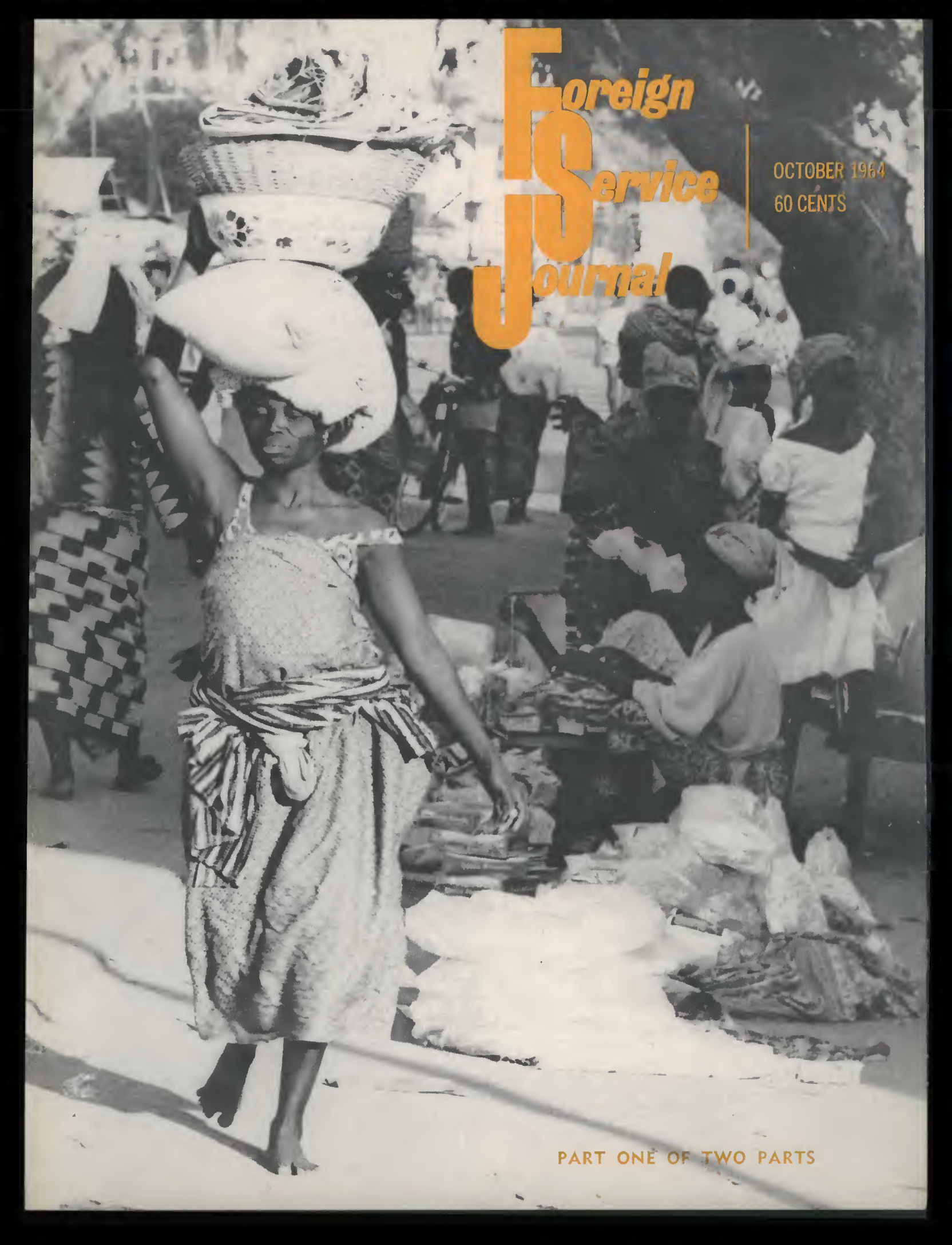




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OCTOBER 1964
60 CENTS

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

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contents

October, 1964
Volume 41, No. 10

page

4 OUR NOBLE DREAM: THE INTELLECTUAL AND FOREIGN POLICY

by Charles Burton Marshall

23 THE AMBASSADOR

by Willard P. Beaulac

32 MY KID SISTER AND CYPRUS

by Robert W. Barnett

35 THE MONK, THE DEMON AND THE GOLDEN MONKEY

by Edmund Demaitre

42 THE MAFIA IN SICILY

by Remwick S. McNiece

45 THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH BECOMES A CONSUL

by Leo J. Michaloski

OTHER FEATURES: JOURNAL Contributors, page 2; Portraits by Patric, page 28; "Behind the Shutter, Part V," by Paul Child, page 41; AFSA News, page 51; AAFSW Report, page 51; New AFSA Board Members, page 52.

departments

18 TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

by James B. Stewart

29 EDITORIAL: Science in State

30 WASHINGTON LETTER

by Loreu Carroll

36 THE BOOKSHELF

54 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Market Place, Cotonou, Dahomey

Photos and Art for October

Daniel Lee McCarthy, FSR, cover photo.

Howard R. Simpson, USIA, cartoons, pages 27 and 44.

Patricia Bauernschmidt, wife of John E. Bauernschmidt, USIA, "Portraits by Patric," page 28.

Dana Andrews, wife of FSO Nicholas G. Andrews, sketch, "Storm over Vojvodina Plains, Serbia," page 37.

Louis Joseph Soulas, "Campagne de France," page 38.

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

Paul Child, FSO-retired, "Behind the Shutter," page 41.

The Foreign Service JOURNAL welcomes contributions and will pay for accepted material on publication. Photos should be black and white glosses 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.

The JOURNAL also welcomes letters to the editor. Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. All letters are subject to condensation.

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Marriage

DAVID-HAYES. Mrs. Joan Eames David and Mr. John N. Hayes were married on September 7, 1964, in the Westmoreland Congregational Church, Westmoreland Hills, Maryland. Mrs. Hayes served as Managing Editor of the Foreign Service JOURNAL from 1949 to 1952. Mr. Hayes is Deputy Director of the Office of U. S. Programs and Service in the Bureau of Cultural Affairs.

JOHNSEN-SCHILLING. Miss Susanna Johnsen was married on August 1, 1964, at St. Albans Episcopal Church, in Washington, to Mr. Theodore Albert Schilling. Mrs. Schilling is the daughter of FSO James A. May and Mrs. May (former FSO Elizabeth B. Johnson.) Mr. Schilling is with IBM in Kuwait, where the couple will reside.

Births

DAVIS. A daughter, Kathryn Berry, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Davis on May 16, in Washington.

DEHART. A daughter, Mary Cathcrine, born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. DeHart, on June 24 at Bethesda, Maryland.

SCHWARTZ. A son, Christopher Louis, born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Schwartz, on July 15, 1964, in Florida.

Death

BROWN. Robert Young Brown, FSO-retired, died on August 23, 1964, in Dothan, Alabama. Mr. Brown entered the Foreign Service in 1928 and retired in 1957. He served at Baghdad, Cairo, Bogotá, Panama, San Jose, Montevideo, Manila, Athens, Department, Kingston and Ciudad Juarez where he was Consul General at the time of his retirement.

LINARD. Mrs. Sarah Wilson Linard, wife of the late Consul Drew Linard, died on August 10, at Santa Monica, California at the age of eighty-five.

JOURNAL CONTRIBUTORS

WILLARD BEAULAC's last post was as Ambassador to Argentina. He retired from active service in 1962 and is now writing and lecturing.

ROBERT W. BARNETT is an FSO whose "The Deal" appeared in the March, 1964, issue of the Foreign Service JOURNAL.

RENWICK S. MCNIECE retired from the Foreign Service in 1948 while serving as Consul General at Palermo. Since then he has paid several extensive visits to Sicily.

A specialist in the world Communist movement, EDMUND DEMAIRE is one of the commentators of the Voice of America. A long time foreign correspondent, he has written several books on international affairs.

What got LEO MICHALOSKI interested in Elihu Burritt? Answer: he went to the Burritt Elementary School and the Burritt Junior High School in his native city, New Britain, Connecticut. Mr. Michaloski, deputy Security officer in the Department of Justice, got his B.S. from the University of Connecticut and his LL.B. from Georgetown University.

PATRIC (Patricia Bauernschmidt) believes that the character of a nation is shown in the faces of its people. As the wife of a Foreign Service officer (USIA) she has utilized her opportunities while living in Asia to demonstrate this principle in a series of portraits titled "People of the Pacific."

Her professional background includes art schools for technique, medical school for anatomy, and years of person-to-person friendships with the people in the paintings.

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OUR NOBLE DREAM: THE INTELLECTUAL AND FOREIGN POLICY

by CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

ONE may scan the nation's role in world affairs from a more or less sanguine outlook—from a standpoint typified by a young and hopeful Tennyson in "Locksley Hall" or that of a less buoyant Tennyson in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." The contrasting premises are part of a memory reaching far back beyond our national origins.

The more sanguine approach reflects ideas found in "Genesis," the "Book of Daniel," in the account in "Acts" of Paul's sermon at Mars' Hill, and in "Revelation." It echoes notions emphasized in medieval theocratic theories, the teachings of Joachim of Fiore, and the beliefs of Anabaptists in the Rhine Valley in the 1500's and of Levelers and the Fifth Monarchy sect in England a century later. Bossuet and Fénelon exhorted such ideas in Louis XIV's time. Marxist and Darwinian thinkers have produced their counterpart notions. Another version of the concepts appear in the late Pope John's encyclical, "Pacem in Terris."

By the line of thought common to such diverse exemplars, humankind had a common origin: "God . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," according to Paul's version of the matter. Variations of culture are a product of man's wanderings away from the original base or reflect some divisive catastrophe like that of the Tower of Babel. Institutional structures called states and governments are a product of, and epitomize, such aberrant developments. Behind, beneath, or despite them, mankind remains inherently a unity. In this vein, as a contemporary example, George F. Kennan, in "The Realities of American Foreign Policy," speaks of "these unsatisfactory but indispensable arrangements we call governments" and describes peoples as "separated from one another" by them.

According to this outlook, moreover, mankind has a potential—has indeed a destiny—of becoming reunified in some climax lying ahead. Politics, arising from accidents of diversity within human society, will then fade out. A new Jerusalem, marking an end to conflict and a final heightening of enlightenment and prosperity, is to emerge. Particularism

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Airways Rent-a-Car	53	Houghton, A. C. & Son, Inc.	52
American International School	53	Jacob & Warwick, Inc.	52
American Motors Corporation	5	Francis Scott Key Hotel	49
American Security and Trust Co.	20	Liggett & Myers	13
Atlas of Arlington	53	National Distillers	Cover 111
Beam, James B., Distilling Co.	10	Park Central Hotel	49
Bell, W. & Co., Inc.	6	Paxton Van Lines	12
Brewood Engravers	51	Rhea Radin Real Estate	49
Calvert School	53	Restaurant Directory	11
DACOR	51	R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.	17
DeHaven & Townsend, Crouter & Bodine	51	Riggs National Bank	19
deSibour, J. Blaise, & Co.	47	Routed Thru-Pac	46
deSibour & Co.	48	Scagram's Distillers	22
Diplomatic Appliance Co.	52	Security National Bank	Cover 11
Farnsworth Reed, Ltd.	18	Security Storage Co.	47
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	7	Shannon & Luchs	50
Fisher Radio International	21	Simmons Properties	50
Ford International	15	State Dept. Federal Credit Union	45
Foreign Service Auto Rental	51	Stuart & Maury	50
General Electronics	49	Tatum Properties	50
General Motors	11	Town & Country Properties	45
Grace Line	4	United States Lines	16
Hicks Realty Inc.	18	United States Steel International	8-9
Hilltop House	52	WAEPA	55
Homerica, Inc.	16	Wancopin Kennel	48
		Western Pharmacy	48
		Zenith Radio Corp.	3

will fall away. The nations, transcended, will pay homage. Thus goes the vision portrayed in the 21st chapter of "Revelation." For men involved in the vicissitudes and uncertainties of temporal experience, no idea has a more compelling and pervasive appeal than that of a new Jerusalem.

According to a contrasting perspective, diversity has been a characteristic of the human situation as far back as the run of adducible evidence. Societies took shape at diverse points, in diverse times, under divergent circumstances, and the myth of pristine unity is myth only. Such is the view supported by contemporary anthropology. "It is no longer treated as proved"—so Bertrand de Jouvenal writes in his book, "On Power"—"that there was only one primitive society; now, on the contrary, it is readily admitted that different groups of men have from the beginning presented different characteristics, which, as the case may be, either caused them to develop differently or prevented them from developing at all."

Under this view—put before us in a popular and titillating version in Robert Ardrey's "African Genesis"—such order, security, and continuity of authority as have been achieved are ascribable to the combined efforts of particular groups in particular localities by dint of getting and maintaining control of territory. However imperfect and contingent, limited monopolies of force, called states and governments in their historic context, have formed the basis of whatever experience men have had in living together in reliable and peaceful continuity. Governments are not divisive of mankind but afford such opportunity as there is, however limited it may be, for ordered community. A group living an established existence under one span of authority identified with some marked off area of the earth's surface is entitled to have interests of its own and to uphold them as a matter of legitimate right as well as inherent necessity. Any such group, unable or indisposed to fend for its own interests, could scarcely expect anyone else to do so on its behalf.

I do not urge a necessity of choice between assurance of the once and future unity of mankind and acceptance of diverseness as an inherent circumstance. Our theme relates to policy. Diversity is what makes political relationships necessary. Community, in some degree, makes them possible. A version of policy seeking to renounce or to transcend differences is but a flight to Utopia. A version attaching absolute value to differences tends toward a declaration of war against all mankind or an instrument of secession therefrom.

Here we are concerned with the roles of these two contrasting ideas in the American consciousness regarding the world at large. They are crystallized for us by two documents forming parts of the national foundation—namely, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. I do not imply them to be the only channels of these ideas to us, but surely they have served to articulate them for us in an important way.

The Declaration is to be understood as essentially a document in foreign relations. It presents a bid for entry into the nexus of diplomacy—for assuming "among the powers of the earth . . . separate and equal station"—instead of continuing to acquiesce in the management of American relationships to the outside world by the vicarious, inequalitarian usages of empire. It solicits sympathy and support abroad. It asserts norms for relationships among diverse peoples and areas. It does this last on the basis of an assumption of a universal sort of rationality—holding truths to be self-evident to the world at large. As an unexceptionably valid idea, it argues the abhorrence of absentee rulership, of government from afar, to basic laws of nature and God.

Such are the proclaimed notions basic to American nationhood. Such a line of argument was not logically inevitable. The founders might have seized upon practical and particular arguments: the impracticability of control of the colonies from a base so far away, the miscomprehension of Ameri-

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used for hydroelectric applications.

India: design stress doubled

The Kundah Hydro Electric Project in Madras State, India, is one of the world’s major water power developments. Two of its planned five plants are now in operation using six “T-1” Steel penstocks. Some of the penstocks are over 5 feet (1.5 m) diameter; lengths range up to 5,255 feet (1601.7 m).

In selecting “T-1” Steel over the original design, Madras State engineers saved 50% of the steel weight, and also achieved signifi-

cant savings in ocean freight and handling. The six penstocks use 4,000 tons (3,629 metric tons) of “T-1” Steel in plate thicknesses from 5/16” to 15/16” (7.9 mm to 23.8 mm).

The Kundah penstocks are designed to a working stress of 40,000 psi (28.1 kg/mm²) including 25% water hammer, using the earlier (pre-1958) 90,000 (63.3) minimum yield strength of “T-1” Steel. Design stress is 2.35 times higher than the 17,000 psi (11.9 kg/mm²) commonly used for penstocks designed of ASTM A285 Grade C carbon steel.

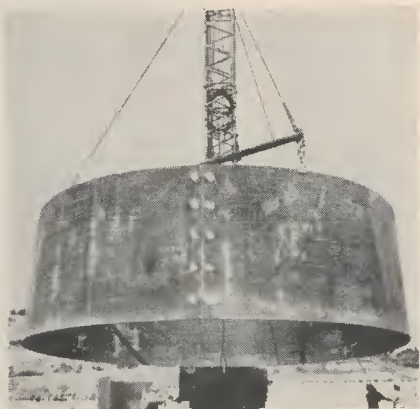
Pakistan: 50% less steel

The Mangla Dam on Pakistan’s Indus River is the second largest rolled earth dam in the world, and its power plant will develop 1,000,000 KW. USS “T-1” type A Steel, used for a diversion pipe and penstock liners, reduced plate thickness and weight by almost 50%. Design stresses in the liner as high as 42,000 psi (29.5 kg/



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mm²) at the tunnel portal were used. Plate thicknesses range from 0.77" to 0.936" (19.6 mm to 23.8 mm) for main tunnel liners.

If carbon steel plates had been used, thickness in the main tunnel sections would have been about 2" (50.8 mm). Freight, handling, and welding costs would have been almost doubled.

Switzerland: "T-1" Steel trio

"T-1" Steel penstocks at three Swiss hydroelectric power plants cut steel weight approximately 45% compared to carbon steel construction.

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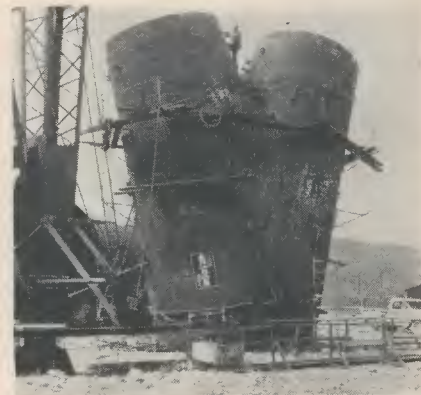
straight sections and bends are designed to an average stress of 36,000 psi (25.3 kg/mm²) and a peak stress of 40,500 psi (28.5 kg/mm²). In the bifurcated distribution sections, straight lengths have design stresses up to 48,000 psi (33.7 kg/mm²).

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can desires and needs in London, the tendency of the new lands to outstrip the mother country, and so on. In the style of the times, however, they predicated universal principles. So ideas of the Enlightenment are echoed to us in the Declaration—universal rationality and harmony of interest.

One better understands all this by taking account of linkage between the Declaration and Tom Paine's ideas in his "Common Sense," as elucidated for us in Felix Gilbert's brilliant small book, "To The Farewell Address." Paine exhorted not only for separation from the Crown but for renunciation of all alliances. Force would be necessary only for sundering the ties to the Crown and thereafter was to be dispensed with as an instrument of policy or as a basis for security. In Paine's view, ties to the motherland only made the colonies heirs to the motherland's enmities. Freed from those ties, the colonies, as states, would enjoy the universal friendship assumed as latent in all relationships among nations. As unencumbered markets, they would serve the interests of all, and all would thereby be constrained to honor and to protect American independence. Thus security was to reside in detachment. America would be attuned to a harmony of interests inherent among nations but concealed by obsolete practices of empire. General interest would be made to flourish simply by eschewing particular interests.

American independence, in Paine's world view, was not merely to serve American interests but to discharge a duty to all mankind.

How different is the cast of thought in the Constitution! I do not mean to go so far as to suggest mutual exclusiveness between the ideas of the respective documents. Many men subscribed to both. Some of the bright expectations of the Declaration lingered on and do so even yet. Even so, the national leadership echoed in the Constitution has become less hortatory. The content reflects recognition of needing more than declaratory purposes and abstract good ideas in order to maintain a going concern. A bitter lesson has been learned: independence hinges on capacity and willingness to meet obligations. It is not enough simply to keep attuned to a supposed harmony of interest. The nation must put itself in a position the better to attend to its own concerns. No universals are proclaimed, and no language of word mission. The document is intent on perfecting the Union of states. It is concerned with justice within—justice not as a spontaneous abstraction, but justice as linked to, and a function of, authority. The tranquility asserted as an aim is domestic. The common defense must be striven for as security for a national base. The welfare postulated is that of the generality of Americans. The blessings of liberty are coveted for ourselves and our posterity. Domestic concerns they all are.

Quite a contrast! On the one hand a nation founded upon and exemplifying universally applicable principles, taking the lead for a new order of the ages, and portraying for others what their future is to be like! On the other hand a nation—in Alexander Hamilton's phrase—"likely to experience a common portion of the vicissitudes and calamities which have fallen to the lot of other nations" and constrained therefore to do what it can to fend off trouble and to look out for itself!

In roughly the first three-fourths of the period since the advent of independence these two sets of ideas were engaged in a sort of academic dialogue. That was in the era when, in Lord Bryce's phrase, "America sailed upon a summer sea." The aphorism may indeed have expressed only a relative truth. Actually, in that period, the United States fought in three international wars qualifying as what Locke would have called "sedate hostility" and in a half dozen more ambiguous occasions of international violence. Americans also engaged in some three dozen campaigns with indigenous tribes and, a century ago, a civil war of huge scope and destructiveness. Withal, these instances were but parentheses in a generally placid story.



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The center of importance and the world's concerns was in Europe. That was the continent of the arbiters in international affairs, the makers of history—"the powers of the earth," on a parity with which the Americans asserted a right to stand. A negus ruled then at Entotto, an emir at Kandahar, a shogun at Kioto, a shah at Ispahan, and innumerable other princes in out-of-the-way capitals. All these were of no real moment in world affairs. They were beyond the scope of diplomacy. Standing among the earth's powers meant entering into relations with Europeans. The world remained largely that way throughout the nineteenth century.

In that situation the dialogue between the two polar ideas of international life in American minds was only one of theory and sentiment. The American discourse continued to echo thoughts characteristic of the Declaration—with Jefferson, for example, extolling the dream of a nation destined to be puissant even while eschewing power and affecting the world pervasively while standing aloof from its concerns, or Whitman turning out verses about America bearing the moral weight of all nations' destinies by being the example-setter. In actuality, the nation was preoccupied with more finite and perhaps less lofty goals—busy looking after itself and rounding out a continental position.

