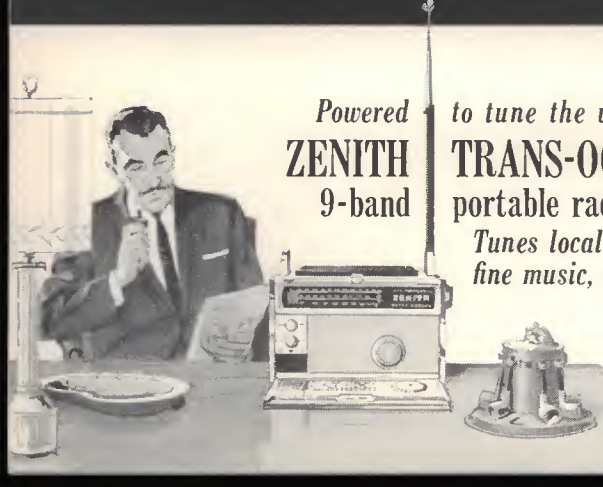
Foreign Service Journal

MARCH 1965
60 CENTS

BE AMONG THE FIRST TO KNOW!



Powered to tune the world!

ZENITH 9-band TRANS-OCEANIC® portable radio

Tunes local FM's fine music, too!

Today, in this age of jet-speed travel and space exploration, it is not enough for you to know what is going on in the world. You must be among the first to know!

That is why you should own the Zenith Trans-Oceanic 9-band portable—a radio so famous as a newscaster its list of owners reads like an International "Who's Who."

With the Zenith Trans-Oceanic, you'll tune medium wave, long wave, and short wave from 2 to 9 MC... plus the popular 31, 25, 19, and 16 meter international bands... and local FM's fine music.

Write now for all the details on the new Zenith Trans-Oceanic.

ZENITH®

The Quality Goes In Before The Name Goes On

The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 47 years of leadership in radionics exclusively. Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago 60639 U.S.A.

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION is composed of active and retired personnel who are or have been serving at home or abroad under the authority of the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended. It groups together people who have a common responsibility for the implementation of foreign policy. It seeks to encourage the development of a career service of maximum effectiveness, and to advance the welfare of its members.

The dues for Active and Associate Members are either $13 or $10: For FSO's in Class V and above the rate is $13 and is the same for FSR's, Staff officers and Civil Service personnel in corresponding grades. For Active Members in lower grades the dues are $10. The annual dues for retired members and others who are not Active Members are also $10. Each membership includes a subscription to the Foreign Service JOURNAL. Those interested in membership or in a separate subscription to the JOURNAL ($6.00), should write to the General Manager, AFSA, 815 - 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006.

contents

March, 1965
Vol. 42, No. 3

page

18 5,000 YEARS LATE FOR SCHOOL
by D. Alan Strachan

23 THE INITIATIVES OF DIPLOMACY
by R. Smith Simpson

25 COMPETING FOR QUALITY
by Dwight C. Smith, Jr.

26 NO SWEAT ON MEKONG
by Ralph R. White

30 ON THE FRONT LINES OF HISTORY
by Robert McClintock

34 THE DIPLOMAT WHO DISOBEYED HIS INSTRUCTIONS
by Joe D. Walstrom

37 THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS
by W. Averell Harriman

OTHER FEATURES: Foreign Service Fable, page 4; Sidi-Ferruch: History Repeats Itself, by Arthur C. Frost, page 8; Photo Contest, page 29; With Our Contributors, page 52; AAFSW News, page 53; AFSA News, page 54.

departments

12 TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
by James B. Stewart

32 WASHINGTON LETTER
by Loren Carroll

38 THE BOOKSHELF

55 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COVER

Balinese Fishermen *by Richard F. Wolford*

Photographs and Illustrations for March

Richard F. Wolford, AID, cover. First prize winner in the JOURNAL's photographic contest.

Howard R. Simpson, USIA, cartoons, pages 6 and 56.

Jack Grover, FSS, photograph, page 16.

AID, photographs, pages 18 and 20.

Ralph R. White, USIA, photographs, pages 26 and 28.

Robert W. Rinden, FSO-retired, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 33. Still from "Smiling Mme. Beudet," Germaine Dermoz and Alexandre Arquilliere, 1922.

Library of Congress, photograph, page 34.

US Navy, photograph, page 37.

John M. Cates, Jr., FSO, photograph, page 39.

Ernest Williams, FSS, cartoon, page 51

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

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

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.

Address material to: Foreign Service Journal, 815 - 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, D.C., 20006.

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

Marriages

DYK-SEMAKIS. Margaret Dyk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Dyk of Rotterdam, was married to Larry W. Semakis, FSO, on January 24, 1965, at the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sophia, Washington.

FAGAN-THOMPSON. Barbara Campbell Fagan, FSO, was married to David Ray Thompson, FSO, on January 9, 1965, in Beaufort, S. C. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are assigned to the Department.

HELM-DURBROW. Mrs. Bernice Balcom Helm of San Francisco was married to the Honorable Elbridge Durbrow, on January 2, 1965, in San Francisco.

KIDDER-LUSKEY. Charlotte Appleton Kidder, daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Randolph A. Kidder, was married to Ernest Joseph Luskey on January 16, 1965, in Washington.

Births

BALL. A daughter, Ruth Anne, born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ball, on November 19, 1964, in Abidjan.

EVANS. A son, David Mowbray, born to Mr. and Mrs. David Meredith Evans, on November 13, 1964, in London. Mr. Evans is a consular officer in Warsaw.

HESS. A daughter, Jennifer Burke, born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde G. Hess, Jr., on November 6, 1964, in Karachi.

LUNDY. A son, Charles Aubrey, born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Lundy, Jr., on November 21, 1964, in Saigon.

Deaths

HALL. Opal Josephine Hall, formerly of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs, died on January 18, 1965, in Minneapolis. Miss Hall served with the American Red Cross, Allied Military Government, the Department of the Army and USIA during her long career.

Between the Lines

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla.

Howard E. Anderson of St. Petersburg believes that many of the words and phrases used in the fitness report—that fixture of the business world in which a superior evaluates a subordinate—have become meaningless through overuse.

To aid those who may wonder about the true meaning, Anderson passes along a Naval Reserve translation of the most often used terms:

Average—Not too bright.

Exceptionally well qualified—has committed no major blunders to date.

Active socially—drinks heavily.

Wife is active socially—she drinks, too.

Character and integrity above reproach—still one step ahead of the law.

Zealous attitude—opinionated.

Quick thinking—offers plausible excuses for errors.

Takes pride in his work—conceited.

Forceful and aggressive—argumentative.

Tactful in dealing with superiors—knows when to keep mouth shut.

Often spends extra hours on the job—miserable home life.

True southern gentleman—hillbilly.

Conscientious and careful—scared.

Meticulous in attention to detail—a nit picker.—(AP.)

The Sensible Spectacular . . . Rambler '65

A prestige car, uniquely a common-sense car—The 1965 Rambler is uniquely designed for distinguished travel on any of the roads of the world. Its impressive appearance lends prestige to every occasion. Its spacious room permits six people to travel in luxurious comfort.

Yet, the new Rambler is definitely a common-sense car. It has a modest price for a car so fine. It is built with the virtually rattle-free solidity of one-piece body construction. Its economy is world famous. Disc Brakes are optional on Classic and Ambassador. Choice of engines, 90 hp to 270 hp, including the new Torque Command 232 Six that performs like an Eight. Choice of 3 wheelbases—3 sizes . . . American, Classic and Ambassador. Sedans, hardtops, convertibles, wagons.

American Motors offers its Diplomatic Purchase Plan on all 1965 Ramblers. Get details from the Administrative Offices' Personal Purchase Files at American Embassies or Foreign Service Posts now, or write to:

Rambler
Dedicated to Excellence

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION, 5626—25th AVE., KENOSHA, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

Now Joshua was a mighty man, but when he came to the Jordan crossings he had to pause. Across the river lay his policy objective, but it was clearly occupied by a hostile and warlike population.

Joshua summoned the Assistant Scribe for Hittite, Philistine and South Asian affairs. "I wish the Lord wouldn't rely on Divine Guidance so much when he makes policy. It's all very easy for HIM, but we have to carry it out. Frankly, I get pretty tired of these non-substantive people."

The Scribe looked nervously around to see if a Pillar of Fire might be listening. He wondered what could be the least controversial comment.

"Perhaps we ought to set up a Task Force."

Now in those ancient days, Task Forces were not the highly motivated, forceful, smooth-running, inter-departmental groups that we are accustomed to today. In those untutored times a Task Force was likely to be no more than a crowd of barbaric warriors representing tribal jealousies and clamoring for attention around the table.

"Great Jehovah, NO," shouted Joshua, "there's too much coordination around here and not enough action. Get someone into Jericho to report on conditions there."

The Assistant Scribe ran off, sandals flapping, in search of men. He looked first for language officers, but the years in the Wilderness had not prepared the Chosen People for contact with the outside world. He then looked for any officer who might be spared from current chores. But a hand mightier than the Lord's had been raised against this possibility. Borra, the great legislator, had called for cuts in personnel. No one in his right mind would admit that he might be spared.

In desperation the Scribe turned to the Old Testament equivalent of CMAD (which probably sounded the same in ancient Hebrew as it does in English). At once a Board was convened to consider job description, slots available, travel funds and tour of duty policy. The Prophets were consulted on career development.

Then, just in time, a PLACEMENT PROBLEM wandered into camp, explaining that his forty years in grade since Egypt was really specialization *in depth*.

Joshua asked the man suspiciously, "Are you ready to risk all."

The veteran of a thousand *démarches* replied, "What, sir, will be my rank and title?"

"Oh, God," groaned the Field Marshal, looking up, "Why do you afflict me so?"

There was a mighty rumble in reply.

"OK, OK," Joshua muttered. "HE says to try CIA. Get McCohen on the ram's horn."

At last two agents were found in a place with an unbelievably appropriate name and were sent into Jericho. There, in

Citibank's Lima staff, with some of the colorful personnel of Lima's 264-year-old bull ring.

In Lima—the right bank in the right place

These are some of the men and women who work in our Lima branch, the only branch of an American bank in Peru. You'll find 64 Citibank branches ready to meet your needs in 16 Latin American countries...staffed by 5469 Citibankers with broad experience in world banking and an intimate knowledge of local conditions. The people who staff our complete banks-on-the-scene in 40 countries on 5 continents make Citibank the right bank in the right place to serve you.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

PARTNERS IN PROGRESS AROUND THE WORLD

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK NEW YORK

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS—MARCH, 1965

Airways Rent-A-Car	48	Jacob & Warwick	53
American Motors	3	Johns Hopkins University Press	41
American Security & Trust Co.	12	Key, Francis Scott, Apt. Hotel	53
Arista Trading Co.	46	Lingo, Ted, Inc.	47
Atlas Realty	48	McNey Motors	53
Begg, J. F., & Co.	51	Marsh & McLennan	10
Bell, W., & Co.	6	Mid-City Sales Corp.	11
Calvert School, The	51	National Distillers Corporation	Cover IV
Copenhaver Engravers	51	Park Central Hotel	53
Danforth Associates	46	Paxton Van Lines	8
DeHaven & Townsend, Crouter & Bodine	52	Rhea Radin Real Estate	54
deSibour, J. Blaise, & Co.	16	Restaurant Directory	42
Farnsworth Reed, Ltd.	45	Riggs National Bank	15
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	11	Seagrams V.O.	7
First National City Bank of New York	5	Security National Bank	50
Follett Publishing Co.	40	Security Storage Co.	45
Ford International	9	Service Investment Corp.	49
Foreign Service Auto Rental	51	State Department Federal Credit Union	47
Foreign Service Supply Co.	47	Stuart & Maury, Inc.	54
General Electronics	Cover III	Tatum Properties	54
General Motors	13	Town & Country Properties	54
German Hi-Fi Center	52	United Service Officers Insurance Brokers, Ltd.	43
Grace Line	4	United States Lines	50
Hicks Realty	16	Western Pharmacy	48
Hilltop House	52	Zenith Radio Corporation	Cover II
Homerica, Inc.	44		
Houghton, A. C., & Son	52		

the finest modern traditions, they spent the first night with some broad and then hid out in the hills for three days before reporting to Joshua:

> Truly the LORD has given all the land into our hands; and moreover all the inhabitants of the land are fainthearted because of us.

Joshua glowered at the two men like any Chief of Mission who has asked for hard intelligence and gets an opinion poll. He looked almost as pained as Ellis Briggs being advised of an increase in his administrative complement.

Then stood forth a man who seemed to want to say something, rather like a Press Attaché at a Country Team meeting.

"Speak up," said Joshua acidly, "any idea is better than what I've heard so far."

"Well," said the man, lisping slightly, "Let's all take our horns and march around the city for seven days. Then the walls of Jericho will fall down."

There was a long, terrrible silence in the tent.

"Who," cried Joshua in a strangled voice, "let this NUT in?"

There was another long silence. Then the throng saw Joshua lean to one side as though listening to someone. At last he said, "YOU're kidding?" There was a pause, and he said again "YOU can't be serious?"

He listened a little while longer, then said wearily, "OK, CHIEF, I'll try anything once. I warn YOU though, even YOU won't be able to get that idea past Bundy."

Hail, lightning and a torrential downpour crashed instantaneously about the Council Tent.

Joshua smiled, with just a tiny bit of malice showing. "All right, everybody. Line up now and get your horns."

JOSHUA wiped his forehead as he watched the Children of Israel spreading out below the great, forbidding walls of Jericho. He felt a light touch on his shoulder and looked up.

"Who knows?" said the Presence, "it might work."

Moral: Even God doesn't know if some policies will work.

"He's a counter-insurgency expert from Washington."

A BRILLIANT MATCH

Many whiskies have either flavor or lightness, but only Seagram's V.O. combines true lightness with a flavor you can really taste. That's Seagram's brilliant achievement in the art of distilling—and it's one reason why more people throughout the world buy V.O. than any other imported whisky.

SEAGRAM'S V.O.

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY

A distinguished brand produced by SEAGRAM DISTILLERS
THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISTILLER

SIDI-FERRUCH: HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

by ARTHUR C. FROST

AMERICAN forces have landed at Sidi-Ferruch."

These six words in Spanish stood alone at the bottom of an inside page in the flimsy Barcelona newspaper on November 8, 1942. The words may have struck the casual reader as the usual tail-piece printer's afterthought, but they thrilled me through and through. I made a hurried circuit of the Consulate General only to find that no member of the staff had stirred away from the customary humdrum of filing, paper-shuffling and typewriting. American business had folded and its directors faded away, while this government bureau, like all officialdom unmindful of profit, continued to carry on its dull routine. Down in the Plaza de Cataluña the converging streets were almost as deserted as on tagday in Aberdeen.

The day before we had gone down to Tarragona as official guests of the nearby fair. At that low ebb of Allied fortunes, any attention paid to an American representative was a cause for satisfaction. One grasped at any occasion "to show the flag." The meager exhibits at the Fair merited only a hasty survey though the trip was justified by the splendid al fresco repast offered by "the almond king," a leading local citizen, in the grounds of his fortress castle dating back to Roman times. He at least seemed, in this period of Teutonic and Japanese ascendancy, to be unafraid of our contaminating presence.

In the late afternoon we returned to our hotel room but after a restless hour I suddenly decided, for no accountable reason, not to spend the night but to go back home, up the tortuous coast road to Masnou at the gate of the marvelous Costa Brava. Spanish roads still had many pot holes and craters. Many bridges were still down after the Civil War and progress was slow and tedious. To make life further complicated, the gasoline (costing $2 a gallon) was so poor in quality that station attendants often held a lighted cigarette in the same hand that was filling up the tank. No explosions resulted.

Shortly before midnight we reached our chateau with the green-tiled roof above the Mediterranean. Just as we entered the front door, the primitive wall telephone began to sputter, feebly and spasmodically. I answered it and heard these words: "This is the Ambassador talking. Be in your office at 9 a.m. tomorrow to receive a telegram." The Ambassador was calling from Madrid. Uncertain and flabbergasted at the cryptic message, I asked, "Have you sent it?" To which my chief replied drily, "No," and hung up.

The Ambassador, like royalty, rarely demeaned himself by personally using the telephone. His instructions normally found their goal, filtering down "through channels." While his message made no sense, it was obvious that my superior by coming to the telephone, himself, was trying to convey some important intelligence. His voice, weak and wavering, charged with tamped down emotion, revealed that the message was a device for alerting me without interference from the censor. For I knew that no telegram, if sent after midnight, would, given the usual dilatory delivery, reach me the next morning at 9 a.m.

Not only in the tranquil office but in the whole city of a million, I seemed to be the only one to whom the name Sidi-Ferruch, had a pregnant meaning, the only one with the key to the situation. My mind raced back to old Algiers

Special to Foreign Service personnel: Enjoy the luxury of any 1965 Ford-built car made to your order, shipped anywhere

The 1965 Mustang Hardtop

Right now, you can order for direct shipment to your post any new Ford-built car—a 1965 Falcon, Comet, Fairlane, Mustang, Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury or Lincoln Continental. And it makes no difference where you're stationed, or what grade you hold in Foreign Service.

This is the best year yet to go Ford—for the '65's are brilliantly new, loaded with Total Performance and offer the models and equipment to fit your needs.

When you order a new Ford-built car, you get the full "diplomatic" discount. Moreover, you don't have to pay U. S. federal excise tax on cars sent abroad. Your car will be built to order and shipped to you promptly (shipping and insurance charges are extra).

So, place your order now! Simply consult your Administration Officer's personnel purchase file, or write to:

Individual Sales, Ford International Group, 153 Halsey Street, Newark 2, New Jersey or... Ford International Group, Washington Sales Office, 815 Connecticut Ave., N.W. (between H and I Sts.), Washington, D.C. Telephone 298-7419.

Next time you're in Washington, visit our sales office. Learn about the complete 1965 line-up of Ford Division and Lincoln-Mercury cars. You'll quickly see why Ford-built cars are more popular than ever with Foreign Service people.

Ford

You get more for your money in any Ford-built product

where I had been consul a quarter of a century before. Ah, yes, Sidi-Ferruch! The name spoke volumes. I sensed that history was about to repeat itself in an extraordinary way.

Vague rumors had been afloat that Eisenhower's troops might get a foothold on the Atlantic coast of Morocco but the name Sidi-Ferruch made it crystal clear to me that we had entered the heart of the French North African Empire, as the small village mentioned was a merely 30 kilometers from the capital city of Algiers, and that we were well on our way toward Tunisia and the Sicily bridge for the ultimate invasion of Italy.

The reason that Sidi-Ferruch rang such a loud bell in my memory on that November day in 1942 was that, while stationed at Algiers, I had made a study of the Consulate's archives dating back to the start of the century. Algiers was one of our earliest offices established to protect our shipping from the Barbary pirates. The record came flashing back into my mind that the French themselves had first captured Algiers by landing at Sidi-Ferruch and marching on the city from the rear.

Still more fascinating was the memory, as the archives told me, that it was a famous American Consul at Algiers who had pointed out to the French early in the century that this spot was the best means to seize the Barbary state, whose acts of barbarism and piracy had for many years been a thorn to all maritime nations.

It was William Shaler, United States consul at Algiers from 1815 to 1828, who first indicated the successful tactics in the book published in 1826, four years before the French invasion. In this book he made it quite clear that Algiers was vulnerable, not by direct attack from the sea or from the east where previous futile attacks had been staged but from the west at Sidi-Ferruch, where a gentle beach made landing most favorable. This book was opportunely translated into French and good reason exists for the claim that the French followed the Consul's advice.

In the English chapel at Algiers there is (or was) a large tablet to the memory of Shaler, and considering the antipathy between British and American officials that prevailed in early 19th century days it is worthy of note that this tablet was placed there at a later date by the British Consul-General at Algiers, Sir Lambert Playfair. The Memorial reads:

TO WILLIAM SHALER, M.A.

> Consul General of America at Algiers from 1815 to 1829. During his residence here he displayed great ability under trying circumstances. His valuable work, "Sketches of Algiers," was translated into French, and served materially to insure the success of the Expeditionary Force which captured Algiers. In it the first suggestion was made that, in the event of any future operations against this city by a Christian Power, the landing should be made at Sidi-Ferruch instead of to the East. He subsequently became consul at Havana, and died there 29 March, 1833, aet. 55. (Erected as a tribute to his memory by R.L.P. 1878.)

Another tablet in red marble, facing one commemorating the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in the same chapel, bears further tribute to this notable but now forgotten consular officer. With great tact, force and skill, he succeeded, in conjunction with two naval officers, in negotiating with the Dey of Algiers the memorable treaty of 1816. This treaty compelled the Bashaw to release the American seamen who had been captured and used as slaves, to restore property and pirated ships, and to renounce their demands for money tributes. The European powers and the United States had

(*Continued on page* 52)

25 YEARS AGO

March, 1940 — IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

The Founding of the Pan American Union

FIFTY years ago (Oct. 2, 1889) the nations of the American Continent, meeting at Washington in the First International Conference of American States, embarked on a new and novel experiment in international relations. Other international conferences had been held before, but these were usually concerned with war or the results of war. As Secretary of State Blaine said in his opening address, the Washington gathering constituted a 'peaceful conference of eighteen independent American powers in which there can be no attempt to coerce a single delegate against his own conception of the interest of his nation: a conference which will permit no secret understanding on any subject, but will frankly publish to the world all its conclusions; a conference which will tolerate no spirit of conquest, but will aim to cultivate an American sympathy as broad as both continents: a conference which will form no selfish alliance against the older nations from which we are proud to claim inheritance —a conference, in fine, which will seek nothing, propose nothing, endure nothing that is not, in the general sense of all the delegates, timely and wise and peaceful. . .'

"One of the outstanding developments of recent years is the strong spirit of continental solidarity that has developed among the republics of the American Continent. As a result of the conferences held during the last decade the nations of America have effectively consolidated the peace of the American Continent, and have at the same time formulated a set of principles to guide them in their relations with other sections of the world. At no time has the contrast between the international atmosphere prevailing in Europe and that prevailing on the American Continent been as marked as at the present moment. In Europe distrust, antagonisms and enmities appear to be so deeply rooted that one might well despair of fundamental improvement. The international situation in America, on the other hand, reflects a spirit of cooperation, of mutual confidence and helpfulness which is growing stronger with each year. . ."—by Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union.

A daughter, Margery Ellen, was born on December 3 to Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Freeman in Mexico City where Mr. Freeman is Vice Consul.

Comment, 1965: Ambassador and Mrs. Freeman (Tony and Phyllis) report on their girls: Midge is married to David N. Sealy, graduate of Pomona College and School of Business at Stanford. He is working for Arthur Anderson & Co. in San Francisco. They have two children. The children's Aunt Carol is a junior at Occidental College, and their Aunt Jean is a freshman at the University of California at Santa Barbara. She'll major in political science.

Assignments

Officers in the Foreign Service School received the following assignments: Belton, Ciudad Trujillo; Cordell, Seville; Cowles, Barcelona; Cunningham, Vigo; Davenport, Canton; Davis, Tsingtao; Fluharty, Bogota; Fritzlan, Teheran; Goodyear, Guatemala; Grinnell, Singapore; Heacock, Rio de Janeiro; Horner, Wellington; Horsey, Budapest; Kidder, Syd-

wherever you're bound, you can have a new GM car waiting.

