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JANUARY 1965  
60 CENTS

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

BEN H. BROWN, JR., Ambassador to Liberia

WILLIAM A. DUNGAN, Ambassador to Rumania

RALPH A. DUNGAN, Ambassador to Chile

WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN, Ambassador to Kingdom of Laos

#### Marriages

HANNEY-SANDS. Renate Hanney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew E. Hanney, was married to Charles Eliot Sands, second lieutenant, U. S. Army, on November 20, at Groton, Massachusetts.

TURLINGTON-AFFELD. Rebeca Nell Turlington, lieutenant, WAC, was married to Robert Hammond Affeld, lieutenant, U. S. Army, on November 21, at Governors Island, New York. Lieutenant Affeld is the son of FSO and Mrs. William C. Affeld, Jr.

#### Births

CRAMER. A son, William Ekengren, born to Mr. and Mrs. Corwith Cramer, Jr., on November 11, at Lake Forest, Illinois. Mrs. Cramer is the daughter of Consul General and Mrs. Richard Hawkins.

DIGGINS. A daughter, Elizabeth Josephine, born to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Diggins, Jr., on October 22, in Silver Spring, Maryland.

SMITH. A daughter, Diana Corinne, born to Mr. and Mrs. Jaek M. Smith, Jr., on October 24, at Berne, Switzerland.

#### Deaths

ALEXANDER. Robert Clark Alexander, retired, died on November 14, in Bethesda. Mr. Alexander retired in 1954 after 37 years in the Department of State. He was deputy administrator of the Refugee Relief Program at the time of his retirement and had also served 11 years as visa officer. Mr. Alexander also served as private secretary to four Secretaries of State, Robert Lansing, Bainbridge Colby, Charles Evans Hughes and Henry L. Stimson.

CHILDS. Mrs. Georgina Childs, wife of J. Rives Childs, former Ambassador to Ethiopia and Saudi Arabia, died on November 23, in Nice, France.

GONZALEZ. Robert Gonzalez, FSSO, was killed in an automobile accident outside of Earlington, Kentucky, on November 5. Mr. Gonzalez entered the Foreign Service in 1942 and was assigned to the Visa Office at the time of his death.

MARVIN. John H. Marvin, FSSO-retired, died on November 8, in Miami, Florida. Mr. Marvin entered the Foreign Service in 1926 and retired in 1958. Except for a temporary tour of duty at Matanzas, Mr. Marvin's entire service was at Habana, Cuba, where he was Consul at the time of his retirement.

PIERROT. Albert Ogden Pierrot, Jr., former FSR with USIA and AID, died on December 5, New York. Mr. Pierrot served in Rio de Janeiro, Baghdad, San Salvador, Phnom Penh and Karachi.

REED. Mrs. Martha Reed, wife of Charles S. Reed, II, FSO-retired, died in Cleveland, Ohio, on December 7.

VANCE. Harrell T. Vance, director, AID, Jamaica, died on December 4, in Kingston. Mr. Vance had been in U. S. Government service since 1939 and joined AID in 1962.



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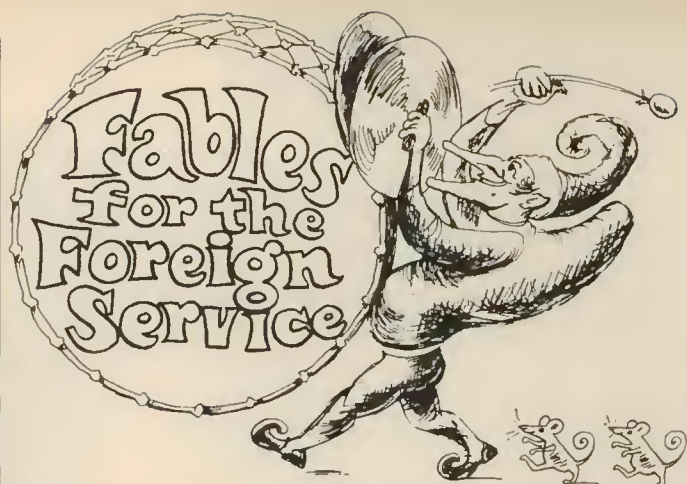
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ONCE there was a Chief of Mission who believed what they told him about how assignments are made. Now this is very rare, for the Foreign Service usually attracts only people of the utmost sophistication and intelligence.

Upon his arrival at his post, he found that the DCM was packed to leave. This came as a surprise, since the Department had described that very officer as CONTINUITY. However, an unexpected opening as Second Secretary at Paris had offered the DCM just the opportunity for dedicated service that he had been awaiting; and the new Chief of Mission would not stand in the way of such obvious achievement in the Career.

Fortunately, there was an excellent Counselor of Political Affairs who knew the country well and spoke twelve of the local dialects. However, he had just received his orders for Senior Officer training. Our Chief of Mission was a worshipper at the altar of advanced education and would not have kept his own son from attending a War College, much as he loved him.

The Economic Counselor was a wise and seasoned officer who might have filled the gaps in the command echelons; but within a week there came orders for him also, insensitively quoting "urgent needs elsewhere." The Chief of Mission made no murmur, feeling confident that Washington KNOWS BEST.

Next in line was the Administrative Officer who was regrettably called home to testify before Congressman Passman and never used the remainder of his roundtrip ticket.

Shortly afterward, the Consul was shot by a maddened visa applicant, and the position was automatically abolished under the new budget limitations. All junior officers were then withdrawn for further TRAINING, and the Commercial Attaché was sent on a regional mission.



"Well, back to the visa counter—"



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This erosion of his staff was not unnoticed by the Chief of Mission, but he clung to his belief that Washington was carefully planning every move as part of a coordinated policy. Without complaint he reorganized his staff so that the Military Attaché did Trade Reports, USIS brought cultural approaches to administration, and an AID insemination expert performed wonders in the visa office. He even asked CIA to do the thoughtful political reporting, something for which it was utterly unprepared.

Then he wrote a gentle note to Washington, intimating that he had a **PROBLEM**.

And indeed he did. First came a stern demand for better coverage of women's activities, followed by an exhortation to establish contacts with potential leaders, ages 12 to 62, in forty different sectors of the population. Behind this came a request for statistics on the food intake of the nomadic tribes and an urgent call for analytical forecasts of events over the next decade.

Our hero did his best, even turning to the Peace Corps and the Marines for aid. But he still fell so far behind that one day an **INSPECTOR** loomed beside his desk.

"Your Embassy has displeased the Departments of Commerce, Labor, Agriculture, AND the Attorney General. Don't you know where your first responsibilities lie?"

The Ambassador explained patiently his lack of staff and his refusal to complain. He was confident that reporting requirements were carefully reviewed in Washington and matched to staffing patterns in the field. "There is," he said, "a **MASTER PLAN** which governs all our operations."

The Inspector promptly cabled home, "This man is an **IDIOT** and should be transferred forthwith."

\*\*\*\*\*

**MORAL:** *There may be a MASTER PLAN somewhere in Washington, but don't count on it.* ■

**A SILVER FLOOR!**  
 by Jack Grover



This is a picture of just that: a whole floor of real silver!

It is the floor of the Royal Pagoda in Phnom Penh, capital of Cambodia. The building is on the King's palace grounds.

The entire floor of this temple is paved with beautifully engraved slabs of silver. On the walls around it are painted intricate, colorful, Buddhist scenes, and above doors and windows there is stained glass of various colors. When the lights inside are on, the scene is a richly colorful, memorable spectacle.

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## TO GREECE WITH LOVE

by AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD

**C**AMPING-AS-YOU-GO is not the most comfortable way to travel, but it certainly teaches you more about people than you could learn in a lifetime of staying in Hilton hotels or reading tourist brochures.

We were on our way from Beirut to London and were camped at Kavalla, the ancient Greek fishing village on the Aegean shore where the Apostle Paul landed on his first missionary voyage to Europe. Our tents were pitched on the sand of a small fishing cove; a quarter of a mile away the red-roofed houses of the village straggled over a hillside facing the sea. Scarlet geraniums, petunias, and purple bougainvillea spilled from windowboxes and terraces.

Out to sea the mountains of the island of Thasos broke up the straight line of the horizon. This island was the ancient home of the Ionian Greeks; a place which had known civilization since the seventh century before Christ.

We had gone to bed early the night before, tired by our long drive from Istanbul, and I had fallen asleep quickly, lulled by the lapping of the waves and the distant sound of music from the village. Before dawn I was awakened by the sound of loud singing. Annoyed, I snuggled deeper into my sleeping bag and, in my irritable city-bred way, muttered crossly at the anonymous villager who had been thoughtless enough to turn up his radio to top volume at that hour of the morning.

The singing grew louder, seeming to approach the tents. It had such a gay, ebullient quality I found myself listening despite my irritation. Quite suddenly I realized it was not coming from the village but from the small bay in front of our tents. Curious, I unzipped my sleeping bag and leaned over to peer out.

The picture before me was one I would travel back across those rocky roads just to see again. The sun was just on the horizon, still low enough to backlight the uneven mountains of Thasos. Between them and the beach, twelve fishing dories were coming in with the night's catch, the kerosene lamps on their prows still burning, their pale glow reflected in the still water of the cove, making it appear as if the little boats were being lit from underwater as well.

As they rowed, the two fishermen in each dory sang lustily, heads thrown back, oars keeping time to the chant. A slight breeze ruffled the surface of the bay, the nets glistened in the sun, the stark mountains lost their purplish cast and became golden. From the little outdoor cafe up the beach the strains of a *bouzouki* rose in accompaniment to the singers, who had by now beached their dories.

In twos and threes the men began wandering up to the cafe, sitting down at the outdoor tables to sip tiny cups of black coffee; we got into our bathing suits and wandered down the beach to the cafe, the sand cool and soft under our bare feet.

The fishermen, it seems, had already heard about the foreigners in the tents. The cafe proprietor, with whom we had shared a late evening coffee the night before, had already given them a full account of our background, travels and destination. Now they greeted us warmly, laughing and shaking our hands as though we were special guests, come for no purpose but to visit them. There was a lot of chair-scrapping and shifting as they made room for us. They ordered two more coffees, offered us their pungent black cigarettes, and kept up a constant stream of unintelligible words that nonetheless conveyed their pleasure in having us there. We sat there, cloaked in warmth, the sun hot on our faces.

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They were remarkably vigorous men. Not tall, but well and sturdily built, with rugged, laughing faces, curly dark hair, and skin burned to the color of Jamaica rum. Each one wore a voguish straw hat with high crown and wide brim. I tried one on and pantomimed the question: Where can I get one like it?

Immediately, fifteen hats were extended for me to take home. Pushing and laughing and struggling, they kept yelling what I presumed was the equivalent of: Take mine! Take mine! When I protested they kept it up, until finally, to avert wounded feelings, I chose the hat of the oldest man there—a toothless, gray-haired gnome of a man who cackled with pleasure at my choice. The others pounded him on the back and roared with appreciation as he danced a stiff-legged little jig.

Then, as if by some unspoken agreement, they began to wander back down to their boats. As they hauled the nets onto the sand one began to sing, the others picked it up, and once more their exuberant voices rose in the air. Still singing lustily, they carried their nets to the end of the beach, then, walking backwards in lines of four, they came back along the sand, feeding out the nets as they came. When the nets were spread out all over the sand they removed their shirts and sat down cross-legged to mend them with needle and strong waxed line. By this time our two children had awakened and were running about from one man to the next. Tired as they must have been, the fisherman were wonderfully kind and gentle to them, letting them try their hand at net-mending, lifting them in and out of the dories, giving them a fish for their breakfast.

A poor country? Yes, desperately so if you think in terms of economics. But infinitely rich in its people. Tranquil, happy, serene; they seemed always to have time to relax, to sing, to just sit and watch the outgoing and incoming fishing boats, or the girls carrying their pitchers to the well. ■

**A "New Class" in America?**

THE separation of the legislative from the executive has been almost too successful. The powers of the Senate and the House are great, but they are negative powers, for it was not assumed in the Constitution that there would be many policies to make at a national level. However, able and ambitious men concerned with the public welfare do not wish only to approve or disapprove of policy. They want to make it, for that is the creative area of public life. The range and complexity of policy making and of executive decision today, placed in context of the separation of powers, has changed the nature of American politics and therefore of the profession of politics. It has introduced a new class of public men who can properly be called politicians. To call them anything else is to cloud the issue, for they have to do with and in fact control the most important areas of American policy. What is significant is that, although they are vested with great powers, they are not part of the legislative body nor are they, even in the remotest sense, representatives of the people. They are appointed by the President and removable at his will. In the crises that face the world the destinies of this country are in their hands. They are its governors. Men concerned about public affairs and with a desire for power are attracted to this new area of public life. Given the American Constitution and the world today this is bound to happen, but it will not enhance the power and prestige of the legislative bodies nor strengthen their intellectual qualities.

JOHN CONWAY, *"Politics as a Profession in the United States,"* DAEDALUS, Fall, 1963.

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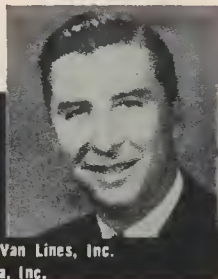
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**25 YEARS AGO**

JANUARY, 1940

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

The U. S. Secret Service

**B**ARRY SULLIVAN, Washington Post correspondent, has an article in the January JOURNAL. In it he describes the measures taken to protect King George and Queen Elizabeth: "When preparations were under way for the visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth, the State Department called upon the Secret Service to guard the royal visitors during their three-day stay in the United States.

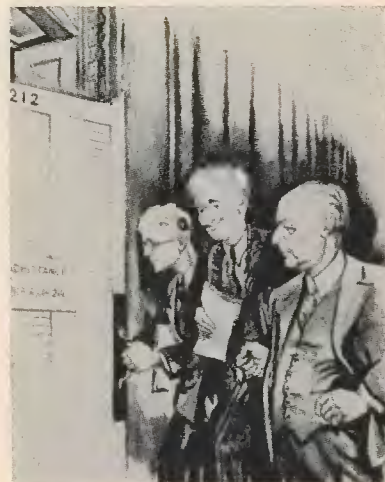
"The service's long and successful record in protecting Presidents had demonstrated the ability of its agents to assume the heavy responsibility involved in safeguarding the sovereigns of a friendly nation.

"Arrangements made by the State Department in cooperation with the Secret Service began before Their Majesties left England. They continued until the King and Queen had completed their visit to the United States and returned to Canada.

"Every mile of railroad traveled by the sovereigns was inspected by a Secret Service Agent. Routes through Washington and New York were laid out to provide maximum safety.

"Enormous crowds in both cities made the task more difficult, but precautions were taken unobtrusively to prevent untoward happenings during the official visit.

"Agents mingled with the throngs. They ran beside the cars carrying the King and President Roosevelt and



*Maxwell M. Hamilton, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs; Herbert Feis, Adviser on International Economic Affairs; and Stanley Hornbeck, Political Adviser for the Far East, as portrayed by Georges Schreiber in the article "FORTUNE Calls at the State Department," January, 1940.*

Mrs. Roosevelt and the Queen. They investigated cameras and packages carried by individuals watching processions and ceremonies. They looked at the spectators and not at the spectacle. They did not become officious.

"After successful completion of the hair-raising task, commendation came from many sources. Notable was the letter from Chief Constable Albert Canning, of Scotland Yard, to Secret Service Chief Frank J. Wilson, extending his congratulations, 'on the very efficient and effective manner in which the Secret Service protected their Majesties during their visit to your country.'

**Briefs:** Since the end of August the American Foreign Service colony in Oslo has been pleasantly augmented by the addition of eleven wives and their children, evacuated from Berlin and Warsaw. Though a few now have left, the colony originally consisted of Mesdames Carl Birkeland, Warsaw; C. Burke Elbrick, Warsaw; John K. Davis, Warsaw; E. Tomlin Bailey, Warsaw; Monroe Williams Blake, Warsaw; Douglas Jenkins, Jr., Warsaw; Jule B. Smith, Warsaw; Donald B. Heath, Berlin; Joel C. Hudson, Berlin; Cyrus B. Follmer, Berlin; James

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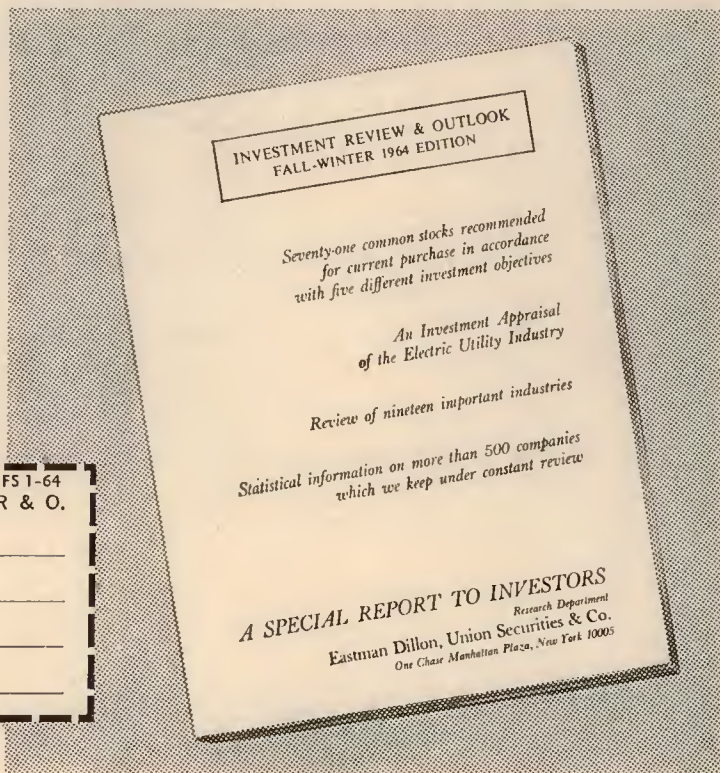


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W. Riddleberger, Berlin; George F. Kennan, Prague; and George M. Abbott, Marseilles.

► Four persons from the Department were among 70 former students of Oxford University at a buffet supper given by Lord Lothian, British Ambassador, at the British Embassy on December 15 for Oxford men in Washington. The four were Robert D. Coe, of the Division of European Affairs; Henry S. Villard, of the Division of Near Eastern Affairs; Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck, Adviser on Political Relations; and Harry R. Turkel, of the Treaty Division.

## Former Ambassador Becomes a Dark Horse

"News Is Where You Find It," by Frederic William Wile, is reviewed in the January JOURNAL: "If the criterion of a science is the ability to predict, then Frederic Wile's observation of public affairs has been truly scientific . . . two days before the 1924 Democratic National Convention, when 'McAdoo and Al Smith were far out in front for the nomination' Wile went 'out on a limb' with the prediction that the 'plum would go to a dark horse' and that distinction would go to silver-haired John W. Davis, whose 'friends at that hour hadn't the glimmer of a notion that he possibly could or would be nominated.'". . . .

## Recent News Items

**On To Cernauti**—Ambassador Burke Elbrick sends grist for this column from Belgrade: "Just about 25 years ago the American Embassy in Poland was forced to flee into Rumania along with the Polish Government—the Soviet armies having invaded Poland from the East after the Germans had already brought Poland to its knees. Tony Biddle was the Ambassador, North Winship the Counselor, Landreth Harrison was Second Secretary, and I brought up the rear as Third Secretary. I took a convoy of cars, containing various Americans, across the Dniester River into Rumania late at night. I knew no Rumanian and only that we were headed for the city of Cernauti (now Chernovtsy). Soon we were lost in the blackness of the night in the wilds of Bessarabia and I stopped near a campfire surrounded by Rumanian shepherders and called out to them my one word 'Cernauti?' One of them came to the car, stuck his head in the window, and said, 'What can I do for you, pal?' He was from Brooklyn!"

**The Girl He Left Behind**—David Maynard, after his tour of Europe last summer, returned to his home in California. He visited with Sam Sokobin, John Ketchem, Arthur Frost, Paul and Jean Josselyn, and Bland Calder.

"John Ketchem had returned from a four months' trip around Africa. In Capetown he visited Ambassador Satterthwaite. I told Bland that I had tried to look up the girl friend he left in Leningrad (St. Petersburg) when he was with our legation there in 1917, but was unable to find her. Bland served in Moscow during the last war, so saw Russia under both regimes."

**A Homespun Legacy**—That is the title of a book of poems by the late Sarah Sabina McFall who was the mother of former Ambassador Jack McFall. In the opening pages, Mr. McFall pays a tribute to his mother and at the end of the book she returns the compliment:

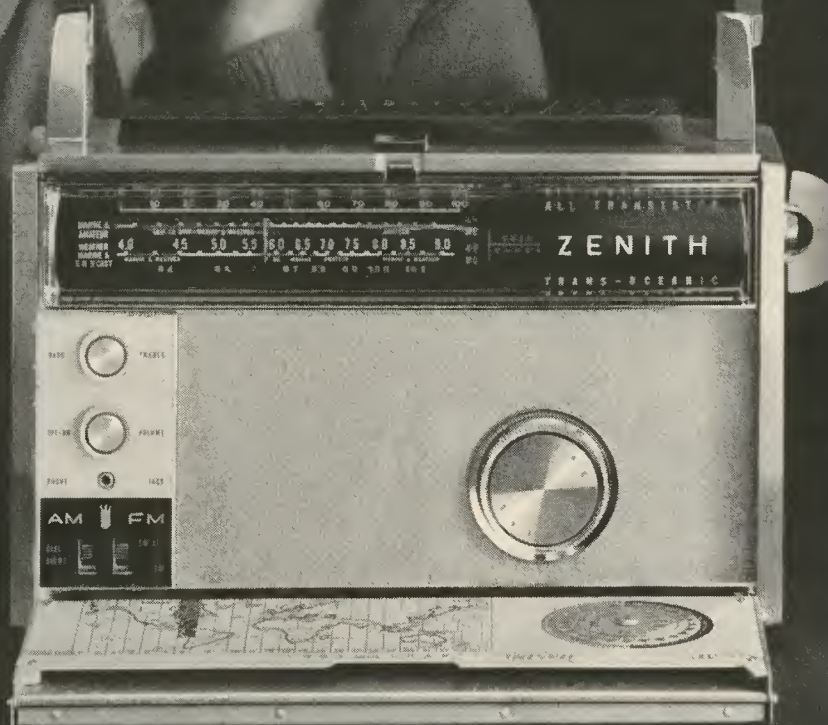
When the cares of the day o'erwhelm me  
And lonely I grope and sad,  
My clouds have their silver linings  
All torn and gone to the bad—  
When nothing seems worth the doing,  
Jewels all turned to alloy—  
I look for my compensation  
Here enters my blue eyed boy.

