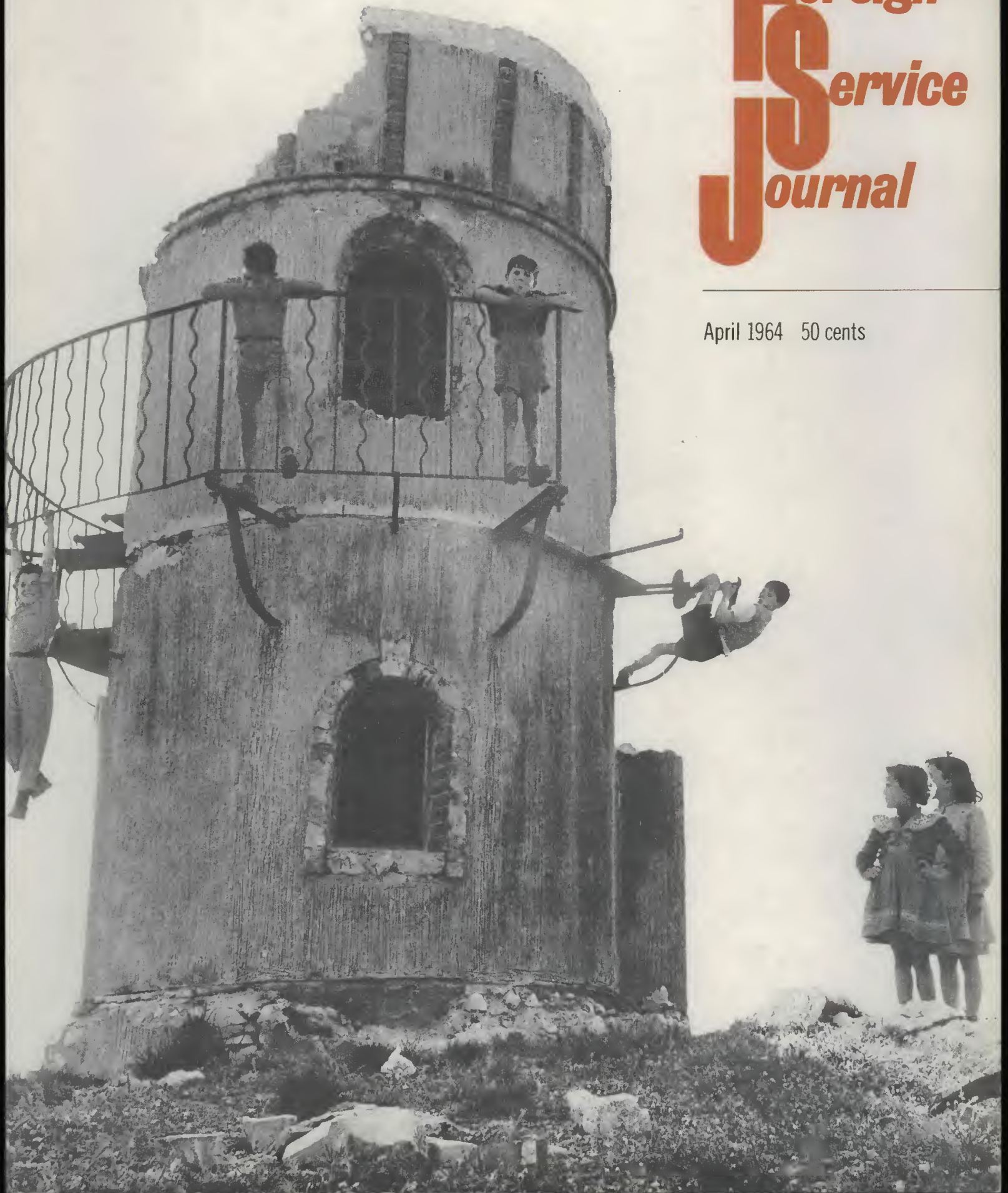


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## contents

April, 1964  
Volume 41, No. 4

### page

- 21 TARGET: THE MASSES  
OR THE CLASSES?  
*by John P. McKnight*
- 25 USA IN STONE AND CONCRETE  
*by Wolf Von Eckardt*
- 28 SPASO HOUSE  
*by Peter S. Bridges*
- 33 THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE MAST  
*by C. M. Ishmael*
- 34 UNCTAD AND THE KENNEDY ROUND  
*by Michael W. Moynihan*

OTHER FEATURES: A Rejoinder from PER, page 4; Consul Jerome, A Famous Grandfather, by Arthur C. Frost, page 8; Night Life in Froggy Bottom, by Aileen Vincent-Barwood, page 10; The Soviet Attitude Toward Revolution, by N. Spencer Barnes, page 40; The AAFSW Spirit in Iran, page 46; AFSA: News, page 51; AAFSW: Report, page 52.

### departments

- 14 TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO  
*by James B. Stewart*
- 30 WASHINGTON LETTER  
*by Ted Olson*
- 32 EDITORIALS—Vicious Circle  
Seeing America at Last
- 36 BOOKSHELF
- 39 SERVICE GLIMPSES
- 54 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cover Photo:



Children on Ruined Tower, Marseille

by Paul Child

Photos and Art for April

Paul Child, FSO-ret., cover.

Ernest Williams, FSS, cartoon, page 12.

Howard R. Simpson, BPAO, Marseille, cartoons, pages, 24 and 50.

USIS, photo, page 25.

Edna Culbreth, State Department, water color, page 30.

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

Department of State, photo of the Shah of Iran, page 46, and photos, page 52.

Lilian Eisenberg, "Street Scene, Vientiane, Laos," page 51.

The Foreign Service JOURNAL welcomes contributions and will pay for accepted material on publication. Photos should be black and white glossies and should be protected by cardboard. Negatives and color transparencies are not acceptable.

Please include full name and address on all material submitted and a stamped, self-addressed envelope if return is desired.

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Second-class postage paid at Washington, D. C. Printed by Monumental Printing Co., Baltimore.

Nominations & Appointments

FULTON FREEMAN, *Ambassador to Mexico*

GEORGE MCMURTRIE GODLEY, II, *Ambassador to Republic of the Congo*

ELBERT G. MATHEWS, *Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Nigeria*

Births

CORRIGAN. A daughter, Susan, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Corrigan, on February 22, in Guatemala City.

DAVIS. A son, Thorp Joseph, born to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Davis, Jr., on February 14, in Washington, D. C.

KESSLER. A son, Earl Allyn, III, born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl A. Kessler, on February 19, in Kobe.

ODUM. A son, John Arthur, born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Odum, on December 6, 1963, in Maracaibo.

SAMPAS. A son, George Lawrence, born to Mr. and Mrs. James G. Sampas, on December 12, 1963, in Ottawa.

SCHNEIDER. A daughter, Deborah, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Schneider, on January 26, at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

WHITEHOUSE. A daughter, Sarah Penelope, born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Whitehouse, on February 14, in Washington, D. C.

Deaths

BRIGGS. Leland Stanford Briggs, former chief of the press service of USIA, died, on February 2, in Princeton. Mr. Briggs joined the agency in 1954 and headed the press service for five years.

CURRAN. William Henry Curran, husband of FSO Alice T. Curran, Principal Officer at Birmingham, died on January 10, in Birmingham, England.

STORA. Mrs. Lee Wakefield Stora, wife of FSO DeWitt L. Stora, died on February 17, in Seville, where Mr. Stora is Consul.

WILLIAMSON. Francis T. Williamson, FSO, died on February 7, in Rome. Mr. Williamson joined the Department of State in 1944 and entered the Foreign Service in 1952. He served twice in Rome, as well as in Bonn and in the Department. At the time of his death he was Minister-Counselor at Rome. The following is excerpted from a letter of Ambassador Frederick Reinhardt to Assistant Secretary for European Affairs William R. Tyler:

We buried Francis yesterday, a beautiful clear Roman winter's day, in the Testaccio Cemetery on a little knoll near Shelley's tomb and among the many painters and writers who worked and died in this ancient city. I don't know if you have ever visited the cemetery, but it is a lovely and historic place, and Francis had made it clear in a letter he wrote shortly before his death that he would choose to be interred there. The funeral services were held at St. Paul's American Church, where six Marines stood guard over the flag-covered coffin and the Reverend Woodhams paid a fine and fitting tribute to Francis' character and career. The church was filled; a number of Ambassadors and senior members of the Corps were present, and among others the President's Diplomatic Advisor Minister Sensi, Ambassador Corrias, and Senator Messeri. . .

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## A Rejoinder from PER

*Editors' Note: The following comment on the article "Three Junior Officers Look at the Service" (February, 1964) was prepared by the Office of Personnel at the invitation of the JOURNAL.*

THE RECENT article by Margaret Beshore, Robert Kaufman, and Edward Nef offered some very stimulating views on the Foreign Service seen through junior officer eyes. The mere fact that three promising young officers feel so strongly and are willing to speak out for their junior colleagues argues for careful consideration of their views by those responsible for the Department's personnel policies. While we agree without qualification with most of the authors' statements, we would like to comment on several of their observations or, perhaps more precisely, try to place these observations in the perspective of current Departmental personnel policies and practices.

The authors maintain that in order to attract and hold outstanding junior officers the Foreign Service must award rank, salary and especially job assignments which are commensurate with the officers' training, experience and ability. As far as rank and salary are concerned, Miss Beshore and her colleagues concentrate, quite appropriately, on the inconsistencies of intra-government remuneration, rather than the problem of government versus private remuneration. To be sure, other government agencies often hire young officers at salaries considerably above those paid to FSOs of classes 7 and 8. On the other hand, Foreign Service officers have before them the possibility of achieving at the highest levels of the Service a higher salary than other government career services can offer. And the goal of Chief of Mission, the President's personal representative and the executive head of all United States activities within a country, carries a rank, status and responsibility not easily matched elsewhere in government.

The heart of the authors' thesis is that the initial job assignments entrants may antieipatic constitute the most important consideration in attracting and holding outstanding junior officers. The implication is that young officers should be given an early chance to "test their mettle in substantive work of their own choosing," lest they leave the Service in frustration. To get at this problem the authors suggest among other measures, that (1) central complement assignments be considered as a substitute for assignments to one of the traditional functions of the Service, (2) the traditional role of the FSO be expanded by the increased use of interesting and responsible assignments to other government agencies, and (3) the problems of numbers be alleviated by reducing the intake of junior officers through the increased use of specialists in the consular and administrative fields. Two of these suggestions are already reflected in current personnel policy.

In line with the recommendations of the Herter Report, 135 FSOs, including fifteen below Class 6, are currently assigned to fourteen other government agencies. Over the coming years the number is likely to increase. These officers "on detail" are not placement problems; they number many of the Service's outstanding officers. In fact, two of the three junior officer authors are themselves assigned to the Peace Corps.

It was announced recently that the Foreign Service was embarking upon three new courses of action. First, the FSO entrance examination is being revised with a view to developing an examination which will call forth not only applicants who want political or economic work but also those who wish a career in the administrative or commercial fields. Secondly, as outlined in Mr. Crockett's article in the December issue



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**INDEX TO ADVERTISERS**

Alban Towers .....	43	Hilltop House .....	50
American Foreign Service Protective Assn. ....	55	Homerica, Inc. ....	8
American International School ...	52	Houghton, A. C. & Son, Inc. ....	42
American Motors .....	15	Jacob & Warwick, Inc. ....	50
American Security & Trust Co. ....	18	Leytin American School .....	52
Arista Trading Co. ....	44	Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ....	7
Atlas Realty .....	51	P. Lorillard Co., Inc. ....	17
Barclay Hotel, The .....	14	National Distillers Corp. ....	Cover IV
Beam, James B., Distilling Co. ....	16	Park Central Hotel .....	50
Bell, W., & Co .....	6	Paxton Van Lines .....	10
Brewood Engravers .....	51	Rhea Radin Real Estate .....	50
Brooks Brothers .....	41	Restaurant Directory .....	12
Calvert School .....	52	Reynolds, R. J., Tobacco Co. ....	13
DeHaven & Townsend, Cromer & Bodine .....	51	Seagram Distillers Corp. ....	8
deSibour, J. Blaise, & Co. ....	43	Security National Bank .....	Cover II
DACOR .....	51	Security Storage Co. ....	47
Diplomatic Appliance Co. ....	42	Simmons Properties .....	49
Farnsworth Reed, Ltd. ....	47	State Dept. Federal Credit Union ..	45
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. ....	19	Stuart & Mantry, Inc. ....	49
Fisher Radio International .....	11	Tatum Properties .....	49
Ford International .....	5	Town & Country Properties, Inc. ..	48
Francis Scott Key Apt. Hotel .....	42	United Services Officers' Insurance Brokers, Ltd. ....	45
General Electronics .....	49	United States Lines .....	8
General Motors Corp. ....	9	United States Steel .....	20
Grace Line .....	4	Wanamaker, Sophia, Inc. ....	42
Hicks Realty Inc. ....	14	Western Pharmacy .....	44
		Zenith Radio Corp. ....	Cover III

**CHANGING YOUR POST?**

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of the Department of State NEWS LETTER, there is in process a rejuvenation of the Foreign Service Staff Officer Corps, which will be responsible for staffing positions in certain specialized consular and administrative fields. Thirdly, the newly inaugurated Career Management program is designed to facilitate the early utilization of the talent available to the Service in clearly defined career fields. The various Career Management Officers will be on the lookout for junior officers with special skills and backgrounds, and will seek to guide them into appropriate assignments as soon as they pass out of the Junior Officer Program. Not only will the Career Management Officers be counselors and planners; as participants in the officer assignment panel they will also be in a position to see that their career development recommendations with respect to an individual officer are translated into actual assignments.

We cannot, however, share the authors' apprehension that central complement assignments unduly delay junior officers' exposure to rewarding substantive work.

The Foreign Service is a career Service requiring a period of probation and training to give the Service a chance to look over the junior officer and the junior officer a chance to get a pretty clear idea of what the Service has to offer. The junior officer must recognize the need for this period of probation and have faith enough in his own abilities to believe that he will be recognized and brought along as fast as possible.

The central complement program provides the means of introducing the new junior officer to the Service and vice versa. A central complement assignment can introduce a new officer to the major Service activities, but can never be a substitute for extended duty in any one of them. It is not fair to state that after this first tour the new officer then gets a job an O-8 might have had previously as an initial assignment. Most of the central complement jobs in the field were created through posts' relinquishing their O-7 and O-8 positions to the Junior Officer Program.

Nor do we agree that a central complement tour in the Department is of little value. As our Foreign Service is now constituted, much more of an officer's time will be in Departmental assignments, and young officers can be assured that personal knowledge and experience of Departmental operations and the total Washington scene will be vital to their effectiveness as senior officers in the field.

Referring the authors back to another part of their thesis: that the exceedingly good young people we need are comparing the Foreign Service with a career in the "academic field . . . law or business," we may point out that teachers, lawyers, doctors and bankers all serve apprenticeships and rise through a rank structure not entirely dissimilar to the Foreign Service. The theoretical knowledge of the trained specialist admits him to a chosen field, but only work experience in progressively more demanding jobs (and in some undemanding and boring ones) will bring him to the top. Advanced academic degrees bespeak the specialized training which is essential to today's Service, but they do not guarantee that an officer will necessarily measure up in Bamako or Cochabamba in such key factors of performance evaluation as judgment, initiative, and ability to get along with others.

Miss Beshore and her colleagues raised, but did not answer, the question of whether today's entering officers are inferior in quality. The writer of this commentary has worked with several in the last two years, closely observed the progress of a score more, and discussed many with ambassadors, DCMs, and other senior officers. With only two exceptions, today's junior officers have been praised as an extraordinarily able group, outstanding in academic achievement and previous experience, already establishing excellent Service reputations. We are sure Miss Beshore and her colleagues must be included in that estimate.



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## CONSUL JEROME, a Famous Grandfather

by ARTHUR C. FROST

WINSTON CHURCHILL, in addressing Congress during his last visit to the United States, remarked that, if his father had been an American and his mother English, rather than the reverse, he might have been a member of that body.

Had he been appearing before the American Foreign Service Association, he could have claimed kinship with our organization also. His maternal grandfather, Leonard Jerome, was once American Consul in Trieste.

Jerome, a colorful New Yorker who made and lost fortunes in Wall Street, was best-known as a sportsman who promoted horse-racing and yachting. He was also active in politics and civic life. His services to the Whig party led to his appointment in March 1850 as Consul at Ravenna, Italy, then a part of the Papal States. At the time, however, Jerome was immersed in business, especially in the construction of a state telegraph company, and resigned his commission without reporting to his post.

In January, 1852, however, he accepted appointment as Consul at Trieste, then under Austria-Hungary, and served there through the remainder of the Fillmore Administration.

This glimpse of European life so charmed Mrs. Jerome that she spent much of her subsequent life in European capitals and launched her three beautiful daughters into the highest European social circles. They all married foreigners. The second daughter, Jennie, energetic, handsome and accomplished, so entranced Lord Randolph that he wanted to marry her at once. The parents on both sides objected. Leonard Jerome in particular was not impressed by British nobility. Finally he was won over, and even consented to provide Jennie—out of a depleted fortune—with a dowry of \$30,000 a year, a fairly good quid pro quo for a fancy prefix. He always regretted that none of his daughters married a plain American. That was at the floodtide of the matrimonial common market, however, when American fortunes were freely traded for titles of nobility.

The Marlborough-Jerome marriage was a good one, particularly in the resulting progeny. Much of the Churchill fire, energy and *élan vital* may be due to the Jerome heritage. According to the family biographer, Anita Leslie, a great-granddaughter, one-sixteenth of that heritage was American Indian: Clara Hall Jerome, Jennie's mother, "knew herself to be one-quarter Iroquois."

Mrs. Jerome and her captivating daughters lived in Paris for extended periods. The indulgent father visited them from time to time, as business permitted, but he had no leaning towards European society or the parasitic life of an expatriate. A cultured family of much charm and beauty, with musical and monetary gifts, the Jeromes easily gravitated into exalted social and official circles, notably that of the Empress Eugénie, the Spanish-born wife of Napoleon III. Jennie found high favor in court circles. One can speculate whether she and the Empress ever exchanged shop talk concerning the consular careers of their progenitors: Eugénie's grandfather, William Kirkpatrick, was United States Consul at Malaga, Spain.

Uncle Sam little dreamed that two of his consuls carried certain chromosomes that by a quirk of circumstances contributed a modicum of lend-lease talent to a future Empress of France and to a great Prime Minister of England. ■



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# Night Life in Froggy Bottom

by AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD

USUALLY, the night stillness of the West African bush is formidable; vaguely frightening. In a country where some trees grow thirty feet in a year, seedlings sprint up two inches overnight, and every plant lives by choking the life from another, you can almost feel the surrounding forest creeping silently toward the house, taking back its own.

When the first scattered rains of the wet season come, however, this bush leaps alive. The insect population explodes. Frogs and lizards serve a useful purpose but are present in such numbers as to become pests.

I was newly arrived in West Africa from Washington, and was still getting used to "upcountry" living. It was lonely; it was strange; it was sometimes a little disturbing. But it was new and interesting and held a sense of adventure.

Lying under my mosquito net one night when my husband was away at an AID conference in the capital, I could not sleep. The full-throated chorus of thousands of frogs in the cleared area behind the house kept me tossing and turning in the sticky night. The children, as usual, had dropped off quickly, tired out after their day of play and lessons taught by mother. I lay awake and contemplated the destruction of all amphibians.

It would not be so annoying if they played the full symphony right through, I thought. You can grow used to a continual background orchestration, and it may even lull you to sleep. But this African orchestra kept taking time out.

After a silence which was absolute, and lasted up to ten minutes, I would begin to doze off. Just as I reached falling-off point, a beery-voiced croak just under my window would start up. "Beer-Beer," it demanded. Then a long pause. "Beer-Beer."

A higher voice piped an answer from the overflow pool out beyond. "Aw-right, aw-right, aw-right." Infuriated by these soloists, the tympani section let loose a loud concerto to drown them out. Soon every frog in the area was in full swing, with the string section doing a pizzicato. I was wide awake again.

It would stop as suddenly as it had begun. And with no apparent reason. Silence. I sensed their diabolical listening and lay tensely—as one waits for the other shoe to drop. Minutes later it started all over again.

It was much more disturbing than the drums which had kept us awake when we first came to this new school compound in the bush. Though somewhat unsettling in their primitive implication (it was the season when the male secret society initiated the new crop of eligible boys in night-long ceremonies), the drums after a while had produced a hypnotic effect which sent us off to sleep.

