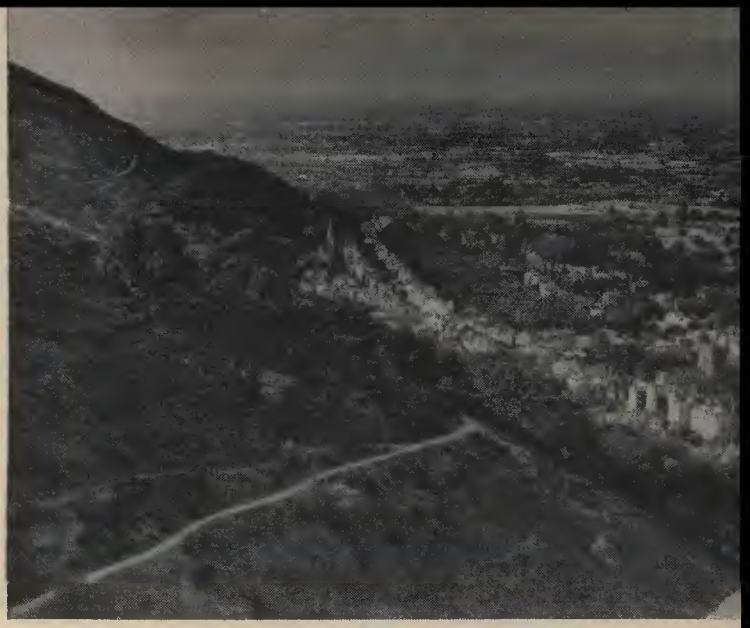

Worcestershire-Malvern from the Beacon

Britain's Ancient Beacons

By E. R. Yarham

Visitors to Britain who drive around the countryside cannot fail to notice, here and there, hills that stand out particularly prominently against the skyline. Often, in these days, they are covered by the radar or radio masts that form part of the defense organisation, and thus to some extent they are carrying on an age-old historic duty.

Just as today those masts stand ready to flash out warning of invaders from over the sea, and just as they cover Britain in a vast web, so from the days of the Saxons down to the coming of the telegraph last century a great maze of beacon fires, whose number probably ran into four figures, carried from hill to hill and from tower to tower the news that the enemy had been sighted.

These beacons played as vital a role in the defense of Britain in days gone by as twentieth century devices do now. Over five hundred of their sites have been located, many of them still bearing the name of the beacon. Among them are Firle Beacon, Dunkery Beacon, and Crowborough Beacon in the south. In Wales Pen-y-Fan, almost 3,000 ft. high, was a famous beacon site, and other notable ones were on the Pennines and the Fells. From Pendle Hill, in Lancashire, a height inseparably associated with witches and other folklore, the beacon flames leaped up to send their warnings over wide areas of the counties of the rival roses.

Some beacons bore picturesque names, such as the Fire Hills, near Hastings, and One Tree Hill in South London, which was one of the line of beacons stretching from the South Coast to the capital. From London, indeed, the beacons radiated in all directions. The news of the first important battle of the Civil War (Edgehill, 1642) was signalled from the old beacon tower on Burton Dassett Hill, and the fiery message was picked up forty miles away by the celebrated Ivinghoe Beacon, in Buckinghamshire, and from there flashed on through Harrow to London.

A few miles north of London, on the church tower of Monken Hadley (Barnet), is the only fire-cresset that still remains in position. Beacons were situated not only on

(*Continued on page* 10)

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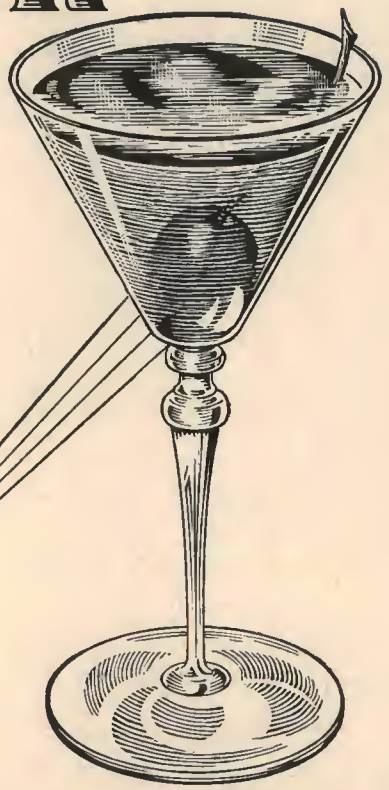

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Beacons

(from page 8)

prominent landmarks such as hills, but on castle keeps and church towers. At Monken Hadley the cresset is fastened in an angle turret. The bottom of the brazier has iron bars, and the brazier itself is held between four iron uprights. The bracket is fixed to a thick wooden post, further strengthened by four oak supports. It is possible that this beacon may have been used to guide travellers through the thick forest called Enfield Chase.

Without doubt the most dramatic tradition in the history of the beacon system is the story of when the Armada was sighted coming up the English Channel. The flames on the southern beacons leaped out first, and almost instantly their message was picked up by the watchers on the more inland hills. Soon the warning fires were burning on every beason site in the southern counties; and in an hour or so the message had spread to Wales. To quote Macaulay's dramatic description of the flames: "On, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still," leaping from peak to peak along the Pennines, until they roused the North and reached the Border. Within twenty-four hours, it has been related, the whole country was alert, and tens of thousands of men were hastening on foot or on horseback to their appointed rendezvous.

The official record of the Privy Council during Elizabeth's reign says that by means of the beacons no fewer than 70,000 men could be assembled, quite apart from the country's regular forces. Of these, 17,000 came from the Eastern Counties; 16,000 could be assembled at Portsmouth, 17,000 at Plymouth, and 11,000 at Falmouth. Tilbury was also a rendezvous for the men of London. The beacon system was nominally under the control of the sovereign, who acted through Orders in Council. These Orders were sent to the sheriffs, and a Commission of Beacons, under the Great Seal, was empowered to levy "beaconage" for "watching and maintenance."

The system was extremely well organised and remarkably efficient. The coastal areas were all marked off into sections, and each man knew where he was to go when the beacon called him out. There would have been little sense in disturbing the whole countryside when the danger was not grave, and arrangements were therefore made to meet almost every eventuality. The maritime beacons were arranged in ones, twos or threes. When more than ten enemy ships were sighted, one beacon was fired to set the vicinity on the alert; two beacons were lit when a landing seemed imminent, and these were answered by another being lit along the chain of beacons; the third was lit when a raid had to be repulsed, and this alarm was followed by the lighting of the inland beacons, when armed men hastened to the danger point.

Occasionally, as in the best-regulated schemes, things went wrong. It was possible for a beacon to be lit by accident or mistake, and that actually happened once or twice down the years. Whatever the inconvenience caused, it certainly gave the system a thorough try-out! The efficiency of the method of assembling the country's beacons was proved when the one at Hume Castle, Berwickshire, was fired by mistake. In a very short time the lines of beacons were flaring, and by next morning volunteers

(*Continued on page* 12)

Washington Portrait

. . . The Jefferson Memorial Temple rises majestically above the cherry blossoms rimming the Tidal Basin

Charles Baptie

Bank note issued by Riggs National Bank—circulating in 1912 when the cherry trees were planted.

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Beacons

(from page 10)

throughout nearly all the southern counties of Scotland were in arms and hurrying to their assembly points.

This was at the time when Napoleon's armies were threatening invasion, and Sir Walter Scott left a vivid word-picture of the enthusiasm with which the call was answered:

> "The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in requisition all the horses they could find; and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own country, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got safe back to their own stables.
>
> "The Selkirkshire Yeomanry was a remarkable march; for although some of the individuals lived at 20 and 30 miles' distance from the place where they mustered, they were nevertheless embodied and in order in so short a period, that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm post, about one o'clock the day following the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle."

Perhaps the most notable description in English literature of the lighting of a beacon is in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native": "While the men and lads were building the pile, a change took place in the mass of the shade which denoted the distant landscape. Red suns and tufts of fire one by one began to arise, flecking the whole country around . . . and as the hour may be told on a clock-face when the figures themselves are invisible, so did the men recognise the locality of each fire by its angle and direction, though nothing of the scenery could be viewed. The first tall flame from Rainbarrow sprang into the sky, attracting all eyes that had been fixed on the distant conflagrations back to their own attempt in the same kind." Rainbarrow thinly disguises Creechbarrow, the highest hill of the double range of Purbeck Hills, and it looks out over Hardy's Egdon Heath.

The earliest beacons seem to have been brushwood fires. Before the reign of Edward III "there were but stackes of wood set up in high places, which were fired when the cumming of the enemies were descried," wrote the great judge Sir Edward Coke in Charles I's day, "but at that time pitch boxes, as now be, were set up, and this is properly a beacon." At the time of the Armada the beacons consisted of a strong oak trunk, fixed into the ground, and allowing some 20 ft. to show, and on the top was fixed a large iron fire-cage. A ladder led to it, and the cage was filled with tow steeped in pitch, with logs of wood for substance. A beacon like this burned for about two hours without needing replenishment. (Illustration: page 18)

Today the ancient fire-cressets have gone from the hill-tops, and the safety of the nation rests in the complicated equipment of our radio stations. But the hills themselves remain, unchanged in a changing world, as landmarks in the countryside, and reminders of the part the beacons played in Britain's colorful history.

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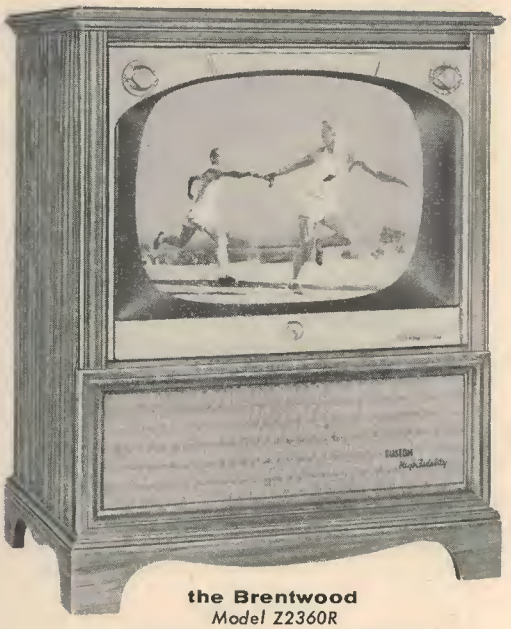

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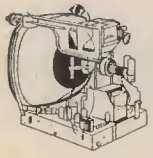

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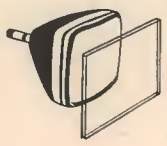

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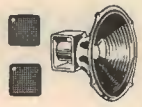

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Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Scholarship

In the February issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL mention was made of a $1,000 scholarship for children of Foreign Service Officers. Since the February issue went to press, the last of the documents has been signed and transfer of the securities effected wherein the $30,000 irrevocable trust fund was created by Mrs. Wilbur J. Carr and a national banking institution, wherein it was provided that there should be paid from the income of this fund in perpetuity, $1,000 per year to the American Foreign Service Association in their scholarship program for the children of Foreign Service Officers.

Wilbur Carr, so frequently referred to as "The Father of the Foreign Service" needs no introduction to the older members of that Service, but those who have joined its ranks within the past ten years will be interested in a brief history of his unique career.

In 1892, Mr. Carr was ". . . appointed clerk in the Department of State at $1,000, on probation, . . ." He served as confidential clerk to John W. Foster who was then Secretary of State. He was appointed Chief Clerk of the Department of State, 1907, and Director of the Consular Service in 1909. He served as Assistant Secretary of State from 1924 to 1937 and Minister of Czechoslovakia from 1937 to 1939.

Mr. Carr enjoyed the unique position of having served under 10 Presidents of the United States and 17 Secretaries of State.

Mrs. Carr's generous gift constitutes a fitting memorial for her distinguished husband.—H. B. F.

Journal Appointments

Hester Hise Henderson who joined the Journal staff in September 1955 as a part-time editorial assistant, has recently assumed many of the advertising duties previously performed by Mr. George Butler and is now working full-time on the magazine.

Winifred B. Foulds, newly-named Circulation Manager, was first employed by the American Foreign Service Association in February, 1950. During her seven years with the Association, Mrs. Foulds has performed much of the circulation work and is now in charge of this department.

Reception for New Officers

Members of the Board of Directors of the American Foreign Service Association, the Journal Editorial Board and the Committee on Entertainment and their wives greeted new Foreign Service Officers and their wives at a reception given by the Association at DACOR House, March 28. Over one hundred and fifty people attended the affair which honored the members of the January, February, and March classes at the Foreign Service Institute.

An opportunity to meet the new officers and their wives is welcomed by the Association and it is planned to give such receptions every three months.

(*Continued on page* 49)

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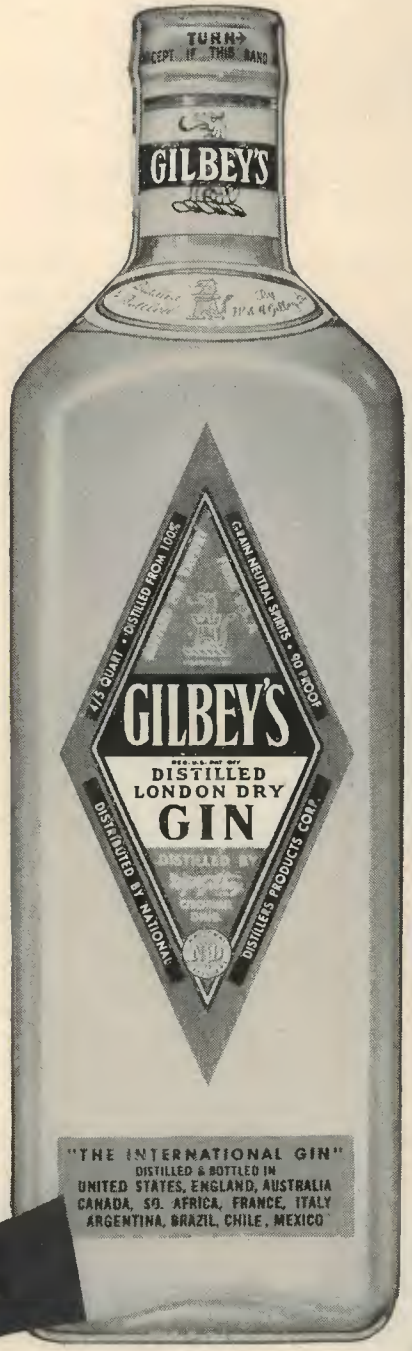

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BY JAMES B. STEWART

What? No Coffee Break for the Gentlemen?*

First paragraph of the "Rules and Regulations" dated January 3, 1871: "1. The office hours of the Department are from 9:30 a.m., at which hour gentlemen are expected to be at their desks, to 4 p.m.; and until such later hour as the exigency of the public business shall demand. . . . It is expected that the reading of newspapers in the Department will be dispensed with during business hours. Clerks and employees are not permitted to visit each other or to receive visitors during business hours. Clerks or others in the Department are not to give information of any of the business or correspondence of the Department, or any information or advice as to any vacancies to be filled or that may be likely to occur, or as to appointments to be made. No smoking will be allowed in any parts of the building that are free to the public." (Quoted by Lawrence S. Armstrong, Consul, Lisbon, in his Journal article entitled, "1871-1931")

CABOT-LEWIS. Married at Mexico City, March 31, 1932, John Moors Cabot of Boston, Third Secretary in Mexico City, and Miss Elizabeth Lewis, step-daughter of William H. Frazer, general manager of the Mexican Light and Power Company. Miss Lewis' father, the late Herbert Pickering Lewis, came to Mexico City in the late 90's and was a successful real estate dealer until his death in 1922.