**Old State**—The following comment on the architecture of Old State by an engineer, came from Fletcher Warren and will bring joy to the hearts of many an old boy: "She's plumb and she's square and, boys, she's purty."

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► John and Fran Fuess drove into our driveway last October. They had made a quickie "fly and rent car" trip from Washington to Mexico City and Carmel, California, where they found a property for future use.

In Mexico City, John and Fran visited Ambassador Freeman. Tony and John were there in the Consulate General 25 years ago.

**Boastful**—The Washington Letter for September states that Ambassador Freeman's private bathroom in the new Embassy, Mexico City, has no towel rack or soap dish. More important—is it a status bathroom? For instance, we read that Princess Grace of Monaco and the Blair House, Washington, boast of status bathrooms equipped with 24 carat gold plate fixtures.

► J. Rives Childs, who became Book Review Editor of the JOURNAL in December of 1939, has now authored two recent books:

DIPLOMATIC AND LITERARY QUESTS, by J. Rives Childs, Whittet & Shepperson, \$3.00.

Four lectures delivered by the retired Ambassador at Randolph-Macon College in 1963. The second, "Some Aspects of Diplomacy," is based on the author's despatches and personal experiences as American chargé at Tangier during World War II, and contains previously unpublished material of interest to historians as well as to Foreign Service officers.

CASANOVA, biographie nouvelle d'après des documents inédits, by J. Rives Childs, traduit de l'anglais par F. L. Mars. Pauvert, Paris, F28.50.

Previously published in German, Italian and English, this biography concerns itself with the subject's service as a diplomat and secret agent rather than as an amorist, and has been widely praised in Europe. ■



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# VIETNAM:

# THE WAR THAT IS NOT A WAR

by ROBERT S. SMITH

THE headlines of the war in Vietnam have in recent months emphasized the internal struggle for leadership of the Government of South Vietnam. Buddhists vs. Catholics, civilians vs. military, sect vs. party seem to be the key struggles. By the time this article is published, the Government may have changed again.

Yet the Vietnam imbroglio is much deeper and historically more involved than these headlines imply. It is essentially a struggle for men's minds and loyalties, a chapter in the confusing battle between a Communist-led "war of national liberation" and a Western-supported nationalist war of independence.

How did Vietnam get where it is today? How did the war-that-is-not-a-war get started? Who is fighting against whom? and why? How is the United States involved in this struggle?

## I

Before World War II, Indochina was a peculiar colonial mixture within the French empire. It included the direct French colony of Cochinchina; the empire of Annam just to its north, a tight dependency under French colonial overlordship; the rich protectorate of Tonkin to its North; and, to the West, little Cambodia and poor, underdeveloped Laos. The conquest of this whole territory by the French had not been completed until 1885.

In the 55 years of French rule that followed, the French built more prisons than schools, more colonial palaces for French officials than universities for the Vietnamese. French rule was not ideal tutelage, but neither was it excessively cruel nor corrupt. It did much to organize and develop Indochina's economy of rice and rubber.

When France fell in 1940, we observed the strange spectacle of local French authorities in Indochina remaining loyal to Vichy and later continuing to supervise Annamese puppets, while themselves under the supervision of Japanese officials. If this was an odd spectacle for the West, it is not hard to imagine how the Annamese peasants—or those among them who cared—must have reacted. Their formerly proud, white, French overlords had to accept rule by Asians.

Just before the Japanese surrendered to the Allies, however, they kicked out their French underlings and offered independence to the Indochinese—just as they did to the Koreans and Indonesians—in a fantastic stroke of political warfare, too late to turn the tide, but in sufficient time to bring about permanent disruption in the years that followed.

By inter-Allied military agreement, the British and Chinese (still "Nationalist") took over nominally until the French could arrive.

But the French returned in 1945 to a vastly different country from the one they had lost five years before. During the Japanese occupation various nationalist and Communist

groups, suppressed and dormant under previous French rule, had come to life. Whole provinces in Tonkin and large areas in Annam were controlled by them. Some were armed clandestinely by the OSS and Chinese Nationalist intelligence groups. In this situation little distinction had been drawn between groups and, as it happened, the Communists, under Moscow-trained Ho Chi Minh, possessed the strength and purposeful leadership to come out on top.

Before V-J Day, Ho Chi Minh's guerrillas became the "Vietnam Liberation Army" with a shadow government. Annamese Emperor Bao Dai, recently returned to power by the Japanese, abdicated in favor of Ho Chi Minh and, within a fortnight after Hiroshima, the red flag of Ho's Vietminh flew over all of Vietnam (as Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina, the three coastal provinces of Indochina, were now called). It was only the speedy and effective movement of the airborne and armored units of the French Expeditionary Forces, which landed late in October 1945, that set the Vietminh back and forced it to revert to guerrilla warfare in the south. Negotiations followed, but before the end of 1946 the Vietminh attacked French installations throughout Indochina, and there began seven and a half years of warfare between France and the Vietminh.

It proved to be a hopeless, costly struggle. The French forces grew to about 250,000 men and Vietnam's own forces, under French leadership, reached a total of about 130,000 more. The bulk of the French forces were grouped in the southern part of the country, in and behind some 10,000 forts, bunkers and concrete emplacements—a sort of "Maginot Line." It was estimated that some 30,000 Vietminh troops operated behind these emplacements, as well as almost fully controlling the rest of the country—except for the major cities. They and their fellow Vietminh guerrillas had the advantages of mobility, cover and surprise. They also had supply lines, after 1949, from Communist China, whereas the French depended for most of their supplies on a metropole many thousands of miles away. The Communists had clear-cut aims which inspired determination and strict discipline. They had a knowledge of the terrain in which they could pick their battlefields. It was the ideal setting—from the Communist point of view—for fighting a successful guerrilla war. French casualties of close to 50,000 killed in the seven and a half years attest to this.

Here are the comments of a French Lieutenant-Colonel who was engaged in the struggle:

Within a few weeks, we have occupied practically the whole of the Indochinese peninsula. We hold the towns, the roadnets, the harbors and the airfields. In the offices of our G-3, no classical military problem appears. In G-2, intelligence people are perplexed. We hold everything, but the enemy is everywhere. We have seen leaflets which say, "If you want to join the Vietminh leave the highways."

But our World War II organization ties us to the roads to get fuel, ammunition, food and supplies. If we leave the road to fight, our vehicles bog down in the swamps and rice fields. If we go on foot, we are lost in the terrible terrain of jungles, mountains and forests where malaria and dysentery are the worst of our foes. In any event, we have not enough strength to mop up everything. Mop up what? Civilians?

In daylight, however, we succeed in keeping order because our planes and vehicles can quickly bring Infantrymen to search the jungle. Only Infantry is usable—other weapons have no targets.

By night, Indochina belongs to the Vietminh. Our night patrols are spotted when they leave their posts. Dogs bark and disclose our ambushes. "Tom Tom" calls in the jungle mark the progress of our men. The rebels know all the trees in the forest; they fight on the spot where they used to play when they were children.<sup>1</sup>

On May 7, 1954, the Vietminh captured the French fortified camp at Dien Bien Phu, a major military disaster that spelled the final collapse of French efforts to hold on to Indochina. As it happened, the following day a conference opened in Geneva which brought an end to the fighting.

The Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities in Vietnam, signed in July 1954 by representatives of France and the Vietminh, drew the truce line at the Seventeenth Parallel; the Communists were required to withdraw to the north and the non-Communists and French forces to the south. The language of the Agreement was clearly intended to guarantee the integrity of each zone so that peaceful solutions to Vietnam's many problems could be worked out by the Vietnamese themselves. A provision in the final unsigned Declaration of the Geneva Conference called for nation-wide elections within two years. The Communists rightly assumed that this provision would help them, since the North had the larger, stronger military force and a majority of the population. Frankly, the Communists thought that the split and leaderless South would collapse even before elections could occur. Just to make sure of ultimate victory, however, the Vietminh left thousands of hidden arms and ammunition dumps in the South as well as a large number of Vietminh military personnel under orders to go "underground" pending orders to resume military activity.

The United States, although not a party to the Agreement, declared that it would view any violation of the Agreement "with grave concern and as a serious threat to peace." As it was, the French withdrawal left South Vietnam weak, vulnerable and subject to an agreement that failed to provide adequate safeguards. It was thus up to the United States to help maintain what remained of freedom in Vietnam, and to help a war-devastated land, lacking virtually all the means of government, to establish itself as a nation.

Ngo Dinh Diem came into office as Prime Minister of South Vietnam, still under French rule, in the month of the Geneva Agreements. His record in the early years was a good one and his accomplishments are the more significant because they were achieved despite insuperable obstacles. Some 860,000 refugees moved from newly-Communist North Vietnam to the South. They had to be fed, clothed, housed and integrated with their new neighbors. Another million persons had fled the rural areas to the cities during the fighting and had to be settled more permanently. The civil bureaucracy and national army had to be completely reorganized. Private armies of two religious sects and one criminal syndicate were in open revolt. The economy was shattered and there were almost no funds for day-to-day operation of the government.

By mid-1955 Diem had defeated or reduced the military

capabilities of the dissident groups and the national army had swung into line. Refugee resettlement was orderly and successful. And it was Diem who led the Vietnamese to complete independence from the French in October 1955. He subsequently made it clear that the Republic of Vietnam did not consider itself bound by the unsigned Geneva Declaration to participate in a nation-wide election with North Vietnam which would have clearly favored the North—and would therefore have led to the dissolution of the Republic and complete Communist take-over.

There followed several years of relative tranquility in South Vietnam, during which time—with substantial technical and capital assistance from the United States—it was able to develop its economy and institutions. By 1959, the annual rice crop—staple of the Vietnamese diet and backbone of the predominantly agricultural economy of the South—had reached the pre-World War II level. By 1960, rubber production had surpassed pre-war levels. Land reform, road and railway reconstruction and new construction opened up new areas for marketing. United States aid and private investment helped construct small and medium size manufacturing plants. South Vietnamese coal production replaced that which had previously been transported from North Vietnam. Japanese reparations provided for the construction of a large hydro-electric project. School enrollment increased from 500,000 in 1955 to 1,500,000 in 1962. A vast malaria eradication program, with the help of the US and the World Health Organization, was begun in 1959 and sprayed more than two million houses throughout South Vietnam before it was drastically reduced by deliberate Viet Cong—as the Communist guerrillas in the South were called—attacks on the spray teams.

In the meantime, a *bona fide* Communist state had come into being in the North. Social classes were "created" in the countryside just so they could be smashed. Executions became widespread. But the economy declined, while that of South Vietnam was improving.

In 1957 the Communist Government in Hanoi activated the subversive network it had left in the South and began to seek the downfall of the Government of Vietnam through selective, low-level terrorism and sabotage. Aggressive policy statements also came out of Hanoi, such as that of the Workers (Communist) Party Congress in 1960 stressing that the second task of the Vietnamese revolution is "to liberate South Vietnam from the ruling yoke of the US imperialists and their henchmen in order to achieve national unity and complete independence and freedom throughout the country."

Vietnam was growing more critical. Communist forces mounted, as infiltration from North Vietnam increased. The population in many areas came under Viet Cong control and was forced to provide the insurgents with food and recruits. The Viet Cong were able to mount attacks with larger units up to battalion size, and the wave of terrorism sharply increased rural insecurity. It became obvious that the mechanism of the Geneva Accords would be unable to preserve or restore peace.

In May 1961 then Vice-President Johnson visited Vietnam to consult with Vietnamese leaders and demonstrate American support for their resistance. It was agreed that existing programs of economic and military aid would be extended and built upon. General Maxwell D. Taylor, who became US Ambassador to Vietnam in the summer of 1964, visited the country in October 1961 with a group of civilian and military advisors to survey the deteriorating security situation.

As a result of these visits and subsequent communications between Presidents Kennedy and Diem, a broad, joint counter-insurgency effort got underway beginning in 1962. Notwithstanding the Buddhist uprisings, the two *coups d'etat* in the period from May 1963 to January 1964, and the renewed

<sup>1</sup>Geneste, Lt. Col. Marc E., "Guerrilla Warfare" from INFANTRY MAGAZINE, January-February, 1961.

rivalries of Vietnamese leadership since August, we are still essentially undertaking the same type of warfare today that we moved into in 1962.

## II

What is the basis for the political-psychological war that is being fought in Vietnam today?

First of all, there is no clear line between areas controlled by Vietnamese and those under Viet Cong control. Large parts of the country's area and population are thus in dispute. In many areas both the Vietnamese and the Viet Cong carry out such government functions as defining property rights, tax collection and local administration. Viet Cong activity also goes on in the cities and towns. But no area or population segment is exclusively controlled by the Viet Cong. (TIME magazine last summer used the guarded phrase, "significant control," to describe guerrilla dominance in 22 of the nation's 43 provinces.) In other words, the situation is



*Fisherman's Hut, Saigon, by Nancy Eastman*

must also help produce and demonstrate to the rest of the countryside and to the soldiers of both sides a desirable way of life. We must give the peasant, his family and the community an immediate material stake in the better conditions of the secured areas. In turn, they will be motivated to defend it.

It can readily be seen that the clear-and-hold strategy is extremely demanding, since it attempts to influence social behavior through the peasant's voluntary participation in his own defense.

Yet the peasant's loyalty is to his family, in a lesser degree perhaps also to his immediate community. Under special circumstances he may have an allegiance to a religious sect or elite minority. But he is suspicious of foreigners as well as fellow countrymen from another village, soldiers or central government officials. This is so deep-rooted a pattern that it is unlikely to change soon.



*Refugee Village, Saigon, by Nancy Eastman*

fluid and it is nearly impossible at any time to determine who is in control.

The objective of our side must be to offset and overcome the enemy's efforts to destroy both the government and social institutions; to beat them at their own game of political warfare; gradually to restore law and order, security, responsive local government, and well-being for all South Vietnamese.

At the heart of our joint effort with the Vietnamese Government is the "clear-and-hold" or "oil spot" program for pacification of the countryside. Through the efforts of military and paramilitary forces, the Viet Cong must first be swept out of an area. It is then up to guard forces to keep them out, while an intensive effort is made to win back the villagers to the Government's cause. The visual image of an oil spot slowly spreading out from its point of impact represents this gradual process of eliminating the Viet Cong threat.

What is required of the peasant for this program to succeed?

He needs to participate actively in the pacification program. He is needed to provide intelligence about Viet Cong operation and agents, and to exert social pressure on fellow villagers with Viet Cong connections. He is also needed as a soldier to join the Vietnamese Government ranks willingly and to resist Viet Cong recruitment.

Security is essential to this program. We can hope for the active cooperation of unarmed civilians if they are protected, but not if they are subject to Viet Cong retaliation. But we

The primary objective of the rural program, therefore, must be to overcome these attitudes and responses and to encourage a commitment to the nation. The program must take account of the characteristics and particular values of that society. The Vietnamese government needs to find organizational forms and leaders that are appropriate to the community and through which productive working relationships can be established. Then it must explain and promote its objectives.

Assistance cannot be limited to the rural areas. More is also required in the cities, the basic "oil spots" from which the Vietnamese government operates. Insecurity there will prevent the government from continuing effective military or social programs in the rural areas. If, on the other hand, they remain secure, it is hard to see how the Viet Cong could win. Unfortunately, however, the urban areas have substantial unemployment and underemployment, as well as idle financial capital which could be used to employ that labor. The US Government is, therefore, beginning housing and other urban programs, as well as undertaking more energetic efforts to promote private investment in productive enterprise in the cities of South Vietnam.

## III

What are we doing to help the Vietnamese fight this political-psychological war?

Early in 1962 the number of American military personnel

was increased to about 15,000. This number remained more or less constant until quite recently when another several thousand American military men were sent over. They train and give logistical and combat support to the Vietnamese Army and paramilitary forces. They advise the Vietnamese commanders on combat decisions and, while they are in no way commanders of the Vietnamese units, their job is often more difficult than an actual combat role. Since January 1961, over 200 Americans have been killed in combat situations—while Vietnamese military casualties have numbered close to 10,000 a year. Whether it be alongside his Vietnamese battalion at the front lines, or passing down a rural road by jeep, the American soldier in Vietnam is constantly risking his life in this undeclared war.

Perhaps one of the most critical jobs performed by US military personnel in Vietnam is that of the American advisory detachment in each of the 43 provinces, which advises and assists the Vietnamese Province Chief. These American officers and enlisted men must necessarily learn the political, economic and social situation within their provinces. They also work closely with the Provincial Representatives of the Agency for International Development. Together, the military sector advisor and the AID Provincial Representative form an American military-civilian team which is responsible for advice and guidance to the Vietnamese Province Chief in the pacification of his province.

In view of the socio-economic nature of the war in Vietnam, a large part of American assistance in the counter-insurgency effort is civil in nature. It is channeled through the AID Mission in Vietnam. AID officials advise on all non-military aspects of the clear-and-hold campaign, and help direct United States assistance toward bringing prompt economic and social benefits to villages as soon as military forces have cleared an area of Viet Cong guerrillas. AID provides relief supplies which go to families who have suffered from Communist attack or have moved their homes into defended villages. The installation of hamlet radios provided by AID makes it possible for villagers to call for help when attacked. As security is restored, the Mission assists in repairing roads and rail lines and providing villagers with the means to better their lives.

In the past eighteen months, for example:

—Over 12,000 health stations were established, more than half of them staffed by paid Vietnamese health workers and supplied with simple medical kits.

—Almost 900 hamlet and village school classrooms have been built.

—Distribution of pesticides has reduced serious rat destruction of crops (formerly up to 80%) in the Central Vietnamese lowlands. Rice seed and fertilizer have been distributed to farmers, as have wheat, corn meal, cooking oil as special bonuses to families of village defense forces.

—About 1,400 small wells have been dug in villages which traditionally suffered from lack of adequate water supply.

—About 3,800 community radio receivers and 10,000 personal transistor radios for community leaders have been supplied, thus facilitating the efforts of the Vietnamese government to inform its people about the war effort. Developing as many channels of communication as possible is essential to developing popular allegiance.

In addition to supplies of this nature, much has been done to teach the Vietnamese to improve their own lot. For example, the primitive mountain people in Western Vietnam have been taught to use their water buffalo as beasts of burden. Others have been taught how to construct simple water wheels, wooden windmills, school rooms and other community buildings. Perhaps more important, AID officials have introduced the process of local elections of officials, an unprecedented and unique experience for hamlets in Vietnam.

AID officials concerned with rural work often have to ride in combat helicopters or military aircraft because of the in-

security of road and rail travel. Railroad sabotage averages about one incident per day. But riding in these aircraft, literally under combat conditions, is a hazard, too. Landing on many airstrips places a man within range of Viet Cong.

The Viet Cong is not the only enemy. There are also malaria, dysentery and other jungle diseases. Most of the provincial representatives from AID live and eat under hazardous health and sanitary conditions in primitive and remote towns. Those who have families generally have to leave them in Saigon. In addition to the normal difficulties incident to family separation, it is not comforting to these men or their families to be separated under the prevailing conditions.

During 1962 and 1963 "strategic hamlets" were the principal vehicle for achieving the twin objectives of security and improved morale of the Vietnamese peasant through the clear-and-hold operation. It was the concept of bringing people together in villages that could be sealed off at night and defended against outsiders, that made it possible to check the credentials of every village member, and that could be provided with a school, basic medical facilities and other economic and social welfare programs. It had been adapted to Vietnam from the successful British experience fighting the Mau Mau in Kenya and the Communists in Malaya.

Such a program is as daring as it is sound. It contains many inherent risks, including the erroneous interpretation that its purpose is primarily to extend the government's control over the population and to isolate the population from the Viet Cong. As indicated earlier, voluntary cooperation with the Vietnamese government is needed rather than control, and isolation from the Viet Cong can only be accomplished if the majority of the people in a hamlet approve and assist in this effort. Thus, a strategic hamlet—or, as they are now called, a "New Rural Life Hamlet"—must offer more to the peasant than it deprives him of in the process of joining it.

Another problem which plagued the hamlet program was the tendency of the Diem Government to engage in a sort of "numbers game." All concerned were determined to fortify and organize as many hamlets as possible in the shortest period of time. The results were uneven. In some places the effort was very successful. Elsewhere, however, orders from Saigon officials caused local officials to move too quickly in establishing strategic hamlets—particularly in the Mekong Delta, south of Saigon—and in so doing they created expectations for security and economic betterment that the Government couldn't meet. The result, of course, was disillusion, discouragement and disloyalty.

Things went from bad to worse in the rural areas following Diem's fall in November, 1963. The dislocations, the turnover of province and district officials, all contributed to temporary paralysis in the countryside.

For all his shortcomings, General Nguyen Khanh, who led the country for most of 1964, restored some strength to the rural program. He preserved the essentials of the strategic hamlet program, while attempting to avoid its past mistakes: Do it well rather than quickly; expand by the oil spot method, only where the prospects for security are real enough to make it work. It remains to be seen how the new leadership will treat the program.

