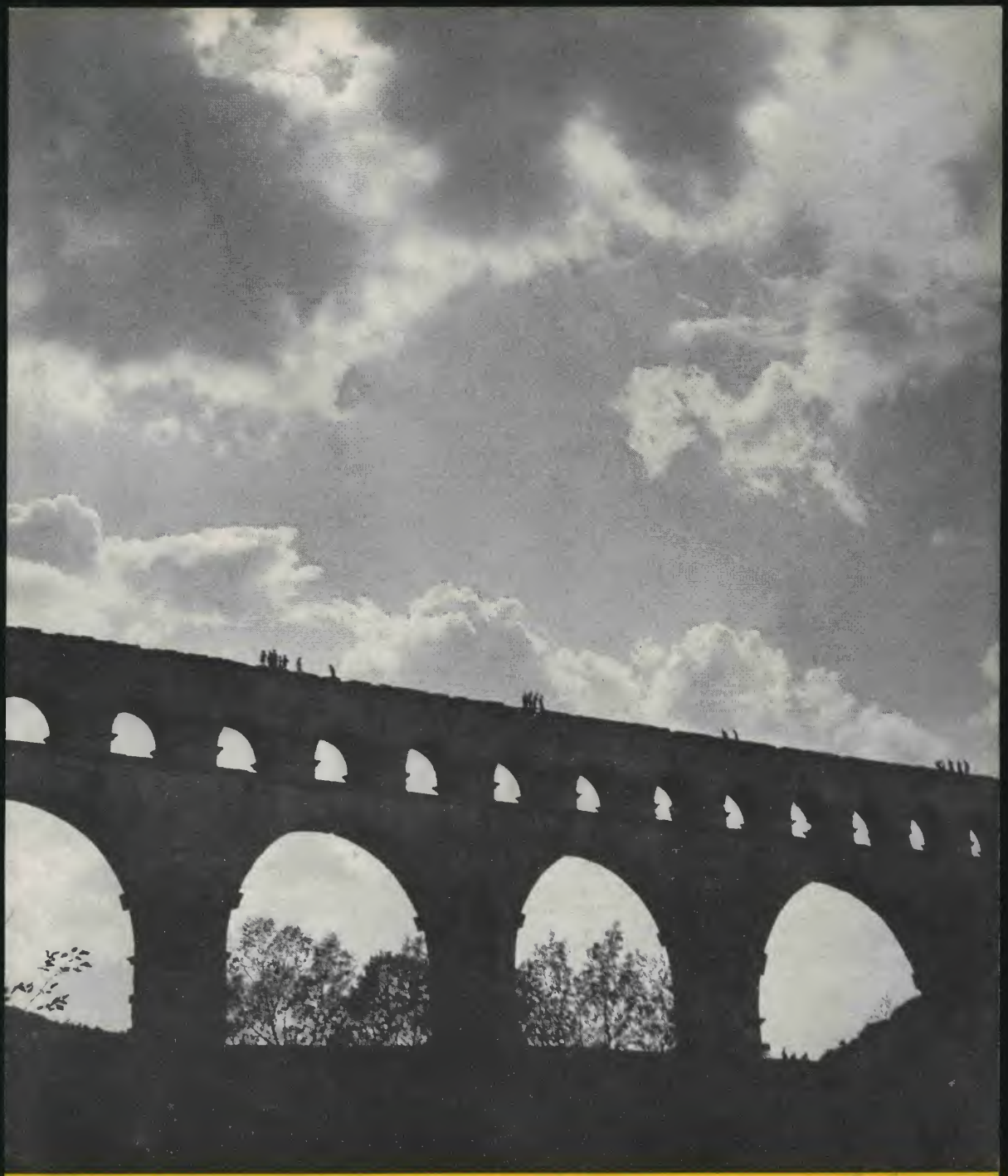


Foreign Service Journal

AUGUST 1958 35c

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

Reference is made to Department of State Circular to ALL AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR POSTS, entitled "Implementation of Medical Benefits for Dependents."

The Protective Association group insurance program has been modified so that it will be adapted to these new benefits. Effective July 1, 1958, Protective Association members who are in active service and who have the hospital surgical insurance for eligible dependents under Mutual of Omaha Policy No. GMG-1728 may submit claims for eligible dependents ONLY for illness or injury incurred when in the United States. However, claims may be submitted after July 1, 1958 PROVIDED that the illness or injury incurred abroad started prior to July 1, 1958.

The annual premium for this dependent coverage has been reduced from $104 to $36 and members who have paid premiums in advance will be given credit for the difference in premium from July 1, 1958.

These changes in coverage and premium APPLY ONLY TO ACTIVE MEMBERS WHO CARRY HOSPITAL SURGICAL INSURANCE FOR DEPENDENTS. The present coverage and premium rates will remain in effect for all other members.

For additional information see the Protective Association annual report to members, dated July 1, 1958, which will be mailed toward the end of July.

All members are again reminded that correspondence, claims, medical report forms and all other material relating to the group insurance program should be mailed to the Protective Association and NOT to the insurance companies. Unless this procedure is followed there will be delay and complications in handling your group insurance business.

Address applications and inquiries to:

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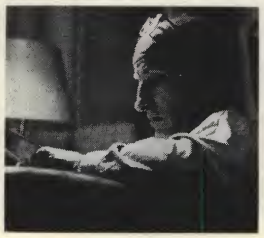
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This month's cover, "Aqueduct, Bouche du Rhône," "Village Band" page 18, and "Paris Vignette," page 34 are by Paul Child, Acting Director, USIS Exhibits. Mr. Child's illustrations for "The Food of France," by Waverly Root, have received considerable attention in the press recently and will soon be reviewed in our columns.

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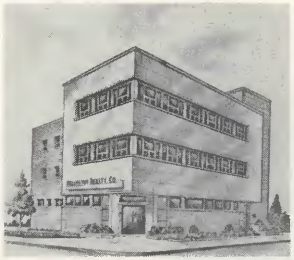
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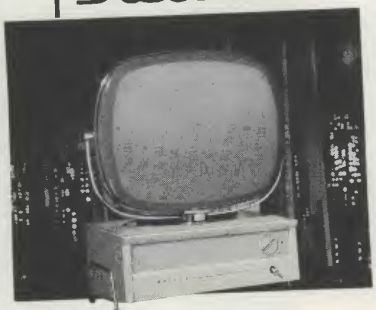
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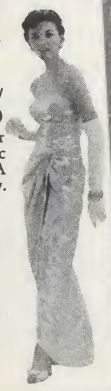
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BIRTHS

CARLSON. A daughter, Brigitta Margareta, born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy O. Carlson, February 4, 1958, in Stockholm.

DYE. A daughter, Carolyn Marie, born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Dye, May 10, 1958, in Chaguaramus, Trinidad.

ELY. A son, Douglas Michael, born to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Michael Ely, April 9, 1958, in Kuala Lumpur. This is the first American child born in the Federation of Malaya since Independence.

FLEISHER. A son, Eric Torsten, born to Mr. and Mrs. Eric W. Fleisher, May 31, 1958, in Washington.

GWYNN. A daughter, Joan Patricia, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Gwynn, May 19, 1958, in San Salvador.

MCCORMICK. A daughter, Suzanne Mary, born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. McCormick, April 23, 1958, in Beirut.

MILTON. A son, Stephen Michael, born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Milton, June 3, 1958, in Washington.

ROOT. A son, Benjamin Trexler, born to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Root, in Kenitra, Morocco.

SEDNAOUI. A son, George Carter, born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael C. Sednaoui, April 20, 1958, in Kenitra Naval Air Station, Morocco.

WOESSNER. A son, Stephen Dupont, born to Mr. and Mrs. William M. Woessner, June 13, 1958, in Vienna.

MARRIAGES

NICHOLL-PUTNAM. Helen R. Nicholl, FSO and Rear Admiral Frank Rowell Putnam, USN Retired, were married on June 28, 1958, in Nyack, New York.

FENENGA-WASHINGTON. Adriana Fenenga, MD., daughter of Pieter Fenenga of Amsterdam and FSO Retired, S. Walter Washington, were married in Charlottesville, Virginia.

DEATHS

KERR. Miss Mary Belle, former main receptionist for the Department, died June 23, 1958, in Washington. Learning of her death Secretary Dulles said, "In the death of Miss Mary Belle Kerr the Department of State has lost a kind and generous friend and a devoted public servant."

KILCOIN. Mrs. William L. Kilcoin, wife of FSO William L. Kilcoin, died on May 1, 1958, in Bethesda, Maryland.

MOBERLY. Robert E. Moberly, FSO, died June 25, 1958, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Mr. Moberly was assigned to Copenhagen after completion of a year of study at Harvard University and was on reserve military duty at the time of his death.

WRIGHT. Mrs. J. Butler Wright, wife of the late Ambassador to Cuba, died May 15, 1958, in Washington.

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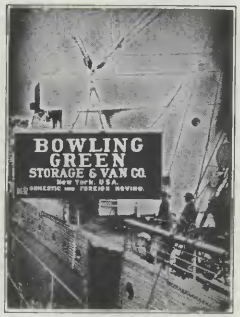
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In Memoriam

Marvin W. Will died in Doctor's Hospital, Washington, D. C., on June 10, 1958.

Marvin Will retired in 1955 after 42 years with the Department of State. During his career he served under 13 Secretaries of State. In 1951 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Award by the then Secretary of State, Dean Acheson. Upon retirement he received official tribute for his long and faithful service from Secretary Dulles.

The latter part of Marvin Will's service was devoted to assisting outgoing and returning Foreign Service officers and employees, and their families, with their many personal and official problems. As Chief of the Employee Relations Section he was available to all, patient and considerate, a fund of knowledge and helpful suggestions. The retirement of Marvin Will, who undoubtedly knew, and was known by, more Foreign Service officers and employees than any other officer in the Department, marked not only the termination of a long career but of an institution.

The Foreign Service Association, in recognition of his deep interest in and contribution to the welfare of the Foreign Service and its members, elected Marvin Will on November 14, 1951, an Honorary Life Member of the Association. He will also be remembered for his valued contributions to the JOURNAL under the title "Marvin Will Remembers." —E. W. C.

Marvin Will Remembered:

WHEN—there were so few people employed in the Department of State that a newly appointed person was taken on a tour to be introduced. (Try that in a Division of the Department today.)

WHEN—if you met someone in the corridors you did not know, you were sure the Department had a visitor.

WHEN—the fad of using first names was not the practice and Mr. and Mrs. and Miss were still considered elegant.

WHEN—an employee did not circulate around the Department in shirt sleeves.

WHEN—coffee breaks were unheard of . . .

WHEN—the old State building, then known as the State, War and Navy building, housed the heads and principal offices of the three departments named.

WHEN—the telephone extension of one of the Assistant Secretaries was "O."

WHEN—nothing was taken from your pay for retirement, insurance or any other purpose. A salary of $1200.00 a year meant $100 a month, no more, no less.

WHEN—All employees were paid in cash—not checks.

WHEN—a representative of the Bureau of Accounts personally walked—alone—to the Treasury Department and picked up the cash for the payroll.

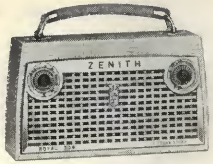
WHEN—protocol matters of State Department, including assistance to White House, were handled by one officer and one clerk.

WHEN—international conferences were handled by one man and one clerk.

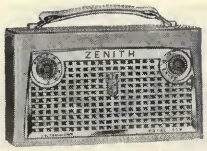
WHEN—there was a divided Foreign Service—a Consular Service and a Diplomatic Service—administered by separate bureau heads.

—from the Foreign Service Journal, February, 1956.

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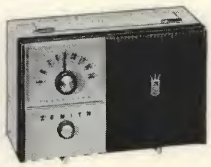
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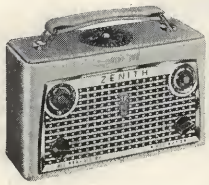
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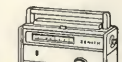
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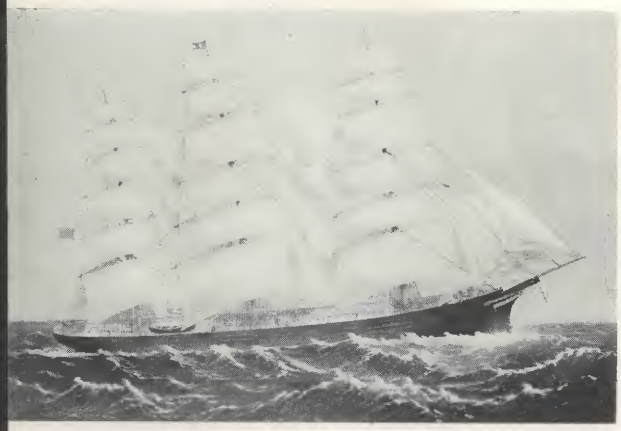
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Nathaniel Hawthorne

Consul at Liverpool

by Arthur C. FROST

HOW DOES an important Consulate of a century ago compare with the hydra-headed establishment of today? We have an on-the-spot story in the faithful and voluminous diary of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was Consul at Liverpool between 1853 and 1857. This tenure was coincident with the one term, as President, of Franklin Pierce, his Bowdoin College classmate and intimate friend.

The famous writer chose Liverpool because of the rich pickings in Consular fees which that post offered at a time when it was an eagerly sought prize under the spoils system. In the nineteenth century Liverpool was the main port in Britain for American trade and travelers until Southampton gradually assumed importance for larger vessels that catered to the tourist.

In 1857, before leaving Liverpool, Hawthorne sent his publishers seven written volumes of his diary with the suggestion that it be issued a century after his death. His widow released it for publication, however, a few years later, with only slight changes and the use of initials rather than the full names of persons mentioned. In these days of tell-all, unrestrained writing, one sees little that could seem "classified" or suggest libel suits.

The diary evidently was intended to serve as source material for later stories. His later account of life in England called "Our Old Home" incorporates large sections from the diary, and he loyally dedicated this volume to Pierce, though the publisher, Fields of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, warned the author that the reference would hurt sales. Ex-President Pierce had become exceedingly unpopular in the Civil War period as his administration, which included Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War, had taken an attitude of compromise toward the South. "If his name (Pierce) is enough to sink the volume," replied Hawthorne to Fields' remonstrance, "there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him."

Hawthorne began his duties as Consul on August 1, 1853, sitting, as he said:

> "In my private room at the consulate, while the Vice-Consul and clerk are carrying on affairs in the outer office. . . . The pleasantest incident of the morning is when Mr. Pearce (the Vice-Consul) makes his appearance with the account-books, containing the receipts and expenditures of the preceding day, and deposits on my desk a little rouleau of the Queen's coin, wrapped up in a piece of paper. This morning there were eight sovereigns, four half-crowns, and a shilling, a pretty fair day's work, though not more than the average ought to be."

The Consular period was undoubtedly the most affluent in the writer's life, for at that time without copyright protection writing was poorly paid, even for the most successful. Hawthorne, with his wife Sophia and three children, Julian, Una, and Rose, not only lived comfortably in England but saved enough for two years' residence in Italy, and a further stay of a year in England thereafter, to write the fruits of the Italian sojourn in the book called "The Marble Faun." On one other occasion only does the diary touch on the matter of fees:

> "Mr. Pearce's customary matutinal visit was unusually agreeable today, inasmuch as he laid on my desk nineteen golden sovereigns and thirteen shillings. It being the day of the steamer's departure, an unusual number of invoice certificates had been required,—my signature to each of which brings me two dollars. The autograph of a living author has seldom been so much in request at so respectable a price. Colonel Crittenden told me that he had received as much as fifty pounds on a single day. Heaven prosper the trade between America and Liverpool!"