1965 Corvair Monza Sport Sedan

One visit to your nearest GM Franchised Distributor arranges everything. We recommend that you make your selection from the wide variety of models and equipment offered well in advance of your departure to insure delivery of the particular automobile you desire. Should circumstances require movement on short notice, we can also provide a suitable model from our stock of seaboard units. Tell our distributor when and where you want delivery. He'll give you a firm price—and take it from there. Your car will be delivered where you want it, when you want it, equipped as you ordered it, and at the price and terms you agreed upon.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

This popular purchase plan was originated by General Motors and their distributors expressly for government and service personnel. And wherever you go, the facilities of the world-wide GM organization are yours for dependable parts and service. See your GM distributor soon, or write us for the informative booklet, "Going Abroad? Changing Posts?" giving all the facts.

FOREIGN DISTRIBUTORS DIVISION/GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
224 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, U.S.A.

ney; Krieg, Basel; Norden, Warsaw; Ray, Tokyo; Rinden, Hong Kong; Smythe, Bilbao; McKelvey, Toronto; and Gaines, Ciudad Juarez.

Briefs: The lead article in the March JOURNAL is "Finland," by Frederick B. Lyon, Assistant Chief, Division of International Conferences. The author warns that a visitor who arrives at the Finnish frontier with the expectation of being greeted by padded Tartars reeking with mutton grease, or lumbering bears out on the prowl, or sleighs and reindeer, or sledges and huskies, will be disappointed, because it's not like that at all.

► Miss Betty Carp completed twenty-five years of service at the American Embassy at Istanbul on Thanksgiving Day. The staff at the Embassy and Consulate General presented her with an antique silver plate, suitably inscribed. A surprise party was held for her the same evening at the home of Consul and Mrs. Frederick P. Latimer. Everyone concurred in hoping to see her in the Embassy another twenty-five years. **Comment, 1965:** Miss Carp nearly accomplished this objective, retiring in December, 1963.

► Vice Consul Joseph Palmer II arrived to take up his duties at the Consulate General on January 22 in Mexico City.

Successful Candidates

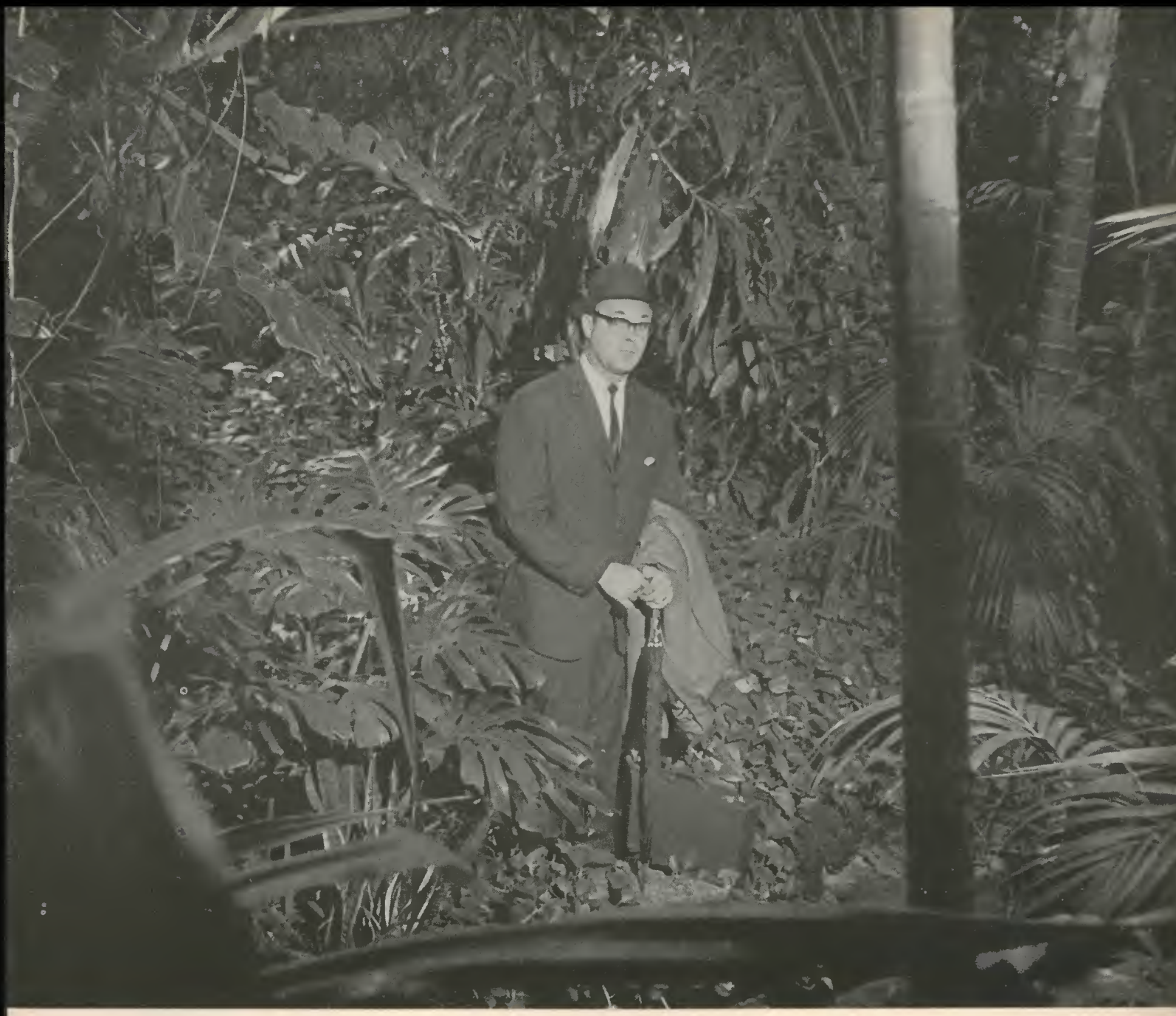
Adair, U. of Wisconsin; Ainsworth, Princeton; Anderson, Dartmouth; Calder, Columbia; Cromie, Yale; Duff, Haverford; Eitreim, U. of Minn.; Ferguson, Harvard; Gleeck, Pomona; Husted, U. of Virginia; Johnson, Augustana; Keresey, Dartmouth; Knox, Yale; Lovell, U. of Michigan; Lyon, Ohio State; McSweeney, Brown; Randall, Yale; Rossow, Georgetown; Schoellkopf, Yale; Schwartz, Princeton; Bromley Smith, Stanford; Henry Smith, U. of Georgia; Snyder, U. of California; Straus, Princeton; Stuart, Mass. State College; Wagner, New York U.; Wardlaw, The Citadel; Watrous, Princeton; Williams, Yale.

Score: Yale 5, Princeton 4.

Davidson-deLashmutt. Miss Rebekah Leiter de Lashmutt and Mr. Reed Miller Davidson were married in Washington, D. C., on January 18. Miss deLashmutt, who was in the Foreign Buildings Office of the Department, was formerly secretary to Mr. Wilbur J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State. **Comment, 1965:** Reed's untimely death was in Veteran's Hospital at Bay Pines, Florida. Burial was in Frederick, Maryland, Rebekah's home town.

Smelled Like a Goat

Richard Boyce reports from Yokohama that a visa applicant became so annoyed that "he ate half of his Form 257 in order to prevent the Consulate from retaining information concerning his case. He would have eaten the other half but for the quickness of the staff which rallied round to prevent such misuse of Government property. The Consulate would like to know what effect our Government paper stock has on the digestive system and whether it is more fun to eat Form 257 than goldfish. But as the individual concerned has disappeared, those questions may never be answered. The episode raises several other questions. For example, should Government paper stock be made more palatable and perhaps more nourishing, like the mucilage on the backs of postage stamps? That might come in useful in emergencies in war-beleaguered countries where consular officers can't bring in supplies for their personal use. Would an Executive Order have more effect if digested internally as well as mentally? Should we flavor Form 257 with a nasty smell or an emetic to prevent suspicious visa applicants from disposing of the evidence?"



TEMPORARILY ABROAD?

Enjoy yourself without having to worry about banking problems!

From Aukland to Zambesi—from the Azores to Zanzibar, you can always bank with RIGGS National Bank of Washington, D.C.

If you have mail service, then you can enjoy the full Diplomatic Financial Services especially tailored by Riggs for the U.S. Foreign Service abroad. Bank loans, checking accounts, savings accounts, trust services . . . just about any other bank service you need is available to you.

You'll feel so much more at ease when you know that your financial affairs are receiving the personal attention of responsible people at the Riggs National Bank.

The RIGGS NATIONAL BANK

of WASHINGTON, D.C.

FOUNDED 1836 • LARGEST BANK IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation • Member Federal Reserve System

Saints or Sinners?

The following statement recently appeared on an invoice of merchandise certified at the Windsor, Ontario, Consulate:

"6 Cartons Bibles returned to United States account unsold and *not required in Canada.*" ■

THAT CERTAIN SMILE

by JACK GROVER

In Egypt there is an ancient legend that sometimes at night the Sphinx closes its eyes and smiles.

Hearing this legend, I went there to find out if this is so, and, if it is, to find out if I could see—and photograph—it.

Strangely enough, as can be seen from these pictures, the Sphinx does seem to close its eyes and smile. Both of these pictures are of the same Sphinx taken from approximately the same position.

What is the explanation?

Answer: The difference in the expressions is due to the fall of shadows. The top picture was taken by day with the sun above (the background is scraped); the bottom one was taken at night. At night the guides burn magnesium flares from below to light up the face.

But, smiling or otherwise, the expression of the Sphinx is inscrutable, isn't it?

Membership in the American Foreign Service Association is now more meaningful than ever before.

In addition to becoming a part of a professional organization of growing stature, membership in the Association has many personal advantages. The Association has a Book Club through which publications may be obtained at attractive discounts. Through the Association's Personal Purchases section information is available in regard to a wide variety of merchandise which can be bought at advantageous discounts. Automobile orders may be processed through the Association and two insurance programs at group rates are available to members. Members also attend luncheons held monthly in Washington which are addressed by speakers of prominence.

Plans are progressing rapidly for a symposium which will be held in the fall. The subjects to be discussed and the composition of the panels are still in the planning stage.

The scholarship program continues to expand and other benefits of a similar nature are under study. The number of scholarships awarded this year was 71—a new record.

Each member of the Association automatically receives a copy of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL which in each monthly issue carries articles of special interest to persons engaged in foreign service.

Active membership is now open to all American citizens employed in foreign service status by the Department of State, the United States Information Agency, the Agency for International Development and the Peace Corps.

Associate membership is open to other personnel of the Department of State in positions of officer level, American career employees of other government agencies with services abroad, such as the Departments of Agriculture, Labor and Defense.

I entirely endorse the efforts of the American Foreign Service Association to promote the professional competence and welfare of the Foreign Service. I would think that these efforts deserve the support of all those who have chosen the high profession of the Foreign Service of the United States of America.

As I said in my remarks to the Foreign Service Association luncheon on February 23, 1961, "The demands upon the Foreign Service in this country and abroad in terms of knowledge and of an understanding of what our nation is all about and of the forces which are reshaping the world in which we live are greater than they have ever been in the past. We have a great stake in doing whatever we can to strengthen the Foreign Service and to attract as much top talent into it as possible."

Dean Rusk, Secretary of State

I am very pleased that a large number of my colleagues in the United States Information Agency have recently joined the American Foreign Service Association. This development is indicative of the very close relationship that exists between the State Department and the United States Information Agency and the similarity of interest that binds together the various branches of the American Foreign Service. I am looking forward to seeing the U.S.I.A. members make an increasing contribution to the Association's activities which are designed to advance the well being of all Foreign Service employees.

Carl T. Rowan, Director
United States Information Agency

I am pleased to endorse the effort of the American Foreign Service Association to extend its membership. The Association's efforts to improve the professional quality of the American Foreign Service and to provide services and assistance to its members should commend membership in the Association to all eligible officers of the Agency for International Development.

David E. Bell, Administrator
Agency for Internat'l Development

American Foreign Service Association
815 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505
Washington, D. C. 20006

Please send me complete information on membership in the American Foreign Service Association. I wish to apply for ..... Active ..... Associate membership.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

5,000 YEARS LATE FOR SCHOOL

by D. ALAN STRACHAN

THE surprising election of President Truman in 1948 has only been exceeded by the surprise with which millions of people throughout the world have been affected by some high-sounding, if not heroic, words he used in his inaugural address on January 20, 1949. In the process of outlining his program, he said the following:

> "Fourth: We must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped countries."

It was from this fourth point (nobody remembers the other three) that the technical assistance program, later incorporated into the foreign assistance legislation, was conceived. Despite the changes in the initials of the Agency entrusted with the responsibilities of administering foreign aid, its many switches from emphasis on this to emphasis on that and its continually changing personnel, most of the recipients of our aid still persist in calling it Point Four.

During the past few years it has seemed to me that our technical assistance program has been in the doldrums. For those whose faith in the program has remained steadfast it is encouraging to know how Administrator David Bell feels about it. In his testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on Tuesday, April 14, 1964, during a discussion of technical assistance, the following exchange took place between Senator Fulbright and Mr. Bell:

> *Senator Fulbright:* It is feasible or proper to ask you how you rate this particular activity in the scale of priorities. Do you rate it the most important aspect of the program?
>
> *Mr. Bell:* Yes, sir. My own observation and experience indicates that the underdeveloped countries require both technical knowledge and capital to overcome their problems. If I had to choose between them, however, I would unhesitatingly sacrifice the capital and concentrate on the technical knowledge, skills, leadership.
>
> *Senator Fulbright:* As a matter of timing, do you consider the technical assistance comes first?
>
> *Mr. Bell:* It normally does, Mr. Chairman, in the sense that a country needs a minimum of trained people in order to begin the development process, to make use of capital resources, either domestic or foreign.

It has become an axiom in the new science of "economic development" that before a new country can develop it must first of all construct its basic infrastructure, introduce modern public administration practices, draft a five-year development plan (a legacy from Stalin which has become standard procedure), and begin training its people. This is undeniably true, but in the final analysis it will be the extent to which traditional practices and social attitudes can be molded, particularly those affecting agricultural production, that will determine the ability of the country to make progress.

In practically all of the developing countries there is a group, an elite class if you will, of well educated and enlightened people, many of whom have received their education in the West. Difficult as it is sometimes to impress upon these people the necessity of change, it is relatively easy compared to the task of changing the attitudes of the illiterate and semi-literate, without whose support development is not possible. The problem which continues to face AID's technical assistance program is its role in this undertaking. How shall it plan its assistance so that the spirit of the people of a developing country is aroused to the necessity of change as a requisite to taking their place in a rapidly changing world?

Effective Technical Assistance Programs

Let me begin by discussing those areas in which attitudes interfere the least with our AID programs. These are in the new fields, particularly the scientific, where tradition, attitudes and entrenched bureaucracy have no background. For instance: aviation, geological survey, telecommunication, power distribution—and even atomic energy. In many instances modern industrial management might be included. Surprising progress, all things being considered, has been made in these areas, largely because there have been no traditional obstacles to overcome. In other words, the problem of "unlearning" has been a minor impediment.

Egyptian school children

But "wait a minute," say the Americans working in these programs. "What do you mean attitudes do not interfere? We are faced with them every day." Admittedly they exist, but I am interpreting "attitude" as a rigid state of mind impervious to change, conditioned by centuries of following the same pattern—a state of mind fortified by illiteracy. The people entering the new fields are not illiterate—they can't be. Their attitude towards progress and innovation may not be all that we desire; but we should be sympathetic — not critical — for their hesitancy probably reflects a deep-rooted conservatism, understandable ineptitude, inferiority complex and fear itself. But the fact that people seek these fields in which to make a career indicates they have accepted the inevitability of change. This is more than half the battle. The task of training may be equally as difficult as that of changing the attitudes of illiterates, but it is the prospect for success which is so much brighter.

Not Quite So Effective

I come now to the second group where attitude is firmly entrenched but the hope of effecting change offers more than a reasonable chance of success. Which group am I talking about? The educated: those in the academic field, the civil servants, the professional class and the leaders of the industrial and business community. Admittedly by our standards there may be serious deficiencies in their education, but they are all literate. They can read, can be talked to, argued with, and logically appealed to. The results may be disappointing but at least a basis of communication can be established. As younger people enter these fields change is inevitable, though undoubtedly slow. But change there will be. AID's task is to influence it in the right direction and accelerate its progress. Despite the inevitable ups and downs in this area, and the "unlearning" that has to be done, progress cannot be stopped. The frustrations will be many, but the outlook is at least hopeful.

Least Effective

Problem number one in this war on attitudes is to effect a change in the mores of the illiterate masses which constitute in so many countries the overwhelming majority of the population. Agriculture, labor, and public health—and to a certain degree industry—are the fields which bring the US AID into contact with large segments of the people. But it is agriculture which is the most important, for as populations increase—and this seems to be one of the major problems in so many developing countries—it becomes more and more necessary for them to increase their food production through vertical and horizontal expansion.

As I pointed out above, it is possible to communicate with either of the first two groups because they are literate. The difficulty in dealing with this third group is how to reach them when the printed word has no meaning. But to lump illiterates into one group would be a mistake. The illiterates in the urban areas appear to develop a native shrewdness and an ability to adapt themselves to change much more readily than their rural counterparts who live in an isolated and more self-contained environment. But even among these rural illiterates, many (too many) have demonstrated their desire for change by deserting their traditional rural family living pattern and going to the city in the belief that it is in the urban areas where their opportunities lie. The urban illiterate is subject to visual and oral influences. He sees change taking place around him as cities expand, traffic increases, modern buildings are constructed, etc. Unbeknownst to him, he begins to accept change as something normal. Even those who may be affected adversely make the best of it, realizing there is nothing they can do to prevent it anyway. Paradoxically, there are those who see television before having seen a movie, while they keep up to date on local and even world events through the "coffee-house" radio.

On the other hand, the pattern in the village remains very much the same; although even there the automobile, the tractor and the radio are no strangers, while the new highways tend to reduce their isolation. But the way in which the village people work, live and think is still relatively the same as it has been for centuries. They are not exposed to change to the same degree as is the illiterate urban worker. Moreover, unlike their urban brothers they are in a better position to prevent any change which affects them collectively or individually by simply withholding their cooperation when new ideas and techniques are suggested. The overwhelming problem in the third group therefore is that of influencing the attitude of the rural illiterate towards change.

The AID agriculture programs have

not been without success, but they appear to have been most effective in the field of agricultural education, i.e., agriculture universities, government experimental farms, agriculture extension organizations. In turn, it has been the inability of these organizations, despite AID assistance, to influence the agricultural worker to adopt more modern techniques that has made these programs less successful then they should have been. Ironically, this is where the need is greatest and the most people involved. Why is it then that our impact has been more effective in the first instance rather than in the second? The answer, I think, is obvious. Despite reluctance to accept change, progress has been made because the people we have been dealing with are literate.

What then are the obstacles which make our task so difficult in influencing the attitude of the illiterate rural community?

AID specialist inspects maize varieties harvested on test plots at a farm in Rawalpindi.

Understanding the Illiterate Mind

Most Americans, anyway those who are of middle age, have at least an understanding of the mental attitude of those who are unemployed. So many of us have experienced this condition. Few of us, however, have any concept of the mental process which governs the thinking of the illiterate, for few of us have ever been illiterate. Difficult as it is to reason objectively with literate people who are down on their luck or suffering unusual economic difficulties, simple logic at least can be persuasive. In the case of the illiterate, however, constructive suggestions—even those in their own interest—may be rejected because simple logic does not occupy the same position in their thinking that it does in the minds of the educated.

The Western approach to this penetration of ignorance is through demonstration, coupled with incentive. I am willing to grant that there are people in the rural communities who are intelligent and shrewd and to whom incentives and demonstrations have their attraction, but they are in the minority. All too frequently superstition, tribal customs, or religious beliefs caution them against applying this initiative. The retaliation of a primitive community against those who deviate can be drastic—especially should a catastrophe, related or otherwise, overtake the area. Apart from those who might be persuaded to buck the traditional patterns, I strongly suspect that to those living in a survival economy—and this applies to so many of the developing countries—the only incentive is that of survival itself, i.e., how to live from one day to the next. People on a starvation diet are not easily inspired to initiative, determination and hard work. As far as they are concerned, demonstrations and incentives are for others. Their perspective is limited primarily to the immediate.

Crash Programs

There is no denying that a large or even small concentrated program—say limited to a given area—can produce fairly rapid results, but its permanency is the doubtful element. Alas, it is all too true that in so many instances the departure of a US technician, the transfer of an aggressive, energetic government official means the deterioration of the program and in a comparatively short period the situation is back to where it started. A good example of the concentrated approach was the Brain experience in an area southwest of Delhi, India, 30 to 35 years ago. Commissioner Brain was an energetic, imaginative, aggressive Englishman who knew every square inch of his territory. He used the carrot-and-stick approach with outstanding effectiveness. The fairs he organized in which the people participated with great gusto became famous throughout the subcontinent. So successful were his activities that the area became a showplace for visiting firemen.

As is customary in the ways of government, in due course Mr. Brain was transferred to Lahore where he spent most of his time behind a desk. What happened to his territory? Although Mr. Brain was highly respected by his constituents, it was with a sigh of relief that they bade him goodbye, for they had found it difficult to maintain the pace he had set. The area started to go downhill so that Dr. Karl Taylor of Harvard, who conducted a study of the community in the early 50s, reported that only noticeable traces of Brain's outstanding contributions were a couple of roof vents which he had introduced into the villages.

Pakistani farmer sows seed by the broadcast method.

Accepting Change

"Communication of facts is generally ineffective against predispositions. Even small social changes, if undesired, cannot be effected without heavy social and personal cost. Opinions, attitudes and beliefs usually change only when people are forced into new group loyalties that overpower their old ones. Even so, group culture sticks: 'Whatever was learned early in life tends to resist change, and whatever was learned late in life changes most readily.'"[1]

In Western society it has become customary to associate change with progress. This is understandable because most progress has been made through change. But men as a whole have resisted change, particularly

[1] *"Human Behavior: An Inventory of Scientific Findings" (Harcourt, Brace & World), as reviewed by* TIME, *February 14, 1964.*

when they did not understand it and when it interfered with their work, spiritual concepts, prejudices, or their comfort. Let me cite an example from the US.

In the year 1932, the state of Michigan, and particularly the city of Detroit, was suffering the effects of one of the worst depressions ever to hit the US. Although it was bad, it was to get worse before getting better. More than half the residents of the state were either unemployed or working part time. It was in the summer of that year that I inadvertently came to know a small group of dedicated liberals—mostly schoolteachers—who were attempting to obtain 90,000 signatures from registered voters to make it mandatory for the Legislature to consider a proposed unemployment compensation bill. Fortuitously, Michigan's constitution contains an "initiative" clause. Although every effort was made, it was impossible to obtain the required number of signatures. Even the unemployed could not be persuaded to sign. This was the year, mind you, when prominent leaders of the AF of L at the annual convention opposed the principle of unemployment compensation. Unemployment compensation was nothing original, for it had been introduced in Europe as far back as 1912. Americans, anyway Michigan citizens, were as hesitant to adopt something they did not understand and which was imported from outside as uninformed people of developing countries are to embrace all the proposals the AID technicians introduce into their country.

Much time has passed since those days; and unemployment insurance is now an accepted element in our economy, as are the many other fringe benefits which now augment it. Today, thirty-two years later, I doubt if it would be possible to collect 9,000 signatures in Michigan for the purpose of repealing the state's unemployment compensation law.

