Foreign Service Journal

DECEMBER 1957 35c

The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Copies of the Protective Association booklet "Group Insurance Program—June, 1957" are available at:

Protective Association office, 1908 G Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
Foreign Service Lounge, 513, 801 - 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
Foreign Service Institute, Jefferson-Tyler Bldg., 1018 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va.
Administrative Offices at foreign posts.

This group insurance program may meet your needs. It is worth your study. The Protective Association plan is one of the most liberal of such plans in the United States. Members are receiving benefits in various claims at a present rate of more than two hundred thousand dollars annually. The plan:

Provides a valuable estate for your dependents in the event of your death.
Protects you and your eligible dependents against medical and surgical expenses that might be a serious drain on your finances.
Includes accidental death and dismemberment insurance.
Entitles members and their eligible dependents to over-age-65 insurance, under the pertinent rules and regulations of the Protective Association.

Personnel eligible to participate in the plan are:

Foreign Service Officers, Department of State.

Foreign Service Staff, Department of State.

Foreign Service Reserve Officers, Department of State, when on active service.

Permanent American employees of the Foreign Service of the Department of State.

ICA (Department of State) Officers, when on active service abroad.

Address applications and inquiries to:

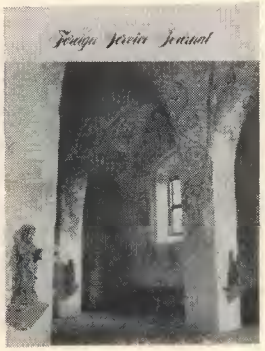
THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
c/o Department of State, Washington 25, D.C., or
1908 G Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

Foreign Service JOURNAL

published monthly by the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOC.

DECEMBER, 1957 Volume 34, Number 12

CONTENTS



Christmas Eve comes quietly . . .

Church interior at Hattula, Finland. Photograph by Patrice Molinard, from "La Finlande" (Del Duca).

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 Editors of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL 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 and full page pictures.

Issued monthly at the rate of $4.00 a year, 35 cents a copy, by the American Foreign Service Association, 1908 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS
December, 1957

Scholarships for 1958-59

THE American Foreign Service Association has just announced that a score of scholarship awards are available to children in the Foreign Service for the scholastic year 1958-59. As described in the September JOURNAL, nineteen scholarship awards were given for the current year. These awards ranged in value from $325 to $500 each, and most of the recipients are college students, though a few are preparatory school students.

Now is the time to apply for scholarships for next year, and inquiries may be directed to the Association's Committee on Education which is responsible for reviewing applications and for awarding of all scholarships except the Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship. Blanks may be obtained by writing to the Committee on Education, American Foreign Service Association, 1908 G Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Completed applications, including all supporting papers, should be submitted *in duplicate* and in order to be considered for 1958-59 must be in the hands of the Committee on Education *before May 1, 1958.*

Applicants are free to select the school or college of their choice. Applications are considered for all of the scholarships offered, including the Harriman award, rather than for a particular scholarship.

Made possible by the generosity of friends and members of the Foreign Service are the following scholarships:

CHARLES B. HOSMER AND AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP: Approximately $1500, divided among two or more applicants. Established in 1933.

Available to children of Active and Retired Members or of deceased former Active Members of the American Foreign Service Association.*

WILLIAM BENTON SCHOLARSHIP: $1,000, divided among two or more applicants. Established in 1946 by the Honorable William Benton.

H. FREEMAN MATTHEWS SCHOLARSHIP: $500. Established in 1955 by the Honorable William Benton.

ROBERT WOODS BLISS SCHOLARSHIP: $1,000, divided among two or more applicants. Established in 1952 by the Honorable Robert Woods Bliss.

The above scholarships have the same eligibility requirements. They are available to children of any officer or American employee of the Foreign Service of the Department of State in active service, and are for undergraduate or graduate study at a college or university in the United States.

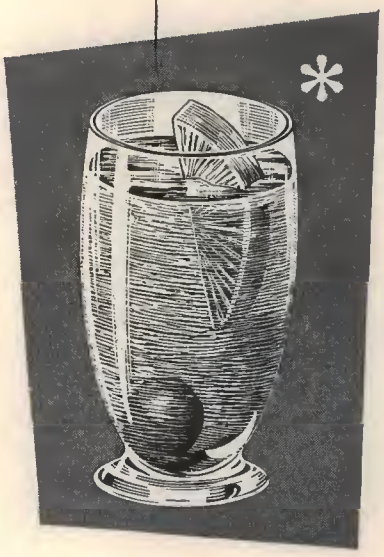
GERTRUDE STEWART MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP: Approximately $1700, divided among two or more applicants. Established in 1955 by Mr. Francis R. Stewart, retired Foreign Service Officer, in memory of his wife.

---

*Children of Foreign Service personnel of USIA and ICA who are Active Members of the Association, and were members of the Foreign Service prior to 1953 are eligible for the Hosmer-Association and Overseas Service Scholarships.

JUST RIGHT!

O·F



Not too dry, not too sweet

A whisky sour made with Old Forester
is a drink that cheers —
and one to cheer about!

For its unmatched bouquet, its full-bodied goodness, Old Forester is the bonded bourbon whisky that sets the standard for all Kentucky whiskies — grand in a mixed drink . . . and simply superb when served straight!

As fine in quality, as elegant in flavor as it was in 1870, the year the first Old Forester was created, it is "America's guest whisky" — a promise of good cheer! Try it tonight — you, too, will say:

"This is my whisky!"

OLD FORESTER

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
100 and 86 Proof — Both Bottled in Bond

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
at Louisville in Kentucky

Export Division: 1 Park Ave., New York 16, U.S.A.
Cables: EXFORESTER, NEW YORK

* Juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon sugor, 1 or 2 jiggers of Old Forester. Shoke well with ice. Stroin into delmonico glass, gornish with fruit.

Our Export Division is at your Service, ready to give careful attention to every detail. You'll like dealing with them. Write or cable your requirements today.

Scholarships *(from page 4)*

WILBUR J. CARR MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP: $1,000, divided among two or more applicants. Established in 1957 by Mrs. Wilbur J. Carr in memory of her husband.

The above scholarships have the same eligibility requirements. They are available to children of career Foreign Service Officers, for study at a university, college, seminary, conservatory, professional, scientific, preparatory or other school in the United States.

OVERSEAS SERVICE SCHOLARSHIP: $750, divided among two or more applicants. Established in 1954 by an anonymous donor.

Available to children of Foreign Service Officers, Foreign Service Staff Officers, Foreign Service Reserve Officers or any other persons in the Foreign Service of the Department of State, whether active, retired, deceased or formerly members of the Foreign Service of the Department of State.*

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL SCHOLARSHIP: $500. Established in 1936.

Available to children of Active or Retired Members of the Association or subscribers to the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL or to children of persons who at the time of their death came within these categories. This award is for students entering preparatory schools in the United States, preference being given to those entering the final year in such schools.

OLIVER BISHOP HARRIMAN FOREIGN SERVICE SCHOLARSHIP: Approximately $650. Established by the late Mrs. Elizabeth T. Harriman in memory of her son.

The applications for the Harriman award are judged by an Advisory Committee composed of two officers of the Manufacturers Trust Company in New York City and two of the highest ranking officials of the Department of State who are or who have been Foreign Service Officers.

The requirements for this particular scholarship are as follows:

(a) Address applications to Chairman, Advisory Committee, Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship, c/o American Foreign Service Association, Department of State, Washington 25, D. C.

(b) Each application must be made in duplicate and must be accompanied by a letter, likewise in duplicate, from parent or guardian of the applicant.

(c) Recipients shall be children of persons who are or who have been Foreign Service Officers of the United States.

(d) Funds are available for study at an American university, college, seminary, conservatory, professional, scientific or other school.

S. PINKNEY TUCK SCHOLARSHIP: Approximately $1,000. Established in 1948 by the Honorable S. Pinkney Tuck, a Dartmouth graduate and Foreign Service Officer.

Available to sons of career Foreign Service Officers. Students should address themselves to the Director of the Office of Financial Aid, Box 90, Hanover, New Hampshire, *before February 15.*

Jim Reeves was manning one of Mobil's drilling-rig-to-shore radios in Sabine Pass, Texas, when Hurricane Audrey barreled in. He flashed orders to the men on the Gulf: "Lash down equipment! Abandon drilling platforms!"

Then Reeves could have left. He didn't. He stayed to help others. All night long, as the hurricane mounted and rising waters threatened to maroon him, he carried or led dazed and frightened youngsters and adults to safety.

Just as he was about to call it a night, he got a call for help from a grandmother cut off with her two small granddaughters. Floodwaters already swirled above floor level of their one-story home. Screaming winds hurled heavy branches and bits of debris through the air. Power lines snapped like whips.

Reeves plunged into water up to his waist to fight his way to the stricken house. He tied the little girls together. Then, cradling them in one arm, and supporting the grandmother with the other, he struggled back to safety.

Jim Reeves typified oilmen throughout that storm-swept area. And the story has been the same before, in tornadoes, flash-floods and blizzards.

Knowing how to battle disaster gets built into oilmen. In finding, producing and moving oil, they learn how to cope with nature in her trickiest moods.

And, they have the heart.

Mobil

SOCONY MOBIL OIL CO., INC.

Leader in lubrication for 91 years

The Journal and the Service

Resumé of remarks by Robert McClintock, Chairman of the Editorial Board, on "How the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL *Can Better Serve the Foreign Service," from an extemporaneous address before the luncheon meeting of the Foreign Service Association, October 17, 1957.*

The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, so far as I am aware, is unique in being the mouthpiece of a world diplomatic service. Our researches thus far have not revealed any other Foreign Service which has a similar magazine. For example, in Great Britain there is the *Corona,* which at first I thought was the house organ of a typewriter company, but which is the journal of Her Majesty's Overseas Service, as the old Colonial Service is now called. It does not speak for the British Foreign Service. *Le Monde Diplomatique* of Paris and the *Diplomatist* of London are both private papers dealing with our profession.

One of our distinguished colleagues on the Editorial Board last week told me that the *Readers Digest* publishes three categories of material: "Oh, the glory of it!", "Oh, the horror of it!" and simply "Oh!"

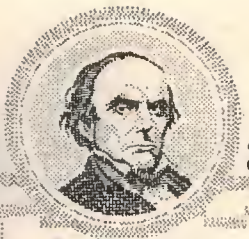
Sometimes I wonder if the material the JOURNAL publishes may not seem to be in the "Oh" category. Although we try hard to avoid it, there are times when the paper does look a little like the magazine one finds in the waiting rooms of dentists and doctors; and at other times some of our articles may seem to be written in that *National Geographic* type language which seems to be confined to the vocabulary of Basic English.

However, from many aspects the JOURNAL seems to be doing very well. It has grown greatly since the days when George Allen did his able, eight-years service as its Business Manager, and from the time when the "Editorial Circle" was literally the hatband of Henry Villard. The JOURNAL, for example, is closely watched by the press and its articles are picked up for comment and, frequently, for reprints. We now have 6000 paid subscriptions sent to over eighty countries in the world. You would be surprised to know that we have ten subscribers in Ghana and thirty in Afghanistan. There is even one lonely seafarer on the *USS Mauna Loa* who takes the JOURNAL.

Our advertising has greatly increased, thanks to the efforts of our Business Manager, Ambassador Key, with the assistance of Hester Henderson. Last year we ended our fiscal period in the black to the extent of $3500 which we turned over to the Association. Technically, the JOURNAL has become a much better magazine due to the devoted effort of Gwen Barrows, the Managing Editor. So there is good reason to feel content with the progress thus far made.

However, we on the Editorial Board are not content to let matters stand at that. The best way to improve a magazine is to improve its content and here we can do much in bettering the calibre and interest of our articles. For one thing we should tap a wider range of contacts. I know in my own experience that from my last tour in the Far East, through friendships made, I was able to secure articles for the JOURNAL from three important American citizens who are not members of the Service but whose own experiences and

(*Continued on page* 10)



A GREAT FAVORITE *of* DANIEL WEBSTER

The home of Daniel Webster was never without its demijohn of Dr. James Crow's fine bourbon. It has been the favorite in the homes of distinguished men for generations.

So fine a bourbon it has become America's favorite!

OLD CROW

LIGHTER...MILDER...86 PROOF

The distinctive taste of lighter, milder 86 Proof Old Crow is enjoyed by more people than any other bourbon!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
86 PROOF

100 Proof Bottled in Bond available as usual

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

28P

National Distillers Products Company • 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

The Journal and the Service

(from page 8)

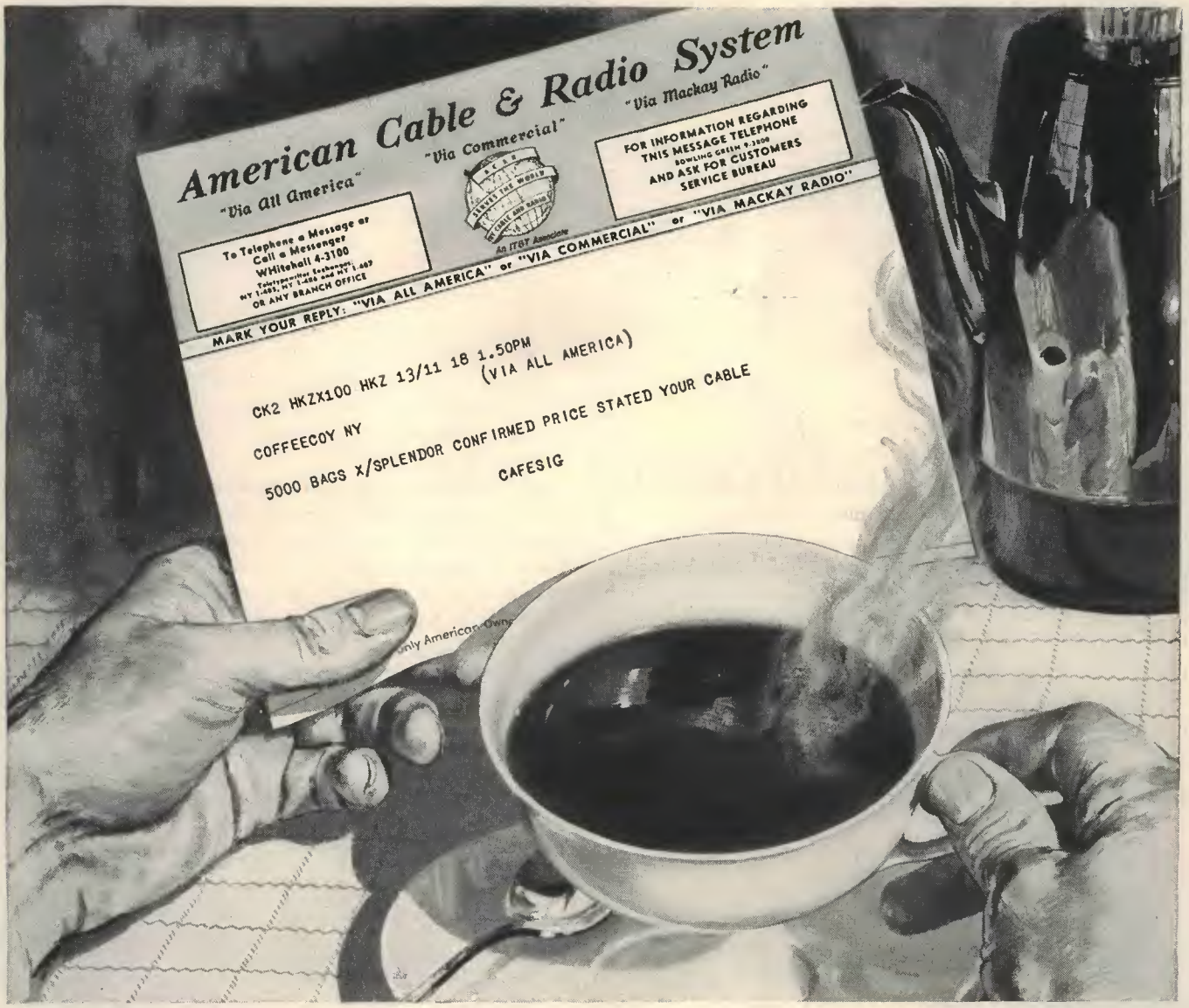
important positions qualify them to speak on matters of professional interest. I know that each person in this room has some friend or acquaintance from outside the Service who has a special competence or field of knowledge of interest to our readers; and I should be very grateful if you would from time to time send me a note of such friends or acquaintances in order that the Editorial Board can approach them on subjects on which they are qualified and which would provide material of interest to the Foreign Service.

As I said in a signed editorial at the time I took over this job as Chairman of the Editorial Board, our Embassies abroad are made up of elements from other Departments than State. Among those ten subscribers I mentioned in Ghana, a number were from outside the Foreign Service of the State Department. The officers from USIA, ICA and MAAG who take our paper are looked upon in the posts where they serve as integral members of the Embassy. I feel the JOURNAL not only has a responsibility but an opportunity to publish material describing their work.

I have been thinking for some time of bringing out an issue devoted, not to space for the Foreign Service, but to the Foreign Service in Space. The Russian Sputnik which is now beeping its way around the world lends emphasis to this point. The day is not too far off when, in addition to the old geographical bureaus of EUR, FE, NEA and ARA, we shall have a fifth bureau marked "S" and this will be dealing with the foreign relations of outer Space. It is time that we in the Service and in the JOURNAL as well began to reflect on future trends.

I also feel the JOURNAL should bring forth more articles of serious professional interest in the realm of diplomacy. For example, although I know how busy John Allison is in dealing with his problems in Indonesia, he would be ideally qualified to write a serious piece on the brilliant and long-drawn-out negotiations conducted by our present Secretary of State in bringing about the Japanese Peace Treaty. To take another example, I feel that whoever represents us at the forthcoming Conference on the Law of the Sea could produce a paper of great value on this interesting and difficult subject.