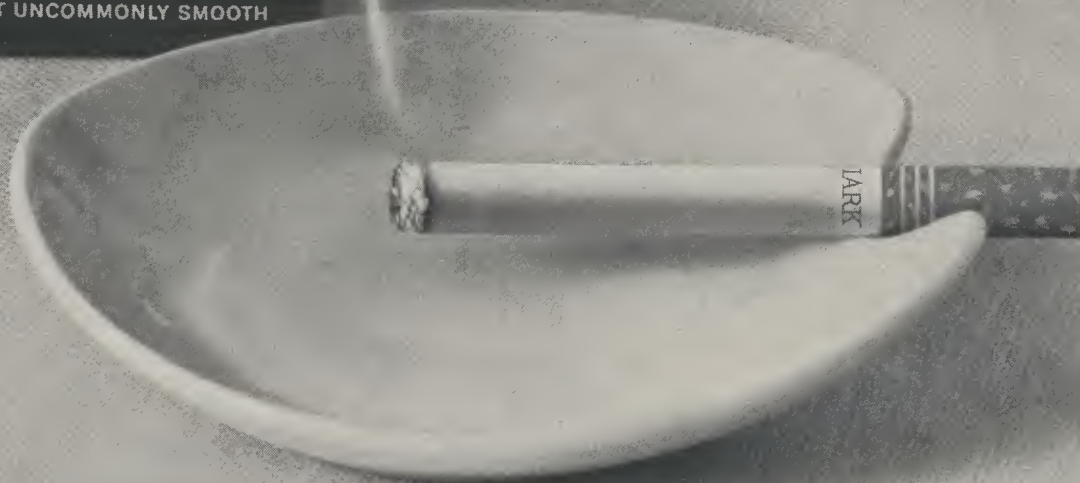
That position, as it developed, was not merely unique, for all national positions are that. It was prodigious in range and endowments, stretching from the Tropics to the Arctic, facing in great range on both the Pacific and the Atlantic, and lying in both the Western and Northern Hemispheres. The location implanted in American minds a sense of exemption from the world's vicissitudes. Even a quarter century ago, Samuel Flag Bemis could write, in closing his distinguished "Diplomatic History of the United States:"

The continental position has always been the strength of the United States in the world. American successes in diplomacy have been based on a continental policy. The interests of the United States today rest on the same support. It is a safe ground on which to watch and wait for a better world. A 'continental' policy was instinctive with the Fathers. Its pursuit has been most consonant with the genius and the welfare of the American people. Where they have left it, to 'become of age' or 'to take their place'—on other continents—among the great powers of the world, they have made their mistakes. Where they have followed it, they have not gone astray.

Such language, written only in 1936, seems now to echo from another age. Imagine now watchfully waiting from the sidelines for a better world or exercising an option whether really to stand among the great! The contrasting circumstances since interposed are so complex and pervasive as to require volumes to delineate, but I shall try to name them in essence:

- The establishment of positions of great scope and importance—namely, the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic and appurtenant areas—for revolutionary purposes with universal claims on the future derived from their asserted monopoly of legitimacy growing out of a purported law of history of which they are the exponents and guardians.
- The emergence of weapon systems characterized by prodigious destructive capabilities and instant readiness for delivery over spans of thousands of miles—weapon systems which cannot be used to interdict attack and which impel their possessors to premise their security on the intimidatory threat of incalculably destructive retaliation.
- The sharing of pre-eminence in such weapons by two societies, one the United States and the other the Soviet Union, based beyond the confines of what used to be the central theater of military significance and political im-

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portance in world affairs.

● The progressive disappearance—a major phenomenon of our times—of the European-based unequalitarian imperial order which once served as a framework of relationship between economically advanced societies and less developed and tradition-bound lands and peoples.

● As a corollary, the proliferation of juridically independent new states, by scores entering into public life of the world without having as yet established adequate bases of public life within their own domains and participating in the making of history without, in many cases, canons of relevant historic experience of their own—states with ambitions far in excess of their precepts.

● As a further corollary, the approach to universality of the equalitarian usages of diplomacy in succession to the unequalitarian arrangements of empire.

● The existence and continuous activity of an institution—to wit, the United Nations—now also approaching universality and designed and devoted to what is called parliamentary diplomacy.

● Finally, the dynamics of contemporary communications, with their tendency to make virtually every problem one of instant concern everywhere and to goad governments into putting decision ahead of comprehension.

I might dwell at length upon that last point, pondering the effects of the torrent, measured in hundreds of thousands of words, flashed into the Department of State and out again every day. How far we have come—and at what cost—since the time when Jefferson, as Secretary of State, noted an interval of nearly two years since the last word received from our envoy in Madrid and the need of looking into the matter in event of the lapse of many more uncommunicative months!

Some of the changes enumerated were never willed by the United States. Some were thrust upon its consciousness by forces beyond its ordaining. Others, though encouraged and aspired to by the United States, have turned out radically different in reality from the hopes prompting sponsorship. The record illustrates the inherent adventitiousness of foreign affairs and the limitations on power of even a first-rank government for affecting its environment.

The effects on policy are obviously profound. Problems are more involuted and demands hugely more rigorous than in the times when Americans were treasuring their bright expectations about world affairs. The inherent necessity of choice and renunciation in exterior relations is borne in upon official and general consciousness unremittingly rather than being an intermittent concern as in the past. The margin for error has shrunk. The globe's quadrants are increasingly interactive. Never before, as Raymond Aron has pointed out, have such diverse, contrasting, and opposed concepts of history been brought into one span of existence.

In face of the exigencies of such a situation, the American dialogue about the nation's place in the world is greatly intensified. It is not the more or less academic dialogue of earlier times. It is one related to hard choices and real events. We reflect a habit of thinking of our country as essentially a western hemisphere land, but the problems pressing upon it stem largely from the circumstance of its being located in the northern hemisphere as well. We are affected by pride and tradition from being the first of the areas beyond Europe to challenge successfully for a place in the nexus of diplomacy. Many of us thus sentimentalize about the United States as the bellwether of de-colonization. Yet our problems rise largely from the fact of the nation's having achieved pre-eminence among great powers. National goals defined in terms of a world mission and the ancient expectation of unity and harmony as norms in world affairs still

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arouse imagination among Americans in the face of obdurate realities.

The outlook of Americans is still deeply affected by the themes of the Declaration.

A skeptic might well agree with Dexter Perkins: "American statesmen have believed, and have acted on the belief, that the best way to rally American opinion behind their purpose is to assert a moral principle. In doing so, they have often gone beyond the boundaries of expediency. And perhaps it is fair to say that in underemphasizing security, they have helped to form a national habit which duly subordinates the necessities of national defense to the assertion of lofty moral principles."

Yet more than the mere rhetoric of propaganda is reflected in this record. The Declaration and its universalistic assumptions are fixed in the conscience and the consciousness of Americans. Ideas of the Enlightenment echo to us in our great normative document, with its age-old assumption about the original and inherent unity of all mankind. Under a deep national predisposition, actions in world affairs undertaken in pursuance of more finite purposes are not *ipso facto* justifiable but require vindication under some scheme of universal good. It is part of the national psyche to identify national purposes with service to all mankind, in the manner of Tom Paine.

This attitude dwells upon ultimate goals. It conceives them as including resolution of all differences and harmonization of all interests. It looks to the transcending of politics among nations by policy. It tends to predicate the omnipotence of mankind for solving all problems—given opportunity for reason. It puts faith in the feasibility of new starts. It sets great store by the power of example. It believes strongly in the power of agreed documents to transform situations and to enter into the general conscience.

With Presidents and their spokesmen and their principal advisors, it is not a matter merely of guesswork as to what will go over with the public. It is not a case of humoring preconceptions. Our leaders, I am confident, share these attitudes. Invoking all those habitual ideas is a way for them to justify policy undertakings to themselves, not just a way of making them palatable to followers.

As a world power, the United States harks back to propositions in vogue when the new republic was the ugly duckling among nations. Steadfastness in devotion to the universalizing of independence is undiminished. The inherent capacity of any people in whatever area to find within itself the canons of nationhood and the ability of any people to make good as a going concern are still taken for granted by most Americans who think about the matter.

These grand developments indeed are not assumed to be automatic as they seemed to Tom Paine. A little more time and organizing effort may be requisite, but the end is no less sure. The reconciling of ends will enfold even our adversaries, and their adversariness is taken as an aberration destined to abate by some inherent character of events. In this vein, our Secretary of State, fending off clichés about having a no-win policy, responds with a counter cliché about a policy enabling everybody to win.

A danger of sorts in logic inheres in this line of thought. The case for universalizing independence poses the rightness and goodness of diversity along with the idea of an inherent harmony of interest. Opposed qualities are thus placed in apposition. In like fashion, the case for freedom is linked sometimes with a momentum amounting to an ineluctable force. Free will is seen as being borne along to triumph by deterministic currents. The logical contradictions inherent in this line of thought no more stay the American faith in its brightest mood than it shadowed the Age of Enlightenment.

(continued on page 53)

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25 YEARS AGO

OCTOBER 1939

by JAMES B. STEWART

ADOLF HITLER (FUEHRER) DECLARES WAR ON POLAND

ON September 1, 1939, hostilities began between Germany and Poland. Secretary Hull returned from his vacation on August 23 to encounter a critical European situation which caused his office to go on a twenty-four hour schedule. "The Secretary and other high ranking officials of the Department, members of the Division of Current Information and various other persons were at their desks in the Department long before the 9 o'clock opening of the building on the morning of September 1, as were a horde of newspaper correspondents, movie and still cameramen, and radio system representatives. Long before 7 o'clock . . . the Department presented a beehive of activity. On other days afterward many offices were open long before and long after regular hours . . ."—Reginald P. Mitchell

BERT HULEN'S INSIDE STORY

Those who were around and about 25 years ago will remember Bert Hulen. Those who were not will nevertheless be interested in the following excerpts from the review of his book, "Inside the Department of State":

"Although the author of this book is not an official of the Department of State, the title is an apt one. The author is the correspondent of the New York TIMES assigned to the Department. A smart correspondent—and Bert Hulen is all of that—covering the Department of State often knows more about what is going on inside the Department than many officials who are serving in it . . .

"In his chapter 'The Directing Force,' the author considers the oft discussed question whether the President or his Secretary of State is the one who directs our foreign policy. After reading the chapter it is clear that in the opinion of a hard-boiled newspaperman it depends upon who is President and who is Secretary of State. 'Secretary Hughes did not dominate the Harding Cabinet, but he directed the diplomacy of that short administration with a strong hand (page 49).' There have been few stronger or more aggressive Presidents in the White House than Theodore Roosevelt, but he could heed advice when it was given by one in whom he had confidence. He had many a delightful argument with Elihu Root, 'their voices growing louder as the argument proceeded and finally, above the vigorous voice of the President, Root would say firmly, "Now Theodore —" and prevail upon him with his moderating counsel (page 49) . . .

The author emphasizes the fact that while there is not in the Department of State, as there is in the British Foreign Office, a Permanent Under Secretary of State, the practice has developed of appointing to the office of Under Secretary of State experienced diplomats of proven ability. Among the appointments Mr. Hulen mentions are Henry P. Fletcher, Joseph C. Grew ('with associations that trace back to Theodore Roosevelt, whose admiration he won for prowess as a tiger hunter,' page 67), J. Reuben Clark, Norman H. Davis, William R. Castle, Jr. ('No one possessed more urbanity, or a greater facility and ease in diplomatic negotiation and in daily informal conversations with ambassadors and ministers,' page 66), William Phillips (appointed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to the 'post he had filled before for two years under Charles Evans Hughes,' page 62), and Sumner Wells ('a man of icy exterior to those unacquainted with him, he is the typical career diplomat. Correct and formal,

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faultlessly groomed, ambitious, he possesses a mind as keen as a razor blade and is an indefatigable worker,' page 66) . . .

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"On August 16, 1939, the first postoffice at the bottom of the seas was officially opened for business. The postoffice occupies the submarine 'photosphere' designed by Mr. John Ernest Williamson, the well-known pioneer of undersea photography, which rested on the sea floor just north of the island of New Providence, in the Bahamas. Clerks from the Nassau general postoffice canceled letters with the postmark 'Sea Floor, Bahamas,' the postoffice being a lawfully established unit of His Majesty's Postal Service . . ."—William K. Ailshie

RECENT NEWS ITEMS

► Seth Kantor's recent item in "Potomac Patter" about Mrs. Virginia Callahan who pays President Johnson each month but never sees him, recalls a yarn about President Coolidge: A clerk from Treasury entered the President's office with his first pay check. Mr. Coolidge accepted it without a word. The clerk, backing out of the room, had reached the door when a Vermont-twanged voice called "Come again."

► Referring to a new book, "The Invisible Government" (Random House), "an extremely revealing book on the CIA," Arthur Frost comments: "How remote this era is from Stimson's time when he closed up on secret activities by saying primly that gentlemen do not read each other's mail."

► This item from retired FSO Erik Magnuson, Bromma, Sweden, will be of interest to members of the Association of American Foreign Service Women: "Right outside the vestry

of the 800-year-old Bromma church there is the 131-year-old grave of Laura Sophia Smith, wife of Christopher Hughes, American Chargé d'Affairs at the Court of Sweden, and daughter of General Smith, a U.S. Senator. She died on August 7, 1832, at the age of 37. The grave is well kept and has a gold-lettered moss-grown tombstone."

► The Fletcher Warrens, on a recent short trip in their native Texas, attended three weddings. Fletch, of course, bussed the brides. But bussing brides was not his only pleasant activity on that trip. At a junior high school he delivered awards to the winners of a Lions' Club sponsored oratorical contest and on the same day, in Dallas, in the name of the Mayor, he delivered Certificates of Honorary Citizenship to several Turks who were in Dallas studying our tax system.

He once was C. G. in Barcelona and now writes from Menlo Park about the proposed \$2.50 haircuts in that area: "I think I'll go back to Spain where I paid \$0.16 plus 2 cent tip and where the barbers stopped shearing to salute you."

Comment: Query for Consul General Fritzlan: Should he go back?

HONORING SIR WINSTON

President Johnson will participate in the project to move the bombed-out ruins of St. Mary the Virgin Anglican Church from London to the campus of Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, where Sir Winston Churchill made his memorable "Iron Curtain" speech in 1946. That information reminds C. Paul Fletcher, retired Consul General, of "The Priory" that the Alexander Weddells brought over from England, piece by piece, to Richmond, Virginia, where it is now known as the Virginia Historical Society's "Virginia House."

Ambassador and Mrs. Weddell were killed in a train wreck in 1949. ■

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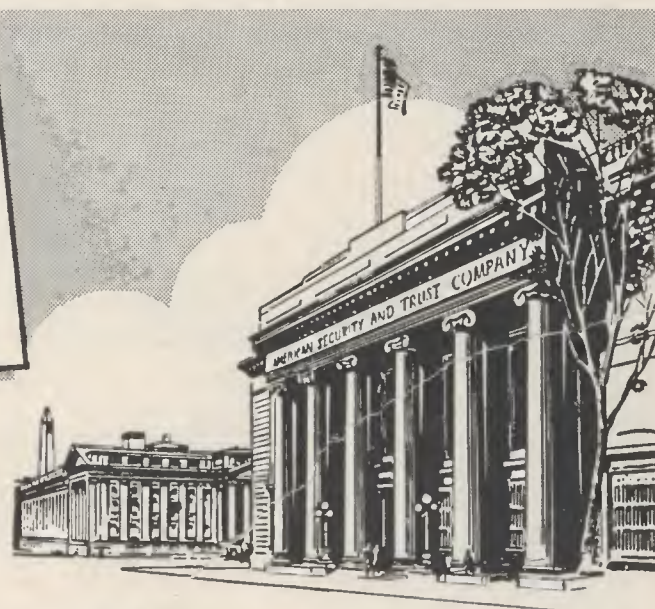
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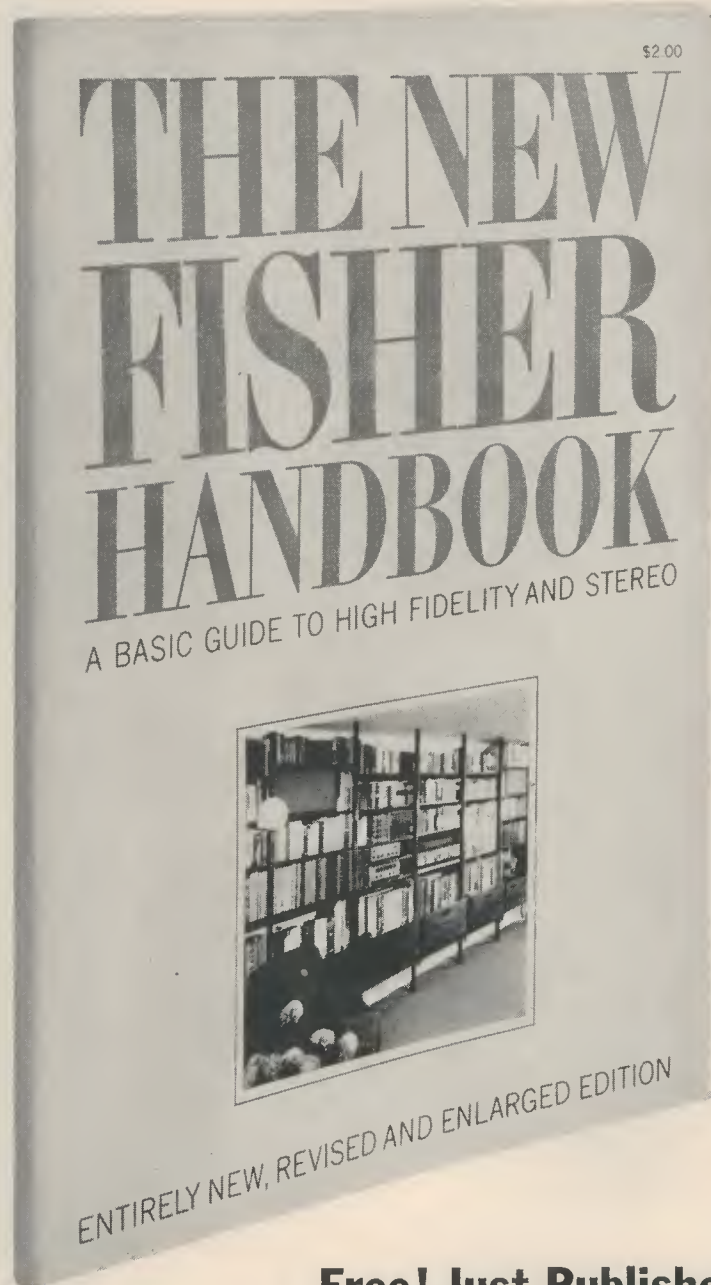
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VOLUMES have been written concerning the qualities an ambassador should possess. Perhaps the best study in this intriguing field, "On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes," was published in Paris in the year 1716. It was written by François de Callières, who is described on the title page as "Councillor-in-Ordinary to the King in Council, Private Secretary to His Majesty, formerly Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of His late Majesty entrusted with the Treaties of Peace concluded at Ryswick, one of the Forty of the French Academy." It is entertaining as well as profound, and most of its observations are pertinent today. I recommend a careful reading of this volume to anyone who may be contemplating a career in the Foreign Service.

It seems to me, of course, that most of the qualities of a successful ambassador are the same qualities that lead to success in any field concerned with people and their interests. But because the consequences of good and bad diplomacy are so important today—so that the state of our relations with Laos, or of Russia's relations with Cuba, may help shape the lives of all of us—the subject has taken added importance.

the butler can raise the standing of the host if the host, himself, is careful to lean in the opposite direction). A good deal of "side" was considered important in the old days when countries were tempted to think they could afford the luxury of working only in their own interest. Today, when the interests of one nation are bound up with those of all other nations, pompousness and pretense are an anachronism and a bore.

One of the finest compliments I ever had paid to me was something that many people would not consider a compliment. It was the year 1941, when I was about to leave Cuba for my new post as Counselor of Embassy in Madrid. I went to say good-bye to Dr. José Manuel Cortina, the wise Foreign Minister of Cuba, with whom the embassy had worked closely. Before I left him he said, "Beaulac, you have one quality that will be of great help to you in your career; you don't act like a diplomat."

I thanked him sincerely because I knew that he had in mind the old-fashioned stereotype of a diplomat who worked only for his own side, and who perhaps considered it clever to engage in a bit of deception from time to time.

The AMBASSADOR

by WILLARD P. BEULAC

Monsieur de Callières said:

Men of small mind should content themselves with employment at home, where their errors may easily be repaired, for errors committed abroad are too often irreparable. The late Duke of Tuscany, who was a remarkably wise and enlightened prince, once complained to the Venetian ambassador, who stayed over-night with him on his journey to Rome, that the Republic of Venice had sent as resident at his court a person of no value, possessing neither judgment nor knowledge, nor even any attractive personal quality. "I am not surprised," said the ambassador in reply; "we have many fools in Venice." Whereupon the Grand Duke retorted: "We also have fools in Florence, but we take care not to export them."

WHAT are the qualities that a successful ambassador should have, and what qualities should he not have?

One of the qualities I rank high among those which an ambassador should not have is pompousness. Of course the same could be said of most professions other than domestic service (where a little pompousness on the part of

Harold Nicolson maintains that a government's foreign policy can be rightly executed only if the government possesses as its representative on the spot "a man of experience, integrity, and intelligence; a man of resource, good temper and courage; a man, above all, who is not swayed by emotion or prejudice, who is profoundly modest in all his dealings, who is guided only by a sense of public duty, and who understands the perils of cleverness and the virtues of reason, moderation, discretion, patience and tact." Nicolson might have been describing the first envoys that the United States sent abroad.

