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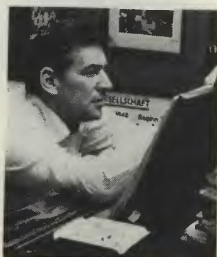
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Cover: Leonard Bernstein

Next month our cultural contribution will be greatly enhanced by the genius and talent of Leonard Bernstein, who will be conducting the New York Philharmonic in works both classical and modern at the American National Exhibition in Moscow.

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AFSA

Tribute to John Foster Dulles

AT ALL THEIR posts of duty, members of our Association will remember throughout their lives their association with Secretary Dulles—whether near or far. Many indeed were privileged to know him for not only did he range the world in the quest for durable peace but also he chose so often to people his official family with Foreign Service officers.



John Foster Dulles

Those who were privileged to be near him in his daily work or on his frequent missions came to have a deep affection for the Secretary. Even in the midst of crisis, which was for six years a daily role, there was in the intimacy of small meetings humor, warmth and unassuming frankness. Contrary to the portrait drawn by distant commentators, he did not reduce his staff to robots, mere executors of lonely and austere decisions. He wanted instead the views of each one admitted to the conference table and he solicited dissenting views as a stimulus and safeguard to his own thinking.

Likewise he was a man of many interests, some of them much less than Olympian. Surprised indeed must have been the WASHINGTON POST one Saturday last September when a call came through at 12:05 from Secretary Dulles' house. The Quemoy crisis was then raging but all discussion at the meeting stopped as the Secretary moved silently to the radio, sought without success a report on a subject undisclosed, and returned to the table. To one present who offered to continue the quest he replied: "I just wanted to know if the Columbia beat Sceptre to the mark." Such incidents will dwell in the minds of all those close to him. They help to explain that affection was not the least among the reactions he evoked from the devoted group of his "associates"—as he was wont to call the members of his staff.

Associates, both near and far, of course recognized other attributes which he possessed in a degree reserved only to greatness. His granite strength of purpose was never diluted by his equal capacity for comprehending the opposite side of the problem. Instead, his remarkable powers of analysis served to promote a resourcefulness in action which astounded those who assumed adherence to his objective was merely rigidity. Similarly his mastery of his subjects, fortified by a gifted memory, gave him great advantage at conference tables around the world. As his years of office rolled on, his presence at the conference became inevitably the dominating presence. Where many others often faltered, he, regardless of odds, rallied the strength and unity of the free world against the ever aggressive efforts of its adversaries.

It was, in fact, in moments of crisis that he was pre-eminent. Those who had been told he was reckless learned instead that he acted from a fuller comprehension of the risks and, keeping his fears from others' eyes, he exercised his power of decision with confidence and with the persuasiveness of an experienced advocate. In so doing, he gave unity to our own effort in the foreign field and he held the free world together in a period as trying as the world has ever known. All this his associates could see, whatever their vantage point, and it is a source of gratification to them that the Secretary could know before he passed on how his leadership was appreciated by them and by the world he sought to preserve.

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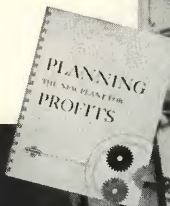
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BREMENT. A son, Mark, born to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Brement, March 25, in Taipei.
KLING. A daughter, born to Mr. and Mrs. William Kling, April 24, in Wellington.
POHL. A daughter, Anne Catherine, born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Pohl, May 5, in Palermo.
POVENMIRE. A daughter, Carol Jane, born to Mr. and Mrs. Dale M. Povenmire, May 3, at Santiago, Chile.
SCHAUFELLE. A son, Peter Henry, born to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Schaufelle, Jr., April 4, in Washington.
SEARING. A daughter, Cynthia, born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Searing, May 21, in Palermo.
SELIGMANN. A daughter, Wendy Lee, born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Seligmann, March 25, in Tokyo.
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Fulbright on the "Ugly"

SENATOR J. W. Fulbright told his fellow Senators today that the much-criticized U. S. Foreign Aid Program is no worse than their own new "whimsical" office building.

The Arkansas Democrat, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said it would be difficult to find any foreign aid project that was more "ineptly handled" than the "marble palace we've just built for ourselves."

Fulbright drew the comparison in the course of an unusual speech which amounted to a critical review of one of the nation's best-selling novels, "The Ugly American."

He said the book, a fictional account of "the deficiencies of our Foreign Service people in Asia," has become a "minor polemic in many world capitals" and thus "is of concern to us all."

He said it takes the line "that any American loyal and devoted enough to serve his nation overseas is a boob or worse, but somehow the Russian diplomats are all talented, dedicated, servants of Communism."

By "grossly overstating" conditions at U. S. diplomatic outposts, he said, the book has "misled a number of gullible Americans, including a few Senators."

The novel was defended, however, by Senators Ernest Gruening (D-Alaska) and Russell B. Long (D-La.). They said it served a useful purpose in pointing out weaknesses in U. S. diplomacy.

But Fulbright said the book "purports to be based on fact" although it contains "glaring error of fact and interpretation." He expressed hope that Members of Congress in considering this year's foreign aid bill would not "confuse fiction with fact."

Fulbright pointed out that the Senate itself "has been burdened with a demagogue or two" who have "sidetracked the Senate from its work and dominated the headlines."

"Happily," he added, "it seems not yet to have occurred to any team of aspirant novelists to personify the entire Senate in terms of the mischief wrought by these few Senators."

"We have had no novel called 'The Ugly Senator.' Nor have we had 'The Ugly Journalist,' 'The Ugly Barrister,' or even 'The Ugly Ad Man.' But we might have. Like the Foreign Service, each of these professions has its share of misfits, mischief-makers, buffoons and shirkers."

Fulbright said, "The Senate itself is partly to a bit of mischief" in the form of the new office building, which has been widely ridiculed as both extravagant and inconvenient. He pointed out that "this unfortunate edifice" cost around 25 million dollars.

After spending \$100,000 for rubber tile floors in the building, the Senate has now voted \$150,000 to carpet them, with the result that 600 massive walnut or metal doors will have to be trimmed a half-inch.

"I mention this only because I feel it is wise to remember that such things can happen in the very shadow of the Capitol," Fulbright said.

This touched off the usual round of Senatorial complaints that follow almost any mention of the building.

Senator Frank J. Lausche (D-Ohio) arose to remark that he would not let the door trimmers into his office and Senator Prescott Bush (R-Conn.) said all the publicity was hurting the rubber tile business.—United Press despatch, May 19, 1959.



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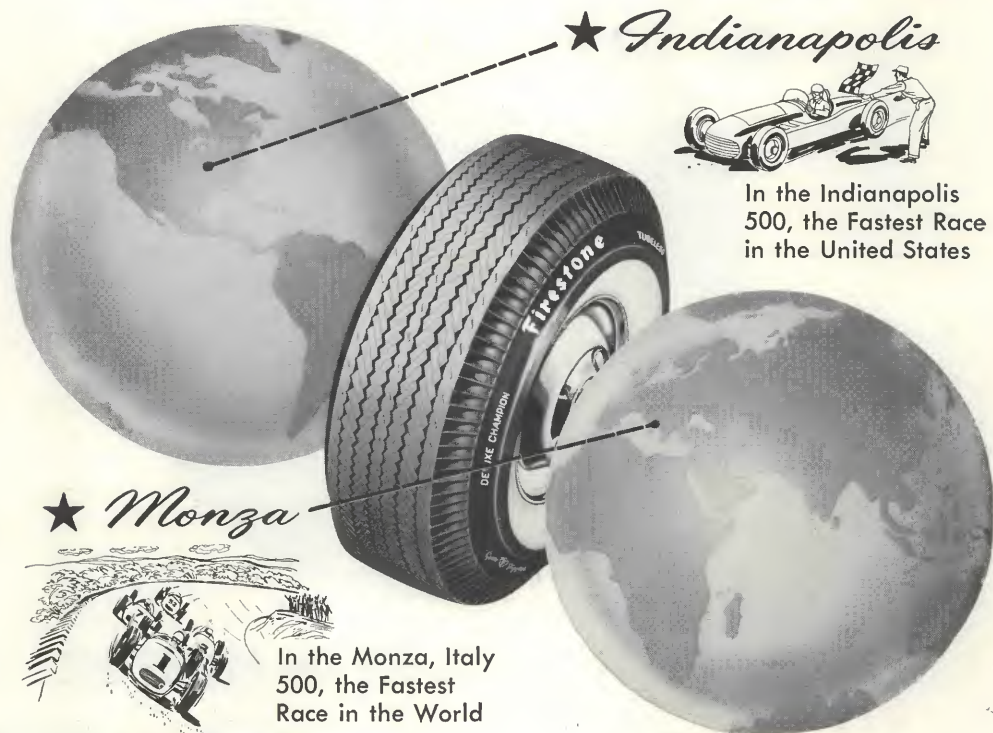
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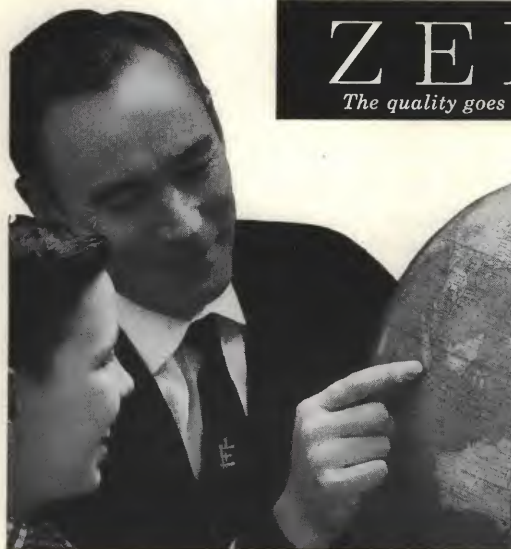
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25 years ago

BY
JAMES B.
STEWART

Lions and Zebras

The JOURNAL for July, 1934, carried this report from Nairobi, Kenya Colony: "A great stir was caused in Kenya by a report in a Canadian paper, reprinted in Great Britain, that an American hunter had captured lions on iron hooks baited with zebra meat and drawn on a rope from the back of a motor truck. This was vehemently denied by all concerned.

"The foundation of the story was probably this: On the Serengetti plains in Northern Tanganyika, where lions are as thick as mosquitoes in New Jersey, it is customary for campers to shoot a zebra (these are still thicker) and haul it to a likely spot where lions will promptly congregate for an afternoon meal. This is no injustice to the zebra, as the lions would kill one for themselves anyway as soon as it got dark.

"It is only rarely, if ever, that a hunter is heartless enough to shoot lions in this district, as they have become as tame as house cats. . . . The Kenya Game Warden recently showed some amusing movies of two lions having a frolicsome tug of war with a rope he left them. Another shot showed a fearsome-looking lion who came within a few feet of his car, looked each passenger straight in the eye in turn, and then sat back on his haunches and gave a prodigious yawn."

Comment, 1959: TIME for April 6 has an article on present day rifle and camera hunting in Kenya. Last paragraph reads: "The swarming tourists have forced the local governments to enforce restrictions to prevent depletion of game, and many an old hand mourns the change. One of them is Columnist Robert Ruark, who is respected by white hunters as one of the few sharpshooters among the amateurs. Currently on safari in Kenya, Ruark writes: 'I should think it likely that this will be my last proper big safari, and the thought grieves me. What I bemoan mainly is the loss of the old, wild freedom when you could take off in almost any direction and find something exciting without having to check a sheaf of papers, fill out questionnaires and worry about your time limits in any one area. The people were wild and the animals were wild and the living was wilder. The Africa I knew and loved so much a decade ago has changed tremendously.'"

The article is illustrated, by a close-up of five sprawling, contented lions gorging themselves under the very noses of a bunch of fascinated tourists—both sexes, all ages—comfortably seated on benches in a large canvas-covered truck. (We get you, Robert!)

Baseball in Moscow and in Yankee Stadium

Ambassador William C. Bullitt in the issue of July 1934, was introducing baseball to Moscow. He had just received

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25 Years Ago

by James B. Stewart

equipment for four teams. There were to be two teams in the official American family and two made up of resident Americans.

Comment, 1959, for fans: The year 1934 happened to be Babe Ruth's last year with the Yankees. The King of Swat had broken all records during his fifteen memorable years in a Yankee uniform.



HUTTON-STEARNs. Married on May 21, 1934, at Washington, D. C., Paul Churchill Hutton, American Vice Consul recently assigned to Dublin, and Miss Frances Peabody Stearns.

Comment, 1959: There are three sons. Churchill graduated from West Point last year and is now with the Army in Korea. Powell graduated from West Point in June and goes to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Young Clelland is with his parents in Winnipeg where his father is Consul General.

Briefs: The Electoral College of AFSA elected Homer M. Byington President of the Association for the year beginning July 1, 1934. Ray Atherton was elected Vice President. Members of the Executive Committee: Thomas M. Wilson, Jay Pierrepont Moffat, John F. Simmons, Herbert S. Bursley, Joseph F. McGurk.

Prize Fighters and Bull Fighter Entertain

The Consulate General, Barcelona, reported to the JOURNAL that there was great excitement over the heavyweight prize fight scheduled between Max Schmeling and Paulino Uzcudun. Consul General Claude I. Dawson visited Schmeling's training camp and met Jack Dempsey, the Douglas Fairbanks, father and son, and Schmeling's wife, the well-known Anny Ondra of the German talkies. All notables on hand for the prize fight attended a bull fight.

And More Recently:

Safe, Sane and Insured Fourth. "Bern, Switzerland, July 1, 1958 (AP)—Some of the guests U. S. Ambassador Henry J. Taylor has invited to his 4th of July garden party won't mind if the festivities are spoiled by rain.

"They are the professors of Bern University. The Ambassador took out a \$5,000 insurance policy against rain and named the university beneficiary."

Editor's Note, 1959: The Embassy at Bern says that it did rain in Bern last year on the Fourth of July, but not "officially." They wrote: "The insurance covered the period from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., the hours during which the party was held. It rained a little just a few minutes before six and it rained a little just after eight, but not during those hours. At one point, the President of the University of Bern suggested that a little champagne might be poured into the rain-measuring device to help things along toward the point where the insurance company would have to pay. However, the representative of the insurance company, who was on hand to see that all requirements for 'official' rain were met, could not be persuaded that this would be the thing to do."

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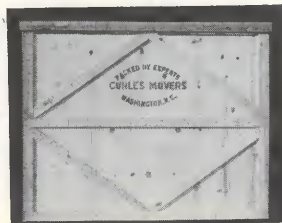
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Preference in Posts

by G. ETZEL PEARCY

There is no end to the geographical highlights which abound at Foreign Service posts. How many are on islands? Which one is the rainiest? Are there posts with neither a railroad station nor scheduled air service? How many posts are located on the sovereign territory of the French? Which post is farthest from any other post? Which country has the most posts? Are there any posts located in resort centers?

THESE POSERS are but samples of the thousands which could be asked about the 78 embassies, 66 consulates general, 108 consulates, and other types of Foreign Service posts making up the grand total of 282 places throughout the world where the U. S. Government has diplomatic and consular representatives.

First, Foreign Service posts are by no means evenly scattered over the world. For example, a person in southern Netherlands, near Maastricht, would be within one hundred miles of four U.S. Embassies (The Hague, Brussels, Luxembourg, and Bonn) and four Consulates General, (Amsterdam, Antwerp, Düsseldorf, and Rotterdam). In direct contrast, the Consulate at Perth is 1,330 miles from the one at Adelaide, nearest neighboring post. Perth, incidentally, is the post farthest from Washington—a good place to get away from it all! Also on the lonesome side is the Consulate at Suva in the Fiji Islands, out in the coconut region of the southwest Pacific some 1,275 miles north of the Consulate at Auckland. Most neighborly of all posts are Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo and Brazzaville in Congo, on opposite sides of the great Congo River, separated only by a two-mile ferryboat ride. There are also other neighboring posts. Twenty-three minutes by express train takes one from The Hague to Rotterdam; twenty-nine minutes are required between Tokyo and Yokohama. In such instances the routine of the diplomatic courier merges with that of a commuter.

G. Etzel Percy has had tours of duty at Bangkok, New Delhi, London, and Paris, as Geographic Attaché, and is currently Geographer to the Department.

As one might suppose, the Northern Hemisphere heavily outweighs the Southern in number of posts: box score 230 to 52. Among the continents, Europe leads with 76 Foreign Service posts and Asia is second with 60. North America follows closely with 59. Rather surprisingly, Africa with its 40 posts tops South America by three. Within the last year six new posts have showed up on the "dark" continent.

The most northerly of posts is the Embassy at Reykjavik, with an edge of about 280 miles over the Embassy at Helsinki. In the antipodes, the Consular Agency at Christchurch stands as being the post nearest to the South Pole (though still some distance from it), with the Embassy at Wellington as the runner-up. Almost on the Equator is the Embassy at Quito, followed at a slightly higher latitude by the Consulate at Kampala. The latter is a relatively new post in Uganda on the shores of Lake Victoria. The Consuls General at Singapore and Nairobi and the Consul at Belem, together with their staffs, must also guard against ultra-violet rays of a high noonday sun.

