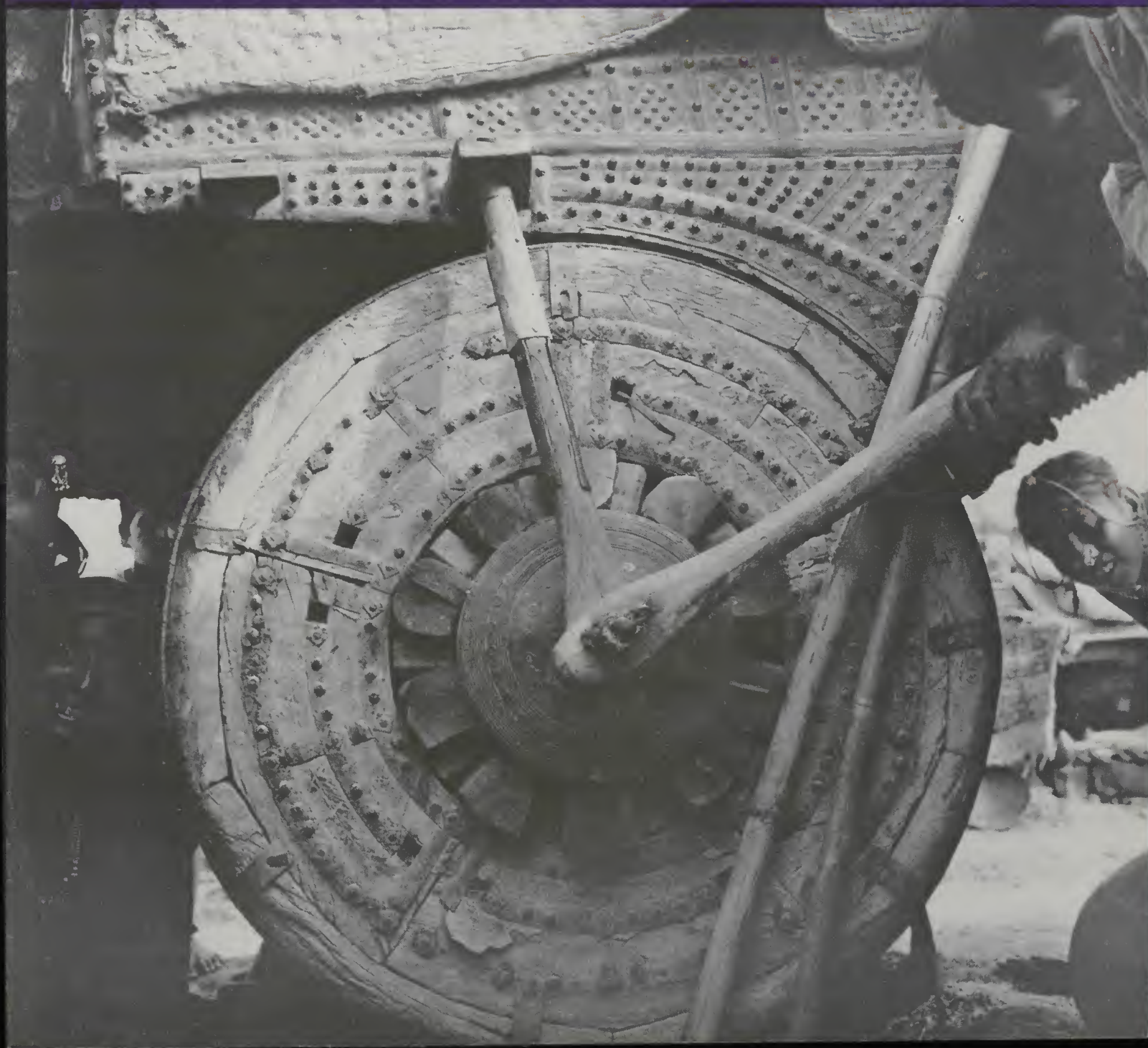


Foreign Service Journal

MAY 1965
60 CENTS





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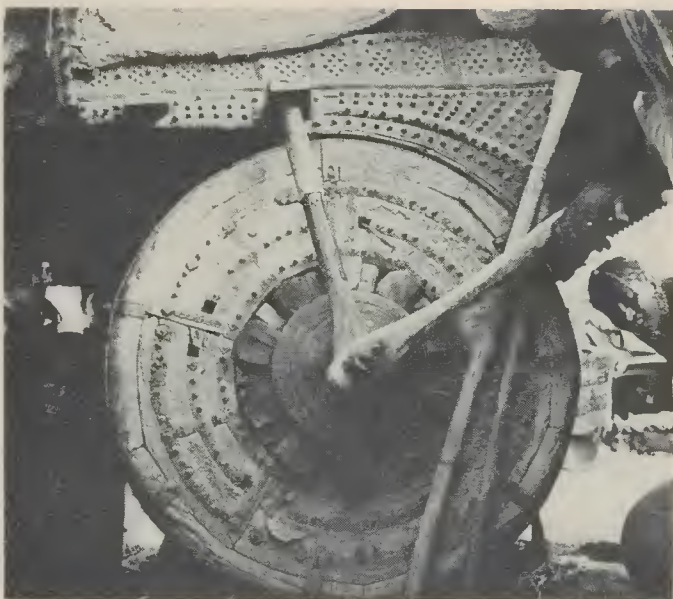
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by Lynn Millar

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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.

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Marriages

KING-MACAULEY. Bonnie Robin King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lamar King, was married to Donald Macauley on November 28, 1964 in Harrow, England. Mr. Macauley is second secretary of the British High Commission in Freetown.

KING-SEID. Gail Lamar King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lamar King, was married to Sydney Seid in Los Angeles, on February 27, 1965.

Births

CONNER. A daughter, Candace Frances, born to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Conner, on November 10, 1964, in Makwasa, Malawi.

DOBRECHUK. A son, Alexis V., born to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Dobrenchuk, on April 16, 1964, in Chiangmai, Thailand.

KIMBALL. A son, John Walker, III, born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kimball, Jr., on May 17, 1964, in Washington.

LAHIGUERA. A son, Daniel William, born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Lahiguera, on December 30, in Alexandria, Virginia.

LANDE. A daughter, Ruth Alyssa, born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lande on March 12, 1965, in Washington.

MAKEPEACE. A son, Peter Harper, born to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Makepeace, on October 6, in Washington.

NEALE. A son, Thomas Allen, born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Neale, on March 13, 1965, in London.

PERRY. A daughter, Jennifer Elizabeth, born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Perry, on March 8, 1965, in Versailles.

SUDDARTH. A son, Mark Seldon, born to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe S. Suddarth, on March 28, 1965, in Beirut.

Deaths

MEYER. Clarence E. Meyer, former ECA official, died on March 15, 1965, in Washington, D. C. After being in private business he served as petroleum attache at London from 1943-45. He centered private business and retired as Vice President and Director of Standard-Vacuum Oil Company in 1950. He was then appointed Chief of ECA mission at Seoul. He also served in this capacity at Vienna and Japan, resigning in 1957.

MOOT. Lueille Moot, wife of FSO Edwin H. Moot, Jr., died on March 16, 1964, in Salisbury, Rhodesia. Among the posts at which the Moots served are Palermo, Hong Kong, Macau, Department, Mogadiseio and Salisbury.

NABEL. Eugene W. Nabel, FSSO-retired, died on January 6, 1965 in Los Angeles. Mr. Nabel entered the Foreign Service in 1907 and retired in 1949. His posts were St. Gall, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Zurich where he was Consul at the time of his retirement.

PHILLIPS. Frances Tracey Phillips, wife of Joseph B. Phillips, FSO-retired, died at her home in Bethesda on March 26, after a long sickness. Mrs. Phillips lived in Moscow, Bonn and Rome while her husband was assigned to these capitals and in Washington while he was director of USIA's office of Western European Affairs. Aside from her official duties Mrs. Phillips took an active part in theatrical enterprises, both as actress and director. She contributed a series of articles dealing with her experiences in Russia to the NEW YORKER.

SCHOTT. Janet Mabon Schott, wife of William W. Schott, FSO-retired, died on February 15, 1965, in Bad Godesburg. Their many Foreign Service posts included Paris, Mexico City, Berlin, Budapest, Tangier, Athens and Bonn.



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EXPELLABLE DE TROP TELLS HIS SECRETS

by ALFRED FRIENDLY

"IT's not everybody's dish of tea, I suppose," DeTrop told us, "but for me it's been, all in all, a pretty satisfying life, and it isn't over yet. I think I have three or four countries to go before retirement, and I look forward to them."

Alexander DeTrop, 54, EFSO-3, is, as his rating indicates, a career Expellable Foreign Service officer. With luck, diligence and prudence, he may be promoted to EFSO-1, which is to say, assimilated ambassadorial rank, before he is finally put out to pasture, pensioned and honored.

A succession of State Department selection panels have given him top rating for a distinguished career of being thrown out of the USSR (twice), Poland, Ghana, Ceylon, Indonesia and Bulgaria. He is in training now for Tanzania and his fondest hope is that the United States will effect diplomatic recognition with Albania, from which—because of some romantic childhood fantasy—he would like to be expelled as a sort of climax of his professional career.

HE began government service routinely as Expellable Vice Consul, and has been steadily promoted through the Expellable ranks as Second Secretary, Peace Corpsman, Assistant Military Attache, Labor Advisor and, in his last post, Counsellor.

With the rank of Expellable Minister a clear possibility within the next two or three years, DeTrop is, accordingly, an outstanding exemplar of a too seldom honored profession in the Federal service. He is one of the best of that selfless breed whose business it is to be declared *persona non grata* in a succession of hardship posts in the far corners of the globe.

Putting aside his Swahili grammar for a few minutes, DeTrop explained the whole system:

"When the United States discovers some foreign diplomat engaged in espionage, smuggling, dope peddling, exotic erotics or the like," he said, "and it becomes necessary to eject him, experience shows that some officer in our diplomatic mission in his country of exactly similar rank and duties will be expelled in retribution.

"Obviously, it would be folly to leave to chance, or the decision of the foreign country, who that officer will be. He could be someone whom we really wanted there, someone useful and competent.



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"To protect that person from reciprocal expulsion, prudence dictates that we place an Expellable officer in our embassy, whose retributive hurling-out will cause us no harm.

"Hence my profession. Say we find we have to name some diplomatic officer from Ruritania as *persona non grata* in Washington and have to give him the old heave. Well, they send me to his country first, giving me the exact same rank and duties.

"Once I've arrived, picked up my commissary privileges, held my first cocktail party, and checked in with our motor pool, spook and USIA librarian, then Washington kicks the Ruritanian out. Within three or four days, Ruritanian bounces me.

"I send my pictures to the local press, give the standard interview of outraged innocence to the resident AP reporter, and catch the next plane out.

"It's a restless life, tough on wives, but not without its satisfactions. Talk about 'Join the Navy and See the World!' That's nothing compared to the Expellable Service."

THE only really miserable posting DeTrop recalls is when he was made a Fulbright Scholar in Unter Milchholz, Bavaria, in preparation for kicking out an Eisenhower Fellow from Munich who was peddling pornography at Kenyon College. But before this country could get around to bouncing him, the Sixth Circuit Court declared that the book he was slipping the students, at \$13.65 per copy, was really Great Literature. Hence there was no deal, and DeTrop had to spend a full two years in Germany.

"Um Gottes Willen," said DeTrop in anguished recollection, "what a foulup! Bratwurst mit Sauerkraut for 24 months. Why they had to waste a career Expellable on that job instead of one of those dozens of good-for-nothing Wristonized creeps that clutter up the Expellable Foreign Service I'll never know."

Reprinted with permission from the Washington Post.

Saenen in the Sun

The sun played blind-fold in the square,
an old game known as blind-fold fair,
made eaves, doors and dark-stained shutters
fly their flower flags like lovers.

Purple roses rimmed the mountains
spilling shadows into fountains,
platoons of soldiers played at war,
outraced their purpose at the bar.

We played at peace, drank landscape up,
the noon-day overflowed our cup.
Children, mothers, soldiers, church-bells
played the game of blind-gold spells.

—KATIE LOUCHHEIM

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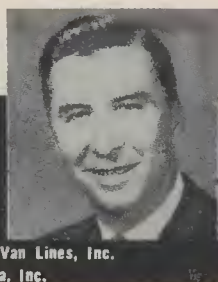
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MR. EADS' PROPOSAL— AN ISTHMIAN SHIP-RAILWAY

by E. TAYLOR PARKS

THE current discussion of the need for another inter-oceanic canal, preferably one without wartime-vulnerable locks, brings to mind a unique proposal made in 1880 by James B. Eads for the construction of a ship-railway via the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Eads was a noted engineer, bridge builder, and designer of the lower Mississippi River jetties system.

While Ferdinand de Lesseps and his French company were preparing to begin work on the Panama Canal and a competing United States company was seeking Congressional aid for a Nicaraguan Canal, Eads secured a favorable concession from the Mexican Government and unsuccessfully appealed to Congress for a guarantee of six per cent dividends for fifteen years on \$50,000,000 of his capital stock.

Eads maintained that a ship-railway was not only practicable but was superior to a canal. It would be less costly to construct and maintain. It would transport ships more rapidly and with equal safety, and could be more easily expanded to meet new needs and trade developments.

Under the Eads plan, a ship in transit across the Isthmus would be placed aboard a platform of "plate-iron cross-girders," with the total weight distributed over twelve parallel rails (equivalent of six trains) with outer rails some forty feet apart. Wheels (two feet in diameter) would be placed three feet apart under the platform to support it on the underlying rails. The ship would be moved at the rate of eight to ten miles per hour; and turntables would be placed where a change of direction was necessary, thus eliminating an unbearable strain on the hull of the vessel in transit.

Eads estimated the cost of the completed project at \$75,000,000. His appeal to Congress was merely for a guarantee of six per cent dividends on \$50,000,000 for fifteen years, even this to be advanced only as he gave evidence of a thorough

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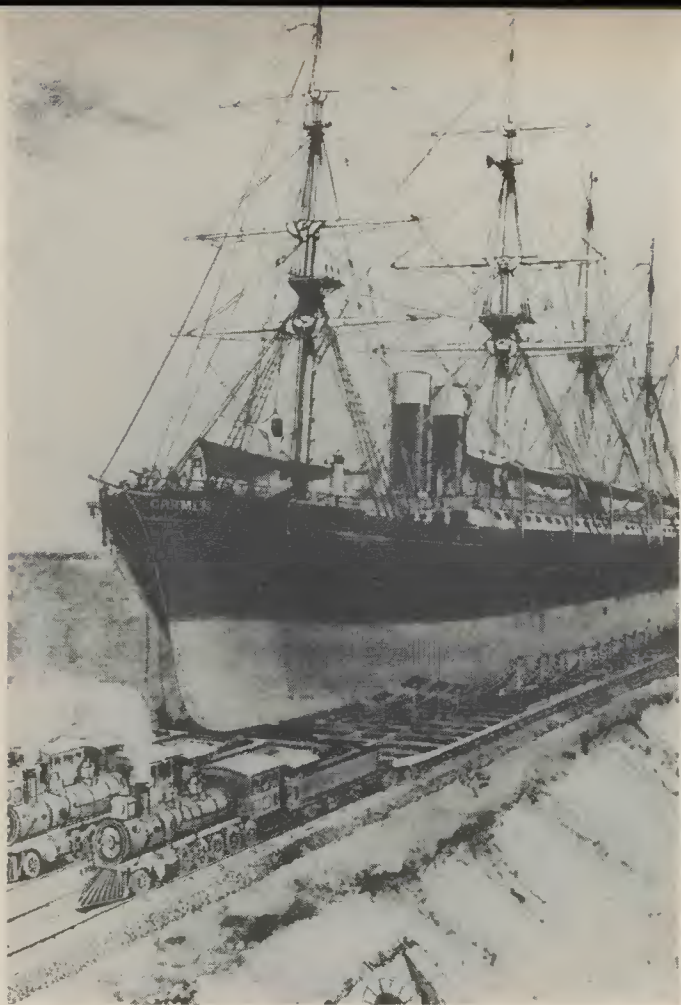


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*Tehuantepec Ship-Railway Project
Designed by James B. Eads.*

test of the practicability of the project. United States vessels, mails, and officials would enjoy free passage for the ninety-nine years of the concession; the United States would possess the right to regulate tolls and to discriminate in favor of United States and Mexican commerce.

A special Congressional Committee, after conducting hearings, was convinced that the project held distinct advantages over the French proposed "sea-level canal" via Panama and the United States privately-sponsored "canal with locks" via Nicaragua. The ship-railway could be constructed at half the cost and in one-fourth to one-third of the time, vessels of the largest tonnage could be safely transported, and the cost of maintenance (even expansion) would be reasonable. The concession from the Mexican Government was generous. The United States Government, therefore, should grant the modest request of Mr. Eads.

The Bill reported to Congress by the Committee, however, was never passed. Already (February 1, 1881) De Lesseps had begun work on the Panama Canal and the United States Government (as the result of numerous surveys) was committed to the Nicaragua route. Only after the failure of the efforts of the French at Panama and the opportunity to purchase the French work at a reasonable price did the United States shift its interest again to Panama and proceed to construct the canal. In the twenty-year controversy in both engineering and political circles over the relative merits of the various routes, engineer Eads' ship-railway project was lost. ■



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25 YEARS AGO

May, 1940

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

Those No Nonsense Days

CONSULS were "rough and ready" in ye olden days, according to E. Talbot Smith, Consul, Nairobi, in his article "Early Records of the Consulate at Zanzibar." "The earliest record that I can find in the archives of this office is an instruction dated April 7, 1836, appointing Richard P. Waters the first 'US Consul for the Island of Zanzibar, Muscat.' This was signed by John Forsyth, the Secretary of State . . .

"In those days the seamen were not pampered and treated as they are today, as is evidenced by a hearing before the consul involving mutiny by five members of the whaling barque 'Emma' of New Bedford. The men refused to obey orders, complaining of the food, and refused to appear at the consulate until the consul ordered them brought before him in irons. The consul, after personally inspecting the food supplies and finding them fresh and sufficient, ordered the men back. As they refused, the consul ruled 'I pronounce the act of refusing duty and setting the master's authority at defiance mutinous conduct and in consideration of their refusal to go on board after a hearing before me. I hereby order and decree that for the purpose of bringing them to return on board and to duty, that they each receive two dozen lashes with a piece of 12 thread ratline rope after which, if they still refuse, to confine them in the fort and receive the flogging every day as often as they can bear it until they submit. A note follows that after one flogging 'every man requested to be allowed to go to duty.' . . .