I decided something must be done about the frogs. The main disturbance seemed to come from the five-foot pit which had been dug to catch precious rain and bath water for use in the garden during the dry season. I would clear out that nest of insurgent musicians.

# Fisher stereo components are expensive stateside



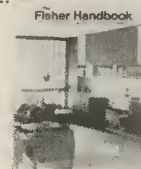
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Climbing out from under the mosquito net, I put on sandals, took up my flashlight, and went into my son's room to get his BB gun. Once I was outside in the warm tropical night, standing at the edge of the pool in my night-ic, not a frog-voice peeped. At the edge of the clearing loomed the dark bush where by day we watched monkeys play and birds flash in the generous trees.

I decided that shooting while trying to hold a flashlight along the barrel was too risky; I would end up clambering down a ladder into the pool to retrieve both. I went back and got the lantern. With it beside the pool I finished off six frogs—and about three dozen BBs. But it was quiet!

Just to make doubly sure, however, I hunted down the beery character under my window and threw rocks at him until he hopped off in annoyance. Then I let him have it with a big one.

Rather pleased with my resourcefulness, I returned to bed.

An hour or so later I awoke to a crashing din. This time there was an angry we-were-here-long-before-you-were note to their voices. A chorus of protest.

Successive treatments with a powerful pest spray and large rocks failed to intimidate them. The racket, if anything, increased.

Lying in bed I searched desperately for a solution. The answer struck me suddenly. Light. Each time I went out with a light they shut up. Once more I got up, and this time armed myself with candles and matches. I fixed a candle at each corner of the pool and returned to bed, stuffing my ears with cotton for good measure.

Whether from the momentary hush or sheer exhaustion, I fell into a light doze. Each time I woke the frogs—light or no light—were at it again; but with the cotton plugging my ears it was merely a muted hum. And looking out to find those little yellow globes of light shining merrily amidst the dark vastness of Africa was somehow very comforting. I slept. ■



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# 25 YEARS AGO

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

APRIL, 1939

## An Eternal Flame

THERE is burning today at Pontoise, France, a flame that was lit by the inhabitants three hundred years ago. Pontoise is now a serene suburb of Paris. . .

Late in December, 1938, the Pontoise flame was taken out of its place of keeping for its symbolic annual parade around the principal streets of the town. The people went to see this great, undying symbol of gratitude brought out into the open for public view at least once a year. They like to have it rejuvenate in them the realization that it was the few survivors of a deadly malady, who vowed three hundred years ago to light it and keep it indefinitely burning.

For the flame of three hundred years three candles were lit. Therefore, in fact, there are supposed to be three flames three centuries old. Each candle under the vow must weigh the equivalent of about twenty-five pounds and as fast as one burns down another is lit from the same flame. . .—William E. Chapman.

**Comment, 1964:** The Public Affairs Officer, Embassy, Paris, looked into the matter of the Pontoise flame and herewith is an excerpt from his memorandum received from Cecil Lyon (CM): "In 1638, it appears that the Virgin saved the



Ambassador and Mrs. Fulton Freeman celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary in Bogotá. The Freemans arrived in Mexico City as newlyweds, when our Twenty-Five Years Ago columnist was Consul General there. Ambassador Freeman has just been named Chief of Mission in Mexico.





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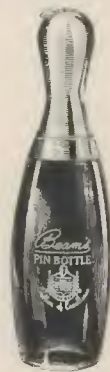
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## 25 YEARS AGO (Continued)

inhabitants of Pontoise from an epidemic of plague, and ever since, on September 8 (Virgin Mary's birthday) and also in December, a procession went around the town of Pontoise, carrying in great state a silver statue of the Virgin and a three-branch candleholder with three candles. But nowadays the procession is held only on September 8 with the statue but no candles, although the three-branch candleholder still exists.

**Briefs:** The press gave considerable prominence to the statement made by Mr. Welles (Under Secretary) in his press conference to the effect that the Department was heartily in favor of the general objectives of the proposal put forward by Chairman Key Pittman, of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that the United States build warships in its Navy Yards for Brazil and other Latin American nations.

► Universal Pictures is soon to begin production of a film to be entitled, "The Sun Never Sets," a story of the British diplomatic service, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Basil Rathbone in starring roles.

### The Most-Telephoned Ambassador

The Ambassador to France, Mr. William C. Bullitt, recently was the subject of a "Profile" in the *NEW YORKER*, and in the *SATURDAY EVENING POST* he was the subject of (a series of) articles entitled, "He Rose from the Rich," by Jack Alexander. The magazine publicized the articles with, "He's America's Frontier in France," "F.D.R.'s Most-Telephoned Ambassador."

The Ambassador was also the subject of a feature article by the Associated Press Feature Service. . . . It stated in its opening paragraph, "President Roosevelt, surveying the turmoil of world affairs, reads with special care the crisp cables of a bandish (sic) bon vivant who is the American eyes-and-ears at Paris—the listening post of Europe."

### Accepted into the "Family"

The following passed the Foreign Service exams and are still "fielding:"

Niles Bond  
William Boswell  
Charles Burrows  
Robert Chalker  
Wymberley Coerr  
Lansing Collins

Nicholas Feld  
Fulton Freeman  
John Fuess  
Richard Hawkins  
Martin Hillenbrand

Julian Nugent  
Kenneth Oakley  
Joseph Palmer  
Robert Strong  
Alfred Wellborn

### Our Maginot Line

Francis Colt de Wolf reviews the book, "Our Maginot Line" by Livingston Hartley: "The author, well known to many Foreign Service officers as a former colleague and the author of 'Is America Afraid?'—a plea for the cooperation of the United States in a system of collective security—now seeks the proper solution to save the United States in a world menaced, according to the author, by a ruthless march down the road to *Weltmacht*. Our Maginot Line is 'the defensive frontier set up in the Monroe Doctrine, and reaffirmed by the President (Roosevelt) in his widely quoted press conference of November 15, 1938, on continental defense.'

"Having posited this premise . . . the author comes to the conclusion that our best policy is to help the democracies, i.e., Great Britain and France, 'the pillars of our historic security,' to such an extent that they will not be overwhelmed by Germany. We will thus prevent that part of the British and French empires which lies in the Western Hemisphere from falling into the possession of Germany, a most dangerous contingency as far as our position is concerned.

"'Our Maginot Line' should prove good reading for Foreign Service officers—as interesting as Problem No. X to naval experts or a Red and Blue Plan to army strategists, and almost as exciting as H. G. Wells and as breathless as E. Phillips Oppenheim."

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NEWPORT		(Pocket Pak—1 Dozen)	\$1.51
King-Size	\$4.82	UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO	
Crush-Proof Box	\$4.82	(Pocket Pak—1 Dozen)	\$1.34
SPRING		FRIENDS SMOKING TOBACCO	
King-Size Soft Pack	\$4.82	(Pocket Pak—1 Dozen)	\$1.34
YORK		BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS	
Imperial-Size	\$4.72	5 Cartons	
OLD GOLD STRAIGHTS		(10 packs per carton)	\$11.32
King-Size	\$4.82	MADISON LITTLE CIGARS	
Regular Size	\$4.62	5 Cartons	
OLD GOLD SPIN FILTERS		(10 packs per carton)	\$11.32
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**Up Another Rung**

*From Unclassified to Class VIII*

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 Jacob Beam, Berlin  
 Merritt Cootes, Port au Prince  
 John Davies, Hankow  
 Daniel Gaudin, Alexandria  
 Miss Constance Harvey, Basel  
 Fred Jandrey, Naples  
 Foy Kohler, Athens  
 Edward Maffitt, Buenos Aires  
 Ernest Mayer, Paris  
 George Renchard, Department  
 Halleck Rose, Berlin  
 Francis Stevens, Pretoria  
 Robert Woodward, Department

Daniel Anderson, Bombay  
 John Carrigan, Mexico City  
 Earl Crain, Algiers  
 Walter Dowling, Rome  
 Allen Haden, Buenos Aires  
 James Henderson, Beirut  
 Douglas Jenkins, Warsaw  
 Henry Leverich, Berlin  
 Patrick Mallon, Leopoldville  
 Shiras Morris, Montevideo  
 Garland Richardson, Tokyo  
 Livingston Satterthwaite, Caracas  
 Tyler Thompson, Paris

**Jefferson Caffery**  
**Teacher-Trainer-Producer of Ambassadors**

Mrs. Ellis (Lucy) Briggs reminds us that a remarkable number of men who served under Ambassador Caffery became ambassadors and she thinks that JOURNAL readers should be acquainted with his unique position in the Foreign Service. There follows a list of those officers and there may be others. "After all," says Mrs. Briggs, "twenty-nine years is a long time as Chief of Mission and how could Jeff remember them all?"

Doc Matthews	Ellis Briggs	Bob Scotten
Bill Burdett	Paul Daniels	Jack Simmons
Walter Donnelly	Robert Woodward	James Bonbright
Tyler Thompson	Selden Chapin	Douglas MacArthur
Gerald Drew	Newbold Walmsley	Livingston Merchant
Harry Labouisse	Graham Martin	Ridge White
Ivan White	Lewis Jones	Robert McClintock
Vinton Chapin	Arthur Schoenfeld	U. Alexis Johnson
Lester Mallory	Howard Tewksbury	

**In Memoriam:** The Department regrets to announce the sudden death, at his post, of Mr. Prentiss B. Gilbert, the American Chargé d'affaires ad interim at Berlin.

**Recent Service Items**

Ambassador Grew's amusing anecdote in a recent column about the jockeying over protocol of two European ambassadors many years ago recalls the interview, shown on TV, that Ambassador John Cabot recently gave to newsmen in Warsaw. Referring to the weekly conferences of our ambassador and the Peking ambassador, Mr. Cabot, replying to questions, stated that the American and Chinese ambassadors always enter the conference room through different doors and that they alternate each week in starting the conversation. Mr. Cabot appeared the pro that he is.

**Birthdays:** Dean Acheson (1893) and Charles Evans Hughes (1862) were born on April 11.

► After the Tobey Moores jetted from Tampa to Long Beach, Tobey's reaction was: "If, by some fluke, man had found a similar way to travel across the skies at half our speed a couple of hundred years ago, he would at once have been linked with the devil and forthwith burned at the stake."

► Early last year, the Amerika Gesellschaft of Hamburg asked Tim Timberlake, in Arlington, to fly over for a speech on the Congo and sent him a round trip airplane ticket. Julie, green with envy, almost fainted when a few days later she also received a round trip ticket. ■



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 and competent than  
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# TARGET: THE MASSES OR THE CLASSES?

WHEN in 1951 I hearkened to the siren song of several fellow refugees from newspaper work and gave up the not-so-carefree life of freelance writer to enter the U.S. Government's foreign information service, I was, with other recruits of that period, given four weeks' training before going overseas.

(I suppose we of that vintage year's crop were smarter than the later ones: currently, new "lateral entry" recruits get much more.)

One who helped train us was Fritz Joehem, the movie-maker of 1776 Pennsylvania Avenue, who, at that time, had just returned from servitude as Public Affairs Officer in Rangoon and Leopoldville. The title of his lecture, written large and clear on the training schedule, was, "The Duties of the United States Public Affairs Officer Abroad."

In 1951, one or two old-timers will recall, the information service still nestled under the wing of Mother State. Not for another two years would it be cast into the outer darkness of "autonomy," and renamed the United States Information Agency. Thus the orientation lectures, or some of them, took place in the Department auditorium.

With all the majesty of a man who had actually *served in the field*, Fritz strode to the front of the room, rested an irreverent foot on a front-row seat, and surveyed the bright-eyed neophytes, pencils hovering expectantly over note-pads.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the duties of the United States Public Affairs Officer abroad are to take care of public affairs of the United States abroad."

He paused, impressively. His glittering blue eyes fixed us challengingly.

"Now," he said, "are there any questions?"

If I recall aright, and I think I do, there were no questions, or very few. Certainly, none of us, then, *knew* enough to ask—the big question that Fritz's presentation, masterly in its brevity, left unanswered. That was, "What—or rather, how many—of the affairs of the United States abroad? And with what—or again, with how many—'publics'?" In other words, were we supposed to try to reach all of the people, or some of the people, or just the leaders of the people, with our message about the U.S. and its affairs? Was our target the masses or the classes?

UP to that time, my cursory reading of the record indicates, the people manning the variously styled postwar information services that would shortly become USIA had not thought very much about the matter. That was understandable.

In the years immediately following World War II it was touch-and-go whether the United States would continue in time of peace the propaganda activities it had with considerable success carried on in time of war. All precedent was against it (George Creel had had to shut up shop almost instantly at the end of World War I); and most Americans, while they had grudgingly accepted the necessity of wartime propaganda, seemed to feel that there was something faintly *infra dig* about it in peace. With the very survival of their trade in the balance, few of the handful of propaganda warriors still on the payroll had the time or the inclination to give much

thought to anything else. And even after the outlines of that grim struggle Bernard Baruch lastingly labeled "the cold war" appeared in stark clarity, there was still much uncertainty about the role of propaganda in it.

Those were the years of the "yo-yo budgets," the feast-or-famine years. The distraught propagandists, by and large, "played it by ear." Where money was available, as in the former enemy countries, their approach was an across-the-boards one, involving extensive use of mass media to reach large audiences: the word of the day in Germany, Japan and Italy was "re-education," and under military government the effort was made to "re-educate" virtually the entire populace. Elsewhere, the need appeared to be less pressing, or was less easily demonstrated; and the scattering of information people left manning the outposts in allied or neutral countries made such bricks as the straw



by JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

they got permitted: most places, there was precious little straw, and so few bricks.

Nevertheless, in that year of 1951, there rolled off the presses of the U.S. Government Printing Office one of the first—and still one of the best—bits of official thinking about the problem posed in the title of this piece. It was the Department of State publication “Are We Hitting the Target?—A Manual of Evaluation Research Methods for USIE.” (USIE, for “U.S. International Information and Educational Exchange,” was the monicker of the moment.) It reached Rome about the same time I did, in late 1951. Although it was based on research and analysis that looks sound to this day, and said many things that sorely needed saying, it had in the field, I remember, very little impact: pragmatic field practitioners of the propaganda trade tended to look down their noses at theoreticians back in Washington. (This attitude has changed very much for the better in the intervening years; but traces of it yet linger.)

A good deal of indifference also met an instruction titled “Selection of Target Audiences and Use of ‘Mass Media,’” that went to the field in March, 1954, some eight months after the information service was separated out of State to become USIA. This circular, which leaned heavily on its predecessor of 1951, stated the mission of the Agency in the language of the time—“to show that the objectives and policies of the U.S. will advance the legitimate aspirations of the people of other nations toward freedom, progress, and peace”—and followed with this paragraph:

With unlimited funds, personnel, and skills, this mission might be carried out by attempting to reach and influence all, or a majority, of the population of any given country. Without such unlimited resources, USIS must concentrate on those individuals or groups and activities which can most effectively influence the attitudes and actions of a country.

I shall come back to the point of view here expressed; for, as we shall see, it is of the essence of the matter.

IT is perhaps unfortunate, though understandable, that the criteria for the judgments passed on USIA tend to be quantitative, rather than qualitative. It is usually how much it does, rather than how well it does it, that falls under scrutiny. It is oftener how many people it reaches, rather than what kind of people, that is the subject of inquiry. It is the magnitude of the effort at persuasion, rather than its end-results, that is called into question. A recurrent criticism, that all of us who have served overseas have heard many times, is this: “You people are not getting down to the masses. You’re not reaching the grass roots.”

For this quantitative approach to USIA’s work abroad, there are, of course, reasons. And USIA may be unwittingly itself in part responsible.

As everybody in the business recognizes, it is hard to measure the real impact of an attempt, no matter how carefully calculated, to persuade. It is hard to find out what goes on inside a man’s head, which of the many influences operating on him determine him to adopt a certain attitude, or take a certain line of action. Indeed, it may be difficult to ascertain that he has in fact adopted the attitude, or taken the action. As Edward R. Murrow said, in one of the most widely quoted diata of his directorship:

“No computer clicks, no cash register rings, when a man changes his mind or opts for freedom.”

That is, *real* “evidence of effectiveness” of the kind the Agency likes to have to back up the case it tries to make for its existence is pretty hard to come by.\* So, knowing that most outsiders are going to use quantitative measurements in any case, it tends to do likewise. It produces for public inspection statistics about the size of its short-wave radio audience; the number of overseas radio and television stations that use its “feeds” and “packaged programs”; the quantities of pamphlets and books it distributes; the millions who visit its libraries and see its movies; the hundreds of thousands of column inches of press placement; and the like. This obscures the fact that its true thrust is other.

ASIDE from certain major global “mass campaigns” dictated by events (e.g., the Berlin Wall, the Cuban crisis of 1962), USIA has in recent years leaned to the fairly sharply pointed approach. A swing of the pendulum in this direction began in the mid-’50s; and Director George V. Allen, who was at the helm for three formative years, pushed it along with his emphasis on personal contacts, cultural programs, and the “slow media.” Murrow—though his many years in radio and television may have given him a visceral preference for a mass approach—nonetheless continued the Agency on the selective track.

Thus it is that today much research, study and thought go into the identification of influential “publics” abroad and determination of the best ways of getting USIA’s story—the U.S. story—across to them. Country Public Affairs Officers (directors of USIS field programs) are enjoined to tailor their operations to carefully defined aims—which, of course, entails careful consideration of resources, and, within their limitations, careful selection of audiences and of ways to reach those audiences. Time was, one USIS country program was very like another: the small country program was the replica in miniature of the large, with some activity, no matter how minuscule, in all the media. This is decreasingly true, under current instructions that the “balanced” program is no longer expected of CPAOs, that they are free to pick and choose among the tools of the trade the Agency makes available to them.

Yet voices still speak up for the mass or “grassroots” methodology. Arthur Goodfriend is one of the latest: his recent book “The Twisted Image” is an eloquent indictment of the “elite,” or “trickle-down,” approach. He has his appealing Indian *guru* urge USIA and its people to “come down on the dusty soil,” where the people are. . . .

The “mass school,” if you can call it that, finds some support in the academic community. Indeed, some students rest their definitions of *propaganda* on its mass aspect. So Smith, Lasswell and Casey, in their “Propaganda, Communication, and Public Opinion,” define propaganda as “language [and other symbols] aimed at large masses;” Lasswell, in the “Encyclopedia Britannica,” calls it “an act of advocacy in mass communication;” and Holt and van de Velde, in “Strategic Psychological Operations,” term it “an attempt to influence behavior . . . by affecting, through the use of mass media of communication, the

\* Some “evidence of effectiveness,” of course, cannot be published for evident reasons.



manner in which a mass audience perceives and ascribes meaning to the material world." In one of the best of the recent books, "Propaganda and Psychological Warfare," Terence Qualter also tends to emphasize the mass approach, though his definition prefers *group* to *mass*.

That the academicians insist on the mass element in their several definitions of propaganda derives in part, evidently, from the difficulty they otherwise experience in differentiating modern *propaganda* from simple *persuasion*, which has from earliest times been one of the ways men—princes and peasants alike—have used to achieve their purposes. But it derives also from their sense of the increasing importance modern high-speed communications, giving access to large audiences throughout the world, confer on the propaganda tool. A good many of them argue with Murray Dyer that the slowness of our policy-makers and executors to realize this has made propaganda, for the United States, too long "the weapon on the wall."

**A**LTHOUGH USIA nowadays leans to the selective approach, the fact is that there is—there can be—no simple, yes-or-no, *aut-aut* answer to the question, "The masses or the classes?"

At the one extreme: It evidently makes no sense for USIA to take the entire population of the globe for its audience if (as I have read somewhere) some two billions out of the three billions now alive are, even in this age of so-called "universal education," functionally illiterate, or politically unconscious, or so unsophisticated as to be unreachable in ways available to the Agency. In this century of many concurrent revolutions (of which those of communications, education and "rising expectations" are having the most explosive effects on the propaganda business), this situation is fast changing: every year, new millions rise to look about them, and to compare what they have with what they see, and to decide to do something about changing things. One of USIA's knottiest problems is to shape programs suitable to the newly independent, developing countries, with their complex problems, political, economic, and psychological. But as of now, it is probably still true that the majority of "them furriners don't vote" (as an unidentified American politico of an earlier era is supposed to have said); and, in the global election currently taking place between two ways of life, USIA *may*—for the moment, at least—be able to leave them out of its calculations.

(I am here reminded of the story of the couple, enthusiastic workers for Tom Dewey's election in 1948, who learned from their small daughter that a poll on her school bus showed nineteen votes for Mr. Dewey and just one for Mr. Truman. "That's fine," said the father. "Who voted for Truman?" "Just the driver.")