Other posts also have somewhat exotic physical locations. The Embassy at La Paz lies at an altitude just over 12,000 feet, almost twice the elevation of the highest Appalachian peaks. Here it is that the eager beaver suffers from a shortness of breath! No less than 59 posts are on islands. They include those in the British Isles and Japan but not those on the island-continent of Australia. For anyone who really appreciates being surrounded by water, posts on Aruba, Bermuda, Curaçao, or other small islands, should appeal.

Illustrations by Charles C. Adams

Whatever desires one might hold for a natural setting in which to work, there is probably a Foreign Service post to match. On the dry side, the Embassy at Jidda and the Consulate at Dhahran, both in Saudi Arabia, are in the pure desert, complete with blowing sand. In direct contrast, the Consulates in Medan and Paramaribo and the Consulate General in Yaoundé all stand in areas of dripping tropical rain forest where an electric light in the closet is standard equipment to discourage disintegration of one's personal effects by mold. The Consulates at Kaduna and Recife represent the great savanna grasslands of the world, habitat of herbivorous animals. Although big game does not prowl the streets in Nairobi, on savanna lands at an elevation, it is a center for outfitting safaris. Around the Consulate at Edmonton, the short grasses, typical of the true prairie, have been plowed under to make way for fields of wheat. If one prefers a walk in the woods, the Embassy at Helsinki is one place. Wherever one goes in Finland, he probably cannot see the forest for the trees.

Weatherwise

Climatically speaking, a person can experience the full gamut of physical discomfort at one or another of our Foreign Service posts. Or, of course, he may be fortunate enough to enjoy an aperitif on the terrace, bask in mid-winter sunshine, or ski under a bright blue sky high above the cloudy gloom enshrouding more earthly mortals. Climatic records on a world-wide basis leave much to be desired, but sufficient evidence has been compiled to present some of the grimmer meteorological aspects of our Foreign Service posts.

For sheer heat Baghdad and Basra in Iraq hold the records for having the most intolerable summer. July mercury readings are 94.4 degrees and 92.9 degrees respectively for these posts. Even Washington with its 77.6 degrees (July average) pales at this kind of statistics. Reminiscent of the Arizona desert, Seville in the scorching Andalusian lowlands of southern Spain has recorded an extreme of 124 degrees, highest for any post. Tunis closely follows but is not quite a champion. Still in the heat belt, Singapore at its low latitude records only 81.4 degrees in July as its warmest month. But its coldest month is only some 2 degrees cooler. All-time high for the post is 97 degrees, which should strike terror into the hearts of no one. At the frigid end of the thermometer, Winnipeg seems to be the most outstanding example, where personnel at the Consulate General may shiver at 46 degrees below zero. The temperature for January averages —3.4 degrees—sixteen degrees colder than Moscow in the same month.

There are posts in North America, South America, Africa, Asia, and Oceania where 100 inches or more of rainfall are recorded during an average year. But wettest of them all is Buenaventura on the Pacific Coast of Colombia with 281 inches. Of the dry posts Cairo stands out with only an inch and a quarter of rainfall per year. Lima with 1.9 inches is a strong contender for the crown of aridity.

Statistics on precipitation in the form of snow are more difficult to come by, but it is relatively safe to speculate that members of the Consulate staff at Sapporo are most likely to experience the heaviest falls. Air from the Asian continent, whirling in anti-cyclones over the Sea of Japan, can pick up

enough moisture to literally cover up houses and small villages on Hokkaido with the stuff.

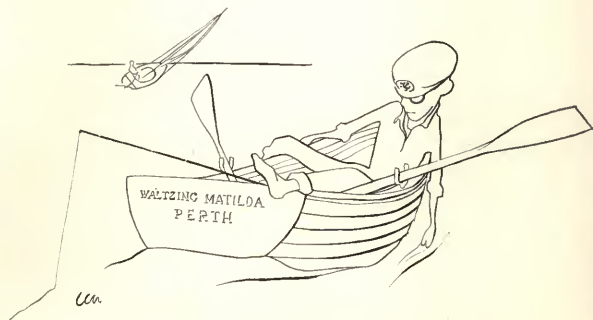
The effect of climate on one's physical well-being can hardly be measured quantitatively. Nevertheless, we all respond to certain combinations of weather elements, notably temperature and humidity which produce known tendencies toward invigorating or debilitating us. London, Hamburg, Strasbourg, or, in fact, almost any other post in Northwest Europe, stands out in vital statistics as a healthy place in which to live. Gloomy winters and seemingly endless rainy spells do not tear one down physically. On the other hand, one would scarcely go north and west in Europe to find a pleasant climate. Rather the Mediterranean type meets this requirement, not only Nice, Athens, Palermo, and other posts on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea itself, but their counterparts elsewhere in the world. Capetown, Santiago, Perth, and Adelaide would qualify. Here, as at Los Angeles, the summers are hot, but the winters mild with some rain and a high percentage of clear skies.

Flags of 82 sovereign states fly over the various cities where we have Foreign Service posts. Of seventy posts in British Commonwealth countries, thirty-three fly the Union Jack of Britain itself. Including the newly established Community, fifteen fly the *drapeau tricolore* of France. Each of our two immediate neighbors, Canada and Mexico, has 13 posts, while 51 other countries have two or more posts. Some posts are the sole U.S. representatives in a country, such as Vientiane in Laos and Asunción in Paraguay. Only six posts stand behind the Iron Curtain.

Very few political entities of consequence are without at least a Consulate, and these normally fall under the Department of State jurisdiction of another post. The most important areas in the Free World without a post on the spot are Northern Rhodesia (although the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland has a Consulate General in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia), South-West Africa, French Guiana, and the whole island of New Guinea.

¿Habla Ud. Español?

The practice of pushing language training at the Foreign Service Institute is no idle whim. At one or another of our Foreign Service posts, 48 different languages have official status. Many local tongues may prevail unofficially from



region to region. At sixty-seven posts Spanish is the official language, while at two others it is both Spanish and English. English ranks next, at 46 posts, and shares official status with one or more other languages at 18 additional posts. French, Arabic, and Portuguese follow at 23, 21 and 17 posts respectively. Obviously, some languages are unique to a single post, such as Danish in Copenhagen and Pushtu in Kabul. Multilingual posts are not unusual, most notable being the four in Switzerland where German, French, Italian and Rhaeto-Roman (Romansch) all have official sanction. Swiss documents usually carry only the first three of these languages, but the fourth is also recognized as a democratic gesture in the little country.

Calling Malthus

As might be expected, most Foreign Service posts are in large cities—or equally true, most large cities have American Foreign Service posts. Two hundred ten are in cities with 100,000 or more inhabitants; 44 in metropolitan centers exceeding a million. Largest of them all are London and Tokyo, the latter easily one of the world's three largest cities along with New York and London and claimed by the Japanese to be Number One with 8,899,533 residents (February 1, 1959). A few extremely large cities are without Foreign Service posts, even excluding those behind the Iron Curtain. Outstanding examples comprise Kyoto with more than a million people and Essen, Hyderabad, Rosario and Sheffield, each with more than one-half million. On the other side of the ledger, a few posts are no larger than small towns. Six posts, including Hamilton (Bermuda) with a Consulate General and Muscat with a new Consulate, have 5,000 or fewer inhabitants. The very smallest, Puerto Libertador (Dominican Republic), location of a Consular Agency, does not show up on a list of urban places with 500 or more population. The smallest city with a U. S. Embassy is also the newest to have an embassy; Conakry in the Republic of Guinea with 38,500 inhabitants.

The Travel Voucher

In general, Foreign Service posts are readily accessible, for by their very nature they are situated along the traffic arterials of the world. Rome, for example, has coming into it intercontinental trunk airline routes from twenty-eight directions. Likewise, its big railroad station has continually streaming into it electric locomotives pulling *wagons-lits* and *voitures restaurants* from fine-sounding places throughout western and central Europe. Nevertheless, eighteen posts are in cities without commercial air service, and thirty-seven have no railways. Six of the latter are embassies. Plantation railroads carrying bananas do not count. Three posts have neither air nor rail service: two Consular Agencies in the Dominican Republic (La Romana and Puerto Libertador) and a Consulate in Venezuela (Puerto la Cruz). In the case of most posts without scheduled air service there is usually a neighboring city where one may embark from a plane as Buffalo for Niagara Falls, and Abadan for Khorramshahr. Pretoria in the Union of South Africa, even though a capital city with an embassy, is an exception; the nearest air terminal is Johannesburg, more than 50 miles distant. Again,

Genoa in Italy has no scheduled air service closer than Milano, over 75 miles away. Island posts are the worst offenders for being without railroads, such as Reykjavik, Nassau, Valletta (Malta), and Suva. Of course they need them less.

Next Assignment Preference

Foreign Service posts are appealing to most of us because they are foreign. A combination of the physical setting and superimposed culture can make a post appealing and much desired as one for assignment. Any post, in a manner of speaking, is a tiny island amid a sea of customs, ideas, and techniques which are at least partially different from our own. Even the British, who talk as we do, have their curious game of cricket and cannot understand how the Americans elect a president!

Happily there is no dearth of intriguing posts. Some are located in exotic cities, others have settings in the midst of fascinating countrysides, and still others lie near unique attractions of international note. Few people have the capabilities to resist the lure of the great triumvirate of London, Paris, and Rome. To stroll down the Champs Élysées on a bright Sunday afternoon; to roll along the Via del Corso as was the wont of the ancient great in Rome; or to wander through the fashionable West End of London in quest of an "expresso" are but fragmentary samples of never-ending delights in store for those posted at these prize cities. Not yet leaving Europe, the Acropolis in Athens, the art treasures



of Florence, and the ski runs of the Engadine are other enticing features. Some cities, it is true, have less to recommend them. Only a rare individual would find himself enthralled about the beauties of Manchester or Birmingham.

But even these rather drab cities are surrounded by the charming English countryside. For example, Birmingham is only about twenty miles from Stratford on Avon and its famous Shakespeare Theatre. Across the Eurasian land mass in Japan, the uninspired city of Osaka is less than thirty miles away from Kyoto, center of the culture best typifying Old Japan. Phnom Penh, site of an off-the-beaten track Embassy in Southeast Asia, is but 150 miles away by an interesting jungle road from Angkor Wat with its ruins of an ancient Khmer temple. It would take one week just to see it all. Shifting to another hemisphere, the Consulate of Mérida on the Yucatan Peninsula is at the gateway of the famous ruins of the Mayan Indians and their amazing pre-Columbian civilization.

A number of posts reflect special functions of the cities in which they are located. Oil in Kuwait and Aruba, coffee in Santos, and sugar in Santiago de Cuba are highlights of the paper pushing which goes on at the Consulates in these cities. All posts in first class commercial ports are involved in customs clearance and bills of lading by the sheaf, as at Yokohama, Veracruz, Le Havre, Dar-es-Salaam, and Montevideo. The posts at Port Said, Panama, and Colón serve as watchtowers over the two greatest inter-ocean canals. Seven Consulates along the U.S.-Mexican boundary (Tijuana,

Mexicali, Nogales, Ciudad Juárez, Piedras Negras, Nuevo Laredo, and Matamoros) and two along the U.S.-Canada boundary (Windsor and Niagara Falls) are truly in the first line of our Passport and Visa barrage.

Notwithstanding the fact that any post can be laden with interest, certain facets of life in a number of them can at times be fraught with unfamiliar problems. Contrast the routine at Vancouver in a region akin to our Pacific Northwest with that at Chiangmai in up-country Thailand. Indeed, a tropical sun, fourth-class mail service, and the female of the anopheles are symbolic of hardships to be found at some 90 posts where the personnel merit tangible reward in the form of a "differential." Even so, it might be argued that there are not enough hardships to go around if nearly 200 posts are without differential!

The great army of Department of State personnel trekking to and from tours of duty abroad—some 8,000 strong—have an unparalleled opportunity to become global geographers at first hand. Some may even learn to spell the capital of Honduras. A documentary survey of our Foreign Service posts may be a modicum less glamorous than an actual journey, but nonetheless should with a little imagination conjure up in the mind some glimpses of the variety of environments and peoples to be encountered beyond the portals of SA-4.

Definitive Directions

"The Browns?"

"They live in the Johnston house—you know, where the Fentons stayed while Joe Cross was on home leave . . ."

By S. I. NADLER

COMPLETELY confusing to outsiders and to very young FSO's-8 are the unique systems employed by Foreign Service members and their dependents to locate, describe, measure, or evaluate persons, places, and things. It is for outsiders and for very young FSO's-8 that this definitive piece is intended. Insiders, however, including not-so-very-young CM's, are welcome to read on. Doubly welcome, as a matter of fact, would be any additions these latter may wish to send to the JOURNAL.

Now, say, for example, that you are passing through Surinam and stopping at the capital, Las Palmas, and you want to visit Consul John White (because somebody in San Francisco said to be sure and look up the Whites, they work at the Embassy, the American Embassy, no, not American Express, American Embassy, American Express is open on Sundays). You ask at the Embassy. Everybody knows where the Whites live, and you are so informed. The Whites? Why, they live in the Johnston house, you know, where the Fentons stayed while Joe Cross was on home

leave, Joe Cross took it over from the Rosberts. The Whites, it so happens, live at 2435 Avenida de las Calles, but nobody says so. Nobody in the Embassy thinks of the house as having a number and being in a certain place with a name. Not a street name, anyway.

Housing allowances and landlords being what they are the world over (inadequate and unscrupulous, respectively), when a Foreign Service person latches onto a reasonably good dwelling place, it, just like the silver dollar and the woman of whom we have all sung at one party or another, will pass from hand to hand. Forever. The house, itself, will go on being known by the name of the first Foreign Service Officer who occupied it.

Looking up a telephone number is much the same. In this case, the Whites have a telephone, all right, and it is listed, sure enough, in the Las Palmas telephone directory. You have to look, however, under the name of Leroy Robertson, who acquired the phone in the summer of 1927. Telephones in places like Las Palmas (that is, almost everywhere) are next to impossible to get. The reason usually advanced is that one more line would blow out a whole sub-station, and we will build another sub-station if your rich country will come through with that loan. Johnston, incidentally, who first occupied the house, could easily have obtained a tele-

S. I. Nadler, long a contributor to the Journal and for the past year a member of the Editorial Board, has been assigned to Argentina as Country Public Affairs Officer. The Board will miss his presence, but we hope he will continue to contribute his typewriter-in-check observations on Foreign Service life.

phone at the time, but he was happier without one, knowing that then, even as now, the Embassy official without a telephone is least likely to be called at two a.m. to handle a NIACT, a visiting Congressman, or a drunken tourist. Robertson, who followed Johnston, knew this too, but Mrs. Robertson would not live in a house without a phone, because suppose the children got sick or there was a revolution.

Should you ask Gail Travis, wife of Consul Trevor Travis, when was Trevor, Jr., born, you will draw a blank. But be patient. A few moments later, she will muse, aloud, "Let's see, now. Trevor, Jr.? It was after Paris and before Nairobi. That would be between the end of 1946 and the beginning of 1950, no? Yes. And it was before the home leave when Trevor insulted mother and we had to pay for a hotel instead of living for free in Pawtucket. So, it was during Hong Kong. Yes, the summer when the water was on only an hour a day. 1947. Trevor was away at that Conference. That would be the last week of July. It was the day the cook threw the meat cleaver at the wash amah. I was just calling the Morrisons, who were coming to dinner, when . . . Trevor, Jr., was born July 26th, 1947, at 7:26 p.m."

Whether the Foreign Service type happens to be abroad or in the States does not matter, incidentally. Let us stay on the telephone a moment longer. FSO Cranshaw is in Washington, thanks to a home-leave-and-consultation package deal. It is mid-morning of a Monday, and Cranshaw wants to call up his old friend, Dick Richards. He looks in the Department of State Telephone Directory, because he knows that Dick has been assigned to the Department as Country Desk Officer for the Republic of Megalomania. Now, does Cranshaw look in the Directory under the R's for Richards? He does not. He thinks a moment, then looks for the name Leigh Underslung. He finds the number, calls it, and a secretary answers with "Mr. Richards' office!"

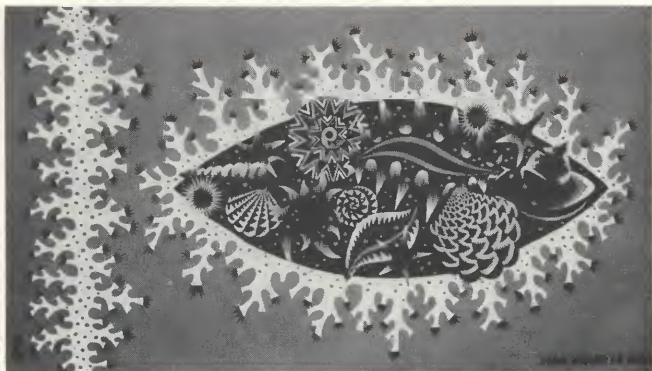
Cranshaw has known, of course, that Mr. Richards replaced Mr. Underslung as Megalomania Desk Officer but will not replace him in the Telephone Directory for some time to come. Mr. Richards' name, as a matter of fact, will supplant that of Mr. Underslung in the Department Telephone Directory after he, himself, has been replaced in the job. Nobody in the service will ever so much as think of looking for Dick Richards in the Telephone Directory until such time as people will be wanting to call his successor.

