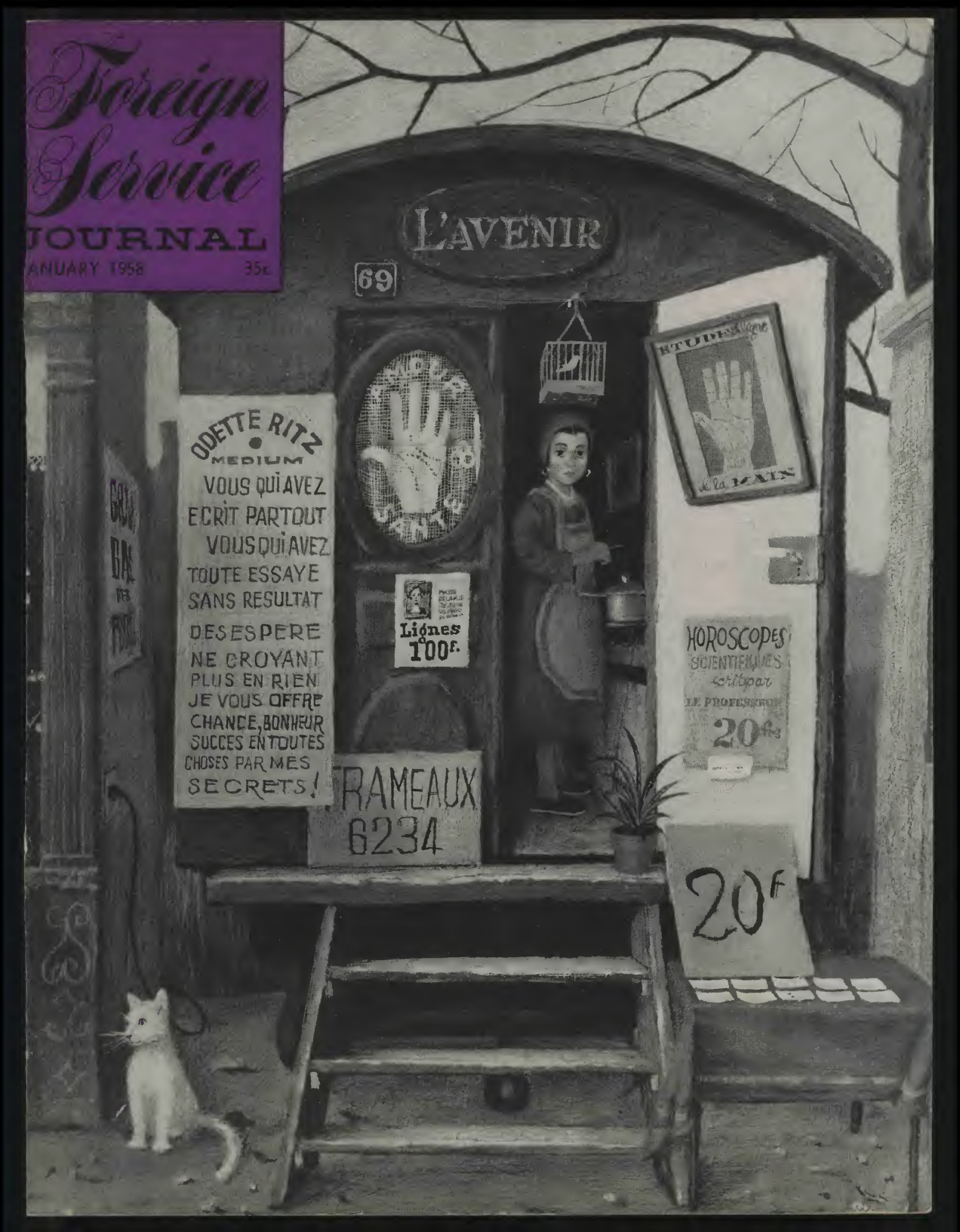
Foreign Service
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JANUARY 1958
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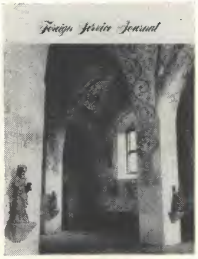
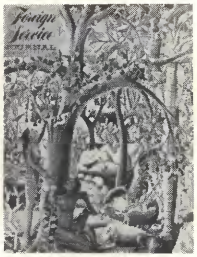


Finland:
CHRISTMAS 1957
by Patrice Molinard



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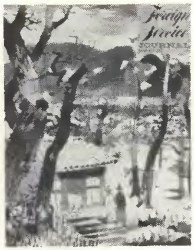
AUGUST '57
by Wilson Bigaud



Korea:
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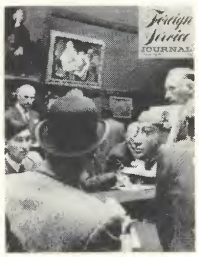
Dong Kingman



London:
OCTOBER '57
by Paul Child

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- **Promotion Lists of USIA & State Dept.**
- **American vs Continental Education by Lothar Kahn**
- **The Foreign Service in Space** (**Special Issue**)

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Foreign Service JOURNAL

published monthly by the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOC.

JANUARY, 1958 Volume 35, Number 1

CONTENTS

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

The 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.

"Chance, bonheur, succes en toutes choses . . ."

"L'Avenir," our cover this month, is the latest painting by Robert Sivard of USIA. Reproduced by special permission of Midtown Gallery, New York City.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS
January, 1958

CHANGES IN ADDRESS

Please help us keep our mailing list up-to-date by indicating to the Circulation Manager of the JOURNAL changes in address, in advance when possible. APO or FPO address should be mentioned if applicable. It is no longer possible to replace copies undelivered because of their being sent to the old address.

BIRTHS

ALLEN. Twins, Elinor Anne and Bruce Stevenson, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Allen, September 30, 1957, in Dhahran.

BOLES. Twin daughters, Lisa Diane and Denise Lynn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley D. Boles, June 4, 1957, in Washington, D. C.

GENDREAU. A daughter, Jennifer Lynn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gendreau, November 1, 1957, in Minneapolis.

MCKILLOP. A son, Peter Dudley, born to Mr. and Mrs. David McKillop, August 10, 1957, in Montfleuri, Tunis.

SQUIRE. A daughter, Marguerite Hovey, born to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher A. Squire, October 21, 1957, in Frankfort on Main. Mr. Squire is stationed in Budapest.

F. S. O. Retirements

Curren, Ralph B.
Jacobs, Hon. Joseph E.
Rose, Halleck L.

F. S. S. Retirements

Brown, William H.
Story, Harry W.
Walters, John E.

DEATHS

ABELL. A. Edith Abell died November 24, 1957, in Washington, D. C. Miss Abell, who during her thirty-one years in the Foreign Service was stationed in Berlin, Bern, Rome, Lisbon, Madrid and London, retired in 1947.

AMORY. Margaret Ross Amory died in Paris, where she was serving in the American Embassy.

CHANNING. Mrs. Hayden Channing died as the result of an automobile accident in Frankfort, Germany. Mr. Channing is a Foreign Service Staff Officer assigned to the Embassy in Bonn.

CHIPMAN. Funeral services for Norris B. Chipman, who died August 7, 1957 while onp leave in Switzerland, were held in St. Thomas' Episcopal Church in Washington D. C. October 11. Mr. Chipman who was Counselor of Emhassy at Belgrade at the time of his death, had served in many European posts during his twenty-nine years in the Foreign Service.

EGAN. W. J. Convery Egan died November 16, 1957, in Greenwich, Connecticut. Mr. Egan, who joined Radio Free Europe two years ago, served in Rio de Janeiro, Germany, The Hague and Paris during his eleven years in the Foreign Service.

FARIA. Mrs. Phyllis Rechard Faria, FSS retired, died in Recife, Brazil, November 4, 1957. Mrs. Faria retired in 1949 after thirty-seven years in the Foreign Service.

IN MEMORIAM

THE Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs has been sadly hit during November by the loss of distinguished "old China Hands," both on active service and on the retired list.

Old-timers in the Foreign Service, recalling the days when the FE division of the Department consisted of two able and devoted officers—Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck and Max Hamilton—will have learned with sadness that Max died at his Palo Alto home on November 12 at the age of 60. A former Minister to Finland, Counselor in the Embassy at Moscow, and Chairman of the Far Eastern Commission, Max Hamilton was best known for his long years of service in the Far East and, particularly, in FE. A man of gentleness, combined with stern probity, he was one of the "greats" in the old China service.

In the same month of November, the loss in the eastern Pacific of a Pan American airliner brought the tragic death of Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Sullivan. Phil Sullivan, the Labor Adviser to FE, had spent twelve years with the Department after long service in China as Professor of Economics at St. John's University, Shanghai. The Service can ill afford his loss or that of Thomas H. McGrail, cultural affairs officer in Rangoon who was aboard the same plane.

New... *All Transistor* (TUBELESS)

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Monsieur Tissot

by H. T. MOOERS

I FIRST SAW Monsieur Tissot on Easter morning in 1950, as he stood solidly framed in the ancient doorway of his farmhouse. Monsieur Tissot's massive dwelling stands atop a considerable elevation overlooking the town of Chaudes-Aigues, the Department of Cantal. Cantal is a rugged little Department and Chaudes-Aigues is a rugged but lovable little French town, nationally famous for its hot, thermal waters in whose steaming pools Roman legionnaires steamed out their arthritic pains. Today, all nationalities come to Chaudes-Aigues in search of the benefits that thousands have found there. But Chaudes-Aigues never has been and doubtless never will be another Vichy; no Madame de Sévigné or Chateaubriand ever placed the stamp of regal approval upon its *bains thermals.* It is most unlikely that any will. No one hopes for such things, for Chaudes-Aigues is homespun and it means to stay that way.

The total population must be under five hundred. The inhabitants make no effort to publicize their town. There are no night clubs, no dance bands and no midsummer fashion parades for visitors. There are, however, an ancient stone church with a gilded cock, a P.T.T. office, two thermal bath establishments, whose services may be had for a very moderate charge, and three small but excellent hotels.

Monsieur Tissot's dwelling is between one hundred and one hundred and fifty years old and by virtue of long occupation and rare alterations, has so stealthily encroached upon the vestiges of medieval château fort and tower walls, that virtually no line of demarcation is visible. For the past four generations, the farm as a unit has been vastly more important in the eyes of the community than the battle-scarred walls of the castle proper. However, sustained by that practical romanticism which still abides in the hearts of French farmers, the edifice continues to be generally known as "Le Château." Monsieur Tissot, in the sober role of caretaker and farmer, has lived on the premises since the Liberation in 1944, with his wife and their grandson, now aged fifteen.

As I say, it was on Easter morning that I set out with my wife to climb the rocky slope and have a closer look at the castle. It was not really much of a climb, but the weather was still cold, sharp little winds struck our faces at every turn in the path. Sturdy beeches and oaks appeared to thrive well on the hillside and among their budding branches wrens and magpies were already looking about for nesting places. Halfway to the top, close to the path, lay a huge, flat stone of dining table dimensions that had been split in equal parts by a birch, the roots and lower branches so deftly entwined about the two sections as to afford the conclusion that stone and wood may give the appearance of affinity.

Once we arrived on the hill's top, the castle tower seemed definitely less haunting than had its silhouette against the sky, an hour before. Its three tight-lipped, archer windows peered down upon us, while to the right and from beneath, the low-roofed farm buildings bent close to the rocky soil.

We let ourselves in through a barnyard gate and approached what seemed to be the main entry to the farm house. By now it was eleven o'clock and down in the town a

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JUST RIGHT!

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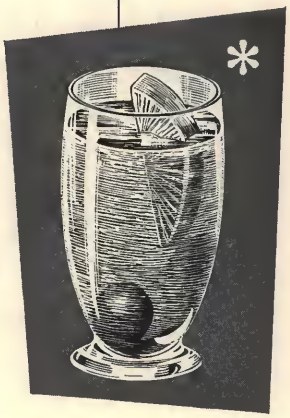

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Monsieur Tissot

(from page 6)

church bell broke softly into Easter harmony. A group of seven unhurried hens, a rooster in the lead, appeared from behind the tower and eyed us in silence, quite indifferent, it seemed, to the presence of a crude scarecrow implanted in the center of a small vegetable garden, several yards to the left.

At this moment, Madame Tissot emerged from the house, bearing a sturdy copper pail filled with what obviously was kitchen refuse. Without a look to the right or to the left, she emptied it by a strong, routine swing in the direction of the fowl. Then, turning to make her way back, she noted our presence and stopped, dead still, while I inquired if we might feel free to look about the castle grounds. She replied that we might do so, without enthusiasm or invitation. People who live in or close to castles must needs put up with outsiders who poke around at all hours.

The hens, led by the brown rooster, stepped merrily into the midst of their meal and Madame Tissot, the burnished sides of her pail flashing arrows of gold, reentered her kitchen. The pause in conversation proved but momentary, however, for hardly had her ample figure been removed from our sight when Monsieur Tissot stepped forth, dressed in his crow-black Sunday best. He wore black boots, rubbed to mirror gloss, the toes and heels bulging with that built-in sturdiness universally recognized by French agriculturists as both respectable and long-lasting.

There was little in Monsieur Tissot's Easter morning appearance that revealed the hard-working, patient farmer; he was now leisurely in his step, his clothes were without wrinkle, his white shirt heavily starched, his cuffs spotless, his blue eyes serene. On such a Sunday morning he was permitted to view his property in a slightly detached manner, almost as a sight-seer might do. Tomorrow he would belong to the soil. Today, and what was in it, belonged to him. Yet, all this honest finery did not alter his visage which was still that of one who had labored long years in the open, who had known pain and who had known gaiety and who still expected to know more of both and how to deal with them. From his coat pocket he slowly drew forth a tightly-rolled supply of Zig-Zag cigarette papers; extracting one from the bundle with the tip of his tongue, he held it between his lips while, with the same hand, he again delved softly in the same pocket and brought forth a leather pouch of that black, broken tobacco, which, down through the years, has aided most effectively in keeping French workmen on speaking terms with a hostile world.

Then we noticed that his left arm was missing. As he deftly rolled paper and tobacco together with the fingers of his one hand, I ventured to suggest, by way of conversation, that it must be agreeable to live on his hilltop, well above the disturbing factors that invariably accompany more urban dwelling. Before replying, Monsieur Tissot produced a pale-blue metal lighter, securely bonneted with a wind shield, and proceeded carefully to light his cigarette. There was a quick burst of flame and the dry tobacco crackled and twisted at the tip. Once combustion was proceeding normally, he was ready with an answer.

In principle, he began, I was undoubtedly correct; but in these uncertain times one was never really removed from certain baleful influences. Certainly he was well housed

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Monsieur Tissot

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high up on this venerable hilltop, with verdant forests all about and a green valley spread out below, through which crept the silver ribbon of a river. The town was conveniently near, only a fifteen minute walk, and yet well removed. As a boy, it had seemed that he should have been able to throw a stone, standing where we were, right down into the garden of *Monsieur le Curé*. He looked quizzically down at the roofs and tiny gardens below us. Take that stand of pine, just across the valley to our right, where it raised its green head within gunshot of the castle tower; when the Nazis came across country at sundown one day, they had camped that night right in those pines. The next morning, at dawn, they had sent a burst of long-range machine-gun bullets into the tower to see what would happen.

Monsieur Tissot turned slowly about and pointed to the lower stone slit of a window whose ledge was clearly potted by gun fire. The Germans had waited prudently among the trees for awhile, and, as there was no answering volley, they had come quietly forth and systematically encircled the entire village. They came up to the hilltop warily, "*avec beaucoup de prudence*," but finding scarcely anyone on the premises (they had expected at least a handful of *Maquis* or *Résistants*), they relaxed and told the occupants to call in their women folk from hiding and get them something to eat. They made it clear that nobody would get hurt if he behaved. All in all, the Germans had comported themselves well enough while they were here on the hill; of course, they butchered the best hogs and ate the best chickens. Both the Mayor and the Curé had been interrogated and, time and time again had sworn that no *Maquis* or *Résistants* were in hiding. So, one night, they all went away and never came back.

It seemed, ever since then, that some *méchant*—something mean and apprehensive—was always coming out of that stand of pine. Two years ago a maniac had crept out of those woods by night and nearly killed the town's baker while he was busy with his ovens. Only yesterday, Monsieur Tissot was helping his wife put a new handle on a meat-chopper in the kitchen when suddenly he heard his hens squawking and cackling. He rushed out and found a big hawk trying to carry off a fat pullet. Of course, it is always when one needs a gun most that one does not have one. He dashed toward the hawk, shouting as he went, and the hawk finally took off and sailed back across the valley, flying high in wide, lazy circles, and then lit right over there in those pines. He knew the hawk had come from there in the first place, as he had seen him before in that area.

Monsieur Tissot pushed back his heavy Sunday felt and squinted thoughtfully at the scarecrow. He and his wife had hastily rigged it up and planted it in the garden patch after their brush with the hawk. It wasn't much of a protection but at least a step in the right direction. A light wind blew across the hill and stirred the empty sleeves of the scarecrow; his head was apparently an earthen *vase de nuit*. There were no trousers, but on a dull day and from a certain distance, as Monsieur Tissot explained, the flat wooden stake which was also the back might pass for legs. The one piece of raiment, an old coat in tatters, was held in place by a safety pin. A cross bar affixed to the stake at shoulder height

(*Continued on page* 12)

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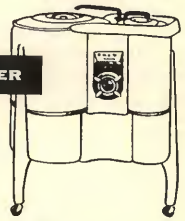

EASY LAUNDRY APPLIANCES ... Division of Murray Corporation of America, Chicago, Illinois

Monsieur Tissot

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extended the sleeves to the elbows; from there onward they drooped dejectedly in a most lifeless manner. The "scare" was missing from the scarecrow and Monsieur Tissot knew it. Moreover, the hawk had been overhead this very morning and seen it at close range. Monsieur Tissot admitted that he must either dress it more convincingly or add more menace to the pose. As of now, the psychological effect on a feathered marauder was exactly zero. He must do something about it right away.