The diary reveals no mention of, or concern with, economic and political reports, no reference to graphs, workload, job-classification, charts, post orientation, efficiency norms, or performance evaluation, in the profuse jargon of the atomic age. He did have cathedral assurance that outweighed all verbal frippery or technical equipment, the same



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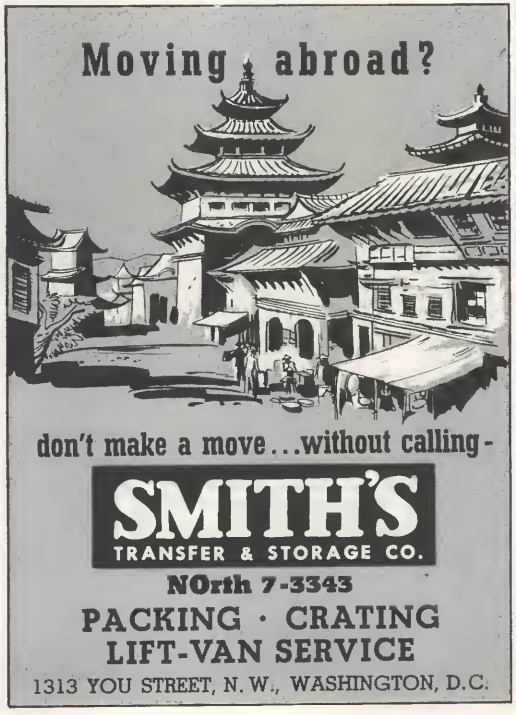
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No internal evidence of the journals indicates serious concern with office hours or dogged desk attendance, though Hawthorne does mention that one week he had to go to the Consulate every day, and at another time he had to stay rather close at hand as the Vice-Consul was absent from the city. The author believed that his prime duty was "to know his district and country," incidentally gathering data for later literary use, so he roamed Britain to his heart's content. It was before the era of Inspectors and Supervisory Consuls-General, before the days when Congressmen went abroad en masse, before American tourists swarmed overseas by the millions and our export trade was measured in the billions.

While there is scant record of the routine and daily grind of the Consulate, Hawthorne with his New England maritime background and previous service in the Salem Custom House, found that his duties involving ships and seamen intrigued him but contributed more to his headaches than imposters and panhandlers.

> "All penniless Americans," he said, "or pretenders to Americanism, look upon me as their banker; and I could ruin myself any week, if I had not laid down the rule to consider every applicant for assistance an imposter until he proves himself a responsible man."

By the end of his second year in office, he was already weary of the "dingy and dusky Consulate," and confided to his diary:

> "For the last week or two I have passed my time between the hotel and the Consulate, and a weary life it is, and one that leaves little of profit behind it. I am sick to death of my office—brutal captains and brutal sailors; continual complaint of mutual wrong, which I have no power to set right, and which, indeed, seem to have no right on either side; calls of idleness or ceremony from my travelling countrymen, who seldom know what they are in search of at the commencement of their tour, and never have attained any desirable end at the close of it, beggars, cheats, simpletons, unfortunates, so mixed up that it is impossible to distinguish one from another, and so, in self-defense, the Consul distrusts them all."

When Hawthorne went to England, his literary fame had preceded him. "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of The Seven Gables," and the great bulk of his writing had already been published, and his considerable social success may be attributed to authorship rather than his public office. The social phase must have seemed especially engrossing after the dozen years of comparative solitude in his post-college period, when he was preparing for a literary career. This period of incubation was in sharp contrast with public demands and the generous hospitality of Britain. He found speech-making and the perennial toasts much of a bore.

Hawthorne, like Henry Adams and other sturdy Americans of the mid-century, never wavered in their loyalty to their native land, despite the allurements of European life, especially as offered by the charm of English upper-class society. Our writer was enraptured by the cultivated green English landscapes, the grace and beauty of English architecture, the century-old social orders in their well-kept estates, and other marks of tradition and culture, but he

. . . at Liverpool

never lost his American point of view and conviction that the American way of life, while perhaps lacking in pageantry and sophistication, was in many respects superior to its English counterpart beset with artificial social distinctions, pretense, and injustices. The better type of Americans of that era had strong roots and firm character; they were not the stuff of which expatriates are made. Social attention and subtle flattery did not weaken their basic allegiance. But then, they were but two generations removed from the Founding Fathers and the Revolutionary heroes.

Though Hawthorne knew James Buchanan well as his chief, and served under him while the latter was Minister at London, and though he was a Democrat (as was Pierce who had appointed him) he did not hesitate to send in his resignation before Buchanan took office. When his successor arrived, Hawthorne "drew the long delightful breath which first made me thoroughly sensible what an unnatural life I had been leading." He said "he had disliked the office from the first: its dignity was an encumbrance." "The official business," as he said "was irksome, and often painful. There was nothing pleasant about the whole affair, except the emoluments."

Hawthorne well realized that he was not the kind of man who could grow into an ideal Consul, and even a century ago saw clearly that the spoils system to which he owed office was not in the best interest of the country. His plea in this connection might indeed have wider application today:

> "A fair amount of common-sense, some acquaintance with the United States Statutes, and insight into character, a tact for management, a general knowledge of the world, and a reasonable but not too inveterately decided preference for his own will and judgment over those of interested people,—these natural attributes and moderate acquirements will enable a Consul to perform many of his duties respectably, but not to dispense with a great variety of other qualifications. Yet, I think few Consuls are so well accomplished. An appointment of whatever grade, in the Diplomatic or Consular Service of America, is too often what the English call a "job"; that is to say, it is made on private and personal grounds, without a paramount eye to the public good or the gentleman's especial fitness for the position. It is not too much to say (of course allowing for a brilliant exception here and there) that an American never is thoroughly qualified for a foreign post, nor has time to make himself so, before the revolution of the political wheel discards him from his office. Our country wrongs itself by permitting such a system of unsuitable appoints., and, still more, to removals for no cause, just when the incumbent might be beginning to ripen into usefulness."

Although Hawthorne might have retained the choice Consular plum of Liverpool for another four years, he was perhaps too conscientious to do so. At any rate it can be readily understood that it was quite without reluctance that he left the "uncongenial life of the Consulate" in dreary Lancashire at the end of 1857, and started for sunny Italy and the resumption of his real life interest, the pursuit of literature. He has left a graphic and detailed picture of the England of that time, and while he presumably drafted no reports on the market for Yankee gadgets, he was, if not a Career, yet a Constitutional and Cultural Consul and a representative American whose writings have lost none of their luster.

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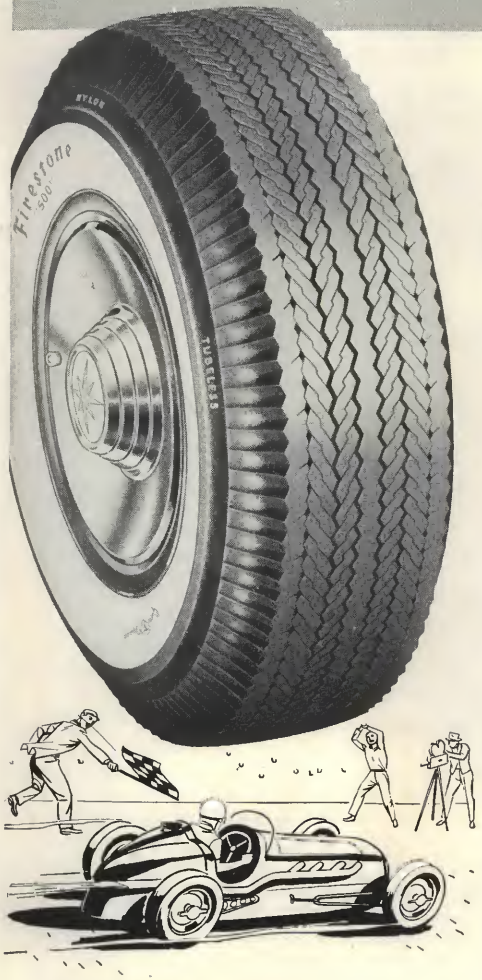


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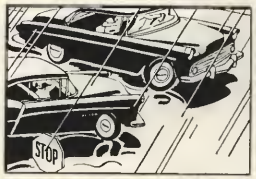
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BY JAMES B. STEWART

When "Recessions" were "Depressions"

During the 1933 phase of the depression, Consul General Cunningham, Shanghai, was instructed to reduce his clerical staff. He decided to find out what had been done during former depressions. A despatch was found written by Consul General O. M. Denny in 1880 complaining that the staff had been reduced notwithstanding the increase in business. He explained just how the shortage had been made up: "Had it not been for two German convicts confined in this consulate's jail who are good copyists, we do not know how we could have possibly got on. But, unfortunately, their time will expire in three months and I have no idea how I am then to do the business of the Consulate."

Briefs: The Electoral College of the A F S A elected Norman Armour, President, and Clarence E. Gauss, Vice President.

Sixty-three members of the Department's staff were separated from the service on June 30, 1933, under provisions of the Economy Act. Of these, forty came under the "Married Workers" provisions. under which either the husband or the wife had to be separated from the service in the event that both were employed by the Government.

Woods Full of Deserving Democrats

President Roosevelt, in a WASHINGTON POST interview, said that "he was having no difficulty in finding deserving Democrats who wanted diplomatic posts."

"The President's statement was made in denial of newspaper stories that Democrats rich enough to support themselves in diplomatic offices were not asking for the jobs. At the same time he outlined the procedure he will follow in filling posts now held by Republican political appointees.

"From 250 to 300 applicants, so anxious for jobs they might even take them without salary, are listed in the diplomatic folder, the President said. All these are rich enough to maintain the splendor of this country in foreign capitals. Not all of them are as well qualified personally as they are financially, it was stated.

"All career diplomats will be kept in the service, the President said . . . "As the political hold-overs are eliminated there will be a general shifting of Foreign Service Officers. The empty Missions may be filled with career men, or Democratic political appointees may get the posts."

Grin and Bear It: Paragraph from letter received at the Stavanger Consulate: "As to my wife, the case is very much similar to mine, her father being neutralized 5 years prior to her birth." (Journal)



DOWLING. A daughter, Patricia, was born on June 10, 1933, at Oslo, Norway, to Vice Consul and Mrs. Walter C. Dowling.

Down Memory Lane

A number of F S O's chose the jolly old sizzling month of June, 1933, to crowd into room 115 of that grand old structure at 17th and The Avenue. James Henderson, Vancouver, and Eric Wendelin, Ensenada, registered on the 16th, followed the next day by Orray Taft, Mexico City; James Gantenbein, Santo Domingo; Robert Woodward, Winnipeg; Bartlett Wells, Montevideo; Theodore Achilles, Rome; Homer Byington, Jr., Naples; Tyler Thompson, Marseille. The following registered on the 19th: Robert Taylor, Mexico City; Milton Wells, Ensenada; Halleck Rose, Rotterdam; Francis Spalding, Zurich. On the 21st, John Carrigan, Vigo, registered.

Comment 1958: The visitors no doubt called on Mr. Carr, Chief Byington, F.P., and on Herbert Hengstler, Chief of F.A. And, of course, they all called on the officers in charge of the various geographic divisions. Wonder who lunched together and where? Does this item stir any memories?



WENDLIN-WALTERS. Miss Dorothy Walters and Mr. Eric C. Wendelin, recently assigned as Vice Consul at Ensenada, were married on June 17, 1933, in Christ Church, Georgetown. Mr. Kenneth Yearns, recently assigned to Shanghai, was best man.

Hamstrung by Rules and Regulations

The foreign sales manager of an American firm wrote to a Consul asking him to "stir-up" his local agent. But the local one had vamoosed! Herewith we have the pat reply the Consul wished he could have sent:

"Dear Mr. Cramer:
Your July 7th epistle
Proved a boomerang missile,
For the dealers here say
Your man's gone astray,
And all that you can do is whistle."

Moulding the Female Character

Those who have daughters in school or college in the United States will be interested in the following description of the life of the "co-ed" appearing in the Oberlin catalog for 1835: "Young ladies of good minds, unblemished morals, and respectable attainments are received into this department and placed under the superintendence of a judicious lady whose duty it is to correct their habits and mold the female character. They board at the public table and perform the labor of the steward's department, together with the washing, ironing and much of the sewing for the students. They attend recitations with young gentlemen in all the departments. Their rooms are entirely separate from those of the other sex, and no calls or visits in their respective apartments are at all permitted."—*Publication of the Office of Education, Department of the Interior.*

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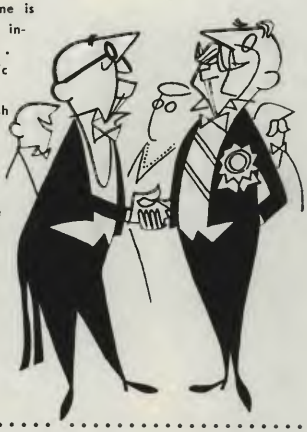
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Diplomat at Sea

A SUMMER IDYLL

by Robert F. DELANEY

I AM A DIPLOMATIC "weekend warrior" so to speak. This is to say, as a member of the Foreign Service, I strive to retain my commission in the U. S. Naval Reserve. It is all in vain, I am afraid, and if the truth were really known, I am not even a "weekend warrior," diplomatic or otherwise, for my annual romance with the naval service lasts only 14 days. That is, it's supposed to. This brings me to my story.

Last summer, while assigned to a post in Vienna with the Information Program, I decided the time was ripe for conducting my annual pilgrimage to the land of the blue and gold, a practice I had conscientiously performed since the end of WW-II. So I cleared my plans with the Embassy and forwarded a request for ACTRADU to COMNAVGER. (I never did understand what I was requesting or to whom I requested it. I gathered the above valuable intelligence secretly from my wife's copy of "The Good Naval Officer's Wife's Handbook" a veritable gem of proper abbreviations sprinkled with etiquette, retailing for only $13.50 at any naval base.)

In due course, as the military have it, my orders arrived. I read them happily until I choked on the phrase "without pay and allowances." What was this! Without pay! No, obviously this was a mistake. Who would be silly enough to go off to the Navy without pay? Why the Navy was being positively unpatriotic in making this demand.

I read further: "You are directed to report to the nearest armed forces medical activity to verify your physical fitness for active duty."

Without so much as a glance at my trusty wall map of Europe I knew the nearest Army facility was in Munich. I pondered this fact carefully then called Naval Reserve headquarters in Heidelberg. A charming German girl handled my case, already considered most complex by me. I explained the medical situation and very subtly raised the issue of pay. My protagonist side-stepped nicely. "No money!" she explained simply. Having used this argument myself over a number of years I was checked.

"But," she continued, "we take care of our reserves. Speedy, efficient service is our goal. You reservists are the background of the fleet." My grey flannel swelled uncontrollably at her tribute, particularly since I had never been to sea. Her words called me back to reality.

"No medical facility handy. That's easy. Wait one moment. please." I did. A pleasant male voice dipped in the culture of the deep South inquired, "Doctor Manyberry here, son. How do you feel?"