FSO Richard Carruthers comes home one night, in Istanbul, and tells his wife, Honey, thusly: "I invited a chap named Ogilvy for dinner, Honey. He lived in Ciudad Gringo for three years! After our time there. And he knew Tommy Fupe!"

This is enough, almost too much, for Honey. Mr. Ogilvy could receive no better reception from her were he carrying a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State—or even from the Director of Personnel. The fact that he lived in Ciudad Gringo sets him apart from all those not to have so been blessed. And his knowing Tommy Fupe provides an extra-special bond, because the Carrutherses knew Fupe, too.

Now, the Carrutherses never liked Ciudad Gringo while they were there. They were, in fact, one more hot spell and one more plumbing catastrophe away from resigning from the Service while there. Equally irrelevant to the Carrutherses is the fact that Tommy Fupe was, and probably still is, involved in every shady deal, from dope smuggling to white slavery, consummated in Ciudad Gringo. The point is that Fupe is a permanent part of Ciudad Gringo, that the Carrutherses knew him, and that Mr. Ogilvy (whoever he may be) knew him, too. What more is needed by way of credentials?

It can be proved, conclusively, that these—and systems like them—are inefficient, based on fallacious reasoning, and highly unscientific. On the other hand, they work fine.



Aubusson Tapestry, shown at Washington's National Housing Center last month.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Gagaku and Smog in June

Summer had oozed through its light confines long before the third week of June this year, and Washington was enjoying what it sighs for audibly all year: sunny, hot weather.

Parties went out of doors, people disputed the new "Discomfort Index," families fled to the beaches, and Washingtonians had a taste of the smog of Sunny California. Not enough of a taste, however, the WASHINGTON POST was quick to point out, that car owners were tempted to try walking to work, to help cut down the car fumes which contribute largely to smog.

As to the Discomfort Index (four-tenths of the sum of the dry and wet bulb thermometer readings, plus 15), in Washington people took to it rather naturally as indication of the severities of weather in this "tropical" town. In New York the index did not fare so well, as many saw in its indications a suggestion that New York at some times of the year might not be the tourist's delight. Rumbblings in public became especially audible after the D.I. reached 81 there—published estimates had prognosticated that everyone would be uncomfortable after the index reached 79. After the middle of the month a compromise was arrived at: no publication of the D.I. unless it went over 75 degrees and it would be referred to as Temperature-Humidity index.

In the party mood, and enjoying the careful attention it merited, was a special performance of "Gagaku" at Dumbarton Oaks. This year, for the first time, Americans had an opportunity to see members of the cloistered Japanese Imperial Household perform music and dance whose Asian origins extend back to the 7th century A.D. Their exquisitely stylized performance ranged from "Music of Joyful Spring," to a Military Dance and Heavenly Music, to a new dance in honor of the wedding of the Crown Prince this spring.

While at one government agency employees finally were given permission to work from 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., with only a thirty-minute lunch hour, a new and improved calendar for work made its appearance in different parts of the world. That adoption of this calendar could be the answer to the stresses of everyday living for bureaucrat, harried executive or clubwoman, is attested to by its wildfire circulation. No sooner had we read it, as circulated by a member of Congress to his constituents, than we received a copy of an Embassy house organ in Korea which had borrowed it from the "Smithsonian Torch" which had in turn borrowed it—but perhaps we had better illustrate it so that members of busy posts may be able to get it inaugurated during this rush of visitors' season.

From Korea, they enumerated its advantages:

1. Since every job is a rush job and everyone wants his work completed yesterday, with this cal-

CALENDAR

SAT.	FRI.	FRI.	SUN.	WED.	SAT.	SUN.
8	7	6	5	4	3	2
16	15	14	13	12	11	9
23	22	21	20	19	18	17
31	30	29	28	27	26	24
38	37	36	35	34	33	32

endar anyone can order work on the 7th and have it finished on the 3rd.

2. Most unexpected jobs and time-consuming interruptions occur on Friday—so there are two Fridays in each week. Also the Fridays are placed early in the week to give time for those "last-minute" jobs to get done before Saturday.

3. An extra Saturday has been provided to give time to recuperate from the week-end Saturday and Sunday.

4. A Sunday has been added to the middle of the week where it is really needed. This one should be used as a Sunday instead of another Saturday (which makes it different from the week-end Sunday).

5. There are seven extra days at the end of the month for those end-of-the-month deadlines!

6. There are no "firsts of the month," no "tenths" or "twenty-fifths," obviating the paying of bills.

7. There are extra Saturdays and Sundays, necessarily eliminating Mondays (surely a dispensable day) and Tuesdays.

Before we leave the subject of deadlines—at the JOURNAL we have about six a month which we try to keep meticulously in order that the magazine will come out on or before the first of the month. Occasionally, however, we have discovered our correspondents and writers had expected that they had only to get a manuscript or picture to

Continued on page 43



No cause for alarm—an atmosphere like that couldn't possibly sustain life.

Service Glimpses

1. Berlin. Seeing eye to eye on the Berlin situation are Karen, daughter of FSO and Mrs. William Kelly, and "Vicky" belonging to FSO George F. Muller. Mr. Muller snapped this on the Kelly's front porch.

2. Tokyo. Ambassador Douglas MacArthur, II accepts a painting of a tea house from Governor Seichiro Yasui of Tokyo Metropolis. The painting, which the Ambassador is holding, depicts a tea house that is a gift from the people of Japan to the city of Seattle, Washington. The tea house itself was shipped to Seattle and is in the botanical gardens of the University of Washington.

3. Turkey. President Celal Bayar of Turkey (seated left), Ambassador Fletcher Warren (seated right), and Consul Donald B. Eddy (seated center) are pictured in the garden of the Sumerbank Textile Factory at Nazilli, Province of Aydin. This factory produces cotton yard goods from the cotton grown in the valley of the Menderes River.

4. Sarajevo. On behalf of the entire Consulate staff, Hasan Ahmethedzic, handyman, presents an engraved silver tray to Stephen E. Palmer, Jr., first American Consul at Sarajevo, who has been assigned to the Department. Standing left to right: Consul Palmer, Mr. Ahmethedzic, incoming Consul Nicholas G. Andrews, Agent Officer Hinko Dragic, Chauffeur Medmed Ovcina. Sitting: clerk-receptionist Jelena Bajger, Vice Consul T. D. Quinn, secretary Diana Quinn.

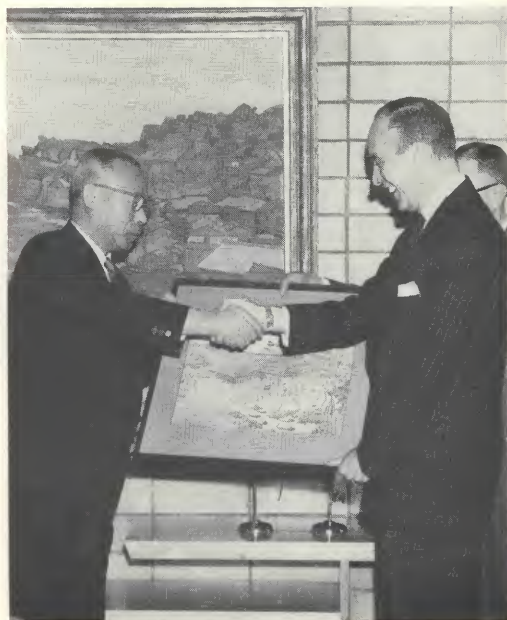
5. Genoa. In one of the six weddings to take place in Genoa during the last two years Helen M. Demirjian of the Consulate General staff became the bride of Joseph A. Bertot from Illinois (a student at the University of Genoa). From left to right: Best man Lido Giorgis (and son), Vice Consul Paxton Johnson, Charlotte Harris, Vice Consul Daniel O'Donohue, the groom, Vice Consul Wesley E. Sheldon, the bride, Consul General and Mrs. David M. Maynard, and Pietro Russo.

6. Seoul. "There goes the bouquet!" A happy scene from the wedding of Patricia Campbell and Lt. James Bachtold, both of the Embassy staff, which took place on February 7. Pictured are Personnel Officer Margarite Tanck who acted as attendant to the bride, the bride and groom, and "the father of the bride," Administrative Officer John W. Jago.

7. Switzerland. Recently we had word that courier Jack Grover is mountain climbing again this summer in Yugoslavia or Austria. This beautiful shot came from his climb of the Matterhorn last summer with a group of friends. Pictured is Mary Ellen Moreland with guides. According to our records, Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,565 feet, is Jack Grover's highest mountain to date.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.

KEEPING THE PRESSURE UP

Saudi Arabia's natural gas is working as a successful conservation tool. The gas is collected and then run through the new \$30,000,000 'Ain Dar gas injection plant where it is compressed in five stages from 150 to 2100 pounds per square inch.

Every day approximately 200,000,000 cubic feet of this repressurized gas is injected back into the Ghawar Field to help maintain the reservoir pressure.

ARAMCO Arabian American Oil Company
Dhahran, Saudi Arabia • New York, N. Y., U. S. A.



EDITORIAL PAGE

Christian A. Herter—Secretary of State

IT IS WITH particular gratification that we welcome the appointment of Christian A. Herter as Secretary of State. We know him as a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. We are impressed with his credentials and his lifelong interest in international affairs. We have had ample opportunity to appreciate and evaluate the qualities of character and qualifications as diplomatist which he brings to his new and high office.

Few men, if any, have assumed the Secretaryship under more difficult or trying circumstances at home and abroad. The dignity and smoothness of the succession and the continuity of policy and teamwork are tributes both to Governor Herter and his illustrious predecessor.

John Foster Dulles now belongs to history. His great example and his nobility of purpose have passed into our national heritage and will continue to influence us all the days of our life. We honor his memory and his enduring influence. However, our sense of loss is tempered by our appreciation of those attributes of his successor which so admirably qualify him to pursue the same principles for which Secretary Dulles gave his life.

For it can also be said of Christian Herter that he has been uniquely trained for the Secretaryship. His broad and comprehensive knowledge of foreign affairs dates back to

his youth in Europe. His life-long interest in the arts of the diplomatist found its earliest expression in his role as a Foreign Service Officer; he is thus the first Secretary who commenced his professional career as an FSO. He attended the Versailles peace conference and later served with Herbert Hoover both in Belgium and Washington before embarking on the short journalistic experience which led to a long and distinguished political career. His direction of the House Select Committee on Foreign Aid, and his survey of European problems in connection therewith, contributed significantly both to the success of the Marshall Plan and to the Republican Party's acceptance of the new age of internationalism. He is at home with the arts and the humanities.

His credentials, in short, are very impressive. His accomplishments mark him as a leader who excites our admiration and commands our loyalty. His unanimous confirmation by the Senate represents a measure of confidence in which we can take justifiable pride. His nationwide address on the eve of the Geneva conference revealed a patrician of modesty and humility who keeps realism and idealism in balance. In the Geneva negotiations, as at home, his discharge of his great responsibilities—in a manner and style of his own—inspires both confidence and respect. We can, therefore, look forward to another great period for our country, our Department and our Service under his leadership.

"A Moderate and Rational Man"

...MR. HERTER is a moderate and a rational man. For evidence of this, we have only to read his answers to the examination by Senator Morse before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. These answers are a model of how a statesman in a very powerful country ought to talk about the issues of life and death, and they reveal a moderation and a rationality which have their roots in an unfrightened and serene spirit.—Walter Lippmann in the New York Herald Tribune.

Gracias, Amigos!

"I WAS A FOREIGN TRAINEE"

by LILO LINKE

"YOU ARE single? . . . "Your race? . . . "What ethnical group do you belong to? . . . "You must get a lung X-ray, a blood test including for V.D., be vaccinated against small-pox; pay one dollar for your visa. . . . "Here is an advance check for \$100 — don't fold it and try not to spend it until your first per diem check arrives . . . "Don't fold the X-ray film . . . "Keep it ready to hand it immediately to the health officer in Miami, somebody from the State Department will meet you there . . ."

Thank heaven I know English, I thought. How would those of my fellow Ecuadorians who only speak Spanish, react to this rat-tat-tat of commands?

I was bristling, anyhow, at the "race" and "ethnic group," and at the V.D. test for a single woman—in 1958! Yet dutifully I answered and complied, but *did* fold that X-ray film four times the size of this JOURNAL, trembling a little at the thought of what might be the consequences of this rebellion. The white-clad doctor at Miami airport clipped it against the lighted screen and never spoke a word—I was saved!

It was ten p.m. on a Sunday night. What State Department official would turn up at such a time? I went to get my luggage. "Anything to declare?"—"Costume jewelry, silver filigree, total worth \$25.00, which I am bringing to give to people who might be kind to me."

I was ordered to approach another official across the hall: "\$6.30 customs duty."

"But why? These trinkets are not for sale. I'm not going to make any money out of them."

"\$6.30, Miss. It's the law."

Oh, to be back in Latin America where you can talk yourself into an official's graces and out of annoying obligations! These gringos here are inhuman, I thought. It'll be money, money all the time.

I had just paid, keeping my remonstrations a secret (oh Latin America, where everyone protests and gesticulates to his heart's content!) when someone seemed to be tugging my sleeve. A little man (I, myself, am nearly six feet tall) politely raised his hat:

"Miss Linke? I am X.Y. from the State Department."

He thrust a visiting card into my hand: "I booked a room for you at a hotel quite near. I understand you'll be leaving again tomorrow morning at nine. I'll be at my office at about that time. If there is anything else I can do for you,

please feel free to phone. I have to be off now. Somebody else is due to arrive. Excuse me."

Once more he raised his hat, and shot off. Had he purposely waited until I had settled the disagreeable little matters with the customs? Couldn't he have intervened on my behalf? Nonsense! We were all subject here to impartial "law and order."

Feeling a little better thanks to this brief encounter, I got my suitcases through the customs without further complications and was just looking for a taxi when one drove up and someone held open the door from inside:

"I'll take you over to your hotel."

It was the little man popping up again. What an admirable sense of duty on a Sunday night! I had not even bothered to look at his name, but began to feel like meeting an old friend. He knew several Ecuadorians including the ex-President, Galo Plaza, who was due to be guest of honor at a banquet in Miami early the next week. Now the little man and I would have gotten really chummy except for the fact that we had arrived at my hotel, just across the road from the airport. He skipped out of the taxi, presented me to a somewhat intimidating elderly woman at the reception desk, raised his hat again, and was now definitely off.

EIGHT DOLLARS fifty ('specially reduced price for ICA trainees!) per night per person—and all I had coming to me was a daily allowance of twelve dollars as long as I didn't stay more than three weeks in any one place. I was kept awake for some time, trying to figure out how long I could exist on just bed and breakfast.

Early next morning the telephone rang. The plane I was booked on would not leave until midday. No reason given. What about the country of law and order now? I had thought such happy-go-lucky informality was ours in "under-developed" Latin America.

At nine a.m. I phoned the little man's office. His secretary replied (wonderful organization there—she knew all about me). They had a list of volunteers who would show foreign visitors around the town, but, of course, nobody had expected my staying on, and this being Monday . . . Still, she would see what she could do and 'phone me back.

I had a television set in my room, but no idea of how to get the thing going. Far back in 1936, I had taken part in early programs at the B.B.C.'s Alexandra Palace, but had never been at the receiving end. This set did not even seem to have any knobs to fiddle. Torn between boredom and

Lilo Linke, one of the top journalists in Ecuador today, left Nazi Germany to live and work in England, and during World War II settled in Ecuador.

humiliation, I rang for the bellboy. It cost me a quarter tip to be able to look at two ladies sitting on a sofa in what was supposed to be animated conversation. Getting more desperate and bolder, I switched over to a wild glimmer, then landed in the middle of the children's hour, and finally in a galloping Western. A quarter flung down the drain. Long live Ecuador without T.V.!

Soon the phone rang again. No luck, reported the secretary. But she had meanwhile consulted Mr. X. Y. who suggested my hiring a taxi for about six or seven dollars an hour and drive around the town and the beaches.

It seemed better than reading a book provided I could go without meals until about Wednesday. But people had managed to fast for weeks, and some made even a prosperous business of it.

They served a free lunch on the plane, and I could give my entire attention to it since, cruising at 20,000 ft., all I could see through the window were clouds—and then, (finally) the Potomac and Washington.

Miles of corridors at the airport, but no further trouble at the end. I was reaching out for my luggage when once more I felt someone at my elbow. This time it was a lady in a neat suit who uncertainly pronounced my name. Once I had identified myself, her face lit up in true joy:

"I'm so glad I found you. Believe me, it's dreadful when you don't know what sex, color, age or shape to look for. It does make it just a little easier when people arrive in some sort of native dress. Though there, too, you can never be sure whether they happen to be trainees."

