Foreign Service Journal

March 1964
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contents

MARCH, 1964
Volume 41, No. 3

page

THE INS AND OUTS OF DIPLOMACY — 19
by Willard L. Beaulac

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN A TIME OF CHANGE — 23
by Thorsten V. Kalijarvi

THE FLIGHT OF ST. AUGUSTINE — 29
by Jane McHarg Byington

EARTHQUAKE! — 32
by Joseph W. Ballantine

A YUGOSLAV SKETCHBOOK — 34
by Dana Andrews

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—BUCHWALD, FSO — 45
by Art Buchwald

OTHER FEATURES: What Jet Travel Does to Your Metabolic Clock, by Samuel W. Bryant, page 4; Senator Humphrey on the Foreign Service, page 47; The Deal, by R. W. B., page 48; AFSA News, page 50; AAFSW Report, page 51.

departments

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO — 14
by James B. Stewart

EDITORIALS — 26

WASHINGTON LETTER — 30
by Ted Olson

THE BOOKSHELF — 37

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR — 55

Cover Photo:

"Children of Rome"
by Paul Child

Photos and Art for March

Paul Child, FSO-retired, photo, cover.

Howard R. Simpson, PAO, Marseille, drawing, page 2 and cartoon, page 47.

Ernest Williams, FSS, cartoon, page 12.

German Information Center, photos, page 26.

Robert W. Rinden, FSO, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," pages 31 and 55.

U. S. Navy, photos, pages 29, 42 and 43.

Dana Andrews, wife of FSO Nicholas G. Andrews, sketches, pages 34, 35 and 36.

Herbert J. Meyle, Department of State, photo, page 50.

"O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy go away'; But—" Rudyard Kipling, *"Tommy"*)

Appointments and Awards

WILLIAM ATTWOOD, *Ambassador to Kenya*

ROBERT G. BARNES, *Ambassador to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan*

JAMES D. BELL, *Ambassador to Malaysia*

W. TAPLEY BENNETT, JR., *Ambassador to the Dominican Republic*

PATRICIA G. VAN DELDEN, USIA, *recipient of the fourth annual Federal Women's Award*

RICHARD N. GARDNER, *Deputy Assistant Secretary, IO, recipient of the Arthur S. Flemming Award for 1963.*

Marriages

GORRELL-GUIMARAENS. Miss Magdalena Natalia Gorrell, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Juan Leese Gorrell, and Bruce Duncan Guimaraens were married on February 1, 1964, in Oporto.

KIRKLAND-BINGHAM. Miss Katharine Brinton Kirkland and John Hamilton Lewis Bingham, son of former FSO and Mrs. Hiram Bingham, were married on October 27, 1963, in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island.

PEAT-WHITTEMORE. Mrs. Beatrice Harris Peat and Olin S. Whittemore were married on January 11, 1964, in West Ruislip, England. Mr. Whittemore is a Vice Consul assigned to the American Embassy, London.

SIMONS-QUINN. Miss Margaret Eleanor Quinn and Thomas W. Simons, Jr. were married on December 23, 1963 in Chillicothe, Ohio. Mr. Simons, FSO-8, is the son of retired Consul General and Mrs. Thomas W. Simons.

WATERMAN-BINGHAM. Anne Beach Waterman and David Brewster Bingham, son of former FSO and Mrs. Hiram Bingham, were married on December 28, 1963, in Grosse Point Farms, Michigan.

Births

CUTLER. A son, Thomas Gerard, born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Cutler, on October 2, 1963, in Torrejon, Spain. Mr. Cutler is serving as political officer in Algiers.

Deaths

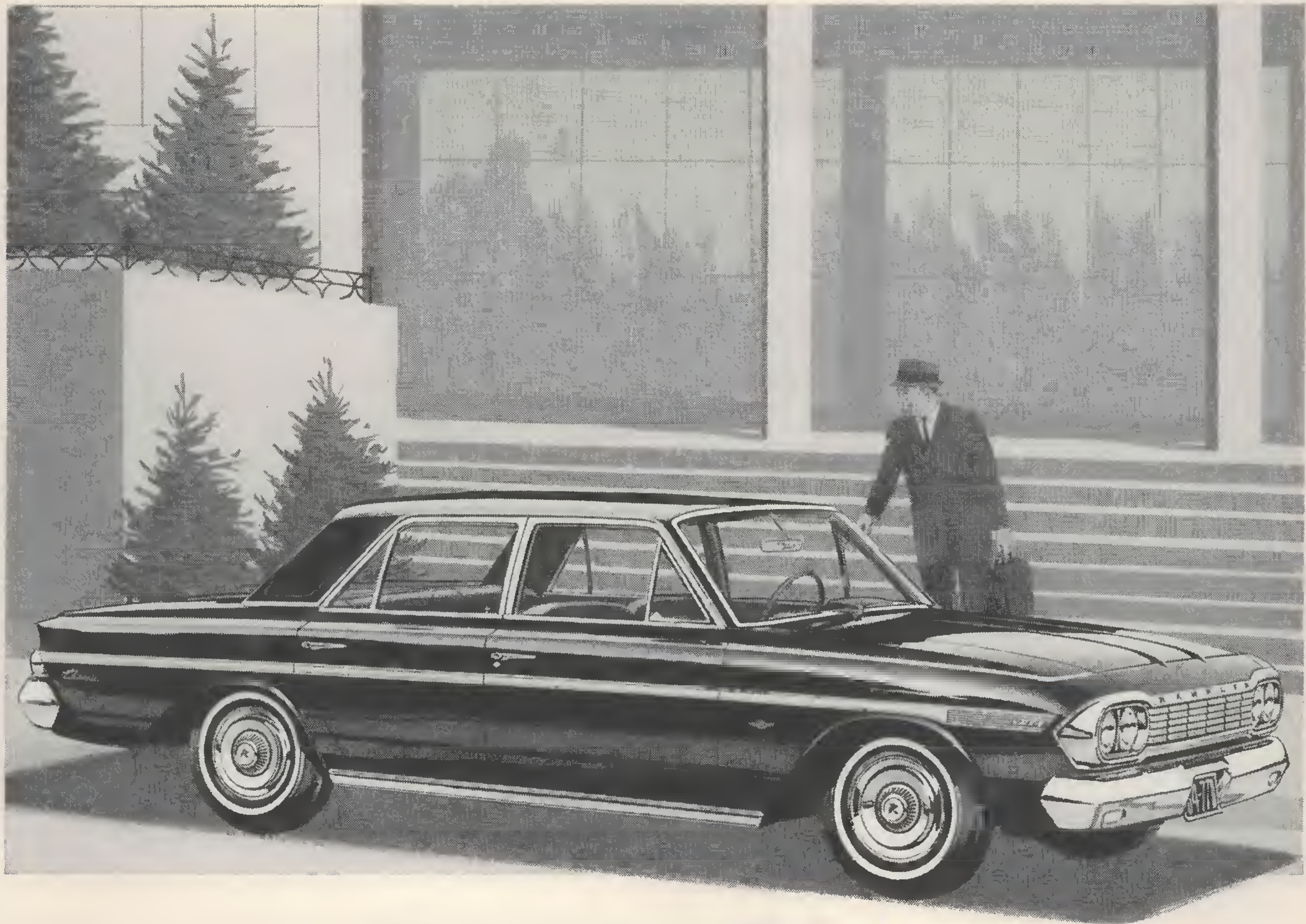
BROWN. James E. Brown, Jr., FSO-retired, died on February 2, 1964, in Gilbertsville, New York. Mr. Brown entered the Foreign Service in 1928 and served at Mexico City, Santo Domingo, Havana, Stockholm, London, Buenos Aires, the Department, Montevideo, Sofia, Barcelona, and Turin. His last post before retirement was Havana, where he served as Consul General from 1956 to 1958.

HAYES. Mrs. Virginia Chalmers Hayes, wife of John N. Hayes, died on January 29, 1964, in Washington. Mr. Hayes is deputy director of the Office of Programs and Services, Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs.

O'CONNOR. Jeremiah J. O'Connor, FSO, died on January 27, 1964, in Bethesda, Maryland. Mr. O'Connor entered the Foreign Service in 1950. He served at Vienna as Director of the Legal Division, then as Consul at Salzburg. In the Department he was operations coordinator from 1958 to 1962, then was assigned to the Foreign Service Inspection Corps, where he served until his death. The family has suggested that donations in his memory may be sent to the AFSA Scholarship fund.

SEVERE. Marc L. Severe, FSSO-retired, died on January 27, 1964, in Sarasota, Florida. Mr. Severe entered the Foreign Service in 1918 and retired in 1958. He served at Paris, Mexico City, Montreal and Sao Paulo and was Consul at Mexico City at the time of his retirement.

SPARKS. Miss Virginia Sparks, USIA, died on January 12, 1964, in Washington. Miss Sparks served in the Department of State from 1944 to 1953 as an Employee Relations Officer; from 1953 she was with USIA, where she was an Employee Management Relations Specialist at the time of her death.



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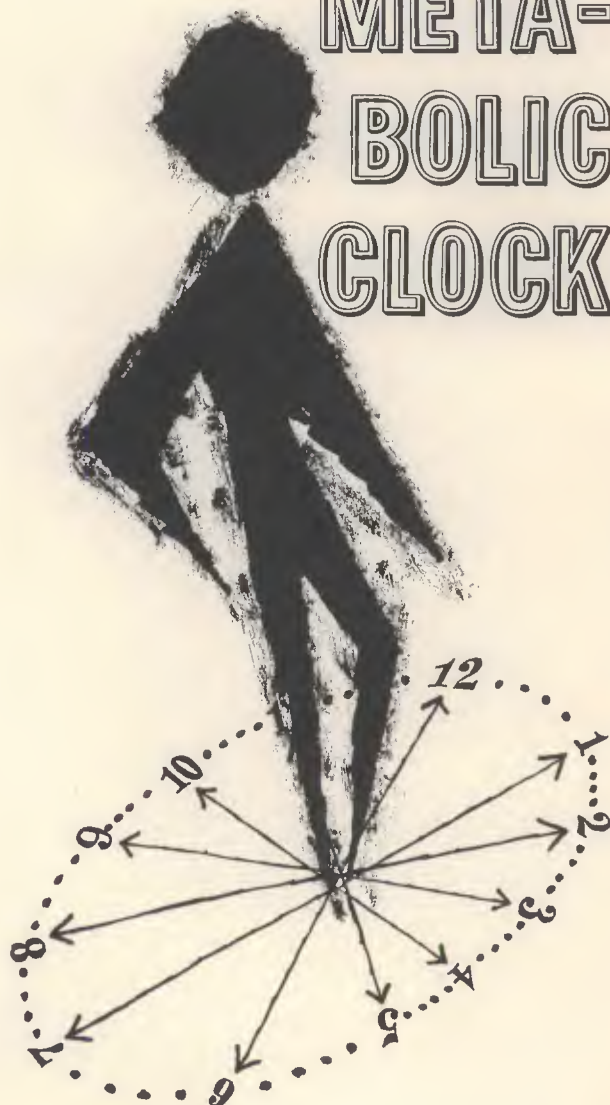

THE airplane door on the Tokyo-Anchorage-Copenhagen flight bangs shut, the passengers fasten their seat belts, and the captain shoves the thrust levers forward. When the big jet leaves the runway, it is 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, Tokyo time. Three hours later the flight meets the rising sun and three and a half hours after that touches down

Excerpted from FORTUNE, November, 1963, courtesy of FORTUNE magazine.

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Advertiser	Page	Advertiser	Page
Alban Towers	14	Homerica, Inc.	43
American International School	47	Houghton, A. C. & Son, Inc.	51
American Motors	3	Jacob & Warwick, Inc.	51
American Security & Trust Co.	18	Johns Hopkins Press, The	41
Arista Trading Co.	46	Leysin American School	47
Atlas Realty	52	Lorillard, P., & Co.	9
Barr Shipping Co., Inc.	38	Marsh & McLennan, Inc.	10
Bed Rock Dogs International	52	Mutual of Omaha	53 & 54
Begg, J. F., Inc.	52	Natl. Distillers	Cover IV
Bell, W. & Co.	6	Park Central, The	51
Brooks Brothers	39	Paxton Van Lines	8
Calvert School, The	47	Restaurant Directory	4
Copenhaver Engravers	52	Rhea Radin Real Estate	50
DeHaven & Townsend, Crouter & Bodine	49	Routed Thru-Pac	12
deSibour, J. Blaise, & Co.	46	Saccone & Speed, Ltd.	42
Diplomatic Appliance Co.	49	Seagram Distillers Corp.	11
Doubleday & Company, Inc.	40	Security National Bank	Cover II
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	5	Security Storage Co.	48
First National City Bank of New York	17	Simmons Properties	50
Ford International	13	State Dept. Federal Credit Union	45
Foreign Service Auto Rental	43	Stuart & Maury, Inc.	50
Francis Scott Key Hotel	49	Tatum Properties	50
General Electronics	15	Town & Country Properties, Inc.	48
General Motors Corp.	7	United Services Officers' Insurance Brokers, Ltd.	44
Gorham Hotel	49	United States Lines	41
Grace Line	16	Wanamaker, Sophia, Inc.	42
Hicks Realty Inc.	14	Western Pharmacy	44
Hilltop House	51	Zenith Radio Corp.	Cover III

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JET TRAVEL *(Continued)*

at Anchorage, where it is 9:00 A.M. and—thanks to crossing the international date line—still Tuesday. At 11:00 A.M. begins the eight-and-a-half-hour flight over the polar wastes to Europe, in bright summer sunlight. When the plane lands at Copenhagen it is 6:25 A.M., Wednesday. The elapsed time since leaving Tokyo has been about seventeen hours—nearly all of it in daylight—and, as any customs agent can plainly see, when the passengers debark they are confused and dead tired.

An increasing number of intercontinental jet passengers are coming to realize that subsonic travel across time zones poses special problems of fatigue.

The core of the problem is that, with a rapid change in time and environment, man's metabolic clock gets out of phase. The metabolic clock may be defined as the sum of the numerous bodily rhythms and cycles to which the body is adjusted. These cycles have never been fully tabulated. But chief among them are some called "circadian" (from the Latin *circa*, about, and *dies*, day), which run, roughly, on a twenty-four-hour rhythm. In this group are man's periods of sleep and wakefulness, geared to the day-night cycle, his mental alertness, visceral activity (including waste elimination, liver activity, etc.), adrenal-gland activity (which is rhythmic), and the variations of the body's pulse and temperature.

When all the body's cycles are synchronized the body is in tune with its environment; when the cycles are thrown out of synchronization, as they are by long-distance flight, the body does not function at its best level. At the root of this feeling of prolonged exhaustion or weariness is the fact that, after a disruption of the metabolic clock, it takes two to eight or more days before all of the circadian and other cycles regain their harmonious relations. Fortunately for the future of jet travel, however, the more important cycles become readjusted within a few days.

The problem, it should be noted, is not travel per se; it is travel from east to west or west to east across time zones. (Flying north to south, or south to north, the passenger remains in the same time zone and his primary rhythms are not affected.) The earth is divided into twenty-four time zones. Flying eastward, the passenger loses one hour per zone; flying west, he gains an hour per zone. If a plane moves at about 520 mph it will approximate the speed of daylight at 60° latitude, north or south. The passenger's metabolic clock is in synchronization with the local time at departure; where he lands he is subjected to a different local time, and the imbalance is known as the "phase shift."

Until recently the whole problem has had a low medical priority. But with the increasing volume of air travel—passengers on overseas flights to and from the U.S. on U.S. planes alone increased from 2,391,000 in 1952 to 6,598,000 in 1962—and the recognition by a few pioneers that an important frontier of medical research lay unexplored, the metabolic clock has recently become an alluring project for research.

One immediate finding dealt with the relationship of asynchronization with performance. At Brooks Air Force Base, Texas, Dr. Hubertus Strughold, professor of space medicine at the base, pointed out that a disrupted metabolic clock "may have some significance in international conferences during the first days of the meeting. The morning

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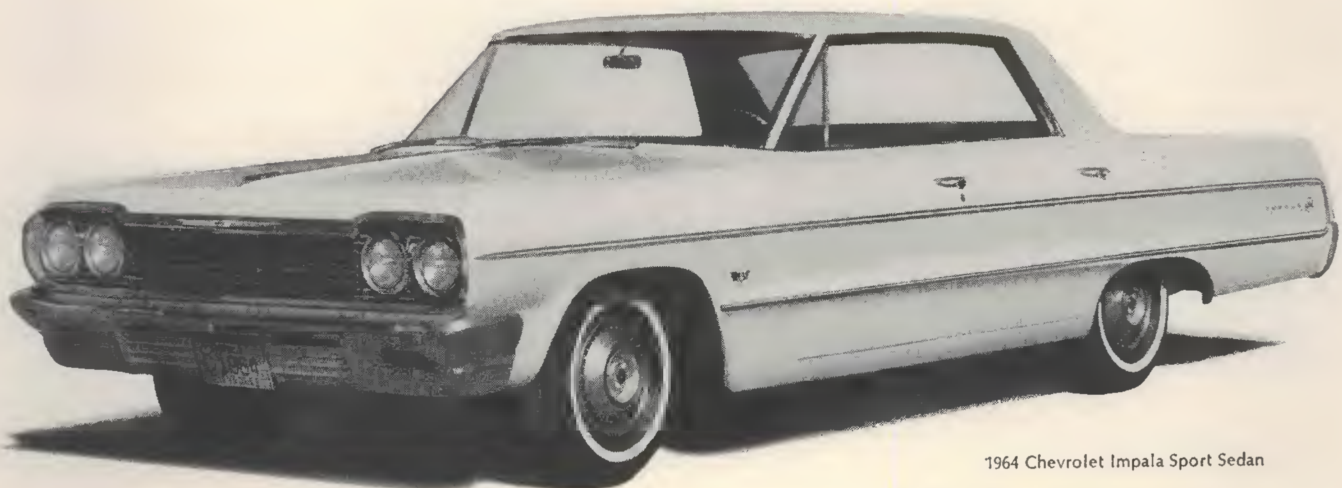

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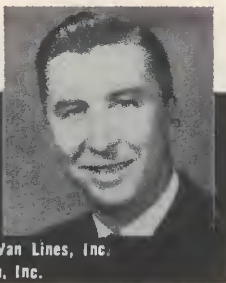

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hours," he advised, "during the first few days after long-distance eastbound flights, and the late afternoon hours after westbound flights, are not the proper times for important negotiations or vital decisions."

Breaking their general findings into components, scientists have concluded that by far the most important of the circadian cycles is that of sleep and wakefulness. It is, of course, the one most commonly disrupted by long-distance flight.

Among the outstanding results of prolonged sleep deprivation are increased sensitivity to pain, impairment of the disposition (i.e., displays of irascibility), and a tendency to have hallucinations, according to the findings of Nathaniel Kleitman, professor emeritus of physiology at the University of Chicago, author of "Sleep and Wakefulness." His researches, and those of other scientists, he says, "suggest a fatigue of the higher levels of the cerebral cortex —the levels responsible for the critical analysis of incoming impulses and the elaboration of adequate responses in the light of one's previous experience."

Sleep loss in intercontinental jet travel is, of course, far less severe than in laboratory studies—but it is more than flight schedules might suggest. A man flying from New York to Rome can take off at Idlewild at 7:30 P.M. and spend several hours having drinks and dinner en route. At best he has squirmed around in his seat, with shoes off, tie loosened, and eyes clamped shut, for little more than five hours before it is 10:00 A.M. and he is at Fiumicino airport in Rome. He took the evening plane to save a working day by flying at night. Now he probably should spend a day catching up on his sleep. Would be have been better off to take a morning plane that would put him in Rome in time for dinner? The elapsed time in any event is close to nine hours. An arrival in the evening increases the possibility that the visitor will be exposed to his friends' hospitality, and unless he insists on a reasonable curfew he will sacrifice sleep to be shown the town. But even if he does spend a day in transit he will be better able to face the morrow after eight hours' sleep in a bed than he would if he arrived in the morning.

At any rate, when an executive loses sleep through jet travel and arrives at an unusual hour in an alien environment, he cannot be expected to function at peak capacity. He must adjust to his new surroundings—to the language, altitude, climate, traffic pattern, food—before he can work with his usual efficiency. But he can recover from the loss of sleep readily; usually eight to twelve hours of sleep will restore him to a reasonably alert condition, although it may take longer to adapt to local business and social schedules.