It is probable that no country has been more fortunate in the character of its diplomatic representation than the United States was during the early years of its history. Such men as Franklin and Jefferson in Paris, Adams and Gouverneur Morris in London, and Jay and Pinckney in Madrid were unsurpassed among contemporary diplomats in character and intellectual attainment.

Our first President set the tone of American diplomacy in the instructions that his Secretary of State sent to Mr. Jay, special minister to Great Britain, in 1794, and those

This is a chapter from Ambassador Beulac's forthcoming book "Career Diplomat," to be published by Macmillan.

instructions have remained an adequate guide for American diplomats, even though they have not always been adhered to. "It is the President's wish," said the Secretary of State, "that the characteristics of an American Minister should be marked on the one hand by a firmness against improper compliances, and on the other by sincerity, candor, truth, and prudence, and by a horror of finesse and chicane."

If it was important that our diplomatic representatives possess the characteristics which President Washington prescribed for them during the perilous days when our newborn Republic was trying to consolidate its position as an independent state, it is no less important that they should possess them today, when the fate of all nations depends to a considerable degree on the quality of American diplomacy.

First among the qualities that an ambassador should possess are sincerity and integrity. I suggest further that an ambassador who lacks those qualities, no matter what his other merits may be, is a dangerous man to have abroad. Ambassadors deal with matters that countries consider important, sometimes even vital, to their well-being and security. On a somewhat lower level, but still very important in the eyes of the government to which he is accredited, an ambassador deals with matters that are capable of affecting the political future of that government—its standing with its citizens; its chances of reelection.

These are not matters to be played with. They are not matters in which deception can be tolerated. They are matters that an ambassador cannot discuss usefully unless he inspires confidence. It makes no difference that the person in the other government with whom the ambassador is talking may himself be a devious person, or an unreliable person. There are all kinds of governments in the world, and all kinds of persons in government. But our responsibilities are so great that our representative, if he is to work usefully and not get us and our friends into trouble, must be a person who measures up to those responsibilities; in other words, a man who can be trusted.

A corollary to this, of course, is that every act that an ambassador performs must be based on accepted principle. That is the opposite of opportunism. It means that he refrains from pinning a Medal of Merit on a ruthless, corrupt tyrant in the hope that the tyrant will stop bothering us about some matter of immediate interest to us.

On the opposite side of the coin, he treats the head or representative of every government with which we have relations with respect. After our Government has solemnly promised not to intervene in the internal affairs of other countries, the ambassador doesn't turn around and intervene because the government to which he is accredited does not meet the standards we have set for ourselves. He doesn't try to obtain cheap political or personal successes by exploiting the political difficulties of a friendly country. Not all countries have the tradition of democracy that we have, and some countries are faced with trials which we happily have been spared so far, which we therefore have no experience in meeting, and concerning which we have little right to express judgment.

These are rules that apply to governments even more than to their representatives, but because they apply to governments they are rules that an ambassador must have constantly in mind and must make every effort to respect.

I suppose the need for sincerity, as well as integrity, should be taken for granted no matter what field a person works in, but the power of an ambassador to do harm as well as good is so great that special care needs to be taken to ensure that no one who does not have those qualities should be sent abroad as our Government's representative.

Sincerity requires that an ambassador should be motivated by a desire to serve his country. Desire for private advancement, in terms of prestige or social position, is not of itself adequate motivation. Rather it tends to disqualify a person.

"It causes me no surprise," said de Callières, "that men who have embarked on this career for the sake of titles and emoluments, having not the least idea of the real duties of their post, have occasioned great harm to the public interest during their apprenticeship to this service. These novices in negotiation become easily intoxicated with honours done in their person to the dignity of their royal master. They are like the ass in the fable who received for himself all the incense burned before the statue of the goddess which he bore on his back."

Courage is surely a part of integrity. At any rate today's ambassador, like today's Foreign Service officer, requires a liberal ration of courage to serve his country effectively. At a time when governments as well as corporations are preoccupied with the "image" they "project," it is only natural that an ambassador should want to be well thought of in the home office, that is, in the Department of State. However, it is fatal for him to let this natural desire guide him or even inordinately influence him in the conduct of his office.

It is not as easy as it used to be to report and interpret events abroad, or to submit recommendations to Washington, without reference to the image you are projecting. The McCarthy episode proved that. It proved that even relatively modest secretaries and consuls are liable to have their reports gone over and, with the advantage of hindsight, interpreted and misinterpreted in ways that reflect on the writer's loyalty.

As our problems increase, and our frustrations increase with them, as the radical right and the radical left compete with each other in the search for personal devils in and out of government on whom they can place blame for the problems caused by international Communists and the changing complexion of the world, the need for courageous reporting by the Foreign Service increases correspondingly.

Far from deterring anyone from entering the career Foreign Service, or from accepting appointment as ambassador, the opportunity to demonstrate courage as well as perspicacity and good judgment should add to rather than detract from the attractiveness of service. If we are going to have a domestic cold war on our hands, there will be no greater place of honor than the Foreign Service.

A practitioner of diplomacy is frequently asked, "To what extent does an ambassador influence policy toward the country where he is serving?" My answer is, "More than is generally supposed."

Another question that is asked is, "To what extent does an ambassador require instructions from Washington before making representations to a foreign government?" My answer is, "Not nearly as frequently as is supposed."

There is a popular theory that, in contrast to the ambassador of a generation or two ago, who was comparatively isolated from Washington, and presumably more on his

own, today's ambassador is a messenger at one end of a telephone line; that decisions are more and more made in Washington, and that an ambassador's role is to communicate those decisions to the government of the country where he resides. The theory has little basis in fact.

True, the ambassador cannot keep up with every development throughout the world that involves our country and that may affect his freedom to act. For example, if the Foreign Minister asks him about yesterday's tariff negotiations with Common Market countries, which have been reported under scare headlines in the local press, the embassy may have to telegraph or telephone Washington for information and guidance.

True, also, coordination of policy and action is more essential than it used to be, and it is the State Department that must ensure coordination. What we do in the Congo may be related to our position in Viet-Nam. An ambassador to the Congo clearly cannot act as though there were no such thing as a Viet-Nam problem. Our attitude in Laos may have to be coordinated with our policy toward Berlin. Local issues cannot be handled on the basis of local considerations alone.

That does not mean, however, that we are obliged to do the same kinds of things in Laos that we do in the Congo, or in Viet-Nam. We couldn't even if we wished to, because what we can and should do in a given place depends to a large degree on local factors which differ from country to country and from situation to situation.

In these circumstances the embassy plays an important, and frequently a predominant, role in fixing policy and determining action. It knows the local situation as the State Department cannot know it. At the same time it is quite familiar with our policies in other countries and areas, and it has those policies in mind when it acts and makes recommendations.

Yesterday's ambassador concerned himself with the bilateral relations between the United States and the country where he lived and, in a more detached way, with relations between that country and other countries. Multilateral diplomacy was in its infancy. Economic development was a subject that governments handled outside the channels of diplomacy. Furthermore, relations were conducted in a more leisurely manner than today. Diplomatic exchanges tended to be in writing, and it was customary for the State Department to approve notes before they were dispatched, if indeed it did not prepare them.

There is less time for writing notes today, and most of the subjects that an ambassador handles do not lend themselves to note writing. In a single meeting with the Foreign Minister an ambassador might have to discuss the Cuban problem, the forthcoming meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, and a pending request for a development loan.

Today's ambassador, then, discusses many times more subjects than his predecessors did, and his numerous aides discuss an even greater range of subjects. If the ambassador had to ask for instructions from the State Department every time the Foreign Minister asked him a question, or every time he or one of his staff chose to make a representation, the cables into Washington would be clogged with incoming messages, and State Department officials would have no time to do anything but draft instructions. Even then they could draft only a small part of those that would

be required, and they could not draft instructions that would satisfactorily cover the multitude of situations that come up throughout the world. A problem may affect more than one country, and some problems affect all countries, but different facets are important in different countries, and one country's relationship to a problem is not the same as another's.

So far as policy toward the country where he is serving is concerned, the ambassador "has it in his bones." He has learned it not from having read a document, as many persons in government have, but from having watched it develop and, frequently, from having participated in its development.

Some years ago the State Department began to set down its policies in black and white. Policy toward each foreign country was to be recorded in a document which would serve as a guide to action in specific cases. Up to that time American diplomats had kept policy in their heads, as John Foster Dulles used to, and as effective diplomats still must do. The policy papers that emerged were useful. They forced the persons who prepared them and reviewed them to think of policy and objectives in more precise terms, and they encouraged departments other than State to hew to the policy line. But the problem of defining policies in terms that are not so general as to offer little guidance, and not so precise as to be inapplicable in situations that cannot be foreseen, has never been solved. Furthermore, preparing and gaining agreement to policy papers throughout the government takes so long that papers are frequently out of date before they are approved.

It is inevitable, of course, that some administrations in Washington should feel a greater compulsion to instruct ambassadors than others. Usually the President himself sets the tone. And naturally any administration will send instructions to an ambassador who asks for them, or who waits for them. A new ambassador, one without earlier experience in diplomacy, or in the area, is apt to lean more heavily on instructions from Washington. An experienced ambassador is more likely to make representations on his own.

In either case the ambassador is speaking on behalf of his Government. If he feels competent to act on his own initiative, he can time his representations to suit his plan. He can react in an hour, in two hours, or in a day if he chooses. Or he can react instantly. Freedom to time representations can multiply the beneficent effects of good diplomacy.

In one country where I served the Foreign Minister called me in to say that his government was planning to send a mission to Washington to discuss a possible hundred-million-dollar loan. When he asked for my comment, I told him that my Government would give the friendliest consideration to any loan application the government might submit to it. At the same time it would undoubtedly wonder why the Minister's government had failed to remove obstacles to the investment of more than a hundred million dollars by foreign private firms in enterprises that the government itself agreed would be helpful to the country's economy. It would want to be sure the government's right hand knew what its left hand was failing to do.

The government proceeded to remove the obstacles, the investments were made, and the country got its loan.

It was much easier for me to say those things to the Foreign Minister than to place the State Department in

the position of having to say them. And it was easier for the foreign government to comply with my spontaneous and informal suggestion than to submit to what might appear to some to be "pressure" from the United States Government.

An experienced ambassador can do those things. He knows American policy toward the country where he is serving better than the people who draft instructions in Washington do. If he doesn't, he shouldn't be ambassador.

AFTER the first or second year of his administration a President of the United States usually finds himself appointing a higher percentage of career men to the post of ambassador than he did at the beginning. Why should that be?

One reason, no doubt, is that he pays off his political debts in this field early, and then feels freer to name ambassadors on the basis of merit. Another reason is that every new administration comes into office with preconceived ideas, which it suspects may not be wholly shared by career diplomats. To a degree, at least, it is a prisoner of its political campaign, which has been devoted in part to attacking the policies of the administration in office, policies which the Foreign Service has been loyally carrying out. It takes the new administration a little while to convince itself that the Foreign Service will carry out its policies just as loyally. By that time, too, it has discovered that its policies are not going to differ nearly as much from the policies of the old administration as it had imagined; that policies are largely shaped by circumstances and these don't change materially because a new American President has taken office. Of course the ideas the new administration brings with it are to a considerable degree, an outsider's ideas, and problems always look simpler from the outside. In moments of candor officeholders admit this.

An administration hopes that fresh approaches to old problems, which usually have been oversimplified and sometimes have been wrongly stated for the purpose of political discussion, will somehow bring better results than the old tried approaches which have not caused the problems to disappear. This insistence on new approaches, which from the domestic political viewpoint may be desirable, also involves an insistence on new programs, or if that is not possible, on new names for old programs, and of course, new administrators.

The search for new approaches to old problems must be continued. But if it is to be successful it must have as a starting point the fullest possible understanding of problems. That will not come to a new administration quickly. It would be puerile to think it will ever come without the help of a trained Foreign Service.

In general, persons without previous experience in diplomacy who are named as ambassadors fall into two classes—academic and literary persons who have studied and written in international relations or related fields, and businessmen and politicians whose "practical" experience in their fields is considered to qualify them for appointment. Less frequently a retired military officer is given an appointment, usually because he has done a little politicking after retirement or because he knows someone high in the administration. Some such appointments, to countries where governments are headed by military men, doubtless have been made under the theory that it takes a military

man to get along with another military man, a theory that people familiar with military life seldom agree with.

I know of no rule that dictates that a good professor will necessarily make a good ambassador. The ability to write convincingly, to organize problems into neat packages, to divide and subdivide them, and also to solve them, on paper, does not necessarily qualify a man to be an ambassador. I think a better case might be made for an ambassador with long experience devoting himself to teaching. At least he knows, firsthand, how diplomacy operates. He knows international relations from the inside. He has been a doer as well as an observer, and he has been able to observe what no outsider can.

Similarly, business experience in itself does not adequately prepare a man to represent our Government abroad. The problems of diplomacy are related to and include many of the problems of business but they are not synonymous with them. Calvin Coolidge is supposed to have said that the business of America is business. No one would be tempted to say that today. Many successful businessmen in our country tend to interpret international affairs in terms of their own experience, as it is natural that they should. Those with direct experience in international affairs, I have noticed, place their faith in career ambassadors.

One of our very successful Foreign Service officers has said that the most important qualification for an ambassador to possess is political sensitivity, and there is no doubt that political sensitivity is high on the list of qualities that an ambassador requires. This does not mean, however, that politicians make the best ambassadors. Some ambassadors selected from political life have made good records. Others have been mediocre, and still others have done us harm. Perhaps that tends to prove that not all politicians have political sensitivity, or it may mean merely that political sensitivity in the field of foreign relations is something different from the same quality in the field of domestic politics.

Political sensitivity in the international field is a special quality. It requires a special background of acquaintance with foreign peoples, their languages and their ways, a background that persons who live and work in the international field have a unique opportunity to acquire. It requires that an ambassador know not only what the President or the Minister of Foreign Affairs of a country says—and this entails a knowledge of his language, of course—but also what he means, which entails a knowledge not only of his language but also of the environment in which he lives and works. But political sensitivity requires still more. It requires that the ambassador also should have a good idea of what the President or the Minister of Foreign Affairs may be thinking, which very often is something quite different from what he is saying.

Career ambassadors have an important advantage over non-career appointees in that they are under no compulsion to make records for themselves quickly. They can take the long-term view. The political appointee, on the other hand, is often impelled to be a short-term success because he has only a short term to prove that he is a success. He wants to succeed for his country's sake, and also for the sake of the wife and kiddies, and of his friends and supporters as well, all of whom he wants to be proud of him. Success, in his case, must be achieved quickly be-

It seems to me, at the same time, that in exercising his freedom and obligation to pick the best man for the job, a President will wish to give as much importance to experience in diplomacy, or in a related field, as he gives to experience when he names a general or an admiral, and that, in the absence of such experience, he will wish to assure himself that the person he names possesses qualities and qualifications that fully compensate for his lack of experience. The possible penalties of failure to select qualified ambassadors are now so great that no President will want consciously to risk them.

The quality of new entrants into the Foreign Service has improved in proportion to the added demands of our diplomacy. The improvement has gone hand in hand with a steady increase in the percentage of ambassadors selected from the career service. Today 67 percent of our ambassadors are career men. A reversal of the trend toward a higher percentage of career ambassadors would immediately be reflected in the quality of new entrants. That circumstance, in my view, not only requires that the trend should continue but also ensures that it will.

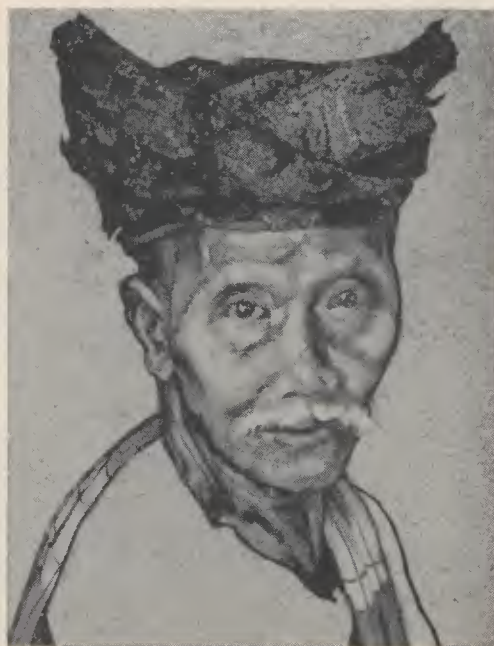


27



PORTRAITS BY PATRIC

The boy-child from Djakarta who sits with obvious patience; the woman of Sumatra who had traveled to Mecca; the Balinese woman carrying a temple offering; the artist from the island of Flores; the young Javanese girl wearing a dress she made; the elderly peddler wearing the head covering of his district . . . are all Indonesian friends of the artist.



SCIENCE IN STATE

THE world we live in today is largely shaped by the developments in science and technology. The pace of new discoveries and new applications is breathtaking. Each new discovery in turn opens up new horizons. A high degree of familiarity with the general aspects of this development is necessary to understand the world in which we live. More pertinently it enables us to get some idea of the shape of the future and to formulate policies which will be valid not only for today but also for the world of tomorrow.

At the request of Secretary Rusk, the Office of International Scientific Affairs arranged a series of briefings over the past year and a half with the most eminent experts in various fields of science for the Secretary and his senior staff. This group heard about and discussed the foreign policy implications of such diverse subjects as prospects of nuclear power, developments in oceanic and atmospheric sciences, the impact on genetics of recent biological advances, the nature of viruses, the potentialities of lasers, the possibilities for international cooperation in high energy accelerators, prospective developments in chemistry which would affect international trade, and prospective technological developments in their relationship to our foreign policy. In all cases there was interesting discussion of the interrelationship of these scientific subjects with the formulation and implementation of foreign policy. In some cases follow-up action has been initiated to deal with the problems raised by the rapid advance of science and technology.

Now the Foreign Service Institute has announced the establishment of a new course entitled Science, Technology and Foreign Affairs as another step in the Department's recognition of the role which science and technology play in foreign affairs today. The course will be frankly experimental in nature. It will bring together mid-career officers from State and other agencies who have had some practical experience in dealing with our foreign policy problems overseas. Scientists and science administrators will discuss with this group the nature and import of modern scientific and technological developments. By using the case study method there will be an opportunity for an exchange of views on both past histories and on-going problems in the relations between science and foreign policy making. From this experimental course, which is scheduled for four weeks beginning in January, the Foreign Service Institute and the Department hope to acquire a better understanding of the kinds of insights that a Foreign Service officer needs to carry out his assignments more effectively.

This is not a unique experience for the Department and the Foreign Service. In the 30's when issues raised by the depression dominated not only domestic, but also foreign policy, the Foreign Service reached out to include economic officers within its ranks who have imparted their specialized knowledge to the Corps as a whole. Similarly, we have inte-

grated labor officers and other specialists into the Service in order to improve its over-all competence.

The interaction between science and foreign affairs should be clarified by an evaluation of the results of this experimental course. Among the scientists who have concerned themselves with the impact of their work on public policies, including foreign policy, a distinction is drawn between science in policy and policy for science. Military policy today, for example, is largely dominated by the advances in science and the technological applications which followed therefrom. This holds equally true of the tremendous destructive power which has been developed as well as providing the only hope for reducing the burden of armaments through the development of scientific and technological means of controlling the observance of agreements which might be reached. In the field of economic policies, and specifically in the major problem of assisting development, the future contribution which science and technology can make is being eagerly explored in both national and international forums.

But science also has an international life and momentum of its own. Because the sciences are essentially universal and cannot be differentiated as national accomplishments, there is a freedom of interchange between scientists of all countries and political creeds, both by communication and by meeting, which overleaps political barriers. Furthermore, there are new fields for science in space, in oceanography, and in such practical fields as weather forecasting, which can only be carried out effectively on an international basis. If we wish to maintain our role of leadership we need to develop policies for international science which will serve the purposes of our free world ideals and objectives.

Beyond these tangible benefits to be derived from the interaction between science and policy, there can also be immediate practical results. In last month's JOURNAL article on "The Future of Technology," Assistant Secretary Holloman repeatedly pointed out that we are unable to introduce many beneficial innovations because of social and political problems. Many of us on overseas tours have felt the deep sense of frustration at what we loosely describe as "the backwardness" of the country. Through science and technology, if properly applied and diplomatically introduced, we can encourage the kind of social, economic and political revolution which would prove beneficial. By working together with the scientist and engineer on both the political and technological aspects of the problem we might produce astonishing results. The Peace Corps has demonstrated that it can be done.

The JOURNAL welcomes this new initiative to enhance the dialogue between scientists and policy makers. If it produces better mutual understanding of each other's problems and if it awakens in the Foreign Service generally an awareness of the benefits of fruitful cooperation between the two, it will provide us with a better instrument to carry out better policies. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

SINCE burglars do not read the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, there is no harm in pointing out that their golden opportunity occurred during the San Francisco and Atlantic City conventions. Householders were so glued to the television that they forgot about their valuables and the burglars who coveted them. Doors and windows were left open; a mighty din issued forth from upstairs libraries and downstairs "rec" rooms. Judging by the noises emerging from the television sets a large proportion of the listeners seemed to be addicts of Messrs. Huntley and Brinkley who were engaged in an operation known as "anchoring." So long as the "anchoring" went on, the rapt audiences ignored doorbell and telephone bell. The burglars, if they had been alert to their own interests, could have had a field day.

The inaccessibility of people during television shows proposes a mystery. If you wanted to tell Hank Himmelfarb that his uncle Homer had just died and left him the chicken farm you could never rouse him from his television torpor. He can't hear the doorbell or telephone bell. Many television addicts make it quite clear that, no matter how urgent the message, there's no chance of breaking into their favorite program. How does it come, then, that those people who compile ratings are able to get instant responses when they telephone to ask if the set is tuned on to "Sex Seminar" or "Bachelors before Mid-night"?

