

Foreign Service Journal



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Turkish Village by Alice Acheson

Mrs. Acheson's oil and collage of a village in Turkey was painted in response to a request from the Turkish Embassy several years ago. About thirty Washington artists submitted pictures which were exhibited here first and then in cities in Turkey. At the time, neither Mrs. Acheson nor any of the other artists had ever visited Turkey but Mrs. Acheson says she has since been there.

For a close-up view of Turkey today, see The Bookshelf, page 34.

PHOTOS AND ART FOR AUGUST

Alice Acheson, wife of the former Secretary of State, cover
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Baluch woman and child

Hal W. Vaughan

New AFSA Directors

HUGH G. APPLING, Chairman. Mr. Appling was raised in a small town in California and received his AB degree from the University of California. After a year as a bank teller, he entered the military service. Returning to civilian life in 1946 he taught school and in 1947 married a school librarian, Mary Letha Bess.



Hugh G. Appling

Mr. Appling received his MA in 1947 and entered the Foreign Service, serving in Vienna, London, Paris, and Bonn. He is currently serving as Special Assistant to the Under Secretary of State for Administration.

Father of two sons and two daughters, Mr. Appling's leisure time activities include church and school affairs, Little League baseball, and keeping a garden under control.

MARTIN F. HERZ, new Vice-Chairman, is an exponent of the "activist" (minority) wing of the AFSA Board of Directors on which he has served since 1960. Since entering the Foreign Service in 1946, he has served in Vienna, Washington, Paris, Phnom Penh and Tokyo. His present position is that of Special Assistant for Planning for African Affairs. His views on AFSA's opportunities and responsibilities were spelled out in the article "Our Association: What Should It Do? What Can It Do?" in the November, 1957 issue of the JOURNAL.



Martin F. Herz

JEAN WILKOWSKI, new Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, has just returned to Washington from the year-long tariff negotiations with the European Economic Community at Geneva. Her assignment to the Commercial Policy Branch of the E area will be short-lived as she has been selected for the Senior Seminar commencing at the Foreign Service Institute in September. Jean comes from the lake region of northern Wisconsin. She studied at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College (B.A.) and the University of Wisconsin (M.A.) and did a summer at the University of Havana on



Jean Wilkowski



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AFSA DIRECTORS

a scholarship from a national magazine. She has had two tours in South America (Bogota and Santiago), two in Europe (Paris and Milan) and one in the West Indies (Port of Spain). Under the Department's advanced economic training program she attended the University of California (Berkeley). Her hobbies are skiing, cycling along the C&O Canal, and wandering through the local art galleries.

TOBY BELCHER, new Director, was born at the far end of the New York-Statens Island ferry run—and later raised in Garrison, New York, still his legal residence. He attended schools in New York and graduated from Brown University, Providence, in 1941, having majored in economics and political science.



Toby Belcher

Mr. Belcher entered the Service in 1945 and has served in Mexico City, Scotland, Cyprus, and at the National Defense College in Kingston, Ontario. He is now Director of West Coast Countries in ARA.

Toby Belcher is a familiar figure in the AFSA offices, having served on the Entertainment Committee during his first tour in Washington in 1956 and was Chairman of the Committee for one year.

Although the Belchers' legal residence is in New York, they are now Washingtonians of a sort since their purchase of a home in Foxhall Village.

AFSA : Activities

From the Minutes of Recent Meetings:

April 9, 1962: The Board of Directors considered the following subjects: response from the membership to the Association's appeal in the February JOURNAL entitled "What Your Association Can Do for You"; establishment of a Committee on Legal Affairs; speakers for the next AFSA luncheons; a letter to all members in connection with Mr. Benton's offer of \$5,000 for the scholarship fund; implications of the proposed pay raise bill for the Foreign Service; House Bill No. 10859 relating to certain officers or employees of the Department of State; a study of the Foreign Service under consideration by a group of officers called together by the Association; appointment of a Chairman for the Committee on Elections; and appointments to the Committee on the International Affairs Center and to the Committee on Retired Foreign Service Personnel.

April 24, 1962: The Board accepted with regret the resignations of Mr. William Boswell, Chairman, and Miss Joan Clark, Secretary-Treasurer, and elected Mr. Appling and Mr. Matthews to succeed them. It considered, *inter alia*, how best to inform the membership of the activities of the Board; raising and investment of funds for scholarships; replacements of members on the Committees for Retired Foreign Service Personnel and

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AFSA: Board Minutes

Welfare; and the role of the Association as an employee organization under Executive Order 10988.

May 14, 1962: The Board discussed arrangements for the President's luncheon with the Association; discussed the relative numbers of career and non-career appointments to top positions; accepted the invitation of the Herter Committee to send representatives to meet with the Committee and staff; appointed to the Committee on Elections, on the recommendation of Committee Chairman William Walker, Messrs. Henry Brodie, Henry L. T. Koren, Adrian T. Middleton and Harvey R. Wellman; elected to fill vacancies on the Board of Directors, Mr. Taylor G. Belcher and Miss Jean Wilkowski; and reviewed the effect on the Foreign Service of proposed Federal pay reform legislation.

May 21, 1962: The Board approved new appointments to the Committees on Welfare and Entertainment; elected Mr. Martin F. Herz as Vice Chairman and Miss Jean Wilkowski as Assistant Secretary-Treasurer; received report, negative, for the present, on the use of Wilson House as a Foreign Service club; agreed to ask permission of Mrs. Bliss to name a scholarship for Ambassador Robert Woods Bliss; agreed to follow up earlier invitations to renew conversations with Deputy Under Secretary for Administration Jones and Assistant Secretary for Administration Crockett on administrative matters of concern to the Foreign Service; noted a report on participation by Association members in Mutual of Omaha's disability insurance group plan; discussed briefly the pros and cons of a larger foreign affairs service, integrating personnel of related agencies, and agreed to discuss this subject more fully later.

Joseph F. McGurk

JOE MCGURK'S DEATH brings sorrow and a deep sense of loss to all of us—a large number indeed—who enjoyed his friendship. Something that cannot be replaced has gone from our lives, but not from our memories.

His lifetime service to his country as a Foreign Service Officer sets a high standard. He brought to his work the integrity that is so essential in public affairs. I am sure that many hundreds of us, Americans and citizens of other countries, who knew and worked with him depended on his word as confidently as we would have relied on a signed statement. He made some mistakes, of course. He was human. He was big enough to admit and to try to remedy when he was convinced that he had been wrong.

Joe had common sense and good judgment. He seldom was wrong in his estimates of human character. Also, he had an Irish stubbornness that reduced his friends to wrecks at times. That was more than balanced by a warm sense of humor. One could make a great many allowances for his minor failings.

Sympathy, understanding and generosity were instinctive with him; but he could harbor hot anger and lasting resentment against what he thought to be deliberate dishonesty or wrongdoing. There was no mean streak in him and he did not condone it in others.

Our best tribute to Joe McGurk will be to try to cultivate in ourselves and inculcate in others those qualities of excellence that made him such a valuable public servant, such a staunch friend, and such a lovable human being.

—GEORGE H. BUTLER

AFSA Elections

The Electoral College which will choose the next Board of Directors of the American Foreign Service Association will be elected in accordance with Article VI of the By-Laws. When the Electoral College meets it will be interested in considering candidates from AFSA members who expect to be in Washington until the fall of 1963 and who are prepared to participate actively in the work of the Association. Those who would like to be considered by the Electoral College should submit their names to the General Manager, AFSA, before August 31.

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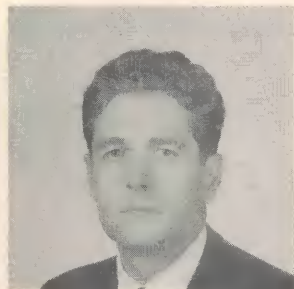
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New Editorial Board Members

HAVING TWO Ramseys on the Journal Editorial Board may be a confusing experience, but should be a har-



James Ramsey

monious one since they are not related. James Ramsey was born some forty-odd years ago in Boston, graduated from Harvard, and came to the Department in 1949 after a stint at helping to rule some of Central Europe's occupied millions. Assignments since then have been to the Research area, USRO Paris, Oberammergau for a year of Russian and beer drinking, and Moscow where he became known to the Soviets as "the American who recognized the Foreign Trade Ministry." Mr. Ramsey will be remembered as the author of the recent "Journey to Dzhulfa" as well as the classic "On Negotiating with Friends," written after his tour at USRO. At present he is assigned to the Department's Office of Soviet Union Affairs.

M^{R.} WOODRUFF, who is presently in the Personnel Operations Division, entered the Foreign Service after four



Arthur H. Woodruff

years at Harvard and two in the Marine Corps. He has served as Vice Consul at Casablanca and Elisabethville and before joining POD was Officer in Charge of Congo Affairs, an experience he likens to "being an extra in 'A Night at the Opera' as directed by Ingmar Bergman." He now lives a somewhat less traumatic life in a

(mostly) glass house in the woods below Alexandria and neither the Watch Officer nor his wife hold any further terrors for him. The former no longer calls him in the small hours and the latter no longer consults airline schedules for Reno nor despairs for her interrupted career as a fashion model. His hobbies are four: ages six, four, two and one, and as related pastime he has become reasonably adept at repairing glass windows.



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Career Minister Appointments

Thirteen Foreign Service Officers were
appointed Career Ministers in June 1962:

SAMUEL D. BERGER
EDMUND A. GULLION
MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND
JOHN D. JERNEGAN
THOMAS C. MANN
ROBERT MCCLINTOCK
FREDERICK E. NOLTING, JR.
JOSEPH PALMER, 2ND
G. FREDERICK REINHART
WILLIAM M. ROUNTREE
ROY RICHARD RUBOTTOM, JR.
JOHN W. TUTTILL
WILLIAM R. TYLER

BIRTHS

GRIFFIN. A son, Sean Young, born to Mr. and Mrs. George G. B. Griffin, on August 2, 1961, in Naples.

KELLEY. A son, William Curtis, born to Mr. and Mrs. William Kelley, on June 5, in Lewisville, Arkansas. Mr. Kelley is serving as staff aide to Ambassador Reischauer.

MARRIAGES

BEARD-MARSH. Ruth A. Beard and FSO William H. Marsh were married on May 26, in Christ Episcopal Church, Washington.

GORDON-REINIG. Mary Anne Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bartley P. Gordon, and Frederick W. Reinig were married on April 28, in Washington.

LOFTIN-POLK. Ann Cross Loftin and FSO William Roe Polk were married on June 9, in All Souls Church, Washington.

STEELE-WARNER. Mary Steele and Percy deForest Warner, III, son of FSO-retired Percy deForest Warner, II, and Mrs. Warner, were married on June 9, in Washington.

DEATHS

CAHN. Rudolph E. Cahn, FSS-retired, died on June 9, in Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Cahn entered the Foreign Service in 1920 and retired in September, 1961. He served at Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo and in the Departments of State and Commerce.

COLLINS. Virginia Whitfield Collins, FSO, died on June 18, in Washington. Miss Collins served at Tokyo, Habana, London, Warsaw and Vienna. She entered the service of the Department of State in 1928 and the Foreign Service in 1935.

CURTIS. Charles B. Curtis, FSO-retired, died on June 25, in Torrington, Connecticut. Mr. Curtis entered the Foreign Service in 1907, and retired in 1933 as Minister to the Dominican Republic. Among the posts at which he served were Petrograd, Constantinople, Christiania, Rio de Janeiro, Bogota, Panama, Guatemala, Budapest and Habana.

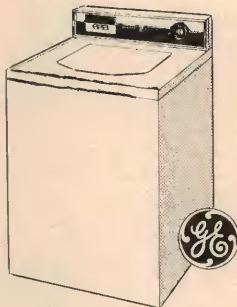
KRENTZ. Kenneth C. Krentz, FSO-retired, died on May 28, in Monterey, California. Mr. Krentz entered the Foreign Service in 1926 and retired in 1955. He served at Hong Kong, Kobe, Osaka, Canton, Mukden, Bombay, Hankow, Taipei and London. Mr. Krentz was Counselor of Embassy and Consul General at London at the time of his retirement.

SMALE. William A. Smale, FSO-retired, died on June 12, at Rochestown, County Cork, Ireland. Mr. Smale entered the Foreign Service in 1919 and retired in 1951. He served at Mexicali, Habana, Nassau, Montreal, Cork, Belfast, and Capetown. He was Consul General at Capetown at the time of his retirement.

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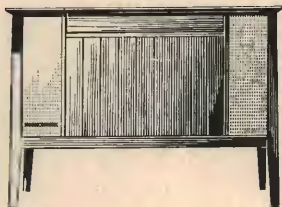
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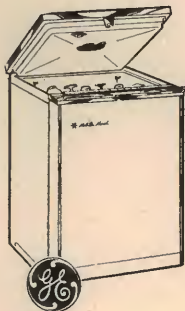


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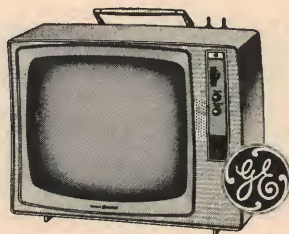


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July, 1937

by JAMES B. STEWART

Press Praises Roosevelt's Appointments

THE DESIGNATIONS of the following career men won the approval of the country's press: Hugh Wilson and George Messersmith to be Assistant Secretaries of State; Hugh Gibson to Belgium; Jefferson Caffery to Brazil; Butler Wright to Cuba, all as Ambassadors.

The New York TIMES commented: Through a series of recent diplomatic nominations, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have achieved two important purposes. The appointment of several "career" men has strengthened the morale of the entire Foreign Service; and the designation of two of the most experienced diplomats to Assistant Secretaries of State marks progress in the delayed job of reorganizing the Department of State.

The Washington STAR commented in part: In the case of the Foreign Service, and especially in a time of incalculable tension like the present, the country has cause for self-congratulation on the fact that place hunters nowadays aim in vain at key diplomatic positions.

The MORNING RECORD of Troy, New York, in commenting on the appointments of Ambassadors Caffery, Gibson and Wright, observed: It is certain that the history of the country, certainly since the Civil War, never provided in one day, three such plums for career diplomacy . . . The idea of diplomatic positions for trained diplomats is growing. It has reached the President; and each President goes a step further than his predecessors.

This Is News!

Wilbur J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State, left the Department in 1937, after forty years, to become American Minister to Czechoslovakia. In announcing the appointment, Secretary Hull made the following statement: Mr. Carr, during his more than forty years of devoted service in the Department of State, has proved himself to be one of the very ablest and most capable Assistant Secretaries in the history of the Department. The time has now come when Mr. Carr desires to take a mission in the field. Prague is today one of our most vital listening posts and his assignment there was mutually agreeable to all concerned.

Our Leading Ichthyologist

When Ellis Briggs was Second Secretary at Habana, he once went fishing for marlin and 'tis pleasant to relate that he landed one. It is also pleasant to quote from his article in the August JOURNAL which tells of his experience and of his scientific fishing techniques:

"With respect to my first exposure to a marlin: They sit you in a swivel chair that has a socket in front, and in the socket you thrust the end of a pole which immediately reminds you of the pole they use to sustain telephone

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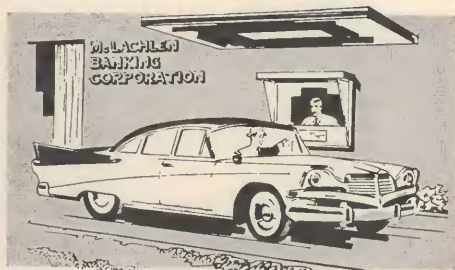
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25 Years Ago

By JAMES B. STEWART

wires. Near the base of the pole there is a reel the size and weight of a gallon jug; unlike the jug it is equipped with all the gauges and instruments you find in the cockpit of an airplane, including a deck-tennis court, a small Frigidaire, and a Victrola.

"Signs of marlin are sought in toothmarks on passing tufts of seaweed, ragweed and dandelions, and in the antics of flying fish, which are said to perspire profusely and turn blue.

"When a marlin appears, you seize the rod, replace it on the socket in front of your swivel chair, take off the brake, adjust the tachometer, put the Toreador song on the Victrola, clean the spark plugs, and take a long drink of Ron Carta de Oro . . . By this time the marlin takes the bait, starting at precisely the same second for Key West."

When Ellis was transferred from Habana to the Department, the magazine *PEACEWAYS* stated that he was one of the Service's leading ichthyological humorists; also that his transfer would result in a smaller catch on account of the fact that Potomac shad cannot compare with the sea-going Cuban marlin.

Comment 1962: Be all that as may be, we'll take shad and heartily endorse what a colleague once said: "When you can walk down the street after lunch on a sunny day in early spring with the eggs of the stately shad lodged in your teeth, life has little more to offer."

In The Department

G. Howland Shaw succeeds Thomas M. Wilson as Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel. James C. Dunn was appointed Chief of the newly created European Division. Charles B. Hosmer was designated Chief of the Office of Fiscal and Budget Affairs. Mrs. Blanche Rule Halla was designated Chief of the Office of Coordination and Review. Nathaniel P. Davis was designated Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Administration, succeeding Herbert C. Hengstler who was assigned as Consul General at Toronto. Herbert Feiss was appointed Adviser on International Economic Affairs.