At the other extreme: it makes equally little sense to argue that USIA can totally abjure the use of mass techniques, aiming all its fire at "pinpointed" targets. It may be true that, just as the best college is said to be Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other,\* so the best USIS operation is a persuasive USIS man on one side of a table and a key foreigner on the other. But

\* I know this is not the way standard collections of quotations have the saying (ascribed to James Garfield). But I think this is the intent of it.

there are not, and there will not be in the foreseeable future, enough USIS people abroad to rest everything on the highly selective, highly personalized approach: in the nature of things, some recourse to mass or semi-mass approaches will from time to time, at one place or another, be necessary.

That is to say, the answer lies between the two extremes. And it is an answer that varies with time and place and purpose.

**S**EVERAL considerations determine this answer. One I have just suggested: As the Agency has discovered out of hard experience, its decisions about the kind and size of the audiences it tries to reach must differ as the situation, the problem, the geographical area, the country, the available communications network differ.

Time was, U.S. propagandists abroad were largely merchants of packaged products provided from Washington: they peddled and purveyed them on every street-corner, to anysoever purchaser. In the ten or fifteen years since, the balance between Agency "bossiness" and field discretion has from time to time changed. To my eyes (and I do not think they have been unduly dimmed by five years' service in Washington), it is now fairly even. Some PAOs still squawk about excessive Agency "guidance" (or "meddling," as they are more likely to call it); some oldline bureaucrats in Washington still grumble about "free-wheeling" in the field. But most appear to think the mix about right.

That mix, while it quite properly reserves to the Agency the right to lay down (in steadily improving consultation with the Department and the White House) the foreign policy objectives USIA seeks to help achieve, reserves to country PAOs, with equal propriety, the selection of the best ways to achieve them in the given country. That is, the CPAO sets out, in his mission-approved Country Plan, the agreed U.S. objectives in the country; he states which of those objectives he can serve with the resources and techniques at his disposal; from this, he derives USIS "psychological" objectives; he identifies the "publics" in his country that are at once susceptible and influential; and, on the basis of that analysis, he allocates the resources of which he disposes (including, of course, the cultural activities, which, while in the Department's budget, are, in the field, handled by USIS).

From this, evidently, it ensues that within the limits of his resources he has the choice between mass or semi-mass approaches and the concentration of all his effort on the movers and shakers of the society he seeks to influence. If he wants to spend all his money on, say, television or libraries or binational centers, doing nothing in press and radio and movies, he will not—unless his reasons are capricious or trivial—be overruled in the Agency. In a developing country where one man rules, the PAO may argue, the ruler may be the sole worthwhile target; in

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another, he may find winning the support of one or several influential factions sufficient to his purposes; in still another, a progressive democracy, where one man counts as much as another, he may think it needful to sway large numbers. If his analysis be accurate, and his presentation persuasive, the Agency will go along with it, and—*dentro de las posibilidades*—give him the tools he says he needs to do the job.

**H**OWEVER, the CPAO will most of the time (and here is the second consideration governing the answer to the question posed at the outset) lean to the selective approach because, unless he thinks in terms of the persons or groups of persons he is attempting to influence, his message will not get through to them. His output will be diffuse, unrelated to the frame of reference, the thought and conceptual patterns, the communications habits, the hopes and fears of his audience. He will not communicate; he will not establish—that so-fashionable word—*empathy*, unless he delimits and defines his “public,” and knows it thoroughly. And the smaller the “public,” the easier it is to know it. Lasswell has written:

The mass audience with which the propagandist is concerned is not only characterized by size, but by the relative impersonality and shallowness of the tie that exists between the communicator and his audience.

If this is true, and I think it is, it tends to weaken the case Lasswell and his colleagues make for inclusion of the mass element as an indispensable ingredient of the definition of *propaganda*. For it follows that the effectiveness of propaganda decreases in direct proportion to increase of the size of the audience. That is to say, the propagandist's problem of *identification*, which many students consider primary, becomes progressively more difficult as the number of people he is trying to reach grows larger: the propagandist finds it harder and harder to say *we*, rather than *you*.

**S**TILL and all, such considerations are for USIA largely academic—as, indeed, is the whole question of “the masses and the classes.” For, whatever its druthers, USIA must most of the time choose the selective approach over the mass because it simply cannot do other. Selectivity may—as I have suggested, and as I strongly believe—be itself a virtue. But whether it is or not, the limited resources the Agency has constitute the necessity of making it one.

It is mainly true, though an oversimplification, that the number of people you can reach in an advertising or propaganda campaign is directly related to the amount of money you have, or are willing to spend on it. However large the potential clientele for the USIA product, the number of pamphlets and books it can print, the number of radio and television shows it can make, the number of information and binational centers it can support are all related to the number of dollars it can spend.

This is not to say that the so-called “mass media”—press, radio, television, movies—do not reach large audiences: for example, the Voice of America, the Agency's radio division, estimates with good show of plausibility that the daily audience for its shortwave broadcasts varies, with the day's news, from 17 to 26 millions; and its “feeds” and packaged shows rebroadcast over indigenous medium-wave networks and stations reach countless millions more.

However, certain factors operate to make even the “mass media” audiences to some extent “selected”: literacy is one—pamphlets and books are no good unless one can read them; economics is another—in many countries, only the well-to-do can afford to buy radio and television sets and movie tickets.

But as of now, no matter how carefully it handles its resources, the Agency does not have the men, money, and materials to reach carefully identified mass audiences overseas with consistency. A crisis situation like that produced by the Berlin Wall may require it to make the effort; but such costly global campaigns have to be financed by reductions in other operations, to the detriment of the overall program. Just so, a critical situation in Viet-Nam, demanding a much broader approach to the people of the countryside, forces program readjustments elsewhere in the Far East, and, it may be, in other geographical areas.

How impossible the mass approach is, most of the time, for USIA was brought home to me sharply when in early 1957 I took over as Public Affairs Officer in Brazil. One of the more drastic budget cuts had just taken place, and I was required immediately to reduce expenditures by upwards of 25 per cent. When I got through pruning here and there, I found that my program funds (as distinguished from administrative overhead) for that vast country amounted to just \$600,000. A quick calculation told me that I did not have enough money to send a penny postcard to every Brazilian, even if it were possible to send a postcard for a penny!

“Pinpointing” thus becomes of the essence. Perhaps USIA need not carry it to the extreme of the legendary young Air Force pilot who, asked why he was three days late getting back from a World War II pamphlet-dropping mission over Germany, exclaimed, “*Dropping?* I thought I was supposed to shove them under doors!” And perhaps USIA's tenure is now sufficiently secure that no CPAO will ever come up in practice against the hypothetical problem a touring Congressman posed me a few years ago: “What would you do if we gave you just \$20 in program money for the entire year?” (My reply: “I'd take the Minister of Education out, give him the best lunch \$20 would buy, and try to persuade him to install courses in American civilization in all the universities.”) But pinpoint it must.

As of now, USIA has to take the classes over the masses. ■



“The Chief says it's a great film—now he'd like to see it backwards.”

# USA IN STEEL AND CONCRETE

by WOLF VON ECKARDT



*American Embassy, New Delhi*

Edward Durrell Stone's famous New Delhi embassy, the first building completed under the program administered by the State Department's Office of Foreign Buildings, is already considered a "modern classic." A number of our other new embassies, chanceries and consulates—notably Walter Gropius' embassy in Athens and José Luis Sert's in Baghdad—deserve similar accolades. There is no doubt, in fact, that contemporary American architecture has made a substantial contribution to the American "image" abroad. It may also be that the effort to express that image in steel and concrete is having an altogether wholesome impact on our architecture at home.

This is not a matter of imitation, though, heaven knows, we have our share of that. Lesser architects are as quick to adopt the outward features of a successful building as adoring teenagers are in adopting the hair-do of their movie idol. Our woods are full of New Delhi embassy style canopied roofs supported by slim columns. And even gas stations are now gift-wrapped in Maharajah-palace grilles.

No, the astounding architectural success of our Foreign Service buildings lies precisely in the fact that each has been uniquely fitted for its own

specific environment and thus does not lend itself to facile imitation. Each has its own distinct character.

There are several reasons for this success of the program which was launched a decade ago. The most obvious is that the roster of architects the State Department has employed corresponds to any informed critic's who's who in modern American architecture. It includes the old masters, such as Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, as well as such promising Young Turks as Victor Lundy and James Lamantia. All of them, furthermore, consider a State Department commission abroad a heady challenge to which they enthusiastically apply the utmost of their art and skill. Every architect dreams of designing a building of meaningful importance, a building which everyone looks upon as a symbol as well as shelter.

An embassy, chancery or consulate is, of course, just such a building. It must not only serve its complex function in a foreign climate and environment. It must also at once proudly assert itself and politely conform. It must be dignified as well as friendly. And it must, in character and appearance, represent the President and people of a great democratic nation prominently and enduringly. Errant

diplomats can be recalled and their sins are quickly forgotten. Buildings have a distressingly long tour of duty and outlast all our apologies.

Venerable master and Young Turk alike, though they agree that our architecture is still searching for valid form, cannot, therefore, engage in daring experiments. Nor have they attempted it. Consideration for the generally accepted esthetic values of both guest and host country, if nothing else, has imposed upon their work abroad a restraining discipline which at home our uncertain architecture all too often disregards.

Critic Allan Temko has praised "the civilized ease" with which our new foreign buildings "have taken their places in ancient and sometimes exotic environments, at the same time conveying the dignity, strength, resourcefulness and the idealism of the United States." You will hardly catch Temko, or any other architectural writer of his caliber, praising the "civilized ease" with which any other group of some two hundred buildings have taken their place in our own messy surroundings. America, to be sure, boasts some of the most inspiring and inspired modern architecture in the world. No one will claim, however, that we have very inspiring, inspired or, for that matter, livable cities.

Much of the chaos on the American cityscape, it would seem, is due to the fact that modern architecture is making scant effort to harmonize with its surroundings. Good, bad or indifferent, most of our new buildings seem obsessed with a cult of originality. They seem to try their best to clobber their elders around them and to stick out—well, like Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum on New York's Fifth Avenue. The prophet of modern architecture in the thirties, Sigfried Giedion, calls the modern architecture of the sixties "playboy architecture." And as you ponder its latest manifestations at the New York World's Fair, for instance, you agree that he seems to have a point.

How, then, did we dare send the playboy abroad to represent us? And how come he behaves so admirably there? There surely is a lesson here, particularly for government architecture.

After Korea, the problem of building abroad could not be evaded. We just had to house our expanding responsibilities around the globe. As Representative Wayne L. Hays, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, has put it, wherever in the world

"there is anybody represented, we are there." FBO, currently under the able management of James R. Johnstone, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Foreign Buildings, found that constructing our buildings is cheaper and more efficient than renting them.

But how? In other ages architectural style had never been a problem, let alone a matter of much public controversy. Each age had its accepted style and the Victorians had their accepted, eclectic hodgepodge of many.

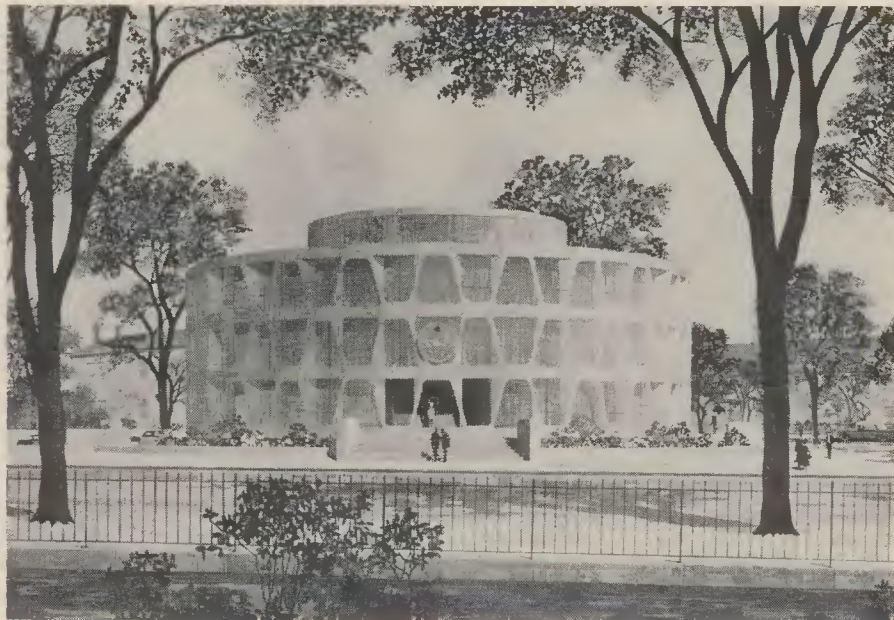
architectural historian, "no more need for novelty in architectural expression than, in the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, there had been a need for literary innovation. There his task had been, he later wrote with dry but winning candor, 'not to find out new principles or new arguments, never before thought of; not merely to say things which had never been said before; but to place before mankind the common sense of the subject, in terms so plain and firm as to com-

principle or sentiment, nor (were they) yet copied from any particular and previous writing.' They were, instead, 'intended to be an expression of the American mind.'"

Before the Second World War the State Department, with what little building it undertook abroad, still played it safe. That meant either Jeffersonian classic, eclectically sweetened by the Ecole des Beaux Arts, or a proliferation of Williamsburg pastiche. At home such timid conservatism seemed silly enough. Abroad the Roman columns smacked dangerously not of Jeffersonian enlightenment but of imperialist pretensions. And the Georgian dormers, reflecting an incomprehensible nostalgia for the days before the Boston Tea Party, might sell houses in domestic suburbia, abroad they scarcely denoted much faith in the future.

It was a blessing, no doubt, that William Delano and not Frank Lloyd Wright was chosen to design our embassy in Paris, which, in 1933, replaced the Hotel Grimod de la Reynière on the Place de la Concorde. With the French architect Victor Laloux, Delano nicely completed the ensemble whose imposing beauty survives even the motor age. But after the American flag was once again raised over that embassy in 1944, it seemed neither good sense nor good taste to carry more architectural owls of the new world to the Athens of the old. They look rather ludicrous in comparison to the genuine articles.

A genuine expression of the American mind could no longer wear architectural wigs. It could no longer deny that such Americans as William LeBaron Jenny and Louis Sullivan had laid the foundation for a radically new architecture; that on these foundations Frank Lloyd Wright had



*American Embassy, Dublin*

Jefferson, for instance, worried a great deal about architecture, and Monticello remains as much of a great and original architectural accomplishment as the University of Virginia remains a great and original work of civic planning. And both, in their day, were astonishingly modern. But there was no question but their modern plan assumed its three-dimensional form in the classic idiom, Roman columns, pediments and all. That idiom was the absolutely universal language of the West. And it was as honest as it was universally accepted because neither social needs nor building techniques differed substantially from those of antiquity. The post-and-lintel, the load-bearing wall, the masonry arch and the vault were, as James Marston Fitch has pointed out, as appropriate for Jefferson as for Vitruvius.

There was for Jefferson, says the

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mand their assent and to justify ourselves in the independent stand we are compelled to take.' And just so, in designing houses for himself and his friends, he sought merely to take the best available and put it to work for them. Political or architectural, his labors neither aimed 'at originality of

*American Embassy, Baghdad*



helped inspire the architectural world revolution; and that, after Gropius and Mies van der Rohe had come to this country, America had become its most dynamic exponent. Nor could we any longer ignore the technical building advances of the machine age.

The problem was not only how to fit the new architecture into surroundings largely shaped by old traditions, but how to combine, as it were, the daring spirit of Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim with the self-effacing politesse of Delano's palais. In the Foreign Service modern architecture in America would, for the first time, have to abandon its self-conscious belligerence. It could no longer deny but had to embrace history and regional tradition.

The success of this feat is largely due to the way the State Department went about performing it. It sought the advice of the professionals. As Lawrence Lovell has observed, the test of American democracy is its ability to use experts. We used them well. With the help of the American Institute of Architects the Department in 1954 established an Architectural Advisory Panel consisting of three distinguished architects serving rotating two-year terms under the chairmanship of the Assistant Secretary for Administration. Its job is to recommend the right architect for each job and to review or, as architecture school jargon has it, "critique" his design. Not part of its job description but very much part of its job is, as one official has put it, "to support the Department's position in matters of public controversy." In other words, to take the rap when someone attributes his own, differing taste to "bureaucratic hanging."

The entire architectural profession and everyone else acquainted with the renown of such outstanding designer-educators as Pietro Belluschi (MIT), or Bill Wurster (Berkeley), architectural statesmen as Ralph Walker or designers as John Carl Warnecke or the late Eero Saarinen, wholeheartedly approved of the Secretary's appointments. Belluschi's first statement set the tone for what was to come: "If we act timidly," he said, "solely in the hope of avoiding any and all criticism from whatever quarters, we shall surely end up in dull compromise with the result that we shall have nothing but undistinguished buildings to represent us abroad."

The buildings which emerged from this effort did not, of course, transcend criticism. It would have been sad if they had. To some Congressional eyes some of them, not unexpectedly, seemed too modern. To

modernists they seemed too "pretty."

Both criticisms were, in a sense, also compliments. They acknowledged an intent. Stone's New Delhi embassy was not only the first of the foreign buildings under the new program to be completed. It was also one of the first really significant departures by this or any other modern architect from the bare and square "international style" which had manifested itself so brilliantly at Lever House on New York's Park Avenue, by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, or Philip Johnson's own, famous glass house at New Canaan, Connecticut, and Eero Saarinen's General Motors Technical Center at Warren, Michigan. That style, to many, began to appear too cold and "functional" to satisfy, as S. Giedion put it, people's "aspirations for monumentality, joy, pride and excitement."

"Let's go to bat for beauty," exclaimed Ed Stone. Philip Johnson, who had collaborated with Mies van der Rohe on the Seagram House, now broke with that master's pristine style. "I feel strongly that modern architecture is in danger of falling into a mold too quickly—too rigid a mold," said Eero Saarinen. And Minuro Yamasaki explained that "our democratic ideals need buildings that give us, instead of a sense of awe, a sense of happiness, peace and security."

The search for new form coincided with new technological innovations—the thin-shell structures which rely on tension rather than compression for their strength and the greater reliance on reinforced concrete which makes possible more plastic, more sculptural shapes than steel frames and curtain wall panels would yield. At home the search for form and the temptation to display the new technology often led to ostentation. Abroad it was put into service of not merely the novel but, more importantly, the appropriate. The international style glass boxes had all been alike from Accra to Zanzibar. Our new embassies are each totally different. But each tries to adapt itself to local climates and traditions.

Thus New Delhi's embassy with its inner court and lacy enclosures gave much the same answers to the demands of a hot sun with much the same subtle delicacy as the Taj Mahal. The Athens embassy does not feature a single fluted column but is, in its nobly measured proportions, the most truly "classical" building in town since those on the Acropolis. At Baghdad the architect employed and improved the local double roof and shady recesses to make an architectural statement of forthright eloquence. John Carl Warnecke's design for Bangkok,

not yet scheduled for construction, hauntingly recalls native pagodas. Richard Neutra with his embassy office at Karachi took his cue from the spirit of a determinedly modern young port city. John MacL. Johansen's circular embassy in Dublin was influenced by the Celtic-Christian towers of Ireland. At Tabriz, Edward Larabee Barnes followed the native way of building—basically a system of mud-covered brick walls and domes within walled gardens. He retained an existing old outer brick wall.

The people in the host countries have responded favorably and often enthusiastically to these new buildings in their midst. In Oslo nine out of ten residents questioned by ARCHITECTURAL FORUM praised Eero Saarinen's embassy. The most notable exception, perhaps, was the London embassy, for which Saarinen won the only competition held under the pro-



*American Embassy, Oslo*

gram. He had built the fourth dimension of time into the three dimensions of a building which fittingly encloses Grosvenor Square. For in time his Portland stone facade will darken in rain and soot to the same beautifully textured black and white that give London its unique architectural character. Despite the perhaps a bit brassy gilded aluminum accents, the bright newness of the structure, completed in 1960, has already considerably mellowed. And so have the critics. Some Londoners who complained of the size of the eagle that spreads his wings over the entrance, much like a pediment, would now, if anything, gladly give him a few more feet in width.