This is the war in South Vietnam today, almost a quarter century after the Japanese took over Indochina. Vietnamese troops and their American military advisors are deployed to all the provinces. AID representatives are working alongside them. As the reins of government in Saigon alternately tighten and fall slack, the repercussions are bound to be felt in the provinces, but the political and psychological warfare—a long, slow struggle—goes on. The prospects for sound, popular South Vietnamese leadership are precarious. Even if the feuding factions fall in line, the crucial conflict between subversive guerrillas bent on destruction, and nation-builders seeking security, independence and peaceful growth, will continue for a long time. ■

# A DEATH IN THE DELTA

by SAMUEL P. DIELI



WHAT struck you first was the extreme casualness of it all. Her body was laid out on a simple pallet in the grass and palm-thatched hut that was her house. A single candle burned at her head and her brushed black hair glistened with reflected and hidden lights. The morning was sunny and already hot. Many of her neighbors were there, some of the men unfolding the rush mats that would line the waiting coffin in the clearing in front of the house, while others prepared strips of white gauze that would be placed over the rush mats before the body was laid in place. Some women sat in a circle on the ground and sewed white mourning clothes for the two children. The husband, dressed in the traditional black shirt and trousers of the Vietnamese peasant, looked not so much grief-stricken as dazed and unbelieving. He carried his youngest child straddled on his hip. The child whimpered, his arm bandaged where he had received a flesh wound from the burst that had killed his mother.

There was no other sound or sign of mourning. The onlookers, men for the most part, smoked and chatted, an occasional smile here and there revealing one or several gold teeth. The unexpected arrival of three Americans had created some excitement and heads turned occasionally to eye the sober-faced visitors, who stood well back in the crowd of neighbors so as not to attract attention.

Earlier that morning we had gone to the town of Omon, about twenty kilometers from our base in Cantho, on the suggestion of Ed Phillips, USOM Representative for Phong Dinh province, in the very center of the Delta region. Ed had asked for USIS help in dealing with a problem created by Viet Cong propaganda in the Omon district. Since David Engel, an Embassy political officer on a reporting tour in the area happened to be with us, he had come along to observe. We had been discussing the propaganda problem with the district chief and the VIS (Vietnamese Information Service) representative for about an hour when the district chief remembered that there had been a Viet Cong attack on a hamlet some fifteen kilometers away at about one o'clock that morning. A woman had been killed, and the hamlet population was to hold a protest meeting against the Viet Cong that morning near her house. Did we wish to attend? We would have an armed escort.

Heavily armed soldiers of the Popular Forces jumped into a truck and roared off through town, scattering cyclists, pedestrians and chickens. Our European-made Ford, driven by Vo-Chi-Quy, the interpreter-photographer, followed. We went at breakneck speed down the narrow, paved strip that is actually the main provincial highway westward, hitting some potholes, missing others, mere feet away from the placid, brown waters of the canal. Rice fields stretched green

and wet on either side with an occasional banana or coconut grove to break the endless, flat vista.

The truck was waiting for us at a turning onto a dirt road, bordered by a smaller, brown canal. The occupants of several sampans studied us with interest as we started off again, more slowly this time. The ten o'clock sun was bright and hot and there were occasional stretches of deep, welcome shade along the road.

We came to Thoi Long village where the hamlet chief and some elders, alerted by military telephone, were waiting. We shook hands at length, attempting in this way to underline the words of sorrow that our interpreter was addressing to the hamlet chief for us. We set off on foot to a hamlet called Thoi Hoa. The promised distance of one kilometer became two, then three; we crossed many small bridges over tiny canals while several large canals with makeshift planks arching irregularly over them tested both our footing and athletic condition.

And then we were there, sweat pouring from us now that we had stopped walking. It was a small clearing, bordering a canal, where many neighbors had gathered before the house of Trinh-Van-Xiem in silent protest, in a demonstration of solidarity for the death of Le-Thi-Doi, age 25, mother of two, his wife. The hamlet chief pointed to the red coffin in the clearing and said that all the funeral needs had been provided by neighbors, for this was a poor family. An old man, wise in the way of funerals, was directing final preparations as the hamlet chief gave us the simple details of the night attack by the Viet Cong. An unknown number of Viet Cong had arrived, presumably by sampan, and had broken into the Pagoda to steal what money was available, about 2,000 piasters (roughly twenty dollars). Meanwhile, others had carried off a typewriter, foodstuffs and broken into houses seeking young people to take off with them, "recruits" for the VC cause. The door of the house before us had not opened upon order so punishment had been a murderous burst of machine gun fire, killing the young woman and wounding her child.

While our photographer took pictures which we would use to document a photo leaflet charging the Viet Cong "National Liberation Front" with wanton murder, five men lifted the body from the pallet and brought it into the open. The husband stood at the head of the coffin, holding his two children close to him, as other hands and other arms cared for his wife. The final strips of gauze were being placed across the coffin and the practiced elder tucked them inward to follow the lines of the coffin while the ends trailed on either side. A headrest, fashioned out of one of the dead

(Continued on page 53)

# ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FOO



*The author and Kong Le prepare for an English language interview for VOA.*

by BRUCE RATTENBURG

**T**HE FIELD OPERATIONS OFFICER, or FOO, is a rating that turned up on USIS tables of organization only a few years ago at selected posts. It is still too early, if indeed it will ever be possible, to write a job description of the FOO that would fit all posts. But a start should be made somewhere, and it might as well be at Vientiane.

As liaison between Vientiane and the branch posts at Luang Prabang, Savannakhet and Pakse, the FOO's responsibility is to maintain a flow of information, written materials, films and equipment to and from field. Since Laos is a country of mountains and forests, and since there are no railroads, all this materiel—and personnel—must be moved by air. The FOO handles radio traffic and the travel of USIS personnel throughout Laos, and spends no little time trying to answer off-beat questions. When his primary chores as expediter, warehouseman and switchboard operator have been seen to, he may abandon himself to the creative urge and work up a *mohlam* theme. (*Mohlam* are troubadours who travel through Laos performing their traditional songs and bearing the news. USIS Laos has four *mohlam* teams who stay on the payroll by squeezing in messages from the sponsor at every performance.)

When a FOO at Vientiane is out in the field, no day is likely to resemble any other, as the following account may prove.

During the last week of July, 1964, just as the combined forces of the National Army of Laos, the Neutralist Army,

the Royal Lao Air Force, and the Meo hilltribesmen were putting the finishing touches on a successful counter-offensive to secure certain areas against the mixed Pathet Lao-Viet Minh, USIS Vientiane received word that a small group of defectors had come over to the government side. The defecors were reportedly located at Vang Vieng, about 80 kilometers north of Vientiane, which also was General Kong Le's headquarters. Here was an opportunity to probe the motivations and attitudes of men who had fought on the communist side, and it was decided to send someone to Vang Vieng to tape extended interviews with these defectors. The actual interviewing would be done by Khamsin Supasiri, the USIS Laos staffer who conducts all the Lao language VOA interviews. Khamsin is a crackerjack. Although he has had little formal schooling, he is alert, intelligent, friendly, and smooth, equally at ease in interviewing a farmer or Souvanna Phouma himself. Khamsin has come a long way on his own merits. He began work with USIS Luang Prabang as a coolie eight years ago, and worked his way up to become the Lao interviewer for USIS Laos. I was to go along with Khamsin as a supervisor who would have the good sense to let him do his work without interference.

Khamsin and I departed at 7:30 a.m., July 31 from Vientiane's Wattay Airport by Helio-courier. A single-engine, two-seater plane with enough room in the rear for two extra passengers to bunch up, the Helio is designed for take-offs and landings on extremely short runways and is therefore



*VOA correspondent for USIS Laos, Khamsin Supasiri, interviews three Yao tribesmen.*

ideal for hopping around Laos. After flying through the mountains, the pilot picked out an opening in the low clouds and landed at Vang Vieng.

Seeking out Kong Le, we told him the purpose of our visit. He would like to cooperate, he said, but he was about to leave for a short visit to a little village 17 kilometers to the north which had been liberated from the Pathet Lao only a few days earlier. A USAID representative, Harold Volkner, would be going along to distribute medicine and salt to the people at Ban Pha Tang. The people of Ban Pha Tang had had a hard time of it these past two years, Kong Le explained. When the Pathet Lao had taken over, most of the villagers had fled to the mountains and had been living in caves and lean-tos ever since. It had become a ghost town, and now the people were coming down to their old homes for the first time in two years. So great was the need for salt that the people had been leeching the earth under their old salt warehouse in quest of it. Would we like to go along? We could talk to the defectors later. Of course, we said.

Emerging from KL's headquarters, we saw a truckload of soldiers waiting in front. We introduced ourselves to Volkner, who was already in the truck, and prepared to get in back with him. Kong Le insisted, however, that I ride in the cabin with the driver and, thinking he would be there as well, I boarded. The truck lurched and Kong Le sprang onto the back with his troops. As we drove through mudholes and ditches and out into the country it became apparent that the cabin was not necessarily the best place to be. The cabin hit the ditches hardest, while the trailer oozed through. The roughness of the terrain on either side also made me reflect on the unlikelihood that all of the Pathet Lao had been cleared out. How could anyone say that this mountain jungle was secure? And if a mine had been laid in the road, the cabin would be first . . .

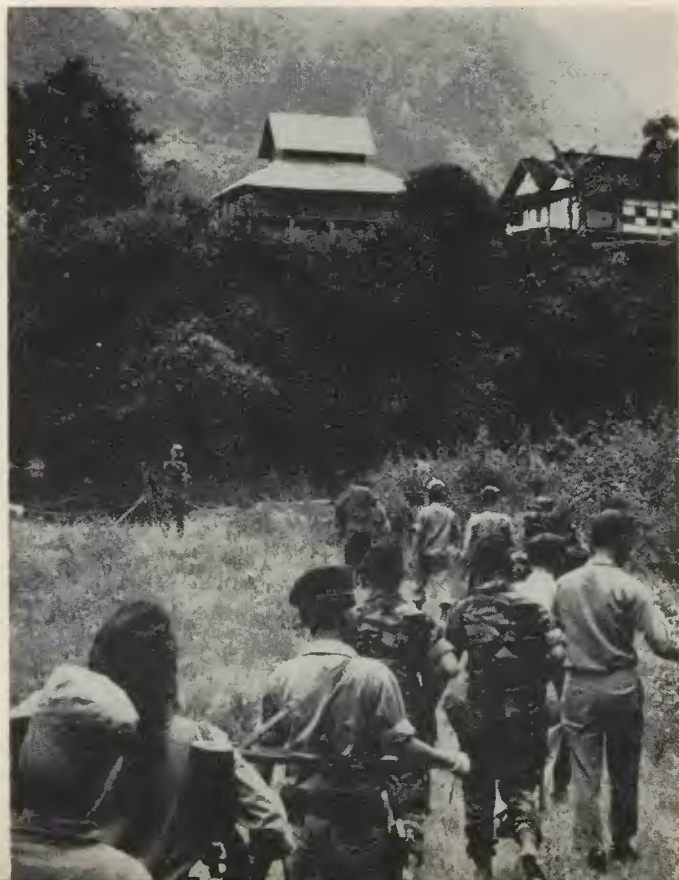
About ten kilometers and 40 minutes later, the truck pulled to a stop at a ford. Another truck had tried to negotiate the sharp ten-foot descent, the narrow bridge, and the ten-foot ascent on the other side—tried and failed, and was now on its side in the stream. The soldiers, about 30 of them including five teen-age girls also in uniform and under arms, piled out of the truck at a command from Kong Le and began to trek across the ford and down the road. Cheeking with Khamsin, I learned that Kong Le had ordered the group to move out quickly as a precaution against ambush. By the time we had unloaded our recording equipment and cameras, the platoon was at least a kilometer ahead of us. Feeling lonely and abandoned, we began to slog along the muddy road at a brisk pace and, oh, every once in a while,

looked suspiciously into the surrounding forest.

Three kilometers down the road we rejoined the platoon which had stopped at a little village and posted sentries. A truck finally came along and we climbed aboard once more. Another half-hour and we reached Ban Pha Tang, or rather the river that one must cross to reach it.

The river was at least 50 yards wide at this point, and swift-moving. On the other bank, we could see some of the villagers preparing to launch a pirogue, or longboat. There was no bridge, but there were two cables stretching across the river, both submerged at mid-point. There was a delay in the launching of the pirogue and by straining our eyes we could see why. It was being bailed out. Ten minutes later, it pushed north close to the bank, worked its way up for 30 yards, pointed for the other side, became caught in the current, and through frantic paddling was swept over to our  
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*Ban Pha Tang in background as Kong Le's column arrives at river.*



# THE JUNIOR OFFICER PROGRAM—*Three Years Later*

by NICHOLAS FELD

"FSO-8 Jonathan Willett has been assigned to this Embassy in the Junior Officer Training Program.

"He arrived at the post on April 17, 1964, and for the first ten days was allowed to familiarize himself with the city and with the operations of our Country Team. Arrangements were made for him to be introduced to most senior officers of the Country Team and to have some orientation in the activities of the Embassy, of USIS, AID, the military missions, and the Peace Corps.

"On April 27 he was asked to take charge of a special program for the distribution of food along a railway line, running from Langtu, capital of the southeast section of Samaix, to the Langmo border at Hatehok. He was selected for the task not only to provide official supervision of the distribution of the food but also to experience at first hand some of the difficulties of life and travel in this geographical nightmare of a country. Furthermore, there was information of value to the Embassy to be gained from the officer's observations; and finally, it was a test of the officer's ability to handle himself in strange and complicated situations. He did very well indeed."

This description (slightly paraphrased from an Embassy OM recently received in the Department) of the breaking in of a new junior officer on his first field assignment is becoming more and more typical of the kind of experiences which today's Foreign Service officers are gaining.

Two additional examples will illustrate the point further. FSO-8 Murray Templeton, a new junior officer, was given six months of introductory training in a South East Asian language. He was first assigned to the Embassy in Zclatra as a central complement junior officer for rotational training, but his knowledge of the language proved so valuable that within a few months he was transferred as Vice Consul and Principal Officer to an up-country city in a disturbed area some hundreds of miles to the north. He was no longer a central complement trainee but an officer filling a funded position. His job—to be the eyes and ears of the Embassy in this isolated and dissident area.

Or again, over a year ago two new junior officers were sent to a West Coast university under AID auspices for a period of training in the problems of an embattled South East Asian country. They then spent an additional six months in introductory training at FSI in the language of the country. On arrival there they took up their duties as members of the Rural Affairs Office of USOM. They were a new breed of junior diplomat. They were not initially concerned with issuing visas, renewing passports or running the motor pool, all of which are, to be sure, important and worthwhile functions. They were engaged, instead, in blazing a trail for a score or more of their colleagues who are soon scheduled to join them in the vital and arduous work they are performing.

The new career development pattern for new junior officers has made considerable headway in the three years since the Junior Officer Program got underway in October of 1961.

It might, therefore, be of interest to sketch the Program's genesis and to summarize some of its accomplishments to date in relation to its original aims and the changes these aims have undergone since the decision was made to place all probationary Class 7 and 8 officers in a central complement administered by the Office of Personnel.

What were the principal reasons for replacing the former system and setting up the central complement? Has the rotational assignment under central complement control proved an effective means of training junior officers and identifying them more rapidly for promotion or, where warranted, for separation?

In 1961 the idea of rotational on-the-job training was, of course, not a new one. It had, in fact, been carried on in a pragmatic fashion for many years at a number of the larger posts. But the inflexibility of staffing complements prevented its becoming standard practice. Where circumstances did permit rotational training of junior officers, the officers benefited through acquiring a cross-section capability in Foreign Service work at the outset of their careers while the post gained a staff flexibility not otherwise possible. Rotational training also served to promote early specialization then, as it does today, when this goal has become one of the major elements of the Department's current personnel policy.

Earlier efforts to put rotational training into effect had generally come up against salary funding difficulties. Nevertheless, the proponents of rotational training for junior officers continued to advocate it as an essential ingredient in the career development process. In particular, the Career Development and Counseling Staff of the Office of Personnel continued to urge that the probationary period should be considered as "developmental" in all respects and that officers be tested during their probationary period in the various functions of the Foreign Service. This idea was elaborated in a 1959 study, "The Assignment and Utilization of the Junior Foreign Service Officers," prepared by the Office of Personnel. This study contained a specific recommendation that posts and Bureaus should, in future, continue to receive approximately the same number of FSO-8s as they were then receiving, but that these new officers should henceforth be regarded as "over-complement," i.e., not charged to the regular staffing patterns. Under this plan, supervising officers, either in the field or in the Department, would be made responsible for seeing that a program of rotational assignments was carefully worked out for each officer. But it was not until about two years later that this plan was formally inaugurated, with the establishment of the Junior Officer Program.

This Program has remained essentially the same in most important respects since that time, but there have been some significant innovations and modifications, based on experience gained in operating it.

Before summarizing what these changes have been, some indication of the magnitude of the Program might be helpful. Entries during FY 1962, the first year of the Program, were

235 officers; there were 177 in FY 1963, and 132 in FY 1964. Of the total intake of 544 during this period, 152 officers have moved out of the Program and into funded positions, leaving a balance of 392 on central complement funds as of the end of June, 1964. Since the Program was designed to operate within a ceiling of 400 Central Complement officers, it will also be clear that it is "working to plan." Expectations are that intake and outflow will continue to be in balance at around 400, with only relatively small fluctuations.

What has the Program accomplished? It is fair to conclude that it has gone a long way toward firmly implanting the rotational principle as the normal basis for training probationary junior officers. There has been widespread agreement with the recent comment of an Embassy in the Far East: "In our opinion, the Central Complement program has been one of the most effective innovations in the personnel program of the Department in recent years. We are all committed to the merits of training and rotational assignments at the entry level of the Service. The move to disassociate these needs from funded positions has finally given the posts the freedom to develop truly effective rotational work experiences for junior officers."

During the past three years the Program's staff members have devoted a great part of their effort to the rotational aspect of training and evaluation. The devices employed have included (1) a special efficiency report form (DS-1473, revised 1963) designed for more frequent use than the longer annual form (FS-315); (2) continuous correspondence with field posts regarding their overall rotational training plans; (3) submission by field posts of individual training plans for each Central Complement officer; and (4) close collaboration with the geographic and functional Bureaus, the Career Management and Assignments Division of the Office of Personnel, the Foreign Service Inspection Corps, and the Foreign Service Institute. Using all these channels and means, it has been possible to get reasonably prompt and accurate information on the use and training of probationary junior officers, regardless of their posts of assignment.

These posts, numbering about 200, have ranged from the largest Embassies to fairly small consulates. But nearly all are expected to provide a range of experience in at least three of the major Foreign Service functions. In the case of Departmental assignments, effective rotation within the Bureau of assignment is equally important. About 10 per cent of new officers are assigned first to the Department.

The Program welcomes ideas for further improving the training techniques already in use at various posts and has received many helpful suggestions, both from the field and from the Inspection Corps. The Assistant Secretary for Administration recently brought a current list of these suggestions to the personal attention of a considerable number of Chiefs of Mission and principal officers of the larger consular posts throughout the world. These letters and the resultant replies have provided further stimulus for improving the quality of supervision at field posts.

Another vitally important activity through which the Program has been working to improve the training and development of junior officers has been in its operation of the Probationary Junior Officer Selection Board. It has now had more than two years of experience in operating these Boards, which meet four times a year. The results have been gratifying. When the FY 1964 Probationary Junior Officer Selection Board recently adjourned it submitted a report on its year's work. This Board, which was made up of four experienced Foreign Service Officers (at about the FSO-3 level) and two senior observers from the Departments of Commerce and Labor, summed up its main impressions as follows:

1. Increasing familiarity by supervisors in the field with the Program's aims has produced a progressively better quality of performance evaluation data.

2. In the past three years the time span between appointment and promotion from probationary status has been reduced, on the average, from about 3.3 to about 2 years. The latter period is about the requisite length of observation recommended by the Herter Committee.
3. The standards which successful applicants for Foreign Service officer appointments have to meet are strict; as a consequence, the caliber of incoming officers today—if the present trend continues for another five years—will make the over-all quality of the Service appreciably higher than it now is.
4. The most common weakness of the current group of probationary officers is in drafting ability. FSI training should help in this respect and posts are being urged to give special attention to the problem.

Upon promotion, the junior officer attains full career status. As he approaches the end of his first tour of duty, the Junior Officer Program prepares a post-probationary assessment of the officer's demonstrated capabilities and potential and assists the geographic and functional placement officers in determining appropriate "onward" assignments.

Such are the major elements of the Junior Officer Program today. The Department's personnel system is evolving rapidly, however, and the Junior Officer Program, as an integral part of this system, is progressively devoting more attention to long range career development planning. One significant recent development is that the Department has now embarked on a system of selective certification of FSO candidates in terms of a general and three special examination options in administration, economics, and commercial work. For those officers certified for appointment from any one of these special registers, the initial field assignment now calls for rotation briefly through some of the other main functional fields of Foreign Service work and then an appreciably more extended period spent in their potential field of specialization. This should speed up the process of getting new officers started early in their major fields.

This is not a totally new development. Even before the recent reorganization of the Office of Personnel in February 1964, and the introduction of the Career Management and Assignment system, the Junior Officer Program had been applying this policy in certain exceptional cases. That is to say, an officer with well developed pre-Service skills of interest and value to the Foreign Service would first spend up to a year in his specialized field. During his second year he would gain experience in at least two other functions. The new system of selective certification places greater emphasis on developing functional skills and meeting functional needs. This should result in more flexibility in planning and determining initial training assignments. And it will equally influence the making of onward assignments when junior officers have completed their first two years and are no longer probationers. Thus, in the future one can expect a somewhat higher percentage of junior officers to be given initial training of a kind which will lead quickly into "early specialization." The examples given at the beginning of this article bear witness to this trend.

The concurrent program now underway to revitalize the Foreign Service Staff Officers corps will also undoubtedly have an important effect on the Junior Officer Program. While junior Foreign Service Staff officers should be increasingly used to fill specialized consular and administrative positions, FSOs will still be expected to gain from their rotational training a real insight into such traditional fields as consular affairs and General Services work. Their career ladders will then lead them perhaps more quickly than heretofore into their own fields of specialization. ■

# THE ROTATIONAL JUNIOR OFFICER PROGRAM: AN OBSERVATION

by JAMES D. PHILLIPS

A junior officer is not perhaps in the best position to evaluate the Department's current system of initiating new officers into the service. He necessarily lacks a meaningful basis for comparing the present system with any of a number of possible choices. Certainly there are seasoned officers ready to denounce the new ways and hark back longingly to the throw-em-in-the-water-sink-or-swim-treatment, apparently the fate of a new recruit in the good old days. Yet, it is only possible to experience one program at a time and it occurs to me that it might be useful to set down my own impressions on the rotational junior officer program as a further shred of evidence for the people who, we are told, constantly review these programs.