"Fine," I replied.

"Good. 4.0 for you. You're in," he countered. This was more like it. Old Navy thoroughness and efficiency.

My next question: How was I to get there?

"Hop a plane."

"That costs money."

"Yes, we know that, but you'll be reimbursed later."

"How much later?"

"Oh, you know."

"Yes, I do know, that's why it's no go. No ticket, no travel."

This proved to be a critical point and before it was resolved by the timely arrival of tickets I was on the verge of submitting the whole affair to the World Court.

Meanwhile, I made preparations for the trip to Valencia, Spain, where I was to board the U.S.S. TICONDEROGA, one of our large 6th Fleet carriers for my 14 days. I took my uniform out of the moth balls I had so carefully sprinkled about. I could neither button the jacket across my "lean, hard" stomach nor could I erase the half inch moth hole above the battle worn good conduct ribbon. However, a quick trip to the tailor shop put things shipshape at a small cost of some $17.00.

As the day arrived, I became increasingly nervous over the prospect of leaving home and family for this great adventure of mine. But nonetheless I was able under my own power to snap aboard a Swissair flight for Geneva and Barcelona.

By the time I had reached Geneva I was deeply engrossed in conversation with a bright, young nursemaid on her way to Spain from Zurich where she had a year's contract to watch over two 19-year-old sons of a leading Barcelona banker. I had invited her to coffee and as we entered the airport coffee shop I heard the loudspeaker saying "Monsieur DeLani, Monsieur DeLani, téléphone, si'l vous plaît." I had a hunch this might be me, although for the world I could not understand who would be calling me in Geneva, since the only people who knew my whereabouts beyond the Navy were my good wife, and my creditors, numerous to be sure, but all well-intentioned. So with a certain trepidation I identified myself, stepped into the phone booth and discovered it was the Navy calling from Heidelberg. The time: 4:15 Friday afternoon.

◄ After the Harvesting, the Playing of the Band, in Alsace
Photo by Paul Child

Diplomat at Sea

"Lieutenant Delaney?"

"Yes." I admitted.

"There has been a slight mistake. We are in the process of checking but you are not to go on to Valencia. It seems, well it seems that we've misplaced your ship. It's not in Spain. But rest assured we know where you are. . . ."

I returned to the ticket office and informed the attendant that I would be staying in Geneva for the weekend, and that I would very much like his aid in coping with the problem of finding some place to live. This was taken care of quickly with a phone call and I proceeded to the most elaborately furnished broom closet on the entire expanse of Lake Geneva.

I SPENT a pleasant weekend trying to find some improbable sartorial manner in which to make uniform pants, black shoes and tie, raincoat and green turtle-neck sweater (originally intended as knitted socks by an admirer, but somewhat altered in the making) appear fashionable in the hotel dining room.

Come Monday morning I checked with the Navy. I was told to "remain in town an extra day in any event" while the Navy pursued the issue somewhat more in depth.

Another altogether pleasant day was spent looking for the U.S.S. TICONDEROGA. By the following morning when I once more reported "no luck" in my searchings, my now intimate WAVE friend informed me of the good news. "We found her. She's in the eastern Med and you are to proceed and report at once."

"Where in the Mediterranean?"

"Well, this is not quite certain. But you have *your* choice of three possibilities, Beirut, Istanbul or Athens. We suggest you pop aboard the next plane and proceed, say, to Athens. Yes, that's it, go to Athens and locate the carrier from there. Check in naturally with your local naval attaché. He'll be glad to see you."

Said I, now quite agitated, "This is all well and good and I'm delighted at the opportunity of seeing that part of the world, but you see I'm performing this duty without pay and that includes tickets. I think I'll have to make an arrangement before you send me on to Athens."

"Well, we prefer not to do it that way. Why don't you purchase the ticket and after this is all over, the Navy will make good the expense. Oh, and incidentally," came the monetary voice of doom from Heidelberg, "this collect call you've put through has been reversed back to you. It's against Navy regulations to call collect when inquiring about your orders."

I knew then I was defeated. I could see the dollars mounting up. Dollars that I didn't have. Nothing but a check book, carried mainly for psychological reasons, and while I may not have known Navy Regs I did know that bouncing checks were against Foreign Service regulations.

One last effort. "No, no I can't possibly sit still for this one. Living here in Geneva has just about finished the pittance my wife sewed into my pants for emergencies. And this whole damned thing has been one long emergency. And despite the novelty of it my wife and kids insist on eating which forces me to adhere rather rigidly to some sort of financial plan. I must insist on having tickets." So, after some deliberation, it was decided that the Navy would produce a TR (transportation request) and would, when the paper work was done, communicate with the airlines in Geneva.

There followed a long two-hour discussion with Swissair. They were very helpful, but they couldn't care less about a Navy TR, U.S. or otherwise. My travel needs could be arranged promptly, but what I had to provide was "payment in kind," a phrase I grew to hate before I completed my ordeal. However, after much conversation, the now exasperated officials agreed to take the unused portion of my ticket to Valencia and reverse my direction to Zurich which was the starting point for flights to the Middle East.

That evening I was hustled aboard the 11:57 p.m. local Geneva to Zurich mail plane and, together with interesting bundles of air mail, I proceeded to Zurich. The next morning—Wednesday—I found myself once more in a Swissair office—a different one, however, with its accompanying new lease on life—awaiting the arrival of Navy-purchased tickets. The tickets did not, as you might by now have expected, arrive on time and so another call was placed to Heidelberg, this time at Swissair expense.

Heidelberg insisted it had sent the tickets, and after much searching and looking on both sides of the telephone, the tickets were located in Pan American's Zurich office. Naturally, I was going to take a Swissair flight, so with cold logic they sent the materials on to Pan American. A reservation was hastily made for me to board a flight late that afternoon for Rome and Athens.

I ARRIVED at the airport in plenty of time, since time was one thing at this point I had a good deal of. As I checked through the various customs, ticket and passport booths, I found that a horrible mistake had been made.

Why, I was asked didn't I know I couldn't board that aircraft for Athens. "Zurich does not take passengers on this particular flight, it is a mail and baggage stop. Passengers are not allowed to board in Zurich."

This threw me. I had had it. I was finished. Glumly I looked at my half-made uniform: blackish pants, shoes, raincoat, tattle-tale gray shirt and gay four in hand. I decided this was the end. Back to Vienna for me and "goodbye for 'ere" to the Navy.

As I stood there wondering precisely what next to do, a very authoritative-looking gentleman approached me, saying, "I couldn't help but overhear your problem. I am the local manager of SAS, and I think we may be able to take care of you if you don't object to some momentary inconveniences."

"Of course, I don't mind," I replied. "I am most happy to cooperate in order to reach Athens as I am in a difficult situation."

So with that in mind, once more we took to the phones and an arrangement was made to take me on a SAS plane as baggage. Picture, if you can, a man resembling a cube, well, actually resembling a dummy in a cube, being trundled with baggage to a large four-engined SAS plane, and being loaded abroad via the luggage chute. I appeared in the passenger

cabin through a trap door in the floor to the fright of the stewardess who denied my existence forthwith. But when I had produced identification, including a voice, she decided I was human not mineral.

The flight to Rome was something of a nightmare. I was seated in between a very quiet Italian engineer and a very loud Scandinavian salesman who, when he found out I was an American, insisted that I sample his various bottles of brandy and whiskey which he explained always accompanied him on his trips to stave off boredom. It was a fight all the way.

I arrived in Athens just before dawn, dog-tired, with $1.18 in my pocket and no immediate hope of replenishment until some friendly person in the Embassy might take pity on me.

The next morning I crawled out of my flea-ridden bed and made straight for the Naval Attaché's office to be greeted with stares and an absolute dearth of information. I was told meaningfully by a four-striper that "this, brother, is your problem."

However, a marine light colonel held out a hand and endeavored to discover the current location of our mystery ship. There ensued over the next several days some of the most interesting messages in naval annals.

"Delaney to Rhodes. Delaney to Crete. Delaney back to Athens."

In all cases I was magnificent. I missed the ship each time. Finally, a blistering message came in from the commanding officer of the TICONDEROGA: "Who is and where is Delaney!" A monument to my ability to comply with my orders.

A final message was drafted and sent off with the blessings of the NA who had by this time become quite weary of this man who hung around the snack bar in uniform making too obvious motions in the direction of free lunches and coffee. As a matter of fact, were it not for an Embassy friend, who thoughtfully took me in because his children became enamored of my uniform all tarnished and torn, as it now was, I would probably have thrown myself on Greek charity in order to survive.

THE charity of the Naval Attaché finally came to the fore and we very happily journeyed off to Istanbul in his plane, a concession, he mentioned, he would not ordinarily grant, but because of my case he decided he would make a special trip to take me to my newly refound carrier. This special trip consisted of an outing for all hands in the office and Delaney very nicely sat on a case of beer as we flew the short hop.

Arriving in Istanbul, I finally saw with great delight the U.S.S. TICONDEROGA, serene and powerful in the grand harbor below.

I beat my way from the airport to the military staging area known locally as the "Istanbul Hilton" where ultimately, after satisfying a great thirst, and in the company of several happy, liberty-ending officers and men I made my way down to the harbor and out to the ship which I boarded with a great sigh of relief.

I immediately presented myself to the Executive Officer who after staring at me fixedly for fifteen minutes dismissed me.

I was given splendid quarters adjoining the main blower, and, believe me, no one knew I was there because I couldn't even hear myself talk due to the noise of the blowers. Sleeping was excellent. I grew accustomed to the noise and vibrations but I must say it left me extremely nervous and the twitch is just now beginning to leave.

I reported next morning to the C.O.: "Ready for duty sir!"

He looked at me and ventured, "You're Delaney."

I said briskly, "Aye, aye, Sir. Sorry for the delay."

"You should be, you are only ten days late. And stop using 'aye, aye.' That's only used in response to an order or clarification.

"Despite all this, it doesn't make much difference because what the hell are we going to do with a man of your background?"

I AM FIRST to admit that I couldn't answer the Captain's question.

"I think," the skipper said, "we'd better give you a shore-based assignment where your knowledge of city streets can be brought to bear. I'm sending you to shore patrol duty."

And so I concluded my training duty on the U.S.S. TICONDEROGA some twelve hours after I arrived. I found myself over "on the beach," imbedded in one of the most beautiful suites in the Hilton. My job was straightforward: "Keep the boys in blue out of trouble."

To be quite truthful, I found myself quite reluctant to leave the confines of the Istanbul Hilton, and my beat, so to speak, consisted of walking from my parlor to the bar, to the patio, to the dinner room, to the main foyer, to the bar again. I was on the go constantly. While very tired by the end of the day, we managed to run a "tight ship." There was not one incident in the Hilton that I wasn't aware of. Occasionally, I ventured outside when one of the boys had managed to live it up a little too generously. I would despatch one or more trusty CPOs to bail the culprit out and send him back in irons to his ship. It was a trying pace but finally it was all over but the shouting.

Word had come from a bewildered Embassy that I must return to Vienna. There was great glee and cheering as they saw me over the side.

Arrangements had been well made. I was to fly via a MATS flight to Naples, Rome and thence to Vienna. As we got into the plane, I settled back for a comfortable trip, equipped as I was with a box lunch of C-rations. Within two hours I had made the startling discovery that we were going east not west. I made this dismaying find only when we had landed in IZMIR, Turkey. Next stop: Teheran.

I was hesitant about approaching the pilot, but finally mustered courage to ask, "You know I'm going to Naples," I started.

"Then, what the devil are you doing on this flight. We're going to Teheran, and then to North Africa. I suggest you get off."

Get off I did—at Izmir, Turkey. However, my problems had just begun again. A delay of two days brought another plane—the right one—and I found myself on Rhodes. This delightful island was built for waiting and wait I had to for forty-eight more hours.

Diplomat at Sea *(Cont'd)*

I sat on the beach, sipped wine, swam a bit, ate delicacies.

Finally, Rhodes to Naples. As I stole in to CINCSOUTH Navy headquarters, I requested transportation to Rome and from there I could reach Vienna by air.

"Where are your orders, sir?" the auditor inquired.

I produced my tattered orders only to be told:

"Why, why your duty orders expired a week ago. You're no longer on active duty. What are you doing in uniform? Take it off!"

"Take it off, I would like to," I replied in kind, "but I have nothing else to wear, and you know, there are laws. . ."

"Well," said this martinet across the table, "I would advise you not to come in here and ask for special arrangements to ship you on. You're a civilian."

"Yes," I said, "You're right I'm a civilian, and the sooner I get back to it, the happier I'll be. But this doesn't answer my problem."

Finally, after much groping about, I chanced to overhear a clerk explaining to a soldier how he could travel to Rome for a dollar by purchasing a leave ticket.

I ducked quickly into line and bravely asserted myself: "Going to Rome on holiday," I laughed, "how's about a leave ticket." He pushed 20 minutes of paper work at me, and I was soon on my way to Rome.

Once in Rome, I collapsed in the arms of the Embassy. I beseeched a friend of many years' standing to advance me fifty dollars. He did so gladly in exchange for my watch and suitcase. I purchased a ticket to Vienna where I was met by the security officer (also an old friend, I hasten to add).

All told 21 days, great adventure, no pay and allowances, and another Naval Reservist had completed his annual tour of duty in the interests of keeping his proficiency up to maximum peak at a cost of $263.43—non-reimburseable.

Regulations and the Foreign Service

by Kenneth B. ATKINSON

EVERYONE of us in the Foreign Service—Messenger at Mogadiscio, Ambassador at Athens, Desk Officer in the Department—is affected by regulations. They prescribe what to do, define and channel our careers, make demands on our personal lives. We become indeed somewhat regulations shy.

Regulations, of course, are merely an extension of a society beset by codes, by elaborate procedures, all essential, we grudgingly perceive, to our intricate activities. And for all our restiveness against convention, we Americans are law-abiding by and large, proud of Constitution, courts, and legal system. It is our very laws in fact that demand so much of our administrative process. For example, that traditional and hallowed ceremony, the oath of office, is specified by law, and woe to the disbursing officer who pays an employee who hasn't held up his hand. It is the law, and not just Department fussiness which prescribes the Record of Fees. It is the law which sets the rates of pay for personnel and the allowance structure of the Service.

Government, of course, is not unique in its complexity. Perhaps you have seen these baseball puzzles in the SATURDAY EVENING POST; batter and runner do so and so, apparently an "out." But the POST quotes you an obscure footnote in the Baseball Guide which makes the batter safe.

What we in the Department and the Foreign Service refer to as the regulations are of course the basic laws, procedures and administrative policy decisions of the Department—to be exact, the Foreign Service Manual used in the field and the Organization Manual and the Manual of the Regulations and Procedures used in Washington. As defined in the latter volume, the term "regulations" refers to any written directives prescribing organization, operating policies or procedures.

FSO Kenneth Atkinson is currently Chief, Regulations and Procedures Staff.

Many of us had our first contact with the regulations through direct collision. We wanted to do something and found we couldn't. But the rules and procedures by which we run the Department and the Foreign Service should not be thought roadblocks, but means to speed our way. For example, the regulations tell us who takes charge if Ambassador and Counselor are stricken ill, when or if to grant asylum to a foreign national, how to prepare a treaty, when to show the flag, how to issue a visa or report on the lumber industry, what to do about an incarcerated American inebriate, and a thousand other things.