One night's sleep alone, however, is not going to cure the disrupted time clock. The two adrenal glands, located near the kidneys, become most active several hours before a person habitually awakens and begins the day's activity. This cycle is one that is slow to change. According to Dr. Franz Halberg, professor of experimental pathology at the University of Minnesota Medical School (who coined the word "circadian"), the adrenal cycle interacts with the central nervous system as well as with various other diurnal cycles.

No one is positive what ultimately dictates the periodicity of the adrenal cycle. The alternation of light and dark

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probably has an important influence; physiologists believe the pituitary gland exerts a direct control. In any event, as the adrenal glands pour their secretions directly into the bloodstream, they greatly influence the neural and physical tone and performance of the body on a regular schedule. And when the schedule gets out of phase, as it does after long flights through five or more time zones, the traveler is bound to think and work less effectively. Eventually, of course, the glands' output of secretions will adjust to the new environment. Just how long this will take depends on the health and probably the age of the individual.

Of more immediate effect than glandular activity is the sudden disruption of the passengers' eating schedules. The development of eating habits—in both timing and content of meals—is linked to circadian rhythms that get out of phase with local time when the day is made long or short through high-speed flight. The westbound passenger flying "over the top," for example, can find himself consuming a series of hearty meals as his jet keeps up with dinner time. Such repetitious eating, over a period of many hours, can be upsetting. Dr. Otis Schreuder, Pan Am medical director, favors moderation in eating and drinking during flight (as well as a minimum of eating and drinking, late hours, and farewell parties during the twenty-four hours before departure).

In general, eating habits and their attendant cycles of visceral activity (waste elimination, blood-sugar content, etc.) adapt quickly to changes in environment. While it may be inconvenient, even irritating, not to be able to eat meals at the usual time for a day or two, the interruption of the cycles does not appear to have, in itself, any lasting effect although it may well lower resistance to disease in susceptible individuals by depriving the body of some defensive strength.

The changes in mental alertness that follow time-zone flight tend to go unrecognized by the victims, but it is well established that man has a circadian cycle of physical and mental vigilance.

The time of lowest efficiency—3:00 A.M.—does not mean that work cannot be done; it simply means that a greater effort is required to do the work. Nevertheless the man who sets out on a serious business soon after landing halfway around the globe will have the odds against him if he is really tuned to 3:00 A.M. back home.

The whole problem of crossing time zones may become less of a problem when travelers recognize it for what it is and learn to compensate for it. There is much that passengers can do to minimize their metabolic-clock troubles.

One seasoned jet traveler, a New Yorker, who has to spend a day in Paris every other week, and who doesn't want to lose a day's work, has evolved a method of minimizing the effect of crossing the Atlantic. He has his secretary make a reservation on the 7:00 P.M. plane, and tells her to call the airline and ask to have his dinner served as soon as the plane leaves Idlewild. He starts with a martini, eats the full dinner, takes a sleeping pill, fastens his seat belt (so the hostess won't have to tell him to do so if the plane hits bumpy air), sets his wristwatch at Paris time, and asks the hostess to wake him up half an hour before landing. Then he puts on an eye mask that cuts out the light. When the hostess wakes him, he shaves, washes up, changes his shirt, looks at his watch, and is ready to spring forth

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at Orly with a feeling of well-being. The plane lands at 6:55 A.M., Paris time, and after breakfast he is ready to work. He has lost three to four hours' sleep but the loss is not a conscious one; he has half persuaded himself that he has outwitted the time-zone change.

There are other means of lessening or avoiding the phase-shift effects. Dr. Strughold suggests that if a traveler requires full alertness in a distant location on a certain occasion he should travel there several days in advance so he will be adjusted to the local time. He could, as an alternative, adopt a sleep-wakefulness pattern several days before the flight that would coincide with the pattern of his destination. Or, he could use "mild pharmaca" (e.g., sleeping pills) to help synchronize his adjustment to his new environment.

Pilots have learned a number of ways to minimize fatigue, and some are applicable to passengers. Dr. Crane of FAA lists reduction of overweight, minimal tobacco consumption, small frequent meals before and during flight, daily exercise, and a bowel movement at the normal time. His preflight check list advises: avoid long exposure to the sun, take a rest or sleep, avoid athletics, and get adequate rest after crossing five or more time zones. Among his post-flight recommendations to alleviate fatigue are: avoid rich, heavy food; take a hot bath and lie down; take moderate exercise.

Supersonic jet transports will make matters both simpler and more complicated. At high latitudes, it is already possible to fly westward faster than the earth rotates, thus moving ahead of the sun and seeing sunset in the east. When the mach-2 planes (flying at 1,450 mph) come into airline use a few years hence, travelers will be able to leave New York at a leisurely 9:00 A.M., arrive in Los Angeles at 8:00 A.M. (there will be only about two hours' flying time and the time difference is three hours), have a second breakfast in Los Angeles, and go into a conference. It will be practical to leave Los Angeles in midafternoon and arrive in New York in time for dinner, thus completely eliminating the need to adjust to a new time zone.

But on longer flights the problem will be intensified until man, who has learned to regulate, to some extent, the heat and cold and light of his environment, can find a way to control the time element in his life. ■

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25 YEARS AGO

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART — MARCH, 1939

The biography of Elihu Root by his close friend Philip C. Jessup is reviewed and praised by Francis Colt De Wolf—he who for many a year was the Review Editor of the JOURNAL's "Political Bookshelf." Excerpts:

"As a whole, the American diplomatic and consular service was a poor instrument when Root entered the State Department in 1905. . . . Jessup illustrates the prevailing attitude toward consular appointments by a letter which Root received from a friend in Buffalo:

"'If there are any nice berths like the Consulate at Bordeaux, France, or at Buenos Ayres lying around loose, I might make an application for one. I need a rest for a while. . . .' The author cites the following incident concerning a proposal that a uniform should be adopted for our diplomatic reprsentatives abroad: . . . When Knox took over the State Department, he found in a drawer of Root's desk a dossier on this subject; there was an elaborate scheme for silk stockings and satin knee breeches, a silk coat with a red satin sash and lace frills. The proposal was annotated in Root's handwriting with an additional item: 'The only suggestion I would make for the improvement of this costume is a sprig of mistletoe be embroidered on the coat tails.'

"Root was responsible for the reorganization of the consular service, for taking the service out of politics and organizing it on modern lines as a permanent career."

Comment, 1964: It should be noted that Secretary Root had the invaluable assistance of Wilbur J. Carr in all this.

• • •

The State Department Bachelor

The Washington Post carried the following description of the State Department Bachelor: "He is a master of evasion when asked a question point blank about foreign affairs, but the higher he gets the more communicative he becomes.

"He is afraid people will think him frivolous when they see him at parties, so wears a faintly apologetic air.

"Only in rare instances would he marry for money, but unless he has independent means would appreciate a wife who can pay her own way.

"Like the foreign diplomat, he makes an effort at parties, which makes him a delight to hostesses.

"Popular tradition has branded him stupid; but he is intelligent enough to have passed extremely stiff exams in the face of great competition."

Neuscheler-Bailey. Elizabeth Herrick Neuscheler and E. Tomlin Bailey, Vice Consul at Warsaw, were married in that city on January 18, 1939.

Comment, 1964: Betty and Tom Bailey were actually married at River Edge, New Jersey, although he was assigned to Moscow at the time of their wedding. They are now in Hamburg, where Tom is Consul General.

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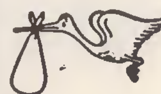
25 YEARS AGO *(Continued)*

Latest Flashes: Television came to Washington for five days. Invited guests gathered in the United Press Club auditorium. Night baseball made its debut in the American League.—Reg Mitchell.

A son, Alfred Johnson Elbrick, was born on November 12 to Mr. and Mrs. C. Burke Elbrick, at Prague. Mr. Elbrick is Third Secretary at Warsaw.

Comment, 1964: Alfred was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and not in Prague. He graduated from Georgetown University in 1960 and recently finished a three-year stint in the Marine Corps, most of the time in the Pacific with headquarters at Okinawa. Alfred's younger sister, Valerie, graduated from Sweet Briar College last June and his dad is our Ambassador to Belgrade.



A daughter was born on January 25 to Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beaulac in Washington. Mr. Beaulac is First Secretary of Embassy Havana, at present on temporary detail in the Division of the American Republics.

Comment, 1964: The Beaulacs have four daughters. Today Joan and her husband, a young scientist, have two girls. Nancy and Andrea. They live in Brookline, Mass. Noel, the oldest, has three children; Nancy Anne has one—an infant—and Lee is a junior at Canterbury School, Conn. Their father, a former Career Ambassador, now lectures from coast to coast. This year Macmillan will publish Beau's book on "The Foreign Service as a Career."

A daughter, Marie-Elizabeth, was born on January 25, to Mr. and Mrs Pierre de L. Boal in Mexico City, where Mr. Boal is Counselor of Embassy.

Snapshots: Coert du Bois, stripped to the waist, is at the helm on the Rio Encanto, Cuba; Francis Stevens and Harry Villard are shown roughing it in the heart of Swaziland, South Africa; and Gordon Merriam and Paul Fletcher are pictured in full regalia after having been received by King Farouk.

► Their pictures illuminate pages in the March JOURNAL: George Butler, Paul Alling, Edward Page, John Wiley, Richard Southgate, Walton Ferris, Ellis Briggs, Felix Cole, Clarence Gauss, John Davies, Leo Sturgeon, James Brown, David Williamson.

Recent Service Items

Tips to their retired colleagues: From Shelly Mills on keeping *au courant*: "I can recommend to all retired FSO's a way to keep one's interest in the service vitally alive. That is to have a son or son-in-law enter the service. Our Linda (Mrs. Dudley Sipprelle), at least, takes such pleasure in all the little service-related experiences, and shares them with us so generously, that it is somewhat akin to reliving the experience ourselves."

From Paul (Zeke) Paddock on saving money: "Have been gallivanting. I went to London on a chartered Princeton Club flight to buy clothes. The money I saved over New York prices paid for the transportation—or so I rationalized. Now I am en route to Paris to get a car—a Citroen convertible. It costs $3.800.00 there and is listed at $5,400.00 in New York, so the difference pays for this trip, or so I rationalize."

Mrs. Rebecca H. Latimer has a story in the November HARPER's titled, "Every Town Has Two Faces." It takes place in Marash, Turkey, at the time Fred Latimer was

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25 YEARS AGO *(Continued)*

Secretary of Embassy, Ankara. Fred now teaches Turkish history and language at the University of Utah.

Mrs. Messersmith, wife of the late Career Ambassador, George S. Messersmith, has moved to Wilmington, Delaware, her old home, from Mexico City. Happily, Marion and her sister, Helene, are living in the same apartment house.

Personal note: Our grandson, Charles Stewart (Chuck) Aid, thirteen, was one of the last persons to shake hands with President Kennedy. When his car stopped for a moment, Chuck ran to it and shook hands with the President.

March 13 is the date and so, many happy returns to our old friend, Fritz Larkin.

The Rob McIlvaines, Cotonou, Dahomey, in recent months, have acquired a monkey, a parrot, a poodle, a baby son and a revolution in that order.

Under the heading, "Our Holiday Greetings to Some Great People," the Washington Staff of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers included and highly praised Ward P. Allen for raising money to establish a school in a jungle village when he was Consul General in Guayaquil, Ecuador.

Shelly Mills, Santa Barbara, can't help thinking how similar President Johnson is to our Texas colleague Fletcher Warren both in size and build and in the way he speaks.

John Muccio, in Washington, referring to the conference at Penn State last November on "The Role of the Ambassador," remarked that Pen Davis and Jack De Courcy were in especially fine form.

Books: Walde Gallman, Seoul, writes that his book—"Iraq Under General Nuri: Recollections of Nuri Al Said. 1954-1958"—will appear March 1, 1964. Macmillan will publish Willard Beaulac's book on the Foreign Service as a career in mid-1964; and Ellis Briggs hopes to "button up" a book in time for 1964 publication.

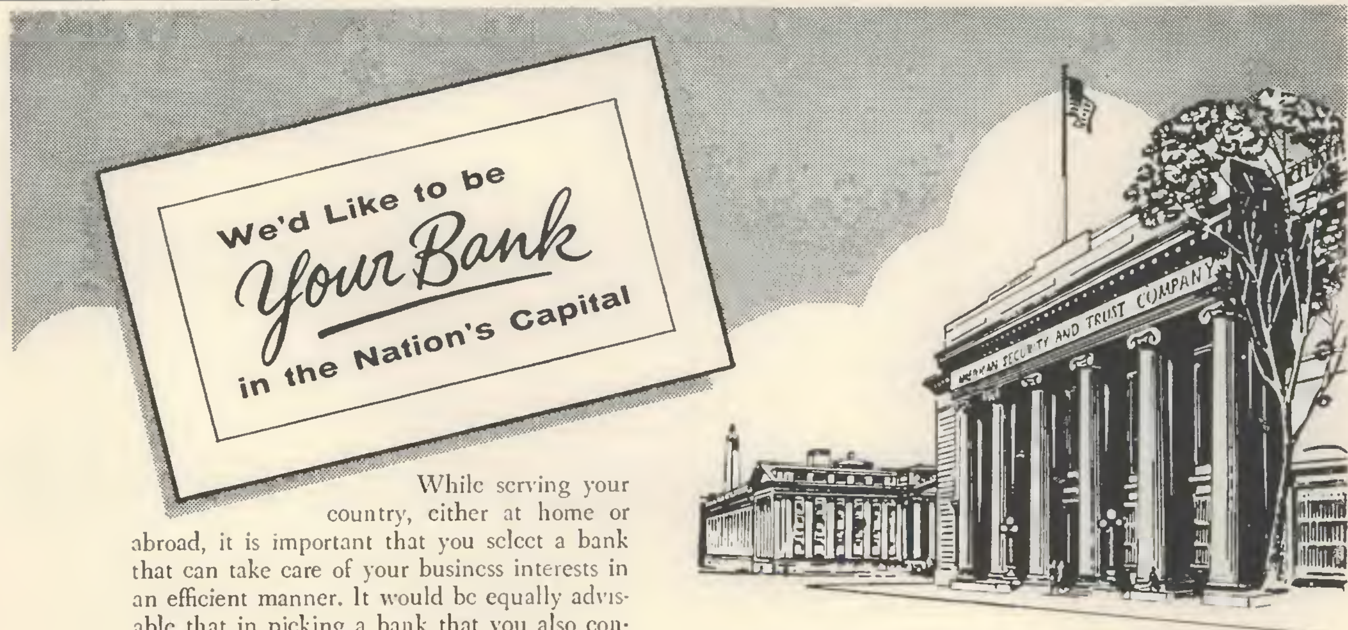
Jim Byington, who was representing the Department with the José Limon Dance Company, met his old friend Luis Somoza, former President of Nicaragua, in Hong Kong. The former President was with a group of twenty Nicaraguans making a trip around the world.

The Tony Freemans and the James Hendersons have built homes recently in Carmel. Tony is our Ambassador in Bogota and the Hendersons have retired.

Chad Braggiotti mentions visitors to his bailiwick, Bordeaux: Freddy and Beth Lyon were enroute to Paris (Freddy had once served as C.G. in Bordeaux); John Jaeckel, whose father, Theodore Jaeckel, had been C.G. in Bordeaux in the '20's, came back to Bordeaux for the first time since his hirth there. He is representative of the U. S. Travel Service, Paris.

Last November the Jim Penfields, Reykjavik, had a never-to-be-forgotten experience as they gazed from a small airplane and watched an under-water volcano shoot high in the air out of the ocean off the Westmann Islands. The geological world now wonders if another island will be created.

P.S. Jack De Courcy hopes we can keep on writing this column for fifty years or more and adds, "If we can read it then, it will have to be printed on asbestos paper." ■



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THE INS & OUTS OF DIPLOMACY

by WILLARD L. BEAULAC

Problems in the international field have a habit of persisting; of refusing to disappear. One problem that plagues our government abroad is how to maintain relations with the political opposition without alienating the group in power.

The problem is particularly important to the United States since we are doing more things in more countries than other governments are doing, and as a consequence our acts and attitudes generally have greater significance than the acts and attitudes of other governments.

The problem of relations with the opposition is especially troublesome in countries where democracy is not practised, where it may never have been tried, and also in countries where the democratic process is subject to more or less frequent interruptions. It is to the problem as it exists in those two categories of countries that I shall address myself.

Since the nature and the dimensions of the problem in communist countries are doubtless peculiar to those countries, I shall not have them in mind during the present discussion. That does not mean that the considerations that I shall present may not have some application to communist countries.

A usual characteristic of a country that does not practise democracy is the absence of a "loyal" opposition, and it is that characteristic, of course, that causes greatest difficulty in dealing with the opposition.

WILLARD L. BEAULAC retired from the Foreign Service in 1962 after serving as Ambassador to five countries of Latin America. He is currently lecturing on United States-Latin American relations.

It is seldom easy or useful to assess blame for this. An opposition cannot be expected to be loyal if it is barred from attaining power through democratic means. On its side, a government frequently is correct in feeling that the opposition's aim is not only to gain power through any means available to it, but also to retain power through any means available.

If the group in power feels that the alternative to its own dictatorship is a dictatorship of the opposition, one can at least understand its determination to remain in power and to oppose steps that might frustrate that determination.

Fidel Castro converted Cuba into a communist dependency in order to retain the power he had achieved as leader of a democratic crusade.

There is a great deal of pressure in the United States today for our diplomats abroad to have closer relations with the opposition. Some of this pressure is based on "practical" grounds. The opposition may be in power tomorrow, it is pointed out, and the time to cultivate it and influence it is now.

Pressure also is exerted on ideological grounds. Some of our citizens, including citizens in government, take very seriously our international commitments to encourage free institutions and to foster respect for individual rights. While they may recognize that we have no real alternative to maintaining cooperative relations with governments which do not claim to be democratic, or which claim falsely to be democratic, they wish that somehow this were not the case.

The opposition in most countries characteristically talks democratically—at least until it gets into power—and there is a tendency in the United States to assume that nearly any opposition group is more democratic than the group in power. The corollary is that a proper American "image" in a foreign country requires that our Ambassador have conspicuous contact with opposition groups. It is hoped that such contact will take away the taint from his association with an authoritarian government.

An opposition leader sometimes visits the United States and complains that the Ambassador in his country is paying too much attention to the government and too little to the opposition.

At home the complaining oppositionist may be doing his best to involve the Ambassador in his country's internal politics in order to create difficulties for the government. He may not be above misrepresenting conversations he, himself, has had with the Ambassador or with subordinate embassy personnel. Or he may be a systematic anti-American who shuns the American Embassy. In the United States, however, he can be depended upon to be the complete democrat and friend of the foreigner.

As a matter of fact our diplomats seldom have to be pressed to main-

tain relations with the opposition. They have a number of reasons for wanting to do it. First of all, the opposition is an excellent source of information concerning what it is doing, and, in many cases, concerning what the government is doing. All information from opposition sources has to be carefully distilled, but so does information collected from other sources, including the government itself.

Then, the opposition may indeed be in power next week, or next year, or five years from now. A careful diplomat wants to find out what kind of people these are with whom he or his successors one day will be dealing, and he wants their good will.

At the same time he will want to be aware of the risks to his country's interests, and to the interests of the country where he is serving, of excessively close relations with the opposition.

The United States has one over-all objective in the international field. It is to help advance the interests not only of the American people but of all other peoples, whose real interests we conceive to coincide with the real interests of our own people. But that objective can be carried out only in cooperation with foreign governments, not only governments we like but governments we may not like or approve.

The risk in being too close to the opposition, whose ability to cooperate is limited, is that such intimacy will critically impair relations with the government which represents and acts for the country and whose cooperation we require.

The fear that cooperative relations with a foreign government will result in antagonism toward the United States when the opposition one day assumes power frequently is exaggerated. Like new administrations in Washington, a new regime abroad eventually discovers that problems of government look different from the inside than they do from the outside; that its freedom of action is much more limited than it had supposed. The new regime tends to find the same reasons for cooperating with the United States—or for not cooperating—that its predecessors found. Governments, including authoritarian governments, tend to be moved by self-interest rather than by pique—particularly pique that had its origins in circumstances that now have changed.

Recognition of reality may not come at once, of course. Every new administration is, to a degree, committed to the positions it took in the opposition, and it may take a little time to wriggle out of some of those positions or to adjust them to reality.

From time to time a group may continue, in power, the hostility it showed toward the United States in the opposition. If it does, however, it usually has other reasons than resentment over our neglect or fancied neglect in the past.

It sometimes happens, too, that a group which enjoyed a measure of sympathy from the United States Government and people while it was in the opposition will show hostility to the United States when it achieves power, as the Castro regime did.

Although our diplomats, in principle, want to maintain cordial relations with the opposition, that is not always easy to accomplish.

In some countries opposition followers are discouraged from having relations with the American Embassy out of fear for their physical safety. In Spain, during World War II, even the act of receiving the Embassy's information bulletin made a person suspect to the government. Although hundreds of Spaniards had the courage to line up in front of the Embassy's information office, others were dissuaded by fear of government reprisal.

Opposition groups may shy away from having overt relations with the embassy for other reasons. They may be claiming that the government they are opposing has "sold out" to the United States. This charge can be potent political propaganda, and opposition leaders are reluctant to lessen its effect by being seen at the American Embassy.

There is, at the same time, the element of embarrassment. Opposition leaders usually know that the sell-out charge is untrue, and they don't always feel comfortable visiting the American Embassy or having embassy personnel in their homes.

Efforts are made from time to time to draw up rules for conducting relations with the opposition. The efforts usually are made by non-diplomats, or by diplomats who have gained their experience at the top—at the ambassadorial level or the policy-making level in the State Department.

But the problem of dealing with the opposition is not a problem of high policy. It is a grass-roots problem.

The trouble with rules is that they are devised to meet a general problem; that is to say, a problem that is never encountered in practice. What we encounter in practice are specific problems involving specific persons acting in specific ways in specific circumstances. Those specific problems never are repeated in identical form from country to country or even within a given country.

It is not easy to place countries or governments into categories, although I have tried to do that for the purpose of the present discussion. There are many kinds of countries, even within the categories we are considering. People in some of those countries have a considerable capacity for democratic self-government. In others they may have very little.

There are many kinds of governments, too. Some authoritarian regimes are relatively benign. Others are harsh dictatorships. Some try to

hasten the day when they can turn over to an elected government. Others do their best to remain in power.

I have known dictators who were at least as democratic-minded as many of the political leaders who talked loudest of democracy but who did not hesitate to seek military support to advance their political aims. Some of those dictators had assumed arbitrary power in order to keep their countries from sinking into political and social chaos, a step which required its own peculiar kind of civic courage.

I have known others who were natural and odious tyrants.

If we are to search for rules to cover the thorny problem of relations with the opposition they are most likely to be found among those that apply to diplomacy in general. First among them is the rule that whatever we do we should be able to justify on the basis of accepted principle. Opportunism has no place in the diplomacy of a great nation, particularly one with such immense power to do good or to do harm as the United States possesses.

The United States is feared by some countries whose friendship we seek and need, not because those countries believe that we intend to do them harm—few believe that—but because they are aware of our great power to do them harm even though that should be farthest from our minds.

Only if there is confidence that our power will be exercised in ways that are predictable and acceptable can fear on the part of weaker countries, and of political groups in those countries, be lessened or dispelled. To convey that assurance we must subject our power to the restraint of principle.

One principle that is universally agreed to, and that our government is bound by solemn treaty obligation to respect, is the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries, and of course we should respect that principle in our relations with both the government and the opposition. This is frequently a delicate task.

The cooperation we extend to a country in the economic and military fields, which is aimed at improving the country's living standards and strengthening its security, may not be welcomed by opposition groups if one of its effects is to reinforce the internal position of the group in power.

At the same time, a government which exercises power arbitrarily, or retains it precariously, may feel that friendly relations on our part with the opposition will weaken the government's internal position, as well as its ability to attain the objectives which our cooperation is intended to support.

Indeed, a government may feel that friendly relations with the opposition will endanger the government's existence, since it assumes, usually correctly, that the opposition will try to use those relations to further its own ends, principal among which is the attainment of power.

In those circumstances cooperation with the government sometimes takes on the appearance of intervention in the eyes of the opposition while friendly relations with the opposition take on the appearance of intervention in the eyes of the government. Both positions may be quite understandable.

Even the principle of non-intervention is not unqualified. It is not a corollary of non-intervention that we should sit by idly while our legitimate interests, and the legitimate interests of the world community, are being adversely affected by interventions on the part of third powers. We have not abdicated the right of self-defense.

But the fact that we object to interventions in the internal affairs of other countries by the international Communists, for example, makes it incumbent upon us not to detract from the merit of our objections by ourselves intervening.

This, in turn, does not lessen the problem. The Communists frequently intervene by supporting the opposition, by encouraging it to act in ways that are helpful to Communist designs. If we needlessly neglect the opposition, or give the opposition the feeling that we are neglecting it, we make it easier for the Communists to carry out their designs.

It is frequently urged that relations with the opposition can be safely and helpfully maintained if they are carried on by subordinate embassy personnel rather than by the Ambassador.

In practice, most contacts are made by subordinate officers—by diplomatic secretaries, consuls, and attaches—and contacts between subordinate personnel and the opposition can be very useful.

Certainly it is more prudent, in terms of relations with a government which is convinced that the opposition utilizes its embassy contacts to advance its own interests at the expense of the government's, if those contacts are principally with subordinate personnel. Contacts with subordinate personnel cannot be exploited as successfully as contacts with the Ambassador, and in every embassy that I am familiar with subordinate personnel have been used for this purpose.

From the opposition's viewpoint, too, it may be better that its embassy contacts be with subordinate personnel. It may make it easier for the opposition to maintain an overt anti-American attitude, if it should be so inclined. It doesn't have to explain to its followers how it happens to be on such good terms with the American Ambassador if it really believes the things it is saying about the United States.

All of us who have served abroad have noted, more than once, that the political opposition was only sparsely represented at the American Embassy reception on the Fourth of July but showed up in strength a few days later at the reception given by the Ambassador of Tempestland.

That did not mean that the opposition had a higher regard for Tempestland than it had for the United States, or that the Tempestland Ambassador was a more accomplished diplomat than his American colleague, as he may have suspected he was. It meant that attending the reception at the American Embassy had political significance, whereas few persons would notice or greatly care whether the opposition paid homage to Tempestland on its national holiday.

It seems to me that one thing that an Ambassador can do to ease the problem of dealing with the opposition is to establish, early in his mission, that he does not intend to permit the government to which he is accredited to select the persons with whom he and his staff will have contact. He can usually do that by cultivating social relations with diverse groups in the community, including persons who are not government supporters, and by having his staff do the same. Failure to establish his freedom to associate with whom he chooses lessens respect not only on the part of the opposition but also on the part of the government.

Once his freedom to select his associates has been established, it is equally important that the Ambassador and his staff use that freedom with discretion.

When I was Ambassador to Paraguay, which then, as now, had a dictator-President, I accepted an invitation to attend a students' meeting at the local university. The meeting, ostensibly cultural in nature, was converted into a political demonstration against the government. A few other foreign chiefs of mission also were present at the meeting, and some of them attended subsequent meetings. They were the ones who were inclined to intervene in Paraguay's political affairs. I was not, and I declined further invitations to attend such meetings.

In contrast, our then Ambassador to Argentina, whose acts were strongly influenced by ideological considerations, identified himself so closely with the opponents of Juan Domingo Peron, when Peron was a candidate for the presidency, that he was charged with intervening in Argentina's internal politics. The charge was made not only by Peronists but also by many who were not supporters of Peron. Our Ambassador's attitude, and the charge of intervention that was leveled against him, lowered our prestige and lessened our influence in Argentina and throughout Latin America. Ironically, they also are credited with having helped Peron to win the election.

Although our government, like other governments, is obliged to conduct its official business with a foreign country through the government of that country, and although it is evident that our business can best be conducted if cooperative relations with the government are maintained, this does not mean that we need to identify ourselves in the minds of the country's citizens with all the acts and purposes of the government. We may identify ourselves, in acceptable ways, with those purposes that our countries have in common, but it is good manners and good policy to remain aloof from other acts and purposes of the government. Considerable tact and restraint are sometimes required to do that.

Many dictators are personable and attractive as individuals. They are easy to know and easy to cooperate with. One such person was General Anastasio Somoza, President of Nicaragua. I knew "Tacho" Somoza before he was a general, when he was a civilian official of the Nicaraguan Government and trusted aide of Jose Maria Moncada, one of Nicaragua's democratic presidents. Few would have guessed that "Tacho" was Nicaragua's future dictator. Generously endowed with intelligence and charm, he was not the kind of man it is easy to treat with the "cool correctness" which our diplomats are urged to show toward dictators.

Nevertheless, if our Ambassador's relations with a dictator become excessively close, as may occur when he measures success by popularity with the government, the opposition, which may comprise a majority of the people, tends to lose confidence in him. Opposition leaders feel they cannot talk to him frankly. This may have the short-term result of encouraging the dictator in his absolutism, and the long-term result of undermining popular confidence in the United States.

It seems to me to be clear that we should refrain from gratuitous praise and flattery of a dictator. We should not pin a medal on a corrupt tyrant, or refer to him publicly as a "great President," in order to bring him over to our side, or to induce him to stop doing things that annoy us.

The extradition of General Marcos Perez Jimenez, former President of Venezuela, may have been justifiable in principle. What makes it acutely embarrassing is that when Perez Jimenez was president, and we were quite familiar with the kinds of practices that led later to the request for his extradition, we awarded him the Medal of Merit.

While it is difficult to draw up rules governing relations with the opposition, the problem does have characteristics that are common to all countries and to all situations. One of these is that the problem rarely is solved in a manner that is satisfactory to all who are affected by our acts and attitudes, or who may feel that they are affected.

It is futile, therefore, to seek solutions that will bring us immunity from criticism. We shall be doing well if we protect ourselves from just criticism.

And since it is beyond our power to please everyone in all situations, or even in any given situation, perceptive diplomacy and a reasonably thick skin will help us to deal with the problem objectively and in the light of our permanent interest. ■

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR in a Time of Change

by THORSTEN V. KALIJARVI

MORE THAN sixty ambassadors, both active and retired, met at the Pennsylvania State University last November to discuss the role of the American Ambassador in this period of rapid change.

"There are more ambassadors gathered under one roof than there have been since the Congress of Vienna," exclaimed one participant as the sessions began. Represented in the group were 1500 years of United States Foreign Service experience and 300 years of ambassadorial service at 129 different posts. The bus that carried the Washington contingent of thirty-four members to this unique conference held former chiefs of U.S. missions to thirty-five different posts.

A number of broad questions were posed for consideration and a consensus was sought on each reply. The invitation and the program gave the setting in the following words:

> Today on a swiftly moving world scene many forces are working on the United States ambassador as an institution. Summit conferences, visits of trouble shooting ambassadors, multiplication of new states, increasing international and functional organizations, a revolution of rising expectations, destruction of centuries-old diplomatic practices, awesome scientific developments, and technological advances are placing new and greater demands on United States ambassadors and embassies everywhere. . . .
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> This conference is based on the idea that the ambassadorship is a responsible office for which definite preparation and proper qualifications are essential. Everyone agrees that the office should be filled with the most qualified persons with the best preparation and background. But what is "best"? Problems at the post, instructions, facility in the language of the country of assignment, relations with the officials and nationals of that country, dealings with and control of U.S. personnel, and visits of Washington dignitaries, not excluding congressmen, are a few of the many subjects about which any ambassador active or retired has significant views. These views are essential to an understanding of the changing role of the ambassador. And then there is the question of how his knowledge and views are to be used, once he leaves his post. How extensively are they sought —if at all? Are present practices conducive to the interests of the United States?

Against this challenge a number of conclusions were reached, interesting not only for themselves but even more so because they represented the considered judgment of the group as a whole. They were free from the subjective slanting of any individual in terms of his own fortunes or misfortunes. In short, they were the voice of experience speaking from the broadest of bases.

Noting the vast world changes of the last quarter century, the conference observed that United States missions overseas have become increasingly large and complex. The involvement of the United States in world affairs is constantly placing demands on the United States ambassador experienced by none of his predecessors. Today he must be familiar with a wide range of subject matter of immediate concern to diplomacy, such as military affairs, economics, information and cultural affairs. In addition he must be able to delegate responsibility, adapt himself to the specialized personnel under his charge, qualify as a public speaker, and play a public role in the host country in addition to his ancient duties of negotiator and reporter. This means that the role of the United States ambassador is becoming more rather than less important.

His effectiveness cannot be impaired without damage to the interests of the United States. Summit diplomacy, if unsuccessful, can have a deleterious effect upon his position. His standing in the country of assignment will depend upon the way he is treated by the head of his state.

Great care needs to be exercised, when a trouble shooting ambassador is sent to a foreign country, that the mission implies confidence in the ambassador resident. As a rule the former should not confer with members of the host government without the latter being present. Trouble shooting ambassadors may be very useful in performing tasks the regular ambassador cannot be asked to perform without diminishing his usefulness: for example, when strong or dis-

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agreeable representations must be made to another government or when an unpopular measure must be announced. However, since it is difficult to avoid giving the impression that the visit of a trouble shooter implies lack of confidence in the local ambassador, the trouble shooter should be sent only in extraordinary circumstances.

Visits by the Secretary of State can enhance the role of the ambassador if they show that the United States is giving serious attention to the problems of the country in question and if they reflect confidence in the ambassador. But the ambassador will be weakened if he is "expected to administer the slaps" while the Secretary and other high-ranking officials are used to dispense favors.

Congressional visitors are likely to raise some problems for ambassadors, but on balance, it was agreed that these visits have been very much more useful than otherwise. Congressional familiarity with foreign policy problems has increased as a result of foreign travel, and the proportion of troublesome incidents has substantially declined. However, careful briefing is important prior to a congressional visit. The size of the entourage of visiting dignitaries should be limited because of the heavy housekeeping burdens placed on the U.S. missions and also because of the unfavorable impressions that may be given abroad and at home.

The increase in the number of ambassadors has not reduced the stature of the office, but has produced a "consequent debasement of such formerly meaningful titles as 'Minister, etc.' " Multiple U.S. ambassadors are to be found "in only a few centers: primarily, Paris, London, and Geneva. New York can boast of an unrivaled collection of ambassadors at the United Nations, but this is a special case. Earlier confusions arising from the presence of multiple ambassadors at a capital have been largely cleared up." In many cases the job to be done requires the title of ambassador, and Americans who are asked to represent their government at international organizations "should not be hampered by a lower rank than their opposite numbers." However, it is a mistake to confer the personal rank of ambassador as a favor to prominent Americans. "The title should be combined with a job to be done."

A new kind of ambassador is required by parliamentary diplomacy (i.e., an ambassador to the UN or a regional or functional organization). In addition to the basic qualifications every ambassador should possess, special qualifications are required for two types of international organizations. One type requires the ambassador to have technical knowledge in considerable depth (e.g., representation to the International Atomic Energy Commission); the other requires extensive knowledge of parliamentary procedure and forensic ability (for ambassadors to the United Nations and the Organization of American States). It is important to give attention to developing men with these qualifications.

A particular problem is presented by the status of the Ambassador to the United Nations, who is a cabinet member and therefore not formally subject to the authority of the Secretary of State. This leads to the danger of there developing two Departments of State and two foreign policies with respect to the UN. The possibility of differences has been minimized, however, by the excellent communication facilities between the Department and the U.S. delegation to the U.N., and by the calibre of the men who occupy and have occupied the positions of Secretary of State and permanent Representative to the United Nations. In the final analysis the exercise by the President of the powers of his office is the best guarantee against harmful development. It is important to have outstanding personalities, even if they occasionally prove difficult to handle. A strong ambassador who sometimes differs with the Department is preferable to a weak one who never develops an independent position.

On the questions of the qualifications an ambassador should possess, how he should be selected and what makes for a good ambassador, there were broad differences of view. Lists of qualifications were essayed without any final conclusion as to which were indispensable. Character, courage, initiative, professional accomplishments, executive ability, capacity to analyze political affairs, sensitivity, awareness of others, business experience, and knowledge of the language were some of the many suggestions put forward. It was generally conceded that an ambassador must be a man of general over-all ability, and that in certain situations specific qualifications may be of significance. It is, therefore, to be expected that even the best of ambassadors may be deficient in some respects, but that he will compensate by superior ability in other respects.

It was also agreed that the financial resources of an ambassador must still be taken into account in assignments to certain posts. Generalists were regarded as preferable for most posts but more and more specialists are being required. The possibility that specialists may be handicapped in rising to ambassadorial rank was deplored.

On the thorny and much debated question of whether ambassadors should be drawn from the career service or from non-career sources, many views were presented, but when debate ended, the consensus was that ambassadors should be drawn from both sources. Non-career appointments, it was recognized, brought "new informed approaches and new vitality in our representations abroad." The existing ratio of two-thirds career as against one-third non-career seemed acceptable, but the establishment of any fixed ratio was not favored.

Present procedures were reviewed, with suggestions for the appointment of career officers being drawn by the

Director General of the Foreign Service from Selection Boards, the Office of Personnel, Assistant Secretaries, the top hierarchy of the Department of State, and the White House. A small group headed by the Secretary of State and including a representative of the President selects one or two names from the compiled list to present to the President for his consideration. Suggestions for non-career ambassadors are sought by the Director General from the White House, the National Committee of the party in power, the Secretary of State, the top hierarchy and Assistant Secretaries, and other sources.

It was suggested that the President meet all ambassadors in his office with a view to forming his own opinion of their qualifications.

Departmental practices for briefing ambassadors before they leave for their posts were regarded as steadily improving. In recent years wives of ambassadors have been briefed. The evaluation of ambassadors was recognized as important and necessary, but at the same time as complicated and delicate. Whatever is done in this regard should not impair the ambassador's prestige. Such consideration might necessitate the evaluation of every ambassador by the Secretary or Under Secretary over a long period of time.

It was argued that the Department of State needed a permanent Under Secretary to provide continuity in personnel —and in other matters—on the British model.

Everyone agreed that the average ambassadorial term abroad needed to be increased. The Department should be provided with adequate funds to bring ambassadors to Washington for more frequent consultation. There was reluctance to establish a maximum tour of duty. "In some situations an ambassador can go stale and would benefit by a change of post," and the "tour of duty is always subject to the exigencies of the Service."

As to the question of what use was being made of retired ambassadors the consensus was that the Government, including the Department of State and Congress, makes little or no use of them. Their experience should be tapped, it was felt, but there was no agreement on how to do it. Several suggestions for specific use were made, and at the final session the conference considered but did not adopt a motion to set up a five-man committee to confer with the Director General of the Foreign Service on procedure for consulting with the Secretary of State regarding the formation of an Advisory Council of Ambassadors, as proposed in a paper submitted to the conference.

The ambassador is now armed under executive direction with clear authority to act as the "single chief" in the country of assignment, and "no exceptions" "should be tolerated" to such executive direction "except in case of military command in a zone of armed hostilities." Differences should be ironed out in Washington and the ambassador should have the right "to know information made available to his embassy, as well as the activities of all those on his staff and on the country team." He should have the opportunity to approve his deputy chief of mission and "be consulted prior to the appointment of heads of sections from other agencies."

The ambassador is not an "errand boy" unless he elects to be. Within policy guidelines and responsibilities imposed on his office there are no limits on his freedom of action. General agreement was expressed with present methods, procedures and substance of the direction and supervision given an ambassador by the Secretary of State through the Department heads. All instructions, regardless of the draftee, carry the authority of the Department.

> The ambassador should reflect the policies of the United States government in dealing with the host country, comporting himself with dignity and self-respect and thereby enhancing the respect for the United States. The ambassador should maintain his lines of communication with a wide spectrum of people within the country, including out-of-power groups, utilizing the facilities of his staff to this end. Keen judgment and discretion are required of an ambassador in responding properly to the forces of change now present in every country. He must also wield and harmonize with utmost sensitivity the instruments of cooperation available to the United States.

Finally, an ambassador can no longer hope to hold all diplomatic strings in his own hands, but "he plays a vital function in more areas than before." He is the "coordinator of the overseas interests of many government agencies and departments, in addition to being our chief diplomatic representative." If modern communications bring Washington closer to him, he in turn, by the same token, is closer to Washington and "can exercise a vital role in policy formation toward the country in which he is stationed. He is the one man of stature who is able to concentrate on a single country."