Down in the village the bells stopped ringing. A hush had fallen over the valley and its influence seemed to prevail lightly over the ground where we stood. As we walked back toward the farmhouse, I thought of his missing arm. I asked if he had lost it in the war. He said he had not been a *combattant* in the first World War on account of a permanently stiff knee which had come upon him in childhood. At the time, as his friends began to volunteer, the infirmity had caused him no little chagrin. However, since almost none of the local young men who had gone to the front ever came back, he had reached the conclusion that his bad knee had probably saved his life. He looked down thoughtfully at that bad knee. As to his arm, he had lost that ten years ago while operating a mechanical saw. He now had an artificial forearm which he had learned to manipulate pretty well, but he liked to leave it off on Sundays and holidays. He felt more like himself without it. When he wore it he was probably "better dressed, but like a man carrying something around that he couldn't lay down."

We came to an oak door in the north wing of the farm that had once been a medieval stronghold; an ancient wire bell-pull, encased with red rust, was bolted conveniently by, but Monsieur Tissot had no need to use it. With his good knee he dealt the door a stout push and we entered. A carpenter's bench stood at the right, from which had poured countless spirals and twists of silken shavings that now agreeably bedded the stone floor and pleasurably scented the air. Sturdy tools, some obviously home-forged, hung neatly on the walls. High up, a patch of shrouded light filtered downward from a narrow aperture, about which countless generations of spiders, totally without opposition, had woven vague masses of gray filaments that now swayed, ghostlike, far above our heads.

It was here, he explained, that he was teaching his grandson to work wood. Wood was a clean and honest medium to gain one's living by, and wooden field rakes (that was what the boy was learning to make) were always in good demand. In some ways, he had improved on the way his father used to make them; take the teeth in a rake; twenty-four were required for each unit. In his father's time they used to whittle each tooth by hand, trimming it and rounding it until it fit the hole in which it was set. Now he did it much quicker; he used a steel plate with a round hole of the right dimension drilled through it. The boy sliced out the teeth in rough form and then drove them, with a heavy mallet, straight through the hole. They came out quite round and ready to fit into the rake head. Square pegs *could* fit into round holes.

(*Continued on page* 14)

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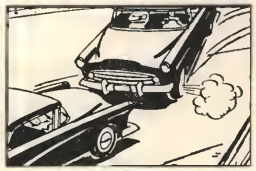

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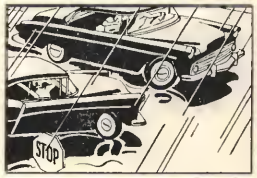
The Gear Grip Safety Tread with thousands of safety angles provides a silent ride and greater traction under all driving conditions.



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FIRESTONE INTERNATIONAL AND INTERAMERICA COMPANY

Monsieur Tissot

(from page 12)

We returned to the yard, swinging the heavy door shut. With the thud of its closing, the yard fowl again raised their heads. Yes, in a changing world Monsieur Tissot liked living up here on his hilltop; not so much because he was removed from people but because up here the physical and vocal disturbances that people created when they lived close together were largely eliminated as far as he was concerned; many sounds did come up from the valley and although city sounds are generally harsh, those that reached his ears were materially softened and chastened by the ascent and hence seldom unpleasant. Take those church bells down there; if you were to stand under them or shut yourself up with them in the steeple, you could not overly long bear their din; but with distance the harshness evaporated and the spirit of the great *vases de bronze* rose on wings of harmony. As a young man, he had worked in the famous Paccard Foundry in Annecy and Monsieur Paccard—the father of the present Monsieur Paccard—had told him that a great bell was, in effect, "a bouquet of sound." When a great bell was cast with infinite hopes and care, and the great bronze clapper within its walls struck against them for the first time, those reverberations instantly so created swam like mad, discordant souls until they leaped from the bell's lip, and the moment they did so—if you had succeeded in your work—their voices mingled instantly into a harmonious whole, to become a united wealth of melody "of which the heavens could be proud." If they did not, you had completely failed. One never could know what the "soul" of a great bell would prove to be until it "spoke."

As we said goodbye, Monsieur Tissot gladly accepted the last of my American cigarettes, though I suspected he preferred those which he made with his Zig-Zag papers. Next time we came up, he said, he would have a bottle of *vin du pays*, one of the "good years."

My wife and I picked our way unhurriedly down the rocky path and on the first level turn in the trail where I could swing about I waved to him as he watched our descent. He promptly returned the gesture and in the background, as if from a respectful distance, the scarecrow, touched by the wind, fluttered both empty sleeves.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON, D. C. FOR OCTOBER, 1957

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: The American Foreign Service Association, 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Editor, Robert McClintock, Chairman, Journal Editorial Board, 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Managing editor: Gwen Barrows, 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Business manager: David McK. Key, 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

2. The owner is: The American Foreign Service Association (a corporation not organized for profit and in which no capital stock is required or is to be issued), 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. President, Edward T. Wailes, 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.; Chairman, Board of Directors: E. Allan Lightner, Jr., 1908 G St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

DAVID MCK. KEY,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th Day of October, 1957.

GEORGE G. RIDDIFORD,
Notary Public, D. C.
(My commission expires 7/31/61)

In His Father's Footsteps

This is Khalifa bin Ahmed and his son, Ibrahim, proudly strolling around Aramco's refinery at Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia. Twelve years ago Aramco started Khalifa on simple assignments. Once he got them down pat, he was given on-the-job training for the next step ahead. Khalifa kept on his toes—and then in 1952, the Operator job at the crude oil topping plant; two years later—Head Operator!

Little Ibrahim is growing fast—and the likelihood is that he will want to follow in his father's footsteps.

ARAMCO

ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY
DHAHRAN, SAUDI ARABIA
NEW YORK, N. Y., U.S.A.

New Year's Greetings

The JOURNAL's cover for January 1933 carries a New Year's message to the Service from the Secretary, Henry L. Stimson, and his staff. Under the Secretary's signature appear those of Under Secretary W. R. Castle, and Assistant Secretaries Wilbur J. Carr, Francis White, James Grafton Rogers and Harvey H. Bundy. (January 1958: Mr. Castle lives in Washington; Mr. White is our Ambassador to Sweden; Mr. Rogers is president of the Colorado Historical Society and mayor of historic Georgetown in the Colorado mountains; and Mr. Bundy is chairman of the board of directors of the Foreign Bondholders Protective Council and chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He practices law in Boston.)

A Different Kind of "Fallout":

The present worry about atomic fallout caused Al Lightner to recall a different kind of "fallout" which he saw just 25 years ago when traveling from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, en route to his new post at Pernambuco. "We arrived," says Al, "at Patagones in the Argentine in June to find it covered with volcanic ash that had fallen the night before. This volcanic 'fallout' had been suspended in the upper atmosphere for two months—or since April—at which time several volcanoes erupted in Chile. It was predicted that there would be similar 'fallouts' over a period of years."

HARE-CYGAN. Married at Beirut, Syria on October 24, 1932, Vice Consul Raymond A. Hare and Julia Mary Cygan of North Tonnawanda, New York.

Society Note: The first Bachelors Cotillion of the season was held at the Mayflower Hotel on the evening of December 14. The debutante chosen to dance with the cotillion leader, Herbert C. Hengstler, was Gladys Szechenyi, daughter of the Minister of Hungary and Countess Szechenyi.

FOOTNOTE: Definition of a bachelor: "A fellow who can pull on his socks from either end." We're not thinking of Herbert Hengstler, Grant-Smith, Tom Wilson, Charlie Eberhardt, Joe McGurk, Edward Groth, Tom Horn or any other old friends. *No Sir!*

A son, Barclay, was born on February 4, 1932 at Rome to Diplomatic Secretary and Mrs. Harold H. Tittmann, Jr. A son, Daniel McCoy, was born on October 29, 1932 at Barcelona to Vice Consul and Mrs. Daniel McCoy Braddock.

25 Years Ago

He's Still a Ball of Fire:

JOURNAL correspondent at Kingston, Ontario writes: "At a dinner and family party on Thanksgiving Day, given by the American Women's Club, Consul George Gregg Fuller read the President's Proclamation, carved a turkey, made an address, presented a portrait of Washington and then fiddled for old-fashioned dancing." NOTE: Mr. Fuller was the moving spirit in founding DACOR and is the organization's Executive Director.

And More Recently

St. Paul's School Bowls: Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen; Norman Armour, former Assistant Secretary of State; James Grafton Rogers, and former Ambassador A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., were among the alumni of St. Paul's School presented with large Wedgwood punch bowls on the occasion of the school's centennial anniversary.

The Aga Khan was an Optimist*: During World War II, the late Aga Khan lived in neutral Switzerland and played golf at a Zurich club. One day he was going around alone and I, then Consul General at Zurich, was coming along after him. Looking down the fairway I could hardly believe my eyes! He was standing with his hands held high, wearing white cotton gloves. His war-time caddie, a young Swiss woman, quite small, was pulling up his trousers. I soon overtook him and he invited me to join him.

Every now and then my golfing companion's pants would slip and his alert little caddie would heave ho and the Aga Khan would help all he could by stretching high both arms.

Just as we finished the game, which the Aga Khan won, his attractive French wife arrived in her car to pick him up. We went to the clubhouse for a drink. Since the leader of the Ismaili Mohammedans was not interested in the "19th hole," we did not go to the bar but had orange juice served on the terrace.

*Definition of a pessimist: A man who wears a belt and suspenders at the same time.

A Passage from a Letter

I had a letter recently from Ambassador Robert F. Woodward. After writing about several Service topics, Bob, reminiscing, concluded: "It is almost twenty-five years since I was in your class along with Edward Page, James Henderson, Randolph Higgs, Reginald Bragonier, Orray Taft, Milton Wells and others. While I have stretched my limited abilities so hard during these past twenty-five years that I sometimes think they are going to snap, I must say that I am deeply indebted to the Department of State and the Foreign Service for an intensive education and a life filled with never-ending intellectual variety, opportunity to make some contribution to human progress, and most of all, the family and friends acquired as an outgrowth of being in this profession."

Wishing Them a Good New Year

A very Happy 1958 to our Managing Editor, Gwen Barrows, and to her predecessors, Lois Jones, Joan David and Jane Wilson Pool.

Power and Diplomacy

by Dean ACHESON

Excerpts from Mr. Acheson's lectures inaugurating the William L. Clayton lectures at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy last autumn. The lectures are being published this month by Harvard University under the title "Power and Diplomacy."

WHAT IS the foreign policy of the United States? It is, I suppose, the grand strategy with which the United States proposes to deal with the main facts—the thrusts and problems they present—of the outside world. . . . That policy must be to accept the leadership and laboring oar—in default of any other nation which can do so—in creating a workable system of free states, with the military force necessary to protect them, with the arrangements necessary for their economic development, and with sufficient community of ideas and purposes for their political cohesion. . . .

Regardless of whether Americans continue to be as hard-working as they are now, present trends and common prudence require us to base policy on the hypothesis that, in the absence of a new and vigorous effort on our part, Soviet productive power will approximate that of the United States well before this century is over. . . .

The growth of Soviet power requires the growth of counter-power among those nations which are not willing to concede Soviet hegemony. With this counter-power the future can be faced with hope and confidence, as well as with a sober appreciation of its dangers. Growth of counter-power is needed in our own country, in other industrially developed nations, and in countries only at the beginning of industrial development. . . .

THE DEVELOPMENT of productive power in the non-communist world, with complementary efforts to produce strong military forces and to increase all that makes for political cohesion, is the course most likely to bring about a workable international system and a stable power relationship. The probability of achieving all this, given full endeavor on our part, ratings from fair to excellent.

Two courses are before us. One course is for the American people to use their vast productive power, along with their own hard work, to maintain their pre-eminence and to fashion a system by which they and all who have the will to do so can emerge strong and free from the period of competitive coexistence, of whatever duration. The other course is for the American people to expend their productive power on an increase in consumption and leisure, leaving the non-communist world leaderless to drift along as best it can.

*Reprinted by permission from "Power and Diplomacy" by Dean Acheson, published by Harvard University Press, ©1958, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

Military Requirements of a Free World

The attitudes formed over the century between Waterloo and Mons flowered in the conviction that war was the most horrendous of crimes for which no punishment inflicted upon the individuals and nations whose "war guilt" was established could be too severe. . . .

At the same time, an equally unqualified, and quite inconsistent, conception regarding the conduct of war seized possession of our minds—the conception of unlimited objectives and absolute victory. . . .

The responsible maker of policy would be most unwise not to assume that both the United States and the Soviet Union have sufficient nuclear capacity to retaliate with lethal power, whichever might strike first . . . .

So long as both nations can preserve their retaliatory force through an initial attack, a strategy of unlimited nuclear attack is a strategy of mutual suicide. It becomes one of the highest aims of policy to avoid this disaster. . . .

We have too little common ground and purpose with a society dedicated to the destruction of ours to reach any basic agreements requiring mutual trust. But we do have some common ground, the common ground of what Mr. Churchill has called mutual terror. Upon that and upon our own strength and courage it may be possible to bridge the chasm which yawns before us.

Here one must pause to ask what is meant by deterrence. To deter another is to prevent him from doing something, by a threat to do him harm under certain circumstances, which he believes we will do and does not want to provoke. "A threat," as I have said before, "is not believed, and therefore cannot deter, unless there is general conviction that the threatener has both the capacity and the intention to carry out the threat. . . ."

To put forward as a policy a threat which is incredible . . . is highly dangerous for the country, and utterly destructive of the effort to create a workable non-communist world system. . . .

Do any of us seriously believe that an American government would take the position that an attack on Quemoy would involve the destruction of Peiping or Moscow, or both, *and of New York?*

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THE ANSWER is, of course, that the threat is not credible. That unhappily is not the whole answer. We must add to it that, in developing the composition of its military forces, this government has been acting for some years as though it were going to rely upon this incredible threat. As a result other courses are being foreclosed. In the consequent situation our only choice is to do all and to bring on devastation which we may not survive and which the issue cannot justify, or to do nothing and thus to lose position after position without a struggle.

No situation could more readily destroy cohesion between the United States and other states in the non-communist world, for it advertises itself as a prescription for failure. . . .

In reality, the purpose of our nuclear striking force, the Strategic Air Command, and of all the effort and expense it so richly deserves, is to deter a major attack against us and our allies. . . . Under the shield of its protection we need other and different forces, which we do not have, to respond to lesser forcible challenges to our interests, to achieve limited objectives, and to make possible and credible our determination, with others, to provide security for a workable non-communist world system other than by blowing it to pieces.

The capacity we need is not to be thought of as merely auxiliary to the Strategic Air Command, or as designed to conduct world war on the model of 1914 or 1940. The forces required have a wholly different function, and should have different equipment, and training. . . .

The separateness and complete difference of the forces would underline our intention, in meeting force used against our interests with force, to keep the conflict to a minimum, to achieve the limited purpose of stopping the injury, to pose no threat of massive nuclear attack. This should minimize miscalculation of our intention.

Not all conflicts are mortal challenges, and not all should be made to appear so. . . .

Victory in limited war is not gained by putting the existence of the opposing state—and our own, too—in issue. It does not seek unconditional surrender; it does not necessarily mean attaining all that we desire. The aim of limited war is to stop the infringement upon our interests. . . .

Outside of Europe military effectiveness and cohesion among non-communist states are best served by reliance on conventional forces organized and equipped to combine great mobility and fire power. Forces of this sort should be able to accomplish all that military power can properly be called upon to do in limited conflict—not to hammer an enemy into unconditional surrender, but to stop actions which are injurious to our interests.

The government of the United States cannot plead that it does not have the resources to develop both nuclear and conventional forces. . . .

Strength at the Center

Without American association with Western Europe, independent national life in Eastern Europe cannot revive. Without this association, no unification of Germany, on terms tolerable to West Germans, East Germans, and their neighbors is possible. . . .

The only deterrent to the imposition of Russian will in Western Europe is the belief that from the outset of any such attempt American power would be employed in stopping it, and if necessary, would inflict on the Soviet Union injury which the Moscow regime would not wish to suffer. The regime will not believe that this will happen if the United States and Western Europe are separated and stand alone. . . .

Imagine that the European members had dissolved NATO, in a belief that it had become inimical to their interests, or that Germany had withdrawn from NATO for similar reason. In either event Europe would be left undefended by any common defense force. To dominate such a Europe would require no major effort by the Soviet Union. A move by the Soviet Union in such a Europe would be entirely equivocal from the point of view of the United States. It would not be a clear signal of a Soviet determination upon an ultimate test of strength with the West. Though a serious step, greatly to the detriment of the United States and of Europe, it would appear to most Americans, as to the Russians, as something to be expected—indeed, almost inevitable. Our withdrawal from a position once strongly held would indicate to the Russians an abandonment of any intention to dispute the position as an issue of survival. . . .

NATO and its common defense force are not only essential for the security of Western Europe, but without them there would be little hope for the recovery of national identity in Eastern Europe, or for safe and lasting German reunification. . . .

The aim of the Kremlin in talking of troop withdrawals is clear enough. It is to entice German Socialists and others in Europe to undermine NATO, to separate Europe from America, and to eliminate effective opposition to Soviet power in Europe. For the West to agree to these withdrawals would be folly. But that does not prove that it is impossible. For, as Dr. Adenauer was wont to observe to Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, it is a great pity that God limited the intelligence of man without limiting his stupidity. . . .

My own conclusions are that present circumstances require substantial strengthening of American and British nuclear power located in Europe, as well as allied (including American) conventional forces and tactical air power. . . .

We should strengthen allied nuclear power in Europe purely as a temporary measure, while pressing vigorously with our allies an escape from reliance upon nuclear weapons. The escape lies in the development of allied conventional forces capable of safeguarding Europe against attack by conventional forces. If this is done with determination, there may be, for the first time, some mutual benefit in a proposal for an East-West reduction of forces.

(Continued on page 39)

Shanghai Alma Mater

by John W. HENDERSON

AFTER the closing of the USIS offices, it seemed appropriate first to make such efforts as might be possible through formal and informal channels to obtain a reversal of the closure order before taking any steps to dismiss the ninety Chinese employees whose jobs were at stake. These efforts had the expected negative result, but as we were then in the midst of negotiations with the discharged Navy employees, we deferred any move to dismiss the USIS staff.