She waved my apologies aside:

"It's all right now. Last Monday one of my visitors was a Yugoslav whose only foreign language was French, and an hour afterwards a Japanese arrived, and I couldn't make out a word of his English, and then there was a Brazilian!" No details about him, just a deep sigh:

"He looked awfully lost, so I guessed he was a trainee."

IT TURNED out that she was one of the volunteers who co-operate with the Washington International Center (which in turn helps the Federal Government and the ICA), and that she spent some hours every Monday afternoon receiving whatever foreign trainees might happen to arrive then. So many were coming that she hardly ever had a Monday off.

She explained all this while we were having a cup of coffee, at her invitation, at the airport restaurant. The International Center would give her a card for each trainee, with his name and that of a hotel where a reservation had been made for him. He was then supposed to report at the Center next morning, aided by a simplified map of the vicinity printed on the same card.

Outside at the limousine she told me what fare I was expected to pay and told the driver what hotel to take me to. Once more I was given a visiting card:

"We are just an ordinary U.S. family, but we would be very happy if you came to see us should you feel at loose ends." Her warm smile indicated that she meant it.

I did go to see her, as a matter of fact, was treated to a delicious meal she herself had prepared, found her family charming, was shown all over their house and garden ("so

that you may know how an average family lives in the United States"), and driven back, my arms full of magazines and sprays of lilac (it was late in April, and I had not smelled lilac since I had last been in Europe, years ago. For days my room was full of its sweet scent).

The International Center had arranged for me to stay at the Admiral Hotel on "O" Street. The room, with its pseudo "Early English" furniture including a drop-leaf writing desk and a wooden back armchair, reminded me of student lodgings in Bloomsbury—not in the least unpleasant. Apart from a few elderly ladies—permanent residents—the majority of guests seemed to be foreign trainees like myself. The more pretentious ones moved out after a day or two, objecting to having to share toilet and bath facilities, and to the lack of air conditioning, the rest like myself stayed on, delighted at the bargain rent of \$16.00 per week—and that in Washington! I was never again worried about meals.

THE WASHINGTON International Center also offered to be a home from home. Set up in 1950 by the American Council of Education, the Center, under contract with the Department of State, looks after foreign trainees during that first most difficult week of their stay, and helps them to get their bearings. I was attached to a group of some thirty people who—in the words of Mrs. Brown—were of all sexes, colors, ages and shapes, some—how pleased she would have been!—even wearing native dress or at least some exotic headgear. The mimeographed list given each of us named two radio technicians from Afghanistan, a doctor in biology from Belgium, a Cuban geologist, the headmaster of an agricultural training school from Iraq, a member of parliament from North Borneo, a provincial governor from Thailand, three air force lieutenants and two civil engineers from Chile, some nurses from Costa Rica, Jamaica and the Philippines, and a whole batch of Indians, Koreans and Indonesians professionally engaged in anything from the cultivation of dates to chemical technology. One gentleman from Bombay was simply listed as general manager. Miss Ernestine L. Friedmann, one of the staff associates, was to be group leader for the week, a distinguished and delightful old lady who in her youth had been one of the first women economists to graduate in the U.S.A.

She handed us several lists, one of cafeterias and restaurants in the neighborhood complete with prices and style of cooking (anything available for stomachs from all over the world), another of suggested leisure time activities, from a visit to art galleries and the Wax Works Museum to band concerts and baseball games (Miss Kimsey at the Information Desk would be ready to help those who wanted to go horseback riding, bowling, hiking, or get in touch with the Rotarians, the Lions, the Junior Chamber of Commerce), and there were also theatres, bird or flower walks ("bees, bugs, blossoms and blue jays" being offered next Sunday on Bear Island), while attention was called to a complete list of churches and places of worship in general in the yellow pages of the phone book.

So much for outside activities. How anybody could wish for them I failed to understand since at the Center itself lec-

tures, film shows, dances, a reception and informal gatherings had been organized for us, and there would further be visits to Capitol Hill and to a school and on Saturday a tour to Mount Vernon.

The basic idea behind the lectures was to give foreign trainees and special visitors some general notion of American customs, government and politics, trends and problems in the U.S. economy, etc., before each participant was handed on to the agency or Government department that had brought him to the States in the first place. Only after more specific briefing there would the trainee finally set out on his tour.

The number of visitors handled by the Washington International Center is increasing year by year. They flock to the hospitable house on Rhode Island Avenue from all over the globe, coming to listen and be listened to, to look and be looked at, under the kind guidance of the staff, of outside lecturers, and of, at last, some members of the volunteer corps to which belong about one thousand individuals and some 250 local professional, civic, social and religious organizations.

THE WASHINGTON International Center itself reports in its statistical summary for 1957 that during that year "a total of 3,736 foreign visitors participated in the Center's program, including 906 who were members of the ICA industrial teams here at the Center for one-day programs. The remaining 2,830 persons were registered in the weekly program, and included 1,983 ICA participants and 756 IES grantees. Members of ICA one-day teams came from 19 countries. ICA participants in the weekly program came from 68 countries, and IES grantees came from a total of 72 countries."

So my own experience had to be multiplied by almost four thousand, each one being received and handed on and carefully instructed the way I was. The formidable achievement is all the more overwhelming since no efforts are spared to make the foreigner from any one of the four corners of the earth feel that he is being appreciated as an individual. How much effort do the four group leaders who take weekly turns put into memorizing and correctly pronouncing each name of "their" group (and what a tongue twister something like Sukmadidjaja might prove!) and the particular field of study and interests of each participant! No statistics could ever compile the number of questions answered by them, ranging over subjects from the sublime to the ridiculous, nor the infinite variety of small personal services rendered. How to forget, for instance, that Miss Friedmann, though she deals with a thousand foreigners a year, should still be gracious and interested enough to invite me to lunch at a smart hotel and ask me dozens of intelligent questions about life in Ecuador?

Thus it is with a feeling of regret that the trainee says goodbye to the International Center (where the doors, they tell him, will always remain open to him) and reports on the following Monday to his program advisor who initiates another period of "briefing," this time in direct relation to his particular field of study. Since my four months in the

United States were to be spent studying agricultural extension and agricultural information under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, I was instructed by my program advisor to report at room 1080 in the "third largest office building in the world" and participate in more lectures, films, and outside visits. Once more I had to join a group, but now composed only of those trainees specializing in some field of agriculture. Similar groups would sit this morning in half a dozen other Government departments, offices and agencies.

My fellow trainees for the moment were a group of seven Japanese who had come to study forestry, livestock problems, regional development; some Yugoslavs, one of them mainly interested in sugar beets; a Turk, some Spaniards, and various other nationals from ex-allied, ex-enemy, ex-neutral, now friendly, third-party, or simply get-whatever-you-can from wherever-you-can, countries.

The Japanese, a tightly knit group, had a U.S. technical leader, an agricultural specialist, with them at all times. Since they knew little or no English, they had also been given a translator plus microphones and individual earphones for simultaneous translation. Only on tours they deployed to take photos of the same object, each of the seven Japanese from a different angle.

In the Department of Agriculture, nearly one hundred employees are working full time to take care of foreign visitors. Each of the sixteen divisions (research, extension, forest services, soil conservation, marketing etc.) has a contact officer who works with the program specialists. Another 67 contact officers are appointed by the land-grant colleges, etc., all of them anxious to help the foreign trainees. Farm organizations, commercial firms connected with agriculture such as manufacturers of insecticides, farm machinery, dairy products, etc., and other non-governmental enterprises also provide information and active assistance for the planning and carrying out of each individual program. Such a program may be the outcome of more or less close cooperation by up to 150 people, though only a few of them will finally put their names to it.

MY OWN PROGRAM was signed by eight men and women, all except one from the USDA, though all of the contacts mentioned on the thirteen pages of my itinerary had been consulted and knew of my coming, my background, objectives, and brief life history. Hours of time and thought were spent on a person none had ever set eyes on, coming from a country that to most was but a name.

At the briefing sessions, they would address this motley group as "friends" and take pains to disguise the generosity shown to us by telling us that it was really we who were doing them a favor by observing and joining in their activities. And though we had come to the U.S.A. to see how they were doing things, it would be much appreciated if we would tell all those we met of our country and ways and customs, to help the American people to understand us. We should feel free to ask any questions and express criticism. Maybe we were right, maybe we were wrong. They would be pleased to listen.



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I glanced at the Yugoslavs, the Spaniards, the Turk and the Asiatics, and I thought maybe more than anything they needed some briefing on this truly Christian benevolence and humility expressed under the aura of a democratic regime.

Which brings me to the money spent on my (as on all other) trips: first-class air travel from Quito to Washington and back; transportation within the United States; twelve dollars per diem (this may be reduced to ten or eight, according to the circumstances); fifty dollars for books, previously approved of, as being essential to my studies; a health and accident insurance policy for the duration of my stay; and free shipment home of up to 200 lbs. of books and papers through a forwarding company in New York.

Try to multiply this by the number of foreign trainees! But what is this number? I tried to find out, but soon gave up in despair. ICA alone brings to the U.S.A. five thousand people a year. Others come on direct invitation from the State Department, and then there is the endless list of foundations, universities, churches, trade unions, veterans organizations, Lions, Rotarians, women's clubs, all having their guests and paying the total or part of the expenses. Thus,

who could ever hope to count them all, the trainees, the scholarship students, the specially-invited visitors?

From Ecuador alone, ICA sent up a total of 101 trainees in the course of 1958, and 61 more went under the direct auspices of the U.S. Embassy, but were these 162 really all?

In conclusion, these foreign trainees almost literally leave no stone unturned in the U.S.A. Not all are brilliant, not all diligent. But the mountain of knowledge and technical know-how gained is high indeed, and is in turn surmounted by the fabulous accumulation of goodwill all around. It is cheaply acquired, I dare say, at a cost of less than a dollar per head of U.S. population. At least those Americans I came in touch with assured me they did not begrudge whatever cents in their taxes had gone to finance my trip. Only some of them were honest enough to admit to the unchristian feeling of envy:

"Oh, to be a foreign trainee and travel, all expenses paid, across the U.S.A.!"

You are right, my friends—there is no experience like it in the entire world. But it is not a question only of money. What I saw and heard, a million dollars could not have bought me. Gracias, amigos!

AFSPA Correspondence

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Almost every year in response to one development or another, the American Foreign Service Protective Association changes some aspect of the insurance coverage provided to members, and/or the premiums charged, without consulting the members themselves in any way. On one recent occasion, as the burden of benefit payments declined, the total coverage was extensively increased without apparent consideration as to whether members might not have preferred a reduced premium.

A few months ago we were able to greet the substantial saving in premiums made possible by the inauguration of the Department of State's Medical and Health program. Now we learn that the Board has, it would appear somewhat cavalierly, decided to increase the premiums some 133% or \$50 per year in order to provide additional benefits which may or may not be desired by members and which are, for the rest, by no means adequately explained. As an example of the questions that might have been better clarified, just what are the benefits not allowable under the Department's program that the new premium is designed in part to cover?

In my opinion the present procedure leaves something to be desired. Would it not be preferable to adopt the rule that major changes in coverage or in premiums should be introduced only after consultation with members, either through a general referendum or by permitting each member to opt for one or another alternative?

WILLIAM E. KNIGHT, II
Canberra

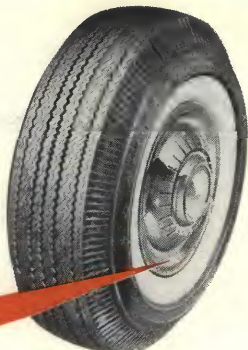
Comment by Directors of AFSPA:

Part of the responsibility of the Directors is to keep the group insurance program adjusted to changed conditions and to what seem to be the best interests of members. During the inflationary trend of the past several years, group life insurance has been increased from a maximum of \$10,000 to \$15,000, without increase in premiums charged members. Accidental death and dismemberment insurance has been provided, without premium charge to members. Hospital surgical coverage has been revised in accordance with modern insurance trends to provide major medical expense benefits. Now an effort is being made to work in conjunction with the medical and health program of the Department of State in providing hospital surgical major medical expense benefits.

Those members who have read the material sent to them by the Protective Association, such as the circular of November 30, 1956, the booklet "Group Insurance Program of June, 1957," the annual report of July 1, 1958, and the "Report of March 1, 1959," should have a good idea of what the Protective Association is doing and why.

Negotiation of revision of our master contracts with underwriters just can not be carried out on the basis of consultation with members. There is not time for that and there are too many technicalities involved. Experience has proved that a large majority of members do not reply to questionnaires within a reasonable time, if at all. Individual ideas usually are so divergent that the Directors have to make the decisions anyway.

Several hundred members are on duty in Washington. A large number of members call at the Protective Association office each month. The group insurance program is discussed regularly at the Foreign Service Institute with newly commissioned FSO's. There are several letters from members each year. All of this provides the Directors with a background of information and contact with members that, it is hoped, enables them to act responsibly rather than "somewhat cavalierly."



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The Bookshelf



British Freighter, by Howard R. Simpson

The Reporter's Trade. By Joseph and Stewart Alsop.
Reynal and Co., New York. 368 pages, \$5.00.

Reviewed by JOHN BURNS

THIS BOOK merits, and will probably receive, the attention of a number of Foreign Service officers. It concerns the most prestigious of all Foreign Service activities, political reporting, and it is written by two of the best known professionals in the field.

In an early chapter the authors drop bits of counsel that might be useful to the budding reporter, including the observation that "His feet . . . are a much more important part of a reporter's body than his head." Otherwise it is a highly personalized account and should not be mistaken, from its title, to resemble anything in the nature of a textbook.

Much of the volume is composed of reprints of previously published articles on a wide variety of subjects, both domestic and foreign, all of which provide both a readable survey of news events of the decade 1948-58 and a useful reference addition to any library.

"The Office"

Reviewed by E. J. BEIGEL

JOHN CONNELL is a London newspaperman who has a flair for anecdote and biography. In "The Office" he also presents a fascinating review of British diplomatic history in this century. The book reveals less the inner workings of the Foreign Office than the relations between the past dozen Foreign Secretaries and the political leaders of the respective parties. Mr. Connell may be no more familiar with the lower levels of the Foreign Office than, say, Mr. Reston is with the State Department, but he has written a first-rate piece of serious entertainment in spelling out the

essential role of the Office in the formulation of the principal aspects of British policy, particularly in Europe, from the end of the Great War to the middle of the Cold War. He has drawn on his own newspaper experience since 1932 as well as a careful reading of available memoirs.

There are several brilliant reconstructions in this book: the story of Austen Chamberlain and the negotiation and signing of the Locarno treaties which "were held aloft and waved in sight of the cheering crowd below"; the fiasco of the Hoare-Laval negotiations; a precise explanation of the Cliveden set and how it operated on policy toward prewar Germany during those "nightmare years" marked by the "loss of nerve" among English politicians, the by-passing of the Office and the resignation of Eden who had first become Foreign Secretary at 38.

Mr. Connell brings into focus all of the occupants of that great room which resembled "the smoking-room of a pleasantly old-fashioned railway hotel in the provinces" from Balfour through Curzon, MacDonald, Henderson, Reading, Simon, Halifax and Bevin. He concludes with an account of the 1951 scandal of Burgess and Maclean, which led to "positive vetting" and the elimination of ten officials out of 900 and put an end to "the old days" at the Office.

This is recommended reading and, taken in conjunction with the more pedantic study on "The Foreign Office," edited by Lord Strang in 1955, provides a schematic review of modern British diplomacy which is still lacking here.

World War I and American Isolation

Reviewed by KENNETH N. SKOUG, JR.

IN THIS CURIOUSLY misnamed monograph, Ernest R. May has underscored the new dimension in the writing of diplomatic history. May has studied America's road to war from the point of view that domestic politics and constitutional structure stand in a causal relationship with the vital decisions of foreign policy. The treatise is misnamed unless one grants the proposition that conscious efforts to retain objectivity and critical reserve towards an issue of such immensely complex origins and ramifications as the First World War are synonymous with "isolation."

May's conclusions are standard: it is impossible to see how Wilson could have followed any other policies than those which led to war. After increasingly broad expositions in the first two Lusitania Notes of the heretofore vague warning of "strict accountability" in the submarine issue, the Administration after June, 1915, according to May, had committed itself to a course from which it could not turn back without an unacceptable loss of national honor. Bethmann-Hollweg, whose manly efforts to preserve peace with the United States are sympathetically elaborated, the author holds to have been the prisoner of the Tirpitz-Bassermann

"THE OFFICE: THE STORY OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE 1919-1951" by John Connell. St. Martin's Press, New York, 353 pages, bibliography, index, \$5.75.

THE WORLD WAR AND AMERICAN ISOLATION, 1914-1917, by Ernest R. May, Harvard University Press, Cambridge. pp. 437 plus 28 page bibliographical essay, \$7.50.

all-out war group. Having long lost the confidence of the Conservative-ruled Prussian Landtag, the Chancellor also lost the moderate Zentrum in the Imperial Reichstag and was accordingly cast upon the unreliable Kaiser for support against the war party. The irresistible dynamics of the war psychology, dictating unrestricted submarine warfare as the answer to the Allied hunger blockade and as a "sure" promise of early victory, eventually bore down Bethmann. Any concessions by the U.S., May holds, would merely have had the paradoxical effect of strengthening the elements who already held American power in contempt.