Sometimes the regulations go too far. A few years ago the Manual prescribed one drop of oil—*and only one*—for the carriage of one's typewriter. Later this was quietly withdrawn, for people do, after all, have some common sense. However, the Department's intricate web of operations is something like a TV set. And who would want to assemble one of those without a wiring diagram?

THE Department's present regulations system dates from 1949 when Congress for the first time gave the Secretary full authority to administer and regulate *both* the Department and the Foreign Service. Theretofore, Foreign Service regulations were based largely on statute or Executive Order of the President, in line with the Rogers Act and the historical concept that Ambassadors and Ministers, as well as other diplomatic personnel, are appointed by the President and are his personal representatives.

When the Department assumed full responsibility for regulating the Foreign Service, it determined to abandon the old "open-end" concept of regulations issuance and adopt a "closed-end," integrated, loose-leaf manual for the field and a similar manual for the Department. With the open-end system one could always tack on a new subject without

bothering to reorganize previous material, and by 1949 the old Foreign Service Regulations had built up to 22 chapters, some of which had as many as 30 sections. The old system was causing increasing difficulty in locating subject matter because of the great number of chapters and sections through which one had to search.

The "closed-end" system adopted for our regulations is a disciplined organization of material based on the thesis that any field of knowledge can (and *must* if anything is to be found) be divided into a limited and set number of parts, preferably ten or less. Using the 10th division for grouping miscellaneous and less bulky material under a generalized title, this is relatively easy to accomplish.

The Foreign Service Manual at the outset was broken down into four volumes: Administration, Consular Affairs, Economic Affairs, and Political Affairs. Volume I (Administration) was further divided into six parts: General Administration; Communications and Records; Administrative and Technical Services; Personnel; Fiscal Management Protocol, Precedence and Formalities. Further breakdowns by subject matter into chapters, subchapters and sections were also developed, adhering to the ten-division concept.

THE discipline of the "closed-end" system of the Foreign Service Manual takes effect when the need arises to insert material for which no place has been provided. Assume, for example, that it becomes necessary to add regulations on union activities and collective bargaining in 1 FSM IV (Personnel). To incorporate this properly, Chapter 600, Conditions of Service, must be reorganized. The new subject is not and probably never will become important or voluminous enough to warrant a chapter of its own. In any event, the scope of Chapter 600 is broad enough to cover unionism. So Chapter 600 must be tightened, perhaps rearranged, and re-numbered, until union activities and collective bargaining fits neatly into its logical place. In contrast, the new material under the old "open-end" system would simply have been tacked on at the end of some chapter without regard to order or grouping of like subjects.

It is the prearranged organization of the regulations in a "closed-end" system which helps to find a desired reference. The process is one of going from the general to the particular to the more particular, to the specific, to the very specific. Thus, if there is a problem of dismissing an unsatisfactory employee one thinks initially of the four volumes of the Foreign Service Manual and immediately selects Volume 1—Administration. Part IV of Volume 1—Personnel—obviously covers the situation, and a glance at the summary table of contents brings one to Chapter 700, Separation, Re-employment and Disciplinary Actions. Following the table of contents further, one comes to section 761.1, Unsatisfactory Performance of Duty, which covers the problem at hand.

Often the question is raised why the Manual has no alphabetical index. The answer is simple. It would be prohibitively expensive to set up and maintain. An alphabetical index, moreover, is virtually useless unless elaborately cross-indexed. To revert to our example of separation of an employee, suppose we had to depend on such an index and the officer concerned thought of his problems in terms of dismissal, or termination, or removal? Unless Separation were cross-indexed under D, T and R, it might take endless thumbing through pages to locate the text required.

As a matter of fact, the tables of contents of the Manual are now cross-referenced to provide for another kind of problem, i.e., the several aspects of a subject which must be treated under separate headings. For example, Leave, covered basically in 1 FSM IV 420 and in adjacent sections, has other elements, such as leave for local employees, 1 FSM IV 914; leave records, 1 FSM V 530; lump sum payments, 1 FSM V 542.17. These related subjects are all cross-referenced, both in text and table of contents, so that even if one starts looking at the wrong place he is set on the right track. Such cross-referencing is reasonable and necessary. An alphabetical index, however, must provide cross-indexing to non-standard terminology, and if one thinks of a subject by some other word than occurred to the indexer, the best cross-index in the world cannot help him.

The variety of material issued by the Department covers the widest range. Simple information, advice, warnings, instructions, contingent instructions, requests for reports, and standing regulations. A Departmental Instruction (A or CA series) is a "for your information" or a "do this now" affair. A regulation on the other hand is a standing instruction to do thus and so whenever occasion demands and under such-and-such circumstances. Notification that Senator Smith is traveling abroad and should be rendered courtesies is a "for your information" and "do this now" instruction. A Foreign Service Manual issuance prescribing a new form of representation reimbursements is a standing instruction whenever the occasion may require. A circular instruction is usually acted upon at once, if action is necessary, and normally should not need to be at finger tip for reference after action is complete. A regulation, on the other hand, may not require action for months—until "whenever" and "under such-and-such circumstances" come to apply. As these circumstances may recur, it must be filed as a part of a carefully prearranged organization of regulatory material. Thus it should go into the Foreign Service Manual.

THE Department does its best to restrict circular instructions to informational rather than regulatory material. There is great temptation, however, to use this medium for changing the regulations rather than undertake revision of the appropriate Manual section. Moreover, the cry of urgency often overrides all pleas for orderly regulation change. When a standing regulation for emergent reason must be issued by circular instruction, it is "by regulation" incumbent on its author promptly to provide new or revised text for the Foreign Service Manual. Everyday pressures, however, may push aside that obligation. Out of sight, soon out of mind. Thus despite the "closed-end" concept one sometimes finds a Manual section seemingly covering a situation

Regulations *(Cont'd)*

only later to learn that the section did not apply fully and that instead one should follow a subsequently-promulgated Circular Instruction put away in some file cabinet.

In order to focus in one office responsibility for maintaining both the integration and integrity of the regulations, the Department's Regulations and Procedures Staff is charged with reviewing and authorizing the publication of all standing regulatory material. Essentially, this Staff is an advisory group of experienced FSO's assisted by Departmental personnel who on behalf of the Assistant Secretary for Administration review and edit all proposed regulatory material to assure that it can easily be understood by the end-user, that it is in accordance with statutes, does not conflict with other regulations, has been properly cleared by all interested offices, and is being issued in a suitable medium — as a Manual change, Foreign Service Circular, Handbook revision, or whatever. This Staff also is responsible for following up to see that regulations issued with its prior approval by Circular Instruction in emergency are incorporated in the Manual.

The writing of regulations in the first instance, the initiation of changes in policy or procedure, takes place in the substantive areas, such as the Office of Finance, the Office of Personnel, the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, and the regional bureaus.

In view of the great volume of our regulations, the field may well be convinced that they are dashed off as effortlessly as a buck slip. In reality the simplest circular or Manual change may involve a dozen clearances, several detailed revisions, and the resolution of sometimes most divergent points of view. Pride of authorship, too, often presents a problem, and suggesting that someone's composition could be more clearly or coherently expressed may become an exercise of minor diplomacy. Resolving policy disagreements on certain points can involve the most complex negotiations. For example, the recent major revision of the travel regulations required clearance, and frequent step-by-step resolution of conflicting views, with the Bureau of the Budget, all regional bureaus, the Office of Finance, the Legal Adviser, the Office of Personnel, and the Assistant Secretary for Administration, not to mention the Travel and Transportation Branch which wrote the regulations.

A most important function of the Regulations and Procedures Staff is that of reading proposed regulations from the standpoint of the end-user, especially of the small Consulate whose personnel are unlikely to be experts in budget and fiscal work, economic reporting, or whatever, and who often have no other guide than the regulations themselves. In trying to read material from this standpoint, to eliminate obscure language and to illuminate the text for the layman, many a battle is lost to the experts who insist that such and such can be written only in the very language of the law, or the orders or decisions of the Comptroller General. Nonetheless, the Regulations and Procedures Staff keeps trying, and is constantly striving to simplify text, to watch for misinterpretation, and to keep the regulations so that one can understand them.

Laws, policy and procedures must change with progress. Our regulations accordingly are in a constant state of flux. In the regulatory manuals of the Department and Foreign Service there are something like 9,000 pages. Much of this material rapidly becomes obsolete, while other portions may remain current for years. Some of the material must be brought up to date by substantive offices as rapidly as it becomes obsolete, in order to carry on their operations, and the Regulations and Procedures Staff need not take the initiative to get revisions prepared. For many portions of the regulations, however, there is no monthly report or frequently executed procedure which wrongly performed compels the responsible substantive office to reorganize and remedy obsolescence.

To meet this problem it is now the policy to refer all material more than three years old to the office responsible for its subject matter. It is reviewed and revised to bring it up to date, or if found to need no revision the field is requested to note "contents current" on the manual page concerned.

Keeping up to date, within the three-year-period, is a constant task, and every year hundreds of pages must be reviewed, changed if necessary, updated or re-issued. During the current year, for example, 750 manual pages issued in 1955 must be so handled and it will take the whole year to complete the process. To be able to say, however, that no page has been written or reviewed and found current more than three years ago means that the tools of the Department are being kept sharp, in place, and adjusted to the needs of the job.

To be of greatest use the Foreign Service Manual, as well as its Department companion piece, the Manual of Regulations and Procedures, must be living documents. They must be complete, comprehensive, easy to use and up to date. Their gradual evolution should be the product not alone of their writers and editors. Their users too should feel some sense of proprietorship, to the point of readiness to acquaint the Department with shortcomings, omissions and errors, and to suggest improvements and additions. If readers of this article believe our regulations can be improved in general, or in any particular aspect, the Regulations and Procedures Staff will greatly welcome suggestions.

How well do you know your Regulations?

1. **Are you on the "International List"? If not, who is?**
2. **If you were signing a treaty as a plenipotentiary, what kind of seal would you use?**
3. **In the course of protecting the interests of a foreign power may an officer employ the seal of one of that power's consular offices?**
4. **Does a government extradite a criminal *from* or *for* a foreign country?**
5. **How is the "principle of the alternat" applied in the preparation of a multilateral treaty?**
6. **Do Civilian Attachés not of the Foreign Service come before or after First Secretaries?**
7. **What U.S. saluting batteries can return national salutes fired by foreign men-of-war?**
8. **To whom in the Department must a draft treaty be submitted for clearance?**
9. **In what alternate forms may the miscellaneous Record Book be maintained?**
10. **When shall the coat of arms be destroyed?**

(For Answers see page 45)

EDITORIAL PAGE

September After Sputnik

NEXT MONTH is the month during which American children traditionally return to school after summer vacation. September of 1958 happens also to be the first September after the placing in orbit of the Soviet Sputnik I, the first artificial earth satellite. During the intervening months, the U. S. educational system has been the target of unprecedented criticism—some of it justified—and has been the subject of innumerable debates — in the press, on television, on radio, even in the schools. As is usually the case when so many become so emotional about an issue, the words generate heat, instead of energy, and thus of action there has been little or none.

This prolonged brou-ha-ha has had a double-edged significance for those of us who serve our country abroad. On the one hand, both the facts — whatever they may be — and the public discussion cannot help but have an effect on the prestige of the U. S. in foreign countries, which, in turn, affects our day-to-day dealings with those countries and their peoples. On the other hand, the question is always with many of us: to send or not to send our children — especially the older ones — to the United States for their schooling? What has been missing in the whole business has been order and perspective.

At the beginning of July, a giant step toward providing this order and perspective was achieved with the issuance of Report V, *The Pursuit of Excellence,* prepared by the Special Studies Project of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc. One of the major premises of the report is that a free nation's search for talent is a critical aspect of its existence. A key observation is that what started as a compulsion to provide equal opportunity for all has degenerated into an attitude which would rate the number graduated as more important than the kind of education given. And a fundamental analysis holds that men are not equal in their capacities or in their attainments. From this it follows that equality of opportunity is what should be stressed — an equality of opportunity which candidly recognizes differences in endowment and accepts the certainty of differences in achievement.

In connection with the pursuit of excellence, the Report offers these considerations to be kept firmly in mind:

(1) We must not make the mistake of adopting a narrow or constricting view of excellence. Our conception of excellence must embrace *many kinds of achievement at many levels;*

(2) We must not assume that native capacity is the sole ingredient in superior performance. Excellence is a product of ability and motivation and character;

(3) We must recognize that judgments of differences in talent are not judgments of differences in human worth.

The Report recognizes problems. One of these is the need to recruit more and abler people into the teaching profession at all levels. Another stems from the certainty that there will never be enough teachers with the extraordinary human gifts which make for inspired teaching (therefore superior teachers must be utilized more effectively). Of course there are many more problems.

The Report provides perspective by facing facts. It points out, for example, that (1) The crisis in our science education is not an invention of the newspapers, or the scientists, or the Pentagon. It is a real crisis; and (2) the U.S.S.R. is not the "cause" of the crisis. The cause is our movement into a new technological era. Scientific advances of the U.S.S.R. have merely served as a rude awakening to that reality.

Nor does the Report go to either of the extremes advanced by their proponents. It points out, rather, that there is a danger of training scientists, for example, so narrowly in their specialties that they are unprepared to shoulder the moral and civic responsibilities which the modern world thrusts upon them. It points out further that we must insist equally that every educated person be literate in science. The reason: in the short run this may contribute to our survival, and, in the long run, it is essential to our integrity as a society.

What it comes down to, the Report asserts, is that, if we are really serious about equality of opportunity, we must be serious about individual differences, because *what constitutes opportunity for one man may be a stone wall for the next man.* In the light of this, there is the special problem presented by the top two percent of high school students. From this group will come many of the men and women who will reach the heights of intellectual achievement and creativity in the years ahead. No effort should be spared to provide them with opportunities for challenging study. And what about some of the lowest levels? If we recognize the necessity of diverse educational paths, states the Report, it may be easier for us to accept the fact that education in a four-year college is not the only road to a full and useful life.

Service Glimpses

1. Paris. At the opening of the annual round-table session of American envoys to Western Europe. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Ambassador to France Amory Houghton are seated next to each other at the end of the table; the conferees, seated clockwise are: Frederick Reinhardt, Department Counselor; Gerard C. Smith, Assistant Secretary of State for Policy Planning; Llewellyn E. Thompson, Ambassador to the USSR; Randolph Burgess, N.A.T.O. Council Representative; John H. Whitney, Ambassador to the United Kingdom; Henry J. Taylor, Ambassador to Switzerland; John D. Lodge, Ambassador to Spain; James C. H. Bonbright, Ambassador to Portugal; Philip Young, (back to camera), Ambassador to the Netherlands; Vinton Chapin (back to camera), Ambassador to Luxembourg; James D. Zellerbach, Ambassador to Italy; David K. E. Bruce, Ambassador to West Germany; Carl D. Corse, Rep. at the E.C.S.C.; John Clifford Folger, Ambassador to Belgium; H. Freeman Matthews, Ambassador to Austria; Saxton E. Bradford, Deputy Director of USIA; Andrew H. Berding, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, C. Burke Elbrick, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs.



1.