RULE-HALLA. Miss Blanche V. Rule, assistant Chief of the Division of Coordination and Review, and Captain John Halla, U.S.M.C., were married in New York April 18, 1932. It is understood that this is a romance that began in London during the Naval Conference in January, 1930.

MAFFITT-MULVANE. Married at New York, April 9, 1932, Vice Consul Edward P. Maffitt and Miss Katherine Mulvane. Mr. Maffitt, formerly Vice Consul in Athens, is attending the Foreign Service Officers' Training School.

School to Field and Vice Versa

The following still active members of the class of April, 1932, look very young as they stand there on the East steps of State, War, and Navy, posing for a class photograph: Cecil LYON, Walter C. DOWLING, Elbridge DURBROW, William C. AFFELD, Jr., Douglas JENKINS, Jr., Nathaniel LANCASTER, Jr., and Ernest deW. MAYER.

As the above officers were leaving for the field, the following were leaving their posts for the School: C. Burke ELBRICK, Panama; Bernard C. CONNELLY, Trieste; Howard ELTING, Jr., Dresden; Edward P. MAFFITT, Athens; Charles W. YOST, Alexandria.

* * *

Our Children: Young Jim BYINGTON, sophomore at Yale, has represented his university on the wresting team, 145 pound class, during the past season. He lost his match against Lehigh, but won over Harvard, Princeton, and Boston.

* See cartoon page 29.

Consular Activities: "The birth rate in families of American Consular officers stationed at Hamburg has averaged one a month this year up to the end of March, indicating again that all consular activities do not appear on the official 'summary of business'."—Consul John H. BRUINS.

Plennie Walks Alone: "Mister Plennie Laurence Wingo, of Abilene, Texas, called at the Hamburg Consulate General. Mister Wingo is walking around the world backwards with the aid of a pair of 'periscope spectacles' which reveal the world from a new viewpoint.". . . Consul Bruins.

Did the Cook "Duck" and Cook Her Own Goose?

In a bachelor Chargé's household, Bogota, 1926: "Having ducks on my hand (after a hunting party) I have felt constrained to ask some people in to eat them. This feast takes place tomorrow if the cook does not leave. She says that there is no water to cook with, which is about true, for the pressure is turned on only about half an hour a day. The drought continues. The river is dried up. The air is smoky from brush fires. In an off moment I asked thirteen for the dinner . . ." Ambassador Jefferson PATTERSON in his book, "Diplomatic Duty and Diversions."

* * *

And More Recently

"But Madam!" Blurted Her Chauffeur-Interpreter.

Camilla Strom, wife of Ambassador STROM, tells of a shopping experience when stationed in Seoul. "We enjoy serving café Brûlot (see "The Joy of Cooking") after dinner. It's delicious and makes a good conversation piece, especially if your guests speak only Korean.

"We were entertaining about fifty people and I needed an additional bowl for the ceremony of the burning coffee, so I went to a brass shop. The proprietor brought out several, the size and shape of which did not suit. Finally I spotted one on the top shelf that seemed exactly right so I asked to see it.

" 'That's what I want,' I said. 'How much is it?'

"Noting the excited and confused remarks exchanged between my chauffeur and the shopkeeper, I asked, "What is the bowl used for? Do you serve soup in it or cook rice in it?'

"My chauffeur finally mustered enough English to blurt: 'But Madam! W.C.! Woman! Korean custom.' "

The Flaming Torch in Managua

F. S. wife, Mary Ellen CURTIS, reports on how the oven is lighted in their household: "The cook hunts for a dry branch, takes it to the pantry and dips it in a can of kerosene on the floor. She then turns to the stove, lights a burner to set fire to the branch and, on hands and knees, sticks the flaming torch into the hole to the *left* of the one that says 'Light oven here.'

"When the cook was absent I always carefully followed her lighting technique on the theory that 'cook knows best' even better than Glion, my 'kill-joy' husband. But one wet day I couldn't find so much as one little ole dry twig, so I grabbed the nearest kitchen match, stuck it in the hole that says, 'Light oven here' and, glory be! It worked! Friend husband's remarks at this point are unimportant but cook, who had just returned, shook her troubled head and muttered, *'Muy peligroso! Muy peligroso!'* "

BIRTHS

BREMENT. A daughter, Diana, born to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Brement, February 11, 1957, in Washington, D. C.

COLLOPY. A son, Stephen John, born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. X. Collopy, February 26, 1957, in Copenhagen.

DAVIES. A son, Glyn Townsend, born to Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Davies, April 8, 1957, in Kabul.

GROSS. Twin sons, Ian Royce and Louis Shaw, born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Gross, March 29, 1957, in Leopoldville.

KREBS. A son, Timothy Winn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Max Krebs, March 17, 1957, in Washington.

McCORMICK. A daughter, Patricia Ann, born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. McCormick, December 18, 1956, in Beirut.

McFADDEN. A daughter, Diana Elizabeth, born to Mr. and Mrs. William A. McFadden, March 22, 1957, in Washington.

MULCAHY. A daughter, Eileen Marie, born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mulcahy, March 13, 1957, in Athens.

PICARD. A son, Frederick Palmer, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Picard, February 16, 1957, in Tahriz.

MARRIAGES

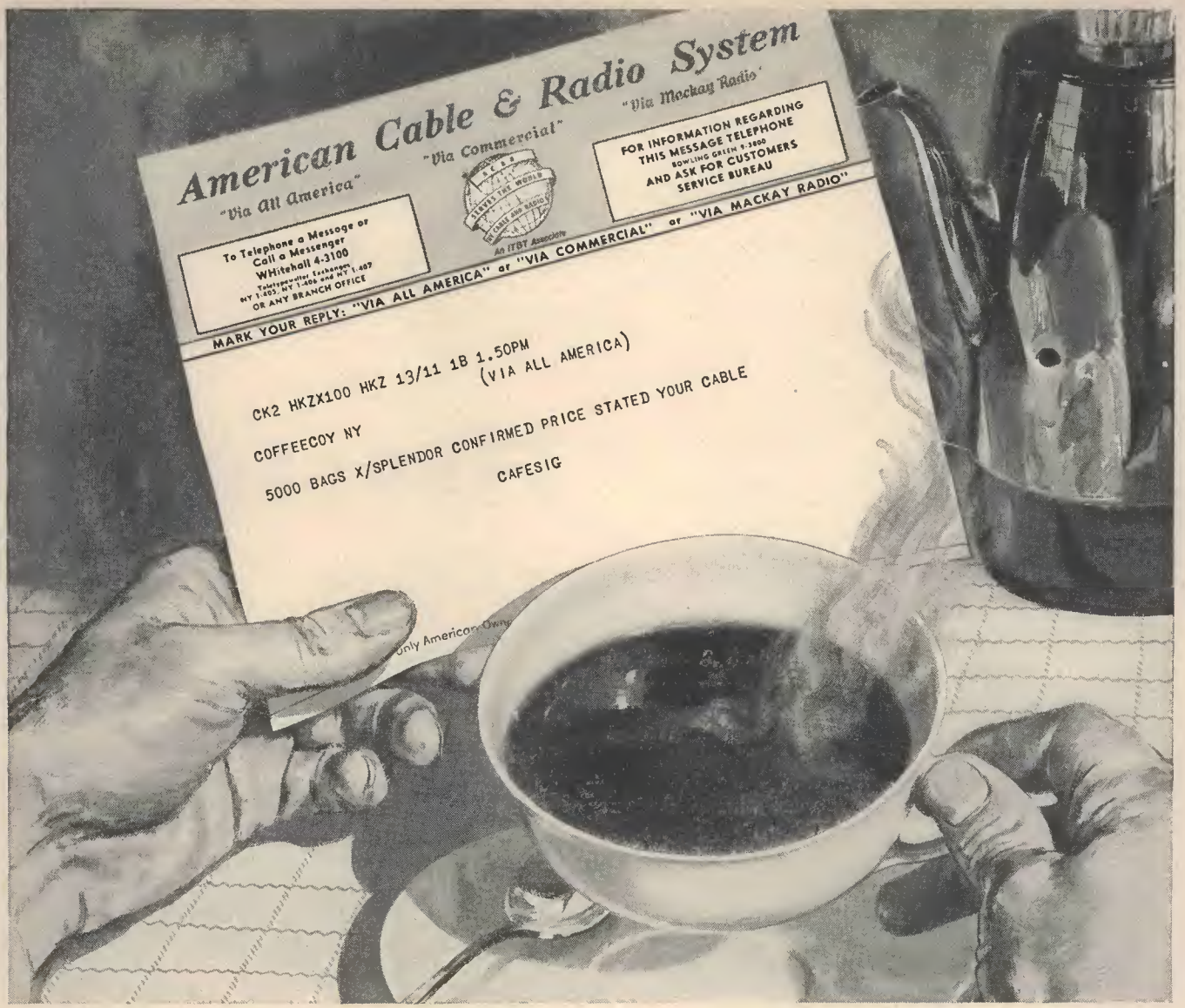
CUTLER-BEESON. Sarah G. Beeson and Walter L. Cutler were married March 15, 1957, in Philadelphia. Mr. Cutler is assigned as Vice Consul to Yaounde, French Cameroons.

ENGLISH-KNAPP. Mrs. Dorothy Hart Knapp and Robert English were married March 16, 1957 in Hancock, New Hampshire. Mr. English, retired Foreign Service officer, is a state Senator of New Hampshire.

SIPPRELLE-MILLS. Linda Mills, daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Sheldon T. Mills, and Dudley Gene Sipprelle were married February 1, 1957, in Redlands, California.

WOESSNER-McLELLAN. Sheila A. McLellan and William M. Woessner were married March 31, 1957 in North Arlington, New Jersey. Mr. Woessner is assigned to Vienna.

Replica of Ancient Beacon at Oxford (See Page 8)



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Diplomacy Intelligence, and Propaganda

By S. I. NADLER

ONLY SINCE World War II—about five minutes ago, historically speaking—have three vital words been promoted from the back-fence category. Within this short time it has come about that one can refer to *intelligence* without whispering, say *propaganda* without apologizing, and mention *diplomacy* without blushing. This development, which should have been greeted with singing in the bureaucratic streets, has instead stirred up about as much excitement as another plane trip by Secretary Dulles.

Still less understandable is a tendency among some to resist a parallel development, one related to the critical interrelationship among diplomacy, intelligence, and propaganda. This does not mean—nor is the title of this piece meant to imply—that diplomacy consists of intelligence and propaganda. To point out that an enjoyable motor trip, a good map, and advance reservations are interrelated is not the same as saying that an enjoyable motor trip is made up solely of a good road map and advance reservations. There are other considerations. Such as an automobile. And the ability to drive it.

* * *

The reader may have observed that this essay began by breaking with tradition. The opening words were not: "According to *Webster's* (or the *Encyclopedia Britannica*), diplomacy (or intelligence or propaganda) may be defined as . . ." The revolutionary assumption has been made that the reader has access to standard reference works and neither requires nor appreciates the services of a middleman. Since it would seem no less than courteous, however, to rough in a frame of reference, the writer will do so—on the basis of the foregoing assumption.

Intelligence, for example, has probably been subjected to more distortions than any respectable word should be expected to bear. Until a short while ago, most people seemed to believe that there were three kinds: *little-i*, *Big-I* and *private-eye intelligence*. *Little-i* was the kind of intelligence it was all right for everybody to have, except eggheads, who were fanatics about it. The *private-eye* category had its special importance as the foundation of two major American industries: two-bit paperback books and television. *Big-I Intelligence* was international spy stuff, conducted exclusively by men in belted trench coats and women with curved figures, arched eyebrows, and round heels.

The undramatic fact is that intelligence is no more—but also, on the other hand, no less—than information acquired, assessed, and tailored for a specific purpose. The purpose may relate to the planning of a dawn commando raid on a guided-missile base . . . but it may also relate to the price of meat and whether to buy beef for the freezer this month and pork the next month or vice versa. While it is true that some intelligence must be acquired by clandestine means, about ninety-five percent is openly available to those who know what they are looking for, where to look for it, and how to recognize it when they find it.

In his *The Art of War*, Sun Tzu wrote (in (473 B.C.):

> "If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle . . . Hostile armies may face each other for years, striving for the victory which is decided in a single day. This being so, to remain in ignorance of the enemy's condition simply because one grudges the outlay of a hundred ounces of silver in honors and emolument is the height of (folly). . . . What enables the wise (leader) to strike and conquer . . . is *foreknowledge*. Now, this foreknowledge cannot be elicited from spirits; it cannot be obtained inductively from experience, nor by any deductive calculation. Knowledge of the enemy's dispositions can only be obtained from other men . . . Hence, the enlightened (leader) will use men of the highest calibre for the purpose of obtaining intelligence."

No blueprint is required for modifying the foregoing from military to political, nor for updating it twenty-five centuries.

* * *

There once was a propaganda campaign based on wild exaggerations and lies about atrocities. It is true, too, that a department store which publicizes a special sale is engaging in propaganda. It does not follow, however, that propaganda is always synonymous with the Big Lie. Neither does it follow that one may equate propaganda with advertising, at least no more than one may equate agriculture and pea-picking. Propaganda comes in many assorted sizes and

(*Continued on page* 40)

Today's Cars are Sleek Low-Slung and SUPER-SIZED

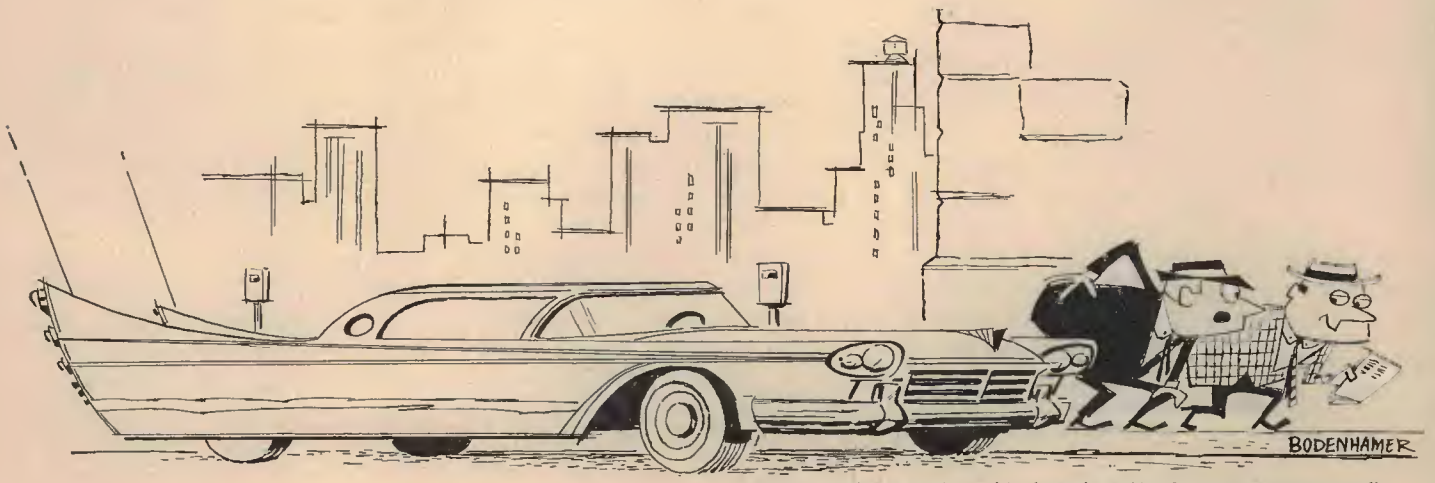
by HENRY S. VILLARD

LONGER, lower, wider, sportier, more powerful than ever—the trend in motor car design for 1957 makes you wonder when the ultimate will be reached and the family vehicle actually takes off to fly over our crowded highways. Already the new cars are sprouting tail fins and stabilizers that summon an incredulous second look; new adjectives such as the "swept-wing" styling of Dodge or the "swept-back" ball-joint front suspension of Mercury are coming into use; while "thundering horsepower," 4-barrel carburetion or Ramjet fuel injection are turning the conventional engine unit into the equivalent of a Lockheed Constellation's power plant.