Evolutionary change has not come easily anywhere. It has been left to the crusader—the militant—to press his cause and it has been hard sledding for all of them. War has brought change more quickly than normal evolution; so, too, have revolutions and depressions. Occasionally a progressive social movement has swept a country and accelerated the otherwise normal evolution of a society. The New Deal and the CIO are two excellent examples in this century, both led by a dedicated minority but supported by the masses because of their urgent need. But such movements only appear once in a hundred years—well, anyway, fifty.

But, as I said before, mankind as a whole has not embraced change with any great show of enthusiasm. He tends to be fearful—not so much of what change may do to the country, but fearful of how it will affect him personally. The industrial worker who is displaced by a machine has a different attitude towards change than does the nation as a whole. So, too, does the illiterate peasant who associates it with exploitation, increased taxation, and limitations on his freedom. Here is an example which presents the point of view of those affected by progressive change.

A few years ago the Government of the United Arab Republic constructed a steel plant in the city of Helwan, about twenty miles south of Cairo. In the process of developing this plant it was necessary to build a modern bridge across the Nile. In order to provide for railway and vehicular traffic, long approaches had to be built to the bridge. No educated person would argue for one minute that the building of this bridge was not a progressive move. But let us try and place ourselves in the position of the fellah (Egyptian farmer) as he trudges across this lengthy bridge with a load on his back. Does it represent progress to him? I rather doubt it. Before the bridge was built, for a piastre or less, a ferry took him across the river. It was much quicker and certainly saved him the long walk which he now had to make. Twentieth century progress is not welcomed by everyone.

An Illustration from Pakistan

As I pointed out earlier, AID has not been unsuccessful in working with agriculture universities, government-owned farms, and agriculture extension services. AID certainly has made its contribution to the increased knowledge of world agriculture. Today we know the kind of crops to grow and where to get the best results, what crosses are needed to improve livestock, under what conditions fertilizers should be applied. The problem, however, is how much of this newly acquired scientific and practical knowledge has trickled down to those who actually produce the food. This is the problem for which a satisfactory answer has yet to be developed.

In 1954, US AID/Pakistan, in conjunction with the Agriculture Department of West Pakistan, introduced a hybrid corn project on a government farm at Peshawar. It took six to eight years to develop and was successful in that a satisfactory seed was produced. Much conscientious work went into it; considerable expense was involved; the frustrations were many, but, all told, we were proud of our efforts. Pakistan now has enough trained agriculturists in this field, while it has been demonstrated that hybrid corn can be grown around Peshawar and in another area in the Punjab to which the project was later expanded. What AID never did prove, however, was that the local farmers would grow it. In our well-intentioned effort, we had overlooked the most important element in the project—the farmer himself. Our success might be compared to a scientist who discovers a cure for a disease but can't get anybody to take the treatment because the cure is more disagreeable than the disease.

In visiting the project one day I noticed hybrid corn with excellent ears next to a field of indigenous corn where the ears were practically one-third the size. The obvious question I asked myself was, why in the name of all that was reasonable didn't the local farmer grow hybrid? The replies ran as follows:

1. He had never seen hybrid corn before and wasn't sure that he was ever going to see it again, whereas he and his forefathers had been growing the indigenous type corn for the past 200 years.
2. The farmer had to buy hybrid seed whereas with the indigenous corn he merely retained enough seed from his annual harvest.
3. In order to get results he had to plant in rows. He didn't do this with indigenous seed.
4. To get results he had to cultivate and irrigate regularly. This he did haphazardly, if at all, with the local variety.
5. The harvesting of the hybrid corn overlapped by as much as six weeks the customary time for planting his winter wheat.
6. He had to work harder.

Our US AID technicians had answers to all these questions, at least theoretical ones. For instance, they reasoned that winter wheat could be planted after the harvesting of the hybrid corn without any noticeable effect on its productivity. Convincing the illiterate Pathan farmer of the legitimacy of this argument was another story. Then again it was assumed that having once seen hybrid corn he would rush to buy the necessary seed. In the US and in other developed countries this would undoubtedly have happened; but to the superstitious, illiterate mind, it was unconvincing.

In all fairness, it should be pointed out that AID technicians did persuade a large landowner to grow 250 acres of hybrid seed corn. He did this with great success. His problem, however,

was getting the Pakistan Government to buy the seed. The farmer, meanwhile, waiting for his money, threatened to sell the seed for feed. It was necessary for the US AID to go to the highest authorities of the West Pakistan Government in order for appropriate action to be taken. Needless to say, this particular farmer could not be persuaded to grow hybrid seed corn the following year. There are those who maintain that it was the lack of response by the Pakistan Government which prevented the program making headway. Although I agree that this had some bearing, I still maintain that had we convinced the local farmers of the advantages of hybrid, the government would not have dared to delay purchasing the seed.

Dignity of Labor

One of the things that impresses AIDers when they arrive in a developing country is the able people they meet at top levels. This is the elite class I mentioned before. Educated, cultured and knowledgeable, they are impressive, and the neophyte AIDer can only wonder why the country has made such little progress. As time passes the reason becomes more obvious to him. Although the knowledge may be there, what is missing is administrative and practical skills. Before long he will be complaining that his counterpart, though technically qualified, has an over-developed sense of his own superiority, is unable to delegate authority, and has a benevolent contempt for those who make their living by physical labor.

Every US AID technician, agriculturist or otherwise, is familiar with the host government's technician who has never dirtied his hands or shoes and is satisfied to direct his program from behind a desk, surrounded by papers awaiting his signature. Manual work is for the uneducated—not for him. Unhappily, this attitude is shared in some degree by the illiterate farmer who believes that if Johnnie has an education then he should be given a white-collar government job.

The Achilles heel of the developing countries is their failure to recognize the relationship between a productive economy and a well-trained and disciplined labor force. The first is not possible without the second. Particularly is this true in the industrial sector which most of the developing countries are striving to modernize and expand. There are indications, however, that the blue-collar worker is beginning to come into his own, for the installation and maintenance requirements of modern industrial machinery, television, air conditioning, refrigeration, etc., demand a literate and highly trained mechanic. The same applies to manufacturing enterprises where tool and die makers, machinists, pattern-makers and electricians are the key personnel. The scarcity of these technicians forces the payment of higher wages so that there are appearing more and more instances where the blue-collar worker earns a higher wage than the lower or even the middle-level clerical worker.

I believe one of the most difficult problems facing our efforts in developing countries is to convince those who are fortunate enough to receive an education that there is no loss of dignity in working with one's hands. But such attitudes are not going to be changed overnight. It is up to the educational institutions to direct their teaching away from the Victorian class-restricted educational concepts to the modern pragmatic approach of purposeful education. Not only will time be needed, so will incentive in the form of higher wages and better working conditions. But what is even more important is a change in attitude, or at least an acceptance by the educated that what may have been correct in their time is passé in this modern world. The increased opportunities which have accompanied a rising standard of living have been perhaps the greatest leveler of class and caste—something that Marx failed to take into consideration.

Time Is of the Essence

Although in all AID program planning the question of time is taken into consideration, nevertheless we are always in too much of a hurry. Granted that for domestic and political reasons it is difficult to obtain support of a program which may be twenty years in obtaining results, but in so many instances, time, whether we recognize it or not, is the most important ingredient. The building of a dam, installation of machinery, reclamation of land, etc., can be estimated fairly accurately, but who would want to guess how long it would take to change the attitude of the educated towards manual labor, to convince the illiterate cultivator that he should substitute his age-old practices for more modern techniques, or to train the new industrial worker in factory discipline—without which modern industry cannot hope to be competitive.

Greece represents a good example of the role that time has played in its development. True enough, large sums of money were expended in the early days of the Marshall Plan and in the middle 50's. Unquestionably this played a significant role, but the progress made could not have been accomplished by money alone. It is only now, 17 years later, that we can make a realistic evaluation of the contributions that technical assistance has made to the country's development.[2]

Where Do We Go from Here?

What I have done so far is list what I consider to be the principal obstacles to effecting change among the illiterate population of a developing country. The picture I have painted is not very encouraging. But there is no reason to despair. The situation is far from hopeless. Although all developing countries are different, the pattern of their development is surprisingly similar. My comments on what AID might do, although general in nature, apply to almost any developing country.

Working Through Organizations

Experience would seem to show that the effort to influence the individual farmer is not worth the expense or energy. It is mass results we are looking for. Although farmers as a whole have never organized as effectively as have industrial workers, in most developing countries they do have organizations through which the agricultural worker can be reached. Granted that many of them violate our most cherished ideas of volunteerism, they are nevertheless their own and not without influence with the individual farmer. I refer to Co-ops; farm unions; village councils; Community Development Organizations; agrarian political parties; credit unions; associations such as cotton, raisin, olive, citrus growers, etc. Where these organizations exist, the importance of working through them cannot be overstressed. Strange as it may seem, people prefer organizations of their own creation—poor, inefficient, ineffective and even corrupt as they may be—in contrast to more efficient ones imposed or even proposed by others.

During World War II, I worked for the War Production Board. One of my chief responsibilities was to solicit the cooperation of the organized workers of the United States in many Government actions which appeared to them as attempts to undermine their hard won gains. My influence was

(*Continued on page* 44)

[2] *I was informed by the AID in Greece that this year (1964) the country will produce a surplus of wheat. This is almost unbelievable to those AIDers who worked in the country during the early years of our aid program.*

THE INITIATIVES

by R. SMITH SIMPSON

WE were seated on the porch of an old house, built before the Revolution. Its hill sloped down to the Potomac, shallowed and lazied by a long drought. A canoe floated by, idling in the autumn haze. On the far side of the river, upon a lower knoll, was another old brick mansion which had served as headquarters of a Confederate general during the battle of Sharpsburg. A few minutes before, my host had remarked: "That house was nearer Sharpsburg than ours and had a better view of the countryside between. You can practically see Sharpsburg from there." I thought I had detected an apologetic tone in his voice.

This was too captivating a scene—above all on an afternoon of brilliant autumn foliage—for much serious talk, but the young man beside me, likewise a guest, was serious. He was saying as I admired the colorful scene: "I'd like to know more about diplomacy. It sounds as though it should be an interesting career. But I don't know. I am told it is no career for people of initiative. You just carry out instructions. Is that true?"

As I looked at my interrogator I could not help recalling a letter of a few years ago recommending a candidate for the Foreign Service. In describing the candidate the letter writer had said: "With regard to taking orders and loyalty, Mr. W. is the type of person who will never get out of line by expressing his own dissenting opinion in any matter. Anything which pertains to the plan under which he is working or to the organization he is representing is law to Mr. W.: something not to be discussed, analyzed or even argued. In other words, he is the perfect type for the Department of State." Often have I wondered if the author of the letter ever learned the Department had turned down Mr. W.

"Is that true?" I repeated. Hardly. There is plenty of room for individual responsibility for anyone with the courage to assume it. Even if times were normal, swiftness of communication could not deprive a good diplomatic officer of initiative. All this factor would do would be to confirm the apathetic in their apathy and place the resourceful more on their toes. But times aren't normal. You may be a consul like Michael P. E. Hoyt in Leopoldville at the time when a nation's newly-achieved independence becomes a signal for riot, rampage and rape. Your life may be in danger. You may be sent inland to rescue threatened Americans. You may be despatched to another town to see about opening up a new consular post—the better to know what's going on, protect American citizens and advise the local leaders how far they had better not go with their orgies. In other words, you are despatched to initiate means of assuring greater initiative.

Or you may be a vice consul in Hué. You are a good deal on your own in such a place, obliged to make a lot of decisions on the spur of the moment.

In embassies, too, the times demand men of superior initiative—the ability and courage to take a fresh look at everything that goes on, to question, to analyze, to report accurately no matter whom you may be contradicting, to act decisively in a hundred daily matters Washington doesn't even know about. The experience of Ellis Briggs and his associates in Embassy Prague 1949 to 1952 shows what initiative can effect against a hostile régime. It means an on-the-spot ability to trade trick for trick, strategem for strategem, each necessitating immediate decisions on your own responsibility.

In fact, no more today than ever can a government operate successfully in foreign affairs unless it can command and encourage initiative. From every failure of officers to show initiative follow apathy, ignorance and error which reduce operations to a travesty of diplomacy.

Instructions? Even specific instructions require the individual officer to fill out the steel engraving with flesh-and-blood tints of personal performance. Thought must be given to the tints required and how and when they are to be applied. A steel engraving performance will not impress another government. Nor will it gain any important objectives of one's own. An individual officer's best analysis and judgment is required to transform instructions into a successful performance.

OF DIPLOMACY

Often an officer must decide for himself, in the light of local circumstances, how quickly to move on an instruction. Timing can be vital. To know *when* to do something is as important to success as to know *what* to do and *how* to do and each officer is being paid for his discretion in these things. Timing, means, manner—all these must often be left to officers' discretion.

Furthermore, if you are the diplomatic officer you ought to be, you will contest your instructions when you consider them wrong or cast in unrealistic terms. This takes guts—a quality closely related to initiative. Willard Beaulac relates an interesting example of this. In 1931 our minister to Managua received instructions from the Department to call on the President of Nicaragua and ask him to pay promptly a bill his Government owed a large American company. The minister promptly reminded the Secretary of State the legation was not in the business of collecting debts of private companies and he did not plan to approach the Nicaraguan Government on the matter. He heard no further. (*Career Diplomat,* p. 25).

Anyone in a diplomatic service these days has a better than even chance of serving in underdeveloped countries. Washington's thinking about those countries is done in good part by developed minds operating in the context of a developed society thousands of miles and thousands of words of confused newspaper reporting away. Centuries of differences in experience, understanding, psychology will present the humblest officer out in the rain-soaked outposts with problems more mystifying and more involved than Lord Lyons faced in the *Trent* affair.

Do you know the *Trent* affair? It happened a century ago, but it still provides a classic example of how a diplomatic officer can best serve his government by having the guts to use his own head and move with a circumspection not necessarily existent in his own capital because, thousands of miles away, it is not as familiar as he with the local situation.

It occurred in 1861, during our Civil War. President Davis, seeking a more favorable turn in the Confederacy's foreign relations, decided to replace its agents abroad with two very gifted "special commissioners," James Mason of Virginia and John Slidell of Louisiana. The commissioners, eluding the Federal blockade of Charleston, reached Cuba and sailed for London on a British mail-packet called the *Trent.* They were intercepted by a United States sloop of war commanded by Captain Wilkes. This was done without instructions and when Wilkes removed Mason and Slidell and

sailed them to an American port he acted contrary to international law. If a government agent wants to act on his own initiative he had better know his international law and diplomacy. That's the first thing to learn from this incident.

Our nation burst into wild acclaim. Among congratulations deluging Wilkes were those of the Secretary of the Navy and the House of Representatives, who did not seem to know international law either. The exultation in America was matched by vehement protest in Britain and the emotional storm brought the two nations to what appeared the brink of war. The British Government ordered its fleet to a state of readiness, began preparations to send troops to Canada, and initiated munitions and supply measures to suit. There was only a faint hope left that a break in relations, to be followed by war, could be avoided.

The British Government was represented in Washington by Lord Lyons, an experienced, understanding, skillful professional. It instructed him to demand the restoration of the prisoners and an apology, within seven days. Instead of presenting the note, Lyons on his own initiative unofficially acquainted Secretary of State Seward of its arrival and import. This was to ease the blow, permit some quiet rumination by Seward and his Government and encourage whatever processes of reason that still functioned in the midst of the national clamor.

When Lyons called on Seward two days later, formally, to present the note, he was met with a plea for another two days delay. Again, on his own, knowing the Lincoln Administration to be in a seriously weak condition at home for alleged failure to "press the war," Lyons acquiesced. He felt assured by this time Seward was on the side of reason and needed time to elicit support in the Cabinet for the commissioners' release. This seems clear to us today, after the event, but it was something of a gamble at the time. Seward had taken office with what had seemed considerable animosity toward Britain and some members of his Government, prominent public figures and newspapers at home would have hotly denounced Lyons' decision had they known of it.

The two countries seemed so close to war that President Lincoln lost no time in meeting with his Cabinet. The first Cabinet session was held, in fact, on Christmas morning. The chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Charles Sumner, attended, bringing letters he had received from leading British citizens urging the United States to disavow the unauthorized action of Wilkes and to release the captives. A good example, incidentally, of how private citizens can exercise a beneficent influence. Fortunately, also, Sumner himself favored this course. But others shared the national intoxication and saw in the affair great domestic political advantages. At least one—the Secretary of the Navy—was on public record, as was the House of Representatives, as endorsing Wilkes' action. From this position it would be politically embarrassing to retreat. Moreover, the President himself seems to have been of the opinion the prisoners should be held.

An entire morning's discussion brought no conclusion. The Cabinet adjourned to the following day. The long debate on December 26 enabled Seward to win his case. It was Lyons' decision not to act promptly in the formal, literal sense of his instructions that permitted two nations to steer away from war. He obtained one of his Government's demands—the one Lyons told London was the only essential demand—release of the captives. His Government had the good judgment to take his advice to dispense with the apology.

One may never be an ambassador but in the humblest diplomatic role he finds plenty of decisions to make and advice to give his government placing him in the very same delicacy of position of Lord Lyons. And this can well occur, as I was saying, to those serving in underdeveloped areas. Those in the State Department concocting instructions and inquiries, or visiting your area for a personal look-see, may or may not have served in underdeveloped areas. You are likely to be placed in the position of making sense of questions, viewpoints, instructions which don't make sense. You must suggest modifications, or adapt instructions as you carry them out. Sometimes this takes quite a bit of initiative and responsibility as you keep in mind the essence of your government's objectives. On occasion, of course, you may feel compelled to question those objectives.

In any case, wherever you serve abroad, in underdeveloped or developed societies, Washington is thousands of miles away. Distance doesn't give as much latitude to discretion as in Lyons' day, communication being very much faster, but it still gives a lot. Fast communication can in fact add to your troubles and therefore exact greater initiative. The chatter of the telegraph and teletype is not always a clarifying sound and the ability of your government to reach you on the telephone requires you to be all the more alert and ready to advise. It is your local situation abroad and your local personalities which provide the missing or doubtful parts of every jigsaw puzzle Washington is daily trying to put together. It is your initiative and resourcefulness in keeping Washington sensitive to them that makes the difference between skillful and awkward diplomacy. Sometimes you find yourself wondering if an error in Washington may not reflect an inadequacy on your part—a lack of the very initiative and resourcefulness we are talking about—in getting across thousands of miles some important part of a puzzle in proper time and proper clarity.

No, it isn't easy to tell a group of people in your distant capital, which can be certain it knows all there is to know, that perhaps it doesn't. This takes a little skill. Particularly, when you have reason to believe Washington's misapprehension is highly placed. Careers can be fouled up by this kind of thing. But this is a part of diplomacy's challenge.

Your initiative is sorely tested when an official position of Washington throws you into a state of isolation. If Washington has reached the decision to string along with a dictator, or a ruling clique, or a *coup d'etat*, this can make your local situation difficult with respect to elements of the population not in the ruling group but which you consider vital to the achievement of your government's long-run objectives. You must figure out ways of bridging that local gap between your government's immediate decisions and its long-run objectives. That's your job. Nobody can do it for you. No one in your distant capital can do it or instruct you on how to do it. But you obviously must work at it with great ingenuity. You cannot undercut your Government's immediate decision. You cannot cast doubt on its authenticity. Right or wrong, the decision has been made to seek immediate, short-run results and those cannot be jeopardized. You ask how to do this? That's what we call initiative.

This constitutes the great gray area of difficulty to any diplomatic officer—the area in which he can get his fingers burned. The timid back off from it. They simply string along with the short-run results. It is an area in which real diplomacy is required, as much with one's associates as with foreigners—an area, in fact, we need to analyze carefully and cultivate intensively in the orientation and training of our diplomatic officers. Obviously a tricky area, it demands not only instincts and judgments of the finest sort but all the learning and wisdom which diplomatic experience can provide.

It is an area requiring a good deal of sympathy and indulgence on the part of the Washington hierarchy, so that initiative, if based on good judgment, receives its proper award even if it goes awry. Here is an opportunity for an officer's initiative to be exercised when stationed in Washington—to

(*Continued on page* 49)

Recruiting for the Foreign Service is usually viewed as an internal problem. In this article we have an outside view. The author, Dwight C. Smith, Jr., an assistant director of Indiana University's Institute of Public Administration, is in a strategic position to observe the present moods of university students and their ideas on what constitutes a promising career.

COMPETING FOR QUALITY

by DWIGHT C. SMITH, JR.

MOST casual observers would conclude that a continuing 8-1 ratio of applicants to appointees in the Foreign Service is reassuring proof of strict selection standards and high quality intake. But impressive statistics can be misleading, particularly when competition in the written examination is judged solely on the quality of each year's applicants in relation to that year's anticipated vacancies. It may be argued that quality is maintained through the rigors of the oral examination; but even if subjective judgments are discounted, the college placement officer is left with the nagging feeling that justification of the present system begs some serious questions. Has the quality of the college graduate been rising; has quality in Foreign Service intake kept pace? Where do the "quality" graduates go, and to what enticements have they responded? The informed placement officer must conclude that if the Foreign Service is to meet its objective of recruiting quality personnel, it must adopt a more aggressive recruitment program, one that emphasizes personal contact with the potential officer.

The problem is a simple one. Unlike every other major organization in government, business *and* education, the Foreign Service is not really competing for quality talent. Rather, it is waiting for applicants to come to it—assuming that foreign service has a sufficiently attractive and prestigious reputation to draw a "broad representation of America's best talents." From this assumption some genteel promoting techniques have evolved that should strengthen the appeal of the Foreign Service to intellectuals and sophisticates on campus without disturbing its image as a solid, respectable cornerstone of America.

As any college placement officer can attest, however, this assumption is inadequate. The quality students are not applying to the Foreign Service. What are they doing instead? They are entering graduate school. Consider, for example, the 55 students who graduated with honors this past June from Indiana University's College of Arts and Sciences. Three of them—young ladies—are marrying and thus (as far as foreign service is concerned) leaving the job market. *The remaining 52 intend to enter graduate school this fall*—except for 5 who are taking time out first for a two-year tour of duty with the Peace Corps.

To be sure, four of the 52 took the Foreign Service written examination in March, and three of them passed it. But what will happen to them (and their compatriots) in graduate school? Will the three students who made it over the first hurdle stick with the race; will any of the remaining 49 be persuaded to enter the race?

The role of graduate school has changed substantially since World War II. Most educated citizens—and this includes members of the Foreign Service as well as the University faculty—are aware of the increasing proportion of students who elect to enter graduate school. Their reasons for doing so may vary, but a significant factor is the general escalation of education requirements that most employers have adopted in competition for quality talent. This is a major departure from the situation that existed prior to World War II, when virtually every graduate student (at least in the arts and humanities) was continuing his education because he expected to teach.

Despite the shift in the intentions of the average graduate student, efforts at career counseling and placement for the graduate student have been slow to develop. Although the faculty may not engage consciously in proselyting at the graduate school level, the major focus of advice to students is—naturally—the world of academia; and it is apparent that University placement is usually focused primarily on the undergraduate or upon the graduate student who intends to teach. Consequently, the graduate student who does not want to teach is likely to find himself in a vacuum in which he must shift for himself.

Obviously, it is a theoretical vacuum that obeys the usual laws of physics and is quickly filled. Few graduate students really want to starve; in self defense, they begin asking friends about their intentions. The consequence is easy to predict. The student who knows he wants to teach is reasonably self-confident and articulate, especially in the company of those whose futures are not as well defined; as a result, the uncommitted student quickly becomes "entrapped" by the mores of the peer group and decides he will also teach—whether he really wants to or not.