Flight to Bermuda

Richard Southgate, Department, describes in the *JOURNAL* the first flight ever made from New York to Bermuda, June 12, 1937, on the "Bermuda Clipper."

"The long run was 773 miles," writes Dick, and he continues: "Steadier than a Pullman car traveling at high speed and equally quiet, the 'Clipper' drove forward at 160 miles an hour. Shortly after noon the stewards began to set tables. It is an amazing commentary that, on what a few years ago would have been considered a hair-raising enterprise, one of the principal concerns now is the quality of the food and the service which the flying passengers enjoy. What particularly aroused our interest and amusement was one course described as 'whole roast stuffed boned fresh killed baby chicken.' This was immediately dubbed the 'seven adjective chicken.'"

"By the time the tables had been cleared away and a few after luncheon yarns had been spun we suddenly realized that we were drawing near to Bermuda."

ADVANCED CAREER TRAINING ASSIGNMENTS FOR 1962-63

Assigned to Faculties

TIMBERLAKE, Clare H.,
to Air University
BASSIN, Jules,
to Armed Forces Staff College
RUBOTTOM, Roy R., Jr.
to Naval War College
LEDDY, Raymond G.,
to Industrial College of Armed
Forces
DILLON, Thomas P., and
WOLLAM, Park F.,
to National War College

Senior Seminar

HAWKINS, Richard H., Jr.—FSO-1
FIDEL, E. Allen—FSO-2
FOSTER, Seaborn P.—FSO-2
HERZ, Martin F.—FSO-2
IAMS, John D.—FSO-2
LYDMAN, Jack W.—FSO-2
SMITH, Eldon B.—FSO-2
APPLING, Hugh C.—FSO-3
BROWN, Robert L.—FSO-3
JAMES, Allen G.—FSO-3
KATTENBURG, Paul M.—FSO-3
LINDQUIST, Robert S.—FSO-3
WILKOWSKI, Jean M.—FSO-3
CLAXTON, Philander P., Jr.—FSR-1

National War College

HOROWITZ, Daniel L.—FSO-2
MACDONALD, Donald S.—FSO-2
McAULIFFE, Eugene—FSO-2
McKESSON, John H.—FSO-2
MENDENHALL, Joseph—FSO-2
BARNES, Harry G.—FSO-3
DEAN, Robert W.—FSO-3
ERICSON, Richard A., Jr.—FSO-3
EWING, Richard T.—FSO-3
GETZ, John I.—FSO-3
MAGDANZ, James F.—FSO-3
MULLER, George F.—FSO-3
PROPPS, Herbert F.—FSO-3
WOODS, Leon E.—FSR-1
MANN, Charles A.—FSR-2
ELLISON, Charles M.—GS-15

Nato Defense College

JUDD, Thomas M.—FSO-3
RUSCH, William H.—FSO-3

Canadian Defense College

LOORAM, Matthew J., Jr.—FSO-3

Imperial Defense College

Nes, David G.—FSO-1

Bowie Seminar (Harvard)

SYMMES, Harrison M.—FSO-3
WALSH, John P.—FSO-3

Armed Forces Staff College

HEMENWAY, John D.—FSO-4
TARTTER, Jean R.—FSO-4

Wesleyan University

BROWN, John L.—FSO-2

Industrial College

KNIGHT, William E.—FSO-2
SPIGLER, Donald S.—FSO-3
WYMAN, Parker D.—FSO-3

Air War College

COMISKEY, Stephen A.—FSO-3
JOSIF, Harold G.—FSO-3

Army War College

BLOOD, Archer K.—FSO-3
MOORE, Robert W.—FSO-3

Naval War College

GETSINGER, Norman—FSO-3
GLEYSTEN, Culver—FSO-3
MAESTRONE, Frank E.—FSO-3



I say, Old Boy, did you
hear about Marvin?
No, what's he done now?
His furniture is missing
And he don't know how.



He's screaming like a tiger.



He's as depressed as a toad.
A loss like that is a pretty
heavy load.



Don't underestimate Marvin,
Mrs. Marvin said,
A cable to Security has put
him way ahead.



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Or borrow from our friends.

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Service Items

by JAMES B. STEWART

WHAT WILL you be thinking about on your 84th birthday? Some of the thoughts of former Ambassador John Keena were: "It has been a period in which I have been blessed with perfect companionship for fifty-five years and in which for thirty-six years I was privileged to have been an officer in the Foreign Service. On a world scale, it has been a time in which we have passed from the simple fears of things that go bump in the dark and sleepy worries as to whether or not you remembered to lock the screen door, to the present-day galaxies of fears from halitosis to Hiroshimitis and promises of worse to tickle the imagination."

► The recently retired officers recalled the following apt remarks on retirement by Arthur Frost, himself retired: "After managing a staff of hundreds, what a transition finally to find oneself with none. One misses those countless close relationships; but then all have had that sad experience with previous large executive positions. Even, and perhaps most of all, Presidents. One said, when the Secret Service man saw him off at the railroad station following his successor's inauguration that suddenly he realized his unimportance, his life no longer needed to be guarded. We all are inclined to minimize how much is due the office and how little the man. Those who resign to enter business feel the shrinkage fast, with the halo of Uncle Sam removed."

► Eric C. Wendelin, C.G. at Jerusalem, has written to former Ambassador Sheldon T. Mills that he and Dorothy expect to arrive in Santa Barbara in June and to make their home there. Shelly comments: "They will be welcome additions to our small group of retired FSO's which include the Louis Dreyfuses, the Curtis Jordans, the Jack MacVeighs and the Bob Wilsons. I have had a few letters from FSO's who are retired or contemplating retirement, but all wish to get remunerative employment and Santa Barbara is not a place that offers many opportunities. So I imagine that not many FSO's will come here unless they are willing to cut their style of living to fit their annuity, as we have done."

► Former Chief of Foreign Administration, Herbert Hengstler, states that all of those who attended the retired personnel luncheon at Fort Lauderdale on March 1, he knew only Dick Boyce and Jack De Courcy. "Shows what a has-been I am," says Herbert. But he had his fling when a gay bachelor in Washington, "mixed up" as he was in debutante balls, cotillions, diplomatic parties and official functions.

► Ernest and Elizabeth Ives are again at the Villa Capponi, in Florence, for the summer. They hope to see any friends who should happen to be in Florence.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

How many decisions have been made *pro bono publico* since the days of ancient Rome? The number must be high. For in every time action is taken "for the public good". It was with this thought in mind that Seagram's first adopted its now-famous policy: "*make finer whiskies . . . make them taste better.*" This decision was taken back in 1857. Since then The House of Seagram has seen no reason to alter it. With this gratifying result: Today, because of its true lightness of tone miraculously combined with its rare brilliance of taste, Seagram's V.O. is considered by many people of discerning taste to be the

world's finest whisky. We publish the fact *pro bono publico.*

V.O.



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Fisherman's Son and Lake Boats
Kunming, China

by Paul Child

Populations in Underdeveloped Countries

by THEODORE DOHRMAN

*Come, Malthus, and in Ciceronian prose
Shows how a rutting population grows,
Until the produce of the soil is spent,
And brats expire for lack of aliment.*

—Lord Byron

WHEN THE youthful Byron penned these cynical lines, the world had not yet felt the pressures of crowded populations, and the apocalyptic predictions of Thomas Malthus, which have haunted his successors in the field of demography since the early 19th century, seemed remote indeed. It is generally estimated that 7,000 years ago the total human population of the earth must not have been more than 20 million people. We passed the billion mark only in the 1850's. The present population of the world, according to the 1960 United Nations Demographic Yearbook, stands at approximately 3 billion. By the year 2,000, if the population grows at the current rate, the planet Earth will contain 7 billion human beings. These projected statistics, if correct, forecast a seven-fold increase within 150 years after reaching our first billion in the mid-19th century, and more than half of this increase is scheduled to occur during our current half-century. This is what sociologists and other interested parties mean when they talk about the "Population Explosion," an apt metaphor summing up the existing situation.

Adding to the significance of this "explosion" is the fact that it is spreading: occurring first in the West, it has now engulfed most of the world. More and more human beings, in more and more countries, have more and more babies, with more and more surviving.

Whereas prior to World War I the most rapid growth took place in those countries that had been successful in raising their level of living, after 1920 the growth trend shifted to the underdeveloped countries. The Middle East, India, China, Southeast Asia, Africa, and Latin America had undergone a large absolute increase in their already huge populations during the previous several hundred years, but this gradual accumulation fades into insignificance in the light of the current population explosion in these areas. Today it is the underdeveloped countries (overwhelmingly non-European in race and culture) that are exhibiting the most rapid growth, and their relative rate of gain has been rising. It is one of the salient facts of modern demography that the population is expanding faster in the poor countries than in the rich ones, until today the ratio of growth of the former is approximately twice that of the latter. This extraordinary rate of increase in the three-fourths of the world

that is underdeveloped accounts for most of the accelerating trend in world population.

On every continent there are poverty-stricken countries trying to cope with the ever-rising tide of humanity within their borders. For instance, El Salvador, a poor Central American country, has a population density half again as high as that of industrialized France, and even more serious, its rate of increase is 3.4 per cent per year. Ceylon, with its numbers already tightly compressed, must try to gear its economy and politics to deal with an explosive expansion of almost 3 per cent a year. When we remember that a population increasing at the rate of 3 per cent a year will double in 23 years and multiply 10 times in 77 years, the immediacy of this new social problem becomes indeed alarming.

Everywhere it is sanguinely hoped that industrialization and modernization will effect a vast social transformation, and the advancing level of living will automatically bring a decline in the birth rate, producing a lower rate of population growth and a more stable population. Viewed demographically, the various foreign aid programs are intended to help the underdeveloped countries become modernized while, if necessary, helping them to provide a reasonably adequate diet for their expanding population. Grain, money, machinery, and trained manpower have been provided to meet these general needs.

THIS VERY AID, however, has tended to negate many of the intended gains, for much of it has helped to lower the death rate of the underdeveloped countries, while the birth rate is largely unaffected. Historically, medical advances in the West had first to be invented and then diffused, with the result that death rates were brought down gradually. Now, through various foreign aid programs and international agencies like the World Health Organization, UNESCO, UNICEF, FAO, etc., the latest medical discoveries, made and financed in the industrial nations, can be immediately applied everywhere. Today the economically backward nations are suddenly getting the benefits of the accumulated inventions of the West, with the result that their death rates are declining almost miraculously. Ancient scourges have been brought under control or even totally abolished in the course of a few years.

Most of the discoveries making possible this crash program against death are recent: insecticides like DDT, antibiotics like penicillin, drugs like sulfanilamide, and vaccines against yellow fever, cholera, tuberculosis, poliomyelitis, and other diseases. In addition, since World War II, governments in various underdeveloped countries have established new nation-wide organizations such as the widespread Community Development Projects, usually utilizing outside experts

THEODORE DOHRMAN (Ph.D. Harvard University) was American Specialist in Sociology to Afghanistan for the Department of State, 1961, and formerly Professor of Sociology at the State College of Iowa.

and aid. These projects have employed new methods and machines for drilling deep wells; they have built new hospitals and clinics (many in rural areas); they have set up systems for statistical reporting, making possible unified, national health controls. As a result, for the first time in history villagers are drinking clean water, no longer fearful of the omnipresent typhoid and dysentery; village mothers give birth under sanitary conditions, relying on medical doctors rather than midwives; and fresh outbreaks of disease are immediately detected and controlled through quarantine and hospitalization. These preventive public health measures, instituted and organized by various governments and employing only a few specialists, are saving millions of lives annually in many underdeveloped countries. Death control has been introduced with startling speed.

At the same time, birth rates have remained at their old high level in the underdeveloped countries. In most of them, they were higher to begin with than they ever were in Northwestern Europe, and they have, in general, declined little if at all. Even more significant, whereas the currently industrialized countries began lowering their birth rates *before* bringing their death rates under control, the backward peoples of the world have not yet begun to lower their birth rates, and if they do so at all, it will be long *after* their mortality has been reduced to the modern low level now being attained. It is this critical combination—the brave new conquest of death, accomplished by bringing modern Western public health techniques to the underdeveloped world, and concomitantly, the continued high birth rates among the inhabitants of this world—that has set off the current “Population Bomb.” What are some of the effects of its blast, and how, if possible, can it be muffled?

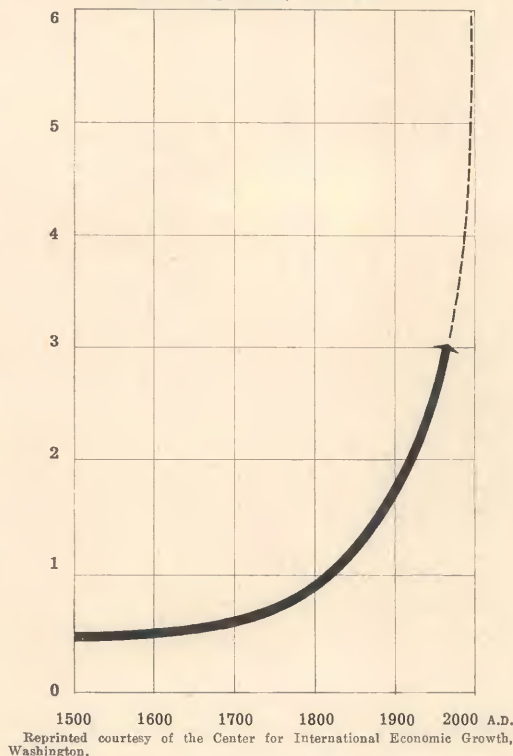
First and foremost, the age structure of the “exploding” country changes spectacularly. When mortality drops by almost one-half while fertility surges on bountifully, the average age of the population drops abruptly and the relative proportion of children and youth increases dramatically. A pear-shaped population graph emerges. The reason is obvious: infants and children that formerly died, many of them in the first year of life, now survive, and living on, have an effect equivalent to a sharp rise in births. Accordingly, the emphasis is upon youth; country after country bears witness to this trend and consequently boasts some of the youngest populations the world has ever known. Compare Costa Rica, this type of country, with Belgium, an industrialized country showing a low birth rate as well as a low death rate: Costa Rica has 105 children under 15 years of age for each 100 adults aged 20 to 59; Belgium has only 41 similar children per 100 adults.

These youthful populations create the problem of a burdensome child-dependency. By this we mean that adults in the prime of life have to devote their efforts, to a large degree, merely to supporting their comparatively large number of children, leaving little time or capital for bettering their over-all level of living. Women, burdened with child-bearing and care, have neither time nor energy to help very much in economic production. Furthermore, this excessive child-dependency has international implications: because it drains off much-needed local capital and labor, it inflates the amount of foreign aid required by the “have-not” countries.

The underdeveloped, agrarian countries, to compensate for this child-dependency drag, tend to use much child labor. But this is basically inefficient. To develop socially and economically a society needs skills in its people, and to develop these skills, it needs to educate its children. Like their parents before them, illiterate peasants and villagers, conforming to the local definitions of the place of children in their society, resist the educational innovations imposed by central governments. Preferring to keep their children out of school, they put them to work in the fields or simple crafts, areas unskilled and inefficient in terms of the needs of the increasingly populous society. Since the children have no opportunity for an education, they tend to remain intellectually backward and confined by traditional perspectives, for they lack the opportunity to acquire the ideas and attitudes conducive to social change.

Not only is the problem one of supporting a large proportion of children and exploiting inefficient child labor, it is also one of educating the numerous young people who are the core of the pear-shaped population curve, and finding employment for them in a crowded labor market. Again let us look at the examples of Costa Rica and Belgium. Costa Rica has 25 youth aged 15 to 19 for each 100 adults; Belgium has only 11 for each 100 adults. Quite obviously, in addition to the task of providing educational facilities for the younger children, the underdeveloped world must

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION
World Population, in Billions



find ways and means to cope with the swollen ranks of older youth. If, instead of being educated, they enter the ranks of the labor market at the manual level, an area already overcrowded, they face a frustrating situation. To absorb them all, the economy must expand very rapidly; but such a growth can come only through industrial development, which brings increased demands for technical, rather than unskilled, labor. If the unskilled labor market then becomes depressed, it is the young people that feel its pinch first of all.

Is education then the panacea? In the first place, education costs money, already in short supply. More critically, a diploma may only give the youth hopes of finding a type of white-collar, desk job for which there is little demand in a backward economy. Paradoxically, local educational systems are usually modeled after those of developed nations. Visiting "teams" of educational experts, with modern Western theories of education, proffer their advising services, and the local, Western-educated elite, as "counterparts," agree with them. As a consequence, educational programs may merely create a maladjusted "educated unemployed" that resents lowering itself to the level of the working technician, a category sorely needed in less-developed countries. The personal goals of many graduates are hardly realistic, given the embryonic stage of local development. Looking at their society, they equate education with privilege and with the right to a "soft" position in government or business, which is hardly a formula for a successful modernization program.