It has, at any rate, been long since an architect humbly included the element of time in his work. And never before had modern architects, as they did in this program, searched the cityscape and their souls for the predominant character of the environment and then subordinated their work to

*(Continued on page 41)*



*The main hall of Spaso House, showing the magnificent chandelier.*

*Spaso House entrance.*



## SPASO HOUSE

by PETER S. BRIDGES

**S**PASO HOUSE, the residence of American Ambassadors in Moscow since the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Soviet Union in 1933, stands one mile west of the Kremlin in quiet little Spasopeskovskaya Square, not far from the heavy traffic of Sadovoye Kol'tso (Garden Ring) and the Arbat. The Arbat itself, an ancient highway leading out of Moscow to the west and for at least the last century a busy shopping street, is first mentioned in a document of 1493; the name is said to be derived from an Arabic word meaning "suburbs," since the city proper was for long restricted to the Kremlin and the relatively small area beyond which is circled by the inner Boulevard Ring, once a fortification. The area immediately surrounding Spaso House was inhabited in the seventeenth century by the Tsar's dog-keepers and falconers, who gave their name to two neighboring streets: the falconers' name is still preserved in Krechetnikovskiy ("Gerfalcon") Street just north of Spaso House, but the dog-keepers' street has become Composers' Street.

The name of Spasopeskovskaya Square (and hence of "Spaso House," which is officially simply House No. 10, Spasopeskovskaya Square) derives from the handsome little Russian Orthodox Church of Salvation on the Sands (Tserkov' Spasa-na-Peskakh), built in 1711 and now closed, which stands at one side of the small park in the middle of the square. In the 1870's the painter V. D. Polenov, who lived nearby, depicted the square in his well-known painting "A Moscow Residence" ("Moskovskii dvorik"), now in the Tretyakov gallery.

Spaso House was built in 1914 by Nikolai Aleksandrovich Vtorov, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer. The architects were Adamovich and Mayat. The building, in New Empire style, has changed very little in basic appearance, except for the addition of a one-story ballroom wing in the 1930's. The proportions are almost gigantic, the main hall being eighty-two feet long, with a tremendously high, domed ceiling. Vtorov, described by an old inhabitant of Moscow

as a rude, coarse, strict man, furnished his new house in French style, though he had the furniture made in Russia instead of buying it in France. The great chandelier, which hangs now as it did then in the main hall, was the talk of 1914 Moscow; it is believed to be the work of the Moscow silversmith Mishakov. As Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith noted in "My Three Years in Moscow," Vtorov, like other Russian merchants of his day, put most money into the public rooms and the chandelier; the living quarters upstairs are on a much smaller scale and struck General Smith as a "sort of afterthought."

Ostentation was the rule of the day in Russian mansions; the grandest of them all (many of them, like Spaso, now house foreign embassies) is a 1905 Gothic manor built by the sugar merchant Morozov and used today by the Soviet Foreign Ministry for its official functions. Nor were these great "merchant palaces" built only in Moscow; one recalls that in the 1880's the elder George Kennan found at Nerchinsk, in the depth of Siberia, the palatial residence of a mines proprietor full of Oriental rugs, Flemish paintings, tropical orchids and palms, and the largest mirror in the world, imported around the world from Paris. But Spaso, though grand, is not garish; and though the ostentation is undeniable, the house has, fortunately, dignity and good style as well.

Even as Spaso House was built, an age was coming to its end. The World War raged to the west, disorders increased at home, and in 1917 Vtorov is said to have been shot in his office by a revolutionary. Another, possibly apocryphal, account states that Vtorov in 1917 traded his house to Kerensky's Provisional Government in return for permission to leave Russia. Still a third story is that Vtorov was murdered in the front vestibule of Spaso House by his good-for-nothing

PETER S. BRIDGES was born in 1932, studied at Dartmouth and Columbia, spent two years in the Army, entered the Service in 1957 and has served in the Department, Panama, Germany and the USSR.

son. But nothing seems certain beyond the fact that he died in 1917, and that one of his two daughters was living in Paris in the early 1950s.

After the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 Spaso House, like every other Moscow mansion, was expropriated by the Soviet State for official use. Soviet Foreign Minister Vyshinsky once mentioned at a Spaso reception that his predecessor, Georgy Vasilyevich Chicherin, Commissar of Foreign Affairs from March 1918 until 1930, lived in Spaso House at one time during the 1920s. Chicherin is also said to have lived after his retirement in a building across the square on the present site of the Mongolian Embassy.

At the time the United States entered into diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union in November 1933, the public rooms of Spaso House were being used for official entertainment by the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Government. The ballroom wing was then under construction (hut was finished only about 1935 after troubles with the construction of the floor). Several Soviet officials were then living on the second floor, including L. M. Karakhan, Deputy Commissar of Foreign Affairs, who was executed by Stalin in 1937; Mikhailov, American specialist for IZVESTIA; and Florinsky, Chief of Protocol.

The first American Ambassador, William C. Bullitt, arrived in Moscow at the end of 1933 to present his credentials; with him were Joseph Flack, then serving in the Embassy at Warsaw, and later Ambassador to Poland and Guatemala; Keith Merrill, of the Foreign Buildings Office of the Department, and George F. Kennan, Third Secretary of Legation at Riga. Ambassador Bullitt was shown three buildings for possible use by the American Embassy, and two were chosen: Spaso House for the Ambassador's residence, and a building then under construction next to the Hotel National on Mokhovaya for offices and staff apartments.

Ambassador Bullitt envisaged this as a temporary arrangement and expected that an embassy compound would soon be constructed on the Sparrow (now Lenin) Hills, which then lay outside the built-up area of the city. Thirty years later, it may be noted, we are still hoping to design and build our own modern buildings in Moscow for offices and apartments, since the building now housing the chancery and the bulk of our staff quarters, constructed in the late Stalin era, is ugly, rickety, and inadequate. However, Spaso, now on long-term lease and thoroughly associated in everyone's mind with the American presence in Moscow, will not be replaced.

Ambassador Bullitt and party left Moscow temporarily in mid-December 1933 after he had presented his credentials. Mr. Kennan returned in early January to complete arrangements, and the Ambassador arrived in March to occupy the new residence for the first time. Most of the Embassy staff were then living in hotel rooms, but a small overflow stayed in Spaso itself until apartments in the new Mokhovaya building were ready.

The summer of 1934 has been described as something of a "honeymoon" in American-Soviet relations. In the wake of good feelings brought about by the establishment of relations, tens of thousands of Americans visited the Soviet Union as tourists, more than in any subsequent year. One of them was the sister of Charles W. Thayer, celebrated author of "Bears in the Caviar" and other works describing Embassy life at Moscow, who was then living at Spaso and serving as secretary to Ambassador Bullitt. During her visit Miss Thayer met Third Secretary Charles E. Bohlen; a romance developed, they married, and twenty years later Ambassador and Mrs. Charles E. Bohlen returned to Moscow to be the tenants of Spaso House from 1953 to 1957.

Unfortunately the period of good feeling was short. The mysterious murder of Politburo member Sergei Mironovich Kirov in December 1934 marked the beginning of the great purges of the 1930s, with an attendant hardening of official

Soviet attitudes toward the outside world. Many of the leading Soviet officials who attended one or another Spaso reception in the 1930s—Karl Gernardovich Radek, Nikolai Ivanovich Bukharin, Lev Borisovich Kamenev, Marshal Mikhail Nikolayevich Tukhachevsky—were dead or in prison by the end of the decade.

But though life got ever more grim in Moscow, the beginning of this period saw two long-remembered parties at Spaso: the Christmas Eve party of 1934, described by Mr. Thayer in "Bears in the Caviar," when three trained seals went berserk in the hallroom, and the "Spring Festival" of 1935, which Mrs. Irena Wiley described in "Around the Globe in 20 Years" as "the only one great party in the Moscow of the USSR," and which Mr. Thayer also describes in hilarious fashion. At the Christmas Eve party, it was the animals, borrowed from the Moscow zoo to lend an effect of spring, that made trouble—notably an un-housebroken baby bear that spoiled a Soviet general's uniform, and some hundreds of finches (also un-housebroken) that flew merrily through the high-ceilinged rooms for some days afterward.

Another memorable—and perhaps more formal—occasion in the summer of 1935, recalled by the Honorable Angus Ward, who was then Chief of the Consular Section, was a musicale held by Ambassador Bullitt in the just-completed hallroom, at which the composer Sergei Prokofiev himself conducted "The Love for Three Oranges."

Ambassador Bullitt was replaced by Ambassador Joseph E. Davies late in 1936, and in the memory of more than one "old Moscow hand" the changeover seems eternally associated with the souring of much cream. Ambassador and Mrs. Davies, one hastens to explain, had brought with them some tons of frozen food, which was stored in batteries of specially-installed freezers in the Spaso basement. Unfortunately, troubles developed with the city electric supply, and after some weeks it was discovered that many hundreds of quarts of frozen cream had turned into what one veteran officer described as "the largest dollop of *smetana* that had been seen in Moscow since the days of Nikolai the Last."

It was also during Ambassador Davies' term as Chief of Mission that, as Mr. Thayer describes in "Bears in the Caviar," the first discovery was made in Spaso of Soviet eavesdropping by microphones, in the summer of 1937. The techniques of the time were rather primitive; one recalls in contrast the clever, now-famous transmitter huilt into a wooden American-seal plaque, which was discovered in Spaso just fifteen years later while Ambassador Kennan, who as a junior officer in 1937 had helped uncover the first microphone, was Chief of Mission.

The coming of World War II and the German invasion in 1941 brought new horror to Russia and new changes to Spaso. Again, as in the 1920s, part of the building was turned over to office use, as a result of the increase in size in the official American community. A bomb shelter was built in the basement; German air raids resulted in occasional broken windows. (The Vakhtangov theater nearby on the Arhat was seriously damaged in one raid.) In the late fall of 1941 the Germans drew very near to the city, and the decision was made to move the seat of the Soviet Government east to Kuibyshev on the Volga. The foreign embassies naturally followed.

Spaso House was the evacuation point for the American community. On the appointed day American official personnel and correspondents met at Spaso and proceeded to the station to board a slow train for Kuibyshev, accompanied by the noise of distant gunfire (which, despite the rumor of the day, was not German but Soviet anti-aircraft fire). With Ambassador Steinhardt's departure, Second Secretary Llewellyn E. Thompson, later Ambassador from 1957 to 1962, took charge of the American properties and the

(Continued on page 45)

# WASHINGTON LETTER

by TED OLSON



"Summer Harvest"  
by EDNA CULBRETH

## Foreign Service, Lower-Case

**C**ELEBRATING its 175th birthday, Georgetown University has been holding a series of three conferences on the general theme "America and the World: Change and Challenge." The first, in November, was focused on "The Foreign Service Student," the second, in February, on "The Foreign Service Employer," and the third, at the end of March, deals with "The Foreign Service Educator."

We came away from the February session with a chastened awareness that "foreign service" encompasses a lot more people than we ordinarily reckon. We government servants (and ex-servants) tend to think of the term in capital letters, and delimit its application to those qualified for membership in AFSA, as defined on Page 1 of this and every issue of the JOURNAL. Knock off the capitals, and you recognize that the total American representation abroad includes many thousands who never cashed a government paycheck. Did you know, for example, that one American bank has 102 branches in thirty-four countries?

It was illuminating, too, to discover how similar are the problems of the uncapitalized foreign services. Discussion at Georgetown dealt with such matters as language training (how necessary is it?), transplanting families, educating children abroad, dele-

gating responsibility to the field (the consensus appeared to favor maximum local option), wage scales and orientation programs for local employees. It sounded cozily familiar.

One problem our FS doesn't encounter to the same degree (though it had plenty of trouble with it at the start of the Wriston program—is motivation. Anybody choosing a Foreign Service career (caps) does so in the pleasurable anticipation of spending a large part of his life abroad, an anticipation that his wife presumably shares. But when a big corporation picks a promising young executive to head a branch in Calcutta it quite often precipitates a domestic insurrection.

One speaker suggested that the "regular" (or capitalized) Foreign Service doesn't maintain close enough relations with the local American business communities or adequately exploit the resources of American private enterprise in furthering American programs. He was so persuasive that we invited him to speak his piece in the JOURNAL and let our folks talk back, if they choose.

The earlier conference on "The Foreign Service Student" brought some encouraging, though far from conclusive, testimony that the Foreign Service (capitalized) still is giving private enterprise stiff competition for the allegiance of the young Phi Beta

Kappa aspiring to an overseas career. The summary of the discussions notes that the participants, students from ten universities, emphasized "their desire to better the world, their disdain of money, and their preference for careers in public service rather than in business." Further discussion disclosed, however, that a lot of them didn't know that there *were* careers to be had in business overseas.

## NS Welcomes the President

The denizens of New State are happy that President Johnson has decided to hold at least some of his press conferences there. They had missed the excitement that attends a Presidential visit, the opportunity of catching an occasional glimpse of the Chief Executive, the sense of being in some small sense participants in the making or the disclosure of history. Anthony F. Merrill of CU expressed that feeling eloquently in a letter written to the JOURNAL shortly after President Kennedy's death:

No one of us who was in the building on a news conference day was completely untouched by the little edge of thrill, the stimulating air of excitement, the feeling of being part of great events that a President's news conference always engenders. From the early morning hours when the big TV trucks rolled into the basement and were wired into the network of cameras and microphones in the auditorium until the last bit of wire service teletype copy was pounded out in a little barren room off the second-floor corridor, the presence of John F. Kennedy and the importance of his presence were a stimulating part of our day in the Department. Each of us shared in the reflected glory of those visits and no one of us can with honesty deny that private glow we felt each time the world watched him step within our portals.

## More on Cultural Exports

Reading the newspapers, we check off two pluses and one minus (not yet final) for the U.S. cultural program, which as everybody ought to know is a condominium administered jointly by State and USIA.

Plus 1: New York TIMES, February 22, says USIA "can be unreservedly congratulated on the contemporary American print show to be circulated



in Eastern and Western Europe after its current showing in the IBM Gallery. . . . At the end of their European tour, these prints will be displayed in USIS buildings in Berlin, Belgrade and Zagreb."

Plus 2: Jack Anderson in the Washington Post, same date, tells how Duncan Emrich, formerly CAO in Calcutta, more recently on home duty with IRS, dug up a "lost" Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington in the home of a Calcutta merchant and after years of effort arranged to have it repurchased and repatriated.

Minus 1: New York TIMES, Sunday, Feb. 23, laments (under heading "Cutting Culture"): "In Paris, art lovers are astir over reports that the U.S. Information Service, which since 1951 has sponsored a topflight program of American art exhibits in France, is calling the whole thing off for fiscal reasons." The TIMES reports artists circulating protest petitions, declaring, "The destruction of an art program becomes a political act."

USIA's IAE tells us, though, there's still just a chance this program may be salvaged. Money has been scraped up to run one more show; after that it's up to the people who prepare budgets and vote appropriations. Anyway, it's some comfort to know, when the axe falls or threatens to fall, that somebody cares.

### Cultural Imports, Too

CU has authorized the JOURNAL to make clear that it can neither claim credit nor accept responsibility for the American tour of Britain's Beatles. They came, like the Japanese beetle a few decades earlier, without official sponsorship. It is still too early to determine whether the damage resulting from this infestation will be comparable.

Washington responded very much like every other place they visited. The post-Presley generation went mad; the parental generation humped and grumped and beetled its brows, in the immemorial fashion of parents; pundits pontificated, as pundits must; barbers, confronted with a sudden demand for English-sheepdog haircuts, pondered whether to charge the standard rate, or more, or less. For those unfortunate adolescents caught short with crew-cuts, there were Beatle wigs to be had, at a price.

It's consoling to be reminded that we Americans have no monopoly on zaniness.

On that subject, we noted last October that during our absence in Europe the Tom Swifty craze had come and gone; we might never have known of it had not Gwen Barrows published a sample in this Letter. Something else

we almost missed was the elephant story vogue; there are still a few clumping around. Now the bright young people seem to be convulsed by non-jokes. For a sample we turn to Don McLean's column in the NEWS: "What's purple and hums? Answer: an electric prune." If your mind works that way, you can take it from there. Instant Theater-of-the-Absurd.

### Plaudits

Foreign Service people and Statesiders practice culture as well as promote it. The JOURNAL congratulates Jack Y. Bryan, CAO in Karachi, whose novel on Texas' secession from Mexico in 1836, "Come to the Bower," has won the \$1,000 Jesse Jones fiction award for 1963 as the best book of fiction "by a Texan or about Texas." (Mr. Bryan, according to the student book, is a native of Illinois and has degrees from Chicago, Arizona and Iowa, but not Texas.)

Miss Edna Culbreth, FE secretary, whose oil painting, "Parade," won first prize (\$100) at the Arts Club Annual Show. A water color by Miss Culbreth appears on the opposite page.

### To the Ladies!

Three more women moved up to the FSO-1 level in the last promotion list. That makes five orbiting in the sub-stratosphere now. With President Johnson promising top government jobs to at least fifty women in the

next few months, Foggy Bottom is speculating as to who is slated to be our second female career Chief of Mission—and maybe the third, fourth and fifth.

### FSJ Gets Travel Orders

"As it must to all men . . ." TIME used to begin its obituaries. As it must to all human agencies—and oftener to those in Washington than in most other places—moving day has come to AFSA and the JOURNAL. When this issue reaches its subscribers we shall be in new quarters (see Page I for address), two short blocks north and one long block east of the YMCA building where we have occupied a third-floor suite for the last four years. To families inured to transplantations halfway round the world, a three-block move doesn't sound like much. But any uppacking and unpacking involves surprises: the reappearance of long mislaid treasures; the discovery that a startling percentage of the treasures one has squirreled away through the years turn out, on closer inspection, to be trash. So, lightening cargo considerably, we migrate.

One comfort: no longer shall we be required to instruct prospective visitors not to be put off by the awning identifying our doorway as "Washington Athletic Club." It seared lots of people away—maybe some with MSS we would have been glad to print. ■

### "LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE"

by Robert W. Rinden



"Mister Huggins! When, as your Consul General, I gave this reception that you might know and love the people of this country—this is not what I had in mind."

## THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

**T**HE DEPARTMENT'S chronic state of penury is a fact of Foreign Service life to which all officers have long been accustomed. Can anyone recall a year in which a travel freeze was not necessary? When a supplemental appropriation was not urgently needed? While not new, the situation this year appears to follow a familiar pattern. Travel has been strictly curtailed since December. Home leaves are backed up. Several courses at the Foreign Service Institute have been canceled because travel funds are not available to bring officers home for training. Officers around the world are altering plans for the educational schedules of their children. All of these inconveniences and uncertainties tend to lower morale.

The disruption of orderly and planned movement of personnel may bring more officers to Washington than are needed at a particular time. Conversely, posts in the field may be under strength when their work load is heaviest due to inability to carry out planned schedules of rotation. In addition, career development becomes difficult when training programs have to be postponed or interrupted. All of this works against the best interests of the Service, of the Department, and of the nation.

One of the causes of this chronic uncertainty is the continuing resolution, a device used by the Congress to enable the Government to function while it debates. This year the delay in getting a firm budget was so long that the period of uncertainty discouraged initiative and confidence among both administrators and substantive officers. Far more serious, however, is the fact that virtually all of our moneys for the operation of the Service and the Department are drawn from a single account, Salaries and Expenses. When a crisis arises in our foreign relations (and this is now more the rule than the exception), the Department, and everyone working for it, turns to and takes the necessary actions to serve the nation's interest without regard to cost. When the smoke clears there is a mountain of increased costs in communications, movement of personnel, extraordinary international meetings, and whatever else is required by the crisis—all these must come out of the hides of Foreign Service officers. Travel is restricted with a net loss to the Department and the nation, in efficiency of operation, in orderly training, and in rotation of assignments.

Surely there must be a way to break out of this annually recurring vicious circle. The answer does not necessarily lie in more personnel. In fact, in view of the Department's increasing responsibilities since the late 40s reflecting the manifold and active involvement of the United States in world affairs, it is interesting to note that these have been met without corresponding increases in personnel. This would seem to indicate better organization and greater efficiency of the individual officer.

As our relations expand and develop in this rapidly changing world it becomes clear that there is a total involvement of

the United States Government in our foreign relations. Beginning with the Department of Defense, with its huge resources and large budgets, and running through such post-war agencies as USIA, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, to the involvement of such departments as Agriculture, Commerce, Health, Education and Welfare, and Interior—all these contribute to the complex policy which protects our national security and makes the United States an effective force for freedom in the world.