May's work, which includes an exhaustive 28-page bibliography, is extremely edifying and highly objective without being entirely persuasive. It must be compared with the contributions of the "revisionists," especially Walter Millis' "Road to War." Despite May's unquestionable scholarship and insight, some of his conclusions do not follow from the facts he cites (and from some he does not cite). The reader may still conclude that the tragedy of American involvement in the war, like the vastly greater tragedy of the holocaust itself, might with clearer vision and more resourceful statesmanship have been avoided.

The Decision to Intervene. Volume II of Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920. By George F. Kennan. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 513 pages. \$7.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. RAMSEY

THIS second volume of Mr. Kennan's history covers the few months between the signing of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in March 1918 and President Wilson's decision of July 1918 to commit American forces in support of Allied interventions already made in Murmansk and Vladivostok. The book is history and drama of a high and tragic order. The "immense, discouraging perplexity" of the drama derived from the confusion which was "the predominant element in the external relations of Russia in 1918," strongly held and diverse interpretations of Soviet intentions by Allied representatives within Russia and at home, and the failure to coordinate an Allied policy on the purposes to be sought by intervention.

Mr. Kennan makes it abundantly clear that there was no agreed policy among the Allies which either pointed toward overthrow, or had the faintest chance of overthrowing the revolution. The progressive interventions, principally by the Japanese in Siberia and the British in the Soviet North, were not, as the Russians have charged since, acts of hostile capitalistic malice. Ironically, the American interventions least deserve such a misinterpretation: they had limited military purposes legitimately connected with the war against Germany. Yet, the author finds, we sacrificed "in this dubious undertaking, the slender thread of communication with the new Government in Russia which had existed in the form of official and semi-official staffs left after the revolution." Whether Soviet-American relations would have run a much different course had no American intervention occurred must forever remain moot but it is Mr. Kennan's conclusion that "Never, surely, in the history of American diplomacy has so much been paid for so little."

Aside from its authentic value as history, the volume furnishes a remarkable case study of the field of action and the problems of policy formulation in Washington which could only have been written by a sympathetic authority on both subjects.

SPACEPOWER

Reviewed by G. EDWARD CLARK

"SPACEPOWER" is more than a primer of technical astronautics. Although commencing with an elementary review of man's efforts to explore outer space and including a reasonable portion of practical scientific information, the authors endeavor primarily to demonstrate the impact of technical developments on the lives of every individual.

Considerable attention is devoted to analyzing the main motivations in space exploration, including the economic, political, psychological, military, scientific and moral implications. Certain of these forces already are affecting our daily lives, others will become significant as manned space vehicles enter the realm of interplanetary travel. The ultimate challenge will occur when and if man encounters other forms of life beyond the Earth.

It is obvious that space travel offers two choices—a new arena for mortal conflict or a laboratory for vast cooperative human research. "Spacepower," in an effort to recommend a reasonable approach to this problem, presents five theories of space control, five theories of lunar control and four theories of universal control. The authors conclude with a recommendation that the United Nations presents the only sound mechanism for reasonable control and progressive exploitation of space.

While Cox and Stoiko may be a bit naive in their recommendations for space control, their book serves as a most useful stimulus at this point in history. Its message cannot be ignored—the United States and all its citizenry must assume a new responsibility in preserving the vast reaches of space for peaceful purposes.

"SPACEPOWER—WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU" by Donald Cox and Michael Stoiko. John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. 262 pages, \$4.50.

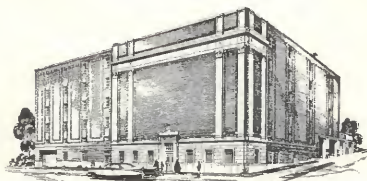
THE UNITED STATES & AFRICA

Reviewed by GEORGE D. LAMONT

THIS IS A compendium of papers dealing with Africa, prepared for the background information of participants in the session of The (National) American Assembly which met at Arden House, Harriman, New York, May 1-4, 1958. This same work was likewise used to provide background information for participants in the various regional assemblies (i.e., Western, Rocky Mountain, Southern) of this organization.

For a brief overall picture of political, social and economic conditions, developments and problems of Africa, especially with respect to United States relations to Sub-Saharan Africa, this book is probably the best available in

"THE UNITED STATES AND AFRICA," published by the American Assembly of Columbia University, 244 pages, \$1.00.



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THE BOOKSHELF (continued)

one volume. The various chapters were written by scholars who are Africa specialists. The list of chapter headings indicates the wide range of the subject matter: The Character of American Interests in Africa, The Character and Viability of African Political Systems, External Political Pressures on Africa Today, The Character and Potential of African Economics, The African Economy and International Trade, Racial Situations and Issues in Africa, Culture and Changing Values in Africa, and finally, Who Makes Our African Policy? There is an introduction by the editor of this book, Professor Walter Goldschmidt of U.C.L.A., and a very informative appendix of statistical tables and maps.

Africa is a booming continent of increasing importance. It is developing so rapidly that what is true there today may not be true tomorrow. For example, in this work which is only a few months old, references to the political regimes in French areas of Africa need revision to take account of the planned new French Community and Guinea.

Africa is a very large continent, as anyone who has traveled there knows, and it should be understood that the word “Africa” means no more than the name of a continent. The differences between nations of North Africa and those south of the Sahara are about as great as can be imagined, but among the Negroes of Sub-Saharan Africa there are also great differences. It is, therefore, very difficult to put together in one brief volume, as has been done in this case, a summary of what makes Africa tick. It is true that the major emphasis is on Africa south of the Sahara, but even so one must congratulate the editor for his achievement.

Africa is definitely on the march and its development socially, economically, as well as politically, is so rapid as to verge on the fantastic. There can be no question of its not becoming a major influence on future world affairs. Hence this brief survey is of special importance to students of world affairs and is a “must” for those interested in Africa.

“Causes of World War III”

By L. L. Rood

THE AUTHOR of “The Power Elite” has in his latest book attempted to arouse America against the drift toward World War III, a war which will have no winner, only radioactive losers. However, he begins by weakening our confidence in his analytical powers by attributing our present ills to a vaguely wicked elite consisting of politicians, warlords, and corporate executives.

The author wants us to drop our concentration on military solutions, and as a positive program he holds forth co-existence, industrialization of poverty areas of the world, more negotiation, more East-West contacts, cessation of nuclear testing, abandonment of U. S. bases overseas and NATO, and an embargo on arms to the Middle East. He would make some changes here at home, too.

While the thinking of the book has the out-of-the-groove character which status-quo America now so badly needs, one can't help but wonder whether authors in glass houses should throw verbal stones such as “crackpot realism.”

“THE CAUSES OF WORLD WAR THREE” by C. Wright Mills, Simon and Schuster, 172 pages, \$3.50.



The Russells: Earle, Bea, Scott, Chris

Traveling in State— and a Fourth of July Party

by Beatrice Russell

AND SO IT WAS that on a bright April afternoon in 1951 Russ, Chris, and I boarded the S. S. EXCALIBUR, bound for Alexandria, Egypt, on the first leg of our journey to Ethiopia. . . .

My heart almost failed me on my second view of what was to be our quarters for the next sixteen days. Even minus the thirteen relatives it was not an encouraging sight. Until the crib arrived I had no place to deposit Chris, so I sat disconsolately on one of our bags and tried to appease her with a cold bottle of milk. Around six-thirty the steward finally arrived with the crib, a tiny affair obviously meant for a six-week-old infant but woefully inadequate for one-year-old Chris. The sides barely hit her at the knees. . . .

Since the ship had no larger crib, they were forced to the conclusion that they would have to unbolt the chair and end table and set up our play pen. The play pen occupied every bit of floor space when the bunks were made up except for a small square in front of the bathroom door, so that we were obliged to climb in and out of the play pen to reach the dresser or get in and out of bed. Our discomfort, however, was a minor one compared to Chris's. She bounced around the pen like a ripe melon, and in spite of our efforts to pad the sides she was covered with bruises until she got her sea legs and learned to wedge her plump posterior into a corner.

When the sea got rough, I could lie in my bottom bunk and hold onto Chris by the seat of her pajamas, but this is not a recommended form of travel for an active one-year-old, not that I can seriously recommend any form of travel with a one-year-old. Anyone who has experienced the yearly family migration to the summer place knows what I mean. . . .

There are two general categories of travelers, those who are traveling to get away, and those who are traveling to get somewhere. We definitely fall into the second group. A family transfer, while it has its enjoyable moments, more

often takes on the aspect of a covered-wagon excursion across the North American continent.

To understand this, it is necessary to appreciate the distinct difference between the tourist and the professional traveler. For one thing, the tourist usually gets where he's going, but with the government traveler, at least, there is always an element of uncertainty. Russ's parents bid us a fond farewell in Washington as they boarded the train for California, confident in the belief that they were heading back to Japan. When they arrived in San Francisco they received new orders assigning them to Toronto, Canada, so back they came to Washington six days later, supremely weary of the Super Chief. As we said our second good-bys in Grand Central Station we were all plagued with nagging doubts that their ultimate destination might still prove to be Istanbul or Tangier.

WHILE THE average tourist is traveling at his own expense, the professional traveler, be he government employee, businessman, or missionary, can charge off the trip to Uncle Sam, Aramco, or the Presbyterian Missionary Fund. This small economic fact tends to widen the gulf between the amateur and the professional, a gulf which becomes more apparent when the two are traveling by ship. All government personnel are required to travel by American ships whenever possible, and after five or six crossings one begins to feel like an old alumnus of the American Export Lines. Boarding the *Excalibur* or the *Constitution* is like homecoming. "Whatever happened to Crawford, the purser?" "Who's captain of the *Constitution* now?" The professional traveler enjoys a sort of camaraderie with the ship's officers, based on familiarity and the knowledge that as the guest of the Government or oil company, he is not quite in the same class as the cruise passenger, who is paying his own way.

From the recesses of my deck chair I amused myself by trying to classify the species. The cruise passenger more

From "Living In State," by Mrs. Beatrice Russell, wife of FSO Earle Russell. Reprinted with permission of the publisher, David McKay, New York.

often travels alone or in pairs, while the government-company employee is overwhelmingly *en famille* . . .

The professional traveler is knee-deep in children from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. His natural habitat is the rear deck where he can be spotted daily engaged in a hearty game of loop-d-loop with six perspiring youngsters, or doing his fifty laps with a stroller, the inevitable badge of fatherhood.

The female of the species is busy mixing formula, or washing clothes, and rarely appears on deck before noon. During naptime the government guest can be observed conscientiously buried in a copy of "French Without Effort" or "The Political History of the Middle East." His conversation is full of allusions to post reports, allowances, cost of living, and health conditions in Kuala Lumpur. Only in port does the government employee come into his own. There is a sort of "at home among the natives" nonchalance about him in contrast to the boyish enthusiasm of the formerly sedate cruise passenger who has suddenly exchanged his yachting cap for a Marseilles beret, transforming him from a captain of industry into just another tourist. Those hours with the French grammar pay off, as the government guest, with just a faint hint of condescension, comes smoothly to the aid of his insular brother who is being bamboozled by a cab driver or buffaloed by an *objet d'art* dealer.

Sometimes a slight *noblesse oblige* creeps into the attitude of some of the members of the crew toward the non-cruise passenger, owing to the mistaken idea that because the latter is not footing his own bills, tips will be correspondingly meager. I was selecting my luncheon from the munificent spread offered by the CONSTITUTION to its first-class passengers each day beside the pool. After a two-year diet of oryx and water buck I was entranced by the spectacle of so many delicacies, and I couldn't refrain from exclaiming facetiously, "What, no caviar?" The steward who was serving me lobster and avocado salad took me literally. "Look, lady, don't kid me. In six days you'll be back to making your own ham sandwiches for lunch." Despairing of ever setting the matter straight, I crept off with my lobster and avocado, chastened by the thought that in the steward's eyes I was just another government bum who didn't know when he had it good. . . .

Fourth of July Party

THE PARTY was reaching its peak and the garden, which had looked so spacious and green a little while ago, was a sea of sunburned humanity, with everyone trying to find a space to raise his elbow. I bounced from guest to guest like a basketball, "all wreathed in smiles and wanton wiles." Ten minutes with two homesick sailors from a supply ship . . . "Have a kabob," I suggested brightly. Then, "Ah, there you are, Mrs. Russell! Your Excellency, I would like to present to you the wife of one of our language students, His Excellency, the former premier from Tripoli." "Enchanté, Your Excellency, and when did I arrive?" The former premier looked baffled. "I'm sure I don't know, madam." I decided I wasn't expressing myself very clearly and had better switch back to English. "I mean, when did you arrive?" The former premier looked even more baffled. "Moi? But I have always been here!" "Tripoli, Lebanon,

not Libya, Mrs. Russell," our introducer put in, smiling between clenched teeth. Dizzy but undaunted, I parried, "Of course, the former premier of Lebanon," trying to sound as if I'd known it all along and was just having my little joke. On the track, I gamely chattered on.

His Excellency smiled. "*Mais, c'est Madame Rousel!*"

I was decidedly groggy by this time, but not from scotch. I cursed my stupidity in putting my glass down. "I don't believe I remember," I began vaguely.

"*Mais*, I sat next to you at the Trade Union dinner the other night," my new companion continued in French.

I remembered the Trade Union dinner all right, sitting stiffly around the walls of a large, brightly lit hall for more than an hour with more than a hundred Lebanese Trade Union leaders and their wives—seven courses and six speeches, all lengthy, emotional, and all in Arabic. The gist of the speeches as translated to me from Arabic to French by my dinner companion in loud, sibilant whispers, was "We love Lebanon." "We love each other." "We love work."

"Of course"—I was finding that phrase very handy—"I always remember faces, but the names . . . *c'est si difficile*."

My friend obligingly introduced himself as Henri Khaury and magically produced six other smiling Trade Union leaders whom I seemed to remember seeing at the dinner. He introduced each one in turn and then we stared expectantly at each other.

"Do any of you speak English?" I began hopefully. No response from that sea of smiling faces. "*Vous parlez français?*"

"Only me," said Henri. "They speak Arabic."

"Please tell them that I enjoyed the dinner the other evening."

Perhaps "enjoyed" was a little strong, but diplomacy requires a bit of give and take. The smiles grew brighter. Happily voluble in Arabic at last, they nudged each other playfully, laughed, and chattered.

Above the din Henry shouted, "They want to know if you are related to Jane Rousel?"

There is a fine line between diplomacy and outright lying. Reluctantly, I refused this easy entry to their esteem. "No, I'm afraid not."

"They say it doesn't matter. You have a nice smile and they want to elect you honorary president of the Bookbinders' Union."

Graciously I accepted and, through our interpreter, Henri, we kept up a gay if not entirely coherent conversation. Fortunately Russ, who had finished his bar duty, happened by just as I was running out of witty remarks to pass along, via Henry, to my new friends.

"Here is my husband," I announced proudly. "He speaks Arabic."

Doubtfully at first they tried him out, and when they found that he could really speak Arabic, they were unbounded in their enthusiasm.

At the end of an animated flow of Arabic I asked, "What did they say?"

"Why, they want to elect me the honorary president of their Bookbinders' Union," said Russ.

"You, too? And you don't even look like Jane Rousel." . . .

FOREIGN SERVICE FABLES

ONCE THERE were two men of equal talents who entered the Foreign Service at the same time.

One was sent to Muscat, Puntas Arenas, Urumchi and the Mosquito Coast, with a tour in the Department answering crank mail. He believed in THE SPARTAN SERVICE and did not complain. He was promoted only twice in a dozen years.

The other man was sent to Copenhagen, Ottawa, Paris and London, with two assignments home in jobs of high social status. He was promoted almost every time the Selection Boards convened.

At last the first man's wife asked if she could comment on his next proposed assignment—one of the more loathsome posts in Africa. She stated firmly that he had nothing to lose but herself.

She wrote the following letter for his signature to the Department:

"Referring to my proposed assignment, I wonder whether the Department has considered the broadening effect which an assignment to a European post would have upon me at this time. I am, of course, thinking only of the GOOD OF THE SERVICE."

The reply came from the Department in the form of revised orders assigning him as Consul at a small French port. His instincts urged him to accept at once but his wife intervened. She drafted a retort:

"I must respectfully decline the proposed assignment as you evidently have not realized that my work has been to date exclusively in consular affairs. Knowing of the Department's policy to vary an officer's career, I suggest that consideration be given to assigning me to political work at a western European capital. I am clearly concerned, of course, only for the GOOD OF THE SERVICE."

After a brief pause, his orders were amended to transfer him to Rome. Once there, he flatly refused to leave, except for regional conferences in Paris twice a year. For this he received two double promotions and eventually Presidential appointment as Ambassador to Italy.—A. C.