While articles by individual ambassadors are currently appearing in periodicals and while one congressional committee is interesting itself in the role of the ambassador, it was agreed that these do not begin to fill the void in general understanding of the changing role of the ambassador. Study and literature in this field have not kept pace with recent studies of foreign policy, diplomatic history and practice, the Secretary of State, and the Foreign Service of the United States. The result is that the public has an impression of the United States ambassador that at best is vague and at worst distorted by sensationalism and warped fiction.*

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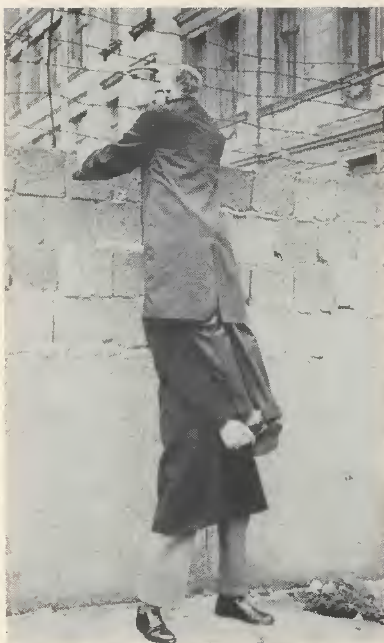
* A volume based on the Conference deliberations is now in preparation.

THE WALL OF SHAME

Workmen are shown building the wall in top photo. A Ceylonese group from the World Youth Festival in Helsinki stand before the memorial to a women who died trying to escape, in center photo. Right, Colonel Henselwood of Canada stands on the shoulders of Colonel Schafer to look over the wall.



Monika and Dieter Marotz take tearful farewell of her parents on their wedding day. The bride's parents, on the East Berlin side of Bernauerstrasse, could only drop the bouquet for their daughter by a string from the third story.

EDITORIALS

THE RECENT startling combination of smiles for West Berlin visitors with shots for East Berliners trying to rejoin their German colleagues in the West again highlights the personal tragedy of the Berlin Wall. Because the Berlin situation is stalemated both by the balance of nuclear weapons and the stubborn commitment of political prestige by Russia and the United States some superficial observers advocate "facing facts" and recognizing the East German regime. But what is there to recognize? All the evidence, including the very existence of the Wall, points to the fact that the East German regime is nothing but a facade for Soviet military control. In essence we would "recognize" Soviet military conquest of a portion of Germany with all of the inherent explosive dangers which such a move would have for the future. Moreover, the world-wide implications of our abandoning some seventeen million human beings to Communist slavery would be disastrous.

The real impact of the Wall through Berlin, with all of its personal tragedies, becomes very vivid when one walks the ten short blocks of the Bernauerstrasse. This portion of the Wall is less publicized than the Brandenburger Tor, or the Potsdamer Platz, or even Checkpoint Charlie, all of which figure in the visits of VIPs. The Bernauer street itself is in West Berlin, but the facade of buildings on one side constitutes part of the Wall. Most of these buildings housed lower middle-income apartments and small shops. Hiding the gardens between the buildings, the Wall appears in all its brutality. All the windows and doors of the buildings facing West Berlin are bricked up, but some of the signs of shops and names of proprietors still dangle in dilapidated fashion above the dead eyes of the buildings. Across the roof tops rolls of tangled barbed wire are designed to discourage any adventurous attempts to escape by that route.

Immediately behind the Wall and the facade of empty buildings there stretches an unoccupied area which is criss-crossed by baffles designed to make a straight getaway difficult, if not impossible. At various points there are towers and mounted lights to help prevent night escapes, and always, if one looks carefully, there are two skulking figures of armed East German guards who appear reluctant to be seen at their dismal duties, and apparently are allowed to travel only in pairs, for reasons that can be surmised. A touch of bitter irony is lent to this stretch by the solid brick wall which seals the door of the Church of the Atonement.

Most poignant of all, however, are the little wooden crucifixes which mark spots where unsuccessful attempts at escape ended in death. Each of them is adorned with flowers which are renewed mysteriously every few days. The little epitaphs, among them one about an eighty-four-year-old grandmother who died in her jump to freedom, and the legend painted on the Wall that 13,000 married couples are still forcibly separated by the Wall, bring home the personal nature of this tragedy.

Even to those of us familiar with the plowed ground, the watch towers with machine guns and searchlights along the borders of the Eastern European countries, this cut through the heart of Berlin, whose people of the East and West sectors are differentiated only by the dominant attitudes of fear and freedom, merits the name Berliners of both sectors have given to it—the Wall of Shame. ■

A Tribute to Gwen Barrows

THE exigencies of our printing schedule being what they are, we were unable last month to do more than note, rather inconspicuously, the resignation of our editor, Miss Gwen Barrows. We owe Miss Barrows, and our readers, a further word on her eight years of service to this magazine.

Miss Barrows brought to the JOURNAL a very special combination of experience, knowledge and talent. She knew the Foreign Service at first-hand, having herself served with USIS in Marseille, Paris and London. She had a remarkably wide acquaintance with members of the Service both in Washington and overseas. She was knowledgeable in international affairs. She was keenly interested in contemporary art, literature, music and theatre. Not least, she brought to the JOURNAL loyalty and enthusiasm.

It is largely owing to Miss Barrows that the JOURNAL has been able to obtain art work of a quality that belies the magazine's slender resources. She knows the members of the Service who are talented painters, photographers and cartoonists, and she persuaded them to let us use their work for nominal fees. She was almost equally skilled in cajoling and prodding the right officer into doing a certain piece or reviewing a certain book. And her own sense of fun prompted many of our best humorous and satirical contributions.

The members of the Editorial Board—extracurricular workers, all—change as their official assignments change. It is the full-time editor who supplies the JOURNAL's editorial memory and much of its character. True, the JOURNAL cannot be better than the material available to it—material mostly supplied by members of the Service. But the professional editor can strongly influence the selection of authors and the nature of the contributions. It was probably in this area that Miss Barrows performed her best service.

All of us will remember Miss Barrows' natural, unforced interest in the welfare of her friends in the Service: her promptness in writing if she heard that someone was ill; her knack for bringing the right gift to the right child; her tact and good humor as a house guest that made her welcome everywhere.

Whatever Miss Barrows may now choose to do, she will do it well. We are quite confident of that. Meanwhile, we wish her all the success and satisfaction she deserves. ■

EDITORIAL

CHANGE AT THE HELM

NORMALLY we would not comment on a change made by the President in the leadership of an independent agency of the Government The U. S. Information Agency. however, is an important instrument of American foreign policy. Its overseas offices function as integral parts of American missions; its representatives are now eligible to full membership in the American Foreign Service Association. It is therefore appropriate that the JOURNAL comment on the resignation of Edward R. Murrow and the appointment of Carl T. Rowan to succeed him.

Over the years the collaboration between USIA and the Department of State, at home and abroad, has become increasingly cordial and intimate, as it must be if the United States is to speak clearly and with authority. Under Ed Murrow's leadership the principle was firmly established that USIA has a legitimate voice in the formulation of the policies which it is charged with explaining and defending.

Perhaps the greatest single contribution which Ed Murrow made to the USIA was to add the image of his own personal prestige and integrity to the growing respect for the Agency as a competent group of professionals. There may have been some who disagreed with Ed Murrow's views but very few failed to respect him for holding them. This made the path of the Agency somewhat smoother in its relations with Congress, raised its standing in the eyes of the U. S. public, and enhanced respect for its competence abroad. Despite its detractors, most of whom were motivated by an innate American distrust of anything smacking of propaganda, the USIA has in almost 25 years of continuous operation built up a staff of professionals in the mass media, personal contact work and cultural activities which is invaluable and irreplaceable. Many of its present staff have been with it since its beginnings during the early 40s and, with their unique and growing understanding of the skills necessary to put U. S. policies across in a foreign country and their unmatched facility in the many foreign languages in which they operate, they have accumulated a degree of professionalism and competence to which Mr. Murrow's leadership lent substance and stature.

The appointment of Carl T. Rowan continues the pattern of using a professional to direct the Agency. Mr. Rowan's reputation as a professional reporter of integrity and skill is solidly established. As Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs for two years he was intimately concerned with the formulations of policies in that field. As Ambassador to Finland he has had a year's experience administering the Mission in Helsinki where he was able to assess the contribution which USIS makes to the over-all impact of a mission abroad. With this equipment, plus his known drive and dedication to the ideals for which the United States stands, he is well fitted to direct the U. S. Information Agency. We wish him well even while we say a sad and regretful farewell to Ed Murrow. ■

THE FLIGHT OF ST. AUGUSTINE

by JANE McHARG BYINGTON

Calvanico villagers parade the statue of St. Augustine.

HOMER returned from the office one Monday evening and announced casually that on Wednesday he was going to fly a statue of a saint up to a mountain peak in a helicopter. There was an extra place in the plane, but he did not think I would want to go as we would have to get up at five o'clock.

"Of course I want to go, but what in heavens is this all about?"

The long and the short of it, which came out bit by bit, was that Italians from Calvanico, now resident in the United States, had raised money for a statue of St. Augustine to be placed in the ancient Sanctuary of St. Michael on a mountain peak 4500 feet above the village. The marble statue, weighing half a ton, had been completed, but the villagers had no way of getting it to its destined abode, as the sole approach was a four-hour climb by goat trail. A delegation had descended on the Consulate General to ask assistance in obtaining the use of a NATO helicopter. This had been arranged, thanks to Admiral James Russell, NATO Commander-in-chief at Bagnoli.

We were up early Wednesday. I had been warned that the craft had no door. The silvery gray padded interior with six seats resembled that of a small plane except that we were strapped in with shoulder straps as well as seat belts.

To my surprise the helicopter took off exactly the way it looks in the movies—the legs stretched and then stretched a bit more, like a spider getting up; then we were up and moving slightly forward. I had expected a definite leap. Although the steady roar prohibited conversation, we did not rattle or shake as I had anticipated, nor did we experience the bumps and side-slips that are normal in a small plane. But maybe this was thanks to the calm, hazy morning.

The pilot, Lieutenant Drake, had explained that he would not take any passengers to the peak, as it was literally that. In a test flight he had found that he could put one wheel on the ground, and, by keeping the rotors twirling, hover over the precipice, without scraping the chapel, long enough to permit the statue to be unloaded.

I have not been able to find Calvanico on a road map, but I had a general sense of our direction; we could peer down at Capri and Sorrento in the distance and the autostrada directly below us. At Pompeii we turned inward, up the fertile terraced valley, intensely cultivated in rectangles of dark green, bright red, pink and purple. Then someone pointed ahead to a postage stamp, the ochre earth differentiated only by bits of gaudy swatches of cloth outlining its perimeter. As the land sloped up to meet us, we could see people running up the tree-lined road that led from the village of Calvanico. We settled gently in a swirl of dust.

When the rotors dropped to rest, the crowd engulfed us. The slight young mayor greeted us; a little girl in a pink-checked dress handed me roses; we posed for pictures and pictures were taken when we weren't posed. We met the active parish priest and two other tottering, wizened priests, one eighty-seven, the other ninety-three. Many more people seized us by the hand. Finally we were commandeered by two grizzled American citizens. One had been born in the United States and his mother was still there. The other, apparently, had returned for this occasion. One of them had an American flag on a pole, which he waved vigorously as he marched in a snake dance among the milling swarm, shouting vivas for America and all concerned.

Plans and protocol were swept away as, flanked by these two, the mayor, the village doctor and the priest, we paraded down the road, followed by most of the crowd. Those who watched by the roadside were continuously exhorted by the flag waver, "To church, come on now to church." In his excitement he forgot that few, if any, spoke English.

Simultaneously the priest was agitatedly explaining that he would have to fly to the peak with the statue, that the committee's plan to hire an additional 'copter had fallen through, that the faithful had been waiting all night up there and that without him there could be no dedicatory mass. Homer replied soothingly that this was not within his competence to order; only the pilot could decide.

At the church we were first ushered into a front pew on

(*Continued on page* 42)

JANE McHARG BYINGTON, wife of Homer M. Byington, has accompanied her husband to Havana, Naples, Belgrade, Washington, Rome, Madrid, Kuala Lumpur and her husband is now back in Naples as Consul General.

WASHINGTON LETTER

by Ted Olson

The Winds of March

> . . . . *Daffodils,*
> *That come before the swallow dares,*
> *and take*
> *The winds of March with beauty . . .*

It's virtually mandatory, in a column dated March, to write about daffodils. Also crocuses. But it isn't easy. March columns are written in late January or early February, and it takes a pretty good imagination—"that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude"—to visualize those delectable constellations of butter-yellow and purple and white when what actually meets the gaze is a crumple of dirty snow like an unmade bed and a conference of starlings shrilly debating policy.

But the winds of March, or anyway winds of change March-like in their turbulence and unpredictability, were already blowing around Foggy Bottom and its tributerritories, and everybody was hanging onto his Homburg. Talk of economy. Talk of personnel freezes and cutbacks. Talk of reorganizations. There's always such talk around Washington, of course, but there was enough documentation available to lift much of this from the realm of gossip into that of analysis and interpretation.

Topic A, of course, was the new Career Management Program. Its outlines had been sketched in the Department News Letter, its rationale expounded in Deputy Under Secretary Crockett's article in the February Journal. But inevitably any program introducing concepts and procedures widely different from those to which we are accustomed raises more questions than can be answered in a single exposition. The first question that everybody asks, of course is: How is it going to affect *me?* This myopia, which tends to blur immediate consideration of the broad needs of the service in a time of change, may be deplorable but is no more than human.

The more solemn departments of the Journal will no doubt have more to say about the new program in the next few months. This corner, even in its rare serious moments, attempts nothing more than to test the direction of the wind with a moistened finger and listen for the mutterings at the grassroots.

As for economy, everybody knows that President Johnson has enjoined the strictest frugality and told government agencies they will be expected to get along with little or no increase in staffs. In effect this injunction prolongs the freeze actually in effect since last July because of the Congressional logjam on appropriation bills. Every department and agency has been running on a prolongation of its FY 1963 budget, which naturally makes no provision for rising costs, automatic salary increases, and the other built-in items that make any operation cost more this year than it did last year. Equally, and more seriously, there is no provision for emergencies—a crisis in Panama, a crisis in Zanzibar, a crisis in Tanganyika.

An informal and shamefully unscientific sampling on the question: "Are you really feeling the pinch?" brought a virtually unanimous "Yes!" We were told that the shortage of travel funds was upsetting the orderly pattern of home leaves and transfers, and also leaving posts badly crippled for secretarial help. USIA, already at its personnel ceiling, has had to raid posts in less critical areas to meet its new responsibilities in Africa and elsewhere. AID has been undergoing one more of the investigations that have plagued it and its predecessors since 1948.

All this isn't, of course, a startlingly new phenomenon. In Washington the winds of change are always blowing; in the calendar of bureaucracy it's always March.

The White House, while saying nice things about the industry of most government workers, implied that some few were soldiering on the job and would have to buckle down or get out.

Our own experience has been that most government workers toil just as hard as anybody in private industry, harder than many. (How often have you seen an Office Director or Officer in Charge knocking off at 3 p.m. to play golf, as tycoons are reported to do?) But we have wondered sometimes whether all that work is absolutely necessary. The way to start cutting expenses, and possibly staff, it seems to us, is with a job survey. Are all those multiple copies really essential? Does XEF/IOU really need to see this draft, ponder it solemnly for three days, or maybe ten, and then affix its initials in the clearance column? Is this esoteric fragment of intelligence ever going to be referred to by anybody?

We gather, from Secretary Rusk's remarks to the Jackson subcommittee on "layering," that he sometimes wonders too.

Wanted: Image-Polishers

Katie Louchheim's Chautauqua circuit appears to be off to a good start. We saw some clippings the other day, and it's really flattering, the fuss the hometown press and radio will make about an FSO, FSR or FSS just back from Graustark if somebody directs their attention to his presence on Main Street. Mrs. FSO, FSR or FSS, too; women's clubs and sewing circles are just as eager as Rotary and Kiwanis to hear what life is like out in Bamako.

The idea isn't new, of course. For a long time the checklist handed the returned traveler has carried a modest request to phone or drop in on the P area and discuss plans for hometown speaking dates or interviews. Some did; more didn't. Now the program has been upgraded and given more manpower. Potential Burton Holmeses are queried in advance on their home leave schedules, their willingness to do a little crusading for alma mater, and the subjects they feel qualified to discuss. Notices go out to newspapers and radio-TV stations on their itinerary. The response has been gratifying.

Most of us have been appalled at one time or another by the queer notions the folks back home have about what we are up to—notions largely generated in the fertile imaginations of fictioneers and movie script writers. The State Department figures it's about time to apply some polish to that tarnished image. So don't be

surprised if, the minute you sign in at the FS Lounge, somebody from O/CAS tracks you down and propositions you. There'll be at least a free lunch in it; the host organization may even pay your travel expenses and hotel bills. And a long career in newspaper work convinced us that nobody really objects to having his picture in the papers, no matter how vigorous his pro forma protests.

How Long Is Temporary?

You won't believe it until you see it. The tempos are coming down. The wreckers started work in January on T-4, that massive unsightly structure on 17th Street south of Constitution, and six more are scheduled to go by midsummer. A year from now the ground will have been cleared, and possibly landscaped, on both sides of the Reflecting Pool.

The buildings date from early in World War II. There is a legend, often quoted in the newspapers recently, that President Roosevelt tore up the first plans and told the architects to design something with a life expectancy of no more than seven years. At the expiration of that time they were supposed to fall apart like the one-hoss shay. They didn't.

Most of us can remember when there were still some World War I tempos in use. Maybe that's an omen of progress: we're scrapping the emergency construction of one war before another comes along to require a crash program to house the inflated bureaucracy.

New Water Hole for Diplomats

A number of familiar names appear among the founders of Washington's newest club, which is scheduled to be open for business by the time you read this. Called the International Club, it is intended, according to the prospectus, "to provide a long-needed common meeting ground for the diplomatic corps, personnel of international agencies and others interested in international affairs." President Johnson is honorary chairman, ex-Presidents Truman and Eisenhower are honorary co-chairmen, and former Ambassador James J. Wadsworth is president. Five other former Ambassadors are members of the founders committee: Loy Henderson, Theodore Achilles, Robert Murphy, George Allen and Myron Cowen. Secretary Rusk is one of the honorary co-chairmen. The club will be housed on Jefferson Place, N.W. With all that prestige manpower it should be off to a flying start.

Even if You Don't Rate a Cadillac . . .

When President Johnson issued his decree sharply reducing the number of chauffeur-driven limousines available to government officials, the TIMES sent Nan Robertson around to see what status symbols if any were left to designate the official pecking order. She found plenty. To quote:

"Washington's multitude of status symbols could be loosely lumped under the term deskmanship. . . . Only those who have received the rank of GS-16 . . . may have two pens on their desks. Grades 17 and above may have a water carafe, bookcase, choice of wastebasket, an enlarged photograph of the president, a flag and draperies. . . .

"Secretary Rusk's carpeting covers not only his entire suite but the outside hall as well. Assistant secretaries have carpets that cover their stenographer's office. The carpets of the deputy assistant secretaries stop at their stoops. Aides in lower categories work on tile floors.

"Then, of course, there is the fierce who-can-hang-what-photos-on-the-wall with-whose-signatures competition. With the President and the Secretary of State on their walls, what kind of personage could possibly convey more status? the knowledgeable source was asked.

"'Hmmm. Well, something esoteric, something harder to get,' he mused. 'Someone like—well, Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya.'"

Capital Bookshelf

The TV industry still clings to the conviction that drama flourishes principally in the operating room, the courtroom, and the badlands of the Old West. Fiction-writers, though, have discovered that all the gold isn't out thar in them hills; there's plenty of it right here in the alluvial soil of Foggy Bottom. Allan Drury staked out the first claim, and one of the fattest: "Advise and Consent" is still panning pay dirt. Now there's hardly a newsman in the capital who isn't working on a novel; one irreverent reviewer described them as "press corps moonlighters."

