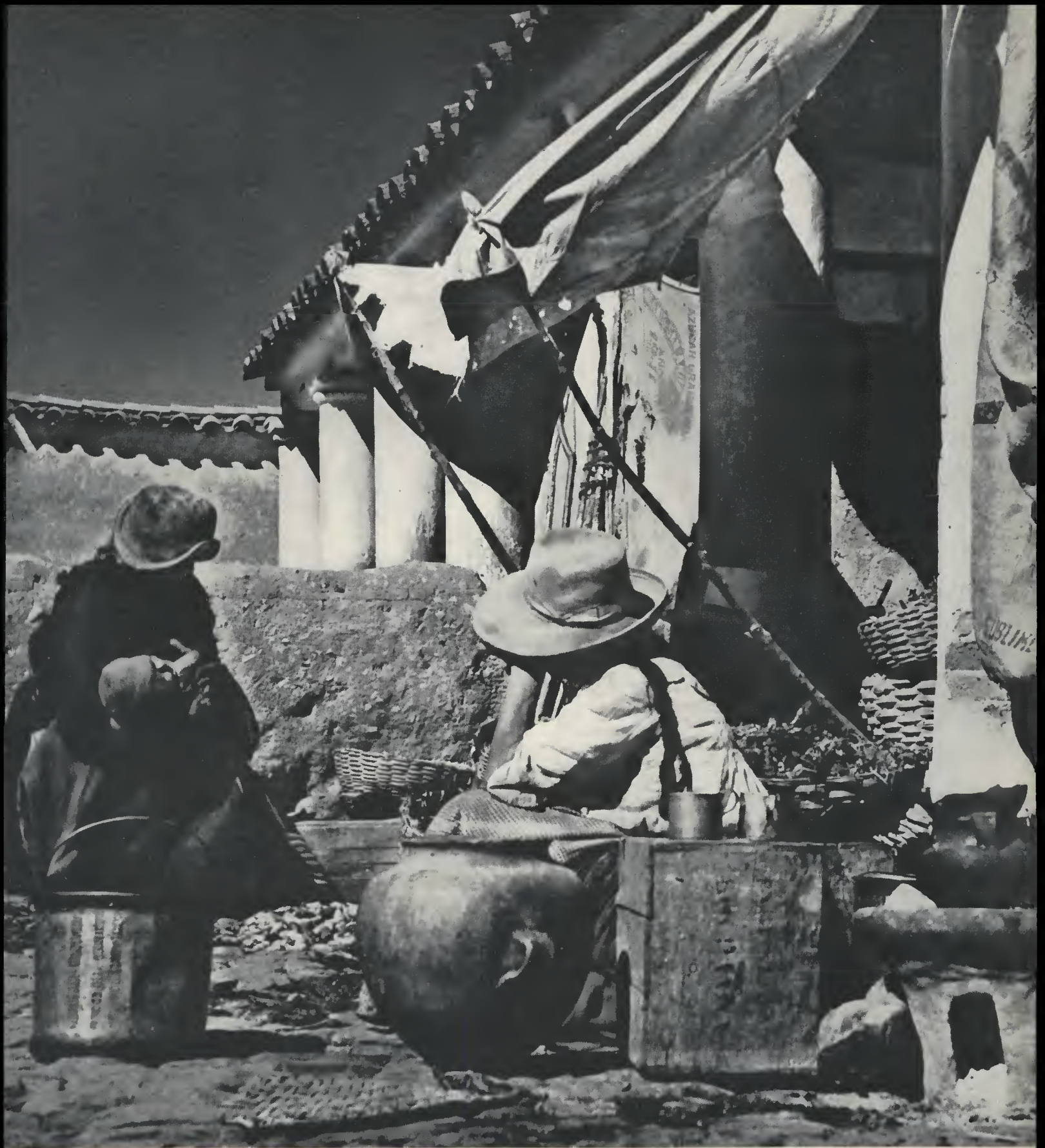




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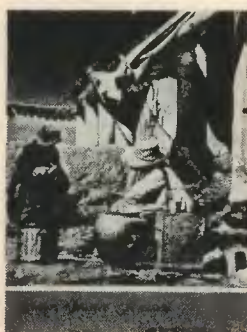
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COVER PHOTO

by Frank Traiber

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 George Lichty, "Grin and Bear It," Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate, p. 22
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 Howard R. Simpson, "Foreign Service Types," p. 44
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 Joan Hulley, "Honeysuckle Hedge," p. 52. Mrs. Hulley is the wife of Benjamin M. Hulley, FSO retired.

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BIRTHS

ACKERMAN. A son, John Thornton, born to Mr. and Mrs. Karl D. Ackerman, May 4, in Oslo.

BRIGGS. A son, Allen Townsend, born to Mr. and Mrs. Everett E. Briggs, April 13, in Philadelphia. Mr. Briggs is the son of Ambassador and Mrs. Ellis O. Briggs.

PRESBY. A son, Shannon Scott, born to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Presby, April 18, in Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Presby, the former Mary F. Mills, is the daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Sheldon T. Mills.

RICHTER. A daughter, Cynthia Mills, born to Dr. and Mrs. Marcel K. Richter, May 18, in Saint Paul, Minnesota. Mrs. Richter, the former Sheila Mills, is the daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Sheldon T. Mills.

DEATHS

GHATTAS. Twefik Ghattas, senior kawass at the American Embassy, Cairo, died in mid-April, shortly after his retirement on March 30, after 34 years of service with the American government.

GRUMMON. Stuart E. Grummon, FSO retired, died on June 1, in Redding, Conn. Mr. Grummon entered the Service in 1923 and served at Mexico, Madrid, Port-au-Prince, Moscow, and Tokyo. At the time of his retirement in 1942 he was Chief of the Division of Intercultural Relations.

HUDSON. William P. Hudson, FSO, died on May 28 in Chapel Hill, N. C. At the time of his death Mr. Hudson was assigned to the Bureau of International Cultural Relations.

NORWEB. John H. Norweb, brother of the Honorable R. Henry Norweb, died in New York on April 29. Mr. Norweb was vice president of General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

WADSWORTH. Craig W. Wadsworth, FSO retired, died on May 20, at Genesco, New York. Mr. Wadsworth entered the Service in 1902 and served at Tehran, Bucharest, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. At the time of his retirement in 1927 he was Counselor of Legation at Lima.

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HEARD ON THE HILL:

"A New Look in Passports?"

MR. FASCELL (D., Fla.): Since Miss Frances Knight has taken the reins of the U. S. Passport Office, she has shown that an agency of the Federal Government can keep up with the times. Under her direction, great savings of time and money have been made, and increasingly efficient and courteous service has been afforded the American traveling public. We of the Fourth Congressional District of Florida are particularly pleased with her farsightedness in establishing a U. S. passport field office in Miami, thus extending the Agency's service to the southernmost part of the United States. I want to here include an article taken from the MIAMI HERALD, which cites just one more example of her constant service to the American traveler:

OLD WAYS of doing things often are taken for granted, but not by Miss Frances Knight, Director of the Federal Passport Office.

She has taken a fresh look at the product of her Office, unchanged for years. It is a twenty-page booklet, measuring $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{8}$, covered with green cloth. Miss Knight finds several things wrong with it. For example:

It's too big. The size was chosen to fit into a man's inner coat pocket. Yet fifty-seven percent of the passports lost last year were lost by men. More women travel abroad than men, and Miss Knight says a smaller passport would fit more easily into a woman's purse.

The cloth cover is unsatisfactory. It frays. In damp weather, it becomes unstuck from its backing. Besides, why is it green? Miss Knight is having tests made of plastic in blue, maroon and gray as well as green.

Commercial travelers quickly fill the twenty pages. Miss Knight thinks the document should have more pages—say, fifty.

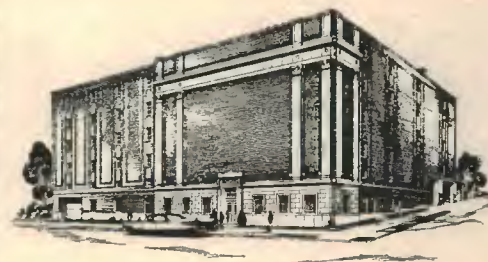
Miss Knight's aim is to streamline the passport into the handiest possible form to do its job, which is to serve as the international identification of U. S. citizens abroad.

This may seem a trivial matter, but we think not. It illustrates the virtue of challenging constantly the way things are done in Government, as elsewhere, and striving for improvement.

Change for the mere sake of change is idle, and sometimes change can be for the worse. But wherever there's a better way, let's find it.—*From the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.*



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Correspondence

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Dear Mr. Chairman:

The Board of Directors of the American Foreign Service Association believes that you and the members of your Committee might be interested in the views of the Association on certain amendments to the Foreign Service Act, S-1502 and S-2633, which you are now considering.

The Association wholeheartedly supports the proposed amendments and believes that they will increase the effectiveness of the Department of State in managing the Foreign Service, and make the Foreign Service more attractive to young men and women who might contemplate entering. We hope that these bills can be considered during this session of Congress.

We regard several provisions to the bills as being particularly important. S-1502 will do much to make the annuities of Foreign Service senior officers who retire in the future more equal to those for Civil Service members, and will ensure care for Foreign Service dependents more nearly equivalent to that for the Civil Service. Approval of these amendments during this session of Congress would be of particular benefit to employees scheduled for retirement before the next session.

The proposed revision of Section 415 of the Act would change the structure of the Staff Corps to make it more flexible, and would strengthen and improve the position of the Staff Corps in the Foreign Service and with respect to other Government employees.

The Association also endorses the proposed amendments to Section 701 of the Act, permitting language training for spouses on a space available basis. A Foreign Service officer's dependents should also be representatives of the United States, and in this regard language ability is in many foreign nations of great importance.

The Board of Directors earnestly hopes that you and your Committee will favorably consider these and other amendments to the Act which will strengthen the Foreign Service.

THOMAS S. ESTES

The Honorable
Thomas E. Morgan,

Chairman,
Committee on Foreign Affairs,
House of Representatives

Committee on Foreign Affairs
House of Representatives
Washington

May 11, 1960

Dear Mr. Estes:

I wish to take this opportunity to acknowledge and thank you for your thoughtful letter of May 6th with reference to bills S. 1502 and S. 2633.

I am very glad to have the benefit of your comments and recommendations on these measures.

THOMAS E. MORGAN

Mr. Thomas S. Estes, *Chairman*

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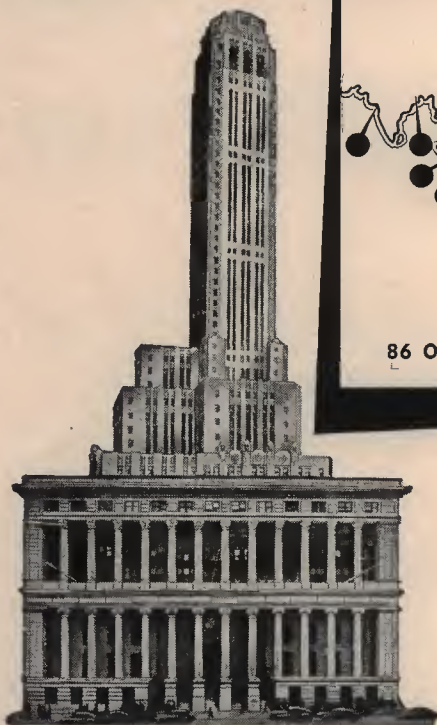
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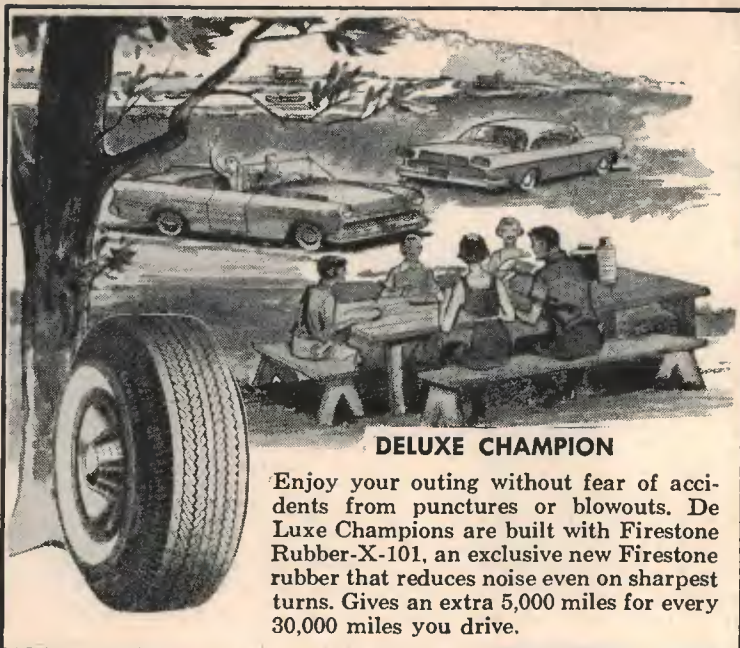


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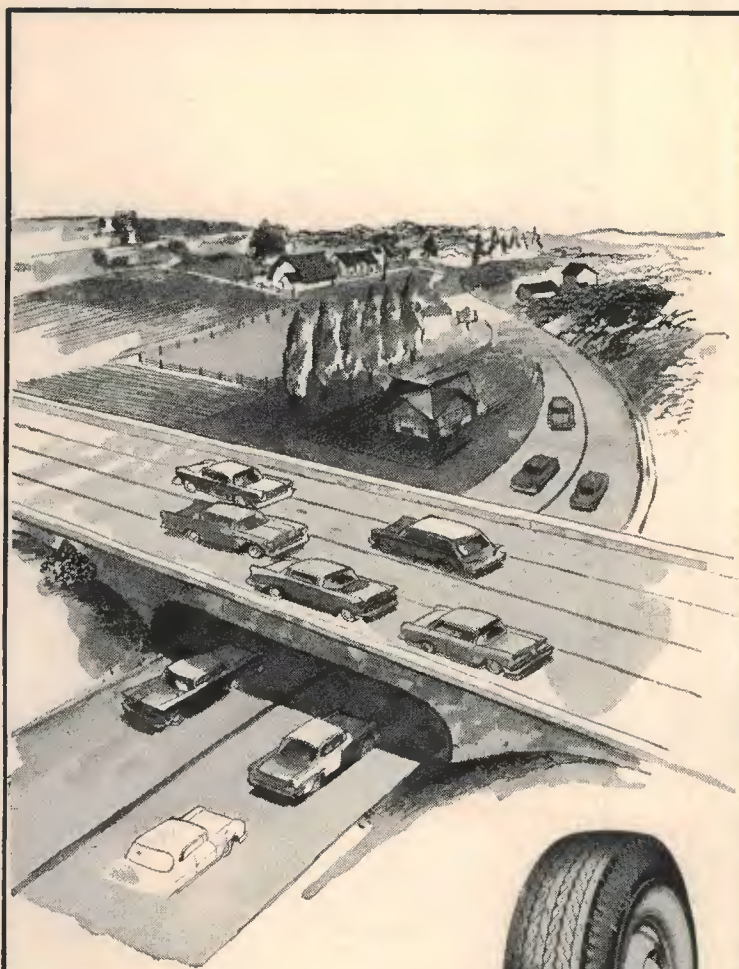
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Washington Letter

(With Editor Gwen Barrows in Europe on vacation, this column is contributed by members of the Editorial Board.)

Ours To Search and See

To live in Washington in June means suddenly sharing the daily conveniences, indeed, the daily necessities, with increasing numbers of wide-eyed strangers come to search and to see. That favorite parking spot, far separated from normal hide-and-seek traffic, has been usurped by some wanton traveler from Missouri or beyond; restaurants, once cozy and warm, now seem crowded and cold; concerts, once sickly attended, now seem robust amid gentle, imperfect appreciation. From impatience, softened by the surge of tourists marching in reverential awe up to Mr. Lincoln, emerges a question: Should our awe and curiosity be less because we find home here? In turn, then, arises the realization that what passes for day-by-day for us in Washington comes for others at the price of miles on miles of journey.