The situation thus created lends itself admirably to enterprising recruiters, a swashbuckling group that grows in size each year. The Foreign Service, however, continues to follow a polite and dignified recruiting campaign, quite lacking in vigor. The student who weathers the written exam and appears for the oral will receive a friendly notice either advising him that he has passed and has 30 months from the date of the written examination to pick up his option (*if* he can be reached by then on the rank register); or advising him that he failed the oral but certainly will not be penalized if he would like to start the process over again. Contrast this rather antiseptic approach with that of the Office of the Secretary of Defense (for example), which sends its training officer to campus to find quality students and to encourage them to compete for appointments under the management intern examination—and then encourages its appointees, if they are so inclined, to take educational leave for the purpose of completing graduate study. It is almost redundant to ask which candidates are most likely to respond affirmatively in the first place—*and to continue to feel committed*—on the basis of the recruiting approach.

The realities of the foreign service market place can be illustrated by further reference to the recruiting tactics of USIA and the Peace Corps. Their detailed tactics need not be explored here; what is significant is that each agency says, in effect, that recruiting quality personnel is sufficiently important that any official—regardless of rank—may be pressed into service for college visitation. In sharp contrast, most colleges are used to letters from the Board of Foreign Service Examiners that begin by saying "Unfortunately, budget restrictions on travel make it impossible . . ." The contrast implies that the Peace Corps and USIA are more affluent than the Department of State, but that is not the real issue.

(*Continued on page* 54)

NO SWEAT ON

by RALPH R. WHITE

A USIS movie cameraman corrects the pose of one of the "light-complexioned, barefoot girls in the brightly trimmed, hand-woven dresses and white turbans . . ."

MEKONG

IN Thailand a captain is a "Pookong." In a patch of weeds near an unpainted house built on stilts, Pookong Chin's weary-faced little wife stood with her palms pressed together in farewell as her husband swung up beside me in the jeep. "No sweat!" he exclaimed. It was the only English expression he felt sure about.

I wondered if being married to an Oriental composite of a Canadian Mountie and a Texas Ranger made up for having to live on the lonely fringe of a tiger-trailed jungle. But if you had asked the Pookong how he liked commanding the Thai Border Police Camp at Mae Chang, he would have confided, "No sweat!" There were three things the Pookong was proud of: his job, his graduation from the Border Police Academy and his portable record player with its half dozen American jazz records.

Trailing in our dust were two truck loads of cameras, sound equipment, gifts for volunteer actors, food, weapons, ammunition, USIS movie technicians and some Thai Border Police who had just returned from a hazardous skirmish. We were off to the Mekong to shoot a movie.

Mekong, the national drink of Thailand, is also the name of the whiskey-colored river that marks most of the boundary between Thailand and Laos. In its upper reaches, eddying currents, white rapids and dense fogs make travel hazardous, but the river is the only thoroughfare. There is no road.

We left our cars at the ancient Siamese capital of Chieng San—now only mounds of crumbled brick and a dozen dingy shops above a steep river bank.

A Mekong river boat has a hull like a split cigar. A propeller shaft twice as long as a pool cue trails over one side so it can be tilted to miss floating clumps of water hyacinth. Some are dugout canoes six or eight feet across, but the newest ones are made of sawed planking. To save gas going down stream, they travel in pairs, lashed together on cross logs.

Our pair of 35-footers had superstructures of iron pipe where cloth could be hung to shield out the sun. Boarding from a narrow plank, we shuffled along a slippery bumper of bamboo wired to the gunwales and, before stepping inside, we took off our shoes as good manners required.

At the far end of the bow, the pilot sat in a glass-faced cubicle as if he were steering a Volkswagen bus. In white water, an alert helper stood behind him with a long, stout pole. Next came a passenger section spread with mats, then our movie and military equipment, a charcoal pot for rice, our gasoline drum and the grease-caked motor. And finally, for any foolhardy voyager whose modesty might be overwhelmed by a sense of urgency, there was an outboard outhouse on a high bamboo scaffolding protruding beyond the stern. A trailing crow's nest with no floor and only a suggestion of a canvas wall, it provided a spectacular view in and from all directions.

Since everybody likes making movies and USIS was picking up the tab, the Pookong had supplemented our five man security guard with an equal complement of officers. And to add a festive note, he had brought his record player.

My teen-age son, who was the only other Westerner, stretched out on a mat and listened to communist newscasts and Christmas carols from Radio Hanoi while the rest of us offered monetary tribute to the Pookong's skill at rummy.

"Let's hope our guns and ammunition and grenades don't give the Lao guerrillas silly notions!" A Thai cameraman had to act as interpreter when I started conversations as complicated as this.

Thoughtfully, the Pookong polished his Police Academy ring on his sleeve. "No sweat! I tipped off commie intelligence it was just USIS shooting a movie—nothing to get trigger happy about."

"Then why the arsenal?"

"That's just in case they didn't get word." The Pookong might plunge into trouble but he wouldn't blunder into it.

The latent communist unrest was the reason for our expedition. Many Thai villagers in the border areas knew and cared little about their government and among the nomadic tribes there was even less mutual understanding and national

"Back at his house on the edge of the jungle, when the Pookong bid us goodbye. . . ."

loyalty. USIS was producing documentary films on these tribes. On this trip we planned to photograph a Thai Lu village. Most of the Thai tribes live in the mountains and are more or less involved in illegal opium traffic, but the Thai Lu are lowland farmers. We were headed down stream to the Thai Lu village of Jumpong, a few kilometers inland from a Thai tobacco farm.

When we beached on the mud flat below the tobacco drying shed, the swarm of children that met us suggested that the farmer-in-the-dell might have taken more than one wife. A plump little man who had once attended agricultural "college," he now rarely left his land. His house looked a bit like Tobacco Road—except that it was on stilts, it had a kitchen and an outhouse on its back porch and there was no road.

Our host was upset because no passing boat had delivered a two-weeks-old telegram that told of our impending visit. We hunkered on his shaky front porch and struck up an acquaintance with a parrot and a baby monkey while he pouted and scolded at a covey of women that appeared to belong to his household. Eventually he rejoined us and while we all sucked on long reeds stuck in a spittoon-shaped pot of rice wine, a posse of women and children pursued an elusive pig that was reluctant to attend a dinner planned in our honor.

Oil lamps bunched the haze of insects. There is no trichi-

nosis in Thailand and our rare roast pork was therefore non-poisonous. The sky exploded with stars. Additional spittoon-shaped pots catalyzed camaraderie. The Pookong eloquently proclaimed we were all brothers. Our host agreed and enthusiastically added that he was the father of the two Americans. And when I suggested that my age entitled me to claim the honor of being everybody's father, demonstrations of affection climaxed in a flood of Thai tears. It was amazing that none of our family fell through the holes in the porch.

When the party broke up, my son and I were invited to take over a bedroom that was partly partitioned off from the rest of the house. Wood slab walls were papered with peeling yellow newspapers and the room was equipped with two straw-mattressed beds and a pair of wilting Mekong mermaids who expressed enthusiastic interest in becoming participating members of the new family—if we would let them keep us company. The Border Police Officers slept on mats in the outside room and the camera crew and soldiers stretched out their bedrolls in the tobacco drying shed.

It was a year or more since anyone had tried to start the 1927 Ford that was to haul our equipment over the trail to Jumpong, but the Pookong accomplished this miracle and we unloaded in the court of a Buddhist temple that had been built by the Burmese during World War II when General Wainwright had opened up the area. The once brightly painted brick and clay walls were now weathered and scaled.

I watched a Thai-Lu woman getting drinking water nearby. Several yards from a stream, she dug a shallow well and scooped out the clouded water until it filled up clear. Wild elephants are said to be comparably fastidious, digging private wells and squirting out the clouded water with their trunks.

The village had a couple of dozen thatched bamboo buildings. Characteristically, the school was the newest and best. Almost none of the naked children had skin sores, shriveled legs or bloated stomachs. Attractive, light-complexioned, barefoot girls in brightly trimmed, hand-woven dresses and white turbans made from Turkish towels glided gracefully about.

The village head man, who claimed to be ninety-three, gave us a chilly reception, but when we explained that our movie would be shown to the King, he agreed to cooperate. Presents of denim shirts, lipsticks, mirrors and beads were distributed and we set about shooting the everyday life of the village.

When it appeared that our film was rather uneventful, we took a cue from American TV and decided the US Information Agency had better sponsor a wedding. Normally a wedding would be held in the cool of the evening, but to provide maximum light for our cameras, we planned ours for high noon.

The Pookong found a willing couple. Our bride was the village belle—a long-legged, honey-complexioned Nancy Kwan. The bridesmaids appeared dainty and demure in their homespun finery. Our wedding procession was a pageant of simple dignity as it paraded through the village.

The bride and groom knelt together on the bride's porch while their neighbors joined their wrists with cords symbolizing the bonds of their marriage. Then the bride spooned rice into her husband's mouth, and we all ate a spicy dinner.

With this formality concluded, the post-nuptial festivities got under way. While the sun speared down like needles, the bridesmaids served rice brandy and passed a collection plate. Whenever one of them decided a guest was drinking too slowly, she would take his tumbler and touch it to her lips. Any further dillydallying then called for a fine of ten baht (50¢). Upon collecting the fine, the bridesmaid finished the drink, refilled the tumbler and the game began all over again. When the plate had accumulated several donations, its contents were pocketed by one of the bride's male relatives.

But money was not everything. Sometimes the girls disdained payments, pinioned the guest's arms, tilted back his head and poured the drink down his throat. The Thai Lu are said to have learned this ceremony from the Lao—a fact that suggests the State Department might consider tutoring Laotians in Russian and taking them to Soviet diplomatic affairs as secret weapons.

One by one, movie makers and police officers fell in the line of duty, but the Pookong held out without wavering. In a final rally, the bridesmaids closed ranks for hold and pour hospitality.

Though hopelessly outnumbered, the Pookong would not concede defeat. "No sweat!" he shouted and, capturing his most comely adversary, he enveloped her in an embrace. His quarry surrendered herself. And the honor of the Thai Border Police was retained. But at a price! The wedding party ruled that a victory so overwhelming called for an exchange of rings.

The bussed bridesmaid wore a cheap twist of silver wire, but the Pookong sported two handsome gold rings—his Thai Border Police Academy ring and his wedding ring. The great man hesitated, but only for a moment. True to the high traditions of his service, he gave her his wedding ring.

No one seemed to notice when he marched around the corner of the bamboo fence and was troubled by a fit of coughing. Everyone agreed he had proven himself a very remarkable fellow. If his wife back at Mae Chang later voiced a dissent, it should be noted that since she had not been present she was in no position to pass judgment.

It was mid-morning before the fog lifted so we could undertake the trip back up river—and not even the Pookong could conjure a quick magic for conquering the turbulent Mekong. There was no choice but to lay over at the village of Chieng Kong where we disrupted a principal industry by renting the only building equipped with beds.

My cobwebby room with its jail-barred windows, its dirty sheets and its menagerie of lizards had limitations, but its sweat-stained mosquito net offered protection from malaria and it was above the chilling fog. Still too much a member of the wedding, I welcomed a chance to turn in early while my companions crossed the river for a quick shopping trip at the Lao military base of Houi Sai.

Once I was awakened by knocking. "Not tonight!" I protested.

When the knocking persisted, I unlocked my door. An ever-hopeful displaced working girl had brought a message from my son:

"Dear Pop—The Pookong met his buddy, Gen. Ouan of the Lao Army. The General is laying on a party and has ordered the border closed so none of us can leave. Don't worry."

Me worry? Wasn't the Pookong there?

No boats were lost in the early dawn crossing of the rapids and a reception committee of displaced working girls helped the celebrants up the river bank. Our only losses were a couple of wrist watches that had fallen somewhere in the Lao mudflats. But the fog had barely lifted when a second knocking ushered in a Major who announced that the Lao army had found the watches and he was returning them with the complements of General Ouan.

The months that would follow might raise doubts about the future of South East Asia, but my faith in the invincibility of the Lao Army and the Thai Border Police would remain unshaken.

Back at his home on the edge of the jungle when the Pookong bid us goodbye, he asked if everything had been satisfactory.

"No sweat!" I replied.

For the Pookong, the expression had a hundred meanings, but he understood what I meant. The Pookong was a very remarkable fellow. ■

PHOTO CONTEST

Additional photographs which merited honorable mention in the JOURNAL's photo contest are shown on this page.

Proa, Tandjong Priok, Indonesia, by Richard F. Wolford

Ancient horse's head and Bakhtiari woman, Persepolis, Iran, by Xenia Barnes

Pigmy baby in front of his parents' hut, Congo, by Robert H. Behrens

Dinner time on cargo lighters, Yokohama, by Leo Callanan

Orang-utan, Medan, Sumatra, by Donald R. Tremblay

Lake Nyasa, Malawi, by Ralph Hart Fisher

ON THE FRONT LINES OF HISTORY

by ROBERT MCCLINTOCK

DURING the past two years, Senator Henry M. Jackson, Chairman of the US Senate Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations of the Committee on Government Operations, has sent me the accumulated testimony and studies of his Subcommittee on the conduct of foreign affairs by the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, Ambassadors in the field, and by officers of the American Foreign Service. Now, happily, the essence of this testimony and these studies has been presented in a handy little book entitled "The Secretary of State and the Ambassador."*

About half of the present volume is a boiling down of the quintessence of the accumulated experience and wisdom of the Subcommittee, its able staff, and the distinguished witnesses who appeared before that Subcommittee and Staff. The second half of the book presents selected papers on the conduct of foreign policy, including testimony of the present Secretary of State, the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, and three career Ambassadors of widely differing personality and experience: Ellis O. Briggs, Samuel D. Berger, and Edmund D. Gullion. These special papers afford a vivid and lively supplement to the summation of the conduct of American foreign policy which is lucidly put forth in the first half of the book.

In this examination of the problems of conducting American foreign policy in the second half of the twentieth century, there must be kept in mind, as Professor Neustadt observes in his testimony, that American presidents now operate under a new dimension of risk—"irreversibility"—with the added factor that with the advent of the nuclear age there is the double risk of irreversibility becoming irremediable. As for the Secretary of State, the Jackson report notes that he is the only minister of government whose interests, although not his authority, are co-extensive with the President's. The Secretary of State, in fact, is the logical choice for the well-nigh impossible task of co-ordinating every aspect of foreign affairs for the benefit of the President, who makes the final decisions. As for the Ambassador, the Jackson Report states that "what seems to be called for is more respect in Washington for the judgment of Ambassadors and more restraint in second-guessing them." It is added that "some may even doubt that the sun always shines more brightly in Washington than in the field."

The chapter on the Secretary of State is a model staff study. However, even better and more trenchant are the "observations on the national security policy process" offered by Secretary Rusk himself before the Subcommittee. For example, the Secretary states, "In foreign affairs, we are dealing with a world which we can influence, but not control, and it is a world of rapid change." He adds, "The elementary problem of organization, . . . is to find men of the highest competence to deal with problems which tax human capacity to its limits. The real organization . . . is determined by the flow of confidence from top to bottom and the performance which earns that confidence from bottom to top."

In saying that the principal problem he has encountered in the organization of the Department is "layering," the Secretary went on to stress that "the Desk Officer is the key post in the Department in our bilateral relations with other countries"; and that "Then I would emphasize the role of the Assistant Secretaries, the next critical point." Regarding Ambassadors, the Secretary concluded that it is not true that the role of the Ambassador has been diminished by increases in the speed and expansion of communications. On the con-

Decision in the Field

"There is a danger when power is centralized and exercised far from those who feel the effect of that power. Washington decisions, made as they are thousands of miles away from the field by people who have little, if any, knowledge of the circumstances and conditions, tend to become routine and impersonal. Such a system also tends to depreciate the decision process by substituting the judgment of a junior officer in Washington for that of an Ambassador in the field . . .

"Decentralization of decision results in the revitalization of choice—people on the spot evaluate the facts and circumstances and make a choice, and then they must live with the choice they made. Decentralization of decision takes the curse off bigness and permits people on the spot to administer their own affairs in the light of their own problems within a framework of central policy. Decentralization of decision permits people to grow into their responsibilities—the responsibility of exercising choice."—*from Mr. Crockett's testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations*

*THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE AMBASSADOR *(Jackson Subcommittee Papers on the Conduct of American Foreign Policy), edited by Senator Henry M. Jackson. Praeger, $4.50.*

trary, he felt that the speed with which events are moving today make the functions of the Ambassador more vitally important than ever.

In fact, the one conclusion from the Subcommittee's staff study on the role of the Ambassador with which the present reviewer would take exception is the statement that "with respect to negotiation, the role of the modern Ambassador is much reduced; often he is but one part of the negotiating team in a complex diplomatic operation. If an issue is of some importance, it will probably be handled directly between the Department of State and the Foreign Office with the Ambassador playing an intermediary or supporting role."

This, in the testimony of the Secretary of State and of the other Ambassadors whose views were solicited by the Committee, is not borne out by the fact. Recent experience makes it clear that Ambassadors in the field are prime elements in the negotiation of agreements between the United States and other governments. For example, how could an issue of importance "probably be handled directly between the Department of State and the Foreign Office" as the staff study suggests unless through an Ambassador, either one accredited to Washington by a foreign government, or one accredited by Washington to a foreign government?

Relations between Embassy and Washington

"The Subcommittee's document of January 18, 1963, on *Basic Issues* contains an especially provocative discussion of the division of labor between Washington and the field missions (pages 14 to 15). In general, I concur that 'the abilities of most missions are underemployed,' especially with respect to the formulation of broad policy or strategy in the relations between the United States and the country concerned. There is in Washington a widespread tendency to regard the field missions as the eyes and arms of United States policy, but taking no part in the function of the brains. It should be obvious, of course, that policy toward any country cannot be determined exclusively by the field mission there. The relationship between the United States and any other country in today's world is not merely a bilateral matter. It must be placed within a framework of regional and global policy and strategy. At the same time, the field mission has the great advantage over Washington of being in intimate contact with the whole spectrum of relationships—political, economic, psychological, and military, and the Ambassador is better placed than any single Washington officer to weigh together the various elements in a broad country strategy.

"It follows that the field mission should be called upon to think in strategic terms, and to recommend policies actively to Washington, rather than merely serving as observer, reporter, and executant. This is equally true of the component operating units in the aid, information, and military fields. At the same time, in order to maintain a regional and global unity, the field mission should be kept abreast of the evolution of Washington policies, with ample opportunity to comment on them and to participate in their formulation. Much has been done in recent years to improve this relationship."
—from Lincoln Gordon's testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations

---

The chapter on the American Ambassador is particularly felicitous in providing a checklist of ways and means to make Ambassadors more effective in the field. First of all, "in practice an Ambassador needs status as the President's man." Among other requirements, he should be given "a clear signal on national policies from Washington"; "a strong rear echelon at headquarters"; "a loosening of Washington's apron-strings"; "a curbed rein on special Washington emissaries"; "discouragement of backdoor approaches to Washington"; "a clampdown on the open-mouth policy"; and "a non-stop fight against over-reporting."

The Jackson study likewise has refreshing comments on the concept of the "Country Team" and its development over the years. It is noted that the term "Country Team" entered the language via the Clay Paper in 1951, an interdepartmental agreement providing that the Ambassador and the heads of the military and economic aid programs were to "constitute a team under the leadership of the Ambassador."

One particular assessment of the Country Team is worthy of quotation in full:

> "One of an Ambassador's problems is that the country team is an interdepartmental organization which has no corresponding organization to which it can look for guidance, direction, and support. In Washington, the decision-making process is, so to speak, vertical—upward along departmental lines which converge only at the Presidential level. In the field, coordination is horizontal, with differences being resolved and policies harmonized by the Ambassador."

As for the next steps which might be taken in making Ambassadors and their Foreign Service staff more effective in executing the policies of the President and his Secretary of State, one useful suggestion is that the Ambassador should participate in the State Department review of the budget. This would bring the Ambassador into one of the key coordinative processes in the government, the budget process. Furthermore, "it should become standard practice to consult with an Ambassador prior to the assignment of key representatives of other agencies to his embassy." A corollary of this would be to give the Ambassador more freedom to use the good officers in his own mission where they are most needed, rather than where the Department or other agencies arbitrarily decide to assign them. Likewise in the field of personnel "Chiefs of Mission should take the lead in jogging Washington to trim excess field staff and consolidate overlapping jobs. . . . Understaffing can be the best staffing. If officers have more to do than they can possibly do, they are more likely to do what is important."

As for the best utilization of Ambassadors, the study comments that "Experience is a priceless asset, yet it is constantly thrown away by the government's traditional here-today-gone-tomorrow attitude toward Ambassadors." The Subcommittee concludes that "The talents of our active Ambassadors are wasted by unduly abbreviated tours. The average tour of duty of Chiefs of Mission is now about two years and ten months, but the shakedown period eats up about a year." On this same theme, Ambassador Briggs comments that "musical chairs is a game, hard on the national furniture, that Republican executives have played as enthusiastically as the Democratic, with the result that today there is only one American Ambassador in the entire world who has been at his post for as long as five years." Ellis Briggs goes on to point out that "There are fourteen Ambassadors who have been accredited to the American Government for five years or more. . . . The same situation prevails in other capitals, where the priceless ingredient of experience is not thrown away every little while, as it is by the American government."

Nevertheless, the book is replete with testimony to the high standards maintained by the American Foreign Service and by the practice now securely established of selecting Deputy Chiefs of Mission with an idea that they in turn will become professional Ambassadors. On the whole, the Jackson Report shows keen insight, understanding, and sympathy for the problems of the Foreign Service and for the people who man it. It speaks eloquently to Congress in urging more generous support for the Foreign Service. As Senator Jackson concludes in his introduction to the book, "Our Ambassadors are our representatives on the front lines of history." ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

"For centuries Americans have drawn strength and inspiration from the beauty of our country. It would be a neglectful generation, indeed, indifferent alike to the judgment of history and the command of principle, which failed to preserve and extend such a heritage for its descendants. . .

. . the storm of modern change is threatening to blight and diminish in a few decades what has been cherished and protected for generations.

"Our concern is not with nature alone, but with the total relation between man and the world around him. [Our concern] is not just man's welfare but the dignity of man's spirit.

"Our society will never be great until our cities are great . . . We must act to prevent an ugly America."

President Johnson has embarked on a bold and dashing adventure. An outline of his plans for making the country a healthier and more beautiful place to live in is a subject of a long message to Congress. The contents so impressed the Washington POST that it opened its lead editorial with these words. "President Johnson's great congressional message on conservation no doubt will take its place among the state papers that have shaped and fixed national policy over decades and generations." And Mary McGrory, not given to hyperbole, wrote in the Washington STAR, "The President's message to Congress on natural beauty was the most sweeping and dazzling document of its kind in American history."

Not only the message but the impetus behind it deserve all the chorus of praise it has inspired. For, it is obvious that the President's heart was in the message and he intends to put all his vigor into asking Congress to translate all his ideas into legislation.

The message covers much territory: it asks for the beautification of cities, housing programs, the creation of city parks and gardens. More national parks and recreation centers are to be created and these are specifically named. Cleaning up and embellishing highways is another project and an integral part of the plan is "the elimination or screening of unsightly, beauty-destroying junkyards and auto graveyards along our highways." Still other sections deal with the redemption of rivers, including the Potomac, the matter of pollution of land, air and waters.