Events of that hot and humid Shanghai summer cannot be adequately told without some description of the backdrop against which they took place. It did not take the Republic of China, smarting under the disastrous defeat of its ground forces, long to regroup and reorganize on Taiwan. The Chu Shan Islands which the Republic still held were only a few minutes' flying time from Shanghai, and with these islands as a base, the Nationalists began a series of almost daily bombings which was to last for several months.

The bombs themselves did not constitute too great a menace, since most of them were directed at shipping or harbor installations. Usually only two or three planes appeared over the city at any one time. The real hazard was the elementary state of Chinese Communist weapons and the even more primitive standard of training achieved by the Chinese Communist infantry. At the moment a Nationalist bomber appeared within sight or sound every Communist soldier in Shanghai dropped whatever he was doing and blazed away skyward. The ensuing racket was tremendous and fearsome. The quantity of lead thrown up by the eager, but wholly ineffective, defenders was bound to return to earth. In one raid an eager Communist was seen to lean from a second-story window and discharge his pistol heavenward.

FOR THE foreign community, though, the greatest hardship lay in the lack of communication with the outside world. The last commercial airliner had put down under small arms fire two days before the city was conquered. Fighting had destroyed the transmitters used for international telephone communication. Travel outside the city limits was absolutely prohibited. Radio communication had suffered the same fate as the telephone or else was denied to foreigners by fiat. The Consulate General did maintain a radio link with Canton and the outside world for official business only. After several months of no incoming or outgoing mail, a U. S. Government radio link was established with Navy headquarters on Guam and official personnel were then permitted to send one letter of fifty words each week through that channel. In Guam the messages were typed and sent as letters. Foreigners with non-official status were cut off completely.

Throughout this period the constant preoccupation of the Shanghai press was with the hatred that all Chinese were supposed to have for the American "imperialists." The closing of the USIS offices was reported in the same manner as the tabloids report the finding of a nude body or the seizure of members of a dope ring. I was referred to as the "F.B.I. trained head" of a spy ring seeking to obstruct the progress of the People's revolution. The Shanghai Russian-language press was forced to label me as "Genderson" since there is no "H" in the Russian alphabet.

The possibility of reopening U. S. Information Service operations clearly did not exist; nor did it any longer seem desirable since the results could not hope to justify the expense. The American staff had received orders to leave China. During the weeks following the closure order, and prior to their dismissal, the Chinese staff were kept busy with housekeeping tasks not involving contact with the public. Some completed translation projects, some repaired equipment, some were sent out to round up library books which had not been returned.

In mid-August formal dismissal notices were distributed with an effective date of mid-September. Employees were told that they would be paid cash for unused leave, that all of their contributions to the retirement fund would be returned, and that during the period of notice a liberal policy would be followed in giving them time off to look for other employment. We made it clear that their dismissal was not due to our choice but to the action of their own authorities. The day the dismissal notices were distributed a small committee served notice that the employees wished to discuss additional dismissal benefits. I agreed to receive a delegation of eight.

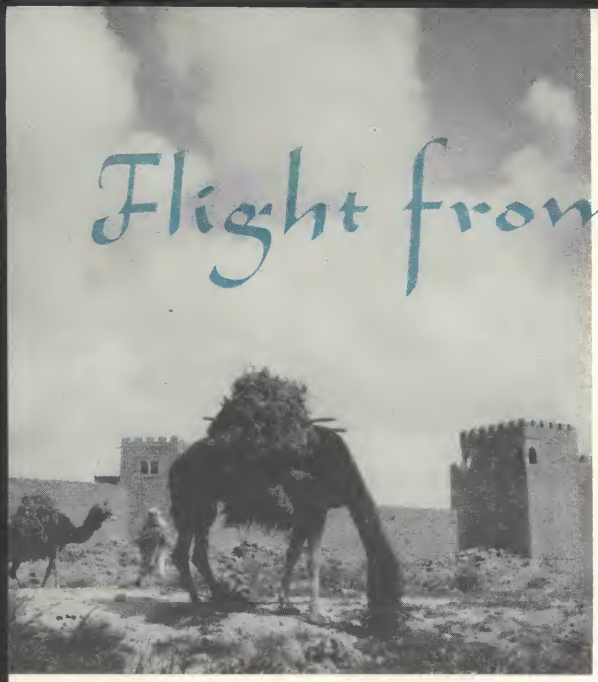
* * *

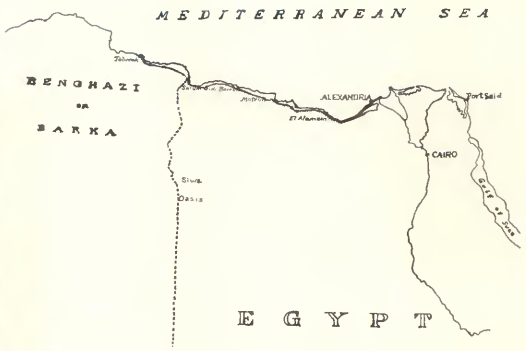
Most Americans in Shanghai had reached the conclusion by midsummer of 1949 that they could expect neither economic nor physical security in Communist China. The United States Government prepared to withdraw its personnel from the mainland and to close its diplomatic and consular establishments.

Since no regular sea or air transport was available, the means to be used for an evacuation presented a problem. Negotiations began with the Communist and Nationalist governments to permit an American ship, the SS *General*

(*Continued on page 24*)

Flight from Egypt





by Nicholas LAKAS

BEYOND THE blackout curtains hanging over the windows of the United States Consulate General the city of Alexandria slept uneasily. Sporadic bursts of anti-aircraft fire voiced obbligato to the bomb explosions echoing from the military airfield. Blue-papered window panes shook violently but the silence in the room grew heavier. In the office of the Consul General two candleflames threw grim shadows across a map of Egypt. Hunched over it were three men whose faces appeared pale and haggard in the dim light. Their labor with the recently completed mass evacuation of some two thousand United States citizens through Alexandria had brought them to near-exhaustion. Painful memories of hurried farewells to their families crowded in on them. And now a third evacuation seemed imminent.

Glancing up from the map, Consul General Barr V. Washburn, top U. S. official in Alexandria, stared thoughtfully for a moment at his cigar and then looked at his two aides. The bark of ack-ack fire sounded closer and then stopped abruptly. "Well, gentlemen," he sighed wearily, "we agree that the shortest overland exit from Egypt is the road to Libya through the Sahara." As he spoke he moved his pencil point slowly across Northern Egypt through World War II battlefields of El Alamein, Mersa Matruh and Sallum. He went on: "Once we get the evacuees to Libya there should be no difficulty in reaching the airfield at Tobrouk." Both aides nodded in agreement. "If the Ambassador approves our plan," the Consul General continued, "and if the Egyptian government raises no objection we should have the convoy on the road by Sunday morning."

FSO Nicholas Lakas was in charge of the last convoy to leave Alexandria during the Suez crisis. The story he tells here is one which will be on the Foreign Service TV series expected for next fall's programming. Mr. Lakas is spending this winter studying and working under the Department's new program at the University of Wisconsin.

Americans who had remained behind were beginning to have uneasy second thoughts. Egyptian military installations were now under heavy bombardment. New Anglo-French landings were expected. Working against time, the Consulate General at Alexandria and the Embassy at Cairo moved swiftly towards the completion of a new evacuation plan. But this one would be tougher. The problems which faced them were different from those which they had solved during the previous week.

Alexandria's harbor was closed to all shipping. Commercial airline services, domestic and international, had been suspended. Rail communications were disrupted. Highways were either closed or were being used solely for military traffic. In effect, Egypt was almost completely isolated from the rest of the world. But two exits from Egypt were still open—the Sahara desert road along the coast of Egypt to Tobrouk, Libya and the Nile valley route to the Sudan via highway and steamer.

Of the two escape routes, the black-topped coastal road was the shortest, about 500 miles from Alexandria and close to 700 from Cairo. Only a few small native villages lay in the bleak stretches between Alexandria and Tobrouk. Desolate and frequently covered by Sahara sandstorms, the road winds through the remnants of World War II minefields. There were other dangers along the road—possible attack

by desert nomads or being caught in a no-man's land in the event of a shift in the war scene.

Supplies and transportation for civilian convoy traveling through this area posed serious difficulties. To overcome them, the Sahara Petroleum Company, an American oil exploration firm in Alexandria, offered to supply vehicles, food and other items essential to a long desert crossing. All of this was offered free of charge from patriotic or humanitarian motives. The same community spirit of cooperation had prevailed during the first two evacuations. Sahara Petroleum, General Motors, Ford Motor Company and American Export Lines had made free use of their facilities. Their teamwork had contributed much to the comfort of the evacuees prior to their embarcation.

Fourteen vehicles—six power wagons and eight passenger sedans—were to carry about thirty to forty evacuees. The convoy was to be unarmed. Refueling was to be done by portable handpumps. Spare tires, engine parts, twelve big drums of gasoline, K-rations, tents, bedding, medicines and drinking water were to be provided by the oil company. These supplies were to be loaded on the power wagons in Alexandria. Milk powder, fresh bread and canned meat were to be obtained from Sahara's camp at Mersa Matruh. The oil rig, about 200 miles west of Alexandria, was still manned by the company's Egyptian employees. Convoy vehicles including the power wagons were to be operated by the evacuees. There was one exception: two of the wagons would be driven by Egyptian employees of Sahara who would travel as far as the border and then return. The decision to camp in the desert overnight or to push on towards Tobrouk was left in the hands of the convoy commander.

The Egyptian government raised no objection against the passage of the convoy to Sallum. Sahara's vehicles were released from Egyptian customs regulations with an understanding that the vehicles would eventually be returned to Egyptian territory.

Standby notices were sent to U. S. citizens who had asked for evacuation assistance. These were followed up with a final message identifying the convoy's destination. The rendezvous point for departure was to be the Cecil Hotel at Alexandria. Time of departure was set for 6:00 a.m., Sunday, November 11.

* * * *

By late Saturday night thirty-three men, women and children had reached the Cecil. Over half of the men were American employees of Trans World Airlines. Just before leaving Cairo they had received a wire from their Rome office advising them that a Super-Constellation was being diverted to Tobrouk for their use. It was to land at the airfield Monday morning. All non-TWA evacuees were invited to join the flight to Rome.

Several of the men had families with them. There were ten women and seven children. The youngest child was only nine months old. Also in the group were two school teachers, a Hilton executive and a number of businessmen. The teachers had been on a vacation cruise and were stranded in Alexandria by the hostilities. Undaunted by their experiences, the intrepid ladies had chosen to remain in Alexandria believing that their ship would eventually call at the port. Now they planned to travel with the convoy as far as Tobrouk. From there they would make an attempt to reach what they believed would be their ship's next port of call, Tripoli—900 miles beyond Tobrouk.

To facilitate the convoy's entrance into Libya, the Consulate cabled the American Embassy office at Benghazi advising it of the number of evacuees and vehicles in the convoy. It also gave the convoy's estimated date of arrival at the Libyan frontier and requested that a consular officer

(*Continued on page* 25)

". . . dreary stretches . . . of the . . . desert . . ."

Shanghai Alma Mater (from page 21)

Gordon of the American President Lines, to stop at Shanghai under a guarantee of safe conduct. There were ups and downs in the effort to arrange the *General Gordon's* visit. Hopes were raised one day and dashed the next. The American President Lines had no desire to lose a multi-million-dollar piece of property to a floating mine in the Whangpoo or to a bomb dropped by mistake in the enforcement of the blockade. For their part, the Communists were not eager to have a profitable source of dollar exchange slip through their hands. Nevertheless, step by step, arrangements went forward and the word was out at last that the *General Gordon* definitely was coming to Shanghai in late September.

The Communist authorities announced that all foreigners would be permitted to leave on the *General Gordon* without molestation, subject to certain regulations. Anyone who left would be required to obtain an official exit visa from the Shanghai central police station. Those departing would be required to pay all debts and civil claims in full. It was necessary to settle any outstanding *labor disputes* in which the applicant might be involved. Furthermore, one had to obtain bond from a Chinese guarantor who pledged his own resources that you were not a spy, not an enemy of the regime, had paid all of your debts and would make good on any subsequent claim or answer to any criminal charge which might arise later. In addition to all this, those departing were required to show that they had placed an advertisement in the official Communist newspaper announcing intention to depart and inviting anyone who had claims to come forward and present them for settlement.

No foreign resident nor any Chinese who worked for or was associated with a foreign firm could provide the good-conduct guarantee. The first few courageous Chinese to oblige their foreign friends by signing guarantees were immediately subjected to lengthy questioning by secret police and even arrested for collaboration with foreign spies.

As one last turn of the screw, the exit regulations contained a requirement that application for departure and all attendant papers had to be executed in Chinese; all applicants had to purchase a Chinese seal bearing their names in Chinese characters; all questioning was conducted in Chinese and the applicant was obliged to bear the cost of an interpreter if he could find one willing to risk the displeasure of the Communist police.

* * *

THERE WAS NO Chinese employee of a foreign firm, no servant in a foreign home, who missed the point. Each realized that here was a golden opportunity when the full force of constituted authority was behind whatever demand he might choose to make—no matter how fantastic.

Nevertheless, there still seemed to be grounds for confidence as the time for my first meeting with the USIS employees approached. Most of the committee members I regarded more as friends than employees. The atmosphere resembled that of a staff meeting rather than a labor bargaining session. At that time the Marxist principles had not yet caught up with the ancient Chinese system of seniority, so the men sent to negotiate were the senior employees, without regard to their attitude toward Communism. One or two were Communist watchdogs, but the others were long-time, faithful employees whose services in some cases dated back to the war days in Chungking.

These men were in a difficult and dangerous spot. For the most part their private loyalties were with the Consulate General, yet their very lives might depend on the success of their efforts in achieving for the new Communist regime the objectives it had in these negotiations. The ranking member of the group had been chosen to serve as chairman. Educated in Hong Kong mission schools, employed in Chungking by the U. S. Army and later by the O.W.I., it was unthinkable to him that he should now align himself against the Americans. Worse, should he do so and fail in his efforts, he would be suspected by his colleagues of double dealing. In this dilemma, he suddenly contracted a diplomatic illness, and was unable to attend the opening meeting.

Meanwhile, arrangements were made for his transportation, via junk, to Taiwan where he could join the USIS branch office. With his wife and two children he embarked in the middle of the night. Two days later he walked into the office. The sea was rough, he said. Better to die of a rifle bullet than of seasickness, he had decided.

IN THE GREATEST secrecy, new arrangements were made for his passage on a steamer about to leave Tientsin in the north. When he arrived in Tientsin, however, instructions to the Consulate for advancing the necessary funds had been delayed.

His reaction in this contingency was typically Chinese. Unwilling to rely on the official radio request which was sent to Shanghai by the Tientsin Consulate, he preferred to trust in friendship. He sent a personal message over the Communist-operated telegraph system to one of the most ardent of the nouveau-Communists among the USIS employees. Later he explained that he had chosen her because she had once gone to school with his wife. In his message he described his plight and asked for help. To my horror, this newly-converted Communist, with greatest conspiratorial secrecy, showed me this telegram and asked me what to do. Since, officially, the missing chairman was still ill at home, I could only tell her that it was wholly inexplicable to me. She turned the message over to the Shanghai Military Control Commission which issued instructions to the Tientsin authorities to arrest the fugitive at once. Fortunately, the necessary explanation had arrived at our Consulate in time and our senior employee had sailed on schedule. He remains free today.

The illness of the chairman having been thus embarrassingly exposed, negotiations proceeded without him on a nonetheless cordial plane. Being a Chinese negotiation, there was a great deal of preliminary talk about the hardships which the employees had suffered, the disaster which confronted them in the loss of their jobs and so on, before we got down to business. But at last the committee produced its demands. These quickly dispelled the optimism I had felt at the outset.

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Flight from Egypt *(from page 23)*

be sent to the border post to assist with the Libyan entry formalities. With the exception of six persons none of the evacuees had Libyan visas.

Inside the darkened hotel lobby the evacuees had gathered around the Consul General to listen to his last minute instructions. I was to command the convoy. Convoy speed was to be held to forty-five miles an hour to accommodate the slower power wagons. Distance between the vehicles was not to exceed three car lengths. Stops along the route were to be kept to a minimum. If at all possible I was to make a brief courtesy visit to the Egyptian military governor at his headquarters in Mersa Matruh. My orders read: "You are to insure that all under your command arrive safely at Tobrouk and are safely embarked. If conditions permit, you are to return to Alexandria by any safe means available to you."

SOMEONE HAD produced a jar of instant coffee and paper cups were being filled. Although outwardly composed and cheerful the evacuees showed signs of being apprehensive. An occasional humorous allusion to the convoy stirred nervous laughter. There had been rumors of possible Russian intervention and of Russian volunteers joining the Egyptians. The air raids over Alexandria had come to a stop earlier in the week. But false alarms still kept the city under razor-edged tension. From the mosque near the hotel the muezzin was calling the faithful to morning prayers. The convoy's H-hour was at hand.

Fourteen pairs of blue-painted headlamps shone softly in the murky dawn. Evacuees were helping each other with the loading of baggage. I began my roll-call: Assadourian, Calvin, Chase, Egan, Green, Muldoon, and so on down the list of evacuees. One by one the responses came back. No one was missing. The convoy was ready to move. As I released my parking brake, the Consul General leaned inside the window, grinned and cracked: "Good luck, Nick, don't get lost."

I waved to him and slowly pulled away from the curb. Behind me the convoy got underway cautiously. At the first intersection I paused for the traffic that was not there. I guess it was just ingrained habit. Six minutes later the convoy had its first casualty . . . power wagon number two had a flat tire near an anti-aircraft battery guarding the nearby harbor. The convoy came to a halt. Helmeted soldiers stared grimly from across the street. Their officer motioned angrily at us to move on. Four civil defense guards armed with sub-machine guns appeared on the scene. It was an awkward moment. I mustered my Arabic vocabulary together and called out that we were Americans heading for Libya. Could we have a few moments to change our tire? To this day I haven't a clue as to what caused the sudden outburst of laughter from the battery. I suspect it was my patchwork Arabic. The officer stepped onto the sandbag parapet waved away the guards and in English said: "O.K., but don't delay too long." We didn't!