My post is Paris. I have participated fully in the rotational program with six months training in the political, economic, consular and executive sections of the Embassy. I am a relatively older officer who, before entering the service, spent four years in graduate school and two years in the Army. I am a wholehearted supporter of the rotational program.

Many of my colleagues will disagree with this affirmation for there is widespread and serious criticism of the system from new as well as older officers. New officers often contend that the training period is too long because of the rotational system. After all, the argument goes, to put a bright fellow in FSI for six to eight months, then to rotate him from half-learned job to half-learned job for another two years, is to keep him too long on ice. If he is bright, he soon gets bored. He wants to put his pre-service training to work and shoulder some responsibility before middle age sets in.

The veteran, in his criticism, usually points to the other side of the coin. He complains that no sooner does the new officer assigned to his section develop a vague suspicion of what's going on in the office, than he is whisked away to be replaced by another innocent blissfully unaware of the functional distinction between the budget and fiscal and financial sections of the Embassy. His basic complaint is that he gets little work return for the time he invests in breaking in a seemingly endless number of wide-eyed FSO-7s and 8s.

These arguments both have a certain validity in the short run. Junior officers do leave the service from sheer frustration at the lack of opportunity to use their talents. Mistakes are made because of half-finished tasks passed along from one rotational officer to his successor in a particular office.

Yet, I contend, these are only the short term costs that must be paid to secure a very valuable long-term gain.

The value for the new officer is three-fold. He gains broad experience. He gains professional stature. He gains a sense of service tradition. These gains could, of course, accrue from another program, but it is my belief that the current

one provides them faster and more effectively. If this is so, it will follow that senior officers profit too in direct proportion to the gains for the service as a whole.

First, and most obviously, the rotational officer gets direct experience in four different functions of the Foreign Service. True, he will not become a wily negotiator after six months in the political section. But he will see firsthand what a political officer does, why he does it, and how he does it. If he's lucky, he may witness or participate in a major negotiation. He will at the very least have a chance to read the files and do some elementary reporting. He will see how contacts are made and maintained in the ministries of the host country and learn the appropriate levels of approach for various problems. By doing these things he will at the same time learn a good deal about the political structure of the country.

It is not only during his tour in the political section, of course, that the junior officer will gain this sort of valuable experience. One of the tours I personally valued most highly was my assignment in the economic section. Like many new officers, my field of study at college was political science, and I came to the service convinced that Boolean algebra and advanced computer data analyses were absolute prerequisites to a career as an economic officer. During this tour I discovered that a great deal of Foreign Service economic work is not too far removed from what was considered to fall within the discipline of "political science" in school and that one need not be a professional economist to perform many of the jobs in an embassy's economic section. Of course, some economic training is essential and clearly the more the better, but on the job training, plus some graduate university training in economics, appears to be adequate preparation for a successful career as an economic officer. As one of the officers in the section put it, "It is not necessary to be a full-blown economist but one has to know enough to hold his own with the technicians and professionals, to argue with them in their own terms, in order to direct their technical skills towards a given policy objective."

Experience in an economic section goes a long way towards dispelling the prejudice against economic work that so many junior officers, like myself, seem to bring to the service. Moreover, prior to the rotational program, many new officers had to wait four or even six years before getting this kind of political or economic experience. An officer may, of course, decide that consular or administrative work is just his cup of tea. The particular advantages of the current program result from the fact that the novice gets a taste of all types of Foreign Service work and that taste is often enough to enable him to decide the direction he wants his career to take. It is precisely the older junior officers, it seems to me, who should be most grateful for this option as early as possible in their careers.

Another facet of the experience the new officer rapidly gains is a comprehension of the informal as well as the formal structure of the Embassy. The two structures undeniably exist, and by meeting and working with officers from all the sections, by exchanging impressions with his colleagues and by just having the chance to snoop around, the junior officer soon identifies the "movers and shakers" and gets an insight into how the business of the Embassy is actually conducted.

This process of getting to know the senior officers works, of course, both ways. What the placement and promotion panels might lose from not having an in-depth report on the officer is regained, I believe, by having the opinions of three or four supervisors. The process has a kind of built-in corrective to the over-critical, as well as the over-enthusiastic performance report. A similar report from three or four officers virtually eliminates the possibility of an unfortunate personality clash at the bottom of a poor performance report. Three or four good reports, on the other hand, tend to eliminate the possibility of luck and bluff. At the same time, the process gives the rating officer a chance to judge the new officer's qualities the Department is most interested in testing, that is, quickness at learning, adaptability to new and unfamiliar situations, and ability to get along with a variety of people.

Thus, the new officer may be spoon-fed for a while, but he is served, I contend, a rich and varied fare. He learns not only something about the various functions of the Service and the structure of the embassy, but, especially from his association with a number of more senior officers, some valuable tricks of the trade.

For there are tricks of the trade or techniques peculiar to the Foreign Service which, when taken together, constitute the essentials of a profession. A professional Foreign Service officer is distinguished by his mastery of these techniques.

For example, writing a telegram for a Foreign Service audience is a technique. In fact, nothing a Foreign Service officer writes is written in exactly the same way that a lawyer, an academician, or a journalist might write it. In addition, there are highly specialized types of writing such as Foreign Service notes. Foreign Service writing is based on, but is not identical to, good writing in general because account must be taken of protocol and diplomatic language and because it is aimed at a very specialized audience. It is no mean accomplishment to be able to write a short, lucid telegram that will be read by the right people.

In the same sense, knowing how to read Foreign Service material is a technique. Because of the sheer bulk of reading matter that passes over an officer's desk, he must of necessity be a rapid reader, but he must also be able to scan, pick up nuances, and get to the heart of a message quickly, and then retain what he reads. It is difficult to describe exactly what specific skills are required for mastery of this technique, but it is no doubt something that can only be learned by experience for most junior officers are frankly awed by the amount of material an experienced officer can go through in a matter of minutes and at the same time retain the essential information.

How to issue a visa, renew a passport, protect an estate, aid appropriately a distressed American, in short all the Consular services, are also techniques every professional FSO should master. Even if throughout his entire career he never performs a particular consular service, he must know how to do it if the occasion arises.

There are many other techniques peculiar to the Foreign Service, ranging from concrete procedures to more abstract attitudes. For example, the habit of relating specific activities to general policy considerations and an almost intuitive sense of an embassy's relationship to the Department, other posts, Congress, the public.

This kind of knowledge, these techniques, are the hallmark of the professional Foreign Service officer. They are exactly the things that can be learned only on the job, and learned best under the guidance of an experienced officer. The current program accelerates the learning process by putting the junior officer in contact with a number of experienced officers possessing a wide variety of these skills.

But, beyond these professional considerations, putting a new officer in contact with as many fellow officers as possible, seems generally good policy. The new man makes friends, is brought into the center of things, develops "esprit de corps" and begins to participate in the Foreign Service tradition.

Like any profession, the Foreign Service has a long and noble tradition ready to support and sustain the newcomer. Much of this, since it is a living tradition, along with the corollary folklore, hagiography, demonology, is passed on by word of mouth. Who hasn't heard the probably apocryphal story of the officer whose orders were changed by a dock-side telephone call as he was literally walking up the gangplank to his ship.

Another story, this one certainly true, is told by one of the senior officers at this post. One day in a South American city whose population was rather superstitious, rather primitive, rather anti-American, the officer had to supervise the exhumation of the remains of an American who had died some three weeks earlier. The cemetery was located in the heart of town. The day was hot. A crowd, half angry, half scared, watched silently. As the officer, who stands 6'4", led the procession of gravediggers carrying the wooden casket from cemetery to morgue, he felt, he says, "downright conspicuous."

There are other stories. How it was to be an FSO when there were only 700 officers and the State Department budget was \$2,265,000? How it was in Germany and Japan after the war? How it was during the McCarthy period? How it was in the Congo four years ago? What the Third Secretary's wife said after four martinis to the dictatorial wife of a certain ambassador? These are not only good stories in themselves, they have a moral which is not lost on the new officer. Others, before him, have had broken assignments, really nasty jobs to do, ugly social situations to endure, and they have survived.

Foreign Service tradition is old and includes some of the great names in American history. It unfolds a tale of accomplishment, sacrifice, and the constant, self-conscious pursuit of excellence that is matched by few other branches of the public service. By having the chance liberally to dip into this many-sided tradition during his first few years, the junior officer quickly comes to know and appreciate it.

Thus the current system provides an officer experience in the general techniques as well as the specialized work of the Foreign Service. It puts him in contact with a great number of his colleagues and enables him to learn the techniques of the profession from them. Perhaps most importantly, it introduces him to the values and traditions of Foreign Service life. It is these gains which I think balance favorably against the problems presented by the long training period.

I would conclude by arguing that these advantages can best be realized at an embassy or at a very large Consulate General. It may be that a rotational assignment to a small consular post has a different but equally valid set of advantages. But it seems to me that the key advantage, experience in the major functions of the Foreign Service, is lost outside of the rich and varied atmosphere of an embassy.

In any case, if the program works properly, as I believe it does in Paris, it can produce experienced, dedicated and critical officers, which must certainly be the goal of any junior officer program. ■

## THE TROUBLE WITH THE VENETIAN BLINDS

**T**HE DEPARTMENT OF STATE BUILDING is something of a shock for the homecoming diplomat. Whatever else may be said of our Embassy buildings abroad, they offer variety and with a few exceptions they are scaled to the human dimension. The mass, the Spartan angularity, the rectangular maze of this New State require some adjustment. It is not a building that caters to human idiosyncrasy, or even to individuality. Elevators go when you don't want them to, and refuse to go when you want them to, and snort when you interfere with their plans. Venetian blinds can be tilted down, to see the ground, but not up, to see the sky. (This feature is intended to give a uniform appearance from the outside.) The heating system can be made bearable only by adjusting the locked thermostats with a straightened paper clip (one of the few small triumphs of the spirit over the system). The unfortunate do not have a window to look out of. The fairly fortunate are permitted to stare out on a prison courtyard, with giant floodlights peering down. Only the very fortunate may look out upon the Lincoln Memorial and one of the more spectacular views available in any capital.

We must hear with this, because there are so many of us, and because it is necessary to pack so many cubic feet of diplomat into so much space, at a limited cost per foot. The architect has reduced us to fixed units, requiring "x" amount of water, "y" amount of space, and "z" amount of vertical transportation per day.

There appear in our corridors from time to time — in the glass-enclosed bulletin boards — signs which suggest that we may have been affected by our environment, and that we are beginning to see ourselves as the architect sees us. It may have begun with the posters — some of them reminiscent of World War I recruiting posters — exhorting us to write good, clear sentences. Then came the fat men representing fat telegrams. The objectives were laudable. Somewhat patronizing, perhaps, but hardly sinister. There next appeared, however, the little suggestion boxes, with slogans encouraging us to earn pocket money by making suggestions. These have one feature which may be of interest to the future sociologist: they are provided with forms on which to write the suggestions, and they *look* as though they have slots to put the suggestions in. But no slots.

Finally, in the glass-enclosed boxes, safe from mutilation, there have appeared illustrated posters (provided by one of the local charitable agencies) which instruct us to cover our noses when we sneeze.

What must the men think of us, who come and open those glass cases and take up such signs? What do we think of ourselves? Would anyone have dared to fustoon the antie elegance of Old State with such homilies?

As we have said, many of the architectural arrangements must perhaps be accepted, in the pursuit of efficiency. But why the enforced uniformity of the Venetian blinds? Has the architect developed a delight in uniformity for its own sake? Have we again begun to follow the architect? In the corridors, we annually post signs calling for 100 per cent participation in voluntary charity drives. As reporting officers, we deride the Communists' claims to voluntarism when they turn out a 98 per cent vote. Do people ever agree 100 per cent on anything?

Uniformity has particularly little utility in our profession. Once an assessment has been made, it is more important and there be one person re-examining that judgment than there be one hundred voices parroting it. Perhaps we need some free-hand drawings in the corridors. Certainly we must be careful not to follow our architects too far, lest we bring about in reality that uniformity which the Venetian blinds were designed to simulate. ■

# EDITORIAL



## EVOCATION: Ostia Antica

**S**OFTLY the veil of enchantment is blown—  
At the first touch of the ancient cobbles,  
Time-worn, smooth with the centuries: hallowed,  
Where once the victory chariots roll'd.

Wild-rose on the broken column of tufa, symbol of  
vanished beauty—

Brick and walls in the fish-net pattern of diamonds  
Set in such careless perfection—(opus reticulatum)

Once a domus, a garden?

Who lived there?

O shade of the ancient Roman, brooding in timeless serenity  
Over Ostia Antica—thro' the forums, the marbles, the cypress:  
Centuries unfold in a dream and you pass . . . in evocative  
vision.

Here in a shrine to the heavenly gods—the Dioscuri,  
Baths of the Seven Sages—Court of the Peacocks  
Street of the Singing Fountains,  
Mosaic and exquisite chalice in the House of the Fishes,  
And all around the walls of the primitive castrum.

"Sacello del Ara di Romulus e Remus"—

An altar to the Founding Fathers!  
Imperial Eagle and she-wolf  
Of the famous suckling infants—  
Ram's noble head and volute horns  
(Echoed on countless Ionic columns)  
Framed in ubiquitous egg-and-dart  
Total recall of the image of Rome.

Here the amphitheatre—tier on tier of sun-mellowed  
travertine perfection  
And the six stone masks of tragedy.  
Square of the Corporations—  
Prosaic nomenclature but nothing prosaic here.  
Marble podium and columns rising from broken steps:  
Flight of incense and prayer to the Temple of Ceres.  
Spring-green lawn latticed with sun and shadow of cypress,  
Blowing of aconite wind-flower, clover and blossom  
Starr'd and thick with a thousand daisies.  
Mosaic parterres surrounding the Square are speaking yet—  
Far-off echoes of commerce in an ancient world.  
Design and inscription sing the provenance of merchants  
and ships:  
Alexandria, Carthage, Sabrantha, Narbonnensis, Corinth:  
Music of names and magic of black and white dolphins  
sporting,  
Naviculi, elephants, towers  
And the swinging charioteers  
Held in a moment—poised and prancing forever  
(Against the backdrop of eternity):  
Leaping with life, and fresh as in their first morning  
Circa 300 B.C.

Nymphaeum of the Erotes—  
Square milk-marble pool and golden travertine bowl  
Springing the fluted column.  
Niched is the tender Eros of Lysippus stringing his bow—  
Never was surer dart or dearer cupid.  
Was love as sweet then as now? Who knows . . .  
Maybe sweeter?

But with the lengthening shadows and evening flight of  
swallows:  
Murmuration of chaffinches  
Weaving and streaking a ribbon of light  
Round the fading columns,  
The veil is torn—by the 20th century shriek of the jet  
On its way to Fiumicino:  
And the ghosts recede—back, back  
Thro' the dim vanished centuries.

'Salve'—peristyle, necropolis, barracks, temples  
Street of the Fish-Sellers and Mithras slaying the white bull,  
Jewelled butterfly poised on the lucent marble.  
Hail and farewell splendid Caesars  
Victories and powers—blood, law, gold and grandeur  
That was Rome and Ostia Antica  
Flown to the winds of time.  
Augustus, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Trajan  
Emperors, equites, consuls, quaestors, centurions, legions,  
Back to your quiet sarcophagi  
Under the wind-song pines of the Sacred Way.

Rest well in the shade of eternity  
Conscious of life accomplished, and noble inheritance  
Handed with beauty  
To ages unknown.

by SANDY WHITTINGHILL

# WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

IT is all over, thank God, but while it lasted it churned up 105° of tizzy. We mean, of course, "the Christmas rush." Why must there be so much rushing? Those who have watched it evolve, year after year, are not, perhaps, awed or astounded. But those who behold it after being away from it for twenty years, find it a strange phenomenon.

Directly after Thanksgiving day, Christmas trees popped up in shop windows and in the parking lots of supermarkets. The rush was on. Santa Claus was seen everywhere although a statistical survey showed that Santa Clauses were in short supply in 1964. Many of those who had carried out the role in other years denounced the temporary nature of the employment, the makeup and costume and professional hazards. Professional hazards meant that villainous little brats instead of cooing up to Santa Claus, preferred to tweak his nose, kick his shins, or poke him in the paunch.

Just about the time the Santa Clauses appeared in Washington, traffic cops appeared in strange attire: orange colored caps, orange colored gloves and orange colored vests (worn over their coats). In the neon-quivering dusk it seemed that some Brobdignagian race had come from outer space to keep the Christmas rush from getting out of control.

Buying things was, of course, the heart of the frenzy. Taxis were hard to get and buses were jammed with women who bought things one day and took them back the next. How the process could fill up one solid month is a mystery. Did the average woman buy hundreds and hundreds of gifts for everyone she knew? If so, how could the average woman afford such an outlay? Whatever the answer the best way to draw sympathy was to sigh and say, "only seven days to Christmas and I'm only half-way down my list." One dowager, however, tried a contrary whammy. Standing in a group at a boozie she said, "I don't have to worry about Christmas shopping. I did mine in October." This remark generated many baleful glances although everyone there knew the dowager was lying: perhaps she did buy a few things in October but the very next day she would be rummaging, like all the rest, through the dog blankets and embroidered pillowcases.

December 25 brought a surcease.

It was one of the quietest days on record. Only a few people gave or attended post-church boozies. Opening gift boxes, watching television took up much time and the rest of the day was given over to the turkey. The leitmotif was supplied by Rose Macaulay's aphorism, "An hour spent in consuming nourishment is never an hour wasted."

A few ill-informed people harbored the hope that the taxi and bus situation would improve on December 28. It didn't. The recipients of all these gifts were starting to exchange them: the Danish pickle fork for an electric hair dryer and the Victorian telephone for an antique coal scuttle.

Anyway, it is all over and everyone can recharge his batteries for the 1965 binge.

## Award of the Month

Albert Zabala, 31-year-old truck driver, received one of the stiffest ultimatums since Austria sent its ultimatum to Serbia on July 23, 1914. Sir Edward Grey called the Austrian demands "the most formidable document" ever to be served on one independent nation by another, and one can hardly say less for the paper served on Zabala by his wife, Adelaide.

Here are Mrs. Zabala's orders:

"You are to do what I ask you to do when I ask you.

"Hand over to me every cent you earn.

"No stopping anywhere after work. No drinking.

"You are never to see your sister under any circumstances.

"You are never to go out of your way to do favors for people, taking them here and there.

"If we should get company, it is not necessary to make a trip to buy beer.

"You are not to set foot in any bar even if you are treated to a drink.

"Do not lend money even if it is just two dollars.

"You are to let me cash your check, or if you cash it, I am to see it first.

"You are not to do any bragging of any kind.

"If there is any business you have to do do it early and come straight home early.

"If you have to get a haircut you are to get it early and not at night like you did before.

"You are to be on time always."

One would like to know if all these clauses were, in Mrs. Zabala's view, based on errors to which her husband was addicted or if she was merely charting a perfect life for herself. In any case she added a coda to the ultimatum: "All this I demand of you and more. If it is not agreeable to you, forget everything."

Mr. Zabala decided to forget everything and that is why he is getting the "Washington Letter's" Achievement Award for January.

## The Gold Shovel Emerges Again

The gold shovel—a very historic shovel—glinted in the cold noonday sun. President Johnson's rather substantial foot applied a bit of pressure and up came a shovelful of earth. Not *much* pressure was necessary, however, because a considerate stage manager, remembering a slight mishap of President Kennedy's in a similar situation, had done a bit of *pre*-shoveling. And so—this was the first act in the construction of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Despite the formidably chill day, they turned it into a spirited ceremony. President Johnson spoke first. "This center," he said, "will symbolize our belief that the world of creation and thought are at the core of all civilization."

Senator Robert F. Kennedy said the late president believed "that America is judged as every civilization is judged—in large measure by the quality of its artistic achievement."

Many important figures in the entertainment world were present and two of them took part in the ceremony. Sir John Gielgud (once referred to by a drama critic as "the greatest actor in the world above the chest") gave a beautifully voiced reading of passages from Henry V. Jason Robards, Jr. quoted some of President Kennedy's observations on the function of art.

The center, a glass, marble and bronze compound to contain an opera house, a concert hall, and three theatres including one for the showing of films, will get under way this summer. It will cost more than thirty one million dollars. Federal appropriations will match public contributions and on top of this a Treasury loan will be needed.

The site of the center is on the east bank of the Potomac at New Hamp-

shire Avenue. This is, according to the Center's architect, Edward Durrell Stone, "one of the most exciting and glorious settings for a public building in the world."

And now to return to that historic shovel. It first appeared in public in 1898 when President McKinley used it to plant a scarlet oak on the front lawn of the White House. After that it emerged only for important occasions. President Taft used it in 1914 to break ground for the Lincoln Memorial and President Roosevelt used it in 1938 at the inception of the Jefferson Memorial.

### The Question of the Brass Plaque

Now that the shovel has actually functioned at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, may we ask you to re-read the editorial called "The Brass Symbol" on page 31 in the December issue. We regret to say that the situation has changed only *slightly* for the better. If the Foreign Service Association's contribution reaches \$10,000 a plaque on the door of a box in one of the theatres will proclaim the Association's interest in the great enterprise. Something over \$8,500 has come in so it is therefore legitimate to hope that new contributions will span the \$1,500 gap. If the total of the contributed gifts were only a thousand or two, one might conclude that the whole thing had better be dropped. But since the returns have indicated so much enthusiasm among the members, it would be a pity to relinquish the plaque.

### The Lightning and the Drums

One of the most brilliant documentary films ever created is the USIA production "John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums." In its substance the film is eloquent and moving; it shows restraint where restraint is called for. In a technical sense it shows style and grace.