2. Tunis. Our correspondent tells us that the "Robkitan" may well be the only craft in existence built wholly by Ambassadorial hands. Be that as it may, Ambassador Lewis Jones constructed the "Robkitan" from an imported American boat kit during his few leisure hours between November and April. Mrs. Jones christened the craft on April 21, naming it after the Jones' three children, Robin, Kit and Andrew.



2.

3. Tobruk. This picture was snapped just after American Ambassador John Wesley Jones had presented his credentials to King Idris I in the Palace. From left to right: Edwin L. Smith, First Secretary of the Embassy at Benghazi; Rodger P. Davies, Counselor at Tripoli; Ambassador Jones; Commander of the 17th Air Force, General O'Keefe; Mohammed Salah, Embassy Arab secretary.

4. Kuala Lumpur. The badminton team of the American Embassy had reason for smiles during the presentation of the trophies. The team, consisting of personnel of the Embassy, USIS and the Army Attaché, gathered around the trophies after the presentation. From left to right, front row: Thiagarajah Sockalingam; Bea Walsh. Second row from left to right: Sam Koh; Mahfudz bin Haji Hamid; Elaine Evans; Marican bin Jh. Pawancheek; Saw Beng Chong; Milton Chase. Back row, left to right: Mike Ely; Lee Smith; Doreen De Souza; Ambassador Homer M. Byington, Jr.; Rhea Smith; Phyllis Mendez; Ahmad bin Baker; Hank Siemer and Allan Tan.



3.

5. Belgrade. With credentials in his briefcase, Ambassador Karl L. Rankin walks towards President Tito's official residence, while the Yugoslav Army Guard of Honor stands at attention. Walking with Ambassador Rankin is the Yugoslav Chief of Protocol, Mr. Soldatic. Directly behind are Counselor of the American Embassy, Elim O'Shaughnessy and Major General Waters, Chief of the Military Assistance Advisory Group whose mission has now left Belgrade. They are followed by other officers of the American Embassy.

6. Guatemala City. President of Guatemala, Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes and Ambassador Lester D. Mallory, wearing Texas headgear as they join the President's two grandchildren in admiring a Zebu calf at the annual National Cattle Show in Guatemala City.





4.





5.



6.





W. T. M. Beale, Jr.

CHAIRMAN W. T. M. BEALE. Reading between the lines of the Biographic Register we discovered that our new Chairman: laid the foundations of his knowledge of Britain and the British during two years in London as a Penfield Fellow; came to Washington "for a year" in 1936; first discovered the advantages of having offices in two places when he was attached to the Embassy in London in 1938 and given an office also in Whitehall; learned how to play cribbage in Ketchikan, Alaska, while investigating freight rates for the Maritime Commission; has no intention whatever of writing a history of the Secret Intelligence Branch of the OSS on the basis of his wartime experiences; girdled the globe in 1946; climbed only one small Alp while attending the first GATT Conference of 1947; wrote his "thesis" at the National War College on how the Communists used democratic techniques to take over in Hungary after the war; managed to arrange a visit to the Embassy in London before taking over the United Kingdom Section in 1952 but never saw it again during his three years on the job; had visited 26 foreign service posts even before he started his wanderings as an Inspector; looks back on his tour of duty in the Inspection Corps as an intensive educational experience and a thoroughly enjoyable one; now is having a fine time in his present job as Deputy Assistant Secretary for Economic Affairs and is cheerfully facing the prospect of devoting his "leisure" time to the Journal.

New Journal Board Members



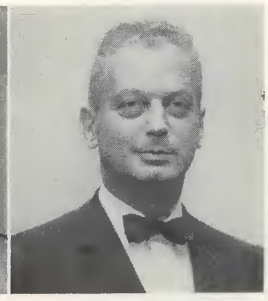
James Carson



Philip Chadbourn



Eileen Donovan



S. I. Nadler

JAMES CARSON entered the Foreign Service in 1955, and was assigned to the Consulate General in Frankfurt before returning to the Department late last year. Following service in the Navy from 1942 to 1945, he attended the University of Oregon, and was working for the Portland OREGONIAN just before entering the Foreign Service. He is currently assigned to the Executive Secretariat.

PHILIP H. CHADBOURN, JR. was born in Petrograd, of American parents and was educated in France and the U. S. During World War II he was parachuted into the French Resistance in Brittany. After the war he spent a year in business in Europe, and was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1948. He has served in Calcutta, twice in Frankfurt, and at Salzburg, Lyon, and Paris. Presently he is chief of the Training Branch in the Office of Personnel.

EILEEN DONOVAN is now assigned as Branch Chief for Southern Europe (Italy, Spain and Portugal) within DEW, Intelligence Research. She has served as political officer in Tokyo and Manila, FE in the Department, and as economic officer in Milan. Last year she says she had one of those rare opportunities—a year of advanced studies in political science at Harvard. Last fall she served on the Eleventh Selection Boards.

S. I. NADLER received his A.B. from Columbia College in 1936, and an M.A. from Teachers College, Columbia University, 1937. He taught school briefly in New York City, did radio script writing for four years, and served in the Army in the U. S. and overseas, 1941-46. He became a Foreign Service Staff Officer upon separation from the Army and has served in Tientsin, Singapore, and Taipei. He is currently in Washington, in capacity of Director, Office of Research and Intelligence, U. S. I. A.

WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS

"Ooh-ee-ooh-ah-ah"

While thousands around town—both young and old—have been chanting the Witch Doctor's language:

> My friend the Witch Doctor,
> He taught me what to say . . .
> "Ooh-ee-ooh-ah-ah
> Ting-tang walla-walla-bing-bang
> Ooh-ee-ooh-ah-ah
> Ting-tang walla-walla-bing-bang-oh"

a book on a new sign language has been attracting attention. It was written to help the international traveller who may have little time to pick up new languages, even those apparently as simple as the Witch Doctor's. Its author, Stephen Streeter says that with the 72 signs he has organized a traveller will be able to make himself understood in all parts of the globe. Mr. Streeter is a good person to work on this project, not only because of his own polyglot background and travels in 50 countries, but because he deals regularly with the tourist's problems (of which communication is probably first) as head of the American Tourist Association in Washington.

Already, he reports, there has been an eager response to this system, on the part of tourist agencies, of international airline transportation companies—even from the professional LINGUIST magazine, published in London. With this new universal sign language, its inventor hopes, one need never again feel as though he were from another planet. And speaking of other planets, this simplified sign language might well be the first one used to establish rapport with the purple people when they land—or we land in purple-people-land.

"Eye on the Arts"

We like to feel the Washington Letter is, from time to time, keeping a finger on changing attitudes in America for our overseas readers. And there's one thing we haven't mentioned recently that is staggeringly different about this green Capital of ours: It's been shedding some of its indifference to cultural affairs. It's not just that the bill to construct a new Cultural Center to be located in Foggy Bottom has finally passed at least the Senate. That's important; there must be housing; there must be a framework and focal point for activities. But it is much more than that. It's both activity and response, and can't be confined to one location.

For the first year in decades there has been excellent theatre in Washington for the greater part of the Season. The art galleries have never been so busy. The Institute of Contemporary Arts has had a fine series of lectures, often comparable in quality to those at the YMHA in New York City; the Opera Society of Washington had three productions, Lisner Auditorium has been host to outstanding performers, ranging from Frank Lloyd Wright to the Inbal dancers from Israel and the famous puppets from Bavaria. Downtown there have been SRO performances agented by Sol Hurok, such as Moiseyev Dancers. In short, it is no longer necessary to pack all one's theatre and cultural activities into hurried week-ends in New York.

"Eye on the Arts," a new publication available for only ten cents a copy, highlights this new and changing situation by giving the program notes on the many and varied activities available each month.

Washington is changing while still retaining the charm of the American small town and countryside where home hospitality and green trees are appreciated. The Outdoor program for 1958, published by the National Capital Parks, lists for this summer, for instance:

> BARGE TRIPS: Mule-drawn barge trips on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. . . . A Park Historian or Naturalist accompanies each scheduled trip . . . Trips are made regardless of inclement weather.

together with such perhaps sociological items as:

> INSECT WALK, August 24th, 3 p.m. Some of nature's most interesting creatures are among the insects. Meet at Rock Creek Nature Center.

In addition, as always, there are Watergate concerts by the Marine, Army, Navy, and Air Force Bands, and the beautiful Carter Barron Amphitheatre includes in its summer program Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald, as well as Broadway's Robert Weede in "The Most Happy Fella."

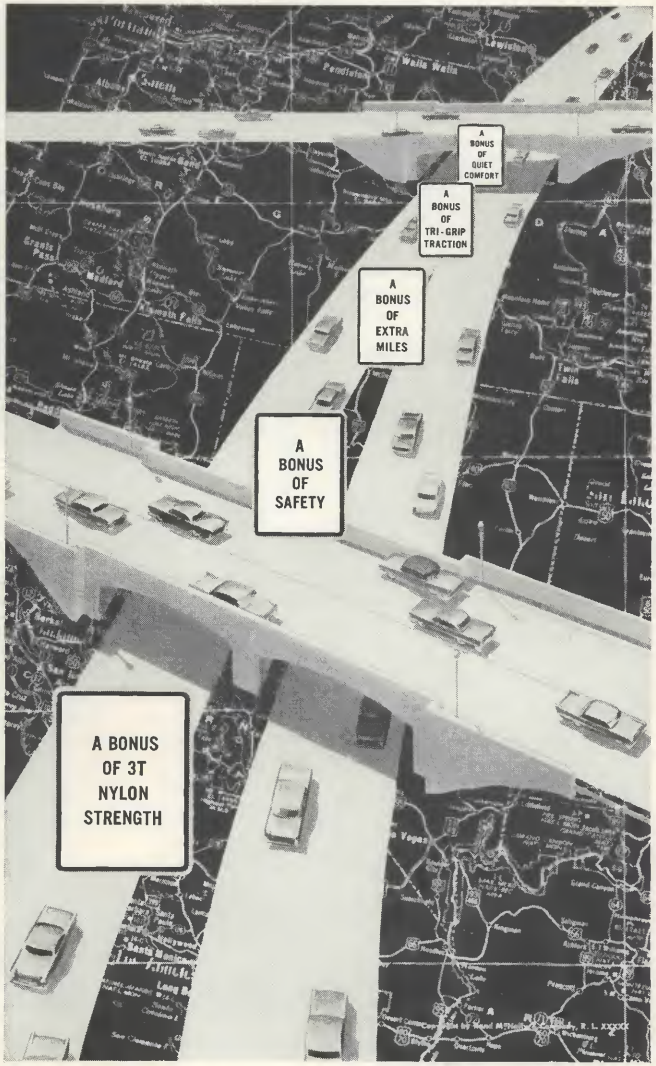
An eye on the arts in Washington these days will have to be a busy one and that is enrichening both for tourists, and for Washington's homebodies.

(Continued on page 34)



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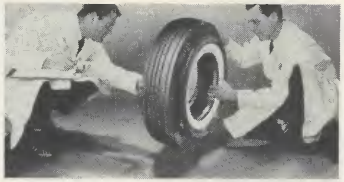
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Super-Cushion, T.M., Goodyear International Corp., Akron, Ohio, U.S.A.



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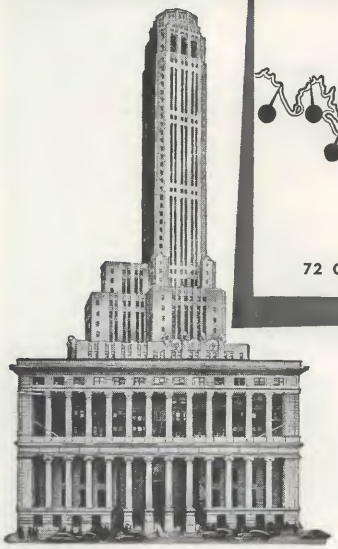
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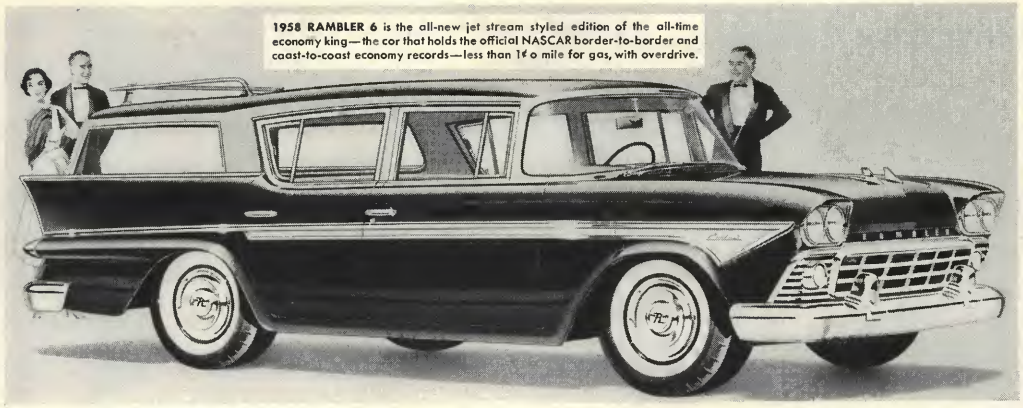
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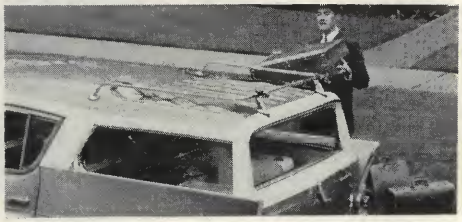
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Washington Letter (from page 29)

City Scapes to Moscow

One of the brightest exhibits we've seen recently was the exhibit of American urban centers, at Octagon House. This was en route to the Fifth Congress of the Union Internationale des Architects which this year was held in Moscow in July. The exhibit was designed by Peter Blake and going along with it to talk with the Russians and the architects from the free countries was Henry Stern Churchill. Cartoons by Richard Endoes lent color and vividness to the show. Mr. Churchill told us he didn't know anything about modern Russian architecture but was looking forward to the trip since he would have a good chance to travel around Russia after the congress was over to see some of their huge building program since World War II.

DATELINE, Beirut

In June in the middle of simmering press stories from rebel-torn Lebanon we received a letter from our former Journal Board Chairman, Rob McClintock, now Ambassador at Beirut, discussing the cummerbund colors worn by his kiwass, Kewfic. We can't but agree with him that it is a discussion of great importance in these hot summer days, as important to our readers as it was to Captain Wheen of the Royal Navy, and we hope to publish it later in the letter column. By way of footnote, we should like to quote NEWSWEEK of July 7:

> **The Diplomatic Pouch**
>
> Beirut—Publicly, at least, Communist diplomats here have adopted an attitude of studied aloofness from Lebanon's current crisis. In one cable to the State Department, U. S. Ambassador Robert McClintock reported that while he and his British colleagues are working overtime, the Red diplomats are relaxing on the beaches and in night clubs.

AFSA Luncheon

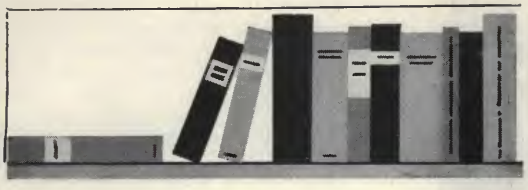
Winding up the year's luncheons of the American Foreign Service Association held at Fort Lesley McNair, on June 19, the Association produced a speaker who left his audience relaxed from laughing while in pungent and witty fashion he described his part, and the part played by the National Security Council these days. From the "Athens of America" to the very Foggy Bottom, Robert Cutler, special assistant to the President for National Security affairs, indicated was by no means all a pleasurable jump, but he had much enjoyed his three and one-half years here. As he described it, the integrated effort at the apex, being made today by the N.S.C., is something quite new as well as entirely necessary for a huge governmental structure such as that of the United States. Integrated effort in order to assist the President (in the sense of resources, of presentation of materials and of intelligence) so that the President's decisions will be on the basis of the Council's recommendations — thus forestalling that great danger to the democratic system: the ex parte decision. As Peter Fleming described it in "Operation Sea Lion," Mr. Cutler pointed out, it was not until 1940 that the great war machinery opposing the western world had a conference of the top of staff—and this was wiser perhaps, for a dictator might not find himself long at the top if he has many such conferences.

Next month AFSA will have its annual meeting, appoint new officers and open its fall program, including the Foreign Service luncheons at Ft. Lesley McNair.

PARIS VIGNETTE:
Dining on the Left Bank



Photo by Paul Child



From the Bookshelf

The Heart of India, *by Alexander Campbell,* Alfred A. *Knopf, New York, 333 pages. $5.00.*

Reviewed by ROBERT W. ADAMS

Mr. Campbell is a skillful and observant reporter with a real flair for the dramatic. His new book, written in a style which reminds one of the acid cleverness developed by the famous weekly news-magazine for which he writes, is highly entertaining and, perhaps, even educational. "The Heart of India" is a series of sketches or vignettes, caustic but not entirely unkind, which will open up for the reader a new and rarely-explored India. Mr. Campbell gives us not only the publicized India of Five-Year Plans, activity in the United Nations, and international disputes over Kashmir and Goa—all of which we seem to have read so much about in recent years—but also an India packed with real, yet almost unbelievable, people trying to solve age-old, and seemingly insoluble problems.

With Mr. Campbell we meet dedicated men like Vinoba Bhave, Congress Party politicians, hard-working bureaucrats, naked holy men, playboys, official astrologers, fiery Sikhs, South India's communist bosses, strong anti-communists like Government and Socialist Party leaders, and ultra-rightists who detest all things non-Hindu. With him we share the sights and smells of India—the traffic jams caused by sprawling sacred cattle, the sweating throngs working on a new housing development, the dust-covered food and spice shops along the sidewalks, the flies and stench of the innumerable slums, the rioting mobs, the beauty of the Taj Mahal in the moonlight, the shrieking street vendors, the flower garlands and the arches welcoming Nehru as the "Jewel of Asia."

All these things are India, and many passages in the book will bring back sharp memories to everyone who has ever visited the sub-continent. But India is more than just these sights and smells and fascinating characters. India is a big country, and no one book, of course, can do it justice. Besides which, Mr. Campbell's book also covers, at considerable length, his tour of East and West Pakistan, as well as his short visit to Afghanistan. A series of vignettes on our country—say, including a sketch of a Pentagon official, another of a Greyhound bus ride to Detroit, still another of a race riot in the Deep South, or a description of the waterfront toughs of San Francisco—would not really be an adequate description of our country. If a foreigner were to string together a number of such sketches and call it "The Heart of the United States," we might be resentful or amused, but we would certainly shrug off the book as shallow.

It is to Mr. Campbell's credit as a reporter that his book is not shallow. It may not be "definitive," it may not even be "balanced," but it certainly throws a clear spot-light on much of present-day India which will be illuminating for most Americans. "The Heart of India" is a controversial book, one that will probably be the subject of more argument than any other recent book on South Asia, or, for that matter, on any foreign country. But, even for those who are not seeking controversy or information, it is recommended as a highly entertaining and most readable book which puts in sharp, and clever, focus many scenes of today's India. For those who want to know more about that tremendous country, it is, as one of Mr. Campbell's Indian friends with a "Welsh accent" would say, a must, isn't it?



A Drummer, India *Photo by Darshan Lall*

F. M. Montlointain, Vocabulaire Diplomatique *(Fritzes Kungl. Hovbokhandel, Stockholm, pp. 76, 12 Swedish Kroner, paper-backed.)*

Reviewed by THOMAS A. DONOVAN

Although French has no longer the monopoly in diplomatic discourse it enjoyed a century or two ago, the language remains an important tool and cultural possession of the foreign affairs expert. Montlointain's little compilation of French words commonly met with in diplomatic speech and writing will not be of much use to the too numerous band of those who know no French at all, but it should be a useful addition to the library of anyone who already has learned a little of the language.

The book is built around a nice selection of some 2,000 words which the editor believes are most commonly en-

countered by diplomats in writing in French or in using the language in conversation. Since most of the words chosen are quite common ones (e.g. *mission, missive, mobile, modalité, modérateur, modération, modification*), the editor has sensibly refrained in most cases from burdening his text with definition. Instead, for each word in the vocabulary, he has listed one or more words, phrases, or sentences to illustrate the usage of the word in question.

A few examples may suffice to give an adequate idea of the scope and flavor of this pleasant little book:

se fâcher	– tout rouge (entrer dans une grande colère
finesse	la véritable – est la vérité dite quelque fois avec force, et toujours avec grâce (*Choiseul*)
fluidité	– de la situation politique russe
se formalizer	(s'offenser, se piquer d'un manque de forme) ; ne vous – ez pas pour si peu
formule	– acceptable, ingénieuse, de courtoisie, de politesse; trouve une – permettant à; – commune à adopter; de compromis; – de voeux pour de personnage que l'on veut honorer; préférer les – s souples aux contrats rigides
France	la – , le plus beau royaume après celui du ciel (*Hugo Grotius*)

The Diary of "Helena Morley" *by Elizabeth Bishop, Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.75.*

Reviewed by L. B. B.

Would the diary of a twelve-year-old girl who had lived, say, in Sheffield, Vermont in 1893 be helpful to a Brazilian trying nowadays to understand the United States? It seems unlikely. However the reverse happens to be true. Thanks to the happy translation by Elizabeth Bishop of "Helena Morley's" journal we have the real diary of a girl who lived in the mountain town of Diamantina, and who was able to write what it was like with entertaining detail and remarkably humorous detachment.

This is no tale to enthrall those who prefer an author like James Gould Cozzens. Not that "Helena Morley" (her pseudonym) lived protected from the rougher side of life as most American children do. Her days were filled with tragedy, scandal, poverty, and the less gracious side of human behavior because her life was filled with people, but it is the comprehending adult reader who understands this side of her life, and not the observing and curiously literate child.

Starting her Diary in January, in the midst of summer, she wrote: "Today is the best day of the week," and then went on to describe how she, her mother, brother and sister, with a servant from her grandmother's to carry the laundry and soft soap on his head—to push the cart with pots, pans, and food—would "go down under the bridge to wash the clothes." They would go at daybreak, make a picnic of it, take baths, and return home at night with the clean clothes, firewood they had gathered, and fish they had caught. As the now elderly author said in a preface to an earlier edition written in 1942, this is:

> "the daily life of a small city of the interior towards the end of the past century as seen through the eyes of a little girl—a city without electric lights, running water, telephones, or even a bakery, where we lived happily with very little except our everyday preoccupations. How beautiful life was then!"

The diary is written in a spirit of great enjoyment. The children of that time and place were part of the turbulent grown-up scene, and there was never a dull moment. With unconscious skill "Helena Morley" puts on paper the conversations of family, neighbors, and the recently freed Negroes who still lived helplessly with their white families. She reports births, deaths, illnesses, superstitions, crimes, church celebrations, and parties, and talks a great deal about clothes and food, of which she never has enough. The result is that the reader finds he has acquired a surprising amount of background of one part of the immensely varied country that is Brazil today.

"Ethics and United States Foreign Policy," *by Ernest Lefever, Living Age Books, published by Meridian Books, Inc., New York, 199 pages. $1.25.*

Reviewed by Representative Frank M. Coffin

Recently in the debate in the House of Representatives on the Mutual Security Bill, one member criticized the foreign aid program by pointing out that assistance was being given to some countries with a totalitarian government. He concluded with the following simple question and answer: "Can we morally justify such actions? Colleagues, we cannot do so in good conscience."

This passage, picked by this reviewer almost at random from the Congressional Record, is part of the currency of ethical thinking about foreign policy with which Mr. Lefever is concerned in his very readable book.

In the instance of the passage cited, the coin would not ring true, by the author's standard. It would, he says, prove counterfeit from the viewpoint of the Judeo-Christian tradition as applied to world politics. His thesis is Neibuhrian—that man is not wholly good, that men, history, and policy are "morally ambiguous," that "Biblical realism" is a double antibiotic, effective against both moral pretension and cynicism .

The thesis is applied to foreign policy when the author says, "If politics is the art of compromise, political ethics is concerned with achieving the least immoral compromise possible." But compromise is inevitable. Absolute principles are no basis for sound and morally responsible diplomacy. One absolute principle, however remains: the vital interests of the United States. Less-than-vital interests are negotiable. Even vital interests, implies the author, are negotiable if, to take the example of Germany (involving apparently irreconcilable vital interests of the two great powers), a settlement on a mammoth scale can be worked out—so that, in effect, vital interests become transformed in the new context.

Mr. Lefever performs a needed service in challenging the bromides. But he does more. Much of the book is a useful primer in foreign policy and diplomacy, as opposed to public (or "fish bowl") diplomacy. This reviewer cannot help but question whether these two broad approaches are mutually exclusive. May there not be in diplomacy, as in defense, both conventional and new weapons, with both being respectable if properly used?

The author has much of interest to say about foreign aid, trade, the United Nations, overseas information, and the

role of the public in foreign policy. The application of the basic theme—the Judeo-Christian tradition—to these diverse topics is irregular. Indeed, this is perhaps inevitable. After all, isn't the contribution of Mr. Lefever's views of "Biblical realism" chiefly that of stripping away some platitudes that can be dangerous? When specific policies are to be charted, there is often more than one "right" way. The important thing is not to justify inanity by piety.

Passport to Friendship ***by William Peters,*** *published by J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 286 pages. $3.75.*

Reviewed by RICHARD F. BOYCE

As indicated on the title page, the book is the story of the now well-established "Experiment in International Living"—the organization created in 1931 by Donald Watt, which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last year. The book is also a partial biography of Donald Watt. The foreword was written by Pearl S. Buck.

The "Experiment" is remarkable for its direct, simple approach to practical, down-to-earth, "people-to-people" international relations, without official or institutional rigidity, inspired and directed almost single-handedly by an earnest, unselfish, persistent American. It is also remarkable not only for its survival, almost unchanged, but also for its amazing growth for twenty-five years in spite of the hatreds and bloodshed of World War II.

Donald Watt and his youthful "ambassadors" have had many contacts with the Foreign Service. It is unfortunate that the author picked what I am sure was an un-typical example of a Foreign Service Officer to highlight how successful the "Experiment" is in reaching the people of a foreign country. There is elsewhere a tendency to criticize our official representation unfavorably in order to emphasize the success of the "Experiment"—the well known attitude that this or that unofficial American did more in one day or week, or month for the prestige of our country than all our official ambassadors combined accomplished in several years. ". . . his contacts with various officials of the U. S. Foreign Service over the years had sometimes left something to be desired in the way of mutual regard."

There is also an indication of Donald Watt's hostility and feeling of superiority to official U.S. policy—"To the extent that the foreign policy of any country, the United States included, interfered with that goal, the Experiment would always find itself at odds with that policy."

However, in spite of Mr. Watt's idiosyncracies, the "Experiment" is a remarkable achievement, and if its pattern could be followed and expanded universally, it could be a great influence for international peace, though neither the "Experiment" nor any other single activity or agency is likely of itself to become a panacea.

The book is interestingly written and should be in the library of every American Embassy and Consular Office.

A Time To Be Happy, ***by Nayantara Sahgal,*** *Alfred A. Knopf, 277 pages. $3.95.*

Reviewed by ANITA LAUVE

With verve, warmth and a keen understanding of human foibles, Nayantara Sahgal takes us into the homes, lives, and thoughts of several Indian upper middle-class families living in the industrial city of Sharanpur during the tense years preceding Indian independence.

The tale is that of Sanad, son of a wealthy Lucknow landowner and promising young employee in a British firm. Educated with his social class and generation to be "nearly English," he becomes increasingly aware that he and his kind—never wholly British, no longer wholly Indian—will be living in a spiritual vacuum in the new free India unless they can manage to renew contact with their own people.

Sanad's story is told by a narrator who, having abandoned his wealth to serve his people as an active Congress Party worker, embarrasses wealthy friends and relatives by showing up in khadi—and in jail.

Although the basic theme is serious, this latest book by Nehru's niece is not an attempt to write a profound novel. Rather it is a series of skillfully drawn sketches of individuals, of intimate family scenes, and of inner conflicts given outward expression during the latter years of British rule in India. The sketches are at times tender, colorful, charming; at times sharply critical of the hypocrisy, false pride, indifference or callousness that often characterized rulers and ruled alike.

The style of this book is generally smooth and picturesque. Only occasionally does one get the impression that a situation has been contrived to enable the author to "explain" India. But even in such passages the reader's interest does not lag for Mrs. Sahgal has a fine talent for bringing characters to life with a few colorful, deft phrases.

If this delightfully written story seems to end a bit abruptly, it is perhaps because the story does not really end with the book. The time to be happy is not that described within its covers, but rather the years that lie ahead—the future that Sanad and his generation will learn to make their own, no longer striving to be something alien, but proud to be wholly Indian.

Helicopter Photos by Herbert Meyle

Progress on New State, from Constitution Avenue . . . looking North . . . looking North East



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Cent-imental Journey

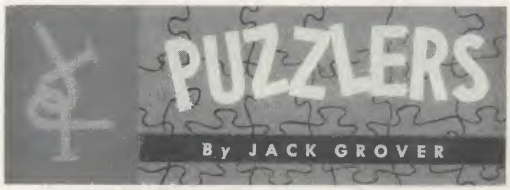
By IDA M. PARDUE

AS A MEMBER of the Foreign Service, you have either visited these famous attractions or heard about them from others who have.

Either way—you should be able to travel quite a distance on this cent-imental journey. Just match each attraction to the coin of its country. 14 correct answers is an excellent score on this trip. 8 to 10 correct answers is fair. Less than 8—welcome to the Service!

1. Upside Down Falls	guilder
2. Daibutsu Buddha	lira
3. Gatun Dam	peso
4. Bayeux Tapestry	dollar
5. The Forbidden City	Swiss franc
6. Waterloo Monument	schilling
7. Windsor Castle	yen
8. Bridge of Sighs	mark
9. Blarney Stone	Belgian franc
10. Great St. Bernard Pass	balboa
11. Rembrandt's House	French franc
12. Morro Castle	yuan
13. Salzburg Cathedral	Irish pound
14. the Berghof	English pound

(See page 40 for Answers)



The Last Laugh

THERE WAS ONCE a chap in Mexico name of Juan. Now Juan lived near a forest in which there were supposedly many wicked bandits, and the people of the countryside didn't dare even set foot inside it. But Juan, who had a twinkle in his eye, one day needed some wood, so into the forest he went.

As might be supposed, he was captured by the bandits. They were about to do him in without so much as a "by your leave," but Juan smiled and even tried to josh with them.

The bandit leader, who was a jolly man himself, appreciated Juan's gallant behavior, and so presented him with an alternative.

He said, "How do you think we are going to put you away, viego, by stabbing or poison? If you answer correctly, you'll be stabbed. Or, if you answer incorrectly, you'll be poisoned."

Juan paused a moment, then gave an answer that resulted in his release. What was it?

(See page 49 for Answer)

Foreign Service Scholarships, 1958-59

***Charles B. Hosmer and American Foreign Service Association Scholarship*—$6,500, shared by thirteen recipients. $500 each.**

***William Benton Scholarship*—$1,000, shared by two recipients. $500 each.**

***H. Freeman Matthews Scholarship*—$500. One recipient.**

***Robert Woods Bliss Scholarship*—$1,000, shared by two recipients. $500 each.**

***Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Scholarship*—$1,000, shared by two recipients. $500 each.**

***Overseas Service Scholarship*—$750, shared by two recipients. $375 each.**

***Foreign Service Journal Scholarship*—$500, one recipient.**

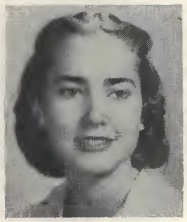
***Gertrude Stewart Memorial Scholarship*—$1,800, shared by four recipients. $450 each.**

***Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship*—Approximately $700, one recipient.**

Total approximately $13,750.

RECIPIENTS OF SCHOLARSHIPS, 1958-59

Charles B. Hosmer and American Foreign Service Association Scholarship



NANCY ACLY, daughter of R. Austin Acly, is a sophomore at Bennington College, and will continue a liberal arts program with an emphasis on drama. Miss Acly received a special scholarship from the Peterborough Players to continue summer studies begun in 1957. She also received a Gertrude Stewart Memorial Scholarship in 1957. $500.



REGINALD BRAGONIER, JR., son of Reginald Bragonier, is a junior at Yale University. Hopes to become an architect or to work in public relations in the Foreign Service. Mr. Bragonier was the recipient of the Eugene Meyer Public Service Award at Yale University last year. $500.



MARTHA G. CHAMBERLIN, daughter of Charles D. Chamberlin, is entering the freshman class at Middlebury College. Was elected President of the Senior Class and President of the National Honor Society at Frankfurt High School. At the present time she is planning to enter the teaching profession. $500.

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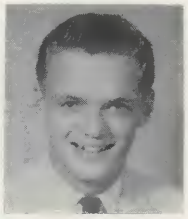
ANSWERS:

1. dollar—Hawaii
2. yen—Japan
3. balboa—Panama
4. French franc—France
5. yuan—China
6. Belgian franc—Belgium
7. English pound—England
8. lira—Italy
9. Irish pound—Ireland
10. Swiss franc—Switzerland
11. guilder—Holland
12. peso—Cuba
13. Schilling—Austria
14. mark—Germany

Hosmer-Association Scholarships
(Cont'd)



JOHN L. DONALDSON, son of the late Harry M. Donaldson, is the recipient of one of the Hosmer-Association Scholarships for the third successive year. Mr. Donaldson is majoring in science, pre-medical, at Oberlin College and on completion of his undergraduate education plans to attend Johns Hopkins Medical School in preparation for a career in medical research. He is also receiving a scholarship at Oberlin.



DONALD K. EMMERSON, son of John K. Emmerson, is a sophomore at Princeton University. He is taking the liberal arts course and is interested in writing and travel. He writes for the "Nassau Literary Magazine" and was on the Freshman Council of Whig-Clio, the campus political organization. Mr. Emmerson was the recipient of one of the Robert Woods Bliss Scholarships in 1957. $500.



JOHN H. GRUMMON, son of Stuart H. Grummon, is a junior at Princeton University. He is interested in law as a career, also in business management, and will major in the field of economics. He has participated in intercollegiate athletics and received in 1956 one of the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Scholarships. $500.



WILLIAM J. KANE, son of William Kane, is entering the freshman class at George Washington University, and will major in engineering. Mr. Kane was appointed to serve on the cabinet of the Student Council Association at McLean High School, where he was chairman of the Student Council Elections Committee. $500.

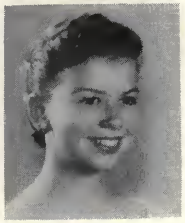


CHARLES R. MACK, son of Mrs. Mary D. Mack, is entering the freshman class at the University of North Carolina. At the Overseas School in Rome, Mr. Mack was Class President and President of the Student Council. He has maintained an honor average since his 3rd grade in elementary school, and has various fields of interest: history, archaeology and the Foreign Service. $500.

. . . for 1958-59



MARJORIE MADONNE, daughter of John H. Madonne, is a junior at the University of California, majoring in Political Science. Expects to take the Foreign Service examination on completion of her studies at the University. Miss Madonne contributes regularly to the college paper, the "Daily Californian." Has been active in the Westminster Presbyterian student center, and on the YWCA steering committee. $500.



C. LOUISE READE, daughter of W. Wolf Reade, has been accepted as a freshman at the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music. Miss Reade was the first American girl to be appointed a prefect at the King George V School. She is planning to become a professional singer of opera and concert work. She was a member of the King George V School choir in Hong Kong and is a promising pianist. $500.



RONALD E. VIGIL, son of Abraham Vigil, is planning to enter Duke University this fall, where he will major in electrical engineering. $500.



STEPHEN W. WALCAVICH, son of Walter G. Walcavich, is a freshman at Kenyon College and is planning to make the Foreign Service his career. He is interested in Mathematics, History and Languages, and was a member of the National Honor Society this year. $500.



A. STEPHANIE WELLS, daughter of H. Bartlett Wells, is entering the freshman class at Mount Vernon Junior College. She is interested in languages and zoology, as well as piano and painting. $500.

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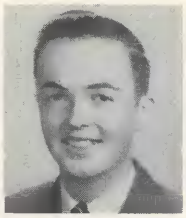


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William Benton Scholarships

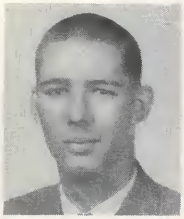


JOSEPH W. RICHARDSON, son of W. Garland Richardson, is a sophomore at Amherst College. He was active in the freshman wrestling program and has been a member of the Glee Club. He is interested in science and philosophy. Received a Gertrude Stewart Memorial Scholarship in 1957. $500.



MARIA O. VARGAS, daughter of Ofelia S. Vargas, plans to enter Wellesley College. Was a straight "A" student at the American School in Japan with the highest scholastic record of any student in the school. Member of the girls' athletic association, of the staffs of the school newspaper and annual. She is interested in mathematics. $500.

H. Freeman Matthews Scholarship

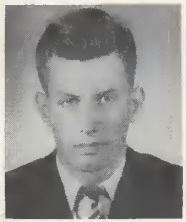


JOSEPH P. WHITAKER, son of Charles H. Whitaker, is entering his sophomore year at Princeton University. He is majoring in electrical engineering. Received his class numerals for freshman soccer this past year, and was awarded a Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Scholarship in 1957. $500.

Robert Woods Bliss Scholarships



CAROLYN A. BRADDOCK, daughter of Daniel M. Braddock, is entering the freshman class at Smith College and has lived twelve of her seventeen years abroad. She plans to make the Foreign Service her career. Takes an active interest in church youth groups and dramatics. $500.



ROLFF A. JOHANSEN, son of Lucy N. Johansen and the late Beppo R. Johansen, is entering Harvard, where he intends to major in social sciences or in international relations as he is planning to enter the Foreign Service. He was manager of the varsity ski team at Holderness School and was awarded the Foreign Service Journal Scholarship in 1957. $500.

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Foreign Service Journal Scholarship



NANCY E. JOHNSON, daughter of Guy A. Lee, is a senior at the Northfield School for Girls, where she was admitted to the Honors group in English. Is particularly interested in literature and mathematics. She was a member of the junior class choir and received a Gertrude Stewart Memorial Scholarship in 1957. $500.

Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Scholarships



IVER E. PETERSON, son of Oliver A. Peterson, is entering his junior year at Middlesex School, and is taking the college preparatory course. He plans to make the Foreign Service his career. $500.

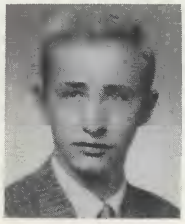


ELIZABETH B. WARNER, daughter of Gerald Warner, is a sophomore at the George Washington University. She plans to major in history or international relations. is interested in music and art. and was the recipient of a scholarship at Hood College this past year. $500.

Overseas Service Scholarships



NANCY H. CONOVER, daughter of Harry Conover, is entering The Mac Duffie School for Girls as a junior. Her interests are in the field of natural sciences, and in medical science. She was a member of the National Junior Honor Society at Leland Junior High School and was assigned to the rapid learner class this past year at Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School. $375.



PETER E. JONES, son of John Wesley Jones, is entering the freshman class at Williams College. He is taking the regular Bachelor of Arts course and received a "Prix d'Honneur" from the American Association of Teachers of French. $375.

Gertrude Stewart Memorial Scholarships



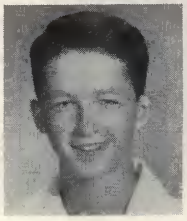
BEVERLY DUNN BARRINGER, daughter of John Paul Barringer, is entering Radcliffe College. She was elected President of Student Council for her senior year at the Ethel Walker School and has been on the honor list there for the past three years. Miss Barringer will major in Political Science and International Affairs, as she hopes to enter the Foreign Service. $450.



PATTERSON C. CARR, daughter of Robert M. Carr, plans to enter Stanford University. She was an honor student at Cairo American College and won an award for dramatics. Has played small parts in in twelve scholastic years. $450.



KAREN COLLINS, daughter of V. Lansing Collins, Jr., attends The Mac Duffie School for Girls, where she will be a junior. Has varied interests — languages, mathematics, music and art. Attended ten different schools in six different countries in twelve scholastic years. $450.



DANIEL S. TURNER, son of William T. Turner, is entering his freshman year at Haverford College. Is especially interested in history, sociology, and philosophy. He was a member of the Debating and Chess Clubs at Kent. Won first place, Connecticut Interscholastic Wrestling Tournament 1958 (115 lb. class). $450.

Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship



MARGARET L. SIMPSON, daughter of R. Smith Simpson, will be in her junior year at Bryn Mawr College, where she continues to be an honor student. Is interested in history and customs of other peoples and international affairs, as well as writing and music. Has been the recipient of one-half of the Harriman award the past two years and will receive the entire scholarship of approximately $700 for 1958.

Answers to Regulations

(from page 24)

1. 4 FSM 133
2. 4 FSM 325
3. 2 FSM 924.2b
4. 4 FSM 140-150
5. 4 FSM 333.2
6. 1 FSM VI 148.1
7. 1 FSM VI 253
8. RP 035.13
9. 1 FSM I 171.2
10. 1 FSM I 152.3

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MUTUAL SECURITY APPROPRIATIONS	●	●	●	●		○							
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ATOMIC SECRETS SHARING	●	●	●	●		●	●				●	●	
HUMANE SLAUGHTER	●	●	●	●		●	●						
DEFENSE REORGANIZATION	●	●	●	●		●							
MILITARY, FEDERAL PAY RAISE	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	
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CORPORATE, EXCISE TAXES	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	
DEBT CEILING INCREASE	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●			●	
COMMUNITY FACILITIES	●	●				●	●	●	●				
DEPRESSED AREAS	●	●				●	●	●	●				
OMNIBUS HOUSING BILL	○					●	●						
EMERGENCY HOUSING	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●			●	
SURPLUS DISPOSAL						●	●	●	●				
ALASKA STATEHOOD	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●			●	
HAWAII STATEHOOD	●					●	●						
FEDERAL SCHOLARSHIPS	●	○				●							
OMNIBUS FARM BILL						●	●						
PRICE SUPPORTS FREEZE	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●				●
LABOR LAW REVISION	○					●	●	●	●				
WELFARE FUND DISCLOSURE	○					●	●	●	●				
UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●			●	
REVISED RIVERS, HARBORS	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	
HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	

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Washington Waxes Dramatic

BY E. FOSDICK

IN HER FICTIONAL biography of Madam Tussaud, Sylvia Martin tells us that the first lady of the waxworks felt that one might almost think the French Revolutionary leaders were inspired in their work by their ambitions to be "a wax" in the Paris cabinet of her uncle.

If our American leaders entertained such aspirations they have been fulfilled through the establishment of Washington's new National Historic Wax Museum at 500 26th St., NW. Here are represented twenty-eight remarkable American personalities with sixteen tableaux depicting great moments in American history.

The museum is located in the section of Washington long known as "Foggy Bottom." Today this dampish area is shaking off its warehouse atmosphere and blossoming into the show place of the parkway. The museum has set up shop in what was the stable of the old Heurich Brewing Company—a towered red-brick imitation of a castle on the River Rhine.

Here the river is the Potomac, and even today oil barges nosing up to Georgetown provide a semblance of commercial river traffic. Close to the waxworks is the Clagett Memorial Company—cutters of tombstones.

In the early 1900's more than eighty draft horses munched fodder in the Heurich stable. The iron horse heads, symbolic of the husky "Frank" and "Jerry" servitors of the past, still arch their necks over the museum doors.

After prohibition closed the brewery, the State Department used the ground floor of the stables, and an office of the Marines occupied the upper story. Then one night the old stable blew its top and fire razed the loft. The river fireboat plowed up the waves, ran a hose through Clagett's work area and saved the stable's first floor and ceiling. For a time what was left of the building functioned as a roller skating rink. Now it is host to a gallery of famous Americans.

A year after the Heurich employees hoisted their beer mugs in a farewell "bottoms up" in January, 1956, the Arena Stage settled into the brewery's "Hospitality Hall." With the Arena theater-in-the-round in the brewery and the wax works museum in the stable, the scent of grease paint and plastic-on-wax has replaced the neighborhood's old yeasty smell.

The idea of a wax works museum patterned after Madam Tussaud's laid hold of Frank L. Dennis when he was stationed in Paris with USIA, in 1953. He felt the high points of America's history could be best captured through three-dimensional figures. After his return to Washington in 1954, Dennis, who was until recently policy chief and director of public information at USIA, worked on his idea of a wax works project and by 1957 had founded Historic Figures, Incorported: which later became the National Historical Wax Museum.

Madam Tussaud, herself a prisoner of the revolutionaries for three months, is reported to have modeled heads from those still warm following the quick slicing by the guillotine. Through the Dorothy S. Lynch Studios who fashioned these figures of vinyl plastic and wax, have yet to use this grisly approach, their work is not only meticulous in picturing details of the subject's characteristics but reflects the personality as well.

(Continued)

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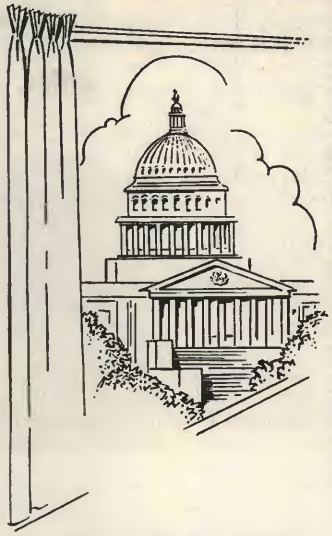
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Waxworks *(Cont'd)*

Among the distinguished figures of statesmen cleverly spotlighted, are Andrew Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Harry Truman, and in the area devoted to scientists Einstein, George Washington Carver, and Edison seem very much alive.