Within the hour the convoy had cleared the first roadblock on the outskirts of Alexandria and was steadily approaching El Alamein. The road was deserted. Overcast skies pressed down on the desolate expanse of sand dunes stretching towards the southern skyline. About a mile to the north the angry waters of the Mediterranean gave promise of an approaching storm. On a ridge only a short distance ahead loomed the massive ruins of ancient Abousir Temple. At its foot was a wooden hut. Strung across the road was a barrier of empty oil drums. In answer to my signal the convoy cut its speed and then stopped. We had reached the second road block.

There were no visible signs of life in or around the hut. Long and uncertain moments crawled by. I was about to get out of the car to move the drums aside when the door of the hut opened. An Egyptian coastguard corporal stepped out onto the road. Behind him, half-hidden inside the doorway, were three soldiers with rifles pointed in our direction. The corporal approached the lead car cautiously. His hand rested on his revolver holster. In his other hand he held a brown sheet of paper. The actions of the guards struck me as strange. And yet they had every right to be cautious. But why the change between the two guard points? The convoy had been cleared through the first roadblock without delay. The Egyptian government had assured the Embassy that its military outposts would not hold up the American evacuees unless there was valid cause. Should I remain in the car or get out to meet him? These thoughts raced through my mind. I reached for the door handle. I got out of the car.

THE CORPORAL came up to where I was standing. Behind me the convoy was in a trough of silence. Uneasiness tightened my stomach. Pointing to the long line of dust-covered vehicles the corporal asked in Arabic if we were "Amerikani." I nodded and gave him my identity card. He studied it laboriously and compared the photograph attached to the card. Satisfied with my identity he handed the card back to me, came to attention and saluted smartly. But I still felt uneasy. The corporal glanced at the paper in his hand. Again he spoke in Arabic: "There are thirty four of you?" I nodded. Another interval of silence followed. Suddenly his eyes flashed with an intense look of hatred. In rapid-fire Arabic he said something about the British and the French which I did not quite understand. He repeated his question with impatience. It dawned on me that he was asking me if there were any British or French in the convoy. Now I knew why we were held up. The guard suspected us of harboring British or French refugees! I hastily assured him that there were no British or French nationals with the convoy. The corporal started to say something but left his first word hanging in mid-air. He turned abruptly and walked slowly from one vehicle to the other. One by one he counted the evacuees. Including myself there were thirty four. At the last power wagon he stopped and made some notation on his paper. Then he called out a command. Seconds later soldiers were shoving the drums to one side of the road. We were free to go.

By mid-morning the convoy had travelled seventy-five miles. We were on top of a limestone ridge separating the coast from the desert. The pass leading into the El Alamein battle site opened before us. On the right close to the shore stood a squat camouflaged building. This had been Mont-

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Service Glimpses

1

1. Sao Paulo. Former Director General Ba Chu-li signs the guest book as the famous Chinese painter Chung Dai-chien and his wife look on. Professor Chung, who has exhibited his work in New York and Paris, is a refugee from Communist China, living in Mogi Das Cruces, Brazil. Consul General Richard P. Butrick acquired his Chinese name during his fifteen years of duty in China posts.

2. Addis Ababa. Length of Service awards were recently presented to American and local personnel by Ambassador Bliss. Receiving ten year certificates were Magness Newman and Myrtis Coltharp. Local employees Deboutch Haile Mariam, Wolde Tensae Dembelle, and Wunde Negau received awards for 13, 11 and 12 years of service respectively.

2

3. Izmir. King Zabir of Afghanistan (right center) is shown in animated conversation (in French) with American Consul Donald B. Eddy on the grounds of the American Pavilion at the Izmir International Fair. King Zahir, accompanied by President Bayar, showed great interest in the American products.

4. Stockholm. Ambassador Francis White and Baron Ove Ramel, Introducer of Ambassadors, enter the Royal Palace where Ambassador White presented his credentials to His Majesty the King of Sweden.

The Ambassador was accompanied to the Palace by William P. Cochran, Jr., Deputy Chief of Mission; William Fowler, Counselor for Economic Affairs; Andrew E. Donovan II, Counselor for Political Affairs; Col. Wilbur V. M. DeLoach, Captain Louis C. Mabley, and Col. Francis R. Feeney.

5. Singapore. Consul General and Mrs. Avery Peterson were among the guests of Run Run Shaw (second from right) at a party presenting Luli Sibah (on the right), star of Shaw Brothers' native film, "The Long House." Miss Sibah's father, Penghulu Sibah, stands between Mr. and Mrs. Peterson.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

The Community of Common Sense

IT is a popular fallacy to conceive of great diplomatic conferences, like the Paris NATO meeting, always in terms of contest. There is a tendency to look for triumphs and catalogue defeats. And where there are winners, a sporting public looks for losers.

In President Eisenhower we had a champion who acquitted himself like one and the truth is that there were no losers in the competition of ideas at Paris. There was, instead, one solid victory for the whole Atlantic Community: a victory for common sense in any meaning of the term.

The meeting at Paris showed, first of all, the common sense of the free world that if it doesn't hang together it may hang separately. It went about giving effect to this common understanding in a common-sense manner.

President Eisenhower stated the plainest common sense yet when he said that the core of the partnership is that "an attack against one is an attack against all." That needed saying just at this time. And he backed it up by declaring categorically that the United States would come at once to the assistance of any NATO nation subjected to armed attack.

The alliance moved to strengthen the "core" by bringing its military establishment up to date. At the same time it undertook to explore once more the chances for disarmament by multilaterial agreement. All agreed that intermediate range missiles and nuclear warheads should be stationed in Europe, since "Soviet leaders have made it clear that the most moder nand destructive weapons of all kinds are being introduced as a means of warfare." But it was also agreed to test Soviet professions in favor of disarmament by renewed negotiations, withi nthe framework of the United Nations, or if the Soviet Union should refuse to participate in the work of the UN Sub Committee at a meeting of foreign ministers.

Some observers may claim to discover a paradox between resolving to arm and seeking to disarm. In truth, it is not only common sense to try to remove the causes of rearmament while we accept its risks and burdens, it is also an obligation which statesmen owe to their peoples. The American people and government have never thought otherwise.

It may be hard for European populations in front-lien positions to accustom themselves to the idea of new weapons in their midst; and it requires patience to persist in disarmament negotiations which have been consistently frustrated by a major participant and which may be exploited by him to weaken the alliance. But the charter of Paris shows the Atlantic Community united in a vigilant, commonsense approach to these and other problems.

It was the part of common sense to refrain from stipulating now the precise location of new missile sites; to give heed to the domestic interests of the several nations which compose the alliance; and to provide for the evolution of popular and parliamentary opinion on the new courses which lie before the free world.

The heads of state at Paris were able to do these things and at the same time to record far-reaching agreements on European security and important world issues. Their very presence at Paris demonstrated the scope and quality of the alliance. Their return to their capitals should insure that decisions will be carried out under the highest priorities.

Before both segments of a divided world there now lies the great challenge of renewed negotiations on disarmament. Common sense—and it should be common to both sides—requires that a supreme effort should be made to meet it. The alternatives grow ever more ominous.

The common-sense beginnings made at Paris by those who in the President's words "inherit and share the humane and religious culture of Europe" should bear fruits of peace for the whole free world as well as for those to whom freedom is denied.

Memo on the Staff Corps

THE MEMORANDUM of Cecil Gray on the subject of the Staff Corps which was printed in the last issue of the JOURNAL has stimulated interest within the Foreign Service. The JOURNAL appreciates this interest and will welcome letters from other members who have ideas on this important problem. Any thorough-going reorganization of such a complex and far-flung apparatus as that operated by the Department of State and the Foreign Service must produce ramifications which will have varied effects for years thereafter. It is probably impossible for any one person to be able to foresee all of the secondary and tertiary effects that may appear. It should be emphasized, of course, that Mr. Gray's memorandum represents the views of one experienced Foreign Service officer who is attempting, at his post, to deal with some of the complicated changes which have been wrought in recent years in the structure of the Foreign Service. There are, no doubt, many other views of the Staff Corps and of its place in the structure of our Foreign Service. In order to avoid any misunderstanding, the Board

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WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS

Looking Forward

In the first startled aftermath of the Sputniki's ascensions many Americans felt that earth ties had suddenly been cut out from beneath them. Old measures of space and time, even of education and prospects, became suddenly mere folklore, like Bob Sivard's excellent painting "L'Avenir" on the cover this month.

The Scientific Man alone seemed to have a future, or even a present, in such a changing universe. We were told there were over 100,000,000 planets inhabited like earth; that it would be possible for man to travel for 1,000 years—if at the speeds of rockets—and then return to earth; that in future it would not be necessary to be present with a person, nor to use a medium, in order to converse with him. With such drafty potions served up from meeting scientists it was small wonder our heads were swimming.

After the first and dramatic reactions there were anguished cries that militarily America was unprepared, that scientifically America was unprepared, that psychologically the Communists had scored a staggering victory. And as the dust settled, critics began to look deeper and realized that the unpreparedness was even more serious than it had appeared—that in many ways we had been drifting, and drifting badly. Like a homemaker who keeps the place looking well but does nothing to ease the tensions of the individual members, we had been letting action and things take the place of ideas. On this point Russell Davenport's "Dignity of Man" makes even more poignant and challenging reading in 1958 than when it first came out three years ago, and in a later issue of the JOURNAL we hope to run some excerpts from it. One pertinent remark, however, we would like to quote in passing:

"The cause of freedom has not been stolen from the American with guns, it has been stolen from him with ideas. And he has found himself powerless to formulate his ideas in a way that can engage the confidence of the people of the world."

The advent of the Scientific Man makes this powerlessness more serious than ever before. It accents the need, which was never more vital, to engage the confidence of the people of the world. Here then is where the diplomat will once more come into his own. He will need new and better equipment lest he fall into that category Walter Lippmann recently called "frozen and sterile and without a vision and a purpose." He will certainly need a scientific background —Ambassador Willis pleaded for this last fall—in addition to more languages. But above all he must have ideas and vision in this rocketing world of 1958.

Candles on the Cake

As the JOURNAL moves into its thirty-fifth year the Managing Editor would like to express appreciation to its readers both for their contributed articles and continued support. In looking over the JOURNAL for the past year we can't but be impressed by the excellence of some of its contributed art work and articles: Andor Klay's poetic translation of "The Flea of Abu Majub," with illustrations by Ed Fischer, Paul Child's handsome covers including the October one of the Sotheby Galleries, Ambassador Briggs' "Biggest Frog in the World" which was widely reprinted, Ambassador Beaulac's short story on the efficiency report, Guy Wiggins' piece on Desklessness which also was reprinted and picked up on radio and TV programs, G. Edward Clark's article on the liaison with the Bureau of the Budget, E. J. Beigel's piece on the Mutual Security Program, S. I. Nadler's "In Defense of Gossip," and John Bovey's "Why Franklin Failed."

AFSA Luncheon

Mr. I. W. Carpenter, Jr., outgoing Assistant Secretary-Controller, speaking before the November luncheon of the American Foreign Service Association, said in part:

I would like to tell you some of the things I have learned since coming to Washington. I refer to the phrases and high-sounding words which appear in the papers and documents which come to my desk for processing. I remember the first time I ran across the word "*exacerbate.*" It was in the Wriston Committee Report. I was puzzled about it but now I know its meaning. When I return to the paper business, I hope I can help exacerbate my competitors. Also, in the Wriston Report certain functions of the Department were described as administration, others as "*substantive.*" I asked Ambassador Jerry Drew, who was then Director General of the Foreign Service, about the meaning of "*substantive.*" We looked it up in the dictionary. Webster defines "substantive" as "*Definite rather than contingent in status.*" Then Jerry told me, 'You will have to get used to

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"I don't care whether this *is* your way of furthering American goodwill, out they go."

Flight from Egypt (from page 25)

gomery's headquarters during his famous battle with Rommel. Crumbling walls and gaping windows bore mute testimony to ravages by Bedouin and time. Below the ridge, about six miles to the southwest, the village of El Alemein hugged its green oasis. The weather remained unchanged. Thus far the condition of the road had been good but its roller-coaster undulations had begun to affect some of the evacuees. Only two roadblocks had been crossed since Alexandria. Traffic had consisted of a few stray camels and an occasional Bedouin sheepherder. The convoy twisted its way out of the narrow defile. Just off the road to the left was the British war Cemetery. Here the convoy paused for a break.

Cramped muscles were stretched. Radiators were refilled. Tires were checked for air pressure. Half-empty gas tanks were replenished for the hundred-mile run to Sahara's camp at Mersa Matruh. A sense of urgency hovered over the quiet bustle of activity.

The cemetery lay in solitude. Seemingly endless rows of grave markers, Cross and Star of David, filled the valley nestling by the ridge. Leaning on the gate I found my thoughts going back to that day in October of 1955 when I had attended the memorial services held at this very same cemetery. Hundreds of visitors had heard expressions of fervent hope that these men had not died in vain. And now . . . Mixed feelings of sorrow and frustration welled up. Vivid memories of the evacuation of my wife, Dad and two sons knifed through me. I longed for my family. As if from afar I heard someone say, "I beg your pardon sir, may I have a moment with you?" I turned quickly.

Standing in front of me was a slender man dressed in faded khaki. Blond and of medium height, he appeared to be in his early forties. He introduced himself as the British resident officer-in-charge of the cemetery. His British passport identified him as a Graves Commission employee assigned to El Alamein. From his cottage on the other side of the cemetery he had seen the Sahara Petroleum markings on some of the vehicles. Guessing correctly that it was an American convoy he had asked to see the person in charge of the group. He hurriedly went on to explain that he had been marooned at the cemetery since the outbreak of hostilities. He had no telephone or automobile. His food supply was low. Nor had he any funds to pay the wages of his Egyptian assistants. They had stopped work on the cemetery. Some accused him of being a British spy. His life had been threatened. He felt that he had been forgotten by the British authorities in the rush of the events. Apologetically he asked me if he could join us.

THE SCENE at the second roadblock flashed back. Obviously the Egyptian posts had been warned to be on the lookout for British or French nationals attempting to flee the country. They knew that the convoy carried thirty-four non-enemy aliens. My orders from the Consul General were to insure that all under my command arrived safely at Tobrouk. I had every reason to believe that the Egyptians would look upon the inclusion of the Englishman in our group as a breach of faith. They might then detain the convoy or force it to return to Alexandria. An incident such as this could very well result in far-reaching repercussions. Someone called to me from the road: "Come on Nick! You're holding up the show." Little did the evacuees realize this man's life was perhaps at stake.

My shoe was digging shallow holes in the sand. I looked up and was about to speak when I noticed two natives on a nearby hill. I hadn't seen them there before. Squatting on their heels they were watching us intently. I went back to my soul searching. Perhaps I could conceal him in one of the power wagons. If he were discovered? No, I could not allow emotion to turn my ear away from the voice of reason. Reluctantly I told him that much as I would like to help him I could not do so without jeopardizing the convoy's chances of reaching Tobrouk. He listened quietly. The best I could do would be to give him some of our food and report his plight to the nearest British consul in Libya. He attempted a smile to cover his disappointment. We walked back to the waiting convoy. The natives were still on the hill watching us. His "have a jolly good trip" hung heavy on me as I got into my car. I last saw him standing at the edge of the road— a solitary figure.

The convoy picked up speed. Alone in the car I kept thinking of the Englishman. His sad smile was to haunt me for a long time. A stone marker on the left caught my attention. From this point westward British and German mines had covered much of the North African desert. In the years after the war the coastal road and narrow strips on either side had been swept free of danger. Some of the mined areas had also been cleared. But the desert was still fraught with the hidden menace of overlooked or unrecorded mine fields. Several employees of Sahara Petroleum Company engaged in oil exploration work in this vicinity had been killed recently by them. The mine toll also included victims who had wandered off the road during blinding sandstorms.

Time: twelve noon. Now and then a burned-out tank hulk broke the dreary stretches of the desert. There was a continued absence of both military and civilian traffic. No other road blocks were encountered. Gray skies glowered overhead. Visibility remained fair. Wind velocity had risen slightly. Thin strands of sand were reaching out into the hollows of the road. Fifty-seven miles separated the evacuees from Sahara's camp outside of Mersa Matruh.

Another bleak hour passed. Droning monotonously towards its destination the convoy dipped and rose on macadamized swells. The road, curving in a northwesterly direction, was approaching a low ridge. At last we reached the top. Below was the narrow coastal plain and the sea. About a mile away a steel tower soared above the flat terrain. It was Sahara's oil rig. The evacuees headed for the camp. I raced towards the village.

The military governor's headquarters was on a hill near the village square. Above the large two-storey stone building an Egyptian flag whipped noisily in the wind. Two sentries blocked the entrance. Arms were presented after the corporal of the guard had examined my identity card. I was ushered into the General's office. At the other end of the room a tall, lean officer stood by a window. At the sound of my footsteps he turned and smiled his welcome. We shook hands. The General apologized for his "poor English" and said

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EUROPE'S STRIDE TOWARDS UNITY:

Accents Need for U. S. to Maintain Liberal Trade Policy

by Guy WIGGINS

On the first day of 1958 the Treaty of Rome entered into effect. This treaty bids fair to unite the economies of the six member states of the Coal and Steel Community—France, West Germany, Italy and the Benelux countries. It may even lead to their political unification. For this reason it has had the hearty support of the United States. What it means for world trade cannot yet be determined. Much will depend upon whether or not major trading countries outside the Common Market, particularly the United States, pursue liberal trade policies.

This month, too, the Administration will put before the Congress proposals to renew the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for five years and to authorize United States membership in the Organization for Trade Cooperation. On two counts, therefore, January 1958, promises to be a fateful month for the foreign economic policy of the United States.