It's a mite disquieting, though, to examine the composite picture of life in the capital that emerges from these fantasies. In "Advise and Consent" almost everybody plays dirty — a President, a Supreme Court Justice, a nominee for Secretary of State, and a few Senators. In "Fail-Safe" a gadget goes wrong and the President regretfully orders the destruction of New York to convince the fellow at the other end of the hot wire that we didn't incinerate Moscow on purpose. In "Seven Days in May" some of the top brass in the Pentagon conspire to take over the government because they don't approve of co-existence. "Capitol Hill," the blurbs say, "is heavy with corruption as a brilliant but ruthless Deputy Secretary of Defense tries to claw his way to the top." And on the upcoming list for May is an opus called "The 480," in which a Presidential candidate is chosen by a computer. What chance does the real-life Horatio Alger epic of Bobby Baker have against imaginations like those?

"LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE"

by Robert W. Rinden

"They never told me at FSI about the travel freeze or I might not have signed up for language study in upper Decalcomania."

EARTH

by J. W. BALLANTINE

IN THE EARLY 1920's, no consular post in the Far East matched Dairen, Japan's beachhead in Manchuria, for serenity of life. A bracing, equable climate, two seaside resorts and a golf club with tennis courts nearby provided amply for health and recreation. Ubiquitous hackies with horse-drawn victorias supplied low-cost local transportation. Uncle Sam housed us in a spacious modern apartment adjoining the office, and a staff of Chinese servants and a Russian governess cost us no more than one maid in God's country. Dairen being a free port, the cost of living was low. The area was terra incognita to both American tourists and missionaries, and trade with the United States was largely in the hands of Japanese and British firms, so that the American community numbered less than a score.

On a Saturday afternoon, September 1, 1923, this idyllic existence was shattered by the news that Tokyo and Yokohama had been wiped out by earthquake and fire. I was filled with concern for my sister and her family in Yokohama, where her husband, Max Kirjassoff, was American Consul. I went forthwith to see the commanding officer of an American destroyer division then in port. We agreed that the large American community in the stricken area would be in urgent need. He decided to cut short the visit to Dairen and hasten to Japan, and to leave a minesweeper behind for communications. We called on the local authorities, informed them of this decision, expressed our sympathy, and asked if we could be of service.

On Monday came the tragic news that Alice and Max had perished but that their two boys, aged seven and five, had been saved. Later that day, orders came from Washington for me to proceed to Yokohama at once. I turned the office over to a troika consisting of my wife, our American woman clerk, and the skipper of the minesweeper. No sailings being available, I took the next train by the roundabout land and ferry route to Kobe.

At Kobe I found my nephews at the home of an American missionary. Miss Mary Martin, a clerk in our Yokohama office, and Aguilar, a plucky little Filipino of our office staff, had found refuge for them in the park in the midst of a milling crowd of distracted Japanese. The following afternoon an American search party located them and Miss Martin took them to Kobe. I saw the boys off with a friend to Dairen and that afternoon I boarded a destroyer for Yokohama.

When I awoke next morning the ship was already moored alongside other destroyers. So thickly was the water strewn with flotsam and jetsam that the shipping crowding the harbor appeared almost to be aground. The shore was a scene of stark desolation. Most of the buildings in the downtown section had been razed, though here and there the charred walls of a gutted structure stood like grim sentinels over the wreckage of the city. In the background, the Bluff, where most of the Americans and Europeans had their homes, had fared no better.

After breakfast, I went ashore with Nelson Johnson, Consul General-at-large, who had arrived from Shanghai the day before. He told me that Vice Consul Paul E. Jenks also had been killed and that the other American staff members had been evacuated to Kobe to recuperate from shock. A motorboat landed us at the pier, and we threaded our way three blocks through the rubble to the consular premises. There we found two members of our Japanese staff. They pointed to a heap of straw matting which they said covered two boxes containing the ashes of the Kirjassoffs.

We learned from them of Max's heroism. He had been outside the building when it crumpled and could have saved himself. Instead he had rushed in to extricate his wife, who was daily expecting childbirth. He managed to get her out, but by then it was too late. They were overtaken by the flames before they had gone a hundred yards.

We returned to the ship, and went ashore again reinforced by a chaplain and a pharmacist's mate and equipped with food packages. At the Consulate our force was augmented by four coolies who had been recruited by our Japanese to carry the boxes of ashes. On the other side of the Bluff the earthquake had done relatively little damage. The streets were thronged with bedraggled refugees, and workmen were busy putting up shacks to house the swollen population. Horse-drawn vehicles from the countryside were unloading produce to replenish the rapidly dwindling stocks of the street stalls. The scene presented a marked contrast to the almost deserted city we had left.

At the foreign cemetery, we selected a suitable plot and the chaplain read the burial service. We did not linger.

For the next two days Johnson was plunged in correspondence with Washington and in arranging with the Navy for setting us up on land. My daytime hours were occupied in looking after the needs of our Japanese staff and in seeking the remains of the sixty or so Americans who had perished. There was little our Japanese staff could do to help. Willing and loyal though they were, they had suffered from shock and were undergoing great hardship. Consequently, on occasion I myself had to dig out the ashes of dead Americans and arrange for their boxing and shipment home.

On my first day as an undertaker, the boat which was to have called for me at sundown failed to appear, so I spent the night on the wharf, assailed by clouds of mosquitoes, and anxious lest I be found by the looters reported to be abroad during the dark hours. Sleep was out of the question. Then I began to consider how much better off I was than the countless Japanese who had lost their all. I wondered if Americans, overtaken by a similar holocaust, would have displayed the resilience, the discipline and the dogged determination with which the Japanese were setting out to repair the wreckage of their homes and their fortunes.

The Navy was prompt in assembling and moving to the consular premises the equipment and supplies Johnson had requested. After Japanese carpenters had laid flooring,

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JOSEPH W. BALLANTINE is a retired FSO who now enjoys teaching at New York University and the New School of Social Research.

QUAKE

tents were put up by a detail from the ship. Included was a large mess tent complete with a field kitchen and cooking and table ware. The city water mains had been repaired, but we chlorinated the drinking water liberally. For this we used a large canvas sack, suspended from a post, with a flap at the upper end for pouring in water and the chemical, and a spigot at the lower end.

We made provision also for a number of private citizens rendering essential services, such as the local staffs of American steamship lines and the manager of the National City Bank's Yokohama branch. We had spare tents for transients. After the railway resumed running, our numbers at lunch were swelled by Americans who came in for the day from surrounding areas to attend to their affairs. There was nowhere else they could go for a hot meal and an hour's respite. For these luncheon guests, at their own insistence, we charged one yen—then about 50 cents. Our revenues from this source paid the wages of the servants.

For the first week or so I did the cooking. We had a plentiful supply of lard, flour, bacon, sugar, evaporated milk, canned meats and vegetables, but no eggs. Pancakes and doughnuts took the place of bread. The doughnuts were so popular—my mother had taught me how to make them—that we had to make large batches daily. When we found a cook I had to teach him how to prepare them.

At first we maintained a nightly schedule of guard duty, at which all of us took turns. Later, the Japanese Army assigned a captain and a squad of soldiers to keep an around-the-clock watch over us.

With the advent of the heavy silk export season we were flooded with consular invoices that came in for certification covering shipments to the United States. Since our tents were too cramped and dark to handle this volume of business expeditiously, I drew up plans for a temporary office structure, 36 by 18 feet, with a counter across it. Under my supervision Japanese carpenters put it up in a few days.

The Department of State could not have selected an officer better qualified than Johnson by temperament, experience, and resourcefulness for presiding over the rehabilitation of our consular establishment. He never appeared hurried, flurried, or indecisive, and I never had reason to question the soundness of his judgment.

Johnson had a whimsical side, which was a distinct asset. His chief form of relaxation, aside from serious reading, was to take out his ukulele and regale us with his crooning. His favorite selections were "Abdul El Bulbul Amir" and "Waltzing Matilda." He seemed to take a puckish delight in situations where he deemed that deviation from the strict letter of the "Consular Regulations" was called for. Years afterward he would chuckle over his minor infractions.

Soon after we moved into the new office building, Consul General Nathaniel B. Stewart arrived to relieve Johnson. Mrs. Stewart came with her husband. Stewart was a Southern gentleman of the old school, she a lady of great natural charm and graciousness. Outwardly formal and reserved—he invariably "mistered" even his closest associates—he had a keen sense of humor. We respected him for his courage and his high sense of honor and duty, and we loved them both for their warm friendliness and invariable consideration for others. Mr. Stewart's whole life was wrapped up in the Service, and the "Consular Regulations" was his bible. In a few days Mr. Stewart took charge but at his request Johnson remained with us a few weeks longer. Here was an example of two men with different backgrounds, temperaments and outlooks working together with mutual respect and in perfect harmony.

By Thanksgiving the cold was causing us great discomfort, and we were eagerly awaiting three prefabricated houses the Department had ordered several weeks earlier. When the American liner laden with the houses docked in Yokohama, Mr. Stewart requested the skipper to rush the delivery of our cargo. The skipper explained that as the steamer was behind schedule, he had decided to hurry on to Kobe, where the shipments for Yokohama would be unloaded and sent back by rail. Under that arrangement we could not have expected delivery for at least another fortnight. Stewart pointed out that the ship could not leave port without its papers, and told the skipper that the papers would remain in the consular safe until the houses were unloaded. So we got them promptly. If the skipper complained to Washington we never heard about it.

Orders had come from Washington that the Consulate General was to be shifted to Tokyo, with Stewart as Consul General and me as Consul. Yokohama was to be reduced to a Consulate, with a new staff to be assigned there. So I had sent for my family, which included the two Kirjassoff boys and my own three children. They arrived on Christmas eve, and next day we had a grand staff party with a turkey and a Christmas tree. The children received presents from everybody.

On January 15 an exceptionally severe earthquake tore up the railway tracks, suspending rail traffic to Tokyo pending repairs. Fortunately our houses were undamaged, though one of our tenants—he was not a member of the Foreign Service—jumped out of a window, resigned his job, and took the next boat home.

It was not until months later that we had official figures for the magnitude of the disaster. The toll of lives in Yokohama had been greatly exceeded by that in Tokyo, a much larger and more compact city, but the severity of the shock there had been much lighter than in Yokohama. The total number of deaths was placed at 143,000, as compared with 263 in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

In the lobby of New State is a memorial plaque on which are inscribed the names of Foreign Service officers who lost their lives abroad in line of duty. Max Kirjassoff's name is on that list. The older of the two boys is a graduate of Harvard Law School and a successful business man. The younger is a physician with a flourishing practice in California.

Before assuming my duties at Tokyo I received word of my promotion in class. As I had submitted no commercial reports while at Yokohama, I must have been graded on the doughnuts. ■

A YUGOSLAV SKETCH BOOK

by Dana Andrews

July '58, Belgrade

Arrived in Belgrade five days ago, and we are staying at the Metropol Hotel on Bulevar Revolucije. At one time this road was the connecting link between Rome and Tsarigrad (Constantinople). Today I walked under the blazing sun to Kalemegdan Park. From the top of the hill I saw the confluence of the Sava and Danube rivers and the plains beyond. Walked around the old fortifications, then took the trolley back.

It is very hot. From our hotel window, I can see the Danube, the poplar trees along its banks, and the plain of the Vojvodina stretching far away to the horizon.

Dana Andrews, wife of FSO Nicholas Andrews, studied painting and weaving in New York and Berlin and has exhibited her work (under the name Dana Romalo) in Europe, Australia and the United States

One sees horsecarts at times in the city, and peasants in the trolleys. The other day I saw a peasant with long mustaches, wearing pointed leather "opanka" shoes and, in spite of the midday heat, a black astrakhan fur cap. He walked at a slow and even pace and one felt that nothing would ever make him hurry.

Yesterday drove to Smederevo where the Danube is very beautiful. South of the river, the country is hilly. The harvesting is going on and wheat lies gathered in the fields. At the side of the dusty road, barefoot children were playing.

August '58, Belgrade

In a few minutes, "Uncle" Obrad will come to pick me up to go to his raft on the Sava river. He is a delightful old gentleman with a long white beard and smiling eyes. He belongs to the past, to the "old Serbia" of pre-war days. A few weeks earlier he had invited me for the first time to see his raft on the Sava river. Now as I drove along the opposite side of the river, Uncle Obrad saw me and sent a man in an ancient rowboat to bring me across the river. The boatman delighted me by speaking sentences in a number of Balkan languages, including my native Rumanian. He had been a soldier in more than one war and thus had travelled around. The raft, when we got to it, seemed rather small. It had a cabin just big enough to change your clothes in and there was barely enough space outside for sunbathing. Upstream and downstream there were a number of other similar rafts. We went up the Sava by rowboat and then, floating back down with the current, we gazed up at the serene summer sky and at the bank of the Gypsies Island, where peasants were transporting wood in carts, leaving lazy clouds of dust behind them. I looked over to see Obrad, his white beard resting on the water, an expression of utter contentment on his face as he floated downriver. When we arrived at the raft, he and his sister Olga insisted on treating me to Turkish coffee. As he had no means of heating water, he had a friend swim over to a neighboring raft to borrow an *ibrik* full of boiling water for our coffee. Later another neighbor swam over to our raft to borrow the newspaper to look at the movie schedule.

March '59, Sarajevo

Arrived here three days ago; the weather has been perfect all along. This strange little city has considerable charm. Have been walking quite a bit, pushing the baby in her stroller up the steep bumpy streets. Already the local children have discovered that we're not natives; I could hear their comments about the "strankinja" (foreigner).

I can survey the city's activities from the balcony of the consular residence. Yesterday evening, after putting the baby to bed, looked out the window at the Husref Begova Dzamija (Mosque). The balcony of its minaret was alight to celebrate the feast of Ramadan. I could see the full moon, huge and yellow, rising from behind the hills. Later in the night, I could hear the train whistling through the valley and the dogs barking.

June '59, Sarajevo

Sunday afternoon we went downtown for a walk and we stopped in a café on the bank of the Miljacka. From our table in the garden we watched a young woman in a long flowered housecoat busily hanging not too clean laundry on a line in the next courtyard. In a corner of the coffeehouse garden, the cook and his ragged helper struggled to slide nine lamb's heads onto a thick wooden spit. Having finally succeeded, the sullen attendant proceeded to roast the heads over an open charcoal fire. At a table nearby, a few men were drinking slivovitz and eating thick slices of bread and leeks together with roast lamb. Across the river, we could see the entrance to the Gavrilo Princip Museum, established on the corner where Franz Ferdinand and his wife had heen shot on that fateful St. Vitus' day in 1914. People were crossing the bridge leading to that spot; there were couples with children, an old woman, a blonde in slacks, a soldier and his girl.

August '59, Sarajevo

The other day took the cable car up Trebevic mountain and then tried to return on the old car road. I lost my way and ended up painfully climbing down the stony Bosnian tracks, past a farm house on the edge of a dark pine forest, past a little boy throwing stones against an abandoned barrel, past a goat munching on a bush and finally hack into town through the Moslem quarter. An old Moslem woman accompanied me part of the way. When she got home, I heard her explaining to her relatives about the American lady who walked down the mountain all by herself.

August '59, Lapad, Dubrovnik

We have been here for five days. The P.'s place is quite delightful. It has an intricate garden with lemon and orange trees, huge hortensia plants, grapes hanging from a trellised roof and petunias and zinnias in the midst of it all. Captain P., now retired, spends most of the day near the water's edge, apparently busy repairing an old rowboat. Being on the port side of the town, he and his dog can watch the freighters and the pleasure hoats sailing in and out of the harbor. At night, long shimmering reflections are broken by the deep black of anchored boats.

Today I went for a walk around the city walls. At sunset, the city is an enchantment of overlapping roofs, narrow streets strung across with drying clothes, potted plants on terraces and at windows, church domes and towers and pigeons. On one side of the walled city is the mountain Srdj and on the other the Adriatic. I stopped to look at the Dominican monastery. At one end I could see a green bench

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The Consulate at Sarajevo was closed at the end of October, 1963. *It had been opened in March* 1957 *and seven FSO's (and their wives) served there.*

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facing the sea. On the ledge of the wall was a thick red book. Lost in meditation a Dominican friar in an off-white robe was pacing up and down the terrace. Later on, I could see him sitting down on the bench, taking the red book and starting to read. On the narrow street below, I could watch at odd angles the tourists and local inhabitants strolling by.

January '60, Sarajevo

The whole town, under about a meter of snow, is full of children and their sleds. At times the sleds are so reduced in size that one wonders what the children are sitting on as they slide exuberantly down the numerous tortuous little streets. Graceful minarets are profiled against the snow-covered slopes of the mountain. The Bascarsija (Turkish quarter) is full of Moslems and Christian peasants in strange medieval looking costumes.

Yesterday went to visit Mrs. D., an old sculptress who lives in what used to be just a summer residence a few miles out of town. It was a strange afternoon, the snow fell steadily, as it has for the past two days, and alongside the Miljacka River the rocks, the snow-laden trees, everything, made one feel as if in a remote and wild country, far from all contemporary living. The artist's house, with its whitewashed walls and old-fashioned iron stoves, had an old-time Balkan atmosphere. We sat there for quite a while, drinking Turkish coffee with fresh whipped cream, and watched the snow falling outside.

February '60, Sarajevo

Took a long walk on Trehevic mountain, after going up on the cable-car. Deep, gray-blue clouds were hanging over the Treskavica and Bjelasnica mountains, and there were violet shades and stark greens everywhere. The gray-whiteness of Trebevic suggested the presence of wolves somewhere in the mountains. The beautiful, solemn rocks of Romanija jutted against the sky. But the blaring loudspeakers near the entrance to the cable-car spoiled somewhat my solitary walk, and I returned to the valley. It was a strange descent by cable-car. Over the minarets I could see houses with slanted roofs, bright-colored handwoven rugs being aired outside, children and dogs in the yards, all surrounded by the deep-hued Bosnian landscape.

March '60, Sarajevo

The first day of spring: fog and gloom descended upon the valley.

April '60, Sarajevo

I took a walk on the only sunny morning we've had lately, and went up the hill behind the Bascarsija, past the first Turkish gate. Two peasants walked ahead of me, talking and gesturing. One of them was small and wiry, the other tall and heavy with big white mustaches. At one point in their conversation they stopped in the middle of the road to emphasize a point, so I passed them. Later they passed me and then stopped again mid-road so I had to pass them. This maneuver went on four times. After the second Turkish gate, past the "Proljece" (Springtime) coffee house, I stopped to watch the river wending its way through the narrowing gorge. Further on, saw a few sheep grazing, the shepherd asleep face down on the damp grass. In the yard of a Bosnian household caught sight of a man in his forties sitting at a table, in front of him a pot of Turkish coffee; a child was playing nearby and a woman was working hard at white-washing the tree trunks in the little orchard.

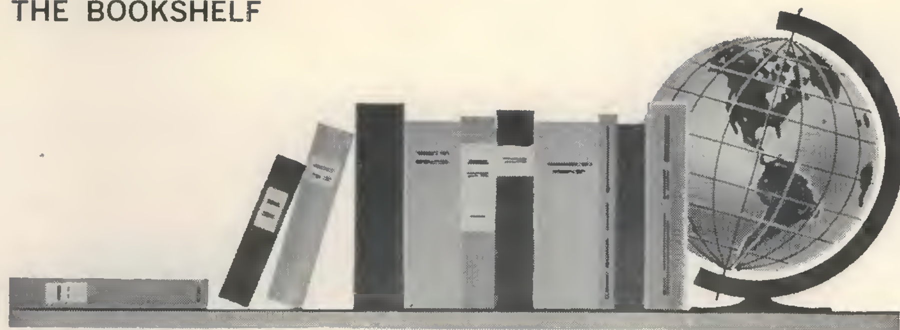
May '60, Sarajevo

A young painter here has his studio-residence in an old Turkish-style house, up on the hill behind the Turkish market. The house once belonged to an affluent Moslem Beg. Now it is ramshackle but its view of the valley is as beautiful as in the days when the Beg enjoyed it. The other day we went there for a visit and took with us the dancer, Katherine Dunham, who was in town for a couple of days. The painter's studio is a very strange place now for it is kept dark by the artist who hates daylight; he covers the windows with canvases to keep the light from coming in. In this atmosphere of darkness lit only by a naked bulb hanging in one corner of the studio one can see dimly the faded painted paneling, once the pride of the Moslem Beg. Before we left, Katherine Dunham and the young painter tried out a few dance steps—shadowy figures in the gloomy darkness.