"In a report dated October 20, 1862, the consul states that the British consul had orders from his Government to demand the immediate and total abolition of slavery and the slave trade within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The Sultan is reported to have replied with these words: 'If the English Government ask me to cut off my right hand, I will cheerfully do it; but to the demand that I cut my own head off, I respectfully decline to yeald (sic),' which the consul takes to mean that were he to abolish slavery, his Arab subjects would assassinate him."



A son, John C., III, was born on February 20 to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Shillock, Jr., in Lisbon, where Mr. Shillock is Consul.

Comment, 1965: John, called Christopher, received a BA degree with honors from Haverford College in 1962. He is with an insurance company and is also pursuing studies in Philosophy at C. C. N. Y. for an MA degree. Christopher and Jeanne de Ward were married last October and are living in New York.

Danube Yields US Seal

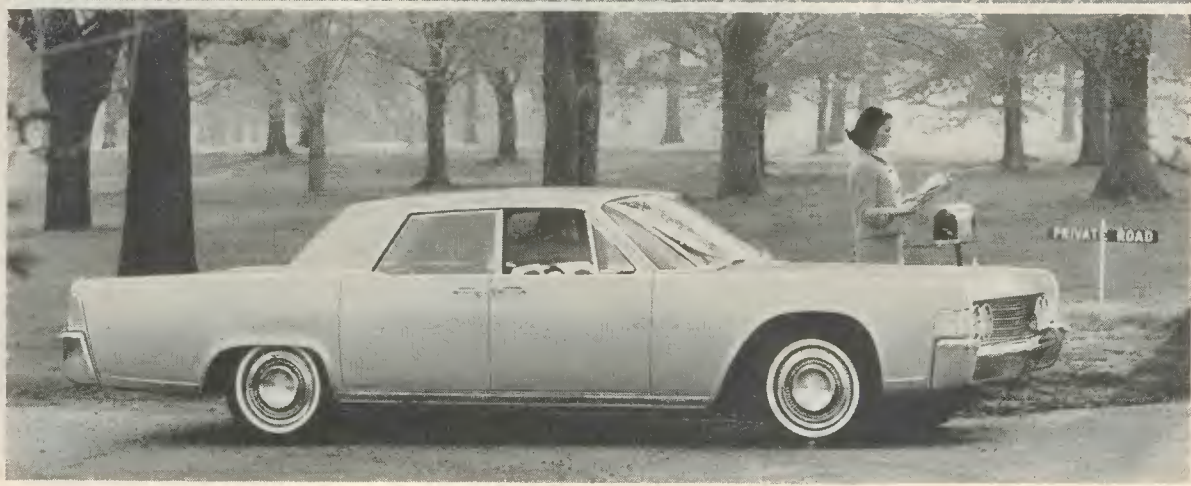
Belgrade, Yugoslavia, March 5—A Danish workman, employed in dredging the Danube near Belgrade, has brought to the American Legation a seal of the United States Foreign Service inscribed "US Legation in Serbia."

It is believed the seal was thrown into the river by a member of the legation staff in 1914 when the Austrian bombardment of Belgrade caused the Serbian Government and foreign diplomatic representatives to leave the city.—*New York Times, March 6, 1940.*

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Briefs: Foy D. Kohler, Third Secretary and Vice Consul at Athens, accompanied by Mrs. Kohler, sailed from New York City, on April 13 on the S. S. *Exeter* for Athens. They visited Washington for about one week at the conclusion of leave.

► Harry A. McBride, who resigned from the Foreign Service last year, while serving as Assistant to Secretary Hull, to become Administrator of the National Gallery of Art, has been signally honored by the Liberian Government, which he served in 1918 and 1919 on loan from the Department of State. The Liberian Government named a bridge at Monrovia the "Harry A. McBride Bridge," and it now is open to traffic.

► Thomas Hickok reports from Manila on visits of FSOs from other posts in the Far East: "Paul Paddock, from Batavia, saw more of the islands in ten days than we who live here can hope to see in the course of our assignments. Consul George Merrell, from Harbin, and his sister were welcome visitors for about ten days, presumably absorbing warmth."

Recent Events

In their "glorious journey to everywhere," Drum and Florence Drumright skidded over snowy ice-bound Andorra into Spain where, Drum says "One feels closer to saints and sinners than anywhere else on earth. At Madrid's El Prado we renewed our acquaintance with the mystic, ballet legged

disciples of El Greco, the resplendent royalty of Velasquez, the roly-poly comedians and ghoulish fiends of Goya, the strong, holy men of Ribera. We drove South through damascened Toledo, Mérida to Andalusia, the country as vivid and gay as an old Spanish shawl. The sheep were lambing, the storks nesting, fields blooming, men girlwatching."

► Terry Sanders is now in Norfolk as Political Adviser at the US Naval Command (CINCLANT) and Director of Politico-Military Affairs in the NATO Naval Command (SACLANT).

Terry III is graduating from Texas Military Institute and he plans to enter the University of Virginia.

Christie will probably enter the Norfolk Academy, a non-military school for boys.

Last year Beth had a successful operation in B.A. to replace a defective bone in her right hand. And that brings the Terry Sanderses up to date.

Hardship Post

A British Inspector of Consulates, in Denver, recently, is reported to have said that once his Ambassador visited his home in Cleveland, and got a sore heel from trying to keep the water in the bathtub that had no stopper.

"This sort of thing is common in Moscow and other European cities," said the Inspector, "but I never thought it would happen in our home in Cleveland."

► The Marine Band played at the inauguration of President Johnson and it also played at the inauguration of President Thomas Jefferson. The latter is reported to have said to the conductor of the Marine Band: "That music was sour. Why don't you get a few Italian musicians in your band?"

► George Shaw, retired in New Orleans, went on about his poor health in a recent letter—bad heart, etc., etc., etc., and then: "Hope I can get in 18 holes of golf tomorrow." ■

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As every commentator on the state of the world has remarked, never in history has there been such revolutionary change in such a brief span of time as during the last half century. Barbara Ward says the current transformations in the underdeveloped countries are comparable only to man's shift, stretching out over several millennia, from nomadic existence based on hunting to settled existence based on agriculture. The revolution in weapons since Hiroshima, with its appalling potential consequences, troubles and taints the subconscious of almost every human being. Nor is the vertiginous process by any means ended. David Sarnoff predicts that, during the thirty-five years remaining to us in this century, there will be more change than in the whole of human history heretofore! A thought to give one pause, to say the least.

Naturally, such profound and kaleidoseopic modification in the human condition has had and will have profound and kaleidoseopic effects in international relations and on the foreign policies of all states, not least on that of the world's strongest power. Anyone who has observed United States foreign policy over the past thirty years has seen it pass through at least four distinct phases in that short span.

In 1935, when the Neutrality Act designed to keep us retroactively out of World War I was adopted, we were still seemingly in the flood tide of isolationism. Six years later by the time of Pearl Harbor, when the dictators had seized much of Europe and Asia, we had moved from nearly total abstention to nearly total commitment. From 1943 to 1946 we tried to extend and transform our wartime alliances into the main instrument of postwar peacekeeping. From 1947 to 1950, in the face of the ambitions of one former ally and the eclipse of another, we were obliged to reverse our field and mobilize powerful countervailing forces to contain Communist expansion.

This last policy had at least provisionally succeeded as early as 1955. Greece and Turkey had been secured, Western Europe had been revived, West Berlin was intact, Austria was evacuated, and the East-West frontier in Central Europe, while still precarious, was no longer in immediate jeopardy. In Asia, Iran was safe, South Korea, Taiwan and even the offshore islands were preserved and Southeast Asia, for the moment, tranquilized. Despite frequent alarms and excursions, this remains essentially the situation ten years later, except in Southeast Asia, where the dike has sprung serious leaks, and in Cuba, where it was leapfrogged.

This remarkably successful United States foreign policy, now in its eighteenth year, was at the outset based on four factors: (1) a worldwide recognition of the imminent Communist threat, nakedly exposed by the takeover of Eastern Europe, the Berlin blockade, and the attack on South Korea; (2) a United States nuclear monopoly or overwhelming preponderance which set relatively narrow limits to Communist aggression; (3) a United States economic and conventional military preponderance among non-Communist states, which conferred on us both the privileges and burdens of uncontested leadership; and (4) relatively stable, or at least manageable, situations outside the area of direct East-West confrontation.

II

During the last few years these four conditions on which our successful postwar foreign policy was based have been

undergoing a rapid evolution, new political horizons have been opening up in surprising ways and places, and it is no longer sufficient to do the same things in order to achieve the same results. Some well-tested and unexceptionable American doctrines no longer seem so universally persuasive or pragmatic as they were a short time ago.

All this is naturally frustrating to the American people who thought that they had in the course of twenty years won both the greatest hot war and the greatest cold war in history and now find some of their victories apparently called in question and even in some cases a less clear assurance as to just who is on whose side. In moments of discouragement, it sometimes seems that Vietnam is insoluble, the Congo is unviable, de Gaulle is incomprehensible, Afro-Asians are ungrateful, Arabs are intractable, Europeans are unpredictable, Russians are irreconcilable and



Chinese unregenerate. As Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "The logical method and form flatter the longing for certainty and repose which is in every human mind. But certainty generally is illusion and repose is not the destiny of man."

None of this is surprising if we accept new horizons as an almost inevitable consequence of new generations. Even policies which succeed for two decades are not thereby immortal, and at least as many of the changes in the world of the sixties are for the better as are for the worse. Anyway, the status quo is never good enough, even if it were possible.

Fred Hoyle, the astronomer, remarked recently that "the most important factor in our environment is the state of our own minds." What is required of us in foreign affairs, as in any other kind of affairs, is (a) a sober, persistent reassessment of the realities we face, (b) a recognition that

while we are intelligent we are not omniscient, and while we are strong we are not omnipotent, and (c) a sense of poise, of proportion, of confidence undiminished but adjusted to our capabilities on the changing scene.

What exactly has happened to those four factors on which our successful foreign policy was at the outset based and to what extent does what has happened close old options and open new ones?

III

Very considerable changes have taken place in the Communist world, which have altered both the geography of the Communist threat and the image of it on which other governments base their reactions and their policies.

As has been repeatedly noted, the Communist world is no longer monolithic, has fallen a prey to what is pictur-

ness toward adjustments in economic organization which would contribute to affluence; there is a real possibility that, while no change in doctrine is likely to occur, these internal preoccupations could reduce revolutionary militancy and open the way for limited but progressive accommodations with non-Communist states.

The leadership of Communist China, on the other hand, uninhibited by any effective public opinion, is still in a stage of extreme militancy deriving from their orthodox doctrinal fervor, their psychological isolation, both past and present, and their nationalist ambitions and cultural arrogance. In the past they have been restrained by the Soviet Union, by their underdevelopment and their administrative failures, and by military weakness. These restraints are being overcome and, unless new external ones are created, the Middle Kingdom, invigorated by its new religion and a national



NEW HORIZONS IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

esquely called "polycentrism." This is because (a) the nature of Communist society, psychology and interest differs considerably between states which have lived in that environment for almost fifty years and those which have lived in it for less than twenty, (b) historical and national differences and interests, briefly submerged in dogmatic intoxication, are resuming their normal place in the motivation of leaders, and (c) these social and national differences have produced an open and lasting breach between Soviet and Chinese Communism and less marked but still important centrifugal tendencies on the part of former satellite-states.

The Communist world is at a moment of transition and pause. The people and leaders of the Soviet Union have clearly shown their distaste for the political oppression and the economic austerity of Stalinism; they are beginning to display a certain appetite for affluence and a certain open-

unity unmatched for over a hundred years, may spill out over its frontiers in a way which will make earlier probings in Korea and Southeast Asia seem inconsiderable.

How do these developments affect the worldwide recognition of the imminent Communist thrust which was one of the factors on which the policy of containment was based? Obviously, in Western Europe many states, excluding Germany for special and obvious reasons, feel that the

by CHARLES W. YOST

threat which directly concerned them has subsided, that military initiatives in Europe are unlikely, and that partial accommodations with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europeans are increasingly possible and desirable. Whether or not we agree, this state of mind creates an entirely different situation inside NATO from that which existed fifteen or even five years ago. We have already seen some of the consequences of this new state of mind and will see many more. This state of mind will not be affected by United States arguments or adjurations, though it of course would be if Soviet aggressive acts or threats should be renewed.

Paradoxically, this tendency to accommodation in Europe, which springs from the soberer behavior of the Soviet Union, has spread to the Far East, where Communist Chinese behavior seems progressively worse and more dangerous as its capabilities increase. The tendency to accommodate Peking arises from several factors: a mistaken generalization deriving from Europe, the temptation hypothetically offered by the 700,000,000 Chinese consumers, a reluctance to use stronger means of coping with the unpredictable Chinese. Of course, contact and negotiation with an adversary are not bad; they are sometimes more necessary vis-a-vis an adversary than vis-a-vis a friend. In the case of Communist China, however, contact, negotiation and even trade would only be productive in the context of such strong and effective defensive measures, participated in by many states in and out of the Far East, as checked Soviet expansion in Europe in the late forties and as have checked other would be conquerors throughout history.

In both Europe and Asia, however, the diminution of recognition of the imminence of a Communist threat, whether this diminution is justified or not, affects substantially our traditional postwar foreign policy.

IV

What about the second factor, the United States nuclear monopoly or overwhelming preponderance?

Of course, the monopoly has never been complete and is being more and more fractured. However, the overwhelming United States preponderance continues and presumably will continue to exist. This preponderance and its resolute political exploitation enabled us to overcome the Cuban missile crisis, preserves us from future hostile blackmail, and by its massive second-strike capability makes any calculated and rational attack upon us extremely unlikely. In that sense it continues to perform its function of setting relatively narrow limits to Communist aggression.

Two important developments in this field have, however, occurred since the forties. First, the Soviet Union has also acquired a massive nuclear arsenal, capable, as President Johnson has pointed out, of "wiping out 50 or 100 million of our people, taking half of our land, half of our population in a matter of an hour." This naturally sets some limits to our freedom of maneuver and raises inevitable, even if often inaccurate, questions and presumptions in the minds of our allies and friends. Second, the danger of escalation into this extremely hazardous weaponry raises, at least to a limited extent, an umbrella over less devastating forms of aggression, which are peculiarly adapted to less developed areas. When efforts are made to fight these forms of aggression more or less with their own weapons, as in Vietnam or the Congo, it is soon found that Westerners are under very serious physical and political handicaps in fighting or helping to fight guerrilla wars in underdeveloped countries.

Thus our still intact overwhelming nuclear preponderance is not always as applicable or as useful as it seemed a decade ago.

An even more serious transmutation may have occurred as a result of United States and Soviet progress in the development of nuclear weapons and delivery systems. Traditionally, military systems have been designed to strengthen national security and to a substantial degree have done so. However, in a recent article in the *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, Jerome Wiesner and Herbert York, who are not without qualifications in this field, stated: "Ever since shortly after World War II the military power of the United States has been steadily increasing. Throughout this same period the national security of the United States has been rapidly and inexorably diminishing. . . . Both sides in the arms race are thus confronted by the dilemma of steadily increasing military power and steadily decreasing national security. *It is our considered professional judgment that this dilemma has no technical solution.*" (Italics in original.)

If this analysis is correct, a rather startling new horizon has certainly opened up. If it is a fact that there is no technical military solution to the extreme and unprecedented national vulnerability to which the President referred in the statement quoted above, then "national security," for us or anyone else, certainly has quite a different meaning from what it ever had in the past. It of course remains true, as suggested earlier, that no adversary would seem likely to launch a calculated and rational attack on the United States which would undoubtedly retain the capability of a retaliatory attack of even greater destructiveness. Unfortunately, however, there have been numerous cases in history of dictators behaving in an irrational manner. Moreover, grave political crises in which deep emotions are involved have a way of escalating in an uncalculated manner, as did the crisis, still unconcluded, which followed the murder of an Austrian Archduke in 1914.

In any case, neither the rationality of dictators nor the sobriety of human calculations in moments of crisis would seem to be attractive or reliable foundations for American national security. A question may be raised whether under these circumstances, in which there is said to be no *military* solution to our vulnerability, our national security is best served by a cautious and skeptical approach to disarmament. If our arms cannot make us secure, perhaps the only realistic, hard-nosed approach to security is a substantial, rapid and *controlled* reduction in our adversaries' arms, which obviously would require a parallel and commensurate reduction in our own. This might, moreover, prove to be the only effective means of preventing further proliferation of nuclear weapons, which if unchecked, it is generally agreed, would further disastrously diminish everyone's security.

At all events, it is safe to say that recent and future developments in the field of nuclear armament, far from giving grounds for calm and complacency, open in the longer run the broadest and potentially the most apocalyptic of new horizons.

V

The third factor on which our postwar foreign policy was originally based is our economic and conventional military preponderance among non-Communist states. This preponderance still exists but is clearly less marked than it once was.

As has often been noted, this is in many ways heartening.

If our allies are revived and strong, and are therefore able to bear more of our common burdens, that is certainly in our interest and the common interest. If at least some of the new or underdeveloped countries have made substantial progress and are better able to stand on their own feet and play a constructive part in world affairs, that, too, is in our interest as well as theirs.

The new problem, however, is that many of these states, allies or nonaligned, largely because of their estimate of the two factors discussed earlier, do not have exactly the same conception of "our common burdens," in the case of allies, or of "a constructive part in world affairs," in the case of the nonaligned, as we do. The presumptive relaxation of the threat in Europe, the still limited character of the immediate threat in the Far East, the revival of traditional national interests and ambitions as the strength of states revives, on the one hand the umbrella of continued United States nuclear predominance and on the other the anxiety that in a critical confrontation it might not be used, on the one hand the United States willingness to employ its conventional military predominance where concrete threats take shape and on the other the fear that this predominance might be applied recklessly to the detriment of allies and friends, all these currents and counter-currents have circumscribed the uncontested United States leadership of the non-Communist world which characterized the earlier period. In an environment which seems to be one of nuclear deterrence and hence of relative stability, but where at other levels of clashing national interest the United States seems still willing to carry the main load, allies and neutrals alike, which regained the capability, have also regained the appetite to pursue national or regional interest, as they see it, with considerably less regard for the views and admonitions of the United States than in the past.

This, too, is frustrating to the American people. We do not like at all being told "to go jump in the lake," either in so many words or implicitly, whether by allies or by beneficiaries of our aid and support. Once again, however, there is no reason for surprise or discouragement. Our peacetime coalition has held together and still holds together better than any other in history. It was from the beginning a coalition, not an empire; empires in these times do not endure very long. Changes in form and purpose inside our alliances will inevitably be reflected in their character; it will be better in some cases to loosen ties a bit rather than have them torn asunder; in other cases, as in the Far East, alliances may have to be enlarged and reinforced to meet a new situation. Neutrals and non-aligned also have and create quite new problems.