The blast of expanding population has still another impact upon the underdeveloped world, already staggering under its problems. In rural regions, where there is a densely settled peasantry, the countryside is overflowing with people, most of them young. To accommodate this tremendous rural growth, approximately one-half of these people should move or be moved from the country to the cities. Not only this rural overflow but industrialization itself requires this shift. The specialization of urban enterprise, its increased division of labor, its superior productivity, its international trade connections—all enable the country where the shift to the city has been made to support a larger population at a higher level than its rural counterpart.

Many government leaders in backward countries, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the problems involved, are deeply suspicious of this large mass movement from country to cities. They know that this migration is extremely youthful, being composed of those who can find no opportunity in the villages and hence go to the cities, seeking employment. Confronted with a dead end locally, the overnumerous country youth, faced with the problem of their personal future, readily leave their homes for the city, which lures them by offering jobs, glamorous recreations and entertainments, cultural activities, wide selections of friends, and other urban interests.

Governments recognize that these young people, roaming city streets, easily resort to violence, riots, or revolutions as a mass expression of their sense of frustration. More immediately, this mass migration generates many urban

problems—in housing, education, delinquency, morals, job placement, and public order—problems that harassed politicians would like to avoid. Nevertheless, although various governments may be suspicious of this movement, they cannot ignore it. Seemingly, this gigantic relocation of a young rural population to urban living is the inevitable price of overpopulation looking for a solution in industrialization.

In the modern world, as never before in history, *time* is of the essence—time to marshal the economic forces of the underdeveloped world, time to introduce better agricultural techniques, time to construct dams, irrigation projects, and hydroelectric plants, time to drain swamps and clear jungles, time to give training in better animal husbandry, time to experiment with different food crops, time to build factories, schools and housing, time to educate local technicians, time to enable newly created countries to attain political stability and maturity, and most important but most difficult of all, time to bring about social changes—changes in traditional values, ideas, habits, and attitudes—that must accompany the necessary economic changes. The sad truth is that demographic time has finally caught up with us and the next 30 or 40 years are the critical years. Unfortunately for our peace of mind, the twentieth century has turned out to be a century unique in human annals: it is the century when the world population bomb has exploded with a blast probably more far-reaching and significant than that of the hydrogen bomb.

The U.N. Demographic Yearbook discloses that every year there are 46 million more mouths to be fed, and this fact becomes more tragic when we realize that most of this gain occurs in underdeveloped, overpopulated countries, where already a chronic state of malnutrition is common. Latest estimates of the World Health Organization show that at least two-thirds of the human beings on this earth are undernourished, going to bed hungry every night. Since practically all of these people dwell in the three-fourths of the world that is underdeveloped, we see that approximately 11 out of 12 people in these backward areas suffer from some sort of malnutrition. The problem in these areas usually is not how to raise the level of living, but how to keep the present inadequate level of living from falling off further.

Today human expectations are rising; life is seen as something more than a bare subsistence in a tent or mud hut, struggling to get enough to eat. Modern travel and communication have brought to even the most remote countries the ways of the outside world. American foreign policy has recently turned its attention to this human element, with the result that more and more foreign aid is shifting into intangible, non-material areas, such as education and social welfare. Secretary of State Rusk has pronounced that the United States must lead the way in this "revolution of rising expectations" which, especially since World War II, has inflamed the dormant imagination of the underprivileged inhabitants of the world.

People in the less-developed countries are learning that a better life is possible. They attend international fairs. They read foreign magazines. They see foreign movies. They work with foreign specialists. They observe Western tourists. In Afghanistan, for instance, during the yearly Jeshyn



Hillside Mosaic, Greece

Daniel Lee McCarthy

festival, *kutchis* (nomads) in native dress file through extensive exhibits of foreign goods, pore over machinery shipped in from Europe, and flock to movies portraying the American way of life. Their interest centers on Western "things"—machines and material goods for both producer and consumer. Subsequently, although stoutly resisted by traditional social and religious attitudes, Western social patterns consciously or unconsciously penetrate their inner sentiments and emotions. Although cautious at first, these backward people generally like what they see and often desire to follow the ways of the outside world as occasions arise.

This diffusion of outside culture, largely Western, has brought a spirit of change to the underdeveloped nations of the world. To have their hopes aroused, as they have been, and then to have them dashed to pieces on the rocks of overpopulation is a sardonic climax to a sad story. Feeling helpless to cope with this new problem, perhaps also plagued by an uneasy conscience, governments have tended to talk in generalities and shy away from formulating a concrete population policy. It is much simpler, and certainly less controversial, to concentrate on industrial planning and food production, meanwhile ignoring the over-reproduction of people.

In a very real sense the state of nature is an equilibrium, and man, by overpropagating, has upset that equilibrium. To restore a viable balance to nature, prolific man must adjust to demographic conditions.

Ultimately, therefore, the problem of population growth shifts from the physical sciences to the social sciences, from governments to individuals. From the very beginning, the newly awakened underdeveloped countries have warmly welcomed the physical sciences and technology of the West, but concomitantly, they have often resisted any attempts to introduce Western social patterns. After all, penicillin, DDT, and clean water are cheap commodities that any good government, with aid from outside agencies and programs, can put into effect; on the other hand, social patterns are personal matters, practiced by countless individuals who, especially if they are illiterate, prefer their traditional old ways to those of the foreigner. Changing the inner sentiments and attitudes of these people is much more difficult than changing their external, material way of life.

Especially is this true when it comes to changing family patterns, and birth control must operate at this highly charged, personal level. In the final analysis, the will-to-control comes from the individual, as his family perspective changes. It falls to governments of the underdeveloped lands to take the lead in changing the family perspectives of their people—indeed a prodigious task, one necessitating the use of every media of education, formal and informal. This is

a time-consuming process, and in a sense is self-defeating, for time also brings an overcrowded society, one in which an optimistic family perspective becomes increasingly difficult to attain. Yet unless the governments involved take an enlightened lead in edifying their citizens concerning the implications of population growth, both for individuals and for society, there looms the darkening spectre of future lands weakened by creeping malnutrition and intermittently, during lean years, devastated by famines.

It is regrettable that we cannot present brighter prospects for the demographic future of the underdeveloped world than we have. We like to think that mankind is progressing, that the human story makes sense and is going to have a happy ending. But when we distinguish between wishful thinking and population statistics, we wonder how much sense the population aspects of the human story make. Ultimately the cold, chilling facts of the present situation emerge: the plot unfolds, with all its tragic implications, and we come to realize that the climax of this drama of human multiplication is perilously close at hand. To bring our story to a felicitous ending, thereby averting the Malthusian tragedy of famine, requires a type of planning, world-wide in scope, that has yet to appear on the human scene.

Paradoxically, it is that very apex of human evolution, man's capacity to reason, especially as applied to medical science and public health practices, that has upset the demographic equilibrium and consequently threatens an ironic, tragic ending to the human story.

To restore a balance to nature, mankind everywhere, especially in the underdeveloped world, will have to experience a profound revolution in intellectual perspectives and attitudes—recognizing the critical fact that given populations ultimately must adjust to given ecological conditions. Otherwise the underdeveloped cannot become developed.

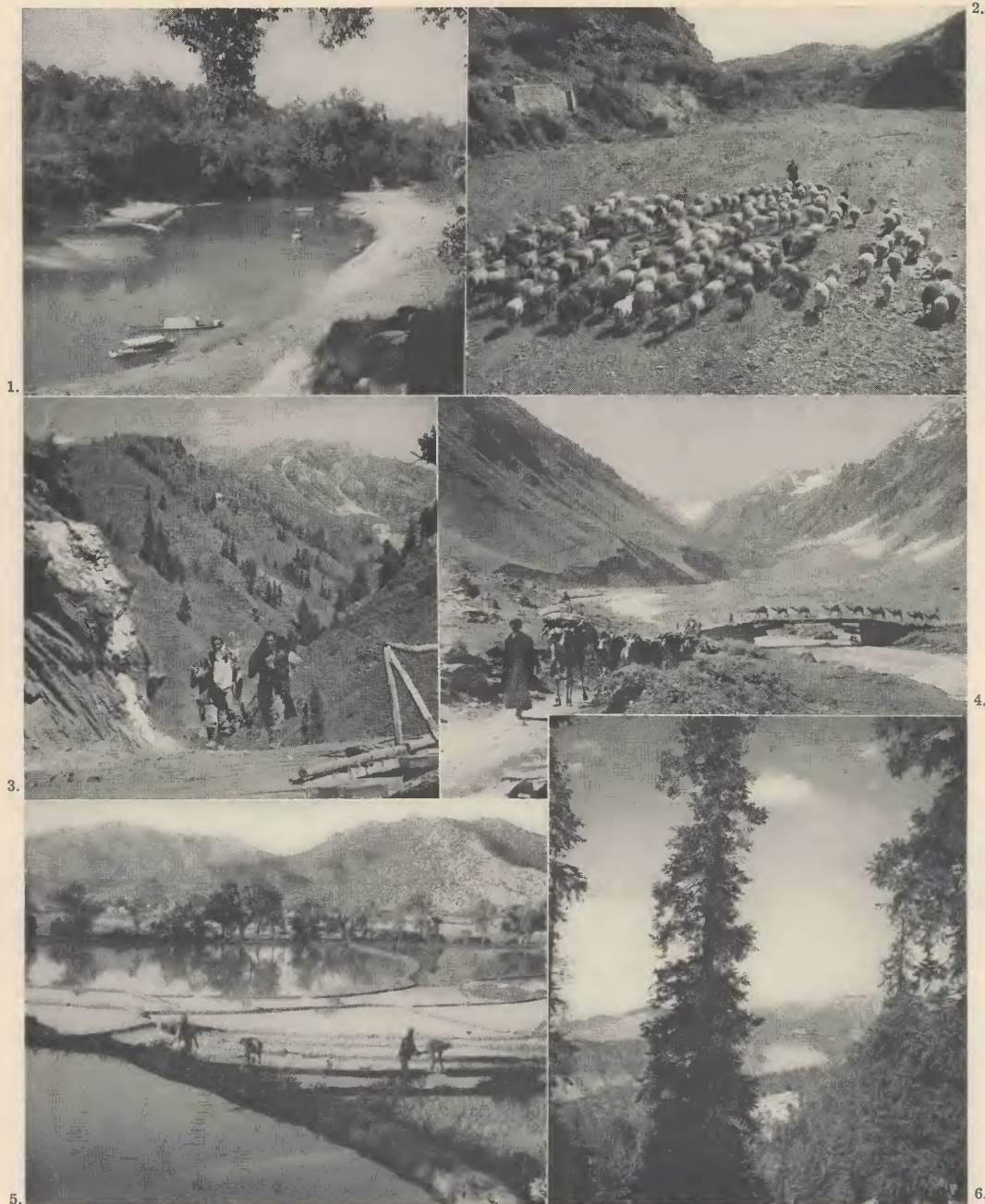
Either man now turns his science and reason toward the problem of regulating excessive population growth—and nowhere is there evidence of such an intellectual redirection—or, prodigal in his procreation, he continues blithely on his way, increasingly injured by the mounting pressures of exploding populations.

EDITOR'S NOTE: No reader should infer from Dr. Dohrman's vivid article that quick, dramatic or universally relevant solutions are possible for the problem of excessive population growth. And no reader should exaggerate the effective role of governments in the quest for solutions. We must search for deeper understanding of the nature of the problem—country by country, society by society and family by family. But it is well to be aware that the fault of indifference is perhaps only slightly greater than the fault of premature dogmatism about wise solutions.

... "POPULATION POLICY is preeminently a question for each country to decide for itself, and as a practical matter is something which each family must decide for itself . . . For us to be indifferent to population factors would be, I think, reckless on our part, and we do take very seriously the population trends, the impact of population growth upon development plans, and we shall continue to follow that problem. There are some aspects of it which are for each government to decide for itself, but we are not ourselves trying to press other governments on that in one way or the other."

—Secretary of State Dean Rusk

Pakistani Countryside, East and West



The "Trouble With State"

AS A PUBLIC institution, serving a democratic government, the Foreign Service must be subject to public scrutiny, not primarily as to what may be said about the merit or lack thereof in the Service, but because public inquiry into the process of government is per se essential to the perpetuation of an open society. Stewart Alsop's SATURDAY EVENING POST article, "The Trouble with the State Department," Holmes Welch's "The Real Life of a Foreign Service Officer" in HARPER's of last March and Theodore White's profile of Secretary Rusk in a recent issue of LIFE, all constitute a useful exercise in this sort of function. Substantive merit apart, all three articles are informed, constructive, relevant and intelligently limited in scope.

By contrast, Frank Kluckhohn's article in the January READER'S DIGEST, while presumably well-intentioned, constituted a singular public disservice since its focus was primarily on motives and personalities and where it examined issues at all, it did so inaccurately and superficially. The disservice was compounded since Mr. Kluckhohn, by simply pointing with alarm at "those people in the State Department," in effect removed his readers from a position of responsibility and a sense of engagement in the foreign affairs process; he merely contributed further easement to what should, on the contrary, be an increasingly active public conscience about international affairs.

In a sense, the position of the Foreign Service compares to that of teachers and educators in American society; in varying degrees of immediacy everyone is affected by the results of our labors and everyone is an expert in our field. Yet few are willing or qualified to take the sort of mature and painstaking interest needed to examine issues usefully. We do not, however, plead for professional apartness. Quite the contrary, we need constructive public interest at least in the form of more widespread recognition of the complexity of the tasks we face and the fact that they are not susceptible of treatment by propaganda slogan, devil theory or simplistic panacea. We need public recognition of the fact that today's Foreign Service is by and large well-equipped morally and intellectually for its tasks and that its members are actively seeking to promote the interests and security of the United States. This would seem little enough to ask were it not so rarely given.

Our concern here is that any deterioration of the public image of the Foreign Service can only serve to erode the morale and effectiveness of its present membership and reduce the attractiveness of the Service to new entrants of the caliber we need, a process from which the nation as a whole will suffer. Official support is needed as well. We can understand, although not respect, the motives of those who attack the Foreign Service because it is politically

expedient to do so. The President in his very heartening remarks at the recent Association luncheon reminded us that criticism, both malicious and well-intentioned, responsible and otherwise, is a fact of life in government service and that "those who can't stand the heat should get out of the kitchen." Fair enough, within the rather extended limits permitted by our own morale, most of us would elect to remain in the kitchen. However, to alter the President's metaphor somewhat, we would also like to be offered public welcome in the parlor as well, since the limits of our morale are necessarily elastic but not infinite.

Ultimately, we must look to our own resources if we are to gain more widespread public confidence. This means, first of all, that we must maintain the highest standards of competence and character in the Service. But we should also, as former Secretary Acheson recommended a year ago, be willing to take the offensive. If we are vulnerable to political attack because we have no constituency, we clearly need to create one. The Foreign Service is probably the only major professional group in the United States, including the armed services, without either funds or a program to improve its public stature, and in our view this is a lack which must be remedied. More importantly, we cannot continue to regard criticism directed at us as unworthy of genuine and continuing concern simply because it appears in the popular press. To do so will confine us increasingly to the role of tribal scapegoat.

The Biographic Register

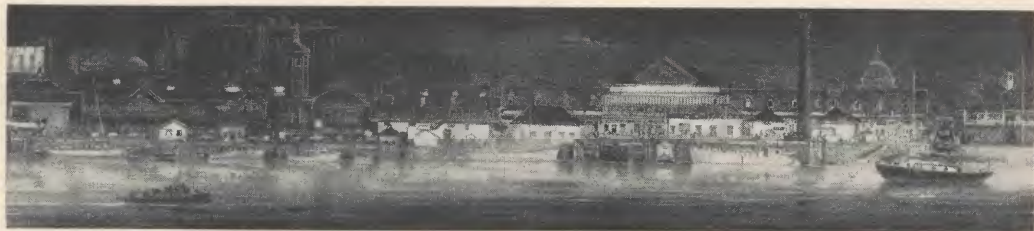
IN REVIEWING the Biographic REGISTER, we were astonished to discover that the biographies of Foreign Service officers of classes seven and eight had been deleted. This seems a false economy.

Newly entering officers are expected to be capable of performing important duties at posts around the world, and to have strong potential for development to assume the highest positions of leadership and responsibility in the Foreign Service. They are required to serve under the same rigorous conditions as their seniors. Their exclusion from this document appears to make them second-class officers and is certainly not in keeping with the service tradition of extending collegial hospitality and equal consideration to those who qualify for membership.

Whatever the reason for exclusion may have been, we trust that those responsible will reconsider their decision, and that the next edition of the REGISTER will return to the regular practice of including all Foreign Service officers.

WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS



Washington Waterfront by Night

by Hereward Lester Cooke

Washington in July

“DON’T let word get around, but Washington is a nice place in summer, nicer than most of the capitals I can think of,” E.B. started off as he entered the JOURNAL’s office.

We were happy to see him and glad that he looked less the Exhausted Bureaucrat than when he had last stopped round. “A few days in Washington’s summer capital helped that. The sun was warm, the breeze light and the water refreshing: Reboboth’s comeback following the disastrous waves of March’s storm is quite unbelievable.