If the Department of State is to play its role as the executive agent of the President in carrying out foreign policy, it must be financed to provide leadership and guidance to all these elements. We think the Department should take the lead in encouraging the Bureau of the Budget to take a totally new look at our budget in 1965. Let's not try to meet the Department's responsibilities by asking for small increases each year. This still will leave us going around in the same vicious circle. Let's ask for a realistic budget that meets the needs of the role we have to play in a world of recurring crises. We are convinced that the Congress and the country would welcome a bold and realistic approach to the Department's budgetary problem so that it may effectively handle the emergencies which will inevitably arise while carrying on a planned program to meet its own responsibilities. ■

## SEEING AMERICA AT LAST

**A** Letter to the Editor in this month's JOURNAL tells how members and former members of the American Consulate staff in Turin clubbed together to send a veteran local employee and his wife on a tour of the United States, which they had served loyally but sight unseen for forty-two years. The letter suggests that the Department request funds from Congress to set up a regular program of American tours for deserving FSLs.

The proposal is one the JOURNAL is happy to endorse. The local employee orientation program that USIA has conducted for more than a decade has been an acknowledged success. There is no reason why senior locals engaged in substantive work in embassies and consulates would not benefit equally by a similar opportunity.

The emphasis, however, should not be on reward for long and faithful service, as it was in Turin. Rather the purpose should be to give able FSLs a first-hand acquaintance with this country—of which they are often the only representatives many of their compatriots ever encounter—and a first-hand knowledge of the Washington end of the operations in which they are engaged. The experience could hardly fail to make them more useful staff members. Their colleagues' awareness that the same opportunity might one day be offered them would also help to improve morale and heighten zeal. ■

# unctad AND THE Kennedy Round

Two big international trade conferences open in Geneva in the springtime. Most people will not be able to tell one from the other but the real problem will be to reconcile one with the other.

The season begins on March 23 with the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development—commonly called by the unlovely name, UNCTAD. On May 4, the Sixth Round of Trade Negotiations under the auspices of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is scheduled to open. Rather than SROTNAGATT, it will bear the evocative title of the Kennedy Round.

No one knows who named it the Kennedy Round. It was not President Kennedy, who, the story goes, read a gloomy press account of its prospects, called in his Special Representative for Trade Negotiations and asked, "How are things going with the Herter Round?" The name probably originated with a senior official of the GATT who labeled the last negotiations the Dillon Round. Earlier rounds went by numbers but their timing coincided with Congressional grants of tariff-cutting authority to the U.S. President.

In the thousand days of President Kennedy, few achievements were more personal than the passage of the Trade Expansion Act of 1962. Since the origin of the Kennedy Round lies in the authority Congress gave the President in this Act, the name is now all but official. UNCTAD also owes something to President Kennedy, who in his first speech to the United Nations General Assembly called for a Decade of Development—a decade that now seems to be moving faster than the pace of development.

There will be considerable overlapping between the two conferences but it would be an oversimplification to regard them as rival enterprises, or international political conventions. Some observers will see a populist flavor in UNCTAD and a hard money attitude in the Kennedy Round but this view overlooks the fact that these are both conferences of instructed delegations representing their governments.

UNCTAD will be larger and wider-ranging than the Kennedy Round. Since communist countries will be present, there will be more decibels and diatribes. There will also be many real issues.

The poorer nations of the world have shown a determination to use UNCTAD as a platform for airing economic grievances which they believe are not appreciated by industrialized nations. They also hope the Conference will produce new means or methods for spurring their economic growth.

The rate of growth is painfully low at present. To the government of every less-developed country, this fact is a constant threat to its life, a fact which explains the sense of urgency—even desperation—that surrounds UNCTAD.

The great post-war rise in world trade has almost passed these nations by. In the basic commodities that provide most of their foreign earnings, the volume of exports has dropped recently. Their value has dropped even more but both the volume and price of what these nations must import have gone steadily higher.

The gap between what the poor countries earn in the world market and what they spend keeps growing and is larger than the amount of foreign aid and investment that goes into these countries every year. Thus, it should be no surprise that a large part of the world feels even more wronged than the Kansans who complained in the last century that their state raised three crops, corn, freight rates and interest charges.

The crying crocodile in this picture has been the Soviet bloc, which was one of the first supporters of UNCTAD. The communists, however, overplayed their hand on trade as they have so often on anti-colonialism in the United Nations. And before UNCTAD is over, they are likely to find that the poorer countries will have as much to object to in Soviet bloc economies as in those of the industrialized free nations. One of the most obvious targets will be the artificially high prices charged by Soviet monopolies for tropical products such as coffee and tea. These inflated prices limit consumption even more effectively than do the tariffs and excise taxes of some other nations that have been roundly criticized by the less-developed countries.

At UNCTAD, the communists will seek to hold Western feet to the fire—while keeping their own cool—on a wide range of subjects including shipping and insurance rates, regional trade blocs such as the European Economic Community, preferential treatment of the products of the developing countries and, of course, foreign assistance. Their real target, however, will be the great postwar international economic institutions—the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The last of these will provide the setting for the Kennedy Round.

GATT was the little match girl in the society of international organizations. The words of Horace, "O mater pulchra, filia pulchrior," were not for her. Mother died in childbirth or shortly thereafter. But the waif has done well for herself.

The circumstances that surround the beginning of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade are well-known—in some circles, they may even be subject for scandal. The GATT cable address in Geneva is still ICITO (Interim Commission of the International Trade Organization). If this anachronism reveals the origins of the GATT, it also shows

*(Continued on page 48)*

by MICHAEL W. MOYNIHAN

MR. MOYNIHAN wrote this article after trying to make a pronounceable word out of the initials of the Office of the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations.

**I**N THE LATE FALL of 1941 I found myself, to my considerable surprise, attached to the United States Navy. The attachment endured for only a matter of three weeks, and was terminated to the great relief of both parties. But the three weeks were not uneventful, inasmuch as they comprehended both mutiny and shipwreck. I was only an eyewitness to the shipwreck, but I was right in the middle of the mutiny.

I had boarded the—let us call her the *U.S.S. Aries*—in Brooklyn as one of a party of sixteen civilians en route to London to set up shop for a new and at that time supposedly secret agency. Now it can be told: it was the Office of the Coordinator of Information; it had been established, and deceptively mislabeled, to do certain things which the United States as an avowed neutral was not supposed to be doing; in the following summer it was to fission into the Office of Strategic Services and the Office of War Information; it was therefore the grandparent of both the Central Intelligence Agency and the U.S. Information Agency.

During recruitment I had been led to believe that my presence was so urgently required that I would be whisked to England in a bomber. When the time arrived, however, it developed that the only transportation available was a Navy supply ship bound for Iceland. There, we were assured, we could thumb a ride the rest of the way in a PBV.

The Navy, we discovered, was no more enthusiastic than we about this arrangement. No sooner had we stowed our gear than we were summoned to the wardroom for a lecture by the captain, a large, gruff man with a remarkable resemblance to W. C. Fields. There was no nonsense about being glad to have us aboard. As we could see for ourselves, he pointed out, his ship had no passenger accommodations. We needn't expect to be comfortable, and the least we could do would be to keep out of the way. He hardly looked for much help from us, but since we

were there and he was short-handed, we would be required to take our turns on watch. A duty roster would be posted shortly.

Thus I found myself that evening standing on the port wing of the bridge and bawling into the speaking tube, with what I hoped was professional resonance: "Light ho! Three points off the port bow!" The captain himself came out to verify my finding. When I had reported for duty an hour earlier he had eyed me with unflattering amusement and had promised me a medal if I was the first man to sight Nantucket light, but plainly he had not expected me to claim it. He peered in the indicated direction, grunted, and returned to the bridge, without mentioning the medal. I still have it coming.

Next morning the wind had freshened and the *Aries* was rolling lustily. She was a 3000-ton converted Danish freighter, and like most Danes she was frisky and

liked a frolic.

The installation of a steel bridge and four 50-caliber machine guns had not made her any less prankish, though like any accumulation of weight above the waist it had given her a tendency to waddle.

# 3 Weeks before THE mast

Most of us were seasick. So were at least half of the crew. The sickest man of all was the executive officer, a reservist lately shanghaied from his Iowa farm. He continued to be sick, at the slightest sign of turbulence. In November the North Atlantic is frequently turbulent.

In mid-afternoon the gongs clanged a call to "general quarters," and we tottered to our stations to be instructed in the protocol of abandoning ship. I learned that my assignment was to lope to the galley, find a sharp butcher-knife, lope to No. 3 raft, slice through the lashings, heave

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by C. M. ISHMAEL

C. M. ISHMAEL writes that he has settled down to freelancing after a varied career as ranch-hand, teacher and journalist—plus the venture in public service mentioned here.



it overboard, and jump after. It developed that all of our party were assigned to rafts; the Navy, providently looking after its own, had pre-empted the lifeboats.

That evening the mutiny began to germinate. The ringleader was a former foreign correspondent, whom I shall call Larry Gainer. He was small, dapper, urbane, and one of the most articulate men I have ever known. He had little difficulty in convincing us that we had a grievance, and that the appropriate collective bargaining procedure was to lay our grievance before the management together with our demands for redress. We had been promised air transport to London. But more was involved than breach of contract. What about the national interest? We had been enlisted for a delicate and hazardous mission. We were selected, presumably, for certain special qualifications not easily duplicable. And where were we at this critical hour in history, with Britain beleaguered, Rommel threatening Alexandria, Nazi armies at the gates of Moscow? Where were we? Immobilized (the *Aries* achieved an *entrechat* which made that seem not quite the *mot juste*) while the fate of humanity was being decided.

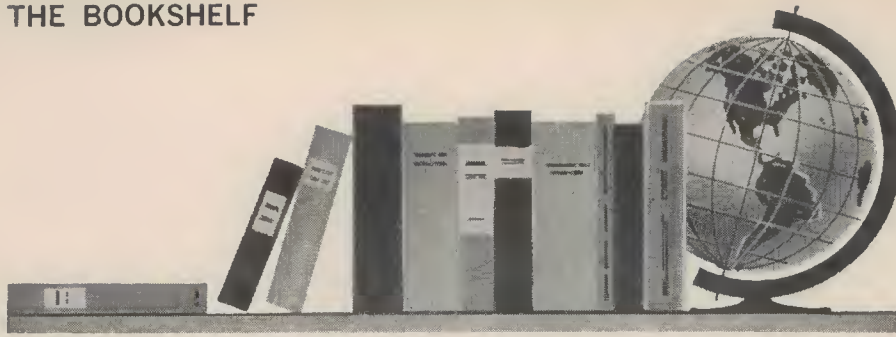
"Don't misunderstand me," Larry cautioned. "I do not mind being killed, but I do *not* want to be killed before I have been in action."

The four of us who had participated in the council of war decided to put our case immediately to the chief in Washington—Colonel William J. Donovan—with a request that we be transferred at Halifax to the first available Britain-bound aircraft. We drafted a radiogram, respectful but firm, and Larry took it up to the radio shack. He returned slightly crestfallen; the ship was observing radio silence. But we were scheduled to lie over a day in Halifax waiting for a convoy, and could try again there.

We got ashore about noon, hailed a taxi, and headed for the Nova Scotian hotel. There we booked a room with bath, put in a call for Washington, and matched for first shot at the bath. Larry was in the shower when the call came through. Inadequately draped in a towel, and dripping syncopatedly on the rug, he delivered into the transmitter the most tightly-reasoned, cogent and eloquent brief I have ever heard. The Chief was apparently impressed; at any rate he promised to do something at once.

Back at the ship we found the administrative officer waiting for us. It developed that he had telephoned the Colonel too, on another matter, and the Colonel had asked him what all this was about. We had not thought of taking the administrative officer into our confidence, and, as is the way of his species, he seemed to regard this as insubordination. He had told the Colonel as much, along with other uncomplimentary things, and though his

(Continued on page 42)



### Bob Murphy Tells His Story

THIS is a book which every Foreign Service officer should be proud to own. To those of us who were privileged to know Bob Murphy personally, it is a stimulating chronology of his Foreign Service career and will bring back nostalgic memories to many who have worked with him. To those who did not know him personally, the book is a tempting revelation of the challenges and opportunities a Foreign Service career can offer. Furthermore, the book is a case history, or rather a series of case histories, of fruitful cooperation between the military and the diplomats which alone can ensure the success of our foreign policy.

There are passages in the book where Bob Murphy acts like the diplomat of his title and comments on people and events with a degree of gentleness and tact which may cover his real feelings, and other occasions when he talks bluntly as a warrior would who is forced by events to make unpleasant decisions. The combination of the two methods is held together by the honesty and the integrity of his presentation. Undoubtedly there will be controversy about some of the points of view he has taken, but no one can accuse him of not calling the shots as he saw them or impugn his motives in making the decisions which he was forced to make.

It is a fascinatingly readable book as Bob Murphy takes us through the events and situations into which he was thrust almost by happenstance and where he frequently found himself in an exposed position amidst a storm of controversy. The fact that he was sometimes acting on his own with only tenuous and obscure directives from the President himself or through military channels is a bit appalling to one who has now become accustomed to the manifold policy directives with which the Department of State informs and controls its representatives. He is not defensive, but merely expository, on such controversial issues as the decision to use Admiral Darlan in the North African venture, and on the maze of personal feelings which governed Roosevelt's and Churchill's relationships with deGaulle, the after-effects of which are haunting us today.

The post-war days of his career took him through the occupation of Germany, the problems of Japan during the Korean War, the upheavals in the Middle East attendant upon the Suez crisis of 1956 and the subsequent landing of Marines in Lebanon. He reached the culmination of his service when he occupied the third ranking job in the Department of State as Under Secretary for Political Affairs—a position never before held by a career officer. It was his fond hope that the United States would follow the British example and keep a career officer as an element of stability in this position in order to provide a higher degree of continuity in our alleged bipartisan foreign policy.

The career principle was always close to Bob Murphy's heart and the following passage might well illustrate how he wrestled with one problem which often confronts a career official:

There always is the question what a career official should do when his government adopts a policy which he believes is a tragic mistake, a policy which he cannot in good conscience support. Discussing this subject in Berlin later with Henry Luce, the publisher, he told me with some asperity that one of the defects of public service in the United States is that very few officials resign from their jobs as a matter of principle. In the early days of the Republic, he said, there were many resignations on issues, and that is a healthy situation. There is much truth in this view, but there is inconsistency in modern American practice because of the career principle, and ordinarily I have little sympathy with a Foreign Service officer who resigns because he disagrees with some policy. A professional diplomat understands when he accepts government service that he is obedient to official policy, no matter how repugnant a particular line may be to him personally. It is the function of a career diplomat to carry out his government's policy, a function which critics often do not understand. If an official is not willing to abide by this principle, it would be better for him not to enter the Foreign Service. In this respect, a career diplomat's position is comparable to that of a regular Army officer. Under the American system, officers and officials are free to make their opinions known to their superiors—up to the point where policy is definitely decided. After that everybody is expected to support policy to the best of his ability.

Although he duly chronicled the first atom bomb explosion, to Bob Murphy it appeared at the time more like a diversion from the more pressing diplo-

matic business of the Potsdam Conference than a significant turning point in the conduct of world affairs. In this book he does not concern himself with this development of power, foreshadowing thermonuclear weapons and missiles, which was destined to make the old concepts of power politics and diplomacy outmoded and necessitated the development of multilateral diplomacy as an alternative device to settle disputes by negotiation rather than showdown.

Mr. Murphy closes his book with a tribute to the Foreign Service of the United States which I feel it appropriate to quote here, not to flatter our readers, but because it is the judgment of a man whose integrity, competence, political acumen and objectivity very few would question:

The quality of the men and women in our Foreign Service today is excellent. They have been drawn from every section of the United States, and most of them have enjoyed comprehensive educations and a variety of experiences. The seed planted by our first diplomat, Benjamin Franklin, is growing into the finest diplomatic instrument in the world. In linguistics, in technical knowledge, in contacts with peoples and problems of different parts of the world, in quality of reporting and negotiating, and in promotion of the national interest, our Foreign Service now rates with the best. The fact that the morale of the career officers has held up under acutely discouraging circumstances is a credit to the dedication of the staff, who are proud to be in the public service. A new generation, competent and resourceful, is overcoming prejudice and doubt. From its own vigorous ranks it will produce its leaders and it will receive the understanding and appreciation of the American public. What is past is prologue.

—E. M. J. K.

DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS, by Robert Murphy. Doubleday, \$6.95.

### A 30-Year Survey of Lattimoria

WHEN Owen Lattimore was in his twenties, in the late 1920s, he rode with a caravan from the railhead in Inner Mongolia, westward through the terrors of the Black Gobi desert, and all the way to Sinkiang on the edge of Soviet Central Asia. The journey took him four months; in one sense it has lasted a lifetime. His first experience of Inner Asia launched him on a life work of exploration, by travel and study, of the immense borderlands between China and the Soviet Union.

Today Mr. Lattimore is probably the only American who has wandered widely in Manchuria, Mongolia and Sinkiang, the three huge territories that flank the world's longest land frontier. One is tempted to call the whole 4,000-mile strip "Lattimoria"; a list of his books and articles, most of them about the frontier lands, fills nine closely printed pages. Now he has chosen those he considers worth preserving, and has put them into a 565-page col-

lection of his work of three decades.

Foreign Service specialists on China, Russia and Central Asia will have two reasons to thank him for the new anthology. Those within reach of the Library of Congress or the British Museum could, no doubt, have found all of these essays and scholarly papers by digging and burrowing, but it would have been tedious work. Here they are, conveniently brought together, arranged by areas and subjects: Sinkiang, Mongolia, Manchuria, national minorities, and a few other headings. Individually and together, the papers offer basic background material and comments, not at all polemical, about the lands and peoples alongside and within the vast frontier region.

A second reason for thanks is that Inner Asia has long been the Dark Continent of our times. So slight is our official and journalistic knowledge of what is happening there that Inner Asia might almost be the Africa of Livingstone and Stanley. For a few years during and after World War II, an American consulate served as an observation post at Urumchi, the capital of Sinkiang. Now, of course, the United States lacks official representation and overt intelligence-gathering everywhere east of Moscow, north of Peshawar, and west of Sapporo in northernmost Japan. Mr. Lattimore's writings about these unreported regions are a flashlight probing now here, now there, into the darkness. For small favors, let the information-gatherers be grateful.

Inescapably some of the papers have dated through the years; in view of the current Chinese-Soviet rift it is especially a pity that Mr. Lattimore's two chapters on Sinkiang are thirty and thirty-five years old. When he traveled in Sinkiang he found a tiny alien minority, the Chinese, ruling a Moslem majority, and more remote from the people than were the British officials in the India of those days. Are the Chinese still a small minority? Have mass importations of workers and technicians shifted the balance? Mr. Lattimore does not tell.

Yet he offers two clues that may help toward an understanding of the present situation in Sinkiang. The first is his reminder that the Kazakhs, who live on both sides of the international boundary, have always moved back and forth as conditions changed in China or Russia. The recent flocking of tens of thousands of Kazakh and other refugees into Soviet territory is, therefore, nothing new except, perhaps, in the numbers involved.

The second clue is a judgment that appeared in *ASIA Magazine*, of treasured memory, as long ago as 1928. Wherever the Chinese have gained a

toehold, Mr. Lattimore wrote, they have made it clear "that to their minds one of the chief functions of Chinese power is to assert Chinese domination—domination, not equality—over every race that comes within the scope of Chinese action." To anyone who follows reports and rumors about Sinkiang, with its non-Chinese peoples and its Soviet neighbors, this is a hint worth remembering.

—FERDINAND KUHN

STUDIES IN FRONTIER HISTORY: *Collected Papers, 1928-1958, by Owen Lattimore. Oxford University Press, \$12.00.*

### Mr. Dulles' Last Year

IN reviewing for the *JOURNAL* Richard Good-Adams' 1962 book "John Foster Dulles: A Reappraisal," I noted the British author's view that it would be some years before the definitive biography of the late Secretary could be written.

That is, I think, still the case. Mr. Dulles is still too close to us: we do not yet have the perspective that only time can give. The events he set in train, or powerfully influenced, have yet to run their course. The winds of controversy still swirl about him, obscuring his true lineaments: he is as often overpraised as underpraised. And much essential documentary material still rests in archives, understandably denied to the biographers.

But materials for this definitive work steadily accumulate. We have, of course, his own books, and his countless news conferences, statements, speeches, and magazine articles, product of his dauntless urge to make himself understood: as his sister says of him in the book considered here, "Words were his instruments and his enemies." We have the Beal, the Drummond-Coblentz, the Heller, the Van Dusen, the Berding books about him, or his times. A good many government documents have been declassified—many at his own instance. Most importantly, we have his own papers, going all the way back to his first diplomatic mission, to the second Hague Peace Conference in 1907: reposing (by arrangements he completed shortly before his death) in the John Foster Dulles Library at Princeton, his alma mater, they are by his wish available "as widely as possible" to all bona fide students.