The United States is still and will remain immensely powerful, immensely respected, immensely influential. But the effective exercise of its influence will not be as easy as it has been. Some of the old ways of doing so are fast becoming counter-productive. In his "Challenge to Affluence" Gunnar Myrdal recently wrote: "Influence is an expendable capital, and every time the United States goes strongly in for a policy without having the strength to see it through, its influence will by that outcome become even smaller than it need be. Influence, to be preserved, must be husbanded with utmost prudence." Of course, it is in most cases not a question of "having the *strength* to see it through," but of recognizing after a certain point in a particular endeavor that it may not be wise and productive, even if possible, to carry it to its planned and logical conclusion. However,

the point is the same. A more careful prior assessment of our capabilities in a given situation, taking into account considerations arising from afar as well as at the point of application, will henceforth be more imperative than when other voices were stiller and smaller.

It may prove that one of the most effective things we can do abroad at this time will be to create at home a Great Society which will serve as a reminder everywhere of what America physically can do and politically and morally intends to do, in other words a reminder to us and everyone else of what we stand for. With this might go a somewhat more selective approach to the problems of the world as a whole and our responsibility toward them. We certainly still have, and will have for many years, a responsibility to maintain an equilibrium in the world, a responsibility to see that Communist imperialism is contained and that South America, Asia and Africa are developed and peacefully assimilated to the modern world. This responsibility is as inescapable and as rigorous as ever. But we may not have as much responsibility as we supposed, or as much capability as we had, to ensure that nothing unpleasant happens anywhere or that the natural turbulence of new states and new societies is always and everywhere restrained.

VI

The most revolutionary change has occurred in the underdeveloped world outside the area of direct East-West confrontation, in many parts of which the situation is no longer "relatively stable," and in some parts perhaps no longer even "manageable," either by internal or external forces.

The hand of the former colonial powers, where it gingerly remained, has now been almost wholly withdrawn at the behest of the independent states. The few significant colonial bastions still surviving create so much indignation and agitation among the liberated that they constitute a liability in overall North-South relationships. In many new states the moderate leadership which presided over independence has either been replaced by more radical younger leadership or is under such effective pressure from younger elements that it has felt obliged itself to assume a more radical posture.

Territorial disputes and ambitions among new states, despite a tacit original agreement to stick to old colonial boundaries, are breaking out and assuming in some cases menacing proportions. Western attempts to help some new governments resist Communist or other intervention in their internal affairs evoke outcries of imperialism and neocolonialism, hostile propaganda and planned demonstrations, and often an expansion of intervention. The unabated population explosion, the unassimilable flood of the unskilled into cities, the disjunction between education and opportunity unhinge the plans and bedevil the planners in the new societies. The common and pressing interest of the underdeveloped states of Asia, Africa and Latin America in much more rapid development and improvement in the terms of trade with the West welds all these states into provisional but gradually tightening alliance to exert effective pressure in pursuit of these ends.

So what seemed a promising and on the whole mutually profitable relationship between "West" and "South" in the fifties, and of course in many places continues to be so, is in others challenged and transformed into curious con-

frontations in which the West is at the same moment adjured to get out of the way of "progress" and to provide the grease that makes the wheels of progress turn.

This situation of course profits the Communists who in varying degrees encourage the young radicals in underdeveloped countries to bait and eventually throw out "the imperialists," and themselves provide means to expedite the process. This interference inspires the West in its turn to match or outdo Communist aid and to support governments threatened by Communist or radical machinations. In some cases, Western support, as the subversion and violence increases, gradually expands into a larger commitment, which in turn raises fears and resentment in neighboring countries, but from which it sometimes becomes difficult to withdraw.

Communist activity in the underdeveloped world is no doubt designed to bring about instability and disorder but also, they no doubt hope, the ultimate establishment of Communist or pro-Communist regimes. The experience of Cuba shows that it would be rash to overlook this hazard. Radical movements in most underdeveloped countries share with Communism a one-party system because this is in some cases the only system by which tribalism can be overcome and nationalism made real, and a garden variety of socialism, because the capital to make capitalism does not exist. But these Africans and Asians are far more profoundly nationalist than either socialist or totalitarian. They will certainly resent and reject domination by Chinese or Russians fully as much as by British, French or Americans.

Should the Communists make the mistake, as they did in Guinea, of making their presence too conspicuous or of attempting or appearing to dictate instead of merely to assist, the indigenous reaction against them would probably be as strong and effective as it ever was against the West. It would therefore be a mistake to believe that countries remote from the Communist empire are "going Communist" solely because they accept Communist aid and Communist advisers, or because their public denunciations of "imperialism" continue to be directed far more at the West, where imperialism is expiring, than at the East, where it is appearing in new forms.

The "Third World" has become, and is likely increasingly to be for a number of years, more turbulent and more radical. It would be naive to be surprised by this phenomenon and foolish and futile to try to suppress it from outside. A sensible Western posture would seem to be, in areas not adjacent to the Iron or Bamboo Curtain, one of benevolent reserve, a readiness, when asked, to help in a manner which does not involve prestigious commitment and to a degree which seems likely to be assimilable and productive, matched by a cautious appraisal, at the outset and periodically as the situation develops, of all the elements which make help useful or damaging in our own broad interest and those of the recipients.

William McNeill in his masterly survey of history, "The Rise of the West," makes the following comment: "World history since 1500 may be thought of as a race between the West's growing power to molest the rest of the world and the increasingly desperate efforts of other peoples to stave Westerners off." We trust and believe that those days are over but we must remember that, though they seem so to us, they have left such deep and painful scars that to those who have suffered them Western "molestation" is still a living thing. Any Western intervention in the rest of the

world, therefore, no matter how well-intentioned or indeed how well justified in the interests of the nation and region concerned, risks causing a traumatic reaction apparently unrelated and disproportionate to the action being undertaken. This is an historical handicap which the West must still confront for some time to come and which will condition to a substantial degree the effectiveness of whatever we try to do in Asia and Africa.

So the fourth factor on which our successful foreign policy of the past two decades was based, the relative stability of the area outside that of direct East-West confrontation, has also been profoundly modified. The aspirations, the discontents and the capabilities of the peoples of this area have been multiplied, their readiness to seek and use help from all quarters has clearly emerged, the acuteness of their internal and intramural problems will more and more project those problems into the center of the world stage, but the capacity of the West to deal with them is now and will for some time remain limited and inconclusive. Generous help they will more and more desperately need, but to a great degree they must henceforth remain both masters and servants of their own fate.

VII

So, in conclusion, without in this brief scope endeavoring further to define the new horizons, new bounds and new opportunities which confront us in our foreign relations, we perceive that in the past few years they have been subtly and imperceptibly set in a new frame.

The nature of the Communist threat and its principal focus may have substantially shifted; in any case, many of our allies and friends have, rightly or wrongly and not all in the same way, revised their appreciation of it. Our overwhelming nuclear preponderance has been preserved but it has not and will not be able to deny to our adversaries a devastating nuclear capability; this balance of terror is inherently precarious and is further jeopardized by the threat of nuclear proliferation. United States economic and conventional military preponderance also persists but is no longer so politically decisive as it once was nor so practically applicable as we had once hoped it would be. Asia and Africa, in their new liberated and national incarnations, are proving less easy to develop from without and to govern from within than had been supposed; more and more their needs, demands and impingement on the world as a whole create obligations for responsible, and temptations for irresponsible, outsiders.

There has never been a time in world history of greater challenge and opportunity for a nation which remains, despite everything, the most powerful and the most disinterested of them all. What is required is that we be as vigilant to change as to danger, that we be alert constantly to reexamine what national security really is under radically new circumstances, that we maintain our confidence and buoyancy in the face of the frustrations which these circumstances entail, that we not feel it incumbent upon us to do something or to save everything wherever disorder breaks out, but that, even more important, we not let our distinctive national generosity and sense of justice shrivel up just when they are most desperately needed in our own interest and in that of the world we lead. As a wise man said, "Nothing wilts faster than laurels that have been rested upon."

And finally, if we must imitate a bird, let it be neither the hawk nor the dove, but the owl. ■

HOME LEAVE ON SIX WHEELS

by C. MELVIN SONNE, JR.

To Foreign Service personnel, who by definition lead a nomadic existence, life in a trailer should not seem a strange prospect, but those in the business for many years know that material comforts play an increasing role in one's existence. For many of us, however, home leave has lost its appeal because of the difficult choice it ordinarily presents between imposing upon friends or relatives or establishing temporary headquarters at some resort, where costs are likely to exceed those at places US tourists are simultaneously enjoying abroad. Moreover, taking the children and abandoning an established household even for a couple of months presents major logistic problems. Yet, even aside from the government's concern that we become "re-Americanized" every second or third year, the time comes when we long to see old friends and familiar places.

In our case the old hometown retained a nostalgic appeal, but we knew from past experience that this could not last over a period of weeks. Inevitably we had fewer close friends than years ago, and some of the people whom we most wanted to see had scattered to distant cities. To assure ourselves some mobility we had already decided to invest in a new car, but we preferred not to face the cost of restaurant meals and hotel rooms on an extended cross-country trip.

Neither my wife nor I can recall who first suggested that trailer travel might solve our dilemma. Of the alternatives, fear of mosquitoes and lack of experience convinced us that we were not ready for out-and-out tent camping. As our home leave approached, the conviction grew that a small trailer might provide the convenience and mobility which we needed while still assuring a minimum of the comforts to which we were accustomed.

Major repairs in progress on a Sunday morning near Pierre, South Dakota.



At the south entrance of the State Department the trailer stops to pay a courtesy call before starting its 9,000-mile journey.

Eventually we discovered that the smaller craft we had seen on the road during previous vacations, known to the trade as camping trailers, could be rented for \$40 to \$50 per week, but for the summer season they are not easily found. Several letters of inquiry went unanswered before Bennett's Trailer Company of Philadelphia (which we had discovered in a phone book in our Commercial Section) sent us a description of a 13-foot trailer, which we were assured could sleep five persons. Moreover, Mr. Bennett by chance expected to have a trailer of this type available within a few hours of our scheduled arrival in New York.

By now there was little time left to investigate possible engineering problems. As our automobile was also expected eventually to return to Europe with us, we had chosen a compact, but in ordering the trailer I had made clear that we would have only a "small" car with which to haul it. We realized, of course, that an outside mirror was essential for trailer travel, and a little time was saved when the new car appeared with one already attached. I had also taken the precaution of requesting heavy-duty shock absorbers. Only much later did a Buick dealer point to General Motors' recommendation for a special (and rather expensive) suspension system, and by that time some experience and the comments of other trailer users had convinced me this was not essential.

In fact, when we reached Philadelphia, we found our 900-pound Bec-Line trailer soundly constructed and well balanced on its own two wheels. What almost led to our project's suffering a sudden death was the discovery that a purported 13-foot trailer consisted of about 3 feet of tongue and a body barely 10 feet long and 6 feet wide. One had to crouch to enter, and a recessed area between the wheels was all that permitted standing erect once inside. However, we had incautiously told friends and relatives of our plans, and there was no turning back.

Obviously years of experience had gone into providing our trailer with all the essentials in the most compact form. At the rear was a foam-rubber double bed with luggage space underneath. In front, cushioned bench-type seats flanked a dinette table, all of which folded down to form another bed. Removable overhead cots both fore and aft convinced us that we need not abandon any of the children. There was even a small closet, but we had not anticipated toilet facilities and there were none.

The kitchen consisted of two gas burners, a small sink with an icebox beneath, and cupboard space and drawers within easy reach. A gas light was to prove one of the least satisfactory features of the trailer, but it provided illumination various times when no outlet was at hand for our

electrical umbilical cord. We had been warned not to expect bedding, kitchenware, or dishes; but after my sister-in-law came to the rescue, a few modest purchases completed outfitting this mansion on wheels.

Suppressing our misgivings, we watched as a mechanic holted a hitch to the rear of our car and coupled the trailer's signal lights with those of the car. After listening to a few more words of explanation and encouragement, we drove gingerly away. Without mishap I reached my brother's home, where we intended to rearrange the luggage. The great test came in backing into his driveway. As everyone knows, with a trailer one has only to turn the front wheels to the right in order to go left (and vice versa). The problem turned out to be that of judging how far to turn without having the trailer jackknife against the rear bumper. The simpler solution is to choose parking places where one can drive straight in and straight out.

Once on the open road I had recurring sensations of a truck bearing down too closely on our rear, but eventually we found that on good highways one could drive along blissfully unaware of the trailer's existence. As the latter lacked its own brakes, one had to be wary of this feeling when approaching intersections. With due caution we were soon making rapid progress and even passing slower vehicles. As we headed for Washington, however, and approached the Baltimore Tunnel, we realized that those warnings about butane gas tanks now applied to us, and we turned off to take the longer circumferential highway.

During a week in Washington the trailer's advantages soon became apparent. Instead of facing the usual problem of whether the family should spend an expensive and unpleasant week in a hotel, or travel on alone, we proceeded together to our old neighborhood in Virginia. Then, while this FSO consulted, Millie enjoyed morning coffee with old friends, the boys played with their chums outdoors as though they had never been away, and in the cool of the evening all of us once more savoured the pleasures of suburban life before retiring to our mobile quarters.

A few lessons, however, had to be learned early. In order to make up the trailer's collapsible beds the boys had to be shooed outdoors, and then face-washing and tooth-brushing were conducted in stages. In cramped quarters moving the luggage about and finding crucial items suddenly became a problem. Our eventual solution was to classify our most essential belongings in grocery cartons which could easily be slipped under the beds. With everything stored in a proper place and fresh air only inches away, we found that sleep itself was generally no problem.

At this stage we weren't even concerned about meals. Friends who could not have bedded an entire family, even if they had wished, hospitably invited us for a cook-out or dinner. The American drug store lunch counter is so convenient that we didn't even lay in breakfast food until we were ready for more serious travel.

Then we discovered that our trailer made us almost fully self-sufficient. We could take on enough water and ice to last about two days, and with judicious purchasing there was no need to stop any more often for food. Breakfasts and lunches (at roadside picnic areas) were prepared with little difficulty and, of course, a minimum of expense. Paper and plastic dishes added to the convenience. On the two butane-gas burners it was also no problem to prepare simple dinners. The children, instead of fidgeting while waiting for a waitress to bring their food, were outdoors exploring the United States while their parents made final preparations. If perhaps once a day we still stopped to buy a meal, it was by choice, to prove that the cook was on her vacation too, and to enjoy a change of pace. A restaurant meal at times would enable us to proceed on our journey more rapidly; at other times, if we had this object in mind, the uncertainties of

service made us appreciate more the convenience of having our own kitchen at hand.

A trailer, of course, is ideal if one contemplates leisurely travel or enjoys relaxed days on the shores of a lake or in the mountains. We looked forward to the outdoor life but also wanted to cross the continent. It thus came as a pleasant surprise that the journey by trailer, while perhaps entailing some personal effort to compensate for a lack of hotel services, consumed little more time than the usual method of highway travel with periodic stops. If preparing dinner and doing the dishes consumed more time than one might spend in a restaurant, breakfast and lunch were completed more quickly and conveniently than otherwise. Housekeeping in the trailer took no more time than one might spend in picking up and repacking the luggage after a night in a motel or hotel. The laundry problem on a long trip had to be faced in any case; with trailer life we ordinarily required simpler clothing than otherwise and found that a stop at a laundromat for an hour or two enroute would suffice to do the family wash.



At an Arizona oasis the trailer, car, and Mrs. Sonne rest from the desert heat.

While the trailer traveler by definition is one who is spared the usual evening search for accommodations, the gain is not entirely a net one. Just as the usual highway traveler begins looking for a suitable motel late in the afternoon and gradually concludes that he must have passed all the choicer ones, the trailerite cannot assume that, when the children grow tired and hungry, he has only to pull up at the side of the road and park. Even a 13-foot trailer makes it necessary to find twice as much space as for the car alone.

At the beginning of our journey we resorted to commercial parking facilities. In the better trailer camps we found that for about \$3.00 per night we were able to enjoy access to electricity, showers and laundry facilities, and relative security from traffic and prowlers. Near large cities these camps sometimes provided the best answer to our needs. With some exceptions, however, the trailer camps have become the domain of semi-permanent residents, whose house trailers are so self-sufficient that the camp manager tends to forget the special needs of summer travelers.

In due course we discovered that in the many places where we stopped to see friends or relatives there was seldom any objection to parking our trailer in a vacant driveway or even on a quiet neighborhood street. The only test was whether the surroundings permitted a certain degree of privacy. We may as well confess that in such circumstances we cheated a bit. With no disrespect for our traveling home's facilities, if those we visited along the way could offer a

spare hed, it seemed a shame to reject their hospitality. If our hosts themselves had children, there was usually a contest to see who would have the privilege of sleeping in a trailer. We adults gained "sitting-room comfort" after the young ones went to bed and then had a chance to spread out for the night.

Nevertheless, some of our most pleasant nights were spent neither in commercial facilities nor with friends in the city but alone in the trailer somewhere at the edge of the wilderness. We had naturally planned to visit some of the national parks and understood that they offered good camping facilities. We found that most of the individual states too had anticipated the arrival of trailerites at their best wood and lake areas. For \$1 or \$2 per night or even no fee there were facilities which were more than adequate, if one agrees that a morning swim in a lake or swift stream is more refreshing than an indoor shower. It seemed that even on holiday weekends parking space was seldom at a premium. One's neighbors were generally other leisurely travelers who preferred to be unobtrusive, and each parking space was far enough from the next that one could still enjoy the natural beauty of the surroundings.

Fortunately these parks are indicated on the better highway maps. However, it also proved worthwhile to invest a few dollars in a specialized guidebook which described both public and private camps and gave a better idea of the facilities available. We can recommend *Camping Maps, U.S.A.*, compiled by Glenn and Dale Rhodes.

With such assistance we were able to look ahead to the best stopping places. We sometimes detoured 20 miles from our direct route to enjoy some of the state facilities and always found them worthwhile. If the national parks are justly famous and spectacular, the state ones offer proof that our land as a whole is a beautiful one.

Only in the Southwest were we unable to find such spots at a convenient day's drive one from the other. With the dearth of woodlands in that area the lack is understandable, but anyone tempted to follow in our tracks would have to consider whether to accept one or two nights of relative hardship or to take a longer route in order to stay in the mountainous areas, where camping facilities are more likely to be found. One night out of desperation we stopped at a barren roadside picnic area. Although the rest of the world was apparently unconcerned at our presence, nearby traffic and the heat of the early morning sun spoiled any chance of real rest.