The Teaching of English

An article on the teaching of English in colleges, which appeared in a recent NEW YORK TIMES, contained the following paragraph.

There are other signs of a new drive to rediscover English. Eugene S. Wilson, dean of admissions at Amherst, last year led a revolt which may soon bring back the English essay test as a college admission requirement, at least in some colleges. By next year, such a test may be included in the otherwise machine-graded, objective College Entrance Examination. . . . Observers expect that at least 100 colleges would avail themselves of this test.

Few occupations more urgently require the ability to write English well than that of Foreign Service officer. It is to be hoped that the Board of Examiners is following closely the development reported in the paragraph quoted above. One of the capabilities of candidates for the Foreign Service which most needs to be tested is English composition. If an English essay test is restored to the College Boards, why should it not be to the written examination for FSO-8?

"Writing Like a Harvard Man"

"WRITING LIKE a Harvard man," is, happily, a restricted and occasional pathology. It derives from a resolution to be elegantly correct, to avoid the crassness of plain statement, to decorate one's pages with the ornaments of learning, and to be, above all, pompous, long-winded, and drowsy. The style is based on the once admired art of oratory but owes something to the formal inscriptions of public buildings. It has been most nearly epidemic in the reports of Harvard officials, too few of whom have cared to learn from the distinguished English of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Lowell. The books of one kind of Harvard man will show it till history ends . . . How far it has infected the literature of America outside the law only the monograph can determine, but many a page of fiction and biography must have turned rancid in imitation of Harvard elegance.

You may know this style by its genteel inversions and balances. "He was a man just and patient, honorable and fastidious, courteous in manner, inflexible in action, in leadership preëminent, in counsel unexcelled." That is writing like a Harvard man. You may know it by its parade of classical terms: "he entered the agora" for "he went

to the legislature." You may know it by its unwillingness to use short words when long ones can be found. A subscriber writes, "Your pusillanimity impels me to request that my name be incontinently removed from your rolls"; he means, "Your stuff is awful—cancel my subscription." You may know it by its phobia of plain speech, its "valiant" for brave, its "decease" for death, its "purchase" for buy, its "imbibe" for drink, its "veritable" for real, its "asseverate" for say, its "donation" for gift; by the timidity of its qualifying "perhaps" and "it may be" and "so to speak"; by its sounding latinisms, its "evokes" and "evinces" and "educates," its "epistolary," "contumacity," "extemporaneously," "negotiation," and so on. It is a style forever dressed in spats—forever going to a wedding (that is to say, "nuptials") or a funeral ("obsequies"). At its best it has in decay a leisure and correctness that the Eighteenth Century, to which it thinks itself related, had in health. At its worst it is death in prose.

Still, it is a style. That is, its effects are produced deliberately. The man who is "writing like a Harvard man" has a terrifying purpose, but at least he knows how to accomplish it. He knows which words will produce the effect he desires, and he uses them with full awareness of what they say. And that is something.—*From an editorial by Bernard DeVoto in the "Harvard Graduates" Magazine, reprinted in "The Harvard Book," edited by William Bentinck-Smith, Harvard University Press, 1960.*

AFSA Luncheon

At the monthly luncheon on May 26, Association members were treated to some high-flying, wide-ranging and thoroughly stimulating comments by Professor William Y. Elliott of Harvard and (for a couple of days a week) the State Department. Dr. Elliott started with the question, "What is to be done with the Secretary of State?" The answer seemed to be that he should be sandwiched between two "Requirements Boards." The one above would be part of the White House machinery and would assess available national resources against the needs required to carry out national policies. The one below, reporting to the Secretary and providing him with the data needed for his presentation to the White House board, would do the same job for national foreign policies. On this framework, Dr. Elliott hung a half-hour's comment which was always thoughtful, sometimes controversial, and never dull. We are hoping that he will consent to reduce his thoughts to writing for the benefit of JOURNAL readers everywhere.

AFSA Poll

This being a popular season for polls, AFSA has just completed a poll of its members in Washington to find out what they think of the regular monthly luncheons and to solicit suggestions for prospective speakers and new ideas for Association activities. There were 194 respondents out of the 1650 questionnaires mailed out: the majority of them favor a Christmas reception by a narrow margin, and are against luncheons during the summer, luncheons without speakers, one luncheon with wives in attendance, and long drinks at additional cost, the last two by narrow margins. A large majority were pleased with the food and service, although some felt that more junior officers would attend if the price were lower.

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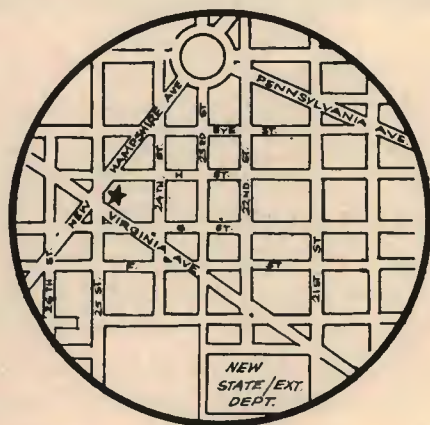
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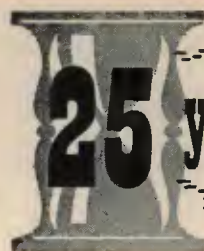
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IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

Well Does He Remember

Erik Magnuson, retired FSO, living in Bromma, Sweden, looks back to his greatest thrill: "Of many thrills in the Foreign Service I remember with glee one of the greatest of all in 1935 at Barranquilla. I deciphered a code telegram from Washington one morning which began: 'For Magnuson. You are transferred to . . .' *Madre Mia!* I banged the book shut and leaned back in my chair all aflutter. What a thrill not knowing where in the world my new post would be, after four and one-half years in the tropics!

"The word got around. Friends wanted to know. We held out until 9 p.m., my wife and I, when we streaked to the Consulate. I opened the safe, took out the code book and gingerly turned the pages. We looked. Ah! It was too good to be true! I quickly closed the code and tried it again. Sure enough! It really was—wonderful Hamburg."

Briefs From the 1935 Journal

Election of officers: John Campbell White was elected President of the AFSA and Douglas Jenkins, Vice President. Of the eighteen members of the 1935 Electoral College only three are still active, i.e., Herbert S. Bursley, Donald R. Heath, Henry S. Villard.



Born in San José, April 18, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Lord Satterthwaite, a son, George Satterthwaite II.

Comment, 1960: George is now a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps, at present attending training school at Fort Lee, Virginia. He is married to the former Helen McCann of Philadelphia, and they have a daughter, Patricia Ann, born April 18, 1959. (If Patricia's mother was also born on April 18, I suppose you would call that a triple coincidence.)



Born a son, John Heath Morgan, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. John Heath Morgan, at Washington, June 4, 1935.

They Called at Department in '35

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JAMES H. KEELEY, Montreal	Singapore
NATHANIEL P. DAVIS, Inspector	

And More Recently:

Members of the Foreign Service Institute's Senior Seminar in Foreign Policy were guests of the Climax Molybdenum Company at its large mine, Climax, Colorado, (altitude 11,400 feet), April 8, 9, 10. (See Service Glimpses).

At a dinner given for the officers Saturday night, former Assistant Secretary of State James Grafton Rogers, George-

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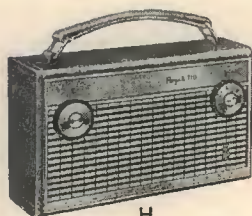
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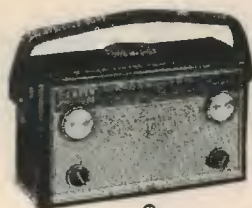
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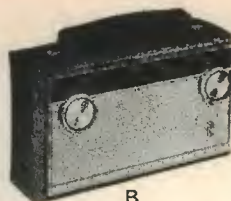
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town, Colorado, and I were among the invited guests. It was a pleasant surprise to learn that every one of the officers reads this column. Doug Henderson, proud father of six, remarked that in a few years he would "make" the column. To that, Charles O'Donnell, Course Director, replied: "Why Doug, you are eligible right now! You entered the Service eighteen years ago and you 'wanted in' seven years before that, or twenty-five years ago."

P. S. Doug made it!

FSO's in California

Arthur Frost and Gerald Keith, Column Scouts in Northern California, have reported on the Foreign Service officers' luncheon on March 24 at Los Altos, in the Golden Gate area. The highly successful reunion, replete with Service yarns, was organized by David M. Maynard, FSO-retired. In addition to four active FSO's: William J. Handley, Sam E. Lesner, R. E. Olson, and Richard R. Selby, Jr., were Stephen E. Lato, U. S. Despatch Agent at San Francisco, and the following: the David C. Bergers, R. C. Beverstocks, A. Bland Calders, Samuel H. Days, Albert M. Doyles, Arthur C. Frosts, Joel C. Hudsons, Fred W. Jandreys, Paul R. Josselyns, John R. Ketchams, Frederick P. Latimers, John H. Madonnes, David M. Maynards, Merl S. Myrerses, Ernest B. Prices, Samuel Sokobins, W. Clark Vyses. Also, Mrs. Frederick W. Hinke, Mrs. Irving N. Linnell, Gerald Keith, Dr. Kempton, Harry E. Stevens, James Wilson.

Are Lawyers Diplomats?

In his recent book, "Diplomat," Charles W. Thayer, brother-in-law of Charles E. Bohlen and son-in-law of James C. (Jimmy) Dunn, states that though generals and lawyers are frequently appointed to diplomatic posts, most authorities agree that neither group is well suited to diplomacy. One of those authorities, Sir Harold Nicolson, maintains that "the worst kind of diplomatists are missionaries, fanatics and lawyers.."

What do the lawyers say to all this? Robert L. Stearns, in an article in THE BRIEF, Phi Delta Phi Quarterly, titled "Functions of a Lawyer in a Democratic Society," quotes the following by W. Barton Leach of the Harvard Law faculty: "If I were to try to describe a good lawyer in a phrase, I would call him a professional in versatility. This is another way of saying that he has acquired certain abilities that enable him to operate effectively in any enterprise, familiar or unfamiliar, to diagnose its difficulties and contribute substantially to the solutions of its problems."

Mr. Stearns goes on to cite some of the distinguished lawyers in the executive field. . . . "four of the ten members of the cabinet are lawyers. Our international policy (although you may not agree with all of it) has been formulated and indefatigably executed by Mr. John Foster Dulles, one of the outstanding lawyers in his generation. In this connection at the high level of foreign policy, we should remember the contributions of the following outstanding lawyers who served as Secretaries of State in recent years: Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes, Henry L. Stimson, and Dean Acheson. At the present time (summer, 1959) 418 out of 3,000 foreign service officers and 5 ambassadors to major countries are lawyers."

A former Dean of the Law School and President of the University of Colorado, Mr. Stearns is now President of the Boettcher Foundation, Denver.



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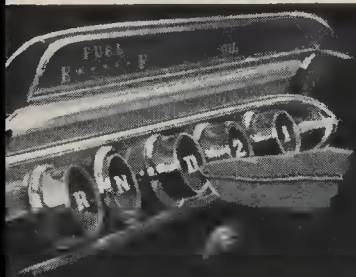
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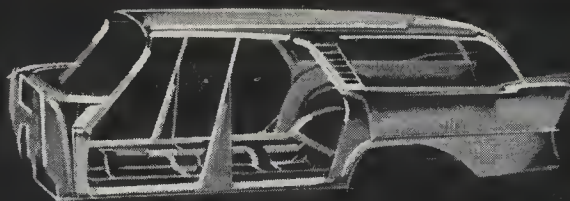
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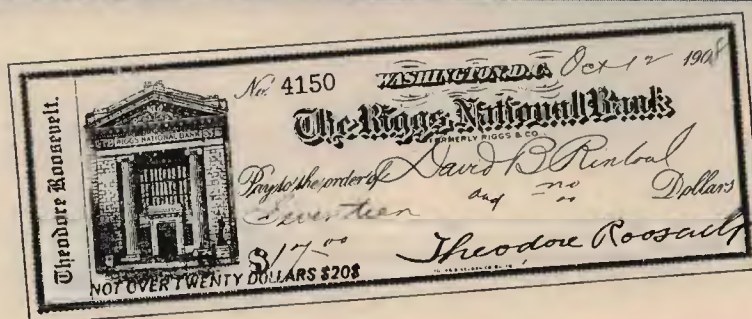
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Dr. Oskar Morgenstern of Princeton University is perhaps best known as co-author, with the late John von Neumann, of "The Theory of Games and Economic Behavior." A consultant to the Atomic Energy Commission and a member of the advisory panel to the Military Applications Subcommittee of the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, he is an acknowledged authority on the strategic dimensions of the nuclear age. His most recent book, "The Question of National Defense" (Random House), was reviewed in the February JOURNAL. Chapter X of that book, entitled "Negotiations and Diplomacy in Nuclear Parity," contains as sweeping an indictment of the Department and the Service as has appeared from a responsible source in recent years. Portions of this chapter are quoted below and are commented on in the Editorial Page.

by Oskar Morgenstern

POLITICAL SCIENTISTS have spent much time and effort to produce a body of knowledge that is singularly unsuited to guide us in the present dilemma of our life—a body of knowledge that is a peculiar mixture of constitutional law, history and description of political institutions of all kinds, everything generously sprinkled by strong opinions and value judgments. Some maxims of behavior occur occasionally, for example, those formulated by Machiavelli. They may or may not be "good" or "respectable"; at any rate they were an attempt to formulate rules by which men can seek the attainment of their aims in political situations.

Political science does not offer a systematic body of such rules applicable to the present circumstances; it is not, as one says, "operational." Of the social sciences only economics has so far achieved a modicum of operational value. This is due to the fact that an applicable, practical economic theory has been developed to some extent. We know, for example, how to make or stop inflations, how to tax without destroying the taxed source of income and many other things. We do not yet know how to stabilize employment, how to compare tax burdens placed on different persons and how to perform other important tasks. Political science may help us to set up a workable constitution but not to know whether it will be applicable to a given country. It certainly contributes little, if anything, it would seem, to resolving the problems the world faces now, the most important of which is how to live with the thermonuclear stalemate, how to get stability and safety for all participants in the most fearful struggle the human race has ever been involved in. And it tells us nothing of how to cope with the growing unbalance in the world due to the increase in population and in the widening gap between poor and rich countries.

What negotiations are possible with the Communistic bloc involve bargaining of the most delicate and difficult nature. As on the military side of the picture, one is here also concerned with the problem of decision making under uncertainty, where the uncertainty is not of the simple, well-understood kind to be dealt with by probability theory, but is of

the highly complex nature arising from the strategic moves of the opponent, who labors under the same difficulty. This is precisely where political science should make its most significant contributions. Nothing is offered, except the mathematical techniques associated with the theory of games of strategy, but to this theory political scientists, with a few exceptions, have paid virtually no attention. So far political science has not even abstracted the counsels given by Machiavelli in order to discover whether a consistent system of rules of behavior could be constructed on that basis.

So in the present dealings with the Communistic world, instead of receiving firm guidance from scientific techniques and explorations, one has to fall back on common sense and experience. But this is no common-sense situation and no one has experience with the type and extent of danger that a false move entails!

It is little wonder, then, that our greatest weakness is probably not in the military or economic sphere but in the political realm. We have not scored high, we hardly ever have the initiative, we seldom know what we want or whether what we sometimes want makes sense to ourselves and the world.

The responsibility of formulating and executing foreign policy lies with the Department of State. Short of a surprise attack on this country, the greatest danger to which it is exposed is that the State Department's actions either will precipitate war or unwillingly push us into gradual surrender. Naturally the Department's aims are quite different, but how effectively are they being pursued?

All measures, all thinking, every decision ultimately goes back to some people's minds. The military have carefully worked out procedures to select the leaders they entrust with their major decisions. Special schools and academies take the young officer higher and higher. Difficult examinations are required and stern selection boards must be satisfied before nomination to general officer rank is secured. The probability for a young officer ever to reach that rank is, indeed, very slim. The number of men from whom to select is impressively large. If the methods are sound, the results should be gratifying, and it should be hard to imagine that others than those actually chosen might be more qualified to become the country's top military leaders and experts.

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BRASS HATS AND STRIPED PANTS

Yet the "brass hats" are scorned, looked down upon, put under direction of civilians who seldom possess even a small modicum of the technical competence that the generals and admirals have acquired. We hear it stated, jokingly, that "war is too serious a matter to leave to the generals," a phrase that incidentally did not originate in this country but in France, which attests to the universality of this lack of estimation. There are doubts raised as to whether military officers are even normally intelligent; they are accused of the wildest excesses of red-tape stupidities and are held intellectually responsible when the fate of battle turns against them.

THIS IS PERPLEXING. There is a grain of truth in all the criticism: Army red tape during the war was exasperating; but so is the red tape in the big corporations even in peacetime. Not only do military men sometimes lose engagements with the enemy, but also businessmen go broke on occasion. The average intelligence of men in any walk of life is perhaps not impressive, though it is not clear what such statements mean. So all these criticisms either are trivial or otherwise miss the point. There is much to criticize. Everything could be better, if we only knew how to make it better. As to the civilian direction of the military, there is only one sound reason for it: military operations must fit into political plans and schemes. By themselves they would be meaningless. There is always something to be accomplished that reaches beyond the battlefield: submission of the enemy's government, a change of his political aims and ideas, limitation of his political-ideological goals. The military operations are only tools to accomplish this. In that sense Clemenceau's statement can be admitted. But it is senseless to interpret it as necessarily pointing up a deficiency in military minds or thinking. The military are technicians serving a higher purpose—that is all. As a rule, they understand this relationship perfectly well.

Military matters have become so complex and so involved that the ordinary experience and training of the generals and admirals are no longer sufficient to master the problems. Hence they turn to the scientists to invent, develop, interpret new devices and, indeed, to suggest methods of their employment and even strategies. The different services have numerous advisory committees of scientists, special boards are appointed from time to time, numerous working conferences are arranged and mixed civilian-military summer study groups often work for months to produce documents which shape Air Force or Navy programs. The services have chief scientists who work in closest contact with the top command. The Joint Chiefs of Staff through their Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, the Air Force through the Rand Corporation, the Navy through its Operations Evaluation Group and the Office of Naval Research, and the Army through the Operations Research Office try to learn about the intricate and fearfully difficult matter that comes before them in constantly changing form. The interplay between the sciences and the military is not what it should be—that was discussed in Chapter VII. But it exists, is powerful, and we obviously could not live without it.

The initiative to seek contact with science and the scientists comes normally from the military men themselves. In

a long association in which I had ample opportunity to watch them, I have found those maligned "brass hats" ever eager to listen to scientists, even to laymen, if only there was some chance that they might have something to contribute. More often than not their attitude is: "Here is a big problem. Can you help us?" And this is *not* restricted to the making of new bombs, better fuel, a new guidance system or what have you. It often comprises *tactical and strategic use* of the things on hand and the things only planned. In other words, these are the specific "military" matters which one might think would be jealously guarded as their own, sacred domain.

A word should be added about the devotion leading military men bring to their office. They work hard—harder than most executives in business, and just as many kill themselves giving their best in these times of "peace" as businessmen do in pursuit of money.

What about the State Department in respect to its attitude toward its tasks? How are the "striped-pants boys" doing compared with the "brass hats"?

The State Department operates far more as a closed club or shop, compared with the Defense Department, although secrecy weighs more heavily upon the latter. This is partly due to the way the individuals who are in charge are running affairs at the moment, but it is also built into the structure of the office. Furthermore, this is in the tradition of diplomacy, which has always loved secrecy, double talk, deceit and expression of lofty ideals as parts of the trade. Sociologically there has always been a peculiar selection of members of the diplomatic service. Formerly in Europe, it was a domain of aristocracy; later only money was neces-

"We're in our prime now, Otis, but it's frightening to think that some day we'll be as ignorant as our fathers! . . ."



Courtesy George Lichty—Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate

sary. In this country the important embassies fell to the rich of the party in power. This is true to a certain extent even now, though a new but pitifully small group of more expert and truly qualified men has begun to appear. Yet family connections, school ties and similar important qualifications are still observed. The consequences are well known: a genteel and conformist but unsuitable group sets the tone for the larger numbers of employees who only gradually succeed by making up in competence what they lack in those other more "significant" characteristics. It still happens that many of our ambassadors and hosts of their subordinates are unable to converse freely in a simple foreign language, and are innocent of knowledge of the history, politics and customs of the countries they are sent to. There are others who can match any expert student in any of these fields. But they are a small minority.

The true problem lies elsewhere: What is the proper training of the diplomats on whom so very much depends? It should, of course, be in political science, which is so sadly lacking in operational value. It should include extensive language instruction as a matter of course. Diplomats should become well acquainted with science and its impact on society, with economics and history and their role in understanding interrelations among the needs of different countries. Most important, they should have a thorough acquaintance with the military problems of the country and with the weapons systems which control our lives by virtue of their mere existence in our hands as well as those of others.¹

A COMPARISON between military officers and the members of the Foreign Service is difficult. But one must seriously doubt that the latter would come off as well. There are far too few specialists among them while the military have many. If there exist some, they are seldom employed to best advantage. If one were to comb the State Department for men in somewhat important positions who have a reasonably good acquaintance with modern science, with mathematics, logic, the techniques of decision making, programming, game theory, probability theory, one would find few indeed. They would have no influence. There is no trace of a record that the State Department is interested in these new developments. Indeed, too often humanists, lawyers and others pride themselves on their lack of knowledge of mathematics and the sciences, while at the same time demanding that an educated man be familiar with their often unintelligible scholarship relating to the "true, living" arts. There is, therefore, no understanding of the fact that mathematics, logic and perhaps the natural sciences can contribute significantly to the problems the State Department faces.

The State Department's attitude is in that respect quite different from that of the military services. There exist no diplomatic academies, no summer study groups are organized, no scientific advisory boards are created and constantly consulted, no effort is made to promote basic research on

how to preserve peace, for example, by means of an "Office of State Department Research," no sufficient liaison exists (except on paper) with the Defense Department or the Atomic Energy Commission.

Foreign Service officers are trained in the traditional manner only and normally receive little formal education after their Bachelor's degree. A few study at the National War College or visit the Rand Corporation. The Foreign Service Institute makes a valiant effort to bring senior officers in touch with some university scholars. In quantity and intensity this cannot approach the similar efforts made by the military. The Office of Intelligence Research in the State Department is mostly concerned with current matters and does not deal with fundamentals of political decision making, bargaining and arbitration. It is here where the theory of games of strategy enters; but so far efforts to apply it to international politics have all been made elsewhere, in universities and other institutions of learning. When will the State Department recognize the new possibilities and start spending at least one percent of its impressive budget for basic research in its own field?

The Department always seems to know all the answers and to have them instantly ready for the press. Answers to the world's problems come quickly to those who have prejudices, but we need answers that result from deep thinking.

The prevailing idea still seems to be that a reasonably well-educated lawyer is about the most skillful man ever needed in the Department. That—at a time when problems such as the human race has never encountered before are thrown into its lap. It is not surprising that the Department does not know what to do with them; it is profoundly disturbing that it does not seem to recognize what kind of world we live in, that our very existence hangs on a very thin thread indeed.

The arrogant attitude of the know-all is always unbecoming; it is blasphemous in the present situation. The country needs evidence of tough thinking as far as its political actions are concerned. It gets glimpses of such for the defense proper, but the defense effort has to be embedded in an intellectually and technically equivalent framework to be provided by the State Department. By "tough thinking" I do not mean, of course, harsh words used instantaneously in every crisis that occurs, but the hard, grim, persistent, exasperating thinking process involved in working out a difficult scientific problem. Tough thinking is characterized by intellectual effort—as distinguished from the casual (though unquestionably time-consuming) process of committee-group-thinking so customary in the social-political domain.

This applies to two fields essentially: first to dealing with the opponent, with the uncommitted and with our friends; and second, to generating the ideals we can live by, together with other nations, in the new age that is rushing toward us. It would be ludicrous here to say much about the latter, but one can hardly suppress the question of whether we possess a clear, convincing and comprehensive statement of our ideals, fitted to the conditions and needs of our age. It is a long time since the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights and the Gettysburg Address were produced. What prevents men from coming forth with new, further expressions of the ideas formulated then so forcefully?

¹ For a good discussion see: Zara S. Steiner, "The State Department and the Foreign Service—The Wriston Report Four Years Later," Center of International Studies, Princeton University, 1958. This study, however, says little about science and almost nothing about the relations to the military and the need for acquaintance with the weapons and weapons effects.

The Conditions of Success

by Jacques Barzun

THE CHIEF characteristic of man's work in our time is that all occupations tend to become professions. And these professions, following the example of medicine and law in past centuries, tend to become academic subjects. . . Young men of business toil at a Ph.D. in marketing, real estate operators write theses, personnel managers take, and learn to give, tests, accountants, diplomats, writers of advertising copy are taught in universities.

In short, every worldly youth is poring over a book in hopes of passing into an office. That great aim is expressed by the verb: *to qualify*. To qualify, means to have been through this mill which is double—the windmill of lectures, the paper mill of essays and tests.

Let us not ask at this point whether all this is education. The important fact is that it is required for purposes remote from education. . . A hundred different posts require a college degree, no matter what that degree stands for.

Once in the post, the holder must continue to study. The industry—whatever it is—offers him refresher courses, pays his way through graduate school, or coerces him into executive seminars on Plato and the fine arts. And, on a lower plane, the industry requires of its new employees an in-service training, the form of which stimulates study and “qualifying.” Unless we are diggers and bricklayers, we are all scholars and carry a brief case. This is a new phenomenon in Western life.

At first sight, the cause of all this scholastic activity seems to be the obvious one we invoke when we are puzzled. The new phenomenon, we say, is due to technology. We take it for granted that modern man's work is made up of mysterious processes which can only be carried on by technicians, by people who have mastered formulas found in treatises.

But a closer look shows that, on the contrary, technology proper, which is to say machines and material processes, is in the hands of people who have either learned by doing, in the old apprentice system, or whose training has been specifically technological: they are engineers.

The great mass of professionals I have in mind are another group altogether. They are executives, consultants, researchers, experts in some intangible know-how dependent wholly on paper work. Their official contact with machines is limited to the telephone and the Dictograph. These men, it is true, imitate the language and attitudes of technology. They talk of “processing” their papers, they call office routines techniques, and they would like you to think that a

report or memorandum is a tool; but this pretence does not alter the fact that any average person of modest education and orderly habits could do what they do.

The proof of this is that if average ability did not suffice, the world's work as we have organized it in big offices scattered over the planet, could not go on as it does. The men who work in those offices, even in high posts, are and must be like interchangeable parts.

In this fact we find the clue we have been looking for: the cause of the requirements you undergo for qualifying; the reason for the tests that you have taken every time you were employed; the excuse for the courses and certificates and degrees with which you gradually turn your life into a presentable dossier—behind all this is: the anonymity of large numbers in a society without fixed ranks. The training programmes and would-be professional certificates are meant to guarantee at least familiarity with paper work, and to provide the slight variations of knowledge that will help to sort out the mass of bright young applicants otherwise much alike.

THE PERSONNEL and other tests replace the direct judgment of the applicant's mind and character, a judgment which no one has the skill or time to make. In other words, under the pressure of population, and for the needs of our industrial democracy, we are creating a mandarin system. In the salary scale of the civil service, you are ranked and paid for being a doctor of philosophy, quite as if you were an official of the Ming dynasty. . . In private industry, so impressed is management by the tokens of academic preparation that it chooses its recruits by their record of study and their answers to tests. . .

Hire one of these products of our mandarin system and you will find him excellent for all ordinary purposes. He catches on quickly and cooperates nicely. Conscientious and loyal, he will work with enthusiasm for any number of successive causes and concerns. In one way, he is a true professional: he takes work home at night. His day never ends, for he expects to rise to the top and he knows that the condition of success is overwork. He knows also that to make one's way, the shortest road is frequent change rather than ripening on the vine. Though fundamentally the tricks are everywhere the same, he believes that each new set of routines and people will enhance his ability to—well, to do what, precisely? Why, nothing in particular except to—to qualify for the next step.

Even if this sketchy description of the bright youth of today seems to you a lament, I am far from saying that we do not need such persons. We need thousands, and if their

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mode of life makes them reasonably contented, I shall not mourn or criticize. What concerns me is the effect of this conception of work upon others who may be natively different, who may well be discontented by these pseudo-careers, and who therefore may be lost to higher uses.

For consider what happens in a democratic society when the current impels the college-bred in one main direction, the direction of the mandarin, who knows only that to qualify is to succeed. What happens is that long before they mature, the special talents are diverted from their natural tastes and powers. They are taught to concentrate on the pretences of preparation, to believe in courses and certificates, rather than to judge them, rejecting busywork and demanding always the solid food of learning. In effect, the talented are asked to shift their effort from substance and self-discipline to formalism and play acting. And this shift is imposed without malice—indeed, hardly with any clear intent.

TAKE A SIMPLE example—the present ways of qualifying by means of the foreign languages. At an earlier time, it was assumed that certain languages were interesting in themselves and for the wisdom to which they gave access. But what would Latin and Greek help one to qualify for? Nothing readily visible; so they were abandoned: let us have nothing but living tongues. But which? Well, the proximity of South America suggested that Spanish might be good for businessmen, better than more “remote” modern languages. So French and German were dropped from many high schools. The colleges soon felt the lack, and tried to remedy it, but the catch phrase that “language is a tool” became the excuse for teaching only scientific German and newspaper French. Finding that under this scheme few students learned any language at all, the graduate schools abandoned the idea that a doctor of philosophy should be, among other things, multilingual, so the language requirement was cut down to a reading knowledge for the research topic—the one or two languages in which sources unfortunately had been written. After this it was discovered that mathematics was a language and one of special importance to social and physical scientists, so in many institutions mathematics can be substituted for one of the two doctoral languages. The climax of this self-deception is the various proposals of professional schools that are ready to accept not only mathematics but elementary sociology or psychology as interchangeable with the foreign tongues. Now sociology is important, and one may concede that it is often written in a manner foreign to English, but this does not make it a language; nor does the pretence of serving utility conceal the desire to get rid of difficult subjects. One is thus driven to the conclusion that the essence of qualifying is not to achieve but to put in time and effort; to satisfy, not another mind which might pass judgment, but an abstract requirement which is neutral.

Achievement is, of course, not positively forbidden, but the distinction between *doing* and *qualifying* marks a fundamental difference, and it is this fundamental difference that the mandarin system tends to obliterate. The unspoiled talent instinctively regards study or work as valuable for what it is, what it does, what it tells. It may also be valuable for what it leads to, but only in the sense of leading to the same

kind of enjoyment—curiosity appeased, or a sense of mastery, or both.

The opposite temperament does not know these motives: it finds substance negligible, and conventional arrangements all-important. It is moved by another kind of ambition altogether, that of the self-seeker, or born mandarin. If a college degree is needed to become a junior executive in Plastic Foods, Incorporated, the mandarin type will readily pick up the necessary B.S. He may even do so with a certain dash and brilliance, but the contents of the programme are to him a hurdle, which challenges only his ability to jump. I have no grievance against this type of mind. It is not a stupid or useless mind; its weakness is that it does not care what you set before it.

When the needs of modern industry and the modern state call for large numbers of such minds, when that call is made and given effect through the agency of our colleges and universities, it is only to be expected that the example of the mandarin mind and the atmosphere and curriculum it produces, should draw everything in its wake. Shortly, everybody—talents included—comes to regard not study merely, but work itself, as a kind of formal gesture, a ritual that one goes through in order to satisfy an irrelevant demand for an ulterior purpose. . .

The measure of the evil is easy to grasp: millions of Americans of all ages are completing some form of training in collegiate, graduate, or continuation classes. They have *taken* (we do not say “studied”) hundreds of subjects. How many such persons say to themselves as they finish: “This has been a revelation, a delight; it deals with what I have always wanted to do and to go on doing”?

How many, on the contrary, are only waiting for the moment when they can say: “Now I’m through with that forever—and only six more credits to go.” . . . I refer to an attitude which is so common that it is enshrined in a phrase used by teachers to students: “The thing to do is to get your language—(or your history or math or whatever)—*out of the way.*”

I HAVE SAID that when this attitude prevails not only study but work also will turn into a ritual. This might have been an exaggeration as late as thirty years ago, when work and study still formed a natural contrast. In those days, the gifted youth might chafe at prolonged study and yearn to enter the real world where he could discard theory, handle concrete objects, and command men. But now, the methods of business and industry are but a loose extension of those of the classroom and the research cubicle.

The simple principle of modern organization is that whatever needs doing is done on and by paper. The occasions for handling objects are few, the chances of commanding men are nil. No one, indeed, gives orders; rather, everyone administers public relations.

Closely related to the use of committees, the practice of public relations is the means by which make-believe has conquered the realm formerly called work. The daily effort of the young executive, the perennial problem in his brief case, is how to manipulate persons through facts and figures, stock phrases, and plausible arguments. To think of a way to persuade a committee is the highest reach of executive mind, for individual work is unimportant compared to team

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS

work. Again, most of the situations dealt with are not of substance but of organization, that is, obscure troubles within the human contingent. Hence universal public relations. Finally, as a natural consequence, the ideas found in the endless reports and memoranda are designed to keep things going rather than to engender novelty.

It is no wonder that intelligent men subdued to this kind of activity and thereby deprived of genuine work fall into the habit of referring to their jobs as frustrating, while maintaining also that they are creative. They call the work frustrating because that is their chief sensation; they call it creative because that is their lost hope.

To label as creative a mode of behaviour which is born of, and sustained by, make-believe is a sad joke, of the kind which turns so much of modern humour into a wry disapproval of oneself. But the pretensions do not end with the label. They have further effects, which can also be gauged by simply looking about. I have in mind the extraordinary, ubiquitous passion for research.

Formerly, a prerogative of science and scholarship, research is now an attribute of nearly all occupations above manual labour. I can not enumerate the many kinds of fact and fantasy the term covers. A researcher may be a girl who verifies facts for a weekly magazine, a canvasser who asks housewives what detergents they use, a strategist who designs the sequence of business or industrial operations, or a middleman who takes a fee for matching intricate job-descriptions with bodies that "qualify." In these and other exertions of the average educated mind, research has come to mean finding out what others do, or else standing off and looking hard at one's own performance. Research is surveying and comparison tinged with self-consciousness. . .

To do research, no matter what, is considered at once noble and profound. Here is a man who might be doing something and lo, he is only thinking about it. How unselfish of him. Surely, he takes less from Society than the doer and contributes more. The paradox is that the greater our regard for research, the higher it is paid; and the higher the pay, the greater the prestige, so that research becomes the unique occupation combining spiritual and material reward.

We see this reflected in the sinister mood that has overtaken the academic profession. Since the last war, the desire of colleges and universities for prestige through research has become a fever, an obsession.

Below the top ranks, promotion is for those who qualify—by research. For research, money is no object; materials and assistants are lavishly provided. As for teaching, why, such courses as the great man might have taught can always be inexpensively handled by graduate students. The insanity of these proceedings is so remarkable that it can not be accounted for simply as vulgar snobbery.

Anybody can see that if our great researchers do not teach, in twenty years there will be no researchers to take up their work. Anybody can see that if the academies are expecting the largest enrollments in history, this is not the time to put teachers out to grass. Anybody can see that if research is deemed an absolute good, regardless of what it is about, and if it is bought uncritically at extravagant rates for mere show, then research is not a career but a racket.

Anybody, I say, can see these consequences. Hence it is

not heedlessness but a deeper impulse that inspires the frenzy. Is it not astonishing, to begin with, that men capable of ideas should suddenly scorn to impart them to the natural audience provided by teaching? History records no previous instance of this self-denial. Can it be—and here we come full circle to our starting point—can it be that what we see in our best men is less a desire for the peace of research than a positive distaste for the kind of teaching engendered by make-believe?

There is evidence for the surmise. It is common talk among teachers that in a class of thirty they find only two or three worth their exertions. This does not mean that the rest are idiots, but that whether the rest do well or poorly, they are only pretending to think and to learn. They stay aloof from difficulty, they are cool to ideas, and they certainly acknowledge no master. The name disciple would offend them—as I was told by a college president who was sure that it is a term of opprobrium fit only to describe a relation of intellectual dependence. That dependence is clearly not for those whose aim is simply to qualify. . .

Anyone can, without further hints from me, see where pretence and prestige about work and study will lead if unchecked. It is not solely in business and government that make-believe can rot away performance. Research done by minds habitually and innocently pretentious will be shallow. Teaching by these same minds will automatically be instruction in how *not* to come to grips with fact and truth. And at last we shall find around us nothing but facsimiles of talent, talent sterilized from teaching, from working, from the engendering of ideas—though perhaps expert in frustration and great babblers about creativeness.

NO MORE THAN you, do I like to dwell on this image of a grey-flannel world. Nor does my depiction mean that I think its advent foredoomed. Whether it comes or not will depend on how many will revolt ahead of time against it. And this, in turn, depends on traits of mind and character which are too deep-rooted to be reached by sermons. Test what I have said against what you see and hear. For you will have to *be* revolted by what you see and hear before you can revolt to any purpose. If you ask me what exactly you should do when you have been aroused to take your own road, I can say only two things, which everybody knows full well. The great difficulty is to believe them.

First, do not tolerate cant, especially in yourself. Talk nonsense all you want, but not cant—which is to say, pretence, make-believe, play-acting. Give these no quarter—in your tastes, your views, your hopes, your fears, your merits, your faults.

Second, for the sake of your work, attach yourself, in reality or imagination to a doer—a living man or an historical figure—from the study of whose example you may draw instruction, warning, and the vivifying force of past accomplishment clearly conceived.

If you do these two things with pertinacity and point, then no matter what your profession and your fate, and no matter how few of you survive to the end the pressures of the environment, those who have preceded you and who have not buried their talents will cheerfully leave the stage to you, confident and grateful, free from the mortal doubt: "Where are the disciples?"

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EDITORIAL PAGE

Is Our Service Training Adequate?

LAST OCTOBER we commented on the Congressional interest in the recruitment and training of the Service. We invited debate on Service training and concluded that "there is every reason to believe that Congress would cooperate in aiding the Service to strengthen itself if severe self-scrutiny revealed areas for improvement"—a judgment which we repeat. Seven months later, as these words are written, not one article or letter on the subject has been addressed to the JOURNAL. What does this signify?

Does it signify that self-scrutiny of the Service has revealed no areas for improvement of our training for future tasks? Or does it signify that the Service is suffering from a malaise of apathy, self-complacency, fatigue or fear of honest debate? Or, perhaps, does it only mean that members of the Service find it difficult to reach conclusions on the subject?

Whatever the reason may be, the debate continues. Our critics are numerous and they are vociferous. Congress, though diverted from its inquiry this year by a prolonged civil rights debate and an early adjournment, is listening. And there is every reason to believe that the Department's training activities (as well, incidentally, as its recruitment, planning and decision-making functions) will early next year be given a new and searching look by a new Congress and a new Administration. We cannot, therefore, help but regret that the Service itself is publicly tongue-tied on the subject.

Perhaps Dr. Morgenstern's trenchant indictment, published elsewhere in this issue, may stir some Service pens to action. We will therefore refrain from detailed comment. Two points which seem to us basic do, however, appear worth making. Dr. Morgenstern has gloriously mixed up training, planning and research. Granted they are inter-related, each is a separate function (at least within the Department) and it is not helpful to sorting out their pro's and con's to whip them up into a verbal omelet. Secondly, Dr. Morgenstern falls into the rather common fallacy of pressing too far the analogy between the Military and Foreign Services. Our Service is always operational and many of its functions lend themselves well to on-the-job training. The military officer is really operational only in time of war. During most of his career, therefore, he is in a sense either planning or being trained.

This is not to deny that Dr. Morgenstern may be right in his conclusion that the military are being better trained

for their tasks than are we. There is no doubt, at least, that they are being more intensively trained.

The Report of the Departmental Task Force on Recruitment and Training, excerpts from which appear on p. 42, points up a need for further in-service training. Certainly the Task Force is correct in its assertion that this will require a larger Service, more funds and Congressional support. We hope that plans are being made for a convincing presentation of what we believe we need. It is very probable that if they are not the Service will be under heavier fire next year than it deserves. Severe self-scrutiny in the months ahead should help greatly in such a presentation.

Morgenstern vs. Barzun

THE JOURNAL is privileged to be able to confront in its pages this month two distinguished academic critics who approach from diametrically opposite points of view the question of the type of training that is required to make successful diplomats.

Professor Oskar Morgenstern can be heard comparing those who wear brass hats with those who wear striped pants. He finds the latter to be inadequately educated know-it-alls, incapable of "tough thinking," largely impervious to new techniques, loath to engage in basic research—in short, unspecialized "humanists, lawyers, and others."

Dean Jacques Barzun, Provost of Columbia University, takes up the cudgels in a very different cause. Addressing himself not to the Foreign Service, nor to any specific professional group, but to the professional class as a whole, Dean Barzun sees a mandarin caste developing in America, founded upon specialization and research, which, he says, appear to have become ends in themselves as our modern "conditions of success." As a university teacher (and one of the best) and as an administrator, Dean Barzun argues for more teaching and less research, for more learning and less qualifying, in our institutions of higher learning. While he certainly did not have the Foreign Service in mind when he wrote his article, nearly everything he has to say could hardly have been better said if he had.

It has been a privilege for the JOURNAL to provide the forum for the Morgenstern-Barzun bout, which neither contestant remotely intended to enter. It only remains to answer the question, "Who won?" And that we leave to our readers, confident that they will have little difficulty in making this decision.

The Man We Leave Behind

by EDWARD E. RICE

ALL THE KNOWLEDGE anyone needs to accomplish the change of a post's Principal Officers can be found in the Foreign Service Manual if you look hard enough, but not all the wisdom. The real problems of transferring charge aren't covered in the Manual of today—which has become like Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf—any more than they were covered by the complete "regs" of twenty-five years ago, which I could hold between my thumb and the four fingers of one hand. That is as it should be. The Manual should be for telling you what is and what is not allowed, and not for conveying wisdom, or even for imparting common sense—although it has been used to advise use of a good grade of wax on filing cabinets, and to warn against spilling coffee, ink or glue on desktops.

I took charge of my own first post, Foochow, before I ever saw it, aboard a coastal steamer out of sight of land. Foochow, then as now, was under blockade. By arrangement with the Japanese and Chinese authorities, my predecessor came out through the blockade, using a launch borrowed from the Standard Oil Company. We sat at a card table in the steamer's lounge where I signed, on faith, for the blank passports and fee stamps back in the Consulate's safe; we shook hands; and then I retraced his journey up the Min, past Pagoda anchorage and, in the gathering dark, to Foochow itself. The office's rickshaw was waiting for me at the dock, its kerosene lamp aglow. The next morning I had only to go into the office, shake hands all around, ask where my desk was, and scrawl for the naval radio operator a telegram saying "Arrived and assumed charge" adding the date. That's all there was to it—or so I thought.

Only much later did I come to realize that most Principal Officers' assumption of charge really takes place over a period of time, and not all in a day. Indeed, some succeed others without ever replacing them. The most vital part of the transfer of office, I suppose, is the transfer of staff loyalty. The Department's decision to entrust a post to an officer may convey to him, perhaps only provisionally, a part of that loyalty—the formal, official part. The rest he can win only over a period of time. He can win it by demonstrating the loyalty down which wins loyalty up, and by letting his staff observe what he stands for and learn what he will not stand for. If his tone, style and standards merit their loyalty, he will win it in due course.

An FSO since 1935 and now with the Policy Planning Staff, Mr. Rice has also served in FE, as Deputy Director of PER, as a Foreign Service Inspector, and at six posts in Asia and Europe.

The respect of the community is something else which does not come wholly automatically. The status of ranking official American at the post carries an initial increment of respect. Indeed, one wonders whether the title "Consul General of the United States of America," for instance, should not carry enough respect without the need for adding embellishments such as "with the personal rank of Minister." This official respect, like the first five gallons of gas put in a new car at the salesroom, carries the new Principal Officer long enough for a deeper decision by the community: local officials, foreign colleagues, resident Americans, businessmen, and populace at large. The character of the decision will depend in part directly on him, and in part on how his office runs and what sort of spirit one encounters there.

Actually, the funds of initial respect which an officer draws on, when he first arrives at a post, were deposited in large part by his predecessors. When his own tour ends, he may leave those funds increased, intact or diminished. I know of one Consul General who, according to his staff, diminished these funds so far that there was little increment of staff loyalty left to pass on. His successor found that his title brought him no respect from disgruntled junior officers, and for some months he was unable to get through to them. The new CG finally broke down the wall and established communication, on a human basis, by a zakuska and vodka dinner at which much bottoms-upping melted everybody down.

Sooner or later, depending on how analytical he is, the officer newly in charge of a post comes to realize he is being compared with his predecessor—by the staff, and by the community at large. Consciously or unconsciously, he cannot but wonder how he is deemed to stack up against his predecessor. When he is introduced to new acquaintances, they are apt to open the conversation by mention of his predecessor. No two officers will have quite the same range and priority of interests, and no two will make identical sets of friends. Soon the new Principal Officer begins to hear what his predecessor did about this or that phase of the work, and to learn that one person or another, formerly so close to the office, now feels somewhat estranged from it. His subordinates get letters from the former Chief, perhaps only about odds and ends like shipment of the family pets, and he wonders about their contents. The transfer of staff loyalty, he realizes, is incomplete; the final respect and liking of the community has yet to be won. With this realization come the pangs, admitted or unadmitted, of



"And besides the differential, you'll find that a hardship post offers a real challenge."

jealousy. With jealousy there usually comes an overt dislike.

There may well be officers whose deep self-confidence or fine human juices are proof against such feelings. I have advanced this thesis of the natural enmity of succeeded and succeeding to several officers of my own years and experience. One of them indignantly told me he had liked everyone he had replaced or been replaced by. But I also have known a Mission Chief of many years' experience who never had a good word—though many ill ones—for his immediate predecessors and successors. And some of the Service's most resounding personality clashes have occurred at posts where a long gap has occurred between principal officers. If the officer who normally would be second-ranking is in charge long enough, he may have become the focus of staff loyalty and the center of such community attention as is directed towards the office. He may also have acquired a proprietary feeling for that office. In this situation, the new Principal Officer may come to see in him a competitor.

interest in it will live long after he leaves, and he hates to leave it to another hand.

But if the outgoing chief would do as he would be done by, and if his wider loyalties come to the fore, he will smooth the way for his successor. He probably knows the successor either in person or by reputation. From among the things he knows about the man, there will be good things he can tell the staff and, as he says his goodbyes, the other people his successor will be dealing with. He can leave his successor a complete written account of the office's problems and an informative list of its contacts. If he is big enough to admit his own mistakes, he may even suggest how his successor can avoid repeating them. He ought to put these things in writing even if there is an overlap, for the wardrobe of his successor's mind will not yet have enough pegs on which to hang securely a great deal of detail about the post's affairs. Having done this, and introduced his successor, there is one last favor he can do him. He can promptly leave town.

"Tight Administrative Practices"

... WHEN I headed a wartime agency we used drastic methods to cut expenses. We even sent crews through the offices at night who took every seventh typewriter, and then we listened to see how many protests we had. Often not more than a third of the typewriters were missed. If nobody within one hundred feet of the file knew what was in it, we took it away and often no one missed it. We were able to cut 1,000 people out of our Washington office alone by tight administrative practices. (Rep. Chester Bowles (D.) at hearings before the subcommittee on State Department organization and foreign operations of the Committee on Foreign Affairs).

The Natives Are Friendly

by Ted Olson

I MAY AS WELL make clear at the beginning that I am not writing about cannibals.

The natives I mean are Americans, and the title is an exact quote from my wife's report on her first reconnaissance of the strange and sometimes frightening country in which we now find ourselves—the more strange and frightening because we hadn't expected it to be either, inasmuch as we were born here.

Home leave is no substitute for continuous immersion. The two months flick past and you set out again, having seen only airports, railroad stations and thruways, and talked to nobody but doctors, dentists, tailors, modistes, haberdashers, and relatives. About all that we got out of these visits was a dizzy sense of steadily accelerating change. Indeed, long before home leave was due we would find letters from home virtually indecipherable, full of unfamiliar locations and cryptic references, and we were constantly being baffled by the cartoons in the *NEW YORKER*.

We've been back quite a while now. But we are still trying to find a common denominator in the brave new world that somehow has come into being during our absence.

The natives *are* friendly. Hardly had the moving van rolled away before a sleek new car drew up and a chic gray-haired woman announced that she had come to welcome us on behalf of the community. She bore gifts. I remember particularly a plastic gadget for dialing numbers on the telephone, because it had never before occurred to me that my forefinger was in serious danger of erosion. To be sure, after that institutional welcome, the community left us strictly alone. Nobody came to the back door to ask if we needed anything, or to exchange autobiographies. It was Christmas before we began meeting our neighbors, over eggnogs. We first-name them all now, of course, though we still aren't sure of some of the last names.

The young lady who took my order for telephone service was quite as cordial as the lady in the Welcome Wagon, and even more solicitous that we get off on the right foot. How many additional sets did I want, and in what colors? What was the decor of the study, the kitchen, the master bedroom? Of course I would want to replace that plain black set in the hall with something more harmonious. I owed it to the community . . .

Obviously the young lady had been instructed in sales-

Ted Olson, a recently retired FSO living in Washington, started out as a newspaperman, then became, he says, a psychological warrior, followed by a career in propaganda, bureaucracy and eventually diplomacy. His last post was Reykjavik.

manship, and obviously her textbooks, or at least her collateral reading, had included "The Status Seekers."

I didn't think to tell her, but my status had already been hopelessly compromised. When the attendant at the neighborhood filling station asked for my credit card, I handed him a ten-dollar bill.

In my time (these old-fogeyisms keep intruding into my conversation), public utilities did not go in for the hard sell. Neither did banks. The First National never thought it necessary to hire a mixed chorus to sing the praises of thrift to the tune of "Funiculi, Funicula." Old Edward IVinson, my home-town Midas, wouldn't have dreamed of coaxing in new depositors with premiums of flat silver, as banks do now: a teaspoon, perhaps, with every \$100 credit, maybe a whole coffee service with a \$5,000 balance. Nothing is said about withdrawals. I wonder if you get to keep the spoons.

I wonder if merchandising techniques have perhaps become too ingenious. Our first collision with one of those vast constellations of super-shops that are spreading out over the countryside—at a rate that should eventually solve Ezra Benson's problems by taking most of our farmland out of production—was so stupefying that we came away without even a toothbrush. As stores get bigger, and kinds and brands of merchandise multiply, there seem to be fewer and fewer people around to sell you things.

In my time (there I go again), the escutcheon of American business was proudly emblazoned with the word "Service." It survives, apparently, only in the credo of the Rotary Club. The watchword now is do-it-yourself. Perhaps this is commerce's answer to the welfare state. Government may coddle and cosset us, but business, by George, is not letting down the pioneer tradition: it is going to see that we look after ourselves.

On our last visit home all our friends seemed to be sitting mesmerized before small glass panels, within which dwarfs mimed and postured in a dense spring blizzard. Things have improved. The glass panels are larger, the dwarfs have grown up, and the blizzards have abated. There are even hours when the Pandora box sits dark and silent, while people discuss the morals of Charles Van Doren.

That is, adults do. Children still squat before the screen like small acolytes assisting in pagan mysteries. When they are coaxed, blinking and reluctant, into the sunlight they have the saprophytic look of creatures that sprout in darkness. I still cannot understand how urchins reared so unwholesomely seem to grow up to altitudes rivaling the Watusi.

There are some wonderful things on television. But much of it is pretty grisly: vaudeville acts handed down from

THE NATIVES

Keith and Minsky, melodrama descended lineally from Beadle, and lady vocalists with swooping décolletages and klaxons built into their larynxes. These divas seem to make the young fellows drool, but I slip quietly out and hunt up an old Dietrich movie. Their architecture is undeniably astonishing, but their voices are better calculated to blast a man out of the path of a Thunderbird than coax him to the couch of dalliance.

That, of course, may be more old-fogeyism. Standards of sex appeal vary from generation to generation. I have read somewhere that the first Miss America's most vital statistic was a frugal 31. I do not concede that my generation was any less cognizant that male and female created He them, or any less appreciative of that divine stratagem. We were, however, somewhat more reticent in expressing our appreciation. Perhaps klaxon voices go with the anatomies paraded on book jackets and the outspokenness of the literature they advertise.

There are fewer wrestling matches on television nowadays, but the commercials are longer, louder, more frequent and more fatuous. Nobody I know looks at or listens to them, unless to jeer. I suspect that here again merchandising has outsmarted itself. Our own sales response, certainly, is strictly negative. We figure that our TV set is rapidly paying for itself in our non-purchases of the products we see advertised.

Before we settled on a place to live, I drove two-thirds of the way across the continent, and back, hoping that somewhere along the way my visceral Geiger counter would begin ticking busily to say, "This is where you belong." In a decade and a half you lose your roots and your orientation. You forget, too, just how big and varied this country is.

Big and varied, but sometimes tediously repetitive. Handsome, frequently magnificent, but too often ugly and squalid. No other city has western approaches surpassing those of New York: that superb system of elevated highways riding on steel and concrete trestles like the spinal columns of dinosaurs. But don't look down, and don't breathe if you can help it, because below you hideous industrial suburbs spew up their pestilential exhalations, whole cities with halitosis.

A thousand miles west you meet the burnished magnificence of the wheatlands, and the immense buckskin and turquoise panorama of the great plains. You also meet Gopher Prairie, interminably multiplied. Its layout is that of a waffle iron, its architecture early William Howard Taft or late Charles Addams. It frays out at each end into a tatter of motels, billboards, used car lots, a grain elevator and a cluster of shiny cyclopean garbage cans housing the surfeit that is the other face of our abundance, and the inevitable auto graveyard, a scrofulous tumble of metallic carapaces, cast off when the tenants moved on to more stately mansions.

The industrial age has solved a lot of problems, but it seems baffled by the refractory durability of its offal. Wolves and vultures picked clean the bones of the bison and the prairie digested them. When the oak falls the enzymes of

decay begin turning its carcass into humus. But the carcass of a Cadillac is practically immortal.

Given our lordly distances and our restless mobility, I suppose thruways are necessary. I'm afraid I shall never learn to love them. "No stopping except for emergency," the signs admonish. "Next exit 17 miles." No stopping? Why, the whole meaning of travel is in stopping—stopping when the whim takes you, not because traffic engineers have determined that a given percentage of motors and mankind will require fuel and plumbing at calculated intervals.

Why, I kept wondering, are we in such a hurry? What destiny awaits each of us somewhere ahead, in Terre Haute or Yakima, and will not brook delay? I wanted to flag down the Pontiac growling at my heels and ask the driver, "Is your journey really necessary?" I would look enviously down at some country byway as it ducked under the thruway and ambled off in converse with a river. But did I turn off at the next exit (nine miles ahead) and seek out that byway, or another like it? You know perfectly well I didn't.

What are we looking for, in our restless mobility? One thing, it appears, is our own past. There must be some common denominator in the horse operas on television, the "Frontier Towns" that flourish along the highways, the vogue of square dancing, to which millions bring the reverent concentration their parents brought to the tango. In the Colorado Rockies you can pan gold by the roadside and explore mines boarded up since Bryan and free silver. Ghost towns re-enact their colorful heyday, with improvements out of "Have Gun, Will Travel." Urbanites cheated out of the traditional summer with grandpa on the ancestral acres can, for a fee, "visit a real farm," with a hay-ride and other divertissements—not, presumably, including slopping the hogs and shoveling out the manure.

It must mean something. I plunge recklessly into the quicksands of amateur sociology and suggest that our generation, bewildered by the seismic present and dismayed by the baleful future, may be seeking comfort in the supposed simplicities of the past. A cordon of Sioux in war paint is a foe more comprehensible and therefore less terrifying than strontium 90. (The emigrants, crouched behind their covered wagons, might have entered a demurrer, but no medium calls them to witness). The sheriff is always just a whisker quicker on the draw. Looking backward at our history, prettied up somewhat for the camera, we are in the happy position of knowing the end of the story. It all came out fine. Up to now.

I hope it continues to come out fine. I am not entirely happy, as you may have gathered, about everything that has happened to our country since I left it, or that is happening now. But I don't think it deserves to perish like Ur or Nineveh, just yet, and I trust that doom is not as close as a reading of the Alsop brothers might suggest.

I suspect I shall never find that common denominator. Or perhaps diversity *is* the common denominator, and in the very nature of things "the American way" doesn't always make sense.

But it's almost always a good show. Really, it's wonderful to be home. If that's where we are.

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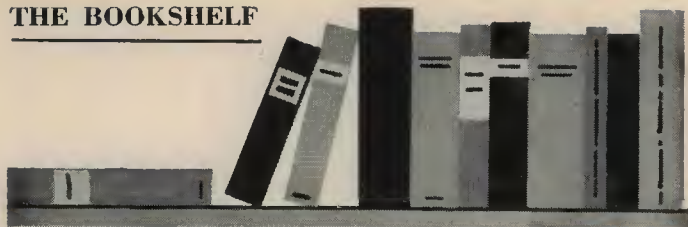
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Democracy Is Not Enough: A personal Survey of the Hungry World, by John Scott. Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y. 186 pp. \$3.95.

Reviewed by P. O'SHEEL

THIS SHORT volume speaks to the topic of the United States' extraordinary pre-eminence among the "have" nations and the ever-growing implication of this for our relationships—political, economic, psychological—with the newly articulate "have-nots." John Scott, an assistant to the publisher of *TIME*, sets down in a terse but ruminative style the first-hand winnowings of travels in some 60 nations of the Hungry World. Perspectives of history are winked open: the failed promises of a century of Latin American independence; the decline, fall, and resurgence of China; and such questions as why in the Congo there is no word for "work" and why only now, after some thousands of years, India's Bakhra Dam is an imperative. Then: "Through all Africa and most of Latin America and Asia I found this to be true: people were poor and getting poorer."

Too comfortably, he holds, the West Europeans and ourselves have thought that in promoting democracy we were passing on to these peoples the answer to their problems. Why is democracy not enough? Item: population pressure—after 200,000 years some 2.5 billion people, but in thirty years ahead 2 billions more. Item: illiteracy the general rule, effectively barring operative democracy. Item: capital requirements on a massive scale, while "like 19th Century socialists" the citizenry are more engrossed with distributing wealth than creating it (except, notably, in Red China). Item: administrative inexperience in the face of appalling problems of self-government. The cogent thesis to be drawn: "Democracy cannot be expected to work in countries with less than 50 percent adult literacy and less than \$200 yearly per capita income."

Authoritarianism is thus widely necessary, Scott argues, and the U.S. task is to see that it is of a limited and temporary nature. He would have us undertake a massive effort

to help the Hungry World feed, clothe and house its two billion people, protecting the new nations during their processes of capital formation. He would have us spend 10 percent of our GNP in overseas aid and investments, as the British were doing only 60 years ago, in contrast to our present rate of one percent.

The field will not be left to us, Scott observes. He points to similarities between trihalism and Communist "democratic centralism" and ventures that in light of the tasks confronting backward nations "some form of dictatorship—or to use PRAVDA's terminology, people's democracy—may be both more understandable and more appropriate than multi-party parliamentary democracy." The author here looks back on five years he spent in the 1930's as an industrial worker at Magnitogorsk in the USSR. Only a generation ago, the Russians were in important respects where the Africans and Asians are today, and "to these hungry people the voice of Moscow speaks with experience, confidence and sympathy." Soviet aid is great and growing, presenting "an alternative and an opportunity to bargain and compare."

Although the Russians are determined to overtake us we now are better situated than they in bidding for the confidence of the peoples of the Hungry World, Scott asserts. We should cast our program clearly *for* the recipient nations rather than *against* the Communists, and couple it with a sweeping declaration of our dedication to self-government and early independence, specifically marking out for settlement the remaining foci of trouble.

The Scott diagnosis of Hungry World needs and of Western misconceptions is well put. The prescribed cure is arguable in any number of details and in sum may be called grandiose and impractical, but not without denying imagination its due. The book has in any case the merit of underlining for the general reader the dimensions of the growing American commitment in the greater world—a function of importance in a democratic society where the actual possibilities open to U.S. policy-makers are as never before dependent on enlightened opinion. In a gloomy conclusion, the author credits the Soviets with an ideology better suited than ours for inspiring the effort and sacrifices necessary to meet the challenge of the Hungry World.

The Modern Law of Land Warfare, by Morris Greenspan. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 667 pp. \$10.00.

Reviewed by BARBARA B. BURN

MORRIS GREENSPAN emphasizes the urgent need for reformulation by an international conference of the laws of land warfare. He has attempted a practical text of the subject, and indeed has produced a substantial, comprehensive, and closely documented study. His qualifications include his experience as public prosecutor, assistant legal adviser, and judge for the British Military Administration in Eritrea during World War II.

The author presents an excellent picture of the sources of the law of land warfare, including the Hague Conventions, the four Geneva Conventions of 1949, and the war crimes trials of World War II. However, it is difficult to agree with his statement that "the subjection of warfare to the rule of law is impressively illustrated by the importance laid in recent years, particularly during and after World War II,

on the punishment of war crimes." Much of the experience of this period makes one wonder why the law should be better observed in future wars than in recent decades. As sanctions Mr. Greenspan cites only the traditional ones of reprisals and other forms of retaliation and the pressure of public opinion. These are of dubious efficacy and the author himself remarks that "the experience of the two world wars has shown how the observance of the laws of war has been lost in a welter of reprisal and counter-reprisal."

Mr. Greenspan writes that atomic weapons have "illegal characteristics," that international law applies increasingly to civil and colonial war, and that genocide has been recognized as an international crime. The reader may agree. However, without more centralized judicial and police power in the international community, it seems Utopian to hope for observance of the rules which Mr. Greenspan has so competently described.

The Strategy of Peace, by John F. Kennedy, edited by Allen Nevins, Harper & Brothers, New York, 233 pp., \$3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN H. BURNS

"THE FIRST DUTY of an officer in a democratic government is to uphold the integrity of words used in public debate; and to do this by himself using them in ways where they will stand as one with the things they are meant to represent." With this credo Senator John F. Kennedy introduces a collection of his speeches and public statements of the last several years and with them illustrates that he, at least, measures up brilliantly to his own definition of "first duty."

As its title indicates, the book is concerned primarily with international issues and Senator Kennedy faces each of them with the courageous candor he has exhibited on so many occasions. There is hardly an international question on which his position may not here be found clearly stated: nuclear testing, arms and disarmament, the "missile gap," the "economic gap" and a variety of regional problems around the world with particular mention of India.

Finally, the Senator devotes a number of pages to the consideration of certain domestic questions such as civil liberties, the farm products surplus and educational problems.

The speeches are supplemented by an interview with Senator Kennedy by John Fischer, the editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, which serves to emphasize some of the points made in broader context elsewhere.

This volume will be of wide interest in this election year as a forthright statement of views on fundamental questions by a man whose influence on them is certain to be great, in whatever capacity.

From Empire to Nation: The Rise to Self-Assertion of Asian and African Peoples by Rupert Emerson, Harvard University Press, 458 pp., \$7.75.

Reviewed by MARTIN F. HERZ

THE POLITICAL scientist who inquires into the behavior of nations, who analyzes the conditions attending their birth and development, must in the first instance proceed as scientists do everywhere: He passes the available facts in review and attempts to discern patterns, regu-

(Continued on page 38)

*FDR and TR,
Hoover and
Wilson,
William Jennings
Bryan
and Elihu Root -
all relied on*



MR. CARR OF STATE

*Forty-seven Years in the
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Service Glimpses

1. London. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Klaber are pictured after their wedding, which took place at the Chelsea Registry Office. Mrs. Klaber is the former Daphne Joan Hobbs of London. Mr. Klaber is assigned as First Secretary of Embassy in London.

2. Izmir. Governor of Izmir and Mrs. Hadimli look on as Consul and Mrs. Donald B. Eddy cut their silver wedding cake, on the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary.

3. Madras. Following their wedding at St. Mary's Church in old Fort St. George, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis H. Kux enjoy the reception at the residence of Consul General and Mrs. Thomas W. Simons. Mrs. Kux, the former Mary Margaret Bower, and Mr. Kux first met while both were attending the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. At present Mr. Kux is studying the Tamil language under a special FSI language study program. (L. to R.): Mrs. Simons, Consul General Simons, Mrs. Donald Rau, Mr. Kux, Mrs. Kux, and Mr. Albert D. Moscotti.

4. Casablanca. Two kings, King Mohamed V of Morocco and King Hussein of Jordan, opened the United States Pavilion at the 1960 Casablanca International Trade Fair. (L. to R.): Ambassador Charles W. Yost, Consul General Henry H. Ford, King Hussein of Jordan, King Mohamed V of Morocco and Mohamed Dadoun, President of the Casablanca International Fair.

5. Colorado. Members of the Senior Seminar in Foreign Policy dressed for a tour of the Molybdenum mines at Climax. Top row: N. Feld, J. Slocum, Col. W. McCrea, H. Spivack, J. Cortada, E. Kellogg. Middle row: Col. A. Crockett, E. Siracusa, D. Crawford, C. O'Donnell, W. Nelson, D. Henderson, R. McClelland. Bottom row: Col. D. Pollock, Eileen Donovan, R. McIlvaine, R. Elwood, W. Mazzocco, B. Merriam, Capt. McCormick, Major Maurer.

6. Kuala Lumpur. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Stemson are pictured as they leave St. Mary's church after their wedding. Mrs. Stemson, the former Jarmila A. Svarc of Cicero, Illinois, was serving as Administrative Assistant at the Embassy and plans to continue working as a local employee. Mr. Stemson is Manager of the Estates Department for Guthrie and Co. Ltd., of Malaya, and a long time resident of Kuala Lumpur.

7. Lome. Attorney General William P. Rogers (left), USIS cameraman Olojo Kosoko (center), and chargé d'affaires Jesse MacKnight (right) pose together during the celebration of Togo's independence. Mr. Roberts attended the ceremonies with the rank of Ambassador as personal representative of President Eisenhower. Mr. MacKnight had opened the first American consulate in Lome in April, 1959. Mr. Kosoko, a Nigerian, was on hand to film the celebration, having also filmed for USIA the celebrations in connection with the independence of Ghana and Cameroun.



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THE BOOKSHELF

larities, rhythms—in short, the things they have in common. On a first level, such generalizations usually run the risk of being truisms. On a second level, they can yield useful, if prosaic, insights. But the rare political scientist who can assemble generalizations and draw them into a larger pattern, who can distill from them a higher truth, has reached the realm of philosophy and prophecy.

Professor Emerson has set himself the task of generalizing on a high level about the march of the new countries of Asia and Africa from dependency to nationhood. His book is not a compendium of facts but a systematic examination, in the light of available evidence, of such questions as: What are the spiritual roots of the new nationalisms? In what respect is the process of nation-building of the new countries different from that of similar processes in the past? What are essential elements of nationhood? What kind of leaders are likely to succeed in the new nations? Are the new nationalisms likely to be democratic and, if not, is that fact to be deplored? Can the new nations be or become viable "plural" societies? Can stability be expected to develop in the new nations, and how, and when?

These are weighty questions, and it is no criticism of "From Empire to Nation" to say that it falls considerably short of giving new, let alone prophetic, answers to most of them. Professor Emerson reviews, eclectically, a vast body of facts and draws from them a number of useful and interesting conclusions. Many of the most difficult questions he prefers to view from all angles, examining various possible hypotheses, then modestly standing aside when no one answer of overriding validity suggests itself. He does not view the new spirit of nationalism with disapproval, or pessimistically. Neither does he believe in its abatement in the foreseeable future.

Preferring to see little significance in the most recent development among the older communities in Western Europe, the author defines the nation as "the terminal community." He recognizes the vast difficulties in the way of nation-building in tribal Africa, but the creation of all nations, he says, is in some part a process of absorbing local folk societies into a larger whole. In fact, he sees much of Europe's history as essentially tribal, too, and points (with approval) to the theory that "for most contemporary European peoples a common group history is almost wholly fictional if it is pressed back much beyond the nineteenth century." He sees little prospect for a working democracy in "pluralistic" newly emerging nations. About the only prophecy contained in the book is that open civil strife, or strong-man rule, or both, must come if the peoples of Malaya are to be held together in the present constitutional framework.

There are, in fact, few encouraging conclusions in the book. The granting of Western aid to the developing new nations requires, in Professor Emerson's views, several "acts of faith" which upon analysis are shown to rest on exceedingly shaky foundations. He finds it doubtful that such aid can stabilize the presently unstable societies, or that it will curb the possible later appeal of Communism, or that it will promote peace. Yet, since the other alternatives are still less attractive, he concludes that "If the advanced countries do not join in promoting development, they are likely to prove

the principal losers. Self-interest demands that the West have the courage to undertake the acts of faith required to link it with the aspirations of the rising nations."

A similar inquiry, confined to Africa and carried forward on a much less lofty level, is the journalistic effort entitled "The Death of Africa," by Peter Ritner.* The author, after a four-month survey of that continent, concludes that "African society has lost its coherence entirely, and its ability to defend itself from itself or from the impinging forces of the outside world. Nothing that happens there happens for the good." But he considers that the United States can shape the dynamics of history that are at work there and he concludes with a ringing appeal for a kind of African Marshall Plan with appropriations of \$6 to \$8 billion a year. Mr. Ritner sees the purpose of statecraft as involving "the sculpting of dynamic forces." Readers of Professor Emerson's book will doubt that such sculpting can be done with money and from the outside, but both authors would agree that new and vital forces are on the march and that awful things can result from them.

*"The Death of Africa," by Peter Ritner. Macmillan, N. Y. 312 pp. \$4.95.

Five Families—Mexican Case Studies in the Culture of Poverty, by Oscar Lewis, with a foreword by Oliver La Farge. Published by Basic Books, Inc., New York. 351 pages, \$5.50.

Reviewed by JOHN W. BOWLING

SUCCESSFUL American officials abroad know that an indispensable element in the performance of their tasks is a comprehension of the forces acting within the important segments of non-Western cultures. For too long the official has had to smell out and identify these forces almost instinctively. Travel books were mostly useless, anthropological studies emphasized the static and politically unimportant elements of the culture, and sociologists were absorbed in charts, statistics, and a tendency toward ethnocentricity. Oscar Lewis has combined the approach of the cultural anthropologist, the sociologist, and the clinical psychologist to give us a vivid and scientifically accurate picture of what happens to certain classes of Mexicans involved in the psychic turmoil of a clash of cultures.

Dr. Lewis began his studies a decade ago in an Indian village not far from Mexico City, where he produced a valuable study on Indian village life. In following some of the village families to the capital, he became interested in the effects of urbanization on the family unit, and, utilizing the extraordinary confidence which he had instilled in his "subjects" through years of study, he lived with five families long enough to be able to present to us in this book a typical day in the life of each of them. There is little excitement, no bathos, no romantics, and no heroes or heroines. The description is as keen and impartial as the work of a surgeon's scalpel and the raw human material thus laid bare to our gaze is not very pleasant.

While the author, to judge by his subtitle, may have intended to emphasize the baleful effects of poverty, the result is something quite different. The poorest of the families por-

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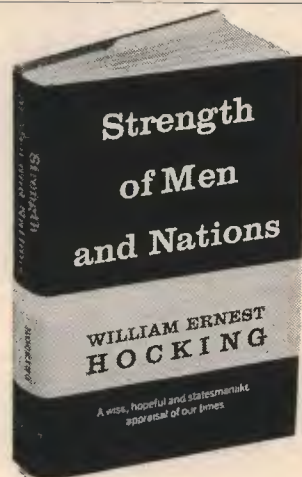
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trayed seems to be the most stable and well-adjusted, while the *nouveau riche* family at the other end of the scale is accurately described by La Farge in his foreword as "a family to dismay Chekhov, to stand Zola's hair on end." The motif of the lives portrayed is not so much material deprivation as shipwreck between cultures in the stormy night of the soul, marked by the wreckage of old cultural institutions, an inability to adapt to the new, and a creeping tide of nihilism. There are clear and obvious parallels to conditions in other parts of the "underdeveloped" world, as well as to other Latin American countries.

The professional diplomat has every reason to hope that this book will be the forerunner of other and equally competent studies of a world in transition, with the scene in other parts of the world and with more emphasis on those key elements of non-Western societies which lie between Lewis' family of skilled worker status and his newly-rich horrors.

Drive, by Col. Charles R. Codman. Introduction by John P. Marquand. Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 325 pp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by HENRY C. RAMSEY

THIS posthumous memoir by General Patton's senior A.D.C., a prominent Bostonian reserve officer, is valuable in two respects: it adds solid memorabilia to the Patton Story and advances the most comprehensive analysis yet published of the contradictions and compulsions which characterized the Patton character.

Codman found that swashbuckling and eccentricities of dress and speech were essential to Patton's conception of leadership. He, like other Patton biographers, concludes that Patton the warrior was largely successful, that he was lucky as well as a skilled soldier. He found, however, that this latter-day Roger the Norman failed in reconciling the basic problem of his personality—that of integrating the warrior and the gentleman. Patton had so mastered the art of war and the detail of leadership, and had such unabashed enthusiasm for both, that he swept men into the ambit of his own dynamism. Except for his compassionate humanity, he belonged psychologically in an earlier and more heroic age; he brought to the art of command the norms and virtues of the classic warrior.

But Codman found also a Great Captain of whom the world knows little. At the other pole of Patton's nature was a man of extreme compassion who wrote verse, who could be moved to tears easily and frequently, and who throughout life had an "almost neurotic aversion to suffering and cruelty in any and every form." His aide regrets that Patton's publicists have not revealed the hours he spent alone and in prayer with his wounded, his inner religious resources, his love of wife and family, and the reserved courtliness of his relations with the opposite sex.

Colonel Codman's basic estimate of his illustrious superior: A great human being who sought throughout a lifetime to integrate a personality of extreme complexity and sensitivity.

Fables for the Foreign Service

ONCE THERE was a brilliant and ambitious officer who rose rapidly in the Foreign Service. He never failed to be advanced a class whenever he was eligible for promotion. Every job he held was prestige-packed. He was the ENVY of his colleagues.

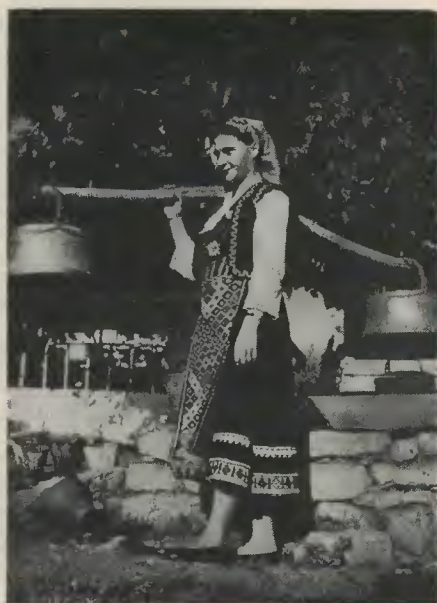
One of his most reverent admirers was a fellow officer who used to be promoted only as the axe was falling. For instance, it took him seven years to rise from Third to Second Secretary at Rome.

Nor did he ever have a job which could be described as CHALLENGING. Both his tours in Paris and the three years passed in Florence were spent on work of minor consequence, as were his four years in Madrid.

He retired dejectedly as Consul in the Balearic Islands and everyone agreed that his career had been a Bust.

In the meantime, the first man had been assigned as the youngest Chief of Mission in the history of the Service to Ulan Bator where he performed so well that he was chosen to open our first mission in the Kyzyl-Kum. After that he was given posts of the highest sensitivity in the Ituri rain forest and later in the Oases of Ahaggar. Finally, as a mark of great distinction, he was sent as our first Ambassador to Antarctica where he remained until retirement.

MORAL: *Just because you know the players doesn't mean that you can tell for certain who's ahead.*



Greek Costumes and Embroideries,
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A valuable contribution to the economic future of the Federation of the West Indies is the new ammonia plant engineered by Kellogg for Federation Chemicals Limited, Trinidad, B.W.I., managed and operated by W. R. Grace & Co. of New York. The ammonia is used to make fertilizers, which are sold throughout the West Indies.

The plant strengthens the economy of the West Indies in various ways. It is a major stimulant to the Federation's long-range industrialization program. It provides the Federation with a local source of supply for fertilizers previously imported, and establishes a new export that can be sold to nearby South American countries.

This is another example of Kellogg engineering technology at work converting the low-cost natural resources of overseas nations into useful products—with minimum plant investment. In this case, the raw materials used for the Kellogg ammonia process are nitrogen—present everywhere in the atmosphere, and natural gas—abundantly available in Trinidad.

Business executives and government officials interested in new or expanded plants are invited to write for the bilingual reports on Kellogg's engineering-procurement-construction services in Latin America or in other parts of the world.



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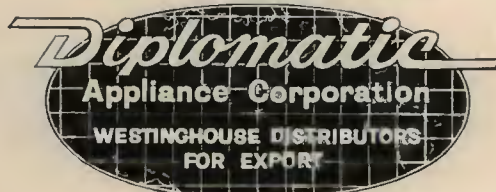
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Recruitment and Training

Editor's Note: Readers of the *Foreign Service News* Letter of April 15 will have seen a summary of the Report of the Department's Task Force on Recruitment and Training in the Foreign Service. The Report, which takes a negative position on both an undergraduate and postgraduate Foreign Service Academy, was forwarded to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in March, in response to queries which Senator Mansfield interposed on behalf of the Committee. Because of its relevance to other articles in this issue, the JOURNAL reprints below pertinent excerpts from the Report.

A NEW GOVERNMENT Academy, whether undergraduate or graduate, could not hope to duplicate the rich and varied curricula, the outstanding faculties, the wide range of research facilities and the diversity of intellectual and social experience now available to prospective candidates for the Foreign Service at existing institutions of higher learning throughout the country. Such an environment has produced in the past, and should continue to produce in the future, young men and women with the variety of backgrounds, skills, independence of thought, and diversity of outlook needed by the Foreign Service. On the other hand, the cloistered environment of a Foreign Service Academy, lacking students in fields other than foreign affairs, would tend to cultivate uniformity of thought and narrowness in outlook among those in attendance. Furthermore, by cutting off prospective Foreign Service officers from the mainstream of American life even before being assigned abroad for long periods of service, an Academy might well accentuate a traditional occupational hazard of the Foreign Service.

A Foreign Service Academy could easily become inbred and cliquish; the result would be a corps of officers cast in a single mold and unrepresentative of the American people as a whole. It is believed that a Foreign Service Academy would serve only to diminish the present representative composition of the Foreign Service by denying to the Service the product of existing graduate or undergraduate institutions.

The high cost of establishing a Foreign Service Academy, either graduate or undergraduate, also militates against it. In addition to paying faculty salaries comparable to the most renowned of our educational institutions in order to attract the most outstanding international affairs specialists, it would, presumably, also be necessary to provide a complex of classrooms, dormitories and other facilities. While not attempting to draw a precise parallel, it may be pointed out that the recently completed U. S. Air Force Academy required over \$100,000,000 for basic construction alone.

An undergraduate Foreign Service Academy would have the added disadvantage of having to recruit from the ranks of high school graduates, 17 or 18 years of age. Few young people in this age group have made mature decisions about their future careers. Many of those selected for an Academy

might change their career plans after admission. The Department would also find it difficult for purposes of selection to evaluate their potential. Moreover, an undergraduate academy would make it difficult, if not impossible, for a young man or woman to decide upon a Foreign Service career after entering college. A recent check of the present junior FSO's revealed that most of them made this decision only after graduating from college.

The Department recognizes that it might derive some advantages from a Foreign Service Academy. Discipline and Service loyalty could be instilled in future Foreign Service officers in much the same way that the military academies develop an "esprit de corps" in their students. Training in certain much-needed skills, such as foreign languages, could also be assured before the officer entered the Foreign Service.

It must be borne in mind, nevertheless, that intellectual excellence, a high degree of maturity and personal integrity are even more important attributes of a Foreign Service officer than mechanical discipline or more technical proficiency. There is evidence that the present recruitment program enables the Department to obtain officers of the highest quality who are representative Americans.

It is also important to remember that training in one vital technical skill, foreign languages, is now given at the Foreign Service Institute to all officers entering the Service who cannot demonstrate proficiency in at least one world language other than their own. These junior officers are not eligible for promotion until they become proficient in a foreign language.

While these arguments do not all apply with equal force against an academy at the graduate level, they are sufficiently applicable to persuade the Department that a graduate level academy would be almost as undesirable as an academy at the undergraduate level. A graduate academy, though encouraging professional attitudes and instilling high morale, could also have an adverse effect upon the adaptability, diversity, and representative character of the Foreign Service corps. Moreover, a graduate academy might deny to the Department the product of existing graduate schools. In this connection the Department does not now have to pay for the education of the 60 percent of its recruits who at present come from the graduate schools of the country. . .

A Scholarship Program

The Department favors a plan to aid young people who could not otherwise afford an education preparing them for some form of government service in the foreign relations field. It believes, however, that this might be accomplished more efficiently by modifying an existing student aid program, such as the student loan provisions of the National Defense Education Act. In this way, students expressing an interest in the Foreign Service as a career could receive the same benefits as those now available to students preparing to teach in elementary or secondary schools. A student aid program of this nature would have two additional virtues. It would be controlled and administered by the universities themselves and it would not commit the Department to rely upon the scholarship program as the exclusive or primary source of manpower for the Foreign Service. . .



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RECRUITMENT

The Department recognizes the need to supply guidance
to American institutions of higher learning with regard to
the proper academic preparation for a Foreign Service
career. The Department is undertaking a program which
would make this guidance available to interested institutions.

The Department plans to improve and refine its recruit-
ment practices by expanding its liaison with colleges and
universities on both the student and faculty level. This can
be expected to lead to a clearer understanding on college
campuses of the skills required by the Foreign Service and
the academic preparation needed to develop these skills. It
must be recognized, however, that the Department does not
wish to direct pre-entry training to specific courses or insti-
tutions for precisely the same reasons that it opposes a
Foreign Service Academy; it does not wish to develop a
single "type" of Foreign Service officer. . .

Proposed Training Program

The Department is strongly in favor of a considerable
expansion of the in-service training program. . .

Currently, about 8% of the total Foreign Service officer
man-years are devoted to training; this is a rate of 2.4 years
of training per officer in a 30-year career. In Fiscal Year
1959, 317 full-time man-years were devoted to training in an
officer corps which, on June 30, 1959, totaled 3,514.

This does not mean that the Department is satisfied with
the scope of the existing in-service training program. It
recognizes the truth of the comment made in the Brookings
Institution's recent report to the Senate Committee on For-
eign Relations: "The training program is there, but meat
needs to be put on the bones if the future requirements of
the Foreign Service are to be met." The Department intends
to beef up its training program by insuring that, in the
future, members of the Foreign Service receive substantially
increased training during their careers.

The Department has five principal in-service training goals
which it intends to attain insofar as possible: (1) general
introduction to the Service and its operations for all new
junior officers, (2) preparation where necessary in the lan-
guage and culture of the country of next assignment for all
officers, (3) preparation where necessary in the function to
be performed in the next assignment for all officers, (4)
broadened awareness of the world situation for mid-career

"FOREIGN SERVICE TYPES"

by Howard R. Simpson



The Administrative Officer

officers and (5) deepened understanding of national security affairs and of policy formulation for selected officers at the senior level. . .

The five-year "hard" language training program is well underway, the junior officer, the midcareer and senior officer courses are going concerns, and the war colleges continue to provide valuable experience for Foreign Service Officers. However, significant expansion of the training program must be accomplished if the goals are to be achieved in full.

This significant expansion in the formal in-service training program of the Foreign Service will require a concomitant expansion in the total size of the Foreign Service officer corps in order to have enough officers to permit the assignment of larger numbers of officers than at present to this training. Therefore, while the Department's existing training program has not been limited to any significant extent by the amount of funds specifically appropriated for training in recent years, it will require additional funds in the future for salaries as well as training, if it is to increase considerably the number of assignments to training positions. . . As additional funds are made available, training can be increased and expanded.

It is believed that training is most effective if it is directed towards specific needs and if it is given to an officer at those periods in his career when it will most improve his usefulness to the Service. It is also believed that the utility of an officer's training will be enhanced if it is correlated with his geographic and functional assignments.

To the maximum extent possible, the Department intends to rely upon non-governmental institutions to train its officers as geographic and functional specialists but must also continue to provide at the Foreign Service Institute such training as is unavailable at the universities. It is envisaged that officers will continue to be assigned to universities for advanced courses in economics, geographic areas, public administration, and some of the "hard" languages.

For the foreseeable future, the Department intends to rely on the Foreign Service Institute, with its superior facilities, for most of the essential training in both world and hard languages. In addition, the Foreign Service Institute must give technical courses in administrative and consular operations and provide other courses essential to the career development of an officer that are not available at universities.

The periodic inventory of functions to be performed at each level in the Service and the corresponding skills available for the performance of these functions enables the Department to determine the nature and quantity of the training required. The total size and the internal allocation of the Department's budget dictate whether or not all of the needs can be met. . .

It is the Department's intention to the extent that funds are available, to put this training program into effect immediately insofar as new junior officers are concerned, and to apply it by stages to the present officer corps. Within five years, the program should encompass half the officers in the Service, in ten years, all of them. There will be significant improvements in the language skills of the Foreign Service (every officer to have a basic knowledge of the language of the country to which he is assigned), and expansion in mid-career and national policy training.

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Johannesburg to Naples and Return

by Harry J. Mullin, Jr.

OCCASIONALLY things happen to you in this business that make you think you may not have made such a bad choice of careers after all. They are different things for different people—an assignment to one of the glamor spots on the globe, a chance to meet royalty, even getting one's picture in the paper, almost anything. For me and my family the magic touchstone happens to be an opportunity to take an interesting trip. I hasten to add, however, that since one can nearly always take an interesting trip if he has the money, an important proviso is that at least part of the trip be free.

Last year we enjoyed such an opportunity when we obtained a ride on the Naval Attaché's plane from Johannesburg to Naples and return. Airplanes belonging to the Service Attachés at the Embassy must be given periodic check-ups and the nearest garages authorized to perform these check-ups are located in Europe. When such a flight is planned people at offices in South Africa are asked if they would like to go along and passengerhood is conferred on a space-available basis. When notice of this trip was circulated, I signed up (for self, wife Petey, and son Harry, aged nine), following my policy of always signing up for anything free. Instead of being way down on a long list. I found to my surprise that we were very high on a short list and, in fact, we ended up being the only passengers. I applied for leave from boss Arthur Beach (granted, bless him), for an overdraft from my bank managers (granted, doubly bless them), packed our bags, and off we went.

Following are excerpts from notes kept on the trip, usually scrawled while flying.

Monday

Up at dawn and out to Jan Smuts airport 07:30, to meet plane flying down from Pretoria for Customs and Immigration clearance. Had poor night's sleep. Plagued by two alternating dreams. In dream (a), plane never arrived and Mullins abandoned at airport for rest of lives. In dream (b), airplane arrives, but contains Ambassador and thirty-seven last-minute guests. Plane does arrive, however, and proves to be natty little DC-3—oops, R4D, must remember this is the Navy—liberally painted with American flags and inscription "African Queen I" emblazoned on nose. Crew consists of Major George "Bud" Davis, USMC, and Navy Chiefs Jack Burchards, Wayne Clark and Carl Rewoldt.

Interior of plane real war-time. Walls (?) festooned with parachutes. Cabin lined with sort of material the Chinese Communists wear. One lonely corner of cabin contains two pairs of seats facing each other. Our home. Mod. Cons. in rear. Way in rear.

Five and half hour flight to first night's stop, Lilongwe, Nyasaland. Didn't know at time but that was to be shortest

FSO Harry Mullin was assigned at Johannesburg when he took this trip. Ten days after submitting the article to the Foreign Service Journal, he received a direct transfer to Casablanca. Moral?

hop of trip. Lilongwe would also prove most "out-back" of places we stopped. From air seemed to consist solely of one airstrip. Lone official at strip, sufficiently startled out of British reserve by appearance of U. S. Navy in middle of Africa to ask why we had picked Lilongwe for stopover. Told him because we had never been there before, in tone intended to imply fast running out of places in Africa we had never been. One-up status definitely established. Completed first sight-seeing expedition from hotel in about fifteen minutes. Two banks, three stores, one post office. Hotel seemed sole center of white social life. Hotel O.K., but our room apparently night ready-room for squadron of large, speedy, copper-colored spiders. Tired; slept well in spite of.

Tuesday

Up at dawn and off for Mombasa. Flew over Lake Nyasa and Dar-es-Salaam. Dar not as big as expected. Slight detour to cross over Zanzibar. Beautiful sunny day except over Zanzibar which was completely shrouded in own private rain cloud. Oh well, can't see everything. Landed Mombasa with big bump due to tricky cross-wind. Endeavoring take movies while landing, smacked head on stud fastener of cabin liner. Bled. Eligible Purple Heart? First impression Mombasa agreeable. Temperature 86 but nice steady breeze. Super-polite apartheid practiced in airport terminal, W.C.'s being labeled "European-type Gentlemen" and "Non-European-type Gentlemen." To Nyali Beach Hotel about four miles north of town.

Dinner and headed for sack. Oh Boy! Mosquito nets!!! Just like in Tarzan movies. Thrilled. Harked back to films seen in Army days on how to survive in various places. Tucked net carefully under mattress. Certainly looked mosquito-proof. Only trouble, also me-proof. Couldn't get in sack. In all movie-going experience, never saw anyone actually getting under mosquito net. Carefully disengaged section of net and slithered under. Whole damn thing came loose. Sat on bed with net draped around head and tried retucking under mattress. Middling success. Lay back. Romantic to see moon filtering through net. Also hot as hell. Recalled hadn't seen or heard mosquito since arrival Mombasa. Decided could now say had slept under mosquito net, so untucked and draped it over head-board. Slept like log. Awoke unbitten.

Thursday

Up at 05:00. Harry sleepily indignant at again being dragged from bed. Mutters, "Can't wait to get home." Had he known about this getting up so early, "wouldn't have come." Through dawn to airport and timely take-off at 06:50. Just as airborne, Carl bursts from cockpit toward tail of plane and returns with handful of tools. Broken hydraulic line in cockpit spurting fluid all over place. Prepare for emergency landing. Jack appears to explain trouble and calm "tourists." All exchange cheery confident smiles. Cheery confident smiles on pea-green faces of tourists particularly interesting study. Flaps and wheels lowered by hand and in at stalling speed. No strain; enough pressure for one application of brakes to stop in plenty of time before reaching cleverly placed ravine at end of runway.

Friday

Repeat 05:00 rising and trip to airfield. Take-off trouble free and headed up coast. Vegetation sparser and sparser,



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then quits altogether. Bud causes airplane to make little hop to signify crossing Equator. South of Mogadiscio, where scheduled for fuel stop, desert suddenly blossomed in greenery of cultivated land. Learned later this is ICA project. Very impressive. Pleased to find Dick Post and Toni Blackburn from Cons. Gen. awaiting us at Mogadiscio. Gave us the "twenty-five minute" tour of town. Camels—Arabs—desert outpost type of place. Off again and flew over Ethiopia and British Somaliland.

Surprised to see how much like Gibraltar Aden looks from air. Met at airport by two Consular cars, three R.A.F. cars and R.A.F. station commander. Bud embarrassed, unable to produce more than one Major and one Vice-Consul. Handball-court-sized rooms at Hotel Crescent air-conditioned. Wow.

Walked around Arab shopping district. Kerosene-lit stalls, goats, Arabs. Fascinating music, sounds, smells, sights. Atmosphere with capital "A". Aden open port. Big bargains in camera and radio lines.

Saturday

Up before dawn. Days getting shorter, flights longer. Flew up Red Sea to Port Sudan. Supposed to overnight here but will skip to make up lost day. After good look from air and from airport where we refuelled, no one particularly broken-hearted. Had rained night before. Understand this an annual event.

Crossed to Nile at Luxor. Nile as advertised—river, strip of cultivation on either side—then desert. Odor in Cairo airport reminded us of Bucharest public buildings. Must buy disinfectant from same source. Representative of tourist-cum-curio establishment who meets all U. S. military planes drove us to hotel. Nile Hilton a posh pub. Room on river with view of pyramids in distance. First impression of Cairo—could be any European city except for squiggly Arabic signs. Personally don't really believe squiggles mean anything. Just local color.

Sunday

Up in middle of night for trek to Cairo airport and off at 08:00. Plane gradually filling with loot. Egyptian loot especially bulky. Good thing we arrive in Naples today; ashtrays getting full. Gas stop at Athens. Cold. Stuffed selves with hamburgers at airport PX. Sunday papers. Steve Canyon still Lt. Col. Cold and icy to Naples. Wish we had changed to winter clothes. Arrived Naples 16:15 after six days en route, 35 hours in air. Cheers all round.

Naples

Played the heavy tourists, using chiefly public transportation despite exhortations by hordes of Neapolitans who live off tourists, who, tourists being in short supply, descended on Mullins like plague of locusts as soon as we stepped out of hotel. "You want informations? You want car go Pompeii? Vesuvius? Anywhere? Anything?" Did spend one afternoon at Pompeii. Real gone town. Later visited National Museum in Naples. Museum chockful of handsome chilly-looking statues of people in all-together. Lots of Pompeii stuff. Pompeians lousy artists, but must have been pretty gay place if pictures can be believed.

Took 07:10 Rapido to Rome. Arrived spang on schedule.

Rapidos, at least, still run on time. To Colosseum, Forum. Expecting poor light, didn't bring movie camera. Brilliant sunshine. To Vatican City and St. Peter's. Biggest church ever saw. Walked back to train station. Trevi Fountain, Pantheon. Lots of churches. Lots of statues. Rome extremely well-fixed for churches and statues. Had three Coca-Colas at sidewalk cafe on Via Veneto. \$1.25. Glad it wasn't tourist season. Back to Naples on evening Rapido. Felt like had walked 400 miles. Probably had.

On Sunday took bus in direction we hadn't yet been. Ended up in town named Pozzuoli. Piazza jumping. Entire male population of town standing around chewing fat while females in church. Visited "still partially active volcano" at Solfatara. Steam coming from ground. Bubbling lava pools.

Put off going to Vesuvius until sunshiny day. Finally got one. Caught bus for train station where had been informed train for Vesuvius departed. Train didn't leave from there. Left from cunningly hidden station several blocks away. Just caught train. Got off at place called Pugliano, met as usual by people offering to sell "informations." Learned chair-lift to crater "non-functionnare" today because of high wind. Beautiful day had deteriorated but Vesuvius not covered by cloud so bought tickets on bus going to lower chair-lift station. Pockets beginning to fill up with tickets. Wish had ticket-making concession in Italy. Be millionaire. Man at lower chair-lift station offered drive us "to crater" for Lire 2,000. What th' hell—on-on-on! Chain stretched across road last few yards on this stretch of road. Lire 100 per head. More tickets. "Road to crater" ends several miles below crater. Man there sold us more tickets and pointed up. So started up. Round and round cone on path made of loose lava gravel. Up-up-up! Guide book says Vesuvius 1100 meters high. Must be misprint. Must mean kilometers. Passed McKinley; passed K3; passed Everest. Spotted satellite but unable to establish nationality. Cold bitter wind threatening blow Mullins off mountain. Decided not to be mountain climber when grow up after all. Finally made top. Worth it all. Crater wild and spooky with clouds scuttling past and wind whistling. Crouched on rim and tried take pictures. Informed mountain due to erupt next year. Decided not wait. So, gratefully, down-down-down! More tickets on bus to bottom. More tickets on train to Naples. More tickets on bus from station. Got on right bus but going in wrong direction. Ended up somewhere in Apennines. More tickets for return trip. Finally made hotel for fashionably late lunch at 4 p.m. Pockets stuffed with used tickets.

Thursday

Back to the old routine. Up in the dark and out to airport. Must skip stopover in Athens to make up lost day. Disappointed. Missed friends. Last three hours to Cairo in dark. Cold. Began to perk up when met at airport by faithful curio-cum-tourist establishment who assured Petey he would deliver souvenir order to plane, and would lay on trip to Pyramids early in morning. Back to Nile Hilton and exhaustedly to bed at 11:30.

Friday

Real early this morning. Left hotel at 05:30. Room cost \$2.80 an hour. Didn't even take bath. Saw Pyramids and Sphinx at sunrise. Highly recommended. Even worth getting up at sunrise for. Guide named Mohammed. Touted as one

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of two best English speaking guides in Cairo. If so, third best must be deaf-mute. Actually, spoke English pretty well but weak on comprehension. Said, in reply to question on how long to get from hotel to Pyramids to airport, "About nine o'clock." Nearly convulsed Harry. Made it to airport however in time for take-off. Small-world dept: Saw Sabena representative from Bucharest in airport. Frenzied ten-minute rundown of whereabouts of old friends from Bucharest.

Plane now absolutely jammed with loot. Whole one side of cabin a roped-in store house of detergent, cake-mix, booze, Kleenex, airplane parts, paper bags full of smaller loot, cheese spread, more booze. Could live comfortably, even riotously, if forced down. Our side of cabin filled with camel saddles, brass trays, lamp bases. Will have to shift half of last year's Egyptian camel-saddle output to get to clean pair of socks.

Saturday

Got to Khartoum late afternoon, too tired to do more than walk around block from hotel. Temperature reasonable. Hotel rate not. \$25.00 for night. Hourly rate more reasonable than Hilton, however, since didn't leave until 06:30. Seven more hours of Africa from the air. Uganda, lush, green. Swung over Lake Victoria and down at Entebbe, a lovely place. Fine hotel overlooking golf course with Lake V. in background.

Monday

Oh boy! Tonight—Elizabethville, Belgian Congo, where on parle français. First chance to unlimber FSI, Nice-acquired French. (Assignment types please note French not

widely spoken in South Africa).

Entire airport officialdom away for lunch so no chance to use French with them. Consulate car took us to hotel. Hotel clerk unable to understand English. Hot-dog! Sidled to desk and tossed off long sentence (mentally prepared on airplane) to effect that we wanted one double room with an extra bed and four single rooms. Was handed five keys. Wow! Everyone impressed. Emboldened, launched into demand we be awakened at 05:30. Was handed another key. Decided hadn't been explicit enough. "It is necessary that we raise ourselves at 05:30 because it is necessary that our airplane raise itself at . . ." Broke off here since clerk was reaching for another key. Just as well. By that time had airplane so deeply mired in subjunctive could never have extracted.

At dinner offered to translate for party with waiter. Everybody ordered omelette. Shame so little trust in this world.

Tuesday

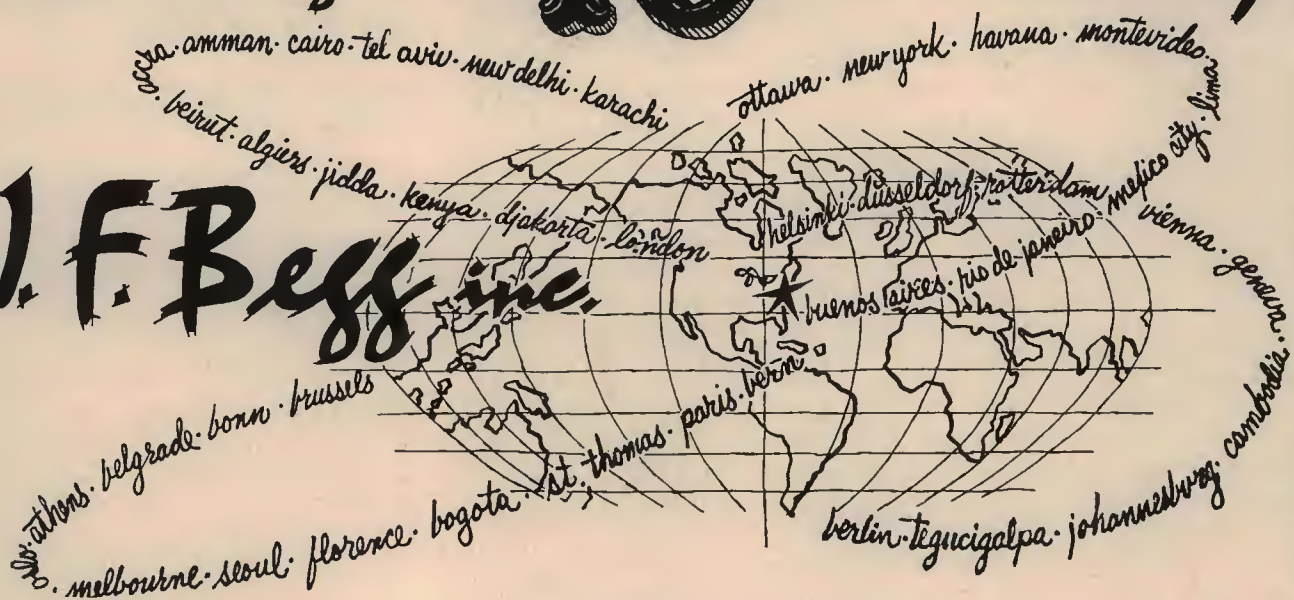
And so home. Up at 05:30. Took silent vow never get up at 05:30 again as long as live. Last take-off. Last time put up card table. Last Petey and Carl-cooked meal in the sky. Counted leftover money. Didn't take long. Across the Zambezi. Across the Limpopo and into Suid Afrika. Low over Magaliesburg range which we can see from our house.

Thanks to Bud, Jack, Wayne and Carl for a safe trip and the pleasure of their company. Thanks to U. S. Navy.

Last one to spot mine dumps at Johannesburg a rotten egg. All saw simultaneously. Good old Jo'burg. You ain't beautiful, but you're home.

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Letters to the Editor

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Tregaron—Research Center in Diplomacy

"TREGARON," a beautiful estate in the heart of northwest Washington, is currently being transformed into a center for advanced study of present and future diplomatic problems. A group of active and retired FSO's, headed by ex-Consul General George Gregg Fuller, have been very active drawing up plans for the non-profit-making Center. Sponsors of the project include a number of distinguished Americans, among them John J. McCloy, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Ford Foundation, Eric Johnston and Wayne Chatfield Taylor.

A rapidly changing international environment, embracing numerous new nations and reaching out into space, demands that scientific knowledge and talents be brought to bear on foreign relations problems. The Center was created in recognition of the need for a secluded yet easily accessible place where people from various Executive Branch agencies can meet to study such matters, aided by the presence of outstanding leaders from the academic world. In essence, the Center is conceived of as a "school of statecraft and higher diplomacy." It exists primarily to provide opportunities for creative thinking, exploration of new policy ideas, and systematic research into operational problems. Matters of technique and execution rather than broad policy questions are its special field of interest. The principal beneficiaries will be middle and senior grade officials from various U. S. Government departments plus a limited number of international business executives and others.

Through attendance at seminars, informal discussions with academic leaders, participation in political "war gaming" type exercises and individual research projects, "foreign affairs professionals" will be encouraged to broaden their skills and knowledge of matters on which they are expected to offer sound advice and able execution. The Center's aim is thus to foster a high degree of professional competence among men and women charged with the day-by-day conduct of U. S. foreign relations, supplementing what is being done by other institutions in this field. A small permanent staff will be recruited principally from among former practitioners of diplomacy and leading social

scientists. The nucleus of part-time staff is to be drawn from close tie-ins with existing first-rank research bodies.

Eventually, it is hoped that this Center will promote, among institutions of higher learning, more knowledgeable and realistic teaching in the international relations field. Regular production of teaching aids and training materials will constitute a principal activity. These include case studies, "pre-packaged" simulation exercises and tape recorded history. They will draw on actual experiences of Americans who have served abroad, including diplomats, aid technicians, educators and businessmen. Besides being used at the Center, they will be available to educational institutions subscribing for them.

In addition to the above, "Tregaron's" unparalleled location and spacious facilities make it an ideal place to conduct "residential seminars" for foreign leaders visiting the United States. Both they, and the American educators and others participating in these two-and-a-half day sessions, will contribute much to the "crossroads of cultural interchange" atmosphere of the Center.

Past and present activities at "Tregaron" include training exercises for American businessmen (in collaboration with American University) plus bi-weekly seminars for foreign leaders

of the kind described. A two-week inter-agency "workshop seminar" was held during May, 1960. One of the five buildings at "Tregaron" has been converted into comfortable living quarters for ten persons. Later, housing on the property will be available for up to thirty-five persons at a time. The Center's library will consist initially of the personal library of the late Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. Top priority is given to rehabilitation of recreational and lounge facilities on the property (which boasts a fully equipped Turkish bath, an eight-hole golf course, and ample space for bowling alley and swimming pool). Money for initial improvements has been forthcoming from contributions on the part of interested individuals. Longer range financing for research and related activities will come from one or more foundation grants, according to present plans.

Further information on this civic development may be obtained by writing to "Tregaron Center," 3100 Macomb Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

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Tregaron

Letters to the Editor

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Cheese and Chess and Machiavelli Fish Van Buren, III

UPON RETURNING from a winter flight from Maine's famous snow and cold, I found and devoured the last five issues of the JOURNAL. In everything I read I find an inspiration and the need to write something—hence this letter.

I was particularly pleased that the Machiavelli Fish Van Buren, III, story has been declassified, and that Mr. Miller chose the JOURNAL as the medium through which an anxious world might learn the truth ("Letter to the Editor" in the April 1960 issue). As you probably know, Mac's friends—his *real* friends, that is—have always suspected that the accident (sic) was no accident (sock). But we thought that he had probably sold some commissary coffee, or had faced East when he should have faced West, or that he had chided some visiting congressman for dipping too heavily into the Mission's counter-part funds—never dreamed that a letter to the JOURNAL was the trigger of the fatal explosion.

The next item worthy of mention is from Mr. Stewart's "25 Years Ago" when he suggests tripe as a basic American food for heads of state. May I say that this is heresy? Tripe, along with octopus, is fit for human consumption only as a cocktail tidbit—and only after being deep-fried into crispness. That

"a la mode de Caen" stuff is just a stingy peasant's way of trying to utilize everything a cow is and has, even part of the "Moo." Another fly in the "25 Years Ago" ointment is another gastronomical heresy—the recipe given in one of the recent issues for cheese fondue. A real fondue is a happy dish, cooked in a chafing dish, with Swiss white wine and kirsch adding character to the otherwise bland Emmenthaler and Gruyere cheeses, with the fortunate guests mopping up the heavenly mixture on cubes of Swiss bread.

The next item has to do with the recent article on the game of "Go" and the reference in another article to the game of "Diplomacy," in each of which a reference was made to the game being older than or superior in some way to chess. Now I am making my living in part from chess and I have been studying the history of it and its players, and have been writing about them for nearly thirty years. From the depths of that research and experience, I must admit that "Go" is probably 3,000 years older than chess, and that several of the greatest chess players of all time—Dr. Emanuel Lasker, Edward Lasker and Sigmund Tarrasch, among others, thought it a marvelous game, and became very proficient as "Go" players.

Chess, however Johnny-come-lately (invented in India about 300 B.C.), is experiencing a great revival in the United States. Our present national champion, Bobby Fischer, is a seventeen-year-old high-school sophomore from Brooklyn, while William Lombardy won the World Junior title when a 19-year-old student in New York. The USSR supremacy in chess is being seriously challenged by these youngsters and although they have a hundred masters to our one in numbers, qualitatively our top boys are closing the gap slowly but surely. It is interesting to note that the Department, which for many years failed to grasp the importance which the USSR accorded to chess as a political-prestige weapon, has now begun to accept the fact and has also begun to help us send our best players to international events.

FRED M. WREN

Perry, Maine

Strictly a Business Arrangement

I AM NOT at all sure the following from Shaik Archad Ali is appropriate or desirable for publication in the Letters to the Editor section of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. In any event, it is sent along to share with you one of the more treasured letters I have ever been honored to receive.

After my "Strictly A Business Arrangement" appeared in the September 1959 JOURNAL, copies were sent to colleagues in Dacca, East Pakistan, to be given to Shaik and Azim, about whom the article was written. The international airletter sheet containing Shaik's "Thank You" cost one-half rupee; employment of a scribe to write Shaik's thoughts into English cost one rupee; and the sum of these would feed Shaik's family for several days.

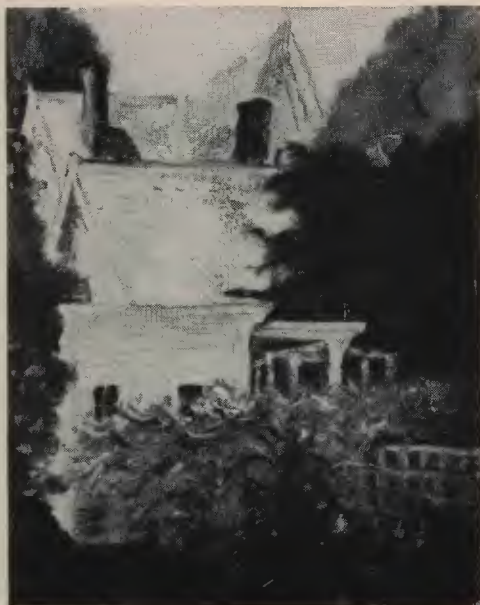
CONSTANCE G. JAVORSKY

Dear Madam:

At the very outset take my hearty thanks and cordial love. I have received your letter dated November 30, 1959 and two valuable books for Azim and mine. I was so much glad on receiving the letter and the book that I could not restraint myself from showing the book to every one of my friends. The joy of my father knew no bounds. I went to my friend, who is reading the B.A. Class and through whom I am corresponding with you, to translate the directed page into Bengali. I heard the translation and was charmed and thought that you made us angel by your glorious pens. It is surely an act of wonderful that how can a great mind memories the name of a worthless servant. It is not you, but the representative of your nation, who can do such a heavenly deed for this tiny servant. Surely, this is why your nation becomes the master of the Age! The Americans as a whole follow a policy of upliftment of heart. As if, my curtain of darkness has been opened and I find in your face, the face of every American.

I am still working under Misses Robertson. She also shows me angelic behavior and really she is a typical American woman. The letter is sent only to inform you about the receiving of books. My parents and I pray to God for your good health and prosperity.

SHAIK

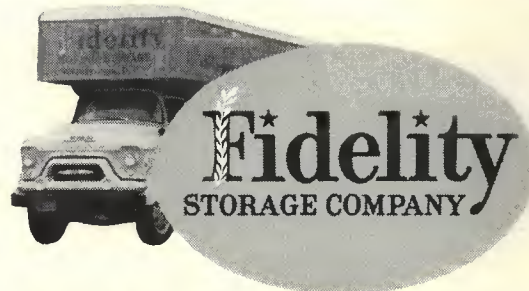


Honeysuckle Hedge by Joan Hulley

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