“Helped by Army personnel and Federal funds (for special projects), the Boardwalk has now been reconstructed. Funds are available for special projects; some residents have used these funds, others are planning ahead. One shop owner, for instance, told me he was going to put in a large restaurant with rooftop parking next summer. Unfortunately, though, the City Fathers haven’t taken the precaution to build a concrete retaining wall so that the same thing won’t happen again.

“But down to subjects less political though more parochial,” he went



Sunday Night in the Plaza

by Prentiss Taylor

on. “Recently received a copy of the new Selection Board circular (No. 69 on Selection Boards and the FSO Promotion System). Many new approaches are to be tried out. For instance, in order to make it practical for senior officers holding important posts to serve on the Panel Boards, the reading time will be greatly telescoped. For the Senior Officer Boards it should take but a month from regular duties as contrasted with the old three-month stint which left a man bug-eyed from so much uninterrupted reading of files. An exhausting assignment.

“Things in general? Well, certainly there are more balls spinning in the air than ever before and new imponderables have come to light. There have been second thoughts on the current scene in SEA. The Country Team Seminar, guerrilla warfare and counter-insurgency methods have quickly become cocktail conversation pieces in this political town. But there’s a lot of serious new thinking and new training already underway. FSI launched the initial course for all services which will be followed by leaders’ courses. The Country Team Seminar has been getting high praise from the military and from the President, too. Suddenly it is possible to link under the new names some of the concepts we’d not been able to materialize before. Guess that’s what a new project always does.”

“Balls in the air,” we sidetracked. “Telstar’s certainly the greatest!”

“With this new live link between Europe and U. S., might even have more interesting TV programs and more documentaries. In Italy I hear that in peasant huts the chickens sleep

right through the TV programs, but the sheep watch each program with apparent attention.”

But E.B. wasn’t to be sidetracked for long by a satellite on a summer evening, even though it might represent the greatest communication breakthrough in a generation:

“Tried to get an appointment with a top official the day of the All Star ball game but discovered all appointments were cancelled after 12 noon, so joined the 45,000 myself. Been a long time since I’ve had some leave and the game seemed worth it. Beautiful day, fine game.”

“Do you think the federal pay increase will be going through?” we couldn’t refrain from asking.

“Hard to say right now, but I’d say this: By January ’63 we’ll all have a bit more money in our pockets, either through the pay increase or the promised tax cuts, or both. Interesting thing, the stock market plunge, together with the steel discussions have certainly quickened an understanding of the necessity for overseas balance of payments. Returning from a brief trip to Paris last month I noticed, too, that at Idlewild they were more than casually interested in the foreign traveler; there were many signs reading: *On parle français* and *Man spricht hier Deutsch*.

“Washington at the moment is attracting more tourists than in its whole history and rightly so. The town is green, white and beautiful—aside from sightseeing there are diversions such as the Shady Grove Music Fair, Shakespeare being played nightly at the Sylvan Theater on the Monument grounds, ballet and jazz at

the Carter Barron as the sun goes down and, down at the Watergate, they even had a troupe of Thai-Laotian (Mohlan) folk singers and dancers last month. At Olney, Ionesco's "Rhinceros" has been playing. Swimming pools are scattered all about and . . ."

"There have been dreary sounds coming from the Hill on money this July, E.B. Hope that doesn't mean State is going to have to continue in this new fiscal year to pull in its belt, and to operate with reduced staff and services?" At times we have to rein in his enthusiasm for Washington.

"Fraid it will. In fact, there pretty certainly will have to be additional cuts of Foreign Service personnel overseas."

"Lack of security gets to be one of the few certainties these days, seems to me. Whether it's jobs in business, or government, or life itself. But we're learning to live with it."

"Fortunately large-scale planning goes ahead, regardless." E.B. went on. "You heard of the huge new complex that will be built across Virginia Avenue from New State? May even tower over State. With a good restaurant, etc., it will help the wasteland the gourmet finds himself in at State these days. And the much-discussed Watergate Towne-districts will soon be under construction, I gather."

"We'll probably have a new office building right beside us here at the JOURNAL before long, between 18th and 19th on "G" Street. Twelve stories high, they say."

But E.B. was getting restless by now; it was time for dinner. So we escorted him to our newly hewn-out door and he vanished into the still bright July evening.

Ideas and Trial Balloons

AMONG THE letters we received following the widespread reprinting of excerpts from the President's talk before the luncheon meeting of AFSA (July JOURNAL) was a note from MONOCLE, a publication we may have mentioned in these columns earlier as remarkable for its free-wheeling, topical, polished satire—all too rare to find between magazine covers. MONOCLE's Editor wrote us:

"We noted with interest an account of a speech made by President Kennedy to the American Foreign Service Association in which he called for more ideas, etc., from the State Department. We have been aware of this problem at MONOCLE and as a result founded the Trial Balloon Factory."

In its attached article "The Trial Balloon Factory" MONOCLE backgrounded the reasons for such a shortage and said "We have organized The Monocle Trial Balloon Factory, which will supply State with new ideas as long as there is an idea-shortage. . . . [Ours is] a non-profit corporation, and readers are invited to submit balloons for consideration; we can take no responsibility for balloons which drift the wrong way and end up behind the Iron Curtain." We look forward to having some of the balloons from MONOCLE's Trial Balloon Factory sent us for publication in an early issue. Should any of the JOURNAL's readers want to address MONOCLE their new offices are at 106 West 69th Street, New York 23. Or, such balloons might be sent to the JOURNAL, c/o the Washington Letter, for use in our own columns.

ANOTHER magazine doing a talented job in its own field, is an even newer comer to the publication lists than MONOCLE. ODYSSEY, a quarterly of modern Latin American and European literature in English translation, hopes to be able to bring the best Latin American and European fiction, drama, poetry and criticism in English translation to its readers, and if its spring issue is indicative of what is to follow, this will be a magazine every literary person will want to read with care. Contemporary Italy, Germany, Peru and Puerto Rico are each substantially and beautifully represented in the March '62 issue. Congratulations to its enterprising and far-visioned Editors.

Paraphrases

Assessment of situation set forth in London's 123 to Department precisely parallels our thought. Wish to record full support for conclusions and . . .

(Why didn't I think of that?)

"Reduction in force now fully completed and Department . . . announces move following offices to newly acquired building; designated SA-5 located. . ."

(Bureaucratic miracle)

"LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE"

by ROBERT W. RINDEN



"Oh, sir—it's too, too wonderful. I've always dreamed of being the Ambassador's secretary."



JACK AND THE BARNYARD BOGEY

by RONALD H. NESSEN

ONCE UPON a time, there was a Fat Red Fox called Nikki, who threatened to eat up all the animals in the Barnyard. For safety, they formed a mutual self-protection association called the Farm Animals Togetherness Organization, or FATO. The leaders were the Four Pigs:

Uncle Ham, the youngest but not necessarily the wisest. Pigalle, or (as he was called by his friends behind his back) Pig Head.

Sir Loin, who really was mutton.

Pig Iron, the oldest but not necessarily the wisest.

The Fox lived in a Den in the Forest, adored by most of his comrades. They loved him for making them stay in the Den, denying them sweets and forbidding them to play little animal games. In fact, at one time Nikki had to plant a thorn hedge around the Den to prevent any Barnyard animals from sneaking in to enjoy this happy life.

A frequent argument among the Barnyard animals was

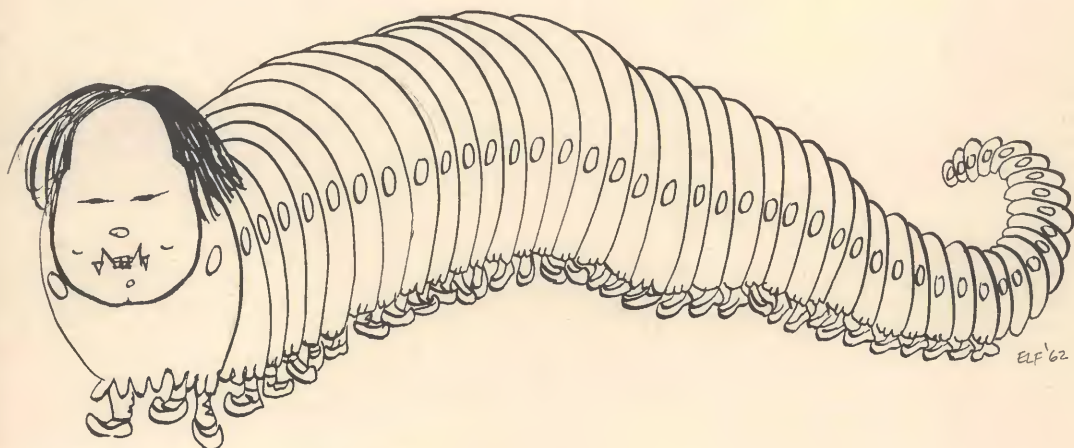
over how best to protect themselves from the Fox. Uncle Ham, Sir Loin and some of the smaller animals wanted to build one big house of steel-reinforced concrete where all the Barnyard flock could live. Then, if the Fox came, they all could fight him together. But this never worked out.

For one thing, Pigalle had a great deal of pride and insisted on a separate house of his own built of Grandeur (a whitish-gold stone that looks nice but doesn't stand up to the elements). Pig Iron wanted to build the house of Ivory. Others wanted to build of straw. And still others didn't want a house but a burrow deep in the ground. (They envisaged wild parties down there called underground blasts.)

Meanwhile, some of the Barnyard creatures and some in what was called the Non-Aligned Camp, who were mad at their old friends for one reason or another, moved in with the Fox. They must have been happy there because they never came back.

The main defense of the Barnyard was The Gigantic Club, with which even a small animal could brain a Fox. It was this Club that caused the most arguments of all.

RONALD H. NESSEN is an editor for United Press International who thinks the best way to keep the world's problems in perspective is to make fun of them.



Uncle Ham had a Club and Sir Loin had One and Pigalle was working to make One as fast as his little hoofs would go. Pig Iron had no Club but he was always begging Uncle Ham to let him borrow One. Some of the animals feared that once Pig Iron got his hoofs on a Club, the magic spell would be broken and he would change back to a Wolf.

The Fat Red Fox also had a Club with which he could brain the Barnyard animals.

Back in his own Den, the Fat Red Fox also was having troubles.

Some of the older foxes, relatives of the late Grim Gray Fox, grumbled that Nikki was exhibiting anti-Volponery tendencies. They complained that he was too accommodating to the Pigs. Indeed, they detected signs that he was growing a blunt snout and a curly little tail.

These older foxes wanted to take The Gigantic Club and brain all the other animals at once. The Fat Red Fox, who often spoke in parables, argued, "A megaton cast across the waters will come back 100-fold."

His motto was, "Better in peace than pieces."

This attitude of Nikki's caused by far his biggest problem—a disagreement with the Big Red Dragon who lived on the other side of the Forest.

The Fox and the Dragon once had been friends—but that was when the Dragon had been a baby. When he grew into a ferocious beast, Nikki was heard to remark, "With friends like that, who needs enemies?"

The Dragon and his faithful sidekick Albino, a white tick who once had lived on Nikki, called the Fat Red Fox cowardly for merely asking the animals to come live with him. The Dragon said the only way to get those animals to be with you was to go out and eat them. He did so with great regularity.

Now, you can see that some of the old foxes held the same views as the Dragon. They schemed constantly to get rid of Nikki and replace him with someone who shared their ideas. The Red Fox was alert for these schemes and frequently sent the plotters away to Oblivion, a grubby clearing in the farthest part of the Forest.

The Dragon did not yet have a Gigantic Club—but he had the yen for One and he was working on It. He said that when he got a Club he wouldn't be afraid to use It or to get whacked a few times in return. After all, he was red. The blood wouldn't show.

The Dragon's motto was, "He who has Club and will travel is fortunate cookie."

Nikki feared that when the Big Red Dragon got a Club he would come swinging it in the Fox Den as well as in the Barnyard and the Non-Aligned Camp.

Thus, it came to pass that the Four Pigs and the Fat Red Fox decided to team up and kill the Big Red Dragon before he could kill them.

So, the Barnyard animals and the Red Fox took their Clubs and beat the Dragon to death.

And they lived happily ever after. (Well, this is a fairy tale, isn't it?)

Where Diplomats Dine

AVIGNONE FRERES, 1777 Columbia Road, N.W., CO 5-7273. Restaurant: Specializing in continental cuisine and foreign foods, offering the most varied assortment of imported wines and liquors. Catering department: For private homes, embassies, offices. Best in food with complete service.

☆ ☆

JOCKEY CLUB, Fairfax Hotel, 2100 Mass. Ave., N.W., CO 5-0222. The exciting Jockey Club Restaurant and Bar serves the finest French cuisine and the American bar features a wonderful five-ounce martini. Open every day from noon until 1 a.m. for lunch, cocktails, dinner and supper.

☆ ☆

L'ESPIONAGE, M Street at 29th, N.W., FE 3-1130. L'Espionage offers you excellent food and impeccable service in an atmosphere of subtle intrigue. The luxurious setting of L'Espionage is achieved by the beautifully designed interiors by Barbara Slater. Entertainment. Dinner, supper and theatre parties.

☆ ☆

NAPOLEON'S RESTAURANT FRANCAIS, 2649 Connecticut Ave., N.W., 5-8955, CO 5-5399. Across from the Sheraton Park and Shoreham Hotels. Five private dining rooms, specialties—coq au vin, frogs legs and onion soup. Dinner music nightly 8:30 to 12. Washington's first French restaurant.

☆ ☆

NORMANDY FARM, Great Falls Road, Potomac, Maryland. Authentic French provincial in decor . . . Continental cuisine . . . hot popovers a specialty . . . Open every day 12 noon to midnight . . . Complete bar on Sunday . . . Picturesque setting . . . OLiver 2-9421 for reservations.

☆ ☆

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT, 1411 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., DI 7-6467. Famous for superb international cuisine and incomparable service, The Occidental is world renowned. Dining place of Presidents since Lincoln's day. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Rendezvous for after the show.

☆ ☆

RHEIN RESTAURANT . . . 1234 20th Street, N.W. Exquisite German cuisine . . . European Elegance . . . Cordial renaissance hospitality . . . Dinner entertainment . . . Most enjoyable after-dinner hours till 2 a.m. . . . "Gemuetlichkeit" with Song and Drink . . . Open every day . . . Free parking after 6 p.m.

☆ ☆

AT THE ROYALE ANGUS, Jim and Medea Commings continue to feature prime beef, steaks and seafood. In addition to their famous Greek salad with feta cheese, they have now added a number of authentic Greek dishes. 1836 Columbia Road, N.W., NO 7-2900. Valet parking at dinner.

☆ ☆

RUE ROYALE, 2913 M Street, N.W., FE 3-8880. Mansion-like, with lights glittering at its entrance is Jean Moran's Rue Royale . . . a monument to a romantic and historic yesteryear . . . a haven for today's discriminating epicure who is seeking the unusual. Open Sunday.

☆ ☆

THE SKY ROOM . . . Hotel Washington, Penn. Ave. & 15th . . . A panoramic view of the Washington scene is a breath-taking backdrop to sophisticated atmosphere here . . . International menu, with a French accent, includes flaming sword medallions of beef tenderloin bourguignonne.

☆ ☆

WATER GATE INN . . . On-the-Potomac-at-F St., N.W. Quaint and picturesque spot overlooking the historic Potomac has a homey atmosphere with its old time fireplaces and gracious service . . . Delicious traditional Pennsylvania Dutch cuisine. Open every day of the year.

American Woman and American Literature

by John L. Brown

FORTY YEARS ago, after the First World War, the young surrealists, with that sense of prophecy which is the soul of poetry, declared that "il faut ré-inventer l'amour." They saw that the traditional rôles of the sexes were being profoundly modified by new conditions, and that even women wanted to be *persons*. In nearly all societies of the past, in every milieu—save, occasionally, in certain aristocratic minorities—women were considered possessions, often rare and precious possessions, but possessions nevertheless, created for masculine pleasure, instruments of the male will. Of course, there were exceptions among the rich and the high-born—a Catherine of Russia, the Marquise de Meursault in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses"—but these exceptions prove the rule. Yet today, in America, and increasingly in the rest of the world as well, the "average woman" can declare, more matter-of-factly than the Marquise de Meursault, "Je les ai créés, mes principes, et je puis dire que je suis mon ouvrage," or cite Chaucer, like Mary McCarthy's heroine in "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt,"—"I am my owene woman, well at ease."

This revolution in the status of woman began earlier and has gone farther in the U. S. than in the rest of the world. America has been and is a veritable laboratory of social experiment—in the relations between employer and employee, between races, between parents and and children, as well as between man and woman. In the immense, unexploited spaces of the new world, men were liberated from the burden of history, from the restraints of traditional institutions, from the forms of conventionally approved behavior. Man could create his own status—a phrase like "self-made man" is typically American—and even women could pursue, in a country where they enjoyed greater freedom and also greater responsibility than anywhere else, the adventure of making their own choices, of forging their own identity.