Geographically I am far ahead of my story. After taking in parts of Pennsylvania we had not known before, our route was to take us across some of the northern states and then from Wyoming diagonally to southern California. It is not my intention to describe all that we saw, but for any of us who have spent years in the more densely populated centers of the world it must always be a revelation to revisit the wide expanses of the Great Plains. In South Dakota commence the Bad Lands, mountains, and other natural wonders which no words or pictures can ever adequately describe.

While one cannot be impatient in crossing these great distances, we contend that driving with the trailer was but slightly slower and little more arduous than normal highway travel. Under normal conditions one drove with little regard for the extra load. Unfortunately, however, the problem of getting over a rough road or detour seemed about doubled. One either had to go annoyingly slow or suffer unusual vibration. A second problem arose if there was a strong wind. There seemed to be no danger of losing control, but the driver could feel the strain if he tried to keep the car at its usual speed.

Generally there was no difficulty except the inevitable loss of gas mileage. We had been told our Buick Special should

achieve 20 miles per gallon. The trailer reduced us to 12 miles per gallon. Someone whom we met along the way claimed that with a larger car the relative loss for some reason is considerably less. In any event we were pleased that at most times we were able to drive along without strain at 60 miles per hour.

Only once, in Pierre, South Dakota, did we verge upon disaster. A wrong turn put us on a dirt road with deep ruts that jerked us almost to a halt. When we stopped a few miles later the evening twilight and the mosquitoes were coming through a seam on the trailer floor. A steel reinforcing beam had apparently caught on a rut and torn loose and was now hanging—with the broken end forward—only two or three inches above the normal road level. On a Saturday night there seemed no hope of going on without pulling the whole trailer apart or of even finding a repair shop for two days, but the next morning we discovered the camp caretaker was a do-it-yourselfer *cum laude*. We were welded together and on our way by noon. After that episode we were relatively prepared when the radiator boiled over as we climbed up from Lake Mead with the outside temperature at 100°. We concluded that a steady climb would have avoided this problem, but we had unfortunately stopped halfway up to continue the photographic record of our travels.

By the time we completed the inevitable visit to Disneyland and turned east, we had learned enough to overcome any difficulty and to travel with even greater speed and ease. Two or three short boards became part of our standard equipment to make the trailer more secure and comfortable when the parking area wasn't level. Inside, an unused nook had been found just right for a carton of canned soft drinks, so that reviving tired children during a hot afternoon on the road became an easy process. Of course, we had not overlooked the need to have flashlights and umbrellas handy for the times when we camped under less than ideal conditions. Perhaps on another occasion we would also add a small electric fan to our equipment.

After Labor Day slipped by, we found that some of the parks were not as well attended as before, but we still found pleasant camping areas. The weather was somewhat cooler but still fine, and we were only sorry that we reached the Appalachians a little early for the fall colors. We derived a smug satisfaction from watching the nation return to school and work while we continued to travel and enjoy the great outdoors. Trailer life seemed to combine the best features of seeing the world without forsaking the comforts of home, and we were reluctant to end our journey.

Unfortunately at the very end of our tour we discovered we had overlooked one thing; we had made ourselves so at home in our mobile bungalow that to remove our belongings from the nooks and crannies, tidy up and return the trailer to its owner, while repacking for the voyage back to Europe consumed almost a full day.

We made no attempt to tally our total expenditures on the trip; it was evident after the first few days of travel that except for the trailer rental, modest parking fees, and gas and oil we were spending little more than we would at home. The difference between our costs and those of hotel or resort life enabled us to show the children much of America for the first time and successfully to fulfill one of the purposes of home leave, discovering for ourselves the changes which had occurred in America during our years abroad—or in the long period before then when we seemed confined to Washington. On the whole, trailer travel proved to have all the advantages which had made us decide to experiment with it for home leave. We had failed to foresee some of the complications involved, but these we were able to overcome and now recall as part of a great adventure. We wonder why a trailer vacation has not appealed to more Foreign Service people. We would gladly try it again. ■

THE FIRST

THE professionals of USIA are about to cross a major threshold. They are about to be fully recognized as men and women who are making a vital and respectable contribution to world order, and to the protection of this country's national interest, and not merely tolerated as international flacks, as intellectual charlatans, who merely echo the brilliant utterances of those more substantively involved.

I speak forthrightly, even harshly, out of a certainty that it will be understood by this audience. Virtually all of your careers have bloomed in an era when there was honor at-

tached to being a diplomat. But it has not always been so.

In 1791, Tom Paine wrote:

"A diplomatic character is the narrowest sphere of society that man can act in. It forbids intercourse by a reciprocity of suspicion; and a diplomatist is a sort of unconnected atom, continually repelling and repelled."

Much later, Otto Von Bismarck remarked:

"Nobody, not even the most rabid of democrats, can imagine without actual knowledge all the emptiness and quackery that passes for diplomacy."



ENEMY OF PEACE

by CARL T. ROWAN

The author with AFSA's vice president, Murat W. Williams, and chairman of the Board of Directors, W. T. M. Beale, right.

This idea, like others, was quickly voiced in America.

In 1859, Congressman J. L. M. Curry of Alabama described American diplomats in this fashion: "Here is the evil, the fungus, the excrescence, a pinchbeck imitation of the pomp and pageantry of royalty, and we should put the knife to it and cut it out."

In short, there was a time when it was generally held that the chief qualification of a diplomat was his ability to lie, cheat, connive and plot, usually to the detriment of his host country, and not infrequently his own.

Recent developments forbid my suggesting that there are not some people who continue to hold this suspiciously hostile view of diplomats. But I think it safe to say that the great mass of the American people now regard our diplomats as a corps laboring mightily to protect and maintain the nation's liberties and institutions—keeping us from the military confrontations that have now become so perilous for all mankind.

What I am saying, of course, is that you regulars of the Foreign Service who have achieved much-deserved recognition and prestige are about to be joined by some USIA colleagues who only lately have gained public and professional appreciation and approbation.

What I shall do today is talk about why it is in the national interest, and our personal interests, that this development should occur at this time.

Let me begin by citing the obvious: because of the ghastli-

ness of the weapons now at man's command, war is feared as it was in no previous age. Yet, the forces of greed, the urges of conquest, the yearnings of dominion are undiminished in much of the world. But the struggle, to a large degree, has become a struggle of ideas—of what men believe or refuse to believe, of whom they trust or distrust, love or hate, admire or despise.

Many of you know far better than I that the fires of conflict burn in Southeast Asia; the winds of disillusionment blow on every continent; our adversaries are spreading the seeds of discontent, of hostility toward the institutions of freedom that we seek to preserve, in Latin America, or Africa, or wherever foolish or frustrated men will listen.

Those of us who have seen in our lifetimes that ideas can be more powerful than armies have become acutely aware that today no rational man would attempt to divorce the psychological factor from the general conduct of diplomacy.

None of you here today who knows anything about insurgency or counter-insurgency would for a moment suggest that our ambassadors or other diplomats should even for a fleeting second deny the importance of the various arts of persuasion.

The fact is that the more successful we are in moving the world away from a shooting war, the more intense the struggle will become in other arenas, including the arena of the human mind and the human heart and the human soul.

Now, if by some quirk of the selection-out process there is someone in the audience who doubts this, let me document the well-publicized intentions of our self-proclaimed opponents, the Soviet Communists, to utilize every psychological means at their command in order to "bury us." And parenthetically, let me say that their resources are many, dwarfing ours in many respects, and their response is speedy: the *New York Times* quotes me on Monday, and *Radio Moscow* attacks me on Tuesday—that is the kind of stay-alert, for-all-the-chips, struggle that we are in.

But let us take a look at what the 1961 program of the Soviet Communist Party has to say about the ideological struggle:

"A revolutionary transformation in the minds of vast human masses is a complex and lengthy process. The more victories the world socialist system achieves, the deeper the crisis of world capitalism and the sharper the class struggle, the greater becomes the role of Marxist-Leninist ideas in unifying and mobilizing the masses in the struggle for communism. The ideological struggle is a most important element of the class struggle of the proletariat."

Side by side with their oft-proclaimed adherence to the theme of peaceful coexistence, the Communists openly insist upon the impossibility of any armistice in the ideological war. The authoritative Soviet Party journal, *KOMMUNIST*, in an editorial just last November, made this clear once more, thus reaffirming that there had been no change in this position since the removal of Khrushchev from power.

"'Peaceful coexistence' between Communist and bourgeois ideology, any sort of compromise between them, is impossible," according to *KOMMUNIST*. "In today's world, an embittered struggle is going on between these two ideologies . . . Even more impossible is any sort of agreement on the status quo."

I think it is clear, then, that one of the most severe challenges to American diplomacy is to insure that no man chooses tyranny because we have defaulted in telling freedom's story. One of our jobs must be to insure that no man is charmed by the Circes of a new enslavement because of the ill-founded notion that we have made a blood pact with the status quo.

We are all warriors in this ideological struggle. Every diplomat—and I include our military, commercial, labor and cultural attachés—who represents this country abroad must be part of our effort to keep the record straight. The stakes

Excerpted from the remarks by the Honorable Carl T. Rowan, Director, USIA, before the American Foreign Service Association, on February 25, 1965.

are so great that our national leaders decided in the days of Hitler, when men and nations fell under the Nazi onslaught of the Big Lie, that the outcome of this battle of ideas could not be left to chance. So it was that, in 1953, an independent United States Information Agency was created. So it is today that this Agency uses every feasible means of communication—radio, television, motion pictures, books, newspapers, pamphlets, and the force of knowledge and the personalities of our people overseas, to insure that even in the farthest reaches of the globe our policies and intentions are understood, and if possible appreciated and admired.

I have had the privilege of serving as one of my country's ambassadors—in Finland, a small country bordering on the Soviet Union. In Finland, there is perhaps no greater role that the American Mission can play than to insure that the people do not lose sight of our interest in them: of our commitment not only to our own freedom, but theirs; and of our constant desire to create a world in which weak nations need not fear the strong, but all are free to build their societies in a manner consonant with the desires and the personalities of their citizens.

It was during my days in Finland that I first observed that there was something so unfair as to be un-American about our overall conduct of foreign policy. I had members of my country team who were Foreign Service officers—excellent—so much so that they are still with me. I also had USIA employees—excellent—carrying out with rare perception and delicate skill this task of articulating the policies, hopes and aspirations of our country. Yet, it was obvious to me that the status of the latter was, by some arbitrary and artificial standard, less than that of the former. Often I asked myself: what sense does it make that what is inseparable in terms of our day-to-day struggles in the national interest should be separated by artificial barriers of snobbery, bureaucracy or that most despotic force of all, custom-enslaved tradition. It was obvious to me that our nation could not afford to limit the skills, intellect, diligence applied to the challenges before it because of petty considerations of bureaucratic origin.

It was a bitter, ironic twist of fate that put me in the position to join people like Bill Crockett in trying to do something about this dilemma.

I am not going into any paeans of praise about the calibre of my colleagues in USIA. Nor am I going to voice one of the favorite complaints of our psychological warriors about how everybody thinks he knows best how to deal with the press, or take care of the psychological factor—until he gets in trouble and suddenly asks where the experts have been all along.

I simply want to talk a bit about what we are doing at USIA. The main reason is that I think most of you in this audience could benefit from a couple of years spent on the psychological side of the struggle. I *know* many of my people need to know more about the political, economic and other factors that go into the overall conduct of diplomacy. We welcome the kind of exchange that will do just what President Johnson predicted, when he announced, with his warm support, the merging of USIA career Foreign Service Personnel into the Foreign Service Corps, that it would: provide a single pool of carefully selected, highly trained talent from which both agencies might draw to fill key posts; increase the efficiency and the flexibility of the personnel available to represent the United States abroad; permit a greater exchange of personnel between State and USIA, thus broadening the range of experience of *all* Foreign Service officers; give to USIA career officers the same rights and subject them to the same stringent judgment of performance as is the case with existing Foreign Service personnel, and finally, increase the already high level of cooperation and joint planning between State and USIA.

Now, what do we do?

We in USIA believe that one of our most important functions is to *inform*, to *spread information* that in and of itself cannot be viewed as propaganda. This view is neither understood nor appreciated by many Americans, some of whom occasionally demand that USIA "get out of the news business," and deal solely in "persuasion."

But we inform, we educate, because we know that ignorance is the first enemy of peace, is the most formidable adversary of our national interest.

Schiller once said: "Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain."

Why should I dwell at length about the other things USIA does? Most of you know, I am sure, that USIA is a huge broadcasting network, with programs 24 hours a day in 38 languages; a television production center whose products are seen in 83 countries; a motion picture producing studio sending out some 600 documentaries and newsreels each year; a complex of more than 100 magazines; a world-wide wire service sending to each of five areas of the world some 10,000 words each day, and a collection of impresarios who deal in every aspect of culture, sports and the performing arts.

But let me emphasize that the crucial thing about our operation is not what we do, or how much of it. Our success or failure is determined by when we do it, and how well, and whether or not we select the medium best suited to reach that segment of humanity we need most to influence at a given moment.

This is no easy test to meet. That is why, just as I indicated earlier that the country cannot afford a limitation on talent because of its bureaucratic origin, we in USIA are not about to limit the skills available to us because they happen to bear the label of the State Department, or AID, or Labor, or Defense.

Now the thought of being detailed to USIA may be somewhat frightening to some of you who are saying to yourselves: "But I know nothing about radio, or how to make a television program. I've never worked for a newspaper or edited a magazine."

Let me say simply that technical knowledge and skill are only a small part of what we look for in a USIA officer. So you don't know how to take boards, photographs, a paste pot and an empty room and turn them into an exhibit that draws thousands of foreigners eager for more knowledge and perspective about our country. But you may have an idea, a focus, that will make the exhibit more attractive or meaningful than it might have been, or a language facility that enables you to communicate with those who visit the exhibit and, by answering their questions, help to reshape their thinking about the United States.

For—and let there be no mistake about it—our profession is an art, not a science. There is no formula for culture, no rule for ideas, no manual to guide the delicate interplay between one of our officers and the people he is trying to interest and influence. That officer's judgment, political sense, tact, personal charm—his knowledge of and commitment to the ideals of America—these are the things we rely on.

This can be alternately the most exciting, frustrating work in the world. But it is always important.

The challenge is obvious, it seems to me, and it is up to all of us to move boldly, confidently, and in unison, to meet this ideological challenge. We have all seen in our day evidence, sometimes disturbing, that Wendell Phillips was right when he said: "It is only liquid currents of thought that move men and the world."

Surely we Americans can agree with Victor Hugo: "No army can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come."

When an Ambassador Resigns

ON A NUMBER of recent occasions the press release of the resignation of an Ambassador has been coupled with the announcement of his new assignment. The cases of Ambassadors MacArthur, Labouisse and Meyer come to mind, but there have been others. Indeed, the new assignment is now more often than not given the greater prominence. It is after all a hotter news story.

For constitutional reasons, an Ambassador must of course resign before he can be reassigned. However, it seems to us that this constitutional aspect can be handled in such a way that the news emphasis will be given to the Ambassador's onward assignment along with whatever congratulations are given to him for his past one. The fact that he is resigning can be muted and not headlined. There are, of course, and will continue to be some situations when this will not be possible. But we believe that in most cases the news that an Ambassador is to depart his post can and should be graced by the parallel announcement of his new duties or retirement. What we would like to see reduced to the greatest extent possible is the kind of release which announces his resignation but nothing else.

Anyone who has served at an Embassy is familiar with the ceremony, and the reasons for it, attending the presentation of credentials. The impressions made by the Ambassador in his first months are likely to be, moreover, lasting. But the departure, and its style, of an Ambassador after several years is in a different way equally important. This is a period for consolidating the diplomatic and personal ties developed during his stay and for preparing the ground for his successor. An Ambassador who spends his last weeks having to avoid explanations of why he appears to be a permanent lame duck can easily be psychologically incapacitated with concurrent damage to his previous good work on behalf of United States interests. Nor are the people and government of the country to which he is accredited likely to be flattered by the thought that his own country appears to think so little of him that they have made no plans for his reassignment.

For these reasons we welcome the present trend and hope that a way will be found, wherever possible, to announce the departing Ambassador's new assignment at the time his resignation is accepted. ■

Printemps Qui Commence

AFTER all the harsh words that have been spoken on Washington's climate, it may seem a bit ornery or downright perverse to pop up with a dissident point of view. But on the other hand it does seem a great pity to plaster the whole twelve months of the year with the sweeping indictment, a great pity not to admit that a month or a season might be extremely pleasant.

The first signs of spring are appearing. The air holds a little brightness and warmth. It is now possible to bask in the sun at certain hours (as soon as summer comes this pleasure will be over). A flock of Kentucky cardinals has arrived from an expensive Caribbean resort where they spent the winter and a goodly company of robins has forsaken

Key West to spend the summer with us. The cardinals are skittish as if they are having settling-down troubles but the placid robins are already behaving as if they owned the place. Clouds of delicate pink and yellow appear in the parks and on suburban lawns: forsythia and magnolia. Here and there appears a random daffodil or hyacinth or tulip. The season of cherry blossoms and dogwood is not far off.

The cherry blossoms were a trifle recalcitrant this year and this was a blow to the tourists who swarm in for the Cherry Blossom Festival. Americans all the way from Sag Harbor to San Diego are slightly pixilated by these cherry blossoms and many drive thousands of miles to see them. The opening of the Festival took place, alas, on a blustery, raw day.

But, for Washingtonians including Foreign Service personnel doing a Washington stint, the tardiness of the cherry blossoms made no difference. They will have their pleasure eventually.

This is the season of the year when the people of northern climes, weary of the long dark days and the cold, turn their eyes to the south and feel like Goethe's Mignon:

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn?
In dunkeln Laub die gold-orangen glühn
Einsamter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch, der Lorbeer steht—
Kennst du es wohl?

(Do you know the land where the lemon trees bloom? In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow: a gentle wind flutters in from the blue sky. The myrtle is still and the laurel stands high—do you know it well?)

A Washington spring fulfills the yearning of the northerners. We ought to husband all our little satisfactions and pleasures. We ought to savor the bright fair days. We might accept from Milton the solemn (giddiness was not one of his vices) advice he doled out in *Tractate on Education*, "In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and partake of her rejoicing." Yes, let us rejoice now because soon the summer days will be upon us and the grouching will resume. ■

Are You Ready for Something New?