A statement by Secretary Rusk read at the dedication of the Library May 15, 1962, had this passage:

Only a fraction of what was in his mind, and in the mind of the President he served, was inscribed in formal documents. The historian, if he is to be accurate, must try to reconstruct the context—the

total context—which surrounded what was written down. Today was not yesterday and tomorrow would be different, too. To recapture the changing scene and what Mr. Dulles thought about it will be the historian's delicate and painstaking task.

This is precisely the sort of stuff that Eleanor Lansing Dulles undertakes to supply in her memoir. Modestly, she titles it "John Foster Dulles: The Last Year." But it covers much more than the 1958-59 twelvemonth ending with Mr. Dulles's death of cancer: she uses the flashback technique (sometimes awkwardly) to illuminate formative periods of her brother's life, from childhood on. (It is perhaps revealing that her writing takes on most color and sparkle when she treats of the pleasures of their childhood, or of those of later life that recalled them.)

There is not space here to deal with the matter of the book: the title, with the comment above, adequately describes it. I think I need say only that, while sisterly prejudice occasionally shows through, she makes a brave effort to achieve the good guise of objectivity; that her own longtime key position in the Department comes into the story only when it has direct bearing on the Secretary's course of action; and that her sympathetic portrayal of the human side of the man—apparent to her, as to all too few—will be most useful to the biographer who does write that definitive work.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

JOHN FOSTER DULLES: THE LAST YEAR, by Eleanor Lansing Dulles. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., \$4.95.

### The USSR: Books One May Have Missed

THESE are such voluminous writing these days on the Soviet world that it is easy for the general reader to overlook books worthy of more than passing attention. The following fifteen titles, in some cases representing rather substantial contributions to our still very imperfect knowledge of things Russian, have been culled from among works appearing over the past three years.

### The Society:

Maurice Hindus' "House Without a Roof" (Doubleday) is the latest in a long series of well-written reports by the author on Soviet life based on extensive personal observation.

Wright Miller in "Russians as People" (Dutton) has given us a good portrait of the contemporary Russian.

Ronald Hingley has a brief but entertaining description of the Soviet scene

in a book with the unlikely title "Under Soviet Skins" (Hamish Hamilton, London).

### The Economy:

Alec Nove has provided a competently-written much needed general work in "The Soviet Economy: An Introduction" (Praeger).

"The Dimensions of Soviet Economic Power," issued by the Joint Economic Committee of the 87th Congress in 1962, is a collection of various expert writings.

### Religion:

The late Walter Kolarz has written what appears to be the best work to date on the subject in "Religion in the Soviet Union" (St. Martin's Press).

### Education:

The National Science Foundation has sponsored an encyclopedic effort by Nicholas Dewitt—"Education and Professional Employment in the USSR." (National Research Council).

### Politics:

Zbigniew Brzezinski's "Ideology and Power in Soviet Politics" (Praeger) is good on political dynamics.

Derek J. R. Scott has produced in "Russian Political Institutions" a worthwhile study on the arts of governing in the USSR. (London, Allen and Unwin).

John A. Armstrong's "The Politics of Totalitarianism" (Random House) is a good history of the Communist Party.

### Foreign Policy:

"Russian Foreign Policy," Ivo Lederer, ed. (Yale University Press) supplies some much-needed historical perspective by looking at both the Tsarist and Soviet periods.

"The Soviet Union and the Occupation of Austria" (Sieglar, Bonn) is a carefully documented account of Soviet policy in Austria from 1945 to 1955 by a former member of the quadripartite administration, William Lloyd Stearman.

"Strategy and Tactics of Soviet Foreign Policy," by J. M. Mackintosh (Oxford University Press), is a useful survey of post-war Soviet foreign relations, though it tends to neglect the crucial US-USSR confrontation.

### The Future:

Two competing efforts have appeared analyzing the Communist Party Program of 1961—"The Future of Communist Society," by Walter Laqueur and Leopold Labedz (Praeger) and "The USSR and the Future," Leonard Schapiro, ed. (Praeger). The former appears to have a qualitative edge.

—JAMES A. RAMSEY

### Huxley on Population

THE "crisis" to which Britain's eminent biologist refers is overpopulation. "The world's demographic situation is becoming impossible," he says; if we don't do something about it right away life on this planet will soon become unlivable, or at least not worth living. His treatment of the problem parallels that in Theodore Dohrman's two JOURNAL articles. Among his specific proposals is one that AID and similar organizations make "demographic credit-worthiness" a qualification for help, and require applicants not meeting that criterion to use part of any aid granted in reducing their rate of population increase.

In "The Humanist Revolution," the first of the two University of Washington lectures which make up this small book, Sir Julian advances the idea that man is now "the agent for the whole future of evolution on this planet." Don't worry about the bees and the ants, he reassures us; they've come to a dead end. "Granted that man does not destroy himself. . . he has at least as much time before him as he has behind him, all the way back to the amoeba and beyond."

—T.O.

THE HUMAN CRISIS, by Julian Huxley. Univ. of Washington, \$2.95.

### Developing Manpower

THE value of this slender volume lies more in what it says than in how it tries to say it: it presents a varied collection of reports which were generated by the International Conference on Middle-level Manpower, in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in October, 1962.

The book draws attention to the importance attached by the Kennedy administration to manpower development and the increasing world awareness that, as Sargent Shriver states in his foreword, "money alone does not bring progress; without educated and trained men and women. . . large capital investment only serves to arouse hopes which cannot be fulfilled." It reveals the growing interest in volunteer service to train world manpower, and presents an excellent brief analysis of the Peace Corps itself as a successful operation in this field.

Had the editors stopped there, the volume would have been of limited value. However, they wisely expand the scope of the collection to include discussions of various aspects of manpower development. For example, Secretary of Labor Wirtz offers five principles which he calls vital to a manpower policy which "guarantees the full right and ability of every man to work," while Walter Heller dis-

cusses how the human capital factor is being woven into the fabric of economic development. Emmanuel Pelaez, Vice President and Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Philippines, looks at the problem from the point of view of the developing country and suggests the elements which must be present for a transformation of the work force from merely numbers to a "catalogue of skills." Elsewhere, the then Vice President Johnson, several representatives of international organizations, and other delegates and observers at the conference are given an opportunity to present their views. The editors have done a good job of selecting and balancing these to provide a multifaceted discussion of manpower development.

—EDWARD V. NEF

THE HIDDEN FORCE, edited by Francis W. Godwin, Richard N. Goodwin, and William F. Haddad. Harper and Row, \$3.95.

### The Blue Ants

THIS is essentially not a biography of Mao Tse-tung, but the work of an East European polemicist presenting his version of the whys and wherefores of the Moscow-Peiping split. With the easy wisdom of hindsight, the author asserts that there never was a Sino-Soviet Bloc since Moscow never accepted China as a bona-fide Socialist state nor Mao as a genuine Marxist leader. While his documentation of this assertion is impressive, he overlooks the period of the 1950s when the Soviet Union and Communist China operated effectively as an entity.

Considering the author's lack of China background and lack of personal contact with Mao or any other figure of the Peiping regime, he has presented a creditable and for the most part credible picture of Communist China. The most effective sections of his book deal with the Long March and with the "Hundred Flowers" campaign of 1957. One of the more questionable points is the author's belief that the Soviet Union deliberately lured Communist China into the Korean conflict in order to weaken, or perhaps destroy, the Mao regime.

Although Paloczi-Horvath leaves no doubt about his aversion to the Peiping regime he concludes his study by calling for the admission of Communist China into the United Nations and the resumption of normal trade relations. The matter of the twelve million Chinese on Taiwan who are not "blue ants" in Mao's empire is completely ignored.

—SAM FISHBACK

MAO TSE-TUNG, EMPEROR OF THE BLUE ANTS, by George Paloczi-Horvath. Doubleday, \$5.75.





# SERVICE GLIMPSSES



**Barcelona.** Captain Hugh L. Switzer, Master of American Export Lines' SS Independence since 1951, signs his last Marine Note of Protest at the American Consulate General, before returning to New York and retirement. From left to right, above, Jose Rosch, Consular Specialist, whose service at the Consulate General dates back before Captain Switzer's first call, George H. Strunz, Consul, and A. David Fritzlan, Consul General.

**Iringa, Tanganyika.** Brandishing his newly-received Mhehe spear, Ambassador William Leonhart, above left, greets some interested spectators at the opening of the Farmers' Training Center in southern Tanganyika.

**Beirut.** Miss Margaret Cornelius, American artist, left, exhibits one of her batik paintings to Mrs. Armin H. Meyer, wife of the Ambassador, at the artist's exhibition at the American Library.

**Accra.** Jeremy Rutter, son of Counselor of Embassy Peter Rutter, receives an award from President Nkrumah at ceremonies at the Ghana International School, where Jeremy is a student.

**Bangkok.** Rehearsals of "A Streetcar Named Desire," presented by the Amateur Community Theatre, find Martha Mae Metcalfe playing Eunice, and Maurine Jans, wife of FSO Ralph T. Jans, taking the part of Blanche. The Director is Phillip Battaglia, Consular Assistant. Proceeds went to aid Thai medical students at Bangkok's leading hospital.



# The Soviet Attitude Toward Revolution:

## Mr. Barnes Replies

*Editor's Note: In the December, 1962, JOURNAL, N. Spencer Barnes argued that the Soviet Union had in effect repudiated the principle of revolution, which the Soviets exploited in seizing power and still professed to champion, because in fact the USSR supports only revolutionary movements which serve its own national interest and opposes or stamps out others. Leon Crutcher, in a "Dissent" in the July, 1963, JOURNAL, contended that any apparent change was illusory, because communist support of revolution had always been cynically self-serving and never inspired by genuine concern for the oppressed masses. Here Mr. Barnes exercises his right of rebuttal.*

I FOUND Mr. Crutcher's article on "The Soviet View of Revolution," published in the Department of Dissent section of last July's JOURNAL, most stimulating. Nevertheless, even rereading and reflection left me somewhat less than completely persuaded. Let me explain briefly why:

If I analyze correctly, Mr. Crutcher's dissent is rooted in his belief that certain assertions in an article entitled "The Soviet Repudiation of Revolution," published in the December, 1962 JOURNAL, "tend strongly to suggest a misconception of communism's original and present theories of revolution." At the same time, judging both by Mr. Crutcher's later admission that the article in question "states the present attitude of the Soviet leadership toward revolution quite accurately," and by the general tenor of his argumentation, it seems clear that he finds the misconception related to communism's original rather than to its present theory. And the misconception itself, he contends, is based on the false assumption that there was a time when "communism"—by this presumably meaning its apostles and founding fathers—proclaimed and upheld the right of revolution, the

practice of revolution and the necessity of revolution, not only as a tactic to gain personal power but as a principle. Mr. Crutcher, on the contrary, stoutly maintains that communists from the time of Lenin have directed their attention exclusively to the acquisition and retention of power by a small group—namely themselves—"with no real concern for Communism as a popular movement."

I suspect that the difference between the two viewpoints is more a matter of psychological appraisal than it is of citations and quotations. I am quite aware of the implications of "democratic centralism"; that the Party was supposed to be the vanguard of the proletariat, which should lead the mass rather than be swept along by them; and that if some of the masses did not see the light, a certain amount of not-so-gentle suasion was both permissible and desirable. I am also aware of the drive for power on the part of the Party and its leadership; of the fact that power corrupts; and of the fact that the great majority of Party functionaries very soon come to accord far higher priority to their personal interests than to the welfare of Populus Russus. Certainly this was true by Stalin's time.

But I suggest that we not underestimate the proclivity to mixed motivation in the human animal. As Mr. Crutcher mentions, the supremacy of ends over means has been a cardinal communist principle. Once this is admitted, a process of rationalization quickly sets in to justify almost any tactics for the sake of reaching the glittering goal. But this does not mean that the final goal itself was necessarily formulated purely as a self-seeking tactic. I am inclined to think, in respect to any movement that has swayed peoples, that this is very rarely the case. I believe it an axiom that movements which embrace masses, whether

communism or Christianity, crusade or Inquisition, are almost invariably founded and directed, in their earlier stages, by individuals whose motivations contain a broad streak of sincere belief that what they are trying to accomplish has importance transcending personal or group interests. The motivation may be mixed with self-interest—usually is; and may degenerate with time into pure self-interest. But without the spark of genuine belief—even if misplaced—in a cause, it is practically impossible to inspire a following that will change the course of history.

I believe strongly that there was that spark of, call it idealism, in the earlier Bolshevik leaders, despite the very seamy side of the movement as it developed. It is too late now to get inside the minds of Lenin and Trotsky, Rykov and Bukharin, and I never had the benefit of personal acquaintance with these people. Nor will I try and support my thesis by quotations from them. It would take too much time in the first place, and I am sure that ample support could be found for either or both theses. But I do have some background in such matters, both first and second-hand; and I think it is hard to deny that in the chaos following World War I there was a degree of ideological fervor, perhaps misguided but real, emanating from few but affecting many, without which the clique that came to rule would not have won the day.

It was during this period, and for some time afterward, that I believe the attitude of the Soviet leadership, its intellectual and ideological leadership, was clearly pro-revolution-per-se. It was pro-revolution because—mistakenly as it turned out—they really believed that the norm of revolution was the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of communism—with perhaps some kind of socialism as an intermediate step. They believed that this is what revolutions in the twentieth century were bound to do—at least all revolutions in reasonably advanced societies involving masses, if perhaps excluding the "palace revolution" or coup d'état. I think they really did not believe it possible—it went too strongly against their preconceptions—that workers and farmers and students could be so worked up, even by evil "agents of imperialism," to the point of creating a genuine mass uprising *against* communism.

Since these earlier days, first in undertones of discontent in different countries, then in the streets of East Berlin, and later in the Hungarians' fierce but futile fight for liberty, the early communist ideologist has been proved wrong by history. I do not

doubt there are dyed-in-the-wool theoreticians still in the USSR who refuse to believe that what happened, happened; and who still ascribe the Hungarian episode to a fiendishly clever capitalist plot. But facts are stubborn things, and the modern Soviet leadership has a streak of realism. Whether they like it or not, or are willing to admit it aloud—perhaps even to themselves—the Soviet leaders know now that revolution per se does *not* necessarily favor communism. They know it may work against themselves. So when it does, or may, which is often, they oppose it. It thus seems to me not surprising that facts have forced a change in attitude. I should be more surprised if they had not. And so, on balance, with all due respect to the dissenting view, I am still inclined to think that the Soviets now take a quite different approach to revolution-per-se than they did forty years ago.

—N. SPENCER BARNES

## USA in Stone and Concrete

(Continued from page 27)

it. The results are, of course, highly eclectic. There is no discernible uniformity of style. But then we may be too close to the trees to see the forest. It has taken us all these years to recognize the unmistakable Victorian character in the pseudo-Romanesque, pseudo-Gothic, pseudo-Palladian and pseudo-what-not structures the Victorians built. There seems, at least, nothing pseudo about our *modern* eclecticism. We have not, let's face it, found an acceptable style for our time. It can only emerge from a quest for excellence.

This quest was much aided by the minds in the State Department's Architectural Advisory Panel and the sparks they let fly. Our government buildings at home would do well to adapt this method. This is, in fact, what August Heckscher, Special Consultant on the Arts to President Kennedy, has recommended. The FBO advisory committee, he said, "has been responsible in the postwar years for buildings abroad in every way worthy of America's role in the world."

And all of our architecture—both architects and clients—might do well to adopt our foreign buildings' search for harmony in the cityscape. Our cities would be better places to behold and to live in if our buildings, like Jefferson's, were to aim neither at originality of principle or sentiment nor copy any particular work in the past. For only thus, at home or abroad, can we arrive at today's valid expression of the American mind. ■

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## THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE MAST

*(Continued from page 35)*

vocabulary was not as scholarly as Larry's it undeniably had a certain crude force. Also he had had the last word. The Colonel's orders, he informed us, were to proceed to Iceland as instructed, and if we didn't like it, we could get off.

Thoroughly keelhauled, we unpacked.

Next morning the Aries put out between the guardian net-tenders and lay to, waiting for the convoy to form. A Canadian Navy gun crew came aboard to instruct our own crew in operating the machine-guns. The guns stuttered and choked and now and then jammed. After a few ragged bursts, however, the captain said peremptorily that would do, he didn't mean to waste any more time. The gun crew looked dubious, but departed. Around noon we maneuvered to our designated place in the sixty-five-ship formation, well out toward the port flank and last but one in our file. The convoy moved slowly seaward, four jaunty little four-stacker destroyers swerving in and out like colliers assembling a straggling flock.

During the layoff the executive officer had prepared a new duty roster, and at four p.m. I presented myself to the bridge. I had been somewhat surprised to discover that I was promoted: I was now scheduled to take my turn at the wheel. It was flattering, of course, but I had some misgivings. I can drive a car pretty well, if the traffic is not too intricate, but rowboats rarely go where I aim them. However, I had to assume that the Navy knew what it was doing.

Another novice, one of the younger crewmen, was already taking instruction, and the ship was proceeding in a shallow zigzag, like a skier tail-wagging to brake his speed. After some little time the captain noticed me and asked what the hell I was doing there. I told him. His countenance darkened several shades and his bellow jarred the novice helmsman so that the Aries did a sweeping Christie. "You go down," the captain said, "and tell that so-and-so to change that such-and-such roster, and what kind of this-and-that fool is he, anyway?"

I delivered his message, somewhat edited. The executive officer removed his face from the pillow long enough to reassign me, this time to the starboard wing. That remained my post for the rest of the voyage.

I was back on the bridge when the signal to change course flashed back from the commodore. The captain's response was considerably less incisive than that which he had addressed to me a few minutes earlier. It was too dark now for me to see his expression, but his voice was perplexed. "How do we do that?" he inquired. There was some discussion, several suggestions, but no agreement, and in the end the captain commanded, "Send for Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones was a member of the COI party, on leave from the Coast Guard to set up our communications center in London. He appeared in a few minutes and told the captain what the Coast Guard would do in the circumstances. The novice seaman had been relieved by that time, we completed the evolution without mishap, and Mr. Jones returned to his bunk. It was not, however, the last time he was to be called from it.

For the first two nights the convoy traveled with a few masked lights, enough to make our neighbors visible. As we neared the submarine zone, however, we began black-

ing out completely, and nocturnal navigation became correspondingly difficult. The weather, too, had assumed the standard pattern in those latitudes: a procession of violent snow squalls that blindfolded the lookouts as effectively as a poultice of cottage cheese, which the atmosphere rather resembled. When we emerged into the normal density of November night nobody was exactly where he belonged. One morning we found ourselves leading the convoy, and in the wrong file.

The captain had had a bad night. Repeatedly I heard him wail: "Jesus Christ! What do we do now?" Repeatedly Mr. Di Salvio, the first officer, replied soothingly: "Oh, it ain't so bad, Captain. Just cut her back a few revs before we goose that Greek up ahead."

Mr. Di Salvio, slight, swarthy, laconic, a merchant marine officer in peacetime, was one of the three really competent mariners on board. The second, of course, was our Mr. Jones. The third was another member of our party, a tall, blond, spectacularly handsome youth with an interesting history. He had learned his seamanship off Cape Cod, taken yachting parties to the South Seas, sunk his life savings in a schooner that broke up in a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, gone into the movies to earn money to buy another, and was now on his way to England to become a commando. He has continued to lead an interesting life, and a few months ago he published his autobiography. His name was—and is—Sterling Hayden.

Thanks to Mr. Di Salvio, Mr. Jones, and an occasional lift from Hollywood, we continued to escape either collision or capsizing, and the wardroom betting on our chances of survival grew more optimistic. The odds dropped sharply, to be sure, the night a seaman tossed a defective life preserver overboard, where its chemical signal ignited and blazed merrily, a beacon for any prowling raider; and again when the engines broke down and left us wallowing for two hours in the track of a full moon. The captain alternated between confidence and foreboding. In his manic moments he comforted himself and us with the assurance that no submarine would waste a torpedo on a puny little freighter, with so many fat tankers inviting a pot shot. When the depressive stage set in he reminded us that it was always the ships on the flank and the rear that got it first. If we should get it, he intended to go down with his ship, although here again the note was W. C. Fields rather than John Paul Jones.

"I mean to crawl into my bunk," he announced, "light a big fat cigar, and make myself comfortable."