In this vast enterprise the President is receiving ardent support from Mrs. Johnson and the Secretary of the Interior, Stewart L. Udall, who called a meeting in the White House for laying plans to improve Washington. This could be a valuable scheme because if Washington can conserve the beautiful things it already possesses and improve such things as the Mall, the banks of the Potomac and various small parks, it could serve as a model for the whole nation. Mrs. Johnson in some of her impromptu speeches has indicated that she is full of practical ideas. One of them was: Let there be a wholesale planting of wild flowers along highways.

Americans, we all of us know, have long treated the natural beauties of this country with wanton disregard. The litter along highways, in the front yards of village cottages, on bathing beaches would cause a Swiss or Dutchman to turn pale. Flying papers and other trash in city streets are commonplace. And it is no uncommon sight to see occupants of moving cars tossing newspapers and beer tins into the streets or even—it takes only a little extra effort—onto the front lawns of private houses.

But still one must not exaggerate to the point of pretending that all the vices started only yesterday. Indeed one suspects that early Americans were singularly oblivious of the radiant beauty of America. Early poets, for instance, imitating English poets, used to rave about the blue skies of Italy. No one can blame English poets for seeking blue skies out of England but all the Americans had to do was look at the sky over the chicken coop and they would have seen something as blue as the sky over Parma or Naples. Consciousness of the American landscape came later but consciousness of beauty didn't precisely produce an instinct to preserve it. Vandals were at work in Thoreau's time and Thoreau denounced them. Vandalism expanded with an expanding population and the advent of the motor car.

Some experts on public sentiment have opined that the President showed a shrewd sense of timing in launching his crusade. One can only hope that this is indeed true and that the populace is weary of the desecration of the American landscape. Americans, it is certain, *can* be stirred into mass virtue as well as mass sacrifice. This might well be the moment to stir the whole nation into a mammoth improvement program. If it comes off it might be, a century from now, the thirty-sixth President's chief claim to glory.

Who is the Number One American?

"The finest American of them all."

The words were applied to Edward Hicks, American painter and Quaker preacher by the French Cubist, Fernand Léger. Those who first heard the words must have gone scuttling off to the reference shelf to identify Hicks. But it is no easy task. He is not in the "Britannica"—not a mention. Nor in the "Columbia." He is not in "Le Dictionnaire de l'Art Moderne" because he lived from 1789 to 1849. Only in books on American painting that deal with the primitives can he be found.

Hicks' career as an artist was not a great success. He was, presumably, self-taught and he lacked some of a painter's fundamental skills, e.g. perspective. He took a dim view of himself: "I am nothing but a poor, worthless, insignificant painter." He also took a dim view of painting in general: "One of those trifling, insignificant arts, which has never been of a substantial advantage to mankind."

Why, then, did he paint? To earn a little money, probably, since preaching wasn't enormously profitable. And he may have fancied that he was working religious propaganda into his canvases. His most popular picture—"The Peaceable Kingdom," which he repeated in many forms, shows lions and cows fraternizing like true Christians.

All this is a preface to saying that the National Gallery has just acquired three outstanding Hicks canvases and one of them, "The Cornell Farm," is finer than "The Peaceable Kingdom." We needn't take Léger at face value but we should burn a little frankincense and myrrh in honor of a distinguished American primitive. The glowing innocent world of Edward Hicks is something to savor; this charm has something in common with icons of the Kiev school or Sienese primitives.

And at the risk of introducing a squalid note into the proceedings: Why didn't some of us who couldn't afford Braques or Marquets even twenty years ago—why didn't we lunge into

Ameriean primitives? It's too late now.

Award of the Month

The aehievement award is usually eonferred on doers—resolute men and women who solve eomplieated problems in unusual ways. But now and then the doers must be passed over in favor of a thinker. The evidence of some powerful thinking on the subjeet of the *fille mère* in Maryland comes from this snippet from the Washington Post:

Maryland's State Board of Publie Welfare may inelude unwed mothers among those it refers to appropriate agencies for birth eontrol information.

In proposing the extension of its referrals, Board member Howard H. Murphy said the evidenee "clearly indicates that the medical necessity for fertility control is even greater among unmarried mothers than among the general population."

Grackles Find New Perches

It eannot be said that the Foreign Service Journal laeks influenee among the avian populations. The February issue, you will reeall, annouueed that the grackle—*quiscalus quiscula*—population of the Washington area had reaehed 427,652. The suggestion was made that the birds seatter to warmer and less populated areas and that they stay away from the headquarters of the Atomie Energy Commission. No sooner had the issue eome out than the grackles got the message. They must have begun packing at onee for within a week there were only a few left. Their departure was aeeompanied, of eourse, grackles being graekles, by mueh blustering and brawling and to show their eontempt they spurned the Journal's travel suggestions and turned toward various de-luxe Caribbean resorts. Perhaps just as well because the people who ean afford to go to these places ean stand the disorderly eonduet of the grackles hetter than Washington's hard working population.

The First European Painter in Ameriea?

Who was the first European artist to funetion in the North Ameriean elimate? One good guess is John White, the leader of one of Raleigh's expeditions to North Carolina. White is well known as grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in North America, but very few people have heard that he was a competent artist. A collection of White's water colors and black and white drawings was acquired by the British Museum in 1866 and now for the first time the colleetion has been permitted to go out on loan—to the National Gallery in Washington. In addition to seventy-five original drawings in watereolor by White, there are twenty-eight plates by Theodor de Bry engraved after White's drawings, several early seventeenth eentury eopies of his drawings and two drawings by White's eontemporary, Jaeques Le Moyne de Morgues. In the National Gallery's usual expert presentation, one may see fetching drawings of Indians, Indian rites, fishes, birds and plants. There are also maps, including two exquisite maps of Virginia, one in eolor, the other in black and white. Some of the eaptions are very beguiling, e.g. "The yle of Roanoae is very pleisant" . . . "Their manner of fishynge in Virginia" . . . "When they go in to battel they paynt their bodyes in the most terrible manner they ean deuise." White seems to have been a tireless traveler: There are sketches of "a Tartar or Uzbek man," and several Eskimos that were probably done in Sir Martin Frobisher's Second Expedition to Baffin Island in 1577.

Rural Literati

Fifty years ago many American farm houses eontained a standard library consisting of these items: the Bible, the Johnstown Flood, the Home Doetor, the Old Farmer's Almanae, the Assassination of Our President (MeKinley) and the White Slave Book (the last was a well illustrated opus on girls who were "lost forever"; most ehildren found it very enlightening).

The Bible exeepted, it would be hard to find most of these today. It eomes as something of a surprise, however, to find that the Old Farmers Almanae is still going strong. The 1965 edition looks preeisely as it did fifty years ago and the eover proelaims proudly, "The 173rd year of eontinuous publieation." The Almanae is published hy Yankee, Ine., Dublin, N. H., and is sold by Pocket Books.

For thirty-five eents you ean get everything that made the book popular in the past, for instance, weather forecasts, eelipses, historical dates, hunting laws, popular superstitions and tidbits on diverse eharacters sueh as Baron Munehausen and Wild Bill Hiekok.

The Gift of Tongues

A Washington department store has just set up "La Gift Boutique Shoppe" whieh sells such items as "Imported Freneh Telephones," "authentic beer steins," and "imported earriage horns." Should the word shoppe be equipped with an aeeent *aigu?* That's the way they sprueed it up on a bakery in a suburh of New York. Big gold letters on the glass front proelaimed: "Freneh Cake and Bread Shoppé." A visitor went into the establishment to invest in a eake so that he might ask in a easual tone, "What is that little mark above the *e* in shoppé?" The proprietress answered amiably, "That's what you eall an aeeent in French. Shoppé is the French word for shop. You pronounee it shoppay."

Profitable Profession

Overheard in a hookshop: "And sometimes when I take a thing back to the store I get more on the refund than I paid for it. Like when you got it on sale and now it's gone back to the regular priee. You say you lost your sales slip." ■

Life and Love in the Foreign Service — by Robert W. Rinden

"It might not be that *bad—you know how they write post reports."*

The Diplomat Who Disobeyed His Instructions

by Joe D. Walstrom

The 1846-47 war between the United States and Mexico was settled by the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, signed on February 2, 1848. Under its terms the United States obtained a vast expanse of new territory.[1] The negotiations were carried out by a little-known American representative, Nicholas P. Trist, whom President Polk had sent to Mexico some months before for this purpose. The President had, however, become dissatisfied with his emissary, and had ordered his recall. Trist boldly decided to ignore it. In the bad grace of his government, and divested of all authority, he nonetheless proceeded to conclude and sign the treaty.

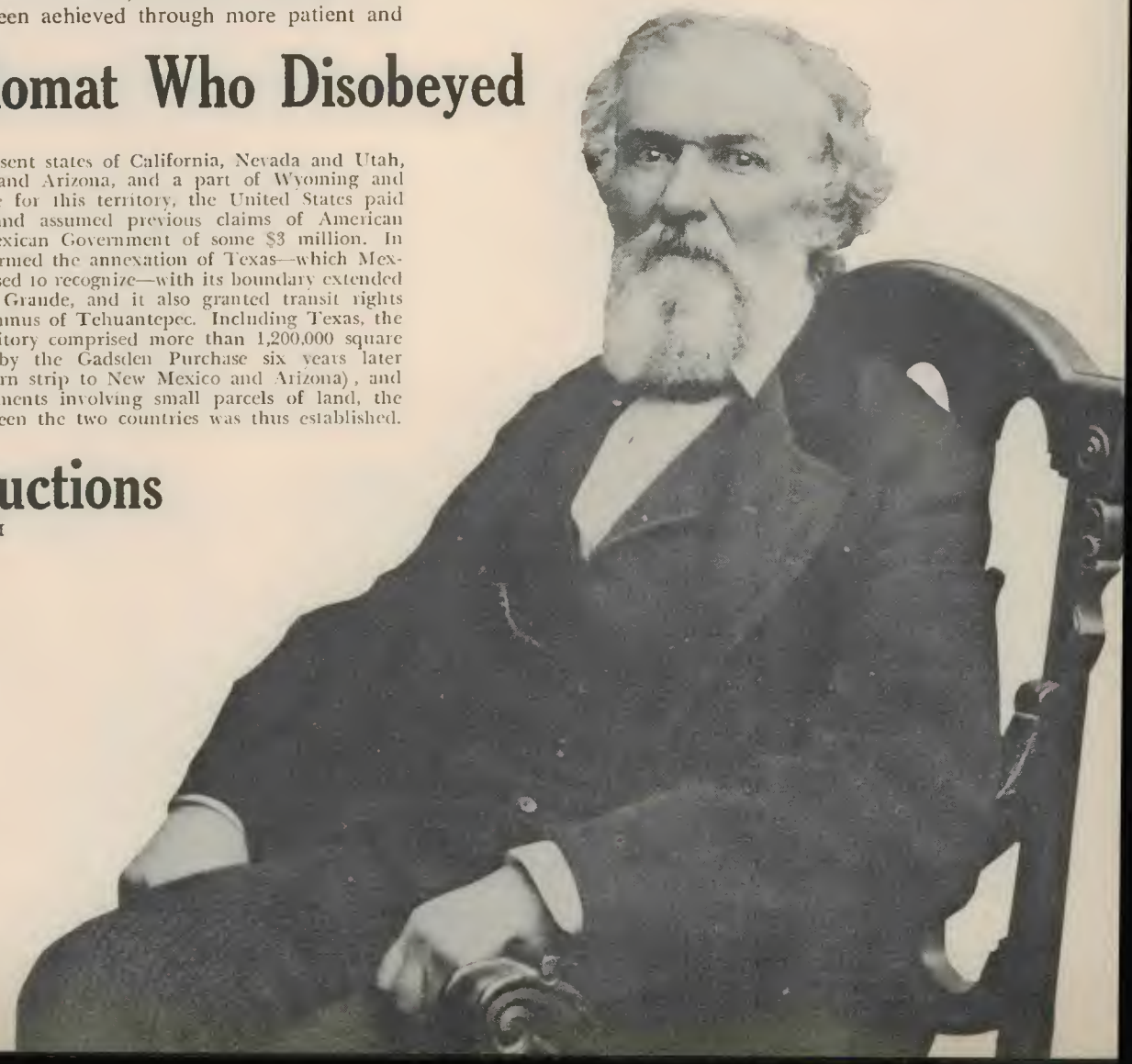
Had he not done so, it is conjectural whether the United States would be the same today. Apart from other aspects, its geographical area might be larger, or perhaps smaller. In the words of one historian, "Upon Trist rests the glory or the odium of a decision which prevented American seizure of practically all of northern Mexico." Before probing further into his audacity, it is pertinent to summarize some of the factors which helped to account for his place in history.

The Mexican War was by no means popular with all of the American public. Sectional tensions on the slavery issue, which were to lead to the Civil War, already were mounting, and many feared that the acquisition of additional territory would strengthen the pro-slavery element. The war was supported generally in the South and West, but there was strong opposition in the Northeast. A resolution of the Massachusetts legislature called it a wanton and unjust war of conquest, "hateful in its objects." The Whig party, including Congressman Abraham Lincoln, seized every opportunity to lambast "Polk's War." Some historians suggest that armed conflict could have been avoided, and that much the same results might have been achieved through more patient and peaceful negotiations. Be that as it may, the war occurred.

James K. Polk, a Democrat, assumed office in March 1845, with the rather unique declaration that he would not seek a second term. The two most prominent generals in the subsequent Mexican campaign, whom he more or less inherited, were Whigs: Winfield Scott (known as "Old Fuss and Feathers") and Zachary Taylor ("Old Rough and Ready"). The president regarded both of them as hostile to his administration, and they in turn shared a certain distrust of him. It is generally conceded that Polk did not want either of them, by virtue of becoming a military hero, to succeed him in the White House.

After the Congress declared war on May 13, 1846, General Taylor and his troops pushed over the Rio Grande into northern Mexico. Although he was prone to disregard his Washington instructions, a series of hairbreadth victories elevated "Old Rough and Ready" into high public esteem. By this time, and for reasons which may not have been altogether military, Polk and his advisers decided that Mexico City should not be attacked from the north, but by an amphibious approach through Veracruz. The President, with some justification, did not think that Taylor was qualified for the new command, and he reluctantly gave it to Scott—another Whig, but with less public appeal. Scott and his army arrived at Veracruz in March 1847, and began the arduous overland march toward the capital. Among his subordinate officers were Lee, Grant, McClellan and Meade.

President Polk had decided that he would send his own agent to negotiate the peace, possibly because he did not want General Scott to get the credit for a diplomatic as well as a military victory. The new peace commissioner would



[1] It included the present states of California, Nevada and Utah, most of New Mexico and Arizona, and a part of Wyoming and Colorado. In exchange for this territory, the United States paid Mexico $15 million, and assumed previous claims of American citizens against the Mexican Government of some $3 million. In addition, the treaty affirmed the annexation of Texas—which Mexico previously had refused to recognize—with its boundary extended southward to the Rio Grande, and it also granted transit rights across the Mexican Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Including Texas, the new United States territory comprised more than 1,200,000 square miles. Supplemented by the Gadsden Purchase six years later (which added a southern strip to New Mexico and Arizona), and subject to later adjustments involving small parcels of land, the present boundary between the two countries was thus established.

accompany Scott's army, and endeavor to conclude a treaty with Mexico at the propitious time. Polk's own choice of agent would have been his Secretary of State, Buchanan, but the latter demurred on the grounds that he should not be absent for such an indefinite length of time. Upon Buchanan's recommendation, the chief clerk of the Department of State, N. P. Trist, was chosen for this important and delicate mission. While he was regarded by some as a "minor personage," Polk's diary refers to the many jealousies within the Democratic party and the difficulty in finding anyone of sufficient prominence and stature who would be acceptable to all.

But Trist was no nonentity. The position of chief clerk, paying a mere $2,000 a year, then ranked second in the Department's hierarchy, and on several occasions Trist had been Acting Secretary. In his earlier years he had gone to West Point, had studied law in the offices of Thomas Jefferson, and had married the latter's granddaughter. He also had served as private secretary to President Andrew Jackson and later was American Consul in Havana for eight years, in the days when the rank of Consul was indeed prestigious. He spoke Spanish, and understood the Latin American temperament. Everything considered, he was not a bad choice for the assignment.

Mr. Trist also has been described, variously, as arrogant and blundering, a man of character, a self-conceited visionary, a person with superior intelligence, and a diplomat with ideals.

Armed with credentials, instructions, and a draft treaty, Trist left for Mexico. After several hard-fought battles Scott and his army had reached Puebla, and it was there that Trist caught up with him in mid-May. For more than a month the two of them were barely on speaking terms. For one thing, Scott resented the designation of a "clerk" to negotiate the peace, and he suspected it was another gambit by the President to undermine him. By now he was aware of Polk's idea to install Senator Thomas Hart Benton as supreme commander of the Mexican campaign—a proposal which the Senate refused to approve.

The Scott-Trist misunderstanding began when Trist arrived at Veracruz in April, where he wrote to the general explaining his mission. His letter was so tactless, at least in Scott's view, as to engender the following reply:

> "My first impulse was to return the farrago of insolence, conceit, and arrogance to the author; but, on reflection, I have determined to preserve the letter as a choice specimen of diplomatic literature and manners . . . You tell me that you are authorized to negotiate a treaty of peace with the enemy, a declaration which, as it rests upon your own word, I might well question; and you add that it was not intended at Washington that I should have anything to do with the negotiation. This I can well believe, and certainly have cause to be thankful to the President for not degrading me by placing me in any joint commission with you."

Thus began an acrimonious correspondence. One of Trist's letters to Scott ran to more than thirty pages. When he was Consul in Havana his lengthy despatches were the despair of the Department, being "too prolix for comprehension."

Then, by the end of June, a remarkable thing happened. The two men reconciled their differences and became the best of friends. Some researchers attribute this *rapprochement* to a quixotic gesture by Scott, who sent a jar of guava jelly to Trist's bedside when he was ill. Before, when they were exchanging insults by letter, they also had been sending intemperate and unwelcome despatches to their respective departments in Washington. They now asked that these be withdrawn from the files, saying that they had completely misjudged each other.

Trist and Scott had made preliminary peace overtures to the Mexican leader, Santa Anna, through the good offices of the British Legation. Her Majesty's Government took a dim view about further territorial expansion by the United States, and had wanted Texas to remain an independent Republic, but the British Legation in Mexico was nevertheless helpful to Trist on several occasions.

There came an abortive truce, which displeased President Polk immensely. When it was apparent that Santa Anna was stalling for time in order to build up a counter-offense, Scott and his army of 10,000 left Puebla and marched on Mexico City. The conquest was completed by mid-September; Santa Anna fled the country; and the active fighting was over. Trist was now ready to carry out his assignment in earnest.

Meanwhile, however, things had not been going well for either Trist or Scott in the eyes of their Washington superiors. Polk was long since irked with his general, and wished that he could replace him gracefully. He also had become dissatisfied with his peace emissary, and in early October ordered his recall.

It should be mentioned that communications between Mexico and Washington left much to be desired. Polk did not learn that Scott had taken Mexico City until a month later. Sometimes the President got his news from the Baltimore SUN before the official despatches arrived. Now and then the Department used unofficial couriers, who did not always vie with Mercury. A newspaperman, who later brought the signed treaty to Washington, also was entrusted with two other documents. These he did not deliver until a week later, apologizing that they had been placed in a different part of his baggage, and therefore had been overlooked.

When Trist received notice of his recall, forty days later, he was placed in an agonizing predicament. What with slow communications, it was evident that the President did not comprehend the existing situation. The Mexicans had appointed peace commissioners, and although progress was slow, the prospects seemed good for concluding a treaty. He nevertheless made tentative plans to obey his new instructions, and return to Washington with the intention of advising Polk that a new peace commission should be sent down at the very earliest.

The special train which was to carry him from Mexico City was scheduled for December 4, but actually did not leave until the 10th. In those days, from the standpoint of Mexican railroading, the delay was of no particular consequence, but from the standpoint of history it was fateful. It was during the week or so prior to the train's actual departure that Trist decided to ignore his recall and continue with his assignment, recognizing that it might involve grave personal consequences as well as future poverty for his family. As he wrote his British colleague, it was "now or never" insofar as a satisfactory treaty with Mexico was concerned.

Trist continued his tart correspondence to Washington, saying in effect that he knew what was best. Polk's reaction was predictable, as can be seen from his diary entry of January 15, 1848. It refers to a cabinet meeting of that day, when a 65-page despatch from Trist, dated December 6, had just been received. To quote the President:

> ". . . the most extraordinary document I have ever heard from a diplomatic representative. Though he had in a previous despatch acknowledged the receipt of his letter of recall from the Secretary of State, he announced that he had re-opened negotiations with the Mexican authorities and had resolved to conclude a treaty with them. His despatch is arrogant, impudent, and very insulting to his government, and even personally offensive to the President. He admits that he is acting without authority and in violation of the positive order recalling him. It is manifest to me that he has become the tool of General Scott . . . I have never in my life felt so indignant . . . I directed the Secretary of War . . . if Mr. Trist was still with the Headquarters of the Army, to order him off, and to inform the authorities of Mexico that he had no authority to treat. If

there was any legal position for his punishment he ought to be severely handled. He has acted worse than any man in the public employ whom I have ever known. His despatch proves that he is destitute of honor, and that he has proved himself to be a very base man. I was deceived in him . . ."

Polk's original instructions to his peace commissioner were to try for a settlement which would fix the boundary along the Rio Grande (instead of the Nueces river), from the Gulf of Mexico up to El Paso and thence westward to the Pacific. Also, he was to seek transit rights across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and possibly the cession of Lower California, but these two objectives were not a *sine qua non*. For the new territory, Trist was authorized to offer up to $30 million. As the war progressed, however, there developed a strong movement for annexing more, if not all, of Mexico. This was now favored by a part of the cabinet, although it had approved the previous directives to Trist. Even the President himself seemed tempted to ask for more, but eventually was restrained by his wariness of Congressional opposition.

Trist had submitted his basic proposals to the Mexican negotiators, who had made counter-proposals. The provisional Mexican Government which had come into power was comprised of moderates who favored peace. Mexicans in general were now sick of the war; they wanted to end the hated American occupation, and to salvage what remained of their country's sovereignty. The government also was aware of growing expansionist sentiment in the United States, and it was dismayed to learn of Trist's recall. Did this mean his successors would ask for more? Most likely!

With Scott's army poised to march on the temporary capital of Querétaro, the Mexicans decided to make the best of a distasteful situation, recognizing that they might lose even more territory if Trist's terms were not accepted soon. They took the gamble that such a treaty, even though signed by a single American negotiator who now lacked authority, would not be rejected by the United States. Trist set a deadline for concluding the negotiations, and the signing ceremony took place in the small village of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, just outside of Mexico City.

Trist's decision to carry out his assignment, after being discredited by his own government, has been called "noble," but also a reckless and monstrous insubordination. Why did he do it? For one thing, he had the support and advice of his new friend General Scott, as well as the encouragement of his British colleague. When Trist received news of his recall, he feared that disruption of his negotiations would cause the downfall of the Mexican peace party, and that hostilities would have to be renewed. Scott was equally concerned that resumption of war would further decimate his army, which was increasingly restive and wanted to go home. It was his opinion that the Senate would approve any sensible treaty, and he so informed the Mexicans. Both men believed that there would be anarchy in Mexico if a settlement was not concluded soon, and responsible Mexicans shared this view. Trist also thought that the annexation of any additional territory by the United States, beyond that set forth in his own treaty, would be strongly opposed by the northern states, and might well lead to the break-up of the Union.