ELSEWHERE in this issue is an invitation to our readers to comment on a proposal to establish an educational loan fund as a supplement to the scholarship program which has been in operation for a number of years. As helpful as scholarships are to award winners, they can solve the problem of increasing educational costs for only some of our members. Whether funds on the order of \$100,000 (the minimum needed) can be raised to establish a revolving loan fund is a separate problem. Before addressing themselves to this task, the Directors of the Association and the Committee on Education have wisely decided to seek the views of our members on the plan as a whole. The Association is to be commended for its efforts to expand the services which it has to offer to its members. A widespread response to the questionnaire is necessary if planning is to go forward. Unless the response is enthusiastic it will be assumed that our members are not interested. ■



OF MICE AND MAIL

by Dean Acheson

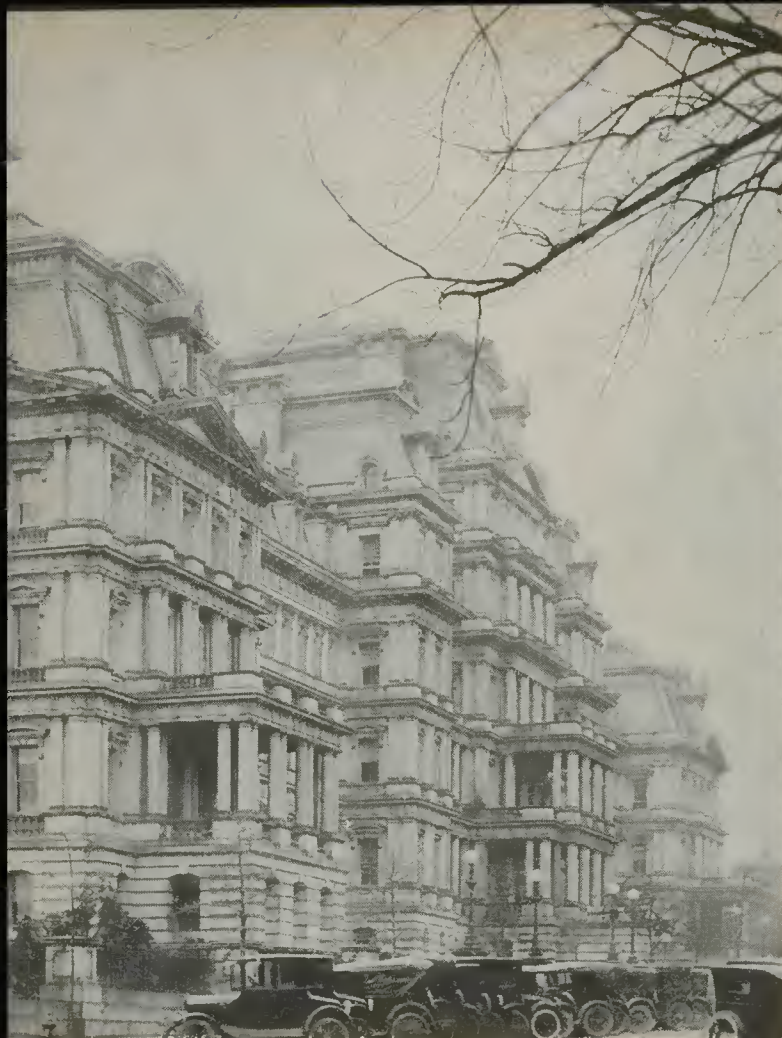
*Reprinted with permission from
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, March, 1965.*

LONG ago, when the world was young, the official censor of English usage and prose style in the Department of State was a charming lady with an imposing and elegant coiffure. In those days we were in the old State, War, and Navy Building, just west of the White House. Affection for its tiers of pillared balconies and mansard roof and its present mantle of soft dove gray is the touchstone which separates aging Victorian aesthetes from neoclassicists and moderns. We loved, also, its swinging, slatted, saloon-type half doors. They not only provided ventilation before air conditioning and permitted most covenants to be overheard and hence openly arrived at, but their vicious swings into the hall created a sporting hazard for passersby.

The Department was much smaller then. The country had not yet reluctantly donned the imperial purple of world leadership, or acquired a voice heard hourly around the world, or discovered and exchanged culture; nor was it required to cope with the mounting ill will of the objects of its solicitude and generosity. The days when the Department would add to its little nucleus of diplomatists the equivalent of Montgomery Ward, Chautauqua, CBS, and Lincoln Center were still mercifully ahead.

So much smaller was it that at the end of the day the elegantly coiffured chieftainess of the Division of Coordination and Review could and did bring to my office all the important departmental mail, to be read and signed over the title Acting Secretary. We began with a ritual which would have puzzled the uninitiated. She pulled a chair close to the front of my desk and then sat, not on it, but in it—that is, she perched herself crosslegged in the chair. And thereby hangs a tale.

The Undersecretary's mouse lived in his office fireplace, where for years a wood fire had been laid but never touched, much less lighted. Probably generations of internationally



minded mice had grown up within the log structure and gone on to positions in the United Nations. When the long day's work was ending and the busy office was hushed and the fever of departmental life was over, the mouse would come out. Some atavistic fear or urge, older than time, leads women to slander mice by believing that they harbor a lascivious desire to run up the female leg. Elephants seem to share this fear. At any rate, both are traditionally nervous in the presence of mice.

From her safe haven the chieftainess could observe the mouse without tremors as we tackled the mail. For years she had hatted bravely with the bureaucracy and maintained the State Department's standard of literacy high above that, for instance, of the Department of Agriculture or the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But time had damped the fire and dulled her cutting edge. She welcomed the help of fresh enthusiasm and a new blade.

We won a few opening and easy victories over phrases with no solid support—villainous expressions like “as regards to,” “acknowledging yours of,” “regretting our delay in,” and so on. Then came our first major attack on a departmental favorite. The target was the use of the verb “to feel” to describe the Department's cogitating and deciding process. “The Department feels that to adopt the course you urge would not,” et cetera, et cetera. The Department could, I insisted, decide, agree, disagree, approve, disapprove, conclude, and on rare occasions, and vicariously, think, but never feel. It had no feelings. It was incapable of feeling. So the ukase was issued that departmental feeling was out.

The immediacy of our success brought home to us the immensity of our combined power over the written words. When the chieftainess eliminated feeling from every letter

no matter by whom written and I signed letters brought to me only by her, the Department simply ceased to feel. Absolute power. Lord Acton wrote, corrupts absolutely. But in our case, it was not so. Moderation was our guide. The tumbrel was filled discriminately. Into it went “implement” and “contact” used as verbs—“the Department must implement the Act of Congress” or “you should contact the Consul General at Antwerp.” These horrors sneezed into the sack. So did “finalize,” “analogize,” and “flexible” when used to modify “approach.” “To trigger” would have done so likewise if anyone had dared use it.

Thus far the natives showed no signs of restlessness under the new order. Indeed, they hardly noticed the increased literacy and clarity of their returning carbon copies. But our pruning knives soon cut deeper into clichés which had taken the place of thought. The first of these was “contraproductive.” What would a congressman think, I asked, when he read, “The course you propose would, in the Department's view, prove to be contraproductive”? It would sound to him suspiciously like a veiled reference to hirth control.

Once started on this line of thought, we soon added to the proscribed list two other phrases, also likely to suggest undue familiarity with the shady side of sex. These were “abortive attempts” and “emasculating amendments.” “Crippling” amendments were bad enough. Why not, in both cases, switch to “stultifying” for a change?

Even these oddities were put down to no more than reluctance to admit modern ruggedness of speech into official correspondence. But when the guns were turned on “sincere,” the murmurs grew. “For proof of Russian sincerity,” someone would write, “we look to deeds not words.” Nothing could have been more misleading or misinformed concerning both the meaning of the word and the nature of the Russians. Under pressure all would agree that Webster relegated to fifth place the letter writer's belief that “sincere” meant “virtuous.” As its first meaning, Noah put down just what the Russians were: “pure; unmixed; unadulterated: as, sincere milk,” or, one might add, as sincere—that is, unmixed and unadulterated—trouble. He even quoted the eighteenth-century wit, physician, and friend of Pope and Swift, John Arbuthnot, as writing (incomprehensibly), “There is no sincere acid in any animal juice.” That clinched the matter, and “sincere” as an adjectival encomium went on the *Index Prohibitorum*.

We were tempted to go further and rule out “Sincerely yours,” either as a self-serving declaration that the Department was “unmixed,” which was false on its face, or that, taking a lower meaning, it was “without deccit,” which the body of the letter usually disproved. We preferred “Respectfully yours” for our superiors in the White House and the Capitol, a reserved “Very truly yours” for the citizenry, and for foreign VIP's, the stately “With renewed expressions of my highest esteem” (a delightful phrase, since the expressions were never expressed). But “Sincerely yours,” having by usage been deprived of all meaning, was finally adjudged suitable for departmental use.

Thus we strove mightily at the noble task of returning the Department's prose to a Jeffersonian level; but we strove against the current. We became obstacles to efficiency. The mail backed up. Congressmen complained of the delay in answering their letters and refused to be assuaged by the superior prose of the answers when they did come.

When the first symptoms of elephantiasis appeared with our absorption of Colonel Donovan's Research and Intelligence people and Elmer Davis' foreign-broadcasting facilities, our doom was sealed. Our evening sessions with the mail became as hopelessly inadequate as Gandhi's spinning wheel. The revolution of expansion swept our ukases away, and through the ruins the exiled phrases defiantly marched hack, contacting, implementing, feeling, contraproducting, aborting, and emasculating in shameless abandon. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

IT IS ONLY ten pages long but it could bring about important changes in the Foreign Service operation. It is numbered H.R. 6277 and begins thus: "A BILL to amend the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended, and for other purposes." Representative Wayne Hays (D., Ohio) introduced it into the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on March 15, 1965.

H.R. 6277 had its genesis in a series of proposals formulated by the Department of State, designed to establish a single foreign affairs personnel system, to bring about more effective administration of the Service, to eliminate certain inequalities that had developed, to extend a certain number of the benefits pertaining to service abroad and in general to tidy up various loose ends in the Foreign Service Act of 1946 as amended. The Department's proposals constituted a 48-page draft bill. This was sent to the Bureau of the Budget at the middle of February.

Before the Bureau of the Budget could pass on the draft, however, the Department was asked to prepare a shorter, more compendious draft and this eventually evolved into H.R. 6277. It contains the salient provisions of the Department's longer draft, including those amendments deemed essential to the development of a single foreign affairs personnel system. The Deputy Undersecretary for Administration, William J. Crockett, has indicated that for the present he wishes to limit the Department's amendment proposals to those items included in H.R. 6277.

If H.R. 6277 is enacted, it will bring together under one personnel system both the domestic and overseas officers and employees of the three principal foreign affairs agencies, the Department of State, the Agency for International Development and the United States Information Agency. However, some employees of other agencies could also be affected by the legislation.

The bill provides for a gradual orderly transfer of employees engaged in foreign service tasks over a three-year term. During the transition period, eligible employees would be encouraged to transfer voluntarily. At the end of three years, those eligible

employees still on the Civil Service payroll would be automatically transferred to the Foreign Service.

It is clear that, since Foreign Service and Civil Service regulations are not identical, certain benefits would accrue to Civil Service employees making the transfer. There would be, for instance, an extension of fringe benefits which would provide increased differentials to Foreign Service personnel serving in hazardous or unusually unhealthful posts. Moreover some newly transferred personnel without much leave accumulation in their records would come in for free hospitalization and other medical treatment without charge to leave. However, on the other hand, some employees now under Civil Service might somberly contemplate another facet of Foreign Service life to which they have been immune: the Selection Out process.

H.R. 6277 also contains another interesting provision. It would permit the Secretary of State to appoint Foreign Service Reserve officers, whether federal employees or private citizens, without any time limit.

"We Don't Want to Go Home"

You doubtless read the article "Foreign Students: Exchange or Immigration?" in the April issue. Some of the problems it underlined have now been taken up by the father of the student exchange program, Senator J. William Fulbright. Here are some of his points:

"Those who come back to the United States," he said, "defeat the basic purpose of the exchange program, which is to promote a spread of ideas and develop understanding between people of different cultures."

"A number of students, notably from the underdeveloped countries such as Africa and Pakistan, come here in the exchange program and want to stay. This made it necessary for me to sponsor a bill to require that they return to their home countries for at least two years but obviously one cannot control the situation indefinitely."

"It may well be that we might have to discontinue the exchange program in some instances and give new assistance to educational programs in those countries."

Overheard at a Bar

Surly customer to bartender: "I really don't believe you are very intelligent!" Bartender: "Of course I'm not intelligent. If I were I wouldn't be a barkeep . . . and I wouldn't be mixing drinks for the likes of you."

Award of the Month

Homage to a bold constructive thinker: Ambassador Marietta Tree. When Ambassador Adlai Stevenson gave a farewell party for the departing British Ambassador and Lady Harlech in his apartment on the 42nd floor of the Waldorf-Astoria many of the guests wished to dance but were thwarted by the Early American floor of wide oak boards. This social tragedy was overcome by Mrs. Tree who had the floor sprinkled with talcum powder. The scoop was obtained by Maxine Cheshire for the Washington Post. Mrs. Tree is the first ambassador to win this award.

Vogue Words

"What an intriguing film," they used to chirp not so many years ago. This was followed by "divine" ("It couldn't be more divine, my dear.") For a time everyone was "in the doghouse," and then came the period when "posture" popped off the tongue at least ten times a day ("Our military posture was deplorable."). This was followed by "image" ("Some believe de Gaulle is concerned about his image in Latin America") and "message" ("Oh, I think you're getting the message."). The latest indispensable is "escalate" and "escalation." Washington readers don't need to be told this but we aim to keep readers abroad tuned in on the current gabble.

Those Capricious Cherry Blossoms

Washingtonians are, of course, persistent grouchers against Washington's weather. Many point out that in the course of a year Washington gets a few samples of nearly every species of undesirable weather. And now the spring visitors are also grouching. Their complaint is that, having paid their way to the capital for the express purpose of attending the National Cherry Blossom Festival they did not see the trees in bloom. For the trees, disgruntled with a cold, sunless spring, have refused to participate in

the Festival and the most the visitors got to see was a faint smudge of pink. Aside from the contumacious behavior of the trees the Festival was a thumping success. There were swarms of Cherry Blossom princesses and from their number a queen was chosen. There was a parade, a pageant, band concerts, balls and a speech by the Vice President, Hubert H. Humphrey. On top of this Mrs. Lyndon Johnson planted another cherry tree. This was the first time since Mrs. William Howard Taft planted the first of the 3,000 cherry trees around the Tidal Basin in 1912 that the wife of a President has planted a tree.

Short Story

Lifted from stock lists of Portage Trust and Savings Bank.

1963

Oliver and Madge Jesperson as joint tenants with the right of survivorship and not as tenants in common 200 shares

1964

Madge Jesperson 100 shares
Oliver Jesperson 100 shares

1965

Madge Jesperson 200 shares

End of the Silver Age

Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it! Silver has become too valuable to be put into coins and the coins we know now will soon be replaced by an alloy of baser metals. Modern technology has created so many new demands for silver in space and electronic equipment, in photography, etc., that we use up more than we produce. World production in 1963 totaled 250 million ounces but world consumption totaled 419 million ounces. American production is only 40 million ounces a year and yet some 120 million ounces go into coins. The deficit is made up by drawing on the stocks of the US Treasury and these stocks at the present rate of depletion would be exhausted in three and one half years.

It is hard to face up to reality. The minting of silver coins has been going on for at least 2,700 years. If we may believe Herodotus—and we may believe him as well as anyone else—the first mint was established in Gyges in Lydia toward the end of the eighth century B.C. Alchemists in that era called silver Luna or Diana. The ancients swore by such silver coins as the Persian siglos, the Greek drachma,

the Roman denarius.

In later days the tinkling sound was made by Chinese haikwans, Siamese fuangs, Chilean condors, Turkish beshliks, Mongolian tugriks, Bulgarian stotinkas and Nepalese mohars.

The news that silver coins are on their way out was given to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon. "It is very clear," he said, "that we cannot continue with our present silver coinage."

The mint is now experimenting with all sorts of substitutes. No one is more interested in the outcome than the people who manufacture and operate vending machines.

Longer Life to a Sonnet

A humble 1908 copy of Palgrave's "The Golden Treasury" has been bouncing around for years and years. It was once an object of childish veneration. It endured an era of contempt. It returned to favor. During its ramblings in many lands it had twice to be sent to the binder. Once it spent five ignominious years in the darkness of a Paris warehouse. But now better days have come upon it: it stands, an old friend, admired and cherished, in a gleaming, freshly painted bookcase. Out from its riffled pages floated a yellowed newspaper cutting. A mystery: how could it have lain secreted there during the trips to the bindery? The cutting is from the Chicago DAILY NEWS, dated April 22, 1926, and at the top of a column called "Hit or Miss" appears a poem

called "Sonnet of A Minnesinger." This sonnet deserves better than the oblivion which is fast overtaking it (1926 newsprint is fragile). This sonnet indeed deserves an extension of its life (the JOURNAL is printed on high grade paper that lasts much longer than newsprint) and that is the reason for reprinting it here:

SONNET OF A MINNESINGER

After awhile it will be good to rest
In the rich earth, among the quiet
dead.

While the slow seasons copy overhead
Their endless annals on time's
palimpsest.

It will be good to lie down as God's
guest

Where the auroral valances are spread,
High hanging above so glorious a bed
As must forever appease the mightiest.
Fear not that silent slumber. We shall
sleep

Wrapped in a luxury larger than our
ken.

We shall not ever have to rouse again
To any lust or labor. Oh my friend,
What shall it matter if the dark be
deep?

Having endured life, we can endure
life's end.