A FEW YEARS AGO when I crossed the frontier of the German Federal Republic near Aachen I saw a sign which read, "Another country, but still Europe." Those words dramatically symbolized the growing realization that despite ancient national rivalries, Europeans have a great deal more in common with each other than they do with the rest of the world. In the relatively few years since the end of World War II the statesmen and peoples of Europe have made impressive progress towards transforming this sense of cultural unity into an economic and political reality.

The United States provided the initial organizational impetus for this drive toward European unification. The Marshall Plan brought the Organization for European Economic Cooperation into being. This in turn led to the European Payments Union and a variety of subsidiary European institutions.

In 1952, inspired by Robert Schuman, a French statesman with a vision of European unity, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg took another major step by creating the European Coal and Steel Community. Within this community the tangled skein of tariffs, quotas and embargoes that hindered trade in coal and steel has been steadily unraveled. Some headway has been made in curbing the restrictive practices of cartels. Since 1953 the volume of coal and steel traded among member countries has registered a massive ninety-three percent rise. The Coal and Steel Community can claim a substantial share of the credit for this achievement.

The Common Market Treaty

With this example of successful cooperation before them, the six Coal and Steel Community countries were emboldened to take a still longer stride towards unity. After prolonged and difficult negotiations they signed in Rome on March 25, 1957, a treaty that will eventually bind them into a single European Economic Community or Common Market. At the same time they signed a companion treaty establishing the European Atomic Energy Community or Euratom, providing for unified action in developing nuclear energy. These Treaties of Rome hold promise of ending Franco-German rivalry, thereby immensely strengthening West Europe, a basic objective of United States foreign policy since the end of World War II.

The potential economic consequences of the Common Market Treaty are similarly far-reaching. No brief synopsis of its detailed provisions—it even covers such specific matters as the duty-free quota on bananas entering Germany—can present an adequate picture. However, some of its basic provisions are:

(1) the progressive elimination of all tariffs, restrictive quotas, and other obstacles to trade among the members within a twelve to fifteen-year transition period;

(2) a common external tariff regime applicable to imports from all non-member countries, based in general upon an arithmetic averaging of existing national rates;

(3) a common agricultural policy, to be followed ultimately by the abolition of tariffs and quotas on farm products;

(4) common provisions for preventing interference with competition, for freeing the movement of labor and capital, for an investment bank, for a fund to help workers in industries adversely affected by loss of protection, and for harmonizing social and financial policies;

(5) a structure of Treaty institutions — a Council of Ministers on the top political level, an administrative commission, a parliamentary assembly, and a high court; and

(6) the association of the member states' overseas territories, most importantly the French African colonies and the Belgian Congo, with the Common Market.

The Common Market Treaty has come at a crucial time. Europe's rate of economic growth, which reached the highly satisfactory level of five percent to six percent annually in the first post-war decade, appears to be slowing down.

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Common Market Treaty (from page 31)

The OEEC, for example, forecasts that it will average only a little more than three percent annually during 1956-60. There are some who wonder whether such a rate is sufficient to assure economic and political stability. This threatened downward trend could be reversed by the stimulus of competition among industries currently enjoying types of protection that the Common Market Treaty would remove and by the opportunity for greater economies of scale inherent in a mass market of 160 million consumers.

Implications for American Business

In computing the common tariff on imports from the outside world the Six have agreed as a general rule to take the straight arithmetical average of existing national tariff rates. There are, however, many exceptions to this rule stipulated in the Treaty. Furthermore, the Six have not yet come up with their proposed common tariff, and even when they do it will not be final for the following reasons. All of the Six are contracting parties to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. In the course of reciprocal tariff negotiations carried on within the framework of this Agreement they have undertaken not to raise duties on specified commodities, without granting other countries equivalent compensation. Furthermore, the GATT requires that countries entering into a customs union arrangement will not, as a result of that arrangement, set up a new tariff which is higher or more restrictive in general than the pre-existing individual tariffs. The other contracting parties will be closely scrutinizing the proposed common market tariff once it appears to insure that it fulfills this requirement.

The Six must, therefore, go through a protracted period of hard bargaining with many countries before they can set all the rates with finality and put their common tariff into effect.

Under these circumstances no one can foretell what duty will ultimately be set on a particular commodity. Anyone familiar with the Treaty, however, can estimate what the maximum rate would be on a number of commodities in the absence of effective bargaining within the GATT.

Such estimates have aroused concern in third countries even where the governments of such countries enthusiastically support the political and economic rationale underlying the Common Market.

For many outside suppliers, however, the real issue is not so much the absolute rate of duties levied on their goods but whether their exports to any one of the Six member countries will suffer from the removal of tariffs on competing goods from any of the other five.

Thus, an official of the Ford Motor Company's International Division recently told a House Sub-Committee that at present the Benelux area is a market for all foreign automobile manufacturers. He estimated that under the common tariff, however, United States automobiles would have to surmount a 30 per cent duty in this previously low-tariff market, while Fiats, Volkswagens and Renaults would enter duty-free. He heartily endorsed the Common Market, however, as good for Europe, good for the United States and highly favorable for Ford's foreign manufacturing operations. Comparing the future for automobiles in Europe with the great expansion of the United States auto industry in the 'twenties he urged American business to invest in the Six and profit from the anticipated growth of their combined economies. Other American manufacturers incline to this view and have initiated studies to determine whether to invest in Europe, and if so, how much and where.

Opinion differs on how the Common Market will affect United States exports during the early years of its existence. Exports of some manufactures will probably decline, but if European industries expand the scale of their production, exports of some types of heavy capital equipment might increase. Demand for industrial raw materials will increase as the tempo of European production quickens.

If the Treaty objectives of rationalizing industry and agriculture are attained, Europe's income will not only be increased, it will be better distributed. The result will be a more than proportionate expansion of demand for food, luxuries and specialty goods, which the United States would be well-equipped to supply. The Six will compete more effectively with the United States in foreign markets, but this in turn will increase their ability to pay for purchases from other countries. Quantitative restrictions now imposed by European countries to keep their purchases in line with their ability to pay could then be abolished.

THESE ARE merely possibilities. They will become realities only if the advocates of liberal trade policies within the Six guide the destiny of the Community. An assault upon protection as daring as the Rome Treaty would arouse mighty opposition in any country. Although the ranks of the protectionists and cartelists in the Six seem somewhat disarrayed at present, one must anticipate that they will seek to wrest control of the Common Market from the liberal traders and turn it into a high-tariff, inward-looking bloc.

The world's trading nations, not least the United States, as the foremost trading nation of all, would do well to support the liberal traders within the Community. That support can most effectively be shown by a continuation and strengthening of our own policies to expand world trade. Our trading partners have voiced their concern, verging on alarm, over the increasing activity of protectionists in the United States. These countries will be watching with poignant interest the efforts of the Administration to extend the Trade Agreements Act at the next session of Congress. If lobbyists succeed in killing or crippling this legislation, European high-tariff advocates will have been given a compelling argument in support of their position.

Outside countries can also help to assure liberal development of the Common Market by strengthening the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The best way for us to do this is to pass the bill authorizing United States membership in the Organization for Trade Cooperation. The OTC would meet the long-felt need for a permanent organization to administer the General Agreement.

United States' exports to the Six totalled $2.8 billion in 1956—a very considerable figure. This trade could expand, or it could shrink over the next twelve to fifteen years. Which way the tide will run, however, will depend in part upon how the United States Congress votes next year.

Shanghai Alma Mater (from page 24)

ALL THE employees wanted, the committee said, were the benefits they were entitled to under U. S. law, plus separation allowances running from ten months to thirteen months depending on length of service. Furthermore, the proposal was so drafted that any rise in the local price of rice between then and the day of payment would require an upward adjustment. Rice prices were even then spiralling upward daily.

These demands went so far beyond anything that we had expected on the basis of the negotiations with the ex-employees of the Navy and on the known practice of business concerns in Shanghai that we could hardly believe our ears, although the traditional bargaining practices of the Chinese are well known. Patiently we tried to arrive at the real demands of the employees, but almost no progress was made through a series of negotiating sessions that ran through days into weeks.

As we reached what seemed an impasse, the Communist newspapers published a comprehensive regulation on procedure to be used in dismissal of employees. Reduced to its essentials, the regulation provided that employees must be paid a minimum of one month's pay as a dismissal bonus and could not claim more than three months' pay regardless of length of service. We read and re-read a translation of this decree. Nowhere did there appear to be any loopholes. At last law and order seemed to have taken over. Washington agreed that funds could be made available for payments on the indicated scale.

The USIS employee committee did not appear disturbed in the slightest when we called their attention to this announcement of a new labor policy. Their demands were unchanged. When I announced that there seemed to be nothing else to do except to apply to the labor bureau for mediation, the chairman, without pausing to consult, replied that the employees would be perfectly willing to join in a request for mediation. It was clear that something was wrong but after studying the Communist regulations once more we decided to go through with the request. We were soon to understand the factor that we had overlooked.

TO OPEN this demonstration of People's Democracy at work in the labor relations field, each side was invited to present its views on the issue, and each did so in a reasonably dispassionate manner while the din of the Communists' unnerving air raid defense rattled on outside the open windows. Having heard us out, the mediator spoke with a condescending smile: "It is quite clear," he said, his words being translated by one of the USIS committee members, "that your employees' claims are just and reasonable."

"Is the regulation, for some reason, inapplicable to this case?" I asked.

"It applies completely," the mediator assured me. "These employees are entitled first of all to three months' dismissal pay. In addition, they are clearly entitled to compensation for unjust withholding of money to which they were entitled and which you have not paid them from the time the People's Liberation Army entered Shanghai.

"I have made a computation," he went on, still smiling, "and the amount of underpayment plus the three months equals exactly the ten to thirteen months' pay they have demanded."

"In what way was there any illegal payment?" I asked with some heat.

"It is well known," the mediator replied, "that since the People's Liberation Army entered Shanghai, payment for services should have been made in proportion to the daily cost of living index or the price of rice. You have violated this law and you must now make compensation."

"I know of no such law," I told him. "Where and when has such a law as you mention ever appeared in print?"

"In the New China," my smiling instructor answered, "we do not find it necessary to publish our laws. People try things, and if they seem to work, then all cooperate in following the same procedures. Thus, these practices become the law without the necessity of writing them out, and foreigners, too, must obey our laws."

As the import of what he was saying sank in, I was convinced there was little use in going on, but I did point out that the decision was ex post facto legislation and nothing but an attempt on the part of the Communist authorities to evade their own regulations and to extort funds from the United States Government. The mediator abruptly left the room and I spoke briefly to the employee committee.

"You may count on one thing," I told them. "Whether or not this matter is ever settled, there will be no more of this so-called mediation by the Communist authorities. I am willing to continue discussion between ourselves at any time."

By the time the mediation effort had collapsed American staff members of USIS had begun the race to fulfill the requirements for exit visas. One of the senior members of my Chinese staff persuaded his neighborhood rice merchant to act as my guarantor. This merchant knew nothing of me nor did I ever meet him, yet he was willing to take a chance for the sake of his friend and customer. Later he was closely questioned by the secret police and what further consequences he may have suffered I have never learned.

When the date arrived for the presentation of exit applications, I joined the long queue of foreigners in front of the police headquarters building. All went well through a succession of crowded offices—until I arrived at the pay-off station, the desk where the exit visa was to be handed over. A genial Chinese civil servant held the final *chop* (seal) over my papers as he consulted a huge ledger.

"I am sorry," he said as he placed the *chop* back on the counter in front of him. "You are involved in a labor dispute. This must first be settled."

The issue had been clearly joined. The Communists were saying plainly that either the United States Government would pay more than $90,000 in ransom money or some of its employees would not leave China on the *General Gordon*.

When I returned to the Consulate General and learned that the exit visas of other Americans on the USIS staff had also been held up, I summoned the employee committee and announced, "So long as our exit visas are withheld, negotiations on dismissal bonuses are over."

I reminded the committee that I did not have $90,000 to pay their claims, nor even $1000, so holding me in China

(*Continued on page 44*)

American Questions and English Answers

On A Bumper Form*

THE STORY GOES that one traveller, presented with a form to fill in at New York containing the words, "Do you intend, during your visit, to carry out any action(s) designed to cause the overthrow of the United States Government?" inscribed in the space provided, "Sole purpose of visit."

That such pains or pleasures are not confined to the other side of the Atlantic is quickly revealed to any Englishman wishing to be employed by the American Embassy or one of its agencies in this country. The initial hurdle is to fill in a form of impressive complexity, containing 37 paragraphs—each with several subdivisions—on four sides of closely printed paper.

I began bravely with Question 1, on page one. This was simple enough: it asked for name in full, though a parenthesis conveyed the cosmopolitan nature of American agencies —("In the case of Spanish or Portuguese or other double names add mother's family name in parenthesis.") I was grateful that none of my Victorian forebears had sprinkled hyphens into our simple family names, and passed on serenely to Question 2. This read, "Marital Status," and six tiny boxes awaited the confirmatory tick. The boxes read from left to right, "Single," "Married," "Remarried," "Widowed," "Divorced," "Separated." It occurred to me that if one were not single, but unusually sophisticated in these matters, one could possibly tick five of the six boxes without stating a falsehood. I declared my single status.

Names and Addresses

The next request was for "Name at birth if different from above." Had I ever been known by other names? If "Yes," an explanation was required under Item 37—a large blank box at the end of the form. There was a moment's regret at not having any exciting aliases to register, or even perhaps "Secret Agent XP-402," with impressive hints at espionage work during the war. However, apart from one or two military sobriquets on the parade ground, which could hardly be registered here, I felt that I had never really been known by any other name.

The next question was a stiff test of memory: "Previous addresses during the past 10 years." This was a problem. Did it mean permanent addresses? or did those month-long addresses on Oxford vacations count? Would the F.B.I. agents check on those weekends at Bournemouth, that fortnight at Bognor in '49? My eye had already caught the warning note at the foot of page 4 on the form—"Any false statement is cause for dismissal. . . ." I chose permanent addresses, and hoped that my parents' penchant for moving house several times after the war would not make the security agents too foot-weary as they carried out their duties. Questions 14 and 18 were fairly simple, provided one knew the exact date and location of parents' birth, employment, habitation; but question 19 needed close attention: "Relatives—including brothers, sisters, and in-laws, *wherever located*."

Family Matters

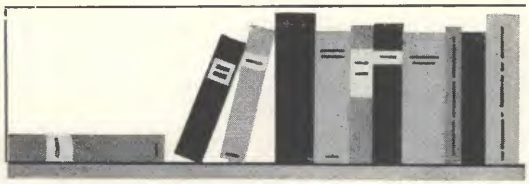
Both my parents, of good Edwardian stock, had seven or eight brothers and sisters, most of them married. I was never more grateful than now for their forbearance in giving me one brother and one sister. The phrase "wherever located" made me glad, too, that we were not a far flung family. This, one felt, was the nemesis of those hoping to conceal family skeletons. How, for instance, would one register a brother in the French Foreign Legion? . . . for addresses and occupation were demanded here, as elsewhere on the form. How list a sister painting in a garret in Montparnasse, or a brother-in-law jailed for embezzlement? Or

(*Continued on page* 45)

Photo by John P. McKnight

Stone Buddha at Kongju Museum

*Reprinted from the London TIMES.



THE BOOKSHELF

As France Goes. ***By David Schoenbrun. New York 1957. Harper and Brothers. 341 pp. $5.00. Index.***

Reviewed by Bernard B. FALL

"What is wrong with France?" has become one of the more fashionable parlor games of newspapermen and political writers the world over, from Luethy's well-known "France Against Herself" to Miss Lyubimova's "The Economy of France and the Situation of Her Working Masses after World War II" (Moscow 1952).

Thus, Schoenbrun's work emerges as a latecomer in an already crowded field, but its very organization immediately sets his book off from the others. This is no doubt due to his decade-long association with radio news broadcasting, where important events have to be boiled down to a few clear and hard-hitting sentences in order to fit into a fifteen-minute broadcast. Hence, this is a book with little if any "punditry," devoid of statistics, but lively and readable without sinking to the travelogue level.

The author devotes only forty-seven pages to the "case history" of what has seemed a rather sick patient, and then goes straight to an examination of the patient's present ailments. For Schoenbrun does not leave his reader in any doubt as to the fact that France is at present a very "sick man."

But after merely reading a few pages it becomes clear that surgeon Schoenbrun, far from conducting a post-mortem of his patient (as many of his fellow writers have been wont to do of late), rather performs a highly interesting and successful exploratory operation which shows the patient to be temporarily afflicted with certain ailments but perfectly sound in his essentials. However, "As France Goes" is by no means a whitewash of France's obvious mistakes and foibles. On the contrary, Schoenbrun succeeds in laying bare some of France's problems in clear and simple terms.

Particularly striking in view of France's governmental crises of 1957 is Schoenbrun's view of the split-personality role of the French Socialist Party in French postwar politics:

> "Only Socialists could have carried out such a program of colonial wars (i.e. Indochina and Algeria) and strikebreaking without provoking a bitter class war. . . . The Socialists thus made anti-Communism and colonialism respectable in France. They saved the Fourth Republic from the double threat of Communism and de Gaullism (sic), but at the expense of almost every principle for which they stood.
>
> "The Socialists knew they were being exploited by their allies of the (middle-of-the-road) Third Force, who cheerfully gave them all the 'dirty jobs' without compensation . . ."

This terrible Socialist dilemma is still with France today and no doubt will continue to dog French politics until a revised constitution brings about a clear-cut national majority in the French Parliament.

Another large item on France's debit side, according to Schoenbrun, is her failure to arrive at a policy in her overseas areas that would be in keeping both with her own economic and military capabilities and the new trends toward "de-colonization." Schoenbrun recognizes that France has spent a greater proportion of her income in improving her overseas areas than did "rich America" in providing Marshall Plan aid to Europe. In fact—and this is quite often ignored in the United States—France, according to a United Nations survey, holds at present the first place, percentage-wise, among the more advanced nations granting technical and economic aid to underdeveloped areas.