The treaty was received in Washington seventeen days after it was signed. It put the President in a quandary. He was so irate over the action of his disavowed agent that he promptly severed him from the payroll. But Polk was reluctant to repudiate the treaty itself. After all, it gave him virtually everything he had wanted, even though public opinion was now clamoring for more. Also, a large segment of Congress was not attuned to his administration, and he doubted that appropriations would be approved for additional men and money to continue the war. In this event, he reasoned, the army in Mexico would waste away and probably would have to be withdrawn, and much of the vast new area to be acquired under the Trist document would be lost. Finally, Polk wanted to terminate the Mexican War before it became an issue in the forthcoming Presidential campaign. He therefore decided to submit the treaty, with minor amendments, to the Senate, which reluctantly approved it on March 10, 1848. A shift of only three votes would have killed it.

With the Mexican War over, it may now be appropriate to mention how the subsequent passage of time dealt with some of the protagonists.

General Scott was recalled from Mexico, mainly on the pretext of unjust accusations made by two of his subordinates. In the words of Robert E. Lee, "He was turned out as an old horse to die." Scott had conducted a brilliant campaign against heavy odds. He was voted a gold medal by Congress, but received little or no thanks from the administration. In 1852 he became the Whig candidate for President, but was defeated by Franklin Pierce.

Polk completed his term in March 1849. Physically exhausted, he died three months later. Some earlier historians regarded him and his cabinet as mediocre, but to quote from Allan Nevins, in his introduction to Polk's diary, "Sometimes the mediocre man makes a better President than the great man." He was one of the very few Presidents to have achieved all of his stated objectives, and they were substantial.

The incoming President was Zachary Taylor, the man whom above all others Polk did not want to succeed him. He died after sixteen months in office, with Millard Fillmore completing the unexpired term. Following the Pierce administration, Buchanan became President in 1857, and his tenure was uninspiring. By this time the clouds of civil war were gathering.

The wily Santa Anna, who was president or dictator of Mexico on several occasions, returned in 1853 and again assumed the presidency. He gave himself the title of Most Supreme Highness[2] and declared that he was President for life. In 1854 he negotiated the Gadsden Purchase with the United States, but the transaction was so unpopular in Mexico that it contributed to his downfall. In 1855 he was exiled and was not allowed to return until 1874. He was adept at enriching himself when in power, but died a pauper in 1875. Today there are few if any statues erected to his memory.

Trist returned from Mexico in April 1848. Ignominiously dismissed from public service, and a former outside income having dwindled to practically nothing, his fortunes were at a low ebb. The man who had been the protégé of both Jefferson and Jackson, and who also counted many other celebrities in his circle of friends, eventually got a $100 a month job as railway paymaster.

Twenty-two years after it was signed, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee delved into the negotiations which led to the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, and Trist's actions were finally vindicated. In belated recognition of his statesmanship, and the injustice he had suffered, the Congress then voted to recompense him for loss of salary and personal expenses incurred on his Mexican mission. At about the same time President Grant appointed him as postmaster in the "small hamlet" of Alexandria, Virginia. Trist died a few years later, at the age of 74.

In historical retrospect it is difficult to say what the future of either the United States or Mexico would have been if the former chief clerk of the Department of State had not wilfully disobeyed his instructions. Certainly he made a piquant contribution to the annals of diplomacy. ■

---

[2] His vanity was colossal. In 1838, when the French attacked Veracruz, he lost a leg in the fighting. He had it brought to Mexico City for solemn burial in the cathedral. Later, during one of his lapses from power, a mob disinterred the leg and dragged it through the streets.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

by W. AVERELL HARRIMAN

WINSTON CHURCHILL was not always predictable in his movements. He must have been an endless source of concern to his devoted security staff. Churchill had no personal fear and believed that his best security was unannounced appearances. Assassination plots, the Prime Minister once explained to me, took a great deal of planning to have a chance of success. I was with him on a number of these unannounced appearances.

During the winter of 1941 when the British cities were subjected to heavy bombing raids, Churchill considered, and quite rightly, that his visiting these cities would contribute to the morale of the people. I remember once he showed up at the port of Swansea, which had been hit a few days before. He went directly into the port area and was immediately surrounded by several hundred dockers. In the excitement of wanting to see the Prime Minister, they closed in on him. His security guards were, of course, gravely concerned that he would be injured in the jam. But it didn't worry Churchill. He simply called out: "Stand back, my men — let the others have a chance to see too." They pulled back and gave him room. Churchill had an intuitive understanding of how people would react. He put his unique square-shaped bowler on his cane and held it up for all to see. This led to laughter and cheers and he was able to move quietly out of the crowd.

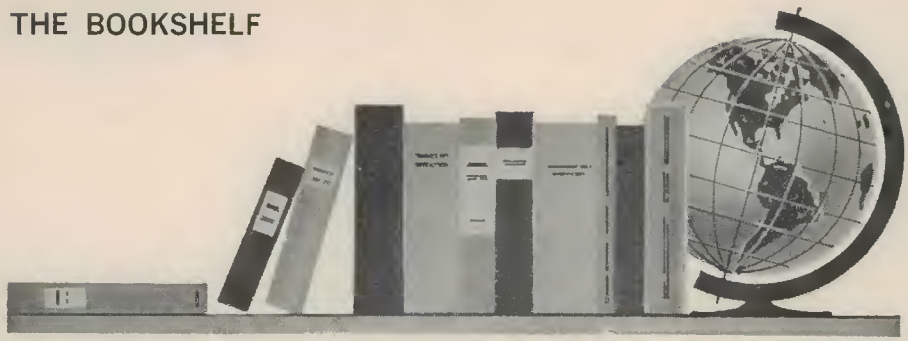
It was difficult to get the different organizations dealing with Churchill's travel plans to work in concert. I remember once I was the "cover" in the plan for the Prime Minister's trip to meet President Roosevelt at Casablanca. I went with some of the members of my staff to the airfield near Oxford and had dinner in the RAF Officers Mess. We sat about, talked freely with the officers about our alleged plans to go to Algiers to look into certain supply questions. At the proper moment, we drove out to the plane. The automobile parked in the dark under the shadow of the wings and we waited in silence for the Prime Minister. When he arrived my associates were to leave in the automobile and I would board the plane with the Prime Minister. Sometime later there was a tremendous noise of sounding sirens and the lights of an approaching convoy some miles away. The Air Force security officer, who had carefully worked out these plans, was utterly disgusted by the lack of care of the police and exclaimed, "'There goes all of our cover plan! No one but the Prime Minister could make so much noise!"

In any event, we took off and arrived safely at Casablanca. The Prime Minister was supposed to step directly from the plane into a closed armored car. There were many Arabs working in the field with no way to screen them. However, he heard another plane in the sky and was told that it was bringing General Ismay and some of his party. So he insisted on remaining to welcome them. He maintained there was no danger as he was disguised in the uniform of an Air Force commodore. He calmly walked over to Ismay's plane and

(*Continued on page* 46)

President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill are shown with their military and naval chiefs of staff, aboard the British battleship HMS Prince of Wales, *at the Atlantic Charter conference on August 10, 1941. Behind the two leaders are (left to right), Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief, US Navy; General George C. Marshall, Chief-of-Staff, US Army; General Sir John Dill of Great Britain; Admiral H. R. Stark, Commander, US Naval Forces in Europe and Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, First Lord of the British Admiralty.*

THE BOOKSHELF



The Hungry Nations

HERE are two additions to the 60-foot shelf of books on economic development and foreign aid. The first and more provocative of this brace is the work of Paul Paddock, FSO-retired, and his brother William, a plant pathologist experienced in overseas agricultural development problems. The Paddocks have written a guide to Ministers of Development in the hungrier nations of Africa, Asia and Latin America. Most of their tips to tottering economies are sound and simple. US foreign aid receives a fair share of constructive criticism but the active ingredient of the Paddocks' prescription is the need for the poorer countries to exploit their own resources. Fallacious beliefs in short cuts to this basic approach are clearly identified and demolished. Only the concluding recommendation of this short (326 pages), well-written and accurately documented book is disappointing—long-term applied research programs carried out in the less developed countries themselves are the panacea for development. AID, the UN and private institutions are supporting a greatly expanded program of useful research in both the natural and social science aspects of the development problem. The fruits of this effort, which could be usefully expanded further, will be very helpful to the solution of individual development bottlenecks. This is not a substitute, however, (and the authors really make this clear by inference) for decisive political, social and economic action by the hungry nations.

Mr. Rubin's historical study of the foreign assistance programs since World War I is a workaday recitation of facts and figures accompanied by more than a hundred excellent photographs of aid in action. This book will serve a purpose in the universities and as a means of orienting recruits to the aid agencies. Little fault is found with the aid program or the agencies administering it. This is a refreshing revelation but the reader will not be stimulated to seek new solutions to the myriad old problems of planning and implementing the foreign assistance program.

—ROBERT B. BLACK

HUNGRY NATIONS, *by William and Paul Paddock. Little, Brown, $6.50.*
YOUR HUNDRED BILLION DOLLARS, *by Jacob A. Rubin. Chilton, $6.95.*

The Working Press

PROFESSOR JOHN HOHENBURG of Columbia University has written a popular account of the rise of the independent foreign correspondent in the Western world from the late 18th century to date. The book will doubtless remain for long a basic reference work on the development of foreign press reporting, for there can hardly be anyone of consequence in the field who has been left out. The book is marred, however, by the inclusion of too much potted general history, and by a Sunday-supplement style prose. What are we to think, for example, of such a sentence as this one from the Professor's chapter on the Mexican War: "Had the correspondent noticed a young lieutenant manning a howitzer at a strategic point in the first assault, he would have seen Ulysses Simpson Grant in action."

Professor Hohenburg gives some space to the differences between those who believe that the correspondent must write the truth as he sees it without regard to the consequences, and those who believe that there are times when the correspondent should report less than the full truth. The author does not, however, go into the subject in any detail. Nor does he provide any satisfactory discussion of the role of the correspondent in shaping the news developments he is reporting on. One would also have liked to read a somewhat less anodyne treatment of the work of contemporary foreign correspondents. A more candid and less uncritical account of the work of some of our better known contemporary foreign correspondents would have been in order in a book dealing with "great reporters."

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE: *the Great Reporters and Their Times, by John Hohenburg. Columbia, $8.95.*

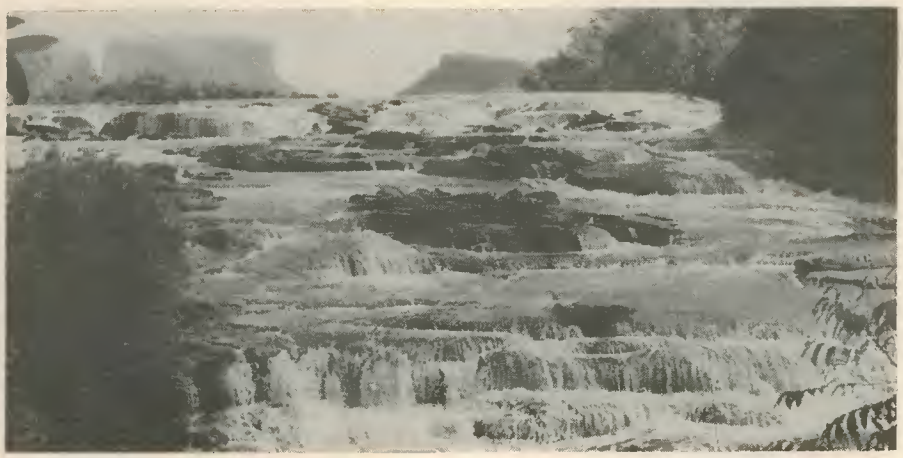
Latin American Problems

IT is to be hoped that the number of recent well considered and well written works on Latin America will shortly be reflected in a greater understanding of and sympathy for the area and for those seeking to accelerate the much needed political, economic and social changes. It is also to be hoped that the welcome change instituted by one of them in turning away from the stereotype of a generalized Latin America to the specifics of one country will become the rule rather than the exception.

In "Colombia Today—and Tomorrow," Pat Holt, staff member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and well known to many Foreign Service officers, has done a creditable piece of reporting. It should be read by any FSO headed for Colombia and may well be read by anyone seeking to individualize his study of the history and development in the area. Colombia's role in the Wars of Liberation, the painful process of nation building, the rather shabby story of the Panama Canal negotiations, land reform, King Coffee, industrialization, the National Front scheme for alternating the presidency between parties, the influence of the Church and the personalities who have called the turns in this remarkable country are well covered. Facts and figures are liberally but not boringly supplied. Colombia emerges as a nation rather than just one more vague component of that much disputed and seemingly always troublesome "Latin America." Not the least of Mr. Holt's most readable contribution is an objective chapter on the Peace Corps which he concludes "might just work."

In "Continuity and Change in Latin America," ten contributors cover the "main forces now at work in Latin America." The editor well recognizes, however, that "Latin America is not a single unit" and has sought to individualize the area by having problems and solutions illustrated by references to the experiences of individual countries. The choice of "forces" for change indicates the scope and the approach: The Peasant, Rural Labor, The Writer, The Artist, The Military, The Industrialist, The Urban Worker, The University Student, and as a "wrap up think piece," Latin America and Japan Compared. Underlying this rather novel approach are two concepts discussed in Mr. Johnson's stimulating Introduction. The first, "Not institutions but people, sometimes individually but more often collectively, will determine . . . whether the forces at work in Latin America will retard or promote social develop-

ment." The second, "If the volume as a whole appears to stress change instead of continuity, it is because more people in Latin America are concerned with the future than with the past." The writing is for the most part unusually good, the contributions dealing with the writers and the artists being *tours de force* of fact and criticism particularly needed in this country. The comparison between Latin America and Japan concludes, for well considered and hardly surprising reasons, that "the history of Cuba in the sixties is likely to provide far more relevant indications of the advantages and disadvantages of revolutionary change than the history of Japan in the 19th century." This is a book which can be read through with profit or used as a reference book for those specifically interested in any one of the several "main forces."



Rapids on Carrao River, Venezuela *by John M. Cates, Jr.*

The third of this recent trio is a pamphlet, the 12th volume in the "Thought Patterns" series of St. John's University, Jamaica, New York. Here again, despite the collective title, the contributors have sought to individualize the area by specific national illustrations. Of the five subjects covered by the contributors, economic integration, urbanization, communism, the military and "New Directions: The United States and Latin America," the last is the most stimulating. It is a critical essay on our past relations with the area and a call for improved courses of study for this area. This is a specialist's handbook but worth the effort for those interested in the fields covered.

—JOHN M. CATES, JR.

COLOMBIA TODAY—AND TOMORROW, *by Pat M. Holt. Praeger, $5.50.*
CONTINUITY AND CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA, *edited by John J. Johnson. Stanford University Press, $6.75.*
LATIN AMERICAN PROBLEMS, *edited by Philip L. Astuto & Ralph A. Leal. St. John's University Press, $2.50.*

A Russian's View of the West

VIKTOR NEKRASOV's name has become well known in the United States since his travel notes on our country and Italy were first published in Moscow in late 1962 and began to attract attention as the most honest descriptions of the West yet published by a postwar Soviet writer. But until young Mr. Kulukundis published this translation, American readers who knew no Russian could gain little idea of just what Nekrasov had to say. And what Nekrasov had to say, let us recall, brought down on him the wrath of N.S. Khrushchev himself in March 1963 at the high (or low?) mark of the Soviet "cultural crackdown" which began soon after Nekrasov's work appeared. Nekrasov, who had fought at Stalingrad and won a Stalin Prize for his Stalingrad novel, was now threatened with expulsion from the Party because he had looked at the West with his eyes open and had been brave enough to write what he thought. Even now, almost two years after publication of these travel notes, Nekrasov is still under a cloud and only the expected publication of his travel notes on France may tell whether he has made peace with the Party; his two short pieces in NOVYI MIR last November (his only appearance in print in 1963) reflected nothing of his position in the great Soviet hassle over ideological controls on creative artists.

Readers will find that Nekrasov has a lot to say about his own country as well as the West, and that his descriptions still have current interest. For example, work is still proceeding on the horrid monument which made Nekrasov bitter to think about, at Mamai's Mound (not Mamayev's Hill, Mr. Kulukundis!) on the site of what used to be called the Battle of Stalingrad but is now called of the Volga. And Khutsiyev's film "Guard of Lenin" (or *Ilyich's* "Outpost;" the title is the name of a Moscow crossroads but also refers to the problem of the young generation succeeding older Leninists), much praised here by Nekrasov and subsequently damned by Khrushchev, is still unreleased although one surmises it may come out eventually after scissoring. The immediate prospect, in fine, is somewhat drab for Nekrasov and such as he and calls to mind the poem of that other Nekrasov who wrote a hundred years ago "Who Can Be Happy In Russia?"

—PETER S. BRIDGES

BOTH SIDES OF THE OCEAN. *by Viktor Nekrasov. Translated by Elias Kulukundis. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.50*

Promising Idea

A PROMISING idea this. to examine the prospects of the US and the Soviet Union becoming more like each other. In half of the book the Columbia-Harvard team of authors engage in a general discourse on the subject. In the other half they discuss the responses in the US and USSR to common crises involving the struggle for power, the performance of the economy, civil rights, civil control over the military (MacArthur, Zhukov), and problems with dissident countries (Hungary, Cuba) and allies (Communist China, France). Brzezinski and Huntington are convinced that these societies will not converge, but will continue to evolve along separate paths.

Unfortunately, the realization of the idea which sparked the book is disappointing. The authors' principal interest is in ideology and political institutions, a most unlikely area for any trends of convergence to manifest themselves. While the conclusions may be true, the authors do not treat except in passing the areas in which trends of similarity might be expected. There is little originality in the treatment of either Soviet or American developments: Every cliché about America and Russia finds its place, and the thoughts are set down in a horrendous jargon.

At its elevated price, this is a book for the FSO who has everything.

—THOMAS B. LARSON

POLITICAL POWER: USA/USSR, *by Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington. Viking, $7.50.*

On Strategy

IN January 1962, the newly established Center for Strategic Studies, headed by Admiral Arleigh Burke, at Georgetown University held a three-

day conference on the relationship of economies to national security strategy. A blue ribbon list of participants was invited to attend and to prepare study papers on assigned topics for use in panel discussions. This book reproduces these papers—33 in all—prepared by such illustrious and familiar names as Robert Strausz-Hupé, Herbert Dinerstein, Arnold Wolfers, Henry Kissinger, William Kintner, Herman Kahn, Stefan Possony, Edward Teller, Thomas Schelling, Oskar Morgenstern and Edward Mason.

The discussions at the Conference, also reproduced in this book, were organized around five panels which considered papers on Sino-Soviet Strategy; the Political Objective of US Strategy; US Military Strategies; US Economic Strategies; and Meeting Strategic Requirements in the Free Economy.

The individual papers are on the whole brief and indeed are tightly written. Their quality is, with few exceptions, excellent. Herman Kahn's paper on "Escalation" is especially well done. The discussions not only serve to point up the issues and opposing views but are of a level and vitality which make me wish I had been present to hear the original. Among the highlights is a brief and inconclusive discussion of how to identify "erosion" of the communist ideology or "How do you know when you are winning?"

The selection of participants appears to have been biased somewhat in favor of the "tough" line of the Forward Strategy school. However, the contributions from other and more moderate schools of thought are sufficient to round out the picture. There is no consensus on solutions, but the alternative approaches to strategy come through rather clearly.

It is unfortunate that the size of this volume is so formidable—it is over 1,000 pages long—for this will deter many potential readers from a book that contains much of value and interest.

—HERMAN POLLACK

NATIONAL SECURITY: *Political, Military, and Economic Strategies in the Decade Ahead. Abshire & Allen, $10.00*

Anthology on Spain

CONSIDERING that Professor McGann limited himself to American and British sources, it is hard to imagine a more happy selection than those included in this volume. Spain is like strong drink, once taken it burns in the blood. And this is just as true now as it was when George Borrow roamed the Peninsula, Bible in hand, in the last century. Those who know Spain will purr with pleasure at reading this collection of favorites. Those who have yet to experience the happy shock of knowing one of the last remaining truly vital and enduring peoples should be powerfully stimulated to travel there. This is a worthy addition to the permanent part of a good library.

—CHARLES F. KNOX, JR.

PORTRAIT OF SPAIN: *British and American Accounts of Spain in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, selected and edited by Thomas F. McGann. Knopf, $6.95.*

Democracy and Modernization

I. R. SINAI's book is a rambling and discursive panorama of the underdeveloped world which comes to the conclusion that democracy is not a suitable form of government for it, either now or in the future. But the author also regards most of the present dictatorships in the developing countries as doomed to be overthrown by "the new elite."

Since the author alternates between limited specific examples (one-third of his book is devoted to Burma) and vast generalizations, the conclusions are intellectually unsatisfying. Within the "new elite," he thinks "the entrepreneur, the captain of industry, the bold economic pioneer will have to occupy a place of the highest importance" (p. 217), but he sees no present sign of such an elite. In any case, he says, it will consist of "exceedingly unattractive specimens." It will have to be a new breed, meeting the specific requirements of the respective countries, superseding the present elite which has "vainly tried to adopt undigested Western ideas."

But "before this new elite . . . can even begin to wrestle with the ponderous and sluggish forces with which it will have to contend," the author adds, "it will have to absorb the spirit generated by the Reformation and Enlightenment. Without assimilating these Western values, emotions, virtues and drives, no development of any sort will be possible." A confused book of little value to the practitioner of foreign affairs.

The Sinai book was sent to us for review. A book on the same subject, which was not sent to us for review but which contains many useful insights, is Prof. Shils' "Political Development in the New States." Having established, on the basis of useful contemporary case studies, that Western democracy has only limited applicability to the developing countries, Shils examines the concept of what he calls "tutelary democracy."

Shils analyzes both the strengths and the weaknesses of such systems.

"The regime of tutelary democracy," he writes, "involves by definition a feeble public opinion, a press without strong traditions of freedom of reporting and interpretation, universities without strong traditions of independent curiosity, enquiry, and criticism, a class of intellectuals who are either compliant to authority or apolitical." This is the immediate prospect, but there is hope for gradual improvement:

"If democracy can be understood in a partial sense," Shils concludes, "in which representative institutions function limpingly—even more limpingly than in the West—and public liberties are maintained, it is entirely possible that some form of democracy has, in the long run, the best chance to survive among the alternative models." In other words, we must not expect too much. Neither, however, need we feel that the ideals to which we subscribe will not ultimately prevail, provided we do not expect them to take the forms to which we ourselves are accustomed.

—M.F.H.

THE CHALLENGE OF MODERNIZATION, *by I. R. Sinai. Norton, $5.50.*
POLITICAL DEMOCRACY IN THE NEW STATES, *by Edward Shils. Moutin & Co., 20s*

From TVA to AEC

PERUSAL of these wonderfully vivid journals should be a required pleasure for anyone involved or interested in the Washington scene during the years 1939-1950. Their scope reaches beyond public power and atomic energy, subjects broad enough in themselves: episode by episode they yield new and significant source material on almost every major contemporary issue.