Now that the conventions are over, a certain languor seems to have settled over the citizenry. Earlier in the summer there was much bustling about going to concerts—particularly the outdoor variety. Rakes and hoes manifested a certain vigor. There was considerable agitation over lawns. Some suburban types were seen scampering about changing the position of sprinklers; this seemed to be their major form of exercise. Then came a stretch of soggy days with the humidity between 70 and 80 and this seemed to have sapped everyone's vitality. For everything except cookouts. People who are too weary to walk across the "rec" room and put on Maria Callas's new version of "Carmen" are still frisky enough to put on a Cro-Magnon table d'hôte in the patio. Back to the good old caveman days when they hunted all day in order to tuck into a barbecued antelope at dusk. By some miracle the

cookouts find that it cools them off to jab at carbonized beef. "Most refreshing," they say and when they get tired of saying this, they say, "I always feel that food tastes so good outdoors." What Washington needs is a group of sober, serious citizens to start a crusade for cook-ins.

But whatever the summer silliness, the summer languor, it will soon be over. Splashes of red canna are now visible in public gardens. Why are public gardeners so strangely addicted to the canna—the sad, drah flower of summer's end? However, this is another subject.

Three Errant Fancies

Bill H R 10,700, so long a phantom, has now become a reality and the reality by this time has slid into your pocket. Nearly every beneficiary of the federal pay increase—that is, the ones we have talked to—insists that the money will be put to good uses such as improvements to the house, a new station wagon, the family education budget, etc. Only three would confess to toying with frivolous ideas:

The first, a man aged 55, said, "My father was a car wrecker and so was my mother. My wife also wrecks them. My son and daughter like frowsy cars with dirty windows and Coca-Cola bottles bumping on the floor. I like a nice, slick, gleaming, non-banged up car. Now I'm going to buy myself a dashing red Jaguar Type E. I'm going to whizz all over the country like a *jeune sportif*. When I get tired of showing off in the streets I'm going to put it in the driveway as a status symbol. And my wife and children will never get their hands on the steering wheel."

The second, a woman aged thirty, "I'm going to throw away my phonograph and buy a super-stereo. And then I'm going to throw away all my monaurals and replace them with stereo records."

The third, a man aged fifty-seven: "I'm going to build an extra room on to our house, absolutely without air conditioning and that's going to be my private territory."

New Equipment For Diplomats

"Any school for diplomats nowadays," says the Baltimore SUN, "should add to the traditional education of an envoy—languages, protocol, the composition of despatches and how to slip unwanted vodka into the potted palm, a basic course in self-defense, jiu-jitsu and riot control. One of the penalties of being a great power

in the post-gunboat era is that embassy property and personnel are no longer sacrosanct. The first thing you do when you are annoyed at a country is to go and picket its embassy, or riot outside it, or, in extreme cases, blow it up. Under these conditions the image of the American diplomat as a mere party-goer, an office-bound fellow, at home only in an atmosphere of striped-pants and propriety, cannot long survive even in the sticks."

After reciting some recent acts of violence against American embassies, the newspaper says, "In many parts of the world American diplomats are in considerable danger, and in situations where their calling forbids them to use weapons for their own defense. The time is fast coming when a tear gas shooter will have to be issued with every cutaway."

Pocahontas Passed Here

When you buy a house in Europe you buy more than stone and brick. Sometimes they throw in a ghost, a scandal, or some other fragrant hit of history. In contrast, the history of American houses is usually dull.

A Foreign Service officer buying a house in Washington (in Washington, people buy houses as casually, as airily as they invest in ice cream cones) brooded over the historical vacuum as he wended his way towards a title and trust company for "settlement day." (In Washington real estate cant "settlement day" is the day you fork over the money.)

Three worthies were sitting behind a table fingering documents. "This one," said one of the worthies, "is a description of the house."

"Tell me," said the buyer impetuously, "is there anything interesting in the history of the house?"

"No, sir," said the worthy, "what kind of thing did you have in mind, sir?"

"Well, did Millard Fillmore ever live in this house? Or did Ava Gardner?"

"No, sir."

"Well, was there ever a murder committed in the house, and if so, was the body concealed in the coal bin, now referred to as the do-it-yourself den, for two years?"

"Oh no, sir, nothing like that, sir."

The deal went through, but it seemed a bleak future living in a history-less house.

A few days after, the châtelain looking out the window said to his wife: "You see that red oak? It was

planted by Pocahontas."

Incredulity mixed with a trace of shock best described the look. She said after a pause, "It's really remarkable how quickly you got on to Pocahontas after your failure with Ava Gardner and . . . who was it . . . Millard Fillmore . . . and the corpse."

"Research work did it. I have documentary proof that Pocahontas planted that tree when she came to Washington in 1927 to open a DAR Convention."

"Oh . . ."

But the world needs believers, people with vivid faith. One of these turned up a few days later when the officer recounted, for the seventeenth time, the discovery of the Pocahontas tree to a friend.

"Oh, yes," said the friend, a lady of swift perceptions, "that same trip she came to our house and planted one of those nasty mulberry trees."

"Before Their Roses . . ."

The glorious art of Persian rugs is on view in a special show at the textile museum, 2320 S Street, and it is recommended to all Foreign Service officers resident in Washington or passing through. The show, called "Masterpieces of Iranian Rugs and Textiles," includes some thirty outstanding carpets including choice examples of Herats, Kirmans and Shiraz, and one stunning saddle bag that came from Kaskgai nomads.

There are several rugs with exquisite garden motifs that incite the cataloger to quote a rhapsodic poet:

"A garden is ashamed before its beauty—

Before its roses, a rose garden is but a thorn."

The show is not only interesting per se but it is doubly interesting because of its locale: a charming old Washington house that was once the home of the museum's founder, George Hewitt Myers. Mr. Myers, whose lifelong avocation was collecting rugs and textiles, was a forestry expert and in this role he carried out several assignments from the Department of State in different parts of the world.

The textile museum is a peaceful haven—no noise, no crowds, no shoving.

Awards To Two Dashing Ladies

The "Washington Letter's" October achievement awards go to two ladies who have got too little attention in the press:

1. Miss Helen Henderson and her friend, Mrs. Susan Lowell, ehaperoned by Mrs. Lowell's ten month old son, went down to the *Queen Elizabeth* one fine summer morning to say *au revoir* to a friend who was

sailing for a European holiday. When the *au revoir* ceremonies were over, the ship was several hours out at sea. Both ladies were labeled stowaways. Mrs. Lowell's husband telegraphed money for a return passage by plane from Cherbourg but Miss Henderson, sans husband, was obliged to stay on the ship till it got back to New York. The British immigration authorities were so stuffy that they wouldn't let her off for a little tootle around Southampton. Miss Henderson was asked for an explanation of her misadventure. A woman of less stalwart character would have weasled, would have said that she was carrying on religious exercises in the ship's chapel or that she was teaching sailors how to frug. But not Miss Henderson. She looked her interlocutor straight in the eye and said, "Well, we had some bubbly and then we flaked out. When we came to we were far out to sea."

2. Miss Gayle Andrews of Arlington borrowed a neighbor's car to drive to the garage where *her* car had been repaired. She was therefore faced with the problem of getting the two cars home. She elected to drive the two cars simultaneously. She placed one car in front of the other, started the rear car's motor, put it in gear and then leaped to the steering wheel of the front car. Pedestrians looked stunned and incredulous but on the whole the system worked well enough and Miss Andrews had almost arrived home when the policeman popped up. The judge said, "If that isn't reckless driving I don't know what is." Miss Henderson replied, "I definitely disagree." Said the judge, "Twenty-five dollars."

Best Sellers of Other Years

In its fortieth anniversary issue (August 29), the SATURDAY REVIEW prints a list of the best-sellers of the last forty years. The sight of it stirs up dim memories, moves one to speculation on why this or that hook ever kept the cash registers tingling and cluttered up the bookcases. We find, for instance, "So Big," by Edna Ferber (1924); "The Art of Thinking," by Ernest Dimnet (1929); "Life Begins at Forty," by Walter B. Pitkin (1933); "Man the Unknown," by Alexis Carrel (1936); "How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie (1937); "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor (1945); "Look Younger, Live Longer," by Gayelord Hauser (1951); "Marjorie Morningstar," by Herman Wouk (1955); "Advise and Consent," by Allen Drury (1960); "Ship of Fools," by Katherine Ann Porter (1962).

Here and there is a book that might survive a cleanout:

"Elmer Gantry," by Sinclair Lewis (1927); "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck (1937); "Berlin Diary," by William Shirer (1941); "Doctor Zhivago," by Boris Pasternak (1958).

And what are we up to today? In the New York HERALD TRIBUNE compilations for this week we find, "The Spy who Came in From the Cold," by John Le Carré; "The Invisible Government," by Dana Wise and Thomas B. Ross; "Harlow," by Irving Schulman ("Sensation-ridden story of the Blonde Bombshell's Life.")

The mixture much as before? ■

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by Robert W. Rinden



"But—but the Security Officer doesn't like our bringing classified despatches home from the Embassy."

SHE was always my kid sister. I was born at 11:45 p.m. on the night of February 21, 1915. She was born at 12:02 a.m. on the morning of February 22, 1915.

Until we were fourteen we never went to school. We had to make do with tutors—whom I hated and she loved. For her, Vergil was poetry, and for me a nightmare of mnemonic futility. She could modulate from G Major to E Minor on the piano when she was fifteen. I had a facility for sight reading and sometimes filled out the second violins in the high school orchestra, but I could never explain what I was doing.

To our surprise, when we did enter a high school together, outside of Boston, spelling bees terrified most of our classmates. It was not long before they knew that in the end it would be my sister and me remaining, with one of us going down on "minuscule" or the second "m" in accommodation. Our teachers, in time, had to wind things up with harder

supposed my kid sister would want to go to Vassar, or as a second choice, Smith. To my horror, one morning, she got a letter saying that Radcliffe had accepted her application.

There was a telegram from Berlin congratulating both of us.

The advantage of almost any high school over Groton, Andover, St. Paul's or Exeter is that you are likely to work a little your freshman year at college. In any case, I did, like a madman, and after that the other three years went by in a walk. At least, my grades were acceptable. What seemed to be the real tests for the making of the man, came harder. I did not make Porcellian, though by God I wanted to. I was dead sure that Skull and Bones or Seroll and Key would have been a cinch. I had played freshman football, swum for the varsity, edited the Crimson, and made Junior Phi Beta. I drove a bright red repainted Reo, and by my senior year could have found my way blindfold to Poughkeepsie, North-

MY KID SISTER AND CYPRUS

by ROBERT W. BARNETT

words, like "hypoxanthic." There had, it appeared, been advantages in living with parents who read books, and left them around to be read by underemployed youngsters.

There may not have been schools in Kunming, Tehran, Lima, and Moscow in those days, but there were places to swim and run and climb. I was not large, but I was muscular, and I could sprint like hell away from any tormentor, regardless of size. I felt that I had it made when the track coach put me on the team as a freshman, and the football coach asked me to take hold of a football and see if I could pass it. It did not bother me then to have my kid sister sitting around reading Edna St. Vincent Millay, and a week later reeling it off from memory: that was just a knack she had. But how come she was asked to be right wing on the hockey team?

Dad had become Counselor of Embassy in Berlin, and Mother had acquiesced in leaving us with an uncle, who was a widower and had a household run by an elderly couple from Latvia. High school in Winchester seemed right, and we stuck with it. I had somehow got a scholarship at Groton and she one at Dobbs, but we both turned them down. We were left pretty much to ourselves, the school, and compassionate faculty members at Harvard, Radcliffe, Tufts, Boston College, and Wellesley who regarded us as abandoned oddities, partly, I suppose, because we both remembered fairly well what we had learned of kitchen Chinese, Persian, Spanish and Russian. We were told that piano-violin business had something to do with good accents. There was some tension before college entrance exams, but we tried not to show it, and we seemed to have agreed we would not discuss our intentions about college, if we did well.

Anyway, it turned out that Harvard accepted me. I had

ampton, or even to the off-Riverside haunts of the Barnard girls. Funny, how a thing like Porcellian can get under your skin.

I heard more of what Koussevitzky was trying to do with Vivaldi or Strauss—Richard, of course—when, every now and then, I would take my kid sister into Symphony Hall, than ever I did going with anyone else. We left the Brattle one time in stunned wonder after seeing "The Seagull." And I would find that, for days after an encounter with her, I would take credit for the sharpness of her comment on members of the Harvard faculty. But she was beginning to bother me. She had an incurable propensity for dating meat balls. I was appalled when she married one and went out to Berkeley where he got a job teaching astrophysics.

It was just then that I took the Foreign Service exams and passed them.

A gulf widened and widened. She had been great. But how could you ride on memory. She was lost to an astrophysical meat ball who knew nothing better than to go West. And with a feeling of greater melancholy than I suppose I ever really admitted, I said that that was that. We never wrote.

* * *

I looked down at my fuzz covered shoes as I hurried along the inner C Street corridor on the Seventh Floor at the State Department. It was called a mise-en-scène of the decorators, at first, but had now become a status symbol. No matter how highly polished your shoes at 8:30 in the morning, by 9:15 they had picked up this fuzz, and looked soiled except to the knowing. On no other floor of the Department did this difficulty arise. On no other floor did anyone really matter. Necessary drones and clerks inhabited other parts of the

building—and, for that matter, other parts of the Seventh Floor. Power resided along the C Street corridor. That was where I now tucked away.

I had had a second martini and an over-long lunch at the Metropolitan Club, and the portraits of former Secretaries merged in a stately blur as I strode to what I feared would be a reproving list of calls. From the White House? From the Secretary? From whom—Arthur Krock? Krock? That was the kind of thing a second martini could do. Why Krock? What was a good tranquilizer? Librium? Miltown? Equanil? Or maybe just no martinis at all, and no cigarettes.

It was one of those days when, happily, the telephone had been quiet between 1:00 and 2:45. Only one person had called. This was incredible—what with Cyprus and de Gaulle's flirtation with Mao and Sihanouk's latest tergiversation. Only one call. Who had been minding the store during the lunch hour? Who was by-passing whom? Was this adumbration of rejection? "Adumbration!" That was one of those spelling bee words!

The name to be called was familiar. But who was it?

"Who is Mrs. Pereival?" I had buzzed my secretary to ask.

"She says she is your sister."

"My God."

"What did you say?"

"I said, My God." There was quite a pause then. What the hell had happened that I couldn't even remember the name of my sister? Of course it was Mrs. Pereival. But why could she be calling, and from where? And why did I suddenly feel uneasy about talking with her? I supposed that it was because I could not imagine twenty-three years of co-habitation with an astrophysical meat ball doing nothing except producing a brood of little terrestrial meat balls. She had children. I knew that, but I had forgotten how many or how old or what they were doing. There must have been much more to it than the three thousand miles of continental United States, but the truth was that I had not seen her for—well for a hell of a long time, and the last glimpses were brief and long ago.

"I thought you said, My God." My secretary was not trying to be amusing. The electronic age is not infallible. Strange sounds did occasionally crackle through our intercom.

"I did." I paused and went on. "Where is she? When did she call? What did she want?" That last question was silly. My kid sister would never pass on that kind of question through a secretary.

"She's at the Carlton. She called at 1:15. She left her room number."

"Call her!" I had a disturbing feeling that if I delayed, it would be because I did not intend to call her at all. But why? That meat ball business. She would be a ghastly bore. If she asked—Where's Cyprus?—she wouldn't be doing it to be funny. I had come to hate explanations. And I was embarrassed by dowdy women. Small talk? My profession required it. But what if she didn't even know where Kitzbühel was? What if she began talking about the children?

"Mrs. Pereival," my secretary announced, after a sharp warning buzz over the intercom.

"Clare!" That was her name. I tried to sound hearty.

"John." That is my name. She spoke it softly, but with an intonation which made me wonder if she was spoofing. Should she flatter me with some title I did not bear, but for which I must be eligible.

"Clare, where in the world are you?"

"You know perfectly well. Otherwise, how could you have called?"

"No, I mean, what are you doing here in Washington, and when can I see you?" This was a part of the ritual of the town. Crowded calendars, prior commitments, planes to be caught, etc., etc. Nine times out of ten you could go right through the ritual without ever agreeing on a time. Yet you hung up with a good feeling of having done everything you

could for an old friend. But what nonsense, the ritual wasn't for sisters.

"Right away."

"What's that?" What meetings did I have scheduled? When would my telephone start ringing? When could I get at that mounting pile of telegrams and letters to be read and signed, if she came over?

"I'll come right over—if you want me to." She sounded as though she wanted to. I might just as well get this over.

"Are you sure you can?"

"It's not more than a seven minute taxi ride." She had always, from the very very first, asked for maps when she went to a strange town, and she knew exactly where she was. In a minute she would be telling me that it was only seven blocks south and six blocks west, with a swing around Lafayette Square.

"I'd love to see you. Come to the C Street entrance. Use the east bank of elevators and come up to the Seventh Floor. Unless you want me to come over?"

"No, I want to see you in your office. Is it paneled? Can you see the Washington monument? You should be able to." There she was looking at her map. But would she know where Cyprus was?

"It will be wonderful to see you." I said it, but how did I know it was true. How could she ever share this sense of the inadequacy of time which held in savage grip everyone on the Seventh Floor? Would she hang around, not appreciating it? Would she treat lightly those deliberated words which we had come to learn to ration out, in split second calculation of results desired? Would she grasp the fact that the air of insouciant relaxation we adopted was part of the prescribed scenario? Would she know when to leave? And what about those children? Would she want to talk about them? Would she catch on and play her role properly when I said that Jane—that's my wife—must meet her later in the afternoon and take her for a drive out to Lee Mansion, and if there was time, to Mount Vernon? Would she—God forbid—feel obliged to mouth inanities about Cyprus? How could any wife of an astrophysical professor know anything about Cyprus? Or about anything, for that matter, which mattered? The killing outside Nicosia. The Greek Navy. The way Whitehall was—Well, what *could* she know, anyway? And the NATO angle? Well, I would simplify. She would respect that.

I scanned quickly and marked telegram after telegram. This was negative reading. I read with just enough attention to determine that I didn't need to read. Page after page of it. Three minutes after I could not possibly have told anyone what I had read. Here was something on the attitudes of the Somalis towards Archbishop Makarios. Make note of that. Commie angle to it. Check further with Mogadiseio. Clare probably wouldn't know where that was either! She should be here any minute. The telephone rang twice. Once it was the Secretary. Had I seen the message from Mogadiseio? Thank God I had. I spoke of the Commie angle. We hung up. The next time the telephone rang it was my secretary, saying Clare had arrived. Ten minutes. Quick. Only a minute and a half at each end to get through corridors plus seven minutes in one of those always ready taxis in front of the Carlton.

I went to the door, opened it, and held out my hand.

I guess it must be a good thing to have played hockey as a girl. In any case, she preserved the figure of a twenty-year-old model. Preserved? Any twenty-year-old college girl would have waived her dowry to have had it. She wore a light gray worsted suit, high collared, with a suspicion of a white silk blouse showing at her throat, and pearls—earrings, ring, and necklace. My secretary was obviously skeptical about that sister business. I closed the door. She touched the walnut paneling, and said,

"Niece."

I showed her to a vast, brown leather couch, and sat in a large brown leather arm chair opposite her. I was thinking

that her looks were one thing that I needn't apologize for. And then I recalled there was a ritual—which infinitely bored me—for mothers.

"How are the children?" I tried to sound interested. And I was appalled at the thought that she might think I was.

"Are you interested?"

"Why sure!"

"No, you aren't. I'm not, in yours."

"How is—what is his name?" Something in my gut, incurably, had him tagged for a meat ball. What business did he have, anyway, taking her out to Berkeley! She might have amounted to something, if she had only waited for the right guy. Clare's get-up confirmed that.

"Jim. Jim Percival, you remember. You never liked him, did you?"

"I thought he was great."

"He is."

"I am sure." There was a trace of sarcasm, not really intended.

"I mean it. He made the A-11."

"What's that?"

"You didn't hear the President tell the country?"

"When?"

"At his press conference last week."

"I was waiting to have him say something about Cyprus. I must have missed it." There I was, hauling Cyprus in. Would she pick it up? Did I want her to? She had not done a damn thing to make me feel important—except that business about the paneling. What was it she said—only "nice!"

"It's a real breakthrough."

"What?" She was not asking about Cyprus. Didn't she read the papers? What kind of hick was she anyway? Didn't she know that I had accompanied the Under Secretary. Even the TV had been picking me up off-center.

"The A-11."

"Jim was an astrophysicist."

"He was. But he got interested in metal fatigue. It was a combination that NASA had been looking for. I'm exaggerating, of course."

"Yes?" I was falling a little behind.

"I mean that Jim was not the only person in on A-11. He would deny he was responsible for creating the plane. Just, I suppose, as Oppenheimer or Fermi would deny that they created the Bomb. Teller is the only scientist who seems to take personal credit for the whole of accomplishments where he was but one of a vast cast of characters. Never trust the judgment of the scientist except on points he has proven. Science is but a tool. Human experience is not scientific."

How in hell, I wondered, had we got around to this? Probably Clare was just echoing the jargon of the Berkeley academics.

"I must get the dope from our NASA liaison people on the A-11." I hated to sound apologetic, particularly to women, and above all to Clare. I must get her off that A-11 wicket.

"I wouldn't bother. The plane is off the drawing board but a long way from production, and much further from actual use, either strategically or commercially. You'll have time."

"But what are *you* up to, Clare?" She had got off the wicket on her own, and there was no telling where she would go next. At Radcliffe she would go through phases of gloom and silence, and then get on a talking jag. When would her performance collapse? That A-11 business had been deflating. How had I missed the President's statement? What had he said? It might have some tie-in with Cyprus. Deterrence. It's not deterrence if you use it, you know. All that. Fold it in on plans.