Yet, in Schoenbrun's eyes, nationalism will eventually take its course, for better or for worse, in French North Africa and perhaps in all of France's overseas areas and he fears that although "France's moral and legal claims to the Sahara are stronger than those of rival claimants" they, too, might be lost through a prolonged war in Algeria.

On the credit side of the ledger, however, Schoenbrun looks toward the unheralded—one might even say, almost deliberately suppressed in foreign news dispatches — "miracle" of French economic development. The French themselves often fall for their own tourist posters and picture themselves as a nation of thinkers and poets; while in fact, as the author shows, France can point to the world's fastest locomotives, the highest-flying helicopters and lowest-diving submarine devices as well as jet airlines and electronic calculators among the respectworthy achievements of her economic arsenal.

Thus, like everyone else—including forty-three million Frenchmen—Schoenbrun has his own set of reasons why the French behave, vote, work and live the way they do.

"The New America"

"I BELIEVE, too, that we must breathe new life into the Atlantic community. NATO has served and will, in some form, continue to serve an essential need for collective security. But let us recognize clearly that co-operation in defense implies and demands co-operation in political and economic affairs as well . . .

"A democratic government must never forget that it is no wiser and no stronger than the people whose servant it is. The sources of information are the springs from which democracy drinks. These waters alone can nourish and sustain us in a free way of life. This seems to me the central point, for unless the American people are given the information required to understand the needs of this tempestuous, turbulent period when the swirling waters of three revolutions are converging, they will listen to demogogues who promise quick and easy solutions. But the ideological revolution of Communism cannot be met by quick and easy solutions. Neither can the political revolution of the oppressed and the newly independent peoples, or the historic revolution of technology throughout the world.

"War holds no more promise for men of ill will than for men of good will. The mushroom cloud is impartial, falling on just and unjust alike. . . .

"I sometimes think that as a nation we become preoccupied with the machinery of defense as an end in itself —or at least we have succeeded in giving that impression to too much of the world outside . . . With a strong, modern defense, we can move on to the real job—the job of organizing the peace. We can't expect to do this overnight. Peace is the building of a community — the slow growth of just and orderly ways of settling disputes—the growing realization that there are no victories in war and that what is common to us all is more advantageous to us all than the excitements over what divides us. International law is growing, and therefore a just and orderly and peaceful world is growing, a step at a time.

"You know that we can lead the peoples of the earth away from the false beacons of Communism and slavery to a new age of human abundance and human fulfillment.

"We must guide the hopes of mankind away from the blind alleys of extreme nationalism or bogus Communist internationalism. We must turn them instead to an ideal of partnership between the nations in which disputes are settled by conciliation, not violence, and in which the weapons of death are limited and controlled. We Americans have never been and we will never be a nation content just to count today's blessings. . . .

"The program [foreign aid] should be shared with others. It will be far more effective if the industrialized nations of Europe contribute to the venture along with the United States. They stand to benefit in every way from assuming responsibility with us in this joint enterprise." — from *"The New America: The Basic Program Set Forth in the 1956 Campaign" by Adlai E. Stevenson, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 1957.*

As France Goes *(con't)*

But instead of citing dry statistics to prove his point, he prefers to sketch some brief vignettes of more or less typical Frenchmen.

According to Schoenbrun, it is this profound individualism of its people which—and this reviewer tends to agree with him—may yet make or break France. Still, no matter what France's political future as a big, small or medium-sized power may be, Schoenbrun believes that somewhere in deep space a French rocket will continue to disregard interplanetary stop signs: "because its pilot is a man and not a machine."

The Sea War in Korea. *Authors—Malcolm W. Cagle, Commander, USN and Frank A. Manson, Commander, USN, U. S. Naval Institute, 1957, pp. XIX; 555.*

Reviewed by Robert McCLINTOCK

"The Sea War in Korea," in addition to providing an extremely detailed and well written history of the naval aspects of the Korean conflict, is a valuable contribution to the as yet limited documentation on limited war in the second half of the 20th century. Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of the Naval Operations, in a perceptive foreword points out that of the many lessons of the Korean war three stand out above all others: first that the United States must be capable of effective counter-action, ranging from the use of a squadron of Marines to atomic-tipped ballistic missiles; second, control of the sea is a pre-requisite of modern war whatever its size, type or scope; and third that the Korean war was a limited war. "A limited war is the type of war most likely to occur in the thermonuclear age."

The authors discuss in great detail the campaigns in Korea and the naval aspects of those operations. These include the action at Pusan, the unrivaled success of the amphibious landing at Inchon and the Hungnam redeployment, neatly termed "an amphibious operation in reverse." There is likewise a detailed account of specialized aspects of naval warfare in Korea including the vital work of the minesweepers, the interdiction effort of naval air and the use of naval artillery both in support of ground troops and in the interdiction effort on both coasts. After each technical discussion there is a summation of lessons learned and conclusions to be drawn which are of utmost value, not only to the student of naval warfare, but likewise to the policy planner who reflects on the implications of limited war.

For the diplomatic student of limited war it is interesting to read the directive of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to General MacArthur in which the advance into North Korea was approved. This directive was a classic instance of the limited objectives demanded by the nature of limited war.

On the other side, the Chinese Communist Government had indicated its concept of limited war in Korea. According to the authors, Chou En-lai informed the Indian Ambas-

The Bookshelf

(from page 37)

sador at Peking that China would intervene in the event United Nations forces crossed the 38th parallel. Chou En-lai stated further that China would not intervene if only ROK troops entered North Korea.

Interesting also to the planner is the logistical aspect of war between an Occidental and an Asiatic power: "the average Chinese soldier required only 10 pounds of supplies per day in contrast with our own soldier's requirements of some 60 pounds per day."

Of equal cause for reflection is the account of the naval air and gun fire attempt at interdiction of Communist lines of communication. This reviewer, who visited the Korean battlefront in 1952, had already come to a similar conclusion; namely that in the contest between United Nations air and naval fire power the Communist coolie with an A-frame on his back and a pick in his hand came off equal despite the tremendous tonnage of bombs dropped and shells fired.

A quote from General Van Fleet, the last Commander in Korea, is illuminating: "We fought the Communist on his own terms even though we had the advantages of flexibility, mobility and fire power. We fought *his* way, which was terrible. We both sat and dug in, and he was the superior rat."

The book is of extreme value to students of limited war. Although naturally cast in a slant favorable to the Navy, it is fair in its evaluation of all three Services. The authors leave to future historians to settle the question "Did the United States win or lose the Korean war?" But with their own conclusion one can agree, that "without command of the seas between the Free World and Korea, and in the waters adjacent to that beleaguered peninsula, the Korean War, as fought, would most certainly have been *lost* both militarily and politically. . . ."

Parkinson's Law, *by C. Northcote Parkinson, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1957. 113 pages. $3.00.*

The statement, "The camel is an animal that looks as if it had been put together by a Committee," has inevitably been attributed to Anonymous, but the reader of "Parkinson's Law" may suspect that its author, C. Northcote Parkinson, if not actually the aforementioned Anonymous himself, is certainly a comrade-at-arms.

In the opening chapter of this collection of essays which takes its name from the original dissertation, "Parkinson's Law" (reprinted in the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, February 1956), Mr. Parkinson says of the Committee: "it is organic . . . it is not a structure but a plant. It takes root and grows, it flowers, wilts and dies, scattering the seed from which other committees will bloom in their turn." In this same vein, the author has included discussions of the Annual General Meeting, the Principles of Personnel Selection, the Administration Block and other topics of paramount interest to both the bureaucrat and business executive.

The Bookshelf

To assume that "Parkinson's Law" is merely humorous, however, is to commit a grave error. It is replete with very large grains of truth and it is exactly because of this, of course, that the book is so entertaining—and so thought-provoking. Mr. Parkinson, who holds the Raffles Chair of History at the University of Malaya, has written a number of scholarly works on naval, military and economic history. In his Preface he states: "The reader of discrimination will guess that the glimpses of truth are based on no ordinary experience. . . . I have been careful to hint, occasionally, casually, at the vast amount of research on which my theories are founded . . . the truths here revealed are the work not merely of an admittedly gifted individual but of a vast and costly research establishment. An occasional reader may feel that more detailed description should have been given of the experiments and calculations upon which these theories rest. Let him reflect, however, that a volume so elaborate would take longer to read and cost more to buy."

The book closes, appropriately enough, with a discussion of the Pension Point, which appeared in the November and December 1957 issues of the JOURNAL under the title, "Parkinson Looks at Retirement." The author says that almost daily developments, however, make it likely that later editions of the work will soon appear and suggests, for one thing, that the significance of the illegibility of signatures will probably provide material for future discussion.

"Parkinson's Law" is not only a valuable guide for those beginning government and business careers; it is a reminder to the too-firmly entrenched executive that it may be time for a reappraisal; and is a delightful experience for any reader.—H. H. H.

Power and Diplomacy *(from page 20)*

Political Precepts for Coalitions of Free States

Beyond—but not above—the desire to keep open and extend the opportunity to live in freedom, something more is needed. It is not inspirational in nature; rather it concerns the standard by which, if freedom is to be preserved, we shape our relations with non-communist states. It deals with the long view—with what we may properly ask of these others, and they of us; with what we should expect to come from what we give; with what things should concern us deeply and what should not. . . .

The task is to join with others to get a workable international system of free states. Whatever makes for the strength and unity of those who are trying to do this seems desirable; whatever weakens or divides them, undesirable. . . .

To be more specific, what sort of conduct between us and our closest allies meets the specifications laid down? Again the requirements are simple to state, if often hard to follow. First of all, each is entitled to expect of the others loyalty to the common enterprise. The survival of all may depend on this. Essential, too, is the most candid discussion and responsible consideration of any matter deeply affecting the interest of any of the associated states. But talk is not enough. Considerable sacrifices must be made on the part of all to get common action where the vital interests of any are involved. Finally, there is hardly a more lethal blow to any alliance than to have one ally join the enemies of other allies.

Americans, caught between the necessity of preserving our coalition with European nations and the desire to be influential with the new nations of Asia and Africa, have been learning how difficult it is, as Plautus said, "to blow and swallow at the same time." . . .

However much Asian leaders might want to keep free from any foreign domination, including Russian, they will not be able to do so—for they will not remain in power—unless they are able to make progress with economic development. To do this they must get help or adopt authoritarian methods. If help does not come from participation in a free world economic system which provides for it, it will come from the communist system. . . .

To countries still in the agricultural state we can give help to hasten their emancipation from it. This help will have to be a gift. Most of these countries have no commodities with which to pay; and for those that have, the proceeds of what they can sell are, from every point of view, best invested in their own development.

Another mistake which a leader of a coalition should avoid is worth brief mention. This is to be forced by pressures of domestic politics into a fixed position on a specific point of foreign policy. . . . The extent to which a people can be brought to see the values of the long view, and sacrifice for them, is always the ultimate limiting factor. It is not to all this that I am referring.

The point is a much narrower one. It concerns the adoption of a specific attitude toward a particular country because the pressure of specific blocs makes it expedient. . . . The damage lies in the fact that the nation, which should be the leader of the Western coalition, is so immobilized, by reasons unconnected with the effect of a policy upon the welfare of the coalition that it cannot lead. This weakens the coalition.

These lessons from our own experience show us something of the conduct which is needed from us, beyond the creation of power, to make possible a buoyant and expanding life in a world of free states. They teach the necessity for strength and unity among the closest allies at the center of power; the futility of trying to blow and swallow at the same time; the catastrophic result when one ally joins the enemies of the others; the possibility and importance of helping in the development of the states—even though they may criticize, irritate, and hamper us—who are needed in, and who need, the free world system. . . . Nowhere is it more true than in foreign relations that the tongue "is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," nor more needed the admonition, "keep well thy tongue and keep thy friend." Finally, just as a mental bloc may destroy the effectiveness of an individual's conduct, a political bloc may do the same for a nation.

Flight from Egypt (from page 30)

that he had been looking forward to my visit. His steward appeared. Did I like my coffee with or without sugar? I preferred my coffee sweet. The General inquired about conditions in Alexandria and then switched the conversation to the convoy. He was interested in the number of evacuees, their nationality, type of vehicles and our destination in Libya. Between sips of coffee he assured me that we would be permitted to continue our way to the Egyptian border. We could also use the road after dark. The road block between Matruh and Sallum had been alerted. A telephone rang in the next room. I thought it was time for me to go. I thanked him for his assistance. Once more we shook hands. The General escorted me to the door and wished me a safe return to Alexandria. His sentries snapped to attention and saluted.

I arrived at the camp just in time for lunch. The children had eaten earlier and four of the youngsters were playing near the rig. Some of the older boys were watching the Egyptian maintenance men operate two large transport units. The evacuees were in the mess shack. Some were opening cans. Others were slicing bread or serving sandwiches. A number were still suffering from the effects of "mal de mer". Two or three of the men were involved in humorous exchanges. Most of the other evacuees ate in thoughtful silence. The stress and strain of the journey was beginning to show. Ahead of them lay the most difficult part of the escape route.

Late afternoon found the convoy getting closer to the Egyptian border. The third road block had been negotiated without difficulty. Beyond Matruh the road swung inland and skirted the foothills of the Libyan plateau. The long stretch leading into the hills was in poor condition. Gullies had broken up the blacktop in the low-lying areas. The convoy was forced into two short detours through the desert. the weather still threatened. Visibility had not improved. Towards six o'clock a sedan was brought to a stop by engine trouble.

WILDERNESS, barren and hilly, hemmed in the column. Lookouts were posted against possible surprise by nomads. Twilight was fading rapidly into darkness. Men were working feverishly under the open engine hood of the sedan. Some of the evacuees were either resting or sleeping in their vehicles. A small group was standing on the road easing the stiffness from their legs. There was little conversation. A baby was crying. Suddenly the motor coughed once, twice—a long silence. It started again, sputtered and then settled to a steady beat. New distributor points had done the trick. Headlights were turned on. We got underway quickly.

The convoy pressed on towards the frontier. Thirteen hours had passed since our departure from Alexandria. It seemed years ago that I had stepped out of the Cecil Hotel and into the car. A stabbing pain had replaced the dull ache in back. My eyes felt hot and gritty. The wheel jerked in my numb hands each time the car rolled over the ruts in the road. Miles moved slowly on the mileage meter. Behind me the headlights bobbed up and down in the inky darkness. The muffled sound of the motor was my only companion. Time dragged by. I yawned several times. My head felt heavy. I opened the air vents and made a mental note to have a few extra cups of coffee at the next stop. The road narrowed and soon entered a ravine. On the other side the road dipped in a gradual descent. A turn to the right and then it opened onto level ground. A few yards ahead of me was a small cluster of buildings—Sallum. The convoy pulled up in front of the customs post at 9:45 p.m. An escarpment towered above us. It was the United Kingdom of Libya.

The small customs building appeared to be of recent construction. Three civilians and an Egyptian Army major were standing on the doorstep. They waited for me to speak. I introduced myself. One of the civilians stepped forward. He was in charge of the post. I shook hands with each one. The Major was the military commander of the Sallum area. All could speak English. My identity card was examined and returned. The senior customs officer said they were expecting us. Customs declarations were to be completed by each adult. His staff was ready to inspect our baggage. Passports were to be given to the Major for examination. Another customs officer called for a list of the convoy vehicles. He was especially interested in motor and registration numbers. But first would I come in and join them for coffee? I would be delighted.

THE VEHICLES were scattered in the wide courtyard separating the building from the road. Some of the men were unloading cases of food. Most of the children were asleep. The other evacuees were standing by their cars. I called them together and explained that they were to give their passports to one of the TWA employees for delivery to the customs office. I said nothing about customs declarations or baggage inspection.

I found the Egyptian officials in a dimly-lit office. They were sitting around a long rectangular table. A chair was brought in for me. Syrupy coffee was poured in demi-tasse cups. No one spoke. I remarked that it was the most fragrant coffee I had ever tasted in Egypt. Smiles brightened the drab room. Another sip. One of the evacuees walked in with the passports. I handed them to the Major. The customs chief began to talk about the role played by the Anglo-French in the hostilities. The other joined in. My cup was refilled. Talk now centered on the Israelis. Another evacuee came in with the list of vehicles. I gave it to the customs officer sitting next to me. Conversation shifted gradually to Egyptian-American friendship. The major returned the passports. He had found them "in order."

The room bulged with Egyptian and American men. Clouds of cigarette smoke swirled thickly. One of the Egyptian officials reminded the customs chief that our baggage had not been inspected. I said there were about eighty pieces. I had another sip of coffee. I spoke again. To save them time and effort I was willing to certify the baggage contained used personal effects only. A rapid flow of Arabic crisscrossed the room. There was a pause. I waited cup in hand. More rapid-fire Arabic. The customs head leaned over and thumped my back. I nearly went through the floor with pain. He said that my suggestion was a good one.

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Flight from Egypt

(from page 40)

Customs forms were produced and I signed an original and two copies. Chairs were pushed back from the table. We filed out of the office into the courtyard.

Stars were showing through broken patches of clouds. Temperature had dropped. What remained of our gas supply was transferred in drums to the two power wagons which were to stay with the convoy. The other two wagons, driven by Egyptian nationals, were to remain at Sallum overnight and then return to the camp at Matruh. The Major offered to escort the convoy half-way to Libyan territory. I thanked the customs officials for their hospitality. They promised to visit me at the Consulate General next time they were in Alexandria. The evacuees joined in the round of handshakes and goodbyes. Motors were started. The convoy assembled behind the Major's jeep. Moments later the vehicles were moving slowly through the debris of Sallum's World War II ruins. We were soon hairpinning up the steep slopes of the escarpment. After we cleared the pass the Major waved and then turned back. Headlights picked out black and white barriers. Thirty yards more and we stopped. It was near midnight. The convoy waited on Libya's doorstep.

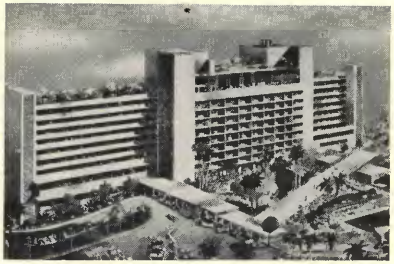
The barriers did not rise. A guard left his post and disappeared into one of the barracks near the road. I turned off the motor and eased out of the car. A cold biting wind sliced through my clothes. Good thing I had my top coat. I pulled up my collar. A shaft of pale light fell across the ground behind the sentry box. Someone was coming out of the compound area. The man walking towards me was a young Libyan officer.

His "good evening" had strong traces of a British accent. Later I learned that he had attended a British school in Tripoli. While he was examining my passport I asked him if the American consul at Benghazi had arrived. He flipped through the last few pages of the passport and returned it. No, the consul had not arrived. They were expecting him. He was overdue.

WHERE WAS THE consul? I was sure that the Consulate at Benghazi had received our cable. Someone, either the embassy at Tripoli or the Benghazi office had notified the frontier post of our expected arrival. The officer had just said that they were expecting the Consul. Only a few of the evacuees had Libyan visas. I had banked on the Consul being here to facilitate the admission of the others who did not have visas. My consular authority to protect United States citizens was valid only in Egypt. True, there were certain courtesies given to holders of diplomatic passports but beyond that I had no official standing in Libya. The officer's voice cut through my thoughts. He was asking me if we had Libyan visas.

Bracing myself for the worst I answered that six had visas. The officer frowned. He cleared his throat and said it was his understanding that visa holders only would be admitted. The others must wait until the Consul arrived and then enter the country under his custody. I came back quickly and reminded him of the emergency circumstances which had caused the Americans to seek safety in Libya. I pointed out that there hadn't been time to apply for Libyan visas

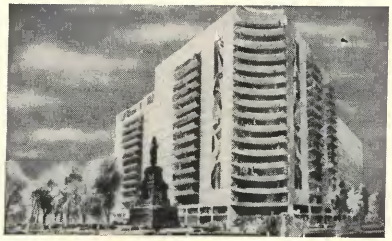
(*Continued on page 46*)



EL PANAMÁ HILTON
Panama, Republic of Panama

5 GREAT HILTON INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

THE CARIBE HILTON
San Juan, Puerto Rico, U.S.A.



THE CONTINENTAL HILTON
Mexico City, Mexico

THE CASTELLANA HILTON
Madrid, Spain

THE ISTANBUL HILTON
Istanbul, Turkey

OTHER HILTON HOTELS INTERNATIONAL

Montreal, Canada: THE QUEEN ELIZABETH (A C. N. R. Hotel) *Opening early 1958*
Havana, Cuba: THE HABANA HILTON *Opening early 1958*
Berlin, Germany: THE BERLIN HILTON *Opening 1958*
Cairo, Egypt: THE NILE HILTON *Opening 1958*
Acapulco, Mexico: THE ACAPULCO HILTON *Opening 1958*

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New York—401 Seventh Avenue, New York 1—LOngacre 3-6900. Philadelphia—ENterprise 6000 (Dial Operator). Pittsburgh—Gateway Center, Building 3—COurt 1-5600. Chicago—The Palmer House—FInancial 6-2772. San Francisco—100 Bush Street—YUkon 6-0576. Toronto—25 Adelaide Street, West—EMpire 8-2921. Miami—150 South East Avenue—FRanklin 9-3427. Montreal, Canada—1080 University Street—UNiversity 1-3301. Havana, Cuba—The Habana Hilton-Edificio Ene-Calle N266—Telephone F3296. Madrid, Spain—The Castellana Hilton—Telephone 37-22-00. Cable: Hiltels-Madrid, or any Hilton Hotel. *Sales Promotion Office* (for information on groups and special arrangements) The Waldorf-Astoria, New York 22, N. Y.—Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2240. Joseph T. Case, Sales Manager.

Hilton Hotels International

CONRAD N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

Shanghai Alma Mater (from page 34)

could not accomplish their objectives in any case. Furthermore, I said, even if the United States Government might regard its USIS staff as worth $90,000 in ransom money, it would never consider us as important as the sacrifice of principle which would be involved in payment.

This sort of argument had an effect, and I soon began to receive repeated requests for a new interview. Each time I flatly refused to discuss dismissal bonuses until all American staff members had unconditional exit visas.

With a Chinese, friendship dies hard. Because of that fact the break I had been hoping for came suddenly. One of the older members of the negotiating committee had remained silent during all the tedious meetings. Now he encountered me unexpectedly on the street with a personal suggestion. We agreed to meet at midnight in the garden of the old German School. The precise place, a bench near the swimming pool, was designated, and the tryst was kept on schedule. My friend's English was somewhat limited, but he made the position clear in a few words. Most of the employees, he told me, were prepared to accept a reasonable settlement if they could get it, but they were afraid to say so openly because of the Communist minority among them. He asked what the absolute maximum was which the United States Government would be willing to pay. I gave him a frank reply. I told him that I felt we could justify to Washington an outlay of a little less than one-third the demands of the employees, or the equivalent of from three to four months' pay.

This quiet, kindly Chinese remarked that there were very few USIS employees who would refuse such an offer, which they would consider more than generous. Yet, because of Communist surveillance, arrangements would be difficult. He asked me to withhold any offer until he gave me a private sign. Timing, he cautioned, was everything. There must be no overt move until the votes were lined up. I reminded him that I was not prepared to make a further offer in any event until the matter of exit visas had been cleared up. He agreed that action would be taken first on that matter.

John Henderson (with arms upraised), due to disembark in Hong Kong where he continued to supervise USIS-China until June of 1950, was allowed to take only $22.50 with him.

While I had serious doubts as to his ability to deliver under the circumstances, I was ready to grasp at any straw. I knew this man was risking his life in doing what he had done, and I told no one of the understanding that we reached that night. I stood pat and refused to see any further delegations of employees.

One day, about three or four days before the *General Gordon* was due, I was passing through a little-used hallway of the Glen Line Building when I met my friend of the midnight meeting by the swimming pool.

"All set," he said, and passed on.

THAT SAME afternoon I agreed to attend a mass meeting providing no effort would be made to negotiate dismissal honuses. I was assured that no negotiation would be involved. The meeting took place in the USIS library late in the day. There were numerous speeches by the Communist cadre members denouncing the United States for imperialistic policies and refusal to recognize the justice of its employees' demands. At length I was asked to comment.

I began by saying that I felt there had been a miscalculation. The imminent arrival of the *General Gordon,* I said, had led many to believe that I was eager to conclude negotiations before the ship left. Emphatically this was not so. On the contrary, I had made up my mind to remain in China indefinitely rather than acquiesce in payment of ransom to kidnappers. Unless the employee committee immediately addressed a letter to the Shanghai authorities, withdrawing all objection to the issuance of exit visas and specifically agreeing to accept substitute negotiators, I simply would stay on in Shanghai, and there would be no termination bonus of any kind.

The response was instantaneous and voluble. Shouts of "retract," "retract" went up in the crowded library room. One of the youngest members, not a Communist, jumped to his feet. I had insulted the entire staff, he said hotly, by calling them kidnappers and extortionists. He demanded that I withdraw the language I had used.

"I will retract gladly," I said, "when I have an exit visa."

From the rear of the room my friend spoke.

"I move," he said hesitatingly, "that we inform the Shanghai municipal authorities that there is no further objection to the issuance of exit visas to the American staff of USIS."

In the hubbub that ensued, the chairman of the meeting asked that I leave the room. The verdict was not long in coming. Despite the objections of the Communist cadre, the staff had carried the motion overwhelmingly. I returned to the library and congratulated the staff on their good judgment. A written request to the Communist authorities was drawn up, duly signed and handed over on the spot.

I then made a settlement proposal of the magnitude discussed during the swimming pool meeting and asserted that it was the Government's final offer. There were some more speeches, but within a few minutes I was again asked to leave the room while a vote was taken. By a large majority the employees voted to accept on condition that I withdraw

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Editorials *(from page 28)*

of Editors desires to emphasize what is already contained in our masthead, i.e., that the views expressed in various articles in the JOURNAL do not necessarily represent the views of the Board or of the Department of State. What we are all agreed upon is that by the widest exchange of honest and friendly views we seek to make a better and more effective Foreign Service, with that high standard of morale which comes from fitting the right people in the right place.

Security Quiz *(from page 35)*

even locate a brother chasing butterflies in the Amazon basin? These were flights of fancy, however, and I inwardly thanked my brother and sister for their urban domesticity.

Question 20 went off at a tangent: "List any business connexions you have or have had in the United States." And there was an easy coasting along on "Nones," or "Not applicables" until question 30: "List below every position you have held since you first began employment. Start with the present position and work backwards to first position. If not enough space, use a continuation sheet." There was ample room to enter here a goodly list of jobs, with "reasons for leaving," and "salary earned" to be stated.

UNBLUSHING YES

Question 32 was a gem: "Within the past 12 months have you ever used intoxicating beverages?"—and there were the tiny boxes labelled "Yes," "No." Unblushingly I ticked the "Yes." But this was merely the softening up. The next question was a true test of character: "If so, has it been to excess?" I wondered which aspirant for employment would tick the "Yes" in this case, and hopefully entered a tick in the "No" box.

I was not yet in the clear, for a footnote to 32 said that if any "Yes" appeared there, concerning beverages, explanations were necessary under the accommodating box 37. I carefully inscribed under 37: "I often take sherry before dinner; I enjoy wine with a good meal; I occasionally attend cocktail parties: I frequently take a glass of ale; and brandy or liqueurs, when offered, are savoured." I returned to the questions in a heroic, George Washington mood.

Question 35 referred darkly to any association with "persons or bodies advocating or approving the commission of acts of force or violence to deny other persons their rights under the Constitution of the United States. . . ." I wondered vaguely what these rights were. But I was now too tired for excursions into the metaphysics of American Democracy. I signed the form, sat back, then thoughtfully poured myself a (small) whiskey.

Tranquillity in Vespa-land

EMBASSY personnel are herewith reminded of the following local laws of interest to householders: the quiet period from 2 to 4 p.m. (and after 10 p.m.) is a legal one and complaints may be registered with the police for violations; the same is true for those who water plants on their terraces (to the annoyance of neighbors underneath) before 10 p.m.—*From the Rome Embassy News Bulletin.*

Flight from Egypt *(from page 42)*

either in Cairo or in Alexandria prior to the convoy's departure. Those with visas had obtained them before the hostilities. He appeared embarrassed. I took another tack and expressed my concern over the whereabouts of the Consul. It was quite possible that he might not reach the frontier post until morning. A special flight was landing at Tobrouk at noon to take the evacuees to Rome. Facing us was one hundred and fifty miles or more to Tobrouk. Getting aboard that plane was of vital importance to us. He remained silent. In desperation I asked if I could see his commanding officer. The officer hesitated and then said he thought it could be arranged. He excused himself and moved quickly towards the barracks.

Somebody yelled: "Hey Nick! Let's get this caravan moving." I returned to the convoy. Evacuees were huddled in their cars. Four men were tightening the canvas covers on the power wagons. Their comments about the delay were not for the drawing room. After their steam had vaporized in the frosty air I told them that our Consul was not here. Benghazi was about four hundred miles from the frontier. He may have been delayed somewhere along the line. Unexpected problems had arisen which called for a bit of patience. I would do my best to get them across the border as soon as possible. In the meantime blankets were to be issued to everyone.

The officer came back. He said that his commanding officer was waiting for me in his office. We walked to a barracks building on the far side of the compound. The door opened into a corridor. A few steps and we entered a small office on the left. Two oil lamps gave flickering light to the room. A major was seated behind the desk. Above him on the wall was a picture of King Idris. The junior officer made the introductions. I was invited to sit down. Would I like a cup of coffee? I accepted.

I apologized for disturbing him at this late hour and repeated what I had said to his officer earlier. Two cups of coffee were brought in on a brass tray. The Major took a sip and after a few moments asked me if I had a list of the evacuees showing nationality and passport number. Yes, I had one carbon copy. He nodded his head and then asked if I had a list of the convoy vehicles and their motor numbers. Yes, I had that also. We had another sip of coffee and stood up. Two officers came in. The Major said something in Arabic to his subordinates. One of them left the room. He sat down again and said a call was going through to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Tripoli.

During the next thirty minutes the Major and I had two more cups of coffee. We chatted about the nationalization of the Suez Canal and subsequent events. By this time I had passed the point of no return. I was numb with exhaustion. The Major was saying something about the scenic beauty of Benghazi when the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver. I understood the Arabic "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" but the rest of the conversation whipped by me untouched. A final "Yes, sir" and the receiver was returned to its cradle. He smiled and said he had been authorized to issue a seven-day transit permit to those in our group who did not have visas. His subordinates worked quickly. Passports were stamped and initialed. Baggage inspection was waived.

Flight from Egypt

Shortly after one-o'clock the barriers went up. The convoy moved into Libya.

Nearly forty-five minutes had elapsed since we had crossed the border. The convoy was in its twentieth hour. Two more were facing us. A frontier patrolman was with me. He had been given leave and was returning to his home in Tobrouk. His knowledge of English was limited. My Arabic had its limitations too. But somehow we managed a long conversation about the German occupation of Libya. The road was on a narrow causeway open on both sides to drops of about six to ten feet. Once in a long while a truck headed in the other direction squeezed by the convoy. The weather was improving. More stars were visible but clouds still lingered.

My thoughts returned to the mystery of the missing Consul. Suddenly I saw what I thought was a bicycle light. It was blinking on and off. Another two hundred yards and a policeman came into view. He was standing in the middle of the road waving his flashlight. The convoy cut its speed and stopped by a small hut. It was a police outpost. From uncertain translation I gathered that a passing truck had informed them that two Americans had been in an accident about twenty miles west of the station. The policeman asked if he could ride with us to the scene of the accident. I said he was certainly welcome to come along. The report was relayed to the evacuees.

Convoy speed was stepped up to fifty miles an hour. Horrible visions of twisted wreckage and two men dead or seriously injured spurred me on. Mile after mile went by without any sign of the wreck. The road swung into a long curve to the left and then mounted a rise. Bright headlights were shining in the distance. About a mile further on a sedan was standing close to the edge of the road. Beside it a man was waving his arms for us to stop. I braked quickly and pulled up in front of the car. A strong American accent said "Brother, are we glad to see you!" It was Tom Judd, our Consul.

The other American was an employee of the Oasis Oil Company, a U.S. oil firm in Libya. Both men were unhurt. Several more attempts to locate the trouble failed. The motor refused to budge. One of the power wagons was eased alongside the sedan and tow lines were secured to the bumpers of both vehicles. The policeman decided to remain with the convoy and return to his barracks at Tobrouk. Once again we got underway.

TOM STARTED to unfold his story. He had arrived at Tobrouk the previous afternoon and had gone to the town's one and only hotel to complete the billeting arrangements. Since there was not enough space he had gotten in touch with the agents of a small Greek liner which was scheduled to remain at anchor in the harbor for a few days. Agreement was reached whereby a number of the evacuees were to be given overnight accommodations on the ship. On his return to the hotel he ran into his friend who offered to accompany him to the frontier in one of the company's newest cars. Tom agreed and parked the Consulate's sedan in the hotel courtyard. About halfway to the frontier the car stalled. They had stopped a truck travelling in the direction

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Flight from Egypt

(from page 47)

of the border and had asked the driver to report their plight to the nearest police post. They waited at least two hours on the road. During that time there had been a complete absence of traffic bound for Tobrouk. Tom went on to say he had been tormented with anxiety over the possibility of the evacuees being held up at the border. Our headlights had been a most welcome sight. His experience, mental and physical, would remain with him for a long time.

WE WERE nearing Tobrouk. I told Tom about the British civilian stranded at El Alamein. He said he would telephone the British consul at Benghazi in the morning. The lights of Tobrouk glowed on the horizon. By 4:30 a.m. the evacuees were in the lobby of the hotel. No space was available.

The hotel owner explained to Tom he had waited until two o'clock before turning the rooms over to other guests. He had not expected us to arrive at such a late hour. We trudged back to the vehicles. Perhaps there would be accommodations on the ship for the entire group. A converted amphibious landing craft of the LCT class was waiting at the harbor quay to take us to the liner. The evacuees carried their baggage on board. Exhaustion spared no one. Every step was an effort. The children were crowded in a sheltered area on the open deck. Most of the evacuees were wrapped in blankets. My teeth were chattering from the cold. Pain was shooting through my legs and shoulders. I thought bitterly all we needed now was a message telling us the plane had been grounded because of the weather.

The landing craft was approaching the Greek liner. Not a single light was showing on the ship. The LCT circled and came in towards the liner's stern. No response. The captain pulled on his whistle cord and a shrill blast echoed in the harbor. Still no response. Once again the landing craft circled the vessel. A longer blast on the whistle failed to rouse the crew. The captain's language brought back nostalgic memories of my Navy days. Another attempt ended the same way as the first two. Back at the quay the evacuees unloaded their luggage. Purgatory couldn't be any worse, I thought.

We returned to the hotel. The time was twenty minutes after five. Daybreak was not far off. Evacuees slumped into lobby armchairs and divans. Others more or less collapsed on the floor. Five or six of the men stretched out in the vehicles. I found a vacant corner near the dining room.

Someone was tugging my coat. I got up with a start. It was Tom. At first I thought he had said the plane was not coming in. He repeated that it was 9:30 a.m. The airport had a message from Rome saying the plane would be arriving around noon. It was time for us to head for the airport.

Sleepy evacuees were sitting in the outdoor patio of the hotel. It was bright and warm. The two school teachers were trying to decide whether to go on to Benghazi with the Consul or remain with the group. Oasis was to take custody of Sahara's vehicles at the airport. The American oil company had agreed to return them eventually to Sallum where they would be repossessed by Sahara employees from Matruh. My roll call brought the evacuees together. They were anxious to get to the airport. Tom came out of the hotel and said he had called the British Consul about their

Shanghai Alma Mater

(from page 44)

the appellation "kidnapper" as applied to them. I immediately agreed, and the dispute was finished. With the employees' petition in hand, I visited the Foreign Affairs Bureau the next day and was told that if I would apply at the central police station for my exit visa there would be no further difficulty.