The poet was modest. He didn't sign his own name but a pseudonym, "The King of the Black Isles." Who was the King of the Black Isles? Is he still with us and if so is he still writing poetry? The column "Hit or Miss" incidentally, came to an end long years ago. ■

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

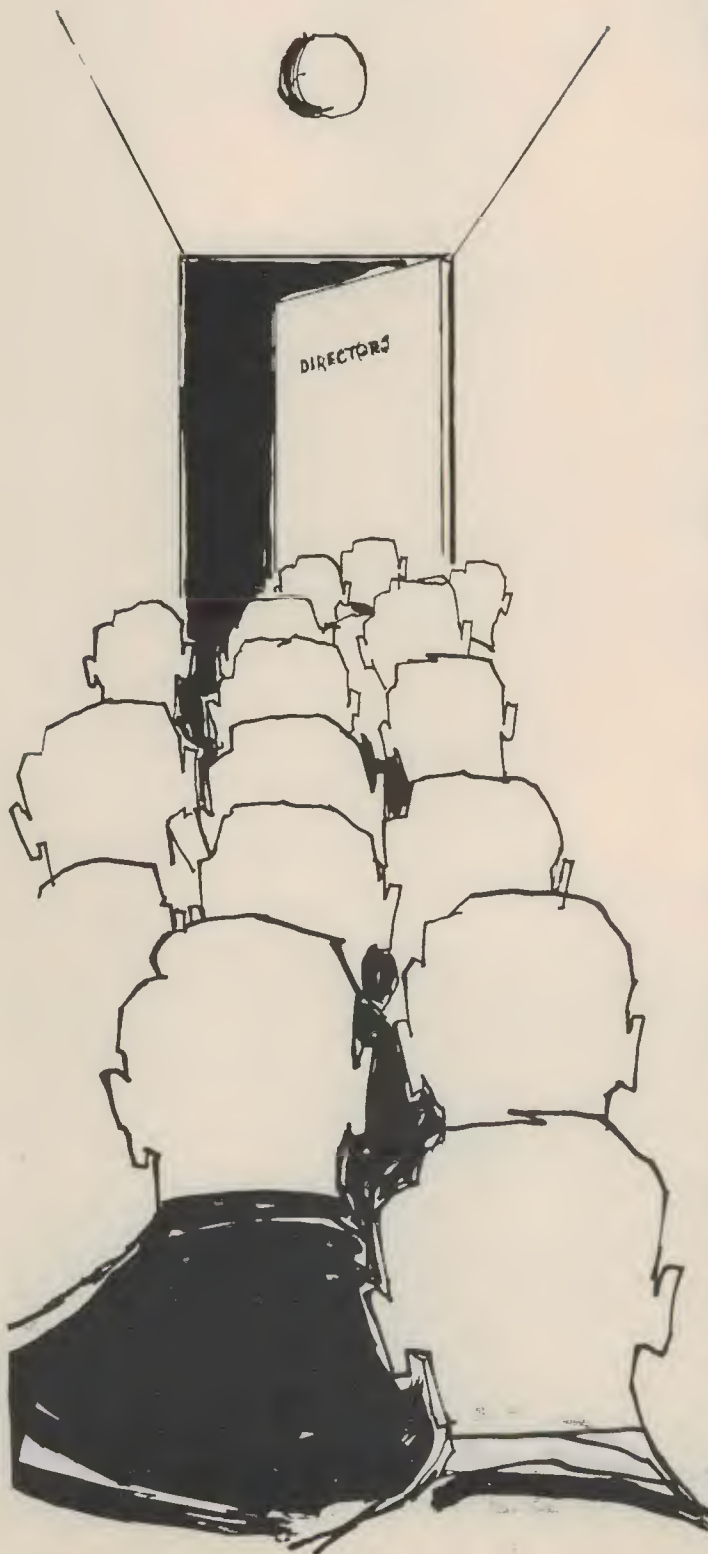
by Robert W. Rinden



"I hate to bother General Services, but they really should fix the elevator."



by JACK PERRY



CORRIDORS JAM-PACKED WITH POWER

THE Assistant Secretary of State did not throw the paperweight.

Gradually his fingers unclenched. He looked up like a camel regarding a new and heavy bundle of straw.

"Who are the Mahews?" he said.

Tom Higgins, his aide, moved a couple of steps inside the room and cleared his throat. "A tribe in Nugia, sir."

"Higg, you know I'm briefing the Secretary on the sub-continent in ten minutes and we're seeing the President in half an hour. Now you come in here and tell me the Mahews have risen. All right, they've risen: damn it, am I disgruntled or gratified?"

"I hate to say it, but you're worried as hell."

"All right, Higg, you usually have reasons. A five-minute special?"

"Four, if you'll stay away from the paperweight."

"Okay. Every day I hear about twenty impending bust-ups in our little sphere, but no one told me the Mahews were on the verge. Is it sudden?"

"Yes, sir. Unpredictable, in fact."

"They must be dangerous—but how *can* they be? The Field Marshal has the firmest grip of any chief of state in the sub-continent."

"He did, sir, until the Mahews started to rise."

"No."

"Yes. They hold two keys. First, their ancestral territory is astride the main pipeline, and there's not a doubt in this world they will cut it if they're pushed. You know what that would mean."

"Unfortunately I do."

"Second, their ancestral trade is fighting, and it so happens that the Mahews fill nearly all the power posts in the armed forces, from corporal to general."

"And the army is everything in Nugia."

"Yes, sir. Now you haven't heard much about the Mahews because never in history have they given real trouble, for the simple reason that they have simple wants. They will serve without question so long as their ancestral taboos are respected."

"Which are?"

"Relatively straightforward, all connected with religion. But the crucial one is the inviolability of a certain sacred region in the middle of their traditional lands. You may get the idea when I say this sacred region is known for its eternal, mysterious flames of the gods."

"Oil."

"And you know how the Field Marshal feels about oil, or rather what you get for it."

"He's suddenly moving the Mahews out and drillers in, I would guess."

"He's *trying* to. He knows the Mahews better than anyone else—he wouldn't have become Field Marshal if he hadn't—but in his declining years his eupidity has run away with him. The Embassy just sent a flash that the Mahews announced they'll revolt tomorrow—cut the pipeline, start civil war—unless the Field Marshal desists."

"Has the Ambassador seen him?"

"Can't, sir. The Field Marshal is at his mountain retreat, where he always goes when he's made up his firm old mind. He won't come down, either. The whole place looks like a disaster zone as of tomorrow."

"What in the world do we tell the President?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm going to wait right here. *You're* going to the White House."

"Higg, go to hell. Here I go."

Off he went, heavy-laden and scowling. Higgins went back to the cables, also scowling.

NINETY minutes later Higgins and all the Bureau's office directors gathered hastily in the conference room and found the Assistant Secretary waiting, scowling. As the last arrival closed the door behind him the Assistant Secretary grimaced and began a rapid summary of the latest telegrams from Nugia, snapping through the stack before him. He did not report on the White House meeting other than to say the President was "profoundly disturbed," in his own words, and "wanted this damn crisis smothered in the cradle," in the Assistant Secretary's words.

"We've done the two obvious things," the Assistant Secretary said, "called the Ambassador to make our strongest pitch to both sides to hold off, and called in the Nugian Ambassador to see the Secretary at six today. I see the Secretary at five, coping material in hand. It's now 11:45, so we've got five hours. Any initial thoughts?"

This invitation was meant to produce two minutes of poised silence followed by an incisive analysis from the office director in charge of Nugia. Instead, Fred Boils, the Executive Director of the Bureau, spoke up crisply: "I have a thought, sir."

Boils, only thirty-four but turning gray, had been on the job for only six weeks. He was a Ph.D. in government and the author of "How Decisions Are Made in Washington." He was obviously worth a listen.

"This is radical but not hasty," Boils said with approximately half authority and half deference. "Just two words of lead-in. You're all familiar with The Employee Suggestion System to Improve Government Operations, 'Tessigo' we call it in Admin. You know how many billions Tessigo has saved by encouraging bright suggestions. Maybe you don't know how many really stimulating ideas come in—maybe not all money-savers, but some really challenging ideas."

The Assistant Secretary made a face and began hesitantly. "Fred, I'm not . . ." but Boils went on, not so much interrupting as sliding his words up and over the Assistant Secretary's: "I put it to you that Tessigo has real possibilities in solving foreign policy problems. It produces ideas. *Produces*. Sir, I propose we have a Tessigo competition on solving the Nugian crisis." The last sentence had slid up to about two-thirds authority and one-third deference, and was crisp.

The Assistant Secretary, who had felt continuously behind the times since he was twenty-seven, abstractedly threw the proposal up for discussion. Most office directors seemed too stunned to speak, and such objections as were uttered—shortness of time, difficulty of naming prizes, so on—were met crisply by Boils. The meeting ended with Boils named to run the Tessigo competition and have results in hand for judging at 4:00. The Assistant Secretary left the room walking something like an overloaded camel.

COAXING his scowl towards a smile and winding up with a compromise frown, the Assistant Secretary sat down by the Secretary at State's desk at 5:00 sharp.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "we have two proposals to make, involving two suggestions for you to put to the Nugian Ambassador. These were first and second place winners in our Tessigo contest."

"Pardon me?"

"Well, at Fred Boils' suggestion—"

"Mmm."

"—we had a Tessigo competition on the Nugian crisis. That means The Employee Suggestion System to Improve Government Operations, as you may not recall."

"You are serious and also sober?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Secretary, and if you will just let me outline these two suggestions to you briefly. You see. . . ."

THREE weeks later the inner courtyard of the State Department was bedecked with flag and strewn with bunting, portable chairs lined up in rigid rows, a platform chockfull of high governmental dignitaries, a bordering of resplendent Marine guards, and a burst of applause as the Secretary of State stood forth to speak. On the platform the Assistant Secretary, second row far left, applauded the Secretary of State's back, allowing his frown to relapse into a scowl.

"Ladies and gentlemen, honored guests," the Secretary said, "I welcome each of you and am privileged to extend the greetings of the President, who was unable to come over himself but who told me personally of his interest in this meeting."

"Since this meeting especially concerns Nugia, let me extend special greetings to the Nugian Ambassador"—here the Secretary faded back three steps to the first row and shook the Ambassador's hand—"and through him to our great friend the Field Marshal and the entire Nugian people." Applause.

"As the Ambassador is well aware," the Secretary said, "Americans have always had a particular interest in Nugia, and recently we Americans in the Department of State expressed that interest with a little suggestion contest on US-Nugian relations. A Tessigo contest, we call it, Mr. Ambassador." The Nugian Ambassador smiled and applauded.

"We are happy to say," the Secretary said happily, "that this Tessigo competition produced suggestions, especially two suggestions, which have made Nugian-American relations even closer, even warmer." Applause, again initiated by the Ambassador. The Assistant Secretary almost forgot to join in.

"Without further ado let me call up the second prize winner, Mr. Richard Mewly." Mewly, a fat man with owlsh glasses and a bald head, stepped up to the podium from his seat beside the Nugian Ambassador. "Mr. Mewly is in Personnel," the Secretary continued, "and he administers the Meritorious Honorifics Program, the merit awards with which you are all familiar. Having worked with this Program some time—fourteen years, I believe it is—Mr. Mewly was convinced of its value and thought it had wider applicability. Now I will let Mr. Mewly himself tell you his specific suggestion, the reason for this honor today. Richard?"

Mewly, who had never been called Richard before, got close to the mike. "Sir," he said, "I thought that Mehop had been—"

"That's what you call the Meritorious Honorifics Program?" the Secretary asked.

"Yes, sir. I thought Mehop was such a good program that it ought to be extended. When they had the Tessigo over this Nugian trouble—"

"Let's get to your suggestion, Richard," the Secretary said fast. On the second row the Assistant Secretary allowed his eyes to crinkle slightly.

"Yes, sir. Well, I knew that a big Mehop presentation ceremony was to be held right here in just a month. Susan Heeley was getting the Extraordinarily Good Workmanship Certificate for her typing record. Sam Gibbs—the one that saved the little girl in the Embassy swimming pool in BG—was getting the Unusually Meritorious Conduct in Time of Stress Award. That one carries a cash award too. Phil Folick of Comm was getting the Splendid Output Specie Honorarium for his six weeks of overtime during the Tohago crisis."

Mewly had his mouth open to go on but the Secretary tugged at his sleeve and whispered something. Mewly re-

(Continued on page 50)



Manila. Susan Phinney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Phinney of Monterey, California, and Lyle A. Morse, diplomatic courier, are shown at their wedding in the American Embassy hallroom on January 9.



Kabul. Ambassador-at-large W. Averell Harriman looks over a list of activities in which the 96 Peace Corps volunteers in Afghanistan participate with Peace Corps Director for Afghanistan Robert L. Steiner.

SERVICE GLIMPSSES



Oslo. Ambassador Margaret Joy Tibbetts visits the Kvaerner Brug, A/S, industrial plant on March 1. Administrative Director Kjell Langballe accompanies the Ambassador, together with Virgil Elliott, commercial attaché, and H. R. Killingstad, General Electric representative for marine equipment.



Madrid. Mrs. Stewart Macdonald and Mrs. Francis Starrs introduce a new song to their class of girls at Grupo Escolar de los Estados Unidos, a Madrid elementary school where American volunteer teachers have held classes in beginning English since October, 1964. The Director of the school, Sra. Soledad Rubio Guedara de Melendez, approached Mrs. Robert Woodward with the suggestion that some of the women in the American community might like to teach English to the students. Among the volunteers were Mrs. John Holsen, Mrs. Clifford Finch, Mrs. Ernest Johnston, Mrs. Clint Smith, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Thomas Ten Eyck, Mrs. John Spillane, Mrs. Harry St. Germaine and Mrs. Robert S. Gamble.

Colombo. Ambassador Cecil B. Lyon and Mrs. Lyon congratulate the singers and dancers of the Brigham Young University's "Curtain Time, USA," after their successful open-air premiere at the Ceylon Industrial Exhibition in February. Over 3,000 Ceylonese attended the show.



San Jose. Ambassador Raymond L. Telles single-handedly quells a Communist demonstration in front of the US Embassy by outwitting and out-arguing the leaders of the group. Ambassador Telles had the door of the Embassy opened and debated with the agitators in perfect Spanish, resulting in a private conference in his office with the leaders.



Cairo. The staff of the USIS print shop inspects the first print run of the presses restored after the November burning of the USIS library. Left to right, A. Farag, FSL, Alfred Malehow, USIS, E. Spadaecini, FSL, James J. Hal-sma, PAO, R. Schmidt, Paul W. Hallman and Martin Armstrong.



New Delhi. Ambassador Chester Bowles presents the shield for most valuable player (softball) to Beverly Susan Windle who accepted it on behalf of her husband, Dave Windle, looking on. The Ambassador made awards for various sports events conducted under the auspices of the American Mission Athletic Association.



Conakry. Guinean children await inoculation against measles, from AID personnel.



Monrovia. The Honorable Ben Hill Brown, Jr., new Ambassador to Liberia, presents his letters of Credence to President William V. S. Tubman at the Executive Mansion. Vice President William R. Tolbert and Speaker of the House of Representatives Richard A. Henries look on.

SIGHT SEEING IN PARIS...

WITH A 1904 BAEDEKER

by MURIEL DONNELLY

I FOUND the book while strolling one day in the second-hand book center of London, and since I was on my way to Paris, where I had been assigned as secretary in the Embassy, I thought the book might prove useful. It was more than useful—it was a delight. Whenever my friends and I would visit some well-known Parisian landmark, I would get out my book and say, "Let's see what Baedeker had to say about it in 1904." For facts and figures, for dimensions and collections, for historic and artistic background, it is unbeatable.

From its very first page—the Money Table—we learn that back in 1904 the American \$20 bill was equal to four English pounds, or 100 French francs, or 80 German marks. In spite of eries of inflation today, it gives one faith in the good old American dollar: if the dollar has devalued since 1904, think what has happened to the 1904 pounds, francs, and marks!

"Spring and autumn are the best seasons for a visit to Paris . . . the absence after June of a large proportion of the ordinary residents deprives the city of one of its most characteristic features."

As true today as it was sixty years ago, nevertheless 50,000 American students and tourists will visit Paris in the heat of summer and miss "one of its most characteristic features" as the Parisian makes his grand exodus to the beaches and mountains. Then tourists and the few remaining Frenchmen must scour the city in a vain search for a shoe repair shop, a bakery, a dry cleaning or laundry shop that might have remained open.

"Passports are now dispensed with in France, but they are often useful in proving the traveller's identity, procuring admission to museums on days when they are not open to the public, obtaining delivery of registered letters, etc."

It was something of a surprise to realize that back in 1904 passports weren't required. Two World Wars brought an end to *that*. The Museum gambit no longer works either, but a passport is still useful when picking up your mail. Thousands of Americans still use the American Express office in rue Seribe as their post office.

"Before starting, travellers are generally cooped up in the close and dusty waiting-rooms, and are not admitted to the platform until the train is ready to receive them; nor is anyone admitted to the platform to take leave of friends without a platform-ticket."

The waiting rooms of Paris railroads are still "close and dusty," but a passenger now can get on the train a bit early. Your friends, however, must still pay the equivalent of 10¢ to see you off. And here is a bit of whimsy from the old book: ". . . elocks in the interior of the stations, by which the trains start, are purposely kept five minutes slow," to add to the traveler's confusion no doubt?

"The most fashionable hotels are to be found chiefly in the immediate neighborhood of the Place Vendome . . . The hotels in and near the Champs-Elysees are pleasant, but rather far from the centre of attractions . . . No hotel can be recommended as first-class that is not satisfactory in its sanitary arrangements, which should include an abundant flush of water and a supply of proper toilette paper."

The Baedeker then goes on to list its first class and luxury hotels, many of which are still to be found, although a few of them seem more like aging dowager duchesses: the Ritz, the St. James and Albany, the Continental, and the Seribe. The Hotel des Deux-Mondes on the Avenue de l'Opera is listed among the first-class hotels. After World War II it became one of the residences for United States Government employees in Paris, and I lived there for a year. In 1962 it was sold back to commercial interests. Another familiar building to American's was the Hotel Perey, which served as a US Government office building for several years after World War II. It has just recently been torn down to make room for a modern office building. As for the Champs Elysees, far from being away from the center of attraction, it is today one of the chief centers!

Among the Baedeker's recommended restaurants back in 1904 are many still existing and still serving delicious food: the restaurant of the Ritz, Prunier, Café de la Paix, Pavillon d'Armenonville, Maxim's, Lucas, Tour-d'Argent, and Grand-Véfour.

All good and all expensive! Speaking of Maxim's, the Baedeker describes it as "An elegantly fitted up restaurant, with an American bar, frequented mainly at night . . . for gentlemen only." Shades of *Gigi* and the world of the demi-mondaines! Gone forever are Weber's (which only three years ago was turned into an office building), Drouant's (which disappeared many years ago), and Ambassadeurs (which is now a theatre but on special occasions opens its old dining room). For your afternoon tea there is still Smith's Tea Room, which happens also to be one of the best English bookstores in town.

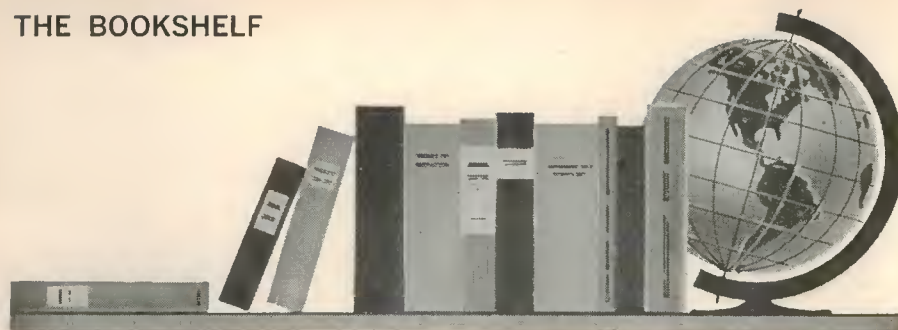
"Cafes form one of the great features of Parisian life. An hour or two may be pleasantly spent in sitting at one of the small tables which line the pavements in front of the cafes, where they partake of coffee, liqueurs, and beer, meet their friends, read the newspapers, or play at billiards or cards . . . The best cafes may with propriety be visited by ladies, though Parisiennes of the upper class rarely patronize them. Some of those on the north side of the Boulevard Montmartre should, however, be avoided, as the society there is far from select."