Admiral Raeder's wolf-packs, however, continued to display a welcome if unflattering indifference to our existence, and one gray afternoon we bade the convoy goodbye and turned toward Iceland. All four destroyers came with us; we deduced that the convoy was rendezvousing with an escort from the other side. It felt very cozy to have that whole quartet of watchdogs. We celebrated Thanksgiving Day with baths in the captain's tub, broke out our last clean underwear, and our chief cameraman crept around giving everybody the hotfoot.

Late one evening we groped our way in toward Reykjavik and dropped anchor in the outer harbor. I went to bed blissful in the knowledge that for the first time in three weeks I was not going to have to crawl out at 3:40 a.m., struggle into twenty pounds of arctic overalls and clamber up the bridge for the long cold pre-dawn vigil. This morning I was going to sleep in.

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I could have been asleep no more than an hour when all hell broke loose.

The alarm gong just above my head was pealing in delirious short bursts. A moment later the ship's siren joined in with a hoarse bawl. I elutched for my clothes, in no doubt whatever as to what must have happened. The Nazis had pulled the Seapa Flow triek again; they had slipped a submarine, or maybe several, into the harbor and were knocking us off like sitting dueks. I debated the captain's counsel briefly, but decided that it postulated a temperament more phlegmatic than mine. Somehow, expecting momentarily to hear the first torpedo hit, I got dressed and on deck. I forgot all about my butcher-knife.

It took some little time to learn what had happened. Another ship, anchored a few hundred yards to windward, had begun to drag her hook and drift down toward us. The lookout had not been briefed on that particular problem. He rose to the emergency by pulling everything he could lay his hands on, including the "general quarters" alarm. By this time the anchor had grabbed again and the danger was over. We went baek to bed.

Next morning one of the whaleboats was broken out and Mr. Di Salvio, accompanied by the chief engineer and our own administrative officer, set off to present our papers to the port officer and get clearanee to doek. We finished our packing and composed ourselves to wait. Lunch was being served—for once without storm-raeks—when a seaman burst in and addressed the eaptain: "Exeuse me, sir, but the boat's aground, and they seem to want help."

We piled out on deck. A mile or so to starboard was a low black sliver of roek, barely projecting above water. Against it we could desery a boat, and on it six tiny figures eapered and gesticulated. Behind them lay another mile of water, more black reefs, and the gaunt, snow-seurfed hills of Iceland. Reykjavik was in the opposite direction.

"Now how the hell did they get there?" mused the skipper.

"I think the tide is coming in, sir," the young third officer ventured.

The captain for once was deesive.

"I'm not going to risk my other whaleboat," he announced. "Signal that destroyer over there to scnd a boat and pick 'em up. Where is Mr. Jones?"

The Aries began blinking imperiously at the destroyer, but before a reply eame we saw another craft bearing toward the reef. Fifteen minutes later it pulled alongside, and the castaways, intact but somewhat icicled, shivered up the ladder and hustled below for hot showers and dry clothes. They explained that the motor had conked out and they had beached the boat to keep from being swept out to sea.

The rescue vessel proved to be the pilot boat, and that afternoon an army launch came to take us ashore. We were not really sorry to say goodbye to the Aries, but we were a little uneasy as to how she was going to get baek to the States without our Mr. Jones. Presumably she did, because we never saw her listed as lost or missing. Mr. Di Salvio must have managed.

Naturally the promised PBY did not materialize. We completed our voyage a few days later in a British leave ship. We landed at Glasgow on December 7, and learned about Pearl Harbor as we were boarding the night train for London. After our first-hand experience of the United States Navy it didn't surprise us a bit. ■

## Spaso House *(Continued from page 29)*

skeleton staff which remained. Within a few months the Germans were pushed back from Moscow and the new Ambassador, Admiral William H. Standley, and his staff resumed Embassy operations in Moscow.

In the postwar years, Spaso House has continued to be the residence of the American Ambassador and has seen a host of distinguished visitors, including a Vice President of the United States and two Secretaries of State. More than one man who first entered Spaso as a subordinate officer in the 1930s has returned as Ambassador. But the building remains essentially as it was when built in the vanished era of 1914.

In 1963 Spaso House received a new ambassadorial neighbor with the opening of the Somali Embassy in the residence next door on the square, and construction of a new Mongolian Embassy was begun across the square.

The negotiation of a long-term lease having finally brought FBO into the picture, a major replacement of furnishings and remodeling of the upstairs has been instituted under Ambassador and Mrs. Foy D. Kohler, and a representative collection of modern American painting has been hung in Spaso through the cooperation of the Woodward Foundation. After fifty years, the house remains a credit to the original Russian architects and builders, and a fit residence for the representative of one great nation in the capital of another.

\* \* \*

The tenants of Spaso House since 1934—which is to say the American Ambassadors to the Soviet Union—have been:

William C. Bullitt, appointed November 21, 1933  
Joseph E. Davies, appointed November 16, 1936  
Laurence A. Steinhardt, appointed March 23, 1939  
William H. Standley, appointed February 14, 1942  
W. Averell Harriman, appointed October 7, 1943  
Walter Bedell Smith, appointed March 22, 1946  
Alan G. Kirk, appointed May 21, 1949  
George F. Kennan, appointed March 14, 1952  
Charles E. Bohlen, appointed March 27, 1953  
Llewellyn E. Thompson, appointed June 3, 1957  
Foy D. Kohler, appointed August 20, 1962

\* \* \*

Further detail on life at Spaso House may be found in the following books by Americans who have lived in Spaso or nearby:

Kirk, Lydia. "Postmarked Moscow." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952.

Smith, Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell. "My Three Years in Moscow." Philadelphia and New York: J. P. Lippincott Co., 1950.

Spewack, Samuel. "The Busy Busy People." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1948. (This is a novel based on Embassy life at Moscow.)

Stevens, Leslie C. "Russian Assignment." Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1953.

Thayer, Charles W. "Bears in the Caviar." Philadelphia and New York: J. P. Lippincott Company, 1951. (The same author's 1962 novel "Moscow Interlude" uses Spaso House for much of the setting.)

Wiley, Irena. "Around the Globe in 20 Years." New York: David McKay Co., 1962.

The writer wishes to thank the following for their kind replies to requests for information on the history of Spaso House: the USSR Administration for Services to the Diplomatic Corps, the Honorable George Kennan, the Honorable Frederick Reinhardt, the Honorable Llewellyn E. Thompson, the Honorable Angus Ward, Mr. Carmel Offie and Mr. Charles W. Thayer. FSO Peter Semler also contributed generously to the task of information-seeking in Moscow.



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# THE AAFSW SPIRIT IN IRAN

## A SCHOOL RISES OUT OF THE RUINS

NOWDEH—On November 15, 1963, His Imperial Majesty, the Shah of Iran, cut the ribbon to open a five-room school in the small village of Nowdeh, on an arid plain in western Iran. Nowdeh was destroyed by the earthquake of September, 1962. Today, in startling contrast to the crumbled skeleton of the old mud village are eighty-four neat new brick houses, which comprise one of five villages rebuilt under the supervision of USAID. On the edge of the village in a walled compound is the school, built with part of an \$8,700 fund raised by the women of the American community of Tehran.

The school is a bungalow designed to accommodate up to sixty children, with separate sections for boys and for girls. The walls are pale green and hung with bright posters, the southern sun streams in the windows, and in the yard are swings, a slide, seesaws, and basketball and volleyball equipment.

The project would not have been possible without the generous gift of a New York department store. Best & Co., on hearing of the catastrophe, sent its overstock of ladies' summer sportswear—more than 5,000 items—to the Embassy in Tehran for the benefit of the earthquake victims. Since village women in Iran shroud themselves in a tent-like covering revealing only the eyes and nose, they would have been astonished and perplexed by stretch terry cloth shifts, Bermuda length golf culottes, and off-the-shoulder sun dresses. It was decided therefore to sell the gift to the more sophisticated ladies of Tehran. The Prime Minister gave special

permission, waiving the payment of duty. A large hotel provided a "single with bath" for a salesroom. Embassy wives were mobilized to sort, size, stock and sell. Other American women helped out, and for three months Best & Co. was a smashing success. Play-suits and dirndl skirts went like hotcakes. The short culottes were outrageously popular, though hardly anyone plays golf in this hot, sandy climate. Some of the cotton tattersall jackets and cotton skirts were given to the children of Nowdeh, and several dozen culottes to a girls' athletic club. The unsold stock went to the thrift shop of the International Women's Club, which earned nearly another thousand dollars for its own charities.

Mrs. Stuart W. Rockwell, wife of the DCM, presented the school to the Shah and the village of Nowdeh. The Shah expressed his gratitude and that of his people for sympathy and generosity with which, he said, Americans respond to news of any disaster. But for those who had worked on the project, there were thanks enough in the faces of the children. ■

## JUNK INTO SCHOLARSHIPS

by PATRICIA ARMITAGE AND HALLIE GUNN

TEHRAN—The Christmas bazaar given by the Foreign Service women in Tehran made a profit of \$1,500—enough to provide three scholarships for the Foreign Service Scholarship Fund. If only half of our posts undertook some similar project and averaged only \$1,000 apiece, the scholarship fund would be \$150,000 richer annually—300 scholarships.

We started off in September with a coffee for all the Foreign Service women in the area. The response was en-



U. Alexis Johnson, Deputy Under Secretary of State and President of AFSA, receives the \$1500 check from Mrs. Julius Holmes, wife of the Ambassador to Iran, as Earl Sohn, chairman of the Committee on Education, left, and Taylor G. Belcher, chairman of the Board of Directors, look on.



The Shah of Iran cuts the tape to open the Nowdeh school. Attending the ceremony are Roger Sandage, Prime Minister Alan, and Mrs. Stuart W. Rockwell.



The workshop in progress for the Tehran bazaar finds Mrs. Edward Heffron, Mrs. Charles Falkner, Mrs. Edward Gunn, Mrs. Peter Sterling, Mrs. Milner Dunn and Mrs. Michael Repasky busy with the donated raw materials.



thusiastic. Ideas, samples of items we could make, "make-it" books of all kinds were gathered. Since the local markets offered little in the way of materials, a weekly appeal for donations was inserted in our Embassy newsletter. For three months houses were filled with castoff items—tin cans, blown eggs, junk jewelry, empty bottles, ribbons, artificial flowers and fruits, scraps of materials, odd red socks.

Girl Scouts volunteered their services. The fourth grade troop of Brownies made bookmarks out of felt scraps; a sixth-grade Scout group made felt-covered napkin rings from paper towel rolls and used pretty grosgrain ribbons to cover matches; some senior Scouts fashioned coin purses, eyeglass cases and comb cases out of felt scraps. "Open-house" workshops, twice a week, were set up in various homes. Not only Foreign Service women but wives of other Americans and a number of Persian women joined in. Secretaries and working wives turned to on Sundays and in the evenings.

Quarters were found in a small shop on the grounds of an American military club, and on the great day Ambassador Holmes cut a red velvet ribbon, gave a short speech of appreciation, and we were in business.

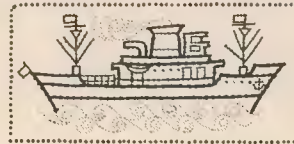
Our best-selling items were those using Persian motifs. We had mounted old Persian tiles for trivets, cut hand-blocked Persian cloth for cocktail napkins and fringed the borders, made paperweights from early Islamic seals and playing cards, and framed painted silk scenes for pictures. Christmas stockings, angels (made from kerosene funnels), tree ornaments (made from blown eggs), decorated candles, and other similar items not on sale in a Moslem country were also welcomed. In three days time we had sold out.

We hope to make this a yearly project and with the experience gained expect to better our record next year. ■



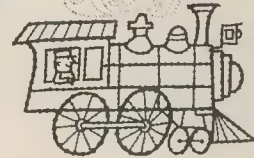
Mrs. William G. Miller and son, William, inspect the windows of the Christmas shop of the Tehran bazaar.

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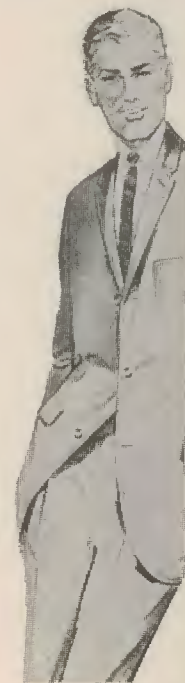
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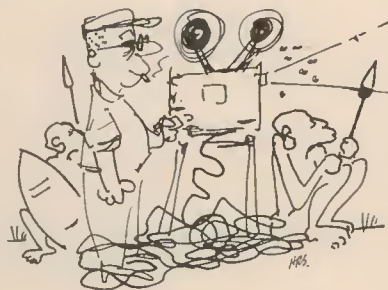
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## UNCTAD (Continued from page 33)

the frugality of the GATT officials, who have saved a few dollars by leaving it unchanged all these years.

What has been changed by GATT can be seen by a glance at any chart of world trade. A line showing the level of world trade pokes along until 1948, when it suddenly tilts upward and climbs like a graph of the population explosion. United States exports to Europe alone have increased five-fold under GATT. From 1934 to 1948, the total exports of all countries rose by only \$8 billion. Since GATT was established they have shot up \$65 billion. There are many reasons for this renaissance in world trade but few are more important than GATT—some work for a waif.

The ITO or International Trade Organization—the mother of GATT—was envisioned as a member of the United Nations family promoting peaceful progress in the world economy along with the Fund and the Bank. The function and form of these two organizations were practically agreed upon by the end of the war. They have since become thriving free world institutions. However, the cities of London, Geneva and Havana were to lend their names to successive drafts of an ITO Charter before the negotiators finished their work in the winter of 1948. By this time, the proposal, beset by compromises and uncertainties, was encountering strong opposition. But, late in 1947, after six months of continuous negotiations under United States leadership in Geneva, a General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade had emerged. It would have become part of the ITO, but eight leading trading nations, including the United States, decided to put the agreement into operation before the ITO Charter was completed—because there was an immediate need for the facilities the GATT could provide. The ITO never did take effect and in May, 1951, Dana Wilgress, the Chairman of the Contracting Parties to the GATT, told an assembly of British businessmen:

"I have come before you to bury the Havana Charter. In burying it we hope to preserve a good deal of what is worthwhile in the Havana Charter by giving greater strength and vitality to GATT. . . . Perhaps the sounder way to proceed is by the more empirical approach. . . . For this is the way in which GATT has been developing. I often think that of all the international agencies set up after the war, it may prove to be the most constructive and the most enduring."

Unlike the Fund and the Bank, the GATT is not an international organization. It is a trade agreement whose contracting parties meet regularly to take actions affecting trade. But GATT is a trade agreement the way a new Cadillac is a horseless carriage. There are today about eighty countries associated with the Agreement—more than were members of the United Nations five years ago; the Agreement covers some 60,000 items in the combined tariff schedules of these countries; and the trade that moves under the Agreement accounts for more than 80 per cent of world commerce.

Like most trade agreements, the GATT includes a set of trade rules. The rules of GATT follow the rules that have governed United States trade policy in modern years. The basic rule is one of non-discrimination as set forth in the most-favored-nation principle. For the most part, the rules are clearly and simply stated. These rules have facilitated the great post-war rise in world trade; they have accommodated the formation of common markets and free trade areas and are presently making it easier for new nations to take their place in world markets.

Perhaps the most important feature of the rules is that

they provide a system of recourse for any country that feels its trade has been damaged by actions of another contracting party.

Finally, the GATT provides a forum for refining the rules and for the further liberalization of trade. The trade agreement feature of GATT will soon be expanded by the Kennedy Round.

The United States helped pave the way for GATT with the Trade Agreements Act of 1934. Under this Act, the United States had, by 1937, concluded bilateral trade agreements with 29 countries. These agreements followed the non-discrimination principle and the United States extended the concessions made under an agreement with one country to the like products of other countries. It did so in the expectation that negotiations would take place between other countries and that the concessions they made to each other would be extended to the United States. However, if few such negotiations were actually taking place among other countries there would be few concessions coming our way.

The GATT approach eased this problem. When the first GATT Round was held, the United States insisted that negotiations be undertaken by other countries among themselves as well as with us. In the conferences, each participating country would carry on separate negotiations with each of the others, much as if it were negotiating a series of bilateral agreements. When each country had completed this series of bilateral negotiations and was satisfied with the overall results, the country's concessions to each of the other parties would be merged into a single schedule. The schedule would represent its commitments to all the other participants.

In early GATT rounds, negotiations took place on an item-by-item basis. This system worked well so long as countries were willing to negotiate on most items, including those sensitive to import competition. Otherwise the result is a "thin" tariff-cutting session. The experience of the Common Market and the European Free Trade Area showed that a more effective way of lowering sensitive tariffs was to cut across-the-board. Among its virtues, this system assumed that all items were up for reduction unless they were specifically "reserved."

The Kennedy Round promises to be the thickest tariff-cutting session ever to be held under the GATT banner. The reason, of course, is the Trade Expansion Act of 1962—the most liberal trade act in the United States history.

The stated purposes of the Act are well-known. The first of these is a prescription for our own economy. President Kennedy said when he signed the Act:

"Our industries will be stimulated by increased export opportunities and by freer competition with the industries of other nations for an even greater effort to develop an efficient, economic and productive system."

The Act also reflects U.S. support of a strong and united Europe linked by outward economic policies to our nation and the rest of the free world. Thus the Act provides the President with the flexibility and tariff-reducing authority that would be essential for negotiating on equal terms with a European Economic Community that included Great Britain. The most dramatic and highly publicized authority in the Act permits the President to reduce tariffs to zero on products where the U.S. and the EEC account for 80 per cent or more of free world trade. For the present, this authority has little relevance. The President is also empowered to reduce all but a few tariffs by 50 percent and to eliminate certain tariffs including some of importance to less developed nations. This authority is conditioned only on reciprocity from other nations. Such reciprocity is, of course, essential to us. It

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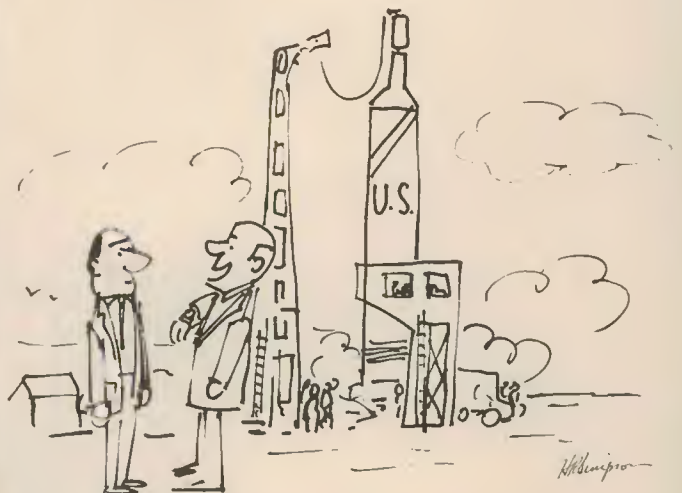
also means that as our tariffs are reduced, the tariffs of other nations including the Common External Tariff of the European Economic Community and the tariffs of the members of the European Free Trade Area will also be reduced. Each of these two trading groups is gradually reducing tariffs among its members. Unless their tariffs to outside countries are also reduced, the commercial divisions between the three great trading areas—the United States, the European Economic Community and the European Free Trade Area—will actually increase.

The chief stumbling blocks to the Kennedy Round have been the role of agriculture in the negotiations and the efforts of the Common Market to introduce a so-called "disparities" formula that would spare a large number of its tariffs from the full-across-the-board cut. Agriculture is the more important of the two problems since the pattern of recent events is not toward reducing restrictions on agricultural trade but toward increasing them.

Agricultural protectionism in the industrialized countries is not only a threat to the negotiations, it is also a sore point to poorer nations who watch the United States and Italy vie for a rice market in Northern Europe which, some economists contend, should go to a developing country in Southeast Asia.

A basic and formally stated objective of the GATT is to "develop full use of the world's resources." In recent years, this goal has been pursued in an action program designed, as President Kennedy wrote, "to turn trade into a more effective tool of economic growth for the developing nations." The economically less-developed members of the GATT will benefit from the tariff concessions made in the negotiations and, in many cases, will do so without being required to offer equivalent trade concessions. In addition, special provisions such as the reduction or elimination of duties on items of particular importance to the less-developed countries have already been agreed upon by most industrialized participants.