The status of woman in America has been influenced by two basic factors: the Puritan inheritance and the conditions of a frontier society. In the Mediterranean world, woman was a source of sensual gratification. In Protestant New England, however, she was never considered an object of innocent carnal delight. Between the purity of "the Fair Lady"—the mother or sister, high on the pedestal of ideal-

istic devotion—and the diabolic seductions of "the Dark Lady," there was no middle way, no union of sentimentality and sexuality, of tenderness and passion. Such a Manichean conception rendered difficult, if not impossible, the development of an easy, enjoyable, off-hand eroticism—as is clear from the treatment of heterosexual love by serious American writers, who either try to avoid it (Mark Twain, Melville, Stephen Crane) or who treat it as a duel to death, an encounter in which no quarter is given, and in which the female of the species is far deadlier than the male.

IN EUROPE, men were the favored sex; marriage was easy for the male. On the American frontier, however, the reverse was true; women were scarce and even the plain girls, in the new settlements, were sought after and courted. They could get married without parental scheming and without offering a dowry to the prospective groom. In pioneer villages, woman was the symbol of culture and refinement, the link with home memories and with the mother country, the repository of "the higher things in life." Men were humble in her presence, watched their behavior and their language. They endeavored, apologetically, to "be worthy of their wives" or of their fiancées. They began to shave regularly, put their ashes in the ash-tray and not on the floor, and deserted the saloon for the meeting house. The education of children was entrusted to the young lady school-teacher, and men sometimes felt for their wives the same sentiment of respect mixed with resentment, which they once had for their teachers. (The pedagogic role of the American woman in fact is reflected on every level of our national life—from comic strips such as "Blondie," to the decoration of our houses and the colors of our automobiles.)

Confronted with this new situation, with this "new Eve," who was so capable, so self-sufficient, so little dependent on men, the American writer found himself in a difficult position. It was impossible to *assimilate* the conventional female characters of traditional European literature—the lower-class mistress, the bored upper-middle-class adulteress, the bourgeoisie scheming to marry an aristocrat—into the frontier society in which he lived. Here woman, intensely occupied with daily tasks, had little time for adulterous rapture. Her superior social status eliminated many of the stock situations of a literature concerned with the seduction and domination of the female victim by a predatory male. In dealing with sexual relationships, the American novelist lacked traditional models, lacked a vocabulary to describe

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what was really happening in his society, just as the American poet found it impossible to write of nightingales and cypresses in a country of catbirds and hemlocks. He looked at the American woman but didn't know "what to do with her," within the framework provided by the novels of the past.

Henry James, with his feminine intuition, his delicately adjusted social antennae, was perhaps the first to understand this situation fully and to proceed to create novels in which the hero is the American girl, that new Eve whom he baptized "the heiress of all the ages." In *Daisy Miller*, *Isabelle Archer*, *Milly Theale*, James presents a series of women who incarnated the new possibilities of personal choice in American society, the will to "make their own lives," to follow the promptings of their own conscience. The James heroine could say, with justification, "je suis mon ouvrage," rather than the passive product of a social class or of a religious system, like most of her European contemporaries. But although James writes understandingly and subtly of women, even he neglects the theme of heterosexual love; his American girls desired not so much "love," as self-fulfillment, the discovery of self. None is deeply sensual or erotic; their relations with men were designed to extend the frontiers of their own self-knowledge. There is no wild, irrational abandonment of identity in favor of fleshly delight. They are constantly lucid, self-probing. They could say with Mme. de Meursault, "Ma tête seule fermentait; je ne désirais pas de jouir, je voulais savoir." But James is almost unique among major American novelists in his ability to assimilate "this new Eve," this "heiress of the ages" to the uses of the novel. Most male writers were content with conventional treatments of the man-woman relationship, or ignored it almost completely (Mark Twain, Stephen Crane), or treated women with an increasing hostility (Hemingway).

THERE IS no question that the change in the status of woman posed major problems for the serious novelist in America—as it does now for the serious novelist in Europe. The new woman—no longer dependent on man economically, increasingly educated, and able, through the growing diffusion of birth control information to exercise an erotic choice of her own—made many of the stock themes of the nineteenth century novel seem quite silly. The novel of seduction, that "basic fable of man seeking uncommitted pleasure and escape, the woman for total commitment and marriage," has undergone a "switch." More often than not now it is the male who is seduced. José Cabanis has written in *Arts*: "Toute la stratégie militaire de Valmont donnerait à rire aujourd'hui aux petites demoiselles de Françoise Sagan; elles ne sont plus des proies qu'on prend par ruse ou par tour de force. Elles se donnent, par ennui. Le séducteur peut renoncer à ses armes et à ses noirs complots. La vraie chasse est close, le braconnage lui-même impossible. Le temps est venu des alouettes rôties." In other words, in the modern novel, both in America and increasingly in Europe as well, we realize that Don Juan has changed sex.

The theme of adultery has likewise been devaluated now that the economically independent woman can afford to

leave her husband if she chooses to go back to her job and divorce has acquired ever wider acceptance. The story of "the maiden betrayed," that old standby of the sentimental novel, has become an anachronism with the spread of sexual education and the recognition by most states of the right of the unmarried mother to family and other social security benefits. There is no longer any real dramatic conflict in the problem of love and marriage or a career, since many American mothers matter-of-factly combine both, and even in Europe most middle-class girls now plan to continue working at least for a time after marriage. And the prostitute with the heart of gold (whether "la dame aux camélias" or the clandestine mistress living on a "Back Street") wears an aspect as dated as the bustle or the horsehair sofa.

THIS DECLINE in sexual taboos, going hand in hand with the liberation of the woman, has contributed to the leveling-off of the emotions which characterizes that crisis of the novel evident both in Europe and in the U. S. Where can the writer find subjects involving interpersonal relations that still have dramatic impact in a world where the individual and his behavior seem insignificant, where sexual roles have become less and less differentiated, where eroticism itself is considered therapeutic rather than sinful or forbidden? René Clair may well ask, in considering the choice of subject matter for books and films—"L'Amour est-il encore un sujet sérieux?"

In any event, with the withering of the conventional love story, there has emerged the novel of sexual hostility, which chronicles various aspects of the contemporary war between man and woman. As female emancipation has progressed from the New World to the Old, this struggle has assumed the proportions of an international conflagration, which threatens the security of the male in the remotest Sicilian or Breton village. The modern novel has abundantly illustrated this erotic duel. Nathanael West, for instance, wrote thus of "the sentimental encounter" in "A Cool Million": "Her invitation wasn't to pleasure, but to struggle, hard and sharp, closer to murder than to love."

The most successful portraits of women by the American male novelist seem to be those of the "bitches," and an attitude of hostility towards women has become disturbingly frequent in our best writers—with Faulkner and Hemingway in the lead. This hostility reflects, in part, the alarm of the male as he loses traditional privileges before the feminine advance. The perceptive Danish critic, Elsa Gress, has written: "Hemingway belongs to the group of the modern propagandists of sex hatred. . . . These writers are not just 'one-sexed' in a curious way, but rather actively driven by an angst-dictated hatred of the opposite sex, which makes them present women either as the 'bitch-goddess'—the presumably oversexed but in reality sexless Venus Dominatrix—or else as the utterly humiliated victim of male prowess and in any case as a source of evil and corruption. . . ." Certainly in reading Hemingway's work—so revealing of the complexes of man in our time—we are struck by this dichotomy between "bitch" and "angel," and by a certain ambivalence towards women in general.

The old Puritan and Manichean conception finds turbulent and occasionally delirious expression in the work of William Faulkner. He presents his principal female characters—such as Candace Compson, Quentin Compson, Temple Drake—as snares of the devil, furies bent on the destruction of the male. He describes the sexual act itself in terms of pure horror in "Sanctuary": "When he touched her, she sprang like a bow hurling herself upon him, her mouth gaped and ugly like that of a dying fish as she writhed her loins against him." The only "good" women in his novels, really, are the old ones, like Dilsey, the faithful Negro servant in "The Sound and the Fury" and Miss Habersham in "Intruder in the Dust."

THIS ANTI-FEMINISM has persisted in the younger generation of post-war novelists. Malcolm Cowley (in the "Literary Situation" has remarked that few American women appear in these novels and there are fewer still whom the authors seem to admire; many of the others are cold, selfish, even malignant. The only women who come off well are the devoted, feminine, nonemancipated European girls whom the G.I.'s met in Italy or France or Germany and who conformed to the traditional male ideal of "what a girl should be."

The old romantic love story, recounting the conquest of the sweet and yielding female, is now relegated to a certain prose of the most outmoded sort, while more literary expressions of tenderness (noticeably absent from much heterosexual literature) have taken refuge in the novel of inversion. Even the pulps have begun to reflect this hostility. The Mickey Spillane stories, of course, are full of it. They present numerous examples of the sexual aggressiveness of women and of a disquieting mingling of sadism and eroticism.

In this record of the "war between the sexes" the work of the cartoonist, essayist, and philosopher, the late James Thurber, deserves particular mention. His book "Is Sex Necessary?" (written in collaboration with E. B. White) handles the subject with a wit that makes it the more poignant. His cartoons are even more eloquent than his prose. I recall one of them published years ago in THE NEW YORKER, which shows a determined lady bearing a male off to bed as he weakly protests: "Don't you think you're going a bit far, Miss Blanchard?"

Naturally, contemporary women writers in America (and increasingly in Europe as well, for the problems created by feminine emancipation are now becoming universal) have not remained silent in the face of such provocation. In many contemporary novels, written by women, it is the heroine not the hero who holds the center of the stage. In the past, in fiction written by males, women were described from the outside, as men wanted to see them, orbiting like minor planets about a masculine sun. Now more and more the

woman is the protagonist, the plot is centered on her problems, and events are presented through her eyes. In them, a new type of heroine has emerged, the central figure in a kind of *Bildungsroman* in which she sets out to explore the choices open to her, the new relations with men made possible by her status of economic and intellectual independence.

In America, however, after several generations of such intrepid pioneering, women have planted stakes almost everywhere and the novelty has worn off. They are outgrowing any feeling of hostility towards men, and manifest instead the indulgence and the concern of a conqueror, bent on organizing a subjugated territory. The Mediterranean world is still in the stage of pioneer enthusiasm, and we find that newly-emancipated Europeans are more determinedly "suffragette" and feminist than their more blasé American sisters. Simone de Beauvoir makes us think (in "Les Mandarins" or in the volumes of her autobiography) of the American female intellectual of the 30's. In Europe, the "erotic" novel is now handled more daringly and imaginatively by women than by men. A new character has emerged—the feminine Don Juan—and a new theme—feminine libertinage, both approached with a liberty and an unabashed frankness (as in Christine Rochefort's "Le Repos du Guerrier," in "Les Lions sont lâchés" by Nicole, or "Le Donne" by Franca Valeri) which would have been inconceivable in prewar feminine literature in Europe.

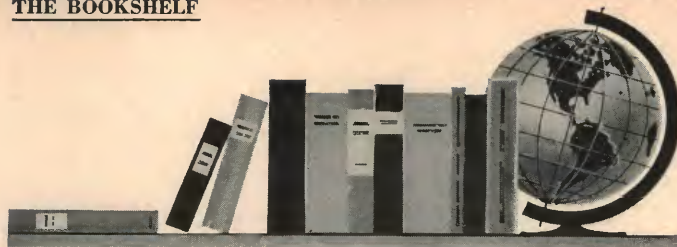
But this liberty, this emancipation cannot compensate for the failure of love in our time. Woman, having achieved a position of equality, often baffles and intimidates men, for whom she has become a competitor, sometimes, if unconsciously, an enemy. And contemporary American woman, having achieved liberation first, now perhaps regrets the cost at which it was achieved, and often reveals a certain nostalgia for traditional servitude—which may explain the almost abusive domesticity of our youngest generation. Sylvia Wright, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, voices the plaint of the liberated: "One of the things that everybody has against me is that I'm equal. Let's get this straight. I didn't ask to be emancipated. That was my great aunt Melusina. Let's let bygones be bygones. We're in this together, men. All right, all right, I know I never wrote a decent symphony."

But there is no turning back. In the task of re-inventing love, in creating new patterns of sexual behaviors for a society in which man is no longer master, nor woman, slave, the American woman may play a large part. She has traveled farthest on the road to equality, her rights and also her responsibilities as a "person" are most universally recognized. From the experience she has acquired, she may be able to help replace the hostility which crackles throughout modern society by a truer and more harmonious conception of the human couple, by a greater understanding of how, in Carson McCullers' words, "sorrow parallels desire in the immense complexity of love."

EQUALITY

...AND yet once the concept of equality had entered the world, life becomes intolerable without it.

—Mary McCarthy, in the PARIS REVIEW



I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

—William Faulkner

A Practical Guide out of the Blind Alley ?

LOUIS HALLE, like George Kennan with whom he served on the Policy Planning Staff, has lived in two worlds at least. In Washington he was a scholar among diplomats and now, as a Professor at the *Institut Universitaire de Hautes Etudes Internationales* in Geneva, he makes the diplomatic presence felt among scholars. His philosophical essay, "Men and Nations," derives its inspiration from the ambiguity of life which bedevils policy: no nation—and no individual—is all good or all bad; but if no clear-cut judgment is possible on the basis of abstraction and generalization, how can we act?

Mr. Halle seeks in classical rationalism a practical guide out of the blind alley where troubled policy makers are engaged. Nominalism, Platonism, and Existentialism of a sort are called to the rescue. The result, fortunately, is not the dogmatic precept which the title of the first chapter, "The Dual Philosophy," might suggest. While he denies it, Mr. Halle is too influenced by the modern empirical approach to be satisfied with Socrates' and St. Thomas' two worlds: that of ideas—the *Logos*, the Universals—and that of material things. He perceives that men, even if they participate of the *Logos* or touch material things, have to rely in their thought and expression on generalizations and nominal ideas which reflect most imperfectly the divine princi-

ple or the impressions received by the senses. He asks us to reexamine our norms according to the changing reality and to purify our judgment by reference to the *Logos* but he cannot escape the pluralistic implications of his scheme, although he rejects pluralism as anti-philosophy.

This is as it should be. "Men and Nations" is a valuable book because it exposes contradictions and invites scientific doubt, which is what philosophy is for. The effectiveness of rationalism in politics is limited because political reality includes so much that is irrational. When imperfect ideas or irrational conduct gain wide acceptance at home or abroad, they become norms which diplomats must take into account. Since it is the role of policy making to question the norms, the policy maker is not subject to the same limitation as the diplomat. In this field a rational analysis is the necessary complement of experience. It may liberate us of so many clichés, old and new, Western and Eastern, which encumber rather than enhance each country's style of diplomacy and, in some instances, precipitate catastrophic decisions. We find in Mr. Halle's book some of the tools needed for the restoration of meaning—a first task of statecraft, according to Confucius.

—CHARLES H. TAQUEY

MEN AND NATIONS, by Louis J. Halle. Princeton University Press, \$4.75.

A Readable, Realistic Appraisal of the UN

Le quatuor tapisserie d'Aubusson



Carton de Marc Saint-Saens

MR. COHEN, a former counselor to the Department and a U.S. representative before numerous international bodies including the ICJ, has written a lucid and persuasive study of the development of the United Nations.

Presented originally as the 1961 Oliver Wendell Holmes Lectures at the Harvard Law School, this analysis of the U.N. emphasizes the flexibility of the Charter. Like the U.S. Constitution, it has proved itself susceptible of broad interpretation and organic growth. The "Uniting for Peace" Resolution of 1950, for example, was a constitutional landmark in the Charter's development. It affirmed the competence of the General Assembly to act on matters of peace and security when the veto stalemates the Security Council.

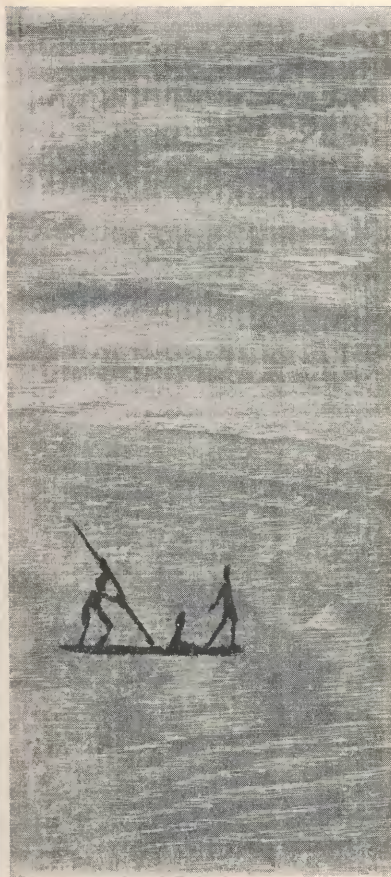
Mr. Cohen's thesis is that the development of the U.N. is impeded, not by the Charter, but by the lack of a working consensus of its members. This is un-

deniable. His statement that the U.N. cannot be effective if States bypass it puts the blame for the U.N.'s so-called failures with the States.

While highly readable this appraisal is also realistic. One cannot but agree that the differing interests of States preclude the *a priori* formulation of abstract principles on the role of U.N. forces in areas of conflict. Mr. Cohen urges States to work towards building at least a minimum consensus that war be ruled out as an instrument of national policy. Votes should be cast to develop this consensus rather than to strengthen existing cleavages. Unhappily, the Goa episode suggests that members of the U.N. are far from taking such a long-range view.