Oh, the wonderful cafes of Paris! They haven't changed in sixty years except that you don't see the billiards anymore and the upper class now uses them as much as the bourgeoisie. The north side of the Boulevard Montmartre is still the naughtiest.

"Those who are desirous of exploring Paris expeditiously and comfortably are recommended to hire a Voiture de Grande Remise."

Carriages will still be found in Paris along the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne and it is still a lovely way to see Paris. Open cabs were popular in 1904 and "the charge by the hour is very moderate, and is on that account not popular with the drivers. Although they are legally bound

(Continued on page 45)



Toward an Atlantic Community

THE only adequate response to the underlying challenge of this era is the political integration of the Atlantic Community, the citadel and the powerhouse of freedom. Nothing less can insure that we and not the Communists are going to shape the future of mankind."

This is the conclusion reached by Livingston Hartley in his admirable analysis of the problems confronting the Free World today and of the steps which should be taken to bring about the Atlantic Community.

The author is well-qualified to speak authoritatively on a subject which is obviously vital to the nations of the Free World: He was educated in England and America, served for five years in the Foreign Service of the United States, and has participated in numerous activities concerned with NATO and the Atlantic Community.

In 1939, Clarence Streit blazed the trail with the publication of his "Union Now" in which he advocated a Federal Union of Atlantic democracies. The League of Nations, the United Nations and NATO are inter-governmental organizations whose basic unit is the nation whereas the basic unit in the federal union is the individual citizen and there lies the crux of the whole problem: A league can enforce the law against a nation only by force whereas a federal government can try a citizen in its own court of law.

NATO—the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—since its formation in 1949 has, as the author points out, succeeded in preventing aggression in the West. In other words, it has accomplished what it was created to do—no mean accomplishment. However, no organization can remain static—and we are in 1965. What started as a purely military alliance should now progress towards a closer political and economic community, should progress towards the Union proposed by Streit in 1939. The advantages of such a Union would seem to be self-evident and not require an enumeration. The

example of the United States which started as a loose federation of British colonies in North America would seem to constitute a sufficient answer.

The first part of "Atlantic Challenge" is devoted to the issues involved and the second to proposed solutions.

Integration within NATO is still strictly limited but, as Hartley points out, it has gone considerably further among the six NATO nations which form the European Economic Community. "Here it has reached the supranational stage in the powers conferred on the European Commission and in the capacity of the Council of the Community to make decisions in a large number of questions by a weighted, qualified majority vote."

An integrated Western Europe was an essential condition to the "Dumb-bell Theory" of Atlantic partnership—i.e., a partnership between the United States and a United Europe. But, as Hartley points out, we are a long way from a United Europe—especially in view of General de Gaulle's attitude on the political integration of Western Europe. Furthermore there are the additional problems of where to fit Canada in such a dual partnership and the military and strategic disparity between the United States and the other NATO allies.

Consequently the solution suggested by the author would be to build on the existing partnership which is NATO—it solves the problem of disparity between a possible United Europe and the United States, it takes care of the case of Canada, and the danger of disagreement between two approximately equal political entities disappears.

In the latter part of his book Mr. Hartley studies the possibility of building the Atlantic Community by stages, and reaches the conclusion that the creation of an Atlantic Commission of "Wise Men" would be the most practicable institutional initiative that could be undertaken at this time. Such a body might in time become similar to the Commission of the European Economic Community which serves

the Community instead of their governments. Thus, gradually, by stages, the Atlantic Community could become the Atlantic Union.

In his introduction the author states that he has endeavored to make his book readable, popular in style rather than academic. He has succeeded and doubtless because, as he points out, it is based less on other books than on personal experience.

"Atlantic Challenge" is a most significant contribution to the study of how to bring about a better Atlantic relationship. As General Norstad has stated, "We are indebted to Mr. Hartley for this outstanding effort."

—FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

ATLANTIC CHALLENGE, by Livingston Hartley. Oceana Publications, Inc., \$3.95.

The Silent Explosion

As Sir Julian Huxley states in his Foreword, Professor Appleman's book "brings home with vividness and cogency" the moral implications of the population explosion. Numerous quotations from the extensive literature on the subject and reports of conversations with world leaders from the author's travels enliven the text. They assist in making the short (139 pages) book immensely entertaining as well as informative.

It is unfortunate that publication time could not have been delayed to permit the inclusion of a chapter on population developments in recent months. The author's dire prediction on the US Government's alleged reluctance to move ahead was proved to be in error by President Johnson's State of the Union Message on January 4, and by the recent extension of AID's policy to include the provision of technical assistance in population control programs, on the request of less developed countries. Professor Appleman's rather exhaustive consideration of the classical Marxist, conservative Catholic Church, and the United Nations' positions could be profitably brought up to date in the light of recent events.

"The Silent Explosion" belongs to an era when the major emphasis of writers was on convincing readers that there are profound and disastrous implications in rapid population growth rates in countries with limited capital and resources. In 1965, half of the world's families are living under governments with population control programs, ineffective though most still are. The UN Population Team is now in New Delhi at the request of the Indian Cabinet. Promising government programs are underway in South Korea and Taiwan. There is a consensus

on the safety and acceptability of the intrauterine device. The need for stimulation of vastly expanded research, as Professor Appleman emphasizes, is surely clear. The author sounds a bit shrill in drumming almost exclusively on the now generally accepted need for attention to population problems, and omitting adequate discussion of the intrauterine device and current family planning activities in such countries as Jamaica, South Korea, Taiwan, Tunisia, Pakistan and India. The major question today is not whether rapid population growth rates are proving disastrous, but rather how to proceed most effectively in reducing birth rates. The reader of "The Silent Explosion" will need more information than is presented on events of the past year.

—BRUCE JESSUP, MD

THE SILENT EXPLOSION: by Philip Appleman. Beacon Press, \$4.95.

Presidential Leadership

AMONG the more notable studies of the President of the United States, those of Corwin, Rossiter and Koenig have represented significant approaches. "The President" is severely logical, proceeding like a kind of legal syllogism. "The American Presidency" is sociological, viewing the Chief Magistrate in his social environment, from which the high official emerges less of a Corwin statue than a living man endeavoring to cope with an increasingly complex society. "The Invisible Presidency" is still different. With keen psychological insight it explores the subaqueous base of the Presidential iceberg—the "spectral figures," official and unofficial, public and anonymous, who help keep the President afloat. All such studies have broken new ground but they have examined the Presidency in its entirety. They have also examined it from an American perspective. They have had, finally, the quality of analysis.

Professor Warren brings a new approach. He, too, breaks new ground and does it by regarding the President from the single angle of his position as a world leader. This provides a new and interesting perspective. But as an historian turned political scientist, the author is more content with narrative than his predecessors. His material, therefore, covering the period from Theodore Roosevelt to John F. Kennedy, draws attention to political problems without dissecting them. For instance, a phenomenon with which we are unfortunately all too familiar—Presidential circumvention of the diplomatic establishment—began not in the New

Deal, as some of us are inclined to think, but a long time ago. Theodore Roosevelt, to go back no further, engaged in it and, as Warren shows, in some rather breathtaking ways. But the author is content to let such problems emerge and hang inconclusively suspended, like so many dazzling, tantalizing balloons in the political stratosphere.

Many readers will regret this incompleteness. But let no one fail to read this book. It is an original, urbane, fascinating presentation as far as it goes. We can all gratefully and profitably absorb it while awaiting the needed additional analysis from someone more addicted to the political science discipline.

—R. SMITH SIMPSON

THE PRESIDENT AS WORLD LEADER, by Sidney Warren. J. B. Lippincott, \$6.95.

Nationalism and Communism at the Crossroads

IT is now pretty well established that, as Hugh Seton-Watson puts it, the intelligentsia is "the social group which has played the leading part in political movements in 'under-developed societies,' from post-Petrine Russia to mid-twentieth century tropical Africa." And certainly the intelligentsia is the group which, from current evidence, is in the forefront of social change in Eastern Europe today. This truism is the central theme of the present collection of fifteen post-war essays by Mr. Seton-Watson.

All of the essays have been published before—in *The Times* of London, in *ENCOUNTER*, in *PROBLEMS OF COMMUNISM*, and elsewhere. They stand up well in book form for all of that. Their author displays his customary skill in picking out what is of permanent relevance in the situations he describes. Some of the topics discussed are ones which are also treated in much the same vein in some of Mr. Seton-Watson's other writings, but this does not really detract from the value of the collection. For the social forces affecting the evolution of the Communist states of Central and Eastern Europe are discussed with such precision and depth of insight that (had the book been provided with an index) it could properly be regarded as a kind of reference work on the ideological development of nationalism and communism in this part of the world.

"Soviet Strategy at the Crossroads" by Thomas W. Wolfe is a work of another kind: an exhaustive review of current Soviet writings on military strategy. It went to press before the fall of Khrushchev, but it too could

well be taken as something of a reference work on its subject. In the nature of things, some of Mr. Wolfe's formulations of the issues facing Soviet military planners are speculative, but he never attempts to conceal from the reader the insufficiency of his data, nor the necessarily provisional quality of conclusions based on data of this kind. Mr. Wolfe is careful to make it clear that there are many unstable aspects of the present international situation and that prediction of the future is thus difficult in the extreme. He seems generally to feel, however, that the prospects for some further lessening of tension have been better in recent times than at any other period since the end of the war.

The fact that portions of both volumes here reviewed were originally published in *PROBLEMS OF COMMUNISM* is a further reminder of the consistently high level of discussion to be found in the pages of this most sophisticated *USIA* publication.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

NATIONALISM AND COMMUNISM: ESSAYS 1946-63, by Hugh Seton-Watson. Praeger, \$7.50.

SOVIET STRATEGY AT THE CROSSROADS, by Thomas W. Wolfe. Harvard University Press, \$5.95.

"Chacun A Son Coup"

IT's getting so you couldn't fire a pea-shooter in the National Press Club bar without hitting a newspaper man who had written, or was in process of writing, a novel about skulduggery in official Washington.

This latest entry is concerned with maneuvers to ease a particularly nasty little dictator out of the presidency of a Caribbean island republic. The dictator is vociferously pro-American and has strong business support and a doughty champion in the Senate. And nobody can be quite sure that the insurgent leader who is to replace him won't turn out to be another Castro.

The authors' recognition that choices are rarely black-and-white gives some value and validity to a tale that otherwise is standard-brand cloak-and-dagger and top-level shenanigans, with characterizations no deeper than a decal. How far are we justified in tampering with neighboring governments? Is blackmail a legitimate weapon when the stakes are high? What is a newsman's responsibility to his public when his government involves him, under pledge of secrecy, in an operation that may turn into another Bay of Pigs disaster? These questions remain in the consciences of the principals even after the coup comes off, though not quite as smoothly as planned.

For JOURNAL readers there's an encouraging peek into the future. The fictional Secretary of State is a career FSO.

—T. O.

A CERTAIN EVIL, by David Kraslow and Robert Boyd. Little, Brown, 5.95.

Successor to Zhivago

"INCIGNITO" is surprisingly better than the cynical reader might have expected from the advertisement. Most of us who served in Bucharest in the worst days of Ana Pauker and Stalinism must have wanted a hook that would raise some of the veils that hid from us the real world of the Party faithful and especially the lives of the bureaucrats of the Rumanian People's Republic. The curiosity of 15 years ago lingered and made me rush to find a copy of "Incognito" as soon as the announcements appeared.

One did not expect a literary masterwork from the Party ambience of Madame Pauker's Bucharest, where turgid prose had swept away the charm that Eminescu had found in the language. Nor could one have expected a work of philosophical value. "Incognito" surpasses all that I have seen of post-war refugee novels from Rumania, more profound, but with a light touch. It has properly been compared with "Dr. Zhivago." Some cynic may have remarked that there is nothing new in it, but we do not look for what is new under the sun. We look rather for the clearer picture and the better understanding. "Incognito" describes vividly the appearances of the Communist World, but also penetrates the minds of the Communists of the RPR and makes them more understandable.

This is an account of the crucible of Communist Rumania. As an analysis of how a crucible deals with humans, it is superb. Yet its real worth is in its account of what has flowed from the crucible—something fine and noble in the character of a man whose sufferings at the hands of the Party and the *securisti* sadists seem, even in the literature of a century of horrors, to pass the limit of feelings. Sebastian crossed the barrier of feeling and seemed to be left detached from physical being. In dialogues about him, the author often uses the word, "saint." A saint indeed he seems to be, who has a secret that could shake the bastions of Communism. Let me not try in a few lines to give a label to what Dumitriu produces in hundreds of pages, but let me suggest that delicate as are its references to religion, this book reminds one of St. Paul's urging to the young churches to be "rooted and grounded in love."

Incidentally, "Incognito" refers to God not man—a Pauline expression in itself.

There are many fine episodes that of themselves make great writing: tank battles, *securisti* procedures, the mingling of Communist bureaucrats in the theatre or public demonstrations, ritualistic Party dialogue, and some exceptional tales of loyalty. Dumitriu ascribes to the Rumanians a particular skill in double talk ("in bobote"): the book can leave no one in doubt as to its usefulness for survival.

Petru Dumitriu must have lived much of this book himself. He was a prominent Party official and recently defected. He works now in Frankfurt.

—MURAT W. WILLIAMS

INCIGNITO, by Petru Dumitriu. Macmillan, \$5.95.

Anatomy of Treason

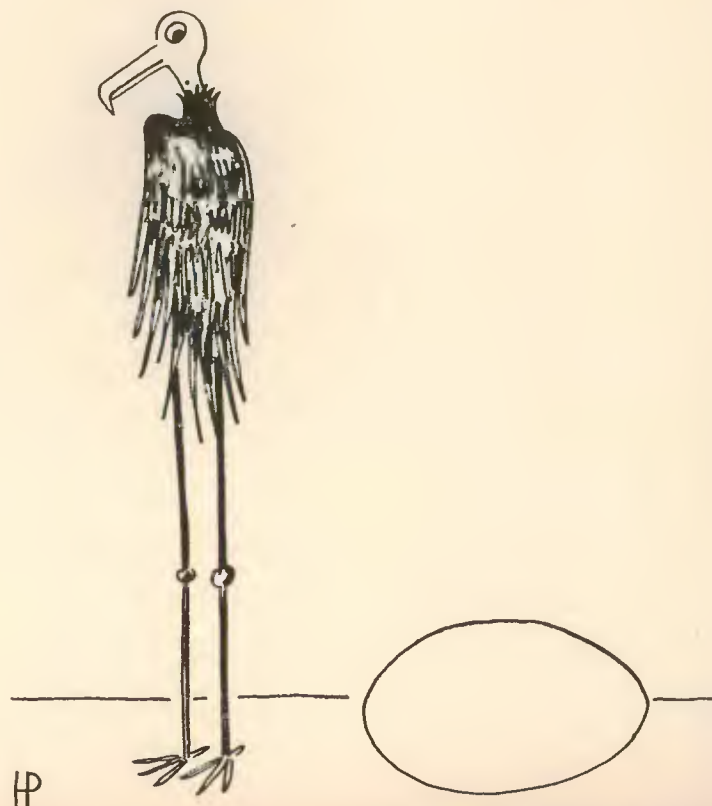
REBECCA WEST's sequel to her famous "The Meaning of Treason" is an informative and interesting reportage with occasional analytical insights, but it suffers from unevenness and discursiveness. She analyzes the wartime cases of William Joyce ("Lord Haw Haw") and John Amery, switches over to the communist cases of Alan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, Pontecorvo, Lonsdale, Burgess and Maclean, and

a host of others, to wind up, amazingly, with the Christine Keeler scandal. Some chapters originally appeared as articles in the NEW YORKER.

Scattered through the book are some fascinating *aperçus* such as the following one which Dame Rebecca penned in the essay that introduces the communist cases:

"It is the function of intellectuals to enable society to adapt itself to changing conditions—which is, indeed, to attack the essential problem of politics. But while there are few functions so important, there are few so constantly subject to degeneration. A lazy intellectual, or an intellectual who has adopted the vocation with insufficient equipment, can pretend that he is discharging that function simply by attacking the status quo, without giving any indication of what he proposes to substitute for it."

From this she goes on to generalize and philosophize, weaving out of fact and opinion, out of speculation and insight, a tableau of treason in the second half of the twentieth century that is stimulating to read. But it is not scientific, and some readers will derive profit from being moved to



think along different lines from those of the author. Not a reference work, not a research study, but a book for the general reader that one puts down with difficulty.

—M. F. H.

THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON, by Rebecca West. Viking, \$6.95.

The Questions on Judgment Day

IN February 1903 Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was interested in bright young people, invited Lewis Einstein to dinner. Justice Holmes was sixty-one and his guest only twenty-six; but Einstein had already established himself as a scholar and was soon to begin a distinguished career in the foreign service. Holmes encouraged Einstein's talents as a writer, then became his friend and intellectual companion. Throughout the next thirty-two years, until Holmes' death in 1935, the two men corresponded frequently. Mr. Peabody has ably edited their correspondence, or what remains of it. Intent on covering up his own personal life, the Justice destroyed all but 56 of Einstein's letters; happily, Einstein preserved all 207 of Holmes'.

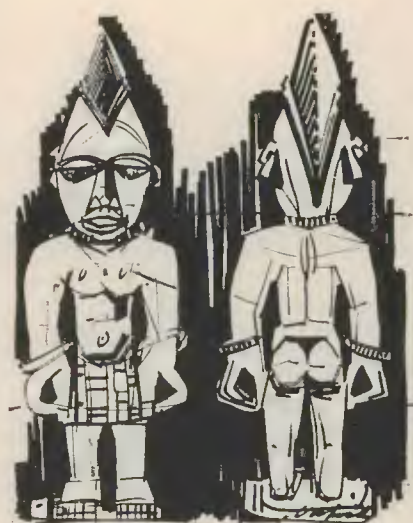
This book deserves a place beside the four volumes of Holmes' correspondence with Sir Frederick Pollock and Professor Harold Laski. It is less legal-minded than the Pollock letters, less argumentative and philosophical than the Laski correspondence; Einstein was not a lawyer and was not so much interested in philosophy and economics as in art and literature, of which he is a connoisseur. It is a mellow chronicle, exuding wit and cultivated intelligence. Einstein must largely be seen in the mirror of the Justice's letters, but occasionally the younger man speaks for himself, usually about books, or prints and tapestries, or gardens, or interesting people; and there are a few glimpses of him as a diplomat, under siege in Constantinople, baiting a pompous Dutch minister, mired in what he termed the "constipated diplomacy" of the Balkans, concerned that Germany might defeat England (as was Holmes), or reflecting upon the idiosyncracies of secretaries of state and of domestic politics which twice terminated his tours as a United States minister.