If the Kennedy Round does not succeed, the demands for a new international trade organization will increase. If not at UNCTAD, then elsewhere—even at a GATT conference—the poorer nations are going to insist on having a try at a different system. ■



"3,000 frozen chickens in France within the hour—how's that for an Economic Officer?"

# AFSA

: News

**February 14, 1964:** The Honorable Joseph Palmer, II, was approved as President of the American Foreign Service Protective Association to replace the Honorable Tyler Thompson.

Further suggestions were offered to familiarize officers on duty in Washington with various local civic groups and ways in which they might participate in civic activities.

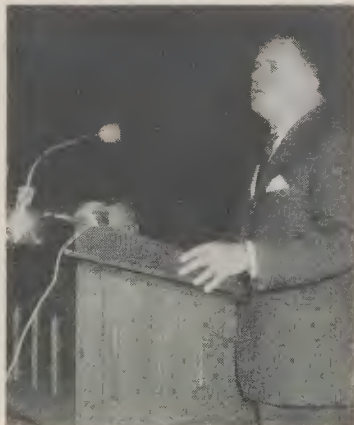
An additional donation of \$2,300 from Association members is being sent to the National Cultural Center Fund by President U. Alexis Johnson.

The Honorable Joseph Palmer, II, and Edwin M. J. Kretzmann will be asked to represent the Association at a meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences in Philadelphia in April.

The American Foreign Service Association and the Foreign Service JOURNAL will move to new quarters in Suite 505, 815 17th Street, N.W., on April 1, 1964.



*Tyler Thompson, Lucius D. Battle, former president of AFSA, Art Buchwald and Marshall Green, vice president of AFSA, enjoy a pre-luncheon moment before the January 30 Foreign Service Association luncheon.*



*James E. Webb, Administrator, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, speaks to the American Foreign Service Association, at the February 27 luncheon.*

## AFSPA: News

**T**HE Board of Directors of the American Foreign Service Protective Association takes pleasure in announcing the election of the Honorable Joseph Palmer, II, Director General of the Foreign Service, as President of the Association. He succeeds the Honorable Tyler Thompson, the previous Director General, to whom the Association is indeed grateful for his services.

This Association, of some 9,000 FSOs, FSRs, and FSSs, offers insurance programs covering Group Life (plus AD&D and Family) and Hospital-Surgical-Major Medical for the Foreign Services of State, AID and USA.

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SECRETARY of State Dean Rusk once referred to Foreign Service wives as three-dimensional: homemakers, assistants to their diplomat husbands, and workers in the overseas communities in which they are stationed.

In all three capacities, the American wife can only be as useful overseas as her capabilities and her training permit. With the view of helping Foreign Service wives develop their potentials, the Association of American Foreign Service Women has always been interested in wives' training and has tried to include it in its program.

Now, the Foreign Service Institute offers an excellent two-week concentrated course of training for wives. As a result, the AAFSW is rearranging its own program to tie in with, and supplement, this course.

Starting this spring, the association's president, Mrs. Jacob Beam, says, AAFSW will concentrate its training efforts in three carefully selected areas.

The first is slanted toward the needs of wives new to foreign service: young women whose husbands have just become Foreign Service officers; older wives whose husbands have recently entered Foreign Service at higher ranks; and women who have just become wives of Foreign Service officers, at all levels.

Last year, AAFSW tried a few one-shot evening panel meetings as an experiment. This year, the Association hopes to schedule these meetings at three-month intervals. Panels are to consist largely of women experienced in foreign service in various parts of the world. After the formal discussions, the panelists and those attending will break up into informal discussion groups. During this period "new" wives about to go overseas can ask questions of wives experienced in the same areas. The first of these panels was held in March, and the second will probably be in June.

Three one-shot panel meetings will tie in with the Foreign Service Institute's Course A100, for new officers.

The second prong of the AAFSW's wives training program is especially designed for Foreign Service wives stationed in Washington. This part of the program is divided into two sections, the first of which is the language training program which has long been in progress. Through it, wives wishing to increase their language abilities during a Washington tour may do so either by starting the study of a language new to them, or by polishing old language skills in advanced or conversational courses. The association offers courses only in major world languages, such as French, Spanish and German. Details are available at the AAFSW desk in the Foreign Service Lounge.

The other part of the program for Washington wives will explore the various volunteer services available in Washington. Experience in volunteer work offers the "temporary" Washington wife a chance to contribute to her community while preparing herself for more efficient work in a similar field overseas.

The third prong of the wives training program is for wives just about to go overseas. Here, the AAFSW will publicize in all possible ways the aforementioned two-week course for wives offered by FSI.

The ideal time to take the FSI course, according to those who have already taken it, is about three months before departure for a new post. There is a waiting list, however, and many wives have elected to take the course whenever they can get in.

Mrs. L. Wade Latham is general chairman of the association's wives' training program. ■



Street Scene, Vientiane, Laos

Lilian Eisenberg

## OF TRAVEL

by FRANCIS BACON (Ca. 1597)

**T**RAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience.

First, he must have some entrance into the language before he goes. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knows the country. Let him carry with him also some chart (or map) or book describing the country where he travels, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town—more or less as the place deserves, but not long; nay, when he stays in one city or town let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great lodestone of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travels. Let him, upon his move from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he moves; that he may use his favor in those things he desires to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and em-

ployed men of ambassadors; for so in traveling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell him the life agrees with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, toasts, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keeps company with choleric and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveler returns home, let him not leave the countries where he has traveled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he does not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of what he has learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

*Contributed by Sharon Baber*

# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## Democratic Dilemma

I FINALLY caught up with "Democratic Dilemma" in the November issue of the Foreign Service JOURNAL. First class is my reaction. It stimulates our gray cells. Although normally I am the first one to fall off the sled when it becomes a question of a non-anything whether it is a non-book or a non-dogma or a non-doctrine, it poses some sharp questions.

HOWLAND H. SARCEANT  
President, Radio Liberty

New York

"DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA" in the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL is most interesting. Mr. Cates has put his finger on a dilemma of gigantic proportions. The political and social psychology of our Latin friends is often a puzzle. In saying that "Somewhere along the way we must demonstrate that communism does not necessarily imply social reform and, conversely, that social, economic and political reform can be achieved without communism." I believe the article has touched on the role we in the United States must take. We must, indeed, demonstrate that this is so. How we do this is another problem and one which the confines of a letter simply will not permit me to explore.

It is imperative that we first understand the Latin American; then I believe we can help him define his problem and help him solve it. I have hoped that in a small way my book would help in this first step of improving understanding.

MILTON S. EISENHOWER  
Baltimore

"DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA" is an interesting and thoughtful analysis of the unkind currents of thought and politics in Latin America.

At least one clear problem can be isolated. The Marxists have successfully created a wholly false impression of the United States. It is only slowly becoming clear to Latin Americans that their program of improving living conditions—a pretty bad formula at best—is wholly subordinated to their entrenching themselves in power.

Whether pragmatic positivism can be mauled into an understandable program is, perhaps, the real question.

And just possibly some of these things can be over-intellectualized. The Russians who call the turn on Communist propaganda in Latin America are far more interested in clobbering the United States than in doing anything for Latin America.

ADOLF A. BERLE

New York

## A Parallel in History

THE assassination of President Kennedy has evoked certain memories of past tragedies in our history.

Almost one hundred years ago on May 6, 1865, Consul General Jacobs, sitting at his desk in Calcutta, received his first official cable from the American Legation in London (telegraphic communication between Calcutta and London had been established only a few weeks earlier) informing him of the assassination of President Lincoln. When this sad news reached India some three weeks after Lincoln died, thousands mourned the death of our Civil War President, as he was well known through the news despatches brought by the many clipper ships from America.

In the early hours of November 23 when the news of the President's murder reached India, within minutes after its occurrence, there again was a great outpouring of sympathy for the loss of a great leader.

For Lincoln the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery were tasks completed at the time of his death. A century later the added poignancy of the assassination in Dallas was that it cut down at the height of his career a young and dedicated President whose courage and leadership was a source of inspiration to the entire free world. Surely no words more aptly express our feelings than those of Ambassador Stevenson—"We shall mourn his death until the day of our own."

FRANK D. COLLINS

The Hague

## U. S. Tours for FSL's

THIS post obtained sufficient voluntary contributions from Americans formerly stationed here to finance a round-trip visit to the United States for Mr. and Mrs. Cesare Tavella. He is a local employee with forty-two years service. A substantial contribution was received from each American who had served in Turin and whose address we were able to obtain and from all Americans at the post, as well as a number of voluntary contributions from people completely without formal association with the Consulate.

However, it seems to me that this well-deserved visit to the United States

comes too late and from the wrong sources. Recognition of long and superior service should not be left to the chance that someone will start a subscription. The visit should be an earned benefit as a direct consequence of faithful service.

It seems to me to be proper and desirable for the Department to seek funds from the Congress to pay for a round-trip visit to the United States, lasting at least one month, for local employees of exceptional merit and long service. The period of service selected necessarily must be arbitrary. Indeed a strong case could be made for more than one trip to the United States for a local employee during his career. As a start it might be after perhaps ten years service, again after twenty years, again after thirty, again each five years thereafter, or some such schedule, with the period to be spent in the United States lengthening with long service.

This would not merely be a reward for services well-performed over a long period. It could not fail to increase the value of the services of the employee upon his return to the post for he would have learned something of the country at first hand. It would certainly help to improve local employee morale as well as to encourage continuity of service, especially when, for example, as is too often the case, salaries do not keep pace with rising living costs or where unusual and sometimes outrageous demands are made on the time and effort of local employees.

G. WALLACE LARUE  
American Consul

Turin

EDITOR'S NOTE: *USIA has been carrying on a local employee orientation program in the United States for more than ten years. The local employees, selected by an Agency committee from lists of candidates recommended by USIS posts, are given three months of training and travel. Each year approximately eighty employees receive this indoctrination.*

## What Can You Deduct?

IN partial reply to a question of mine on the definition of proper business deductions from the federal income tax when that business is being a member of the Foreign Service, the Internal Revenue Service sent me an Information Guide entitled "Income Tax Deductions of Members of the Foreign Service." Although I suspect that deep in the recesses of New State there are, somewhere, thousands of these pamphlets, I had never seen one before and it occurred to me that you might wish to call it to the attention of your readers as the April 15 day of reckoning approaches. The five-page pamphlet was

(Continued on page 56)



# A HANDSOME BONUS

*For beneficiaries of officers carrying Group Life Insurance with the American Foreign Service Protective Association:*

An increase of 10% in basic group life benefits for all claims arising from deaths March 1, 1964 to February 28, 1965, inclusive. Thus a \$17,500 policy will pay during this period \$19,250. The increase does not apply to Family Coverage, Additional Insurance or AD&D.

This is possible because so many of our members have refrained from joining their ancestors during the past year.

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## Letters (Continued from page 54)

prepared by the International Operations Division of the IRS on October 3, 1957, and revised in March, 1959. Evidently, however, it is still up to date.

The pamphlet points out, sadly enough, that the dinner party one gave, at the Ambassador's suggestion, to introduce Congressman X to fellow-members of the motor pool was a personal expense, as was the maritime insurance on household effects and automobiles. There are, none the less, a few rays of brightness, e.g., official calling cards appear to be a legitimate business expense, as do the porters who amassed small fortunes for various portages of the family's twenty pieces of luggage and the dog cage during last home leave (and in whose existence the Department of State family refuses to believe), and, last but not least, presuming your worthy product qualifies as a "professional publication," its subscription price also appears to be a legitimate deduction.

RICHARD A. DWYER

Cairo

### From Entrance to Exit

I was just recovering from the discovery that I hadn't been a real member of the Foreign Service Association when I was hit again with this taint of being a lateral enterist.

I was born in the position of a lateral entry into this world. I don't know now whether it was breech or headlong, but I entered the Foreign Service in the same manner.

To be considered as a creature from Mars is disconcerting. I entered the Navy (the United States Navy) in the same manner and it was no more comforting to find that I should have somehow come in with a class ring.

Now I'm in the Foreign Service. I like it and intend to stay in this hot kitchen until hell does freeze over. When I go out I will make a lateral exit, feet first. But, friends, and I trust we are friends, it will be with my boots on.

A LATERAL ENTRY

### Plaudits for the P Area

JOURNAL readers should be interested in an article in the February 8 issue of EDITOR & PUBLISHER dealing with the State Department's Bureau of Public Affairs. It constitutes a very encouraging vote of confidence in the information machinery of the Department, by an expert critic, the bible of the newspaper world. "Most correspondents," E & P writes, "regard [Assistant Secretary Robert J.] Manning's operation as one of the best in government."

There is one aspect of this report of particular interest. This is the reference

to the fact that Mr. Manning has brought more career Foreign Service officers into the Bureau of Public Affairs. In my opinion, this is an important change, and one that is producing a useful cross-fertilization of experience and ideas for both the Bureau and the Foreign Service.

One of the two Deputy Assistant Secretaries for Public Affairs, Ray Lisle, is an FSO. Of the four Offices, two are headed by FSOs; one of them, Dick Phillips, has succeeded Linc White as the Department's official spokesman; the other, Gene McAuliffe, as Director of the Office of Public Services, is the point of contact in the Department for information purposes for the general public, for which he and his colleagues provide foreign policy conferences, assistance of all kinds of organizations, and replies to correspondence, among other services. This last function, the big job of replying as helpfully as possible to 150,000 to 200,000 letters and telegrams from the general public each year, is carried out under the supervision of FSO Arthur Waterman, as Chief of the Public Correspondence Division. Tom Dillon heads the Policy Plans and Guidance Staff, and one of Mr. Manning's two Special Assistants is Marshall Wright.

In addition, the Bureau has had a small but increasing number of junior FSOs passing through its various staffs in recent years. Without exception, these junior FSOs have made a real contribution to our work. In return, they have had an opportunity to obtain valuable insights into the work of the Department as a whole, and particularly into the relationships between the Department and the public whose interests we all are commissioned to serve.

W. D. BLAIR, JR.

Director

Office of Media Services

Washington

### "Let's Write It Right"

THIS campaign to turn us all into semi-literate writers of basic English has gone as far as it should be permitted to go. The walls and bulletin boards of the Department are cluttered with subversive slogans which could only have been concocted by those whose deliberate intent is to debase our tongue. The Under Secretary's plea before the Association in favor of *clear* English has been twisted so that now we are being exhorted by certain of his underlings to use only untutored English.

The simple declarative sentence may be one of the noblest works of man, but only if it is used judiciously. Perhaps it might be possible to read two pages of typescript made up entirely of subject-predicate-object sentences without

falling into a deep sleep, but only if the reader were a person of even less imagination than the writer.

Someone appears to have got their logic pretty mixed up. To equate simple sentences with clear thinking is to construct a syllogism with an undistributed middle term. Some of us indulge in thoughts complex enough to require complex sentences for their expression. These thoughts are also occasionally subtle enough to require words with finer shades of meaning than can be found in the monosyllabic vocabulary of the unlettered.

JOHN E. CUNNINGHAM

Washington

### Congo, Congo

In April of 1963 the President of Congo (Leopoldville) crossed the river to Brazzaville to repay a Presidential visit made three months before.

Congo, Congo, two  
Congos on the  
Congo in West Africa.

New lands, old lands, proud lands, rich  
lands,  
Congo, Congo, two  
Congos in West Africa.

Congo, Congo, brother  
Congos.  
Freedom and liberty won.

*In brushland, in brushland, in treeland, in  
Congo, Congo  
on both shores of the  
Congo,  
the drum, drum,  
Congo drum, welcome drums.*

The  
Congo flowing northward and westward,  
southward and westward again to sea. The  
Congo flowing,  
Pirogue on the  
Congo. On the  
Congo pirogue.

Green with hyacinth of the  
Congo, flows the  
Congo to sea with its load.

In  
Congo, sun approaches zenith. In  
Congo, sun high beats down on the  
Congo 'tween two  
Congos, friends. And blesses the  
Congo.

And trees reach the sky in  
Congo, Congo.

Birds in the jungle sing high, sing free in  
Congo, both  
Congos.

And man too in two  
Congos, sings free, sings high.

He has friends in  
Congo, Congo.

He is free in  
Congo, Congo.

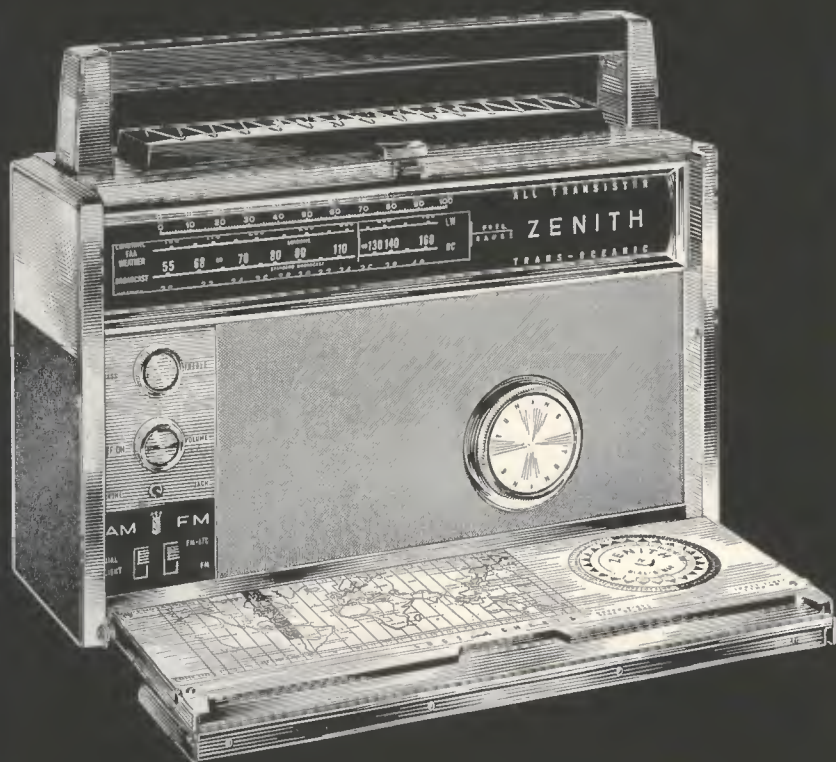
Written by Joseph Ries  
on TDY in Leopoldville,  
April-July 1963

Deep within the clean, clear lines of the Zenith Trans-Oceanic® 9-band portable radio...



MODEL ROYAL 3000-1

lies power, sensitivity and reliability to tune the world ...and local FM's fine music, too!



One look, one listen and you'll know something new has been added to the famous Zenith Trans-Oceanic—the only radio of its kind in the world!

For now, the Zenith Trans-Oceanic is not only powered to tune the world, but also engineered to tune local FM's fine music.

There's virtually no drift or fade with Zenith Super-Sensitive FM. Interference, cross-talk or overlap are reduced. No annoying static, no wave-jamming. You hear only rich, pure, beautifully clear tone as perfected by Zenith, pioneer maker of FM radios.

This is the newest version of a radio that has been winning world acclaim for over two decades. Tunes medium wave, long wave, two continuous tuning bands from 2 to 9 MC, plus bandspread for precise station selection on the 31, 25, 19 and 16 meter international short wave bands—in addition to FM.

Imagine, 9 tuning ranges in this all-transistor radionic marvel so often copied, but never equalled!

And, because the Trans-Oceanic works on flashlight batteries available anywhere, you can take it with you wherever you go, whatever you do. Also, a separate power supply is available for use on 230 or 115 volt house current (50-60 cycle AC).

That's why—in addition to the power, sensitivity and reliability within its smart, compact exterior—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic is the inevitable companion of chiefs of state, leaders of industry, diplomats, explorers and foreign correspondents.

Write now for more information on the Royal 3000-1 Trans-Oceanic!



*The quality goes in before the name goes on*

**ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO, U. S. A.** The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 45 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.



Jack London toasts Martin Eden, "Skål to the Old Crow--it is best"

Jack London, the world-renowned author and adventurer, had chosen the name of his neighbor, Martin Eden, as the title of his latest book. "I'm too unimportant for such an honor," demurred Eden. "I'm just a 'gammal kråka' (old crow)." Later, London returned with a bottle: "Skål to the Old Crow," toasted he, "it is best."



Enjoy the finer taste  
of historic

**OLD  
CROW**

...today\_ lighter, milder 86 proof

Great writers have perfectionist standards. Small wonder Old Crow was praised by Jack London, O. Henry and Mark Twain. Just as their work is instantly recognizable, so can you tell the taste of Old Crow. Its mellowness, its amber smoothness, its quality are unmistakable. Today more people buy Kentucky's Old Crow than any other bourbon. Taste its greatness.