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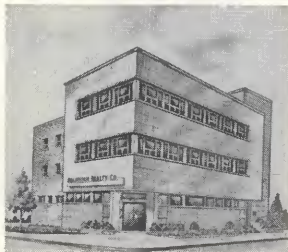
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An Ambassador Testifies

Testimony from the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD on the nomination of Carl W. Strom of Iowa to be Ambassador to Bolivia, before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

THE CHAIRMAN. Will you come forward and sit down in the witness chair? Mr. Strom currently has been our Ambassador in Cambodia. I had the privilege of seeing Mr. Strom during a recent visit to that country. He has been designated as our Ambassador to Bolivia.

Mr. Strom, we are very happy to have you here and we would like very much if you would have anything to say to the committee briefly at least about your experiences in Cambodia and anything else that you would care to say.

MR. STROM. Well, sir, I recall your visit to Cambodia with a great deal of pleasure. The most recent development in Cambodia—you will recall our visit with the Royal Delegate, Senator.

THE CHAIRMAN. Yes.

MR. STROM. The most recent development there was an abortive coup d'état led by Dap Chhuon which ended in his death as you may have read in the paper.

THE CHAIRMAN. I read that in the paper.

MR. STROM. This is a very regrettable development obviously. Dap Chhuon when I first came to Cambodia was a member of the government.

He was Minister of the Interior, controlled the police, Minister of Cults, at the head of the Buddhist hierarchy, and certainly a loyal member of the government in all respects. There was free expression of opinion in Cambodia. You will recall that he was an outspoken anti-Communist, a strong pro-American.

In that capacity we merely placed him as a member of his Majesty's loyal opposition. It appears, however, that at the end he was guilty of high treason and he was killed when being pursued by his Majesty's forces.

The situation at the present time—I left Cambodia over a month ago, and have not been in close touch—the situation at the present time seems to have quieted. There was great fear when this coup d'état broke that a period of insecurity would follow in case the coup d'état had any success.

It turned out that Dap Chhuon had no following really at all. He had miscalculated the situation completely, and the period of insecurity that might have followed even a semi-successful attempt on his part did not develop, and the country is quiet and secure. There were a few days when we hesitated to go out on some of the roads, but at the time I had left complete quiet had been restored.

THE CHAIRMAN. Mr. Ambassador, how long have you been in the Foreign Service?

MR. STROM. I am in my 24th year now, sir.

THE CHAIRMAN. You would be considered a professional, I presume, wouldn't you, a career man?

MR. STROM. Yes, sir.

THE CHAIRMAN. You are not a political appointee. I won't burden the record with this. You all have before you a copy of the data as to his experience. Do you care to ask any questions, Senator Wiley?

SENATOR WILEY. How many foreign languages do you speak?

MR. STROM. Well, sir, I have read books in ten languages, and if you count Norwegian, Swedish, Danish as separate languages, I can converse in seven. I am not absolutely fluent in all of them at the present time, but if I were assigned to any country where these seven were spoken, this includes English naturally, I would quickly be fluent.

SENATOR WILEY. When the chairman visited you last year, I presume you are sort of twin souls, having been teachers.

MR. STROM. And fellow Rhodes scholars at Oxford during the same period.

SENATOR WILEY. There he goes again. You have everything all set up. Well, I want to say it is a pleasure to meet a Foreign Service officer that can speak so many languages. Do you handle Spanish at all?

MR. STROM. I served in Mexico six years, and I was fluent in Spanish. I haven't spoken Spanish for eight years now and I have been speaking French the last two and a half years. I have found that French has drawn quite a curtain down in front of my Spanish, but I don't have any hesitation about entering into Spanish work again. I feel that I shall resurrect it without much trouble.

SENATOR WILEY. Do you have a Scandinavian background?

MR. STROM. Yes, sir, my family on both sides came from Norway a hundred years ago.

(Discussion off the record.)

MR. STROM. I am a native of Minnesota. My mother's family grew up in North Dakota and I spent the major portion of my life before I entered the Foreign Service in Iowa. I was a teacher at Luther College at Decorah.

SENATOR WILEY. No further questions.

THE CHAIRMAN. Senator Morse?

SENATOR MORSE. Mr. Chairman, I only want to say this. In my capacity as Chairman of the Latin American Subcommittee, and of course all members of our committee are greatly concerned about every Ambassadorial appointment to Latin America.

I am delighted and this is a very fine appointment and I think we are very fortunate to have an Ambassador to go to particularly this troublesome spot in Latin America that has the wonderful background which Ambassador Strom has. I have nothing but the highest acclamation for this appointment.

(At this point, Senator Lausche entered the hearing room.)

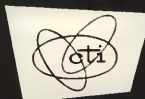
THE CHAIRMAN. Senator Langer? Would you care to ask questions?

SENATOR LANGER. I would like to ask what your mother's maiden name was?

MR. STROM. My mother's maiden name was Nedrud. My grandfather was a member of the first North Dakota State Legislature from Ward County before it was divided.

SENATOR LANGER. You may be interested to know that my father was a member of the same legislature.

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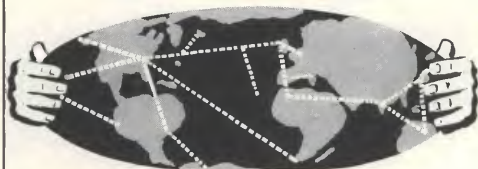


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MR. STROM. Is that so? My grandfather settled in Minot at the time when Minot consisted of two log cabins and a railroad station.

SENATOR LANGER. How did your mother's father spell his name?

MR. STROM. N-e-d-r-u-d.

SENATOR LANGER. Thank you very much. No further questions.

THE CHAIRMAN. Senator Lausche? Senator Aiken?

SENATOR AIKEN. No questions.

THE CHAIRMAN. Mr. Ambassador, I would like to join in endorsing what Senator Morse said. I think this is an excellent appointment. I am pleased that our Department does have some career men experienced in the affairs of our country in various parts of the world and that we can call upon to send to our troublespots. You are, of course, familiar with the conditions in Brazil. I don't know that it would help us any to go into that at the moment. You have, I am sure, been briefed upon that.

I meant Bolivia. You have been briefed upon the conditions in Bolivia, haven't you?

MR. STROM. To a certain extent. I had some leave when I returned from Cambodia and I started my briefing on Bolivia only last Tuesday. I expect to be in Washington two more weeks before leaving for my post, so I have been briefed only superficially up to the present point.

I expect to be more thoroughly briefed.

THE CHAIRMAN. It is a very difficult situation that you are going into. You are aware of the recent riots.

MR. STROM. Yes, sir, indeed.

THE CHAIRMAN. Which were anti-American riots inspired by one of our leading magazines, and whether or not the reporting is accurate, I don't know, of course, but you have a great responsibility in trying to quiet it down. I would like to ask you to take my greetings to the Foreign Minister there.

He served many years here as Ambassador. I regard him as a very fine man, Mr. Victor Andrade. Do you know him by any chance?

MR. STROM. No, sir, I don't. I understand he is a teacher of mathematics.

THE CHAIRMAN. He was. He is a very high class cultured gentleman and I know he has been greatly distressed by what happened there, and I am glad you are going. I hope you can smooth it out and restore better relations.

MR. STROM. Thank you very much, Mr. Chairman.

SENATOR LANGER. Mr. Ambassador, do you remember how your father-in-law voted on the Louisiana lottery?

MR. STROM. He voted against it, sir. This is one of the incidents of my grandfather's life of which I am very proud.

SENATOR WILEY. Is that the only one?

MR. STROM. One of the incidents.

SENATOR LANGER. That was one of the great battles in North Dakota history.

MR. STROM. Yes. When my grandfather arrived in Minot, he had equipment for setting himself up in business as a farmer and it all burned before he got it out of the freight cars. There followed three grasshopper years, and he was as poor as a churchmouse when he went to the Legislature, but he didn't sell out to the Louisiana lottery.

SENATOR LANGER. You may be interested to know that I talked with Ed Patterson. He is one of the lobbyists for Alec McKinsey, and only one night did they have the votes to pass the Louisiana lottery by one vote, and that night one of the legislators died who was in favor of it and the best they could do was a tie. You will remember they fought there for sixty days and could not put it over.

THE CHAIRMAN. Did he die a natural death?

SENATOR LANGER. He died a natural death.

THE CHAIRMAN. Mr. Strom, I meant to say that this Foreign Minister of Bolivia, where he is going, was a former professor of mathematics and Ambassador Strom was a professor of mathematics for about fifteen years so, they will have a lot in common.

Thank you, gentlemen.—*Congressional Record*, April 4, 1959.

WASHINGTON LETTER (continued)

us, and presto, it would be in the next issue. In general, writers for the JOURNAL, as for most magazines, should anticipate at least a three-month interval, so that material should be planned well ahead for special dates and occasions. There's nothing as dead as a Santa Claus picture or story received a few months after the event.

Some of the busiest preparations of June were those connected with the exhibitions opening in Moscow and New York. While Soviet propaganda was thundering that the typical home being constructed by the USA in Sokolniki Park was a dream, not a possibility, for the average American (despite Macy price tags, and despite the average American's known willingness to buy today and pay later, preferably much later)—while these mists gathered and dispersed—arrangements for the exhibition went solidly ahead in diverse quarters. Book publishers, for instance, arranged under the auspices of the American Book Publishers Council to have over 10,000 books sent to the exhibition, and the fashion industry made elaborate preparations to send on a cast of forty-five (the youngest of whom was but four years old) to model American clothes and to represent American family life.

Schools and Scholarship

With schools out earlier than ever this year, and graduation ceremonies over, families began the great American trek overseas. A. M. Rosenthal's piece "Young Yankees Abroad, a Growing Issue," in the NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE section on the plight of families who stay overseas, was particularly welcome for the understanding it brought:

... The problems are keener and more complex for the nomads—the diplomats, business men and correspondents who wander with their families among the off-beat places of the world, never sure whether the next assignment will take them to Djakarta or Warsaw, New Delhi or Damascus, Prague or Nairobi. There's a zest to this kind of life and I have often thought that psychologists and guilt-laden parents sometimes underestimate the extent to which children can share in it.

The problems of schooling he outlined clearly. These do not need to be elaborated to Foreign Service families—among AFSA scholarship grantees it is not unusual to discover children who have attended six schools in as many years and almost as many languages.

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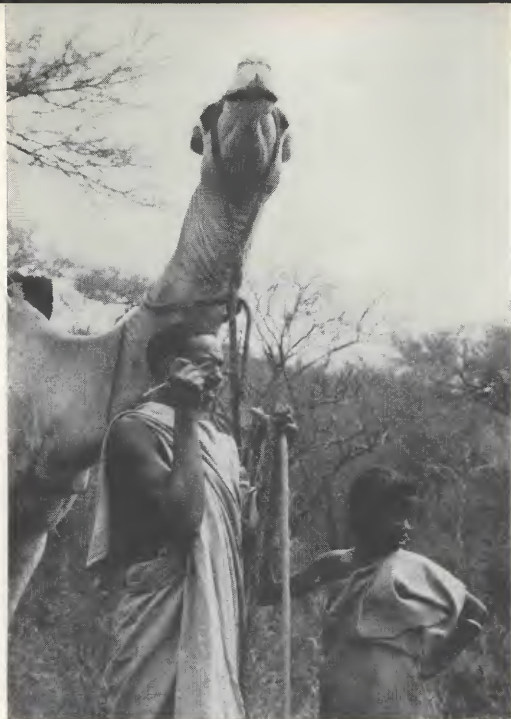
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Desert people of Southern Ethiopia.

East African Safari

by SALLY WATERS FISHER

WHEN WE announced we were thinking of driving from Ethiopia to Kenya, our friends' reactions were not encouraging.

"During the rains? You must be crazy."

"I thought no one was allowed in the Northern Frontier Territory of Kenya. Aren't you afraid of getting shot?"

"What will you do with the children?"

We said we thought we could get through in our Land Rover. We had to go during the Ethiopian rainy season because the border closes on September 15, when the Kenya rains begin. We would travel in convoy with two other families—seventeen people in all, including eight children.

"But nine days in a Land Rover with four young boys. Is that your idea of a vacation?"

We replied our boys were good campers. We admitted this safari wasn't everyone's cup of tea. As we got involved in the necessary red tape, we weren't always sure it was ours.

First we must carry a Movement Pass for travelling anywhere in Ethiopia. We had that. There was a special permit required for travelling through the gold fields of Adolla. We got that from the Ministry of Mines and State Domain. We must show car registration and driver's license. We must have our passports stamped at the British Embassy. We must leave our firearms at the Kenya border. We must attach a large plate with "ETH" on it to the rear of the Land Rovers, so the Kikuyus wouldn't shoot at us (if they could read).

Mrs. Fisher's husband, Ralph H. Fisher, is Program Officer, ICA, Ethiopia.

We were fortunate to obtain several "Grids of East Africa" compiled by the Italians during their occupation. They show roads, camel paths, mountains and waterholes as they were in 1941. We also had a report by a British Colonel who made the trip in January 1958 and commented on road conditions, police posts where papers were checked, villages where gasoline might be available and distances between points. We got some idea where not to set up camp, where not to expect gasoline or water and where we might be bogged down in mud for several days. Our boys enjoyed reading the report because it mentioned the wild animals we could expect to see in both Ethiopia and Kenya.

We compared notes with the other families, the Cashons and the Squires, on what they knew about the route. Each family gathered a briefcase of documents, letters to Highway and Border authorities, and advice from those who had gone before.

"Carry at least five jerry cans of gasoline."

"You'll need four extra fan belts for that trip."

"Well, I think you're very courageous," said one friend. "Or foolhardy."

"Please send us a cable when you reach Nairobi," said my husband's office.

FIRST DAY

Up at 6:00 to meet the other Land Rovers on the outskirts of Addis Ababa. The Cashons have a large Land Rover (107" wheelbase) and eight passengers. Leslie Cashon is headmaster of the English School. His wife is one of the well-known Sandford family who assisted the Emperor to

return to Ethiopia in 1941. On the front seat are Leslie and an architect from South Africa. Behind them sit Mrs. Casbon, her three children and a houseboy. Another houseboy lies atop the luggage on the rear seat. Both boys love baby-sitting for the six-months-old baby, a little girl of three, and a five-year-old boy.

The three Squires, Dick, Jan and Barbie (thirteen), are in a regular army Land Rover (36" wheelbase). Dick is Dean of the Engineering School in Addis. They all sit in front, the rear is filled right up to the canvas roof with camping gear. The jerrycans on the back of their Land Rover are painted red, easy to spot in the dust and mud of the days ahead.

Our Land Rover is a station wagon. My husband, Ralph is Program Officer for foreign aid. He and I sit in the front seat. In back on top of all the gear sprawl our sons, Galen (eleven), Jonathan (ten), Timothy (seven) and Anthony (Tony)—a very small five-year-old.

It is cold and raining as we leave Addis, but near Bishoftu we see a double rainbow. In fact we are right on top of the pot of gold. We are Number Three in the caravan and rescue several of Barbie's clothes as they blow out of the Squires' vehicle. Soon after departure, Tony reveals that he has brought along "two pets": Beaky, his stuffed penguin, and Beaky's best friend, Little Bear. Also their bedding, two large spools and three spark plugs "in case the car breaks down."

At Modjo the desert vegetation begins. We shed our jackets, a large baboon runs in front of us, and we see the first camel. Tony explains to us the difference between camels and dromedaries, gleaned from "Babar" books. The Awash River is flooded and even the desert has green spots after the rains.

We have agreed to stop every two hours to check cars and routes and feed the Casbon baby. So at 9:30, pleased with our progress, we draw up beside a six-foot anthill. The Squires are right ahead of us, but the Casbons are somewhere behind. We decide to turn around and search for the Casbons.

We find them fifteen kilometers behind. Their generator and rear wheel bearing have conked out, and they decide to limp all the way back to Addis for repairs. The Fishers and Squires agree to wait out their return at Lake Awassa. After a picnic lunch, we drive through the rolling lake country of the Galla tribe. The Galla ladies wear long strings of blue and white beads, shells and bottle tops. The butter-soaked heads of the children are decorated with tiny shells. Shepherds in skin caps lean on their lion spears and watch us.

On the hill above Lake Longano the gears on the Squires' car lock inexplicably. Dick and Ralph pore over the Land Rover Manual for possible cures. We all push. Suddenly the car starts, and we go on, singing "On Safari" at the top of our lungs.

We set up our tents on the shores of Lake Awassa and have supper in the sunset. Both families retire early, grateful for the warmer temperature one day's distance from Addis Ababa (4,000 feet lower).

SECOND DAY

Six Fishers emerge from their four-man tent, happy to stretch without socking another Fisher in the teeth. We enjoy a pancake and bacon breakfast watching the sunrise over the lake. Lunchtime passes and still no Casbons. There is no shade from the broiling sun. The boys wade in the lake while I do a watercolor, and the men refill the "Wash Water" jerrycans in the Black River which is aptly named.

A strong wind dissuades us from trying to start supper outdoors. We back the Land Rover up to the tent opening and make a passageway with the tent fly. While their father struggles to light the kerosene stove, the boys ask at minute intervals, "When are the Casbons coming?" I am working in the dark over stew and cocoa. Ralph finally shuts the boys in the Land Rover with their supper. Jon shouts that he wishes just once he could have cocoa that wasn't burned.