Although the assassination and the funeral naturally loom up powerfully, there are no shots of Oswald and Ruby. Instead of following a strict chronological sequence the director has used a device of interpolating parts of the funeral procession between such episodes as President Kennedy at the Berlin Wall and President Kennedy in Ireland. The dirge effect creates a sense of overhanging doom. It is effective in much the same way as the recurrence of the Dies Irae in the last movement, "Songe d'une Nuit de Sabbat" of Berlioz's "La Symphonie Fantastique."

"Years of Lightning, Day of Drums" was produced by George

Stevens. The director was 32-year-old Bruce Herschensohn, who, being variously gifted, provided the script and the music. While the President's own voice occurs frequently, the script requires a narrator. This is Gregory Peck who does a superlative job. Never once does he adopt the agitated super-theatrical style of radio announcers, a style that ruins many a documentary.

This film is, of course, destined for USIA operations abroad. It takes no prophet to tell that it will be a *succès fou*. Every ambassador, every principal officer will be delighted to have the honor of presenting it to foreign audiences.

### The Golden Buggies

Can you imagine the customers in a supermarket looking uplifted, ecstatic? If you wish to see the sight with your own eyes you must drop in on 1110 F Street where Safeway has installed an "International" food shop. Like the famous Hédiard in Paris, the place contains foods from all over the world (actually fifty countries). You can find kangaroo tail soup from Australia, reindeer steak from Norway, carciofini from Italy, sardellen filets from Holland, arrak punsch from Sweden, pappadums from India, twiglets from England and all those weird and wonderful condiments that go into Javanese rijsttafel. There are 300 kinds of foreign biscuits, 200 kinds of cheese and more varieties of honey than one could count. For those who get a little wobbly in English when

they penetrate exotic landscapes like this, there are signs reading "boucherie," "poissonnerie," "confiserie," etc.

The shop's chief interest is not, however, the comestibles. It's the customers, all pushing golden carts manufactured specially for the establishment. Messieurs et mesdames the customers all wear a bright-eyed, beatific look as if they were pushing their way through a diamond mine.

### Short Story

This advertisement appeared in a suburban newspaper:

"Man's golden wedding ring, never used, cost \$32, price tag still on, will sell at half-price."

### Sombre Apercu

Two lines from Rostand's "L'Aiglon":

A Bear: "How do you know I am a diplomat?"

Chinese woman: "Why, by the skilful way you hide your claws."

### Winners in February

It is, of course, almost impossible to maintain an efficient schedule between December 15 and 25. The reason is Christmas shopping, Christmas office parties and Christmas boozies (many featuring eggnog). But all this has nothing to do with the JOURNAL's decision to defer announcement of the winners in the photographic contest till the February issue. Work had so piled up for the judges that it was impossible to get them together until after Christmas.

## Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by S. I. NADLER



"It's not as if I enjoyed going without you. But when the ambassador tells me to show a visiting congressman some of the night life around here, it's my duty to do it."

# THE SYCE



by DONALD H. ROBINSON

**M**Y CAR WAS PARKED in the Consulate General courtyard every day and one afternoon after work I found a little Indian standing by the car. The Consul General's syce was standing nearby.

"He want work, Sahib," he said. "He be your syce."

I looked at the stranger. He was a cocky looking little man, about thirty, and wore a neat, white European linen suit. Most Moslems of the syce class wore tan cotton uniforms or off duty, the white diaper-like dhoti. He grinned at me and I noticed he had two big gold teeth in his upper jaw, also unusual among Moslems.

"Ah work hard, suh," he said, nodding cheerfully. I was taken aback. This was no Moslem accent.

"Are you an American?" I said. He shook his head.

"No, suh. Ah is from up-country. From de mofussal. Ah is Indian." He gave me that big cheerful grin again. I knew the fellow was lying. That was the most southern of southern accents. He could have come straight out of Georgia. Yet he didn't look southern. He had a slender, bony frame, the straight hair of a Moslem.

"You've worked for an American then. You got fired. I don't want to hire anybody who's been fired."

"No, suh." He shook his head vigorously. "Ah never work

for no American. Ah just talk this way natural. Maybe from de cinema." Again the big cheerful grin.

There was something engaging about the guy. He did look cheerful and he was neat. And I did need a syce. I was new in Calcutta. This was my first post and I wanted to do things right.

I saw the other syces watching me and I didn't want to appear indecisive. "Do you know anything about cars?" I asked.

"Yas, suh. Ah know this car. It's a Ford, four-cylinder, 1932 model. It's been converted from left to right-hand drive." He looked suddenly solemn, all business.

He was right. I'd known I'd need a right-hand drive car for the left-handed traffic in Calcutta so had ordered the proper drive. Of course, any novice might have known this. Still, he had spoken with assurance.

"All right," I said. "I'll try you out."

"Yas, suh." He smiled.

"But it's only on a trial basis, you understand. I might fire you next week. You report here at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Thanks, boss. Ah mean 'Sahib.'" He grinned, then saluted

me smartly. I got into the car, drove off. He was still standing at attention.

About four days after Fazid had come to work for me, a routine notice arrived from the United States Immigration Service, New York. It was the regular monthly notice on residents of the United States who'd been deported back to their home countries. At the top of the list I read "Fazid Tirzih, alias Joseph Williams, resident 328 West 118th St., New York City, from 1925 to 1932. Former seaman deported for illegal entry. Informant . . ." The name of the informant was left blank.

I looked again at the address, 328 West 118th Street. That was in Harlem. That would be the explanation of Fazid's southern accent and his knowledge of American cars. I had no doubt it was Fazid. In fact, I had seen the name "Tirzih" on his new auto driver's license.

I called the office bearer and told him to call Fazid. He came in cheerfully and I waved the piece of paper at him.

"Joe Williams, eh. So that's where you got your southern accent. Harlem."

He grinned. "Yes, suh, sahib. Seven good years."

"And that's where you learned about autos."

He nodded. "Ah worked five years in a service station. Over on hundred and twenty-fifth street."

"Okay," I said. "Let's get one thing straight. I know now you've been kicked out of the United States. If there's any monkey business out of you, I'll fire you."

He smiled. "Ah understand, suh."

"We'll forget this as long as you behave yourself. You're back in India now and as far as I'm concerned you're a syce."

"Yas, suh . . . sahib." He turned to go but I stopped him. I couldn't help asking.

"Any idea how you got caught?"

He looked at me. He wasn't smiling now. "Somebody tol' on me."

"Any idea who?"

He stared at me a moment. "No, sir," he said. He turned and went. It was the first time I'd heard him say "sir" instead of "suh." It sounded quick and sharp. And grim.

For the next few weeks Fazid was the perfect syce. He got to the flat promptly at seven every morning, had the car washed and cleaned by the time I came down to go to the office. He drove carefully, parked carefully, and while I was in my office I could look out the window into the courtyard and see him polishing the car.

He kept pretty much to himself. While the other syces squatted in a group, gossiping or gambling, Fazid would polish the metal or tinker with the engine. He wore his white linen suit while he worked. It seemed to be the only clothes he owned. But somehow, even though he continued to wear the jacket in that heat, he never got the suit dirty.

Then one morning he didn't turn up. My bearer shrugged when I asked him where my syce was. He didn't know or didn't care. Fazid was just a foreigner to the other Indians. Nor did he turn up at the office during the day, or when it came time to go home. I waited an extra half hour. I couldn't believe there wouldn't be a last minute arrival, or at least a telephone call. I was just about to leave when old Doctor MacAndrews came in.

MacAndrews was an elderly, semi-retired physician whom we used as the Consulate General doctor. He examined visa

applicants and made medical checks on the alien crews of US-bound ships. He was a stout old Scot, always with a loose lock of gray hair hanging over one eye and a long Turkish cigarette fastened to a corner of his mouth. I'd been in his office once or twice and how he ever found anything in the crowded, half-darkened room I could never figure. He was reliable and thorough in his work, however, and there was no messiness about his reports. He came in now, brisk, but wheezing a little from the climb up the stairs.

"Good evening," he said. "I won't take much of your time. I wanted to speak with ye before ye left for the evening." His cigarette jerked up and down as he talked. Between the cigarette and the accent he was not easy to understand.

"I'm in no hurry," I said. "As a matter of fact I'm waiting for my syce. He hasn't turned up today and I'm waiting for a phone call."

"Aye, I know your syce. I've seen him at your machine in the courtyard. He just tried to slip out on the *Glenathan*, bound for America."

I stared at him. "What? What would he do that for?"

"All I know is he turned up on the crew list. He'd signed on as a wiper or something. I spotted him in the line-up for the medical check."

I had witnessed that medical check with the doctor. He'd line up all the lascars and while I checked off their names on the crew list, he'd walk down the line examining them for trachoma. He'd raise a pudgy finger, pull down their eyelids to see if there was any sign of granulation, then pass on to the next man.

"But Fazid doesn't have a visa," I said. "In fact, he was deported from the States for jumping ship. He couldn't get another visa."

"I know. I saw the notice. But he was on the list just the same. He must have slipped somebody fifty rupees."

"Good heavens," I said. "Where is he now?" I didn't know whether I was more disturbed at his trying to get back into the States or at the idea of losing a good syce.

"He's back on shore. We had a hard time getting him off. He yelled and struggled like a crazy man."

"Fazid?" That cheerful, amiable Southerner?

"Aye. It took two of the deck police to get him off the boat. They got him ashore once and he ran right back up the gangplank. He's ashore now and the boat's gone."

"Thanks for telling me. This is a bit startling. I'm sorry you had such a time."

"I just thought you should know. The next time the police might not be so easy with him."

"I'll tend to it. And thank you."

"Good day to ye." He lit up another Turkish and went wheezing off down the stairs. I sat marveling. So that's where Fazid had been all day. Trying to get back to America.

The next morning, promptly at six-thirty, Abdul, my bearer, lifted up my mosquito net, put the usual cup of hot tea on the bedside table. It was a custom I had tried to discourage but nothing could dislodge *chota hazri*, early tea, from the habits of a well-trained bearer. I had learned it was simplest to drink the tea, then go back to sleep for a half hour. This morning, however, Abdul had a word to say.

"Fazid back, sahib," he murmured. I was awake immediately. I pulled back the mosquito net, went to the half opened shutters. Sure enough, there was Fazid already washing the

ear, his New York Giants baseball cap sitting jauntily as ever, his white suit jacket folded carefully on the back seat. I yelled down to him. "Fazid, I want to talk to you."

"Good morning, boss," he called cheerfully. "I come right up."

"No, you wait there! I'll be right down!" I grabbed my bathrobe from Abdul, went slithering and clogging down the stairs. I wasn't the most dignified sight in the world, especially that early in the morning, but I was mad. I didn't like one of my employees trying to put one over on the United States government.

I clattered into the compound washing area and Fazid grinned at me. "You're up early, boss."

"Damn right I'm up early. Where were you yesterday? Tell me."

"I try to get to America, boss. I try to stow away on ship as crew member."

At least he was telling the truth. I had expected some story about being sick. He nodded. "I try again, boss. I make it some day."

"Fazid, are you nuts?" I was aghast. "You could get me in trouble as well as yourself. Somebody might think I'd helped you."

He shook his head regretfully. "I am sorry, boss. Very sorry. But this not my country now. I am American."

I looked at him. I could feel the gaze of Abdul and the other servants at the window above and knew that this was some sort of a test. Yet what was I to do? I didn't want to fire the guy. He was the best syce I'd ever get. And he was so ridiculous with his white linen suit and his Giants baseball cap.

I pulled my bathrobe together and tried to look stern. "I give you warning. You get caught doing that again and you're finished. Fired. Understand?"

"I won't get caught again." He grinned at me. I shouted at him.

"I don't want you to even try! You've been deported from the United States. You can't go back! You're an Indian! You understand?"

He just smiled, wringing out the washing cloth. I muttered, turned and went clogging back up the stairs. I'd made my point. Fazid waited courteously till I was out of sight, then went back to work.

The next few weeks passed smoothly with no more trouble from Fazid. He came punctually to work, performed his chores, drove me cheerfully home and then went off to wherever it was he made his home. I felt confident he was fitting into place.

Then one day he disappeared again, this time apparently for good. A whole week went by with no sign of him. Then late one afternoon Dr. MacAndrews came puffing up the stairs again.

"Fazid," I said as soon as he came in sight.

"The little beggar. He's lucky to be alive."

"Damn," I said. He chewed on his cigarette.

"It was the *Bengal Prince* this time. MacKenzie-Jardine Line. He didn't turn up on the crew list so I never would have known he was aboard. He'd stowed away. Down below the propeller shaft. He'd never have been found."

"The propeller shaft," I said. "He could have been ground to pieces."

"No. There's a little compartment there, more like a mine shaft. So a man can crawl in and grease the shaft. He'd have been safe if the ship had left on time. Once clear of the Hooghli he could have come out and been signed on as a deck hand."

"The ship didn't leave?"

"Change of destination. The line had to offload her and ship the cargo on one of its other ships. It took six days. Your boy stayed there all the time."

"That crazy nut."

"He's a bit the worse for wear, unfortunately. Pneumonia, I think. Here's the address. He wouldn't go to hospital. Thought it was prison, I guess."

I took the address. It was clear across the city. "I can find it," I said.

"He should be gotten to the hospital."

"I'll do it."

"Good. I've done what I could." He looked at me. "You ought to get rid of that boy."

"I know. I know." I was impatient because I agreed with him. "I intend to this time."

"He's a tough lad. A propeller shaft." He shook his head. "Well, ta-ta." And he was off wheezing down the stairs again.

It took me two hours to find the address. It was a narrow alley near a water tank used by the native women for their laundry washing. Fazid's home was a lean-to, one room of corrugated iron leaning against the adjacent shack. I lifted the burlap curtain and went inside. It took a moment to get used to the gloom and then I saw a figure lying at the far end of the room.

Fazid was stretched on a straw mattress, his only covering a cotton table cloth with Woolworth pink sheep printed on the cloth. His eyes were closed, he was breathing heavily, and I made no attempt to disturb him but sat on the dirt floor, my knees drawn up, gradually taking in the room.

Two nails had been hammered into the mud wall of the adjacent shack and his white linen suit hung neatly on a metal coathanger. His baseball cap hung on the other nail. There was a photo of the skyline of New York standing on a wooden board, and a photo of the 1927 New York Giants. A few signatures had been scrawled hastily on the bottom and I looked closer. "Art Nehf . . . Bill Terry" I read.

There was a cheap colored photo at the far end of the board and I could just make out the face of a smiling negro girl. She looked young, pretty and vivacious. There was something written on the bottom. "To my hubby, yours truly, Clarice," it said.

I stared at the photo, then at Fazid on the mattress, his face pale in the shadows. "My hubby . . ." I stared again at the photo. It couldn't be his wife, not a real wife. As the husband of an American citizen it was unlikely he'd have been deported. And yet "to my hubby."

I sat back. What on earth was I to do? I felt a sympathy for the man, there was no doubt of that. He was insubordinate, a rascal, but he was perfectly honest about his insubordination. He made no bones about his determination to disobey me . . . to disobey me and the government that had deported him.

But I was not going to take him back. There was a limit. He had pushed me too far. I was sympathetic and all that but I was not going to give in. I knew all about the Eastern patience and determination but I could be firm too. I was young and I was not going to start out in my first post being pushed around by a servant. I had my dignity . . . my "face" . . . to maintain too.

Meanwhile, of course, I must get him to the hospital. I phoned the proper authorities and in an hour an ambulance came and carted Fazid off. I went along, of course. But I simply left word with the hospital he was to get in touch with me when he was up and about. I paid him three visits in the next week, just to see how he was getting along. I didn't want the little man to die, leaving me unaware of it.

Two weeks later the hospital phoned to say he had disappeared. I'm afraid I shouted into the phone. "But he was a sick man! How could he have gone?"

"We don't know, sir," said the bright Hindu voice at the other end. "He seems to have simply walked out during the night."

I was nonplused. I hung up and phoned Doctor MacAndrews. He'd seen nothing of him. "In fact," he said, "as far as I know there hasn't been a ship for the States out of Calcutta since the last one. That was two weeks ago."

"There must be some ship out of here! Or Fazid wouldn't have skipped the hospital," I said. I'm afraid I shouted at him too.

"There'd be ships out of Bombay," he said. "But that's a thousand miles, clear across India. A man couldn't get there. Not in his condition."

"Fazid could. He could do anything." I believed it too. The man was part lemming.

I went out to Fazid's home. There was no trace of him. The photos had disappeared, as well as his white linen suit and the baseball cap. New occupants had moved in, a wild-haired woman with two children.

That was the end of Fazid as far as I was concerned. There wasn't a trace of him to be found in Calcutta. Four months went by, then eight months. The hospital had lost interest in him as well as the police. Then one day I went down from the office to go home, and there was a familiar figure polishing the car.

"Fazid," I shouted.

"Good afternoon, boss. I come back to work."

"Fazid . . . where have you been?"

He laughed. "I been away, boss. I went up-country to see old family. Long time since I see my mother."

I looked at him. He'd changed enormously. He'd put on weight, looked almost plump. Only the two gold teeth looked the same.

"You give me back my job, sahib?" The cheek of the guy. It was astonishing. Yet I did need a syce. I had hired two since he'd left but one had epileptic fits and the other stole from me.

"You ran away three times," I said. "You made a fool out of me."

"I never run away again, sahib. I stay here now. I am Indian."

I took him on, of course. He had changed. He wore a tan

uniform like the other syccs, even a dhoti on his day off. And he never called me "boss" anymore. Only sahib. One day I asked him where his baseball cap had gone. He laughed. "I am cricket fan now, sahib. I play sometimes on Maidan."

I didn't press further into his disappearance, nor did I report his return. My friends at the Saturday Club said to forget it. Lots of servants disappeared from time to time. They'd just get restless and take off. They were usually better servants when they returned.

About a month after his return I went to the office one Sunday afternoon to read the *New York Times*. It was always seven or eight weeks old but it carried old football game accounts and I always spent the afternoon reading while Fazid waited outside in the courtyard. I read through the sports, the real estate . . . I was already flirting with the Foreign Service mirage of buying a place sight unseen and had about finished the news section when a small item on a back page caught my eye.

"Homicide in Harlem" it read. "Clarice Williams, 328 West 118th St., New York City, was found beaten to death in her one room apartment last night. The neighbors reported no sound of a struggle and said that Miss Williams had received no visitors."

There was a second paragraph. "Miss Williams was stated by neighbors to have been the informant in the deportation proceedings conducted last year by the United States Immigration Service against her common law husband, Joseph Williams, an Indian national whose legal name was Fazid Tirzih. The police have made no arrest."

I felt suddenly sick. Fazid a murderer? It couldn't be. He loved his wife. And she loved him. The photo, her affectionate signature . . . they must have loved each other. Besides, it was twelve thousand miles to America, in each direction. Even the lemmings didn't have that kind of drive.

Still, I mused, if she had turned him in . . . if she had fallen for some other man. A man could get a lot of mileage out of revenge.

As Fazid drove me home that afternoon I looked at the back of his head. Could it possibly be he who had killed this woman? Traveled all the way to Bombay, smuggled himself, half-sick, on a ship, killed her, then gotten all the way back again? And what should I do? I had no proof on which to turn him over to the police.

Fazid drove on, chatting cheerfully as he expertly skirted the edges of the crowds, passed skillfully between the bullock carts. He turned finally to smile at me.

"Sahib, I lied to you once. About where I go this time. I told you up-country. That is not true."

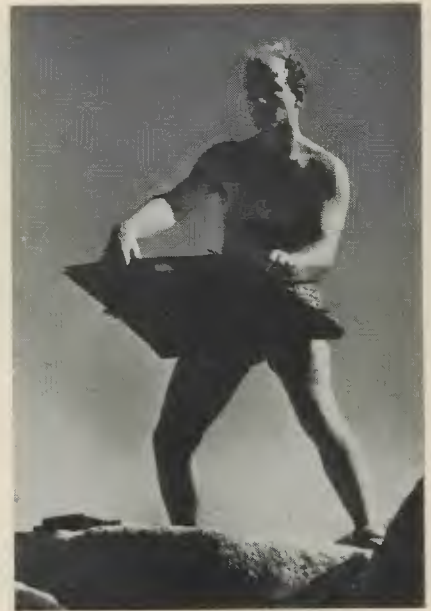
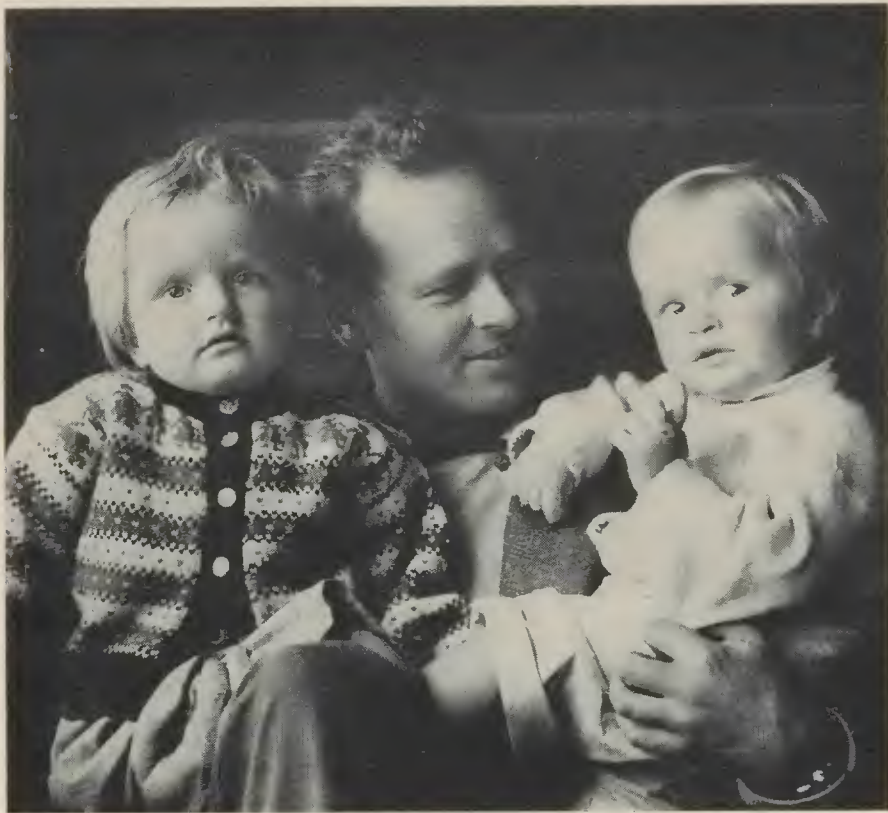
I sat up straight, leaned forward. "Tell me, Fazid. Tell me the truth." I really did need to know.

"I go over to Bombay, sahib. I got a girl in Bombay. She's very pretty. Maybe I marry her someday." He smiled at me, the secure smile of a successful man.

Damn him, I thought. I leaned back. "Take me to the club, Fazid. I want a drink."

"Aatcha, sahib," he replied in Hindustani. "Bahut aatcha." He smiled, drove on.

I did need a drink. Very badly. He might have been telling the truth. I wondered if I'd ever know. I never did. ■



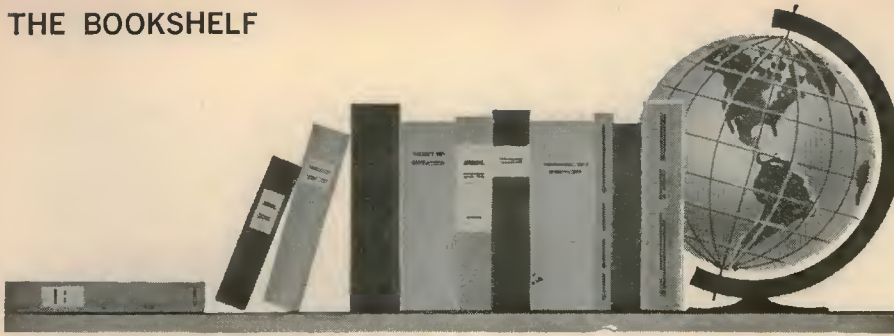
## BEHIND THE SHUTTER

by Paul Child

IN PORTRAITS, try to concentrate the human (or animal) interest. If it's a person, try to catch your subject before he can get his face set in one of those "ideal" masks—probably learned in front of his mirror—which inevitably make people stiff, unnatural and self-conscious. Animals and babies are wonderful, but most grown-ups are a pain in the lens.



## THE BOOKSHELF



### The Hamilton Papers

STUDENTS of American history have been blessed in recent years by publication of the collected papers of such important figures as Madison, Jefferson, and John Adams. We have now in "The Papers of Alexander Hamilton" still another superbly edited and invaluable documentation. This massive work, prepared by Professors Syrett and Cooke under the aegis of Columbia University and grants from Time Inc. and the Rockefeller Foundation, is expected to reach eighteen or more volumes and include virtually all known letters and documents concerning Hamilton.

The first six volumes thus far published trace Hamilton's career from its beginnings in St. Croix, where he was a clerk in a merchant firm, through his service as Washington's aide-de-camp (vols. I-II). His work in the Continental Congress and New York politics (vol. III), his efforts to obtain a more centralized government and then ratification of the Constitution (vols. IV-V), and concludes with his first six months in 1790 as Secretary of the Treasury (vol. VI). The papers are set forth chronologically and supported by prefatory notes and annotations that are models of clarity and unobtrusiveness.

The main service of these volumes is naturally to historians, and many entries are too esoteric or trivial to interest the average reader. In his own words, however, Hamilton comes vividly alive, providing a fascinating and for once unbiased picture of his many-sided personality. Hamilton, too, was ever at the center of affairs, and one of the most absorbing and relevant aspects of this compilation is the opportunity it affords us to view a man of strong philosophical conviction brilliantly applying his ideas to the practical problems of administration and politics at a time when every decision held enduring significance.

—HENRY LEE

THE PAPERS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, vols. I-VI, Harold C. Syrett, Editor, Jacob E. Cooke, Assoc. Editor. Columbia University Press. \$12.50 per volume.

### Three Views of Africa

THESE three books illustrate the variety of publications continuing to appear on Africa. Two show breadth; one is in depth.

Helen Kitchen has edited "A Handbook of African Affairs," which covers all of the continent in its fashion. Drawing from material already published in the monthly AFRICA REPORT (which she also edits), Mrs. Kitchen and the other contributors provide brief factual profiles of the 58 African states and territories; similar profiles of the armed forces of African nations; initial documentation and brief comment on the Organization of African Unity; and four articles on African literature. The principal virtue of this volume is that it collects in one book useful information scattered through several years of its parent periodical. This is also its defect, for while the political and military profiles cover all of Africa, the OAU documents and the literary pieces, though interesting, are fragmentary at best.

Zartman's book on "Government and Politics in Northern Africa" consists primarily of sketches of the recent politics of the eight nations from Morocco on the west to Somalia on the east. The author gives these chapters a certain unity by relating his inquiry to the general problem of democracy and independence. Noting the aspirations of the masses, the limits of the elites and the difficulties of the relationship between these two groups, Zartman seeks both to generalize on what is happening to the politics of this area and to illustrate his generalizations in the individual chapters of his study. His analysis stops short, however, of a deeper problem: whether the "democracy" endorsed by the leaders of these countries is a veneer which essentially disguises a struggle for power, or a genuine aspiration which guides their actions, even if from afar. Yet this book is a useful survey, naturally being able to give more information on its eight countries than Mrs. Kitchen can in a continental-wide handbook.

Depth on a single subject within Africa is provided by "African Socialism," a Hoover Institution publication edited by two scholars, Friedland of Syracuse and Rosberg of California, and containing essays by an additional ten experts from various academic disciplines. The introductory chapter entitled "The Anatomy of African Socialism" is a good description of the book's purpose. It seeks first to define the subject in terms of social background, economic doctrine and pan-African politics, and then to analyze the experiences of selected leaders and countries: Nkrumah (Ghana), Senghor and Dia (Senegal), Touré (Guinea), Keita (Mali) and Nyerere (Tanganyika). In addition to displaying considerable scholarship, this volume has three useful qualities: insight, for example, in the introduction, the chapter on Pan-Africanism, and the study of Nkrumah; realism, as in the chapters on economics and Mali; and political interest, in the contrast between the analysis of African socialism by a Western socialist and a Soviet communist. The editors would be the last to claim that their study is definitive, but they could rightly say that it is extremely provocative.

—FRED L. HADSEL

A HANDBOOK OF AFRICAN AFFAIRS, edited by Helen Kitchen. Praeger, \$6.00.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF NORTHERN AFRICA, by I. William Zartman. Praeger, \$5.00.

AFRICAN SOCIALISM, edited by William H. Friedland and Carl G. Rosberg, Jr. Hoover Institution, Stanford, \$6.75.

### European Unity

THE drive for the cohesion of the European Continent beginning with the six members of the European Community is the most significant single political force in Europe today even while there are profound differences on the nature and form which that unity should take. This being so the Foreign Service officer interested in European affairs can ill afford to ignore three recent books on this topic.

Miriam Camps' "Britain and the European Community, 1955-1963," is first of all a deeply perceptive account of Britain's relationship with the European Common Market, EURATOM and the Coal and Steel Community from the "re-launching" of Europe at the Messina Conference in June 1955 to the dramatic days in January 1963 when the negotiations for British accession to the Communities were broken off by what is commonly known as the "veto" of General de Gaulle. It is also an authoritative his-

tory of the European Communities during that time span. Having taken a brief look at the background from the end of World War II to 1954—during which the basis was laid for much that was to follow—the author describes the re-launching of Europe at Messina, an event whose significance was substantially underestimated at the time. She traces in considerable detail the negotiations leading to the signature of the Rome treaties, the abortive—and many will say ill-considered—British attempt to organize a free trade area, the creation of the EFTA, the attempt to “hridge” the gap between the Six and the Seven and, finally, with no other alternatives left, the British decision to apply for full membership in the Common Market. The last portion of the book is an account of the negotiations for British accession and the concomitant internal, Commonwealth and EFTA debates. In the end all came to naught due more to failure to face up to the underlying implications of Britain’s joining the movement toward European unity, than the unresolved negotiating issues concerning aspects of British agriculture, Commonwealth preferences and Britain’s EFTA partners which still remained to be settled by the time the negotiations broke up. Miriam Camps is not uncritical of Britain. Few people are. But she ends on a note of optimism and most will hope she is right.

In “A New Europe,” over two dozen Americans and Europeans have collaborated to produce a collection of twenty-six essays on a number of important facets having to do with the emergence of this new Europe on the world scene.

In addition to highly perceptive general statements, there are essays on such varied specific topics as the evolution of parliaments in the European political pattern, the changing class structure in European society and labor-management relations. Still others deal with the development of education in Europe, European agriculture, education and recent trends in European theological thought. The pervading theme of the contributors is that today’s Europe is in search of a new identity, indeed is in the process of developing patterns of thought and action which—while taking account of the diversity of the European peoples—will ultimately lead to a form of political organization superseding the traditional nation state. With few exceptions, the quality of the essays is high throughout. A few such as the lead piece by Achille Albonetti and Max Kohnstamm’s account of “The European Tide,” are outstanding.

The “New Europe and its Economic Future” is a highly useful presentation of facts and trends in the European Economy until 1962. The graphs, charts, drawings and statistics contained in this volume published by the Twentieth Century Fund are accompanied by concise descriptions of major current trends in Western Europe. This book which comes in handy and inexpensive paperhack form is particularly valuable as a quick source of ready reference material for the student, teacher, writer, businessman, journalist and public official.

—WOLF LEHMANN

A NEW EUROPE, edited by Stephen R. Graubart. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$8.50.

BRITAIN AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY, 1955-1963 by Miriam Camps. Princeton University Press, \$8.50.

THE NEW EUROPE AND ITS ECONOMIC FUTURE, by Arnold B. Barach. Macmillan, \$1.95.

#### Retreat from Palm and Pine

NUMBERS would be hard to find, but haven’t more books on the British Empire been published since 1945 than in all its previous history? Men manning empires, if they write at all, do something like “Modern Pig-Sticking” rather than a treatise on Western cultural accretions among the upper classes of Uttar Pradesh. The change also may be one of character: “I believe” becomes “One does feel,” as Ronald Knox has put it.

The book on federalism is that rare find in publishers’ lists, a bibliographical essay. The literature on federalism in Canada, Australia, the West Indies, India, Pakistan, Malaya, Nigeria and Rhodesia/Nyasaland is discussed on the broadest scale, so that history, government, politics and even sociology are covered. An officer assigned to one of those countries could well have his introductory reading guided by the relevant essay.

Penderel Moon was a member of the Indian Civil Service assigned as Revenue Minister of the state of Bahawalpur during the partition of 1947. The title “Divide and Quit” seems a little too sensational. While Moon’s story of the massacres in his state following partition is filled with horrors, he tells it modestly and straightforwardly. The half of his book dealing with the genesis of Pakistan and the future of the subcontinent is by contrast controversial. He sees the partition’s roots in “the decision to introduce parliamentary democracy into a society which was far from homogeneous and riven with the deep Hindu-Muslim cleavage,” and reaches the melancholy conclusion that reunion of India and Pakistan is now

probably only possible under Communism.

The last book is the fourth in a series, “Britain in the World Today,” the previous ones having dealt with Britain’s relations with the US, China and South East Asia. Miss Monroe is a former ECONOMIST correspondent in the Middle East, and her writing reflects that high standard. She does a good job of contrasting the importance in pre-war British policy of an alternate route to India against the popular conception of oil as the driving force. The Foreign Office learned several lessons in Middle East diplomacy. Among these are the dangers of Arahphiles as policy makers (Lawrence, Sir Ronald Storrs) and the equal danger of experts detached from departmental responsibilities as policy makers (Sir Mark Sykes and the “garden suburb” group, so named because their office was in a hut in the garden of 10 Downing Street when Lloyd George lived there). In addition to her lively narrative, Miss Monroe has a valuable short chapter, “The Decline of British Nerve,” which is almost an intellectual history of imperialism and anti-imperialism in Britain.

—J. K. HOLLOWAY, JR.

FEDERALISM IN THE COMMONWEALTH, edited by William S. Livingston. Cassell, \$4.80.

DIVIDE AND QUIT, by Penderel Moon. University of California Press, \$5.50.

BRITAIN’S MOMENT IN THE MIDDLE EAST, 1914-1956, by Elizabeth Monroe. Johns Hopkins, \$5.00.

#### Burrowing Into the Chinese Background

FOR readers, high or low, professional or lay, concerned with knowing and understanding what went on in China and in relations with China during the period between the moment of the Marco Polo Bridge incident and VJ Day—and in the aftermath—the author, uniquely qualified and equipped, has made available in this book an authentic, comprehensive, indicative and gripping history.

Arthur N. Young, economist, has served as a financial adviser in five countries. In the United States he was for six years Economic Adviser in the Department of State. In China he served for 19 years (1929-1947) as a financial adviser to that country’s government. He had contact with problems, operations and personnel of all sorts. He kept a diary. He brought away from China a mass of documents. Of these, with the permission of the Chinese government, he has made effective use. And he has researched extensively and reasoned intensively.

The story he tells is that of the ways and means by which, in the last eight years of Japan's effort to expand, the Chinese resisted, of the assistance given by the United States and other countries; of the victory; and of some of its consequences. Though featuring fiscal problems and policies, the essence of the ensemble is political.

The details are those of a major struggle and of many efforts in connection therewith. Throughout, Dr. Young names persons. He quotes and he cites. He tells many things that have nowhere else been told. With regard to American efforts his narrative is highly revelatory. In most contexts, he lets facts speak for themselves, but occasionally he comments. He deprecates the intrusion by Treasury and military personnel into the field of foreign policy making. His displaying of facts suggests, however, that at some moments some of the intruders favored courses more constructively helpful than were those advocated by the Department of State.

though, little or no mention of various affirmative contributions by the Department of State—in the realm of diplomatic action—which gave the Chinese at critical moments greatly needed encouragement.

He rounds out this study with an effective appraisal of the cost to China of the contributions which her government and people had made, and of reasons why her Nationalist leaders were not able to cope with the situation which confronted them at and after VJ Day. Aid had been given them—toward winning the war, but with scant and myopic envisioning by those who gave it of the situations, problems and need that would ensue.

—STANLEY K. HORNBECK

CHINA AND THE HELPING HAND 1937-1945, by Arthur N. Young. Harvard University Press, \$10.00.

### Toward Survival

THE explosive growth of man's capacity for constructive and destructive action is confusing societies



*Inter alia*, he deals perceptively with operations in which General Chennault was the outstanding figure and with the reasoning of General Stilwell in his opposition thereto. He adduces evidence highly creditable to President Roosevelt as regards comprehension of fundamentals, imaginative thinking, and bold deciding. He gives eye-opening accounts of the just-in-time air-lift over "the Hump," and of the great Chinese contribution, the containing and absorbing of very large increments of Japan's war-making capabilities. He throws light upon the change in many quarters, propagandized, from a pro-Chinese to an anti-Chinese attitude; upon the concurrent change in allied military policy from planning to attack Japan from and via China to concentration on the island-hopping operations; and upon the change after VJ Day by the Soviet Union from support of China's National Government to support of China's Communists. He makes,

whose moral standards and organizational traditions were laid out before the scientific revolution . . . To adjust the life of the individual (and more importantly the relations among the traditional nation-states) to this new state of affairs is perhaps the most stupendous challenge encountered by *homo sapiens* in his tortuous growth to prominence . . . To live safely in this world requires a deep change in the psychology of men and the ways of nations."

The growing literature on the problem stated in the preceding paragraph has been enriched by an individual contribution by Caryl P. Haskins, President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and by a valuable compendium of basic documents drawn largely from the pages of the BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS over the span from 1945 to 1962 and contributed by 45 scientists and scholars who addressed themselves to this basic issue.

Caryl Haskins discusses "The Scientific Revolution and World Politics" almost exclusively from the point of view of using the new and rapid advances in science for the solution of the basic problem in the world today—the disparity in economic progress and consequently the achievement of human dignity between the new nations and those that are economically developed.

The book results from a series of lectures given for the Council on Foreign Relations in November and December 1961 and examines the dimensions of the problem, the need for the new nations to develop science and technology in order to achieve the status they so eagerly and quickly wish to achieve, and the possibilities by which both the "intermediate" and the developed nations can work together in a solution of this problem. Dr. Haskins discusses in detail the competency of various nations in this field and then attempts in a persuasive and detailed fashion to show the intimate interrelationship between scientific and technological progress and the social, economic, and political changes which can bring about a better world. In his characterization of the different nations there is a curious omission of the role which Japan can play. Except for a very brief and passing reference to Japan's accomplishments in science and technology there is no mention of the great role which it might carry out.

In a much more voluminous volume simply called "The Atomic Age" the editors of the BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS have attempted to bring together the best of the articles which have examined this problem in depth from the pages of the BULLETIN. Some semblance of order is brought out of this collection by its division into four parts which, by their titles, give some idea of the progression toward a solution. The first part is simply entitled "Failure" when the scientists did not succeed in persuading the politicians to exercise restraint in the application of the new found destructive force. The second part is entitled "Peril" and discusses that era in which an all-out nuclear armaments race seemed imminent. In the third part entitled "Fear" the unhappy episodes of espionage and secrecy as well as the rather indiscriminate application of loyalty and security regulations created an atmosphere of tension. Part IV is optimistically entitled "Hope" because it begins to explore some of those areas of understanding which have been created by necessity. In this section such developments as international cooperation in science and technology, the Pugwash confer-

ences, and the discovery that some agreements can be made become the basis for hope in the future.

—E.M.J.K.

THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION AND WORLD POLITICS, by Coryl P. Haskins. Horper & Row, \$3.50.

THE ATOMIC AGE, edited by Morton Grodzius and Eugene Robinowitch. Bostic Books, \$10.00.

### Sahara Safari

SAND in the champagne, canapes and seamels, might sum up this chic adventure story, "The Great Sahara Mouse Hunt," written wittily by Catharine Collins and Miggs Pomeroy (wife of Livingstone Pomeroy, USIA Information Officer, now stationed in Mogadiscio, formerly in Benghazi).

This is the delightful chronicle of a highly implausible party, made up of Liv and Miggs Pomeroy, Alan and Catherine Collins, Randolph and Winston Churchill, Jr., an officer of the Royal Scots, six British soldiers, and Dr. Henry Setzer, mammalogist with the Smithsonian Institution, who cross the Sahara Desert with a fleet of worn Land Rovers. They discover with equal *sang-froid* the burned-out tanks of Le Clerc's army, gay French officers manning lonely outposts, suave sheiks, swarming Arab children, and miles and miles and clouds and clouds of sand. Instead of the rumhle of Rommel's tanks, the reader hears the clink of glasses and the sparkle of badinage.

The adventurers get lost among shifting dunes, they plunge through dark gorges of the Tibesti Mountains, they go on gazelle hunts, they meet strange tribesmen, ride strange animals, eat strange food and always keep their sense of humor.

Catherine Collins is a free-lance writer, who claims her early efforts were distinguished chiefly by their spelling, but who emerges from this story as a gay and perceptive wit. Miggs Pomeroy claims this is her first venture into the writing field—all readers will pray it is not her last. The book is pleasingly illustrated by photographs, maps and quite a lot of sand.

—OLGA ARNOLD

THE GREAT SAHARA MOUSE HUNT, by Catherine Collins and Miggs Pomeroy. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.

### Making a New Democracy Operational

MEMBERS of the FSO corps who are interested in the inside workings of modern parliamentary systems may want to browse through Edward L. Pinney's little monograph on the West German Bundesrat (Federal Council). Despite its forbidding title, "Federalism, Bureaucracy, and Party Poli-

tics in Western Germany" makes absorbing reading. The author, an assistant professor of government at Louisiana State University, uses case studies of key legislative bills, enriched by his sophisticated analytical comment, to show how the little-known upper house of the West German parliament has developed since 1949, from a somewhat artificial appendage of the constitutional structure framed under the Allied occupation into a vital organ of Germany's postwar democracy.

Designed initially to protect the "federative principle" (i.e., states' rights) against encroachment by the central government, the Bundesrat has demonstrated primarily its ability to function as an effective transmission belt for the exercise of federal authority. While energetically guarding the separate interest of the states vis-à-vis the federation, notably in fiscal matters, the Bundesrat has refused to limit itself to the role of spokesman for regional or local parochialism. Instead, it has insisted upon augmenting its technically advisory relationship to the directly elected, constitutionally sovereign lower house (Bundestag, or Federal Diet) to the point of co-opting responsibility for the substance of legislation in many areas of domestic politics and even asserting a prominent part in deciding key issues of foreign policy.

In the process, as Dr. Pinney emphasizes, the Bundesrat has frequently found itself mirroring the partisan conflicts of the national political scene, occasionally to the extent of submerging regional interests altogether. But much more instructive than this, for the student of political dynamics, is the way in which an institution of the Bundesrat type, conservative almost by definition, has utilized such innovations as the Zustimmung principle (veto right on bills affecting state interests) and the joint Bundestag-Bundesrat conference committee (a direct borrowing from U.S. practice) to help make West Germany's new democracy operational in the context of a rapidly evolving industrial society.

Recommended for more casual sampling are a group of essays collected under the title "The Politics of Postwar Germany." The book is devoted largely to efforts to analyze the strength

of democratic attitudes in West Germany, reflecting a standard preoccupation of its sponsors, the Atlantik-Bruecke (Atlantic Bridge) society of Hamburg, whose purpose is to foster understanding between the United States and Germany.

—PHILIP J. WOLFSON

FEDERALISM, BUREAUCRACY, AND PARTY POLITICS IN WESTERN GERMANY: *The Role of the Bundesrat*, by Edward L. Pinney. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, \$5.00.

THE POLITICS OF POSTWAR GERMANY, ed. by Wolter Stahl, with an introduction by Norbert Muhlen. Published for Atlantik-Bruecke by Proeger, \$6.00.

### Land in Transition

BECAUSE of its intrinsic interest and its importance in the region, Afghanistan deserves more attention from scholars and writers than has been the case in recent years. We are grateful, therefore, to Mary Bradley Watkins for her very useful contribution to the fund of knowledge on this arca.

In informal and lucid language she highlights Afghanistan's past, analyzes the present and makes some pertinent observations regarding the future. Writing from firsthand knowledge gained during several trips as well as background study, she is well qualified for the task she has undertaken. Her



Nigerian by Richard F. Wolford

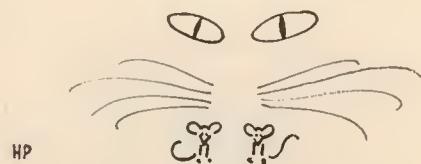
observations on the emerging role of women are of particular interest. Her comments on historical background, architectural heritage, the impact of technical change on traditional society and the governmental structure are informative and well grounded.

While foreign relations are not the central theme, the reader is given perspective by a survey of the political setting and an exposition of the Afghan view of relations with Pakistan.

The book should be of considerable interest to both general readers and students of the area.

—R. J. CARLE

AFGHANISTAN—LAND IN TRANSITION, by Mary Bradley Watkins. Van Nostrand, \$5.75.



"You hear something?"

# DEPENDING ON WHERE ONE SITS

*Informal remarks given at American Foreign Service Association luncheon, Wednesday, November 18, 1964 by Carl Marcy, Chief of Staff, Senate Committee on Foreign Relations*

I WAS EXTREMELY FORTUNATE last year to receive an award from a private foundation, the Institute of Current World Affairs, which was set up some years ago by the Crane Foundation. During this year I had opportunity to travel at the expense of the Foundation and not at the expense of the Foreign Relations Committee or of the American taxpayer.

What I tried to do during this year was to acquire the sort of knowledge and information that all of you have acquired by your service abroad. For the last fourteen years I have worked for the Foreign Relations Committee, and, while I have done a great deal of traveling abroad, I'm sure you are all familiar with the general pattern of this travel. It tends to be in one day and out the next and I have spent most of my time trying to figure out what my clients were thinking and what their conclusions were. This year was a chance for me to try to obtain a little bit of the kind of view which you who have served abroad must have about the United States. The United States and its policies look quite different when observed from abroad than when observed from Capitol Hill.

During this year most of my time was spent interviewing people. I listened in the hope of learning and did not spend much time talking. How the US looks from abroad is the sort of thing that you know about. Nevertheless, I might touch on a few things that made an impression and then get on perhaps to my favorite subject, which is Congress.

I didn't spend time snooping around the Embassies, but did talk to a number of officers and several things came up of a procedural nature which are worth mentioning. One rather prominent editor in a South Asian country said to me, "I don't know who represents the United States in this country. Is it the CIA, is it the State Department, is it AID, or is it the Military Advisory Group?" This comment is not unique—there is a widespread feeling that somehow the US has so many agencies represented abroad that foreigners don't know quite where to turn for guidance or for information about attitudes in the United States.

Another procedural complaint frequently encountered was from officers who complained about having to do meaningless reports or reports that they sent to Washington and never heard about again. This type of complaint didn't occur in one place but came up time after time. One other com-

ment that came mostly from the younger officers was that they were disappointed at the lack of responsibility given to them. This amazed me because some of these officers had been in the field for about six months and already were complaining because they weren't handling high-level negotiations. This complaint was so frequent that I rather wondered why. Perhaps one thing that might bear some looking at is the recruiting process. Is there so much emphasis on the glamour of the job that unjustified expectations are built up? This might be one possibility. Another possible reason for this dissatisfaction is that not enough attention is paid to telling the younger officers about the interesting kinds of things that some of the lower ranking jobs have to offer. Someone always complains of visa work. However, the processing of visas is perhaps one of the things that gets an officer closer to the people of the country than any other kind of activity, and yet somehow younger, highly motivated officers don't see this. I'm reminded of an article in a recent news magazine which tells how the Peace Corps is going about recruiting. One of the advertisements for recruits reads something like—"It's much more interesting to have diarrhea, jungle rot, malaria than to have the sniffles. If you want this, join the Peace Corps." Another pitch emphasized salary. It read: "You can join the Peace Corps and when you start you can make 11 cents an hour and two years later you will be making 11 cents an hour." This is quite a different approach than is sometimes used when a bright young man is recruited by telling him that in a couple of years he will be handling the most interesting kinds of negotiations.

There is one other rather procedural complaint that I record with some diffidence. In many posts I found people who wanted to tell me about something that some Congressman or his wife had done while there. I got the impression that some such visits cause pain and are not worthwhile until I met one ambassador who remarked: "Well, I look at it this way. If I can get the Congressman out here, this is the best chance I have to convince him of the importance of what I'm doing. If I can't succeed I don't see how I can expect to have this Congressman go back to Washington and support the kind of programs I think we need to have." Congressional visits do offer opportunities that sometimes are overlooked.

Now for a few comments of a substantive nature about attitudes of foreigners toward the United States. What is it that bothers foreigners about the United States? One thing that I ran into time after time was that everybody knows that the United States is anti-communist; they know absolutely

*Ambassador Samuel D. Berger, President of AFSA, center, holds a pre-luncheon conference with Miss Carol C. Laise, Carl Marcy, luncheon speaker, right, and Edwin M. J. Kretzmann, chairman of the JOURNAL Editorial Board.*



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that we're against communism, but they don't have very much idea of what we're for. I don't quite know why this is, but there it is. One man said to me, for example, "The United States seems to be so scared of communism that there must be something to it!" Another commented: "Most people in Africa just don't realize what a dinky little place Cuba is." He was reminded of the New Yorker's parochial map of the United States which some of you may have seen several years ago which showed Manhattan Island stretching from Portland, Maine to Florida and just a little bit to the West was a dot which was Chicago and everything west of Chicago was Hollywood. My friend remarked that when an African looks at the western hemisphere he sees only two nations—the United States and Cuba.

One other thing that impressed me a great deal was the feeling that the United States is such a super-power that it gets involved in every kind of dispute that occurs any place. One of our ambassadors said to me at one point that he wished we could find one dispute about which the President could say: "I don't really care how this thing comes out: we're really not interested." But even if the President could say such a thing it's our very size and power that gets us involved all over the place. It's rocks at the Embassy in Ankara, and in Athens the effigy of the President is dragged down the street. Why? Because the United States is trying to encourage a settlement of the Cyprus problem. We get it from both directions. I must say I came to the tentative conclusion at one point that it might be better for the United States as a matter of principle to take one side or the other on the theory that if we did at least half of the nations in the world would be with us! But I couldn't help but think at the same time of the story of three blind men and the elephant. The United States seems to be able to see the whole elephant, but as one moves from country to country one finds here a nation which has hold of the tusks and another which has a leg and so on.

Another fairly general impression that I encountered was that it pays to scare the United States. If a foreign country can scare the United States it can get more money for aid. Another attitude that disturbed me was the frequently voiced view that practically every move of the United States has some Machiavellian motive. There is a feeling that there is a hidden motive behind what we're doing. Perhaps it is a pressure group that's pushing us in a particular direction. I think this suspicion is traceable to our size and omnipresence.

I traveled across South Asia shortly after Diem had been assassinated. It was clear that all through the subcontinent and into Africa many informed persons thought that the Central Intelligence Agency had had something to do with this. I accept their denial of implication. But the fact of the matter is that they were suspect. I had one editor in Karachi say to me, "Well, you fellows just didn't like Diem so you've got rid of him. Now you are mad at Ayub Khan and you're not going to get away with that here."

In summary, I would say that many of the views about the United States that I encountered would indicate that our country is very confusing to foreigners. I have often thought that one of the toughest jobs that must confront the Foreign Service abroad is to try to explain our system to foreigners. We are not going to change to a parliamentary system which most of these countries have, or which they understand; our system of government is very likely to stay the same and somehow a great deal of time must be spent in explaining it. When prominent Senators or Representatives speak on foreign policy they are often believed by foreigners to be sending up trial balloons for the President, when in fact they may be simply flying their own kites. I recall a few years ago when I was with a Senator and we called on Mr. Spaak when he was either Prime Minister or Foreign Minister. It was at a time when Senator Knowland was Majority Leader of the Senate and President Eisenhower was in the White House.

Knowland and Eisenhower were at serious odds on some very important issue. Mr. Spaak pounded the table and said, "I just can't understand why President Eisenhower doesn't kick Senator Knowland out of the Party." Well, I think this epitomizes the problem. In a governmental system in which party discipline is severe this could be done. In the United States it would be impossible.

So much for talking about what you know most about—now to address the subject of Congress and its relations to the Department of State.

I might say that when I was in the Department of State Mr. Bohlen for at least a year was in charge of congressional relations along with his Counselor functions. I recall with much pleasure working with him and Allen Moreland and others, who were in the Congressional relations business at the time the Marshall Plan was in process of birth. For various reasons I became interested in acquiring some experience on Capitol Hill. As a result there stands before you perhaps the first failure of "career management" in the Department of State—I hope there have been none since. Having accepted a position with the Committee on Foreign Relations, I decided to talk with Arch Jean in charge of personnel in State. He said, "This is a good idea. Why don't you go up there for a year and we'll put you on leave of absence from the Department and then you can come back and give us all the information you get about how Congress works." Well, I discovered at the end of the year that I didn't know all that I should know, so Mr. Jean extended my leave without pay for a second year. At the end of the second year I was such an admirer of the role of Congress that I was lost hopelessly to the Department. Nevertheless, today I have a chance to discharge some of my obligation to the Department for its generosity in granting me leave. Most of my clients are out of town so perhaps I can say some things about them and their attitudes which will give you a better

basis for understanding an institution of our government which is too often maligned.

It is particularly important this year for the Department to be conscious of the existence of Congress. I say this because it has been my observation that whenever the Executive and the Congress are in control of the same political party, consultation tends to become *pro forma*. The Executive Branch is tempted to assume that its big majorities in Congress mean that it doesn't have to worry quite so much about them. But those majorities are made up of people who are very sensitive politically. They don't have to read it in the newspapers to know they are not consulted. They have a very quick feeling about this. Non-partisanship in foreign policy depends largely on the capacity of the Executive to take the initiative in dealing with Congress on a nonpartisan basis. Postwar history shows that some of our most remarkable foreign policy initiatives were taken when the Congress and the Executive were in control of different parties.

I want to take a look at Congressmen as individuals and suggest that you think of them as people. A few days ago you may recall that a number of the Congressional leaders were called back to Washington to be briefed by Ambassador Thompson and others on the fall of Khrushchev and the Chinese nuclear explosion. I happened to be coming out of the Capitol building the day of this conference and as I walked out I saw a two-door Falcon pull up at the entrance. As I looked I thought this was a car filled up with college students who were trying to see how many they could cram in. But, as the door sprang open on one side, I looked down to see Senator Saltonstall climbing out. By the time I had helped pull him out of the car Senator Mansfield, who was the driver, got out of the other side and then I noticed and realized the man wedged in between was Senator Aiken. By the time those three had gotten out of the front seat, Senator Dirksen was climbing out one side of the back, and Senator Kuchel on the other. The third Senator in the back



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seat got away before I could identify him. My only thought at the moment was that the Department of State hadn't used a limousine to send this group back to the Hill! Yet in a sense this illustrates something about our system of government and about your representatives. They have a common touch which one sees many times. At the same time as members of Congress tend to be gregarious—as they must be to seek elective office—they tend to be lonely. Congressmen re-elected term after term tend to have the capacity of walking through a room of three hundred people, shaking hands with them all, getting out in ten minutes, and leaving everybody with the feeling that they each have had a ten-minute conversation. The lonely feeling of the Congressman tends to flow from these same circumstances. Too many of the three hundred in the room think they helped to elect the Congressman and later on they all want to get their sons into West Point, or have Uncle John given a postmaster job. As a consequence, a Congressman has to be a man able to meet the public and at the same time not get himself so involved that the constituents place inordinate and unfair demands upon him.

Another general characteristic of Congressmen is that they tend to be ear and mouth men; they learn by listening and they communicate by talking, as distinct from eye and hand men who learn by reading and communicate by writing. These are obviously generalizations, but they may help you to understand your representatives. Congressmen are also men with a keen sense of timing. They are so busy with constituents' problems that timing is essential to survival. They are interested in a particular piece of legislation that happens to be before their committee or before the Senate or House of Representatives, but it is difficult to get them interested in something that is going to happen next week or the week after. This presents a problem for the Department of State, which may want to consult about some problem before policy is frozen. Yet at the same time it's difficult to get a Member's attention until he begins to read about it in the newspapers. I am sure that there was a desire on the part of the Department to consult about the MLF in its early planning stages. But few Members had time to be really interested in it. Now, however, when there is talk about putting an MLF treaty before the Senate in the near future, policy has become so frozen that perhaps it's too late to carry on the meaningful consultation which perhaps should have been carried on earlier.

Incidentally, I hope you will understand if I fall into Congressional colloquialisms. If I say, for example, "I went to the Floor with the Senator," I don't mean that we laid down and struggled on the floor. When I use the word Floor I mean the chamber in which the Senate sits. Or if I say "I was sitting on the Floor with Senator so-and-so," I don't mean that we were sitting there playing tiddly-winks. The reason I lay this groundwork is that I want to illustrate by a story that Congressmen are law-abiding citizens.

I recall an incident a few years ago when the late Senator Connally was Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and had announced that he was going to retire. I happened to be on the Floor one day when he was there and he beckoned me to sit beside him. I seated myself and he said, "Marcy, I'm going to retire. Would you mind running downstairs and see how I voted on that Congressional retirement bill that we had up here a few years ago?" So I whipped downstairs and sure enough Senator Connally had voted against it. I reported to the Senator that he had voted against the retirement bill. He replied: "I was afraid of that," and reaching into his pocket, continued: "I've got a letter from a constituent here that says since I voted against the retirement I shouldn't draw any retirement." I dutifully argued that he shouldn't let a thing like that bother him, because he had been in Congress for thirty years and deserved to draw his retirement. Senator Connally reached over and patted me

on the shoulder and said, "That's the way I feel too, Marcy," and then he added, "Anyway, I'm a law-abiding citizen!" Senators are law-abiding citizens in a unique sense. Senator Taft voted against the North Atlantic Treaty one year and then the next year he voted to provide funds in support of US commitments under the North Atlantic Treaty. When he was asked how he could be against the Treaty, but for spending money under it, he said, "Well, I opposed the Treaty but the Treaty was adopted. It is the supreme law of the land and now we have an obligation and so we carry this on."

One other subject I would like to talk about briefly is what are called the Senate Rules—about which I really know very little. The Senate does not follow Robert's "Rules of Order." The Senate is a unique kind of institution and has developed its own way of doing business. You will read in the newspapers from time to time about the Senate having done something in the "morning hour." Well, the morning hour is the time when Senators are not supposed to talk more than three minutes. But, illustrative of how the rule works are the facts that the "morning hour" isn't in the morning, it always lasts for more than an hour, and the Senators usually talk for more than three minutes. The way this is done is by the use of a device called "unanimous consent." While the Senate rules may describe what can or cannot be done, the fact is the Senate is a small group of one hundred men and women. They know each other. They respect each other and each other's judgment—so for many kinds of acts that don't involve basic principles the rules are frequently set aside when an individual Senator asks "unanimous consent" that he may do so and so. If nobody objects, the rule is waived. Yet the rules do serve a very helpful purpose. I recall again some years ago when the Senate had gotten into the habit during the morning hour of recognizing every high school graduating class that visited Washington. They all seemed to visit the Senate and sit in the Senate gallery. It always being a good practice to recognize potential voting constituents, Senators, despite the rule stating that nobody shall be recognized in the gallery from the Floor, got into the habit of asking unanimous consent that the graduating class of Podunk High School, which is in the Gallery, be permitted to stand. Then they would be commended for having finished high school and Senators in the Chamber would rise and clap. This got to be quite a burden, but as long as "unanimous consent" was obtained, there was no problem. I happened to be on the Floor one day when a Senator made a few remarks about the wonderful people of his state, and to prove his point asked "unanimous consent" to introduce Miss Universe from his home state, who was in the Gallery. Before Miss Universe got to her feet a senior Senator stood up, banged his desk, and said "I object. This has gone far enough. We have gone through high school classes and now are recognizing Miss Universe. I demand that the rules be enforced and serve notice that I will object hereafter to attempts to waive the rule." I suppose in another five years there will be a little slippage and somebody will have to go through this again, but it illustrates how any Senator can apply the rules if he believes the situation so requires.

One of the things that the Senate and the House have been severely criticized about is not really a rule but a custom—that's the custom of seniority. And yet, seniority is rather a strange thing. It makes me sound terribly old, but when I went to work for the Foreign Relations Committee in 1950 the Chairman was Senator Connally, and I happened to be sitting with him in the Committee room one day when we were trying to get a quorum to conduct business. Senator Connally spoke to then Staff Director, Francis Wilcox, and he said, "Francis, call up that Bill Fulbright; he's the newest member of this Committee. I helped get him on the Committee—he's supposed to be around here to help make a

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quorum: Call him up and get him over here." Nine years later I was sitting in the same office, and we were trying to get a quorum. The Chairman was Senator Fulbright. Senator Fulbright said, "Marcy, call up Jack Kennedy. He's the newest Member of the Committee. Call him up and get him over here."

I don't know quite what this proves except perhaps that things always look a little different depending upon where one sits. It also proves that the process of seniority can sometimes move along quite rapidly.

Occasionally, a Senate rule or practice is not sufficiently understood and leads to public criticism. As you know, treaties must be approved by two-thirds of the Senators present and voting. Some years ago, in 1952, two treaties were approved when there were only two Senators in the chamber. One was the presiding officer, who voted "aye," and the other Senator on the Floor didn't vote. The presiding officer, on the advice of the Parliamentarian, announced that two-thirds of the Senators present and voting, having voted in the affirmative, the Senate has given its advice and consent and the President should be informed. This sounds pretty bad, but as a practical matter was understandable. These were non-controversial consular conventions; they had been subjected to hearings of some length in the Committee, one of them had been sent back to the President so that certain parts could be renegotiated; they had been on the calendar for something like six weeks; the majority and minority leaders and their policy committees had been notified that the treaties were going to come up at this certain time; nobody had any objections; the time when they came up was a Friday afternoon at about 6:00 after one Senator had been talking for two or three hours on another subject. Nobody had anything put over on him, and yet this was the kind of thing which got a good deal of attention in the press, and, as a matter of fact, there is now an informal understanding that all treaties will be acted on by a roll call as distinct from a voice vote.

**N**OW a few comments about relations between the Executive Branch and the Legislative Branch of the government. There are frequent references to a sort of constitutionally built-in conflict between these two branches of government. I've become quite convinced that there is a tendency toward conflict which arises from many sources—one of which is the feeling on the Hill that the Department has lots of secrets which are being kept from the Congress. I suspect there is a feeling in the Executive that Congress can't keep secrets. Another thing that sometimes bothers relationships is the quality of Executive Branch witnesses—a subject for a book. Usually the Committees want the Secretary of State to testify on anything that happens; sometimes they will settle for an Assistant Secretary of State. But every now and then someone says let's get a real expert. What often happens is that experts are not able to communicate with the generalists. On occasion expert witnesses start out talking a sort of gibberish. They refer to ICAD or IMCO or UPU or UNCTAD or UNRWA, and this is about the quickest way to confuse a Senator and to get off to a bad start. Words of art so familiar to specialists are not so familiar to Congressmen, who have many other interests. As soon as the Senator asks the experts what UNCTAD is one can almost see the expert say to himself "My gosh, this guy doesn't have any brains at all." I've become convinced that it's very important to remember that Senators tend to be generalists, and even though the specialists might have the right kind of information, a lot of pain can be avoided by having the specialists in the Department educate a generalist like an Assistant Secretary and have him do the communicating.

Another point that is often overlooked is that despite the fact that Senators tend to be generalists, they have a long

continuity of high level and important foreign policy experience. Senators Fulbright and Hickenlooper have been involved in policy problems in the field of foreign policy through the terms of office of seven Secretaries of State and heaven knows how many assistant secretaries. Sometimes, particularly in connection with the AID program, it is difficult to get enough Senators to make a decent audience for witnesses filled with facts and explanations. One reason it is often hard to get a good turnout of Senators is that the turnover of the people who testify on AID programs is so great that the Senators are hearing substantially the same story year after year from different witnesses. It is possible that the person who's really getting educated is not the Senator who has gone over the problem many times, but the Executive Branch witness who for the first time is going over an oral presentation of some aspect of the AID program.

We are often asked how the Committee gets information. As most of you know, the Committee gets much of its information from the Department of State. But now and then the Committee does something different. A few years ago the Committee sought information about the overseas operations of the US Information Agency. It decided to have sort of a poll of ambassadors who were asked a number of questions as to their personal views on the effectiveness of USIS. Before sending this query to the ambassadors we checked with the Department of State to make sure there were no objections. In reply the State Department offered to send out a circular telegram with the Committee request. A few days later I thought the Committee should have a copy of the telegram for its files so asked for a copy. The telegram was just as it had been drafted by the Committee, asking each ambassador to report his personal views. But State added, "Please route all replies through the Department of State." This wasn't quite what had been anticipated. I always thought that the last laugh was for the Committee, however, when in three or four instances an ambassadorial reply through Department channels was followed a few days later by a personal letter to the Chairman from the ambassador saying, "I've just sent my formal reply through the Department of State, but I thought you'd want to know what I really think." I'm not sure now that it was proper for us to ask this kind of question in the first place, but it does show a little bit of the problem of the Committee and one technique of getting information. One thing I have learned by experience is that there is one way *not* to get information, and that is to tell the press in advance what you're going to ask for. At least as far as the Foreign Relations Committee has been concerned discreet, polite, friendly and courteous requests for information get results. I do not have time to discuss other sources of Committee information on foreign policy issues, but they are many and useful.