"Foreign policy." She said it blandly.

"Foreign policy!" I snapped it out with something between reproof and incredulity, "I thought your specialty was poetry. Seventeenth century divines, wasn't it?"

"It was. But you can't go on doing the same thing for a

lifetime. And you should not even do different things in the same way."

The intercom bleated. I leaned over to my desk and picked up the telephone. It was Defense. I was determined to keep Clare a bit more. What was she up to anyway? Who was she? What had she become? What was this thing she was doing to me? Upstaging me? Or was I imagining?

"... thirty miles from Nicosia." That's all I said, in reply. "... it's a different language. No, I don't think so. ... we'll get someone out tomorrow. ... No, one of ours. ... So long."

I turned back to Clare.

"More flak on Cyprus." I commented, nodding knowingly. She, to my disgust, passed it over.

"I don't believe that weapons matter much. You've got to have them. But they don't matter. I don't believe that foreign aid has ever accomplished what anyone has claimed for it. You've got to do it, but more for your own sake—your conscience, you know—than for anybody else's good. You know what is wrong with our foreign policy? It's boring. It needn't be. But it is. Churchill was a great statesman and architect of a magnificent foreign policy—not because he made sense, but because he was never boring. When he became boring, everything collapsed about Churchill except memory of the man—and all the other things about him that weren't boring."

"What do you know about foreign policy, out there in California?"

It was a brotherly prerogative to challenge. She didn't wait for me to reply. She went on.

"I'll tell you what. There are only two things about our foreign policy that matter. All the stuff the government puts out and that the magazines publish is in the English language. Without even having to try, we have the greatest asset in the world. A language everybody wants to know. And you know the second thing? Our way of fooling around. What about jazz—and cowboy suits—and the twist? We've got the wrong idea about foreign policy. It's not something to ration out in phony cupfuls of this and that, that turn sour because facts so quickly deflate declaration. It's something to laugh about and talk about with everybody, everywhere."

"You've got a great idea!" This was what could happen in California. What, I wondered, was left in her of Radcliffe?

"I am glad you think so," Clare looked through me, "because I am writing a book, and I want you to do the foreword."

"My God, Clare. It would never be cleared."

"That's just what I mean. You don't see it, but that's a terribly funny thing to say. Just like, well, lots of things I hear all the time. You can't say anything about China without making me laugh. Or the Congo. Or hardly anything about Castro. Or even the hydrogen bomb. These are all serious things. I know that. But nothing *serious* is ever said. Only limp, tiresome clichés. And so terribly boring that the only way to take it is to laugh. If we began to, we would have the whole world laughing with us. What everybody wants to do these days is talk—in English—horse around—our way—and laugh. Don't you know that?"

"My dear Clare. You are wonderful. I want to see a lot of you. I'm going to ask Jane to pick you up at the Carlton just as soon as she can get in from Wesley Heights to take you out to the Lee Mansion and maybe Mount Vernon. That would be about twenty-five minutes. But now you go. And I'll see you tonight. You are free, aren't you?" I had to get her out of the office. There was a fantastic accumulation of stuff to get at. I really should by now have passed on to the Secretary, DOD's question, and my promise.

"I'll run along, John, if you want me to. But I must ask one question. What is there to laugh about on Cyprus?"

My God, I said to myself, what has that meat ball done to my sister, and with as much dignity as I could muster, I escorted my kid sister out of my office. ■

the MONK, THE DE- MON and the GOLDEN MONKEY

by EDMUND DEMAITRE

THE Chinese Communist press recently published nineteen new poems written by Mao Tse Tung. The publication of these poems was something of a major literary event since the Peiping leader is considered by his admirers not only as the most authoritative interpreter of Communist doctrine but also as one of the leading contemporary poets.

The interest in Mao Tse Tung's unpublished poems was considerably heightened by the fact that at least two of the Communist leader's lyrical products referred in allegorical, but unmistakable, terms to the current Sino-Soviet Conflict. One of the poems declared that "the brave man no longer fears the bear," then, somewhat surprisingly, concluded that "it is not strange that the flies are frozen to death." The other poem described "a foolish monk" who does not take notice of "the heaps of white bones left by a demon." Fortunately, a golden monkey appears, he courageously spins his magic staff, admonishes the erring, and the land clears up for ten thousand miles.

In order to put matters in proper perspective, the Peiping press reported that the poem dealing with the bear and the flies was written during the Tenth Plenary Meeting of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party while the one about the silly monk was written during the ninth. It was also explained that the second poem was inspired by an old Chinese tale in which a naive monk is lured away by the "white-bone demon" that is imperialism. The golden monkey who is armed with magic powers—otherwise known as

Marxism-Leninism—rescues the monk but draws only his rebukes. The evil fog—sometimes described as revisionism—descends on earth, but the people—that is the party members—unanimously hail the golden monkey who is no other than Mao Tse Tung.

Whether or not the two poems will be considered by posterity as masterpieces of Chinese poetry remains to be seen. But viewed in a diplomatic rather than in a literary context, it is already clear that the two poems mark an important milestone in the history of international relations. They open up the broadest perspective by enabling diplomacy to operate on a new and more effective basis.

The main trouble with classic diplomacy is that its language is couched in too direct, too unequivocal terms. Thus, when one country tries to point out to another country that their relations are plain awful, it says that their relations are "correct." When a government tries to inform another government that it is hopping mad, it says that it is "greatly concerned" for one reason or another. Since, by mutual agreement, "correct" means "awful," and "concern" means "apoplectic anger," the language of diplomacy becomes utterly unequivocal, thus greatly contributing to the deterioration of international relations.

An easy remedy for this depressing state of affairs could be found by adopting for general usage the Mao technique which consists of substituting allegory based on folklore for diplomatic language. Thus, instead of rudely asking a restless power to maintain the status quo, the ambassador of another power should simply transmit a short poem based on the tale of Sleeping Beauty. The poem would point out the incalculable consequences for everybody concerned of the rash act of the prince, who woke the Princess and thus inconsiderately upset her status quo. The poem transmitted to the government of the offending country would run like this:

*Princesses should keep permanently
Surrounded by rose-hedges and silent parrots.
Only naughty boys wake princesses and
Make silent parrots chatter.
They usually get spanked.
So sorry.*

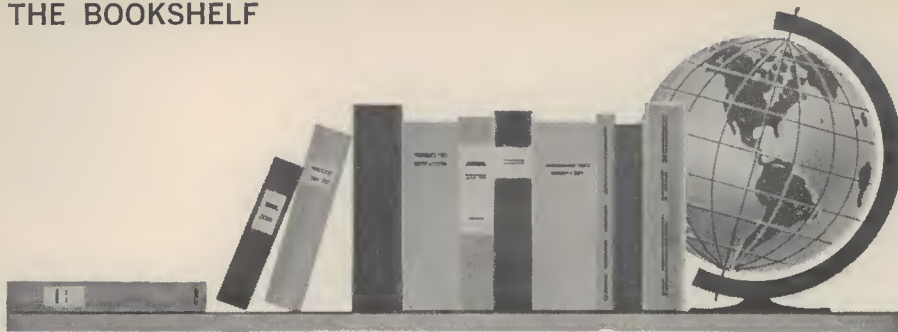
No government could fail to discern the meaning of the poem. However, it could not resent the warning because of the delicate lyricism of its formulation. Or let us take a situation in which an exclusive bloc of states rejects the request of an outside power which would like to join the group. Instead of saying that the request will be given serious consideration—which, in the traditional language of diplomacy, means that "we would not touch you with a ten-foot pole"—the matter could be handled more tactfully with the help of a little poem based on the tale of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. The poem would say:

*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.
That makes exactly eight.
A nice, even number divisible by four and two,
Nine cannot be divided by either.
You see?*

Even the threat of armed conflict could be considerably diminished by the use of the Mao technique. Instead of declaring that an attack would be met with prompt retaliation, a poem based on Little Red Riding Hood should be sent to the threatening power:

*The Big Bad Wolf said:
"I've long teeth and will bite off your nose."
Upon which Little Red Riding Hood answered;
"I've longer teeth and will bite off your head."
Understand?*

In this way, international disputes could be easily settled. Everybody would know what the other is talking about. The evil fog of misunderstandings would disappear. And the age of golden allegories would soon descend on earth. ■



One Hit, One Miss

THESE two books point up how easy it is to bracket the Southeast Asian literary target, but how difficult it is to score a hit or even a near miss.

Trumbull's book, "The Scrutable East," is shallow journalese and not really worth a serious reader's attention. For example, the chapter on Viet-Nam begins, "In the time of Ngo Dinh Diem, the first thing an American tried to learn in Saigon was how to pronounce the President's name correctly. Very few succeeded." Such comment makes light reading, but it seems out of place between hard covers with a jacket blurb describing the book as "a clear-cut interpretation of the current Asian crisis."

"Southeast Asia," by Lennon A. Mills, professor emeritus of political science at the University of Minnesota, is a much more useful piece of work. Evidently intended as a basic textbook for college courses, the work provides a rundown of the various problems faced by the countries in Southeast Asia. Recent history, current political problems, foreign policies, and particularly economic issues, are described and compared. The coverage is scholarly and careful, though in some spots the writing shows signs of being a cut-and-paste job, as Professor Mills admits in his preface where he says much of the book "is based on the writings of others, including some of my former students."

A more general and hopefully more useful criticism can be made of Professor Mills' book by noting that it is written essentially from an external viewpoint. In examining Southeast Asia, Mills and his collaborators seem most often to be asking the questions that occur to a Westerner, and seldom put themselves in the shoes of the Southeast Asian. This is not at all surprising, but it would be much more instructive if, for example, Western scholarly viewers of the Southeast Asian scene would concern themselves less with wondering whether the local governments are "democratic" and more with trying to

find out if these governments satisfy the local people, help fulfill their long as well as short term expectations, and generally give them the kind of government they want. It is true that Southeast Asia has to exist in a world dominated by foreigners, but it is equally true and usually a good bit more important to note that the governments and economic systems of these countries, if they are to survive, must only secondarily serve and protect the interests of Americans and Europeans. Their primary concern must always be their own citizens—Thais, Cambodians, Vietnamese, Burmese, Laos, Malaysians, Filipinos, and Indonesians.

—GEORGE B. ROBERTS, JR.

THE SCRUTABLE EAST, by Robert Trumbull. McKay, \$4.95.

SOUTHEAST ASIA, by Lennox A. Mills. University of Minnesota Press, \$6.50.

Life of Lenin

ANYONE interested in political movements and men as makers of history will want to read Mr. Fischer's latest work, "The Life of Lenin." Fischer brings to the difficult job of analyzing Lenin an impressive array of tools; a long interest in and study of the Soviet Union, personal acquaintance with early Soviet officials (but not Lenin), fluent Russian, and a facile pen. Applying these tools to a mass of sources, he has produced a swiftly moving picture not only of Lenin as a political being, but also of his personal life, and of the people and events with which Lenin had to deal. In effect, it is a history of Tsarist Russia from the late 1800s through the first five critical years of the Soviet regime.

The picture of Lenin which emerges is not an unfamiliar one. He is aptly described as "a remarkable combination of inflexible dogma and flexible procedures, of granite and boa constrictor." Above all, Lenin was the practical politician, completely devoted to the idea of world revolution, but more than willing to settle for part of the loaf. Fischer's eye for the small detail constantly surprises and

keeps the pace from faltering. For example, he points out that a Philadelphia soap manufacturer paid for most of the expenses of the fifth Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party (London, May 1907), at which the Bolsheviks and Mensheviks continued to wrestle for control of the movement. He was repaid in 1923. The love interest also is present in the person of Inessa Armand, a Russified French beauty turned revolutionary, of whom Lenin was deeply enamored.

Given the fact that Lenin and his writings are the lodestar and compass of the communist movement, it is unfortunate that Fischer does not devote more space to an analysis of these writings. Although the Soviet Union asserts that Lenin was the initiator of the concept of peaceful coexistence, Fischer does not even mention or discuss the term. Perhaps it was not important to Lenin.

—SOL POLANSKY

THE LIFE OF LENIN, by Louis Fischer. Harper and Row, \$10.00.

Salute to Careerists

BECAUSE only one diplomat is included in this book saluting eight selected recipients of the Rockefeller Public Service Awards, readers of the JOURNAL who come upon "Adventures in Public Service" are likely to turn first to the perceptive sketch on Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson by Wallace Carroll. Then, unless personal interest in the professional fields of the other careerists takes priority over a natural desire to learn how colleagues fare elsewhere in Federal service, reading sequence will probably be normal.

The seven additional biographical accounts are also discerning, and provide interesting summaries of the bureaucratic ups and downs of an aeronautical scientist, Hugh L. Dryden (National Aeronautics and Space Administration); a plant chemist, Sterling B. Hendricks (Department of Agriculture); a lawyer, Colin F. Stam (Joint Committee on International Revenue Taxation, U. S. Congress); a geologist, Thomas B. Nolan (Department of Interior); a psychiatrist, Robert H. Felix (Department of Health, Education & Welfare); an economist, Robert M. Ball (Commissioner of Social Security); and a forester, Richard E. McArdle (Department of Agriculture).

But don't let any of the matter-of-fact professional labels mislead you. The psychiatrist was a prime mover in building the Federal program for mental health; the economist, in bring-

ing our social security system to its present level; the forester, in developing and conserving this country's 154 national forests and grasslands; and so on. All have moved up through the ranks, adjusted to changing administrations, witnessed the impact of investigations, tilted with and won the respect of Congressmen, coped with yo-yo budgets; and resisted the lure of high-paying posts outside government. Their stories point up the too-often unseen and unsung contributions of careerists to the welfare, security, and development of the nation.

Although editors Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn do not make clear why they selected these particular individuals out of the twenty-one receiving Rockefeller Awards since 1960 (when the older program was changed to fit in with the Government Employees Training Act), their choice nevertheless supports the book's title. They also chose eight competent writers for the sketches: Howard Simons, Carroll, Gove Hambridge, E. W. Kenworthy, George R. Stewart, Herbert C. Yahraes, Jr., Oscar Schisgall, and Milton MacKaye. A heartening introduction by Robert F. Goheen, president of Princeton University, rounds out the volume.

—ORVILLE C. ANDERSON

ADVENTURES IN PUBLIC SERVICE, *Edited by Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn. Vanguard, \$3.95.*

Latin America in Crisis

DRAWING on his experiences with students at the University of Bolivia, John Powelson has pointed up the misconceptions most generally held by students, intellectuals and other Latin Americans with respect to the United States, its policies and procedures. His book is directed principally to Latin American students and he has skillfully answered their questions on agrarian reform, monopolies, trade and primary products, inflation, economic integration, foreign aid, and national economic planning.

This book should be a must for all Foreign Service officers dealing with Latin America. To most of the veterans in the area, the concepts and arguments will not be new but they are marshaled in an effective way for ready use in answering the many questions put to us by Latin Americans. In some instances details and statistics take away from readability, but the book is helpful because it deals with the philosophy of the problems involved. It is to be hoped that this book will be quickly translated into Spanish so that it can adequately reach the forum for which it is intended, i.e. Latin American students and other Latin Americans.

Johnson's is also an excellent book, which not only gives an insight into the military in Latin America, but also a better understanding of Latin American mores, development and psychology. The author has astutely noted the changing composition of the military in Latin America and the effect which these changes are having on the role of the military in political and other matters.

Johnson's closing chapter on "Retrospect and Prospect" is well worth reading. The whole book is recommended not only for Foreign Service officers and those following inter-American affairs, but for anyone desiring to gain more insight into Latin America and into what makes it tick.

Journalist Pflaum, after a thought-provoking meeting with Ambassador Robert Woodward in Madrid, underlines the importance of Latin America and emphasizes it as an area in crisis. In indicating the main difficulties, 1) nationalism, 2) revolutionary age, and 3) the Latin American role in the Cold War, the author hits on obviously important points. While the book offers an over-all general look at Latin America and a country-by-country description of some of the problems, those readers already familiar with Latin American affairs would probably have wished to see a discussion in more depth of these problems with suggested solutions.

—HENRY A. HOYT

LATIN AMERICA: *Today's Economic and Social Revolution*, by John P. Powelson. McGraw-Hill, \$9.00.

THE MILITARY AND SOCIETY IN LATIN AMERICA, by John J. Johnson. Stanford University, \$7.00.

ARENA OF DECISION: *Latin America in Crisis*, by Irving P. Pflaum. Prentice-Hall, \$6.50.

Russian Readings

PROFESSOR RIHA's new three-volume set of readings is much more comprehensive and, of course, more up-to-date than Warren Walsh's earlier "Readings in Russian History" with which one immediately seeks to compare it. In eight-hundred pages Riha presents, with fairness and sympathy, a digest of writings on Russia and the Soviet Union which should become a basic reference work for American college courses. But while everything valuable cannot be included in such a compilation, some omissions still seem noteworthy. Some description should have been included of Stolypin's agrarian reforms after 1906, which offered a real chance of turning the backward peasantry into a prosperous yeomanry; a general account of the Russian economic scene before and since 1917 could well have been fitted into a work which, admittedly, does not focus primarily on the economic side of Russian man; a few pages from the elder George Kennan's "Siberia and the Exile System" (or from Dostoevsky's "Notes from the House of the Dead") would have furnished a striking illustration of Tsarist policedom at work; a poem or two of Yevtushenko and a page or two of Aksenov and Solzhenitsyn would have given a good idea of what "liberal" writers have been doing recently (and could have been substituted for Eisenstein's pitiful article of self-criticism); and excerpts from Western press accounts of the 1962 riots in Novocherkassk would have fitted in with Alec Novc's discussion of Soviet public welfare.

One must applaud Professor Riha's call, in the introduction to Volume III, for more penetrating and diverse



Storm gathering over Vojvodina Plains, Serbia

by Dana Andrews

scholarly attention to the Soviet Union in all its aspects; he is very right in calling much of the writing in English on the subject "only supposed riches." However, the reviewer disagrees with his description, a little further on in this introduction, of the speed with which backward rural Russia is becoming urban and modernized. He claims that peasants compose only 28% of the population today; but while it is true that the 1959 census classified only 31.4% of the labor force as *kolkhozniki*, as late as July 1962 it was officially estimated that 49% of the population as a whole was still living in villages as opposed to cities. And it may be observed that even Soviet urban populations retain large elements of rural culture—a fact explainable to some extent by the undoubted speed of the urbanization process, but also by the fact that Soviet society's strange jumps ahead to try to match the West have left wood huts and peasant crones juxtaposed with space-ships and jazz. Professor Riha might have done a little more, in his generally excellent work, to emphasize the extent to which old Russia is still present with the new.

—PETER S. BRIDGES

READINGS IN RUSSIAN CIVILIZATION, by Thomas Riha. University of Chicago Press, 3 vols., \$3.75 each vol.

The Presidency

THIS is an interesting but rather specialized book. In some respects it is actually two books. It is foremost a compilation of statements by the presidents themselves on various aspects of the presidency such as relations with Congress and the judiciary, administration, political parties, and the role of the commander-in-chief. By an introductory chapter and essays accompanying each section it is also a commentary by the author on the development of the executive office and the philosophy, personality, and literary skill of its incumbents.

Mr. Tourtellot's exposition, though in no way profound, is knowledgeable, incisive, and enjoyably subjective. The presidential excerpts, on the other hand, make very heavy going and are so fragmentary and so dependent on time and circumstance that one can draw from them neither a coherent theme nor any real insight into the nature of the presidency. Such a collection represents an awesome amount of research and may, as the author hopes, be useful to scholars. For the majority of readers, however, it provides about the same sustenance as "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations."

—HENRY LEE

THE PRESIDENTS ON THE PRESIDENCY, by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Doubleday, \$5.95.

The Unanswered Question

THIS readable political history of Western Europe since World War II tells a complicated story within short compass and tells it well. The author, who is Director of the Graduate Institute of International Studies at Geneva, gives a balanced treatment of developments leading toward European integration such as the Marshall Plan, NATO, the Coal and Steel Community, and the Common Market. At the same time, he retains perspective in discussing those manifestations of traditional nationalism which have cut across the mainstream of European cooperation. These include Britain's early tactics in remaining aloof from Europe while retaining a special relationship with the United States and de Gaulle's vision of Europe and the world which has caused the French President to refuse to rally to the American "Grand Design." Interrelated with these British and French policies are the problems faced by the United States, particularly in the military-nuclear field, in giving substance to its pledge to support an Atlantic Partnership based on true equality between the US and Europe.

Professor Freymond's history begins

book written several years from now will characterize January 1963 as the beginning of an entirely new phase in the history of post-war Europe.

—CHRISTOPHER VAN HOLLEN

WESTERN EUROPE SINCE THE WAR: A Short Political History, by Jacques Freymond. Praeger, \$5.50.

From Purge to Coexistence

AMONG the historians writing about Russia and the Soviet Union, David J. Dallin has been one of the most prolific and illuminating. He was born in Russia in 1889 and died in New York in February, 1962. A volume of his essays, one written and published in the Soviet Union in 1919, and the others written from 1957 to 1960, has recently been published under the title "From Purge to Coexistence." A bibliography in this book illustrates Dallin's great productivity, from 1911 to 1962. It includes fifteen books, probably the most noted being "The Real Soviet Russia" (1944) and "Forced Labor in Soviet Russia (1947, jointly with Boris J. Nicolaevsky). Many of the more than 650 articles appeared in the NEW LEADER, of which Dallin was an associate editor.