The style is so spontaneous that one has the feeling these diaries were kept for fun rather than for the record. In proper turn they comment in serious, humorous and emotional vein on a variety of remarkable experiences, social as well as official, which came the way of an obviously engaging and lively personality. Mr. Lilienthal's tone is justifiably boastful when he speaks of his crowning achievement, the TVA, and is fiercely partisan when he deals with obstructionists or doubters like Wendell Wilkie, Secretary Ickes and a powerful minority opposition in Congress.

Bitter days and frustration attended Mr. Lilienthal's later mission of putting into practice, as AEC Chairman, the atomic energy program which he had co-sponsored in the Acheson-Lilienthal Report. In his vision for peaceful use he may have been far ahead of his time; in any case he was out of step when as policy maker, rather than technician, he resisted the pressures for stepped-up military application resulting inevitably from the critical worsening of US-Soviet relations during his years of office. With Robert Oppenheimer, Mr. Lilienthal opposed development of the hydrogen bomb and he concludes the last installment of his journals (there are more to follow) with a resounding statement of position which does more credit to the courage of those concerned than to their perception of reality.

Special praise is due the publishers for a superb editing job in illuminating the text with identifying notes and in appending a complete index of names.

—JACOB D. BEAM

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL. *Vol. I: The TVA Years, 1939-1945. Introduction by Henry Steele Commager. Illustrated. Vol. II: The Atomic Energy Years, 1945-1950. Illustrated. Harper & Row, $10 each.*

Post-War France

SOME who have looked closely at post-war France have remarked upon three historic strands of this period: the innovation of national economic planning, the colonial wars of Indochina and Algeria, and the resurrection of de Gaulle. Three slim but authoritative volumes have recently become available in this country that deal in turn with each of these strands. All are timely and of topical interest to us.

While the account of French planning was published in Paris at the outset of the Fourth Plan, and has now been translated to mark the beginning of the Fifth, the lessons and history are as valid for the Anglo-Saxon reader as for anyone interested in how a system of indicative national goals—which we have introduced for our own national purposes on a modified scale—has been developed and managed in France, the land of declining individualism. Probably the Vichy experience prepared the country to accept the psychology of planning more than the author prefers to believe.

The handbook on revolutionary warfare is most useful as a partial explanation of the French effort to maintain the *status quo* in Indochina and Algeria during a continuous period of insurrection that, we so easily forget, spanned more than a decade without interruption. What does this tell us about our own subsequent effort in Indochina, where we endeavor to sustain not an empire but an independent tier of states threatened by another form of imperialism expanding into this region? It tells us that the problems peculiar to those two earlier conflicts, while having unique origins and characteristics, were little more soluble than the present dilemmas in which we in turn have become enmeshed.

The volume on Gaullist foreign policy, by a former supporter but now bitter critic of the General, leads us to realize that Gaullism marks a new nationalist spirit in France, dedicated to power, prestige and position in the schema of nations. While the author may, as a careful polemicist, have overkilled his subject, we are left wondering whether the new problem confronting Europe is this revival of the national spirit since 1958. While the post-war psychology in western Europe pointed toward federation, unification and pan-Europeanism, a growing affluence and a long peace have altered and redirected these trends. Even Reynaud recognizes these strains in his own country. He does not really destroy the picture of the Gaullist world, however much that world relies on a certain make-believe about political and military strategy. It remains hugely appealing to many people and, unfortunately, is also available for export to its neighbors. This is a most useful essay for those endeavoring to master the imponderables of Atlantic politics.

—E. J. BEIGEL

ECONOMIC PLANNING: *The French Experience, by Pierre Bauchet. Praeger, $8.75.*

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE FROM INDOCHINA TO ALGERIA: *The Analysis of a Political and Military Doctrine, by Peter Paret. Praeger, $4.95.*

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CHARLES DE GAULLE: *A Critical Assessment, by Paul Reynaud. Odyssey, $3.95.*

A Close-Up of Our Own DP's

THE persistence of poverty, a massive cancer in the tissues of what we have been assured is "the affluent society," is one of the significant discoveries of our time. There are still those who refuse to believe it exists, or at any rate persuade themselves that it can't really be so bad. (After all, look at all those TV antennae sprouting from the shacks one glimpses from the thruways.) Such skeptics might do well to read this book.

Mr. Bagdikian's method is to go behind statistics to human

beings—the craftsman whom automation has made redundant, the miner rotting in a West Virginia ghost town, the dispossessed sharecropper family huddled in a Chicago slum, incapable of coping with the complexities of urban society, the "senior citizen" slowly starving on $50 a month social security, the migrant crop pickers, the Indians.

The people who speak out in these interviews are not vicious or shiftless or stupid, as some well-heeled politicians have impatiently pictured them. They are casualties, mangled by forces beyond their understanding or control. They are DP's, as truly as those dispossessed by war and political persecution. And their misery is self-perpetuating. There is nothing better in prospect for their children unless society does something about them.

What might and should be done is outlined in the last chapter. It is a program of formidable dimensions; the Anti-Poverty Bill is hardly a beginning. But the author persuades us that our humanity, our self-respect, and our profession to be the showcase of democracy require nothing less.

—TED OLSON

IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY: *the Poor in America, by Ben H. Bagdikian. Beacon Press, $4.50.*

A Soviet View of World War III

AMERICAN military men are giving understandably close attention to "Soviet Military Strategy," the first major "open" compendium since 1926. Diplomatists and propagandists will be well advised to do likewise.

That US publishers consider this book—the product of 15 topflight Soviet military men headed by Marshal V. D. Sokolovskii, onetime Chief of the Soviet General Staff and presently member of the Communist Party's Central Committee—important is attested by the fact that there are already two US editions. The one under consideration here is translated by three Rand Corporation experts, whose thoughtful 78-page introduction draws many inferences from the text that might escape the less knowledgeable reader. Another, by Praeger, is edited and translated by Raymond L. Garthoff, whose credentials as an expert in Soviet affairs are equally valid.

Major surprise in the book, perhaps, is the fact that the Russian strategists give scant attention to limited warfare: it is their thesis that any war in which the nuclear powers get embroiled will escalate "inevitably into a general war." That is to say, they have no doctrine to match ours of "controlled response" designed to let us choose among several alternative ways of meeting aggression. If in this there be little cheer for those striving to avert the awful finality of nuclear conflict, there will be less in the authors' view of the proper use of nuclear weapons:

> "The targets for destruction will now include not only armed forces deployed in theaters of military operations, but also the economies of the belligerents, their systems of governmental control, communications, and strategic weapons deployed outside of military theaters." Which is to say, cities.

On the other hand, there is some reason to hope that the Russian military view of the inevitability of escalation may make them more careful about starting "brushfire wars," while their detailed (and fairly accurate) description of US military strength may well have sobering effect on the Kremlin's behavior.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

SOVIET MILITARY STRATEGY, *V. D. Sokolovskii, ed. Prentice-Hall, $7.50.*

(*Continued from page* 22)
s.rengthened by the faet that I was one of them. They would listen to my reasoning whereas they would rejeet the same reasoning from outsiders. This is why it is so important that the ehange of attitude we are seeking is first sold to farm leaders for it is they who ean be the spearhead in selling it to the individual farmer. It is well worth remembering that the rural eommunities have their own built-in internal eommunieation system, primitive by our standards but surprisingly effeetive when neeessary. I refer to large families, eoffee shops, market plaees and eenters of worship.

The Value of the Large Landowner

In many eountries there is still the large or semi-large edueated landowner who is interested in modernizing his operations and who ean afford to set aside suffieient land for experimentation. In some respeets, we may find these landowners a diffieult medium to aeeept—partieularly in those eountries where land reform is long overdue. Neither am I unaware that in so many instanees the large landowner is regarded by the peasant as no more desirable than the government that makes him pay taxes. Nevertheless, this eould prove in many instanees a fruitful avenue through whieh to introduee ehange.

One of the handieaps of working through a small farmer with his limited holdings is his inability to set aside any of his land solely for experimental purposes. Experienee has taught him to play it safe, for a failure means disaster for him and his family. The methods he has traditionally used have provided a living, meager as it may be, so why take a ehanee with an unproven (at least to him) seed or teehnique? What guarantee does he have it will inerease his yields above what he is already getting? He has heard these stories before from Government Agrieulture Agents. Can he be blamed for sueh an attitude?

A partial answer to this, at least a step in the right direetion, is to have the Government agree to underwrite any loss a farmer sustains resulting from the use of a newly developed seed or teehnique. For instanee, the farmer would agree to eultivate one third of his land with the Government's approved new seed and to follow instruetions in planting, eultivating, fertilizing and irrigating. The other two-thirds he ean eultivate in the traditional way. The Government agrees to pay for any loss below what the farmer would have produeed had he used traditional methods. If the results of the new approaeh are good, then it should not be difficult to persuade him to repeat the performanee for a few years. Onee he is eonvineed of its reliability, there is little douht that his attitude would ehange toward aeeeptanee of the new method. Unquestionahly this is an over-simplifieation of a diffieult problem, for there are two formidable obstaeles to this approaeh. First, the farmer's lack of eonfidenee in the Government's promise to finanee any losses; and seeondly, the Government's administrative problems in satisfying the individual farmer should there he for any reason a wide-seale failure. Both are ealeulated risks, however, and should not aet as a deterrent to the introduetion of sueh a plan wherever feasible.

Education

It is not often that an advertisement eatehes my eye beeause of its soeial eontent rather than eye-arresting appeal. But last year sueh a one appeared several times in the London ECONOMIST. It was a sketeh rather than a photograph, and it showed a man, ohviously not of the Western world, holding the hand of a little boy dressed in native elothes with a slate tueked

under his arm. The caption read: "This is little Ali. He is 5,000 years late for school."

For me, these few simple words illustrate so much. They hit at the root of so many of the world's problems. As might be suggested from my earlier remarks, I place great hope in education. Fortunately, so do most of the developing countries. There are some where this support amounts only to "lip service," for the controlling group with rare perspicacity connects the broadening of the education base with increased economic and political demands and the inevitable challenge to their favored position. However, they can only delay but not prevent the masses from demanding liberation from illiteracy. I am not suggesting a Harvard education for every Hottentot, but if the masses are taught to read and write then there is hope of reaching them through the normal media avenues. What I am suggesting is that we look to the future generation as those more easily trained and more likely to accept change than their fathers; that we give every help to the host country we can, particularly where we have US-owned local currency, in developing education—especially rural education. But this is not enough. We must do everything possible to make available to these youngsters a continuous flow of printed material. Educationists point out that to teach a child to read and write is not sufficient. Unless he has access to reading material after he leaves school, he becomes illiterate again in two or three years.

Use of Modern Techniques

Difficult as it is to communicate with the illiterate, science and modern media techniques are making it easier. The introduction of the transistor radio has been a godsend to those in the rural communities where electric power is not available. A novelty at home, its impact in the developing countries has yet to be realized. Already it has widened their perspective so that even the illiterate knows something of what is happening in his own country and the rest of the world—the individual country's effort to use this medium for disseminating its particular brand of propaganda notwithstanding. It played its role in the speed with which the news of the Kennedy assassination reached the remote areas of the world. Television has great possibilities; although considerably more expensive and difficult to operate, it is probably superior in effecting change to any other channel of communication. Where it is in operation it should be used to the fullest extent possible as an educational medium. I detect a tendency among Americans to dismiss this medium as expensive and therefore impractical. This is because they associate TV with our over-developed and highly expensive TV operations. Perhaps the biggest task with the agricultural worker in bringing change to his attention is that he must see it around him and feel it—even if it is only in picture posters, or on radio or television. He must be molded more in the image of his urban counterpart who, although still skeptical of change, has nevertheless learned to live with it and adjusted his life accordingly.

Finally, what we need to remember is that transferring our "know-how" to the host country counterpart, although essential, is not an end in itself. Somehow we must see that the newly orientated counterpart passes it on to those of his countrymen who work in the fields and factories. Despite the capital projects we may finance or the technical assistance we donate, the success or failure of the developing countries is inescapably linked to the spirit and attitude adopted by their people towards modernizing their age-old thinking and obsolete practices. ■

(*Continued from page 37*)

greeted the passengers as they disembarked. In spite of Churchill's "uniform" there could be no mistaking his contour. Pug Ismay was dismayed and commented that he "looked like an Air Force commodore disguised as the Prime Minister."

I arrived in England in early March 1941. At this time, when Britain was standing alone, President Roosevelt had sent me to England to consult the Prime Minister and other members of his government and to report to the President on everything we could do to assist Britain, short of war.

Churchill considered that the best way that I could carry out my mission was for me to be given the most intimate information on the British military situation and supply problems. The battle of the Atlantic was raging. Sinkings were averaging about 10% per convoy. Since Britain depended upon imports for half her food and most of her raw materials, it didn't take much calculation to figure out how soon her situation would become extremely grave. President Roosevelt took a series of actions in quick succession: one clearly unneutral act was the repairing of British naval vessels in American shipyards. Also, our naval ships extended their patrol in the Atlantic. We transferred two million tons of surplus shipping, and through lend-lease and otherwise stepped up our shipments of the most critically needed items of raw materials and food, bearing in mind conservation of shipping. We rapidly increased arms shipments.

I had not been in England long before the Prime Minister told me that his determined aim was to hold out in Britain and in the Middle East until we came into the war. He did not conceal from me the fact that there was a limit to the length of time Britain could hold out alone. Yet he showed complete confidence to the British people in all of his speeches and public statements. The British people never wavered in that year they stood alone. Every man, woman and child had but one thought: to do their part. It was inspiring to be in Britain at that time.

As I had been widely publicized as the President's personal representative, Churchill thought that my going with him to severely-bombed communities would add confidence.

I recall one day he visited Bristol, which had been badly "beaten up" by bombings just before he arrived. As he walked through the streets, it naturally created tremendous excitement. Women rushed to the doors of their homes shouting, "There he is—dear old Winnie!" He waved to everyone and he told me that he tried to catch a person's eye as this gave a direct communication with the individual.

At the end of this day, I happened to be alone with him in his railway car as we pulled out of the station to return to London. By that time everyone knew he was in town and people were leaning out of their windows in the hope of seeing him. Again he waved and tried to catch their eyes. As we left the city behind us, he picked up a newspaper to conceal his emotion. He had been deeply touched by the reception he had received all day from the people of Bristol. Tears came to his eyes and he said quite simply, "They have such faith—it is a grave responsibility." He then buried himself in his newspaper. It was his custom to read the newspapers carefully, in spite of the constant flow of government despatches.

The Prime Minister's mind was always on the war, but on occasion, particularly while traveling, he liked to play bezique, as something of a relief from the constant pressures. He told me that while it might not be altogether appropriate for the Prime Minister to play cards with his British colleagues, he thought it was quite proper to do so with the "President's personal envoy." It was invariably fascinating to play with him. While we shuffled the six packs of cards between hands, he would talk of things which were particularly on his mind.

An amusing incident occurred on our trip from Tehran to Moscow in August of 1942. This was Churchill's first meeting

with Stalin and the first face-to-face military discussion. The plane we traveled in was a converted B-24 bomber with no insulation and the noise was so loud that it was impossible to talk. The Prime Minister wrote notes to each of us when he had something he wanted to say. When it came to opening the lunch basket, prepared by the British Embassy in Tehran, the first item was ham sandwiches. Churchill demanded mustard. There was none to be had. Churchill scribbled, "No gentleman eats ham sandwiches without mustard." However, on the return trip the Kremlin service had supplied the lunch, and it included caviar and champagne. The Prime Minister was vastly pleased.

On the way to Moscow, frivolous messages were interspersed with serious comments on the approaching encounter with Stalin. Knowing that I had negotiated with Stalin in Moscow the year before, he asked my comment on how best to break the news to Stalin that there could be no Second Front in Europe and to explain the plans for the invasion of North Africa. Although Churchill was, of course, extremely quick and alert in debate, he planned his strategy carefully in advance. The Stalin talks turned out to have moments of agreement and moments of violent argument.

At one point, Churchill explained why the North Russian convoys had to be discontinued on account of devastative German air and submarine attack. In the July convoy, 25% of the ships had been lost. The Admiralty had considered there was a better chance for the ships to get through if the convoy dispersed and the naval vessels returned to Britain. Stalin said gruffly, "This is the first time in history that the British Navy turned back from a battle." As for the Second Front, he commented that the Germans were not invincible, and if the British would only fight they would find the Germans were not supermen.

Churchill was highly incensed. Nevertheless he kept his temper, and never mentioned what must have been uppermost in his mind—the perfidy of Stalin in the Ribbentrop treaty for the division of Poland, which gave Hitler a free hand to attack the West. In a sober but dramatic way Churchill described what Britain had done during the year she had stood alone, the manner in which the British forces and people had heroically dealt with every crisis, and the total effort which was now being put forth. Churchill never recognized the difficulties of interpretation of his vivid English into Russian, and he proceeded without pause. The interpreter, an elderly member of the British Embassy staff, tried to take notes but became so enthralled by the Prime Minister's eloquent speech that he finally put down his pencil. Churchill suddenly noticed this and told him to proceed with the interpretation. This he attempted to do from his notes in a somewhat halting manner. Churchill would interrupt and say—"Did you tell him this?" or "Did you remember that?" All this utterly flustered the poor fellow. Stalin listened for a time and then started to laugh, saying, "Your words are of no importance—what I like is your spirit."

I believe that incident formed the basis of the wartime relationship between the two men. Each knew the other disagreed utterly in ideology, but Stalin would frequently refer to Churchill in toasts as "My staunch comrade-in-arms during the war." I have always regretted that there was not a verbatim transcript of Churchill's reply to Stalin. It was perhaps one of the most vigorous and moving of his many historic statements.

During the course of the war, I was present at all but one of the meetings between Churchill and Roosevelt, and all of the tripartite talks with Stalin. I traveled with Churchill on many of his trips by sea and air, including those to the United States, and saw the Prime Minister frequently while I was in London. Many a dramatic incident springs to mind.

There was, for example, the dinner at Chequers on Sunday, December 7, 1941. Mrs. Churchill was not feeling well

and was having dinner upstairs. My daughter Kathleen was the only woman present. She had been asked because it was her birthday. Only Commander Thompson, Pug Ismay, John Martin (the Prime Minister's private secretary), Gil Winant, and myself were there. During dinner, at 9 o'clock, Sawyer, the butler, would always bring in a small radio, a present from Harry Hopkins. It turned on by lifting up the lid. Churchill was a bit despondent that evening and was immersed in his thoughts. The news started with unimportant events. Suddenly there was a pause and the announcer said he had a special despatch: "The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor." He then calmly continued with another item. I was startled and said, "What's that about bombing Pearl Harbor?" Tommy said, no, it was Pearl River. This I disputed. At that moment, John Martin returned from a telephone call and said that the Admiralty wanted to speak to the Prime Minister. For some reason, the Prime Minister slammed down the top of the radio and went rapidly out of the room. Winant and I followed. The reports of the attack on Pearl Harbor were confirmed by the Admiralty. He then immediately telephoned President Roosevelt in Washington. In that conversation he told the President without hesitation that the next day he would announce that Britain was in a state of war with Japan.

This was the first exchange between the two heads of Government, now allied in war. The intimate personal relationship between Roosevelt and Churchill led to the integration, unparalleled in history, of our mutual military and civilian war effort.

My final wartime talk with Sir Winston was in London in July 1945, just after the Potsdam meeting. The election had gone against the Conservative Party and Attlee and Bevin had taken Churchill and Eden's place in the middle of the Conference. Before going back to my post in Moscow, I wanted to see Churchill and pay him my respects. So I went to London and he asked me to lunch. He was living temporarily in a penthouse apartment on the top floor of Claridges. Mrs. Churchill, Brendan Bracken and I were the only ones present. Churchill talked about the election. The repudiation by the British people had been a very deep shock to him. He told me that the week since I had seen him in Potsdam had been the longest in his life but that he was now adjusted to these events. In order to make some consoling comment, I pointed to the fact that the Labor Party had not gained a majority of the popular vote, that if there had been proportional representation in Britain as in France, the Conservative and Liberal Parties would have the majority of seats in Commons and then he would no doubt still be Prime Minister. Churchill indignantly rejected this idea saying: "I will fight against the evils of proportional representation with all my strength." He explained that one could not have responsible government with proportional representation. He said it was essential that one Party have responsibility for government so that the people would know whom to hold accountable. Otherwise democracy cannot succeed.

To me, it was completely in character that at this time of great personal disappointment he was as vigorous as ever in upholding his basic concept of the great traditions of the British democratic system of government, which he understood so well.

I also suggested that this retirement would give him an opportunity to write the history of the war as no one else could. "Yes," Churchill replied, "but there is other work to be done." I knew then that this turn in events had cast only a passing shadow on his indomitable spirit. ■

Mr. Harriman's brief memoir on Sir Winston Churchill originally appeared as the foreword to "The War and Colonel Warden," by Gerald Pawle, based on the recollections of Commander C. R. Thompson, C.M.G., O.B.E., R.N. (ret.), personal assistant to the Prime Minister (1940-45). The book was published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1963.

(*Continued from page* 24)

create this kind of attitude. It is not so widespread as to demand little or no resourcefulness in nurturing. One of the more fascinating areas for initiative. No opportunities are lacking there.

You might find yourself in a state of isolation in your locality by the unwillingness of elements of the population to be seen in your company because of some decision of your government quite apart from the local political situation. These "unpopular" decisions are increasing in number as the world grows smaller and what each nation says and does is subjected to increasingly microscopic inspection. Among the people who draw away from you may be some intimately in touch with the political and economic situation of the country and therefore be the very people most able to help and guide you in your judgments. It is not always your most solid and understanding friends who best understand the opinions and grievances of the population and the pitch to which they may be rising. Yet this pitch provides clues to political trends and the durability of regimes. These clues you must keep at your fingertips, so that Washington may decide if and when it should shift its position. Here, the degree of initiative of officers in the field is a crucial matter.

To get the drifts and degrees of feeling and grievance in a local population is never easy. You must have extensive and reliable contacts and the time to maintain them. If a dictatorship rules the population, it has a secret police which watches you and your contacts. You must contrive to play a cat-and-mouse game. How do you do this with minimal risk to your Government, yourself and your contacts? This is a part of initiative.

As an officer acquires more finesse in diplomacy he finds that he must take his political soundings in manifold ways. One learns, for example, that people of the same calling always talk more freely to one another—military with military, lawyers with lawyers, journalists with journalists, businessmen with businessmen, labor people with labor. They have a natural inclination and pretext for keeping in touch with one another. So if your mission hasn't got a labor attaché you might find there should be one, for labor organizations thrust up from the masses and provide extensive lines of communication with the local population. So do university students and diplomatic officers making political judgments must contrive ways of keeping in close touch with them. Routine methods, behind-the-desk attitudes will never make a first-class diplomatic or consular officer. The man who waits for instructions on how to play the game just isn't in it.

The great thrust of governmental activity in international affairs has been along the whole social spectrum. You have not only a correspondingly broad spectrum to watch and act upon abroad but your whole governmental establishment at home is involved. There is almost no executive department or agency which does not share in our overseas interests. This is by no means so simple a situation that it can be covered by "instructions." You must yourself understand what is going on, what interests the various elements of your executive departments and agencies and lubricate their efforts rather than being, yourself, an individual source of friction and difficulty for them. The give-and-take that must occur between departments and agencies is on all levels and the lower levels often become better aware of the creakings and grindings than the upper. Officers lacking adequate vision and initiative can account for some of our more serious problems within our diplomatic machinery.