All of this poses something of a problem for those who need a car not to imagine themselves zooming off to the stratosphere every time they press the accelerator, but for such prosaic purposes as going to the office or supermarket by day or the movies by night; for Sunday jaunts with the children or other simple pleasures; or, at most, to tool off on that annual vacation trip or home leave with accompanying impedimenta. It is particularly serious for the Foreign Service Officer stationed, for example, in some underdeveloped country where the parking lot is unknown and the two-way street is only wide enough for one way traffic; where protection from the elements is a carriage-size shed; or where the oversize "dream car of tomorrow" is going to be the object of awe and curiosity on the part of a goodly crowd of gaping bystanders.

The point has been reached, it seems, where the belly of the car is now only a few inches from the ground and the average man (or woman) can look over the top; where some sort of double-jointed chassis is needed to get around an Alpine curve; and where a single car takes up all the space of what used to be known as a two-car garage. Moreover, like everything else these days, it is *both* the initial cost *and* the upkeep that makes the 1957 model expensive. How impractical can manufacturers get, one is forced to ask, before the product begins to lose its public?

Nonetheless, purely as an achievement of American industry, the cars of today are breathtaking to behold. Magnificent modern Fords in the low-priced field (so-called) include the distinctive new Fairlane 500 Series—over 17 feet long, barely 4-2/3 feet high—offered in a Club Sedan and Club Victoria; a 4-door Town Sedan and hardtop Town Victoria; and a Sunliner Convertible. The luxurious Thun-



"Some models supply a block and tackle for getting you out."

derbird sports car looks as if it had just come off the race track. Five brand-new editions of the station wagon feature Ford's wide, wrap-around "liftgate" and tailgate, both operated by a single latch release: ranch wagons, country sedans or country squires afford plenty of choice in this consistently popular all-purpose vehicle. The proud claim of the year by Ford is that you can rest your elbows on its top—which gives an idea what you must do to get inside; and that on the silver anniversary of its V-8 a new "Thunderbird sizzle" engine, "electronically mass-balanced" to run smoother, quieter and longer, can be yours for the asking price.

General Motors relies on a galaxy of bright-hued Chevrolets to compete among the less costly cars. There are 20 different models on display, including a smart and sporty Corvette that comes close to continental lines and practice. No less than 13 "new" selling points are listed for the "Sweet, Smooth and Sassy" Chevy of '57, ranging from Turboglide transmission ("the newest, smoothest thing in automatic drives") to luxury-size tires and re-arranged instrument panels. At optional extra cost Chevrolet offers its fuel injection system, which completely eliminates the carburetor and which promises to become a standard item in time. This forward step in engine design is being adopted by other manufacturers on special orders but the pioneer is probably destined to go down in history as General Motors' Chevrolet Divison.

Not to be outdone by a member of the family, Pontiac—the champion of stock car racing—has introduced "Tri-Power Carburetion,"also optional at extra cost on any of its models. The advantage of this device seems to be that for normal driving an ordinary, economical, two-jet carburetor is in operation; a little extra pressure on the foot pedal and four more carburetor jets are automatically cut in for added power and, of course, an added cost in gasoline. This, it is alleged, gives you two engines for the price of one.

Buick, of course, yields to none in flair, variety and value. It has straightened out the lines of the Roadmaster Riviera and Roadmaster Convertible and it has introduced a Super-Convertible on the 127½ inch wheelbase which looks like a cabin cruiser speeding on the highroad. But other models deserve attention, like the attractive 240 H.P. Special in the Convertible and Estate Wagon categories. Except for its new chassis, which lowers the body as much as 3.4 inches "while maintaining road clearance," Buick's claims this season are relatively conservative. Considering the high cost of comparable merchandise, the same might even be said for its current price tags.

Oldsmobile, too, remains in a class by itself. An alluring display is provided by the Golden Rocket 88 Series . . . "dreamlined" to a new low in road clearance; the Super 88 with a new "Wide-Stance" ride; and the Starfire 98, whose overall length is more than 18 feet. "Solidly grounded"—not quite literally, one may hope—for "skimming the highway" the Olds has a higher and wider Span-A-Ramic windshield, a new Hi-Lo bumper and a dizzy range of color choice. Solid hues vary from onyx black to platinum mist; two-tone jobs can be had in combinations like Festival Red and Alcan White or Charcoal and Grenada Grey. Emphatically, this is not a low-priced car, especially when a long list of optional extras is attached, including dual-range power heater, deluxe radio, Bi-Phonic Speaker System, six-way or four-way electric power seat controls, Autronic eye automatic headlight dimmer, air conditioning, electrically-controlled radio antenna, and white sidewall tires. Perhaps prophetically, Oldsmobile reserves the right to make changes at any time without notice in prices, colors, materials, equipment, specifications and models, and also to discontinue models. But while they last, the present offerings provide about everything a car owner could ask for.

The border-line between low and medium-priced vehicles is difficult to distinguish at best, but perhaps Studebaker has enough variety to suit the purse for those who regard their budget as a relatively modest one. In the Golden Hawk we find a family sports car that flaunts the canted ridgeback fenders characteristic of so many other vehicles with the new look; its racing-type grille, its generally rakish lines and its louvered supercharger housing carry out the motif of "something very special in motoring . . . dart-fast with quicksilver response". In the Silver Hawk, the accent is on a "go-everywhere, do-everything" five seater available with either the 4-barreled carburetor 225 horsepower V8 Sweepstakes engine or the more economical 101 horsepower Six. For those who prefer the conventional sedan, the President Series leads off with the goodlooking "Classic"; the Commander and Champion Series fill the demand for Deluxe and Custom models; while the line would not be complete without a pick of seductive station wagons.

Turning to the House of Chrysler, we note the biggest emphasis placed on creations of the Dodge Division. Here a "hurricane of power," taming a "tornado of torque," is combined with the Torsion-Aire Ride "that conveys you in a realm of silence" into a "wonderful world of auto-dynamics"—illustrated, for instance, by a double wrap-around "back-swept" windshield in keeping with the "swept-wing" styling of the rear fenders.

Dodge epitomizes most of the ultra-modern advances. Its Torque-Flite push button drive has two speeds particularly designed for traffic situations in addition to the normal drive; its Power-Flite has one button for all ordinary conditions and one for work in extra low gear. Double headlights introduce a practice that is expected to become standard as soon as the four lamp system receives approval from all our state legislatures. Wheels are only 14 inches in diameter, permitting larger and lower-pressure tires. For a truly unexpected innovation, no doubt soon to be copied by others, the station wagons have reversed the rear seat, so that passengers from that vantage point have an observation-car view of the receding scenery. (This is supposed to appeal to small fry, who can imagine themselves tail gunners in a bomber; and for safety's sake the tail gate has an automatic lock).

The Fireflite, Firedome, and Firesweep DeSotos duplicate many of the Dodge features—the first two in the medium price range, the last at a somewhat lower figure. With three taillights banked on each side and two exhaust pipes, the towering rear end of a DeSoto looks indeed like a product of the jet age. So does the flaring tail of Plymouth, a car which has stolen a three year march on all of its competitors by bringing out the "1960-New" model "at no extra cost."

As for the "Mighty Chrysler" itself, the "most glamorous

(*Continued on page* 24)

57's Cars

(from page 23)

car in a generation", with a 126 inch wheelbase and overall length of 219.2 inches, it may be sufficient to let the promotor speak for himself. "Beautifully and smartly designed," the new "low-priced" Windsor, the Saratoga, and the New Yorker "radiate, in every line, their styling leadership over all other cars. They are the most sensationally beautiful cars Chrysler has ever built. Likewise, they are the finest Chrysler has ever built, with more outstanding engineering and performance features than ever before." What more can be added, except that here too specifications and prices are subject to change without notice?

Speaking of dream cars, Mercury comes out boldly with the assertion that its 1957 design is the "Shape of the future"—"America's first production dream car". Certainly its "sculptured projectile" side theme gives the appearance of motion, maneuverability, and the maximum in performance. The Turnpike Cruiser looks just like its name, with a spacious afterdeck enclosing some 31 cubic feet of golf bags, picnic boxes or miscellaneous gear; it boasts a number of exclusive features like 'Skylight dual-curve' windshield for greater visibility, 'breezeway ventilation'—push button controlled, and a Monitor Control Panel that resembles the instrument board of an airplane. If you don't want a car specially equipped to cruise the traffic lanes, there are five models apiece from which to choose in the well-known Montclair, Monterey and Station Wagon series.

In the upper price bracket, to mention only a few at random, the Cadillac 'Coupe de Ville' has succumbed to the epidemic of tail fins, lowered body and more visibility; the Imperial 4-door Sedan also has fins, together with dual headlights and a new torsion bar suspension; Lincoln has put 300 horsepower into its Premiere Hardtop Coupe, which is lower and longer like all the rest. By way of exception, the Continental Mark II is the same as the 1956 model, save for minor refinements.

But on the assumption that the typical owner-driver will have difficulty in solving the problems brought on by the bigger and broader vehicle of today, some manufacturers have sought to capitalize on the situation. American Motors is pushing its V-8 or Six cylinder Cross Country Rambler—a 4-door Station Wagon with rear window that can be rolled down. Why drive a garage crowder?, why feed a gas hog?, why buy parking trouble?, is Rambler's not-at-all subtle attack on its king-size competitors—and the fact is that this younger brother of the Nash and Hudson has a good many talking points in its favor. While not precisely in the same category, Packard after an uncertain production start is clinging to the conventional in length, breadth and styling; it is one of the dwindling number of models that can be accommodated in an old-fashioned garage built circa 1950 or that can be parked alongside a reasonable length of sidewalk.

One may well speculate, if the present trend continues unchecked, whether the usual market for American cars—including the foreign market—will hold up much longer. The question then is, to what do we turn? This year's Washington Automobile Show may provide part of the answer. Cynosure of many eyes at this exhibition were imported models that not only give 30 or 40 miles to the gallon but can easily rush into a parking spot where another would fear to tread. For example, the Austin, the Consul, the MG, the Hillman, the new Sunbeam Rapier may threaten an invasion from England; the front wheel drive Citroen from France; the Mercedes-Benz, the Volkswagon or the Porsche from Germany. The Hillman line, incidentally, begins at only $1465. If these miniatures do become a common sight on our roads, the occupants will at least see eye to eye with those traveling in our modern vehicles, for their elevation from the ground will be the same. And they will all look up—maybe in more ways than one—to the drivers of those ancient chariots antedating 1957 who sit so much higher in their seats that they command a good view of the road ahead.

It is too much to expect that with all the changes in body design—longer tail ends, larger baggage compartments and radically lower floorboards—the car of today is any easier to get into. What with wrap-around windshields, elaborate instrument panels and current door construction, the driver's seat is beginning to resemble the cockpit of a fighter plane; passengers must learn to step down getting in and to arrange their limbs in deft motion—tall persons especially are likely to have their hats knocked off. No doubt we shall learn to adjust to these new conditions in due course.

It has been said that you get more car for your money in 1957. It goes without saying that you also have to have more money for your car. And whether we like it or not we shall have to adjust to that too.

That Luang at Vientiane, Laos. Site of the celebration of Buddha's 2,500th anniversary at Vientiane last month.

Meetingsmanship

By PHILIP H. TREZISE

IT IS MY HOPE in this article to add a little to the growing body of literature on bureaucratic technique and etiquette. The JOURNAL has made notable contributions in this respect. There was James Blake's article last June on bureaucratic terminology and Seymour Nadler's "Foreign Serviceship" in September 1953. I should like to add a chapter on the form and methodology of meeting going, or to use the technical term, *meetingsmanship.*

What I have to say is not likely to be new to most meeting goers. It has been my experience that the average bureaucrat instinctively does the correct thing. I can only try to set out, more or less systematically, an already existing body of precept and practice.

I shall put my discussion in the context of meetings in, or involving, the Department of State. Obviously, this is a mere convenience. The principles of meetingsmanship apply in general to all governmental agencies and, I suspect, to private industry, to the academic world, and indeed to every institution that depends on conferences for the conduct of some of its activities.

The aim of meetingsmanship is a single-minded one. As the true meetingsman sees it, every meeting is an opportunity to get attention for himself. The certain way to accomplish this goal is to discomfit and discommode other people, the more the better. To practice meetingsmanship, in short, is to be moderately obnoxious.*

Meetingsmanship lends itself to discussion by categories: *Equipment, Preparation, Arrivals, Departures,* and key to all effective meetingsmanship, *Ploys. Chairmanship* is a related art, which I leave to another student to explore and systematize.

Equipment: The indispensable requirement of the *meetingsman* is a functioning larnyx and a willingness to employ it. Paper and pencil are helpful props but usually will he provided for you. A despatch case is optional. It is helpful for Arrivals, since an entrance scene is always the more dramatic when the main actor can go through the motions of unlocking his box of very secret papers. The case makes a good carrier for soiled laundry, too.

Preparation: Papers are sometimes circulated in advance of meetings. The first rule of meetingsmanship is that these are at all cost to be ignored. In fact, the rule is broader than that: The true meetingsman never prepares for any meeting at all.

Arrivals: An invariable rule of meetingsmanship is: Never arrive on time. The degree of tardiness that is required varies, however, and the meetingsman must adapt himself to circumstances. Examples will suggest to you the tactical considerations involved.

If the meeting is to be attended and chaired by people at your approximate bureaucratic level, your cue is to be twenty to thirty minutes late. When you enter, you can either apologize vaguely for having had a prior meeting in the Under Secretary's office or you can, by your demeanor, make it evident that your having come at all is a distinct condescension and an act contrary to your better judgment.

If you should be invited to a meeting in which all the participants are below your bureaucratic position, and if you cannot safely refuse the invitation, the proper procedure is to arrive ten minutes before the end of the meeting. Since it is also requisite that you leave before the meeting breaks up (see Departures) you will have to time yourself carefully.

The true art of arriving late is perhaps best displayed in meetings in which you will be heavily outranked. The problem here is to attract maximum attention without being insultingly and dangerously late. A recommended technique for meetings of this kind in the main Department building is as follows: at ten or fifteen minutes before the scheduled time for the meeting, go down to the newsstand in the main lobby. You can thumb through a magazine or read the sports section of the *Times* while you are waiting. Don't worry about the newsstand proprietor. He will be pleased at your interest in his wares. At exactly four minutes after the meeting has been scheduled to begin, place the reading material carefully back in its place on the stand. Run, do not walk, up the stairs and through the corridors to the meeting room. At five or six paces from the door, stop, take a deep breath, tiptoe to the door, open it with ostentatious care, and enter breathing heavily. If you are the type who flushes with exertion, splendid. The chairman is almost certain to be persuaded that you rushed to his meeting, at considerable danger to your health and well-being, from another equally important endeavor.

Departures: The inflexible rule is that you must never, repeat never, stay until the end of a meeting at which the other participants are at, or below, your bureaucratic rank. A preferred technique is to stalk out of these meetings after five minutes, leaving your colleagues to infer that a more important engagement has made its inevitable claim upon you. Alternatively, you can announce that you simply must run off to a meeting with the Secretary of the Treasury, or the Attorney General, or Allan Dulles, or the British Ambassador.

It is permissible, but considered rather bad form, to stay to the end of the meeting if the chairman or other

(*Continued on page* 42)

*This is the proper point for a total disclaimer: Anything written here bearing any resemblance to the statements, or actions, of any persons anywhere, living or dead, is purest happenstance, attributable only to the infinite variety of the human enterprise.

Service

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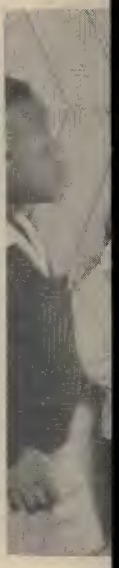

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1. **London.** The Honorable John Hay WHITNEY, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, about to enter one of the three Royal coaches which took him and his Embassy staff to Buckingham Palace for the presentation of his credentials to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. On the right is Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Her Majesty's Marshall of the Diplomatic Corps.

2. **Dusseldorf.** Shown after an exchange of *Glueck Auf's* (traditional German greeting when going up, down, or horizontally in a mine) are members of the Consulate General staff who visited the Ewald-Koenig Ludwig mine in the Ruhr. From left to right: Bergassessor Kurt Notthoff (the party's host), Vice Consul Andrew STADLER, Consul George M. POLLARD, Vice Consul Charles A. KISELYAK, Consul General (now retired) Patrick MALLON; local employees Fritz Lux and Hans Erkelenz; and the Mine's underground director, Ernst Hilgenstock.

3. **Yokohama.** Leon COWLES, Foreign Service Inspector, relaxed in *Yuukata* during an official tour of Japan.

4. **Sao Paulo.** Shown here at the home of Consul Philip RAINE are Susie Raine, Melissa Herbert, and Shirley Chapman with some of the guests at the party which the American School's Third grade gave for the children from the Sampaio Viana orphanage.

5. **St. Kitts.** In celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Alexander Hamilton, Douglas JENKINS, Consul General at Trinidad, presented the Warden of Nevis with a copy of a portrait of Hamilton and a bust of Hamilton on behalf of the United States Government. Shown here are Col. E. M. Howard, administrator of St. Kitts and Nevis, W. E. Jacobs, attorney

Glimpses

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general for the Leeward Islands; Hon. Vaughan Gary, congressman from Virginia; Mr. Jenkins; Vice Admiral Richmond, commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard; Laurens M. Hamilton, great, great grandson of Alexander Hamilton; and Hon. Gordon Canfield, congressman from New Jersey.

6. Asuncion. Andrew B. WARDLAW, Chargé d'Affaires, presented a silver tray to Peter J. RAINERI before his departure for Washington to attend a mid-career training course. Others receiving trays during the same ceremony were Mr. Wardlaw whose new assignment will be Chief of North Coast Affairs of South America, Mary ALBERT who has gone to Taiwan to marry Hugh B. O'NEILL, and Ethel Mae Siler who has been transferred to Hong Kong.

7. Beirut. Bishop Elie Karam, the Metropolitan of the Greek Orthodox church of Lebanon, bestowed the Order of Saint Mark on Ambassador Donald R. HEATH in a ceremony at the Bishop's residence in Hadeth, recently. After placing the azure ribbon of the Order around the Ambassador's neck, the Metropolitan, arrayed in crimson robes and wearing the crown of office, presented him with a gift of an historical gold ikon for President Eisenhower from His Holiness Christophoros II who is Patriarch of Alexandria (Egypt) and all Africa. The ikon was offered to His Holiness by Princess Anastasia of the Czarist Royal Family now living in Jerusalem when she heard of His Holiness' intention to make a suitable gift to the American President. The Metropolitan, in presenting Mrs. Heath with an enamel plaque carrying a message of apostolic benediction, said, "This is for you personally, Madame, for your home."

From the Field:

TEHRAN

Almost twenty-seven thousand dollars has been sent from the American community in Iran to the Embassy in Vienna as a contribution to the assistance of Hungarian refugees who have fled to Austria. Ambassador CHAPIN, who has served as Minister to Hungary, found a ready response, not only from the Americans in Iran but from the diplomatic corps and from many Iranians, to his suggestion that the American community raise funds to be sent to the International League of Red Cross Societies. Proof of this response is to be found in the following figures:

Tehran (including Khorramshahr)	$21,976.84
Isfahan	1,980.26
Meshed (Foreign Service post nearest the Soviet frontier	1,636.84
Tabriz (Capital of Azerbaijan, occupied by Soviet troops in 1946)	1,277.28
George Fry Associates (American engineering firm)	50.00
Total contributions	$26,921.22

In Tehran, members of all United States Government agencies participated in a Monte Carlo night at the U. S. Armed Forces Officers' club. Much of the coordination of the various committees—refreshments, games, parking, dancing, raffles—was done by Armish-MAAG officers under the direction of Major General J. F. R. Seitz, commanding General of the Military Mission here. Embassy, USIS, and Point IV personnel participated on all the committees and were working at the Officers' club the night of the party. The Imperial Iranian army cooperated by assigning troops to clear parking lots and to man searchlights used to illuminate the surrounding area. Numerous members of the diplomatic corps attended the affair. The British Embassy contributed a large pryamidal tent used for bingo games and for dancing.

Consulates at Tabriz, Meshed and Isfahan had varied fund-raising events in which both the American communities and the Iranians took part. The Consulate at Khorramshahr and provincial USOM/I offices sold raffle tickets.

Victor Wolf, Jr.

TEGUCIGALPA

"Is this Mr. Ferris? I am Consuelo Ardón—please, I am desperate." Bob FERRIS, Administrative officer, listened intently to the frantic voice at the other end of the wire. "My little boy—my little Carlitos—has been in the swimming hole 'Los Laurels', since yesterday. He went down yesterday morning and they can't find him. They must find his body, I must have him back. . . ." the woman's voice broke into sobs.

Bob Ferris quietly questioned the mother. "I understand," she said, "that the American Embassy has some kind of diving equipment. Will you lend it to us to get my son? They talk of dynamiting the pool to loosen him from the rocks—they mustn't do that."

"Señora, the Embassy hasn't any such diving equipment," replied Bob, "but Ambassador WILLAUER has skin-diving apparatus. Right now he is out of Tegucigalpa but will be back around lunch time. He has the equipment with him. I will tell him of this emergency the minute he returns."

At 2:30 in the afternoon an Embassy jeep drove up to "Los Laurels" and out jumped five, intent men: the Ambassador, Bob Ferris, Embassy Sergeants Ben Anderson and David Mall, and Bob Taylor, the Ambassador's nephew.

They unloaded the equipment and carried it over to the grim-faced crowd of people lining the banks of the swimming hole. They had been diving for the child for twenty-four hours but the water was too deep.

Ambassador Willauer donned his skin-diving mask, Sergeant Mall helped him fasten the lead weights around his waist, and the compressed air tank was adjusted on the bank. "You can't *lend* this stuff," explained Sergeant Anderson to one of the relatives, "you've got to be an expert; it's dangerous business."

Whiting Willauer slid into the water—at the spot where they said the twelve-year-old boy had fallen from his inflated inner-tube. He couldn't find him. He submerged again and again, covering other spots. "It's as black as ink down there," he said once as he came up. He went down nearly thirty times and it was almost 4:30 in the afternoon when he finally came up with the body of the child which had been caught in the rocks.

The Honduran press gave great play to the Ambassador's humanitarian act. *El Dia* of March 5 under one-inch headlines reading "Noble Gesture of Willauer", after a lengthy account, ended the story with the following comment:

"Words cannot express enough praise for this feat of Mr. Willauer. His noble deed, accomplished with danger to his own life, is truly the sincere expression of a noble and generous heart."

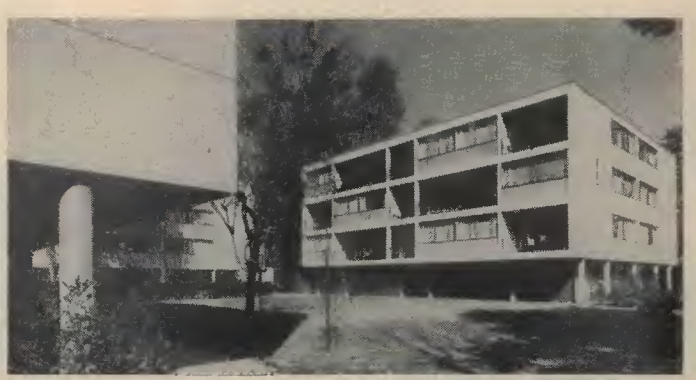
Jane Wilson Pool

KUALA LUMPUR

Children of the American Consulate General in Kuala Lumpur were well-represented at the semi-annual Children's Swimming Gala held in the swank pool of the Selangor Golf club. The club is an important sports and social center for resident Europeans and the Swimming Gala is a high point on its calendar.

Indeed the Gala is awaited with as much enthusiasm by

(*Continued on page* 41)



U. S. Embassy Staff Apartments at Neuilly which were given Award of Merit by the American Institute of Architects.

NEWS to the FIELD

By Gwen Barrows

At the Corner Drug Store

On returning to Washington many have remarked on the slowness of service in stores, particularly in drug stores, where service is not only slow, it creaks. It's not that the service is sedate as in Holland, or leisurely as in Linglipo, it's just, one suspects, that conversation on the other side of the counter seems so much more interesting than waiting on the customer. But we think we stumbled on the secret of the laggard service recently: "Millions of Americans this year are drugging themselves with tranquilizers" an article in a popular magazine states. In New York it says, secretaries are dosing themselves regularly with tranquilizers; even babies are being fed them.

Part of America's strength has always been that it used its enormous nervous energy to create new solutions to existing problems rather than being frustrated by them. More ancient civilizations have considered soporifics a normal "way out." F.S.O. Hermann Eilts in his excellent article on Aden in the February *National Geographic* describes the arrival of a plane bearing qat, "the druglike plant which so many Adenese chew with stubborn addiction. . . . It is tastiest when the leaves are freshest; so now the airplane has been requisitioned to bring the Colony its daily supply." But back to our Washington drug stores—we assert it's unprogressive for tranquilizers to be consumed by the billions and furthermore, it's the customer who needs tranquilizing not the person who is serving him.

"Russia Leaves the War"

Non-fiction winner of the 1957 National Book Awards, sponsored by the American Book Publishers Council, Inc., "Russia Leaves the War" by George Kennan, recently brought forth the comment from Michael Karpovich, professor at Harvard: "It is not very often one has the pleasure of reading a historical work that is both scholarly and entertaining." The award, given for the most distinguished non-fiction book published in 1956, was conferred by the National Book Awards at an impressive ceremony attended by over 900 publishers, authors and critics a few weeks ago.

Speaking on books at this same ceremony Arthur Larson, director of USIA, said "There is emerging throughout much of the world a new class of educated people, a sort of new middle class, comprising government people, army people, professional people, educators, students, business men, journalists and engineers. They are intensely politically-minded, intensely eager to acquire practical knowledge, and intensely devoted to bringing about in their own country a swift renaissance on every front. In my opinion, the future of the world is in the hands of this emerging new class of people, both in the newer countries, and behind the Iron Curtain. Let me make my point very plainly: the fate of the world is in the hands of people who read books. If we do nothing more than make the truth accessible to these people, and do it in such a way that they accept it as truth, our task is done."

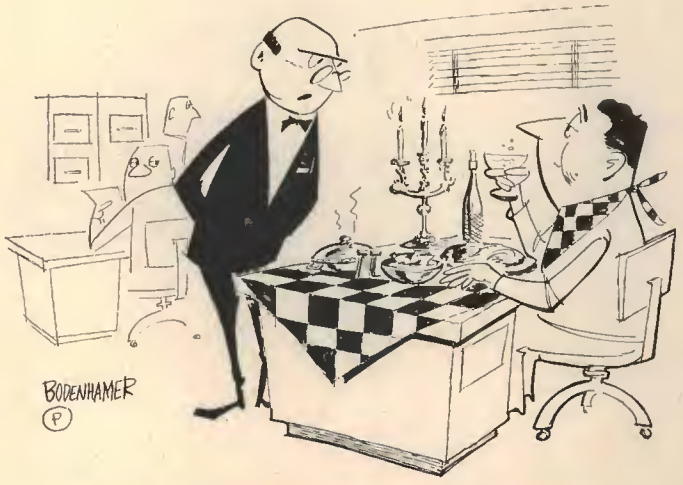
"Want to be a Diplomat? Pump Gas in West!"

Writing in the *New York World-Telegram* Henry N. Taylor says, "The State Department is giving a novel suggestion to some young men who apply for jobs as diplomats. It is: "Go out West and work in a gas station for a year. Then come see us again! Idea is to make sure that our future diplomats bent on a career of representing America abroad will themselves be 'representative' Americans . . . With the Foreign Service expanding at about 250 new officers a year (about four times the pre-war enlistment rate) recruiters for the State Department are already out canvassing prospects in 100 colleges—coast to coast. . . . And they are putting new emphasis on diversified background in an applicant. If he has dishwashed his way through, say, Ohio State, and spent his summers learning four-letter words in a logging camp, he may actually have an advantage over a scholar from Yale. The very practice of recruiting is something comparatively new for the Foreign Service. So is the shortened written exam (with no sink-or-swim foreign language required), which will be given June 24 in 70 cities, including New York."

TV Series on the Foreign Service

An agreement was signed recently by CBS Film Division and the Department of State to make a TV series on life in the Foreign Service. As currently conceived, the program will be dramatic rather than documentary, will be based on actual incident though using fictitious names, and will run for at least a year (39 one-half hour programs). We are told that CBS is to pay $250 for each synopsis used. Synopses should be double-spaced, not longer than two pages, and should be sent to Radio & TV Branch, News Division, at New State.

(*Continued on page* 44)



"Let's not carry our coffee breaks too far, Smedley."

asia in ferment

. . . the leaven of free man

Co-education class in the Bagra Tawa School at Bagra Village.

A teacher in Hindu in a rural area. In 1953 the Central Government initiated an emergency plan of appointing social workers and teachers to relieve unemployment among educated people.

Namatabad, India

Six weeks before this was written, Jean Joyce of the Delhi office of the Ford Foundation came to this small village in a section called Bidar, which is several hours' journey from the city of Hyderabad. While here she took part in a social revolution.

Her report, according to Douglas Ensminger, representative of the foundation in India, "condenses more sharply than any single incident I have heard, what is happening today in India's villages." I would add that I found no story in South Asia which so graphically describes the sudden release of energy and happiness when a village is liberated from the mental and social bondage of the past.

Miss Joyce is a specialist in the field of India's Community Development Program. She tells her story not only as an engrossing narrative but with an exceptionally sharp observation and awareness of what it means.

This is her account in her own words:

FOR FOUR DAYS I had been shown a constant succession of of Bidar's improved villages where India's Community Development Program was at work. I had seen trim streets with street lamps, new housing, crowded schools and community centers, youth and women's clubs, enthusiastic leaders—in short, the products of two and one-half years of a fast-moving ably led community program.

So impressive was everything that I lost my sense of comparison: I needed a before-and-after view. I asked the project people if I could see at least one unimproved village. They chose Namatabad, 2 miles away, one of the 10 or 12 Bidar villages out of 128 in the Block, which had failed to join in the development program.

School children leveling the ground for road construction. Dhansal community project in Jammu.

By SAVILLE R. DAVIS

We went by jeep, in a party consisting of the Project Executive Officer, Mr. Quadir Ali, two village level workers, (known as VLWs), the project's agricultural extension officer, and myself. On the way, the VLWs told me Namatabad's history—the prologue, so to speak, of the drama of revolt we were all-unknowing to precipitate in the village.

Namatabad and its seven hundred people were ruled by a single Brahmin family. This family, the only one in the village which was literate, of Brahmin caste, and which held the important hereditary posts of patwari (village revenue officer) and mali patel (justice of the peace), had bitterly and successfully opposed the project development program. They saw it—correctly—as a threat to their absolute power. So tight and time-sanctioned was their hold, so fearful were the villagers of their power, that no single development activity had been possible—not even the building of a school which the villagers keenly wanted.

Visits and persuasion by the project officers had been to no avail. As one after another of the surrounding Bidar villages—many with the blessing and leadership of their patwaris—built schools, new houses, roads and wells, and planted and reaped better crops, Namatabad had remained an island of backwardness.

Shocking Contrast

We saw that soon enough. Good roads newly built by other nearby villagers for their own use, led most of the way, but the last half mile up to Namatabad was a rough, just jeepable track.

Even prepared as I was, I was shocked at the contrast of the village itself to others I had seen. Homes fell away into rubble or disrepair; the rutted village lanes and any open spaces were heaped with compost, filth, and debris. No one, not even a child, was about. Over all was an air of decay, silence, and apparent desertion.

Although crowds always surrounded guests and visiting project workers in other Bidar villages, here no villager came to greet or even stare at the project party. A few heads appeared in doorways and quickly withdrew. While the VLWs went in search of the patwari, we stood about as in an abandoned village. The VLWs reported that the patwari himself was absent, but his old father, the mali patel—and

Irrigation Project.

the mainspring of the family's opposition—was at home and would come to greet us.

He did. Dressed in full dhoti, shirt, and small round black cap, he stood for a moment silhouetted against the tumbled-down house, looking down at us proud, but suspicious, from the bank over the road. One could see, however, that he was also anxious and uneasy. The project officer, as everywhere in this state, is also deputy collector and a mali patel's superior. He came forward to greet us with effusive deference.

Quadir Ali, the project officer, wasted no time. Indicating me, he said I had asked to see an unimproved village, so he had brought me here. This affront to the village, spoken before a visitor and unsoftened by the usual Indian amenities, shamed the old man deeply. He began some effusive protests and explanations, alternatively to me and Ali, saying the villagers were poor people, humble folk, and so on.

Quadir Ali asked why, then, he did not let the project help the village? Why, for instance, couldn't there be a school for the children? The old man flared up. There was no need for the village children to be educated. Learning was the right and privilege of the Brahmins. He and his family did the reading and writing for the village. That was enough. It had always been so.

Besides, if all the children were in school, who would tend the cattle? Again and again, it was the right of the Brahmins only to be educated, no one else.

Seeing the project officer's impatience, the old man tried to make amends, and asked us to take tea. Quadir Ali refused. The old man grasped Quadir Ali by both hands and bowed his head before him, pleading not to dishonor him by refusing his hospitality. Quadir Ali was adamant.

I asked if we could walk through the village. We set out, slipping and stumbling on the heaped and filthy lane. Quadir Ali kept pressing the old man to let the villagers make a new road, to make changes, to let the project help. He received in return only more excited high-pitched defense. I said I had heard in America that democracy had come to India—what was democracy? He answered impatiently that it meant every one could express opinions.

While we walked on, villagers began to join us. Very shortly—maybe in ten minutes—there were nearly one hundred. As we reached a bit of high ground under a great tree, a well set-up, responsible looking man—a shepherd—asked in front of the crowd if we would care to see his house. It was a daring invitation, a clear defiance of the old man and his power. As I see it now, this invitation was the turning point in Namatabad's history.

We went in at once. The old mali patel retired to sit, alone and distraught, under the tree. Inside the house, which was very neat and clean and showed better-than-average income, the shepherd told us he had been to see all the improved project villages round about and wished his village could do likewise. Quadir Ali plied him with questions, sounding him out and turned to me to say that the fellow was clearly a natural leader. We went back to join the crowd, which was swelling constantly.

Almost at once, a cleanly dressed young man came up to Quadir Ali. He said he was a Harijan (an untouchable), educated in Hyderabad City. He asked deferentially if he could teach school for the Harijan children in the village.

Quadir Ali pulled him from the crowd and, satisfied in a few moments of the lad's education and sincerity, decided and announced at once in a clear voice that this man would be the teacher, that he was to come with us now in the jeep to project headquarters to get books, slates, pencils, and that a school would start the next day. A literacy class for the adults could start that very night.

Going up to the shepherd Quadir Ali asked: "How can you help? Can you give some time to start the school?"

The shepherd said he would round up the children next morning, and get adults for the evening classes and would give at least an hour each day to the village. "Good, then the thing is settled." Quadir Ali came over to me, beaming with satisfaction.

I was just expressing my surprise that a Harijan could be accepted as teacher, when an older man, who, on our walk through the village had sided with the mali patel, came up to protest:

"Our children cannot go to school with Harijan children. I have a son who has had some education. Let him be the teacher."

Quadir Ali hesitated, suspecting a move to stall the school:

"Let me see him. If he is educated, both will teach." The boy was sent for. The two VLWs, who had been moving swiftly to sound out the crowd, reported to us the fear of the old Brahmin and his family, and the keen interest in a school.

School Requisitioned

Quadir Ali went to the mali patel, sitting under the tree. The old man had seen and heard the tide against him. He made an offer. He would give a lantern for the night school, and the kerosene. It was agreed and Quadir Ali, telling me, was delighted.

As we walked back to the jeep, the old man again pressed Quadir Ali to take tea. This time his offer was accepted, and with a shrill shower of orders from the mali patel some villagers scattered to his house to fetch it.

We sat drinking it in the shade by the jeep and surrounded by the villagers. The old man, gratified at our acceptance, showed Quadir Ali the lantern he would lend the school as proof of his good will. The second boy, the teacher candidate, was brought up. Though he had barely 8th-grade education, Quadir Ali decided he and the Harijan should both teach, so that caste feeling would not hold up the school. "Good, then it is all settled. The school will start tomorrow," he said beaming.

At that moment, Quadir Ali's eye lit on what appeared to be an abandoned shed just beyond the jeep. The building was walled on three sides and had a crumbling thatch roof. It was stacked with great logs, almost tree trunk size. Rising quickly to examine the shed, and finding that it belonged to no one and in fact had been a crude mosque, long since unused, Quadir Ali said it should serve as the school until a better one could be built.

The old Brahmin jumped up and ran forward in alarm, shrilly protesting. The building was a mosque—Harijan

children could not enter. Quadir Ali, a Moslem, retorted sharply, "What better way to serve Allah than to educate children?"

Calling the two VLWs and some villagers to help, he began to pull out the heavy logs from the shed. The Brahmin watched in speechless, helpless rage or anguish—it was hard to know which. Finally, so overcome that he forgot he should not leave the presence of his superior, he turned and almost ran from us, to his home.

Self-Help Sparked

Villagers pressed forward to explain: Those logs belonged to the Brahmin, and the unused mosque was his storage place preempted years ago after the only Moslems had left the village. Now to see the logs dragged out before the eyes of the whole village symbolized for him—as it clearly did to the villagers—the final destruction of his power.

The mosque was swept and we got into the jeep. Only as we started up did the old man return. Clinging to Quadir Ali's hand, he said over and over: "This day our (the Brahmin) class is dead. I have seen our funeral. We shall all die."

"Remember," said Quadir Ali, trying to comfort him, "that it will be known in every generation that in your lifetime this village got its first school."

With the Harijan sitting beside the project officer, we drove off, and the villagers shouted: "Gandhi ki Jai!" ("Hail Gandhi!")—the mass greeting used everywhere in India. Quadir Ali turned to me and said, "Never before have I heard that in this village."

What was the sequel? Although I left the project next morning, I saw Quadir Ali shortly afterward in Hyderabad. Forty adults had come to a literacy class that very night, sitting in the cleared-out mosque, studying by the light of the Brahmin's lantern. Next day, 40 children, gathered with the help of the shepherd, had come to school—the first school children in Namatabad's history.

When Quadir Ali visited Namatabad a few days later, the mali patel asked to resign his office, saying he wished now to give his few remaining years to work for the village. The villagers were far ahead of him, caught in a fever of enthusiasm. "Do not come again—until we send for you. We are going to build our road, and a school, and clean our streets. We will do it all ourselves, without project help. We will show what we can do, like the other villages. And then we will ask you to come and see and we will have a festival. . . ."

Quadir Ali and all Bidar are looking forward to that day.

* * *

That is the end of Miss Joyce's report, just as she wrote it. Now six weeks after she was here, I have visited Quadir Ali at his headquarters in Bidar. He is a quick, sharp-minded fellow, youngish and enthusiastic in appearance but beneath that shrewdly mature.

He is elated by the success of the village program. "I'm completely in love with extension work," he said. "I used to do routine work in the revenue department. Now I'm a changed man."

I had brought with me a copy of Miss Joyce's narrative and after getting acquainted I gave it to him. He read it in a rush of mounting excitement, reliving the event and stopping every so often to explode, "How much that woman saw! She missed nothing, not even things that were invisible. Even in small details she is absolutely right."

He finished the story and sank back in his chair, half exhausted, and brushed the mist from his eyes. "It tasted like honey," he managed to say very quietly.

Shortly thereafter we drove over to Namatabad in company with several people. The village was already transformed just as Miss Joyce foresaw that it would be. Women and girls poured out of their houses, full of curiosity and especially eager to examine and touch every detail of the dress of a western woman in the party. Their inhibitions had vanished. Children jumped up and down with glee at the idea of a visit by outsiders.

The central street that Miss Joyce had found almost abandoned, with "an air of decay, silence, and apparent desertion," was tingling with human beings who had discovered themselves and were tasting exuberance for the first time.

Several women seemed almost startled that their desire to contribute something to the occasion had routed their traditional shyness, and they began a welcome song and sang it so lustily that they didn't know how to stop, and it went on and on. They found they were important to someone else.

It seemed less important that the mali patel appeared. He was dressed with the same care and sense of caste that Miss Joyce had observed and I was curious to see what he would do but no one else was interested. The villagers were far too absorbed in the spontaneous party that had touched everyone with a festive flush.

The Harijan who suddenly became school teacher was there, showing us his youngster and glowing when his handsome young wife with a dark, aquiline Grecian face was introduced. The converted mosque, a small, crechelike thatched hut open on one side, began to fill with squirming youngsters whom someone had sent scurrying for their schoolbooks.

It was only afterward that I gave some importance to the mali patel's offer, made at that point to Mr. Ali as the school children crawled into their places, to pay for half the cost of a new thatch which the hut badly needed, and to raise money for the other half. Something infinitely more moving was taking place. A group of young boys were showing how they could now read.

One of them was perhaps nine years old. He was, like several others, proudly reading out loud. We looked over his shoulder and there in his reader were the familiar pictures of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." He was reading consecutive sentences in a clear voice.

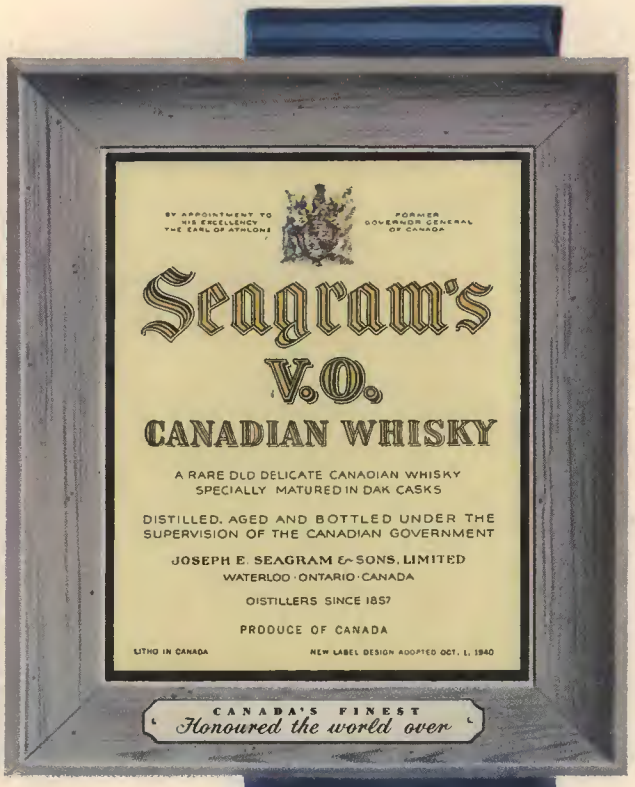
Everyone has his melting point and that was mine. "Learning," the mali patel had said as Miss Joyce listened and when his word was still law, "is the right and privilege of the Brahmins." And again, "It is the right of the Brahmins only to be educated, no one else."

This boy, way beyond reading age, had soaked up his new schooling. In six weeks, with untrained teachers, he had learned to read a story. The world was opening up in front of him. The past was no longer on its throne in Namatabad. A boy was reading Ali Baba in a strong, confident voice. This is what happened when a people was set free.—*Reprinted from The Christian Science Monitor, Boston.*

TANGANYIKA
Mount Kilimanjaro
19,565 feet

ECUADOR
El Cotopaxi
19,344 feet

JAPAN
Mount Fujiyama
12,395 feet



NEPAL
Mount Everest
29,141 feet

SWITZERLAND
The Matterhorn
14,705 feet

Throughout the world
more people buy **Seagram's V.O.**
than any other imported whisky.

ARGENTINA
Mount Aconcagua
23,081 feet

MEXICO
Mount Popocatepetl
17,887 feet

ALASKA
Mount McKinley
20,300 feet

CANADA
Mount Logan
19,850 feet

Francis C. deWolf, Review Editor

THE BOOKSHELF

NEW AND INTERESTING

By FRANCIS COLT DEWOLF

As France Goes by David Schoenbrun $5.00

The representative of CBS in France gives us an incisive picture of modern France in all its fascinating facets: political, social, economic.

The Challenge of Coexistence by Hugh Gaitskell $2.50

The challenge of coexistence is not merely to avoid World War III, says the Leader of the British Labour Party, but also to learn to live peacefully internationally, to avoid totalitarian communism, and to bring about political freedom and self-government everywhere.

American Heritage, April 1957 ..... $2.95

This number contains two particularly interesting items: "La Salle on the Mississippi" and "When Karl Marx worked for Horace Greeley." I recommend this fine magazine of history, edited by Bruce Catton.

A Proposal: Key to an Effective Foreign Policy, *by Max F. Millikan and W. W. Rostow. 170 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1957. $2.75.*

Reviewed by GEORGE S. SPRINGSTEEN, JR.

In the past year increasing attention has been devoted by the Congress, the Executive, and private citizens to examining the problems of effectively assisting the less developed areas of the world. "A Proposal" by two Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M. I. T.) professors, constitutes a private effort to provide an approach to this issue. The book is an interim report on policy problems highlighted by the researches undertaken on underdeveloped areas by the M. I. T. Center for International Studies and endeavors to look beyond the present, immediate military, political, and economic problems to the more distant future in terms of a program keyed to foreign policy objectives and their realization.

The Millikan-Rostow "Proposal" has been some time in the making and has had, prior to its publication in book form, the benefit of criticism by various people, including private and governmental experts, and the press. The resulting book is a detailed, well organized study which proposes the establishment, as the key to an effective foreign policy, of a large continuing capital fund to assist the less developed areas of the world in achieving a self-sustaining rate of growth.

The authors envisage that the availability of a fund the equivalent of approximately $3.5 billion a year for economic development purposes would permit the Free World's underdeveloped areas to increase real per capita income by 1.5 to 2 per cent per anum. A fund of this amount would be additional to assistance currently flowing to underdeveloped areas for economic purposes. "A Proposal" suggests that approximately $2.0 billion of the fund would be supplied by the United States, $500 million by private investment, $400 million by the IBRD, and $500 million by contributions from other countries. Over a five-year period this capital fund would total $15-$17 billion. The capital fund would be supplemented by a food and fiber bank from which sales could be made for local currency in order to dampen the inflationary effects of increased development expenditures.

While the magnitude of the fund involved may capture the general reader's attention, the analysis of the need for such a fund and the criteria for its use holds the most interest for the student of foreign aid problems. The authors divide the less developed countries into three categories: the precondition stage, where use of external resources is limited by a country's technical and managerial ability; the transition or take-off stage where countries have the technical and managerial capacity to utilize increasing amounts of capital; and the self-sustaining stage, composed of countries able to readily avail themselves of the lending facilities of established banking institutions. The precondition stage would require primarily small amounts of grant aid. Countries in the transition stage would be capable of utilizing loan funds extended at favorable rates of interest and long maturities. The "allocation of funds would be based on a banking concept rather than a subsidy concept." The banking concept, as applied in the "Proposal," involves primarily a criterion of productivity. As elaborated by the authors, this requires a demonstration of the managerial ability of the recipient, assurance that maximum productivity potential exists for proposed projects (i.e. other things such as roads, transport, etc., necessary to the operation of the project, are available), the existence of a national development program designed to make effective use of available resources, and finally, a determination that a country's program is designed to exploit the international division of labor rather than to produce autarchy.

As regards machinery for administering the fund, the authors examine mechanisms such as SUNFED but tend to conclude that administration by existing bilateral and multilateral institutions is preferable. However, what is needed, they claim, is machinery to coordinate information

on financial requests and to develop agreed global criteria for the extension of aid from the fund. Only in this way would pledges to the fund be utilized in an orderly, coordinated manner.

Throughout their study, Professors Millikan and Rostow emphasize that leadership and continued support for such a program must come from the United States. Only in this way, they say, can momentum for developing stable, free governments in the critical underdeveloped areas be obtained and U. S. foreign policy objectives realized.

The reader can find many flaws in this book. The relation of the "Proposal" to current programs of direct military assistance or budget support, for instance, is not explained in any clear manner. There is also a pronounced bias towards Asia in the descriptive material, probably arising from the fact that the Center for International Studies concentrates on that area. The book, nevertheless, constitutes a significant new look at an increasingly important problem.

By Sea and by Stealth, by Burke Wilkinson. *Coward-McCann, New York, 1956. 218 pages. $3.50.*

Reviewed by JOHN S. CROSS

An interesting account of sneak attacks by midget submarines, explosive boats, limpet carrying swimmers and two-man torpedoes during World War II.

Little has been told heretofore about the part that sneak attacks played in the last war. The odds are great against such attacks being successful, and to succeed they require complete surprise and great daring on the part of the attackers. However, when they are successful, the prize is large indeed. For instance, the Italian "Maiale" (pig), a submersible craft shaped like a stubby torpedo, was ridden astride by two swimmers in shallow diving gear. The blunt nose of the torpedo was a detachable war head. Once this was secured where it would do the most harm in the target area, the swimmers would remount their truncated charger and return to base. These "Maiali" craft proved to be a sharp thorn in the Allied flank, their most notable success being the grave damage inflicted on the two British battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* on the night of December 16, 1941. The author gives a detailed account of this exploit. He also gives an account of how the Italians operated out of Alegeciras harbor (within sight of the British Consulate) from a salvaged tanker Olterra, and inflicted considerable damage to the allied convoys which were loaded with war material for the Tunisian Campaign.

Having felt the stings of these sneak attacks from their enemy, the British also decided to use them. They used a slightly different version known as X-craft. The author gives a detailed account of a daring and successful raid by six of these X-Craft on the battleship Tirpitz at her KAA Fjord lair in Norway which the Germans had thought impregnable. The X-Craft were towed to the vicinity of Tirpitz's lair by regular submarines and then went into the lair on their own and inflicted considerable damage to this mightiest of warships.

The author also gives some uses of sneak attacks in the Pacific by the Japanese using midget submarines. In addition, he gives an account of how, on the night of October 13, 1939, one of the most daring of the German U-Boat commanders slithered his submarine into Scapa Flow, torpedoed the British battleship *Royal Oak*, slipped

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The Book Shelf

(from page 37)

out of the heavily defended Fleet anchorage again, and within a few hours was riding in triumph down Unter den Linden.

If you like a tale of high adventure and derring-do, these exploits of the men who made the sneak attacks pay off in the face of overwhelming odds, will be right down your alley.

Totalitarian Dictatorship and Autocracy, by Carl J. Friedrich and Zbigniew K. Brzezinski, published by *Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1956, 346 pages, $4.25.*

Reviewed by ARTHUR L. LEBEL

This is a detailed analysis of totalitarianism, autocracy and dictatorship, both as independent concepts and in their various combinations. The authors go back into history to find that, fundamentally, these concepts are not new. They occurred in different ages, each time in the particular form adapted to the age. Naturally this study is focused longer and with greater care upon contemporary forms found in the Soviet Union, and those found just a few years back in Germany and Italy. It is a serious study which is free from the emotional sensationalism sometimes associated with appraisals of communism, nazism and fascism.

The National Review Reader, *Edited and with an introduction by John Chamberlain, The Bookmailer, New York. $5.00.*

Reviewed by H. GIFFORD IRION

The National Review is a weekly periodical which celebrates a year of publishing with this Reader, a potpourri of essays on the political, social, philosophical and artistic scene of present-day America. With complete candor it declares itself to be conservative and a reading of but a few pages will disclose that the *bête noire,* in its opinion, is liberalism. Most readers probably stick to the journals with whose editorial position they agree, a somewhat deplorable, as well as futile, process. From my own experience I have found this particularly true of orthodox liberals and the book under review can be recommended as a salutary piece of reading for them even if its voice is simply regarded as the *advocatus diabili.* Apart from all question of opinion it is certainly a fact that for more than twenty years the voice of conservatism had been almost extinct in periodicals of nation-wide circulation. Lots of people, including liberals, have been fond of saying, "What we need is a good conservative magazine." The only trouble with this is: what is good conservatism?

Unlike the dogmatic and doctrinaire faiths which have enjoyed success in our time, conservatism is fluid, tolerant, "liberal" in the old, classic sense. It is not monolithic or undeviating. Consequently there is a fair measure of variety in the attitudes of conservatives as will be seen from even a casual perusal of this book.

To those who think of conservatism as stuffy, self-satisfied, humorless, heavy, with jowl and paunch, this collection will be astonishing. There is plenty of ginger in the brew. The replies of Mr. Buckley to the critics of National Review are masterpieces of invective and the articles on modern education should delight anybody who is not a professional educationalist. Ideas are expressed with clarity and dignity; events are reported objectively. The account of the strange case of Dr. Dooley—a well-documented narrative—ought to send chills down the spine of even the most ardent secularist. Best of all, though, the book holds up a refreshing mirror to the arid intellectual wastes of our time, cutting through the cant and clichés by which so many earnest "intellectuals" have debauched their minds and spirits.

Nearly everyone will find something here with which he disagrees—and probably violently. Nevertheless there is surely room for a challenging journal, particularly when it is intellectually honest and stimulating as this one is.

Needless to say we all have our prejudices (not in the Burkian sense, alas!) and this book will meet bitter resistance from the generation of the middle-aged—graduates of the 'thirties—whose minds were frozen prior to World War II. It will offend the sensibilities of all dogmatic liberals, égalitarians and secularists. But it will probably appeal to the very old and to the generation of contemporary college youth. For the sake of lively and well-informed debate I devoutly hope that it will not be missed by the youth.

Daring Diplomacy, *by Andor Klay. Minneapolis, 1957; the University of Minnesota Press ($5.00).*

Reviewed by RICHARD M. SCAMMON*

Andor Klay is a researcher of talent and capacity who has delved into a little-known incident of diplomacy and come up with a fascinating Alfred Hitchcock-type suspense thriller built around the story of America's first ultimatum.

The subject of Mr. Klay's research is one Martin Kozsta, an officer in Kossuth's ill-fated Hungarian revolution of 1848. Fleeing first to Turkey and then to the United States, Koszta "declared intent" to become an American citizen in the summer of 1852. The following year, while on a business trip to Turkey, he was kidnapped by Austrian agents and held as a prisoner aboard the brig *Hussar* in Smyrna Bay.

By happy coincidence the United States was represented in Smyrna by Consul Edward Offley, and in Smyrna Bay by Commander Duncan Ingraham and the sloop *St. Louis.* These gentlemen, assisted by a Congressman in the area (the habit of touring was evidently well-known even a century ago), undertook to release Martin Koszta. This effort was made on the spot with the force at their disposal, for Washington—and even Constantinople—were far away, and their effort was successful. By drafting an ultimatum to the Austrians and preparing the *St. Louis* for action Koszta was saved from an earlier day of totalitarianism.

In the telling of this story Mr. Klay has dug deep into a great variety of files and facts, but he never permits the detail of history to dim the drama of Koszta's peril or the very real daring of the diplomat and the sailor who saved him and struck a blow for right which many wish could be duplicated today. The picture of hopes and despairs, confusions and crises, Mr. Klay draws is as thrilling as any Agatha Christie yarn, and one cannot put down this excellent book without a sense of thrill at the century-old words of Commander Ingraham to Koszta aboard the *Hussar*: "Do you demand the protection of the American flag? . . . Then you shall have it."

* Mr. Scammon, presently a director of the Governmental Affairs Institute, was for many years Chief of the Division of Intelligence Research for Western Europe in the Department of State.

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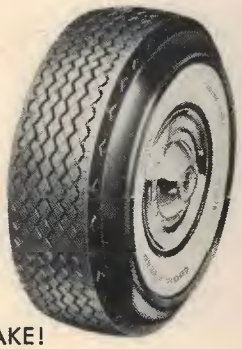

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Diplomacy

(from page 21)

shapes, and the most effective is packaged so that one cannot tell from the wrapping what is inside.

As does intelligence, propaganda deals in a commodity called *information* and the movement of same. The important difference lies in the direction of the motion. Where *acquisition* of information keynotes intelligence, propaganda is information tailored for *dissemination* to a selected group for a specific purpose. The purpose is usually to cause or prevent an action, to create or destroy an attitude, or to confuse.

Contrary to popular misconception, propaganda involves something more than a film or two, an editorial, or some short-wave broadcasts. There is, for instance, the task of selecting the target group—the group most likely to be able to inspire the action or mold the attitude desired. Next comes the problem of packaging, how best to present the message. Only then is one in position to seek an available, effective channel of communication. Note that it is not enough that the channel be available; it must also be effective. A megawatt transmitter is worth nothing to the propagandist, except perhaps in terms of frustration, if the target group does not have or listen to short-wave radio receivers. In some places, there are times when the only available channel of communication with a prayer of being effective is the oldest one of all: word of mouth, operating in marketplaces, coffee houses, and bars.

One of the earliest propaganda assignments on record, incidentally, had a remarkably large target group (and seems to have been not without some notable success). In the New Testament, under Mark XVI, 15, one may read:

> "Go ye forth into all the world and preach the gospel to every living creature."

* * *

Since they are linked by the common commodity of information, it is not surprising that the intelligence and propaganda areas each find something of value in the other's product and by-products. Announcement of a house for sale in the morning newspaper represents propaganda to the man who inserted the advertisement but an item of intelligence to a reader seeking a house to buy. On an international level, an item of information acquired as intelligence for one purpose may on occasion be disseminated as propaganda for quite another purpose. At this level, conversely, propaganda, expertly analyzed, can reveal problems, intentions, and vulnerabilities of the group or nation conducting the propaganda.

There has thus come into being an intermediate area, which may be called propaganda intelligence. This would include documentation of an information program; assessment of an unfriendly nation's propaganda organization and activities; research into foreign attitudes and opinions; and analysis of unfriendly propaganda for information which will serve intelligence needs.

It might seem that we have come the full—or, depending on one's viewpoint, gone in a vicious—circle; but something is missing: a raison d'être. *Why* intelligence, *why* propaganda?

Diplomacy

When one engages in diplomacy, one undertakes to represent one's country, in such a manner as best to serve its interest, in its dealings with other nations. It should be axiomatic that the more a diplomat knows of the foreign nation with which he is dealing and the better his access to effective channels of communication, the better his chance of succeeding in his mission. But try saying, more directly, that the more reliable a diplomat's intelligence sources and the better-connected his mouthpieces, the more chance of his mission's success . . . and you may still meet with reactions ranging from a raised eyebrow to a gasp of incredulous horror. You may meet with such reactions, but happily to a steadily decreasing extent.

The complexity of relations among nations has increased, and the pace has been stepped up to a degree inconceivable a generation ago. One manifestation is the so-called *cold war* —a colorful but completely inaccurate description of a state of affairs of state which should be termed *hot diplomacy*. As complexity has grown and the pace speeded up, the facts of modern international life have become more nakedly fundamental. To the diplomat, this translates into a degree of austerity, in the sense that he can no longer afford certain luxuries. One of these is the freedom to reject any resource which may contribute to the accomplishment of his mission. And two of the greatest resources of modern diplomacy happen to be intelligence and propaganda.

From the Field

(from page 28)

grown-up members of the club as by the children. Weeks in advance, children may be seen training under the watchful eyes of parents—stopwatch in hand, or eyes fixed critically on the diving. Keen competition is assured by the precocity of the young swimmers who, in the permanent Malayan summer, can be seen in the pool at all hours, rain or shine. It is not uncommon to see children under five years of age swimming at the deep end or diving from the three or even five meter heights.

About one hundred children competed in their respective age groups for the small silver cups offered as prizes. Seven children of the American consular staff participated and five won one or two prizes. Bill Ford, son of Consul FORD, won both the 40 and 80-yard free-style races while his brother John came third in each. The Ford boys thus added four more cups to their already-imposing collection of Kuala Lumpur school and interschool swimming trophies, including Bill's Malayan junior record for the free-style 100-meters.

Ten-year-old Kenneth, son of Consul General WRIGHT, won second place in his 40-yard sprint in 25 seconds, although it was his first gala since his arrival in Kuala Lumpur.

Peter and John CRAMER won respectively first and third places in their group's diving event, while John earned another third place in his 40-yard sprint. Five-year-old Barbara Cramer, although last in her 15-yard swimming and one-meter diving events, was no less proud than her big sister, Roberta, at having made an honorable showing.

Benjamin Cramer

(Continued on page 44)

Meetingsmanship

(from page 25)

members are of significantly higher bureaucratic rank than you are.

Ploys: These are the very essence and art of meetingsmanship. Ploys can be verbal, or they can involve some physical action. I will list some of the more or less standard items, but this is a field for the inventor and innovator. The possibilities are infinite.

To warm up to our subject, let us suppose that in the course of the discussion somebody proposes that the United States should spend money on one or another project or program. You lean back in your chair and drawl in sardonic tones, "Now, let's just consider for a while that money does not grow on trees." This is a real meeting stopper, if you can time it well. A variant is to say, "You could never get that through Congress." But the latter is a fairly hackneyed ploy, and not to be recommended unless you find yourself with an arid imagination when the opportunity comes.

On the other hand, a useful ploy is, "As General Marshall used to say, let's not fight the problem." You don't need to know whether or not General Marshall used to say that. Nobody else will, and nobody is going to write to him to find out.

After a meeting has gone on for a while, it is excellent meetingsmanship to throw the whole discussion out of gear by saying, "I think the trouble here is that we have defined the problem in the wrong way. Suppose we go back to the beginning . . ." Or, for a change of pace, try this: "Perhaps we have over-simplified too much, put things too much in black and white terms. The problem is really more complicated . . ."

A similar and equally effective method is the following (to be used after somebody has made a sensible point about the substance of the meeting): "Those are interesting questions all right, but before we get to them I have some procedural points that we ought to take up . . ." This can mean anything and usually does. It is a rare meeting that can recover from a shrewd attack on the procedural flank.

It is almost invariably a strong ploy to quote important, but absent, personages in support of whatever comes to your mind. "As Ben Fairless said to me the other day . . ." "I heard the Under Secretary say . . ." If you can bring first names into this ploy, so much the better, but this has to be a matter for your judgment as to the probable credibility of your name-dropping. A good meetingsman stops short of being caught at anything outrageously implausible.

Any paper put forward for consideration is fair game. Pick out any sentence at random and ask, your tones dripping sarcasm, "What does this statement really mean?" Nothing ever written can survive this kind of attack. Try it on the Declaration of Independence if you want proof.

Having a paper to dissect is almost too easy, in fact. You can laud its substance and damn its structure with faint lauds. Or you can say, "This is a well-organized study, but . . ." You can compare its literary style with that of reports to the Supreme Soviet; or you can let it be known that you find the style charming even if the contents have the odor of aged mackerel. If you can't send the author into trembling frustration within thirty minutes you are not a full-fledged meetingsman.

If the subject matter of a meeting is absolutely beyond you, and if you can find no other excuse for using your voice, you can always rely on what is known as the Preposterous Question ploy. "When you talked about expenditures in Korea, did you mean at the official rate or at the free rate?" Or, "Did you mean metric tons or English tons?" Or, "Is Sim Bum Lok still an advisor to the Foreign Ministry?" Or, "What about getting coal from Australia," Any meetingsman can invent one essentially preposterous query that nevertheless seems to relate to the subject under discussion. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred your interlocutor will think your question must make some kind of sense and so he will at least take a stab at an answer. In any case, nobody can say you didn't take part in the meeting.

Well, you get the idea . . .

Do not overlook the non-verbal ploy. Like a good baseball pitcher, the effective meetingsman will skillfully vary his routine.

For instance, you can write yourself notes in advance and have your secretary deliver them at each half-hour mark. Or, if you should have the extraordinary fortune to find a phone in the conference room, have her phone you at intervals to read you portions of the annual index to the Department of State *Bulletin*. A lengthy phone conversation, while other people are trying to conduct the government's business, is almost as helpful in getting attention as a public summons to the Secretary's office. But also keep in mind that most girls can be coached to come in to a meeting to whisper hoarsely that Mr. Dulles has called for you. If necessary, trade off secretaries until you get one with a tenor voice.

The local correspondence ploy is sure-fire. While Mr. A addresses himself solemnly to the object of the meeting, you sit and scribble notes industriously. As he completes his statement, pass your scribbling, which of course consists of unfair and unfavorable comments on A's presentation, to one of your colleagues, at the far end of the room. (The business of getting the note to him will distract everyone in between; this is known as a bonus to the ploy.) Smile expectantly while your note is being read and its reader will be obliged, by any standard of fair meetingsmanship, to smile back. Mr. A, meanwhile, will recognize the ploy, which he has used himself in the past. The incidental commotion and smiles, plus evidence of A's irritation, will be enough to make everyone forget anything reasonable that he may have said. The Gettysburg Address would have gone unremembered if given this treatment.

Furthermore, you can create small diversions by pacing up and down the room at intervals, by getting up to peer glumly at the outdoors, or by fashioning and flying paper airplanes. Everybody must be made to recognize that the proceedings bore you, almost but not quite intolerably, if, that is, you are to be a meetingsman, O.B.F.C.*

It is possible in the space of an article only to sketch out the main elements of the art of meetingsmanship. The editors of the JOURNAL would be pleased, I am sure, to hear about the ingenious and heartwarming ploys that you must encounter every working day. If we all work at it, meetings will soon create frustrations on a scale as yet undreamed of.

Meanwhile, I have a meeting to attend . . . beginning twenty minutes ago.

---

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31P

News to the Field *(from page 29)*

Representation of the United States Abroad

After round-table discussions March 28-29 the Western Assembly on "the Representation of the United States Abroad," sponsored by Stanford University and the American Assembly of Columbia, adopted at its final session a report on its findings and recommendations which states in part:

The Western Assembly believes that the enlightened self-interest of the United States requires that substantial military, informational and cultural activities overseas be continued for the foreseeable future. A majority of the Assembly holds the same view regarding economic aid programs.

Effective overseas representation requires clearer and more effective coordination of policy in Washington and its prompt and coherent communication to missions abroad.

It believes some modification of existing procedures may be required to meet the need for continuing foreign policy coordination in Washington with respect to matters for which the Department of State has principal responsibility.

In making high level foreign policy appointments to such posts as ambassadors and assistant secretaries of state, the most competent persons both within and outside the career service should be selected without regard to personal wealth. Compensation and allowances should be increased to permit the choice of the best persons available.

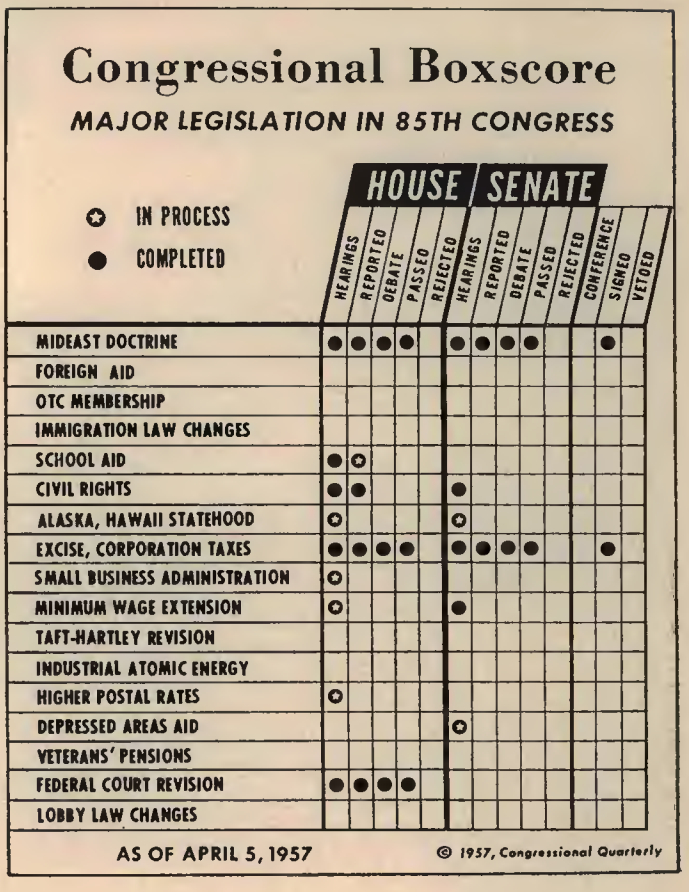
A majority of the Assembly believes that an ultimate objective should be a more complete integration of the International Cooperation Administration into the State Department. One method of implementing this would be to create the post of undersecretary of state for economic affairs.

The Assembly recognizes the value of participation by individual legislators in meetings of the United Nations and similar multilateral organizations but within the context that such representation is a function, not of the legislative branch, but of the executive branch whose responsibility and authority are paramount.

Most of this Assembly believes that the U. S. Information Agency should be re-integrated within the State Department as rapidly as is feasible. A majority of this Assembly endorses President Eisenhower's proposal for a permanent career service for USIA personnel.

The Defense Department is making provision for area, language, and other appropriate training for our military representatives abroad. The number of career officers in the civilian services overseas should be increased to permit orderly rotation and periodic assignment for advanced training on a basis generally analogous to that of the Armed Services.

The Assembly was attended by 78 western leaders in business, government, labor, education and law, and its emphasis was on the country's organization for drawing up and carrying out foreign policy, rather than on the policies themselves, according to Lawrence F. Ebb, Stanford professor of law and director of the conference. He pointed out that 3,750 American civilians and more than 21,000 foreign nationals are working around the world for the State Department, USIA and ICA.



From the Field *(from page 41)*

IZMIR

Consul Donald EDDY has presented an incentive award of fifty dollars to Zahir Kayhan, Consulate *kavass*, for his courageous action in putting out a potentially disastrous fire in the Consulate residence. The fire began late at night after the Consul and his family had retired.

Unknown to everyone, the oil furnace in the Residence was not working properly. Although the fire was out, the control switch was "on," and the fuel pump was continuing to inject oil into the fire box. Eventually the sparking mechanism started to function again and ignited the fuel which by this time had overflowed onto the floor of the furnace room. Neighbors, alarmed by the blaze, called the fire department.

Zahir Kayhan, who once served as a fireman for three years and who was on duty after working hours, was one of the first to see the fire. Throwing his coat over his head, he dashed barefoot through the flaming oil to cut off the control switch before the flames could reach the storage tank in an adjoining room. The fire chief commended Kayhan's prompt action and said: "As long as Zahir works at the Consulate, the Consulate's family and the neighbors as well, can sleep peacefully."

Haden E. Boswell

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4. Our pamphlet of March, 1955 has been completely revised. It will be mailed to members and to administrative officers at foreign posts as soon as it is received from the printer; but probably not for another six or eight weeks. Meanwhile, the Protective Association will be glad to answer any questions you may have about the group insurance program.

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The Problem of Leadership

by HENRY A. KISSINGER

STATESMAN MUST ACT *as if* their intuition were already experience, as if their aspiration were truth. The statesman is, therefore, like one of the heroes of classical tragedy who has had an intuition of the future but who cannot transmit it directly to his fellowmen and who cannot validate its "truth." This is why statesmen often share the fate of prophets, that they are without honor in their own country and that their greatness is usually apparent only in retrospect when their intuition has become experience. The statesman must be an educator; he must bridge the gap between a people's experience and his vision, between its tradition and its future. In this task his possibliities are limited. A statesman who too far outruns the experience of his people will not be able to sell his program at home: witness Wilson. A statesman who limits his policy to the experience of his people will doom himself to sterility: witness French policy since World War I.

One of the crucial challenges confronting a society is therefore the capacity to produce a leadership group capable of transcending the experience of that society. And here our sudden emergence as the major Power in the free world presents particular difficulties. The qualities of our leadership groups were formed during the period when our primary concerns were domestic. Politics was considered a necessary evil and the primary function of the state was the exercise of police powers. Neither education nor incentives existed for our leadership groups to think in political or strategic terms. This was compounded by our empiricism with its cult of the expert and its premium on specialization. The two groups which are most dominant in the higher levels of government, industry and the law, can serve as an illustration. The rewards in industry, particularly large-scale industry, are for administrative competence; they therefore produce a tendency to deal with conceptual problems by administrative means, by turning them over to committees of experts. And the legal profession, trained to think in terms of discrete individual cases, produces a penchant for *ad hoc* decisions and a resistance to the "hypothetical cases" inherent in the long-range planning.

Our leadership groups are therefore better prepared to deal with technical than with conceptual problems, with economic than with political issues. Projected on the Washington scene, they often lack the background to cope with a developing political and strategic situation: each problem is dealt with "on its merits," a procedure which emphasizes the particular at the expense of the general and bogs down planning in a mass of detail. The absence of a conceptual framework makes it difficult for them even to identify our problems or to choose effectively among the proposals and interpretations with which our governmental machinery is overloaded.

This explains many postwar Soviet successes. Whatever the qualities of Soviet leadership, its training is eminently political and conceptual. Reading Lenin or Mao or Stalin, one is struck by the emphasis on the relationship between political, military, psychological and economic factors, the insistence on finding a conceptual basis for political action and on the need for dominating a situation by flexible tactics and inflexible purpose. And the internal struggles in the Kremlin ensure that only the most iron-nerved reach the top. Against the Politbureau, trained to think in general terms and freed of problems of day-to-day administration, we have pitted leaders overwhelmed with departmental duties and trained to think that it was a cardinal sin to transgress on another's field of specialization. To our leaders, policy is as a series of discrete problems; to the Soviet leaders it is an aspect of a continuing political process. As a result, the contest between us and the Soviets has had many of the attributes of any contest between a professional and an amateur: even a mediocre professional will usually defeat an excellent amateur, not because the amateur does not know what to do, but because he cannot react sufficiently quickly or consistently. Our leaders have not lacked ability, but they have had to learn while doing and this has imposed too great a handicap.

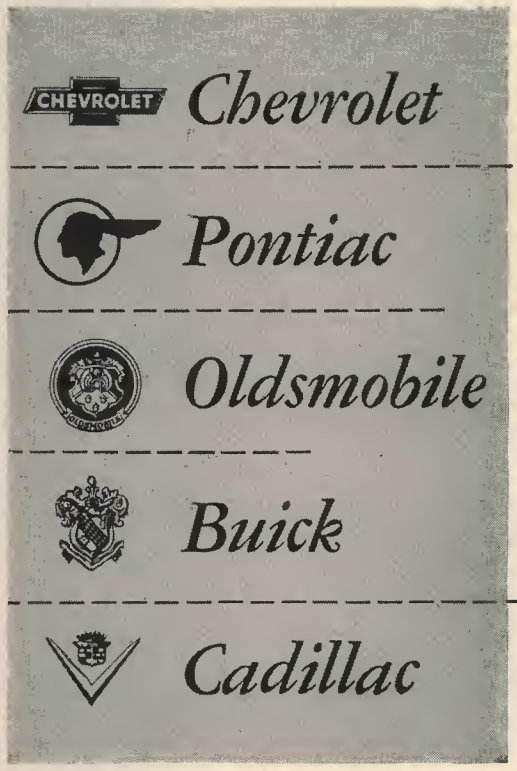
To be sure, many of the shortcomings of our leadership groups reflect the very qualities which have made for the ease of relationships in American society. The condition for our limited government has been the absence of basic social schisms, the regulation of many concerns not by government fiat but by "what is taken for granted." A society can operate in this fashion only if disputes are not pushed to their logical conclusions, and if disputes are blunted by the absence of dogmatism. And in fact the fear of seeming dogmatic permeates our social scene. Most opinions are introduced with a disclaimer which indicates that the proponent is aware of their contingency and also that he claims no superior validity for his own conclusions. This produces a preference for decisions by committee, because the process of conversation permits disagreements to be discovered most easily and adjustments made before positions have hardened. Our decision-making process is therefore geared to the pace of conversation; even departmental memoranda on which policy decisions are ultimately based are written with an eye to eventual compromise and not with the expectation that any one of them will be accepted in its entirety.

It would be wrong to be too pessimistic. No one would have believed when World War II ended that the United

(*Continued on page* 48)

coming home on leave?

changing posts?



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Leadership

(from page 46)

States would assume commitments on such a world-wide scale. Our shortcomings are imposing only because of the magnitude of the threat confronting us. Moreover, the performance of the United States, for all its failings, compares favorably with that of the other nations of the non-Soviet world. Our difficulties in foreign policy are therefore only a symptom—and by no means the most obvious—of an inward uncertainty in the free world. To be sure, democracies by the nature of their institutions cannot conduct policy as deviously, change course as rapidly or prepare their moves as secretly as dictatorships. But the crisis of the non-Soviet world is deeper. The tragic element in foreign policy is the impossibility of escaping conjecture; after the "objective" analysis of fact there remains a residue of uncertainty about the meaning of events or the opportunities they offer.

A statesman can often escape his dilemmas by lowering his sights; he always has the option to ignore the other side's capabilities by assuming it has peaceful intentions. Many of the difficulties of the non-Soviet world have been the result of an attempt to use the element of uncertainty as an excuse for inaction. But certainty in foreign policy is conferred at least as much by philosophy as by fact; it derives from the imposition of purpose on events.

This is not to say that we should imitate Soviet dogmatism. A society can survive only by the genius that made it great. But we should be able to leaven our empiricism with a sense of urgency. And while our history may leave us not well enough prepared to deal with tragedy, it can teach us that great achievement does not result from a quest for safety. Even so, our task will remain psychologically more complex than that of the Soviets. As the strongest and perhaps the most vital Power of the free world we face the challenge of demonstrating that democracy is able to find the moral certainty to act without the support of fanaticism and to run risks without a guarantee of success—*excerpts reprinted from the October issue of FOREIGN AFFAIRS, Council on Foreign Relations, New York City.*

A True Story

To a busy Consulate (which shall not otherwise be identified) there came a lady and her five children for visas. All was in order and the visas were being made up. The Vice Consul counted the people and found seven instead of six before him.

He asked the lady: "What about her, is she to go too?" referring to the seventh.

The lady replied: "Yes, of course. She takes care of the small children."

The Vice Consul said: "Where are her passport, birth certificates, and so forth?"

The lady replied: "Oh, she doesn't need a visa, she is a slave."

The Vice Consul nevertheless pursued the usual routine and asked if the "servant" could read and write.

He was told: "Why, of all things; this girl will never need to read and write; she is a slave and will never have to earn a living."

A.F.S.A.

(from page 14)

Under Secretary Christian A. Herter

At an overflow luncheon meeting of the American Foreign Service Association at Fort Lesley McNair in March, Chairman of the Board of Directors E. Allan Lightner, Jr. introduced the guest of the luncheon, newly appointed Under Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, who spoke extemporaneously.

Mr. Herter said he had begun his career by serving as attaché at Berlin from 1916 to 1917, one year after he was graduated from Harvard as an architect, and since then he has retained his vital interest in the Foreign Service and in Foreign Service personnel. He felt it a privilege to come back and help serve with individuals and a group he had respected over the years, he said, and though the exigencies of the job itself were frustratingly limiting so that it was difficult for him to make many contacts outside of his work, he hoped to see more of the Service personnel at all levels. Not just for the pleasure of social contact but because he had discovered in his work in government that "fresh ideas almost always originate from the younger members, whom those at the top never hear of"—while "those at the top are busy sifting ideas." He hoped, he continued, that members of the Foreign Service would feel it not just their right but their duty to contribute in this way and "to get to the top with what they have to contribute."

The Under Secretary was warmly applauded as was Ambassador Wailes and David McK. Key, Manager of the AFSA and the JOURNAL.

Letters to the Editor (from page 52)

STAFF CORPS STUDY

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Do we (the staff corps) or don't we, have a future in the Foreign Service?

Late in the fall of 1956 a pronouncement was made that a study was being conducted to determine the "future" of the Foreign Service Staff Corps and that a determination could be expected in January 1957. It is now March 1957 and the chances of any "future" for us begin to look slimmer. Is it time to start investigating those "green pastures" outside the Foreign Service to see if they might offer further opportunities?

Foreign Service Staff Employee

Editor's Note: With regard to the staff corps study mentioned in the above letter, we are told that this study has taken more time than was originally anticipated but it is being actively pursued and as soon as final decisions are made they will be reported to the Service.

"CLOSELY READ"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

. . . I should like to assure you that the Journal is very closely read by myself and others in the field and that your efforts do not go unappreciated.

Theodore L. Lewis

Sydney

C. G. CAROL H. FOSTER

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Too often, perhaps, there is insufficient recognition of the good work done by Foreign Service officers in creating better international relations and understanding, particularly when the action taken is what might be called "above and beyond the call of duty." With this thought in mind, I am attaching a copy of a letter from the Rector of the University of São Paulo to Mrs. Foster, wife of the late Consul General Carol H. FOSTER:

Richard P. Butrick

Dear Madam:

I take this occasion to offer to you and your family the condolences of the Rector and Staff of the University of São Paulo on the death of Consul General Carol H. Foster, news of which has just reached us.

Among the numerous friends and admirers which Consul General Foster, because of his many intellectual and spiritual gifts, so easily won during his stay in our city, was the University of São Paulo. The University, of course, is particularly grateful to him for the many outstanding services it received at his hands, notable among them being the "Consul General Foster Forestry Fellowship", which is greatly benefiting students of this University who are interested in the study of forestry.

Dr. Carol H. Foster impressed his name in the history of Brazilian-United States relations, especially as a pioneer in the exchange of University teachers and students between Brazil and the United States.

I renew to you the assurances of my high esteem and distinguished consideration.

Alípio Corrêa Netto
Rector, University of São Paulo

São Paulo

"ONE OF THE GREATEST SPEECHES"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The article "One of the Greatest Speeches Ever Made" in a recent issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL was such a good one that I hesitate to point out an inaccuracy in it. The Mason-Dixon Line (39 deg. 43 min.), however, was not used in drawing up the Missouri Compromise. The line in question, Parallel 36 deg. 30 min., is the southern boundary of Missouri. The Missouri Compromise excluded slavery from the "Louisiana Purchase" north of 36 deg. 30 min. except within the proposed boundaries of the state of Missouri.

A. Dane Bowen Jr.

Washington

"PERSPECTIVES U.S.A."

To the Editors
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Congratulations on another excellent issue (the January issue) of the Journal, which I have perused and found extremely interesting. Not to mention Sivard's quite haunting cover.

I was most distressed to read—who says one does not get *news* items from the Journal? — that "Perspectives USA" has stopped publication. This was one of the few periodicals that I looked forward to every single issue.

J. F.

Dallas

MAN WITH WHEELBARROW

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

While looking for the man with the wheelbarrow in the photograph on the JOURNAL's February cover, I recalled another man with a wheelbarrow. He was a German and had been crossing the border daily between West Germany and East Germany. In his wheelbarrow he sometimes had sand and sometimes dirt. The guard would dump it out in an effort to discover what the man was smuggling. Finally, the guard was to be transferred so he said to the fellow: "See here. I know that you have been smuggling something into East Germany but I can't find out what it is. I'm being transferred so for my peace of mind please tell me what you have been smuggling. I give you my word that I'll never give you away."

The man hesitated for a moment, approached the guard and whispered: "Wheelbarrows."

James B. Stewart

Denver, Colo.

Among Our Contributors:

In this issue ***S. I. Nadler*** has departed from his humorous vein ("In Defense of Gossip" in the March JOURNAL). Mr. Nadler served for many years in the Far East and is currently stationed in Washington as Deputy Chief of USIA's office of Research and Intelligence.

Philip H. Trezise, of the Policy Planning Staff, says he is "a veteran of myriads of meetings in and about the Department over many years."

Henry S. Villard is well known to JOURNAL readers for his annual appraisal of the new cars as well as his book on Libya, "The New Arab Kingdom of North Africa," published by Cornell University last summer. Mr. Villard is Deputy Commandant for Foreign Affairs at the National War College at Fort Lesley McNair.

E. R. Yarham is headmaster of the Roughton Endowed School, Norfolk, England, and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Saville R. Davis, American News Editor of the Christian Science Monitor, took nine months off for a trip around the world studying conditions at grass roots level. His resultant series on "Asia in Ferment" has given to Western readers a new appreciation of the ever-changing East.

Paul B. Child has traveled extensively in the Far East, South America, Africa and North America, and has exhibited both as an artist and as a photographer. His showing of fine photographs at Bader's in March was a repeat performance of his exhibit at Cologne just before he left Germany to return to Washington. Currently he is chief of Program Development Branch, Exhibits Division, USIA.

William Bodenhamer and **Peter Brampton** are free lancers who work together on cartoons and illustrations. Brampton is usually the gag man and visualizer, Bodenhamer the artist. They made their debut in this field in the JOURNAL last fall with their JOURNAL cartoon and have made some notable contributions including "And I say we Should Outlaw this Weapon before it Wipes out the Whole World" which appeared in December. This month they are responsible for the cartoons on pages 22 and 29.

Sunshine and Fiesta Costumes in Sardinia.

ROME

The more than ninety evacuees from Near Eastern posts who have been living in Rome have been notified that they may return to their posts, and wives without children in school were expected to depart prior to May 1.

Families which include school children may elect to remain in Rome until June 30.

Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name and address. All letters are subject to condensation.

FOREIGN SERVICE ACADEMY?

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Just from the limited experience derived during the past six months as a Foreign Service Officer at the U. S. Army War College, it has become startlingly apparent to me that if Service schools benefit the Military and those civilians who have had the good fortune to be assigned to them, how much more important, or at least equally so, it would be to have a full-rigged Foreign Service School or, if you will, Academy. The role of the Foreign Service Officer during the period 1957-1977 will probably be more demanding than ever before in the history of our country. If trained and competent officers are needed in our military to win wars, even better trained and more competent officers are needed in our Foreign Service to win the peace and/or to keep the peace.

I am sure that the present staff of the Foreign Service Institute has fully considered the necessity of such an institution and the value derived from assembling men from other branches of government—if for no other reason than to learn to appreciate the other fellow's point of view.

Edwin J. Madill

Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

TO ESTABLISH A KOREN PRIZE

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I am writing on behalf of a group of friends of the late William KOREN, Jr. The idea of a memorial to perpetuate his name occurred to many of Bill's friends at the time of his tragic death. A dozen of his war-time associates entered into correspondence to find a suitable form of commemoration.

As teacher, scholar and public servant, Bill devoted most of his life to the promotion of American understanding of France. His commitment to this aim provided a natural focus for a memorial, and his dedication to excellence suggested an appropriate form it might take. After several possibilities were explored, it was agreed to establish a Koren prize, to be awarded each year for the most significant article on French civilization. The Society for French Historical Studies would make the award, a cash prize of $50-$100.

We know that many of Bill's friends in the Foreign Service have already contributed to various memorials. We believe that there are others who would like to do so, but have not had the opportunity. If they would like to join in this effort, they should know that checks may be drawn to the Koren Memorial Fund and sent to Professor Carl E. Schorske, Department of History, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

Washington *Alfred Reifman*

INCOME OF RETIRED F.S.O.'s

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

With reference to the letters from Arthur Frost, George E. Miller and Bartlett Richards regarding the computation of retired FSO income, it is suggested that the JOURNAL print a table showing the comparative income of retired Foreign Service Officers of the same class, according to the date of retirement, and enabling legislation.

Such a table would clarify the problem and be of help in corresponding with Congressmen.

Edwin C. Kemp

Melrose, Mass.

To the Editor:

With reference to Edwin C. Kemp's letter, the following comparative chart of retirement benefits due under the Foreign Service Retirement System covering the period from 1945 to 1956 was prepared by the Management and Services Division. Computations have been made on the basic rate of a Foreign Service Officer, Class 2, who had 35 years service.

Effective Date	Base Rate		Full Annuity
12/31/45	$8,750	computed on maximum of 30 years service 60% of salary	$5,250
12/31/46	10,000 (includes benefit of pay act 7/1/46 and amendment to Foreign Service Act 11/13/46)	ditto	6,000
12/31/51	11,130 (includes benefit of pay acts of 7/11/48 and 7/8/51)	ditto	6,678
12/31/56	12,600	Maximum service changed to 35 years—70% of salary	8,820*
12/31/56	12,600	Same class officer with only 30 years service	7,560

*It should be noted that the greater part of the increase in this example is due to the change in the maximum service credit from 30 to 35 years. Then follows an example of the annuity due an officer in the same class with only 30 years service.

The above computations are of course not entirely realistic as an officer would not remain at the base rate of a class for five years. Nor would he benefit in full from a general pay increase which became effective within the five year period used for the computation. But the computations do tend to reflect the general upward trend of annuities due largely to legislative salary increases.

E. Kathryn Mallow
Chief, Leave and Retirement Section

(*Continued on page* 50)

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