A sudden torrential downpour and wind nearly knock the tent over. Ralph trips over the tent rope, falls on the tent, bending the center tentpole. I brace myself against it as the storm rages and Ralph staggers around outside. Boys are happily watching the storm, laying bets on whether tent will go. When the storm abates, Ralph, dripping wet, inquires whether I can possibly find the sherry. "I've already opened it," I say, handing him a paper cup.

"Hemingway has his whiskey. We have our sherry," sighs Ralph, contentedly settling on a soggy airmattress.

It is still pouring when a honking outside announces the arrival of the Casbons. Since leaving us the day before they have suffered a broken rear wheel bearing and brake and could find no mechanic in Addis who would fix it on Sunday. We go to bed immediately, planning crack-of-dawn departure.



Fishers on safari.

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THIRD DAY

Mooring from the Squires' tent rouses us even earlier than intended. Dick ejects a baby calf. Fishers dress in the dark, somewhat disgruntled over crowded sleeping conditions. Tim complains he's tired of sleeping "in the ditch" between sleeping bags.

Off at 8:00. I am studying with interest the "E. African Grid System" compiled by the Italians in 1941. We note for example a whistle stop known as "Ambo Mussolini." The countryside is now lush. We wind up steep mountain roads through bamboo forests. The "tukuls" have changed from the mud huts we are used to, to squat basket-like houses woven right to the ground, surrounded by woven fences and brilliant orange flowers.

Our credentials are checked at the police post in Agra Salaam by portly officials in New Zealander hats. We hurry on over cold misty meadows on the mountain top. At the town of Bore, our Movement Pass and Gold Field Permits are read aloud to admiring onlookers. We are now entering the Rain Forest and hurry through, marveling at the thick vines, 35-ft. bamboos, and the first palm trees of the trip. Jon is complaining because "it's too civilized. The road isn't very rough yet." Tim and Tony announce that *this* is the jungle where they're going to live when they grow up.

We have now reached the end of "First Class Road," the work of the Imperial Highway Authority. We are about 450 kilometers from Addis and whether we go the rest of the way depends largely on how recently it has rained. We lunch on a grassy slope high above the road.

We continue winding through the Rain Forest, much of the time in four-wheel drive, as the road gets steeper and more rutted. We see many baboons and several dik-diks, appealing little deer with great eyes. We are over the top of the mountain now and slithering down the other side, above a spectacular gorge. An IHA power shovel clears one bad spot for us and we cross three bad gullies and shaky log bridges.

At 3:30 p.m. we reach Adolla which is one of the points we had hoped to refill the gasoline jerrycans. But there is "yellum (no) gas."

After Adolla the road becomes impossibly rutted so we crawl across the fields instead. At 475 kilometers we almost tipped over. Terrible ruts and deep ravines. Tony says at this point that he has changed his mind. He doesn't like bumpy roads so much any more. We continue between gullies that Ralph compares to Scylla and Charybdis. I say brightly, "You know, not many fathers would take their boys on a trip like this." Jon adds, "And not many Mommies would go on a trip like this either."

Another hour passes of constant sea-sick motion. We are hanging to the insides of the Land Rover and banging against the jerrycans. Then Tony speaks again:

"I think we should of flyed to Nairobi," he says.

A bit later, however, we set up camp in a pretty meadow at 5,900 ft. according to Dick's altimeter. There is a brook and we refill the "Wash Water" jerrycans. The three little Cashons have a bath in a portable basin.

That night the Fishers have a delicious dinner of ham, rice and Korean keem (seaweed) sent from New York by Grandma. We wonder whether anyone else has eaten seaweed on safari in Southern Ethiopia.



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FOURTH DAY

Up at dawn again. Tony has climbed over Galen all night, Tim was still "in the ditch" and I have come to the belated conclusion that I have too many children. We crawl down the mountain like three turtles, through streams and over logs. By now we have it down to a formula. The Casbons go first. When we get to a bad spot, everyone gets out except the driver. If the car starts to tip, the men hold it up. The women and children wade through the mud shrieking encouragement. Then the procedure is repeated for the Squires and Fishers.

We now hit the worst mudhole—pea soup mud for about fifty yards with hard ruts underneath. The Casbon Land Rover careens wildly and then stops. After much pushing, it finally lumbers through. The others plow along behind. Despite our boots, we are covered with mud. "Still wish we'd hit some rough roads, Jon?" we ask. (The boys later voted this mudhole the high point of the trip.)

I have strung laundry up inside the Land Rover and it flaps against our faces on every hairpin turn. At Ihora our papers are read aloud by more policemen. The populace is fascinated by the Fisher living arrangements, especially the laundry, and is reluctant to let us continue our journey. Finally we ask the top man if perchance he is "finito." "Finito," he admits and signals his friends to pull their heads out of our windows.

One child from each Land Rover is now riding on the front hood. This is not only because we can no longer stand them inside, but also to give us more lebensraum. The child on the hood wears hat, dark glasses and rubber boots, and must hop off whenever we hit a tippy section.

We take a rest stop to siphon gasoline from the jerrycans to the tanks. To prove the depth of our mudholes, we discover a snail on the Land Rover window. The country is getting hotter and dryer. We see century plants and red anthills fifteen feet high above the scrub growth. At our lunch stop we meet our first truck, a large one whose axle is "roto" and which is awaiting help from Neghelli.

Near Neghelli we are stopped by a delegation of police who request we take one of them to the hospital. Galen gets off the hood, the sick policeman gets on. We speed over the bumps towards Neghelli, the policeman's coattails flapping in the breeze.

In the town, our cop guides us to the Norwegian Lutheran Mission where we hope to wash off a bit of our mud. The minister's wife welcomes us. We wash and settle in the living room beneath the pictures of the Emperor and all the minister's grandchildren in Norway. The grown-ups sip delicious thick coffee, the children passion fruit juice. The Casbon baby crawls placidly on the floor. Tim eats seven pieces of chocolate cake.

We are interested to get news of two young South Africans who left Addis three days before we did in a Ford Zephyr convertible. No one thought their car could survive the drive, but the minister's wife reports they had just left Neghelli after extensive repairs. They had already driven from England and were headed for Johannesburg. Their journey is all the more remarkable because the driver of the car is paralyzed from the waist down.

After our pleasant stop at the Mission, we check in at the police station, then drive out an eight-mile highway built by

the Italians. We see our first ostriches and set up camp in the beautiful dry veldt. We have become most efficient at getting the tent up, sleeping bags unrolled, air mattresses pumped up and supper cooked before dark. Ralph calling me "Osa" as I squat beside the kerosene burner cooking hash.

FIFTH DAY

We awake much refreshed as the three older boys have slept by the fire, leaving only three Fishers in the tent. While we breakfast, Mrs. Casbon points out six gazelles on the orange horizon. We enjoy fresh eggs and Arab bread bought the night before in Neghelli.

The Fishers are the lead car as we start across the veldt, Jon on the hood, and all watching for game. We have our battered "Game Animals of Ethiopia" open. Two bustards run in front of us. They are large birds with long necks and are good eating. Next we notice something white flapping rhythmically in the distance. It proves to be a male ostrich dusting himself. A tattletale gray wife and several babies follow him.

A covey of guinea hens appears. Ralph leaps out, fires three shots with his revolver and kills two. They are pretty birds, black with white polka dots and blue heads. Tonight we dine.

Jan Squires has been watching for camel bells, which are handcarved of wood in varying sizes. When a camel caravan passes, it sounds like a xylophone. She finally succeeds in buying one. While we are negotiating, a Microbus appears out of the desert. Two young Germans leap out and shake our hands. They have come from South Africa, have broken a spring on the ruts, and have been towed twice.

"How is the road from here to the border?" we ask.

"Oh terrible, for about fifty miles!"

This amuses us as we drive on. They haven't yet seen the mud near Adolla.

I am making notes on desert birds. There are lovely iridescent blue ones with reddish breasts, and much larger black-and-white striped birds with orange hooked beaks. Also a variety of partridge, yellow brown with black crest, a yellow green bird and doves of all varieties. We are surprised by flowering desert bushes which from a distance look like pink dogwood.

The people in this area are husky smiling plainsmen with bare chest and brief skirt. The women wear red and orange scarves and silver necklaces and armlets. The heat is now debilitating and we decide to postpone our lunch until we reach the Dawa Parma River. The children rush for the river, more interested in swimming than food. Everyone bathes, keeping eyes open for crocodiles. We wash clothes which dry quickly on the hot rocks, and start across the desert again in damp shorts, feeling much refreshed.

Our next stop is just long enough for Ralph to shoot another guinea. This is a different variety with lovely aqua breast plumage. Tony is collecting feathers in an applejuice can to mail to Grandma. We set up camp in the desert. A supper of tender guinea hen for the whole group! No one bothers with tents tonight. We fall asleep under the Big Dipper which looks just as it did at home

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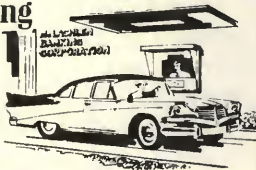
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SIXTH DAY

The nicest thing about sleeping under the sky is waking in the pink dawn. After Wheatena, hard Arab bread and cocoa (burned), we start out again. We have decided to leave the road entirely at this point and head due South across the desert. Following the compass, we bump along blindly for a time, then hit a camel path.

Fortunately the sky is overcast, but the dust is had as we follow close behind the car ahead. After four hours, we see what looks like a lake. It turns out to be white sand around a deep waterhole which we identify from the "Grid" as El Egder. We are no longer lost. In fact we are nearly at the Kenya border.

Jubilant we draw up in the midst of hundreds of camels and humpbacked cattle. We are mystified by the sound of singing coming from the ground. We find it comes from the waterhole where glistening black men are on a ladder handing up buckets of water in an endless chain. We scramble down the path with our cameras and children. The deep-throated chant continues, and no one objects to our picture taking. One would imagine a caravan of Britons and Americans an everyday occurrence at El Egder Waterhole.

Lunch has degenerated to Arab bread and tuna fish. Our drinking water is gone and what we now use tastes strongly of iodine tablets. Our meal is interrupted by the roar of an engine and we catch a glimpse through the trees of the Ford Zephyr. We start off with renewed zest and in a short time hit the highway. By highway I mean a red dirt road full of ruts, but the main road to the border.

3:45 p.m. Ethiopian Moyale! Hot, dusty and windswept. We drive up to Customs and there is the Zephyr, scarcely cream-colored any more, parked next to an even more battered Citroen. The drivers of the Citroen prove to be a Danish couple who had started two days before us. They had found the Black Water bridge down, so had driven all the way around Lake Awassa. They had been bogged down in the Adolla mudholes for three days until some lorries pulled them through. They had left their exhaust pipe in Neghelli, the car was literally wired together, they doubted whether they could reach the next town, and their money was gone. But they were having a wonderful time.

The bearded young South Africans were just as cheerful. They had been stuck in the mudholes until two lorries, one pushing, one pulling, had rescued them. On the side of the convertible, barely discernible through the mud, is painted "England to South Africa." The folding wheel chair is strapped to the back.

We cross No Man's Land to the British Territorial Army Post in Kenya. African troops in spick and span shorts, desert caps and smart blue tunics admit us to Customs. The Commandant invites us to camp on the Post and suggests the ladies use his home for "bawths." The ladies are delighted, both by the "bawths" and the first "Lavatory" in nearly a week.

We lay our sleeping bags on the lawn beside the Post bar and tennis courts where three officers and a young wife are playing a set before dinner. The neat brick houses and gardens seem terribly civilized. Ralph and Galen return from a shopping spree with bottles of Pepsi, our first in a year, and South African beer. We are bedded down before

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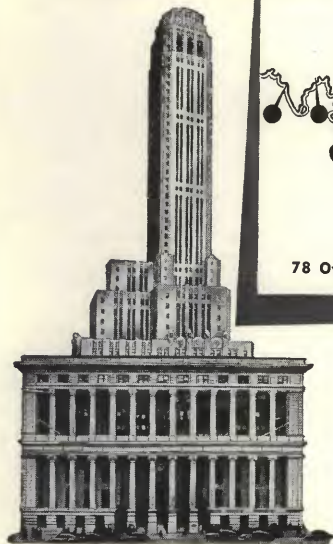
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Desert people of Southern Ethiopia.

we realize that we are awfully close to the bar, where British, South Africans and Danes are all celebrating their arrival at the border with lusty songs in many languages.

SEVENTH DAY

One week since we left Addis Ababa. At the Arab shop in Moyale the familiar pictures of the Emperor have been replaced by the Queen and Aga Khan. There is a sign, actually, to our next campsite, Wajir.

Crossing the desert we see our first kudu, a magnificent gray beast with spiral horns. Then three gerenuk, long-necked gazelles and now quite rare. At noon we reach Buna, a hot check-point in the desert, the British flag the only spot of color. We lunch under the slight shade of an acacia.

The boys examine the nest of a weaver bird which hangs in groups of a hundred or so on a single tree. They look like balls of straw with two holes in the bottom for entering or exiting. Tony adds it to his collection of feathers, spark plugs, Dinky Toys, lava and stones.

Two giraffes lope by. A Soemmerring gazelle watches us calmly. Then more giraffes and our first graceful oryx. Then several Ethiopian duiker, Jon decides referring to

"Game Animals," then a Dorcas gazelle and two Grants. Long lines of patient camels, each tied to the tail of the one ahead, cross our path. They seem to be converging toward a destination which we hope is Wajir. Huge stork-like birds stand upright on the tops of the acacia trees. They are black with orange heads and stark white legs. Mrs. Casbon identifies them as maribous. "Just like in 'Babar,'" says Tony happily.

A sparkling green and white oasis appears ahead. After all these days of red mud and dingy gray villages, we are totally unprepared for Wajir. This British Army Post had been in the center of Mau Mau activities in 1954. People of Kenya don't go to this area without special permits and cars are allowed through only in convoy. The Post is a sprawling white citadel surrounded by palms, and looks as Galey says "like a movie of the Foreign Legion."

We are startled by a long line of huge black men in loin cloths hauling wood and chanting. Prisoners. The District Officer seems distressed at the size of our party, but agrees to let us camp on the flat roof of the police headquarters. This is our most elegant campsite.

We unpack our gear and the boys carry it up the outside steps to the roof. We watch the changing of the guard and lowering of the flag. There is a strong breeze from the desert and Ralph has trouble getting the stoves started. Despite our Hollywood setting atop a citadel, sleeping is difficult due to the wind and the strange noises from the desert. All night the beating of drums and tribal chants remind us of our Kikuyu neighbors and their recent Mau Mau allegiances.

EIGHTH DAY

We speed (40 m.p.h.) across the desert followed by maribou storks. We note on our meter that we have gone exactly 600 miles since Shashamane, a week ago. A long 600 miles. In the back seats, the boys are giving us a rousing rendition of "Rock Around the Clock."

Six oryx cross the road and more ostrich. We see our first zebras—an unusual type with narrow stripes. Through the Squires' binoculars we discover they are rare "Greby zebra." At the lunch stop we have the last of the tuna and hard Arab bread. We try powdered coffee in mineral water. The boys are in convoy in the red sand with all their Dinky cars. "Hurry up, Timmy," says Galen.

"I can't," says Tim patiently. "I'm in low ratio."

We stop for a police check at Habbe Sweim Outpost. The officer is an immense African speaking precise Oxford English. We are nearing Isiolo and meet a few trucks. We stop to pour more gas from jerrycans to tanks and are watched with great interest by a Masai warrior. He is evidently a deaf mute as his conversation consists of high squeaks. The children are fascinated, both by his squeaks and by his ears which are cut in intricate loops and have beads, buttons, corks and a safety pin hanging from them.

Isiolo is so civilized we can hardly stand it—radio tower, telephone poles, frame houses and a postoffice. The Fishers and Squires decide to push on to Nanyuki where they are



Citadel at Wajir, Northern Frontier Territory of Kenya.

anxious to try the much-recommended Mawingo Hotel near Mt. Kenya. The Casbans are going to camp, so we say goodbye and hurry on. We wander blindly until past dark before a sign tells us we have entered the Mawingo grounds.

We are a bit stunned by the splendor of the Mawingo. But not nearly as stunned as the Mawingo is by the Fishers and Squires. We file through the lounge where Britons in evening clothes are sipping their "sundowners," served by Africans in spotless white tunics, red fezzes and cummerbunds.

We have been camping for eight days and are not looking our best. Ralph, unshaven and in filthy khakis, leads the procession. Galen's arms are sticking out of one of Tony's sweaters (it had turned cold). Jon is swaddled in Ralph's suitcoat. Tim and Tony wear dirty shorts and sweatshirts and their desert hats pulled over their ears. I am charming in muddy shorts and shirt, and one sock of my own, one of Galen's. (It was dark when we dressed at 5 a.m.). I am wearing my hair like a Kikuyu.

"This place is awfully civilized," whispers Jon regretfully.