September '60, Dubrovnik

A rainy morning; our tropical garden is lashed by a torrential rain, but a wind has already blown up and will chase the clouds away, bringing a clearing sky. Yesterday we went to Ston on the Peljesac Peninsula. Back in the fourteenth century the fortifications on the hill used to protect the inhabitants against invaders from inland. On the main street of Ston, canary cages hang on the outside walls of barbershops. We watched an old bull leisurely crossing the square on its unaccompanied way. Men played cards at the restaurant "kod Bace" where we ate fish soup and grilled tuna. After lunch, we visited an old house which once belonged to a patrician family from Dubrovnik and had served as a summer residence. Parties of relatives and friends used to arrive by carriage from Dubrovnik and the Greek wife of the patrician loved playing cards until all hours of the night. Now the house is in ruins. Later in the afternoon, we went for a swim from a lovely deserted beach on Peljesac. ■

THE BOOKSHELF



the arid nature of his private life—is the necessary complement of the more easy-going, freedom-loving black."

"In the Fiery Continent" is not a great book but it is a good one which, while concentrating on describing a rich and rewarding human experience, discloses a side of Africa not usually found in the political and social commentaries so popular these days.

—C. KENNETH SNYDER

IN THE FIERY CONTINENT, *by Tom Hopkinson. Doubleday*, $4.95.

"To Katanga and Back"

IT is seldom that historical events are chronicled by one of the major participants as promptly, lucidly and wittily as events in the Katanga in 1961 are described by Mr. O'Brien, who represented the United Nations there during this eventful period. Brilliantly written, candid and humorous, Mr. O'Brien's description of the pressures, personalities and circumstances which made the Katanga an international problem of major dimensions should interest Foreign Service officers regardless of their personal involvement in the events portrayed. While not all observers would agree with Mr. O'Brien's presentation, his urbane, polished yet highly personal style makes this a most engaging commentary on the United Nations and its far-reaching peacekeeping operation in the Congo. This is a provocative book (United Nations officials have categorically denied Mr. O'Brien's version of the steps which led to "Round One" in the Katanga), but it has merit principally because the author illuminates with remarkable vividness his personal view of the cross currents of national interest, idealism, and individual purpose which went into this unique international undertaking.

—CHARLES WHITEHOUSE

TO KATANGA AND BACK, *by Conor Cruise O'Brien. Simon and Schuster*, $5.95.

Editorial Odyssey

WITH Africa's entrance onto the world stage in recent years, it was inevitable that a host of writers should take fresh inspiration from its complex diversity, the thrust of its peoples' yearning for independence and freedom and the challenge of the continent's creative chaos. Tom Hopkinson, successful and sensitive editor of London's now defunct PICTURE POST and a versatile novelist and short story writer in his own right, is no exception. Yet while many of Africa's new-found experts have simply passed through Africa's recent life to record impressions and pocket profits from articles and books, Hopkinson has chosen instead to make Africa his home and Africans his friends. This combination gives his latest book a special quality and a fine and intimate poignancy. For if nothing else, "In the Fiery Continent" is a fast-moving account of a sensitive writer's discovery of Africa's pulsating, undisciplined field of journalism as seen through the eyes of an intimate association with a struggling group of young Africans who, often without much education or training, are producing one of Africa's more exciting news and picture magazines.

During three and one-half years as editor, Hopkinson travelled widely throughout sub-Sahara and southern Africa. Always he sought out Africans rather than his fellow white man in order to experience the human passion and the restless, searching soul of contemporary Africa. The story he writes is a non-fiction tale which reads like a fast-moving novel. It is also a moving account of Hopkinson's failure to achieve a great ambition—to make "a quality, illustrated newspaper with the biggest circulation in the world." Yet like the general who lost the battle but won the war, Hopkinson's failure is likewise the story of a deep and satisfying human success as he earns the lasting friendship of his African staff and discovers the secret of an urban African's ability to find meaning in the turbulence and uncertainty of the rapid social change, the vast psychological upheavals and the faltering political struggle which characterize so much of the African continent's new-found freedom.

Hopkinson's summation of his experiences and his plea for racial harmony should give all pause for thought. "The black man," he writes, "with his love of play, his enjoyment of the moment, his humour, his strong sense of drama and the boisterous freedom he gives his emotions—is not the opposite of the white man, but his complement. Equally, the white man—with his long-term vision, his power to subordinate present to future, his stern control and

Managed News

ANY serious attempt to grapple with the problems of conducting foreign policy in an open society deserves respectful attention. Enter to gracious and expectant applause Wisconsin Professor Bernard C. Cohen's sober-sided study of the interplay of the American press with American foreign policy. The initial sensation of suspense quickly palls. It is not, after all, a dramatic new treatment of the familiar mixture of courtship and guerrilla warfare that pits the Hounds of Gutenberg against the Foxes of Foggy Bottom. It is a worthy but disappointing recital of the difficulties that grow out of the inevitable, and necessary, conflict between journalism's continual drive to disclose and diplomacy's frequent need for interludes of privacy in which to conduct the business of foreign affairs.

Mr. Cohen usefully outlines the nature of the conflict and provides a sophisticated answer to the numerous editorialists and professional critics of government who seem to believe that the simple solution is the kind of complete and immediate disclosure that would make diplomatic negotiation impossible. A quick survey of the facts and opinions assembled here to show how diplomats and newsmen work, how they look on each other's needs and privileges and how each in his way feeds off, or makes use of, the other is enough to demonstrate the low intellectual quality of the "news management" debates that occasionally erupt in the United States. In short, it demonstrates that with a very few exceptions, journalism's own discussion of the subject concentrates on journalism's privileges rather than its obligations, and thereby dooms the debate to resemble the Platte River in midsummer—"two inches deep and a mile wide at the mouth."

Mr. Cohen, perhaps unintentionally, imputes to many government officials a Machiavellian talent for manipulating and "using" the press. This of course imputes to reporters and editors a de-

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gree of malleability that is neither true nor desirable.

Foreign Service officers might profit (if they have not already learned by experience) from the book's descriptions of how the press works. For those outside government there are things to be learned about how government views—and tries to service—the needs of the press and through that (one hopes) the public.

Being neither of the government nor the press, the author often lets oversimplicity guide his assessment. More importantly, he confines his work only to the daily newspaper—and notably to its Washington-originated contents. This quaintly omits from the study's purview a very great deal of journalism, including some, like the TV documentary, that reach far above daily journalism in ambition, and some, like weekly newsmagazines, that excel it neither in profundity nor mischievousness.

—ROBERT MANNING

THE PRESS AND FOREIGN POLICY, *by Bernard C. Cohen. Princeton University Press, $6.00.*

Peking & Moscow

PROFESSOR MEHNERT brings to the awesome task of this study most impressive academic and personal qualifications. Best known here, perhaps, as editor of the respected OSTEUROPA, he is one of the few western scholars to combine significant historical knowledge of both the USSR and China with frequent visits to each of the two countries. Over all, he has spent five years in each.

The book is arranged in three (balanced) parts. The first develops sociological and historical insights into the Chinese and Soviet peoples. The second examines the reactions of both peoples to revolutionary Communism. The third (which has been somewhat too hastily up-dated since the book was first published in German) relates all this to the causes and course of the Sino-Soviet dispute.

Mehnert is not diverted by the superficially "ideological" emphasis of this dispute. He cuts cleanly through the doctrinal debate to the deeper causes—national self-interest, national character, and history.

Professor Mehnert, who speaks both Russian and Chinese, recounts conversations with ordinary Russians and Chinese which give a new perspective to the factor of popular attitudes in the dispute. Such hitherto neglected details as the Russian memory of atrocities committed by Chinese immigrant troops in the Red Army in the *Russian* civil war, and the alienation of masses of pedicab drivers by Russian technicians in China who refuse to use such "unsocialist" conveyances, are among the items he picked up.

The author's historical and philosophical generalizations—based on a Spenglerian erudition—are difficult to assess, and some readers may not agree with them. There are, however, internal inconsistencies and even contradictions. If there is too much detail in the discussion of the course of the dispute, useful pieces of evidence are brought out (for example, in support of the Chinese claim to have stiffened the Russians during the Hungarian uprising).

Had the book, published in 1962, contained a discussion of the mutual recriminations about the "unequal" Tsarist border treaties, the flight from Sinkiang to the USSR, and the many border incidents revealed by the Russians—all of which came to light in 1963—it would have added much to strengthen the view that nationalism and national interest comprise the major element of the estrangement, and this otherwise admirable work would not contain such unfortunate statements as "Today Sinkiang can scarcely be regarded as a seriously disturbing element in the relationship between Moscow and Peking" (p. 273).

Nevertheless "Peking and Moscow" is a monumental work in a most difficult field. No one else has provided such depth of background, and it should be part of the library of every thoughtful student of Sino-Soviet affairs.

—J. E. TOBEY and WILLIAM N. HARBEN

PEKING AND MOSCOW, *by Klaus Mehnert. Putnam,* $6.95.

For China Hands

VALENTIN CHU has written a good book. The trouble is that he has overdone the job.

He starts out with a good description of Chinese behavioral patterns and culture. This is followed by an overdrawn, detailed discussion of the weaknesses of Chinese Communist statistics, food production, backyard furnaces and the Great Leap Forward, and efforts to uproot Chinese society—especially the family system. Much of this is very well done. But Mr. Chu is not satisfied to make his point; he adds information that is questionable, thereby undermining his otherwise good argumentation.

Finally, in Part V, he gets down to the core of the book. According to Mr. Chu, the greatest threat to the Peiping regime is the people living under it. "This threat alone will eventually topple the Mao dynasty."

There are fine descriptions of how the Chinese Communists have misled

the outside world. He has much fun with uninformed travelers. He notes that in modern warfare, economic and technological strength count for much more than population. In a food-short nation, population is a liability rather than an asset. He focuses on the point that a Chinese Communist military adventure depends on Peiping's assessment of the West's determination; if the West is determined, the adventure will not be attempted.

There are a number of weaknesses. Chu does not footnote the sources of his statements. He explains the lack of footnotes on the grounds it would have interrupted the text and made the book unwieldy. But by not providing notes, he tends to assert things that might better be referred to as reports that "may" be true.

—A. L. Peaslee

Ta Ta, Tan Tan, *by Valentin Chu. Norton, $4.95.*

Introduction to Jamaica

This little volume, with index and bibliography, is a welcome introduction to the geography, history, botany and recent political developments of the newly independent dominion. Above all, it is a sensitive study of the sociology of the Jamaican people, with accent on the folklore, marital customs and religious life. The author's treatment of recent political developments is so discreet as to leave one in doubt as to whether her sympathies are more with Manley's PNP or Bustamante's Jamaica Labor Party, although she does reveal her agreement with the decision of the electorate to follow Bustamante's advice and withdraw from the federation. While one might have wished for a fuller treatment of political developments, this will be helpful to the newly assigned officer and should prove of wider interest, particularly for those who may be curious to know why this crowded little island, with its high unemployment, lying but a few miles south of Cuba, should remain so firmly wedded to democracy, so free of racial demagoguery, and so impervious to Communist penetration.

—Armistead M. Lee

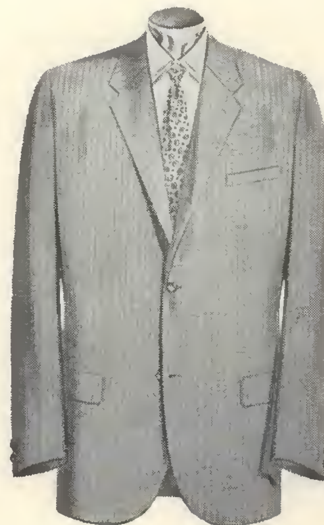
Jamaica, the Old and the New, *by Mary Manning Carley. Praeger, $6.00.*

Another Dimension

Most of those who will feel inclined to read "The McLandress Dimension" are already aware of the identity of its pseudonymous author, Mark Epernay, and it is not unlikely that many of them will find the book amusing.

—S.I.N.

The McLandress Dimension, *by Mark Epernay. Houghton Mifflin, $3.75.*



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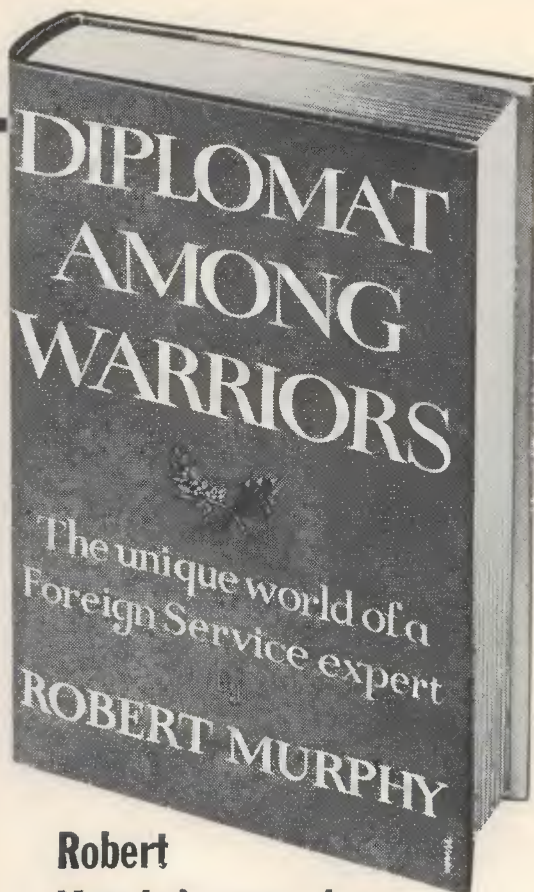

Robert Murphy's own story of a spectacular career is just published

In 1940, a shirt-sleeved White House conference with President Roosevelt changed him from diplomat to Presidential agent. He officiated at the "shotgun wedding" of De Gaulle and Giraud at Casablanca. He served as Political Adviser in Berlin, first post-war Ambassador to Japan, and as one of the acting heads of the State Department during Secretary Dulles's last illness. Now, in DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS, Robert Murphy fills in the missing chapters in the history books with the inside story of a unique career. First reviewer Virginia Kirks writes: "DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS is more than a personal memoir; it is, in fact, a vivid history of our Foreign Service from an understaffed and inefficient bureau to 'the finest diplomatic instrument in the world.' . . . An important book, consistently readable, and thoroughly deserving to be every bit as long as it is." With 8 pages of photographs, $6.95 at all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY

Too Soon for Perspective

"THE FAILURE of the Brussels negotiations to bring Britain into the European Economic Community (EEC) marks the end of a phase," according to U. W. Kitzinger, former Secretary of the Economic Committee of the Council of Europe, and now an official of Nuffield College, Oxford. His book on the politics and economics of European integration was first published in 1961. Then, Britain was about to become a member of the EEC, and the political and economic consequences were largely incomprehensible to the British public; hence a book on the origin and meaning of developments leading to the expected event was badly needed.

A guide to the complexities of the EEC is no less needed now, and Mr. Kitzinger was commissioned by an American publisher to update his 1961 effort and to include an analysis of Britain's failure to join the EEC.

Unfortunately, neither the updating nor the analysis of the EEC-Britain stalemate was adequately performed. Everything that has transpired in the tortuous development of the EEC in the period 1961-1963 is covered in a new chapter, which was merely tacked onto the author's 1961 publication. Moreover, his analysis of the failure of the Brussels negotiations lacks necessary perspective since it was written only a few months after the negotiations collapsed. Kitzinger fails to do more than spell out alternatives for the future and neglects to differentiate among them sufficiently to give the reader a satisfactory idea of the relative likelihood for success of any one of them.

—RICHARD STRAUS

THE POLITICS AND ECONOMICS OF EUROPEAN INTEGRATION; *Britain, Europe and the United States, by U. W. Kitzinger. Praeger*, $5.50.

Washington: Capital City

CONSTANCE MCLAUGHLIN GREEN'S first volume on Washington, tracing its development from 1800 to 1878, won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1963. The striking condensation and lucidity of expression which made that volume so notable also characterize her second, which brings her history of the capital city down to 1950.

Even those who have lived in or near Washington all their lives will find much that is unfamiliar. Few remember, or ever knew, for instance, that prior to Woodrow Wilson's Presidency Negro and white employees of the Federal Government worked side by side, shared lunch tables and used the same rest rooms. It was the author of "The New Freedom" who, apparently influenced by his wife, went along with the introduction of Jim Crowism.

Such reminiscences lend more than ordinary excitement to this well-written history. On the basis of thorough research Mrs. Green discusses knowledgeably many aspects of the capital—its lively and sophisticated social life and its slums, its intellectual development as well as its economic, its racial problems, its concern over urban esthetics, its philanthropies, its municipal organization and government. Demonstrating her sound historical and literary heritage—she is the daughter of the distinguished scholar, Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin—Mrs. Green has turned out a well-rounded social history, informative and stimulating.

—R. S. S.

WASHINGTON: CAPITAL CITY, 1879-1950, *by Constance McLaughlin Green. Princeton University*, $9.50.

European Reflections on Cuba

Ever since Fidel Castro came into power five years ago, a great deal has been written about the dynamics and implications of Cuba's communist revolution. Two more books have now been added to the literature on that subject—"Collision Course." by Dr. Henry M. Pachter; and "On China and Cuba," by José M. Gironella.

Each deals with a different aspect of Cuba's incredible story. Dr. Pachter, a college professor who now is diplomatic correspondent of the Cologne newspaper Deutsche Zeitung, writes a closely reasoned analysis of the missile crisis of October-November, 1962. José M. Gironella, the distinguished Spanish writer whose novel, "The Cypresses Believe in God," was a 1956 bestseller in this country, gives the reader his personal view of the Chinese and Cuban revolutions.

Dr. Pachter's book is perhaps the most valuable contribution yet published on the Cuban missile crisis and its aftermath. It is more than a solid informative and shrewdly balanced recapitulation of the momentous events; it gives a penetrating insight into U.S. policy, the Cold War and the Soviet conception of coexistence.

Dr. Pachter describes the Cuban crisis as a "dramatic climax in the Cold War, but not the 'turning point in East-West relations' that Kennedy had prematurely announced." The author's conclusion is that President Kennedy lost a great opportunity "to turn the military victory into a political victory." He asserts that "Khrushchev might have abandoned Castro in 1962 as we abandoned [Imre] Nagy" when the Soviet Union launched its massive surprise attack against the Hungarian patriots in 1956. He adds that "after Khrushchev's removal of all offensive arms from Cuba, the United States gave him the opportunity to salvage his political commitment there."

His analysis of the Soviet conception of "peaceful coexistence" is perhaps the best yet to reach print. He makes clear that coexistence, as seen from the Kremlin, is not "a policy of reconciliation with the West . . . but a strategy under which they [the Communists] may compete for domination and world power."

Dr. Pachter's main contention is that there are "ground rules" of coexistence that statesmen must observe "to keep the Cold War from degenerating into a nuclear war."

The appendix contains the texts of all the documents pertaining to the Cuban crisis—except, of course, the still-unpublished correspondence between the late President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev.

Gironella's observations on the Chinese revolution are not the result of a personal visit to the country but are based upon penetrating research. The author spent only a few hours in Cuba when his ship docked there on the way back to Spain from Mexico. Yet Gironella has an instinctive understanding of the communist appeal and, in his few hours in Cuba, he saw things that enabled him to write a provocative analysis of the Cuban revolution.

Gironella is a critical but not unsympathetic observer of the revolutions in China and Cuba. Although his conclusions are those of a man firmly attached to the non-communist West, they will give little comfort to those, particularly in Washington, whose only response to communism is a call for more economic aid and democracy American-style. He obviously considers the United States incapable of meeting the nationalistic challenge to capitalism's social errors that the Castro regime is promoting in every country of Latin America.

Although this reviewer does not agree, Gironella's book is readable, and it should interest Foreign Service readers.

—Nicolas Rivero

Collision Course: *The Cuban Missile Crisis and Coexistence, by Dr. Henry M. Pachter. Praeger,* $5.50.
On China and Cuba, *by Jose M. Gironella. Fides,* $3.50.