—BARBARA B. BURN

THE UNITED NATIONS, Constitutional Developments, Growth, and Possibilities, by Benjamin V. Cohen. Harvard University Press, \$2.75.



In Bahian Waters

Marie Skora

"The Ebb and Flow of Forces in the Middle East"

RECOMMENDED FOR those wanting a healthy taste of the ebb and flow of forces in the Middle East in recent years, this book is worth reading also by those more versed in the area. As in any analytic survey, an expert might nibble at the edges with questions or offer differing interpretations, but Marlowe's effort is substantial and more of a contribution than that of others who recite facts, reprint others' opinions, and only timidly venture a few original speculations. Marlowe calls spades as he sees them, with the result that Britons might resent being characterized as something like capital-less merchants, Arabs unrealistic adolescents, and Americans powerful but immature bulls, too often blinded by the red flag.

Despite this, Marlowe seems to love them all—he would not have troubled to write the book otherwise. He describes the inter-reaction of fading British tendencies to preserve "the Empire" without sufficient regard to current interests or capabilities, the swell of Pan-Arabism, inarticulate, confused and exploited by various seekers-of-power native to the Arab world, and American concern with communism, leading to misguided and misinterpreted actions. Tracing events from the First World War, the author carries the reader through the attainment of independence of various states, the Arab-Israeli conflict, Nasser's rise to prominence, Suez, and the Iraqi Revolution and aftermath. With a sort of despairing optimism, Marlowe concludes that all the actors, while retaining strong traces of their past, may eventually learn to interlock their roles more smoothly. He particularly hopes that Arabs will learn to work together, utilizing their resources realistically to face problems defined in substance, not emotion.

—R. H. MUNN

ARAB NATIONALISM AND BRITISH IMPERIALISM, by John Marlowe. Praeger, \$6.50.

SINCE THE establishment of the Turkish Republic in 1923, the government has been transformed by democratic processes from a single-party caucus elite to a multi-party system which despite the vicissitudes of daily politics is leading toward a stable democratic nation. "Turkey's Politics," the first comprehensive and scholarly study published on this transformation, is a welcome and needed contribution which should prove valuable to the general political scientist as well as to the Near Eastern specialist. The material for this study has been drawn from a variety of Turkish and Western sources by an able Turkish scholar, who is to be commended for his insight, analysis and objectivity.

The book is divided into three parts: (1) a general historical background of events prior to 1945; (2) a chronological study of political development in the 1945-1950 period when the multi-party system emerged; and (3) an analysis of the transformation in the government's ideology.

Much attention has been given to the year 1950 when the Republican People's Party which had been in power since 1923, was replaced by the Democratic Party as the result of free elections in which almost ninety percent of the eligible voters participated. The role of nationalism and the impact of western aid and ideas on Turkish domestic political life have also been well handled. Mr. Karpas emphasizes that the struggle for a multi-party system in Turkey was not a class struggle, that the two leading parties are characterized by their defense of the same general principles and that personalities continue to wield greater influence than parties or issues. Despite some setbacks, Mr. Karpas views Turkish political development as a struggle for liberalization expressed in higher living standards and increased individual rights and has presented convincing documentation to prove it.

—ELAINE DIANA SMITH

TURKEY'S POLITICS: The Transition to a Multi-Party System by Kemal H. Karpas. Princeton, \$7.50.

Between Eagle and Bear

THIS BOOK does not live up to the challenge of its provocative title nor to the reputation of the author. There is good reason to suspect that the publication is little more than an attempt to cash in on the current interest in Latin America. Some specific points of criticism: For a book on Latin America published in 1962 it is indeed surprising to find only passing reference to the Alliance for Progress and little conjecture as to the possibilities of this new cooperative program as a counter to the Bear's embrace. Surely, too, there is no excuse for using economic statistics for 1950 as illustrative of today.

Señor Madariaga's *tour d'horizon* becomes factually cloudy too often. He places the Christian Democrats in Chile to the right of the Radicals in the political spectrum, and his reference to APRA (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana) in Peru is misleading and oversimplified when he says Priálé is the *eminence grise* of the MDP (Movimiento Democrático Peruano)! His half page on Ecuador's political scene neither mentions Velasco Ibarra nor Arosemena, his successor in the November 1961 coup. In Colombia Madariaga's crystal ball is cloudy, too—his sole nominee for president didn't even figure in the recent elections.

The author presents some provocative thoughts on the moderating role of the Church and Crown in colonial times as well as on the enduring influence of Spain. His remarks on the evils of dictatorships are particularly appropriate when he points to the tendency to drive all liberal opposition underground and hence often into the arms of the Communists. U.S. collaboration with Franco and other dictators comes in for special attack.

Sr. Madariaga's comments on the decline of U. S. moral leadership in Latin America are all too true but his illustrative examples seem harsh and drawn from a sordid past rather than a somewhat brighter present. It is surprising that he makes so little of the Bay of Pigs episode which we would all like to forget. Comment is reserved merely for an addendum to the next-to-last chapter!

In closing this superficial study of the contemporary Latin American scene, Sr. Madariaga has scraped together a hodge-podge of recommended actions, none of which seems to be original, but most of which have merit.

—TAYLOR G. BELCHER

LATIN AMERICA BETWEEN THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR, by Salvador de Madariaga. Praeger, \$4.50.

Strategic Thinking in the Western Alliance

IN CONCLUDING an excellent and closely reasoned volume, Professor Osgood finds that the best interests of the United States and her European Allies in the 1960s and into the 1970s are served by close Atlantic entanglement, military integration within the North Atlantic Alliance, the assumption by the Europeans of a larger share of responsibilities—including a greater share in the responsibility for nuclear weapons—and a greater NATO capacity for non-nuclear resistance calling particularly for a greater European effort to build up conventional forces.

Between the introduction and these conclusions, Dr. Osgood gives an historical account of the evolution of strategic thinking in the Western Alliance and the factors shaping it. After careful analysis and examination of alternatives, he advances the propositions supporting his conclusions. The plea for enhancing the non-nuclear capacity of the Western Alliance in the interest of its own security and for the sake of a more stable military environment is strong and convincing, and there is an impressive case against the proliferation of national nuclear weapons capabilities—including an account of the demonstrated futility of efforts in this direc-

tion which should be read in some other capitals besides Washington. In his chapter on the control of nuclear weapons, the author supports the concept of a NATO nuclear force after examining the alternatives of additional national nuclear capabilities or a European nuclear force. Finally, there is a thoroughly justified rejection of the panacea of "disengagement" in a separate chapter on European security.

Dr. Osgood's book is a distinct, penetrating and highly valuable contribution to the study of the exceedingly complex questions of strategy in the nuclear age and the political environment in which that strategy is formulated. It is directly pertinent to all those who deal with questions of strategy, Western organization, disarmament and many related subjects. While it should be read in its entirety, individual chapters on specific subjects, such as those on the problem of nuclear diffusion, the control of nuclear weapons, and disengagement lend themselves to individual reading for those who are pressed for time.

—WOLF LEHMANN

NATO: The Entangling Alliance by Robert Endicott Osgood. The University of Chicago Press, \$7.50.

Some Titans Talk on National Security

IN 1960, DAEDALUS, the Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, published an issue on "arms control." Mr. Brennan's book is largely a compilation of the articles contained in that magazine, with some updating and the addition of new papers. It contains contributions from twenty-three authors, most of them among the best known American scholars dealing with the military side of national security.

On balance, the compilation of many shorter essays seems more effective than exposure to one long presentation, for the subject, even when handled in the most sprightly fashion, does tend to defeat the well-intentioned reader. In Mr. Brennan's book nothing gets carried too far, and one has the pleasure of following along the varied thoughts of two dozen outstanding minds. Nothing much gets settled, but a lot of stimulating material is presented.

Messrs. Brennan and Bowie contribute basic chapters on national goals and principles of arms control. Herman Kahn in effect summarizes his nuclear

war theories, set forth in far greater detail in his book, "On Thernuclear War." Henry Kissinger, one of the most knowledgeable and sensible writers on strategy, has an outstanding chapter on the balance between nuclear and conventional warfare. Jerome Wiesner presents a complete disarmament plan. There are other useful contributions on the implications of Chinese attainment of nuclear weapons, the case against enlarging the Western nuclear club, and on U.S. national aims, by Richard S. Leghorn. Comments on these American essays by Europeans working in the same field—such as Raymond Aron and Alastair Buchan—conclude the book.

For those who are not familiar with the views of the current titans in the strategy-disarmament field, and for a once-over-lightly treatment, this book is a very good place to start.

—JOHN Y. MILLAR

ARMS CONTROL, DISARMAMENT AND NATIONAL SECURITY, edited by Donald G. Brennan. George Braziller, \$6.00.

Service Glimpses

1. **Thessaloniki.** Ambassador and Mrs. Henry R. Labouisse are greeted by Consul General and Mrs. Robert S. Folsom on the occasion of the Ambassador's initial visit to northern Greece.

2. **Khartoum.** The American Embassy's sailing team displays two of the four trophies they won during 1961-62 competition on the Blue Nile. At left is skipper FSR Giles Kelly, Embassy Economic Officer, and at right, crew, Dr. Sydney Head, Communications Specialist, AID. They are shown aboard the gunboat Melik, a relic of the 1898 Battle of Omdurman, and the Blue Nile Sailing Club's floating clubhouse.

3. **Taichung.** "A Marriage Made in Heaven," a play in Mandarin, was presented by students and their wives at the Chinese Language and Area Training Center on the seventh anniversary of the establishment of the school. Mr. Chang Yi-nan, (left) a teacher at the school, presents the cast, as follows: FSO Robert Magee, Betsy Taylor, wife of FSO John J. Taylor, FSO Donald Anderson, Patsy Cunningham, wife of FSO W. J. Cunningham, Director of the Center, and FSO Gerald Oplinger.

4. **Nadi.** Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Mrs. Rusk, Sir Howard Beale, Australian Ambassador to the U. S., Mr. J. Robert Schaetzel, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Ernest K. Lindley, Special Assistant to the Secretary, and Mr. Paul H. Nitze, Assistant Secretary of Defense, are welcomed to the Fiji Islands during their hour and a half stop-over there. The Secretary was en route back to the States from the NATO and ANZUS Council Meetings.

5. **Venice.** Maurice S. Rice, American Consul, presents Angelo Garulfi, probably the Foreign Service's only full-time motorboat operator, with a ten-year Service Certificate and a Safe Driving Award (his second) at the Grand Canal entrance to the Consulate.

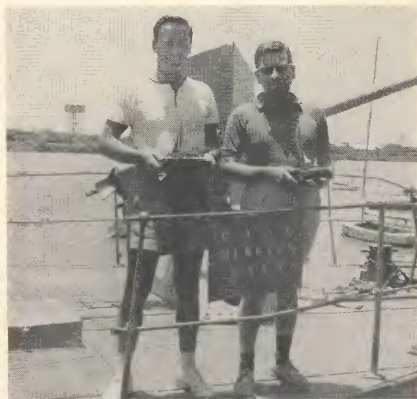
6. **Calgary.** Chief Spotted Eagle, otherwise Consul Edwin J. Madill, smokes the peacepipe with Sarcee chief Jim Starlight, also Chief Spotted Eagle, at the impressive tribal ceremony which reaffirmed friendship for the United States by the Stony, Blackfoot, Blood and Sarcee tribes.

7. **Kabul.** Ambassador John M. Steeves, second from right, inspects the Kabul University project, one of the major AID ventures in Afghanistan, with Dr. Mohammed Omar Wardak, Vice President of the University, AID officers and construction engineers.

8. **Peiping.** The 1914 class of student interpreters gave a tiffin for their teachers. Among those present were Messrs. Minshart, Sokobin, Spiker, Hour, Bristow and Price.



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A Look by Levi: unter den Linden

SOME five or six years ago, that genial Italian Luftmensch, Carlo Levi, unaccountably in Germany for the first time in his life, exposed his Mediterranean serenity and candor to the northern mists and produced a little book which must have had the effect of reassuring his numerous admirers: nothing untoward—or important—had happened. The author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli" traveled as always with eyes, ears and mouth wide open; he haunted beer halls, talked to tramps and prostitutes, artists and *Wirtschaftswunderkinder*, compared the faces painted by Grünewald and Breughel with the faces he saw in the streets. This time the exposure was brief and the subject remained more foreign to his experience than Calabria, more elusive and perplexing; and he has the grace to tell us so. Indeed, if his book reveals little about Germany, it speaks rather penetratingly and charmingly about Carlo Levi, and we must be grateful for that.

We must also be grateful to Joseph M. Bernstein for his mellifluous Eng-

lish text, which has now been elegantly published by Knopf. In the meantime, however, something new has been added—not to the book, but to Germany: a Wall. So the ingratiating irony with which Carlo Levi shuttles back and forth between the austerity of the eastern and the extravagance of the western sectors of Berlin—distributing winks of complicity to his fellow-travelling clientele in Italy but always avoiding irremediable commitment—acquires a new, involuntary dimension and turns in a sadly comic way against itself.

Levi speaks somewhere of the chaplinesque intuition which impelled him, in the ruins of Goering's palatial house, to urinate in the darkness against the rubble. "It was an automatic gesture, altogether unintentional. But suddenly, at the same moment, I realized that it was the very gesture Charlie Chaplin would have made . . . Now, in the Dictator's room, he was totally free—freed from the slavemaster, freed from the head of the other world . . . Everything

was finished; but, in this emptiness, a new day and age could begin." Is this not endearing? But the pathos of the Little Tramp was not merely a matter of intuition. It was born of the uneasy balance between dignity and absurdity. Chaplin, with his matchless delicacy, hows to kiss the lady's hand. How can he know that his coat-tails have caught fire? Just so, our author brings his Latin clarity of vision to bear on the war's aftermath in Berlin, achieves and holds for a moment a brilliant sense of the oneness, *envers et contre tous*, of the divided city; and describes this feeling for us triumphantly (and it is a triumph) while deftly balancing the claims of East and West. He is an Italian intellectual, of course, with good friends on both sides. It was the post-War, not the pre-Wall, Germany that he went to see. What he fails to notice, behind his back, is that the Volksearmee is approaching, with barbed wire, bricks and mortar.

—HAROLD KAPLAN

THE LINDEN TREES by Carlo Levi. Knopf, \$3.50.

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Cultural Geography and the Humanities

FOR A NUMBER of years the popular concept of geography has definitely moved away from a physical description of the earth and toward the behavior of people in response to their environment. "Readings in Cultural Geography" highlights certain aspects of this trend. Those activities commonly classed as cultural are, to a degree, "earthbound." Language, religion, architecture, settlement patterns, and even the culinary arts are reflections springing from the raw materials about us. It is at times revealing to break down our notions of sophistication and see how they can be redesigned in terms of everyday objects and sights.

Philip L. Wagner and Marvin W. Mikesell are two energetic young geographers from California who appreciate the human touch in their field. By combing the literature they have brought to light the best works representing the cultural landscape, culture history, cultural ecology, and other themes constituting the core of cultural geography. Authors whose works were selected for the readings include those

from several European schools of thought. For example: Demangeon, Fleure, and Sorre reflect the long-recognized concepts of the French school of human geography as it encompasses the cultural aspects, which countered more militant brands of geography elsewhere in Europe.

"Readings in Cultural Geography" is dedicated not only to the geographers, but to all readers who are intrigued by those facets of the humanities touching on the refinements of our civilization and their basic premises.

—G. ETZEL PEARCY

READINGS IN CULTURAL GEOGRAPHY Edited by Philip L. Wagner and Marvin W. Mikesell. University of Chicago Press, \$8.50

"The Whispering Land"

GERALD DURRELL spends his days collecting animals for his zoo on the Channel Islands. The zoologist brother of Lawrence Durrell must spend his evenings writing entertaining books about his adventures—this time in Patagonia, "the whispering land," and

in a tropical paradise at the other end of Argentina. Line drawings by Ralph Thompson offer a substitute for a visit to Mr. Durrell's private zoo, which incidentally is open to the public every day except Christmas Day. The current popularity of books about animals (most of the volumes being excellent, despite a slight tendency to anthropomorphize) must arise from a subconscious disgust with the human race, the birchers, the cheerleaders of New Orleans, the shoe-pounders, and the liz-tailors. Mr. Durrell, however, limns some lovely people in his book, along with his unusual animals, the guanaco, for instance, "strange gingerbread animals, mounted on rockers, tipping and tilting their way through the golden scrub." Or the elephant seal, who "proceeded to move backward towards the sea, like a gargantuan caterpillar," until "with a final plaintive roar and another flood of tears, he backed into the water."

—SHIRLEY NEWHALL

THE WHISPERING LAND, by Gerald Durrell. Viking, \$3.95.

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Vice Consul from Missouri

by DAVID K. NEWMAN

IN PEACETIME it would have taken only a morning or an afternoon to fly the 1,600 statute miles from my former consular post at Alexandria, Egypt, to my new post at Algiers, Algeria. But in World War II it took fully two weeks, and a detour of over 8,000 miles, to arrive at my destination.