But after a dinner of thick Kenya steaks, real cow's milk and ice cream, after steaming hot baths, and after sinking into soft mattresses in three magnificent bedrooms heated by roaring cedar logs—after all that, the Fishers agree that even "civilization" is all right in its place.

His Beard A Conversation Piece

AT A DIPLOMATIC reception in Rome, about 1910, Diplomatic Secretary Post Wheeler was introduced to a certain Count who was a colleague. Mr. Wheeler gave an account of their conversation in his book "Dome of Many Colored Glass":

"By and large my secretarial colleagues were not invariably as agreeable as their Chiefs. The titled Counselor of the . . . Embassy was a boor, the most ill-mannered man I had so far encountered in official life. The first time we met, at some function or other, he asked me, in his harsh, peremptory voice, why I wore a beard. I replied, for the same reason, I suppose, that he did not. He remarked that the apes in the zoological garden affected them, and I expressed a hope that it might be arranged for him to join their happy company and thus raise the standard of male pulchritude in the monkey house. I think if we had not been at an official affair he might have struck me."

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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.

"Administering Away Effectiveness"

I GOT QUITE a kick out of "Are We Administering Away Our Effectiveness?" by John E. Cunningham published in the February FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, because that was exactly what happened to me in an eager beaver spell in the Department a good many years ago.

I had learned by heart practically every number of the paragraphs in the green volume of the loose-leaf Consular Regulations. I had done this by a rather easy method of visual association of the numbers with the subjects of the paragraphs of the Regulations. I became known as a walking encyclopedia and no one in the office bothered much looking up the Regulations. They simply asked me for the number of the paragraph and praised my "marvelous" memory. I never gave away my secret and remained the unchallenged cock of the Consular Regulations walk.

Then some ambitious light in the Department thought up a new "improvement" in the administration of our already well administered offices abroad. And by all that's holy, he shuffled some of the numbers and the subjects of the Consular Regulations. I never again looked at the Regulations except in dire need, spending precious time searching for ingeniously hidden consular instructions.

But the Consular Regulations I found were, after all, merely to be read for general information to be used alongside of plain old horse sense which was the thing that really counted.

For example, a merchant told me in Barranquilla that a large shipment of Texas rice had arrived in the custom-house for a notorious firm of crooks all set for bankruptcy the following day.

The Consular Regulations instruct a consul to refer interested parties to a lawyer for action. I found it expedient to scoot my old Ford through the tropic heat of the town to my friend, the Collector of Customs, for a quick powwow in his dark excuse for an office. I asked him to hold the shipment until I could dispose of it elsewhere. No, he had his own regulations to follow. He knew that the firm smelled, but if its shipping papers were in order he had to deliver the goods.

We lit another cigarette and went into a huddle. After some mental labor an idea was born. If I gave the Collector a signed legally stamped document to the effect that there was something queer about the shipment, he would hold the shipment pending an answer to my document which he would send to his main office in Bogotá, not by air, but by slow Magdalena River side-wheeler that would take about two weeks one way.

The outcome was that I signed a legally stamped document, saved the shipment, and felt entitled to a consular feather in my well-battered Panama hat.

ERIK W. MAGNUSON
FSO-retired

Bromma, Sweden

"Kashmir on the Canal"

I WAS interested to see the excellent photograph by Abbie Rowe in your June issue. Some of your readers, however, might not have guessed that though the photo had a faraway look, it was actually taken of our own Washington Canal—with Justice Douglas lurking just off stage. This is, in fact, part of the land that it is hoped by the Justice, and most alert Washingtonians, will become a national park instead of another car-filled highway.

Washington

B. G.

Promotion Lists

... If I may offer one criticism to a much improved JOURNAL, it is to suggest that you omit from future issues the promotion and designation lists. The persons concerned know the good news already and have also seen it in the F. S. NEWS LETTER. With the greatly enlarged Foreign Service and its thousands of talented personnel, I cannot believe the Editorial Board needs to rely on voluminous personnel lists to fill its valuable space. That Sadie Gamp has gone from Class 13 to 12 is of course important to her at the moment, but commands about as much interest to the big advertisers that support the JOURNAL, and to the general reader, as the college thesis devoted to "The Antennae of the Paleozoic Cockroach."

A. C. FROST
FSO-retired

Menlo Park, Calif.

Student Interpreters Fifty Years Ago

PRESENT EMPHASIS on language study for members of the Foreign Service makes it appropriate to recall earlier activities in this field. The interpreter corps in China and Japan had been established much earlier and in 1909 this special service was extended to the Ottoman Empire, so that July marks the 50th anniversary of the departure for Constantinople of the first group of student interpreters, Messrs. Binda, Edelman, Heck and Leavitt. They were followed by Bader, Chesbrough and Morris in 1910.

Others whom I recall without checking old Department lists are Allen (Charles), Brandt, Cole, Durkee, Engert, Juddson, Gottlieb, Lange, Nicholson, Kairden, Young (George), for a total of eighteen in all. With the disappearance of the Ottoman Empire, as a consequence of the first World War, this special group came to an end, as did the similar groups in China and Japan, for reasons peculiar to the course of events in those countries.

While the interpreter corps in Turkey was thus short-lived, its members were destined to perform very valuable services. From August 1914 to April 1917, our diplomatic and consular officers in the Ottoman Empire were in charge of the interests of all but one of the Allied Powers, and had to take care of many thousands of enemy nationals scattered throughout the country. The American officials in Turkey, relatively few in number, from Ambassador Morgenthau on down the line, were able to render greater services to their protégés than has ever been possible in a similar situation in time of war. While none of the interpreter corps had achieved principal rank by 1914, their knowledge of the language and of the country, and the friendly relations established with Turkish officials, made them the solid foundation which supported the major diplomatic efforts, and without which these last would have been far less successful.

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Sheets and Strip
Tubes and Pipe
Wire and Wire Products
USS TENELON * Steel

ROLLED, FORGED AND CAST STEEL PRODUCTS

Blooms, Billets, Slabs and
Tube Rounds
Bars, Structural Shapes,
CB Sections and Bearing Piles
Steel Sheet Piling
AMERCUT * Cold-Finished Bars
DI-LOK * Concrete Reinforcing
Bars
Forgings
Forged Steel Rolls
Forged Steel Grinding Balls
Rolled Steel Plate Lining (for
Tube and Ball Mills)
Standard Rails and Light Rails
Solid Wrought Steel Wheels
Resilient Wheels
Forged Steel Axles
Mine and Industrial Cars
Locomotive Side Frames

NATIONAL* SEAMLESS AND WELDED WROUGHT TUBULAR PRODUCTS

Standard, Extra Strong and
Double Extra Strong Pipe,
Black and Galvanized
Light Weight Buttweld Pipe
Boiler Tubes, Superheater Tubes,
Still Tubes, Condenser and
Heat Exchanger Tubes
Drill Pipe, Casing, Drive Pipe,
Tubing, Line Pipe and Couplings
Cylinders, Gas Bottles and
Miscellaneous Pressure
Containers
Large O.D. Pipe and Pipe Piling
SHELBY * Mechanical Tubing
Aircraft Tubing, Alloy Tubing and
Miscellaneous Tubular Forgings
Stainless Pipe and Tubes
NATIONAL * Plastic Pipe

WIRE PRODUCTS

AMERSTRAND * Steel Strand
AMERTEL * Telephone and
Telegraph Wire
AMERICAN * Fence
CYCLONE * Fence
DIAMOND * Fence
ELLWOOD * Fence
Fence Posts and Gates
AMERICAN SCOUT * Barbed Wire
GLIDDEN * Barbed Wire
IOWA * Barbed Wire
RANGER * Barbed Wire
WAUKEGAN * Barbed Wire
CYCLONE * Conveyor Belts
CYCLONE * Fiberglass Screening
CYCLONE * RED TAG * Wire
Screen and Hardware Cloth
HEX-CEL * Poultry Netting
TIGER BRAND * Electrical Wires
and Cables
TIGER BRAND * Wire Rope
TIGERWELD * Rail and
Signal Bonds
PREMIER * Spring and
Welding Wire

Round and Shaped, Black and
Galvanized Wire
High Tensile Wire and High
Strength Reinforcing Strand
for Prestressed Concrete
Welded Wire Fabric for Concrete
Reinforcement
Nails, Springs and Bale Ties

FABRICATED STEEL

STRUCTURES OF ALL KINDS

Standard and Special Bridges
Standard and Special Buildings
Locomotive Turntables
Transmission Towers, Floodlight
Towers and Component Parts
HEROULT * Electric Furnaces
Welded Barges, Lighters and
Steel Hulls for Dredges
Penstocks
Miscellaneous Heavy Machine
Work and Heavy Steel
Fabrication
Steel Erection
AMBRIDGE * I-BEAM-LOK *
Bridge Flooring
Mine Roof and Rock
Supporting Bolts

CEMENT

ATLAS * Portland Cement
ATLAS * White Portland Cement
ATLAS * Waterproofed White
Portland Cement
ATLAS * LUMNITE * Cement
UNAFLO * Oil-Well Cement

FLAT ROLLED PRODUCTS

Aluminum Coated Sheets
APOLLO * Galvanized Sheets
Plain and Corrugated
APOLLO * Galvanized
Corrugated Culvert Sheets
APOLLO * Galvannealed Sheets
Hollowware Enameling Sheets
Vitrenamel Sheets (for
Vitrenamel Enameling)
EAGLE * Sheets, Hot Rolled

Long Terne Sheets
Cold Rolled Sheets
Electrical Sheets
Hot Rolled Strip
AMERSTRIP * Cold Rolled Strip
ARROW * Cotton Ties
Compress Bands
Plates
Tack Plate
MULTIGRIP * Floor Plate
Terne Plate—Hot-Dipped
Tin Plate—Hot-Dipped and
FERROSTAN * (Electrolytic)
Tin Mill Black Plate and Hollowware
Enameling Black Plate
Differentially Coated Tin Plate

COAL CHEMICALS

Ammonium Sulfate
Toluene
Pitch
Ortho-cresol
Meta-para-cresol

ALSO

AMERICAN * Standard Beam
Guard Rail
AMBRIDGE * Grader Blades
AMBRIDGE * Sectional Plate
Pipe and Arches
Steel Strapping
LORIG-ALIGNER * Rolls and
Pulleys
MULTISAFETY * Highway
Guard Rail
TIGER * Welding Machines
Welding Electrodes
Rail Anchors
Tool Steels
Tungsten Carbide
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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.

"On the Showing of Efficiency Reports"

ALTHOUGH I am without professional qualifications on the subject, I should like to offer some modest opposition to views expressed by "FSO" in his letter: "On the Showing of Efficiency Reports," which appeared in your April issue. Apparently, after reading "hundreds of efficiency reports," the author is convinced that the "most honest" reports are written on officers who have "left their posts on transfer," and if so, it is not enough to label the practice deplorable.

On the other hand, I have a good deal less confidence in the proposal for secrecy, which, I believe, serves no useful purpose whatever. If, in fact, an officer is reluctant to confront a subordinate with his shortcomings, will he feel happier about the prospect of expressing a more "honest" opinion behind the person's back? And if this is a naïve question, are the inevitable results of this proposed system preferable?

Certainly it must be assumed that any officer who has an interest in his career will avail himself of the oppor-

tunity to write to the Department for the "substance of his alleged weaknesses," as the author suggests. If he then discovers (by intuition or processes of not illogical deduction) that a particular chief has given him an unfavorable recommendation, he will undoubtedly react differently than would have been the case had the original report been read to him verbatim and his reaction recorded. Most of the officers I have known, and perhaps I have been fortunate in this respect, are fully aware of the consequences which must be expected if criticism of an individual's performance is conveyed exclusively to the Selection Board. Uncertainty, suspicion, and at times unjustified frustration are the results of this system, which still prevails in the Armed Forces, and I cannot recommend it for adoption by the Foreign Service.

If one is cynical or "realistic" enough to equate secrecy with integrity, the question still remains as to whether the solution is not worse than the problem itself.

"FSO ALSO"

Passports and Autographs

THIS is a very true story: Last Fourth of July we were in Rome, and at noon the Ambassador gave a reception for Americans who happened to be in Rome on that day. It was held in the spacious gardens behind the Chancery, and the Navy Band from Naples played.

When it was time for Ambassador Zellerbach to deliver his short address of welcome to the assembled multitude he asked my husband to replace him briefly in the receiving line. One of the first to warmly shake my husband's hand was a tourist (I would guess a maiden lady, about 50). She asked Niles for his autograph saying, "You are representing the Ambassador, aren't you?" He was on the point of compliance when he realized that the piece of paper which she had proffered him was a page of her opened passport. When he told her that he could not sign it she seemed immensely surprised. The rest of the page, she said, was already full of

autographs! George Gray, our Consul, happened to be standing nearby. He explained to her what one's passport can and cannot be used for. He told her, in kindly terms, that because of the autographs, she would have to procure a new passport before her next journey abroad and said that, furthermore, she *could* be given five years imprisonment. She didn't believe it. George worked on her for another five minutes until she was convinced to the point of saying, "Well, all right, I'll just tear this page out."

After telling her *not* to, George could only mutter, under his breath, "That will be *twenty* years, lady."

As she left the scene of battle and passed by me she said,

"Well, I'm glad somebody told me."

JULIE BOND
(Mrs. Niles Bond)

Lexington, Mass.

"Ideas for Improvements"

IN THE "Letters to the Editor" column in the April JOURNAL, Miss Elizabeth Johnsen commented on the committees on Foreign Service Administration, Training and Improvement of Consular Activities, and inquired whether the announcement in the NEWS LETTER really meant what it said, i.e. "constructive suggestions are welcomed."

I should like to emphasize that the committee were sincere in their request for the submission of constructive suggestions for the improvement of the Foreign Service. Comments received will be weighed carefully by the appropriate committee and then, as stated in the NEWS LETTER, "may see further light of day in one of our service publications, or, may become part of basic training or operational documents" designed to improve the Service.

Incidentally, posts have not been in the least hesitant to criticize, and even damn, certain features of the new immigration visa application Form FS-510 designed to replace Form 256. As a result, a new look is being taken at this form by the Department and other agencies concerned with its public relations impact.

In soliciting ideas and suggestions to be sent directly to my office, we are not attempting to bypass the established "employee suggestions system" or the "via supervisor channel." We are merely offering another approach to the submission of suggestions. At this point I should stress that we are interested in receiving those ideas which "make your blood boil" because of their genuine merits over the present procedures, not those which "make your blood boil" because of a difference of opinion with a supervisor or unpleasant inter-office relations.

W. J. GALLMAN
Director General

Washington



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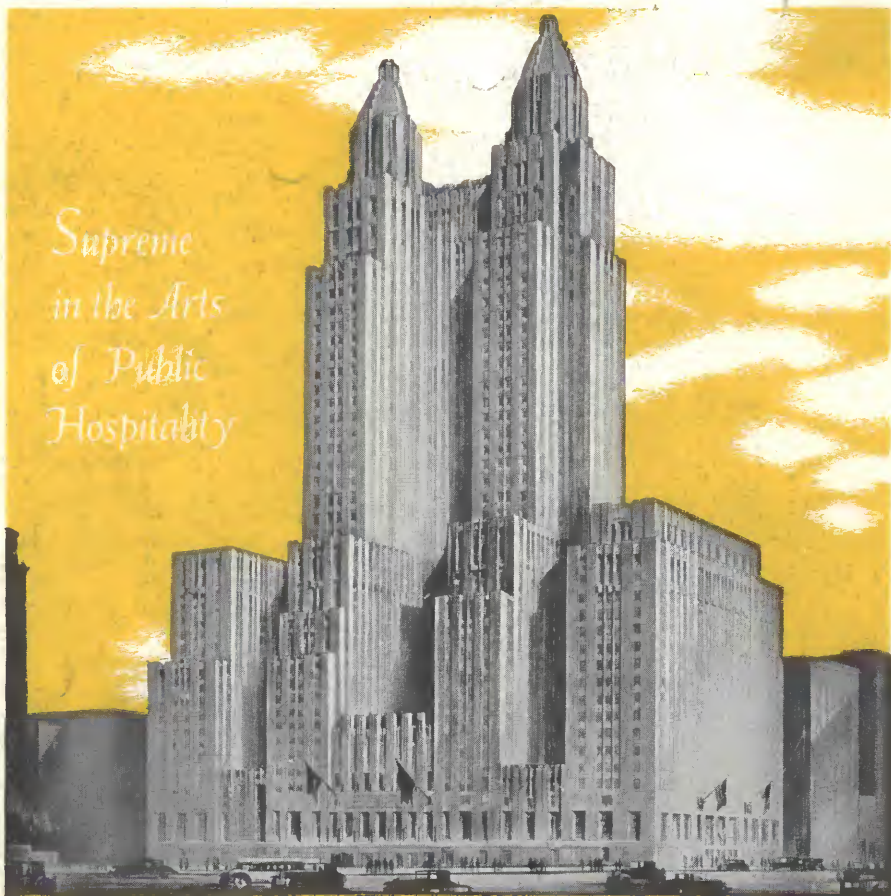
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