There is one other concept to touch on briefly, namely, the size of the Committee staff. The Committee has a relatively small staff as a matter of Committee policy. With seven professional employees, the question is often asked: "Why don't you have more people working for the Committee? How can the Committee operate and watch over 20,000 people in the Department of State with a staff of seven?" This has sort of an appeal to an ex-bureaucrat. Perhaps the Committee ought to have its own countervailing expertise, as has been suggested. But I have often wondered what would happen if the Foreign Relations Committee had its own little Bureau of African Affairs or its own little Bureau of Middle Eastern Affairs. What would the Director of the Committee's "Bureau" of Middle Eastern Affairs do when Assistant Secretary Talbot, for example, goes to the Middle East and gets a request for this and a request for that and he turns them down. Obviously the Committee expert on the Middle East couldn't travel with Mr. Talbot because that would break down the separation of powers. Should he trail Mr. Talbot? It doesn't take much imagination to see what might happen. He would

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be sorely tempted to prove his ability to get things done by competing with the President's representative. He could easily become a competitor and fragment our impact abroad. Or, if the Committee wants real experts it might be tempted to station its own agents abroad—a thought that must terrify you. This business of increasing the size of the staff and the scope of the staff operations needs to be approached very carefully if we are not to upset and perhaps seriously damage executive-legislative relations in foreign policy.

One last subject is the representative process. I've told this story before and it may be old to you. It's illustrative of the representative nature of our system of government. Some years ago there was a Congressman who would rise to his feet day after day and get unanimous consent to talk for one minute; then for one minute he would attack President Coolidge. This went on for two or three weeks. Finally one of the secretaries went to President Coolidge and said, "Mr. President, you've got to pay some attention to what this Congressman is saying. The press is covering it; there are beginning to be little editorials about what he is saying. You've got to answer it in some way." President Coolidge is reported to have thought it over a little bit and said, "Well, I don't know. There are so many SOB's in the United States that they are entitled to representation in Congress." Whether the story is true or not, Congress is a representative body chosen by you and me and the SOB's. To the extent it reflects elements with which you and I may not agree, it nevertheless is as faithful a device as we have to reflect the divergent elements in the country.

Representation is not always an easy or simple or even an understandable process. Some years ago I happened to be in the Chamber with a Senator in charge of an important piece of legislation. He was under strong pressure from a group of constituents who wanted him to support a special interest amendment. When the time came to vote on this amendment rather late in the evening, the then majority whip came to the Senator in charge of the bill and asked how the Senator would vote. The Senator managing the bill said, "Well, I'm going to have to vote for it, but I hope it's defeated." This was notice enough to the man with the responsibility to round up the votes to say, "Don't follow the Manager on this. He must vote for the amendment but he hopes it is defeated." The amendment was defeated without great difficulty. The next day a Washington newspaper carried a blistering editorial about how the floor manager of the bill had flouted the responsibility of his great position by voting aye for an amendment which was going to do great damage to American interests. Things are not always as they seem.

Well, I think this is a good point to stop, with one concluding remark in support of the institution of Congress. I know that this is the 20th Century and many times it is charged that Congress stands in the way of progress. It often stands in the way of the kinds of things that you professionals want and that you know we must have. Congress must often frustrate you. Yet I can't help but believe that in broad terms what happens in the field of foreign policy is that the experts, the professionals,—meaning you—know what ought to be done. But what the expert wants he cannot have without a substantial degree of public support. If the expert gets what he wants but loses public support for his policies he is in trouble. This is where the Congressional process comes in. Sometimes it slows down what the expert wants to do, sometimes it pushes in a different direction. But an effective and strong foreign policy requires a constant interplay between what the experts propose and what the American people speaking through Congress are willing to support. I don't think we can have really a strong foreign policy unless we get a blend of these two. ■

(Continued from page 24)

bank. There it had to be bailed out again. While the bailing was going on, two villagers with bamboo rods for punches and sticks for hammers were tamping bits of moss and rags into the cracks which were finger-thick. It took 15 minutes to prepare the pirogue for the return trip, taking only one passenger. Kong Le boarded the pirogue and, using the same technique as before, the paddlers brought him to the opposite shore in about 5 minutes. Then they began bailing and caulking again. Since there were 30 of us to be taken across, transportation would take all day. A couple of soldiers stripped to the waist, walked upstream a bit, and struck out swimming for the other side. By swimming against the current with strong strokes they hoped to be close enough to the other side to grab the submerged cable as they were swept by. They made it, so I decided to follow suit, so to speak. Stripping to T-shirt and undershorts, I pushed off and was better than half-way across when I reached the cables. It took a couple of minutes to work my way along the cable to the bank. Kong Le, meanwhile, had disappeared into the ramshackle village and as I could scarcely run around in my present costume I waited for Khamsin to arrive with my



General Kong Le prepares to paddle across the fast-moving river in a pirogue.

clothes and the equipment. More soldiers swam across. As we stood on the bank, the sound of rifle fire began ringing through the mountains. It didn't sound too close, but standing in the open in a white T-shirt and shorts seemed to be tempting fate, so I retired to the shade. An hour later, Khamsin made it across. I dressed quickly and together we went in search of Kong Le.

Ban Pha Tang was almost deserted. Not more than 75 people out of its normal population of 550 had yet returned. We saw a family coming down a mountain trail carrying the mattresses and bedclothing they had with them in the caves for the past two years. At the home of the Nai Ban, the village headman, we found Kong Le. He was chatting with about 20 men of the village. We were invited to sit on the floor with them and join the parley, and Khamsin began to draw out the villagers about their experiences to be used as background for his interviews later. Hal Volkner presented medicines and instructions for their use and questioned the villagers closely about their immediate needs. Khamsin

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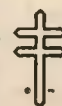


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adroitly distributed USIS materials, including posters of the Laotian King and of Premier Souvanna Phouma. Later, he stepped outside with several Yao tribesmen who had been living in the mountains with the villagers and taped a moving interview concerning the privations they had suffered during their years of exile.

Kong Le made a speech to the villagers in the course of which he explained his reasons for opposing the Pathet Lao, promised to send the people medicine and supplies, thanked them for their hospitality, and made his farewells. Khamsin taped all this and, as the group prepared to depart, conducted an interview with the Nai Ban. We were in high spirits until we reached the river again, and realized that the same difficulties of crossing were still there.

As it was growing late, Kong Le decided to waste no time and plunged into the river, clothes and all, seized the cable, went hand-over-hand with his head under the water part of the time, and drew himself up on the opposite shore, exhausted. His troops could do no less and with much merriment also made for the cable. Rather than risk the loss of Khamsin's recording equipment, tapes, cameras, and exposed film, we decided that this time we had better take the longboat. With paddlers stationed at the bow and stern, Khamsin holding the equipment over his head, and myself bailing furiously, we made it to the other side with only about two inches of waterline—on the inside—to spare. As we landed, we heard an outcry. One of the Lao girls in uniform had lost her hold on the cable and was being carried off by the current. Two soldiers ran along the bank ahead of her and jumped in, retrieving her about 20 yards before the rapids. After she had been brought around, I conducted a brief interview in English with Kong Le, and boarded the back of the truck with the soldiers, Khamsin, and Volkner. This time Kong Le rode in the cabin.

We had only been on the return trip for ten minutes when it began to rain. Since we were drenched anyway, this made for no additional discomfort except that the holes in the road began to fill up, rendering the trip more hazardous. This seemed to raise the spirits of the soldiery who began to rock back and forth—the open truck had no tailgate—shout, pull down overhanging branches into the faces of other passengers and, most discomfiting, clean and load the magazines of their carbines.

A few minutes before nightfall we arrived in Vang Vieng again. To our dismay we found that no plane was waiting to take us back to Vientiane and that none was scheduled in. Another two miles down the road was a field radio with which we could make contact with Vientiane. Boarding a jeep, we traveled the worst roads we had yet encountered and reached the radio. Before we could raise Vientiane, however, we heard an airplane motor. Coming in over the mountains was a Caribou, detoured on its return trip from a rice drop to the refugees to retrieve us. (I later found that Ivan Klecka, Chief Field Operations officer for USIS Laos, had been out to the Vientiane airport and discovered that no arrangements had been made to pick us up. The detoured Caribou was due to his intervention.) But we weren't home safe yet. Because of the hazards of flying through cloud-filled mountains at night, the Caribou would have to take off again immediately to take advantage of the last minute of twilight or be grounded overnight. Racing back to the airstrip we arrived just in time to catch the plane taxiing for the take-off. The pilot saw the lights of the jeep and, stopped. We clambered in and were still fastening our seat belts when we were aloft. A half-hour later, we were in Vientiane.

The results of our day in the field were typical. We did not get what we came out for, but returned with tapes and photographs no amount of planning could have provided. The following day, it was pleasant to be a warehouseman, an expeditor, and a switchboard operator once more. ■

(Continued from page 22)

woman's dresses, was set into the coffin and her body was then lowered gently to rest.

And with that it was over. The attention of the hamlet dwellers now turned to us in frank and friendly curiosity. Eager hands reached for the remaining magazines we offered, among them the wizened, work-hardened hands of the dead woman's mother. We expressed our condolences again to the husband and left him a gift of money. The hamlet chief led us to some waiting sampans, the light, thin craft that sail everywhere in this land laced with canals. We shoved off towards the center of the canal, where the boatsman could swing out the long shaft of the outboard motor with its minuscule propeller and hold it close to the surface to avoid snagging it onto vegetation or the shallow, muddy bottom. The engine spun and caught, the propeller blades buzzed momentarily against an underwater root, and then we glided lightly down the canal, leaving a slight, brown wake.

We waved to children racing along the bordering canal path, trying to keep pace with us and soon into a broader canal, more like a highway than anything we had yet seen in the Delta. Sampans of all sizes, carrying both people and goods moved up and down, and there was intense life along the banks. A mother, bare to the waist, playfully rose and lowered herself in shallow water to the delight of the child clinging round her neck. At our passing, she answered our hand waving by turning her child towards us, and her bobbing increased so that both mother and child squealed with pleasure.

We came to a landing and stepped carefully out of the skittish sampan towards our waiting car. A crowd of children seemed to materialize out of nowhere, content to stare at us for the most part, while here and there we met a shy smile. We took our leave of the hamlet chief and several elders from the village and knew, as we shook hands with them, that the morning we had shared with them had mattered to us all. ■

# AFSA

: News and Minutes

**October 30:** Edwin M. J. Kretzmann informed the Board that he would be resigning as chairman of the Editorial Board at the end of December. The Board approved the appointment of the Honorable William J. Handley, effective January, 1965, as Mr. Kretzmann's successor.

The Board discussed the purposes of the Committee on Career Service Principles and nominated officers to serve on it. The Board also considered the functions of the Committee on Corresponding Members and the selection of its officers.

The Committee on Education presented its recommendation for broadening the scholarship program, on an experimental basis, by the institution of special awards for student excellence. The Board approved this recommendation.

**November 20:** The Chairman of the Board announced that Ambassador Livingston Merchant had agreed to act as Chairman of the Committee on Career Service Principles.

The Board discussed the first luncheon meeting of the Association held in the Department and many favorable comments were reported. The seating capacity is to be enlarged to 350 for future luncheons.

**Symposium:** The Committee on the Symposium, under the chairmanship of the Honorable George V. Allen, has held three meetings. Arthur Hummel reported on the meeting of his subcommittee with the representatives of the Brookings Institution. The Brookings recommendations were discussed and the Committee has developed three differing proposals for the symposium to be presented to the Board of Directors of AFSA for consideration and decision.

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## WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD H. ROBINSON, author of "The Syce," has served as both an FSO and FSS, first entering the Service in 1930 and retiring in 1961. He served at Windsor, Toronto, Calcutta, Dusseldorf, Stuttgart, Coblenz, Port of Spain and Vancouver. The illustration for "The Syce" is from the talented pen of Tom Murphy of Melver Art and Publications.

JAMES D. PHILLIPS entered the Foreign Service in 1961 after serving in the Army and three years in graduate school. He is now serving in his first post, Paris, as Staff Aide to the Ambassador.

NICHOLAS FELD, Chief of the Junior Officer Program Division since September, 1963, has previously served overseas in Switzerland, India, South Africa, Tanganyika, Singapore and Hungary. The JOURNAL presents these two assessments of the Junior Officer Program with the idea of providing the two points of view—that of an officer administering it and one who is undergoing the process.

ROBERT S. SMITH, member of the JOURNAL's Editorial Board, recently became Associate Assistant Administrator for Program of AID, after three and a half years in AID's Far East program and planning office.

SANDY WHITTINGHILL is British-born and the wife of Consul General George Whittinghill, currently stationed in Rome. They have previously served in France, Spain, Mexico and Italy. Mrs. Whittinghill says, "This is a once-in-a-lifetime outburst of poetic frenzy—inspired by a meditative walk through the lovely ruins of Ostia Antica."

JOHN H. STUTESMAN, JR., a frequent contributor to the JOURNAL, dropped in at the Association offices on his return from La Paz. He is now assigned to FSI.

Another recent visitor was EARL WILSON who is slated for Madrid early in the year. One of Mr. Wilson's paintings from his Hong Kong tour decorates the book review pages in this issue.

AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD has left Sierra Leone and will be living in Syracuse, New York for the next two years while her husband, formerly with AID, gets his Ph.D. at Syracuse University.



*"Now, my boy, I've told you before—you can go on leave as soon as we get some more communications people assigned."*

# AAFSW: REPORT

Scores of Foreign Service women in Washington do a tremendous amount of work with local organizations which have a continuing need for volunteers to help carry out their worthwhile projects. Once they have settled in, many newly-returned wives would like to give time to such service, but often are not acquainted with the needs of the community. To help them find a spot where their talents and energies can best be used, a subcommittee of AAFSW's Wives Training committee is exploring volunteer service opportunities in the Washington area.

As a first step in this direction, there is now available at the AAFSW Desk in the Foreign Service Lounge a "Registry of Community Volunteer Service Opportunities," compiled by the National Capitol Area Health and Welfare Council. More than 100 organizations and their needs are described, and useful and challenging opportunities await anyone whether or not she has special skills. The registry is arranged in alphabetical order and is also being cross-indexed for easier reference.

To supplement information in this registry, the subcommittee has been running a new series of articles in the AAFSW newsletter called "How Can I Help?" which describe the activities of specific organizations in greater detail. Material for these articles is gathered in a variety of ways. Sometimes a local organization will write AAFSW telling of its needs. In such cases, a member of the subcommittee follows through with a personal interview and writes up the facts for the column. In other cases, members write in about organizations they are already working for, or the subcommittee will follow through and get more information about projects they have heard of from others. The local newspapers are also culled for articles detailing volunteer activities or needs. These items are clipped and incorporated in the registry (as are copies of the "How Can I Help?" column).

In conjunction with the FS Institute's wives course for women going overseas, the subcommittee is also compiling lists, by country, of local organizations having international affiliations so that a person interested, for example, in YWCA work here in Washington, will be able to find out quickly and easily what kind of work is being done by that organization at her future post abroad.

It is also hoped that, if enough interest is shown, another seminar on volunteer work can be arranged along the lines of the most successful one carried out some time ago by Mrs. William Hitchcock, a former AAFSW Wives Training Chairman.

This work of compiling information on volunteer opportunities is part of the "third prong" aspect of AAFSW wives training efforts, first outlined in the April 1963 issue of the JOURNAL. The first "prong," as noted there, is slanted to the needs of wives new to Foreign Service and takes the form principally of regularly scheduled evening "Workshops for Wives" held at the FS Institute. The usual pattern includes short talks by a panel of three or four wives of varying rank and experience and representatives from Administration who speak on the distaff side of those complex matters. After a question-and-answer period, the workshops break up into area round-tables where new wives can talk more informally with women who have been to the posts to which they expect to go.

Along with "third prong" work on volunteer service opportunities goes AAFSW's old and well-established language program, and to round it all off, there is the wonderful FSI course for wives going overseas, which, of course, is not an AAFSW activity but one which AAFSW does all it can to publicize and whose chairman is one of our former Wives Training chairmen, Mrs. L. Wade Lathram. ■



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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## A Tribute to John H. Marvin

JOHN H. MARVIN was one of those professional consular officers who served his entire career in a single post. He was appointed a clerk in Habana in 1926 and served there continuously until his retirement in 1958 as consul.

Tubby, as he was known affectionately to hundreds of friends, was completely happy in his assignment. His personality impressed itself not only upon the vast numbers of people who served in the Foreign Service in Cuba over the years, from ambassadors to janitors, but also on countless tourists, the large American community in Cuba, visiting naval personnel and merchant marine officers, and on all the local officials to whom representations had to be made to get wayward Americans out of trouble.

Occasionally young Foreign Service officers shy away from consular assignments, implying that the handling of ships and seamen, immigration, passports, and protection work are below their intellectual capabilities; that they want only substantive duties, which will challenge them, stretch their minds and justify their devotion to the Foreign Service.

Tubby Marvin's Foreign Service career is a shining example. He saw a challenge in all aspects of his duties, and they were legion—not always spelled out in the Regulations. This is not to downgrade the importance of substantive work. But I wish to point out that Tubby Marvin stands ace high in the memories of countless people for his loyalty, devotion, usefulness and sense of humor. Though he had occasions to do so he never bore a grudge. No one who knew him will ever forget his smile, that somehow made you feel better no matter what your problem.

Tubby attended the regular autumn meeting of retired Foreign Service personnel in Florida, which was held on November 7th near Sarasota. Tubby tried to attend all our meetings and invariably had calls to make on former colleagues in whatever part of Florida the meeting was held—these were often colleagues who were no longer able to attend the meetings because

of failing health. After the November meeting he planned to go to Miami to visit friends and the David Ennis's of Hollywood gladly offered to drive him there. He complained of a headache when they reached Fort Myers and later lay down on the back seat and apparently went to sleep. Later, Mrs. Ennis, formerly a nurse, tried to rouse him without success and they sped him to the hospital in Miami, where his sister reached him before he died without regaining consciousness.

Thus Tubby died without pain or worry, having just enjoyed the company of a group of colleagues and on the way to visit others.

Tubby leaves a sister in Jacksonville, Florida, with whom he has been living and to whom he was devoted. Miss Josephine Wharton and Miss Anita Wharton, retired Foreign Service officers who served several years in Habana, went to Jacksonville to be with Tubby's sister during the funeral.

RICHARD FYFE BOYCE  
Acapulco, Mexico

## "Masses vs. Classes" Still

I AM writing to congratulate you on the letter defending John McKnight's thesis on "Masses and Classes." Heaven knows how much time and energy have been wasted by our well-intentioned messianic colleagues who want "to get out and meet the people!"

In the end, it is the combination of tough-mindedness and literacy implied in the article by John McKnight that so many of us lack in the Foreign Service.

PHILIP DI TOMMASO  
Assistant Cultural Attache  
Madrid

## What's In a Name?

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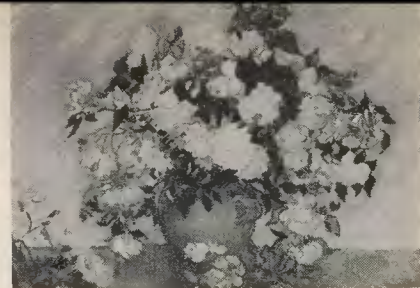
Mr. Mike M. SUNRAY, US Weather Bureau Representative.

Mr. Richard S. CROKER, Fisheries Expert.

HENDRYK ZENON KENNA  
Mexico City

## Scholarship Addenda

RECENTLY Sylvia Chasc, the daughter of Morris Chasc, and a recipient of an AFSA award, brought me Part Two of your October 1964 issue on Scholarships. I was much interested to see this, and would be glad to have a copy for my files, since I must return Sylvia's to her. Since, I assume this is doubtless an annual publication insofar as scholarships are



Roses

Van Gogh

concerned, would it be possible for me to be sent a copy when such matters are reported? I realize this may be difficult but I would be glad to have it if possible.

Needless to say, I read with interest the listing under Vassar College of the anonymous scholarship we have. This is quite true and we were deeply grateful when the donor decided, instead of an annual gift, to endow the scholarship for our use. I would point out, however, that we also have the Polly Richardson Lukens Memorial Scholarship and that preference in the award of this is given to the daughter of a Foreign Service Officer. This year Sylvia Chase holds it; the previous two years Claudia Nelson, the daughter of Carl J. Nelson, has held it; she is spending her junior year in Beirut for which she needed no financial assistance, but it is possible we shall again give her the Lukens scholarship for her senior year. Since the Lukens fund is still receiving gifts, it is not possible to state a definite income.

The important thing to remember about both these scholarships is that the students apply to Vassar College for the amount of aid which they must have in order to attend, and not for these specific scholarships. They may state on their application that they would be interested in being considered for either of them, and we take this into consideration when we make the assignment of funds to back the stipends awarded. On the other hand, should we not give them either of these funds, we would use other college funds to back their awards. It is perhaps obvious to say that we try to select the recipients of these two preferential funds with great care because we recognize that they are honors though based on need, and because in each case the donors are interested and concerned about the recipients.

I shall look forward to receiving a copy of this fall's report, and hopefully to other similar issues in the future.

ELEANOR DENISON  
Director of Scholarships  
and Financial Aid  
Vassar College

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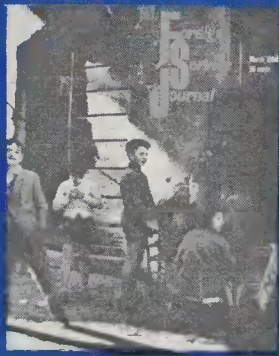
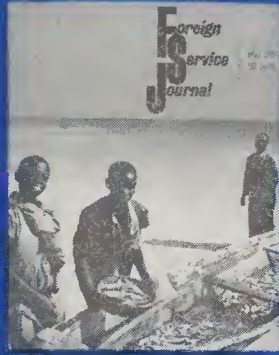
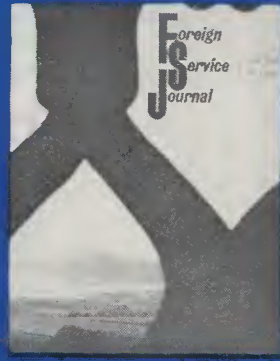
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