In 1942 the Axis nations, riding at the crest of their power, controlled most of the coast between Alexandria, at the eastern gate of the Mediterranean, and Algiers, near the western gate. I had to zigzag across the upper half of Africa, over part of the Atlantic Ocean and a corner of Europe. My plan was to slip through the tight bottleneck of neutral Tangier, then go down through Spanish and French Morocco, and double back across Algeria to the capital. It was like invading enemy territory, since French Morocco and Algeria, knocked out of the war by the surrender of mainland France in 1940, were fast slipping into Axis hands.

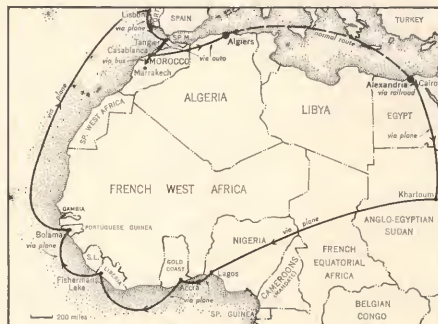
It was one of the most roundabout trips ever made on strictly official, legitimate business. Whoever heard of going to Lisbon, for instance, hundreds of miles east of Algiers, in order to get to Algiers from an almost equal direction in the east, where Alexandria was? It took an unsung hero in State's accounting office to figure that one out and he approved my expense accounts without a murmur and without disallowing a single franc, as I recall.

After a week of intermittent flying, I landed at Tangier one afternoon in early November, 1942. Dapper, affable William W. Schott, one of the American Legation secretaries, found me a room in the Moorish-style Minzah Hotel. I had looked forward to spending a few pleasant days in Tangier while waiting for the next train to take me southwest to Casablanca, roughly a day's journey away. At Casa I planned to take a train going nearly northeast, in order to reach Algiers. But someone seemed eager to rush me on to Algiers. When I reported to the Legation the morning

after I arrived, two vice consuls were waiting to take me immediately to Casablanca in a shiny black Packard sedan. They just happened to be going to Casablanca the same time I was, they said.

On the way to the border between Spanish and French Morocco I tried to engage my new friends in shop talk. They seemed to know nothing about passport issuance, invoice certification, or similar consular activity and explained that their job was simply to see that no war materials got to Germany through Moroccan transshipments. The deal was that the United States would recognize the Vichy regime and send sorely needed supplies to its French North African possessions only if "control officers" like these vice consuls were permitted to prowl the country and check shipments at border points. That sounded like a very clever plan to me, but why were these fellows as nervous as cats as we neared the French zone border? I had half a mind to report them as suspicious characters when we got to Casablanca. They acted almost like professional smugglers. When we got to the border they slouched down in their seats and asked me to take their passports and report to the inspection office and take care of everything. On the way I took a good hard look at their passports. They seemed genuine enough, with the usual convict-type pictures—nothing wrong there, apparently. By now an old hand at

From Alexandria to Algiers, by way of Casablanca



DAVID K. NEWMAN, a native of Saint Louis, Missouri, was brought up in the Philippines and China. He was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1935 and attended the University of Paris and the Royal University of Siena. He was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1938 and served in the Congo, Egypt, Eritrea, Algeria and China until 1947 and has recently been in export publishing and writing work. The Consul General he mentions was FSO H. Earle Russell.

crossing borders as a perfectly innocent and genuine vice consul, I took our three passports and showed them to the inspector, remarking how glad I was to get out of war-ridden Egypt and into peaceful North Africa. That seemed to strike the right note and he stamped the three passports and let us through.

It did seem a bit strange to me, when we got into the Vichy French zone, that they should begin mopping their brows, slapping their sides and heaving sighs of relief that no one at the border had questioned their papers or opened their baggage. I wondered what was so unusual about that. Diplomats were usually entitled to such exemptions anyway. But they kept gloating about it, like smugglers.

It was night when we arrived in Casablanca and my hosts dumped me at the Hotel Transatlantique and vanished without a by-your-leave. At the Consulate General the next day I made oblique inquiries about my alleged vice consul friends and was told politely I could just forget about them—they were on special assignment. That seemed curious but the whole office seemed to be in an unnatural dither. The Consul General was personally coding and decoding his own messages and even having his meals brought to him.

Feeling rather dejected and neglected, I walked to the railroad station, resolved to get to Algiers by hook or crook, and learned a train would be departing in a few days. So I walked around the town to get acquainted with it and after a few meals became more concerned over the food situation than over the disappearance of the phony vice consuls. It is remarkable how jaded one's taste can become in just a matter of days on a diet consisting almost exclusively of black-eyed peas freely sprinkled with fine gravel; grass-like mustard greens; seedy potatoes; hard gray bread (severely rationed); and an occasional egg for a treat—no butter, milk, meat, cake, spices, dessert, sugar. It was rather a jolt, too, to be laughed at when I naively asked at a toiletry shop for a bar of hand soap. How people got clean without soap I do not know. The only items the town seemed to have been plenty of were French perfume, Moroccan leatherware of practically every description, and some local wine. Almost everything we think of as a necessity was either simply not there, or else tightly rationed. Most motorists had put their cars in storage for lack of gasoline but a few had converted their cars into alcohol or charcoal burners, necessitating taking the engine apart and cleaning it every few days or weeks. People could not afford to walk too much, for even wooden-soled and imitation leather shoes were difficult to come by. I had never realized how crippled the day-to-day living in a modern country could become by a war blockade on the one hand, and the reaching hand of the enemy occupant on the other.

On the morning of November 8, 1942, when I was supposed to take a train to Algiers, I heard distant rumblings while it was still quite dark. Thinking it was just thunder, I went back to sleep. But the rumbling kept getting louder. In my half-sleep I reasoned, "Just another air raid, I guess—wait a minute—there aren't supposed to be any air raids here." I hopped out of bed and switched on my trusty portable radio. It was eight in the morning and there unbelievably was President Roosevelt's voice roundly reassuring the people in North Africa, in crisp Harvard French, that Amer-

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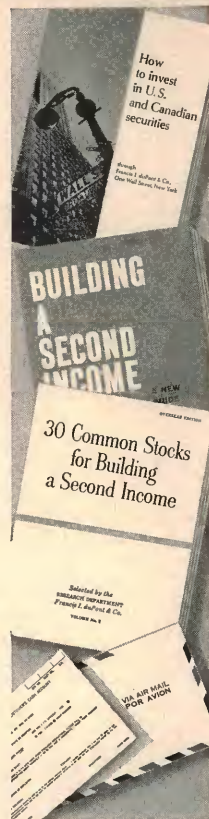
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VICE CONSUL

ica was their friend, that to resist would be a *bêtise*, and that American troops would quit French territory the instant the German menace was eradicated.

Presently I heard someone clomping briskly down the hall. "Must be the police," I thought. "Might as well go quietly." But it was the hotel manager, with a cheery, "*Bonjour, vivent les Alliés!*"

"But, really, I'm terribly sorry about this," I protested. "Needless bloodshed among friends and all that, you know."

"But not at all, not at all," countered the manager. "We French have a saying, 'To make the omelette, first you must break the eggs.'"

"Say," I remembered, "What about the police?"

"*Pouf*, I told them no Americans were registered here and they went away. I think they weren't too anxious to look, anyway."

"Will you look after my baggage for me then? Could you keep it hidden while I take my chances on not being caught till the invasion is over? I want to see the show too."

"But certainly, that will be easy. No authority knows you are here because I had not yet sent your description from our register to the police—routine for all guests, you know."

Now I know what the phony vice consuls had been up to. More than likely they were OSS agents and were at that moment transmitting busily to the United States fleet standing just over the horizon, using some of the very equipment I had unsuspectingly helped them smuggle in, helping direct operations. What a churl I had been to bother the Consulate General at that critical moment when it was a nest of agents putting the finishing touches on the invasion plans. The hotel manager, I discovered, was himself a leader of the *résistance* and had been in league with the agents.

For several days thereafter I had a fine time dodging the Vichy *gendarmes* and special agents and observing from every angle the battle for Casablanca. I bought a copy of the pro-Vichy GRINGOIRE and carried it around to pose as a good Vichyite, but I found I did not need it.

THAT FIRST morning several French warships were sunk, with many French casualties. One could not see the American ships but the silver flashes of their guns glinted from over the horizon, and their firing was deadly accurate. Several families of the French officers who did not come back lived at my hotel. Not one of the young French mothers widowed that morning said a word of protest to me. Not one told the police I was hiding there, a true enemy alien at that moment. They casually wished me *bonjour* as usual. The French seemed to be resisting out of their own distinctive sense of *honneur*, strangely against their own inner desires. They were superlatively gallant about the whole affair. Some of the injured French sailors, blood streaming down their faces, seemed to recognize me as an American and waved cheerfully as they went by. Even the Vichy officer equivalents of the SS let me pass through the roped-off crowds, like a privileged character, and permitted me to walk through shelled areas, so I could get a better view of the fighting. I headed for the Plaza Hotel and went up to the roof terrace. Other people had the same idea. The small terrace was jammed with members of the German

armistice control commission who lived in the hotel. A few Frenchmen were scattered among the crowd, so I jumped to the conclusion that everyone was French and tried to be sociable. The Germans, not knowing who I was, made way for me in the crowded space and, seeing my camera, invited me to choice vantage spots from which I could get movie shots of the planes and ships bombarding the port. One less trusting German, however, announced loudly in good French, "Beware of the fifth column, especially people with cameras." I was the only person with a camera and thought the Vichy French would do their duty and arrest me on the spot, but they did no such thing, pretending to ignore the German. It was a close shave. Wall posters all over town invited all enemy aliens to report immediately to the concentration camp with bedding and "three days' supply of food" (what a joke in food-short Casablanca).

UNMOLESTED, I went right on aiming my camera in all directions, exclaiming with the crowd over this or that terrific explosion when all of a sudden an impertinent fighter plane appeared from nowhere with machine-gun blazing. We seemed to be the target. Bullets ricocheted around us but miraculously we were left unharmed. It had happened too fast for us to get scared. But we felt indignant to be disturbed while we were peacefully watching the invasion.

By now I did not wish to press my luck any further either by getting machine-gunned or sent to the concentration camp. I went down to the street and met another fugitive vice consul. He had a small Fiat Simca coupé and invited me to ride around with him and see what was going on. Bombs and shrapnel splinters were falling all over the deserted streets and I swear he tried to see how close we could come to being hit. Back in Alexandria, I had seen a three-inch steel shrapnel splinter go through the top of my boss' car, right through the floorboard to land on the pavement, just a few minutes after my boss had left his car. So I jumped out and took cover under a sidewalk arcade outside a café.

At the café I learned that most of the consular personnel



The author revisiting Morocco, eleven years later.



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VICE CONSUL

had been rounded up and placed under heavy guard in the Consulate General building, a converted villa in the residential area of Casablanca.

I hid out for another two or three days, a seeming eternity, hoping the relentless bombing would soon be over and I would be liberated along with the city. Each day I would get up before dawn and slink out of my hotel before the gendarmes arrived and creep back at night after they had left. But finding something to eat during the day was getting to be a problem. I dared not remain over a few minutes in the long queues outside restaurants for fear of being recognized and denounced by some Vichy die-hard. It usually took hours before one could be served even a few left-over scraps.

I WAS FINALLY ready to give myself up when the Consul General got word to me by grapevine to report to the Consulate General, as the Vichy forces planned to hold out to the bitter end and wanted to evacuate us to safety in the Atlas mountains. They figured they could use us for hostages in case of surrender negotiations. Reluctantly I appeared at my hotel in broad daylight and thanked the manager. Then I asked him to call the gendarmes to come and get me. The manager hated to call and the police hated to come. They apologized for not having any vehicle handy. Would I mind waiting until they could send someone to help carry my baggage? At length a French plainclothesman came on foot. He insisted on carrying my baggage and led me, not to a concentration point but to the American Consulate General where the American consular group was still arguing with the Vichy French about being evacuated. They were hoping the city would be taken in the meantime and the French always encourage a good argument.

It was already dark when we arrived. My "captor" bade me *bon voyage* and released me to his colleagues guarding the consular group. The guards, four stolid French *poilus*, had dusted off and brought out for our special use one of the few military buses in the French Army, but it proved rather balky. Something was wrong with the carburetor, it did not seem to like the alcohol being used as a substitute for gas. It was possible, of course, that someone had surreptitiously added a little water to the alcohol. Each of the four guards had different ideas about how to get it started and seemed almost ready to give up the whole idea in disgust and go back to barracks. But finally it started and they wrestled our baggage aboard and asked if everyone was comfortable. We were, and at midnight we hit the road for the Marrakech airport. There we were supposed to take a plane for occupied France, and thence perhaps to Germany for internment. While we, the "enemy," rode south in comparative luxury through the blacked-out Moroccan countryside, weary French foot soldiers, trudging north along with mules and carrying World War I equipment, passed us on their way to reinforce the Casablanca defense. We did not know that on both sides of the road, within rifle-shot, were our own American troops, quietly waiting either for a cease-fire or an order to encircle Casablanca with the latest-type tanks and artillery.

We never arrived in Marrakech. We stopped the next morning at Kasba Tadla, a resort town in the Atlas Moun-

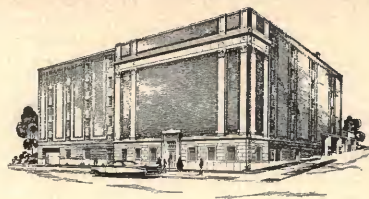
rains, where the Vichy authorities had requisitioned the only comfortable hotel in town for us. We were permitted to mill around the town at will, while our tired guards slept soundly in their rooms. Two high-powered cars roared into town carrying German and Japanese officials. They asked some French townspeople the quickest and safest way to neutral Tangier, saying they had a sudden need to take a vacation. I heard the townspeople giving elaborate directions which would have landed the Axis cars in the middle of the Sahara if followed. While this was going on, I kicked, unnoticed, a few puncture-promoting stones under the tires of the cars, as my contribution to the underground movement, but to no avail. The cars made it safely to Spanish Morocco, I learned later.

At this point the Vichy French could not make up their minds what to do with us. They said the road to Marakech was out of the question; I think it was because American forces had bombed it. They debated another day or two whether to send us to another airfield or wait for further developments. The Consul General, meanwhile, kept talking like a Dutch uncle to the Vichy French, complaining of the bad treatment given his people (no hot water in the hotel, no white bread, etc.), anything to bid for time. The Vichy people were apologetic but the Consul General was not to be placated.

Just as the French reluctantly decided to have us sent on by air to France, news came of the end of the fighting. Joy immediately swept the town, as if the whole war had ended then and there, as if the Axis were no more. The hotel put on a huge victory feast, on the house. People went around hugging and kissing one another, simultaneously weeping and jumping for joy.

OUR RETURN to Casablanca became a triumphal procession led by the Consul General's car, in which I was a passenger. The French and the Moroccans cheered us all along the road until we got to the outskirts of Casablanca. There we almost got shot by an American roadblock detail. Either they had not been informed the war in Morocco was over, or else they thought we might be a motorcade of fleeing German officials. In point of fact, the German Consul General's car was an identical twin of the American Consul General's—both sleek black 1939 Buick four-door sedans. The American Consul General, having successfully coped with the Vichy French, now had to argue it out with a tougher foe, his own countrymen, to get back to Casa. The unwashed, unshaven, weary and hungry infantrymen had been in combat for days without relief. Trigger-happy, they were in a mood to shoot first and ask questions afterward. Led by the tireless Consul General, the real hero of the day, we all summoned up our best American slang and with some pretty fast talking we finally got by the roadblock.

We went into Casablanca with the first American motorcycle patrols, no longer as fifth columnists, but as Fifth Avenue paraders, while crowds everywhere cheered and waved mysteriously-produced American flags. When we got to the Consulate General the crowd let out a mighty roar of applause. The doors were unlocked and opened, breaking the Vichy seals that had been on them during those few days that seemed like years. I had seen Old Glory raised



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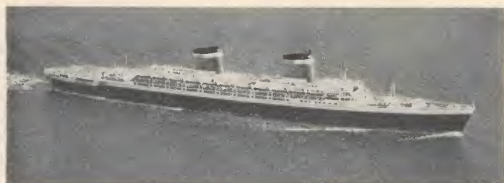
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VICE CONSUL

every day for years over the Consulates where I had worked, and had taken it all as a matter of course, until now. Now the Star Spangled Banner floated upward to its rightful place amid thunderous clapping. It was a moving demonstration of French and Moroccan friendship.

Soon jeeploads of advance American troops came charging in to start occupying the city. Some of the first arrivals came to the Consulate General where we gave officers help in getting around the city and in requisitioning hotels, homes, stores, warehouses and civilian cars—for billets, offices, supply depots and motor pools. I overdid things though and helped one colonel so well that I found myself without a room. He asked where I lived and was so impressed with my Hotel Transatlantique that he requisitioned it for the top brass and tossed me out on my ear. I didn't mind too much because he gave me some much-needed soap and I was able to find a room in the mansion of a prominent Casablanca family, not far from the Consulate General. The mansion was a bit chilly and damp but the temperature never went quite to freezing and the hospitable family plied me with warming camomile tea. I luxuriated amongst the ornate brocaded gilt chairs, floor-to-ceiling mirrors, crystal chandeliers, leaded windows and marble bathtub and basin with heavy brass fixtures. I felt a hobo with my well-pummelled Army barracks bag amid all that splendor, a veritable Versailles palace in miniature.