Henry Ford is there. His application filled out to secure his first driver's license in 1916, furnished the information needed for his height, weight and coloring.

Among the ladies are Dolly Madison and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence and the making of the first flag are beautifully depicted. One of the most gripping tableaux is that of the assassination of Lincoln as he and Mrs. Lincoln sat in their box at the Ford Theatre. President and Mrs. Eisenhower complete the group of tableaux.

The old German brewer, Christian Heurich has furnished the setting for this latest historical museum in Washington. He enjoyed a busy, prosperous life until he was one hundred and two years old, and crossed the Atlantic seventy-two times. He delighted in gathering art objects to adorn his vast, Victorian mansion. His children had a fabulous playroom in the tower of the Heurich home. When Papa Heurich climbed the winding stairs to these heights to tell them stories he could glimpse the tower of his brewery down on the banks of the river.

Below this pinnacle the furnishings are sumptuous. The woodwork is carved Philippine mahogany with all the high points over mantel-pieces and doors decorated with his entwined initials C. H. There is a gold piano, a balcony for an orchestra, a conservatory, tall ceilings, heavy, carved furniture and a beautifully laid-out garden once guarded by police dogs.

The Columbia Historical Society is maintaining all these trappings intact: a nostalgic ornament of the nineteenth century.

Christian Heurich's dreams of old German castles have today attained real substance: a theatre, an historical headquarters, and a wax-works have all resulted.

The wax museum, in addition to its permanent collection plans a series of transient displays. Its first temporary exhibit was an array of masks representing people eminent in music, literature, and politics.

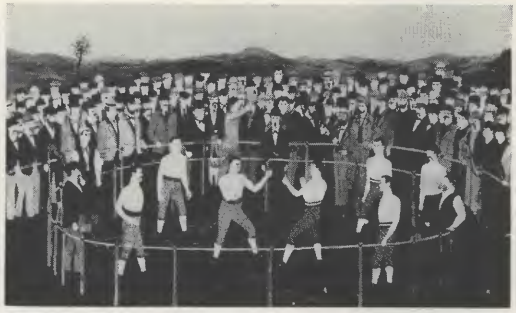
Though the museum's location is definitely improving, the fog still clings. At night a chill creeps into these bottom lands that makes clammy the metal of the parked car. Though the fog's icy fingers make one shiver, a weird setting is appropriate for the glassy gaze of Samuel Gompers, John D. Rockefeller and Harriet Beecher Stowe. No better next-door-neighbor could be imagined than that of a macabre fashioner of tombstones. When the visitor steps from the museum he feels himself caught for a second in the grip of a nightmare and as he shakes it off he realizes he has just rocketed through history.

* * *

THE PUZZLER *(from page 38)*

He answered, "By poison." Then he argued that if they did poison him he would have answered correctly, which wasn't right, for he must have answered incorrectly to die by poison. And they wouldn't stab him, for then his answer would have been incorrect, for which he shouldn't be stabbed. And Juan was sure, such honorable men as the bandits wouldn't go against their word—which they didn't.

Clippings



American Folk Art — *Shown at Brussels Fair*

"Beer Diplomacy"

IN THE MOUNTING wave of advice following the Vice President's recent tour of South America there has been increasing criticism of the way in which our diplomats are required to do business. It has been charged the State Department encourages a kind of "cocktail diplomacy" that isolates too many of our foreign representatives within a select circle; and that our diplomats should get out and meet the people.

Undoubtedly there is too much social protocol on the part of the Embassies of the world. Undoubtedly many of our envoys would like to dispense with the round of tedious white-tie affairs in which they encounter the recurrent faces of the local diplomatic community. But we should not confuse the function of Ambassadors with that of political campaigners, nor forget that protocol exists for a number of sound and excellent reasons.

The business that transpires among Amhassadors is not only formal, occurring over the expanse of an office desk, but informal, occurring in the artificial atmosphere of the banquet and the ballroom. To expect a representative to go out and mingle with the people is a misunderstanding of the aims of diplomacy. A diplomat is already in contact with the representative of the people, and diplomacy is, in the strictest sense, "the art of conducting negotiations between nations."

If the United States is under a handicap because of so-called "cocktail diplomacy" it is a handicap shared with the other nations of the globe. No one suggests that diplomats should maroon themselves in the midst of their profession and be unaware of the temper of the country they are dealing with. But it is possible to go too far in this direction, and to stir up dormant animosities by scrapping the balance and restraints with which diplomacy had been traditionally hedged.

We Americans like to find pragmatic general solutions for such erratic and individual things as mistakes in judgment. Possibly individuals were wrong, individuals were out of touch. It is difficult to imagine, however, beer diplomacy as a substantial improvement over the cocktail variety.—*From the Boston Herald*, May 21.

(Continued)

Folklore—and Foreign Envoys

AMERICAN diplomats around the world must be feeling a bit confused these days; unsure, from what they read in the press, whether they are the country's great white hope or the country's Achilles' heel in white tie and tails, if you can imagine a heel dressed like that, and we've seen a few.

The older hands among them will not be unduly surprised by the news they're reading; Washington experiences an annual freshet of this argument; it never runs deep but it always runs true; so here is Senator Johnson of Texas saying in Secretary Dulles' presence that personal diplomacy by commuting is no substitute for the well trained and dedicated diplomatic corps posted abroad. Listeners had no doubt that Johnson was suggesting that if the Secretary stayed home a bit more, the Ambassadors we keep in the capitals Dulles is always visiting might make out pretty well on their own.

Score one for the professional diplomats. But then, in another part of the forest of newsprint, they learn that they are *not* making out well on their own, because they are frittering away too much of the twentieth century in cocktail parties; are therefore out of touch with the common people, including Latin American students, Reds, pro-Reds and potential stone throwers in general. Also they tend to drink wine in countries like France. This last accusation has truth in it, though it may seem strange to our diplomats abroad since it comes from Congressmen; strange, because these diplomats have often had to entertain traveling Congressmen and know that the word "stoned" has more than one definition.

Folklore dies hard and in the annual fuss over the State Department budget there is always one Congressman who remembers that he represents the plain-spoken, church-goin', baby-havin' salt-of-the-earth back home, folks who want no truck with those sinful foreign capitals full of mixed drinks and French perfumes and who see no reason why their hard-earned tax dollars should be squandered for any such goins' on.

Well, that's normal—and perennial. But now a new factor has entered this familiar picture. The Vice President himself has discovered that a lot of our diplomats in Latin America spend a lot of time seeing their diplomatic colleagues, at parties and elsewhere, and little time down in the streets, pubs, slums and schools talking to the plain-spoken, baby-havin' folks of *those* countries. The implication is that if the diplomats bent their ankles more and their elbows less, Washington would have known in advance that a lot of Latin Americans are sore at us for supporting local dictators. The *Herald Tribune* today even has an editorial with the title, "End Cocktail Diplomacy" exclamation point; which is not quite as funny a recommendation as one mythical *Readers Digest* title, "Let's End Puberty Now," but about as futile.

Well, a good many ex-foreign correspondents here take all this with a grain of salt of the earth. Including this one. The very nature of most diplomats' jobs keep them chained to their desks and to their confrere's offices and homes. They are accredited to governments, not to whole peoples. Some, of course, *are* stuffy and un-alert; American newspapermen knew more about what was happening in both Budapest and Cuba than did our diplomats there. The theme of anti-Americanism because of anti-dictatorship, running all through Latin America, had been written and broadcast about very often before Mr. Nixon ever went there. The blockage is right here in Washington, where the information was freely available to the highest officials if they were paying attention.

Returning journalists used to be able to see the American President privately and tell him what they knew; they can't do that, anymore; they can't even talk to State Department intelligence officials, as of this week, without a press officer listening in. The recommendation now that our foreign envoys mingle with potential rebels, Reds, or even left-wingers, will indeed be salt in the wine of those envoys who remember how many of their colleagues, especially those in China, were denounced, investigated and ruined for doing just that, only a few years ago.

This is Eric Severeid in Washington.—*From "CBS Radio News Analysis," May 22, 1958.*



New York, Still Life — *Shown at Brussels Fair*

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. The opinions of the writers are not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

Foreign Affairs Reading List

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

We always read with interest annual reading list in the Foreign Service Journal.

VERA MICHELES DEAN
Director,
Non-Western Civilization Program
University of Rochester, N. Y.

Editor's Note: The reading list will again be published in our October issue, in time for Christmas buying of books overseas.

"Through the Looking Glass"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Extract from the First Draft of an Efficiency Report Thought Better of and Not Hitherto Published by a DCM, on an Administrative Officer

B. PERFORMANCE . . . Mr. X tells me that in some previous efficiency reports he has been criticized for lack of facility in written and oral expression. He has been told that his weakness in this respect has prevented his being promoted in recent years. This background compels me to write an Essay on the State of the Literary Arts in the Foreign Service.

First I want to try to establish my own competence. The only thing I ever got any formal training at was literature. I used (God help my subordinates and secretaries) to teach Freshman English. I have spent thirteen years drafting in the Foreign Service. I burden my poor parents with 20-page letters about life in Quaint Little Ruritania. THE NEW YORKER is my stylistic Bible, and I liked Mr. Acheson better than Mr. Dulles because Mr. Acheson didn't say "The reason is because . . ." As you can see, I think I am pretty cute at this stuff. And if anybody is going to be prejudiced against a fellow-officer who writes "Re your cook which quit . . ." and "This individual possesses a high-type personality," it ought to be me—excuse me, I.

Well now, I have rated Mr. X. "4" in "written expression" and "5" in "oral expression"—and I meant it. For the Foreign Service, he had less than the average formal education, and since then he has had further education in what are probably the two leading Institutions of Higher Illiteracy in the entire world — the U. S. Army and the administrative area of the U.S. Foreign Service. Somehow he has survived these privations and writes memoranda and despatches that can be understood—usually. If what he writes be illiteracy, then we had better make the most of it, because, God save us, he communicates better than the average of us. If you put his solecisms and bureaucratese into the balance against the almost equally bountiful supply of these stocks-in-trade that the average FSO can dictate at the split of an infinitive, and if you then throw into the balance the quantities of clear thinking that the respective balance-laders are able to muster—why, then the scale goes down heavily in favor of our hero, and we have one more example of the old English 1-A saw that to write clearly one must first think clearly.

He will never, no matter how he strains (and he has been straining—*vide* "M. Improvement" *infra*), achieve a felicity and hygienicity of style that will make it safe to turn him loose on important notes to Foreign Ministers who understand English, but he will do for most of the other multifarious purposes of a Foreign Service that is now Big Business.

D. C. M.

Esquire

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Isn't it high time we dispensed with the anachronism of addressing Foreign Service Officers as "Esquire?" I have never (well, almost never) observed this quaint custom and I am glad to note that the heresy seems to be spreading. It is just possible, of course, that the deviations apparent in mail addressed to me represent reprisal rather than conversion.

I do not have the Foreign Service Regulations at hand, but my recollection is that their one reference to this practice is diffident, almost apologetic. In this instance surely the mealy-mouthed approach of the Regulations is sound, for who can take pleasure in searching the Foreign Service list before deciding whether it shall be "John Doe, Esquire" (FSO-3) or, "Mr. John Doe" (FSS-1)?

David G. Wilson, Jr.
Air War College
Maxwell, Ala.

Next month the Journal will publish, as a service to its readers, an eight-page supplement containing the addresses of FSO's-Retired. Further copies may be secured by sending the attached with $1.00 for the first and 50¢ for each additional copy, to the Circulation Manager, Foreign Service Journal, 1908 "G" St. N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

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Letters to the Editor

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The Foreign Service and Outer Space

To the Editor
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Heartiest congratulations to you and the JOURNAL's staff for planning and assembling an outstanding April issue (just received) of superb and timely articles on outer space developments and problems. The impact of devoting an entire issue to the various aspects of one subject is infinitely greater than publishing the same articles separately over a period of time. I for one find this approach extremely stimulating and hope that its value will not be overlooked in planning future issues of the JOURNAL.

Forest E. Abbuhl
Foreign Service Officer

Baghdad

Trips for Local Employees

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

During my last overseas tour, I served as principal officer at a small Consulate in a provincial city in a Middle Eastern country. We have had a Consulate in that city for less than ten years. Its principal officers have rarely been fluent in the local language, and they have never remained beyond a two-year term. In these circumstances, an able and loyal advisor-translator has been of even greater importance than is normally the case.

Fortunately we have had such a person at this post. He has served the Consulate ably and with great loyalty since its opening. For a long time now he has sought an opportunity to visit the United States on some sort of grant. All recent principal officers have tried to make such a grant possible, believing that he had earned such a trip and that it would further enhance his usefulness. None of us has found a way in which this could be done.

Is there no way, under existing regulations, to so reward a faithful local employee? It would seem to me that if there is not, provision should be made which would permit posts overseas to propose travel grants for something like a 90-day visit to this country for our best local employees after they have served a minimum of say seven to ten years. I would think it would be in our own best interests to widen the experience and further strengthen the loyalty of our local employees by giving them recognition of this kind.

B. L.

Editor's Note: We should be interested to hear from our readers how such trips for locals could be financed. One possible way, for instance, might be by using funds from Snack Bar profits at the posts.

4th of July

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The following was received from Mrs. Judah Magnes in reply to the Consulate General's 4th of July invitation:

"I sincerely regret being unable to be at the 4th of July reception but I want to send my good wishes. How well I remember the first reception—in 1923 or 1924—when Mr. Heizer was our Consul. It was an afternoon garden party and the police band obliged with a few 'selections.' One was from Madame Butterfly, and you know that when the tenor, Pinkerton, appears, there is a snatch of the Star Spangled Banner. The English guests, always on the alert to pay tribute to their own national hymn—and others, rose rigidly. As the Puccini music trailed off rather suddenly from the American National Hymn, they were left more or less stranded—practically in mid-air. I distinctly recall Edward Blatchford whispering to me: 'Why do they stand at attention for Madame Butterfly'?"

Albert B. Franklin
American Consul General

Jerusalem

"Five Perfectly Normal Aces"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Recently my attention was called to two entries in the Guest Book of the British Town Club in Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil. One dated November 10, 1928 read:

> "Celebrating the election of the dry candidate, Mr. Herbert Hoover, the American Consul, Mr. Nathaniel P. Davis, threw five perfectly normal aces and it was duly celebrated in the time honored manner by the undersigned."

There were five signatures of which only that of former Ambassador Davis was legible. The second entry dated three days later read:

> "Continuing to celebrate the election of the dry candidate, Mr. Herbert Hoover, on the second Tuesday after the second Monday, Mr. N. P. Davis in due and proper form threw *again* five perfectly natural aces in one flop. We the undersigned certify that he paid the regular penalty."

There were only four signatures after this entry, however.

Hugh N. Whitaker
American Consul

Recife, Pernambuco

April's Space Issue

To the Editor:
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The April FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL has arrived with all its meaty content. Have started at the first article and am on my way through . . . haven't read the article by Gwen Barrows yet. Marvelous reading and so sanely presented. Thank you no end. Have many who want to read it. It will make the rounds. . . .

E. N.

San Francisco



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