The give-and-take required for the transaction of your government's business abroad is also between you and your fellow Foreign Service officers. Each officer can see a situa-

tion or policy differently. He looks at them in terms of his own background, his own experience, his own education in an Henry Adams sense. When he differs from you he is more likely to be helpful to you in your own estimate of a situation than if he agrees. He will enable you to see your own problem more sharply. There is no surer way of limiting your usefulness than in holding in higher esteem officers who agree with you than those who disagree.

But differences of view must sometimes be surmounted. Suppose you are in a small mission in Africa, a third secretary in charge of economic and consular affairs. Through your contacts you begin to pick up threads of acquaintanceship in the local labor movement. These giving you insights no other colleague is acquiring, you find your initiative suggesting the necessity of supplementing inadequate representation funds by dipping into your own pocket to cultivate and multiply these contacts. Eventually you encounter an influential labor leader who, you become little by little convinced, is a communist agent. You draft an alerting message to Washington, but the principal political officer disagrees with you and refuses to transmit it. "This man is only an African nationalist," he says. What do you do? Fold up? Retreat? If you argue, *how* do you argue? *How* do you present your case? Here is a situation demanding resourcefulness and guts. If you have these qualities in ample degree, you may surmount your problem. If you haven't, you won't and not only will you find a troublesome appraisal in your personnel folder but—if you are right—your government will be caught in a disadvantageous position one fine day. Sometimes as much diplomacy is required to deal successfully with one's associates as with other governments.

Then, special emissaries might conceivably show up in your area and these are capable of leaving behind a woeful trail. I have sometimes felt in the Foreign Service like a road maintenance supervisor, whose job it was to keep in shape the highways of understanding between my government and others. Some heavy-wheeling emissary puts in an appearance and tears to pieces in a few days' time a road you have been patiently working at for months or years. So you start all over again reconstructing it. Whether you have what it takes only you can answer. No instruction from Washington can.

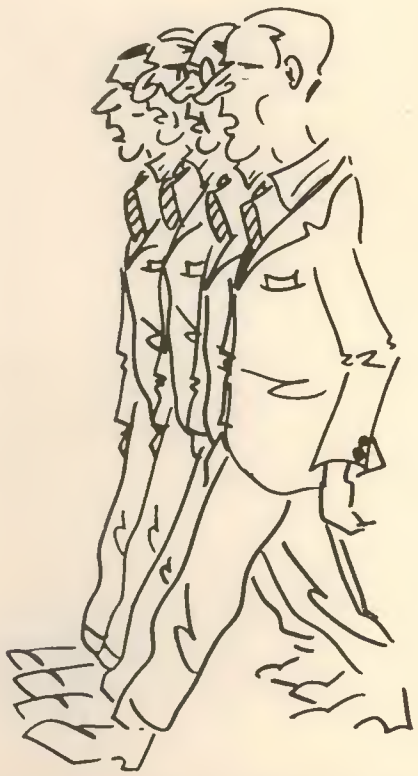
I remember a young Foreign Service officer serving as vice consul in Jerusalem when the British ended their mandate in Palestine and the independent State of Israel came into existence in territory Arabs claimed. Arab-Israeli hostilities flared. Blaming us for a large share of the situation, the Arabs made us feel exceedingly unpopular. Jordan—Transjordan it was called then—had gained its independence the year before. This young Foreign Service officer, aged 28, was given a dual status. At the same time he continued to serve as a vice consul in Jerusalem he was made American Representative to Transjordan. Back and forth between Jerusalem and Amman he shuttled in his car, braving bullets, and, though based in Jerusalem, his untiring initiative, ingenuity and personality won him popularity among the Arabs. This was quite some achievement. He even became a good friend of the Transjordanian King. A mere vice consul, this young officer helped greatly to bring two countries safely through a trying and hazardous period. We have recently been through similarly trying experiences in Africa and Asia, not to add Latin America. We are likely to go through more.

Even junior officers, therefore, can play a great, facilitating, stimulating role in our vast diplomatic effort. They can devise and apply many lubricants which can keep our vast apparatus of international relations from grinding away numerous little bearings and developing all sorts of tragic

knocks and breakdowns the causes of whieh people at the top can never detect. The community of nations and the extensive, across-the-spectrum diplomacy it demands have far outstripped the eapaeity of the relatively few people in eapitals to produce the desired results. A few people can decide we *want* to get from here to there—that's what one ealls poliey—but infinite are the combinations of people, moves, decisions, initiatives demanded to get from here to there.

There is one aspect of this question of initiative one should keep in mind. There is an inner initiative—an initiative of inner development—diplomacy requires. Being an art as well as a business, diplomacy is an intellectual and eultural process. This means that anyone engaged in it must study and develop. Only in this way can he constantly add to the knowledge, the insight, the experienee needed to equip him to deal successfully with people of a wholly different culture and social baekground. The experience of others one taps through reading is as useful and illuminating as one's own, sometimes more than one's own.

There you are, my young friend. Satisfied? Then let's walk down to the river. This is season and scenery of whieh poets write and diplomaey itself is a kind of poetry—a poetry of initiative, a poetry of aetion. Initiative and action are tributes we pay to it. ■



"I simply cannot understand how the idea got started that this Embassy is run by a clique."

(*Continued from page 10*)

paid large sums over previous decades for "permission" to sail Mediterranean waters. The red tablet reads as follows:

> In memory of a distinguished citizen of the United States of America, Commodore Stephen Decatur, who in connection with Captain W. Bainbridge and W. Shaler, Esq. concluded a treaty with the Dey of Algiers, thus being the first to break through the intolerable bondage in which many Christian nations were held by the Barbary States.
>
> This tablet is erected 20 June, 1877, by citizens of the United States grateful for the privilege of associating this commemoration of their countrymen with the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

In the vast panoply and paraphernalia of present-day diplomacy, we are apt to forget the unsung heroes of our simpler past, among them this splendid soldier of the Foreign Service who held high the torch on the Barbary Coast nearly a century and a half ago. ■

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

W. Averell Harriman, Ambassador-at-large, who contributes "The Light of Other Days," a memoir on Winston Churchill to this issue, probably knew Churchill better than any living American. Ambassador Harriman, during the course of his diplomatic career, participated in some of the pivotal moments of modern history. In many of these he was able to observe Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin at close range.

R. Smith Simpson retired from the Foreign Service in 1962 but it can't be said he hasn't been heard from since. His last overseas post was as Consul General in Lourenco Marques, as a result of which he did the Journal's lead article on Africa in the November 1958 issue. As a result of his longer experience in diplomatic and consular affairs he did the present article.

One of the Journal's favorite cartoonists, and a frequent contributor of articles to boot, is Howard R. Simpson. He writes from Saigon that his second novel, "Assignment for a Mercenary," is due for April publication by Harper & Row.

Ralph R. White has been writing, directing and producing documentary films since World War II. Joining USIS in 1957, he has specialized in Southeast Asia, working extensively in Thailand, Cambodia and Laos. Of "No Sweat on Mekong" he says "shooting documentaries on the Thai border can be both hazardous and amusing."

A native of Washington state, Dwight C. Smith, Jr., holds a BA degree from Yale and an MPA degree from Syracuse. He has been at Indiana University since 1960, being responsible, in part, for placement assistance to students interested in government careers.

Joe D. Walstrom retired from the Foreign Service in August, 1963, his last assignment having been as Secretary to the United Section of the International Boundary and Water Commission, United States and Mexico, at El Paso, Texas. He now resides in Guadalajara, Mexico, and teaches English at the local university.

D. Alan Strachan, who contributes "5,000 Years Late for School" to this issue, has had a long and distinguished career in industry and technology—experience which he is currently displaying in his post as deputy director of AID operations in Egypt. In the course of the article Mr. Strachan delivers himself of some acute remarks on the role of labor in modern civilization. He knows whereof he speaks: one of his earliest jobs was that of toolmaker in an automotive works.

AAFSW: NEWS

ONE of the truly inspiring and exciting stories of our Foreign Service is the outstanding work that is being carried on year after year in country after country by the wives of the United States Foreign Service officers." These are the words of Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey and his opinion is being further, and positively, emphasized by the fact that more and more of the Foreign Service wives to whom the Vice President was referring are being asked by the Office of Public Services of the State Department to bring their story before women's groups throughout the greater Washington area.

Each year for the past three years, the Speakers' Bureau (AAFSW members representing various levels of career as well as a wide range of geographic experience and interests) has filled requests for appearances at churches, schools and women's clubs to describe, sometimes using slides, the joys and problems of living abroad, the challenge, the stimulation and the opportunity for service. While the wives never speak on policy matters or related issues, their discussions of life around the world as they have lived it is often as exciting and timely as a headline. A request from a church group brought a panel of AAFSW members and wives of African diplomats for an in-depth look at the new and emerging nations. And so successful was one speaker at a well-known writers' organization that an invitation was extended on the spot for a similar talk before another group.

The Speakers' Bureau's most recent and ambitious engagement was a panel discussion before the Congressional Club early in February. Introduced by Mrs. Kitty C. Gibbons, Special Assistant to Mrs. Katie Louchheim, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Community Advisory Services, the speakers were Mrs. Olcott H. Deming, Mrs. Douglas N. Forman, Jr., and Mrs. Albert N. Williams. Since the panel ranged from the young wife of a Department-assigned desk officer to an Ambassador's wife and covered the globe from Argentina to Uganda to Nepal, the speakers were able to telescope most effectively the various phases of a lifetime in the Foreign Service as well as to indicate to their Congressional audience the similarities in the two careers, that of a wife who represents her huband's constituents in Washington and the wife who represents her country abroad.

To interest prospective speakers, especially among those wives newly-returned from abroad, and to make plans for the future program of the Bureau, a meeting was held on February 10 at the home of Mrs. David Newsom, the Bureau's Chairman. At that time it was hoped that more wives would volunteer their services to the worthwhile project of increasing the public's understanding and appreciation of the work of the Foreign Service. ■

PARAPHRASES

"While PM's statement contains alarming overtones, other indications situation not likely become critical in near future. If pressed for comment, U.S. Reps should avoid taking sides and indicate confidence in posssibilities peaceful bilateral resolution of issue . . ."

(Don't take head from sand.)

"Sympathetic cognizance accorded fact Smitherly has completed three consecutive hardship tours, but needs of service . . ."

(Shafted again.)

(Continued from page 25)

Whether due to inadequate priorities or unimaginative recruiting, the central fact is that the Foreign Service does not compete effectively for the limited talent available.

What, then, should be done? Certainly, there will always be a State Department—or, perhaps more accurately, there will always be a foreign service through which continuity in foreign affairs will be provided and through which the total American effort abroad will derive its "spiritual leadership." But will it be the foreign service that it ought to be? The answer cannot be provided on the basis of a short-term recruitment program; competence and quality are hard to establish and maintain indefinitely. To a significant degree the answer will depend on the extent to which a clear understanding of the nature of the Foreign Service can be related to effective, long-range recruiting. ■

—DONATIONS TO THE KENNEDY CENTER FOR— THE PERFORMING ARTS

If 100 members will now write a check for only $10 each the whole thing can be put across. What? The plaque on the door of a box in the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. As we explained before, the Association undertook to contribute $10,000 for the Center and it was understood that a permanent tablet commemorating the gift would be erected on the door of a box in one of the theaters. At the beginning the cash register rang almost continuously; a series of substantial contributions soon totaled $9,000. The time has now come to concentrate on small contributors. As we said before only a hundred can turn the trick. Finally let us repeat one already repeated thought: if the initial amount had aroused only a pallid response, the better part of wisdom would be to drop the whole business; but since the response was enthusiastic, it would be a vast pity to drop the plan when we are within $1,000 of the goal.

Contributions to this fund are tax deductible. Checks should be made out to the American Foreign Service Association, identified as a contribution to this worthy cause.

AFSA: News

The deadline for Scholarship applications for children of Association members is April 1. Complete information and the necessary blanks can be obtained by writing to the Association.

In a recent issue the "Washington Letter" casually remarked that certain books could be obtained "through the Association at the usual discount." This brought a letter from a reader asking for an explanation. We supply it gladly because members who make use of the Association's discount facilities have found it a great boon over the years.

Members may order books through the Association by supplying title, author and, if possible, publisher. Discounts are ten per cent on university press, technical and text books, and from 25 to 33 per cent on most others. Discounts cannot be obtained, however, on government publications, encyclopedia sets, paperbacks of news agencies, publications of learned or non-profit associations. When the Association orders a book for a member, the publisher sends the book direct to the member and the Association then bills him for the cost of the book, plus postage. Advance payment is unnecessary. The Association, incidentally, does not handle magazine subscriptions.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Toastmistresses around the World

It has come to our attention that the membership of your organization composed of people in Foreign Service might be interested in the opportunities offered by International Toastmistress Clubs to improve communication and develop speaking and leadership abilities.

Enclosed are two pamphlets which cover the purpose of Toastmistress and the field of women to which this organization might appeal.

It is our thought that a mention in your magazine may arouse the interest of women in the foreign countries. We already have clubs in 17 different countries including England, Scotland, Germany, France, Australia, Thailand, China and Japan.

Mrs. J. H. O'Donnell
ITC President
624 S. 87th Street
Birmingham, Alabama

Foreign Service Anecdotes

Wanted from Foreign Service personnel: 300 interesting anecdotes (serious or humorous) for book which is to interest and inform people about life in the Foreign Service.

Anecdotes referring to either official or unofficial activities should be less than 1000 words. Names and titles of contributors will be published unless contributor requests name withheld. No payment will be made but free copy of book will be sent to contributors whose anecdotes are published. Deadline: August 1, 1965.

Please write to address below.

Joseph Wiedenmayer (FSO)
c/o National Newark and Essex Bank
744 Broad Street
Newark, N. J.

Strange Ways of Vanity

Have you ever noticed that foreign languages incite people to a peculiar form of vanity? You almost never hear anyone saying, "I can't speak . . . French, German, or whatever." Those who can't speak a word say, "Of course my French is *very* faulty." Or, "Frankly I know just enough German to order breakfast." It's the same in Tamil or Dorpat, Ethiopian or Ba-Kalaharian. Instead of saying, "Why should I waste my time on that outlandish gibberish?" They say, "Of course it must be confessed that my command of Ba-Kalaharian is pretty sketchy and when I was told to go to the bazaar for a garden hose, I almost keeled over."

Ronald van Bibber
Marquette, Michigan

Lying in State

Whenever a great—or even notable—man dies, leather bound books are installed in government offices, churches, city halls, embassies, God knows where else, and immediately there is a rush of citizens to sign their names. In some cases the crop runs to hundreds of books and millions of signatures.

Think of the waste of time, the waste of gasoline, the traffic tangles, the expense of shipping books to one central point! For it is perfectly obvious that no one ever sees these books; no one would find the time or energy to do so.

All this futile activity is probably an outgrowth of a custom favored by many people of humbler station: the display of a book for the signatures of friends and associates who attend the wake or funeral. But this is a different matter: the family that puts out the book presumably reads it and is grateful for the "attentions délicates" implied in the signatures.

Raymond Denooyer
Cannes

Here Lies . . .

The following story was told to me by a missionary.

One day, a little boy who was returning home from school, decided to take a short-cut through the town's cemetery. Walking in the cemetery, he began to glance at the various gravestones, reading the epitaphs. Stopping in front of the biggest tombstone, which was located in the middle of the graveyard, he began to read this which was chiseled on it—

Stop! My friend, as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, you soon shall be.
Therefore, prepare yourself to
follow me!

The boy paused to think it over. Then, hastily looking around to see if anyone was looking, he took out of his pocket a piece of chalk and began to write on the tombstone. When he finished, he proceeded on his merry way.

The next day, when the caretaker arrived in the morning, and was inspecting the cemetery, he came upon the tombstone and saw the addendum:

To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went!

Hendryk Z. Kenna
Mexico City

Changing Name Plates

The Brothers Ringling made some good performances in sundry places, and hopefully the Dungans—William A. and Ralph A.—will do the same in Bucharest and Santiago. (See January issue, Page 2, under "Recess Appointments.")

However, Bucharest's Dungan is more commonly known as Crawford, and I should appreciate your making the correction in your next issue.

William A. Crawford
American Ambassador
Bucharest

Editor's Note: We are sorry. Let it now be firmly established: In Bucharest it is Crawford!

Deflating Bureaucracy

The editorial entitled "The Trouble with the Venetian Blinds" in the January issue of the Foreign Service Journal is a little masterpiece of just the sort of ironic writing which should be increasingly used to try to deflate the dangerously blown-up bureaucracy in government in our country. It is most encouraging to find this sentiment alive in the Department and that there are those who have the courage to express themselves on this general subject.

I must say I spent many happy years in Foggy Bottom in the Foreign Service. I can only hope it will one day afford the same to other Americans—a kernel of hope for which the editorial in the Foreign Service Journal gives rise.

Ferdinand L. Mayer
Bennington, Vermont

Wising Up

It was heartwarming to find in the February issue Ted Maffitt's letter striking another blow in defense of decent English usage. As important as the letter itself, was the title you gave it: "Speaking Syntax-wise."

For many years, I have been growing increasingly apoplectic about the hanging of the suffix "wise" on just about every word in the dictionary (unabridged). As far back as 1961, I had reason to hope that this practice was about to wane. It was then that S. J. Perelman, eminent humorist and master of English, rose in wrath and said, "Jig-wise all is up." That should have done it, but since it did not, I am glad to see that the Editor of the

JOURNAL has once more reminded us that the problem is still with us.

RICHARD B. FREUND

Washington

"The Past Is Prologue"

I HAVE just read the article which appeared in the JOURNAL of November 1962 entitled "Are We Getting Our Share of the Best?" I have heard several of my colleagues here at Indiana who have been involved in interviewing students planning to travel abroad say that the students' knowledge of their own country is just about as sparse as R. Smith Simpson reports in this article on applicants for the Foreign Service. And they agree with Mr. Simpson that such knowledge is very important for any American working or studying in foreign areas.

One cause of this situation is obviously the quality of instruction of American history in our high schools and colleges. Two of my colleagues and I have recently completed a report on the teaching of American history in Indiana high schools. We found that the average high school course in American history was a rather shallow and narrow study with large gaps in it. Most teachers, having minimal college preparation, do not continue to improve their preparation to teach the subject. Since they themselves do not keep up with the findings and literature of history, they do not ask their students to read widely or study deeply. The result is that students emerge from the high school course with very little knowledge of their country's past.

This report is available from the Indiana University Press, Bloomington, at the price of $3.00.

MAURICE G. BAXTER

Director, Lilly Program
Indiana University
Bloomington

"Watch-Dog Group"

I WISH to refer to the article "On Dissent" by William E. Knight in the December issue. Mr. Knight mentions the "penetration of non-career and even political appointments ever further down in the hierarchy . . ."

Reference has been made to this before, particularly the probability of political appointments in ranks lower than the ambassadorial. Nothing can, or even should be done, at least outside the Senate, in the cases of political or professional appointees to serve as chiefs of mission. However, should neophytes be allowed to penetrate the consular and similar Foreign Service posts, the career principle will reach a new low and the exodus of highly selected and expensively trained junior and mid-career officers would nullify the effects of the Rogers Act of 1924.

Mr. Knight's suggestion to form a "watch-dog" group of retired Foreign Service officers is an excellent one.

Nearly every senior career officer has served under both professional ambassadors, also "one-shot" political appointees, some of the latter able, and some painfully awful. If the ranks of consuls, consuls general, counsellors, etc. are opened to political appointees, even semi-qualified ones, then the Service will be in a sad state indeed.

PAUL J. REVELEY

Consul General-retired

Miami Beach

Another Photo Contest

THE PRESIDENT has directed the executive agencies to submit, on a monthly basis, three agency-originated photographs which "most powerfully portray the problems of America and our effort to meet them."

A committee of distinguished photographers, chaired by John Szarkowski, Director of Photography of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, will screen the entries and submit the most outstanding to the President. He will choose one which will be released as the "President's Choice" for that month. Eventually the pictures may be collected for exhibition and book purposes.

As you know, the Department of State has a very limited photographic capability. Therefore, if we are to submit photos worthy of this contest, members of the Foreign Service—especially those in the field—must help to provide them.

Having followed the JOURNAL's photo contests with a good deal of interest. I know the Service has photographers whose work is of the highest professional caliber. This is a splendid opportunity for them to put these talents to work for the Department and particularly the Foreign Service.

Entries may be submitted directly to my office.

W. D. BLAIR, JR.
Director
Office of Media Services

Historical Footnote

THE name of Outerbridge Horsey has always fascinated me in Foreign Service listings and I was accordingly interested to learn in my recent browsings that an earlier Outerbridge Horsey was US Senator from Delaware in 1812. He led the Federalist attack on the annexation of West Florida, was demolished by Henry Clay and appears no more in the chronicles.

When I wrote Ambassador Horsey of my researches, he replied: "I am glad the memory of my progenitor is not entirely lost. He lived for many years and, amongst other merits, sired my grandfather who bore and passed on the burden of the same name. He in turn was active in Maryland politics and produced a fine rye whiskey called Old Horsey, much appreciated by all who knew it."

T.O.S.

Washington

Flattery

A London fashion magazine urges Prime Minister Harold Wilson to dress more like an ambassador.

J. B. S.

London

"What do you suppose it's for?"

AUTHORIZED EXPORTER

GENERAL ELECTRIC

IGE DIVISION USA

$174.00

MODEL 19XF640A—CCIR

19" (49 cm) diometer tube
172 sq. in. (1110 cm^2) picture
CCIR, Europeon Stondords

TABLE MODEL TELEVISION

- Front Controls
- Slim silhouette Itolion styling
- Bonded, oluminized picture tube
- Solid wood cobinet 7/16" with polyester finish.

Dimensions:
23" (58 cm) wide, 16½" (42 cm) high, 13½" (34 cm) deep.
Picture Areo: 172 sq. in.
Power: 160 watts, 200-240 v. 50 cycle. AC only.
Antenno Input: 300 ohms, Bolon.
Weight: 44 lbs. (20 kg)

XSM 722AWD

23" diog. tube—282 sq. in. picture

FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS

- Adjustable for Operation—110 to 220 volts 195 watts
- Front Controls—easy to see
- Non-synchronous, operates on 50/60 cycles
- Front Sound—4" Dynapower speaker
- Set-and-forget Volume Control
- Automatic Brightness Control

$178.00

Dimensions—27" wide, 19¼" high, 15¼" deep
Weight—69 lbs.

P990—
Two-tone brown

WORLD MONITOR — 5 BANDS

- FM, 88-108 mc; SW 2, 6-18 mc; SW1, 1.8-5.1 mc; Standard BC, 540-1600 kc; LW, 170-400 kc

- 4" heavy-magnet speaker; AFC on FM
- 17 transistors plus 3 diodes
- 3 antennas: ferrite rod for BC and LW, 5' whip for SW, 32" whip for FM
- Continuous tone control; Fine tuning
- Electronic battery-saver circuit
- Up to 600 hours on 6 "D" batteries
- W—12⅝", H—8⅜", D—4¾"
- Shipping weight: 9½ lbs.

$99.00

General Electronics, Inc.

SHOW ROOM

4513 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington 16, D.C. EM. 2-8300

WRITE FOR CATALOG

Our catalog is sent to administrative officers of embassies and consulates throughout the world.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES · THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. · DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

No one hides these bottles

Some whiskey bottles are just containers. But not a bottle of Old Grand-Dad. From the moment they see it, your guests know how highly you value their pleasure. For they know this is the finest of all Kentucky bourbons. Next time you entertain, serve Old Grand-Dad—and bring out the bottle. It's the thing to do.

OLD GRAND-DAD

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND