

Foreign Service Journal



MAY 1961

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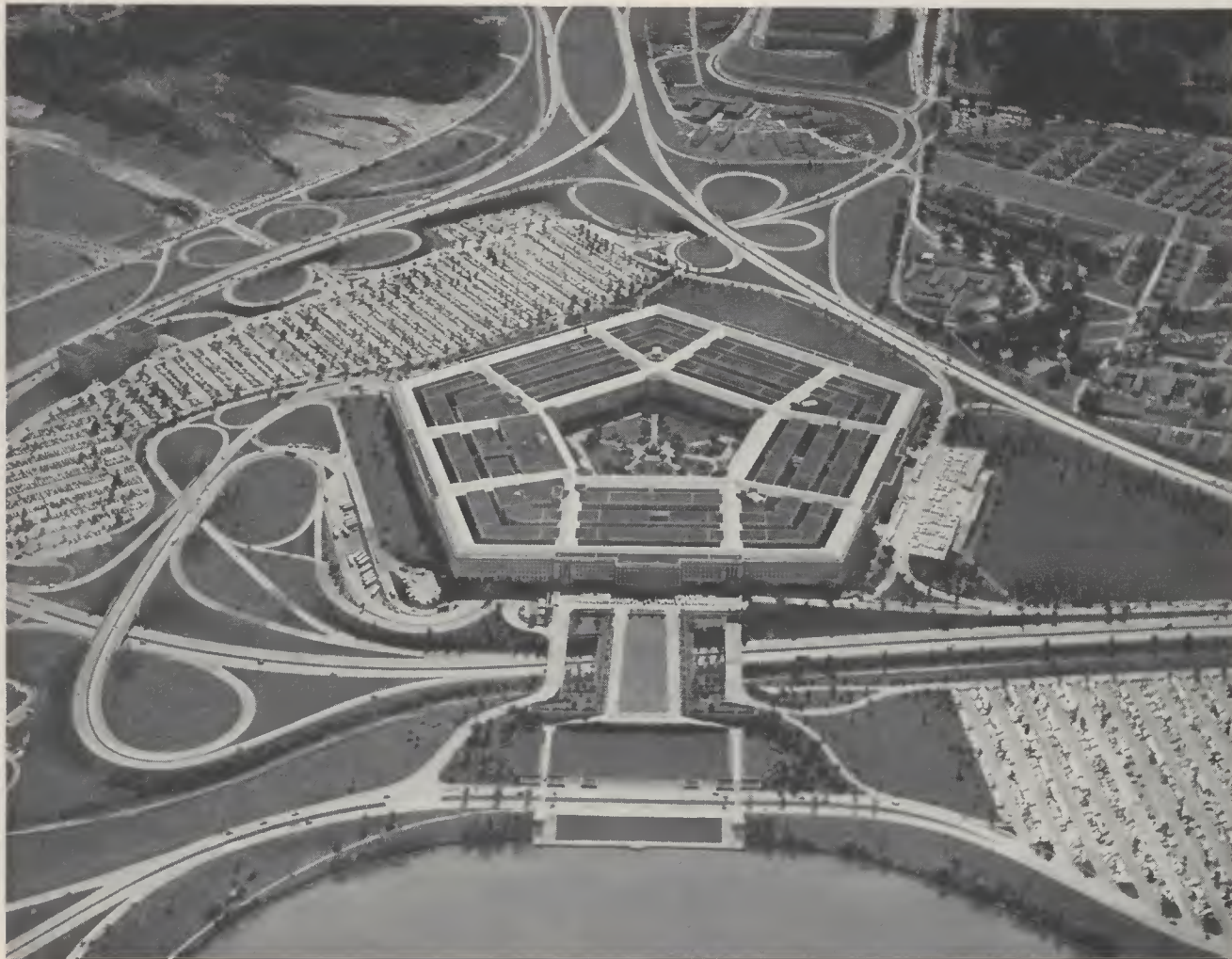
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Potomac Portrait

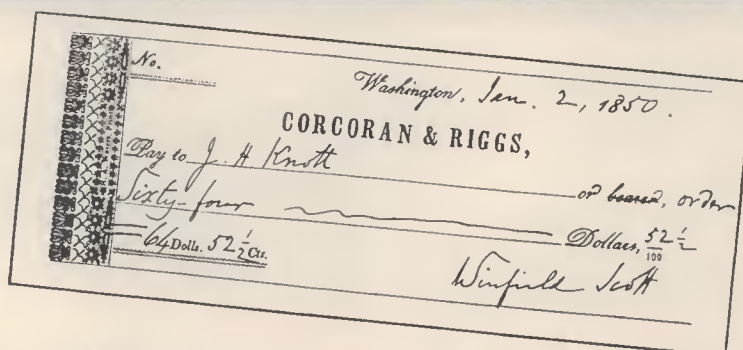
Across the river from Washington the Pentagon Building (housing the Department of Defense) sits solidly amidst its astounding traffic installations. Pentagon Lagoon (emptying into the Potomac) in foreground.

NO. 13 IN A SERIES DEPICTING THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF WASHINGTON'S HISTORIC RIVER



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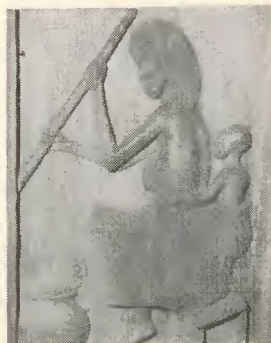
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Door panel carved by Felix Iduhor for National Hall, Lagos. Reprinted from "Art in Nigeria 1960" by Ulli Beier, Cambridge University Press.

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WILLIAM ATTWOOD to *Guinea*

ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE to *Spain*

WILLIAM McCORMICK BLAIR, JR., to *Denmark*

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J. KENNETH GALBRAITH to *India*

PARKER T. HART to *Saudi Arabia*

G. FREDERICK REINHARDT to *Italy*

EDWIN O. REISCHAUER to *Japan*

JOHN S. RICE to *the Netherlands*

JOSEPH C. SATTERTHWAITE to *the Union of South Africa*

EDWARD G. STOCKDALE to *Ireland*

RAYMOND TELLES to *Costa Rica*

KENNETH TODD YOUNG to *Thailand*

BIRTHS

HARTER. A daughter, Dorothea Elizabeth, born to Mr. and Mrs. John J. Harter, March 21, in Washington.

HOLLY. A daughter, Mairéad, born to Mr. and Mrs. Sean M. Holly, November 29, 1960, in Philadelphia.

KARPPI. A son, William Jacob, Jr., born to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Karppi, March 10, in Madras, India.

KOCHANÉK. A daughter, Laurie Lyn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony S. Kochanek, Jr., January 3, in Washington.

RUSH. A son, Michael James, born to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Rush, January 30, in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Mrs. Rush is a former FSO.

SMITH. A daughter, Leslie Sieburg, born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Brackett Smith, September 28, 1960, at Tehran.

MARRIAGES

HAMILTON-FERGUSON. Mary Ann Hamilton, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Donald Myers Hamilton, and FSO Harvey Fergusson, 2nd, were married November 26, 1960, at the Church in the Highlands, White Plains, New York.

WHEALY-WILLIAMS. Mary Elizabeth Whealy, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Roger D. Whealy of College Station, Texas, and Lieutenant Philip Durel Williams, son of FSO and Mrs. Philip P. Williams, were married February 25, at College Station.

DEATHS

CAMERON. Gertrude G. Cameron, Chief of the Reports Branch of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs, died January 20, in Washington. A graduate of Radcliffe College, she came to Washington in 1944 to do research for the Bureau of Overseas Intelligence in the Office of War Information and later went to Heidelberg, Germany, with UNRRA.

CORRIGAN. Francis P. Corrigan, USIS branch officer at Luang Prabang, was killed in the crash of a light plane, March 30, in northeastern Laos. Mr. Corrigan had been with the Information Service for four years and had previously been stationed on Formosa.

COURAND. Gladys S. Courand, wife of former FSO Claude W. Courand, died September 26, 1960, at Houston, Texas.

GNADÉ. Richard E. Gnade, former FSO, died February 20, at Bandera, Texas, from injuries sustained in an automobile accident. While in the Service he was stationed at Vancouver, Basra, Baghdad, Ankara, and Helsinki.

MACKEY. Miss Meryl MacKay, FSS-retired, died November 20, 1960, in Rome. Miss MacKay had retired in February, 1960, after thirty-six years in the Foreign Service.

SZEGO. Paul S. Szego, former State Department expert on Central European and Near Eastern affairs, died December 24, 1960, in Washington. Mr. Szego was widely known as a numismatist, painter, geographer, and historian.

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Senior Officer Assignments

Senior Seminar in Foreign Policy (FSI):

Brewer, William D.	FSO-3	Department
Brown, Emerson M.	FSO-3	Department
Dorsey, Stephen P.	FSO-2	Khartoum
Fisher, John W.	FSO-3	Vienna
Fluker, J. Robert	FSO-2	Department
Gibson, William M.	FSO-1	Department
Keppel, John	FSO-2	Department
Knox, M. Gordon	FSO-2	Department
Laise, Carol C.	FSO-2	New Delhi
Lutkins, LaRue R.	FSO-2	Department
Phillips, Robert	FSO-3	Department
Stegmaier, John	FSO-2	Tokyo
Stuart, Richard K.	GS-15	Department

National War College:

Armitage, John A.	FSO-3	Department
Armstrong, Oscar V.	FSO-3	Department
Burns, Findley	FSO-2	Department
Calloway, Kenneth W.	FSO-2	Hong Kong
Collins, Wesley H.	FSO-2	Madrid
Connett, William B.	FSO-2	Paris
Dunnigan, Thomas J.	FSO-3	Department
Eilts, Hermann F.	FSO-3	Department
Gannett, Michael R.	FSO-3	Department
Hinton, Deane R.	FSO-3	Brussels
Ingram, George M.	FSO-2	Department
Martin, James V., Jr.	FSO-3	Department
Sneider, Richard L.	FSO-3	Department
Stevenson, Robert A.	FSO-3	Department
Stutesman, John H.	FSO-2	Department
Taylor, Maurice F. W.	FSO-2	Tehran

Air War College

Boster, Davis E.	FSO-3	Department
Stoffel, Albert W.	FSO-3	Department

Armed Forces Staff College:

Osborne, Melville E.	FSO-3	Department
Ramsaur, Ernest E.	FSO-3	Beirut

Army War College:

Devine, Frank J.	FSO-3	Department
Higdon, Charles E.	FSO-3	Department

Industrial College of the Armed Forces

Kirk, Northrup H.	FSO-3	Colombo
Redington, Robert J.	FSO-3	Department
Swihart, James W.	FSO-2	Department

Naval War College

Conroy, John J.	FSO-2	Bangkok
Hill, Robert E.	FSO-3	Belgrade

NATO Defense College (Five-month course):

McClanahan, Grant V.		
(Jan. '62)	FSO-3	London
Miller, William K.		
(Sept. '61)	FSO-2	Helsinki

Imperial Defence College (Begins Jan. '62):

Brown, Lewis D.	FSO-2	Department
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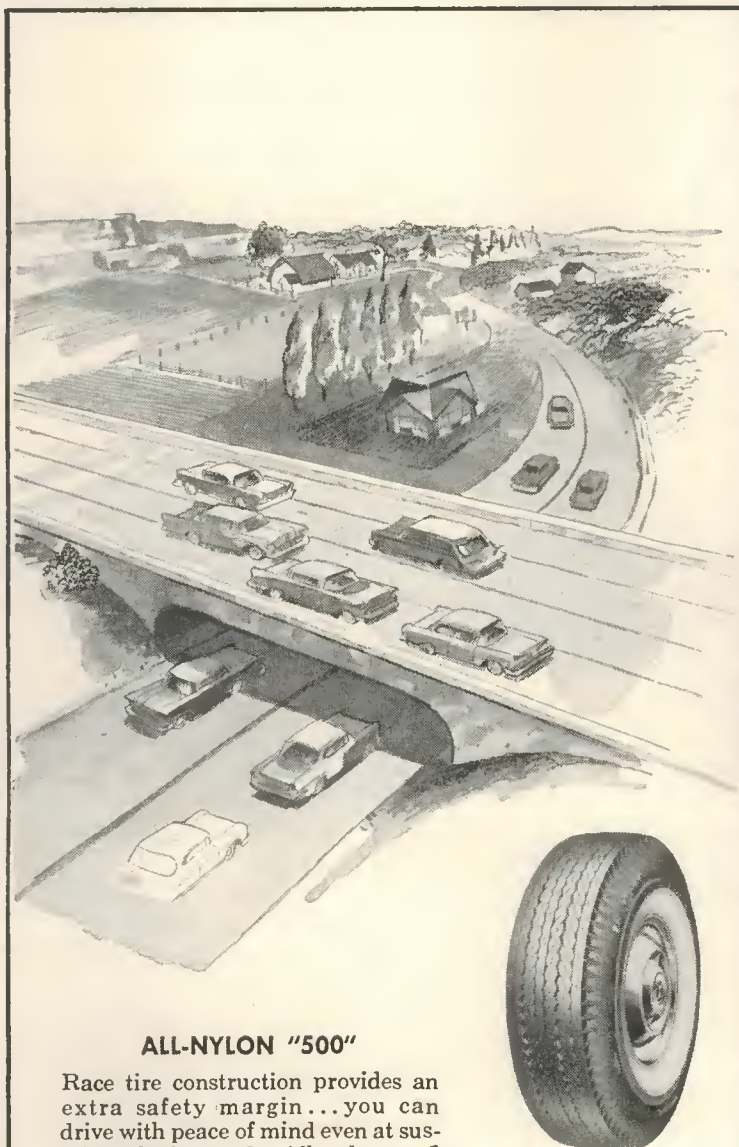
Canadian Defence College:

Hackler, Windsor G.	FSO-2	Singapore
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AFSA



Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon (center) here receives a plaque in recognition of his support of AFSA from Association President Livingston T. Merchant. Board Chairman William L. Blue, who offered Mr. Dillon honorary membership in the Association, looks on.

ON MARCH 8, 1961, Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon was presented by AFSA President Livingston T. Merchant with a plaque in appreciation of his support for the Association. At the same time, AFSA Board Chairman William L. Blue invited Secretary Dillon to become an honorary member of the American Foreign Service Association.

Secretary Dillon resigned on January 4, 1961, as Under Secretary of State after having served since 1953 as Ambassador to France (1953-57), Deputy Under Secretary for Economic Affairs (1957-58), and Under Secretary for Economic Affairs (1958-59). In accepting honorary membership in AFSA, he wrote to Mr. Blue:

"I accept with pleasure and look forward to the opportunity this membership will give me to maintain my ties with the Service. As I told you and Mr. Merchant, I will always look upon my eight years of association with the Service as among the most inspiring of my life. For this I am deeply indebted to the men and women of the Foreign Service."

Benefit at Constitution Hall

SOME FOUR HUNDRED members of the Foreign Service were among the audience at Constitution Hall on the evening of March 28, to hear the National Symphony Orchestra play Beethoven's 9th Symphony in D minor, the Choral symphony. This monumental work, which builds its climatic fourth movement around Schiller's "Ode to Joy" was directed by Howard Mitchell and featured the famed Howard University Chorus.

The event was a triumph for Conductor Mitchell and the Chorus, and AFSA's scholarship fund was made richer by almost \$200. By special arrangement the National Symphony had made available to AFSA a large block of seats. Proceeds from the sale of these tickets were to benefit the scholarship fund on a percentage basis. Among those attending we noted Assistant Secretaries and Ambassadors, as well as many diplomats from the embassies around town. Also included in the program for the evening was a recent work by Cushing, "Cereus," commissioned by the Ford Foundation, and Debussy's "The Blessed Damosel." G.K.S.

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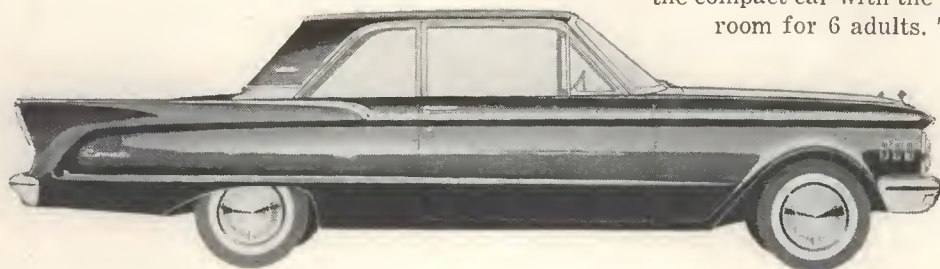
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25 years ago

by JAMES B. STEWART

MAY 1936

A British Look at U. S. Diplomats

HUNTER MILLER, Department, uncarthed in the Library of Congress a confidential despatch dated May 6, 1850, addressed to that famous British statesman, Viscount Palmerston, whose first diplomatic duels were fought with Talleyrand and Metternich, his last with Mr. Lincoln and Prince Bismarck. The writer of the despatch was Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, British Minister to Washington at the time, who is best known in the U. S. as the signer, with Secretary of State John M. Clayton, of the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Excerpts from despatch: "Diplomatic appointments in America are made according to the distribution of patronage belonging to the States which have contributed to the ruling President's election. Such a state having a right to such an extent of patronage, a diplomatist is chosen from it. He is usually a lawyer or member of Congress. The gentleman selected, moreover, is one who wishes on account of business, or with a view to pleasure and information, to visit Europe; he would not give up his position at home for such employment, but a short absence on foreign service will strengthen it; and therefore without abandoning his calling, he consents to go abroad for a brief space of time. . .

"It must at once be stated that nearly all the American Gentlemen chosen for diplomatic situations abroad are gentlemen of a certain station and ability. Their capacity, however, in almost all European countries is of little avail to them. They neither know the language nor usages of foreign countries, and if they succeed in their missions (this is far from being said disparagingly) it is simply because the American Government having an object in view, such object being generally a claim, demands it clearly and boldly with the not disguised threat, which it knows its whole people will heartily support, that if the demand is not complied with, the most energetic means will be adopted to enforce it."

Lin Yutang on China

Mahlon Fay Perkins reviewed "My Country and My People" by Lin Yutang, in the May 1936 JOURNAL. Mr. Perkins, an old China hand, is now retired and lives in Washington. Excerpts from his review:

"Perhaps once in fifty years a book is produced about the Chinese people. In the 'Forties, the French Lazarist, the Abbé Huc, gave us his 'Chincse Empire' in the 'Eighties, the American missionary, Arthur H. Smith, gave us his 'Chinese Characteristics.' And now, in our own day, comes Lin Yutang, as ready and as gifted in cruel analysis as the uninhibited barbarian, but possessed of a loving insight into 'his people' that enables him to show us, not merely the stark realities of the 'negative'; but also the more engaging

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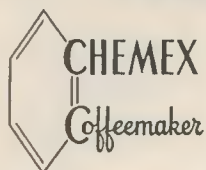
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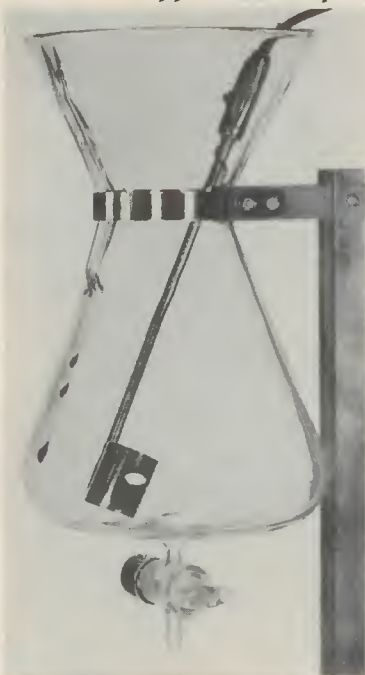
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25 Years Ago

By JAMES B. STEWART

'positive' of this ancient race, the most civilized that the world has ever known.

"One who has lived long in China encounters on every page crystals that he recognizes as genuine: the spirit of compromise; the administration of justice as an art; the absence of official and social snobbery; the health that comes from living close to nature; the universality of humor; the enthronement of 'commonsense'; the philosophy of contentment."

Some Promotions of April 1, 1936

<i>To Class V:</i>	Julian F. Harrington	Oliver Edmund Clubb
Ellis O. Briggs	George F. Kennan	Paul C. Daniels
Allan Dawson	Samuel Reber	Cecil Wayne Gray
William E. De Courcy	Joseph C. Satterthwaite	Raymond A. Hare
John J. Muccio	Angus I. Ward	Gerald Keith
<i>To VI:</i>	S. Walter Washington	Henry S. Villard
George H. Butler	<i>To VII:</i>	George H. Winters
Selden Chapin	W. Walton Butterworth	



A son, John Lipscomb Braddock, was born in Barcelona on March 6, 1936, to Consul and Mrs. Daniel M. Braddock.

1961 Comment: John (Jack) was two years at Harvard, then left to perform his military service. He has now resumed college and is attending George Washington University. Dan, Jr., the eldest, was born in Barcelona in 1932. He graduated from MIT, is married, has three children, and works for Convair in Fort Worth. Carolyn was born in Porto Alegre, 1941. She is a junior at American University and is interested in the Foreign Service. Edward, Porto Alegre, 1942, entered Cornell Engineering last fall. Richard, Bahia, 1944, is in Christ School, Arden, N. C.

"How Virginia and I have managed this far with five, I don't know," says Dan. "The Lord, knowing we loved the Foreign Service and also wanted a family, certainly lent a hand." Dan is a Career Minister.

The International Wastebasket

Cyril Wynne, Review Editor, reviews the book "Powerful America" in the May 1936 JOURNAL: "The author of this apologia for new imperialism—the subtitle reads: 'Our Place in a Rearming World'—is the cable editor of the New York TIMES. His thesis, simply stated, amounts to this: All efforts since the Armistice, for an ordered world organized on a basis of collective action, have failed, and the international wastebasket is full to brim with such scraps of paper as the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and the records of the World Economic Conference and the World Disarmament Conference. He advocates in their stead, Rearmament, 'lest America be left behind in the race and find itself unable to defend vital interests and vital principles of life.'"

And More Recently:

▲ Rhoda Ackerson, United Press International writer, recently described the amusing aspects of the four-hole "Air Free Golf Club" which belongs to the U. S. Legation in Budapest. "One of its many hazards is a French diplomat's nanny goat which roams the greens in lieu of a lawn mower.

"The club was founded in 1952 by Christian M. Ravndal, former U. S. Minister to Hungary, after he was abruptly



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RANGER * Barbed Wire
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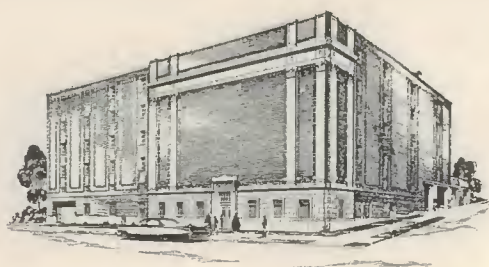
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And More Recently:

By JAMES B. STEWART

(Continued)

thrown off what was left of the old eighteen hole Hungarian golf course in the middle of the game." Chris, an ardent golfer, with the aid of the Hungarian pro, created a new club on an unused piece of American property and christened it, "Free Air."

Comment: Rhoda Ackerson's father, Garret G. Ackerson, Jr., was in charge of the American Legation, Budapest, from 1957 to 1961.

▲ Former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, who began a long and brilliant career as a clerk in the Consulate General at Cairo in 1904, has a birthday on May 27th: Sir, your friends and colleagues salute you with eighty-one salvos!

▲ Paul Squire, a retired Consul General, is still active and lives in Nice where he is a lay reader and a printer of note. Furthermore, Paul is a collector of wee republics and principalities. "Already in the bag," writes our place-dropper, "are Monaco (370 acres), Luxembourg and Andorra. Now I have only Lichtenstein to vanquish."

▲ Harold Tewell, retired, Coral Gables, says that "father time has been good to them." They may be sitting on the fountain of youth the Spaniards failed to find.

▲ Former FSO William Galbraith, in Santurce, Puerto Rico, looked over the national and international state of affairs and remarked, "There's a dose of soapboxing that should start your new year with a dull thud."

▲ Retired Ambassador Shelly Mills and Francesca have bought a house in Santa Barbara and Consul General Churchill Hutton and Frances have bought one in Charlottesville.

▲ Leslie Reed, FSO-retired, his wife and daughter have been living in Los Angeles for the past ten years. He plays a little golf most mornings with a retired Army colonel and a retired Navy admiral. He is also writing reminiscences of his career for the benefit of his family and might publish them at some future time. He says that his former chief, the late Robert Skinner, used to say that there is at least one book in the life of every man, and Leslie thinks that should go double for an FSO.

▲ Anthony J. Drexel Biddle's appointment as Ambassador to Spain recalls a story about two old Philadelphia families.

Years ago the Earl of Dunraven was visiting Philadelphia and his host was showing him the city. "There's where the first Biddle lived," said the Philadelphian.

After several more "Biddle references" Dunraven said: "Ah, yes. But tell me, my dear sir, what the deuce is a biddle anyway?"

"Oh," his host replied, "a Biddle is almost a Cadwalader."

▲ A tip of the hat to that stalwart career officer who did so much for the Department and the Foreign Service during the years of his Undersecretaryship. In the April 1955 JOURNAL we expressed the hope that Loy Henderson would devote several years to his new and vital administrative task in which case his reward would be the witnessing of a revitalized Service. He did just that. He accomplished his mission—completed his task.

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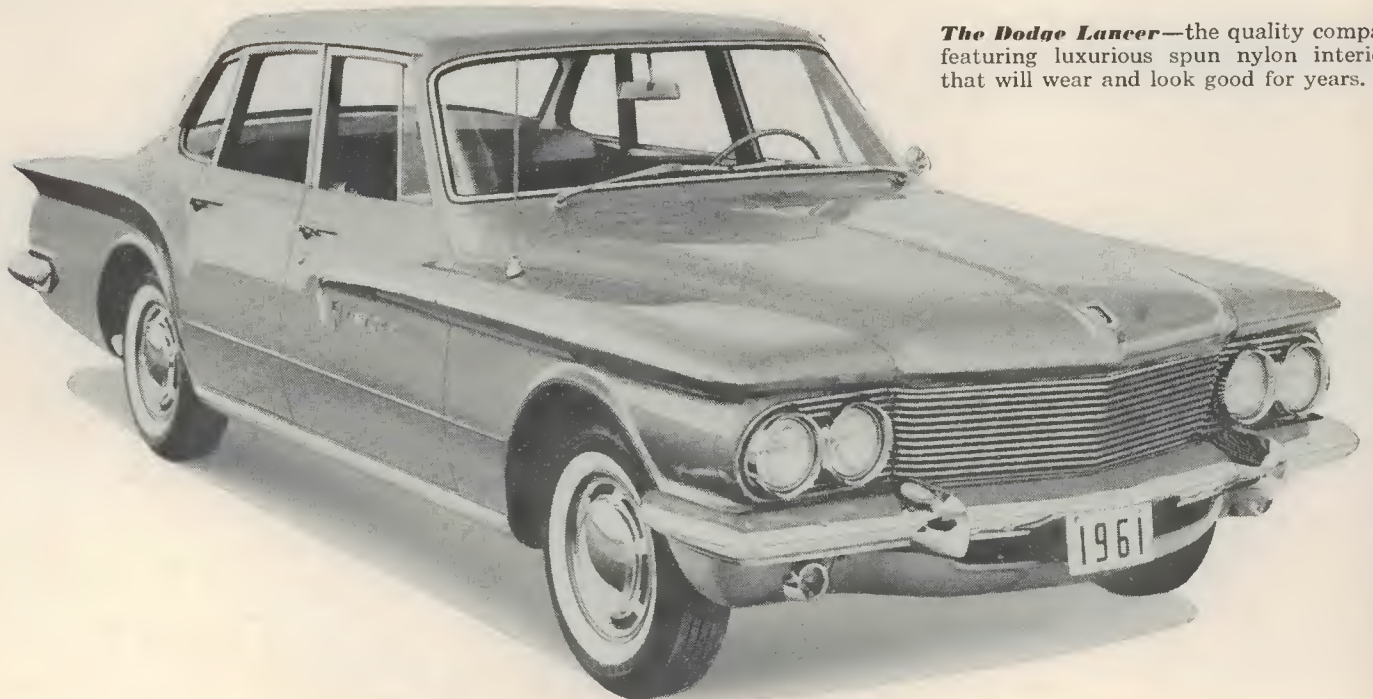
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probably won't have before '62, '63, or even '64.

There's plenty of room for the knees, elbows, hips and heads of six. You'll be cloaked in comfort so lavish most people will hardly believe you're driving a compact at all. And trunk room is equally generous, with space for a vacation-sized pile of luggage.

To really appreciate these handsome compact packages, and the money-saving engines that go with them, you have to spend some time in one. Contact your dealer and let him show you how easy it is to own the compacts that look and drive like twice the price.

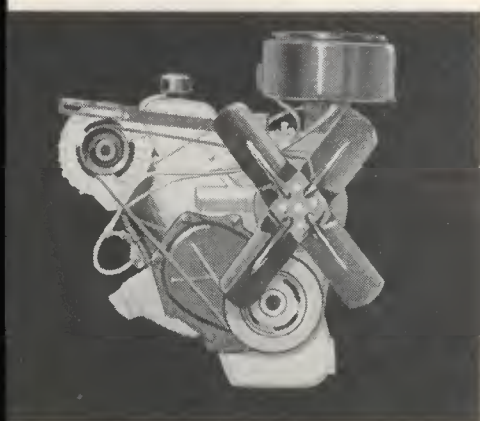


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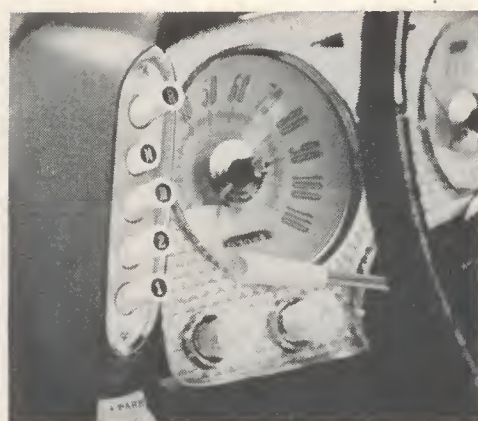
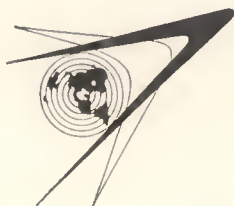


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Detail Serpent Head, "El Castillo," Chichen-Itza, Yucatan, Mexico

Robert E. Macaulay

of the comparative areas or total populations.

The building, itself, should have three thousand windows, all made of easily shattered glass. Doors should not swing on hinges but should, rather, fall in and downwards in response to a moderate shove at shoulder height. Chairs, desks, and cabinets within the building must be devoid of nails. Component parts of all furniture should fit together, and glue should not be used. By way of standard, a chair so assembled should come apart when tapped lightly over the head of a man whose hair has not yet begun to thin appreciably. Safe doors should open when kicked half a dozen times by shod feet or fourteen times barefoot. A spring arrangement within the safe, activated by the opening of the door, would eject hundreds of documents (all clearly marked TOP SECRET), while a strategically placed fan would serve to blow them accurately through a shattered window into the streets.

The exterior of the building would boast certain important features, too. The flagpole would be within reach of one short man standing on the shoulders of another short man, but not within reach of one tall man standing on his toes. Heavy-duty spikes, protruding from the exterior walls at intervals of ten feet, should be strong enough to support suspended effigies. The concrete of the building's exterior should have horizontal, parallel lines to facilitate the scrawling of insults, slogans, and obscenities. The building should be surrounded by a wall, but a wall no higher than four

feet. This would give demonstrators something to scale, providing a maximum degree of accomplishment with a minimum of real effort. Outside the wall, but close to it, I visualize ten rows of banked benches. These would be occupied by the police, who are invariably described as having arrived within minutes after any demonstration or sacking has begun but as not having taken action for a half-hour. They should not have to stand around during that time, especially in inclement weather.

These are the main features of the proposal. I do have in mind various refinements and additions, but it is premature to discuss them. A permanent, well-trained and *dedicated* mob of international demonstrators, perhaps paid from UN funds, could be used, for example, by any country which wished to demonstrate against another. Such permanent mobs could be housed near the embassy building I have described, avoiding frustrating delays in getting to the scene of the demonstration. Given the number of world capitals, the steady employment, on a career basis, of such mobs would serve also to diminish unemployment to some extent. Properly motivated demonstrators currently working for non-international or other-than-UN-international organizations could be laterally integrated. This system would primarily guarantee, however, against abortive or second-rate demonstrations and incomplete sackings. In this connection, I have a related idea—but I am presenting it to the International Olympic Games Committee.

Diplomacy as a Profession

by GEORGE F. KENNAN

IT IS NOT EASY for me to tell you with what feelings I find myself again in this company. Twenty-seven years of membership in the American Foreign Service do not come and go without leaving their marks on a person. Of course, this is not the only life one can lead; there are other things you can do, even in the wake of a Foreign Service career, and great satisfaction to be derived from doing them. But an organizational framework which has held you for so many years of your life, and particularly of your youth, never fully loses its claim on your feelings. I should be a very insensitive person indeed if I could stand here in this way today and not be affected by the experience.

This is, of course, not exactly the same Service that I entered thirty-five years ago. Great changes have occurred, in spirit and in organization. Some of these changes I have understood and have welcomed; about others I have had my doubts. But I am old enough to realize that even these doubts may reflect too long a detachment from the work of the Service, or the natural resistance of age to change, and to recognize the possibility that I may be wrong.

And it is not only spirit and organization that have changed. There have been changes in the actual functions of the Service since the days when I entered it. There are things which are today regarded as part of the task of the Service which, in those earlier days, we would have thought better done elsewhere, if they had to be done at all.

But despite these changes, it seems to me that the basic function of the Foreign Service has remained the same. This is the classic function of diplomacy: to effect the communication between one's own government and other governments or individuals abroad, and to do this with maximum accuracy, imagination, tact, and good sense. Of course, this is not all there is or not all there is on the surface. But at the bottom of almost every facet of Foreign Service work, if you analyze it, you will find, I think, that what is essentially at stake is this process of communication.

People have often alleged that the invention of the telegraph and other technological changes have detracted from the importance of this task—that they have reduced the diplomatist to a glorified messenger boy. This view could not, I think, be more mistaken. The sort of communication which the modern diplomatist is called upon to effect

demands from him an independent contribution fully as responsible, and just as replete with possibilities for originality and creativity, as that of any other profession. Any of us who has had so much as a single year in this work has learned, I am sure, the first great lesson it has to teach: and that is, that what is important in the relations between governments is not just, or even predominantly, the "what" but rather the "how"—the approach, the posture, the manner, the style of action. The most brilliant undertaking can be turned into a failure if it is clumsily and tactlessly executed; there are, on the other hand, few blunders which cannot be survived, if not redeemed, when matters are conducted with grace and with feeling.

Of course, the Foreign Service officer is not alone responsible for the style of diplomacy. The basic responsibility lies with people above him! But the manner in which he handles his task is a very important component in the determination of his government's style of action as well as in the creation of the intellectual climate out of which this style is forged. The Foreign Service is in effect a co-partner with the senior political echelons of the government in the double task of studying and comprehending the nature of our world environment and of communicating with other governments concerning the requirements and the aspirations that flow from the life of our society.

AND THIS IS, as I see it, outstandingly an intellectual task. It is just as much an intellectual task as teaching, or scientific research, or medicine. It will absorb all that anyone can give it in the way of reflectiveness. It yields to no other profession in the demands it places on the capacity for scientific analysis and creative thought. It is, in fact, a species of scholarship.

Whenever I talk about this connection between scholarship and diplomacy, which for obvious reasons is close to my heart, I have to smile at myself for something that happened to me years ago. At a friend's house, in a book about Confucius, I came on a passage which pleased me mightily. It was part of a dialogue between Confucius and one of his followers, named Tsekung. It reads as follows:

Tsekung asked Confucius: "What kind of a person do you think can properly be called a scholar?"

Confucius replied: "A person who shows a sense of honor in his personal conduct and who can be relied upon to carry out a diplomatic mission in a foreign country with competence and dignity can be properly called a scholar."

Mr. Kennan was an active member of the Foreign Service from 1926 to 1953, and has since been a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton.

DIPLOMACY AS A PROFESSION

As I say, I was very pleased about this. I saw in it a vindication of my own personal conviction about the connection between these two professions. But I was somewhat nonplussed when I read further down the page and came across the following:

"What do you think of the officials today?"

"Oh!" said Confucius, "those rice-bags! They don't count at all."

There is a special reason, in my mind, why it is important to recognize this connection between diplomacy and the life of the intellect. Diplomacy is a profession which until recently had never fully found its own soul or discovered its own proper dignity. As you all know, it had its origins, as an institution, in the relations among the royal and imperial courts of an earlier day. Its initial task was the mediation between royal persons, not states. The diplomatist was a member of the court. He stood at the center of its life: of its gossip, its intrigues, its sycophaney, of the moral corruption which inevitably attends great personal power. He gained, perhaps, in outward glamor from these associations; but he failed to gain in true professional dignity; for what was involved here was too often the interests of a dynasty, and too seldom the interests of a people.

AS THINGS BEGAN to change, in the past century and a half, as dynastic relationships began to give way to relationships reflecting the interests of entire peoples—diplomacy, for understandable reasons, was slow to change with the times. It long retained the trappings and habits of an earlier epoch. It could hardly do otherwise. It continued to be, by habit and tradition, an expensive profession. It required independent means. It required special breeding and education. It required what Jules Cambon once called "*une certaine habitude du monde*." These were things for which, until very recently, one had to have had the advantages of birth. Diplomacy, for this reason, long continued to be the province of what we could call high society; and I think it suffered from this fact. It led a life remote from that of the masses of the people. It attracted the sneers and the jealousies that are bound to attach themselves to any social élite. It still had, of course, its somewhat spurious social glamor; but it tended to be associated in the public mind with luxury, with personal ingratiation, with deception and intrigue, with cunning and insincerity. It failed to command wide respect as a calling which had its own integrity and could absorb the best there was in people. And even for those who practiced it, the rather unreal social climate in which it all proceeded tended to obscure rather than to reveal its true distinction and its true possibilities.

I say these things with no disrespect for the men who staffed our diplomatic missions in earlier days. On the contrary, many of these were very able people, some of the ablest we have ever had. The advantages of personal security and superior education which they brought to this work often stood them in good stead. I once had a chief (some of you may know him) who used to insist that the only reason he entered the Foreign Service was that his mother got tired of having her bags inspected at frontiers. He said this only half in jest; yet he was one of the ablest men I ever worked for.

But the excellence of some of these men must not blind

us to the weaknesses that affected the Service in the days when I joined it. There was still a hangover from the older assumptions of dynastic diplomacy. It was still assumed that what was most importantly involved was to know and understand, in any given country, only a small group of highly placed and influential individuals. It has taken the events of recent decades to teach us that in the modern age diplomacy has a task far wider, more difficult, more challenging than this. The conduct of foreign policy rests today on an exercise in understanding truly staggering in its dimensions—understanding not just of the minds of a few monarchs or prime ministers, but understanding of the minds and emotions and necessities of entire peoples, and not just of a few peoples at that, but of a round hundred of them—peoples in all conceivable stages of progress from the state of primitive man to the greatest complexity of modern industrial society. And what is involved here is the necessity for understanding the lives of these peoples in *all* their aspects: social, economic, cultural, as well as political. It is this vast work of cognition and analysis in which the Foreign Service officer participates so prominently and responsibly; and it is *in* this task, commensurate—I repeat—in its demands on the mind with the tasks of academic scholarship and science, that I have personally come to see diplomacy's escape from the triviality and sterility that so recently threatened it, and its elevation to one of the really great and challenging callings of mankind.

On the other hand, inspiring as this task may be, I think we have to recognize that this profession also suffers from certain inevitable and probably incurable handicaps. The first of these is its congenital remoteness from popular understanding. I doubt that this can ever be fully cured. The external needs of a democratic country are always going to be to some extent in conflict with the internal attitudes and aspirations of its people. To most national societies, the world outside is mainly and normally a nuisance: something that impedes and limits the ability of people to live the way they would like to live. And the diplomatist cannot help it: his duty is to reflect the realities of this bothersome outside world, whether his fellow-countrymen like it or not. It is his task, very often, to say the unpleasant things—the things people neither want to hear nor like to believe. The achievements of diplomacy are hard for the public to discern. The position of the diplomatist, on the other hand, is such that he constitutes a ready target for blame when things go wrong. The popular concept of the social habits of diplomacy and of the nature of diplomatic life continues to arouse jealousies and resentments.

IN THE CASE of our own country, I think, this failure of understanding is particularly great. Somehow or other, to many Americans, the idea of residing permanently, as a profession, at the seats of other governments and of trying patiently to understand these governments and to mediate between their needs and ours, is repugnant. These people find such an occupation slightly unmanly. They question its necessity. They cannot understand why anyone should want to do it. They suspect that it leads to a weakening of the attachment to traditional American values. They see in it a loss of true American innocence.

This is, of course, a form of provincialism. I think it is declining, as our nation grows in experience and maturity. But we must not expect it to disappear over night. To some extent, I fear, the professional diplomatist will always remain in his own country, and particularly in this one, a person apart, the bearer of a view of the outside world which his fellow citizens cannot entirely follow, and of a view of his own country which, while it does not cause him to love it the less, causes him to see it in other ways than his neighbors at home can ever be expected to see it. He is guilty, if you will, of the sin of detachment. In interpreting his fellow-countrymen to others, he will not be able to avoid interpreting them, to some extent, to themselves; and this is something for which they will not readily forgive him, for self-knowledge comes hard.

FOR THESE REASONS, diplomacy is always going to consist to some extent of serving people who do not know that they are being served, who do not know that they need to be served, who misunderstand and, occasionally, abuse the very effort to serve them. This, too, is something to which the younger ones of you here present will have to accustom yourselves. It adds to the strains of the Service; it does not, in my opinion, detract from its dignity. On the contrary. Let us take special pride in the fact that we of this profession serve not because of, but in spite of, many of the popular attitudes by which our work is surrounded. It takes a special love of country to pursue, with love, and faith, and cheerfulness, work for which no parades will ever march, no crowds will cheer, no bands will play.

The second great drawback of foreign service seems to me to be the fact that it so often is, or can so easily become, an unhealthy mode of life—unhealthy in the sheer physical and nervous sense. It does involve, and will always involve, an intensity of social entertainment which goes far beyond what the human frame, and particularly the human gastrointestinal tract, was ever meant to endure. In many instances, normal exercise and recreation are hard to find. It is a life of many petty anxieties and frustrations, but of few visible achievements. The diplomatist lacks the spiritual satisfaction that comes from being able to see in concrete form the results of cultivating one's own home and one's own garden. His life, and that of his children, is subject to peculiar forms of insecurity, physical and psychic.

For all these reasons, I think this to be in some respects a dangerous profession. It seems to me that I have seen, over the decades, an unduly high percentage of older men in this Service who prematurely lost physical and intellectual tone, who became, at best, empty bundles of good manners and, at worst, rousing stuffed shirts. They are not to blame for this. They have eaten one too many a diplomatic dinner. They have pumped one too many a hand. They have exhausted the capacity for spontaneity. Let us not be superior. We all face these dangers—and some of us, sooner than we like to think—and it will take our best efforts to avoid them.

But the question arises: if this is really the nature of our profession—if it is really thus isolated, thus misunderstood, thus unhealthy and dangerous—where does one find the rewards—the satisfactions, the compensations—that could make it personally worthwhile?

Let me volunteer some answers—not complete answers, certainly, but perhaps suggestive.

One looks for these rewards, first of all, in the understanding and respect brought to one's work by one's own colleagues—in the sheer professional comradeship they afford. This is true of many professions: it is to the colleague, not to the outsider or the client, that one looks for real appreciation. Ask the doctor, or the lawyer, or the teacher. And it's precisely because this is so—because the people of our Service have this high degree of dependence on one another—that the Service has a special need of wise and sensitive administrative direction. It is for this reason that it needs a set of administrative and disciplinary rules that take account of its many peculiarities, of administrators who know something of the substance and the subjective sensations of its work, of a reasonable uniformity in the qualifications of membership, of fair and consistent standards in selection and promotion. It is for this reason that it should never be permitted to become impossibly large and mechanical and impersonal. It is for this reason that it should have personnel and security procedures which do not proceed in water-tight compartments, which take as their object the whole man, not just a part of him, which take cognizance of his virtues as well as his weaknesses and make their judgments on the balance of the two, which breed mutual confidence laterally and vertically rather than mutual suspicion, which avoid the evils of anonymity, which ease—in short—the special burden of insecurity that rests in any case on Foreign Service life, instead of adding to it.

BUT IT IS NOT ONLY on the administrators and the system of administration that this high degree of moral interdependence places special demands. The individual officer, too, must make his contribution, with a view to creating the only tolerable sort of collegial atmosphere—it is up to him to discipline himself to avoid the petty jealousies, to refuse to listen to the office-intriguer and the trouble-maker, to recognize a responsibility for the morale of those around him, just as he has to draw on them for his own morale.

Beyond this, and I am addressing this particularly to those of you who are in the early stages of your Foreign Service career, I would like to say that no one, in my opinion, will experience the full satisfactions of this work if he regards it only as a means of personal advancement—only as a means of satisfying personal ambition. Ambition is all right, to a degree. God forbid that anyone should be wholly without it. But in our case—it is not enough.

To find meaning and satisfaction in this work, one must learn, first of all, to enjoy it as a way of life. One must be able to love the great diversity of nature and of human living—to forget one's self at times, to be curious and detached and observant, to be sensitive to beauty and to tragedy, grateful for the opportunity to see life from many sides, accepting gladly the challenge that the external world presents to the understanding and the capacity for wonder. This is something which the over-ambitious, self-centered man will never be able to do, because he will never be able to see much beyond himself.

It takes modesty, as Sigmund Freud once pointed out, to be clear-sighted.

But there is something more, too, something more impor-



Leukerbad, Switzerland

by Lynn Moffly

tant still. You must also have, if you are to taste the full satisfactions of this work, a belief in its essential importance and even—if I may use this term—its solemnity.

I DON'T WANT to sound corny. Perhaps, for this reason, the less I say about this, the better. But this is, after all, an endangered world, endangered in the grimmest sense of that term: a world endangered by the atom, by the phenomenon of over-population, by the lack of uniformity in the economic and social advancement of various branches of the human family, with all the tensions that produces, and finally by the ideological prejudices in the name of which certain great peoples are today ruled. It is to this pattern of dangers that the foreign policies of our country are, in large part, addressed; there is no country whose policies are, from this standpoint, more important; and there is no Foreign Service officer whose work and attitudes do not have something to do with the formulation of these policies. Unless one realizes these things—unless one cares about them—unless one has a real love of life and a belief that there are things worth living for—unless one trembles occasionally for the civilization to which he be-

longs—unless one can contrive to see his work as related, however modestly, to the problem of saving this civilization—unless one consents, accordingly, to recognize that there are things at stake in his work vastly more important than the comforts or the financial enrichment or the career advancement of any single individual—unless one can do these things, then, my friends, I can give no assurance whatsoever that the strains and drawbacks of Foreign Service life are ever going to find their compensation. Whoever cannot understand that values more important than his own immediate personal interests are involved in the work he performs, and that unless these values are preserved, his own individual life can never attain full richness and meaning, that man does not belong in this profession; for to him it will never reveal its true rewards.

That, my friends, is all I have to say to you about the Foreign Service. I thank you for the warmth with which you have welcomed me back to your midst; and I wish you all, from the bottom of my heart, the best that this unique and poorly understood, but honorable profession can give you.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Challenge to the Service

IN HIS INFORMAL remarks on February 20 to the policy officers of the Department, Secretary Rusk asked them to "think about foreign policy in its total context" and not "as something left over after defense policy or trade policy or fiscal policy has been extracted." He added, later in his remarks, that "if the Department of State is to take responsibility for foreign policy in Washington, it follows that the Ambassador is expected to take charge overseas. This does not mean in a purely bureaucratic sense, but in an active, operational, interested, responsible fashion. He is expected to know about what is going on among the representatives of other agencies who are stationed in his country. He is expected to supervise, to encourage, to direct, to assist in any way he can."

These are not new ideas. They have appeared, among other places, in President Eisenhower's Executive Order of last November, in the reports of the Jackson Subcommittee on National Policy Machinery, at Arden House, in Ambassador Mathews' article in last month's JOURNAL, and in several JOURNAL editorials. They and we have called for exchanges of personnel and better training programs so as to enable the Foreign Service and the Department to obtain the knowledge and experience necessary for the formulation and direction of policy in the politico-military and other specialized fields. As Secretary Rusk points out, the urgency of this task for the Department and the Service applies not only in Washington, where the Department's leadership in foreign policy must be established, but also in the field, where Chiefs of Mission must supervise the activities of other agencies.

But when these words come directly from the Secretary of State they become policy, not mere hopes. Action is therefore indicated.

It is clear that training, on and off-the-job, is necessary. In addition, junior and middle-grade officers must be encouraged to broaden their experience in "non-traditional" diplomatic functions: military, economic, fiscal, trade, informational, cultural, development assistance, disarmament, atomic energy, etc.

Promotion policy and assignment policy are closely linked. For if capable younger officers are to be expected to take "non-traditional" assignments, it must be demonstrated to them that these assignments will not interfere with their promotion rate and that they will not be at a disadvantage in competing with their colleagues for policy-making positions. We do not have statistical information on the past assignment patterns of Foreign Service officers who currently serve in the field as Chiefs of Mission and Deputy Chiefs of Mission and in the Department as Office Directors and above. There is no doubt, however, that the Service believes that the great majority of these men attained these positions up the ladder of "traditional" diplomatic jobs. In the future this state of affairs must be changed. We hope that the new personnel administrators, Messrs. Jones, Crockett and Pollack, will use their very considerable expertise to see that it is in fact changed. Then the way will be cleared for the Service to pick up the responsibilities of command at home and abroad which Secretary Rusk has asked it to assume.

Mufti at McNair?

READERS OF Mr. Greene's informative article on the Imperial Defence College (p. 47) will have noted a significant difference between this institution and its American counterpart, the National War College. This year, for the first time in its history, the Defence College has a civilian commandant.

This is an eminently sensible step in the development of an institution the purpose of which is to prepare senior officers for positions of high responsibility in matters of policy and strategy. In this age of the hyphenated approach—hot-cold wars, politico-military considerations, etc.—both civilian and military officials in the upper echelons must have the broadest possible training and experience, plus the opportunity to exchange thinking and compare views. Institutions like the IDC and the NWC (and the ICAF) are doing their best to provide this kind of training and this opportunity. We believe that their efforts are increasingly effective but we also believe that the NWC would benefit from following the apparently successful British experiment of including a civilian official in the rotation of the IDC command.

The tone and general approach of any educational insti-

tution derive in large measure from its human head, and, try as he may to be completely objective, a man is inevitably much influenced by his own professional background and experience. The left-hand side of the politico-military hyphen is just as important as the right-hand side and the content of the NWC curriculum is in fact more political than military. In all reason, therefore, the diplomatic sector of our Government should be represented, and not always in a subordinate capacity, in the direction of our highest level politico-military educational institution.

While we are at it, we suggest that National War College is an anachronistic name for the institution. Perhaps some of our readers may wish to turn their frustrated Madison Avenue instincts loose on suggestions to remedy this situation. Our own choice would be National Security College.

We are well aware that in raising these matters we may be poking at a hornet's nest of traditional service prerogatives, command responsibilities, organization channels, and similar bureaucratic shibboleths. Our only excuse is that we believe the future role and conduct of our senior service institutions are among those serious matters on which the new Administration has invited new thinking and new ideas.

Clippings from the Press

"Shift in Twenty-Year Policy"

PRESIDENT KENNEDY and Secretary of State Dean Rusk are fully engaged in a calculated effort to make water flow uphill. In one of the bolder experiments of the Administration, they are trying to repair the erosion of the State Department's authority that has taken place over the last twenty years and give the Department control over all elements of foreign policy. Mr. Rusk stated the challenge to his policy-making officers in a recent private talk: . . .

"We have a President who will rely heavily on the Department of State for the conduct of foreign relations," he said.

"This will not be a passive reliance, but an active expectation on his part that this Department will, in fact, take charge of foreign policy. In consequence, an enormous responsibility falls upon us here not only in developing policies, but in seeing that they are carried out."

The dilution of the Department's authority began with the United States entrance into the war in December, 1941. This country then had only a small corps of Foreign Service officers, and they had been brought up in the isolationist tradition.

The State Department had made no plans for such contingencies as setting up machinery for propaganda, economic warfare and intelligence. As a result, these activities were entrusted to autonomous agencies that inevitably cut across the Department's lines of authority.

More seriously the Department had done no policy planning of the sort that would have made the armed services the instruments of well-considered long-range policy.

Inevitably, the military became at times the masters of policy, and the State Department tamely assented to the requirements of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and such theatre commanders as Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur.

After the war, the diplomats found themselves hemmed in by interdepartmental committees in which colonels fresh from the bombing or artillery range spoke out with all the

valor of ignorance on the most sensitive issues of foreign policy.

Congress, for its part, was deeply suspicious of the "cookie pushers" and "striped-pants boys." In 1948, it even took the Marshall Plan away from its originator, Gen. George C. Marshall, then Secretary of State, and set it up in an autonomous agency.

Then the blight known as McCarthyism further smudged the Department's reputation and drove into retirement or banishment some of its most enterprising officers.

Finally, in the Eisenhower Administration, the committee system spread like onion grass in the lawn. At one time the Operations Coordinating Board, itself an interdepartmental committee, was playing nurse to forty-five lesser committees, all with a finger in the foreign-policy pie.

All this history, then, is what Secretary Rusk is trying to reverse with the strong encouragement of President Kennedy.

"We in this Department must think about foreign policy in its total context," the Secretary told his officers. . .

"Foreign policy is the total involvement of the American people with peoples and governments abroad. That means that if we are to achieve a new standard of leadership, we must think in terms of the total context of our situation. . . ."

This challenge now dazzles the State Department and the Foreign Service. They feel like the poor girl who marries a millionaire and suddenly finds herself the mistress of mansions, estates and household staffs ranging from Long Island to Palm Beach to the French Riviera. The prospect is delightful, but can she manage it all?

To that frosty old dowager, the State Department, looking out on the world from her big mansion in Foggy Bottom, the question is a serious one, indeed.

For President Kennedy has brought into the White House, the Pentagon, the foreign-aid agencies and other organizations of the Government an awesome array of brainpower that would move easily into any vacuum of leadership in the field of foreign affairs.

What Secretary Rusk and his men do with their opportunity will, therefore, make up one of the significant chapters in the history of the Kennedy Administration—Wallace Carroll in the NEW YORK TIMES.

—O—

"Relations with Cuba"

Excerpts from editorial in the Washington POST, February 27, 1961.

♦♦♦ **T**HE TAR SLOSHED around by the Internal Security Subcommittee has most cruelly smeared two Foreign Service officers: Richard Roy Rubottom, until last fall Assistant Secretary of State and now Ambassador to Argentina, and William Wieland, until recently in charge of Caribbean affairs. Messrs. Rubottom and Wieland, being career diplomats, have been at a disadvantage in giving the response that the accusations deserve.

The principal charge against these two officers seems to be that they—

along with about six million Cubans and millions of other Latin Americans—did not like former Cuban Dictator Fulgencio Batista. The fact is that Messrs. Rubottom and Wieland were thoroughly aware at the same time of the instability of Fidel Castro, then mounting his campaign against the rotting Batista regime which had repelled Cubans by its brutality and corruption. Indeed, they were at pains to try to develop and work with a democratic alternative to both Castro and Batista—a plan which for obvious reasons they could not disclose.

Now, it would be foolish to pretend that there were not mistakes in the conduct of relations with Cuba. . .

But it is much easier to paint history in broad strokes than to deal with the intricate details that combine to approximate truth. . .

Well, doubtless it is all very much more convenient to think that someone in Washington planned the developments in Cuba precisely the way they turned out. When you come to think of it, with all the fits and jerks that have accompanied the investigation into Cuba it is hardly surprising that the Subcommittee has not stumbled upon one other interesting point. Until recently, at least, the Communists themselves have had something of a monopoly on the theory that nothing in history is ever accidental.

To General Services Officers

WE WISH WE COULD SIT DOWN AND TALK TO YOU PERSONALLY.



All measurements prove that the waste space between the inner and the outer volumes of the Security steel liftvans is the lowest available. This provides the savings in ocean freight which wooden vancases cannot produce. During February and March you were mailed information concerning the four sizes of Security Steel Liftvans, as well as marine insurance information. We hope you have some questions concerning this subject and will write to us. All inquiries will be promptly answered.

Because you are concerned with your Embassy's budget, you will be interested to learn of the savings in ocean freight when household effects are shipped in Security's Steel Liftvans.

Consideration of ocean freight costs is required by Department of State Instruction CA-6281, dated January 23, 1958, ¶3.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS

April, 1961



Herblock

Washington Post

THIS IS THE month that will go down in history, whenever heroes are celebrated, as the month when man took his first great leap into outer space. While some of the world enjoyed a long lunch hour or a brief siesta, one man went around the world, in outer space, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. Jules Verne wouldn't have been surprised. The thing that would have surprised him was that it took so long, so long since balloons were the rage in Paris over a century ago.

Today's leap into the void was perhaps made possible by considerations other than mere challenge to the individual, but this is not entirely at odds with history. Only mountain climbers, it seems, undergo the rigors of adventure to satisfy themselves.

Today it was a Russian, in some weeks it will probably be an American, but with well over 250 million planets capable of supporting life in our galaxy alone, it would seem that there is plenty of room to move around in. Whether we'll be glad we discovered some of the life on these planets it is still a little too early to estimate, but we could readily expect them to be a bit smarter than the inhabitants of Earth.

Round Town

Back on terra firma in as windy and cool an April as ever Washington had seen, poets were talking of spring. One recalled Kenko's charming essay to our attention:

"O how enchanting is the spring when the singing birds return on a warm spring breeze! How sweet the sunshine! It is a stirring of spring within us to see the grass thickening beneath the fences on a mild misty day and to watch the early budding of the flowers."

("Harvest of Leisure," *Grove Press*) *

But it was not just gentle sun and misty day that characterized this April in Washington. The cherry blossoms were beautiful, the daytime parade and crowning of the queen well attended, the budding trees and flowers colorful and delicate. But surging through the buildings, and permeating the very atmosphere was a continuing, new feeling of dynamism.

We caught it one week-end listening to conversations of some job aspirants, on the train ride down from New York. It seeped through the testimony of new appointees testifying before the Senate. It shone on the faces of tourists gazing at the White House. It escaped from the confines of actions and speeches at conferences—even committee conferences. It was apparent in the middle of the chaos and confusion of the Peace Corps offices, whose lights seem regularly to be on from dawn until midnight.

Kennan before AFSA

It was evident at the AFSA luncheon when Ambassador Kennan spoke before members of the Association, at the Shoreham Hotel. Dynamism and warmth were in both the speech and its reception. Rarely had such a well-written speech been delivered to the Association, as readers will have discovered on page 23. So many calls came in for copies of this talk that the JOURNAL has tried to beat its records and for the convenience of its readers will appear this month almost a week early.

*Translated from the *Tsure-Zure Gusa* by Ryukichi Kurata, *Wisdom of the East Series*.

Ambassador Kennan's new book is appearing shortly and is entitled "Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin" (Atlantic Monthly Press: Little, Brown). It has been chosen as the Book of the Month Club selection for May. This book is not one of the series "Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920"; it contains history lectures delivered at Oxford and Harvard Universities.

Frontier Air

"Frontier Air Found Inspiring" was the way one newspaper writer described the atmosphere around town this month.

It was a time when new ideas and new ideals were being considered. The new wave coming to town probably had more Phi Beta Kappa keys and Rhodes scholars than had hit Washington in many a long moon.

If the capital is representative of the country—and we believe it is more representative than any other large town in the U.S., partly because its citizens come from all parts of the States and a large proportion of them are mobile—if the capital is representative of the country, attitudes and values may be changing at an incredible rate of speed. The break-through in political satire perhaps is indicative of this. The fact that at least three of our top national comedians are making their bread and butter from political satire indicates a new interest in politics and government. This interest can be seen, too, in the tenor of articles found in magazines and even in the titles of the paperbacks on drug store counters. Among the paperback books, whose contents seldom live up to their lurid covers, one notes the serious study on "The Secretary of State," put out by the American Assembly; two different editions of "The Strategy of Peace," by the President; the report on National Goals, "Goals for Americans," and George Kennan's "American Diplomacy, 1900-1950." And let's remember these are books published for mass circulation.

Before the Senate

One felt this surging vitality, too, in Ed Murrow's testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and in his first talk to the members of USIA. We would like to quote one of his remarks:

"The other evening a few reporters that I used to know were commiserating with me. They said, 'There you are in that bureaucracy, surrounded by a group of incompetents who couldn't possibly make a living in the competitive world of news and information, and we give you our deepest sympathy!' To which I replied that on the basis of one month's unsalaried experience I would undertake to staff either a network or a newspaper out of this Agency; and make it competitive with anything that now exists."

His talk is being carried in full in the "USIA CORRESPONDENT" so we will not publish it here, but would like to quote one further paragraph:

"I am aware, or perhaps I should more accurately say that I am becoming aware, that flexibility is not easily come by in an Agency of this sort. But I am persuaded that if we operate on the assumption that ideas are important, that they will be given hospitality by those of us charged with the making of decisions and we can produce a more flexible organization . . . I would hope that increasingly, in all media, we would not only ask ourselves that important question, why are we doing it, but that we would also try to deal more with ideals than with images. An image, as I understand it, is something you fit into. An ideal is something to which you aspire."

In the Great Tradition

In his talk to the Association in February, Secretary Rusk told two anecdotes illustrating his respect for the "great traditions of the Service." Here they are, in his own words:

"Looking back over the years, I can remember that Tom Wasson was killed by an assassin's bullet in Palestine; but the thing that the public does not know is that within hours there were many, many telegrams from all over the world from Foreign Service officers volunteering instantly to take his place.

"I remember flying frequently during the War with John Davies in the CBI (China-Burma-India) theater. I was not with him on the occasion when he and Eric Sevareid and others parachuted into the Naga headhunters country. John Davies was something of a jinx as a companion on air travel because he almost always found airplane trouble when he flew. But about five or six weeks after that incident, what is not reported is that John Davies was over the same Naga headhunter country in another plane, and it, too, developed trouble. And, since he had been the first one out of the plane the first time, he again climbed into his parachute, and with a smile said, 'Well, at least I know these people down here!'"

State Department Murders

Perhaps aimed at capitalizing on the wider interests of today's youth is a film due to be released early this summer, "State Department Murders." For youngsters nourished on TV murders and crime it's probably thought necessary to keep within the usual entertainment format.

We called the film studio to find out a little about the corpses and killers at State and were told that though the film starts out as a pseudo-serious study of McCarthyism, with a State Department officer being



Yugoslavia

Lynn Moffly

attacked by a Congressional committee, being accused of treason, etc., it degenerates into a week-end frolic of cops and robbers.

Bureaucrateeth

Some may be wondering how the exhausted bureaucrat of last month's Washington Letter is faring. One of our Inside informants reports that a new amenity has come into the life of the harried bureaucrat. A new toothpaste with hidden, invisible food particles is being marketed for those who don't have time to eat between brushings.

"LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE"

by Robert W. Rinden



"Please, my dear Mr. Murgatroyd, please don't be upset about your place at dinner. I had no idea you were a First Secretary."



Near the Mountains of the Moon, Uganda, the girls marry young.

Jack Grover

THE BOOKSHELF



"Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it."—*Samuel Johnson.*

A Massive Compilation on Tropical Africa

THE COMPILATION of this massive work was authorized by the Twentieth Century Fund and was seven years in the making. It is divided into two general sections, each in a separate volume, the first entitled "Land and Livelihood," the second, "Society and Polity." The author is quick to say in a foreword, that it is the work of many people, though Dr. Kimble's own effort in making the entire study interesting and readable is one of the most pleasing things about it. Forty-six other experts participated, contributing political philosophy as well as economic detail, all of which adds up to the finest work of its kind to appear here in recent years, in this reviewer's opinion.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the book is the discussion on how far the principle of self-determination is to be carried in Africa—and how particularly careful certain political entities now existing on the continent are to preserve their territorial integrity—by armed force if, as, and when necessary—when it is threatened by internal demands for the application of the principle. Dr. Kimble

points out that though the United Nations is continually insisting on the right of self-determination, if that right means anything in Africa it means that each of the 600-odd groups should be autonomous. Your reviewer could not help but muse a while about the problems that 600 autonomous peoples would bring to the lives of various already harassed officials of the Department. The reader will find this and many other things to think about as he moves through Dr. Kimble's volumes.

Despite their readability and entertainment value, these volumes are not likely to be digested by the average reader in one sitting. After they have been read, however, the owner will find them a most interesting source of material for all kinds of research ranging from the future of the Tanganyikan fishing industry to the pre-independence views of Dr. Nkrumah.

I was once told that one could become an "expert" either by visiting countries, or by reading extensively about them, or by living in them. Anyone who absorbs the information in these volumes might deserve the title without quotation marks!

—WILLIAM J. PORTER

TROPICAL AFRICA, by George H. T. Kimble. Two volumes. \$15.00 the set.

The Ambassadors

THIS is the first book about the Foreign Service which groups our representatives abroad according to their backgrounds or special attributes. Thus, it has a lively chapter on "Fugitives from Clio," with vignettes of historians George Bancroft, Claude G. Bowers, Carlton Hayes, William E. Dodd, and others, as well as one on "The Female of the Species," where Frances Willis, Ruth Bryan Owen, Florence Harriman, Perle Mesta, Clare Boothe Luce, and Eugenie Anderson are searchingly characterized and compared. Other chapters throw a flood of light on literary men, college presidents, newsmen, and career officers who have served as ambassadors. The author was Chief of the Division of Research and Publication in the Department of State and later served as cultural officer at Vienna and Bonn.

—W.G.

AMBASSADORS ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY, by E. Wilder Spaulding. Public Affairs Press. \$5.

Travel for Pleasure

FODOR'S MODERN Guides, 1961, are not the pedantic and over-thorough kind put out by Baedeker, or the alphabetical, encyclopedic type put out by Michelin. They are at one time books that can be read for pleasure and highly valuable, sensible counselors for the traveler. A few examples will show why the Fodor guides are so useful and such great fun.

Take the volume on France. It contains practical introductory essays on travel arrangements, costs, etc., and then proceeds to deal with the character, attitudes, art, food, and even the love life of the French (whose young women, it says at the end of an amusing essay, "love because they have red blood in their veins and can't help it"). Of 475 pages, 95 are properly devoted to Paris. The sights are not only listed and described but also explained. The list of restaurants is long, mouth-watering, and truly representative, arranged by area and price class. Promenades

are suggested, there are tips on stores, shows, other attractions. The book, like all the others of the series, features just enough pictures, some in fine color, to add to its zest without falling into the error of making it a travelogue rather than a practical guide book.

Or the one on Austria. It has the usual introductory section packed with practical information, then more thoughtful chapters on the Austrian way of life, history, and on the spirit of Vienna by G. E. R. Gedye, probably the most experienced foreign observer of Austria; a sly chapter on Austrian foibles by Joseph Wechsberg (one wonders if 90% of the Austrians would really, if polled, declare them-

FODOR'S MODERN GUIDES, 1961. Volumes on Austria, Belgium and Luxembourg, Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Greece, Hawaii, Holland, Italy, Scandinavia, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Yugoslavia. David McKay Company. About \$4.95 each.

THE BOOKSHELF

selves for a return of the monarchy); an essay by the humorist George Mikes who has contributed chapters also to most of the other volumes; and then a mass of intelligent and charmingly arranged data on Vienna and the various provinces.

P.S. Gene Fodor, the editor of this series, happens to be an old friend of mine. But even if he were an enemy, I would have to recommend his Guides as a splendid job.

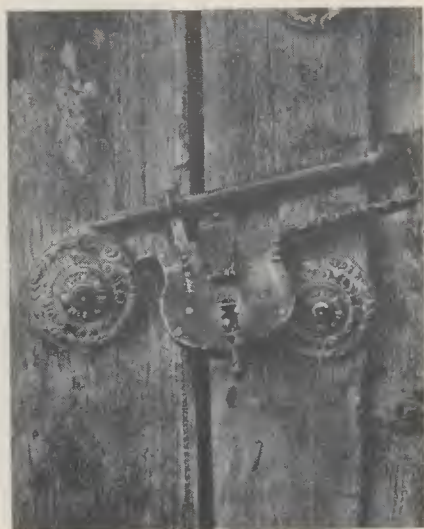
—MARTIN F. HERZ

Peace

THE EARLIEST recorded prayers of our Judeo-Christian faith begin "Oh, God, give us peace," yet Western civilization has failed to find peace. At the turn of our century, no man tried more sincerely to further peace efforts than Andrew Carnegie and his Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, which has brought together in "Perspectives on Peace, 1910-1960" some of the most brilliant and penetrating observations of our times. Twelve eminent statesmen: James T. Shotwell, Sir Harold Nicolson, Salvador de Madariaga, Dag Hammarskjöld, Paul-Henri Spaak, Jean Monnet, Alberto Lleras Camargo, Lester B. Pearson, Ismet Inönü, Max Huber, Henri Bonnet, and Sir Norman Angell, present an evaluation of the past efforts, current conditions, and future hopes for world peace. These are very much worth reading, especially by those who are concerned with the present international agencies whose purpose it is to negotiate peace.

—CHARLES F. KNOX, JR.

PERSPECTIVES ON PEACE, 1910-1960 Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; published by Frederick A. Praeger, N. Y. \$3.00.



Church Door Lock, Sucre, Bolivia
photo by Frank Traiber

"Sea Power in the Nuclear Age"

THE TASK of reviewing Professor Sokol's book on "Sea Power in the Nuclear Age" came to this reviewer at a singularly appropriate time as he had just returned from a short cruise in the attack carrier *Forrestal* with the Sixth Fleet and had witnessed a very lively demonstration of aerial-borne naval fire power in action. He was therefore all the more ready to feel the appropriateness of a quote from Pliny the Elder in Professor Sokol's book: "We have given wings to iron and taught it to fly."

This latest compendium on sea power in the nuclear age is an exceedingly thorough and comprehensive work, discussing the background of sea power and its constituent components; the use of sea power in the past and its potential in the nuclear age; the strategy of sea power, with basic principles; and, finally, a special chapter devoted to Soviet sea power and the national Russian attitude toward the sea. The work is particularly valuable because of one of the most comprehensive bibliographies on the subject of sea power which has come to this reviewer's attention. This book should be a must for the Department's Policy Planning Staff and for all serious students of sea power in the last half of the twentieth century.

—ROBERT MCCLINTOCK

SEA POWER IN THE NUCLEAR AGE, by Anthony Sokol. Public Affairs Press. \$6.00.

Nationalism

IN ITS author's words, this work is "a brief summing up of what one person, through a lifetime of study, has conceived and learned about nationalism, with special regard to its story in Europe and with tentative reflections on its present course on other continents."

Since Dr. Hayes' approach is historical rather than prophetic, he has comparatively little to say about "rising obsessive nationalism" in Asia and Africa. He does remark, however, that "Modern nationalism has indeed been a peculiarly bloody religion." If it is true that what is past is prologue, then his observations on nationalism should be of especial value to those now concerned with its course in Asia and Africa. In any case, this thoughtful essay reflects the distinguished scholarship which has made Dr. Hayes so eminent an historian.

—R.W.R.

NATIONALISM: A RELIGION, by Carlton Hayes, Macmillan. \$5.00.

New Reference Works

IMMIGRATION LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES. Second Edition, by Frank L. Auerbach. Bobbs-Merrill. 583 pp. \$15.00 to new members, \$12.50 to former subscribers.

This second edition of Frank Auerbach's (Assistant Director, Visa Office) brings up to date his fine textbook integrating statutes, regulations, administrative practices and leading court and administrative decisions, with a comprehensive index, citation guide and bibliography.

DIRECTORY OF OVERSEAS SCHOOLS. 38 page pamphlet. Available from the International Schools Foundation. 2000 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

More than one hundred schools all over the world are listed, with descriptive details of eighty-three.

STUDY ABROAD. 1961-62 Twelfth Edition. UNESCO Publications Center, 801 Third Avenue, New York 22. \$3.00.

Published in English, French and Spanish, this handbook lists over 100,000 opportunities for international study and travel; scholarships and fellowships are offered for a wide range of studies. It also contains a UNESCO report on exchanges in the fields of education, science and culture. Details of study opportunities for 1961/62 are listed under two headings: those offered by intergovernmental organizations and those awarded by international non-governmental organizations.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD, 1961 edition. Edited by Walter H. Mallory. Harper's. \$4.50.

This handbook, brought up to date each January, provides essential political information about every country in the world, including the composition of governments, the leaders and programs of political parties, the most influential newspapers and periodicals of each nation, their editors and political affiliations, as well as the organization, functions and personnel of the United Nations and affiliated international agencies.

VACATIONS ABROAD XIII, 1961. UNESCO Publications Center, 801 Third Avenue, New York 22. \$3.00.

A trilingual publication, in English, French and Spanish, this handbook is for the young and for the young in spirit. It contains information on some 1,500 educational and cultural vacation activities taking place in 1961, in more than seventy-five countries, which are open to students, teachers and workers. Of special interest to those who wish to combine study with a vacation abroad.

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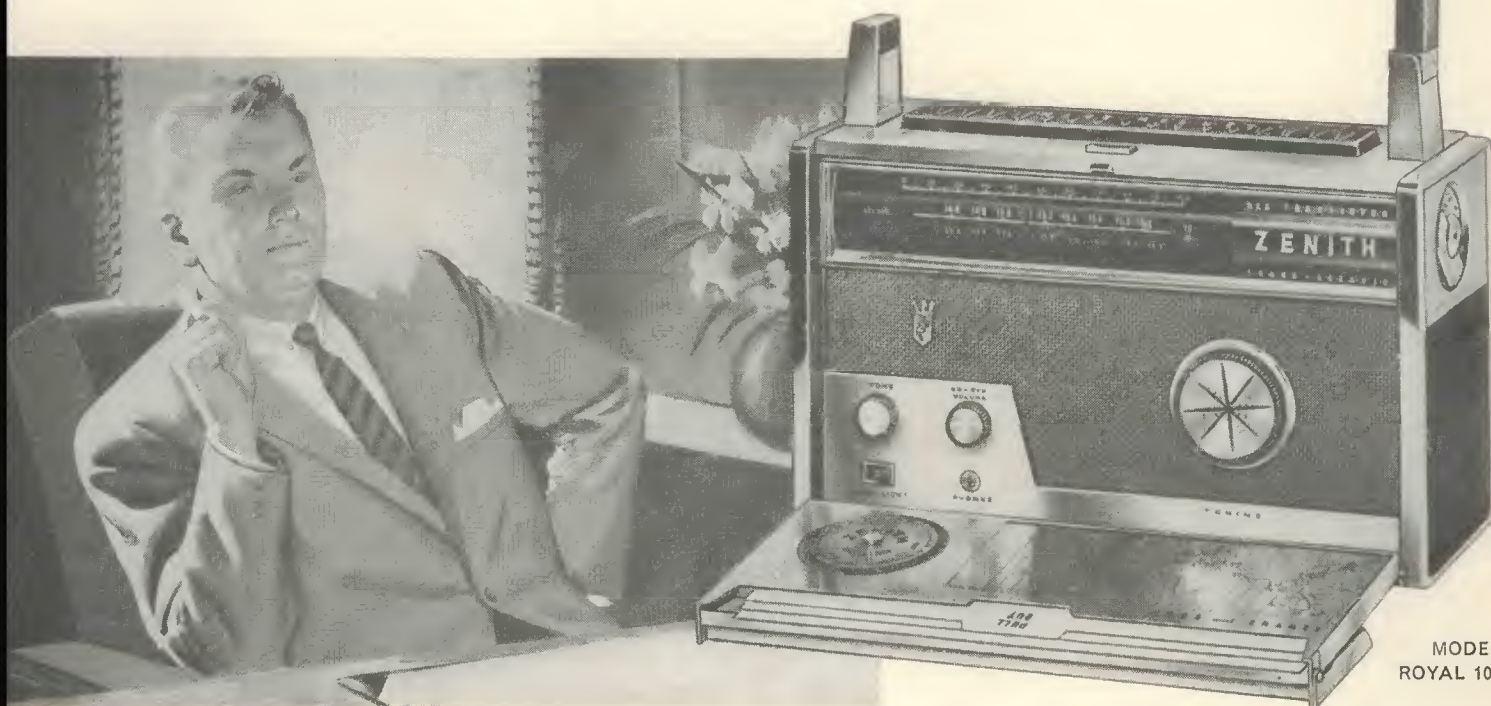
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Women militia arrive to guard the Embassy

While female militia stood guard, Castro-controlled radio reported U. S. Embassy might be converted into department store or government office.

The Last Days of an Embassy

by HARVEY R. WELLMAN

TO US AT THE American Embassy in Habana during those last six months of 1960, it was a question not of whether but when there would be a rupture of diplomatic relations with the government of dictator Fidel Castro. United States-Cuban relations resembled a descending line on a graph, with periodic dips. In the relatively calm periods we waited for the dips; each depression seemed deeper than the preceding one.

In December Prime Minister Castro accused the United States Government of responsibility for the new wave of sabotage, particularly the sabotage of electrical installations in Habana. American agents, he asserted, had provided dissident electrical workers with special, powerful explosives from United States Army stocks. This was not the first time this kind of accusation had been made. The American Embassy and the American Ambassador himself had even been accused of inspiring the nightly bombing in Habana.

When Fidel Castro's doctor was killed trying to apprehend rebels in the Escambray mountains in central Cuba, Castro placed the responsibility for encouraging this center of armed opposition to Castro, and therefore responsibility for the death of the commander-doctor squarely upon the United States Government. Three Americans had been among the twenty-

One-third of Harvey Wellman's foreign service has been spent in U.S.-Cuba relations. His wife, daughter of retired FSO Harold Tewell, was brought up in Habana, and his oldest daughter was born there.

odd rebels who landed on Cuba's northeastern coast in November. This was taken as further proof of the U. S. Government's responsibility for the armed resistance of Cubans to Castro. The three Americans were executed.

The notes from the Foreign Ministry grew sharper. The anti-American propaganda in press, radio and television continued. All the secrecy of the Cuban Government could not conceal the build-up of arms shipments from the Soviet-bloc countries. The militia trained and marched and grew in numbers, bristling with its new equipment.

The first invasion scare stimulated by the Castro government in October had come and gone. A new invasion scare was launched during the last days of December. While Foreign Minister Roa issued charges of imminent United



Cubans gather before a closed Embassy

States aggression at the United Nations, trenches were dug in Habana suburbs, anti-aircraft guns were mounted and militia were mobilized. When the invasion did not materialize, the Cuban Government declared it was due to its warnings which had mobilized world public opinion in order to thwart the threat.

Despite the steadily deteriorating situation, the Embassy personnel had suffered more from the tension and fear of incident than from physical assault. There had been harassment: A vice consul was detained at the airport by the investigating department of the Rebel Army and her handbag searched before she departed for a week's leave in the United States. An Embassy secretary had been arrested and held for two days by the same army authorities despite strong Embassy protests, and the Embassy's claim that as a member of the Ambassador's official staff she was immune from arrest and detention had been rejected. Houses of several Embassy officers had been entered and searched, and in one case stripped of personal effects. Telephones were tapped. There had been only one instance, however, of an Embassy employee suffering physical injury: a clerk, while in the custody of a police officer, was shot without provocation by a Cuban Army captain. But he had miraculously escaped serious injury, and before Christmas had been released from the hospital.

So although the tension remained, and in Habana the nightly bombings continued, we had no premonition of an impending break in diplomatic relations as the Christmas season approached. The Castro government seemed more concerned temporarily with keeping the support of its followers by retaining and extending the traditional annual Christmas bonus than with berating the United States. Christmas festivity was decreed and Christmas decorations went up in the main streets of Habana.

Even before Thanksgiving the Embassy community had seen dependents gradually leave for the United States. Their departure was followed by shipments of household effects. Most of the separation households were in the Miami area, but some were too far away for weekend visits. Ambassador and Mrs. Bonsal had departed at the end of October when he was recalled for prolonged consultation. Only one Embassy wife remained. Having no children, she had volunteered to help in the shortage of clerks and stenographers.

The Embassy staff did not lack morale, but it was not, understandably, happy with its situation. It took refuge in long hours and hard work, and waited.

Atop the hill overlooking the Chancery at the Hotel Capri, where five of us lived in those last few months, the developments were a sign of the times. In August 1960, this luxury hotel had been only one-quarter full. A single room with bath, normally \$20 and up per day, was being rented for \$6. An American assistant manager still operated the hotel, under the authority of the Administration for Misappropriated Property. In the restaurant and at the roof pool on the eighteenth floor, where we swam and sunbathed on week-ends, we had the facilities almost entirely to ourselves. Then in November the Capri, like the other luxury hotels, was taken over by the Cuban Tourist Commission. The American manager was dismissed. The official guests of the Cuban Government increased. The Americans were now a small minority compared to the growing num-

ber of East Germans, Czechs and a few Chinese.

Yet we Americans were never made to feel unwelcome there. Until the last day the hotel staff treated us with friendliness and courtesy. When the tourist seasonal rates were imposed in December—for prestige reasons apparently, because tourism was dead—the hotel permitted us to remain at the low off-season rates we had been paying. The morning after the rupture in relations, when I paid my breakfast bill, the somber lady cashier, who had invariably been glum and uncommunicative, surprised me by stating that there were many Cubans who regretted the closing of the Embassy and our departure.

The Embassy held its annual Christmas party as usual. Most of the officers with families in the Miami area left to spend the holiday with them. Only an essential minimum staff was kept on duty. In the Political Section two of the three officers were always in Habana and available for duty.

January 1, was the second anniversary of the triumph of the Castro revolt. A military parade was scheduled for January 2. Foreign notables friendly to Castro had been invited. Tourists were to arrive from the Soviet Union and some students were expected from the United States under the auspices of the Committee for Fair Play for Cuba. Fidel Castro would certainly use the occasion to castigate the United States. Nevertheless, it came as a shock and surprise when the Prime Minister, in a speech on the afternoon of January 2, demanded that the American Embassy in Habana be reduced to a total of eleven persons, American and Cuban, the same number which the Cuban Government proposed to keep at its Embassy in Washington.

Castro's ultimatum apparently took the Ministry of Foreign Relations by surprise, too. It had not prepared a note making a formal demand. The note was finally delivered to the Chargé by two officials from the Ministry in



Embassy personnel on the way to meet the Cuban Government's deadline for their departure

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the early morning of January 3. When the Chargé asked whether the reduction extended to chauffeurs and similar personnel, the answer was yes—everyone. The Embassy immediately informed the Department by telegram. The deadline for compliance was forty-eight hours.

For some time it had appeared as if the Cuban Government was trying to force the United States to the break in relations which Castro apparently wanted, but for which he was unwilling to take the initiative. He had said in his speech that all Embassy personnel were welcome to go if they wished. It was, of course, impossible to operate a single Embassy section like the Visa Section (which had issued 7,000 visas in August 1960), much less the entire Embassy, with a total of eleven persons. At that time, the staff had already been cut to about ninety Americans and about the same number of local employees.

The equating of the number of American Embassy personnel in Habana to Cuban Embassy personnel in Washington ignored the fact that the U.S. representation in Cuba was concentrated in the Cuban capital aside from the one consulate in Santiago, while Cuban representation in the United States was distributed in consular offices in major U.S. cities as well as in the Cuban Embassy in Washington. If Castro was to make it impossible for the United States to continue to operate its Embassy in Habana, the United States Government could hardly permit Cuba to maintain its many consulates in the United States as well as its Embassy in Washington.

In Coral Gables, Florida, where my family lived, I had retired early on the night of January 2, as I was to take the first plane back to Habana the next morning. I had been in bed only a few minutes when a telephone call from my wife's father informed me that according to the late news, Castro had given the American Embassy forty-eight hours to reduce its staff to eleven persons.

There were six Embassy officers on the plane that morning, January 3. The weather was fine. The Habana airline and airport officials greeted us with the customary courtesy and prompt service. Embassy cars were at the airport to meet us. As we drove the long route from airport to Chancery, we noted that anti-aircraft guns were in place and manned on high points.

When we reached the Chancery we found it officially closed to the public. The side door leading to the Visa Section had been secured and we struggled through a crowd clustered about the main front entrance. Several officers were explaining to frantic, unbelieving Cubans that the Chancery was closed until further notice and visas were not being issued.

Inside the building we were met by tearful Cuban employees. The Chargé and the chiefs of the various sections were already making the necessary preparations to comply with the Cuban Government's ultimatum. The eleven persons to remain behind for an indefinite period were selected. They included, in addition to the Chargé d'Affaires a.i., two political officers, a consular officer, one Service Attaché, two officers from the Administrative Section, two communications clerks, one stenographer and the building supervisor, a Cuban citizen.

Preparations were made for all other American employees of the Embassy to leave Habana before midnight on January 4. In the early evening of January 3, the

Department informed the Embassy that the United States was severing diplomatic and consular relations with Cuba, as a result of the Cuban Government's ultimatum. That evening the Department requested the Cuban Embassy to remove all Cuban diplomatic and consular personnel from the United States as soon as possible.

The Cuban Ministry of Foreign Relations stated in its note to the Embassy acknowledging the rupture of relations, that it wished to do everything possible to facilitate the departure of the Embassy staff and official property. To emphasize this the Acting Foreign Minister called in the Chargé to tell him he had instructions to this effect from the President and the Prime Minister of Cuba. He designated the Head of Chancery in the Foreign Ministry as a liaison officer with the Embassy for special problems, and instructed him to be available at any time of the day or night. He also said that Commandante Castro (it was not clear whether he referred to Fidel or his brother Raul, Minister of the Armed Forces) had ordered a group of female militia to guard the Embassy until all personnel had departed.

Meanwhile, arrangements for the departure of the Embassy's American personnel (exclusive of the ten to remain behind) continued in a smooth and orderly fashion. At the close of business on January 4, they and their baggage were loaded on busses and taken to the ferry for West Palm Beach. Orders of temporary detail to the Department had been authorized by telephone.

Just before the busses were loaded, the detachment of female militia arrived and took up stations around the Embassy building, in single file about twelve feet apart. The detachment leader was a tall woman of impressive bearing. The militia were girls, some robust, some slim, frail youngsters, some with fine, some with coarse, features. Each carried a rifle or light submachine gun, courtesy of Czechoslovakia. Some girls were so slight that the equipment seemed to dwarf them. The detachment maintained a continuous guard and were still on duty around the building when we left on January 7, three days later.

Before the forty-eight hour deadline expired it was also necessary to terminate and pay off the local employees. At the close of business on January 4, the Chargé made a brief speech to them thanking them for their service and emphasizing that there was no inconsistency between their loyalty to the Embassy and their loyalty to Cuba. He closed with the statement: *Cuba sí, Estados Unidos sí.*

This was a sad time for the Cuban staff. Some had obtained United States visas and Cuban exit permits for this contingency and were prepared to leave Cuba. Others found it impossible or very difficult to leave. They faced loss of their homes and household effects to the government and would not be allowed to take out currency or personal possessions. Some had worked their entire adult life at the Embassy, and had given more than thirty years of service.

The Chargé wished to bid good-bye to the American staff at the ferry slip, so some of us accompanied him. When we arrived, all except the Embassy's Marine Guards were aboard. They had counted on taking their private automobiles with them, but discovered that cars could not be driven aboard. A railway flatcar would have been necessary. So they had had to unpack their cars and carry their baggage aboard, leaving the cars with us.

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When the Chargé tried to board the ferry, he was prevented by guards who said firmly that their orders were to let no one aboard who was not sailing. However, a telephone call to a superior official finally produced the necessary authorization, and we went aboard. The night was clear and starry—everyone was in good spirits—beds had been provided for everyone though the space was tight. We drove back to the Chancery and when the ferry emerged from the harbor entrance raised the blinds and blinked the lights on the fifth floor (the Ambassador's) of the Chancery building.

With the American staff departed and the local employees terminated, it was incumbent on us to complete the work remaining as soon as possible and leave Cuba. Since the break in relations on January 3, we had technically lost our diplomatic status and were relying on courtesy and reciprocity for the completion of our work. The Foreign Ministry was disposed to be cooperative and helpful, though this disposition was not invariably shared by functionaries of the militia and army.

Our most important duty was to put the affairs of the Embassy in order, to be turned over to the Swiss Government as the protecting power. This involved also the Consulate in Santiago where the Consul had remained for this purpose. The consular agencies at Camagüey, Sagua la Grande and Antilla had been closed earlier and their records delivered to the Embassy or otherwise disposed of.

Another important duty was the documentation of American citizens still in Cuba who desired to return to the United States. The break in relations was public knowledge, but in addition a circular had been distributed regarding air and ferry accommodations and other Embassy assistance. The Embassy was prepared to provide dollars for pesos to enable Americans to purchase international transportation for which foreign exchange was required. A consular officer devoted all his time to this work and had no trouble in meeting the demand. The situation in Cuba had been deteriorating for so long that most Americans had already left Cuba except for those without ties outside Cuba. Since a departing American had to leave his property behind, those who had considerable assets in Cuba, including some who had invested all their savings in Cuba, were understandably anxious to remain as long as possible.

Another duty was the collection for packing and shipment to the United States of personal and household effects of certain Embassy officers. Here we ran into difficulties because of the Law of Urban Reform. This law had vested in the Cuban Government the title to all rented realty, with the ostensible intention of abolishing the landlord class and of converting every tenant eventually into a homeowner. Moreover, dwellings deemed to be abandoned by the owners were seized by the government. As fast as Embassy personnel vacated houses and apartments, the premises were sealed and often a guard was posted. Furniture or other personal property could not be moved from such premises without official authorization.

We ran into more difficulty with this than with more important problems. The names and addresses of Embassy personnel from which it was proposed to take furniture or personal effects were given to the liaison officer in the Foreign Ministry. But the information and authorization did not filter down to the militia and army guards and

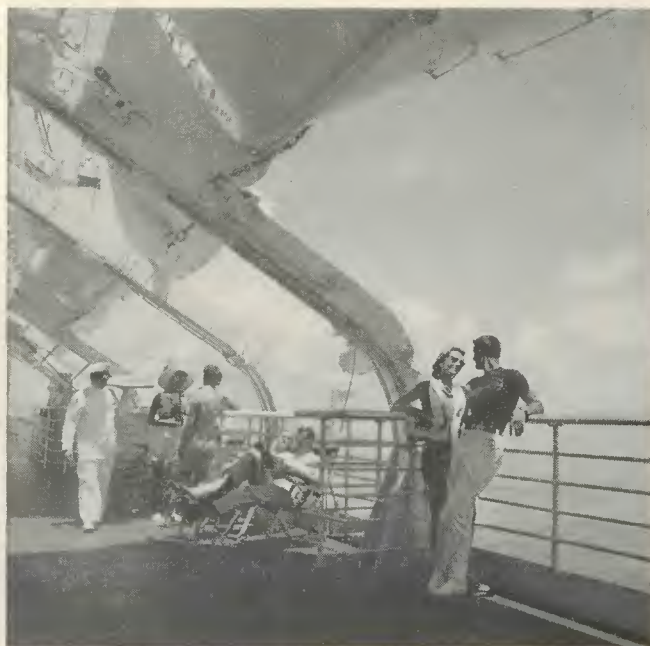
patrols, or it was ignored. They forced furniture which had been loaded on trucks to be unloaded. One storage company truck was stopped on the way to the warehouse and the driver detained for several hours. A house guard declared he would honor no authorization for removal of furniture unless it came from Fidel Castro himself. It became clear after repeated visits to the Foreign Ministry and telephone calls around the clock that oral authorizations were ineffective. A written authorization was requested and eventually obtained. Gradually the remaining property of Embassy personnel was collected.

In this period after the break in relations, and before the Swiss Government took over as the protecting power, our status was uncertain. We sent a few official notes and memoranda to the Foreign Ministry but technically we probably had no standing to do so. In the Political Section we reverted to the use of informal memos, just a piece of paper left as an aid to memory. We also were concerned about the status of United States Government property—the Chancery, the Embassy residence and their contents. The government-controlled Cuban radio carried reports that the Chancery building would be taken over by the government and given to a department store which had burned several days before, allegedly set on fire by opposition elements. It then carried a report that the building would be taken over by the Urban Reform Office. The militia remained on duty around the building.

We were anxious to turn over the U.S. Government properties to the Swiss Ambassador as soon as possible. But we encountered a snag. The Swiss were willing to assume the protection function; they had so informed the State Department and the latter had informed the Cuban Embassy. They were unwilling, however, to assume custody of the property until the Cuban Government indicated it was agreeable. The Cuban Government on its part declined to agree to the Swiss' acting for us in Cuba until we expressed agreement in writing to the representation by Czechoslovakia of Cuban interests in the United States. After numerous telephone conversations between the Embassy and the Department, and the lapse of hours which seemed more like days, the Department informed us that its note to the Czech Embassy, agreeing to the latter's representation of Cuban interests, was being delivered. That was about 7:00 p.m. on January 6. The Swiss Ambassador was informed at once by telephone and within fifteen minutes he was in the Chancery to discuss the take-over. That evening the Swiss letters of protection were posted on the Chancery building and at the Embassy residence. They were temporary posters adapted for the purpose, bearing the Swiss flag and the legend in Spanish that the property was under Swiss protection. They were small and the Swiss Ambassador apologized for them, but they looked good to us. The same night a Swiss First Secretary moved into the Embassy residence. The property and personnel of the United States Government were officially and formally under the protection of the Swiss Government.

All eleven persons, except for the secretary who was still in a hotel near the Chancery, spent the night before our departure either at the Embassy residence or in beds set up in the Chancery. We did not wish to risk the delays and difficulties of last-minute detentions by undisciplined minor officials. It was also desirable to keep the group together

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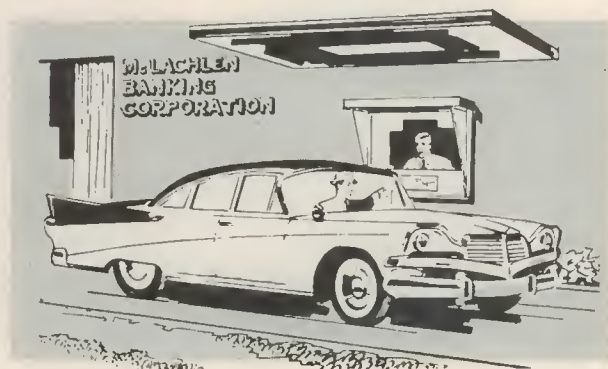
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On January 3, two Embassy employees had been arrested by the Rebel Army investigating department and taken in for questioning before being released. A Service Attaché had not returned to his residence for several days because of indications from an officer of the same department that he would be arrested and held for questioning upon his return. After I had informed the Foreign Ministry of this situation and solicited its assistance, the Attaché and I made a quick trip to his residence in the suburbs, taking a roundabout route to avoid militia outposts. Without opposition from the militiaman on guard, who obtained authority from his superior by telephone, we removed the Attaché's personal effects from the house and carried them to the Chancery. With precedents like these it seemed wise to keep together on United States Government premises.

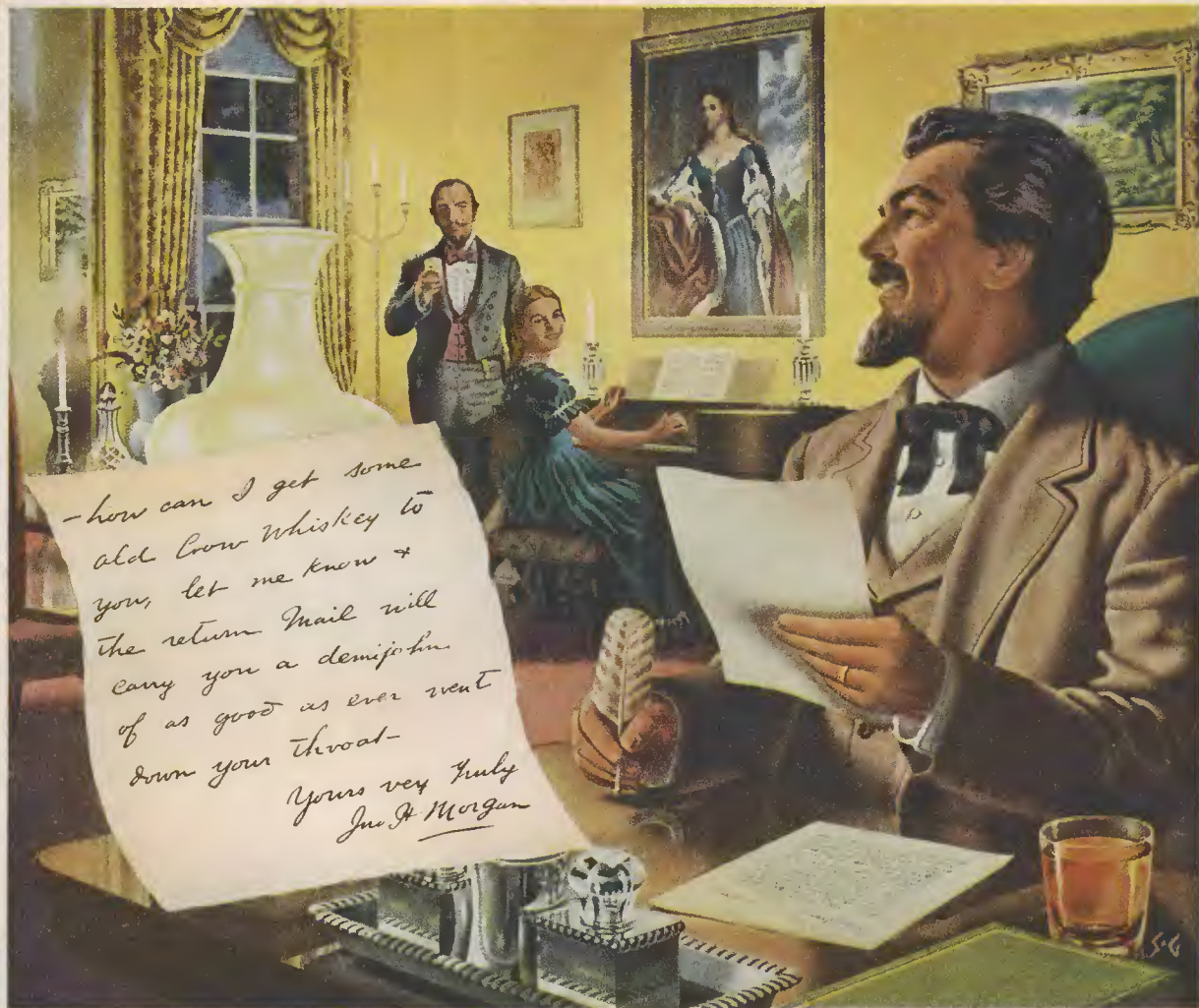
The rupture of relations and our evacuation of the Embassy had news value. The American wire and broadcasting services sent representatives to the Chancery with requests to take inside photographs. This was permitted, under close supervision. We took care to avoid the false impression that the Embassy had been abandoned by seeing to it that someone appeared in every picture.

The Swiss officials took over with a professionalism based on the long experience of their country as a protecting power in periods of war and international tension. A Swiss manual, which generally conformed to our own regulations on the subject, prescribed what should be included in the document of transfer of custody. Since the Swiss Ambassador in Habana was alone except for a Cuban clerk (his diplomatic secretary had returned to Switzerland on leave), a First Secretary with experience in the protection field came temporarily from the Swiss Embassy in Caracas to assist him. A special task force headed by a retired Ambassador was soon to come, however, to carry out the protection of American interests in Cuba separately from the Swiss Embassy to Cuba. The special mission members would live at our Embassy residence and have their offices at the Chancery. To the extent required, the Swiss mission would engage the services of former Cuban employees of the Embassy.

It became clear that all arrangements could not be completed in time for all ten Americans to leave on January 7, as planned. The fiscal officer, the general services officer and the stenographer remained for an additional week to verify the inventory, revise the financial statements and complete the preparation of official equipment and other property for packing and shipment to the United States. The Consul in Santiago also remained until a Swiss representative arrived and took custody of United States property in that city. He was the last American official to leave Cuba, about one week later.

The day came for our departure, January 7. Shortly after midnight the night before, I had been awakened by a telephone call from the Foreign Ministry informing me that

Continued on p. 46



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Service Glimpses

1. Phnom Penh. Ambassador William C. Trimble and USOM Director Charles Mann, at the invitation of Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, recently pitched in with other Diplomatic Corps members on the construction of the Phnom Penh-Sihanoukville railroad. The Prince's "tenue de travail" invitations were the subject of a Press Clip in the January JOURNAL.

2. Bamako. Ambassador Thomas K. Wright is shown with President Mobido Keita of the Republic of Mali on the occasion of his presentation of credentials.

3. Berlin. Seen here prior to the fifteenth anniversary celebration of RIAS, the USIS-operated radio station in Berlin, are: (l. to r.) RIAS Director Alexander A. Klieforth, Ambassador Walter C. Dowling, Berlin Governing Mayor Willy Brandt, Federal Republic Press Chief Felix von Eckhardt, and RIAS Program Director Heinz-Adolf v. Heintze. An address by Ambassador Dowling was an important part of the ceremony that followed.

4. Panama. Frank E. Phillips recently de-planed at Panama to complete twenty years and over five million miles in the Courier Service. At the age of forty-seven and after a successful career as a stock broker, Mr. Phillips entered the Courier Service because he liked to travel and could not stand to be idle. It is estimated that since that time he has traveled more than any other American.

5. Guatemala. Lester D. Mallory (left) with Guatemalan President Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes and Mrs. Ydígoras at the dedication of "Mallory Park" and "Mallory Avenue" in Colonia Centroamérica on the outskirts of Guatemala City. While Mr. Mallory was Ambassador to Guatemala, a housing program was started which helped workers build their own homes in their off-work hours. It was a joint project of ICA and the Guatemalan Government, and Mallory Park and Avenue will continue to remind Guatemalans of the Ambassador's help and interest in this project. In his dedication speech President Ydígoras referred to Ambassador Mallory as a "Buen Gringo," which he said from now on would be a term of praise. Mr. Mallory has since retired from the Foreign Service and is currently with the Inter-American Development Bank.

6. Amman. Members of the official community gather at the Embassy for a farewell photograph with retiring Ambassador Sheldon T. Mills and Mrs. Mills. The bronze tray held by Ambassador and Mrs. Mills was a gift from the staff.



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2.





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6.



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an employee of the Cuban Consulate in New York City had been arrested and indicted for carrying a gun without a permit. That last morning we sent an urgent telegram to the Department requesting a report. We received a reply before noon, which we gave to the Swiss Ambassador, who passed it at once to the Foreign Ministry. Next, the Naval Attaché stated that his automobile, which had been placed in a garage for overhaul and repairs, was being held at the garage until an investigation could be completed. A piece of paper explaining the problem was delivered to the Foreign Ministry; it is believed this was the last communication of the United States mission in Habana to the Cuban Government.

The Swiss Ambassador arrived to accompany us to the airport. The Chargé rode with the Swiss Ambassador in the latter's car. The rest of the caravan formed behind, the five last official pouches in the trunk of the Chief of Mission's limousine, the staff in intervening cars, the baggage car bringing up the rear. We did not take the direct route to the airport but went via the Embassy residence to pick up certain luggage and thence by the back route to the airport. The Swiss Ambassador's car was well ahead and out of sight, but the rest of the cars kept together.

The three Embassy employees who were to remain had been instructed to stay at the Chancery with the Swiss First Secretary and not to come to the airport. The general services officer was consequently not present to despatch us with his usual efficiency. We had to rely upon our own resources and the capable preparations and assistance of the airline employees. The four officials screening outgoing passengers cleared us without asking questions. They gave no evidence that they regarded ours as other than a routine departure. On the wall over their desks was a sign which translated into English read: "Those Cubans who do not feel prepared to serve as soldiers of their people in this critical hour of the nation's history—let them get out."

We were overwhelmed by the number and the enthusiasm of friends of the diplomatic corps who had come to the airport to see us off. Headed by the dean, the Papal Nuncio, and the next ranking diplomat, the Ambassador of Mexico, the friendly diplomatic missions were represented by their chiefs, sometimes by several officers, many with their wives. We were engulfed in a wave of handshakes, *abrazos*, and shouted good wishes. As the plane's departure was further delayed, our friends departed at our urging. The Swiss Ambassador remained and we drank a last daiquiri with him as we waited. The Brazilian Ambassador flew in from leave in Brazil and waved up to us. Finally the plane's imminent departure was announced.

After the inevitable wait in the room for investigations (but this time a short one), we were put on board in advance of the other passengers. We bade goodbye and good-luck to the Swiss Ambassador who had refused to leave the airport until our plane was in the air. When every place in the plane was filled, it finally took off for Miami.

As the plane prepared to land, the steward said over the public address system "Welcome to America, Miami, Florida, city of sunshine, and the land of the free."

Sabbatical Defencemanship

by JOSEPH N. GREENE, JR.

A "SABBATICAL YEAR," according to Webster, is one "allowed for rest, travel, research, etc." The fortunate students of 1960 at the Imperial Defence College in London were told at the outset of their course that this is just what it is intended to provide: a full year, free of tension, responsibility, rigid schedule, and other bureaucratic impositions on wit and stamina, during which each, in the final analysis, would get out of it what he was willing to put in. Twelve months later, and especially since efficiency reports are not a part of the IDC rota, judgment of what has been accomplished, and what has been got out of it, is necessarily highly subjective.

The sabbatical formula still seems as appealing as it did in January 1960. No less so its substance, succinctly summarized by the IDC's first civilian Commandant, the distinguished diplomatist, Sir Robert Scott, as a "study of defencemanship, that is, the art of winning without actually fighting." One may wonder, perhaps, whether a general or an admiral or an air marshal would have similarly stated the object of the exercise, and even whether the military officers who comprise the larger part of the student body would unreservedly agree. In any event, this student believes that Sir Robert's coinage, duly apologetic to Stephen Potter, indeed embraces the syllabus. This, in its broadest terms, seeks to make plain to a group of senior officers, each of whom has perforce concentrated his previous professional thinking on the expertise of his own service, that Britain's and the free world's problems are many and diverse, that the threats to freedom are serious and intense, and that there is no one, easy answer, military, political, economic, scientific or even humanist.

Of course "winning without actually fighting" implies reasonably well-defined goals, and these emerge in terms which, although acknowledgedly British in formulation, are at heart common to all of us.

SINCE THE IDC was established in 1927, at least in part at the instance of (Sir) Winston Churchill, its name has admittedly become anachronistic. No one has yet thought of a better one, however, and anyhow tradition still counts for a lot in the British scheme of things. (Only in 1960 did the TIMES get around to changing the heading of its second news section from "Imperial and Foreign" to "Overseas.") Since World War II each of the Commonwealth nations, "old" and "new," has been invited to send students and these, with the four Americans, comprise roughly a third of the student body of about sixty-five. The American Foreign Service officer, incidentally, has the late Ernest Bevin to thank for his inclusion. In 1950, he, as Foreign Secretary, suggested to the then U. S. Secretary of State the addition of a Foreign Service officer to the American service contingent, notwithstanding the impending discontinuance of

British nominations to the National War College in Washington. However regrettable this lack of reciprocity, the American officers, all four of them, can only be grateful to Her Majesty's Government for taking them, and to their own government for sending them.

The addition to forty senior British officers—ten from each of the three fighting services and ten civil servants—of comparable proportions from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan and Nigeria (and in 1961, Ghana, South Africa, Ceylon, Malaya and Rhodesia) helps to assure a cosmopolitan approach within the British framework. The student body is divided and redivided every two or three weeks into "syndicates" of eight, in each of which is a mixture of nationality and service, for research into and discussion of the Commonwealth, economic problems, communism, the United Nations, Europe, the Middle East, Africa and the Far East. There used to be a three-week study of the United States, but this was dropped in 1960. It does not seem to matter much, because not a day goes by in discussion of any problem, from racing and football pools to offshore islands, that does not bring in the United States and Americans. This sometimes taxes the ingenuity of the American students, but one of the ground rules at IDC is that no student represents anyone but himself.

Under Sir Robert Scott, his colleagues of the Directing Staff, a Rear Admiral, a Major General, an Air Vice Marshal and a senior diplomat, encourage emphasis on the study and discussion of situations and problems, and what to do about them, thus relegating to some insignificance the written paper which each syndicate is required to produce on each problem. The heat, as well as light, generated by the syndicate discussions is stimulating, not demanding; inquiring, not dogmatic—"We are not trying to write a White Paper"; and there are no judges of heresy or grammar looming above and beyond. There have to be deadlines, as a device for getting on to the next question, but every deadline leaves its share of the happily unconvinced, the robustly unreconstructed, and even the patently bored. The somewhat bedeviled chairman of a syndicate, appointed by the Directing Staff so as to avoid undignified rushes of volunteers, in the end has to try to write something and as often as not, gives up seeking the consensus and puts in what he thinks. This may or may not represent what he thought at the outset of the debate. Further stimulation ensues through inter-syndicate and even whole-group discussions of the papers, although the edge is somewhat blunted by the fact that these discussions come as an interruption in the course of the following problem.

During the third term, the problems are largely military: strategy, deterrence, limited war, major war, and how to equip and organize forces. Much of this, despite the interventions of the civilian students, centers on *how* to fight, not *whether*, and is in terms of military technology. But it is no less informative and rewarding for the politically trained officer who has difficulty in distinguishing between a Davy Crockett and a Malkara.

FSO-2 Joseph N. Greene, Jr. attended the 1960 course at the IDC, following assignment in the Department. He is currently DCM at Lagos.

Sources of information and opinion on the problems posed are as wide as each student wants to make them. Each has, of course, his own experience to draw on, and no matter how esoteric a question may be, there is almost always someone in the group who has confronted it previously. Each weekday morning at 10:15 there is a lecture, apposite to the current problem, by a government official, an academician, a journalist, a politician, or an interested public citizen. As often as not, these are chosen to present, successively, diametrically opposed views, or views frankly controversial. The morning lecture is followed by an hour's question-and-answer period, in which the only restraint is ordinary good manners, and woe to the speaker who risks talking through his hat.

These sessions are off the record, and it is "not done" to quote them outside the lecture hall, or within the hall to a following lecturer. This restraint is pretty much the only security restriction and, with the exception of some of the military postulates in the closing weeks of the course, there are no secret, or even confidential, papers. Occasionally, a student consults the current secret papers of his own government, but this is exceptional, and, given normal inhibitions and restraints, cannot contribute much to the IDC context.

The diet of lectures is supplemented by private study, including reading from the small but well diversified library in the college and from the daily and periodical press. Inevitably, the result is somewhat generalized analysis and judgment, upsetting, at first, to the student accustomed to precise definitions, even of political phenomena, and concise judgments. One has to agree with the remark of an American journalist, experienced

in British ways, that the learning process is essentially one of osmosis. But one can learn a lot by osmosis, including the merit of the comment by a British officer who had previously attended an American military staff college, that one of the big differences between the Americans and the British in these matters is that the former postulate *the* answer to any question, while the British settle for *an* answer or answers. Sir Robert Scott himself is a devotee of this British approach.

All the rest that falls into the category of "research, etc." is even more difficult to define. Certainly it includes reflection, to a degree unique in the experience of an officer accustomed to the pressures of chancery and departmental life: on the world's problems; on policies and personalities; on differing national approaches to the maintenance and use of power; on emotion and sentimentality in diplomacy and politics, especially international politics; on inflexibility and pragmatism; on principle and expediency. Often iconoclasm comes in: Has containment been contained? What about coexistence and deterrence as theories of national conduct? Are the concepts of neutrality fashionable in the '50's valid in the dynamic confrontation of freedom and communism of the 1960's? What do freedom and communism mean to many of the peoples of the world? In short, defencemanship: Even when we agree on what we want to win, can we perfect the art of winning it without actually fighting?

The rest of the IDC sabbatical year ideally fits the prescription. Travel is an instructive and enjoyable part. The staff arranges one-day visits to military installations, to the centers of business and finance and of industry. A whole week in the spring is devoted to industrial tours, being visits in groups of about ten to the English and Scottish industrial complexes. Thus is provided a kaleidoscope of Britain and her people that would be hard to match.

During the summer, five groups visit, respectively. North America, Southern Europe, Africa, South Asia and Southeast Asia. Lasting five to six weeks and involving no little intestinal fortitude, these tours are an incomparable opportunity to see and hear and sense at first hand peoples and places theretofore unknown.

With all this, there is still the "rest" that Webster prescribes. The morning sessions are followed by refreshments in the commodious and well-stocked anteroom that provides some of the atmosphere of an agreeable London club. Syndicate meetings occupy perhaps a couple of hours two or three afternoons a week, the other hours and the other days being available for private study or, naturally, rest. Each Wednesday afternoon during the spring and autumn terms the students are invited to bring their families to tea and a film show, after which the anteroom is again in operation. From time to time cocktail parties and dances are arranged. All this contributes much to the camaraderie that most students feel is one of the lasting values of the year.

Occasionally, it is debated whether a year is too long for this kind of exercise. Certainly during the last six or eight weeks of the 1960 course, when nearly everyone had learned of his next assignment, one could detect faraway looks and some pawing of the ground. But no one seems seriously to contemplate shortening it, perhaps because there does not seem to be anything one could leave out.

One purpose of the IDC, according to its Charter, is to prepare senior officers for positions of increased responsibility in the conduct of their nations' affairs. Presumably, each of them hopes, in his own way, that this purpose is achieved.

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ASSIGNED TO AFRICA?

GO ON SAFARI

by CHARLES S. WHITEHOUSE

NO ASPECT of African life is better known to Americans than the "safari." The intrepid White Hunter has become a folk hero almost as familiar as the cowboy. There must be few Foreign Service officers who, when they are assigned to an African post, do not at once picture themselves off in the bush, rifle in hand, or posing triumphantly on the flanks of "their" elephant. With these pictures firmly in mind my wife and I decided on a holiday in the Luangwa Valley of Northern Rhodesia, believed by many to be the finest shooting ground in Africa today.

When Dr. Livingstone trudged through the Luangwa Valley in 1866, he found it teeming with animals and, contrary to his usual practice, he shot a large variety of game. His journal notes that he sustained his party on rhino, sable, kudu, zebra, wildebeeste and other species. In the hundred years since Livingstone's visit, the Luangwa Valley has hardly changed. In a fortnight I shot or shot at elephant, lion, leopard, buffalo, and nearly every type of African antelope. There was hardly a moment when baboons, waterbuck and impala were not clearly visible from our camp.

Hunting on the Luangwa is controlled by the Northern Rhodesian Game Department, which has set aside a strip approximately one hundred miles long on the east bank of the river for safaris. Five parties are accommodated each year during the dry season, and each moves into a camp especially built for it in a new area. A portion of the high, but not exorbitant, fee for these safaris is given to the local chiefs in return for their keeping their tribesmen away from the river. This assures that game will not be driven out of the area and that one is unlikely to find animals crazed with the pain of blunderbuss and spear wounds.

Our camp had been built in a grove of huge trees on the east bank of the Luangwa. It was the dry season and the river bed was a desert of sand, through which flowed a clear shallow stream. We welcomed the shade and the ceaseless breeze that blew up and down the valley. Our compound, separated from the rest of the camp by a palisade of straw, consisted of a circular thatched shelter on the river bank in which we lazed and had our meals, a grass hut with our cots and mosquito nets,

a shower to which hot water could be brought on short notice, and a rustic one-holer. Peter Hankin, the professional hunter, had a similar compound some distance away, and his African staff with their women-folk and children had neat grass huts scattered through the grove. This was our home for a fortnight and it was attractive, comfortable and cool.

Peter Hankin was everything one expects a White Hunter to be. He was resolute, tireless and gay, with an encyclopedic knowledge not only of animals but of birds, trees and plants. Dozens of Americans who, like ourselves, had never shot anything larger than a rabbit, have, under his tutelage, bagged every variety of big game. Peter takes the sensible view that even in the bush there is no reason to make oneself deliberately uncomfortable.

A recent party of Europeans thought that his camp was too plush. A blanket under a thornbush would be fine, thank you. Not for us. We found every aspect of big game hunting sufficiently taxing so that camp comforts were not a luxury; they were a vital necessity. It took a shower, a torrent of cold martinis, and a four-course dinner to maintain our sanity and, on occasion, to restore my *amour propre*. We needed every one of the nimble team of bearers, water carriers, houseboys, woodchoppers, and native hunters who looked after us. Trade unions have not organized the Luangwa, and we estimated that the cook did a nineteen-hour



Mr. Whitehouse was educated at St. Paul's School and Yale. After serving in the Marine Corps in World War II, he joined the Foreign Service and has served in Brussels, Istanbul, and Phnom Penh.

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SAFARI

day. Few people would have taken with equanimity the cheerful way in which Peter Hankin set his (the cook's) alarm clock for 2:30 a.m. and announced brightly that we would have breakfast at 4:00 a.m.

One of the features of going on a safari is that you don't waste any time sleeping. We had dinner at eight and, if I anesthetized myself with a few whiskies afterwards, it seemed hardly a moment before someone was outside our shack with, "Tea, please." We were never waked later than four-thirty, often at half past three, and it would be a mistake to think that in those brief hours in which we were in bed we did any sleeping. The grunts and roars of African wildlife may be a soothing lullaby to Hemingway and to Robert Ruark. They weren't to us.

After the first three or four nights we got used to the hippos, but then the lions took an interest in the camp. The distant roar of a lion is pretty colorful, but grunts and roars outside your door are terrifying! Three times we tottered out in the morning to find lion tracks in the camp, not twenty feet from our beds. My wife held that if we were very quiet the lions would never know we were there. I maintained that it was friendly to warn them so that they would run away. Discussions in our little house, which looked like the kind of hut the Big Bad Wolf blew down, were very spirited as we quivered on our cots listening to the visitors. After a few nights of this, we reached the stage where every falling leaf or rustle in the grass became a threat of potential danger.

The other thing that kept our nights lively was recalling the ghastly adventures we had seen in the movies or read about in African memoirs. Unless you have nerves of steel and shoot like Annie Oakley, it is much better not to have seen wildlife films or studied "Hunting in Southern Africa." They give you ideas you might not have had all by yourself. All the fictional situations: the charging lion, the wounded buffalo, the stampeding elephant, can merge with your own poor marksmanship into a nightmare guaranteed to spoil your sleep, if, by chance, the fauna are not already chorusing in your ear. A famous war correspondent once confided to me that the most difficult problem he ever faced was whether or not to take sleeping pills in a foxhole. I sympathize. The cataclysmic decision is whether to be awake, bathed in cold sweat, your imagination running wild, while you plot the estimated position of a carnivore closing in on YOU, or whether to get a restful night on a morphine kick and wake to find an elephant has eaten your grass house or a lion has breakfasted on your leg. Next time we'll take pills!

Before we took this trip my wife and I had seen the usual photographs of prosperous-looking people lounging in safari cars bristling with rifles and cameras. We saw ourselves relaxing on zebra upholstery while we whizzed across African plains. The Luangwa is not like that. You walk. Every day at dawn we would shove off in single file: Peter, me, my wife, an armed native who stayed with her if we became separated, a native skinner, and two boys carrying axes, rope, waterbags, etc. At noon we would stagger back, weary, footsore, but usually exultant after a fifteen-mile hike.

Luckily there is enough cover on the Luangwa so that one does practically no stalking on all fours. One morning

Peter and I did spend several hours in a "park-like" mopani forest trying to approach a herd of eland over absolutely bare ground. His system, which I do not recommend to anyone except a gymnast, was to proceed, on our backs, feet first with our rifles teetering on our tummies. Not even the most hardened bureaucrat is likely to have the callouses on his elbows that this exercise requires. If you want to practice at home, don't forget to scatter a few thumb tacks on the floor to simulate the Luangwa thorns!

I suppose other people who go on safaris are good shots, but even if you can knock the ace out of a playing card at a hundred yards (and I can't), hitting large animals in the right place is difficult. Most shooting in Africa is done at animals that are relatively close. If you were shooting serenely at home at a similar target, even a beginner would hit it every time. The difference comes from the fact you have walked three or four hours in the sun and have scurried about in a deep crouch trying to approach quietly. You are hot, dizzy and flustered. You are being watched by a nonchalant professional and probably by two or three hawk-eyed Africans. There is no tree against which to steady yourself. Bugs are buzzing around your ears. The animal looks nervous, suspicious and about to run. Your rifle is heavy and very wobbly. It is easy to miss; even the good shots do.

Peter Hankin constantly enjoined us not to "startle" dangerous animals. We only wished they would not startle us. We were truly petrified only once. We had gone to a native village at dawn where lions were reputed to be. Hurrying down the trail we met three natives who claimed to have driven the lions off a dead wildebeeste, so we hid near the kill and waited for the lions to come back. Nothing happened, but after a while we heard lions roaring far away. Assuming these were the ones we were waiting for, we set off toward them in our customary formation through thick bush and patches of high grass. We had not gone a hundred yards when a lion concealed in the thicket, right next to which we were walking, let off the most appalling roar and growl. We froze in alarm, then spun toward the noise. Suddenly a huge lion and lioness sprang away from us out of the tussock and disappeared again. Even Peter went the color of chalk. The Africans were gray, and we were weak-kneed and trembling.

This commentary is not intended to dissuade anyone from Big Game Hunting. It is a marvelous experience in which the momentary frights and occasional discomforts play a part. Merely living in the bush is rewarding; the feeling of remoteness from civilization, the beauty of African dawns and sunsets, the extraordinary birds and plants and the serenity of the animals, all lend a special enchantment to the wilds.

There is very profound satisfaction in shooting large or potentially dangerous game. I recognize that the urgency of conserving African wildlife and the writing of various contemporary authors have tended to make such shooting out to be a contemptible exercise. I expected to feel sorry for the elephant I shot and to be filled with remorse when he foundered. It may seem brutish, but I didn't. Far from it, I was exultant. We had seen so many elephants on the Luangwa that I did not feel I was shooting the last of a vanishing species. There was also the overwhelming excite-



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ment and subsequent sense of relief when the elephant who, though not charging, was coming determinedly toward us, finally toppled. Ambassador Crowe's double-barrelled rifle, which had felt so comfortingly heavy in his study, felt like a toothpick as the elephant thundered towards us. The excitement of shooting an elephant is immeasurably heightened by the fact that, at least on the Luangwa, you take them on at very short range. Mine was only twenty yards away when he fell. He seemed awfully close and awfully big.

One last aspect of going on safari is that after a relatively successful expedition you will accumulate a collection of antlers, tusks, skins, and feet which are certain to clutter up your house and your lift vans for the rest of your life. My wife seems strangely unenthusiastic about displaying our collection, but I comfort her with the thought that at our next post we will surely have a porch that will look bare without a forest of antlers on the wall.

With new Embassies opening practically daily in Africa, it is certain that many officers are going to have the opportunity to serve on this continent. Many will not be within a thousand miles of game, but for those who want to go to the wild and lonely places where the old Africa lives on, it may be heartening to know that it still exists. Every year it dwindles. I doubt that my sons will ever see it. The great game parks of Africa may be saved, but there is a big difference between seeing animals through a car window and walking among them in the bush. If you are coming to Africa now, borrow a rifle, get out of the office and go on safari.

TWISTED TONGUES

by IDA M. PARDUE

LISTED here are twenty words purposely linked with the wrong tongue—just to see if you can re-arrange them correctly. Answers may be found on page 56.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Colleen—Arabic | 11. Sombrero—Hebrew |
| 2. Dachshund—Scotch | 12. Samba—American Indian |
| 3. Hominy—Portuguese | 13. Rutabaga—Norwegian |
| 4. Gondola—Greek | 14. Cancan—Italian |
| 5. Chopsticks—Irish | 15. Kraal—French |
| 6. Yogi—Russian | 16. Hallelujah—Maori |
| 7. Salaam—Turkish | 17. Gymnast—Hindi |
| 8. Scone—Swedish | 18. Yoghurt—Spanish |
| 9. Soy—Dutch | 19. Kava—Pidgin English |
| 10. Cossack—German | 20. Fiord—Japanese |

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The Zaniest Library

by EDMUND G. LOVE

MY WIFE works in a library. I know of no other library that has been bombed three times in six years. It is a library that has an average of three fist fights, two fits, and one heart attack every week. And where else has one reader ever hit another reader over the head with a hatchet?

I am speaking of the New York Public Library which nestles behind two old lions at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. Since I married a member of the staff I have ceased to view the place as a cultural center at all. I sometimes get the idea that she is working in the middle of the St. Mihiel salient. Each night when my wife comes home from work, I meet her the door with the same old question.

"What happened at the Public Library today?"

"Somebody slugged a guard," she says, or, "The shoe thief was back again."

This shoe thief business has been going on for several years. It seems that a majority of the young ladies who visit the main reading room like to slip off their brogans while studying. There is evidently some fellow who goes crawling around under the tables collecting these shoes. No one knows why he wants them or what he does with them, but on the days when he is operating there is always a jam of stocking-footed girls hopping around in front of the main desk wanting to know how they are expected to get home.

The library is full of characters. There is a woman who comes in wearing absolutely nothing but a fur coat and a Chihuahua. The rules say that no animals are to be allowed in the library, but this woman was having trouble finding a sitter for her dog. She tried various devices to smuggle the Chihuahua in under her coat. Every time she approached the front door the guards would throw back the coat and there would be the Chihuahua.

One day she decided to stop this inspection by wearing nothing under the coat but the dog. Since that time no one has dared to look under the coat and the lady sits contentedly at a table reading an encyclopedia and feeding the dog tid-bits.

After listening to my wife talk, and after making several personal inspections of the premises, I have about reached the conclusion that the things that go on outside the world of books are much more important to the Public Library than anything else. There is always a beatnik fashion show in which the more bizarre styles are exhibited and tried out.

The latest thing in beards is paraded around on all sides. Different devices are tried out for making pants tighter. For women, the normal costume seems to be leotards. Year in and year out there is a marked preference for leopard skin. Leopard skin jackets, leopard skin treading pants, leopard skin leotards and leopard skin shoes abound. And the occupants of this jungle finery growl at the librarians instead of talking to them. Indeed, the effect on my wife is discouraging. She now becomes bilious at the sight of leopard skin. A few months ago I bought a pair of leopard skin tights to wear to Vic Tanny's and almost ended up with a divorce.

The most interesting season of the year coincides with the semi-annual college vacations. It is a good idea for ordinary readers to stay far away from the library at this time. Between December 15 and January 5 every year, the New York Public Library has more lovers than all the writers in the world have been able to invent. This all stems from the universal habit of library dates on campus.

When students return home to the most exciting city in the world, the best thing they can think of to do is to call each other up and arrange to meet in the public library. Very few of these students come to do any reading. Those that do some research have a very peculiar ritual. After looking up something, the average student will finish his day by tearing out the pages of the book he has been perusing. Not having library cards and wishing to go on with their work, they seem to think that this is the easiest way to do it. Usually half the encyclopedias in the main reading room have to be replaced after one of these holidays is over.

For a member of the library staff, or a member of the library staff's family, the Christmas and Easter season is a nightmare. Long lines start forming at nine o'clock in the morning at the main desk, the tubes, the telephone booths, the rest rooms, and the water fountains. I have had to wait in line for half an hour just to ask my wife what time she will be home in the evening.

Usually, after one of these sieges from one to five thousand books are missing. Some of them never turn up again, but most of the time it is discovered, several months later, that the bleary-eyed library help has gotten so tired that they have put the volumes back on the wrong shelves.

THIS WHOLE performance wouldn't be quite so bad if the students were really interested in the books they draw out, but they aren't. They stand around talking to each other about dates, hairdos or crummy Christmas presents. They argue with the guards, or they shoot off firecrackers in the reading room. During college holidays, the Public Library is always faintly reminiscent of a fraternity house. There is certainly nothing about it that is faintly reminiscent of a library.

Even when the college students are not in town, there is something always going on that has nothing to do with books. Hardly a week goes by when someone is not shooting scenes for motion pictures or television, either inside the building or outside it. During one recent week there were movie companies all working in the public library at once. It is easier to see Audrey Hepburn, Katharine Hepburn, or Marlene Dietrich at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street than it is in Hollywood.

There are other distractions. In the big, main lobby there are always chiselers at work. They work on high platforms putting names of donors on one column or other. As soon as one donor's name is pounded out and the scaffolding is put away, someone else leaves the library some money and the chiseling starts all over again. There are

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moments when I think I've gotten into a quarry by mistake. Outside there is an incessant putting up and taking down of reviewing stands. There is a parade of some kind in New York every day and most of them seem to go right by the Public Library.

Miscellaneous activities are always in evidence. Every ten minutes, it seems, a long line of pop-eyed school children wander in and out under the chairs in the main reading room or flash bulbs will pop as some tourist or other gets his memento of the city. Outside, in the plaza, there is invariably some woman feeding the pigeons. There is actually one man who hunts pigeons on the roof and he isn't hunting them for humane reasons, either. If he manages to catch a pigeon before the guards run him off the premises, he takes it home and cooks it.

Incidentally, while on the subject of pigeons, it should be reported that there are at least four pigeons and three parakeets *inside* the library. They fly back and forth across the main reading room, migrating between American History and Genealogy. There are always a great many bums on the premises. They have cocktail parties on the marble benches that stand on the landings of the main staircase, or they have slumber parties in the reading room.

My wife, who is a close observer of the flora and fauna of the public library, assures me that there are three couples who make their home in the place at the present time. They eat, sleep, shave, bathe, and get their entertainment in one part or another of the building.

Ostensibly the Public Library is a source of information, but I am convinced that all is not light within these marble halls. I have kept a list of questions over the years that have been asked of my wife either over the telephone, or by people who step up to the desk. Here are some of the questions, just as they were asked:

1. Where can I rent a guillotine?
2. Where can I get a history of New York City manhole covers?
3. Where does the New York Public Library keep its list of expectant mothers?
4. Where can I buy a bullet-proof vest?
5. Where can I buy two tons of garbage?
6. At what time, exactly, is high noon?
7. Where can I find a book that will tell me how to be mistress of ceremonies at a musical orgy?
8. Is it proper to go to Reno alone to get a divorce?
9. Is trichinosis found in the entire pig?
10. Do you have any books on human beings?
11. How many seeds are there in a watermelon?
12. What is the nutritional value of human flesh?

Two weeks ago the phone rang at the main information desk and my wife picked it up.

"How long is an elephant pregnant?" a voice asked.

"Twenty-two to twenty-four months," my wife told him, after looking it up.

"My God!" the voice said, then hesitated. "Say, how can you tell whether an elephant is pregnant or not?"

"I don't know," my wife told him. "If I knew why you wanted to know, I might be able to help you. For instance, if you were writing a paper on the subject, I'd connect you with the Natural Science Division."

"I'm not writing a paper on the subject," the voice said, somewhat querulously. "I've got trouble. I've got an elephant right here in my apartment and it's acting very strangely. I think the dopey thing is pregnant."

Charity in the Foreign Service

by ALICE RAINE

D URBAN, Santos, Ankara, Antofagasta . . . no matter where we are posted, there is hardly a country which does not look up to us as the rich uncle. No matter where we are stationed, our dollar sign stands supreme—true or false, we stand for well-being, ease, luxury. Our shiny new cars do nothing to belie this picture and if our own pocketbooks became depleted acquiring these new cars, no one will believe that. And what is the rich uncle, or in this case, the rich aunt, expected to do about it?

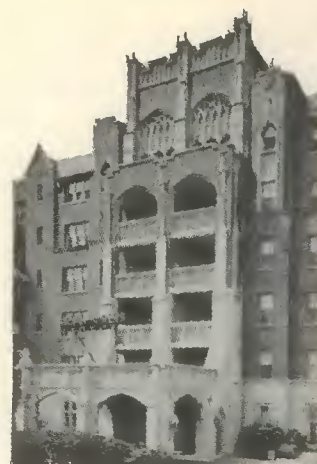
A while ago an FAO spokesman stated that one-third of the world's population is always hungry. Can any American who has lived only in the States understand what these words mean? We can't fathom the reality of such words until we have lived in some of the less privileged countries of the world, until we have seen with our own eyes what hunger and malnutrition mean. To see that, we do not have to be sent to some end-of-the-world vice-consulate: four blocks from the luxurious Copacabana Hotel in Rio de Janeiro are slums in which the infant mortality is the third highest in the world; in Pakistan a season of drought kills young and old in front of one's doorstep. A Foreign Service wife can hardly live in such posts without feeling personally called upon to do something about it.

There are at least two schools of thought on how to go about doing our share to alleviate the need around us, and depending on the wife of the chief of mission, the Foreign Service wife will probably embark on one or the other. First: the F.S. wife is welcome to join any established charity organization she feels drawn to. Soup-kitchens, orphanages, nursing, sewing, teaching—human demands are as many as there are human needs from birth to death. Joining a local charity she will work in decent anonymity, close to the women of the country, perhaps with other diplomats' wives. She will give her hour, her day, and money in small sums. Her satisfaction will be that she is doing her little bit to help and from what she sees around her she will, when she returns to her own home, thank God that she and her children were born Americans. The women working by her side will soon discover that the efficient woman who did not cringe when they brought in the baby dying of malnutrition, who did not drop the soup when the leper held out wasted hands, who sewed more grey aprons for orphans than any of them, is an American. They will nod to each other and, contrary to the "Ugly American," they will say: "Americans are good." When she is transferred there will be a void for a little while, then another woman, a local one, or perhaps a French woman or a British, will take her place, for charity work is never ending.

Then there is another school of thought, applying perhaps more to a larger post, where there are ten, twenty, forty or sixty wives, including the attachés' wives and those from Point Four. Let us say that here, by various means such as cake sales, a dance, a tea, between one hundred and five

Alice Raine, wife of FSO Philip Raine and mother of three children, has contributed to several magazines and has had a biography published.

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hundred dollars have been collected. Whereas \$100.00 would not be much to boast about in our own Community Fund drive, in many foreign countries wonderful things can be accomplished with just such a sum. One glass of milk for orphans daily for one year. A roof over an old woman's home. A playground for a slum area. A pipe bringing water to a community which up to now carried each pail full on its head.

Discussions begin and the two viewpoints are clearly defined as you wonder *how* to present this money. Charity should be humble, silent, anonymous, not expecting thanks. If you expect thanks it is no longer charity, but propaganda.

Not so, argues the other side. This money was collected by us, the Embassy or Consulate wives, and in addition to wanting to do good to less fortunate human beings we are here as the wives representing Uncle Sam. And Uncle Sam has been much maligned, teased and insulted. His good intentions, his generosity, have again and again been suspected as being political machinations. We, the wives, want to do charity, but we also want to do it in the name of our country. Instead of dropping our proceeds anonymously into the ever-hungry mouth of charity, we think a little fuss should be made about it. We don't really want a miniature flag floated on every glass of milk the orphans drink in the morning, but we do think that it is not wrong for others to know that we American wives, driving our "big" cars, supposedly ignorant of hunger or want, crowned by our halo of national well-being, do still consider others—and not only in our role as human beings, but also in our role as representatives of the United States. The fact that other Embassies only too happily and without bowing to any national guilt complex make much noise of their charitable activities, should weigh in favor of this, our double role. The F.S. wife who was abroad prior to World War II remembers well how other nations used everything to enhance the prestige and reputation of their country, yet it seems that the American wife who has never experienced propaganda warfare is most reluctant to overcome her reticence on that score. Yet must she not learn that abroad certain things are expected of her? She must give up much of her family life because of her social duties, she must entertain not only friends but many people whom she may see only that one time, she must buy more expensive clothes, and battle with servants when she'd rather do everything herself, since she is no longer Mrs. Suburban Housewife but is first and always the wife of the American diplomat and as such must be always on her best behavior. For this reason her inbred reticence about charity must perhaps give way somewhat and even her "good works" must be used as swords in the battle for her country. Of course, care must be taken not to go to the other extreme. Not only would our country lose, but as individuals, too, we would suffer, for we would no longer be able to feel that it is "better to give than to receive."

ANSWERS: (according to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary)

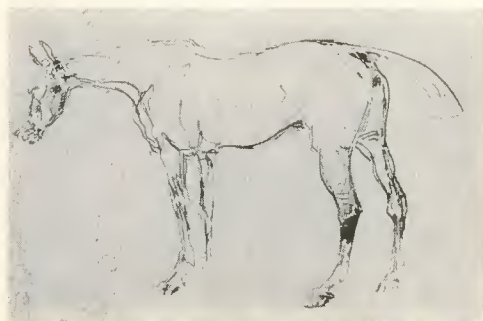
- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Irish | 8. Scotch | 15. S. Afr. Dutch |
| 2. German | 9. Japanese | 16. Hebrew |
| 3. American Indian | 10. Russian | 17. Greek |
| 4. Italian | 11. Spanish | 18. Turkish |
| 5. Pidgin English | 12. Portuguese | 19. Maori |
| 6. Hindi | 13. Swedish | 20. Norwegian |
| 7. Arabic | 14. French | |

The ways to make money for charity are manifold. At one post it may be the custom to collect money from the wives of the staff, in order to make a nice donation. Although our hometown charities follow us via the APO it is still fairly easy even for an FSO's wife to give five, ten or twenty dollars once a year and be done with it. Thus her social obligations are not interrupted, her golf lesson is not missed, she can still go antique shopping, drive her child to guitar or ballet lessons, and, when her husband returns in the evening, she will not be too tired to smile. It is a painless way to do charity, you hardly realize what the \$10.00 was for. But isn't that just what our detractors say of us, that we think we can make everything all right with money?

At another post the chief's wife may be giving a day a week to a local charity, doing so in the belief that even if she neglects other duties, it is well worth it. The entire staff is then galvanized into action and only very legitimate reasons (such as small babies) can keep the young F.S. wife from following in her footsteps. Once a year or so, great events are planned and before long everybody seems to be giving most of their time to this cause. Husbands, children, canasta, even language lessons, are temporarily neglected and before the great day finally dawns the F.S. wife has sworn that no matter what the dutiful F.S. wife is supposed to be like, never again will she let herself be elected Committee Chairman in Charge of Tablecloths and Matches. In the end, after the money has been counted and she sits with her feet in a tub of water, staring in exhaustion at the shambles left after the fashion show, she will, despite it all, feel that it was she who gained. During the preparations she has worked with quite a new group of people, she has seen with her own eyes the need which this charity party is supposed to assuage, and her bonus is that she feels closer to the inner life of this country than any purely social party could ever have brought her. The sense of satisfaction at the successful conclusion of this campaign cannot be bought with ten or twenty dollars.

I remember a little water fountain in a Mexican Village not far from the capital, above which in bright-colored tiles the Mexican and the American flags were entwined. "Twenty years ago," a barefoot school child told me, "your American señoras built this for us. There is always water in it." This was at a time when there was much tension between our two neighboring countries, much talk in the newspapers about the *coloso del norte* and the *imperialismo yanqui*, yet in that little village there was a sense of unequalled friendship towards me, not as a person, but as a representative of my country.

The questions then asked are these: Give money or give yourself? Be reticent or publicly active? It would be helpful to know what the consensus in the Foreign Service is.



Sketch

Toulouse-Lautrec



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Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. Anonymous letters are neither published nor read. All letters are subject to condensation. The opinions of the writers are not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

To Sit—or How to Sit

ABOUT A YEAR ago you published in letter-form the essence of a despatch from the American Consulate in Kuwait concerning the inability of six-foot officers of the Consulate to sit up straight in the new official car. The then Chief of the Supply Division prepared a reply and staged a couple of photographs to illustrate the Department's proposed remedy to the problem. This reply never went out. I have, however, just come across it and pass it along to you, for the edification of JOURNAL readers.

The Department shares the concern of the Consulate regarding the effect of the new automobiles on the more elongated officers of the Service, and hastens to reassure the Consulate that an active research program is being pursued to find a solution to the problem.

While the research to date has not resulted in a completely satisfactory solution, it was thought that the Consulate would appreciate a progress report.

Early in the research program it became evident that the only feasible points of attack were the officers or the vehicles. While the possibility of a solution through the personnel selection and assignment process has not been entirely ruled out, it is considered that more immediate results could be achieved by concentrating on the vehicles. Among the alternatives which are being considered in this area are antique vehicles, horse-drawn carriages, and motorized pedicabs. All of these have inherent disadvantages. The most promising lead so far is in the field of vehicles with sliding tops. Enclosed is a picture illustrating some of the field testing being conducted. The subject being used in the testing has a configuration that roughly corresponds to that of the officers at Kuwait, except that he does not have short legs. The principal problem to which a solution has not yet

been found, is that the umbrella acts as an air brake and prevents the attainment of speeds in excess of fifteen miles per hour.

The Department notes that a copy of the subject despatch was sent to the Chrysler Corporation and is awaiting the company's possible reply with hope and curiosity but with little real expectation of a workable solution.

The Consulate will be kept informed of any further developments.

Since the Principal Officer-Designate is well under six feet and since the last of the four six-footers referred to in the original despatch is soon to depart Kuwait, the issue now becomes purely academic. I might add that Chrysler Corporation's reply to the copy of the despatch it received reveals that its executives are better qualified to design fins than to appreciate humor.

TALCOTT W. SEELYE

Washington

"Responsibility of CM's"

AS ONE WHO spent many years in the Foreign Service, I wish to endorse heartily the views expressed in your editorial "Responsibility of Chiefs of Mission" appearing in your February number.

The authority of the Ambassador should unquestionably extend, not only over the Foreign Service personnel, but also, in a supervisory capacity, over those of other agencies as well, such as the new Peace Corps, for instance. There should be discipline and cooperation among the numerous personnel assigned to any given country, and this can be obtained only if there is one efficient and responsible head.

As you state, the burdens of the Ambassador will be heavy, but this burden will be justified if it results in an increase of efficiency and the avoidance of confusion and error.

ORME WILSON

Washington

"A Horrid Occupation"—150 Years Ago

WHEN ONE READS in the back of the JOURNAL the complaints and criticisms of Foreign Service conditions, procedures and emoluments, would it not serve as a counter-irritant and slight salve to wounded feelings to consider the plight of Consuls to the Barbary States at the beginning of the nineteenth century?

"... These men seem to have been, all considered, worse off than the Christian captives. Physically, they were in danger—especially when any Christian power attacked: ... as the priestly Consul who was blown from the cannon's mouth. They were liable to be put in irons or set to work with the slaves if tribute were delayed. They were at all times distressingly humiliated. A Consul when presenting himself to the Dey of Algiers had to take off his shoes and reverently kiss the ruffian's hand. ... In 1740 a French Consul refused, was threatened with instant death, and gave in. A few years later an English Ambassador managed to do his kissing by proxy; the officers in his suite kissed for him.

its mental torture. When a prize ship, a captured European vessel, was towed into the harbor by the pirates, cannon cracked all day long, rejoicing if it were a rich prize. The Consul studied its flag and might recognize his own with a pang. At each arrival all the Consuls proceeded to the presence of the Dey to note what members of his own nation might be amongst the ship's company—all now, of course, slaves. Then at the slave market Consuls watched erstwhile honorable compatriots put through their paces—sullen, frightened men, modest women, trembling girls, and boys likely to find vicious masters.

"To be a consul was a horrid occupation ... the next step to the infernal regions." From Galbraith Welch's "North African Prelude," page 427.

However, the French took over Algeria in 1830 on the pretext of a much slighter offense, when the Dey hit the French Consul with his fan. The more prosaic account is that it was not a fan but a fly-swatter.

ARTHUR C. FROST

Menlo Park, Calif.



How to Sit

The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE INSURANCE YEAR ENDED FEBRUARY 28, 1961

I. OPERATIONS

As of March 1, 1961:

Members carrying Group Life	2510
Members of Foreign Service Benefit Plan	6112
Total Group Life in force	\$41,280,350.00

Claims paid during year:

11 Group Life	\$ 143,750.00
3 Family Group Life	2,500.00
2 Accidental Death	30,000.00
Hospital-Surgical under old plan	140,881.07
Foreign Service Benefit Plan	170,453.60

The net assets of the Association were maintained at the approved level with increased benefits to members as noted below.

II. NEW BENEFITS NOW IN FORCE

1. An increase in the permissible coverage for retired officers over 65 on March 1, 1960.
2. Accidental Death and Dismemberment Insurance for retired officers over 65 without additional charge to them on June 1, 1960.
3. Family insurance for *all* members having Group Life at no added cost to them on September 1, 1960.
4. Increase from \$15,000 to \$17,500 in Group Life and a similar increase in AD&D for all \$15,000 Group Life policy holders, without increasing their premiums, effective March 1, 1961.

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Letters to the Editor

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Diplomacy in the Days of Teddy Roosevelt

SETH Low Pierrepont, who was one of my uncles, was an early Foreign Service officer. In the summer of 1907 he went to Tours to study French. While there he was invited to go to Lisbon as acting private secretary to the Minister, Colonel Charles Page Bryan. He stayed in Lisbon for a couple of months, then returned to Paris, I believe, for further study. Ultimately he took the exams, was sent to Paris as 3rd secretary, but transferred almost at once to Santiago, where he became Chargé and in the course of the following two or so years, secured a settlement of the Alsop Claims, which had been hanging fire for some twenty years and over which we nearly broke relations with Chile. Unfortunately, although he was admirably suited to the Service, his wife, I gather, did not like it, and he resigned in 1913 although he had been offered a promotion.

I mention this just as background. Recently several boxes of family papers were shipped to me, and among them I found a letter or two that I think the JOURNAL might enjoy quoting from.

On October 2, 1907, when Colonel Bryan had asked him to come to Lisbon, Seth wrote his father: "What he of-

fers at present is this. A legation is made up in general of only three men—the Minister, the Secretary of Legation, and the private secretary to the Minister who is also clerk of Legation and has to do considerable copying and writes the communications which go to Washington. Thus his manner of working becomes known there . . . When he files his application for the Service he can say that he has had experience as clerk of Legation, for such and such a time at — place, which helps. His present private secretary is on the eve of marriage and may not go back to Lisbon . . . While there, whether his private secretary in fact returns or no, I shall have ample time to learn the work of the lowest rung of the diplomatic ladder."

Almost exactly a year later, he wrote his father from Washington on October 1, 1908:

"Arrived here o.k. at 7:30; had breakfast and a shave. Then after getting cleaned up and dressed in my room I went directly to the White House where I left Mrs. C's letter and my card for Mrs. Roosevelt. At the Executive Office I was told to return at 11:30. As it was then not quite ten I went to the State Department and saw Mr. Quigley of the Bureau of Appointments. He told me I should see Dr. Scott, the Solicitor on the examining Board. Dr. S. was cordial and told me that I had passed the International Law paper with the mark of 75, the passing grade. When I told him I had studied only a month on it, he said I could not have expected to do any better and that out of six candidates who took it before me three had failed. He used to 'profess' at Columbia. He then took me to see Mr. Smith of the Diplomatic Bureau. He showed me my other marks as follows: Dip. Usage, 95; French into English, 90; and Eng. into French, 70, making an average of 82.50, so I feel quite elated. He promised to send the papers directly to Mr. Bacon. I then went to see Mr. Bacon, but as it is Diplomatic Reception day he could not see me this morning. At Mr. Root's office I learned that he was at the White House. Then I went to see Billy Phillips who was very agreeable as usual, and told me not to fail

to see Mr. Bacon. I then returned to the Executive Office where Sec. Loeb greeted me and sat me down in a waiting room, taking Mrs. C's letter to the President. While I was waiting Mr. Root came out and as he nodded to me I spoke to him and gave him Mr. Girscom's letter. He said to come and see him. As I understand that 10 a.m. to-morrow is the best time I shall go then.

"Mr. Loeb called a menial saying 'Show Mr. Pierrepont into the Cabinet Room.' A number of people were waiting there and I sat on a delicious green leather sofa facing the Cabinet table with its ten large chairs. Suddenly the sliding doors at the end of the room slid open with a rush. At once we were on our feet for the mighty man was standing in the opening. He summoned one or two of the more important into his office and the rest of us waited. Several people came in. Then he came out and went the rounds, chatting pleasantly with each and telling some to wait. Then he came to me and greeted me quite as an equal and friend. He is marvellous. He remembered most of the details connected with my case. Scribbled the following note to Mr. Bacon; told me Mr. B. was my man, and then proceeded to tell me that he was not very much in sympathy with young men going into diplomacy for too long. I told him that I knew that but that I wanted to follow the example of Phillips who was abroad for seven years and then called into the State Department here. He said that was the right idea and went on to the next man. Here is a copy of his note:"

Dear Bob,

Seth Low Pierrepont would I am sure make a good man as Secretary of Legation. He is from Connecticut; is there a chance for him? Do talk with him.

T. R.

Seth added a postscript to his letter listing "The following posts are vacant: Brazil, Second Sec. of Emb. \$2,000; Costa Rica, Sec. of Leg. \$2,000; England, 3d Sec. of Emb., \$1,200; Turkey, ditto, \$1,200; Morocco, Sec. of Leg., \$2,000; Bangkok, ditto, ditto."

Washington

ABBOT LOW MOFFAT



Norwegian Cupboard

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Letters to the Editor

Making Calls, in 1961

WE ENJOYED Rebecca H. Latimer's article in the March issue about new Foreign Service wives in 1929 making their calls. However, her assumption is wrong that present-day wives of new officers spend their time in "scientific briefings." They are kept busy, all right, but not being briefed, or making calls either. Our class of twenty-five FSO's—8 who entered the Service in September of 1959 may serve as an illustration. In less than a year and a half our little group has had nine children, in addition to the nine we already had when we entered—and late up-county returns are not in yet. (Those figures do not even include our eight bachelors).

Who has time to make calls?

BETSY and JACK PERRY
(and James and Leslie)

Washington

U. S. Hams Overseas

JUST BEFORE I left Quito it occurred to me that something I took as a matter of course might be useful to many State Department and ICA employees everywhere.

When someone in the family is gravely ill or a notice of a death at home has been received, time is precious. Commercial cables are sent, but five or ten well chosen words are not satisfactory. At such times just hearing the right voice can be reassuring.

This type of thing is possible through amateur radio. And hams around the globe may be interested to know that from 7:00 to 8:00 a.m. EST at 14.330 on C.W., A.M. or S.S.B., every week day except Wednesday, the Intercontinental Net is on—K4NAA (Wash., D. C.) is control. They will relay or make direct phone patches. This information may be useless now or unintelligible, but show it to any ham in time of need and he will know how to make use of it.

As a further suggestion, in any mission where there is a well-equipped ham, either national or U.S., pass on this notice so he can begin to check in regularly. That way he can cooperate in receiving messages for your area and will be ready to send messages as may be needed.

This is not to replace but to supple-

ment commercial channels of communication. It is for family-type messages—not for ordering a new coat, etc. And it really works.

This sort of thing is made possible because many countries allow certain, more or less qualified foreigners to obtain local ham licenses—this in spite of the fact that in the United States there is no reciprocity. For example, when I was in Ecuador, both my son and myself had licenses. We had fun participating in the field days and other activities the club had.

Prior to the Ecuadorean assignment, in Chile, my wife and I were permitted licenses; my son was then under age. As soon as we heard of the Chilean earthquake last year my son requested and received permission to go to assist in communications. He went as a representative of the Quito Radio Club, equipped with four complete stations, and by courtesy of the Ecuadorean and Chilean airlines (commercial) and MATS (non-commercial) had a free ride. He was able to help a lot (near Valdivia) by direct communications, by mobile station operation (reporting in isolated areas), by jury rigging some damaged equipment into operation, and by translation.

Through "hamming" we have made many friends, mostly unseen. Our experience is being repeated many times over by other U. S. hams working abroad. We would appreciate assistance in obtaining limited reciprocity. I suggest, to begin with, U. S. licenses be made available to foreign diplomatic and special passport holders stationed in the United States.

FRED MYER
Ex-CE4EU & HOIBE

Bridgeville, Ind.

Title for Inspectors?

A RETIRED FSO in our neighborhood noted that Ambassador Averell Harriman is not called "Ambassador-at-Large" but rather, "Roving Ambassador." He remarked that someone in the Department must have remembered that Inspectors were once called "Consuls General-at-Large" and that the title was dropped when it was kicked around by quipsters. And by the by, neighbor comes up with a timely title for Inspectors—"Rover Boys."

Denver

C.R.

Tongue-Tied

EGGED ON by Robert W. Rinden's appealing "Pagan Tongues" illustrating the minimum need of foreign words in an understanding world, among the letters to the editor in the January JOURNAL, may I suggest that the following hectic conversation between a Spanish *hidalgo* at table and his faithful old manservant takes the cake:

Servant: "Ya?" (Meaning: "Are you ready to eat, Sir?")

Hidalgo: "Ya." (Meaning: "Yes, all ready.")

Servant: "Ya." (Meaning: "Very well, Sir." He leaves to fetch the *arroz con pollo*.)

ERIK W. MACNUSON
FSO-retired

Bromma, Sweden

"A True Fable"

THERE WAS once a little girl who was happy.

She went to school and did not have to study hard to keep ahead of her class. She was optimistic.

She went to High School and battled with Latin and Mathematics.

She went to College and graduated magna cum laude.

She studied some more—then entered the Foreign Service.

She worked in many different jobs in many different lands, amidst alien wars and our own. She became a Staff Vice Consul and did responsible work in Embassies. She was optimistic and confident.

Then came Wristonization—

And she ended up as an Embassy typist for the new recruits.

B.A.

Paris

Pants—Home and Abroad

IN MARCH letters to the Editor, Bill Cochran, in justifiable defense of striped pants, asks what's wrong with them. The answer is, of course, nothing, especially in these days of big conferences. For the first time they have become useful as well as ornamental. Why I've read that "diplomats now have striped pants in a darker shade for traveling than the ones they wear at home, so that at the big conferences you can easily tell which is the home team."

M. P.

Washington

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