Recollections from a Former Ambassador

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By Waldemar J. Gallman. Written by the former United States Ambassador to Iraq, these recollections come from the author's daily associations with Nuri during crucial years for Iraq and the Middle East generally. The author is critical of former Secretary of State Dulles and of American policy on the Middle East in regard to the Baghdad Pact. Another controversial chapter on "The British in Iraq" accuses Britain of following its own interests rather than those of the alliance whenever the two conflicted. Several issues discussed by the author have never been made public before. *262 pages. $5.95*

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St. Augustine *(Continued from page 29)*

the left. Then to my horror a pie-dieu was placed within the altar rail. Fortunately, again there was a change of plans. Four rush-bottom chairs were lined up to the right of the altar, and we were seated between the commandant of the carabinieri and the Vice Prefect of Salerno. Then the charming, energetic young priest announced in Italian that this was a special mass honoring America and Americans.

While he was donning his ceremonial robes, I had a chance to notice the fine lace on the altar cloth and on his white lawn surplice, as well as the rich red and gold embroidered brocade on his outer vestments. The altar was decorated with vases of fresh, many-hued chrysanthemums, instead of the more usual tinselly plastic bouquets. The mass was, of course, in Latin, so, except for a word or two, we could not follow it.

Even here, picture-taking was incessant. Now it is one thing to say "cheese" with a big grin, which usually produces a passably attractive result, and quite another to attempt a seraphic half-smile and at the same time keep one's head bowed without creating either a double

chin or an outthrust jaw. My teeth and muscles ached with the effort.

After the sacrament, the priest made another speech in Italian about peace and friendship between Italy and America and ended with a plea to the Vice Prefect to remember that Calvanico was in his district and could be materially aided by the development of tourism.

We regrouped and were jostled out the door and up the road in our original formation. Every tenth person appeared to have a camera and ran ahead of us snap-snapping as we danced along, to the lyrical chant of eulogies for Calvanico, America and everything else that was praiseworthy. The tree trunks and occasional stone houses that lined the route were plastered with red, blue, green and yellow posters with W (a huge double VV which stands for viva) L'AMMIRAGLIO RUSSELL, L'AMERICA, IL CONSOLE GENERALE.

At the festooned playing field, proper introductions were in order, the wife of one of the two Americans, the entire

family of the mayor, including a fiance. There was no time to identify them clearly or to say more than "Piacere, signora," "Piacere, signorina," "Piacere, avvocato." I was not aware that Homer had gone off to a corner of the field to discuss the priest's problem until he and the pilot returned and explained to me that when I got out of the 'copter I must keep my head down and creep immediately out of range of the rotors.

"But I thought we weren't going up."

"Lieutenant Drake has agreed to take the padre, so he is going to have to make two trips anyway and we might as well go along."

I was whisked up rickety, ornately carpeted steps to a shaky platform that already seemed overcrowded. By the improvised altar at the side of the field, the priest was blessing the statue, which rested on a flower-strewn wooden stretcher perched on a packing case covered with a table cloth.

Now the remaining authorities, and whoever else could squeeze on, joined us on the platform. The mayor made a brief speech of thanks and welcome, to the accompaniment

of cheers and applause. The flagbearer snatched the microphone and delivered an impassioned discourse in English, then thrust the instrument at my husband. Homer thanked him in English and Italian. The master of ceremonics then shoved the mike at me. I had never made a speech in any language, but I managed to express our appreciation, with all the subjunctives in the right tense.

I took my seat in the helicopter and adjusted my belts; the priest, still in his white surplice, was pulled in and settled in place behind me. Just as we were about to take off, a tray of glasses and a bottle of Scotch were thrust through the door. Thanks to the time element, we were able to refuse. The carabinieri were struggling heroically to clear the field.

The dust swirled in a rising cloud, the carpets of the platform sailed away, and my last glimpse was of an agitated citizen being forcibly restrained from racing after us. Straight up we went in tight spirals until we reached the 4,500-foot altitude of the peak, which we now could

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see as a rocky pinpoint, completely isolated from the nearby mountains by deep valleys. The plain yellow stone chapel and its low appendage, which resembled a cow barn, stood on a ledge so narrow that a number of spectators had mounted to the roof for a better view. We circled to the back of the building and lowered slowly to the ground. The crewman jumped out; I flung myself in his arms, clutching my skirts, and, half-blinded by the dirt churned up by the rotors, scuttled to the wall of the barn. I cowered there while the motor roared furiously, and the machine dropped off the rock and sailed away.

Then I was swamped again. These were the truly devout: weathered peasants, their grandparents, their wives, their children; sturdy young men in shirts or jerseys of every shade and design, boys in short socks, in rubber boots, in sandals, gnarled old men leaning on newly-cut alpenstocks, women of all ages, nearly all of them in black. They had started their climb the night before and had been waiting since dawn. To them all this, including us, was a miracle. The restoration of the Chapel of St. Augustine, in the original church built in 1023, would be completed at last. They touched us, shook our hands, kissed me and held up babies for me to kiss.

We were taken into a man-made smoke-blackened cavern abutting the chapel, perhaps the abode of a custodian. Here an enormous fire blazed; about it clustered still more people. A bar had been set up offering coffee, warm beer and anise.

By now someone had sighted the helicopter on its return flight. Everyone rushed to the brink and followed its gyrations somewhat as heads follow the ball at a tennis match. It appeared no bigger than an eagle. We could see far in every direction—Salerno, Vesuvius, Avellino, and, directly below us, the postage stamp and the village church.

Our pilot had arranged to hover above until Homer gave him the signal to land, then unload the statue and load us without stopping. Like many a well-laid plan, this went awry.

Homer lined up the six husky men who were to lift the statue out. From my perch, I shrieked warnings that anyone approaching the craft would have his head chopped off by the rotors. The priest pleaded for calm and had greater success than the policemen. Homer stepped out to the middle of the ledge, a somewhat incongruous figure in formal black, and signaled thumbs up. The craft dropped, until both wheels and the tail were on the ground. The bearers, heads lowered, charged in behind Homer. Evidently the pilot saw that they would be unable to lift the statue down. He cut the motors. The mob charged in a joyous, hysterical wave. The bust was lifted out, carried triumphantly three times around the shrine, with a change of bearers every half-lap, and finally installed in its permanent resting place.

Now it was time to go; Homer had explained that we could not stay for the next mass. We climbed aboard. One crippled old man stuck his head in the door and, grinning wickedly, said to me in broadest dialect, "See, I'm so short and bent that my head is quite safe even here." And for a moment I feared he would really put it to the test.

The rotors raced once more. We dropped over the rim amid the cheers of the crowd and the waving of scarfs and caps. ■

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BUCHWALD, FSO

[Excerpts from the speech of New York HERALD TRIBUNE *columnist Art Buchwald at the AFSA luncheon January 30, 1964.]*

I CAN SAY in honesty that I almost became one of you. Briefly, what happened was that I was going to the University of Southern California in 1948, and then the citizens of New York State decided to give all of those who had served in the troops a bonus. It came to $250. And the law was passed so fast and the money was allocated so fast that I didn't have time to spend it before it came. So I took the check up to the DAILY TROJAN where I worked and I said: "The citizens of New York state gave me $250. What should I do with it?" And someone said, "Why don't you give it to the alumni fund?" Well, cooler heads prevailed. And someone said, "Why don't you go to Paris?"

So I hitched back to New York and I bought a one-way ticket on a student ship called the *Marine Jumper,* which it did. And it took us nine days to get to Paris. I wanted to go over to the Left Bank and live the life of Hemingway and Elliot Paul and all the people I read about. . . . After a while I got a little bored with this. Then I noticed that the Marshall Plan had started. As you know, the Marshall Plan was a kind of GI bill of rights for countries. And if you recall, in those days, it started so fast and they had to hire people so fast that you could get a job as an office boy or a mail room clerk and three weeks later be in charge of the coal and steel industry for the Benelux countries.

So I went down there. I rushed down with a friend of mine—we heard there was an opening in the mimeograph machine room. But my friend had read about mimeograph machines, so he gave a better interview, and he got the job. And two months later he was printing all the money in France. And I was very lucky; because if I'd had that job I might be sitting out there today.

Well, anyhow, I started writing a syndicated column for the HERALD TRIBUNE in 1952 and it has appeared now in about 200 papers, and occasionally it's been translated in IZVESTIA and PRAVDA, although it loses something in translation. . . .

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When I decided to come back after fourteen years in Paris it was a great adjustment for me, as you probably know. There were so many little things here I didn't understand. Like taxes, and expense accounts. I was in Paul Young's the other night and the man at the next table said to me, "Would you like to buy this restaurant?" I said "No." And he said, "Can I have your name so I can say we discussed business?"

Getting adjusted to Washington has always been a problem because you never know who's living next to you or across the street from you. The guy next to you might have just invented a death ray, and the fellow down the street may have just given ten million dollars to Viet-Nam.

During the Cuban crisis I was really scared, I have to admit it. There were a lot of people who were doves and there were a lot of people who were hawks, and I was chicken. Living across the street from me was a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, a general. So I kept looking for him to find out what was happening. And finally at the height of the crisis I saw him, and I yelled across the street, "Hi, General." And he came over to me and said, "What do you think?" Well, this can scare the hell out of you. . . .

Now, as you know, I write a lot about my wife and my children in the column and this is supposed to provide me with two out of the three articles a week. And if they don't, they go. This one my son provided me with when I was in Paris (he was seven at the time). We went to a movie about the Japanese and we came out of the movie and he said, "The Japanese were very bad people during the war, weren't they, Daddy?" I said, "Yes, but they're not bad people now." He said, "Why, were they different people?" I said, "No, they're the same people." He said, "Then, why did they do bad things?" And I said, "They probably didn't think they were doing bad things, they probably thought they were doing good things." And he said, "Well, why didn't someone tell them?" I said, "We tried, but they wouldn't listen."

He said, "Remember the war picture we saw two weeks ago about the Germans beating up the people in the concentration camps?" I said, "Yes." He said, "The Germans are bad people, aren't they?" I said, "No, they were bad people but now they are good people." I said, "You see, once you start a war you can't stay mad at the people after the war is over, because if you did there would be another war." And he said, "But, in the movies there are still bad people." And I said, "Yes, that's to remind us they were bad people, but we're supposed to forget it."

He looked at me blankly and he said, "How many Russians did you kill during the war?" I said, "I didn't kill any Russians. During the war they were good people." And he said, "But if they were good people during the war, why are they bad people now?" I said, "The Russians aren't bad people; their leaders are bad people and their leaders are trying to give us trouble all the time over Germany." And he said, "With the bad Germans?" I said, "No, with the good Germans. The bad Germans want to kick the good Germans out of Berlin." And he said, "Then there still are bad Germans." And I said, "Of course," And he said, "Why didn't the Russians kill the bad Germans?" I said, "They don't think their Germans are bad, they think our Germans are bad and their Germans are good, and we think their Germans, at least their German leaders, are bad and our Germans are good." I said, "Now, do you understand?" And he said, "No." And I said, "Well it doesn't make any difference if you do or not. Everybody else does." ■

SENATOR HUMPHREY
on the Foreign Service

[Excerpts from remarks made by Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota during the Senate debate on the foreign aid bill.]

THE Foreign Service personnel I have met are exceedingly well trained, better trained than some of their critics. . . . So I do not believe we do our country any service by alleging that those who work in the State Department are incompetent and incapable of doing their jobs. They are extremely competent. Some of them may not be as competent as we would like them to be, but certainly the same may be said of any office which any one of us manages or of any business in which any of us may be engaged. . . .

In the Foreign Service there are men who have given their lives and also the lives of their families to their country. In fact, when the Government hires a Foreign Service officer, it generally gets two for one—both the Foreign Service officer and his wife; and the wives of our Foreign Service officers lead voluntary organizations and do excellent jobs in carrying the philosophy of this country to many parts of the world. . . .

Some of the Foreign Service officers go to parts of the world where a Senator would not be willing to go, even if he were paid ten times his present salary. The Foreign Service officers go to their posts like soldiers; and I am not going to remain silent when attempts are made to rip the Foreign Service to pieces—to downgrade and attack and criticize it unfairly.

In the last few years we have done a great deal to elevate the Foreign Service and to improve and raise the standards.

I have a son who hopes to enter the Foreign Service. At this time he is studying for the Foreign Service; and I resent having the Foreign Service criticized in such fashion. I do not believe that is the way to recruit good people for the Foreign Service. I do not want my son to read, in the Congressional RECORD, charges that the Foreign Service is incompetent and wastes millions of dollars.

I demand a bill of particulars. When the Senator can show me the names of the individuals, and show me the people who have been guilty of the colossal waste charged because they were incompetent or stupid or untrained, I shall be willing to buy the argument. Until then I resent it. I think it is an unfair argument.

"My, my, what will GAO say?

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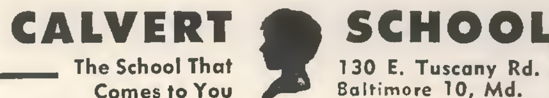

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THE DEAL

By R.W.B.

I SMASHED OUT my cigarette and hacked convulsively as I watched Joey wolfing the piece of bread thick with butter. It was his fifth slice, and he couldn't be that hungry. even though a big twelve. He was now bulging out of his Brussels wardrobe.

He knew and I knew that he was no Joe di Maggio, but last spring the Panam Pioneers had moved up from last, mid-season, to third in the final rankings of the Brussels Little League and Joey was their first baseman. In an early game he singled over second, stole second on an error and then ran on home when the center fielder kicked the overthrow into the bushes. There was cheering when Joey trotted to the bench. Baseball was quite a game, and Joey, to increase his speed, began skipping rope after school. There wasn't really time for everything but that last month he pulled up two Ds to a B and a C.

From summer camp in Denmark, he wrote incessantly about getting back to Brussels. Camp ended, school began. and—after Washington, the Hague, Teheran and Brussels in four years—he was in Brussels again and that was going to be wonderful.

"Joey!" I had sworn over and over again not to yell like this. But a sixth piece was too much. Anybody could see it. He could see it. I choked off my outcry. No, I was not really excited. I lit a cigarette. I gave a little cough. I began, hardly above a whisper.

"Joey, my son. How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and forty."

"One hundred and forty?" Watch it, I said to myself. "One hundred and forty? How could you weigh one hundred and forty?"

Joey merely looked at me. He could, and did.

"Joey, my boy, skipping rope?"

"No."

"No, *sir*, Joey."

"No, sir."

"Bicycling?"

"No, sir." He was licking butter off a corner of the slice.

"Baseball?"

"It's winter." He looked at me disdainfully, and added, "Sir."

"What do your friends play?" I tamped out my just-lit cigarette. There hadn't been much time for conversation with Joey since I had seen the orders that October morning calling me back from Brussels to the Department, nor while we were packing, nor at the motel outside of Arlington, nor during the move into the slightly run-down split level we bought in Alexandria. I was not getting home to Joey and Jane from the Operations Center until ten and eleven o'clock at night—with no Francoise now to whip together scrambled eggs and a salad. Jane said she was in despair about me, and about Joey. It was time that I got Joey's story.

"I have no friends," Joey answered and reached for another slice of bread.

"Stop it!" I was barking. "Look at yourself! That stomach! No wonder you don't have any friends, hauling that protuberance around." I hated myself, and lit another cigarette, furiously.

"What does protuberance mean, Daddy?" His calm was incredible.

"Look it up in the dictionary! Or do you know how to use one? Your mother tells me you do nothing but look all day at that damned idiot box."

Joey took the remaining slices off the plate and put them ceremoniously into the bread box.

"Dad," he began, "isn't there something *you* can't help."

"You've got to help it. How can you say you can't help it? Do you think *I* like it? Sixteen hours a day? Forgetting your mother's birthday? But you must be the best kind of person you know how to be. It's a duty."

"Could you quit smoking?"

"Quit smoking!"

"It gives you cancer."

". . . if you smoke too much."

"Mother says you smoke four packs a day."

"That's too much."

"Could you quit?"

"Of course I could quit!"

"Are you tired?"

"Tired?"

"I mean, Daddy, when you come back from the office tired, late at night, do you go right off to sleep, or are you too tired to sleep? You know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know."

"And Mother worries too much. Don't you think so? One minute she's telling me not to do something, and later she wants me to do it, so I do it. Like TV, you know. She bothers me. Stop and go. You know?"

"Are you homesick for Brussels?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You had friends there."

"I don't know. I never found out."

"Of course you had friends."

"Did I?"

"Of course."

"What are friends?"

"You have always had good friends. You know, in Brussels, in Iran, in Holland and, you know, in Denmark and Austria and Spain. All those places." I tried to speak with conviction and I had forgotten about that monstrous piece of bread that had kept me at the table when I really should have been upstairs reading the morning papers. Joey was staring at me.

"I tell you what, Dad." Joey paused, and then went on. "I'll give up bread and butter if you give up cigarettes. I can do it. Can you?"

I had not seen that flash of life in Joey's eyes for months—not defiance, not merely challenge. This was not an invitation to yell. I liked it, and there could be only one answer.

"Of course I can!" I made it sound hearty.

"That's a deal!" Joey thrust out his hand. I took it and held it a second or two too long. Joey was embarrassed and stood up.

"About friends," he began. "Friends talk. Goodnight, Dad." And he was off. I had a cigarette in my mouth, and my lighter lit, before I remembered that there had been a deal. ■

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AFSA NEWS

New Board Member

RICHARD K. FOX, JR. is a Special Assistant for Employment Practices to William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration. Mr. Fox joined the Department in mid-1961, having served as Associate Director for five years with the Minnesota Commission Against Discrimination. From 1953 to 1956, Mr. Fox was Industrial Secretary of the St. Paul Urban League and from 1950 to 1953 was Assistant Industrial Secretary of the St. Louis Urban League. He served in the U. S. Navy from 1944 to 1946.

Mr. Fox received his B.A. from Indiana University and completed work for a graduate degree in sociology in June, 1950. He is a member of Alpha Kappa Delta honorary society. Mr. Fox is married to the former Jeanne Jones. They have three daughters and own a home in the Shepherd Park area of Washington.

Minutes

January 24, 1964: Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson will be asked to invite President Johnson to be guest of honor and speaker at an AFSA luncheon.

The Committee on Personal Purchases will look into changes to make such activity more effective and to recommend how it could be enlarged or how costs might be cut.

Mr. Weiner will arrange for the ad hoc committee and members of the Board who wish to attend to meet with Mr. Luchs of Shannon and Luchs and the architects to look over the proposed Columbia Plaza plans in which the Association and Protective Association might be interested in a location for combined office space with some club facilities.

It was decided it would not be necessary for the Association to become involved in the Book Exhibit proposed by the Netherlands Embassy except as a channel of communication.

Discussion was deferred on the proposals that liaison officers serve as Chairmen of the Standing Committees and that greater continuity on the Board of Directors might be desirable.

Clarence Mitchell, director of the Washington Bureau, NAACP, talks to Deputy Assistant Secretary Mrs. Katie Louchheim, Taylor G. Belcher, Chairman, Board of Directors, AFSA, and Tyler Thompson, then Director General of the Foreign Service, at the November 21 Foreign Service Association luncheon.

AAFSW REPORT

"JUST WHO is eligible for membership in the Association of American Foreign Service Women?"

"Why does Mary Smith get notices of AAFSW doings and I don't?"

"Why is my AAFSW newsletter still going to Dacca when we've been back in Washington for four months?"

"Why didn't anyone ask me to join AAFSW when I returned from my last tour?"

"Can't I join AAFSW while I am overseas?"

These are questions most frequently asked about the AAFSW. Unfortunately such queries usually don't go directly to the Association's desk in the Foreign Service Lounge, but instead often find their way to the Association, third or fourth hand, in the form of vague criticism, with the identity of the questioner generally lost in the shuffle.

Naturally the AAFSW board is anxious to clear up these basic bits of information for the benefit of distressed members or potential members.

Much of the current confusion stems from the fact that AAFSW has grown from a relatively small informal group, with a program largely limited to monthly luncheons, into a large incorporated organization with a full-scale public service program as well as a complicated social life. Keeping track of the exact whereabouts of not only members but potential members is too unwieldy a job for even the most diligent membership chairman. A great deal of member-cooperation is necessary.

Keeping track of the peripatetic membership has always been a bit of a problem, even in less complicated days. But by concentrated effort it was barely possible for the Association to contact most incoming eligibles, put them on a list and send them monthly notices, whether they joined or not. Sometimes they could even be sent a notice that covered the whole year's activities. Even now, with membership soaring, every effort is made to contact prospective members when they return to Washington, but this one contact stresses the fact that future notices of the varied events will be sent *only* to members by way of the Association's monthly newsletter. Attendance at coffees, teas, meetings and luncheons is not, to date, confined to members, but how to learn about these events without the newsletter? Only by chance, or word of mouth.