The longest essay in the present



Campagne de France

by Louis Joseph Soulas

with the dispirited countries of Western Europe banding together with the United States to create the necessary political, economic and military strength to withstand a possibly imminent Soviet military attack. His book was completed before the French veto of the UK application for entry into the Common Market, although in an "epilogue" he comments briefly on the motives and implications of the French move. The unanswered question, which cannot be answered at this point by Freymond or any other historian, is whether the momentum toward European integration and Atlantic Partnership has been slowed only temporarily, or whether a revision of this

volume is on "The Pyatakov Radek Trial," written in 1959, which serves as a vivid reminder of the violent period of the Stalinist purges of the thirties—the so-called Yezhovshchina. It is a good example of Dallin's detailed and careful historical workmanship. Among the shorter essays, the one on "Austria" gives a good account of a conspicuous failure of Stalinist policy. The essay on "Social Change and Soviet Foreign Policy" is notable for its discussion of the "semi-intellectuals" as the group most susceptible to communist ideology. Dallin saw in the rise of a new middle class the possibility of a more critical questioning of the bases of communist ideology, leading to some hope for improvement

of life under the Soviet system. As a lifelong Menshevik (Social Democrat), Dallin saw the greatest hope for the future of Russia in a "return to the basic ideas of the pre-Soviet democratic revolution of 1917" (p. 174, "The Soviet Revolution: Shattered Hopes").

Nicolas Spulber, in "Soviet Strategy for Economic Growth," analyzes Soviet arguments of the early twenties on the subject of economic development. He describes how certain pioneering views of early Soviet economists were discarded in favor of an "intuitive" approach to economic planning, emphasizing heavy industry—with the result that real progress in planning methods has been achieved not in the Soviet Union but in the West. Spulber, however, indicates that the cruder Soviet planning model not only appeals to, but might possibly be better suited to countries at a lower level of development.

Paul E. Lydolph's "Geography of the USSR" is a very useful volume, amply provided with illustrations, tables and charts. It emphasizes a regional analysis of the geography of the USSR, followed by a topical discussion of cultural and economic phenomena. It gives the impression of careful workmanship.

—RALPH S. COLLINS

FROM PURGE TO COEXISTENCE, by David J. Dallin. Regnery Co., \$6.95.

SOVIET STRATEGY FOR ECONOMIC GROWTH, by Nicolas Spulber. Indiana University Press, \$4.50.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE USSR, by Paul E. Lydolph. John Wiley and Sons, \$10.95.

Education of a General

WHEN he died in retirement in 1959, General George C. Marshall was one of the least known of American public figures. A lifelong reserve and a distaste for public controversy had led him to refuse all offers for the publication of his memoirs and to deflect all would-be biographers. Now, in this first volume of a projected three-volume biography, Forrest C. Pogue, director of the George C. Marshall Research Foundation, has begun a long-awaited assessment of Marshall as a soldier-statesman and as a man.

This volume is concerned with Marshall's boyhood in western Pennsylvania, his cadet days at Virginia Military Institute, and his slow rise through a succession of posts and responsibilities at home and abroad to the position of Army Chief of Staff.

The portrait that emerges is one of the dedicated professional. He was ambitious; he worked hard, he wanted achievement, and he wanted recognition. He was also politically astute, as Mr. Pogue indicates in his absorbing account of the competition for appoint-

ment as Chief of Staff when Marshall's principal rival eliminated himself (as Marshall suspected he would) through over-eagerness.

Marshall's qualifications for eventual responsibilities as a statesman are less clear in this account of his education for top military command. Like most professional military officers of the thirties, he seems not to have been deeply concerned with international developments. Mr. Pogue's next volume will undoubtedly offer more evidence on this point.

—JAMES J. BLAKE

GEORGE C. MARSHALL—*Education of a General, 1880-1939*, by Forrest C. Pogue with the editorial assistance of Gordon Harrison. Viking, \$7.50.

"Land of Lords and Lizards"

FORMER AMBASSADOR Kalijarvi writes with authority, having served as Ambassador to El Salvador. His short study of an area of great importance to the United States is useful as a first step towards understanding why these formerly sleepy "Banana Republics" are no longer so. One could have hoped for more discussion of the move toward economic integration and the great promise that this, rather than political union of some sort, holds for the area. But as a primer on the significance of the five nations, despite some minor factual errors, it serves as a good place to start a study of the area.

—TAYLOR G. BELCHER

CENTRAL AMERICA: LAND OF LORDS AND LIZARDS, by Thorsten V. Kalijarvi. Van Nostrand Searchlight Book, \$1.45.

Poland's Price

STATES, like individuals, pay a heavy price for weakness or for unlucky environment, and Polish history affords dramatic illustration. Brought low in the eighteenth century primarily as a result of chronic political and social weaknesses, the Poles have been kept there by their ill-fated location between powerful and expansive neighbors. These three studies retell the diplomatic side of the story in both epochs in useful detail, though with only a passing nod at the underlying factors that made the Polish state peculiarly vulnerable to foreign encroachment.

Professor Kaplan's book, based on a fresh study of Polish archives, touches briefly on the elective kingship, disunited ruling classes, sprawling territory, ethnic inequalities, religious divisions and other features that originally invited foreign intermeddling. Predominant Russian influence extended to the picking of Poland's monarch in 1764; but the Empress Catherine overreached herself in attempting to dictate religious equality for Poland's non-Catholic elements, provoking civil strife

that drew in the other adjacent powers. The author shows how Catherine's policy, by offering Prussia and Austria a pretext for joining the intervention, cost Russia the exclusive domination of Polish affairs that it had previously achieved.

Professor Debicki's study is a useful chronological account of the effects on reborn Poland of the bickerings in the victor camp after 1918, the swift revival of German power, and the decline of France. His account is only slightly colored by a nationalist view of Poland's relations with still weaker neighboring peoples, and he does not shun a candid appraisal of the unrealistic attempt of the Pilsudski-Beck regime to pursue an independent course between the German and Soviet giants in the East European jungle of the 1930s.

Dr. Budurowycz recounts the territorial showdown that the Poles staged against the Soviets in 1919-20, the brief period of stabilization that they achieved, quickly ended by the rise of Nazism. His narrative recalls how Beck's policy of "balance" between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia afforded the Nazis a natural opportunity for intrigue, increasing Moscow's suspicions of Polish weakness if not of Warsaw's motives, which led by sure stages to the Nazi-Soviet deal. Both Budurowycz' and Debicki's accounts point up the fatefulness of Beck's illusion—in which he was not alone—that the ideological differences between Berlin and Moscow guaranteed that the two totalitarian powers could never combine for practical purposes, even temporarily.

—RICHARD W. TIMS

THE FIRST PARTITION OF POLAND, by Herbert H. Kaplan. Columbia University Press, \$5.00.

FOREIGN POLICY OF POLAND, 1919-39, by Roman Debicki. Praeger, \$5.50.

POLISH-SOVIET RELATIONS, 1932-39, by Bohdan B. Budurowycz. Columbia University Press, \$6.00.

Insurgency and Counter-Insurgency

WHILE it offers nothing new for the specialist, Charles W. Thayer's "Guerrilla" is recommended for the non-specialist who has the time or inclination to read just one book on irregular warfare. The opening sentence states the author's theme: "Guerrillas never win wars but their adversaries often lose them." This theme, with variations, is developed mainly through brief, highlighted case histories. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, not unknown to the above-cited specialists, provides an appropriate foreword.

—S. I. NADLER

GUERRILLA, by Charles W. Thayer, with a foreword by Sir Fitzroy Maclean. Harper and Row, \$3.95.

New Look on the Continent

IN 129 information-packed pages, J. Warren Nystrom and Peter Malof tell the important and readable story of the "kaleidoscope of centripetal and centrifugal forces that are reshaping the organization" of Europe—an historic process they call "perhaps the most significant international development of our time."

Tightly but clearly written, their little book will be invaluable to the American maker of policy, foreign and domestic alike, who must take account of the increasingly weighty implications of the European community's commercial and political unity. (The like is true of Soviet Bloc policymakers.) For, as the authors point out, European integration

emerges as a momentous landmark in the development of the modern world. Nearly destroyed by forces of its own making, Europe is rising, phoenix-like, to provide fresh vitality to the civilization of which it has been at once the embodiment and driving force. As the Continent continues to unify in its own way to meet its own needs, creating new instrumentalities to deal with changing realities, it will alter irrevocably both the distribution of world power and the character of global relationships. [And it] represents a serious blow to long-standing Soviet expectations and objectives.

Nystrom, an international relations consultant, and Malof, staff member of the Brookings Institution, describe the genesis of the dream of unity in war-ravaged, Communist-threatened Western Europe, provide "profiles" of the several countries, discuss the Common Market and the larger European community, and glance briefly at the "outlook and implications" of the movement. There are good maps and charts, selected bibliography, and index.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

THE COMMON MARKET: *European Community in Action*, by J. Warren Nystrom and Peter Malof. Van Nostrand, \$1.45. (Soft-cover.)

On Wharton, Hiss and Profumo

DIANA TRILLING has collected a baker's dozen of her magazine pieces, published over a period of eleven years and ranging in subject matter from Edith Wharton to Dr. Stephen Ward. Mrs. Trilling rarely says the obvious and is almost always interesting. But one may question her decision to leave the more topical of these articles unrevised. Some of them, notably that on the Hiss case, date badly, and one wonders whether her reflections on the Profumo affair will fare better.

—T. O.

CLAREMONT ESSAYS, by Diana Trilling. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75.

Challenge to Education and Diplomacy

IN running schools for officers and enlisted men in our nuclear navy Admiral Rickover has become profoundly concerned with the deplorable gaps in general education. There is nothing wrong with American intellectual ability he feels, but it is not getting a good enough deal in educational development.

The Admiral's testimony on Russian education before the House Committee on Appropriations five years ago evoked considerable public interest. His latest shot across the prow of American education was also first discharged before the Appropriations Committee. In this book, along with a general critique of our education, he presents comparative material on the British system and concludes with his own recommendations for improvement.

Considerable courage is needed to draw attention to illusions we can no longer cherish. The professional defenders of the status quo in our schools will be the last to concede the Admiral's points. But some of us in the diplomatic establishment have finally got to the same points and, if we but possess the Admiral's courage, can fire supporting shots. One cannot separate education and diplomacy. The deficiencies of the one are bound to show up in the other. The Admiral is, in effect, challenging us to take a good hard look at our diplomatic performance. His latest book is a good place to start.

—R. SMITH SIMPSON

AMERICAN EDUCATION: *A National Failure*, by H. G. Rickover. Dutton, \$3.50.

20th Century Politics

PROFESSOR HANS MORGENTHAU, a prolific writer and a keen observer of the international scene, has written many articles and many speeches. The wealth of information which he has at his disposal and his definite views on all major issues of political and diplomatic importance are reflected in the three volumes.

In bringing together writings and speeches prepared over a period of almost fifteen years, he gives an indication of the breadth of his interest and the extent of his analysis of political problems. The time element introduced by this manner of presentation, however, provides a definite problem for his readers. One can assume that more recent events in Cuba, China, Vietnam and elsewhere—and the policy decisions of the last year or so would alter his statements. If he were now to

reappraise the earlier period, he might modify the conclusions presented in these statements.

If these separate items had been knit together with a running comment and had been revised with some indication of the way in which they have been affected by recent developments, it would be easier to follow the evaluation of ideas and to know what final conclusion Professor Morgenthau wishes to leave as a result of his many-sided considerations.

The world with which Professor Morgenthau is dealing is complex and the task of the reader is only slightly less difficult, as he approaches the crucial issues, than that of the writer.

Throughout the volumes there is a note of pessimism and there are in the 1,000 pages of comments few encouraging signs. Even though the writings are an endeavor to form "together a kind of coherent theoretical understanding," the impression remains that the basis of consistency is difficult to find. Unfortunately for most readers the end result of studying these chapters is discouraging and it is not possible to see a constructive analysis which would make the next decade more promising than the past described in these pages.

—ELEANOR LANSING DULLES

POLITICS IN THE 20TH CENTURY: *Volume I, The Decline of Democratic Politics*, \$10.00; *Volume II, The Impasse of American Foreign Policy*, \$7.50; *Volume III, The Restoration of American Politics*, \$8.95, by Hans J. Morgenthau. University of Chicago.

Nuclear Death and Taxes

EDMUND WILSON, along with several other people, does not like having his tax money spent on space competition, nuclear armaments, chemical-bacteriological-radiological warfare research, and the monster governmental-industrial bureaucracy required to conduct such activities. His indictment of a society that accepts napalm bombs and the incineration of whole populations as normal instruments of policy is eloquent and disquieting. Its impact is considerably blunted, however, by the intrusion of the author's personal feud with the Internal Revenue Bureau over his failure to file any returns over a ten-year period. If he had refused to pay as a matter of principle—as some persons whom he cites with admiration have done—that would be pertinent to his thesis. Apparently he just didn't bother, or didn't realize it was expected of him.

—T. O.

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX: *A Protest*, by Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus, \$2.95.



by PAUL CHILD

WHENEVER POSSIBLE HAVE LEAD-IN LINES TAKE THE EYE TO THE POINTS OF GREATEST INTEREST. A corollary to this rule is to use lines, or solids, to frame the most important portion of the picture.



EVER since the American public was treated to a learned seminar on *Cosa Nostra* by Joseph Valachi, interest in Sicily's contribution to American crime has maintained itself at a remarkably high level. *Cosa Nostra*, which means *Our Affair*, has been translated itself into something more sinister: The American Mafia. *Cosa Nostra*, according to Valachi, is run almost exclusively by Sicilians. Have they, many followers of the seminar wish to know, improved on the original which started in Sicily?

The Sicilian Mafia arose out of the peculiar conditions of Sicilian history and social organization. Over the centuries Sicily has lived under many foreign rulers—Greek, Roman, Saracen, Norman, French, Spanish. In the nineteenth century, Bourbon kings ruled over the expansive domain known as the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In 1861, this regime was extinguished by Garibaldi who began his crusade for a united Italy with an invasion of Sicily. The new Italian regime with its

While the Sicilian tradition was hostility to foreign rule and foreign rulers, the Mafia never took a stand against tyranny and oppression. Indeed, it usually sided with the tyrant and the oppressor. If from time to time it seemed to take on Robin Hood glints, the explanation was simple: because the Mafiosi couldn't squeeze much out of the poor, they had to squeeze the rich. The Mafia defied the law. It defied the courts. It made and executed its own laws. Often it came into collision with the government in Rome which was getting stronger. Nevertheless Rome often found it politic to let the Mafia keep the peace.

By 1925 the Mafia had become so well entrenched, so blatantly powerful, that Mussolini decided to stamp it out. He sent a man named Cesare Mori to Sicily. Mori had had years of service in the police force in Sicily and he knew the mentality of the people. He was given almost unlimited police powers and plenty of policemen. Later he was appointed prefect or

THE MAFIA IN SICILY

capital at Rome sent down prefects, judges and other top officials to rule Sicily. Sicilians on the whole viewed the new bosses with cynical hostility. The tradition was already solidly formed: government—any kind of government—meant tyranny; all administrative processes were regarded as alien and hostile; they inspired hatred. According to a corollary tradition, the brave and bold scorned and ignored the alien regime and all its trappings. The real Sicilian had no truck with the law. He operated outside and beyond the law. Indeed, he became a law unto himself.

This is the tradition, but the Mafia is quite modern. The word in its common use was introduced into the Sicilian language only eighty or ninety years ago. In modern times the Mafia has become the symbol of criminal activity and the precursor of the "racket."

by RENWICK S. MCNIECE

principal representative of the central government for the province of Palermo. Making full use of his police powers, Mori in a series of massive raids rounded up hundreds of men, women and children. In three years he had squeezed the Mafia. Or so it seemed. In a few years the Mafia was once again active and powerful.

And why did Mori fail? Because the Mafia, contrary to the old adage, had succeeded in making crime pay. Mori could no more stop the Mafia—permanently—than the US government could stamp out racketeering by convicting Al Capone of failure to pay his income tax. In Sicily the eradication was an infinitely complicated problem for the following reasons.

In the first place, as we have noted, Sicilian tradition favors the Mafia. Not so long ago the baron on his ample acres far from the city was a rich feudal lord. As the man of property he was the principal source of employment in an agricultural

economy. He and his family and his manor house became the center for a sprawling community which found a precarious livelihood dependent on him. Under the Bourbons Sicily experienced intense poverty, misery and corruption; there were many delinquents and criminals and no adequate police force to cope with them. Rather than extending their authority into hostile areas, the law enforcement authorities let the baron keep the peace on his land. Quite naturally the baron seized power and appropriated for himself such privileges as this arrangement placed within his grasp.

This became a typical situation in Sicily by the 1870s and when the criminal conspiracy began to be known as the Mafia, the baron might be the *capo*—or local chief of the Mafia. By this time the government at Rome was extending its authority into Sicily. According to the tradition the new administrations were treated as enemy aliens. The baron and his henchmen had no intention of being jostled out of their power by intruders from other parts. And so, those who came to administer the laws were ignored and the baron continued to act at his own sweet will. Around him flocked those who were dependent on him for employment or sought other favors.

If a typical *capo mafia* in the country was a member of the landed aristocracy, the typical *capo mafia* in town was more likely to be a lawyer or leading business man. Whoever he was, he was the type who coveted power and, as he successfully exerted his leadership, he became arrogant, despotic and corrupt. He found he could extort tribute from his neighbors under the euphemistic label "protection." This notion of "protection" was an original Sicilian inspiration. In later days immigrating Sicilians took the word as well as the practice to other countries including the United States, and everywhere it turned out to be one of the choicest assets of the underworld.

"Protection" might be paid for in money, in crops or in property. As the Mafia chief grew in power and influence, he set up around himself a petty kingdom of graft and privilege. The *mafiosi* could also be depended on to oppose legal authority. Loyal henchmen were always ready to cut down crops or trees or fences, turn livestock loose, kill or maim horses or cows, engage in cattle rustling, dynamite property and in extreme cases, commit murder. It is estimated that since World War II there have been 2,000 unsolved murders in Sicily.

The *capo mafia* keeps himself, of course, remote from deeds of violence. He has become *capo* by virtue of his gift of leadership. The image he seeks to create is that of a man of discretion, of generosity, or honor. He takes on the role of a Tammany Hall leader. He listens to complaints. He settles disputes among his followers with authority and some degree of justice. If his followers come on hard times, he relieves their distress. If they come into conflict with the law he intercedes or sees that they get the best legal defense. Thus his followers are bound to him. They would never think of seeking information or help from the police.

Everyone in Mafia country comes to learn this difference between the Mafia and the police. If you have suffered the loss of some possession (by chance or theft) and you apply to the police your chances of recovery are no better than ten percent. Had you applied to the Mafia your chance might go up to 90 percent. The Mafia would of course require a service charge of 25 percent or so for the restoration of lost property. Confronted with such a choice—Mafia or police—the average citizen would naturally go to the Mafia. The adroitness of the Mafia in matters of this sort comes from the fact that the *mafiosi* are members of a community and can get information that the people of the community would never confide to the police.

The Mafia has long ears. In the country, as part of the protection system set up to guard property, crops and animals, the large landowner is required to keep on his land a *guardiano* who has been designated by the Mafia. In cities and towns the *portiere* or porter-janitor who is on duty in the entrance to apartment houses or acts as gate keeper to the

dwellings of the rich is the urban counterpart of the rural *guardiano*. He is likely to be a *mafioso*. Such men are part of the Mafia's intelligence system. They are part of the system's patronage. They make it their business to know all that goes on in the area of their employment. They know the comings and goings, the scandals and the skeletons in the closets.

In the second place the eradication of the Mafia has been made more difficult by reason of the grinding poverty of the people.

In the last few years Sicily has undergone the beginnings of industrialization. Formerly the economy was, with the exception of the sulphur industry, entirely agricultural. There are both large and small landholdings and there are thousands of agriculture workers who own no land. Some years ago it was said that the average farm laborer could get work for only 70 days a year. He had a bare existence and no prospect of acquiring land. The boldest and the most energetic of these farm laborers resented their predicament. They aspired to a life of ease and power but they could never acquire the money for such a life. So they turned to independent crime or came to terms with the Mafia. The annals of banditry in Sicily are long. The young toughs, if they threw in their lot with the Mafia, could hope to gain power and perhaps acquire some land. If they served the Mafia well, they came to belong to the "honorable company." (The word "Mafia" isn't used much in Sicily.) They were among "honored friends." They were friends of the "friends." They belonged to a sinister and powerful organization. They were not alone as poor and underpaid laborers.

Such new recruits were usually bullies and toughs who sought escape from a life of manual labor and who hoped to find an easier and more flamboyant living by serving the Mafia. These men became the "little" Mafia in the service of the "big" Mafia. These were the ones who carried out the dirty work, the extortionists, the persuaders, the terrorists, the executioners. Sicilians are very clannish. These *mafiosi* with their large families and many relatives, particularly cousins, formed a close-knit community of criminal conspiracy and intrigue. Together with their chiefs they formed the Mafia in some town or rural district. Thus there were many Mafias but the leaders respected each other's territorial limits. Sometimes jurisdictional squabbles brought on internecine conflicts and long feuds.

In the third place the problem of the eradication of the criminal activities of the Mafia is made more difficult by that peculiar concept of Sicilian behavior known as *omerta*. The word itself has a general connotation of manliness but in Sicily it has gathered around it a whole code of ethics. In the Sicilian tradition you assert your own importance as a man of dignity and honor. The loss of face or the ridicule of others is an insult which must be avenged. If the insult is not quickly dealt with, the quarrel becomes a vendetta. Your self-respect and honor attaches to your home, your possessions and especially the female members of your family. The tradition of *omerta* requires you to defend these areas of your personal interests. If you have been insulted, it is you who must defend your sullied honor. If you have been wronged it is you who must assert your rights. *Omerta* prescribes that you assume the responsibility. You don't ask your family or your friends for help. You certainly don't take the conflict to the police. You must defend your own honor, and until you have defended it, you keep your own counsel. Mum's the word.

The code of *omerta* extends this conspiracy of silence to the whole community. If the matter doesn't concern you personally, you keep completely out of it. Least said soonest mended. The code applies especially against the civil guardians of the peace. Cold-blooded killings have been perpetrated in broad daylight on the crowded streets of a town. No one volunteers information. If the matter gets to court, witnesses have seen nothing and heard nothing. Under questioning they become forgetful, vague, hard of hearing and loose with the truth. The authorities, unable to draw out the simplest facts, appear to be

incompetent and ineffective. The Mafia has made the code of *omerta* peculiarly its own for it virtually renders its members immune to prosecution. No one dares to break the silence imposed by *omerta* for it might cost him his life if he damaged the Mafia by talking. Thus *omerta* makes difficult the administration of justice.

The war years slowed down the activities of the Mafia. This was partly due to Mussolini's campaign against crime, partly due to the dislocations brought about by mobilization. Many *mafiosi* were, naturally, conscripted and transferred to other parts of Sicily. Mussolini's fall and the allied landings helped the Mafia to regain its power and influence. Its leaders made overtures to the Allied commanders promising to bring about the capitulation of this and that town. Since the commanders were interested in economical victories, the offers were accepted. In general the Mafia supports the status quo. It throws its influence to the side of the landowners and men of wealth who welcome the support because it helps them keep their land and their wealth and their privileges. Just after the war the Mafia got mixed up in politics. The conservative parties were the Christian Democrats and the Monarchists. Not wanting to lose their land or their privileges, they opposed any change in their preferred status. The Blocco del Popolo composed in the main of left-wing Socialists and Communists was the party of the small landowner and the landless laborer. Under the law, land which was not being cultivated or was being used inefficiently, could be taken over on a cooperative basis by landless peasants. To defeat this threat to their property, the big landlords sought the help of the Mafia. Using such forms of intimidation as would be effective the Mafia sought to dissuade the landless peasants from seizing the unused lands on the large estates. To the same ends the Mafia was brought in to destroy the political headquarters of the parties of the Left. Raids were carried out and buildings destroyed by bombing. Several men of the leftist parties were victims of political assassination.

On May Day, 1947, a machine-gun attack was carried out against a gathering of the Blocco del Popolo at a mountain pass known as Portella delle Ginestre. Eight persons were shot down in cold blood and about twenty wounded. Years later in 1951 a group of bandits and delinquents was brought to trial in Viterbo for participation in the May Day massacre. The trial lasted more than a year and about a dozen men were found guilty and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. A half-hearted effort was made by the prosecution to bring out in testimony the names of those die-hards, landowning Rightists, who had given orders for the massacre. The convicted men were all members of a band whose leader was Salvatore Giuliano, a bandit and an outlaw who had a spectacular career. Giuliano was not on trial at Viterbo for he had been shot to death in 1950. It has never been established whether he was killed by one of his own lieutenants or by the police. During the period when Giuliano and his band were being hunted down there was a shameful exhibition of corruption, chicanery and intrigue which involved the special Force for the Suppression of Banditry in Sicily and the Carabinieri, with the Mafia flitting about in the shadows and engaging in treachery and the double-cross.

In disposing of Giuliano and other outlaws, thousands of police, years of time, and ineffective planning were employed. It should not have taken a greater outlay of force to wipe out the Mafia. The bandits were killed or sent to prison while the Mafia flourished.

In the past few years the Mafia has become bolder. As economic conditions have improved the Mafia has found a more lucrative field of operations. The political struggle for power in Sicily in 1946 resulted in giving to the island a Regional Government with broad grants of autonomy. The Sicilian Parliament has been jealous of its autonomous prerogatives. But a year ago, the Mafia became so threatening that

the Sicilian legislature permitted the Parliament at Rome to set up a commission to investigate the Mafia. The killing of seven policemen in one ambush was shocking enough to call for a showdown. There are those who hope the mess may be cleaned up. Evil, however, does not give up easily. In the United States we have sent Al Capone and others to jail for failure to pay their income-tax. We have arrested a group of racketeers at Apalachin. We have gotten Valachi to sing. Have we wiped out rackets in the United States?

It has sometimes been said that there is one supreme ruler of the Mafia in Sicily. Some years ago it was generally agreed that the biggest shot in the Mafia was Calogero Vizzini of Villalba. Among many *Capi-Mafia* he was probably the most respected, most influential and most honored. However there is no evidence of any hierarchy of leadership in the Mafia. There is no secret high command.

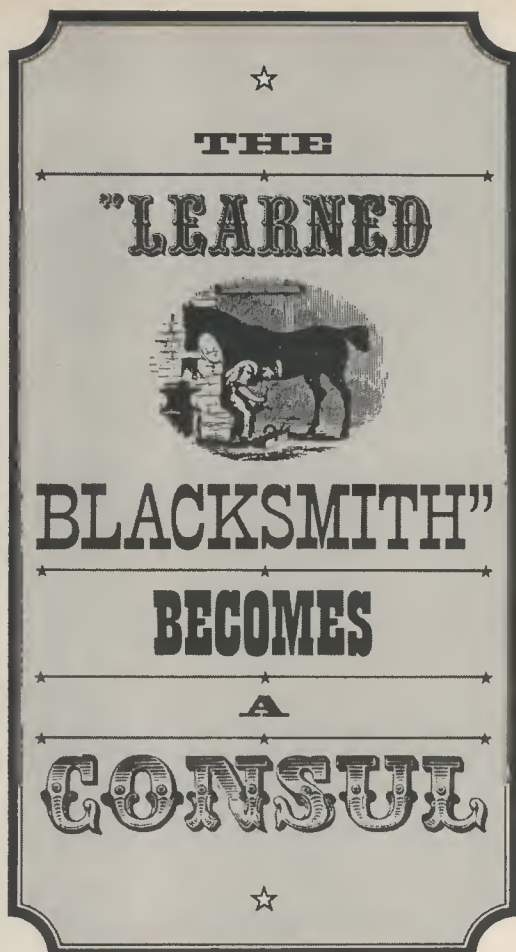
There are those who have thought that Cosa Nostra or the American Mafia is a subordinate branch of the Sicilian society and that somewhere there is a Grand Council. If there were such an organization which demanded a cut of all the illegal profits of the Sicilian racketeers of America, the flow into Sicily of American dollars would practically sink the island and upset the balance of trade between the United States and Italy. Payments on such a scale would be easy to trace and to investigate. No adequate evidence has come to hand of any business connections between the Sicilian Mafia and Cosa Nostra, except perhaps on a limited basis in narcotics.

Is there a Mafia in the United States? To arrive at an answer we must consider the geographic distribution of the Mafia in Sicily itself. It is found only in the western provinces: Palermo, Trapani, Agrigento and Caltanissetta. Mafia activity is not found in the more prosperous eastern side of the island, including the province of Catania where the bulk of industry is concentrated. Why should the Mafia be found in certain parts of Sicily only? The answer lies in the long tradition of invasions, foreign rule, poverty and misery, a fierce display of pride and the perverted code of *omerta*. The feudal social and economic structure of western Sicily favored the Mafia's growth. In eastern Sicily on the other hand there were few great landed estates; this part of the island was favored by industrialists. In an atmosphere of increasing modernization the Mafia could not thrive. The Mafia, then, is a local phenomenon even in Sicily. The United States does not provide the ideal social climate for its propagation. The United States does offer, however, a background for Mafia techniques.

To repeat: Is there a Mafia in the United States? Well, no need to split hairs. In both Sicily and the United States, the Mafia and *Cosa Nostra* are birds of a feather and birds of prey. ■



"He says the Mafia is a myth fostered by the American cinema."



by LEO J. MICHALOSKI

NEAR the end of Lincoln's first term in office, as a war-weary nation awaited election day with growing apprehension, Elihu Burritt of New Britain, Connecticut, was appointed United States Consular Agent at Birmingham, England. New Britain, birthplace of the "Learned Blacksmith," as he was popularly known, will mark this event this month with commemorative exercises that include the presentation to the Secretary of State of a portrait of Burritt. The painting will be hung in the State Department.

At the time of his appointment to the consular service, Burritt was 53 years old and had attained a world-wide reputation as a self-educated scholar, linguist and crusader for peace and universal brotherhood. Zebina Eastman, American Consul at Bristol, who had responsibility over the Birmingham consulate, went to see Burritt at Manchester on one of his stops during a foot tour of England. The tour resulted in three charming volumes of "Walks," i.e., "A Walk from London to John O'Groats" (1864), "A Walk from London to Lands End" (1865), and "Walk in the Black Country" (1866). Eastman persuaded Burritt to take the job of US consular agent (a term once used synonymously with vice consul and referring to officers who served in the outposts of a consular district) and then dispatched a letter to the Secretary of State which said, among other things:

Consulate of The United States

Bristol, September 8, 1864

Sir:

I have the honor to propose for appointment Elihu Burritt, familiarly known as the "Learned Blacksmith" as Consular Agent at Birmingham in place of Mr. J.M.G. Underhill.

... the office has become one of considerable importance, and for many reasons should be filled by an American of credit and character.

Mr. Burritt is, doubtless, well known to the Department as a gentleman of high character and standing, and eminently



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fitted for the place. His taste, disposition, and interest in statistical subjects would enable him to be very useful to the Government, and in that capacity in a commercial town of the importance of Birmingham. The position would afford him some leisure—with the aid of a clerk—for some literary pursuits in which he is now engaged.

Mr. Burritt stands as high in public estimation in England as any American. He is on intimate terms with Richard Cobden and many of that class of friends of America, and would represent American interests in the town represented in the House of Commons by Mr. (John) Bright. Probably no American, at any time, has ever had access to and been welcome in more English homes than has Mr. Burritt . . .

The Secretary of State was more than casually interested in Burritt's appointment for he was well acquainted with the Yankee blacksmith and, as United States Senator from New York, had introduced legislative proposals at his behest including one for "Compensated Emancipation of the Negro." The Secretary knew that Burritt lacked the political support so indispensable for appointment to the foreign service and even more important, he had heard disquieting rumors only a short time before that Burritt had allegedly tried to get his friend Charles Sumner, the brilliant Massachusetts solon, to lead an end-the-war movement. Nevertheless, Seward, on October 1, 1864, signed Burritt's commission. It was a unanimous act considering the intense bitterness then prevailing against people such as Burritt whose anti-war sympathies were equated with disloyalty.

In due course, the news of Burritt's appointment reached President Lincoln's desk. He, too, was familiar with the "Learned Blacksmith" and his schemes for reform. One that probably appealed to Lincoln was called "Compensated Emancipation for the Negro," which Burritt espoused in speeches and through the columns of the CITIZEN OF THE WORLD as the sanest, safest, cheapest and most equitable way of extinguishing slavery. He urged the sale of public lands in the West; revenue would be used to buy freedom for slaves. William Lloyd Garrison and other radical abolitionists—who advocated freeing slaves without compensation to the slave owners—ridiculed Burritt's scheme, and Garrison sarcastically referred to it as paying a thief for stolen property. Enduring formidable hardships Burritt carried on his campaign traveling from Maine to Iowa one winter and just when it looked as if his scheme might be recognized by Congress as a legitimate proposition, another Connecticut abolitionist with more drastic plans attacked the US Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. The attack shattered Burritt's hopes for a peaceful extinction of slavery. Oddly enough the adventurer's name lives on in song—"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave"—while Burritt's epic effort is now an obscure footnote to history. Burritt returned to his farm in New Britain a broken-hearted man who felt the keenest agony because not one *bona fide* offer had been made by the North to share with the South what he called " . . . the task and duty of lifting slavery from the bosom of the nation."

Both Lincoln and the Yankee blacksmith had high hopes that the pay-for-slaves scheme would wipe out the institution of slavery. In his Autobiography, Burritt called it one of the most promising labors of his life. Benjamin Quarles in his book "Lincoln and the Negro" (New York, 1962) says that of all the measures relating to the Negro the one that was closest to Lincoln's heart was that of compensated emancipation. Lincoln pressed this scheme until almost the end of the war. In February, 1865, he called his Cabinet together to discuss a proposal to Congress requesting payment to the Confederate states of \$400,000,000 as compensation for the slaves. Not one of his Cabinet supported him in this last brave effort to end the war.

Lincoln interposed no objection to Burritt's appointment.

How he came to be known as "the Learned Blacksmith" was explained by Burritt in a letter:

"... I was the youngest of many brethren and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school; and those, again, were circumscribed by my father's death which deprived me at the age of 15 of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed... A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading which I had previously acquired through the medium of the social library, all the historical works which I had at the time perused... I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter... After some time devoted to Cicero... I commenced the Greek... Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment works which I had at the time perused... I completed my book open before me, against the chimney of my forge, and go through *tupto, tupteis, tuptei*..."

Thus the Yankee blacksmith pursued a course of self-education during the intervals at the smithy. The zeal with which he applied himself to this task can be judged from the following extract taken from his Journal of June 19, 1837:

"... Sixty lines of Hebrew, 30 pages of French, 10 pages of Cuvier's Theory, eight lines of Bohemian, eight lines of Syriac, ten lines of Danish, nine lines of Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours of forging..."

By the time he was 30 Burritt had mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two dialects. During his lifetime he wrote 30 books on a diversity of subjects ranging from the charming "Children of the Bible" to the erudite "The Year Book of Nations," as well as books for the study of Arabic, Hebrew, Hindustani, Persian and Turkish, and the first book in Sanskrit in the United States. In recognition of his scholarship Yale University, Williams and Amherst colleges conferred honorary degrees on him. Governor Edward Everett of Massachusetts, on behalf of a group of affluent Harvard University alumni including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, offered him a scholarship but Burritt declined the offer preferring to continue his studies in conjunction with manual labor.

But eventually, Burritt put aside his leather apron and hammer. His first public activities were as lecturer on the subject "Application and Genius" in which he argued that genius was nothing more than the result of persistent will and application. For a time he tried editing a monthly magazine *THE LITERARY GEMINAE*, which was made up of articles and translations from his own pen. At about that time strong drink was a matter of growing national concern and it was natural that the Connecticut reformist should join the temperance movement. He wrote two powerful tracts: "The Drunkard's Wife" and "Lead Us Not Into Temptation." In 1846 he was a delegate to the World Temperance Convention in London where he received an enthusiastic reception. The following passage from a speech he delivered to a gathering of farmers may explain his appeal: "... Drink is it? Juleps, nectarine punches and other artistic mixtures to delight the taste. Look into that dark deep well, with the cold water just perceptible. This is a more delicious drink to the farmer than was ever distilled from nectar for Jupiter. He wants no golden or silver goblet to drink it from. The old oaken bucket swinging on its iron swivel, is better to them than all the chased ware of luxury. See him at the windlass or coldsweep, with his face red, dusty and his mouth, eyes, throat chafed with hay-seed. Hear the big bottomed bucket bump against the moss-covered stones as it descends. There is the splash, and the gurgling sound at the filling; and now it slowly ascends with a spray of water drops dashing against the wall, every one giving a new edge to the farmer's thirst... There is a drink for you that nature had distilled for the farmer's lips, the like of which fabled Olympus never knew..."

In 1844 Burritt started a weekly newspaper known as *THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN* which voiced his views on the

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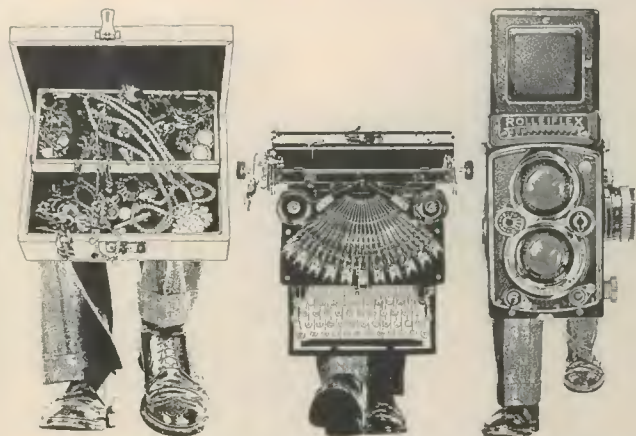
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burning issues of the day such as anti-slavery, temperance and peace. It should be mentioned that *THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN* is said to have been the first American journal to devote substantial space to the advocacy of peace. When the slogan "Fifty Four Forty or Fight" echoed throughout the Union and threatened warfare between England and the United States over the Northwest Boundary, Burritt, who was alarmed at the bitterness of the controversy and the possibility that it would erupt into armed conflict, decided to try to pacify the hostile feelings. Working in cooperation with humanitarians in Manchester, England—the same group that was doing so much for social reforms in England—he launched a campaign of so-called "Friendly International Addresses." These were letters exchanged between American and English cities signed by their leading citizens "... entreating their cooperation in bringing about an amicable settlement."

Eight hundred newspapers printed them. In addition Burritt took two letters bearing some of England's most prominent names to Washington where John Calhoun and other Senators expressed interest in this novel hands-across-the-ocean diplomacy. Even though historians ascribe the signing of the Oregon Treaty to other reasons it can be said with historical accuracy that Burritt and his English colleagues played a most effective role in forcing Congress and Parliament to agree on a pacific settlement of our present boundary.

In appreciation of Burritt's work in the Oregon crisis his English friends invited him for a visit. Burritt accepted. In May, 1846 he sailed for England where his contemplated three-month visit was extended to three years. There he found encouragement and inspiration to unfold a grand design for world peace. The first step was to organize the League of Universal Brotherhood. This took place in July, 1846. Each member of the League was pledged to the task of promoting international harmony and good will between nations. Within two years the League had more than 20,000 members in England and about the same number in the United States. Shortly thereafter the League launched its official organ, *THE BOND OF BROTHERHOOD*.

Burritt began a campaign for lower trans-oceanic postal rates as an effective means of diffusing knowledge, lessening national prejudice and getting different races and nations to see the common interest in peaceful intercourse. He traveled widely, lecturing on this subject, and in addition wrote a tract entitled "Ocean Penny Postage—Will It Pay?" It is credited with pressuring Congress and Parliament into liberalizing rates for overseas mail which then were exorbitant.

Next Burritt launched his most important work, a series of international peace congresses that drew world-wide attention and earned for him the appellation "Apostle of Peace and Universal Brotherhood." The first of these conclaves was planned for Paris in 1848, but because of the February Revolution and the bloody Parisian siege in June he was forced to switch the site to Brussels, where it was held in September with the official recognition of the Belgian government. In successive years similar gatherings were held at Paris, Frankfurt, London and Edinburgh. It should be noted that only a man of Burritt's intrepidity would dare to undertake such a task, for we know that the French Revolution had spread its contagion to almost all of Europe. Moreover, the public's apathy toward peace manifestations was understandable as was the scorn of the legislators and national leaders, for Europe was then in the midst of a seemingly endless bloody and hopeless process of nationalism, international rivalries and armaments race. In spite of this, the Peace Congresses, which incidentally brought delegates from most of Europe, England and the United States, were spectacularly successful and are credited with changing the moral and spiritual view toward peace, and creating a will-

to-peace. To a large extent this may be attributed to the fact that the congresses were able to convince many of the writers, artists, scientists and intellectuals of the world that their interests were identical and inspired them to rally behind the causes espoused by Burritt and his distinguished colleagues such as Alphonse Lamartine, Alexander Humbolt, Richard Cobden and Victor Hugo, who prophesied: "... A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe will be placed in the presence of each other extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean—clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the creator, and uniting for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers—the fraternity of men and the power of God."

Some notion of the sweep of the congresses can be had from the resolutions that were adopted at the Brussels Congress. For example, the assembly approved proportionate and simultaneous reduction in armaments, the doctrine of compulsory arbitration, a Congress of Nations, a World Court, international communication, postal reform, standard weights and measures and coinage, and education toward the eradication of national prejudices.

In 1852 Burritt was again involved in history-making diplomacy. It was during the Frankfurt Peace Congress that a delegation of Constitutionalists from Schleswig-Holstein appealed for an investigation of its dispute with Denmark. Burritt was named to a committee to endeavor to mediate the controversy. Again, just as success seemed within reach, the Austrians at Bismarck's insistence marched in and put an end to Burritt's magnificent effort to interpose pacific proposals between two embittered parties. In spite of the unhappy conclusion to this episode Burritt received the plaudits of the press and of diplomatic circles as well.

In 1847 Burritt visited Ireland during the peak of the Potato Famine that was sweeping that unfortunate country "to expose the depth of the distress of the potato famine, and to describe it . . . to the people of the United States." Burritt went from cabin to cabin in Skibbereen, the most hard-hit district. The result was "Four Days at Skibbereen," a poignant record of human suffering. The article appeared in his *CHRISTIAN CITIZEN* and was reprinted in newspapers throughout the United States. The generosity of the Americans was overwhelming. To Burritt's great delight the United States government detailed two warships (one of which had been captured from the British in the War of 1812) to carry the people's offering to Ireland. Not satisfied with this result he sailed for the United States where he personally arranged for a boatload of provisions bound for Cork which he helped to distribute. This experience got Burritt to consider establishing a permanent international organization that would provide the relief in future catastrophes. Fate, as we know, reserved this honor for Jean Henri Duhant who founded the International Red Cross a decade later.

It was in January, 1865, that Burritt joined the ranks of the 487 who comprised our consular service in 36 countries. The Birmingham office was not then considered to be important enough to be an independent consulate and was put under the jurisdiction of the Bristol District which also included Gloucester and Worcester. Burritt was unaware that there was a bitter battle then going on between the consuls of Bristol and Bradford over which consulate was to have jurisdiction over him. This matter had to be resolved by Secretary Seward who assigned him to the Bristol District.

When Burritt took over his post the Foreign Service was divided into the diplomatic and the consular branches. Each had its own personnel, systems and functions, and no matter how qualified or gifted Mr. Burritt was as a diplomat it was impossible for him—or any other consular employee for that matter—to transfer to the diplomatic branch. As we

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know, it wasn't until the passage of the Rogers Act in 1924 that this was changed and the two branches were consolidated as "The Foreign Service of the United States."

Birmingham was one of twenty American consulates in England. The top-ranking diplomat was Charles Francis Adams, son of President John Quincy Adams who had once served as Minister to the Court of St. James. His title was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary with an annual salary of \$17,500. Our highest-ranking consular officer in England was a former congressman, Freeman Harlow Morse, consul at London. His salary was \$7,500 as compared with Burritt's \$1,500. Oddly enough when President Grant ousted Morse in 1873 to make room for his friend General Adam Badeau, Morse got so irate that he refused to return to America, choosing to give up his American citizenship.

One of the main functions of the consulate was to certify the invoices of goods intended for shipment to the United States. At times the load was so heavy that Burritt and his clerk worked late into the night to get the job done, for Birmingham was then shipping about \$5,000,000.00 worth of goods annually to the United States.

Another task, and one which Burritt handled with aplomb, was that of ameliorating United States-English strains resulting from the so-called Alabama Claims which arose from damage to our shipping by the British-built sea raider, *Alabama*, that destroyed 60-70 merchant vessels before being sent to the bottom by the *USS Kearsarge* in July, 1864.

Burritt remained in office until August, 1869, when President U. S. Grant replaced him "... to make room for more importunate claimants for the situation." Before his departure Burritt received many testimonials of esteem from the inhabitants of Birmingham. The one he prized most was a set of Shakespeare which was presented to him by the Vicar of Hanborne (suburb of Birmingham) with the following tribute: "... We have heard with most unfeigned regret that your residence amongst us is about to terminate. During your four years of sojourn in the parish of Hanborne we have ever found you a kind and sincere friend, and a warm and generous supporter of every good and philanthropic work. We are only expressing our hearts' true feeling in saying that we very deeply deplore your anticipated departure and shall ever remember with the liveliest emotion your oft acts of courteous kindness ..."

Burritt returned to New Britain where he continued to write and teach. Despite failing health he nevertheless went on to champion the causes that were so dear to him. One in particular to which he had devoted much time and energy was the establishment of an international court as first proposed by William Ladd.

Burritt died on March 6, 1879. Tributes, like the following, were written to his memory by the press of the country:

The Philadelphia INQUIRER said: "... Though more widely known as the 'Learned Blacksmith' than by any other appellation, the title of Universal Philanthropist could better describe him ...". The Hartford COURANT wrote: "Mr. Burritt was a man of unbounded and unflinching charity and true benevolence of the kindest feelings. He was everywhere a power for good ... he was in his interest and views in every philanthropic movement many years in advance of his times. He felt that he was on the side of God and so laboured with an unflinching belief in the righteousness of his efforts ..."

New Britain is justly proud of Burritt. It has named streets, schools and a bank in his memory. On the walls of the City Hall are painted a series of pictures and mottoes showing the highlights of his life. In addition there is a statue in his honor in a park that faces the high school.

New Britain looks forward to the centennial observance of Burritt's appointment to the consular service. It will afford its citizens an opportunity to express its admiration for his career on behalf of humanity. ■

AFSA

News and Minutes

THE September issue of the JOURNAL carried a renewed appeal for contributions to the J. F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, pointing out that if contributions reach a total of \$10,000.00 a plaque will be placed in a box of one of the auditoriums identifying it as endowed by the American Foreign Service Association. Earlier contributions to this fund reached \$8,330.00, leaving only a small gap to fill in order to reach our goal of \$10,000.00.

Response to this second appeal has been slow and donations from members will be most welcome. Checks should be made out to the American Foreign Service Association, appropriately identified as being for the J. F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and sent to the headquarters of the Association, Suite 505, 815—17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., 20006.

August 21: The Board decided to establish a new category of members, namely Life Members. An amendment of the by-laws to bring this proposal into effect will be sought at the annual business meeting in September. The cost of a Life Membership has been fixed at \$300.00.

Mr. Arthur Hummel was elected chairman of the Membership Committee replacing Mr. Leslie Brady who has departed for his new assignment in Paris.

Mr. Marshall Green reported on a luncheon meeting he and Mr. Beale had had with Ambassador George V. Allen, chairman of the committee which is drawing up plans for the annual Symposium. A committee to assist Mr. Allen in the work is being formed.

AAFSW: REPORT

ON October 27, 28, and 29 in the Exhibition Hall of the Department of State will be held an exhibit—sale of original prints by leading American artists. Sponsored by the Association of American Foreign Service Women, a percentage of all sales goes to its Scholarship Fund. All prints are from the Fendrick Gallery of Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Many of the prints have already been bought for use in American Embassies and Chancelleries overseas, as well as for leading American museum collections. This is a good chance for Americans going overseas to see the strength and variety of top American artists. Included are several prints inspired by the death of President Kennedy as well as the newest vogue—Pop Art in prints.



Secretary of State Dean Rusk is shown at the swearing in ceremony of Ambassador Lucius D. Battle. Also appearing in the photograph are Mrs. Battle and the Battle children.



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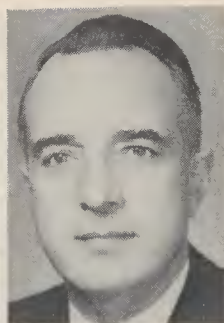
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New AFSA Board Members



ARTHUR W. HUMMEL, JR., Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs, was formerly deputy director of USIA's broadcast service. Born in China of American missionary parents, Mr. Hummel spent 20 of his 43 years in the Far East. He holds a Master's degree from the University of Chicago, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Mr. Hummel was teaching in a Chinese high school in Peking at the outbreak of World War II.

He was interned by the Japanese, but escaped in 1944 and joined a Chinese Nationalist guerrilla unit in Shantung Province, where he operated behind the lines until V-J Day. He joined the overseas information program in 1950 when it was under the Department of State, serving two years in the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs. He served in Hong Kong, Tokyo and Rangoon, and attended the National War College. Mr. Hummel received the Arthur S. Flemming Award in 1959 as one of the year's top young Government officers. He is married to the former Betty Lou Firstenberger. They have two sons, 9 and 10, and live in Chevy Chase.



Newest member of the AFSA Board of Directors is NUEL L. PAZDRAL, FSO-6, who was recently named to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Edward V. Nef as junior member of the Board.

Mr. Pazdral, who is currently assigned as Staff Assistant for the Bureau of African Affairs, came to the Department in 1961 from the San Francisco office of the American Broadcasting Company. After an initial tour in AF's Post Management Branch he served as Special Assistant in that bureau's Executive Directors' office, and later was selected for hard language training at FSI. After the completion of seven months of study in Polish, Mr. Pazdral returned to the Bureau of African Affairs to take up his current assignment.

During his tour in the Department Mr. Pazdral has been active as a member of the Junior Foreign Service Officers' Club, serving on the Club's Board of Directors and acting as treasurer for two years.

His experience outside the Department includes a one-year stint as an infantry platoon leader in Korea in 1957 and 58, and a brief session before that on the editorial staff of the San Francisco NEWS-CALL BULLETIN. He holds a degree in Political Science from Stanford University. Mr. Pazdral is 30 years old, married, and has two children, 5 and 7.

Difficult as it is for their more fanatical partisans, liberalism and conservatism must learn that they are essential to each other. Liberalism will grow giddy, demagogic and incoherent, if unrelieved by periods of conservative response and digestion; conservatism will grow crabbed, callous and effete if unrefreshed by periods of liberal ardor and experiment.

—"The Age of Triumph and Frustration," by Charles W. Yost (Speller).

(Continued from page 16)

So the United States finds itself promoting them both—diversity and community—on the same package like gold dust twins, along with a theory combining the best parts of the two mutually exclusive ideas, to wit, freedom and determinism. As our late President Kennedy put it, "No one who examines the modern world can doubt that the great currents of history are carrying the world toward the pluralistic idea. No one can doubt that the wave of the future is the liberation of the diverse energies of free nations and free men."

The old happy assumptions from our early past are reflected in the government's proffered solution for the armament dilemma embodied in an official document called "Blueprint for the Peace Race." All disputes about particulars are to be engrossed in a general agreement on global conditions of legitimacy. This is to be documented and made contractually binding. The agreement is to become by stages a basis for a world monopoly of force subservient not to any national or regional interest but only to a general good—irresistible power harnessed to an all embracing benefit. The nations are to become secure, tame, inoffensive—as in Paine's vision of the future or in "Revelation"—being subsumed into a general order and intimidated by a force made irresistible by definition. Disarmed, the structures of particular governments will no longer be divisive of mankind. On a grand scale, one span of community and authority such as imagined to have obtained by the outset of human experience is to be renewed.

Thus our Government spins a dream. Yet policymakers are oath-bound to the Constitution and to the more immediate and limited obligations laid upon them by the world as it is rather than as it should be or might be in one's dreams. Such is the world written of by Leopold Schwartzchild in "World in a Trance" a score of years ago: "Never again can we believe that any new magic can achieve what we ourselves must achieve by hard work. Mankind is not capable of sudden rebirths. There are good reasons for the fact that the millennium has never materialized. Against the eternally lurking jungle, weapons and compulsions are always the only defense and nothing liberates us from the duty of doing the utmost for ourselves. And if the great powers have a common will, everything is well. If not, there is no collectivity, and once again we are thrown back on our resources."

With such a world—not the world of our preferences or our dreams—policy has to come to grips every day. In such a world national purposes are tested, and, as Cassandra says in Girardoux's "Tiger at the Gates," destiny is "simply the relentless logic of each day we live." In the world as it is, no universal frame of legitimacy prevails. The governments all sincerely avow a preference for peace over war, but the conditions of universal order nevertheless remain ohdurately at issue. Governments vie in invoking the concept of community as a matter of habit, while the constituents of community remain unevenly spread—fairly strong between some, indifferent as between others, and almost nonexistent in other instances. Governments feel constrained to deprecate the high level of destructiveness in armaments and yet constrained also to maintain it because of the lack of mutual trust and divergence on the conditions of legitimacy. Governments and men are habituated to invoke the idea of international authority, but such authority, in fact, far from being effective and continuous, is only something occasionally and contingently contrived, issue by issue. In the world as it is, deep disparities among peoples are a fact, and the dour prospect is that success as going concerns may simply be beyond the means and capacities of many societies and beyond reach of any precept or example that others may set down for them. I do not suggest a cause for rejoicing. In the immortal words of Jimmy Durante, "dem is da conditions dat prevail."

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

"Steady Hands"

THE following editorial appeared in the August 3rd issue of the Lewiston (Idaho) Morning TRIBUNE. It strikes me that the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL might like to reprint it. (In case you do not know it, the Lewiston TRIBUNE possesses a quality and an influence all out of proportion to its circulation figures.)

HUBERT KNOX

Boise

DEAN RUSK: 'STEADY HANDS'

In a speech last night, and in a press conference Friday, the scholarly Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, who has somehow maintained an air of thoughtful kindness in one of the world's most frightening positions, spoke simply and earnestly for reason and responsibility in the conduct of American foreign policy.

"No one has to convince us," Rusk told foreign service officers at an American Field Service dinner, "that the contest between freedom and Communist Imperialism is for keeps. For this struggle is our first order of business in the State Department. And it must never cease to be our first order of business until a worldwide victory for peace and for freedom has been secured.

"Our purpose must be to win that victory without a great war, if possible. We will defend our vital interests, and those of the free world, by whatever means are required. But a military orgy is not a rational path to a decent world order of free men. No sane man could regard the incineration of most of the northern hemisphere as a triumph for freedom.

"When international issues become complex and threatening," Rusk said, "It is easy to say we should either have a big war or quit." But he said US allies must be assured that America stands by its commitments and its armed forces "are directed and controlled by steady hands."

In a prepared speech or in impromptu answers to newsmen's questions, Rusk personifies the wise, patient but steadfastly dedicated custodian of American objectives in a troubled world. He does not raise his voice nor pound the table. He does not frighten US allies with blurred threats or impetuous ultimatums. He does not offend America's enemies needlessly or foolishly, either out of ignorance of the complexities of international problems or out of frustration that they cannot be resolved immediately to his entire satisfaction.

As for criticism of US foreign policy, he said:

"Where our vital interests and the vital interests of our allies are concerned, the United States is just as tough and just as stubborn as is necessary to protect our vital interests. But we ought to bear in mind that when the other side considers that their vital interests are at stake, they are going to be stubborn too. And I think it would be unrealistic to suppose that they will roll over and play dead on the basis of anything that we do or say to write off their vital interests."

This impromptu answer is just about as complete a short course in international relations as the reporters (and the American people) are likely to find compressed into one paragraph anywhere in the history of diplomacy. Yet, Rusk delivered it quietly, earnestly, without ostentation. He was just explaining a difficult problem from the point of view of a man who happens to represent the vital interests of the whole free world.

Rusk personifies America come of age in world affairs.

AAFSW Dinner-Dance

WHILE some are counting the number of shopping days to Christmas, members of the AAFSW are counting the number of nights to that of December 28, when the annual Foreign Service Teen Dinner-Dance will be held at the Chevy Chase Women's Club.

Last year's affair was a success, and we hope this year's will duplicate or surpass that achievement. This will, of course, depend on how much work how many volunteers are willing to contribute. (We are making this approach through the pages of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, since we are well aware that individual letters would get us nowhere. In one sentence, we have had to use the words *work*, *volunteers*, and *contribute*, any one of which practically guarantees that the recipient will not finish reading the letter. On the other hand, everybody knows that *nobody* who reads the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL leaves any part of a letter to the editor unread.)

We hope that your readers who are parents of 13-20-year-olds will mark December 28 on their calendars. And we hope that readers with or without children will consider volunteering for activities ranging from clean-up assistance to dinner hostess. (There is no objection to readers' volunteering the services of friends.) Mrs. William P. Maddox is the person to call, at 244-6542.

RUTHANNE NADLER

Washington, D. C.

Openings at Andover

EACH year we have several Foreign Service sons at Phillips Academy,

Andover, many of them receiving financial aid to help defray the Academy's overall charge of \$1,800 per year. We are always glad to give extra careful consideration to the candidacy of such boys for admission to grades 9-12, assuming good records at previous schools and strong character recommendations. Boys qualifying in the competition for admission are eligible for scholarship assistance if family financial need is clearly indicated on the detailed statement required of all applicants for aid. Awards vary in size in accordance with demonstrated need.

Because of communication delays from distant points and because of the volume of applications from other sources, members of the Association or their children interested in the school year 1965-66 are advised to write for further information at an early date to be assured of receiving instructions about the December 12 Secondary School Admission Tests in ample time to make necessary arrangements. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. Robert W. Sides, Director of Admissions.

JOHN M. KEMPER

Andover, Mass.

Right On Target

ARTHUR GOODFRIEND's rejoinder to "Target: The Masses or the classes" appears to be addressed rather to John McKnight's title than to the content of his article. As the editor who suggested that title I must accept some responsibility for Mr. Goodfriend's reading into the article some things that weren't there and missing others that were.

Actually, as Mr. McKnight points out, the two are not really so far apart. Nobody in USIA, I am confident, questions that our propagandists—and our policy makers—ought to know what "the masses" are thinking and feeling, and that programs and policies must take those thoughts and feelings into account. Most USIS people appreciate fully the desirability of getting out into the country as much as possible. I hope that since my time the paperwork load has lightened enough to permit them to do it often.

The problem, however, is: once you know what needs to be done, how do you go about it? It is here that I find Mr. Goodfriend, in his article as in his book, more messianic than realistic. Mr. McKnight, on the other hand, having had rueful experience with budgets, recognizes the impossibility of talking to every one of India's 400 million people—or even Iceland's 170,000—directly, and there-

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fore argues that we must reach them indirectly, through the agencies that deal in ideas and information and the officials that administer those agencies.

Mr. McKnight, if he had only \$20 to spend, would buy the Minister of Education a good lunch and try to persuade him to set up courses in American civilization. Mr. Goodfriend, more bountifully endowed with \$50, would spend \$5 meeting the people and turn the rest of it back to the Treasury.

Here, I am afraid, Mr. Goodfriend is cheating a bit. He treats his \$50 as seed money, refuses to admit that's all there is, there isn't any more, and assumes that the program he would present on the basis of his "tour of the boondocks" would be so persuasive that the budget-makers in Washington would immediately reshuffle their country priorities, reallocate the available funds (at the expense of every other PAO), and tell him to go ahead. Mr. McKnight, from long experience at both ends of the money pipeline, knows that this is a lot to expect.

Suppose Washington didn't go along with Mr. Goodfriend's proposals. In his week in the boondocks he may have talked to as many as one hundred people. Even if he made all of them ardent pro-Americans—and even if some of them, local officials, school teachers and other "opinion makers," converted others—that's a pretty small dent in a country of any size. If Mr. McKnight—who must be granted equal skill in persuasion—got the Minister of Education to set up those courses in American civilization, can anybody doubt that he got better value out of his \$20 than Mr. Goodfriend did out of his \$50?

TED OLSON

Washington

One More Regret

NOT long ago, I presented a 30-year service award to a British lady who has recently retired after these many years of loyal service with our Consulate General in Nairobi. Her one regret, she told me, was that she had never been able to visit the United States.

It occurs to me that there must be many similar local employees in our missions around the world who have never seen the country they have served so well and so long. Would it not be a good idea for the AFSA to make it possible for a certain number of the most deserving of these employees to visit the United States, say after fifteen or twenty years service? For example, an assessment of only

\$2.00 per member would enable the Association to present five or six of them each year with round-trip tickets—and a chance to visit the many friends they have made at their post over the years.

Personally, I would welcome an assessment for this purpose. Perhaps other members feel the same way.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD
American Ambassador

Nairobi

EDITOR'S NOTE: See the Editorial and Consul LaRue's letter in the April issue; also the letters by Carl A. Bastiani, Roman L. Lotsberg and Ambassador Penfield in the August issue.

Father of the Foreign Service

A retired Consul General thinks that the excellent July issue of the NEWS LETTER, featuring "40 Years of the Foreign Service," should have had on its cover a photograph of the Father of the Service—Wilbur J. Carr. Many will agree.

JAMES B. STEWART

Denver

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editor of the NEWS LETTER points out, however, that the July issue contained six photographs of Mr. Carr together with seventeen mentions in the text.

A Thrust for Clarity

BASED on several decades of observation of Departmental and field drafting, it is obvious that there has been a certain deterioration. I do not mean to infer that anyone in particular is at fault, but I have an uneasy feeling we need a little corrective action. Some of us older FSOs not only are working with junior officers in the premise, but the Department has appraised the Service of its concern and endeavored to insure that higher standards are maintained. If deemed appropriate, I should like to enlist the JOURNAL's support of a voluntary campaign among FSOs, none of whom obviously desire our Service to appear inferior to any other, to more broadly sound the alarm in the field. This is a problem which in the light of the considerable size of the Service I do not see how we can solve it without the widespread help of experienced officers whom I believe would go to considerable trouble to help if they know they are participating in a group-action. I have observed in a number of colleagues an excessive modesty which mitigates against individuals initiating the meaningful action which is presently needed. Many are loathe to push themselves forward as an extra-curric-

ular thing. Careerwise, no one wants to be a fiery petrol nor seek an added feather in their nest, however, I am sure they would gladly put in overtime in a joint voluntary program if it is first pushed by the JOURNAL. You must have considerable data at hand which shows the efficacy of JOURNAL leadership on past occasions. What is urgently required is a well orchestrated strategy and coordinated courses of action. Our thrust should be for clarity.

If you feel you can put your shoulders to the wheel, I am sure you will greatly help pull this chestnut out of the fire, like you usually can and have done.

EDWARD P. MAFFITT

Washington

EDITOR'S NOTE: According to the writer, there are 25 mistakes in the above letter. Can you find them? The reader who comes closest to the list of mistakes enumerated by the writer (they will be printed next month) will receive a prize: A year's subscription to the Foreign Service JOURNAL. If the winner already has a subscription, he may assign his prize to someone else.

The High Road

WAY back when, well over two thousand years ago, Aristotle did some writing about public affairs. One of his ideas seems to be relevant for government personnel policies today. The substance of a passage in Aristotle's "Politics" is something as follows:

"The road to every public office should be open to all; and the offices themselves should be closed except to those who have traveled the road and arrive fully prepared."

GEORGE H. BUTLER

Washington, D. C.

Honor for Dr. Mill

I learned at an academic meeting in Los Angeles an item that might interest the Foreign Service JOURNAL: the Philippine government has conferred its highest award, the order of Sikatuna, on Dr. Edward W. Mill, the Chevalier professor of Diplomacy and World Affairs, and Chairman of the Chevalier Program, Occidental College, Los Angeles. A former FSRO who served in the Division of Philippine Affairs in the Department and also in the Philippines and Indonesia, Mr. Mill was the Director of the Philippine Foreign Affairs Training Program under which most of the career diplomats of the Philippines were trained.

MARTIN FROBISHER

Pasadena

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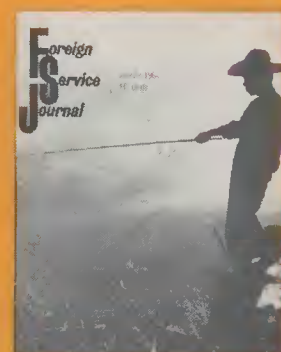
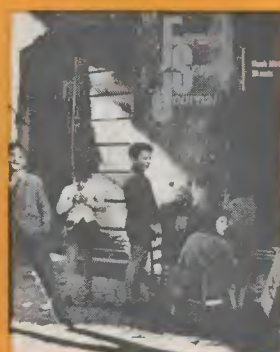
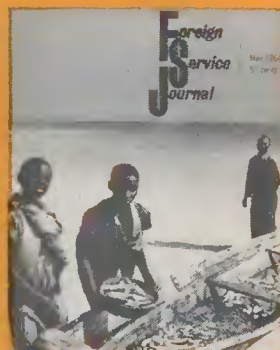
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