Two days before the *General Gordon* sailed the final payment of the USIS employees took place. For them it was a happy occasion and a delegation called on me to invite me to be the guest of honor at a celebration picnic. I declined, explaining that I would be too busy, completing exit formalities.

* * *

No more than four months were required to complete the educational process for most of the American residents of Shanghai, although some few stayed longer through choice or compulsion. Some 363 had had enough of the instruction on Chinese Communism by September 24, 1949, when the SS *General Gordon* finally broke away from her moorings and made her way down the Whangpoo River to the Yangtze and the sea.

All things considered it had been an educational bargain, since there was no tuition nor problem of curriculum. All was arranged automatically. There were no fixed hours; there were no bells to signal the end of one class and the beginning of another; there was no campus nor any academic rules; there was no homework unless you counted an occasional prayer. There was no baccalaureate service nor convocation; only a grim-faced customs official who, wielding a Chinese *chop*, stamped the bags, the exit visas, the currency records, the police clearances and anything else carried by the graduates.

Instead of a board of regents, there stood behind the customs official, sharp-eyed, blue-uniformed commissars, a new breed to Shanghai, and rosy-cheeked boys from North China, with hand grenades slung along their mustard green uniforms and cruelly-sharp bayonets gleaming at the tips of man-sized rifles.

The 1,200 departing foreigners who were disposed within the stifling holds or on the capacious decks of the *General Gordon* may have been uneasily aware that the safe-conduct guarantees took no account of the uncooperative nature of floating mines in the darkness, but for all these refugees, school was out. There was no sorrow in the parting.

New Year's Eve in Budapest

Former Ambassador Nathaniel P. Davis, in his newspaper column "Pen Sketches" tells of a sad New Year's Eve experience of one of his Hungarian friends: "He was out for a joy ride the last night of the year. Shortly after midnight a policeman stopped him, took up his driving license and registration card, and with a cheery 'The Government needs your car, Happy New Year' ordered him to the sidewalk."

Flight from Egypt

(from page 48)

civilian at El Alamein. He had been assured official action would be taken immediately through the Swiss Legation at Cairo. The teachers decided at the last moment to stay with the group.

Led by Tom the convoy moved out of the courtyard. The British airbase was about fifteen miles outside of Tobrouk. Shortly before eleven the evacuees were having their breakfast in the AF officers' dining room. Ham and eggs pushed morale up to a new high. Someone reported that the plane had been sighted. Contagious excitement surged through the evacuees. There was a rush to see the plane land. What followed reminded me of a scene from a class reunion. Shouted greetings, hearty backslapping and riotous laughter united the TWA group with the plane crew. Public relations-minded airline men snapped photographs of the plane, the crew and the evacuees. The luggage was piled onto a cart and rolled out to the plane. As the last bag disappeared into the Super-Constellation the two teachers rushed up to me and said they had obtained space on a small RAF plane destined for Tripoli. Could we unload their luggage please? We did.

Shortly after one-o'clock the plane taxied to the far end of the field. It turned and then waited for its take-off signal from the tower. Engines roared and the concrete streaked beneath us. Before the wheels had left the ground I was falling asleep. The last thing I was conscious of was that someone was putting a blanket over me.

Letters to the Editor (from page 52)

Foreign Lands," that might well be reprinted in our JOURNAL:

"Travelers in foreign lands should always remember that they will be judged by their attitude, acts and behavior.

"It is common sense to respect the seemingly strange and different customs in other countries, no matter how much they differ from one's own. There are logical reasons for some of these customs and for a visitor to assume a patronizing or belittling attitude creates unnecessary friction and ill-will.

"Sometimes one may become impatient with what appears a complicated method and prolonged 'red tape' when embarking or disembarking in another country. However, the administration of customs, inspection and immigration is best suited to the needs of the particular country visited and will not be changed overnight. Time may be important to the traveler, but it does not alter the procedure established for handling foreign visitors.

"Travelers abroad can be most helpful in building goodwill by showing respect and consideration for the language and customs of each country. Certainly any language sounds strange if one does not understand it. And ways of living may appear completely different when judged by one's own standards.

"All nations are proud of their history, heritage and customs. Travelers can learn much from other peoples and races, particularly if they are cordial, interested and receptive. Natives of most countries generally respond to friendliness and cooperation and it certainly pays unexpected dividends.

"Both now and in the future, the cultures of ancient and younger countries will mingle as never before—largely because of the phenomenal development of international air travel. World tourists today are in an enviable and historical position. Not only do they carry the individual responsibility of being 'ambassadors of goodwill' for their respective countries, but they can materially contribute to better international harmony and understanding by showing qualities of tactfulness, courtesy and cordiality in their relations with peoples of other lands."

George Ourfalian

Paris

Duchess

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I'm sure that the news of the death of a dog does not normally warrant a notice in the JOURNAL.

Duchess, a boxer I bought in England in 1948, however, was as well-known and probably as much-loved as almost anyone in the Foreign Service. I don't suppose I ever had a letter from any of my friends without the addition of regards to Duchess.

If you do not consider it inappropriate, you might wish to put in some sort of a notice as:

> Died—New Delhi, India, September 25, 1957
> Duchess, beloved boxer belonging to Peg and Leo Gentner.

Leo Gentner

New Delhi

"Pinch Penny Diplomacy"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

With reference to the item "Pinch Penny Diplomacy: Whence the Pinch" in the Washington Letter in the November issue of the JOURNAL, it may be added that the value of diplomatic entertaining cannot be measured by the number of reams of information obtained per dinner or drink purchased, although this may apply to the work of the technical attachés.

The chief of post, as the representative of his government, is extended various courtesies, dinners, luncheons, receptions, cocktail parties, by the local government, his foreign diplomatic colleagues and the leading personalities of the community. It thus becomes a matter of personal self-respect, and of national self-respect, to return such courtesies as a moral and social duty. The professional profit is not so much actual information obtained, but the personal relationships established. And when sticky international problems arise, it is easier to deal with a personal acquaintance, often a friend, than with a stranger whose hobbies, prejudices and characteristic reactions are unknown.

It is this element that makes social life a part of the diplomatic profession. It is this element that is overlooked by those who consider diplomatic life merely an opportunity to consume tea, cookies, and champagne.

Edwin C. Kemp
FSO, Ret'd.

Melrose, Mass.

"Diplomat's Wife"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I was interested in reading in Mr. Stewart's column of the November issue that twenty-five years ago an FSO felt that a book on etiquette should be published for the use of the Service. I should like to call attention to the splendid book of that nature written by Richard Boyce and published by Harper Bros., called "Diplomat's Wife." Mr. Boyce's book capably answers the many questions that arise in the Service and is both practical and entertaining. It has been endorsed by many prominent people and was reviewed in the JOURNAL by Mrs. Ellis Briggs.

I feel that this book is a must for everyone in the Foreign Service.

(*Mrs.*) *Antoinette Hawley*

Washington

"More Professional"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I am writing to express my satisfaction with the JOURNAL. In the past year or so I have noted a decided improvement in presentation and content. The art work and general layout are more professional, while the articles and general instructional material are I find more interesting and useful.

Keep it up.

B. B.

New York

it. You will hear it so often that you will just come to know what it means." Other favored words appear quite often which I recall. I refer "*expertise,*" "*methodology,*" "*contractation,*" "*obfuscate,*" "*non sequitur,*" and most important, "*annualization.*" If there is anyone here who doesn't understand these words, you are not alone.

Also, I became familiar with Departmental quips or special phrases used in day-to-day conversations and bandied back and forth in staff meetings. I found them very descriptive of the situations which were under discussion. I first learned from the Office of Personnel about a "*body.*" I was told that some were "*warm*" and some were "*cold.*" I also learned about "*slots.*" I was told about the "*other side of the coin,*" and about "*hardening of the intellectual arteries,*" and how to keep "*walking on eggs without breaking them.*" I learned that "*a duck is a duck if he swims, quacks and walks like a duck.*" I was told about "*touching base*" with someone, and "*crash projects.*" When something was particularly bad, I heard it was a "*bucket of worms.*" In connection with Dr. Hoskins' Foreign Service Institute, someone said, "*Training, like love, is a wonderful thing!*" Over in the Personnel shop, I was advised the Career Development Program was "*tattooing*" everybody. Then, when someone proposed a rather wild idea, he was accused of "*sitting up on Cloud 7.*" Lastly, I hear daily complaints from the Office of Budget that they have "*too many balls in the air at one time.*" So you see, I have been fairly well educated in these years. In one of the hearings on the Hill, I was accused of making "bureaucratic" statements. I take that as a tribute in that I am at long last acquiring some expertise.

Some kind things have been said about me today, and let me now tell you how I feel about you and the service you are rendering your country. I wish I could roll the clock back to a point where I could qualify as a Foreign Service Officer. That being impossible, I shall not hesitate to "sing your praises" wherever I am.

One of the outstanding qualities of a Foreign Service Officer is that you put your duty and responsibilities ahead of your personal convenience and desires. Let me illustrate: I had been in my office only a few weeks when I learned that the Foreign Service Officer who was then Deputy Director of the Office of Personnel was scheduled for overseas assignment and was leaving August 1. I asked him if he would stay with me a while longer, to help in my operational responsibilities in connection with the Office of Personnel. Without hesitation he said, "Well, I have just given up my house; it will mean some additional expense in renting new quarters and I have already placed my furniture in storage; but, if you want me to stay until January, I will be glad to do so." I said, "Don't you want to talk it over with your wife?" and he replied, "No, I don't think that will be necessary—she understands." This recitation of a Foreign Service Officer's reaction to a special call for duty and service remains very vivid in my mind, and especially that part which illustrated the close family relationship and understanding on the part of the wives, wherein this Officer could say without qualification, "She understands." Now, I have seen many similar instances of sacrifice, not only of personal desires and convenience but also sacrifice of accumulated savings. I hope the time will come when Uncle Sam will extend his allowances fund further so that the financial losses will be eased.

These same qualities apply to the Civil Service employees of the Department. I have had a most wonderful experience with them. I have served with many of them and have found them to be capable and dedicated.

So, I take home with me the memory of these sacrifices, the long work hours, your dedication to duty. And, if I may, on behalf of those of us who have been involved in industry all our lives, I wish to thank you and say "God bless you". . . .

If we have capable, experienced men assigned to the administrative area, they will attract other officers of like qualities. Mr. Henderson, I pay tribute to you here today for your devotion to the administrative work and your untiring efforts in bringing about all the personnel improvement programs which have been undertaken here.

Before closing, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to make an award. I have with me a special certificate which I have been authorized by the Governor of Nebraska to present to Loy W. Henderson, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration. This certificate commissions Mr. Henderson as an Admiral in the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska and does "strictly charge and require all officers, seamen, tadpoles and goldfish under his command to be obedient to his orders as Admiral."

Château Lascombes is in the heart of the Bordeaux district which Ambassador Houghton visited during the wine festival last fall.

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.

"Our Association: What Should It and What Can It Do?"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

It seems to many of us what is needed now to mobilize and properly direct support for the Service is a Citizens' Committee for the Promotion of a more effective Foreign Service consisting of a broad representational group of prominent friends of the Service to accomplish the following objectives:

1) Sponsor and support legislation in Congress for the best interests of the Service.

2) Explain to the friends of the Foreign Service tactics and objectives in the campaign for concrete legislation so that they will be able to support such legislation individually with appropriate Members of Congress.

3) Mount, facilitate and sustain a campaign for more popular support of the Service in grass roots America through mass media such as television, radio, press and periodicals, etc.

4) Enlist the support (political, financial and public relations) of major U. S. business interests (Oil, Steel, Automobiles, Chemicals, etc.), which rely heavily on the Foreign Service in carrying out their business abroad.

5) Establish and solicit continuing support for a fund to finance the expenses of the Committee itself and its staff, including fees for the best professional, legal, public relations and political experts available in order to gain popular support for the Service and legislation to strengthen and improve it. This fund could also be used to finance such activities of importance to the Service as a campaign to assist in recruiting prospective F.S.O.'s, establishment of scholarships for F.S.O. children, promotion of "sabbatical years" for Foreign Service personnel to gain practical experience and training in the increasingly diverse fields covered by the Service and a scheme to help with personal, financial, and educational problems of individual F.S.O.'s, etc.

6) Approach the principal U. S. Foundations for financial and public relations support for the activities of the Committee.

The foregoing is a mere skeleton outline of an idea but it is submitted in the hope that the A.F.S.A. will adopt it as a project and assist in carrying it forward. In this, the Association must obviously remain in the background, but in helping to carry out the objectives of the Committee—once established—the Association and its members could assist by assuring:

1) A flow of suggestions regarding needed legislation: 2) Support for the Committee's legislative programs through individual approaches by members to their own Congressmen and Senators; 3) Assistance for the grass roots program including writing, public appearances, and the possible formation of a speakers bureau of members available to speak about the Service to local groups in the United States; 4) Suggestions re U. S. business firms and personalities to be approached for support of the Committee's activities; 5) Assistance in raising money for the Committee's fund and proposing projects for its use; and 6) Proposal of projects designed to gain support of foundations for the Committee's Program.

The immediate problem is the establishment of the Committee which, I submit, should be initiated by approaches to a number of prominent citizens who might be willing to serve on such a Committee by the senior and more influential members of the Association with the full and continuing support of the membership. For this purpose, I suggest that a special committee of the Association be formed to: 1) Canvass the membership for suggestions and support for this project; 2) Submit more detailed proposals to the Board for the initiation of the project; and 3) Serve as the continuing channel for cooperation between the Association and the Committee once it has been established.

Arthur A. Compton

Washington

Through The Tradesmen's Entrance

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Though Charles Knox Jr. did not mention it in his fine editorial, "Through the Tradesmen's Entrance," last month, it might well be pointed out that big business, as well as the individual FSO, has often benefitted from the economic training given FSOs by State. Many a Foreign Service Officer has retired or resigned to take an important and highly-paid job overseas which made use of the economic background and experience he had gained while in the Service.

G. T.

New York

Travelers

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Jean H. DuBuque, editor of the CAT Civil Air Transport *Bulletin* in the September, 1957 issue from Taipei, Taiwan, makes a good point in an editorial, "When Traveling in

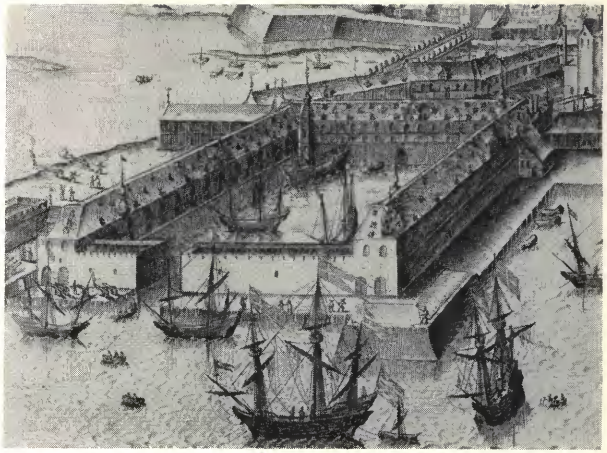
(*Continued on page 50*)

Seventeenth Century Cities

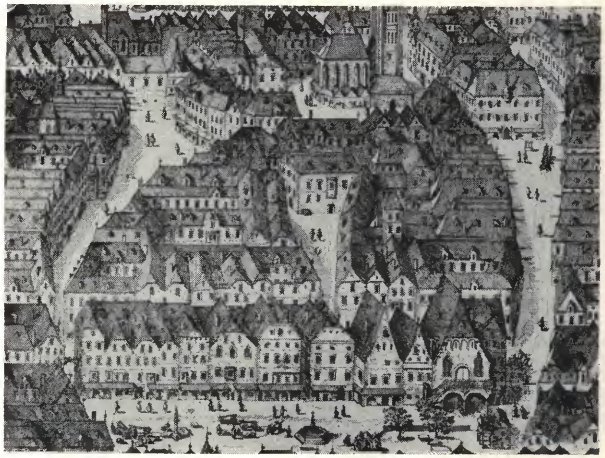
A LITTLE OVER fifty years ago a collection of rare sixteenth and seventeenth century engravings, largely of European cities, was discovered quite by chance by the Librarian of Stockholm's Royal Library when he was browsing in a corner of his library. When the folio was taken to a book binder a pearl was found at the back of the volume, indicating that the folio hadn't been opened since it left the shelves of its original owner, the Count de la Gardie, two centuries earlier.

Last month fifty of the prints, selected by the librarian's grandson, were exhibited at the Library of Congress, and will be shown at other American cities under the sponsorship of the Smithsonian Institution Travelling Exhibition Service during this coming year. They are all remarkable not only for their almost perfect state of preservation and historical value but for their topographic and architectural detail.

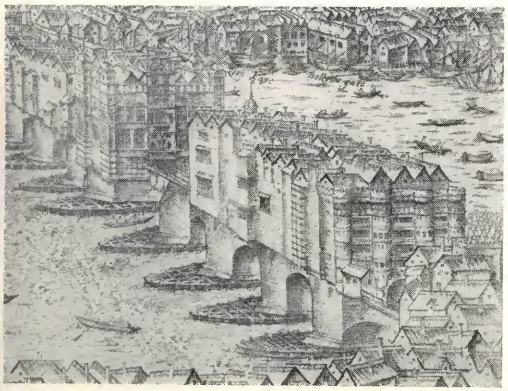
The most unique of this collection of Sweden's famous Chancellor, Count Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, is the Hoefnagel engraving of Vienna pictured at center right, showing the city surrounded by fortifications erected against the Turks, as seen from the bank of the Danube. This is the only known copy extant of Hoefnagel's engraving.—G.T.B.



COPENHAGEN, 1611 Engraved by Jan Diricksen



VIENNA, 1609 Engraved by Jakob Hoefnagel



LONDON, 1600 Engraved by John Norden

STOCKHOLM. 1650 Engraved by Wolffgang Hartman