By now I was beginning to wonder how I was ever going to get to Algiers. The Consul General painted a very gloomy picture of the transportation system: no cars or gasoline available; roads monopolized by Army convoys going to the Tunisian front; airfields and railroads knocked out of action or else requisitioned for the most urgent military use. There was just no way for a civilian to get to Algiers, he would lament, and he had no idea when the situation would improve. But he did have a spot for me at the Consulate General if I cared to pass the time there. Thus, on the basis of five weeks of duty at Suez as a temporary replacement officer in charge, I automatically became the shipping expert for Casablanca. American merchant ships, laden with vast supplies for the campaign in Tunisia, were arriving in convoy after convoy and direly needed all kinds of consular services I had never heard about before. Long and anxious days at sea had created untold crew problems. Happily I met a friend from Suez days, Captain A. M. Hansen, who had brought his ship in with the invasion. Under his expert tutelage I swam through two weeks of shipping work without causing any major incident.

I had been in Casa nearly a month and the office in Algiers was getting rather cross about my not showing up. "Where is Newman?" Algiers would wire, and each time Casablanca would wire back, "So sorry, no transportation for him—all disrupted by invasion, you know." I knew the burden of explaining would eventually fall on me. I would have to find some way of getting to Algiers and be quick about it. Fortunately francs were getting cheaper every day so I bought a six-year-old Graham Cavalier that had somehow escaped requisitioning by the Army and got to Algiers by the simple expedient of driving there myself.

So ended my 8,000-mile six-week detour from Alexandria to Algiers.

The Foreign Service and the Export Drive

by THEODORE J. HADRABA

NONE OF our current national objectives probably has more general endorsement and has generated less criticism than the objective of substantially expanding our export trade. The President and Cabinet officers, particularly the Secretaries of State, Treasury and Commerce, have stressed in most positive terms the vital necessity for the Export Expansion Program to produce a commercial export surplus sufficiently large to establish reasonable equilibrium in our over-all balance of payments. The halls of Congress echo this need. Industry, agriculture and labor are fully cognizant that the nation must attain higher export goals.

The United States runs a substantial surplus on merchandise account but for some years it has not covered the foreign exchange cost of our defense requirements abroad, of expenditures by American tourists overseas, and of the flow of public and private funds beyond our shores for investment and assistance. Without going into any statistical refinements of our balance of payments—or of the merchandise account as a constituent element—it is abundantly clear that the United States must do a good deal better than our current export volume of about twenty billion dollars. No one needs a ticket to gain admission to join the society which debates the question of how high our exports can and should go and how fast. Some think a net increase of two billion dollars is attainable within a relatively short period. Others believe one billion is more realistic and may require considerable time. There is a variety of additional assessments—both more ambitious and more conservative. Clearly we are dealing with a subject influenced by many factors. Some are predictable and can be measured. Others are elusive. But one basic fact stands out: In this highly competitive world our exports cannot be self-generating; they require hard and persistent work.

The responsibility for making our goods move abroad in greater volume is one shared by both Government and the American business community. The official role is great but it is not all-inclusive. The Government, both at home and abroad, serves as an export catalyst. This role is being expanded and improved but there is full realization that more needs to be done. On the domestic scene, the Department of Commerce is proceeding energetically through several avenues to attract more American firms, especially

medium-sized and small establishments, into the export field; and concomitantly to encourage those already engaged in foreign trade to increase their emphasis on the export side of their operations. Private business is taking a strong hand in this drive through the National Export Council and the thousand members of the Regional Councils. These latter are concentrated in the thirty-four cities where the Department of Commerce has Field Offices, which constitute that Department's local points of contact with the American business community. Outside the United States, reliance is placed on the Foreign Service to perform the function of export catalyst. This function is performed better by some than by others. There are some real stars and some whose performance in the trade promotion field is somewhat less luminous. The job ahead is both large and pressing. Effective export expansion activities by our Government urgently require renewed, vigorous efforts by the Foreign Service on behalf of the Department of Commerce and the American business community. While there are some both in and out of Government who question the capacity of the Foreign Service to meet the trade promotional requirements of the future there is a strong body of opinion that the Service will not only do the job but do it well.

LATE LAST summer a State-Commerce Task Force was charged with the task of making recommendations to the Secretaries of State and Commerce with a view to improving our international commercial activities. The objective was to arrive at a draft agreement between the two Departments which would meet the trade promotional needs of the future inasmuch as the agreement of June 1, 1956 was no longer considered adequate. The principal fundamentals which underlay these deliberations were: (1) the President directed the Executive Agencies to place maximum emphasis on enlarging the foreign commerce of the United States in seeking to maintain an over-all balance in our international payments; (2) he charged the Department of Commerce with the leadership within the Government to insure that a vigorous effort be made to expand trade, travel and investment and to provide energetic leadership to American industry in a drive to develop export markets; (3) he called upon the Departments of State and Commerce to proceed jointly to increase commercial representation and facilities abroad; and (4) he made it clear that the Chiefs of Mission shall oversee and coordinate all such activities abroad.

The author is currently serving in the Department as Coordinator for Commercial Activities with the rank of Deputy Assistant Secretary. An FSO since 1939, his more recent assignments have included, Vienna, Stuttgart, Adviser at the Air War College, and Ankara.

Basic to the Agreement which the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Commerce subsequently signed is the understanding that export expansion functions can best be provided within a unified Foreign Service but with a greater degree of specialization than has existed in the recent past. The Agreement provides for a series of new and improved personnel procedures; improved opportunities for promotion via the commercial specialist route; budgeting procedures designed to provide adequate resources for this activity; and for increased participation by the Department of Commerce in trade promotion matters.

UNDER THE Agreement, Foreign Service officers are afforded an opportunity to elect commercial work as a career specialty and to advance within this specialty to the highest levels in the Foreign Service. Through this option the Department of State will identify a group of career commercial specialists from the ranks of Foreign Service officers, enlarge the number of Foreign Service Reserve appointments from the Department of Commerce and the business community, and incorporate these officers into a Commercial Specialist Program.

Pursuant to the Agreement, the Department of Commerce will participate more fully in the recruitment, examination, training, promotion and assignment of those officers who elect to become commercial specialists. To enhance effectiveness, tours of duty of these specialists may be lengthened. Keeping in mind both the best interests of the individual officer and the Service, opportunity will be afforded for assignment in and out of the program for qualified officers from time to time.

To assist in the training of commercial specialists, a Department of Commercial Affairs will be established in the School of Foreign Affairs of the Foreign Service Institute.

To attract new talent, the two Departments will establish joint recruitment teams to visit educational institutions giving graduate and undergraduate degrees in Business Administration or Foreign Trade. In addition the Department of State is developing an optional section in the written portion of the Foreign Service examination for the benefit of new candidates for the Foreign Service with backgrounds and interest in commercial activities.

There is general recognition that commercial specialists will benefit from the same basic training that is given to all new Foreign Service officers. Accordingly, actual commercial specialization will commence at about the FSO-6. Junior officers who elect the specialty will receive further training in commercial activities, including assignments to the Department of Commerce and its field offices in the United States from time to time. Training assignments to private industry are also anticipated.

In the Agreement, the duties of commercial specialists are defined and clarified in relation to the expanded export program and some aspects will be sharpened. Communications procedures are being streamlined for the purpose of providing faster service to the American business community. The close interrelationship of economic and commercial activities in the Foreign Service is underscored in the Agreement. There is full appreciation that the responsi-

bilities of both Departments in these areas call for the closest possible coordination.

The Agreement, some features of which have been sketched out above, represents the present-day answer of the Departments of State and Commerce to the needs, both immediate and longer range, for carrying out abroad the Government's role in the Export Expansion Program.

The search for ideal institutional arrangements by governments successfully to discharge their trade promotion functions abroad is in no sense new. Nor are the solutions by any means uniform. Some governments rely wholly on "Foreign Office" personnel. Others prefer a trade commissioner or similar system operating with varying degrees of autonomy from diplomatic and consular establishments. Under the British system, commercial work abroad is done by Foreign Office personnel except in Commonwealth countries where it is carried on by representatives of the Board of Trade.

ARRANGEMENTS BY the United States Government to carry out the trade promotion function have been altered from time to time over the years. Since the founding of the Republic, this function, along with the protection of American commercial interests, has been a primary duty of our Consuls in far-flung market places around the world. In the early decades of the present century there was some experimentation with the concept of a separate foreign commercial service. This was particularly true after the Department of Commerce was designated as such by Act of March 4, 1913, which reorganized the Department of Commerce and Labor, created by Act of February 14, 1903. Under legislation appropriating funds in 1914, commercial attachés appointed by and responsible to the Secretary of Commerce were assigned to individual missions abroad. Although there was no pressing rivalry at the time between consular officers and commercial attachés, the following words of caution were contained in "General Instructions to Commercial Attachés" issued by the Department of Commerce in 1914:

The commercial attaché is expected to work in the fullest and most cordial cooperation with the Consular Service... every effort should be made to avoid friction, which is only another name for loss of power.



"The Commercial Attaché is trying to close the dollar gap and please the corn lobby at the same time."

Real difficulties between the Department of State and the Department of Commerce developed prior to passage of the Rogers Act of 1924, which provided for reorganization of the Diplomatic and Consular Services and amalgamation into a United States Foreign Service. Since the Department of Commerce received much of its information from the consular officers, it undertook to bring the consular officers under the official control of the Secretary of Commerce, as well as of the Secretary of State, by insisting on direct instructions to them, direct communications with them on commercial subjects and direct reports back from them, instead of always going through the Secretary of State. The Department of Commerce tried to have the Foreign Commerce Service included in the Rogers bill and given exclusive charge, under the Secretary of Commerce, of all commercial and economic work and reporting for the entire government. This effort was unsuccessful.

As a result of increasing recognition of the inter-relation of commercial and economic work with the political aspects of foreign policy, the Department of State eventually assumed a more active role in commercial-economic affairs abroad. The concept of a separate commercial service abroad was abandoned in 1939. The concept of a unified Foreign Service responsible to the Secretary of State in serving Government agencies, and operating under the direction of Chiefs of Mission abroad, is the foundation of relationships between the Departments of State and Commerce in carrying out the trade promotion function abroad. On this foundation the two Departments are proceeding to build commercial specialization in the Foreign Service in a manner which will ensure its adequacy for the export expansion challenge of the Sixties and beyond.

THE SUCCESS of our Export Expansion Program will depend on the combined efforts of both Government and business. Neither can either appropriately or adequately do the other's job. But together they can bring about a really significant increase in our exports. The situation calls for much hard work and initiative combined with practical imagination on the part of all. There is, in some respects at least, a similarity between what our Government and the American business community face today and what was reported by Queen Victoria's Foreign Secretary in 1886 to both Houses of Parliament, as recorded in "Correspondence Respecting the Question of Diplomatic and Consular Assistance to British Trade Abroad (Commercial No. 16—1886)":

"Under the changed condition of the world, with telegraphs and lines of steamers everywhere, with some large markets closed by protective tariffs, with native dealers supplanting the old system under which British mercantile houses did business through their branches abroad, the competition to which our commerce is exposed is far more severe than at any previous time. We must face this, perceiving that it was impossible under these changed conditions to retain the sort of monopoly which we practically enjoyed in many parts of the globe, and comforting ourselves with the knowledge that we are still far ahead of any other people.

"But we must also admit that if our rivals have in some directions gained on us, this has been partly due to our own

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shortcomings. As we have neglected the technical training of our artisans, so we have done little to prepare by an appropriate education our young men for the career of commerce. There is no denying that the youths who go from Germany or Belgium to push their fortunes abroad in trade go better equipped than are our own in knowledge of languages and of the methods of business. They are willing to live more plainly than Englishmen do, to work for smaller profits, to allow themselves fewer amusements. If they have less dash and enterprise than our countrymen, they have a steady tenacity and habits of systematic application not less valuable in the long run. They are more alive to the results attainable by attention to minutiae, and perhaps more keenly watchful of all such new facilities as the progress of science affords. Some of these disadvantages we may remove when once their existence has been realized; and it is rather by their removal than by any action on the part of the Government, that the maintenance of our commercial supremacy must be sought. The fabric of British trade was built up by the energy and self-reliance of individual men; it is the same qualities, supplemented by the knowledge and the training which have now become necessary, that are needed to maintain it.

"Not the less, however, it is the clear and constant duty of the Government, which holds in its hands the threads of a vast organization stretching over the world to do all that it legitimately can to further the interests of our commerce.

"This is not likely to be forgotten by the Foreign Office, which has the best reason to know how wide is the range of our commercial relations, and how much strength and influence they give us."

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Letters to the Editor

"The Trouble with the State Department"

WITH it seems, increasing frequency we are treated to public scolding or pontification by self-appointed experts who are convinced that any moron could run American foreign relations a great deal better than those who are saddled with the responsibility. We are so used to being told "what's wrong with the State Department" by pundits whose knowledge of the subject is less than encyclopedic, that we are likely to greet each new effort with a yawn. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to read Stewart Alsop's "The Trouble with the State Department" in the SATURDAY EVENING POST of March 3.

Mr. Alsop lists six things that he considers wrong with the State Department. I think most of us would agree that most of his points have some substance to them. They are at least worthy of professional comment in the JOURNAL. How about it?

Reykjavik

JAMES PENFIELD

Editor's Note: Thus prodded by our former Editorial Board Chairman, we produced an editorial follow-up, published on page 27.

Encouraging a Capable Consular Corps

SPECIALIZATION IN CONSULAR work in the Foreign Service is rewarding and rich in service to one's fellow man. An able consular officer is, whether he likes it or not, often a father confessor, adviser, or protector to those seeking his help and as a result he undoubtedly earns merit in heaven but seldom is rewarded materially. The lack of career recognition has time and again been the topic of discussion in the Department and although numerous suggestions have been advanced for the purpose of affording adequate recognition to the importance of good work performed by consular officers, few if any results have been achieved.

To a young officer just entering the Service, it is soon apparent that he would be fortunate to get his stint as a consular officer quickly over and done with so that he can apply for political, economic, language or area specializa-

tion training. It seems that only by leaving the consular field can he hope for advancement in the Service.

As a result, many officers are young and inexperienced in the consular field and lack any desire to remain in such work. Actually, the Service needs experienced consular officers who have served several years in the field as, with modern communications and rapid means of travel, consular work is becoming more and more sensitive to public pressure and public criticism. In the Department the importance of consular work has been realized to the extent that new officers are given a consular training course of several weeks to prepare them for work in the field. A consular officer is expected to get to work immediately on arrival at his post, and produce tangible results.

It is now generally conceded that in the case of a group of officers entering the Service seven years ago, you will probably find that those who undertook language or other specialized training have advanced at least one grade and often two grades above the officers who remained in consular work. It would seem, on the surface, that Promotion Boards apparently have an inclination to react favorably to recommendations for the promotion of those in specialized training above all others.

A recent Department release shows that there is under consideration shows that there is under consideration the re-establishment of a separate consular service, perhaps by means of re-vamping the Staff Corps to provide for consular specialists. This is further indication that careerwise, consular specialization is a poor choice. Actually, the Department must give serious consideration to this matter, for, as conditions now stand, unless senior consular officers who have chosen this specialization as a vocation are encouraged to remain in the Service—perhaps in the Staff Corps—the Department will find within a few years that selection-out and early retirement because of lack of advancement will result in there being no senior experienced consular officers left in the Service.

The importance of dealing with foreign countries through contact with foreign nationals on an individual basis is growing in importance daily. No

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.

longer can an outstanding statesman or diplomat singlehandedly carry out a country's foreign policy. Consular officers now deal with the largest number of foreigners, and the impression these officers create abroad is now a matter of national concern.

The Service cannot do without able consular officers. The Service must give mature thought to the encouragement of consular officers who at the present time receive little notice and small credit for a job well done.

ALLEN R. TURNER

Washington

"Roots"

I HAVE read Mrs. Rebecca Latimer's enjoyable story "Roots—and Time for Music, Books and Talk," in the May Foreign Service JOURNAL and want to say I agree thoroughly with her sons.

GEORGE D. AIKEN

U.S. Senator

Washington

To the New Retirees

I WOULD like to submit the following message to the more than two hundred retirees from the Service, as of 31 May, 1962, and to future retirees. An encouraging word might be helpful since it is based on my own experience and that of many of my friends:

To the Retirees:

The world has not come to an end! There are advantages, countless ones, in withdrawing from the discipline of the State Department's incredible web of dos and don'ts, of shoulds and shouldn'ts. You have thirty years or more! You can do anything you want to! Congratulations!

There are not one but a dozen places where you are wanted and needed.

You make your own place, and have fun doing it. I am.

If you haven't another job already—get yourself a small private office. Put your desk and your books and your cherished souvenirs in it and start thinking!

You have a priceless treasure of experience that you can share, in teaching or writing!

Congratulations!

RICHARD F. BOYCE

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