At luncheon today Assistant Secretary Mann asked me how many faces at the tables before us were familiar to me. I said I thought that probably only forty to fifty percent of the officers present here were recognizable to me by face and name. This is because the Service has so greatly expanded in recent years. As you know, with integration we have grown from some 1700 officers to 3300. I know that when I was a young officer I found that an earlier effort of the JOURNAL in bringing out the Photographic Register of 1936 did much to boost morale. As a young Foreign Service Officer I would take each announcement of a transfer, check the officer's biography in the Department's Register and then look up his picture in the album of the *Photographic Register*. I think particularly today when the Service has grown so much and there are so many new faces at our board there is a genuine need for a new photographic register. Dave Key, our Business Manager, has done the arith-



It takes a lot of communication to make a good cup of coffee...

Between coffee grower, roaster and your breakfast table lie thousands of miles of ocean and mountain terrain ... and thousands of words of business transactions, market reports and shipping instructions.

The pulsing thread that "delivers" your pound of coffee is made of submarine cable, radiotelegraph, and ship-to-shore radio—networks of modern communication operated by American Cable & Radio Corporation, through the cooperation and farsightedness of our good-neighbor governments in the coffee lands.

AC&R, an associate of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, is the largest American-owned international telegraph system. It provides direct cable and radiotelegraph circuits linking the United States and the principal countries of Central, South America and the West Indies, Europe, Africa, the Middle and Far East. The movements of coffee, together with other vital commodities and thousands of items in commerce are speeded by these communication "lifelines."

Since the first cables were laid ... more than three-quarters of a century ago ... AC&R has contributed to the economic growth of many lands. Through its subsidiaries, Commercial Cable Company, Mackay Radio, and All America Cables and Radio, Inc., backed by the world-wide manufacturing and research facilities of IT&T, it offers the finest in international communication services.

IT&T

INTERNATIONAL TEL AND TEL

INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION, 67 Broad Street, New York 4, N.Y.

For further information address American Cable & Radio Corporation, 67 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y.

The Journal and the Service

(from page 10)

metic on this project and we feel that we could produce such an album for not more than $5 a copy. I wonder if those of you here today who would be interested in such a project (and to hold up your hand does not bind you to spend $5 at this time) would indicate how you feel on this subject. [Here there was a unanimous showing of hands.]

There is another way in which I feel the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL and Association can further our cause. In the November issue we are bringing out an article by Martin Herz on the Foreign Service Association and what not only it *should* do, but what—a different thing—it *can* do. We do not expect everyone to agree with Martin Herz's views but we do feel sure they will stimulate your thought and we shall be glad to have your comments and opinions in Letters to the Editor.

My own feeling is that the Association and its FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL can do more than we have in the past to serve the interests of the Scrvice in the matter of public relations. I fear that if we stand upon our dignity we may not have much left to stand on. I think within limits there is room for a more muscular, red-corpuscular attitude on the part of the Association and the JOURNAL. By that, however, I do not mean leaping to the barricades or fomenting revolution. We must always confine our effort to the bounds of common sense and that "application of tact and intelligence" which is the hallmark of diplomacy.

In a democracy the people are our masters. We can certainly do more than we have done to put our best foot forward and to improve the climate of opinion in which we work. We shall never become popular because our profes-

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC REGISTER

[See p. 3, col. 1, 5th name]

This is what he looked like when the last Photographic Register came out in 1936. But if he should happen to turn up at your post today would you be able to recognize the suave (all Foreign Service Officers become suave) diplomat of today?

Currently under serious consideration is a project to publish a new Photographic Register similar to the Register published in 1936. However, before embarking on such an ambitious sortie into our own rogues gallery we would like a show of hands as to whether you would like to have such a book, assuming it can be published for about $5.00. This does not obligate you to buy a copy if and when it comes out.

Yes, I should like to purchase a copy of the new Photographic Register.

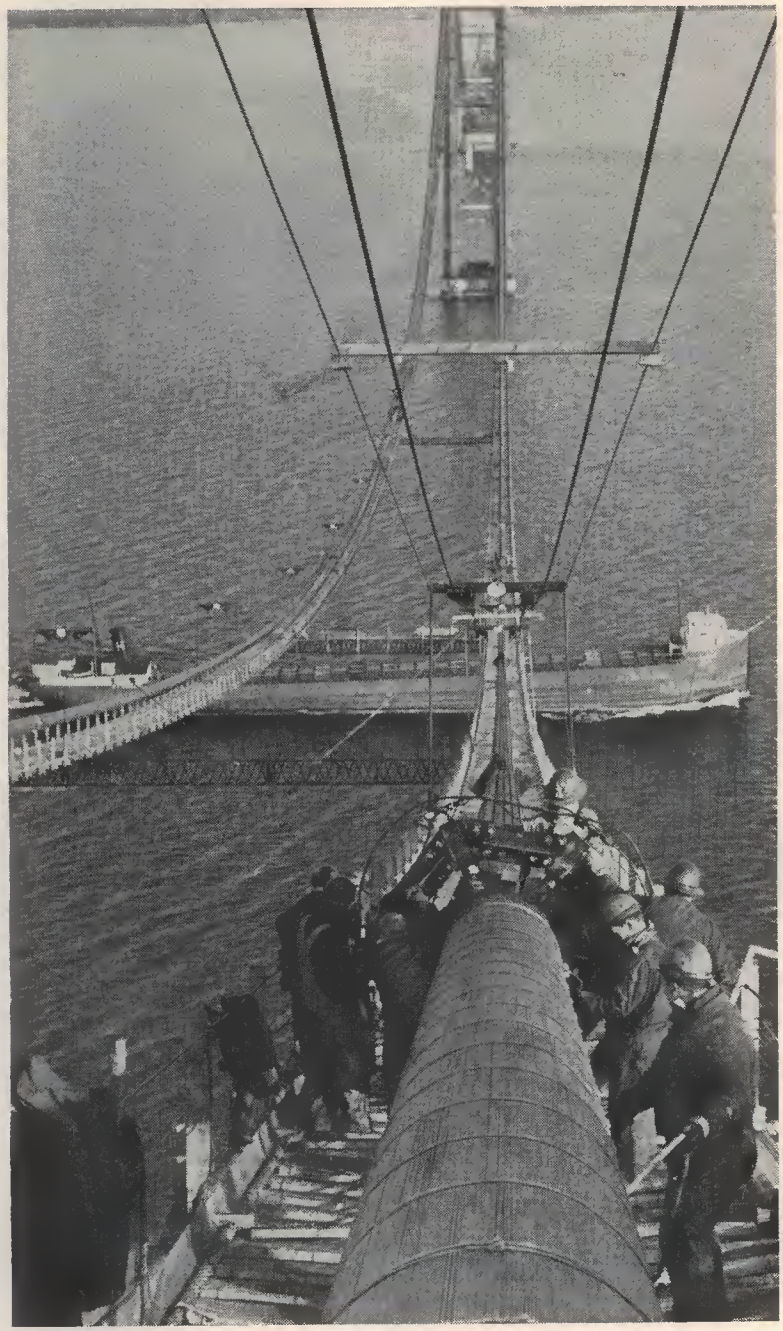
Signed: _____

_____

_____

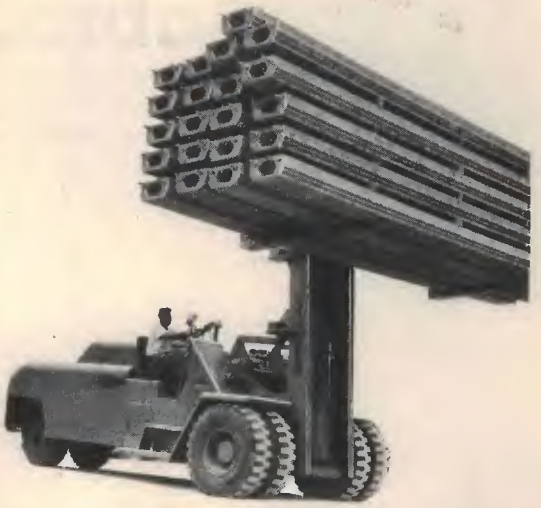
Address: David McK. Key, AFSA, 1908 "G" St., Wash. 6, D.C.

Only **STEEL** can do so many jobs so well



WIRE ENOUGH TO REACH NEARLY TWICE AROUND THE EARTH. This picture was taken on the world-famous Mackinac Bridge, which United States Steel is building across the 4-miles-wide straits at the entrance of Lake Michigan in the U.S.A. The main suspension cables contain 41,000 *miles* of tough 3/16-inch-diameter galvanized steel wire. Each cable is over two feet in diameter and contains 12,580 wires.

HEAVY-DUTY WORKHORSE. Here is the largest standard lift truck on pneumatic tires. The forks (which "shovel" under the load) are made from USS "T-1"* Steel – a remarkably strong constructional alloy steel that can withstand severe impact and abuse even at sub-zero temperatures. Unlike most very strong alloy steels, USS "T-1" Steel can be readily welded.



BEAUTY THAT LASTS. The much-used doorway to this research laboratory will remain bright indefinitely, because it's made of USS Stainless Steel, the lustrous metal whose beauty goes all the way through. The surface is as tough as it is beautiful, so it won't be marred like softer metals.

*Trademark

UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY
30 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK 8, U. S. A.

The Journal and the Service

sion requires that we deal in secrets; but though our methods may be arcane, at least our purposes and policies can be made clear and understandable to our fellow citizens. The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, by holding up the mirror to the Service, can do much, I think, to improve this climate of opinion.

Ten years ago I attended a banquet at the Statler Hotel at which Loy Henderson was the guest of honor and made the major speech on the question of aid to Greece and Turkey. He was introduced by the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. The Secretary said, in introducing Loy, that he could conceive of no prouder title in the Republic than that of American Foreign Service Officer. It is my belief that we can add luster to that title and conviction to what Mr. Acheson said by the activities we conduct in our Association and project in the pages of our JOURNAL.

BIRTHS

BARDACH. A son, Ronald Todd, born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bardach, September 25, 1957, in Bern.

COTTRELL. A daughter, Lauren, born to Mr. and Mrs. Sterling J. Cottrell, September 12, 1957, in Singapore.

CREEL. A daughter, Elizabeth Calhoun, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Creel, October 14, 1957, in Washington, D. C.

DEVINE. A daughter, Margaret Rose, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Devine, October 7, 1957, in Washington, D. C.

GRANT. A son, Jefferson Gulick, born to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Grant, September 26, 1957, in Brussels. A daughter, Jennifer, was born to the Grants on April 2, 1956 in Palermo.

MCCARTHY. A son, John Robert, born to Mr. and Mrs. John R. McCarthy, September 23, 1957, in Bad Godesberg.

RABENOLD. A son, Glenn Ellwood, born to Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood M. Rabenold, Jr., June 16, 1957, in Munich.

MARRIAGES

BARBIS-QUINN. Patricia Quinn, former Cultural Affairs assistant in Seoul and George M. Barbis, Foreign Service Officer, were married August 22, 1957 in Seattle.

POOLE-HANBURY. Jillian Hanbury and Richard A. Poole, Foreign Service Officer, were married November 2, 1957 in Ivy, Virginia. Mr. Poole served on the Editorial Board of the JOURNAL from 1952 to 1954.

IN MEMORIAM

BOWCOCK. James M. Bowcock, retired Vice Consul, died October 3, 1957 in Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Bowcock who entered the Service in 1906, served in Madrid, Bern, Leghorn, Cairo, Rome, Munich, Tangier and Tenerife before his retirement in 1943.

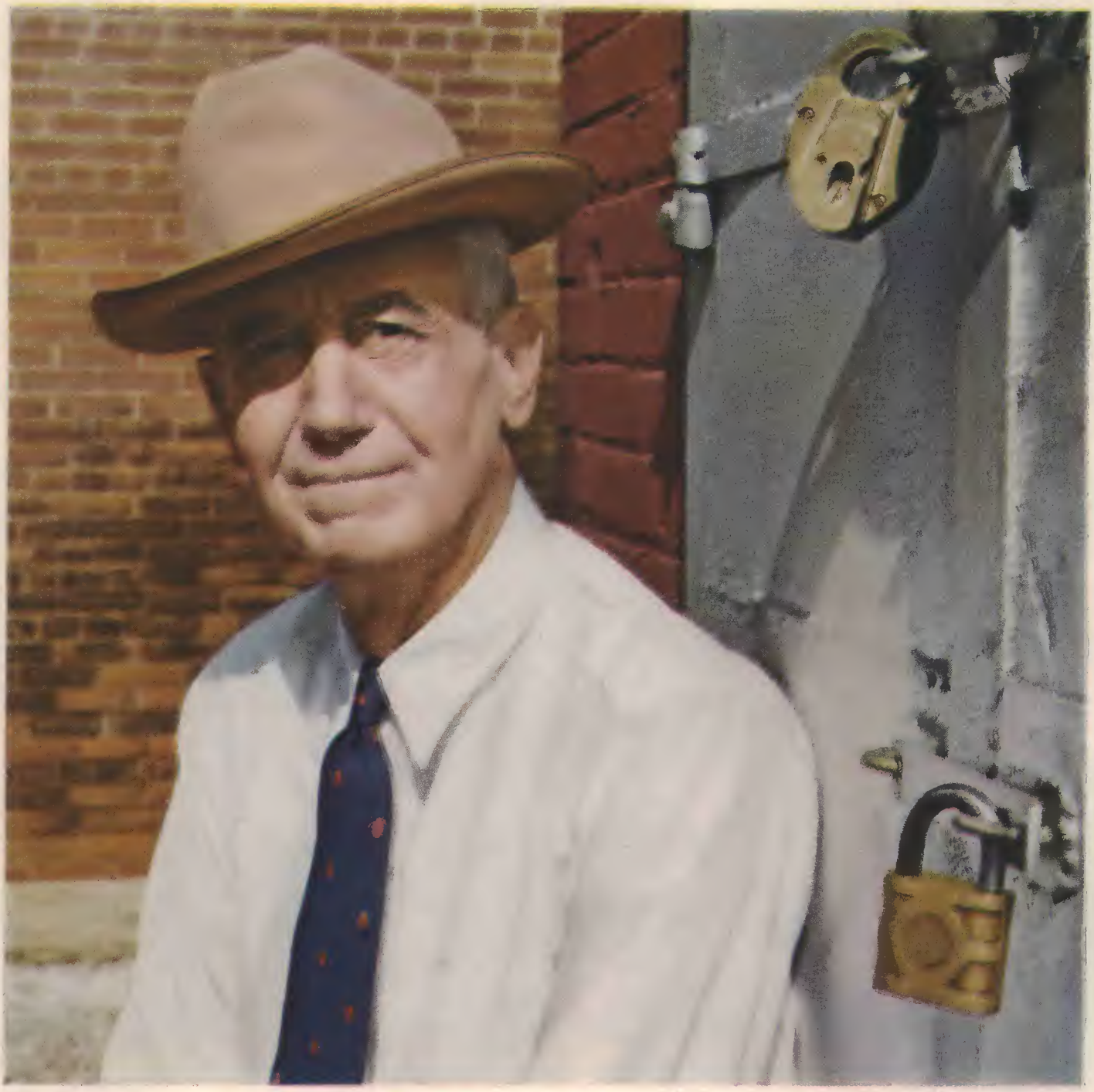
CODY. MRS. Verna Smith, wife of Morrill Cody, Counselor for Public Affairs at the Paris Embassy died November 6th at the American Hospital in Neuilly. Before her marriage to Mr. Cody in 1953 she had been an economics officer for five years with the Marshall Plan in Paris.

GREEN. Sylvia Brown Green, wife of Caspar D. Green, former Foreign Service Officer, died October 26, 1957, in Mantua, Ohio.

HALL. MRS. Alethea Agnes Hall, retired Foreign Service Staff Corps, died October 29, 1957 in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Hall who retired in 1949 had served in Capetown and Pretoria for twenty-five years.

HURLEY. William Lee Hurley, retired business man and a Foreign Service Officer for twenty years, died October 7, 1957 in New York.

TRANSTRUM. Orville H. Transtrum, Foreign Service Officer, died October 25, 1957 in Bethesda, Maryland. Mr. Transtrum was Executive Director of the Bureau of International Organization Affairs.



COL. FRANK THOMPSON, U.S.A. (RET.), CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, PHOTOGRAPHED AT GLENMORE DISTILLERIES IN KENTUCKY

FAMILY SECRETS...

"Many of our special ways of making Old Kentucky Tavern so mellow are family secrets — but here's one everyone knows. Ours is the only premium Bond that gets every drop timed to perfection 7 full years! Nature needs that long for the full flowering of Bourbon flavor. So linger over your next sip. I do believe you'll find this perfect flavor a rare delight."

OLD KENTUCKY TAVERN

Timed to Perfection
7 Full Years

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY **100 PROOF** BOTTLED-IN-BOND & **86 PROOF**
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., "Where Perfection of Product is Tradition" LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

25 years ago

BY JAMES B. STEWART

Roosevelt Elected President

The election of November 8, 1932 showed 472 votes for Franklin D. Roosevelt to 59 for President Hoover. The President carried Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Vermont. In the hour of the President's defeat, the Washington *Evening Star* said editorially: "The Republican party has been defeated. But Mr. Hoover emerges from the debacle measurably undamaged. . . Mr. Hoover must know that as millions of his countrymen honored and respected him during his tenure of the White House, so will millions hold him in high regard when he returns to private life."

Continuity of Foreign Policy

Frederic William Wile, in the Washington *Evening Star* stated: ". . . Europe and Asia are about to discover that 'continuity of foreign policy' will be perpetuated in the United States and not undergo radical changes as the result of the accession of a great opposition party to national power. Seven major points will feature the Roosevelt program of foreign relations:

1. Non-recognition of the independence of the puppet state of Manchukuo, brought into existence by Japan in Manchuria.
2. Continued non-recognition of Soviet Russia. . .
3. Refusal during the measurable future to consider any further revision downward of the European war debts. . .
4. Undiminished support of world disarmament by agreement. . .
5. Unalloyed adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. . .
6. Readiness to take the final step necessary to make the United States a member of the World Court. . .
7. No moves looking to any further association with the League of Nations beyond the active cooperation . . . in the fields of disarmament, hygiene, opium control and other humanitarian activities."

* * *

Where Do They Hole Up? The JOURNAL received a letter from an Officer saying: "Many of us who have reached middle age frequently read of the retirement of friends of ours. We want to know what happens to them. Where do they hole up? What do they do with their time? Do they get by on their retirement pay? Do they get other jobs? Can't you smoke out some kind of word from these hermits and let the rest of us know what they are doing? . . ."

Note: DACOR now smokes out the hermits.

Christmas Eve

Voice in lower bunk to brother in upper: "Well, you believe there's a milkman, don't you? And nobody ever sees *him*."—"The Neighbors" by George Clark.

25 Years Ago

Poinsettia, Favorite Christmas Flower

Mme. Calderon de la Barca, in her classic—"Life in Mexico"—refered to Joel R. Poinsett, our first Minister to Mexico (1825-29) in the following sentence: ". . . we set off in a burning sun, over a perfect Egyptian desert, to visit the famous arches of Cempoala, a magnificent work which we are told had greatly excited the admiration of Mr. Poinsett when in this country."

Mr. Poinsett was a Charlestonian and was famous for his beautiful gardens. When he returned home from Mexico he brought with him a plant that is now our most popular Christmas flower. It was given the pretty name of "poinsettia" in his honor. In Mexico it is now generally called *flor de noche buena*. In 1840 Mme. Calderon de la Barca wrote: "In the patio . . . are some very brilliant large scarlet flowers which they call here *flor del pastor*, the shepherd's flower; and in other places *flor de noche buena*, the flower of Christmas Eve."

* * *

AND MORE RECENTLY:

Merry Christmas

This Yuletide finds Ambassador and Mrs. Sheldon Mills in a faraway capital, Kabul, and their daughters in the United States. Sheila and Linda are married and Mary is interested in Drama. I recall the attractive Christmas card sent by their parents from Bucharest many years ago. On it was a very small snapshot (16mm.) of Shelly, Francesca, Sheila (then 4) and the two-year-old twins, Linda and Mary. Under the picture was this couplet:

We look small 'cos we're so far away
But listen well and you'll hear us say—
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Several are Still in Active Service

Former Ambassador George Shaw was recently in Tampico where he began his career as Vice Consul. He sent greetings from Clerk David Sarmiento who has been 38 years in the Consulate. David sent me the names of the officers who had served at Tampico during those 38 years: "The first Consul under whom I served was Claud L. Dawson, followed by yourself and then Charles A. Bay, Robert Harndon, Arthur C. Frost, Clarence E. Macy, Lawrence S. Armstrong, Thomas McEnelly, Francis H. Styles, Harold M. Collins, Harold B. Quarton, Samuel A. McIlhenny, Jr., Elvin Seibert, Kennedy M. Crocket, Harold C. Wood and George Whittinghill.

"The following Vice Consuls served here: Jack D. Hickerson, George P. Shaw, Willard L. Beaulac, Peter H. A. Flood, Edward S. Maney, Jack D. Neal, Harold B. Minor, William H. Dunlop, Walter P. McConaughy, Randolph Higgs, Thomas J. Maleady, M. Williams Blake, John G. Oliver, Jr., Myron H. Schraud and Chris C. Pappas, Jr."

Memorandum regarding the Staff Corps

by Cecil B. GRAY

THERE HAS NEVER been a time within my thirty-four years' experience when there was not some general dissatisfaction in the Staff Corps about salaries, promotions, career possibilities, etc. I myself spent my first five years' service in the Staff Corps, which in those days was called the Non-Career Service. I, too, did my share of beefing and even became so dissatisfied and discouraged that I resigned after my first two years' service. Scarcely had I signed my resignation until I realized that I had made a mistake. I knew that what I really wanted was a career in the Foreign Service and what was needed was more understanding and a better attitude on my own part. When I asked to be readmitted the Department generously agreed.

In spite of the dissatisfactions of the members of the old Non-Career Service, there did exist, as far back as 1923, a sort of modus vivendi between the Career and the Non-Career Service. This in practice worked very well. What it amounted to was the recognition of the fact that the Foreign Service by the very nature of its work consisted of two parallel services. Each was absolutely necessary. All concerned recognized the mutually dependent relationship existing between the two services. The members of each service knew, understood and respected both the members and the jobs of the other service. We shared our ups and downs together and the two services spent their lives with close personal and professional bonds uniting them. The members of the Non-Career Service knew that they both "belonged" and were "fully accepted" members of the Foreign Service. There existed solid unity and *esprit de corps* in the Service. Against such a background and such a set-up, dissatisfaction and discouragement of non-career members never took on the serious character of a group movement; it was confined to the isolated cases of *individuals*. We might, for lack of a better term, compare this situation to nature's balance.

The integration program upset the balance as I have described it above. Sometimes I describe what happened in terms of an ocean voyage. One day the Foreign Service, both the Career and the Staff Corps, was going about its daily work on a first-class ocean liner. Everybody was fairly happy with their accommodations, food, working conditions, and the speed of the ship which would take us to our respective ports of destination (meaning promotions, jobs, and all the rest of it). All of a sudden this happy arrangement was disturbed. Some of the members of the Service (the Career group plus the integrated group) stayed on the liner and went merrily on their way. The others (the non-integrated Staff Corps) were taken off the liner, separated from friends and companions of other days, and put on a slow-moving kind of tramp ship without anyone quite knowing where it was headed or when it would get there. At this point dissatisfaction and discouragement lost its individual character and assumed a *group* character. This is about where we are today.

Here is what I believe about the future of the Staff Corps, and every word of it is based on my own lifetime spent in the Service of the Department of State. In assessing one's future as a Staff Corps employee, the first decision to be made is basic and fundamental and it must be decided by everybody. It is simply this: "Based on my own knowledge and experience in the Foreign Service, do I wish to make a career of it?" In considering this question, one must keep in mind that a Foreign Service position is not just an ordinary job. To those who are really called to the Foreign Service, the Foreign Service can be described as "a way of life." I maintain that it is even more than this, and that it is a "state of mind" as well. In practical terms this means that a Foreign Service person, except in extraordinary circumstances or those involving unusual personal difficulties, would not think of quitting his job *solely* to make more money as do many people who think nothing of jumping from one job to another in Government or private life simply because they get so many more dollars a month or a year. Pride of outfit, as the military call it, is too strong in the Foreign Service employee to allow him to do anything like that. He knows what he wants to do in life and it is to work for the Department of State and the Foreign Service. It is his Department and his life and the only one which will really satisfy him. Consequently, if the answer to the question is "no," then the best thing to do is to get out and to get into something else. If one does not like, and even love, what one is doing, then little in the way of rewards and satisfaction can be expected. If the answer is "yes," then the employee has to have sufficient faith, patience and tenacity to stand fast until the storm is over. I feel absolutely sure that those who stay with us now will ultimately reach everything that they would ever have reached in the way of promotions, jobs, honors, rewards and satisfactions had integration not occurred. There are solid reasons for believing that the picture I have drawn is not overly optimistic. We must start with the fundamental

(*Continued on page* 46)

F.S.O. Cecil B. Gray is featured also in the Service Glimpses, page 31, this month.

Is Old State Coming Down?

by E. J. BEIGEL

THE nostalgia and affection attached to Old State are likely to remain for a long time, although the building itself now faces the possibility of being not merely remodeled, but done away with entirely.

Last summer the President approved the report of his Advisory Commission on Presidential Office Space, which had been constituted to study the problem of providing more adequate quarters for the White House Office and the other agencies of the Executive Office of the President. The Commission recognized that heretofore no solution for this problem had ever been sufficient for more than a brief interval, from the time that a temporary West Wing was added to the White House in 1902 until Old State became the Executive Office Building in 1947. The Commission characterized the present office facilities of the President as "outmoded, overcrowded, inefficient and not consistent with effective and well coordinated management."

The Commission had first considered the possibility of converting the Treasury Building for use as Presidential office space, but rejected this proposal as merely another makeshift barely satisfactory for the new use. This suggestion had originally been put forward, the Commission reported, in order to preserve Old State, which "because of its incongruous size and appearance, its general obsolescence, its inefficient interior arrangement, and inadaptability to modernization, might otherwise be recommended for replacement by a more suitable structure."

The solution favored by the Advisory Commission was to demolish Old State and replace it with a smaller building to provide 150,000 square feet of space for the White House Office; to extend the White House grounds to include the new site and building which would connect to the White House by tunnel; to remodel the West Wing of the White House for use as quarters by visiting dignitaries; and to demolish all the buildings in the block west of Lafayette Park, except Blair, Blair-Lee, and Decatur Houses, and build on that block Building Project No. 7 to provide a further 250,000 square feet for other organizational units of the Executive Office. Old State has less than 300,000 square feet of floor space. The only objection voiced within the Commission to this plan was with regard to the demolition of Old State, on which the final report commented gingerly: "In view of the recognized faults and deficiencies in the design, location and condition of the Old State, War and Navy Building its demolition appears to some to be an advantage." The Commission also considered five other possible solutions to the problem of Presidential office space, all of which left Old State standing but renovated and remodeled.

When the State, War and Navy Building was completed in 1888, after seventeen years of construction, President Grant, having just returned from a tour around the world, is alleged to have remarked that the sight of the building climaxed all the curious edifices he had seen in the course of his travels. It was the largest and most elaborate government office building in the city when it was completed. Fifty years later an official guidebook to Washington said that it "is without question the ugliest, if not the smuggest, mass of masonry in Washington. Yet, it has withstood all criticism. . . . It must be admitted that the cascades of columns, excessive complexity of form, and overladen ornamentation were wholly in accordance with the accepted taste and traditions of the period. The heavy supporting walls of the building have a use that is lacking in later Federal buildings which have been erected around steel cage construction. The lower floors of the exterior exemplify solutions characteristic of the dawn of modern building construction. A view of the building from any angle presents a confused impressionistic picture of broken lines and planes. The effect of the building is produced by its central and corner pavilions, extended porches, towering chimneys and dormer windows. At the center of each facade is a six-story pavilion, approached by a broad flight of steps and

(*Continued on page 42*)

Pauline, President Taft's cow, grazing in front of Old State.

E. J. Beigel has studied historic puhlic buildings since he first visited Old State twenty years ago, when Mr. Woodring occupied the offices of the Secretary of War, and a hurrying diplomatic visitor in a corridor identified himself as Arthur Bliss Lane, Managua.

The Shanghai Bund, normally one of the world's most crowded thoroughfares, lay silent and deserted as the Communist and Nationalist troops formed their battle lines for the military action which was to mark the collapse of Shanghai to the invaders.

Shanghai Alma Mater

by John W. HENDERSON

THE PREVAILING mood of Shanghai during the first weeks after the city's fall to the Communists in May of 1949 was one of relief that there need be no more fighting. The threat of damage and destruction which had hung over the city for many months while military issues were being settled north of the Yangtze and during the two days of concerted military action in Shanghai itself had been suddenly lifted.

Some of the youth, and others who welcomed change for its own sake, did show signs of enthusiasm. The Communist fifth column emerged from its underground hiding places to lead a feverish hunt for "Chiang Kai-shek reactionaries." Many of those who had taken the lead in opposing the Communist overthrow of the Republic were summarily shot, but the regime had not yet reached the stage of public trials and executions.

Among the business and industrial communities, reactions ranged from fear and foreboding, or a sullen watchfulness, to optimism. The first manifestations of the rigid controls of the new police state were almost reassuring. Beggars were driven from the streets, trees were trimmed, the occupying troops scrupulously avoided forced requisition from the common people, and the traditional "squeeze" of Chinese officialdom went into a state of suspension.

For the Chinese businessman, the purges and confiscations, the taxes and forced savings, the self-confessions, the public trials and the executions were still in the future. The Communist authorities spread comforting statements about tolerance of the regime for private enterprise, and these assurances sounded sweet to the ears of the Chinese shopkeeper and industrialist.

It was toward the foreign community that the new masters of Shanghai first turned their attention. There were both psychological and economic reasons for this. The foreigner represented the imperialism which was supposed to have exploited the Chinese people and which Communism was pledged to eliminate. An attack on foreigners with no retaliation from the great powers would strengthen the new regime in the eyes of its own people. Furthermore, foreigners represented a golden source of badly-needed foreign exchange for financing the Communist military machine.

As a consequence, foreigners were the first to learn the basic nature of Chinese Communism. The educational process through which they passed was short but thorough, covering such subjects as law, public administration, economics and sociology. For representatives of foreign governments there was a special course in New China diplomacy.

Each of the Americans in Shanghai received his course of instruction on Chinese Communism in a different way. My own introduction to the fundamentals came in my capacity as the officer-in-charge of United States Information Service operations.

Shanghai was John Henderson's introduction to the Foreign Service and the beginning of ten years' service in Far Eastern affairs. Currently he is a student at the National War College.

Until the fall of Shanghai appeared certain, the operating headquarters of USIS-China had been maintained there. A month before the city fell, USIS operations were split in two, the principal office transferring to Canton, in the south. It was planned that the Shanghai office would attempt to to supply and direct operations in Communist areas after the military advance had passed by. There was no certainty that communications could be maintained between the two offices and the Shanghai sub-office was prepared to carry on semi-independently in conjunction with the other posts behind the Communist lines.

For a few short weeks after the conquest of the city, it seemed that USIS might continue unmolested the job of telling the American story to the people of China. While central Shanghai had the appearance of an armed camp, with barbed wire barricades in front of important government buildings, heavily-armed sentries directing traffic and patrols moving ceaselessly around every city block, there was no immediate interference with the activities of either

The USIS Chinese staff during happy days in the Development Building. Later this same staff was to make many demands.

the American Consulate General or USIS. On the contrary, the tommy-gun swinging patrols often stopped in open-mouthed wonderment before the brightly lighted and decorated display windows of the USIS library. Off duty, some of them wandered inside to study intently the photo display of American life. USIS was delighted to arrange a requested film showing for a combat-weary Communist regiment.

During this early period USIS did not trim its sails perceptibly. USIS-China had helped pioneer an expansion of the original conception of the organization as one to project abroad a "full and fair" picture of the United States. For some time it had placed increasing emphasis on exposing Communist aims and false propaganda. After the Communists arrived it seemed obvious that any effort to make USIS output palatable to the Red regime would not only fail to tell the American story but could not possibly influence the Communist authorities one way or another. Whatever counter measures the regime might take would be taken in any event; and so, except to avoid specific reference to

The author checking the *Wireless Bulletin* as a translator prepared it for circulation to the Chinese press.

China's civil war, USIS continued to follow the same general lines.

The objective became to put as much hay in the loft as possible before the storm broke. For example, the library featured a photo exhibit of the Berlin air lift, depicting the story of how it had called the Sovict bluff. Somewhat discreetly we tried to spread as widely as we could the story of Marshal Tito's spilt with the Cominform. There were eager takers for such information from the outside world. There had heen no sharper dividing line hetween the day before and the day after the conquest of Shanghai than the sudden, demoralizing blackout of outside news.

We made a few trial shipments of pamphlets and film hy rail express to other posts in Communist territory. Encouragingly, they went through with little delay or red tape. For a few weeks we thought that, maybe, we were hack in business, but that fabled cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, crossed our horizon within less than three weeks after Shanghai was declared militarily "secure." A letter, signed by the British real estate hroker who had handled the lease for the USIS quarters in the Development Building, arrived to inform us that the requirements of the People's Liberation Army were such that the space we occupied was needed.

As one of their first moves, Communist troops had taken over the upper floors of the Development Building, and the former quarters of the U.S. Consulate General—which, in April, had moved to the vacated U.S. Navy offices in the Glen Line Building—had been turned into a dormitory for Communist non-coms who brought their women, straw mats, rice bowls and charcoal fires into the building as though they were in the field. No one molested the USIS offices, although we traveled closely-parallel corridors on the way to our respective wash rooms and could examine one another across an inner court.

(*Continued on page* 32)

Parkinson Looks at Retirement: II

The London Economist *recently published another startling discovery by the author of Parkinson's Law which the* JOURNAL *is reprinting with their permission in two installments. The first appeared in the November* JOURNAL.

How to Get Rid of the Boss

THE FIRST article in this series discussed the need to emulate in business a custom once well known in African tribes: that of liquidating the chief at a certain point in his career. In this, as in so many other matters, modern science is not at a loss. The crude methods of the past have been superseded. In days gone by it was usual, no doubt, for the other directors to talk inaudibly at board meetings, one merely opening and shutting his mouth and another nodding in apparent comprehension, thus convincing the chairman that he was actually going deaf. But there is a modern technique which is far more effective and certain. The method depends essentially on (a) *air travel* and (b) *the filling in of forms*. Research has shown that the high official who is given enough of each will very soon begin to talk of retirement.

The opening step in this technique is to lay before the great man a program: consisting, say, of a conference at Helsinki in June, a congress at Adelaide in July, and a convention at Ottawa in August, each lasting about three weeks. He is assured that the prestige of the department or firm will depend on his presence and that the delegation of his duty to anyone else would be regarded as an insult by all others taking part. The program of travel will allow of his return to the office for about three or four days between one conference and the next.

The essence of the technique is so to arrange matters that the conferences are held at places the maximum distance apart and in climates which offer the sharpest contrast in heat and cold. There should be no possibility whatever of a restful sea voyage in any part of the schedule. It must be air travel all the way. . . . It can safely be assumed, almost without inquiry, that most flights will involve take-off at 2:50 a.m., reporting at the airfield at 1:30 and weighing baggage at the terminal at 12:45. Arrival will be scheduled for 3:10 a.m. on the next day but one. . . .

Most of the flight time will, of course, be spent in filling in various declarations about currency and health. How much have you in dollars (US), pounds (sterling), francs, marks, guilders, yen, lire, and pounds (Australian); how much in letters of credit, travellers' checks, postage stamps and postal orders? Where did you sleep last night and the night before that? (This last is an easy question, for the air traveller is usually able to declare, in good faith, that he has not slept at all for the past week.) When were you born and what was your grandmother's maiden name? How many children have you and why? What will be the length of your stay and where? What is the object of your visit, if any? Have you had chicken-pox and why not? Have you a visa for Patagonia and a re-entry permit for Hong-Kong? The penalty for making a false declaration is life-imprisonment. Fasten your seat-belts, please. We are about to land at Rangoon. Local time is 2:47 a.m. Outside temperature is 110°F. We shall stop here for approximately one hour. Breakfast will be served on the aircraft five hours after take-off. Thank you. No smoking, please.

It will be observed that air travel, considered as a retirement-accelerator, has the advantage of including a fair amount of form-filling. But form-filling proper is a separate ordeal, not necessarily connected with travel. The art of devising forms to be filled in depends on three elements:

Sometimes I say to myself, "What does all this mean?"

(a) *obscurity*, (b) *lack of space* and (c) *the heaviest penalties for failure*. In a form-compiling department, obscurity is ensured by various branches dealing respectively with *ambiguity*, *irrelevance* and *jargon*. But some of the simpler devices have now become automatic. Thus, a favorite opening gambit is a section, usually in the top right-hand corner, worded thus:

Return rendered in respect of the month of	

As you have been sent the form on February 16th, you have no idea whether it relates to last month, this month or next. Only the sender knows that, but he is asking you. At this point the ambiguity expert takes over, collaborating closely with a space consultant, and this is the result:

Cross out the word which does not apply	Full Name	Address	Domicile	When Naturalized and why	Status
Mr..... Mrs..... Miss.....					

Such a form as this is specially designed, of course, for a Colonel, Lord, Professor or Doctor called Alexander Winthrop Percival Blenkinsop-Fotheringay of Battleaxe Towers, Layer-de-la-Haye, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, Lincolnshire-parts of Kesteven. Follows the word "domicile," which is practically meaningless except to an international lawyer, and after that a mysterious reference to naturalization. Lastly, we have the word "status" which leaves the filler-in wondering whether to put "Admiral (Ret'd)," "married," "American citizen" or "managing director."

Now the ambiguity expert hands over the task to a specialist in irrelevance, who calls in a new space allocator to advise on layout:

Number of Your Identity Card or Passport	Your Grand-father's full name	Your Grand-mother's maiden name	Have you been vaccinated, inoculated, when and why?	Give full details

Note: *The penalty for furnishing incarrect information may be a fine of £5,000 or a year's penal servitude or quite possibly both*

Then the half completed work of art is sent to the jargon specialist who produces something on these lines:

(253)

What special circumstances are alleged ta justify the adjusted allacation for which request is made in respect of the quota period ta which the former applicatian (143) relates, whether ar nat the former level had been revised and in what sense and far what purpase and whether this or any previaus application made by any ather planning authority under subsectian VII (35) ar for any ather reasan, and whether this or the latter decision was made the subject of an appeal and with what result and why.

Finally, the form goes to the space technician who adds the space-for-signature section, the finish which crowns the whole.

I/We *(block capitals)* ..... declare under penalty that all the information I/we have furnished above is true to the best of my/our knowledge, as witness my/our signature signed this .....day of..... 19 .....

(Signature).....

Witness :—

Name .....

Address .....

Occupatian .....

Photograph Passport Size

Seal .....

Thumb print

This is quite straightforward except for the final touch of confusion as to whose photograph or thumb print is wanted, the I/we person or the witness. It probably does not matter, anyway.

When Your Time Comes

Experiment has shown that elderly men in responsible positions will soon be forced to retire if given sufficient air travel and sufficient forms. Indeed, at the first mention of a conference at Stockholm or Vancouver, they often realize that their time has arrived. Very rarely nowadays is it necessary to adopt methods of a severe character. It used to be the custom not only to arrange tours to overseas countries, but to plan details of inspection tours and banquets there. It will suffice to cite from the case-book of one such tour. By the fifth day the distinguished visitor concerned could walk only when supported by a secretary on one side and a personal assistant on the other. On the sixth day he died, thus confirming the general impression that he must have been tired or unwell. Such methods as these are now discountenanced and have, indeed, proved needless. People are learning to retire in time.

But a serious problem remains. What are we ourselves to do when nearing the retirement age we have fixed for others? It will be obvious at once that our own case is entirely different from any other case we have so far considered. We do not claim to be outstanding in any way but it just so happens that there is no possible successor in sight. It is with genuine reluctance that we agree to postpone our retirement for a few years, purely in the public interest. And when a senior member of our staff approaches us with details of a conference at Teheran or Hobart, we promptly wave it aside, announcing that all conferences are a waste of time.

"Besides," we continue blandly, "My arrangements are already made. I shall be salmon fishing for the next two months and will return to this office at the end of October, by which date I shall expect all the forms to have been filled in. Goodbye, until then." We knew how to make our predecessors retire. When it comes to forcing our own retirement, our successors must find some method of their own.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Through the Tradesmen's Entrance

by Charles F. KNOX, Jr.

WHEN in 1939 Congress legislated the merger of the foreign service of the Department of Commerce into the Foreign Service of the United States one hundred economic officers were inducted into the Corps as FSOs. Their future was open to conjecture. They had come in, so to speak, through the tradesmen's entrance. After all, they were trained in neither political work nor consular affairs. Their experience was hardly "diplomatic," having consisted of writing World Trade Directory Reports, Trade Lists, market analyses for American exports, reports on finances and exchange, and the prosaic effort of shepherding American salesmen through the pitfalls of foreign markets.

Strangely enough, most of those economic officers preferred to stay, or at least keep one foot firmly, in the tradesmen's entrance. As Foreign Service Officers they did not elect, indeed at that time they may not have had the opportunity, to go over to the "political side" of Embassy activities. Their work in the economic field had led them to suspect that they were on the long end of the diplomatic game. And in time their suspicions proved correct.

Since 1939, the economic officers have found their desks, as though pushed by an invisible hand, moving deeper and deeper into the parlor of political diplomacy. As the world's financial and economic woes increased, the parlor became full of calculating machines and charts and the tone of diplomacy was largely in terms of strategic raw materials, finance and exchange, tariffs, commerce and labor. If the old-time political officers were bewildered at this turn of events, the economic officers were not. They felt right at home.

It is said that the young Foreign Service Officer of today expresses himself as not being interested in commercial and economic work—he desires to do "political reporting." If so, he has the cart before the horse. He is like a doctor who wants to make a diagnosis before he has learned how to read a thermometer. Unless he is that rarity, a "natural" political analyst by reason of being a well-known geographical specialist with a profound knowledge of foreign psychology, he must be trained to do political reporting. And there is today no better training in the Service for political reporting than an extensive period in economic work abroad. To think otherwise indicates a confusion as to what constitutes the basis of modern political movements.

In economic and commercial work the young officer has a golden opportunity for associations and knowledge not readily available to others on the mission staff. His work takes him onto the streets, the docks, into the banks and business houses, the farms and factories. He rubs shoulders daily with the great and the humble in the world of finance and industry. Far from being removed from the political scene, he is at the very center of it. For it is the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker who constitute the warp and the woof of a society.

He gets to know the men who hold the purse strings which can, and often do, manipulate political movements. He has the rare opportunity to take the daily pulse of the people. He can circulate among the "little men," the little men who never enter the diplomatic salons and who are unimportant —except that they do the work of the nation, pay the taxes, vote in the governments, and fight the wars. He gets to know intimately those who—

"Though they declare not instruction and judgment,
"And be not among them that utter dark sayings,
"Yet without these shall not a city be inhabited,
"Nor shall men sojourn or walk up and down therein.
"For these maintain the fabric of the world,
"And in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer."

He learns what makes an economy tick. The foreign country becomes alive for him in terms of those forces which, in the modern world, support or topple governments —the price of bread, the movement in the market place, the willing but empty hands of the laborer, the contents of the pay envelope at the end of the week and what it will buy, the number of protested drafts at the banks, and the volume of imports and exports that turn the wheels of industry.

And if he develops the capacity to observe closely, to analyze these things, and learns how the people will react to these economic facts, their pleasure or despair, their smiles or their frowns, he will also have developed an acute capacity for political reporting. For governments do not rise and fall by politics alone, nor by economics alone, but by a combination of developments which are encompassed in the term "political economy," and the combination of those words is not a mistake nor a happenstance.

Within the spirit of dedication to public service which motivates the decision to enter the Foreign Service in the first place, there still remains a legitimate margin of self-interest. In that self-interest the young officer should check the service records of the present career Chiefs of Mission. Even a cursory review will reveal the high percentage of those with economic background, whether academic, obtained in the field, or acquired by special in-service training. It is not by accident that such officers are chosen to head Missions in a world where economic issues are among the pivotal considerations of international relations. It is not by accident that through the tradesmen's entrance many have come directly into the office of political affairs.

Mr. Knox is a member of the JOURNAL's Editorial Board, a retired F.S.O., and an economic consultant on international affairs.

WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS

"A Time for Decision"

To our desk recently came a copy of the "Middle East Digest" which is published in New York City. The editorial "A Time for Decision" was marked in red and under its last paragraph was the query "What do people at 'State' think about ideas like this?" The pertinent paragraphs read:

> It seems to us that American decline in the Near East stems in part at any rate from failure to reflect abroad the greatness in American democracy and tradition. This is a development of recent times, in contrast to the high ideals and a sacrifice which went into the earlier period of private endeavor. Carrying a grievous load of world responsibility and anxious to achieve goals for ourselves and indeed for mankind, we have frequently forgotten the need to deal with others as human beings in a spirit of love and understanding. We have sometimes acted as if we were dealing with problems and things and not with peoples, themselves. Far from reflecting Christian virtues of humility and tolerance we have sometimes acted with arrogance and tactlessness. There are many who believe that we bring a new type of imperialism to the Near East—that we have developed a kind of "extraterritorial" mentality of "illusion of omniscience." Even in the giving of aid, we have become suspect.
>
> Why are we so misunderstood? . . .
>
> Most of all we believe that no mechanisms of force or power can be devised and no naked power programs evolved that will win the heart and mind of Asia and stem the drift toward disaster. Peoples are going to dispose of their own destinies by free choice, even if this means choice of Russia. The tide can be turned only by attitudes of simple, human understanding. This is a field in which America, if true to her ideal, should excel. The use of power concepts or of aid programs, or of doctrines, or of alliances, or of divide and rule tactics can only hasten the drift toward disaster.

Aside from the forlorn "Why are we so misunderstood?" which sounds dangerously like "Why doesn't everybody love us?"—Britain had a more mature approach perhaps in the nineteenth century when she gloried in being disliked throughout the world—but aside from that, and the simplistic suspicion of "use of power concepts or of aid programs . . . disaster," we wonder if the editor and others who agree with him wouldn't applaud the steadily growing People-to-People program inaugurated by the President a year ago, with the USIA acting as a clearing house. Forty-one committees, representing a cross-section of American life, have begun a network of people-to-people communication with individuals throughout the world. The multiple citizen projects are sponsored by individuals and conducted entirely, as its president Charles E. Wilson said recently, "by private citizens free of governmental supervision." Both American and overseas response to the program has been enormous, and by no means superficial, as even a glance at the October People to People *News Bulletin* shows, with its four pages of tightly written notes on current happenings, ranging from cartoonist chairman Al Capp's tour to Europe to talk with cartoonists, to the Fine Arts Committee's sending of 1300 slides of American paintings to the University of Punjab in Pakistan, and including the work of the Music and Nationalities Committees in helping to make a warmer welcome for German singers in the States, and a trip by an Illinois 4-H'er to two Latin American 4-H meetings.

Mr. Wilson, together with a dozen of the People to People chairmen flew to Rome recently to talk with their European counterparts. David Key, manager of the American Foreign Service Association was a member of the party, and reported to us that the organizational part of the program is purposely being kept to a minimum. The activities and work of the program are apparently even better known in Europe than in the U.S.A.

One cannot but applaud such grass roots' approaches to international relations. Often we have thought that a center such as one finds in Denmark would be most helpful in other countries: In arriving in Copenhagen the visitor has only to explain the type of people he would like to meet and the projects he would like to visit and the bureau does

(*Continued on page* 59)

"Garden Cats"—Oil tempura by Paul Child

From the Field:

Christmas Day in Saudi Arabia

by Rhoda E. A. HACKLER

"Arabs are coming, Arabs are coming." Wild-eyed Asfaha, the Invaluable, our Eritrean houseboy, came steaming out of the kitchen. My husband headed for the living room and I scuttled into the kitchen, carrying our small son who was promptly deposited in his playpen. Thus began our Christmas day in Saudi Arabia.

When the first geologists and oil men landed in Eastern Arabia, they found a few sparsely settled towns, and vast deserts, over which Bedouin tribes roamed, tending their flocks of sheep and their camels. The oil men were courteously received, and as they went quietly about the business of prospecting for oil, their relations with the people of the country grew more and more cordial. Therefore, it was natural enough that on their first Christmas Day in Arabia the Arabs in the neighborhood should come to call on the lonely men from distant lands. In the same spirit of friendliness, the oilmen returned the compliment on the two great Muslim feasts, Id al Fitr and Id al Adha. During the next few years, many changes took place in Arabia. Oil was found. Technicians, construction men, oil men of all kinds flowed into Arabia, and soon their families too were arriving. The Arab communities in the area prospered and grew, and a great oil camp spread across the desert. A tiny airstrip grew into an International Airport, and finally a United States Consulate was planted on the desert sands.

Changes and more changes, but the custom, established by the calls made and received on the first Christmas, Id al Fitr and Id al Adha never changed. It is a friendly custom we fell heir to, but it complicates Christmas morning in Arabia somewhat, and does not permit the normal dishevelment of the living room on Christmas morning, with children, presents and bits of rumpled paper and ribbons around and beneath the tree.

Our only real Christmas decoration in the house was the Christmas tree. Imported from Tehran with great difficulty and after lengthy negotiations, it had been delayed by bad flying weather over the mountains of southwestern Iran, but had arrived late Christmas Eve. What a whopper it was! And how welcome it was! Unfortunately, the lovingly wrapped and carefully packed ornaments which I had counted on to provide a bright and familiar splash of color on the tree, had all faded during their journey from the States and resembled nothing so much as used electric light bulbs. But the tree looked satisfyingly gay, trimmed with strings and strings of pop corn.

Our first group of Arab visitors, resplendent in gold-bordered robes and snowy white head dress, arrived at 9:30 in the morning, announced rather breathlessly by Asfaha. They kept coming in groups of five, six, eight and even ten, until past noon. Women are not expected nor desired to be present, so I took up my station in the kitchen where I could be useful. Local protocol is strict and required that we serve glasses of fruit juice first and then cups of coffee, after which our visitors were free to depart. Thinking of my husband awash with apple juice and coffee by the end of the morning—for as host he had to drink glass for glass, cup for cup with each group of guests—I poured the juice into old-fashioned glasses, adding several large chunks of ice. Asfaha entered the living room bearing the first round of apple juice. At the sight, my husband, not party to my stratagem, reportedly paled when he saw approaching what looked exactly like a tray of bourbon old-fashioneds, to be passed to his Moslem guests—all strict observers of prohibition. Tossing all the rules overboard, he made a dive for the nearest glass and took a tentative, and reassuring, gulp of the juice of the apple, not the grain. Mingled with his relief, I hope that there was some shame at having doubted my sanity.

The flow of well-wishers was not constant, and during one lull I got trapped in the bedroom wing of our house. In order to regain my post in the kitchen, dispensing juice and coffee, cookies and cake; tending the turkey in the oven and keeping the baby relatively quiet, I was forced to climb out of the bedroom window and circle the house, out of sight of the living room windows. In a flat desert country, that is apt to be a long trek, but I was able to use some shrubs as shelter and reached the kitchen in good time. As luck would have it, this contingent included one of the rare Arab officials I had met before. Being a cosmopolitan gentleman, he asked if he might extend his greetings to me in person. My husband headed for the bedroom, into which he had seen me disappear just before Shiek Yousuf arrived. The room was empty, but he spied one of the windows, slightly ajar, and realized the escape route I had taken. Shamefacedly, he returned alone to the living room and the expectant Arabs, only to mutter something incoherent and stride off towards the kitchen, forced to search for his straying wife in that direction.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we sat down to Christmas dinner with ten American guests. The dinner was a culinary success. The glowing turkey was duly carved and the precious bottle of champagne was drawn from the ice bucket to be ceremoniously uncorked. Then the door bell rang. Asfaha came on the run from the kitchen, whispering this time, "more Arabs come, more Arabs come." He was

(*Continued on page* 57)

They Always Come on Sundays

by Ted OLSON

I HAVE STUDIED airline schedules; I like to browse through them, even when I have no particular voyage in mind. I observe that there are many places where planes arrive on M., T., W., Th., and F. Not only that, but at such comfortable hours as 1037, 1422 and 1755. Some day, I keep hoping, I may be posted to one of those places. Up to now, wherever I am stationed, they always come on Sunday.

"They," I am sure, need no further identification. They are the people who have to be met, assisted through passport and customs formalities, escorted to their hotels, grubstaked with local coin and currency, advised whether the water is or is not potable, briefed on the local mores, taboos and best buys, and provided with aspirin, kleenex, enterovioforme, instant coffee, American cigarettes (from private stock or the PX), and your telephone number for use in emergency.

These are the minimal requirements. They expand and exfoliate, of course, according to the whim of the visitor, and his category.

Unhappily, the taxonomy of visitors is not an exact science. It leaves wide scope for interpretation. The distinguishing characteristics, as any bird-watcher knows, are not always immediately visible, and worse, the gradations between species, even between genera, are sometimes all but imperceptible.

Is the visitor, genuinely and indubitably, a VIP? Is he, perhaps, merely an F(airly)IP? Or only—dropping rapidly in the hierarchy—a ViF(Visiting Fireman)?

Even within species there are hierarchies. A Desk Officer, paying his first visit to the country for which he is responsible, obviously is only a ViF, and can be lunched at the snack bar. An Area Officer, however, even though technically still one of the heads, is presumably on the Way Up, and may already consider himself to be in the VIP category. It is politic to take him to a restaurant. Not necessarily the best: you can always explain, with a deprecatory smile: "I thought you might enjoy this little place. It has a certain atmosphere. And they know me here; they usually do pretty well by me."

He may, just possibly, be your next Principal Officer.

The Departmental instruction which heralds visitors is frequently unhelpful, particularly regarding the fourth category, which I designate for convenience as Mavericks.

"J. Willoughby Throop, of Rabbit Warren, East Dakota, has informed the Department that he and Mrs. Throop are making a world tour during the months of March, April and May. Mr. Throop is president of the Rabbit Warren Kiwanis Club. Their tentative schedule is attached. Posts will extend appropriate courtesies."

What courtesies are appropriate is left for the post to determine. There is no area in which the admirable principle of field discretion and field responsibility is more scrupulously observed than in the treatment of visitors. (There are significant exceptions, to which I shall come in a minute.) Mr. Throop does not, on the available evidence, appear to qualify for VIPrivileges. He is not in "Who's Who," and Rabbit Warren does not appear in the Gazetteer. But the experienced officer does not therefore conclude that Mr. Throop, if he should present himself at the Embassy (as ten to one he will), may be given the brushoff. More than one presumptive Maverick, Grade C, has been hoisted abruptly into the VIP category by a few words dropped adroitly into the first minute of conversation: for example, "My friend Senator Phogbound—I ran his campaign in Blackfoot County last year . . . "

The tentative itinerary favored by Mavericks is an effective device for keeping young officers on their toes, discouraging rigidity in social calendars, and ensuring that a substantial fraction of annual leave is forfeited at year-end.

The certified VIP, on the other hand, and the ViF plugging for VIPromotion, move on a logistical plan worked out by Travel months in advance, in elaborate detail.

24 March: Lv. Graustark XIT 491, 1335
Ar. Ruritania 2159

Receiving this itinerary in December, you make an entry on your calendar a judicious number of days in advance, and go about your business until the tickler turns up and the machinery of hospitality kicks automatically into motion. Hotel reservation, car at the airport, confirmation of space on outgoing flight two days later. And, not so automatic: Who meets this jerk, anyway, Couldn't we just send a note out with the driver? Do I have to give a cocktail party? Maybe I can take him to the Army Attaché's reception; he'll meet everybody there; and to dinner afterward. Wonder if he's the hearth-and-home type or a pub-crawler?

You are just looking him up in the Stud Book (more formally the Biographic Register) when Travel phones that Flight XIT no longer stops at Graustark, but that there are planes from there at 1945 and 0422.

After vainly attempting to telephone Graustark, you meet the 1945 plane (at 2107), find it stuffed exclusively with pilgrims for Mecca, drive home again, eat dinner to an obligato of wifely muttering, set the alarm for 0315, arrive at the airport at 0407, find it darkened and deserted, and eventually learn that your plane came in forty minutes early and that its single passenger has gone on into town by bus.

ViFs, and an occasional VIP, have been known to telegraph advance notice of changes in schedule, and even to

(*Continued on page* 47)

Service Glimpses

1. **Warsaw**—Ambassador Jacob Beam presents his Letter of Credence to Professor Stanislaw Kulczynski, acting President of the Polish Council of State, at Belvedere Palace.

2. **Sang Nam**—In 1942 Lorin Reeder went to Margaretta, India with the O.W.I. Later he traveled the Lido Road and eventually went over the Hump to Chunking. As a member of the USIS staff in Shanghai from 1945 to 1950, he covered many important events with his camera, and is well-remembered as the playing-manager of the Shanghai-American baseball team. He has since served with USIS-RPC in Manila and is just starting his third tour in Korea.

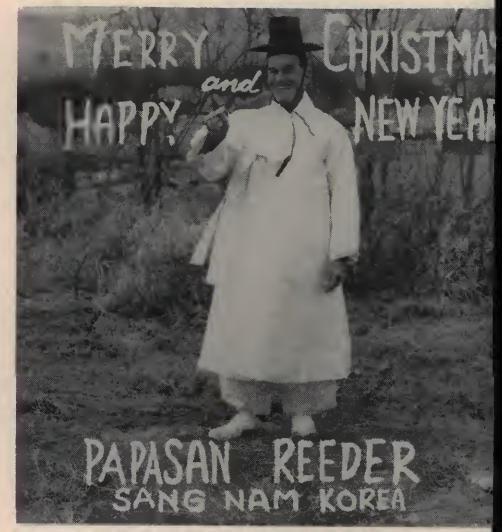
3. **Luxembourg**—Emile Reuter, President of the Luxembourg Chamber of Deputies; William Christensen, Chargé d'Affaires ad interim; H. R. H. Prince Felix, General J. K. Waters, Chief of the U. S. Mission to Yugoslavia; Pierre Werner, Luxembourg Defense Minister; and General G. P. Disosway, Commanding General, 12th Air Force, participated in the ceremonies of the Remembrance Day celebration which marks the liberation of Luxembourg by the American forces.

4. **Cairo**—Members of the FSI Near East Summer Seminar Group apply a helping hand to their bus which broke down between Cairo and Port Said this September. Chester E. Beaman was the photographer.

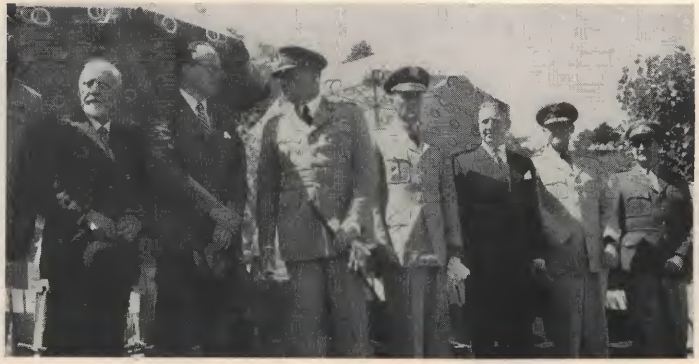
5. **Mexico, D. F.**—Cecil W. Gray, Counselor of Embassy and Supervisory Consul General for Mexico, is shown with his family and friends on the occasion of his swearing-in as Career Minister. Mr. Gray's memorandum on the future of the Foreign Service Staff Corps appears elsewhere in this issue.

6. **New Delhi**—Robert McClintock, chairman of the JOURNAL Editorial Board, is shown with fellow members of the United States official delegation to the XIXth International Conference of the Red Cross. From left to right: Lawrence D. Weiler, Monroe Leigh, Department of Defense; Edwin W. Martin, Mr. McClintock, Carol Laise, Captain John H. Morse, USN; and David H. Popper.

1



2



3

4

5

6

Shanghai Alma Mater (from page 23)

The demand for our removal was something with which, it seemed, we could come to grips. Here was our inviolable lease, good for at least two years. Here was our receipt for advance payment duly made. Here were our credentials as the representatives of a sovereign government. Here we were, furthermore, in possession. Here we would stay—we thought.

The answer came back with alarming alacrity. The People's Liberation Army, the letter said in effect, had considered all of this, and desired to occupy the space we occupied. Not only that, they wanted it forthwith. As for our lease or due notice, such devices simply had no validity, since the building in question had been built by the Chinese people, title to it had been acquired illegally by an "imperialist" through the improper acquiescence of the "Bandit Chiang" and, therefore, no contracts, leases, pretension to sovereignty nor right of possession had any force or effect.

There was some further jockeying back and forth but the tone of the Communist communications, always delivered through intermediaries, was becoming more and more peremptory. The New China (it had not yet assumed the title of "People's Republic of China") did not recognize the United States Government. This was the first of many times we were to hear that same theme.

At last it became apparent that our continued operation might well hinge on our moving without further protest. We asked for thirty more days and were refused. Then we sent back word that we would move out in ten days but no sooner.

For a quick solution to the space problem, we converted the first floor of the Consulate's Glen Line Building into a library and reading room. In ten days we somehow accomplished the necessary remodelling, moving and rearrangement so that the library was able to open for business at the new location without missing a day. The regular clientele, loyal as ever, followed, with many an apology for late return of borrowed books.

But it was only a day or two after we had moved that the Communist regime unveiled for the first time in Shanghai the terror upon which it relies as the source of its power. The arrest and brutal mistreatment of an American Vice Consul, William M. Olive, was the medium by which the new order sought to impress on all foreigners that their welcome in the New China had worn out.

The Olive case served as a deliberate punctuation mark to Mao Tze-tung's public promulgation of a Chinese Communist policy of "leaning to one side"—that is, of embracing Soviet Russia and becoming the calculated enemy of the United States.

It also cast a shadow over the security of all foreigners in China, a shadow which was to grow blacker and more deadly in subsequent years until it changed to the horrible substance of the Korean war atrocities.

China's Communist regime relied chiefly on a combination of force and the manipulation of regimented labor unions to drive out foreign business interests and to extract from foreigners in general the maximum amount of foreign exchange the traffic would bear.

The imprisonment and beating of Vice Consul Olive was only the first instance of direct application of force; the withdrawal of police protection in "labor disputes" was the principle means by which labor unions were used to apply force or threats of force.

There were many variations in technique, but the fundamentals were the same. Workers made demands. Employers who did not yield were threatened or locked in their offices by their own employees. Sit-down strikes were everywhere the order of the day. Employers who yielded were soon confronted with even higher demands until they were operating at a loss. When they sought to liquidate, they were denied permission on the ground that they had no right to take away the workers' jobs. The only recourse was to make up deficits from outside resources or to turn over control to the employees and ultimately the state. As soon as a business became the property of the state, however, employees were forbidden to strike and were required to cut back their wages to insure a profit for the regime.

These tactics were not employed exclusively against the foreigners. Much sterner measures were to be the lot of the entire Chinese middle class. Foreigners, however, were dealt with first, and the American Consulate General became the No. 1 object lesson. Although not, of course, a business concern, it represented a potential pipeline to the U.S. treasury.

When the U.S. Navy had withdrawn its headquarters from Shanghai just ahead of the Communist conquest, there had been little prior notice, since the withdrawal was based on considerations of military security. The unhappy experience of the British Navy in the Yangtze a short time earlier had provided a dramatic object lesson as to the menace of shore batteries to naval craft on inland waterways.

The Navy paid off its Chinese civilian employes in accordance with prevailing U. S. Government practice for terminating civilian services anywhere. More than 600 employes were given dismissal notices, accrued pay to the designated date, accumulated leave in cash and refund of retirement contributions. The payment, including advance notice pay, was made almost simultaneously with departure.

The Oriental conception of a man's relationship to his job is quite different from that of the Occidental. In the Orient a man owns his job, just as the wealthy may own their own homes or a piece of land. From the Oriental point of view a job may not be taken from a man for any reason without compensation. By standards of the Shanghai dock laborer the U. S. Navy had taken away something that belonged to the worker, and the worker believed passionately that he had a legitimate claim against the United States Government.

Shanghai Alma Mater (from page 32)

This principle had been recognized by some foreign governments and business concerns with long experience in the Far East. The usual practice was to provide severance pay of about a month for each year of service, with a maximum and a minimum. This applied generally to business establishments and private households alike. The United States recognized that this principle was a part of established custom in the Far East, but the suddenness of the Navy's departure had prevented any prior negotiation or settlement.

Representatives of the workers had protested immediately to the Consulate General. They regarded it as the only available representative of the U.S. Government and the visible heir to the Glen Line Building. Petitions and telegrams were despatched to Washington.

As any government official knows, there are many hurdles ahead when the taxpayers' money must be spent for any purpose not specifically authorized by legislation. The fortunes of war had here created a situation for which no provision had been made in advance. Washington had some resulting problems, so time was needed, and patience. Meanwhile, the discharged workers had their own problems. For them, both time and patience were running out.

As the Shanghai hate campaign mounted in early July, so did the temper of the discharged Navy employees. They began a series of mass demonstrations in front of the Consulate General, demanding immediate settlement of their claims. The Consulate General reported to Washington and urged the workers to wait a little longer. Finally, the ex-employees, angered by the delay, surrounded the Glen Line Building and refused to allow anyone to leave. A telephone request for help was made to the Shanghai police at closing time. The call was ignored. At about eight o'clock in the evening Consul General John M. Cabot led his entire staff to the building gate. He demanded in the name of the United States Government that the demonstrators give way and permit the departure of the staff. The United States, he told the mob, had the greatest sympathy for the situation in which the former employees found themselves, but more time was needed. Meanwhile, the United States would pay no claim under duress, and unless the mob dispersed, any discussion, to say nothing of any settlement, would be impossible.

Tall, dignified and clearly unafraid, Cabot then seized the iron grill of the exit and prepared to step into the midst of the shouting, jeering crowd. For a moment the very dignity of his presence almost carried the day. The front ranks started to relinquish their hold on the barricade. Then, from the rear, came unintelligible shouts in Chinese and the crowd surged forward to force the gates closed again. Cabot turned on his heel and led his staff back into the building.

Again the police were notified. Again assistance was withheld. Again the staff prepared to spend the night in the building as they had done in May during the battle for Shanghai when the Consulate offices had been in the No Man's Land between the two lines of fire. At that time the Glen Line Building had—with no injury to personnel, fortunately—absorbed a good many machine gun and rifle shells. Now, again, in July the staff was resigned to office billeting, but the seige was lifted at about 10:30 p.m. and the weary group left without further molestation.

It had become uncomfortably clear that the Communist police had orders to offer no protection to foreigners involved in "labor disputes." Word of the incident at the Glen Line Building spread like wildfire through Shanghai and all of Communist China. Spurred on by the increasing frenzy of the hate campaign, workers in cities throughout the communist areas took up the new tactics.

For the Consulate General this preliminary demonstration was only a mild taste of what was in store. For a few weeks there was no more use of direct coercion, and messages concerned with settlement continued to flow between Shanghai and Washington on an urgent basis. However, the mood of the crowds which gathered almost daily in front of the now-unprotected Glen Line Building was becoming uglier by the hour. Even the bearded and turbanned Sikhs, who had become a century-old symbol of western imperialism in their service as guards in the pay of foreigners, joined the demonstrations. One of them took an active part in the leadership and continually urged the others on to violence.

Finally the demonstrations did erupt into the violence which we had for some time been expecting. About thirty or forty of the workers, presenting themselves as delegates of the others, forced their way into the Consulate General early on July 29 and announced that they would not leave until their demands for separation pay had been met.

Walter P. McConaughy, one of the coolest diplomats in the Service, had taken charge as acting Consul General when John Cabot had left Shanghai earlier in July to accompany Ambassador Leighton Stuart to the United States. McConaughy declined to negotiate with the invaders as long as they remained in illegal occupancy of any part of the Glen Line Building. Instead, he sent word that if they would withdraw, he would recommend a generous settlement to Washington. There could, he said, be no negotiation in response to force or threat of force.

Instead of withdrawing from the building, the group remained throughout the day, finally bedding down for the night in the corridors. The following day they became gradually more unruly, egged on by shouts from those outside and by the impromptu oratory of their leaders. The Sikh among them urged his comrades to set fire to the building and to force McConaughy to open the vault in which there was known to be stored a quantity of Chinese silver dollars. These had been acquired earlier as a hedge against inflation.

In mid-afternoon the delegation, now a small mob, stormed its way up to the sixth floor and McConaughy's private office, hemming him in at his desk and shouting threats and curses. One man began to scream that his babies were starving. Another grabbed a letter opener from McConaughy's desk and threatened him with it.

McConaughy rose quietly and faced the threatening group.

(*Continued on page* 36)


Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
Honoured the World Over
Give Seagram's
and be Sure

Shanghai Alma Mater *(from page 34)*

"I am going out of this room," he said calmly, "and not one of you dare lay a hand on me."

With that he stepped from behind his desk and started for the doorway on the other side of the room. The crowd parted before him, leaving a narrow aisle through which he strode from the room. No one moved until he had made his way to the seventh-floor residence quarters which were barricaded from the rest of the building by an iron gate.

The silence lasted only a moment after he had gone, then pandemonium broke loose as the crowd raced after him, only to find the iron gate tightly locked. They made their way back to a lower floor berating each other for having permitted McConaughy to escape. With three members of his staff, McConaughy remained barricaded on the seventh floor, steadfastly refusing to meet further with any delegation until the rioters had left the building. Reuben Thomas, administrative officer, again tried his hand at persuading them to leave. This proved to be only the beginning of a deadlock lasting for three more days, during which time Consul General McConaughy made eight appeals to the Alien Affairs Department and to the Alien Control Department of the Bureau of Public Security.

MEANWHILE, Thomas, penned at his desk for as long as 24 hours at a stretch by an unruly, speech-making, crowd of Chinese, wearily repeated, over and over, that the United States Government would not yield to duress and that no settlement could be made until the mob had left the premises. The mob worked in relays, each new set of faces repeating the same old denunciations as the last, while Thomas held up his end largely unaided, except for moral support afforded by members of the staff, who took turns sitting silently beside or behind him.

Soon after Thomas had finally worn down the 600, and they had returned the Consulate General premises to undisputed possession of the United States, a settlement was reached whereby each former employe received from one to three months dismissal pay, depending upon length of service.

The Consulate General took some encouragement from this settlement because it seemed to set a precedent that would limit its liability in the event of further dismissals which seemed certain to occur. The unyielding position taken by McConaughy and Thomas had also established the principle that the United States Government could not be coerced by force or threats. In the absence of police protection, only moral force had been available to compel withdrawal of the sit-downers.

It was shortly before the climax of the dispute with the ex-employes that I answered the telephone in my office and heard a voice speaking in Chinese. I replied with the memorized Mandarin phrase, "I cannot understand Chinese, please wait a moment," and called an interpreter to the telephone. I knew that something unusual was involved since the voice had spoken my name distinctly at the start, using an English intonation instead of the adapted Chinese version.

(Continued on page 57)

You'll probably never know how good this tire is

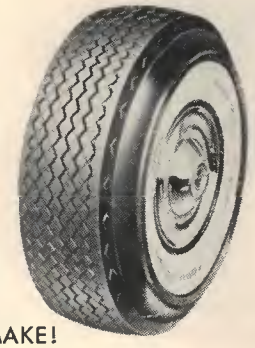
YOU MAY WELL be ready for a brand-new car before you have used all the quiet and comfortable miles built into the deep, tough tread of Goodyear's Double Eagle.

You will most likely never have to test the tremendous protective strength of the Douhle Eagle's Triple-Tempered 3T Nylon Cord . . . or to call on all the stopping ability designed into its Resist-A-Skid tread.

Yet, you *will* have a comforting sense of security in knowing that such protection is there, if you need it.

And you *will* get the satisfaction of knowing that you ride on the finest tire that men can make or money can buy . . . Goodyear's 3T Nylon Cord Tubeless Double Eagle.

If a lesser tire won't satisfy you, we suggest you see your Goodyear dealer soon.

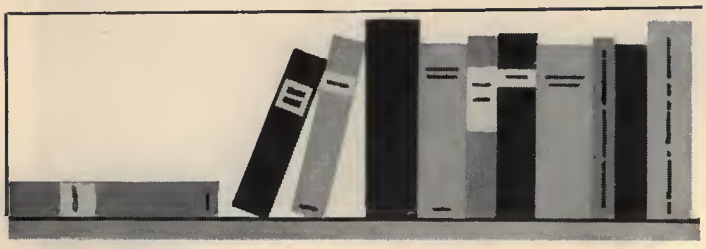


THE WORLD OVER, MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER MAKE!

New 3T Nylon Cord Tubeless Double Eagle

GOODYEAR

The world's finest tire . . . by miles!



THE BOOKSHELF

The Transfer of Power in India, *V. P. Menon. Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1957. 543 pages. $8.50*
Reviewed by ROBERT W. ADAMS

In 1937 Lester Hutchinson, an English author, in his "avowedly Socialist interpretation" of the British in India, wrote that it is India's misfortune to be naturally wealthy and that, therefore, the history of India is largely one of a succession of invasions. Each invading conqueror established an empire with Delhi as its capital, which lasted only so long as it was able to perform a useful social function. Hutchinson said that Delhi, in the course of its long history, became the graveyard of all these conquering dynasties, and he foretold, ten years in advance, the burial at Delhi of Britain's Indian Empire.

After thirty years of close association with constitutional developments in India, and experience as adviser to the Governors General during the last few years of British rule, V. P. Menon has now written what may become the definitive and detailed account of the events which culminated in the extinguishment of British India and the transfer of power to two new states—India and Pakistan. His intimate knowledge of these events, his wide experience in constitutional matters, his acquaintance with all the leading figures then on the Indian scene, and his own efforts over the years to find a formula for the orderly transfer of power—all these give Mr. Menon's book a core of solid fact and a depth of perception which make it an important contribution to contemporary Indian history.

Mr. Menon's book opens with the almost forgotten Morley-Minto reforms of forty years ago, the first appearance of Mohandas Gandhi and the development of his non-cooperation movement in the 1920's, and describes the shift in Indian thought from a vague desire for "home-rule" to the real struggle for full independence. Following the outbreak of World War II, political events in India moved rapidly, and Mr. Menon gives us a wealth of information on the ever-widening rift between Jinnah's Muslim League and the Congress Party, in which Nehru was already playing a prominent role. From the moment that Jinnah first declared that within British India were two separate peoples, and hence two nations, partition of the sub-continent was inevitable. Despite Gandhi's pleas for unity and Nehru's opposition to the "Balkanization of India," Jinnah stood firm for partition, and Atlee at last had no choice but to break the deadlock by arranging for the immediate transfer of power to two separate states.

The dramatic events of the last few months of British rule in India following the arrival of Mountbatten, the 34th and last British Governor General, are narrated fully and painstakingly by Mr. Menon. He closes his historical account with partition and independence in August 1947 for Pakistan and India. He has added, however, a brief conclusion on the tremendous problems involved in this creation of two new countries, particularly the extremely complex issues arising from the partitioning not only of territories, but also of international treaty rights and obligations, vital communications facilities and irrigation waters, and finally, the terrible aftermath of partition in 1947—bloody communal strife and millions of refugees fleeing from one country to the other. A number of people have long criticized the British for having "quit India" in such haste once the transfer of power was decided, alleging that the 1947 communal disturbances could have been avoided had the British remained long enough to arrange a controlled exchange of population. Mr. Menon now absolves Britain of this charge, rightly pointing out that no power on earth could have enforced such an exchange before actual transfer of power. The mass movement of refugees and the resultant mob violence could arise only after partition became a hard reality and two independent nations came into being.

Some of the color and drama found in other accounts of the end of British rule in India are missing in Mr. Menon's book for he addresses himself to the serious reader, and writes dispassionately of complex political problems. The story that Mr. Menon tells, however, is inescapably a highly dramatic one, for it concerns an unprecedented act, the voluntary extinguishment of one of the greatest empires we have known. As Mr. Menon says of the British, "The manner both of their coming and of their going was unique. They came to trade; they stayed to rule. They left of their own free will; there was no war, there was no treaty—an act with no parallel in history."

The Dog Who Wouldn't Be. *By Farley Mowat. Drawings by Paul Galdone. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 238 pp. $3.95.*
Reviewed by S. I. NADLER

This is not a book about a funny dog. It is a funny book about a dog. There is a world of difference between the two.

Mutt, the protagonist of "The Dog Who Wouldn't Be," "concluded there was no future in being a dog. And so . . . he set himself to become something else. Subconsciously

Illustration by Rudolf Freund in Ambassador Briggs' "Shots Heard 'Round the World" published by Viking Press this fall.

he no longer believed that he was a dog at all, yet he did not feel, as so many foolish canines appear to do, that he was human. He was tolerant of both species, but he claimed kin to neither." Among other accomplishments, Mutt learned to walk on fences and to climb ladders and trees. He was, however, by no means infallible. He never did, for example, accept the fact—for fact it is—that a skunk can and generally does win any argument.

In this chronicle of a few enchanted years of Farley Mowat's childhood others besides Mutt figure, although in what might honestly be described as supporting roles. Among them are Mowat Sr., Farley's mother and two horned owls. The great Canadian outdoors stars, also, for the author's love of nature is woven through the book (which will not surprise those who have read his "People of the Deer").

You may, incidentally, leave this book, without qualm, within reach of impressionable children. But please keep it away from impressionable dogs!

Most of the events in "The Dog Who Wouldn't Be" (hereinafter referred to as TDWWB) can stand on their own as self-contained short short stories. *The Cruise of 'The Coot'*, for example, emerges as a vicarious experience the reader will remember long after his own less hilarious nautical experiences are forgotten. Involved are a two-man and, of course, one-dog crew.

There are several types of humorous books, in addition, that is, to the basic dichotomy between those intentionally and those unintentionally funny. TDWWB, briefly, is the kind of book which makes the reader laugh out loud, from time to time, even if he happens to be reading while riding on a crowded bus (which can be an unnerving experience for both reader and fellow passengers). It is also the kind of book which causes one to make a nuisance of oneself by insisting on reading passages aloud to family, friends, or colleagues.

The Hungarian Revolution: A White Book, *edited by Melvin J. Lasky, Frederick A. Praeger, 1957, $5.00.*

Reviewed by JAMES SUTTERLIN

When the Hungarian Revolution broke out on October 23, 1956, there were already a good many Western journalists in Budapest. As events took their dramatic, almost incredible course, and as the world realized that here at last was a full-fledged national uprising against Soviet imperialism and Soviet-imposed Communism, many more reporters hurried across Hungary's open borders. They came from the whole world—from the West, from India, and from Communist Yugoslavia and Poland. In his remarkably well-edited book, "The Hungarian Revolution," Melvin J. Lasky has meshed together the often inspired accounts of these journalists with excerpts from the broadcasts of both the official and unofficial Hungarian radio stations and the transmissions of the official Hungarian news agency to form a moving narrative of those heroic and bloody autumn days in Hungary. As salt upon the wounds suffered by the Soviets, Mr. Lasky has scattered through his book apt and telling quotations from the Communist prophets.

The Book Shelf *(from page 39)*

Perhaps the most valuable service of this book is to make available in English and in an accessible format the *reportage* of the Polish and Yugoslav journalists who were in Hungary. Here are Communists reporting on a unified, idealistic, national rejection of Communism, at first tentatively, in search of counter-revolution, and then movingly in an unrestrained acknowledgement of the truth. "It is not easy to write about all this," Marian Bielicki cabled back to Po Prostu in Warsaw. ". . . The pain, the anguish, the anger is all the greater. . . This is the fall of a new Bastille. Here on its ruins, we see the flag of freedom which opens the road towards the future of a socialism freed from lies and vices, from a system which falsely paraded as socialism." If anyone is inclined to feel that the report of the United Nations Special Committee on Hungary is unreliable because it is based largely on the testimony of refugees, let them read the accounts of these Communist journalists.

It is a tribute to Mr. Lasky that his book gives such a full dimensioned image of a revolution which was unique in its combination of popular unity and lack of organization. Along with the Report of the United Nations Special Committee, which it in many ways complements, "The Hungarian Revolution" provides the most detailed and compelling picture available of events in Hungary last autumn. The present volume is attractively published and includes a concise historical introduction by Hugh Seton-Watson, who is convinced that the most important effects of the uprising in Hungary will be felt in the Soviet Union where the truth is beginning to spread and "a new process has begun."

"Reflections on International Administration," *by Alexander Loveday, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1956, 42 s.*

By Benjamin Gerig

A new phenomenon in the conduct of international affairs has arisen since 1920 in the form of international secretariats, now including some 10,000 people who comprise the administrative staffs of the United Nations and the various Specialized Agencies associated with it. The beginnings of this international civil service arose with the League of Nations, but its vast extension and development occurred with the setting up of the United Nations machinery. The problems which are involved in this new form of international administration are the subject of this book,

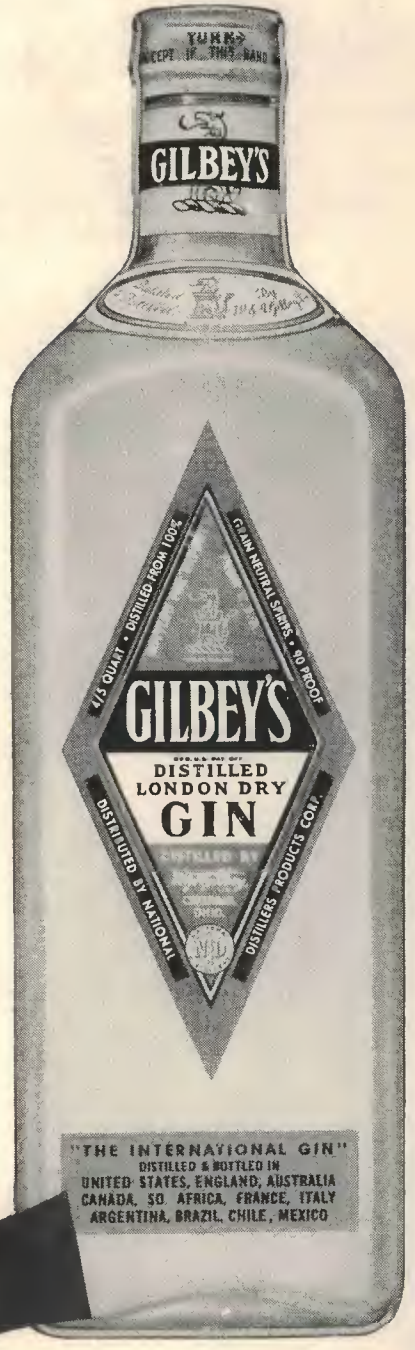
The author, Mr. Loveday, was for more than twenty years a senior official in the League of Nations Secretariat and later was Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford. With this experience as a background, Mr. Loveday has written a thoughtful and penetrating account of the problems of international administration which no national or international official concerned with this activity can afford to ignore. The book must, in fact, be regarded as an indispensable handbook to anyone appointed to an international

(Continued on page 59)

Thomas Jefferson said:
"Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." (From his first Inaugural Address.)

Wherever you go . . . the world agrees on "GILBEY'S please"

● Join the millions around the world who "make it with Gilbey's". It's truly DRY and CLEAR . . . so smooth and mellow! Whenever you are away from home . . . you always can depend on Gilbey's to give every gin drink the RIGHT TASTE. Try some today.



The International Gin

Product of the U. S. A.

90 PROOF

National Distillers Products Company • 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

74Q

Old State *(from page 21)*

faced with two-story porticos and superimposed colonnades.

"The four corner pavilions, also designed with superimposed colonnades, are adorned with small one-story loggias. The numerous windows lining the walls of the three principal floors are crowned with hooded pediments. The monumental facade is secured by means of a scheme of interior courts."

OLD STATE has been called an incongruous absurdity, the city's worst eyesore, enormous, ungainly, and a ridiculous architectural creation, belonging to the period of ugly post-Civil War monuments, whose builders were especially proud that it was fireproof ("What a pity," said President Grant). When Secretary Fish moved in to "open shop," as he wrote in July 1875, he welcomed the fireproofing after the Department had spent nine years in a rented inflammable orphan asylum on Fourteenth Street. He wrote that the new building was "fine, commodious (for his fifty-four employees) and elegant" and the *Evening Star* later said that "in many respects the new building is the finest in the United States, and in every way worthy of uses to which it is to be devoted."

Originally legislation had called for a building "similar in the ground plan and dimensions" to the Treasury Building. The architect followed the statutory requirement, but otherwise adapted the building to what was then more modern architecture than the neo-classical Treasury. The new building was an adaptation of Italian Renaissance as carried out in the Luxembourg Palace in Paris. It has since been called "a monumental example of French Second Empire architecture" and while it may be sub-standard in comparison with other work in this style, it nevertheless remains one of the most unusual and memorable buildings in Washington. Because the story heights and unit of spacing in the floor plan were similar to those features in the Treasury, it was long believed possible to restyle the building to resemble the Treasury. In 1930 the Congress in fact appropriated $3 million to remove some of the "architectural excrescences from the facade" to bring it into closer conformity with the Treasury style, and to remodel the interior, but the job was never begun in view of the economy drive imposed in the early days of the depression.

SHORTLY after the first World War it had been planned that the Department would have a great and beautifully proportioned building to itself on the west side of Lafayette Square, but nothing came of this proposal. When the Navy moved out of the State, War and Navy Building, and was partly followed by the War Department, Old State became the Department of State Building by an act of 1930. All of the Department was reunited under one roof and remained there until 1936, when three divisions were forced to move to the Winder Building. Old State could hold less than 1,000 people and by the end of the second World War the Department decided to move to the present area, to occupy initially the New War Department Building, built in 1940 and rapidly superseded by the Pentagon. Old State had

Old State

cost $10 million; New State provided about the same floor space and cost $18 million. When it was built, New State was described as "not a composition carried out upon flat facades but a masculine composition of great masses mortised together. This building truly looks like a war department." But it was modern, and air-conditioned, and with land around it which at some future time could be made available to house the entire State Department establishment.

NEVERTHELESS, the plea of the editors of this JOURNAL eleven years ago was: "Why not stay where we are?" In an anxious mood, they referred to New State as "an imposing factory-like structure seemingly built of slabs of salt-water taffy" where "an assembly line could be set up and immature ideas could be endowed with coats of Duco and trimmed with chromium." Old State was eulogized "if for no other reason than that it looks as a Foreign Office should" with an atmosphere "propitious for the formulation of foreign policy"—stemming from the long corridors, high ceilings, and spaciousness, "the intangibles of diplomacy and of statecraft." The JOURNAL recalled that "there are still citizens who thrill to see the massive grey structure, reassuringly close to the White House, which shelters the directorate of foreign policy. . . . There are those who believe, as we do, that the mansard roofs, the tall porticos and the curving

Old State *(from page 43)*

stairways are beautiful. There are those who, driving through a wet winter night past the south gardens of the White House, come upon the silent building and see high up on the fourth floor, flickering through the slant of the rain, the lights which never go out, the lights of the Code Room. There are those who will resist and regret the departure. . . ."

TODAY OLD STATE houses the Bureau of the Budget, the Office of Defense Mobilization, the Council of Economic Advisers, the secretariat of the National Security Council and Operations Coordinating Board, the White House Signal Agency, the White House mail room and files, the Advisory Commission on Government Reorganization, the nine Special Assistants and two Special Consultants to the President. In room 474, the Indian Treaty Room, now flanked by eighteen telephone booths, when he was asked at a press conference how he felt about the proposal to pull down Old State, the President replied, "Well, put it this way: I worked nine years in this building, and so from sentiment's sake I would say probably I wouldn't want to see it torn down." But it is for future Presidents that we should be concerned, he said, and since the Advisory Commission "says that is what should be done, I believe it should."

Although the President transmitted to Congress the report of the Commission recommending that Old State be razed, no action was taken during the past session. It is expected that early next year hearings will be held by the Public Works Committee of one or both houses to consider the President's proposals. One member of the House has already introduced legislation to forbid the demolition of Old State, and to allow only for its improvement provided "no such improvements materially alter the appearance of the exterior." A leading New York architect characterized the building this summer as "a pleasant monstrosity" in need only of a face-washing, and warned Washington not to be so cannibalistic about its old buildings.

MEANWHILE, the State Department, which has partly settled into New State, looks forward to 1960 when it will again be housed in a single compound formed by New State and the newer extension whose foundation will soon be entirely laid. The present New State will be large enough to accommodate the entire International Cooperation Administration. The extension will provide another million square feet of office space, at a cost presently figured at $57 million, and the combined building will provide a little more space than do all twenty-nine buildings in which the Department is presently housed. The new, enlarged building, will hold 8,000 people, the presently anticipated maximum. It will be the largest building in Washington, and will stand majestically, to await the next bursting of the seams. This will undoubtedly take place in accordance with the inexorable axiom of bureaucratic growth known as Parkinson's Law—a law of nature discovered, unfortunately, only after the plans for the new New State were already laid out.

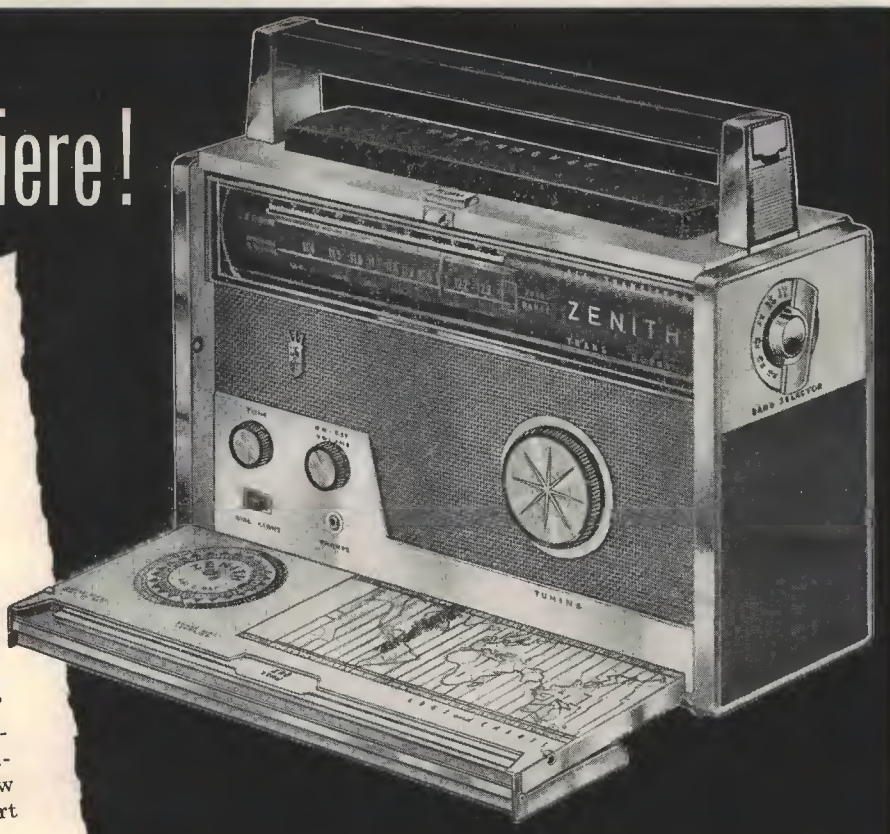
New... *All Transistor* (TUBELESS)

TRANS-OCEANIC®

STANDARD AND SHORT WAVE PORTABLE RADIO

Smallest and lightest band spread short wave portable radio ever produced

World Premiere!



Here is the
ALL TRANSISTOR version
of the world-famed
Zenith Trans-Oceanic®
. . . the original short wave portable radio

With hundreds of thousands of owners throughout the world, the original Trans-Oceanic Short Wave Portable has been tried, tested and proved for over 16 years. Companion to diplomats, world-travelers, explorers! Its list of owners reads like an International "Who's Who." Now, as a companion to this world-famed Trans-Oceanic, Zenith announces with pride the fabulous new ALL TRANSISTOR Trans-Oceanic Short Wave Portable Radio.

Engineered, Designed and Built in the United States of America

A complete world-wide "radio receiving station" in a sturdy, metal case finished in bright chrome and genuine Black Leather. 12½" wide, 10½" high, 4¾" deep. Weighs approximately 13 pounds.

Remember: A battery-powered portable is as necessary as a flashlight in case of power failure caused by air raid or other emergency.

POWERED WITH 9 TRANSISTORS TO TUNE IN THE WORLD . . . Actually 92% more undistorted power output than any other tube type short wave portable! Performs in steel buildings, planes, automobiles, ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore.

BEAUTIFUL, REGAL, RUGGED . . . engineered as soundly as a shock-proof watch. Tropically treated to perform even in high jungle humidity.

3 BUILT-IN ANTENNAS . . . the handle itself telescopes to a vertical Waverod® Antenna for short wave reception. Wavemagnet® Antenna for local broadcasts. Another Wavemagnet Antenna is removable to attach to window in planes, trains, automobiles.

8 SUPER SENSITIVE BANDS . . . including International Short Wave, Standard Broadcast, Marine, Weather, Amateur Short Wave. Civil defense frequencies indicated.

ROTARY BAND SELECTOR . . . spread-band, slide-rule dial. One knob tunes all 8 bands. Dialite for operation under poor lighting conditions.

NEW LOG CHART COMPARTMENT IN FRONT PANEL . . . lists major short wave stations in the world, with their frequencies and hours of best reception.

OPERATES ON LOW COST FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES . . . available anywhere. Low cost transistor operation eliminates need for tubes, AC/DC power outlet and bulky "B" batteries.

QUALITY BY

Zenith

The Royalty of Radio

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, INTERNATIONAL DIVISION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

Memo on F.S.S. *(from page 19)*

premise that the Staff Corps, or whatever we choose to call it, is necessary; that it is an indispensable part of the Foreign Service as such. The Staff Corps is sound in concept and in personnel. It may and will have a rough ride before it reaches port but the ship is not going under. We must realize that the Department has its own problems too, and that it cannot make everybody happy overnight. The integration program itself was a crash program and the dislocations it produced in the Career Corps are in the throes of being worked out. This will take time. The same is true of the dislocations and readjustments within the State Department headquarters at Washington itself. While the Department has been wrestling with these two big problems, it has also been feverishly working to do the right thing by the Staff Corps. That it has not been able to come up sooner with its own answers to all of its problems is understandable. Again I repeat that we must have faith and patience and in the meantime we must go about our work and our jobs as befits a public servant who, for the sake of the job and a career he loves, is able to face up to hard times and a seemingly gloomy outlook. In the final analysis, adversity is a test of strength and character, of a person's inner fortitude. No life and no profession is all smooth sailing. A person who really loves the Service and who throws in the sponge now is making a big mistake.

Lest it be said that I base my case too much on faith and patience, I would like to cite at least two specifically encouraging reasons why I feel so confident about the future of the Staff Corps. In the first place, the size of the last Staff Corps promotion list, especially the sizeable number of people who were promoted to FSS-8 and FSS-9 is convincing proof that the Department, no matter what sort of plans and papers it may produce, is not in the long run going to allow the Staff Corps to stagnate for lack of promotional opportunities to those who merit them. I repeat my own conviction that, in the future, Staff Corps people will be promoted just as high as their talents and skills warrant. One may not get there as fast as one would like, but the qualified and deserving will get there just the same. In the second place, I quote the comment of a responsible United States Senator listing five ways in which the Department believes the Staff Corps situation can and will be alleviated:

"1. Staff corps personnel who have reached their promotion ceiling in the line of work they are doing may in a few cases be able to qualify for other jobs of a technical nature open to staff corps personnel which may earn a higher rate of pay. Opportunities of this kind are apparently quite limited.

"2. Lateral entry to the Foreign Service Officer group is still open.

"3. The Department has under study a plan whereby Foreign Service Staff Officers now in positions which have

(*Continued on page* 48)

Always on Sundays (from page 29)

add the injunction, if arriving in the early morning hours, "UNNECESSARY MEET." The injunction naturally, is ignored. Meeting somebody at 4 a.m. after he has adjured you not to do so is a ploy that may very well put you One Up for the duration of the visit.

There are occasions, as I have intimated, when the Department determines in advance what courtesies are appropriate. The care and feeding of Congressional delegations, and of the other fact-finding commissions that crisscross every continent, are too important to be left to local discretion. They are prescribed in detail hardly less elaborate than that required for a landing in force on strongly-defended enemy territory. And the tension at the airport at the hour of arrival is strongly reminiscent of D-Day. The Washingtonian battle plan has been supplemented, of course, by tactical orders deploying every unit down to the greenest Third Secretary, and rehearsals have ensured that every man and woman is letter-perfect in his mission. The normal work of the post has been suspended, and will remain suspended until the commission moves on, its luggage swollen with souvenirs—the facts it came to find having been dispatched to Washington by pouch, for digestion at leisure by the commission staff.

Of course, the facts might have been sent to Washington in the first place—any that were not already available there—without all the pother. But what would be the fun in that?

Some visitors, usually Mavericks, but now and then a putative VIP, come entirely unheralded. They phone from the airport, explaining that they got your number from the guard at the Embassy. A slight acidity in their tone indicates plainly that they are wondering why you are still loafing at home at 8 o'clock on a Sunday morning. They ask if you can recommend a good hotel. No, not the Chilton; Pan-Am tried there. The Splendide? No, they haven't anything either. The D'Angleterre? Same story. What's the matter with this burg anyway? Don't they want tourists?

You spend the next forty-five minutes telephoning, and eventually find a single, without bath, at the Astoria, which you suspect is outrageously flattered by the two stars accorded it in the local guidebook. You explain tactfully to the visitor that Embassy regulations preclude your assigning a car to take him sightseeing. You provide him, during the next two days, with cigarettes, Bourbon, martinis at the bar around the corner, a list of the hottest night-spots, and several hours of your best listening time. Just before leaving he brings to your office a seven-foot assagai which he wants you to send home by diplomatic pouch. Two months later the Department forwards to the Embassy, without comment, a letter from Congressman Gerrymander complaining of the churlish and uncooperative treatment accorded one of his constituents by an Officer of the Embassy, identified by name.

Do not imagine that, if ever your calendar is cleared of official, semi-official and psuedo official visitors, your weekends are your own. Until you have lived abroad you never realize how many friends and relatives you have, how many relatives and friends your friends and relatives have, and how many of all these categories have suddenly taken the

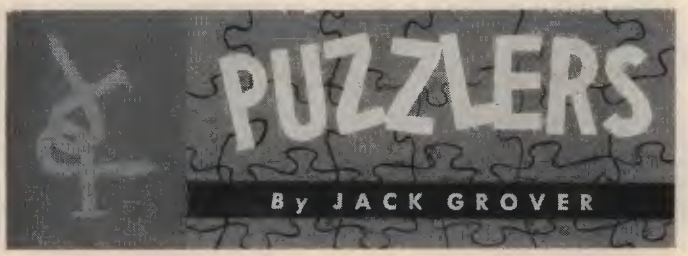
(*Continued on page* 55)

Memo on F.S.S. *(from page 46)*

been classified for staffing by FSOs may nevertheless be promoted from time to time. A final policy on this question is expected to be worked out within the next two months.

"4. As a result of a wide-spread opinion in the Department of State that too many jobs were classified for staffing by Foreign Service Officers, a survey of the entire Department is in progress and the results will be announced within the next six months. In the fiscal area of the Department, for example, in Washington there are 150 jobs of which 27 are to be staffed from Foreign Service Officers and overseas there are 233 jobs of which 138 are to be staffed by Foreign Service Officers. There is every expectation on the working level in the Department that the result of the aforementioned survey will be that the number of positions in the fiscal area required to be staffed from the Foreign Service Officer group will be reduced.

"5. In order to alleviate hardship in those staff corps cases where personnel are near retirement age, consideration is being given to placing staff corps personnel under the Foreign Service retirement system rather than under the Civil Service retirement system, thereby making it possible for staff corps people to retire earlier than is now permitted."



Jackson's Bet

WHAT would you do if you were playing a game of bridge, picked up your hand, and found:

Spades	*Hearts*	*Diamonds*	*Clubs*
A	A	A	K
K	K	K	J
Q	Q		9
	J		
	10		

At length you'd probably bid up to six no trump, stop there because the ace of clubs is out against you.

The following is a true story:

A man, whom we'll call Jackson, once got a hand identical to this one, and did go up to the six no trump. He was playing for money with strangers, and was astonished when one of his opponents topped his bid with "seven clubs."

Jackson doubled, of course. And he was redoubled!

He made some remark like, "I've got you now." His opponents didn't seem to think so. The upshot of the matter was that Jackson bet them $5,000 they would go down.

The question is, could Jackson set them, or could his opponents make it?

For the answer to this puzzler see page 59.

Symbol of confidence

Year after year the gentle, kindly figure of Old Grand-Dad has served to symbolize the trust and confidence in the hearts and minds of millions for this finest of all bourbons.

Old Grand-Dad

"HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY"

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND
ALSO AVAILABLE IN 86 PROOF

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.
99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

31P

Index to the Foreign Service Journal

for 1957

MESSERSMITH

The following was told me by Mrs. Eldred Tanner who served on the staff of the U.S. Embassy in Mexico during the war before joining the Red Cross for service in India. Mrs. Tanner is now manager of the Hotel Plaza de Cortes, Guaymas, Sonora in Mexico.—Vivien Keatley

During World War II the office of our ambassador to Mexico, George Messersmith, became one of the busiest of all our foreign offices. The Ambassador, a bear for punishment, kept three secretaries and a battery of clerks and stenographers working evenings and Sundays. His staff privately called him the "greatest exporter of paper in Mexico," and were swamped by his continuous demands for more and more reports, memos, letters—with seven or nine copies of each.

One day an American tourist called at the Embassy and admitted to a young vice consul, with some embarrassment, "I don't even know the ambassador's name."

"It's Messersmith," the vice consul wearily told him.

"Messerschmidt? Isn't that the name of what's killing all our boys in Africa?"

The young consul relied, "Yes, sir" Then added fervently, "And here, too."

Always on Sundays *(from page 47)*

notion to travel. A letter from the morning mail is illustrative:

"Oh, by the way, the Murgatroyds are going to Europe this summer. I don't remember whether you ever met them, but Judge Murgatroyd was a classmate of John's at Pomona and they have a summer place on Nantucket practically next-door to Aunt Judith's. They're *charming* people. I know you'll enjoy them, so I gave them your address and told them to be *sure* to look you up and let you show them around."

You make a notation in your future-book: "MURGATROYD, Judge and Mrs. Classmate John; summer place Nantucket; ETA uncertain." The listing is the thirteenth for the coming season, and the chestnut has not yet cast his flambeaux. Seasons, indeed, mean little nowadays. As the travel advertisements gleefully proclaim, the tourist year is twelve months long. There is no time or clime so inhospitable that you may not expect a phone call from Cousin Adelaide's Bryn Mawr roommate joyfully announcing her presence and her readiness to be shown the burning ghats on the Ganges.

Now it is possible that the Murgatroyds will indeed turn out to be charming, and will insist on your spending a good part of your next home leave at their place on Nantucket. Cousin Adelaide's roommate, instead of the myopic and adenoidal creature you envisage, may look like Lollobrigida and have the entire unmarried junior officer corps queueing up for the honor of escorting her to the burning ghats. A surprising number of this last category of visitors, which for convenience I designate as F^4R^4 (Friends of Relatives. Friends of Friends; Relatives of Friends; Relatives of Relatives) prove to be pleasant people whom you are happy to have encountered and with whom you will exchange Christmas cards for at least two years.

And certainly Aunt Hortense, having given your address to the Murgatroyds and dashed off her note to advise you, sits back and awaits the sequel with the beaming consciousness of a good deed well done. The Aunt Hortenses and Cousin Adelaides, I know, imagine us poor diplomatic exiles leading lonely and spartan lives—so many Crusoes on so many savage islands, parched for the sound of our own language, for news of our own country.

"Way out there in Megalopolis!" I can imagine them saying. "Probably not a soul who plays a decent hand of bridge. And no television! They must be frightfully lonely. How nice that the Murgatroyds are going to drop in and cheer them up!"

F. S. BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

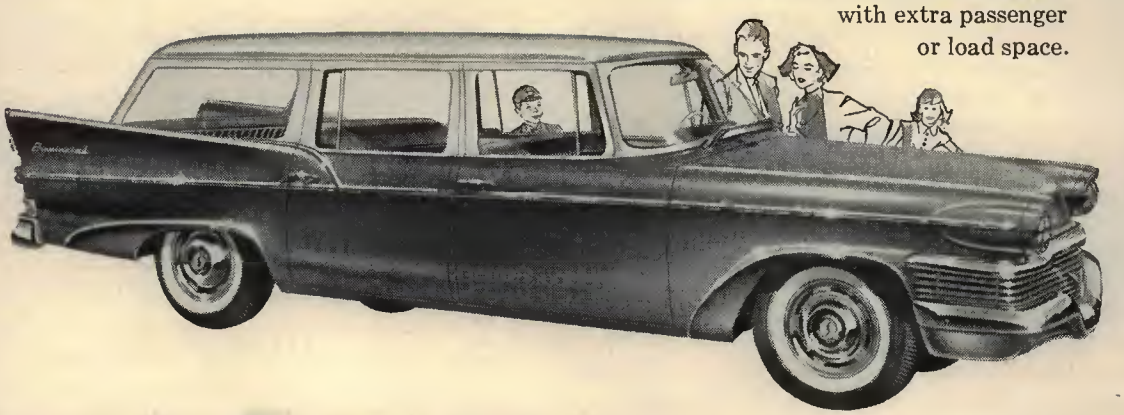
The American Foreign Service Association and DACOR (Diplomatic and Consular Officers Retired, Inc.) are co-sponsoring the gala opening in Washington of Lowell Thomas's latest Cinerama, "Search for Paradise," which will take place on January 15, 1958, at the Warner Brothers Theatre on 13th and E Streets.

The benefit will be under the patronage of Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Dulles. The committee in charge of organizing this important social event includes Mrs. Joseph C. Satterthwaite, Mrs. Randolph A. Kidder, Mrs. John Farr Simmons, and Mrs. David McK. Key. *All* proceeds from the sale of tickets will be equally apportioned to Association scholarships and DACOR welfare purposes.

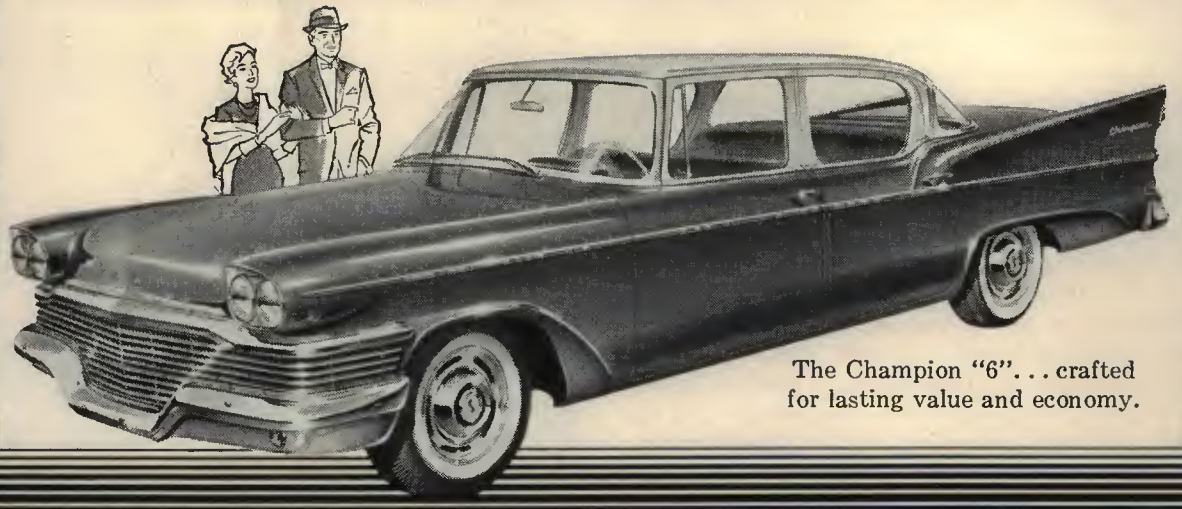
by William Blake

"The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun" loaned to the National Gallery of Art by Queen Elizabeth and shown in the Blake anniversary exhibition which the Queen opened during her October visit to Washington.

The V-8 Provincial Station Wagon . . . with extra passenger or load space.



Long, Low, Luxurious...Engineered for Versatility

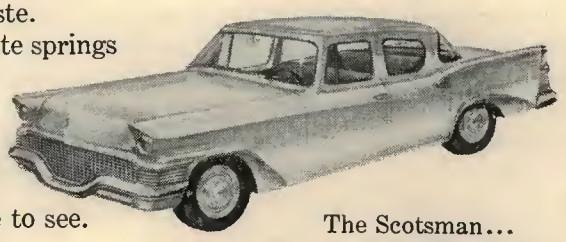


The Champion "6". . . crafted for lasting value and economy.

New Studebakers for 1958

Inspired by traditional leadership in styling, the new Studebakers are the most beautiful cars on the road for 1958. Whatever your choice—sedan, station wagon, a sports-styled Golden or Silver Hawk—there is a wide selection of colors and interior fabrics to suit your taste. Performance features such as exclusive variable rate springs and variable ratio steering combine to provide driving comfort unmatched even by more expensive cars.

All this, plus unsurpassed operating economy and dependable service, make Studebaker the one American automobile that every '58 car buyer should be sure to see. Drive one! Then make your decision to buy one.



The Scotsman... America's lowest-priced, full-sized cars.

From the Home of the Golden Hawks

Studebaker-Packard

CORPORATION, EXPORT DIVISION, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, U.S.A.

Where pride of Workmanship comes first!

Shanghai Alma Mater (from page 36)

The call proved to he from the American section of the Foreign Affairs Bureau of the Shanghai Military Control Commission. I was notified to appear before the section director at 11 a.m. the following day. I was to bring an interpreter for the purpose of discussing the United States Information Service.

For the Communist authorities to summon an American official in this manner was an innovation in our relations with the regime Some consideration was given to ignoring the summons. In the end it was decided that more was to be gained by responding than by refusing. Accordingly, at the appointed hour I climbed several flights of stairs in the damp musty building of dingy red brick which housed the Foreign Affairs Bureau. After passing a series of heavily armed, uniformed sentries, I found myself seated with the interpreter at one end of a small table. In a few minutes the director arrived. He was a small austere man whom I recognized, with a start, as having been one of the better-paid Chinese employes of the accounting division of the U.S. Economic Cooperation Mission in China up to the very moment of the takeover in Shanghai. He was fluent in English, but true to the new order he now insisted on speaking in Chinese and on having my words translated. A Chinese Communist WAC, attired in an unflattering army uniform, unlimbered a notebook and pencil as a form of notice that a record was to be made. The director was holding an official-looking sheet of paper in his hand.

He began by asking me to describe the organization, functions, purposes, staff and other details of the United States Information Service in China. I answered all of his questions fully and without hesitation as I had done many times for Chinese who had asked similar questions under happier circumstances. I put some special effort into this exposition, however. For nearly half an hour I applied all the eloquence I could muster in extolling the benefits of a free flow of information to the people of China, the friendship it promoted, the cultural development it produced, the service it rendered. When I had finished, my inquisitor asked me if I had anything more to say.

Assured that I was quite through, he arose and began reading from the paper that he had brought with him. There were only a few words written there. They were an order by the Communist authorities for the United States Information Service to discontinue all of its operations in Shanghai immediately.

I asked for a copy of the order and was told that none was necessary. Thereupon the director turned on his heel and abruptly left the room.

There seemed to be no choice but to comply with the order, pending possible efforts to have it rescinded. I returned to the Consulate General and took the necessary measures to suspend all USIS operations at once. The closure was completed on July 15, and on the same day the USIS office in Hankow was also shut down by Communist order. Other USIS offices were ordered closed in Peiping, July 19; Tientsin, July 20; and Nanking, July 23.

In a press release issued in Washington on July 18, 1949, before word of the subsequent closures had been received, George V. Allen, then Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs and now the newly-appointed Director of USIA, commented:

"Thus it is that the United States Information Service in Shanghai and Hankow, dedicated to telling the Chinese people the facts about the United States, our aims and aspirations for world peace, is being suspended by the Communist captors who realize that public enlightenment is their greatest enemy."

(To be concluded)

George V. Allen, until recently Ambassador to Greece, assumed his duties as Director of the United States Information Agency on November 15. Mr. Allen's twenty-seven years in the Foreign Service have also included ambassadorial posts in Iran, Yugoslavia, India and Nepal. Nor is he a newcomer to USIA. As Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs in 1948 and 1949, he directed the operations of the then USIE. Mr. Allen was, for eight years, Business Manager of the JOURNAL.

Christmas Day (from page 28)

right. Not only were there more Arab guests on our doorstep, but the group included several of the senior Arabs in the Eastern Province. Host and hostess rose from the table as one—my husband to greet his new guests and steer them into the library, and I to open another can of juice and heat up more coffee. We got back to the table in time for the plum pudding, which flamed obediently, and the by now well-chilled, but diminished, champagne.

About six-thirty in the afternoon, the Italian members of the Consulate's maintenance staff, following the local custom, arrived with their families. Friends in Italy had sent us a special Christmas cake, and with a hoarded bottle of wine, we all settled down uneasily for an hour of rather stilted conversation. Only the foreman spoke English, and Italian is not our best language, so the gathering contented itself mostly with eating, drinking, and looking at each other —first brightly, and as time wore on, more and more fatuously.

When the last of our visitors left I went out to the kitchen to find Asfaha attacking his fourth set of dishes for the day. "What about something to eat, Asfaha?" I asked cheerily. A look of cornered terror came into his eyes. Poor boy, he had been on the go all day, and I think that the vision of our sitting down to another meal danced before his fevered eyes, with endless stacks of dishes to be washed and dried. So, we settled for turkey sandwiches, which we surreptitiously made ourselves, after we sent him off to bed.

Letters to the Editor (from page 60)

made for the establishment of such a specialized position, in this age of "specialists," objections, if any, could be eliminated.

Further the establishment of such a position, as far as the Department is concerned, could be coordinated with the requirements of positions in the Office of International Conferences, since the responsibilities are roughly similar. Personnel could be readily interchanged, thereby eliminating some Personnel placement difficulties.

In summation I recommend that:

1) The position of "Visitor Liaison Officer"* be established in most of the larger Posts of the Foreign Service.
2) Officers appointed to this position be at least in the middle grades.
3) The primary responsibilities of the officer so appointed be that of coordinating substantive and administrative requirements for *all* incoming visitors and delegations and that secondary responsibilities be that of Protocol Officer for the Post, to fully utilize time and talents.
4) An in-training program be simultaneously inaugurated in the Department (OIC) and in the Field to interchange personnel so trained, at the completion of respective tours.

Albert J. Ciaffone

*Position description title subject to approval by Personnel.

Taipei

FOREIGN SERVICE AT HOME

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

As an old JOURNAL employee I know ideas are welcome so I am sending this snapshot along for what it's worth.

Why not do a page of "Service Glimpses" on activities of Foreign Service Officers on duty in Washington? It might afford a break from the "presentation-of-the-silver-platter" type picture. Enclosed is a snapshot, as an idea, of my husband in one of his extra-curricular activities.

Many friends are doing interesting things—or at least different things—painting their house, working with the P.T.A., etc. Other Foreign Service wives might send in some interesting photos.

Lee Clark

Washington

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you, Mrs. Clark. For the first in our "Foreign Service At Home" series see the inside of the back cover.

"U. S. LADY ON THE AIR"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

We thought your readers might be interested in our new radio show, U. S. Lady on the Air, which is broadcast from station WFAX in Falls Church (1220 on your dial) Monday through Friday at 11:45 a.m. We are most anxious to interest and include Foreign Service wives in our program.

The aims of the program are to point out the U. S. Lady as a world neighbor: her adaptability, her contribution to community service, the arts and business world, and how she sets an example of the American way of life wherever she goes; to inform, entertain, and inspire the U. S. Lady and her friends in the Washington area; to encourage understanding and fellowship between members of the various services; and to prove that the better the public knows the U. S. Lady, the more respect people will have for the military and Foreign Service as a whole.

Please tune in one day soon.

Rosanne McQuarrie
Patricia Gates

Washington

"THREE YEARS AT THE OPERA"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The October issue just arrived and I'm sure that I'm going to enjoy reading several articles—"The Efficiency Report" by my old friend Willard Beaulac (his first post was with me at Tampico), "Three Years at the Opera" and your Washington letter.

I'll read the article on Malaya, too, because my old friends Homer Byington and Jane are going there.

James B. Stewart

Denver

Animalia

Below we are publishing the second in our "Conversations in Animalia" cartoon series by Ed Fischer. For the first in the series and its winning caption, submitted by Lee Stull, please turn to page 56. The JOURNAL will publish in the March issue the caption for the cartoon below chosen by the Editorial Board as most apt, and a year's free subscription to the JOURNAL will be sent to the winner.

Washington Letter (from page 27)

everything it can to facilitate this. For the lone tourist arriving in a Far Eastern country, who would like more than mere sight-seeing to live with and talk with a native family, this would bridge a great gap, which is but ill filled by books. But while appreciating the usefulness of the individual approach, one can't but point out that in this country the people's government and its functioning *is* the people, for better or for worse. It is not a separate entity having separate policies and powers.

"How to Earn $1,000 a Month Overseas"

"Adventurous" young men were told how to earn $1,000 a month overseas in *Picture Week* recently, which reminds us of the *New Yorker* cartoon of the June graduate being admonished by his threadbare parent, "And I don't care if Dupont has offered you $10,000—I'm still your father." In less popular vein the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University had just issued a report on their survey of American Business and Overseas Employment. The report launches into its subject by pointing out that:

> "The most common fallacy of Americans who think about overseas service is to identify it wholly with the Department of State or 'diplomats.' Actually the Foreign Service of the United States accounts for less than six per cent of the 104,000 American citizens who are working in foreign countries this year. About 65,000 United States citizens who live overseas are either scholars under contracts and grants or individuals employed by private enterprises."

The Maxwell School sent out questionnaires to almost 2,000 firms doing overseas business and found that of the companies who employ United States citizens, 646 have 1,280,000 foreign nationals at work and almost 25,000 U. S. citizens. Oil companies, as might be imagined, employ the largest number of U. S. citizens working for American business overseas. They discovered, too, that only a very small number of Americans—about 2% of all U. S. personnel employed by business firms—work in central and southern Africa. Forty-three per cent are to be found in Latin America, 21% in the Middle East and North Africa, 13% in the Far East, 12% in Europe, and 9% in Canada.

The Maxwell survey reports there is a "prevailing conclusion that it is better to train foreign service personnel than attempt to overcome all the difficulties—and expenses—of maintaining a corps of U. S. citizens overseas."

But it is generally agreed, among the firms they questioned that "it would be helpful to find Americans who, by motivation and temperament, could be readily trained to work effectively in foreign environments. Technical skills and administrative expertise do not seem to be enough for the survival of American business overseas. . . . "

"This is a century of national self-consciousness carried along by unlimited hope for economic and social improvement. No business enterprise abroad can be an island unto itself, for its activities—whether by purpose or accident—are linked to the larger interests of the United States in promoting economic growth, fostering stable, representative governments, and maintaining international peace. To live and work abroad effectively today calls for overseasmanship: namely, the unusual ability to communicate and comprehend within a foreign culture plus an imaginative grasp of the larger purposes of an American overseas operation."

Maxwell School is continuing its research in the defining and teaching of "overseasmanship."

The Book Shelf (from page 40)

administrative position or to any student who is contemplating entry into this new and rewarding, if difficult and complex, activity.

A short review of this treatise cannot do more than select a few illustrative highlights of its contents. The book discusses the kind of life an international official will lead when he lives for extended periods outside his own country, —the psychological and social effects of such uprooting, the effects upon his children, and even the long-range effects upon his life following retirement.

Attention is given to the problems of morale of an international staff which are inevitably affected by the special circumstances which surround his activity and in a wider sense by the bases upon which international organizations operate, such as the influence of the rule of majority votes on the transaction of business and the extent to which the advice of expert bodies is ignored in favor of purely bargaining or political decisions.

In addition to the problems of a world civil service or secretariat, Mr. Loveday also discusses the structure and functions of advisory committees, their procedure and the special problems which arise from the administrative dispersion of the numerous Specialized Agencies which emerged in the United Nations framework. In this connection the need for and the difficulties of coordination of the activities of the Specialized Agencies, particularly in the fields where they obviously appear to overlap, are examined.

There is a penetrating treatment of the place which objective research should have in the work of an international organization. The author very obviously and rightly believes that decisions should, as far as possible, be based upon a full knowledge of the facts which can only emerge through patient and exhaustive research. Although decisions may not always be in line with research, it would be a failure on the part of international staffs if they did not make available to the policy making bodies all the data which research could uncover.

Finally, there is a most valuable discussion of the problem of financing international agencies, and in this connection the need to adopt sound administrative practices in the budgeting of the various international organizations.

Years of thought and experience have gone into this book, and this reviewer believes that it will be a long while before it will be superseded by anything more thorough and more illuminating.

Answer to "Jackson's Bet"

JACKSON lost. His opponents could and did make it. One was void in spades, the other in diamonds and hearts. They played through his clubs and trumped him out of his diamonds, setting up their own diamonds. The cards had, very apparently, been stacked.

Letters to the Editor

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

VISITOR LIAISON OFFICER?

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Doubtlessly since the Foreign Service was founded, the following suggestion has been made. Doubtlessly some few Posts have already, unofficially, made provisions to meet changing requirements. However, it is my contention, the Department should give serious consideration, at this time, to the establishment of an official "meeter, greeter and arranger" position for most of the larger Posts.

The day of slow leisurely travel is past, superseded, first, by the Air Age and now by the Satellite Age. The use of steamer and rail transportation is practically non-existent for official visitors and delegations except where personal reasons are involved. This necessitates, on the one hand, for the visitor or delegation, close scheduling to be met and conversely on the other hand, for the Post, the full-time assignment of an officer to tend to its needs, in order to make the most of the visit. No longer can we be content to sit back and somehow stumble through at the last moment. The need for urgency, speed and thoroughness today exists as never before in the history of our country. And official visits must be geared accordingly.

Everyone is aware of the necessity and the importance of these visits, it goes without saying. But, as in the words of the poem "For the want of a nail, the kingdom was lost," so too should the lesson learned therein be applied as it concerns the broader aspects of these visits e.g.:

a) Upon the timeliness of the findings of these visits are based the development of a successful foreign policy.
b) Findings are based upon knowledge. (The more intimate the knowledge, the less liability of mistakes.)
c) Knowledge is based upon time devoted to its gathering. And
d) Time wasted in uncoordinated, ineffectual arrangements is of a necessity deducted from the overall time allocated to the gathering of essential knowledge.
e) Thus for the want of time allocated to its development, the opportunity to formulate a successful foreign policy could be lost.

In my opinion (based upon years of experience with the Office of International Conferences and that which I have gathered in the Field in a little over a year) the day of the catch-as-catch-can arrangements is long since past. No longer can an officer, just any officer, be yanked from his regular assignment (or worse still be part-time assigned) a day or two before the arrival of visitors to make arrangements for all of the details of a substantive nature as well as the other administrative chores connected therewith such as housing, transportation, security, communication, not to mention the entertainment details, lunches, dinners, receptions, teas etc. etc.

My arguments against a catch-as-catch-can arrangement are as follows:

1) It takes a man specialized by experience and training to remember all the details that must be covered.
2) Having done it before he has already made the contacts and time need not be wasted in establishing new contacts by a new man.
3) An otherwise regularly assigned officer cannot entirely divorce himself from the responsibilities of his normal assignment. In effect he is only devoting himself a part of the time to the very important task of making necessary arrangements.
4) An inexperienced officer has a tendency to "push" and to "crowd" a schedule not realizing the very important "man in motion" factor, nor the "screening" required before inclusion in a schedule, nor some of the personal wishes of the visitors or members of the delegation.

I realize that this suggestion necessitates additional personnel assigned to Posts throughout the world. I realize that the Department has a tough and a rough time in justifying personnel. But the type of position I am proposing, I feel, justifies itself. Congress and the Bureau of the Budget are reasonable, are abreast of changing times and requirements, and would act in the best interests of the country, I am sure. If all the facts and factors were known and a case really

(Continued on page 58)

E.F.

Winning caption sent in by Lee Stull: "Now, at my last post . . ."

The Foreign Service at Home

San Francisco. Ambassador J. D. Zellerbach supervised the harvest in his California vineyard during a quick trip home.

Washington. Colonel Erana, Philippine Embassy, and Richard Murphy, I.C.A., won the Diplomatic Tennis tourney in which 94 persons participated. Of the 24 foreign missions represented, the Soviet Embassy had the largest group with six entries. Three persons from the new Ghana Embassy also participated.

Madison. Nancy Rawls, Howard Walker and Robert Cavanaugh at the University of Wisconsin are supervising correspondence study by 840 Foreign Service members in a course on Immigration Laws and Visa Operations.

Washington. G. Edward Clark demonstrates the fine art of the square knot to members of his Cub Scout Pack. His son, Tad, stands on the left.