Who can belong to AAFSW? Women "connected with the Foreign Service either through their husbands' positions or their own employment under the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended." This includes FSOs, FSRs, FSCRs, FSSs, and Chiefs of Mission, both active and retired. Principal agencies affected are State, USIA and AID. Although most AAFSW activities take place in Washington, Foreign Service women overseas who wish to keep up with the association's activities by means of the monthly newsletter are welcome, are indeed especially urged, to join or to continue their memberships.

Why does Mary Smith get those notices of AAFSW doings? A little matter of filling out a blank and plunking down her $3 yearly dues. Only paid-up members get the newsletter!

Thus the harassed membership chairman passes on this message: "If we somehow miss you, *contact us!*" A visit or a phone call (DU3-6657) to the AAFSW desk in the Foreign Service Lounge at State, between 9:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. any week day, should get the ball rolling.

As for that notice that keeps going to Dacca instead of to Washington: a call to the AAFSW desk will correct that too. These changes of address just can't be automatic. Just think of those close friends who were in Washington for months before you knew it!

A few generalities on the AAFSW social program may be of some interest to prospective members. Tuesday is the day to remember—the second Tuesday of each month. There may be a luncheon, an informal coffee hour or a tea. This club year, for example, five luncheons were scheduled for second Tuesdays—in October, December, February, March and May. In November and January, coffees were held on the second Tuesdays. A tea is planned in April, although it will be on the third Tuesday to accommodate the schedule of Mrs. Rusk, the guest of honor. During the summer of 1963, coffee parties were given in June, July, August and September. A similar program, it is hoped, can be arranged for the second Tuesdays of the summer months of 1964. These events give summer returnees a chance to renew acquaintance in the so-called off-season months.

So *now* will prospective members—and members—make that call to the AAFSW desk—DU3-6657!

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AAFSW Report *(Continued)*

BOOKS are already being collected for the October, 1964, Book Fair. Small quantities may be dropped at the AAFSW desk in the Foreign Service Lounge. Larger loads may go to the home of Mrs. Frederick Merrill, Book Fair Chairman, 1521 31st Street, N. W.

A neighborhood pick-up service is also in action. Mrs. Clyde Snider (EM3-4637) is collection chairman for the District: Mrs. Paul Wheeler (656-3512), for Maryland: and Mrs. John Guthrie (CL6-4816) for Virginia. All kinds of books are welcome. ■

UPGRADING THE DESK OFFICER

[*Excerpts from the hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations, Dec. 11, 1963.*]

Senator MUSKIE: . . . Have you found that organization in the State Department is an obstacle, to the degree that it is burdensome?

Secretary RUSK: I would say, Senator Muskie, and this is a personal view that may or may not be shared by all of my colleagues, that inside of the Department our principal problem is layering.

For example, when I read a telegram coming in the morning, it poses a very specific question, and the moment I read it I know myself what the answer must be. But that telegram goes on its appointed course into the Bureau, and through the office and down to the desk. If it doesn't go down there, somebody feels that he is being deprived of his participation in a matter of his responsibility.

Then it goes from the action officer back up through the Department to me a week or ten days later, and if it isn't the answer that I knew had to be the answer, then I change it at that point, having taken into account the advice that came from below. But usually it is the answer that everybody would know has to be the answer.

I think we do need to do something about layering, and one of the ways to do this is to upgrade the desk officer level. It seems to me that the man in Washington who spends all of his time brooding about a country like Brazil ought to be a man comparable in competence to the man who is Ambassador to Brazil. We then clear the way for him to get quickly to the Assistant Secretary or the Secretary. . . .

It may be possible to eliminate the office level and have the officer not only report directly to the Assistant Secretary, but also to have the Assistant Secretary staffed to provide that desk officer with a good deal of the specialized advice that he needs and which we can't afford country by country. There would be an economics man, a labor man, and so forth; and these specialists should be grouped around the Assistant Secretary to help the deskmen on the special aspects of their problems. . . .

A desk officer would typically be an FSO-3 or a 4 at the present time, but clearly an able man on the way up. I think that we might use FSO-1s or career ministers on the desks and see what the effect would be on the quality of the job done.

[*Editor's note: The* JOURNAL *would welcome comments on the Secretary's suggestion. Writers might also wish to address themselves to another form of "layering"—the horizontal variety that permits every office or agency having the remotest claim to an interest in the subject in hand to hold up action until it has scrutinized every punctuation mark and solemnly affixed its initials.*]

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

1.

Winesmanship, U. S. Style

A RECENT item in a national news magazine described the appearance of California's Governor Brown at a function in New York that extolled the virtues of California wine. According to the report Ambassador Adlai Stevenson was presented with a selection of California wines described as "the diplomat's basic wine cellar."

Here, then, is the germ of an idea that could work into a small but practical example of government-industry cooperation. If the California and New York wine industries, working with the cooperation of the State Department and the Department of Commerce, could assemble a selection of their fine wines and offer them to American diplomats at reduced prices and shipping costs all parties would stand to gain.

An ambassador, long bored by the wine snob at official dinners, could offer an American wine he could be proud of and open the eyes of his foreign guests to the tremendous progress made in the development of American varieties.

There would be no need for chauvinism, no attempt at comparison with fine Bordeaux or Burgundy — these would remain in any well-stocked cellar. It would, however, be interesting and enjoyable to introduce the quality wines that are now being produced in our country.

From a commercial standpoint such a project would be a dignified form of promotion for an American product and some of the errant dollars so long poured into the coffers of the foreign vintner might return to the fold.

The time to move on this, gentlemen, is now.

HOWARD R. SIMPSON

Marseille

2.

More on That "Scotch Type"

I HOPE JOURNAL readers are not going to let Fred Wren's letter in the January issue go unclarified.

The fact is, of course, that the edict against the "Scotch type" whisky did not emanate from the Ambassador but from J.H. as DCM. He spoke to me about this redoubtable concoction with great feeling when I first called at the Embassy following my assignment to Montreal as Executive Officer; it is probably the only part of the guidance he gave me then that I can still recall. I had not yet encountered the particular firewater in question and did not quite understand the vehemence. He asked me to convey these views to the staff at Montreal, which I did with some vehemence of my own, having by then tasted the stuff.

Adding insult to injury, it was called "Envoy Extraordinary" or "Minister Plenipotentiary" or some such name having to do with our gentle profession. A more appropriate name would have been "Gunboat," "Sledgehammer," or perhaps "Liquid Lightning."

Fred regards those able to tell the difference between genuine and the so-called Scotch "type" as dipsomaniacs, whereas a dipsomaniac simply would not care about the difference. On my own opinion anyone unable to tell the difference would not be a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good whisky. Further, if Fred passed off the "type" for genuine, as he says he did, he was guilty of misrepresentation on two counts, one of which was the very basis of the injunction against serving the stuff on representational occasions. However, I do not think he did so while J.H. remained in Ottawa and I in Montreal. I believe this particular bar was let down following our transfers.

ERNEST DEW. MAYER

Lime Rock, Conn.

Is Overpopulation Really Critical?

WITHOUT the benefit of clairvoyance it would be presumptuous to question Mr. Theodore Dohrman's estimates of the growth of population 200 years hence, as well as in the prehistoric past, to a tenth of a per cent at that ("Critical Dimensions in Overpopulation," JOURNAL, December, 1963). But his conclusions on the sequence and nature of readily verifiable events in the present are subject to question.

It seems to be most fashionable to reiterate that famine will be the inevitable consequence of modern medicine and public health, producing a miraculous decline in mortality, quite independently of economic development. Dohrman spoils the argument somewhat by citing diseases, some of which have only limited incidence or distribution, and some of which are debilitating but rarely if ever fatal. It is evident that medical judgment should be invoked when ascribing mortality trends to specific causes.

Citing the control of diseases on a mass basis and at low cost, as demonstrated in country after country by international agencies, Dohrman notes

"LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE" *by Robert W. Rinden*

"The Consul General so dotes on vintage wine—are you sure, dear, he'll enjoy this?"

that the death rate in Ceylon was almost cut in half in the seven years immediately after the war. Many have been misled by the approximate coincidence of a dramatic drop in the death rate and the start of residual spraying of insecticides for the control of malaria in Ceylon. This coincidence has been the *pièce de resistance* for the "Neo-Malthusians." But review of published evidence on economic and demographic transition in Ceylon would indicate the following:

1. The dramatic postwar drop in mortality preceded large-scale spraying of insecticides. 2. The postwar reduction in mortality due to all causes was the same in the protected area with malaria and the unprotected area without malaria. 3. The sharp decline in mortality in the immediate postwar period was merely a return to a long-term down trend, which had been interrupted by wartime restrictions, particularly of food imports. 4. The reduction in mortality was associated with a comparable rise in the level of living. 5. Malaria control, by preventing the overwhelming visitations by a debilitating disease, had a qualitative rather than quantitative effect on the population. 6. Control of malaria resulted in the removal of a heretofore insurmountable barrier to the settlement and development of the major part of Ceylon. 7. The net effect of malaria control on economic and demographic transition in Ceylon has been a reduction in population pressure.

Harold Frederiksen, M.D.
New Delhi

Yes, Dr. Dohrman Reiterates

It is understandable, I think, that within the limited space of a magazine article it is impossible to deal with all the nuances of the extremely complicated demographic and ecological situations confronting different countries. Moreover, as a sociological essay, "Critical Dimensions in Overpopulation" is necessarily composed of many generalizations that assume considerable information and understanding in the reader. For brevity's sake, many illustrations had to be omitted.

In his letter, Dr. Frederiksen concentrates on Ceylon, which I mention in only one sentence in the article: referring to the rapidly declining death rates, I stated, "Ceylon cut hers almost in half, from 22 per thousand to 12 per thousand, in seven years immediately after the war." In one of his own articles ("Economic and Demographic Consequences of Malaria Control in Ceylon," Indian Journal of Malariology, 16, Dec. 4, 1962, Table IX, p. 384) Dr. Frederiksen, using Ceylonese census figures based on the 1946 and 1953 censuses, confirms my statement, showing that death rates per 1000 in the 0-14 age group dropped from 27.0 to 14.0, in the 14-54 age group from 10.3 to 4.0, in the 55-and-over age group from 60.0 to 43.0 during that seven-year period.

I did not, as Dr. Frederiksen implies, state that the declining death rate specifically stemmed from a drop in malaria deaths. Lack of space prevented me from elucidating further on the Ceylonese situation. I note, however, that an earlier draft of the article included this additional information:

> "England and Ceylon furnish contrasting examples of what has happened. In England it took three centuries to eradicate the anopheles, the mosquito that transmits malaria; in Ceylon, thanks to DDT and a well-organized campaign, chronic malaria was virtually wiped out in less than a decade. What is more, this measure, by increasing the physical resistance of the people and eliminating the debilitating impact of malaria, has lowered the mortality rate from other diseases, thereby lengthening the Ceylonese life span."

I am afraid I must disagree with Dr. Frederiksen when he emphasizes the qualitative effect of malaria control without recognizing that the consequent improved health of the Ceylonese has affected their longevity and therefore their quantity. While it is obvious that malaria control may well open up formerly uncultivated areas of Ceylon to settlement, I must again disagree with his conclusion, as stated in his abovementioned article, that "The net effect of malaria control is a reduction in population pressure" (p. 391). True, the short-term effect may be a temporary relief from the local population explosion, but what will be the net, long-range effect? Without a change in the rate of population growth, malaria control will simply postpone the Malthusian impasse between food and people.

I honestly wish that I could share the skepticism expressed by Dr. Frederiksen concerning the imminent dangers of overpopulation. I appreciate, too, the fact that he, deputed by the Agency for International Development to the malaria eradication program in India and Ceylon, should desire to see constructive, long-range meaning in his humanitarian work in the field. Unfortunately, the demographers of today provide little comfort to the technicians in the field. They confront us with a cold, mathematical vision of the future, based on statistical projections of current rates of population growth. We can either agree with them or disagree with them—that these current rates, when extrapolated into the future, mean that the world's population will approximately double in thirty-seven years, and that numerous countries, of which Ceylon is one, today are growing at a rate of approximately 3 per cent a year, which means that they will double their population in twenty-three years. Much as I regret this trend, I fail to see the basis for rejecting their projections.

Personally, I would gladly be labeled "unfashionable" if I could accept the Neo-Godwinian optimism concerning the future. It is said that William Godwin, in one of his historic debates with Thomas Malthus on the subject of overpopulation, overcome by the latter's pessimism, predicted that, as a result of scientific advance, the day would come when mankind would be able to grow its entire food supply in a single flowerpot. I find it difficult to follow this argument.

Theodore Dohrman
Long Beach, Calif.

Paaaanestys and Alllangur

In the May issue Andor Klay remarks in his column of "Unclassifieds" that "Only the Germans have been able to accomplish the feat of including three identical letters next to each other in one word (e.g., *Zellstofffabrik*)." Actually this is not an isolated case, nor are some of the others of infrequent appearance. In Icelandic the word for "participation" (thátttaka) and some of its derivatives, such as especially "participant," are quite commonly used, as Icelandic words go. There is, moreover, "all-" as an augmentative prefix to an adjective, so that if the adjective also happens to begin with an "l" you get three in a row ("alllangur"—decidedly on the long side).

I wondered whether in Finnish, where a vowel is doubled to indicate increased length of sound, one might not find cases of *four* identical letters in a row. FSO Ray Ylitalo has suggested "maaaapinen" (land-ABC; or, an elementary handbook of agronomy) and, from a friend, "päääänestys" (a principal balloting or vote). The Finnish-English dictionaries give "maaaateli" for country nobility or landed gentry. You may write these Finnish words, if you wish, with a hyphen between the doublets in order to avoid dizziness on the part of the beholder.

Many languages have initial combinations of various consonants which appear to us very striking. Polish, of course, is famous—"skrz-," "szcz-," and "wrz-." There are also initial "nt-" and "mp-" in Greek, and initial "rr-" in Albanian.

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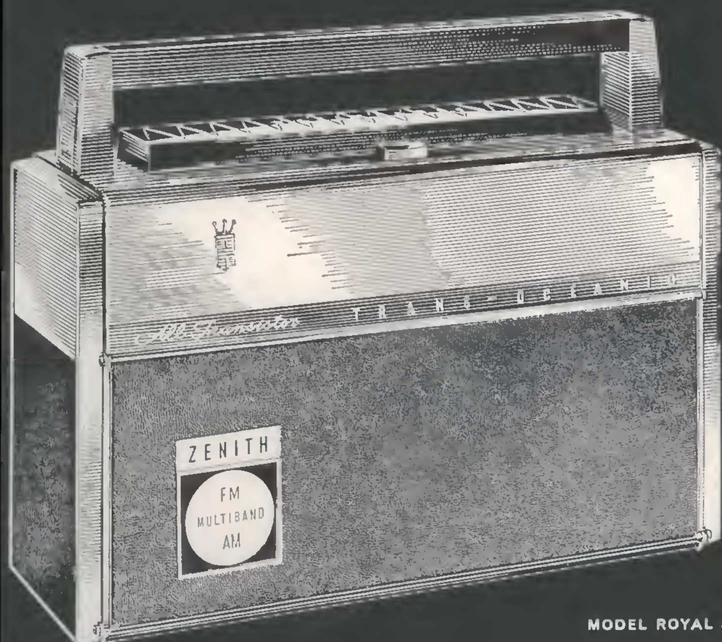

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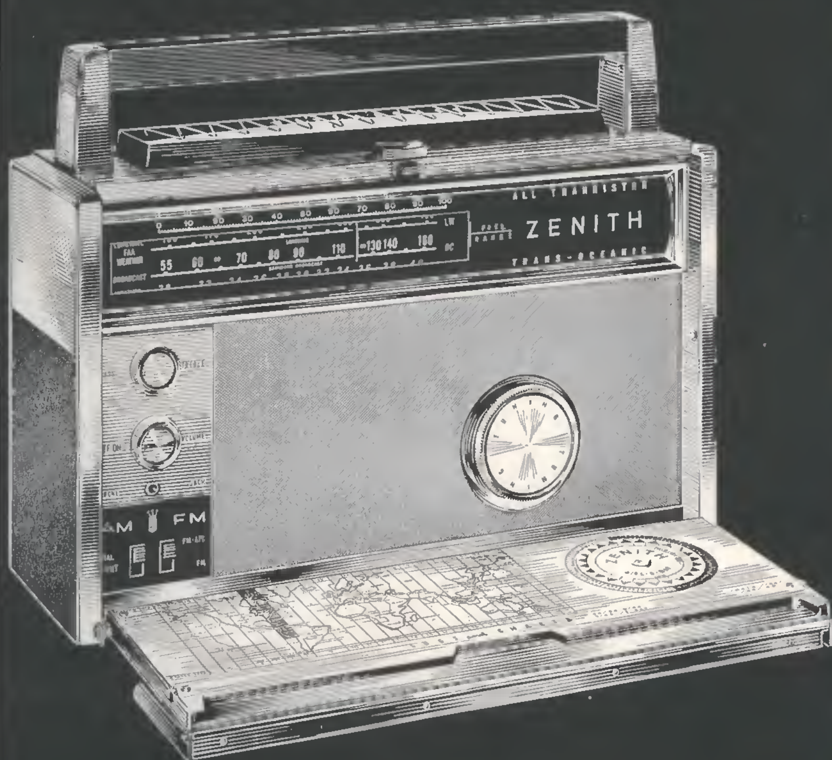

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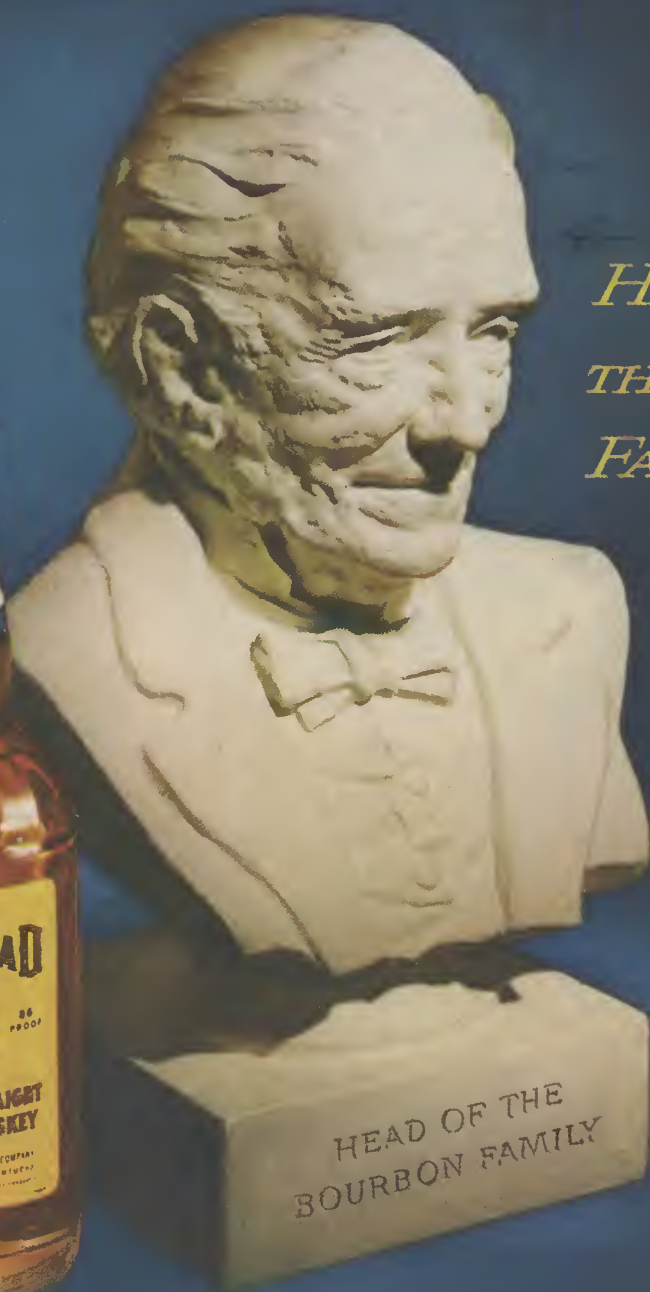

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