But the book is basically by and about Holmes. It will be revealing to those who still think of him as a radical and rewarding to those who are interested in his pithy views of Presidents and other "prominenti." It is even more worthwhile as the diary of a complex intellect, a practical,

sceptical man but one more interested in ideas than in current events, fixed in his thinking but alert to what was new, a critical and voracious reader with both impressive and trivial interests. Holmes said that he read for pleasure, to "improve" his mind, and to be able to answer the questions on Judgment Day. This reader has no doubt that Holmes could answer if called on.

—PAUL S. HOLBO

THE HOLMES-EINSTEIN LETTERS: Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Lewis Einstein, 1903-1935. Edited by James Bishop Peabody. St. Martin's Press, \$12.50.



Ink Sketch, done in Nigeria
Richard F. Wolford

Nigerian Federalism

THE census and election crises of 1964 focused the attention of Nigerians, and foreign observers, on the constitutional structure and the political dynamics of Nigerian federalism. The structure proved resilient enough to contain the dynamics.

This happy outcome is the more understandable after reading Dr. Awa's useful book. He records the gradual evolution of a consensus among the major architects of Nigeria's independence on the federal structure embodied in the 1960 Constitution. The architects of the 1950s are the political leaders of today, and they are not disposed to condemn the structure they built.

Dr. Awa has reservations about this structure. He believes Nigeria would be better governed if there were more and smaller regional units with an inevitable shift of power to the Federal Government. Given this point of view, it is surprising and unfortunate that he does not deal with the creation of the new region of Midwest Nigeria in 1963.

This omission is but one indication that Dr. Awa's book, although released in late 1964, was written much earlier. Even the 1962 crisis in Western Nigeria receives only cursory attention. The book would be more useful if Dr. Awa had been able to revise it more extensively in the light of the important developments of 1962 and 1963.

—E.G.M.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN NIGERIA, by Ene O. Awa. University of California Press, \$8.00.

Limited War

THE author wrote this book while on the staff of the Institute for Defense Analysis. The book was drawn to the attention of the present reviewer by no less than a former Secretary of Defense, Robert Lovett. The fact that it is published by prestigious M.I.T. will likewise commend it to a wide audience. It is, therefore, disappointing to report that Mr. Deitchman, in cases, seems not to see the forest for the trees. Fully half of the book is devoted to an overly minute methodical and pedagogic recital of how military doctrine is formulated in general.

The parts on "The Military Background," "The Problems of Planning," and "The Structure of the Regular Forces" could have been written as a textbook for any of the Armed Forces in application to general, as well as to limited war.

However, the introductory Part I on "Military Means for Political Ends" and the concluding Part V on "Unconventional Warfare—Some Special Problems" do bear directly on the subject of limited war and there is an excellent discussion of the at-times-puzzling characteristics which limited war assumes in this last half of the twentieth century.

Deitchman points out that "depending on what is judged to be military conflict, we can count over thirty military engagements that have taken place since the end of World War II." He sets forth a list in tabular form of these engagements together with useful tables citing the characteristics of limited war as such engagements have actually taken place since World War II. These tables, in fact, are among the most useful contributions of the book.

The author analyzes the traditional three stages of unconventional or guerrilla war: namely, political action or the conflict of political parties for power; followed by guerrilla activity, "at first at low intensity, sporadic, perhaps confused with banditry"; followed by emergence into regular military activity, for example, Dien Bien Phu.

He concludes with the somber comment:

"None of the wars of this kind that have taken place since World War II has ever been won by the Government originally in power after the war entered the third stage. The dynamics of the war make it an extraordinarily difficult proposition, even if it enters the second stage, that of guerrilla and terrorist action."

Inevitably, in a book covering such a scope and in such great detail, errors creep in. For example, in the table on limited war on page 21, in describing the American landings in Lebanon in 1958, the author states:

"The United States withdrew after peaceful change of government led to a Mohammedan president acceptable to both sides."

As a matter of fact, General Chéhab, who was elected President, is a Maronite Catholic. Furthermore, on page 246, the author states, again with reference to the landings in Lebanon:

"We may well suppose that the United States Government applied pressure, sub rosa, to assure that the landing would be requested."

This, the present reviewer, who was Ambassador in Beirut at that time, can emphatically refute. On the contrary,

it was the Government and President of Lebanon which demanded US intervention and not the other way around.

In general, however, this is a very comprehensive book, even though much of the material covered is of wider application than the title would suggest. Deitchman gives the Navy its due. He says,

"This should not be taken to imply that the Navy's role in limited war is not extremely important. In virtually all of the engagements listed in Chapter I where the United States was involved, the Navy was the first available force called upon by the President. It was the first in action. The naval forces have the virtue of being ready and mobile in response to strategic warning. Without the need for the publicity or fanfare that must accompany the movement of divisions or air wings, they can be in place, ready for action, without entering the areas of other nations' sovereignty. They can achieve strategic surprise by appearing at a critical spot with little or no warning."

Finally, at the very end of the book, our scholarly author gives his tribute to the essential factor of policy and diplomacy in limited war. He states it thus:

It will not always be expedient or correct, in the larger scheme of things, for us to be extremely responsive to our allies' expressed demands, nor will they always wish to accept our guidance, though we may believe such acceptance imperative. These potential conflicts open a wholly new area of endeavor, requiring that we look to human problems far greater in scope than those of military organization and hardware. Only if we are successful in the entire effort can the necessary and sufficient conditions for winning be established."

—ROBERT MCCLINTOCK

LIMITED WAR AND AMERICAN DEFENSE POLICY, by S. J. Deitchman. The M.I.T. Press, \$10.00.



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FRENCH BREAD



by LEO MELZER

IT ALL STARTED one Sunday in April, 1959, as my wife and I left Paris at dawn to drive through the French countryside enroute to Germany.

Outside one of the small country towns the stillness of the morning air was broken by a haker upon his bicycle and wagon delivering fresh bread. We stopped to huy thrce of the long, familiar loaves.

Thick green fields passed by, flanked by stone hedges and neatly-lined trees, and at that moment, as we tugged at gentle crusts and munched its perfect white consistency, the glory and grandeur of France was not in de Gaulle, but in its bread.

The memory of the pleasant taste of French bread was hrought to mind recently when I met Noel Pinault, Chief of the French language staff, African Press Section, US Information Agency. The friendship grew as he also bemoaned the fact that there was no real French bread in the Washington area.

Noel had been invited many times to the French Embassy. Surely, I asked, did they not serve real French bread there?

"I do not want to disappoint you," he said slowly. "but I do not know the bread there as the real French bread."

A few moments later I had the French Press Attaché on the telephone. I apologized for taking his time. I told him he surly would understand.

"My wife and I have just seen the French motion picture 'La Belle Américaine' at the Apex Theatre on Massachusetts Avenue. The picture is about a Frenchman who buys and has adventures with an American car."

"Yes, of course," replied the French Press Attaché.

On the same bill, as I recalled, there had heen a short French film accompanying the feature called "Bread of Paris."

In this film Frenchmen in all walks of life consumed French bread. In one scene, a waitress sliced long French loaves into short segments for restaurant table use.

In another scene, an old Frenchman arrived home walking contentedly carrying his long bread firmly under his arm.

One shot showed a family enjoying its evening meal, each member interlacing each course with bread. I could hear the crunch of the crust as the bread was devoured.

In another scene, a baker withdrew a large wooden paddle from the oven. On the paddle lay tantalizingly fresh loaves of golden dough as the baker deftly tested his wares, pin-pricking each loaf.

Suddenly, in the darkness of the theatre I became conscious of a grinding noise. It was my teeth gnashing futilely as I watched the Frenchmen on the screen enjoying their bread.

All this I explained to the French Press Attaché. I then asked why was it that in Washington, wherever one went, including the French Market in Georgetown, one found only an imitation of the real French bread?

There was a long silence at the other end of the line, and the pleasant voice responded almost bitterly: "There is no French bread to get here!"

"You mean you do not eat the real French bread?"

"No, we do not."

"But, surely you must bake it," I pursued.

"No, we cannot," the Attaché declared. "Your flour is not good. Your American flour is too hard. We tried it and it is no good."

"Well, how about outside of Washington? One can get it, perhaps, in New York?"

"I do not know about New York or where you can get it in Washington," he said. The finality of the tone of his voice prompted me to thank him and slowly hang up the receiver.

I sought out Noel to tell of my conversation.

"Yes," said Noel, who had known all the time about the true state of affairs concerning French bread.

Then I brightened.

"There are many people in Washington exposed to the French way of life, no?"

Noel nodded.

"Do not American tourists visit France by the thousands?"

"Hundreds of thousands," said Noel.

"We have a huge potential bread market here, no?"

"I think so," said Noel.

"Then suppose we imported French bread to America. Suppose I made the arrangements here for entry. With your contacts in France, you represent us there," I suggested.

At this, Noel looked up quickly. "It would be good," he agreed. "Let me work on it," I said, and left.

There followed inquiries to the Treasury Department on imports, custom brokers, landing, duty fees, shipping charges from the airlines and their schedules.

Other costs were considered: newspaper advertising, display, deliveries, store space, rent, phone, utilities. In my mind's eye, it followed that if one was successful with the importation of bread, other French delicacies could naturally follow.

A rapid computation, however, of all costs brought forth the realization that a customer would have to pay approximately \$1 for a loaf of French bread.

When I went back to break this news to Noel, I found him talking to a French translator, Mrs. Lucinda. The year was 1947. Mrs. Lucinda was describing a small French bakery she had patronized situated near the Mayflower hotel on Connecticut avenue.

One day she went into the bakery, she said, to buy some bread and croissants. During a conversation with the baker, she told him quite frankly that the French bread did not taste just like the French bread she had known in France.

"I will tell you something seriously," the French baker confided. "This fact has troubled me for a long time and I

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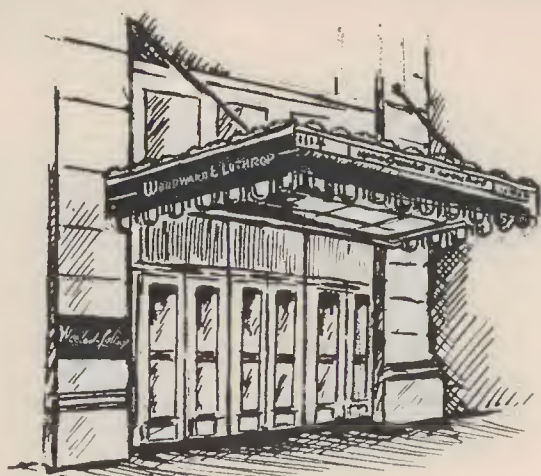
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have written and talked to other bakers, some even in New York, and they are having the same trouble. You are right. The bread does not taste like the French bread that we know. I think it is the flour and I have done something about it. I have sent to France for some French flour and we will see what happens when it arrives."

When the flour arrived, the baker used it, then sought out her opinion about the bread. Mrs. Lucinda, who is forthright and quick, told the baker it still did not taste right.

The little French baker complimented her on her honesty. If there is one thing the French are totally honest about, it is their bread.

"You are right," he admitted, "but I am narrowing it down. I think now it is the oven I am using. And do you know what I am doing? I am sending to France for a French oven."

Mrs. Lucinda went on. The oven arrived and was duly installed. French flour and the French oven were put to use to make French bread. Again the sampling and again the verdict of the bread not quite French.

But the doughty French baker did not give up easily. What was missing now, he felt, was the water. Can one compare French water with that from the Potomac? Of course not. The water in Washington was no good and he was sending for some water from France.

"Well," continued Mrs. Lucinda, "there is no more to tell." She paused and spoke very softly. "Before the water arrived, the baker became ill. He died."

"So you see," she concluded, "I am very glad you are doing this because I am sure up to now there is no real French bread in the United States."

I held up my hand and related my story of estimated costs and how I felt they were too prohibitive. A silence filled the room.

"Perhaps," I began, "if we brought it over frozen?"

"No," said Noel, "the weight of the bread would be the same. The costs are too much."

Then I had another thought.

The new French liner, *SS France*, had arrived recently in New York on her maiden voyage. There had been a gay champagne welcoming party and fashion show aboard for charity. I had read where Washington society had flown to New York for the festivities.

"Why," I asked, "couldn't we place an order for French bread with the French Line people? Their bakers could bake us many loaves of French bread the night before the *SS France* docked in New York. I could find out from the French Line officials how much her ovens held and how much bread we could buy. This would solve the air freight costs."

Noel shook his head.

"It would not do. It would never pass customs. There is too much smuggling going on among sailors on ships. Your customs people would slice open every loaf from the ship before they gave it to you. And then what would you have?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said as I arose disappointedly and prepared to depart. "In that case, I guess all you'd have would be a great big submarine sandwich."

But if Noel heard, he paid no heed. Already with Gallic reality, he had dismissed the idea of importing French bread as impractical and had gone back to work at his desk.

Only Mrs. Lucinda looked up as I passed by. As she nodded and slowly shook her head, our eyes met. Then I heard her whisper resignedly, "There is no real French bread in the United States." ■

Editor's footnote: Mr. Melzer gave up too easily. Recently, a French magazine (*FRANCE ACTUELLE*) reported that each day 5,000 baguettes (long, thin, golden crusted French loaves) are now flown by Air France to New York. One leading Washington grocer (Larimer's Market) on Connecticut avenue sells them. The price for one loaf of French bread is 89 cents.

(Continued from page 36)

to conform to it they are always ready with some evasive pretext"—which shows that Paris drivers are much like New York or Washington drivers and haven't changed in sixty years! However, the means of travel that "now takes precedence of all other modes of locomotion in the interior of the city" is the "new Metropolitan," begun in 1898. The old subway or "metro" has been extended beyond the city limits now and would hardly be recognized by the *Parisien* of 1904. Only a few of the lovely entrance gates designed by Gustave Moreau remain, and they will be taken down shortly and put into museums.

Back in 1904 Paris had river steamboats and one could take a trip for 10¢ from Charenton to Auteuil, or Pont d'Austerlitz to Auteuil, or Pont-Royal to Suresnes. Alas, those days are gone forever.

The most important Parisian theatres in 1904 are still among the best today: the Opera, the Theatre Francais, the Opera Comique, the Odeon, and the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. The latter in 1904 was "under the management of the celebrated actress." Among the music halls is listed the Folies-Bergere, described as "a very popular place of entertainment . . . Smoking allowed. The society is very mixed." Evidently back in 1904 the Folies were considered suitable for ladies while the previously-mentioned Maxim's was not.

Punch and Judy shows have been shown on the Champs-Elysees for over sixty years now. The Flower Market is still held on the Quai aux Fleurs (which is nothing unusual since it has been held there since about 1600!). The bird market is still held in the same place on Sundays. The Baedeker lists the three best bookstores in Paris for English and American books: Galignani's, Smith's, and Brentano's. The stores still do business at the same addresses and are still undisputed champions in their field. As for French newspapers, *LE FIGARO* still leads all the rest.

The Embassy of Great Britain was even then located on Rue du Faubourg-St. Honoré, but the American Embassy had not yet built its chancery around the corner on the Place de la Concorde. "Upon lofty pedestals around the Place rise eight stone figures representing the chief towns of France . . . Strasbourg is usually hung with epe and mourning garlands, in reference to the lost Alsace." The Department of Alsace had been ceded to Germany after France's defeat in 1870; France regained Alsace after the war of 1914-18, only to lose it to Hitler's army in 1940, and finally regain it in 1945—let us hope for good this time! The world famous Basilique du Sacré-Coeur, crowning the summit of Montmartre, was begun in 1875, and was still unfinished when my Baedeker was published.

"The Eiffel Tower . . . was built by M. Eiffel in 1887-89. It is visible from every point in Paris and the environs. This enormous structure is the loftiest monument in the world . . ."

The Eiffel Tower hasn't been "the loftiest" for a long time, but over a million visitors to Paris tour it each year. It is the most popular of France's tourist attractions, and it has become the symbol of the city itself.

No need to comment on the Latin Quarter, the Boulevard St. Michel, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Hotel de Cluny, or the other interesting areas of the Left Bank. Sufficient to say that they are pretty much the same now as they were in the early twentieth century—or seventeenth century—or sixteenth century—or fourteenth century—or how far back do you want to go? As for the Sainte Chapelle, built by King St. Louis in 1245 to house the relics he brought back from the Crusades, Mass was being said there but once a year in 1904 to celebrate the re-opening of the courts after the autumn vacation. This "Mass of the Holy Ghost" is still

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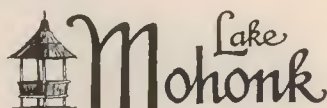
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celebrated but once a year, same time, same place, same congregation of lawyers and law clerks.

Are you familiar with Toulouse-Lautrec's painting of Aristide-Bruant? Well, my Baedeker considered Bruant's cafe "where the visitor's arrival is apt to be hailed with jokes in doubtful taste" as not suitable for ladies, but nevertheless faithfully gives the address. Do you remember Renoir's painting of the Moulin de la Galette? Baedeker considered it "the chief of these places of amusement on the right bank." Today, the Moulin de la Galette stands in somewhat majestic loneliness as a reminder of the painters who sat in its gardens drawing sketches of the Montmartre area.

Speaking of the Impressionist painters, there were some still living around Paris in 1904, or who had recently died. Let's see which ones were considered important enough for my Baedeker: Renoir, Monet, Manet, Fantin-Latour, Corot, Courbet, Degas, and Delacroix. No mention of Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Gauguin (all probably considered not "proper for ladies"?), Cezanne, or Camille Pissarro, who had just died the year before. Imagine being in Paris in 1904 when you could pick up some of these paintings for just a few francs!

While working at the Embassy, I lived in the Auteuil section of Paris. My Baedeker describes this area as "a quiet suburban district with numerous villas . . . a pleasant route leads thither from the Ranelagh." Well, the "numerous villas" are almost entirely gone now and in their place stand tall modern apartment houses—I had an efficiency apartment in one of them similar to any New York or Washington apartment and paid more rent than back home.

Some day I hope to be transferred to the Embassy in London. In preparation for it I have just bought a guidebook: Baedeker's "London" of 1900. I hope it proves as interesting!

"Unostentatious in Appearance and Modestly Equipped"

A recent policy statement was issued with the commendable air of preventing Government employees abroad from becoming rich through the resale of automobiles. One point in that policy states: "Automobiles purchased for shipment to new posts of assignment should be unostentatious in appearance and modestly equipped."

Special circumstances existing at our Embassy in Bonhon (located physically in Bad Gesundheit) have resulted in an extrapolation of that policy as evidenced by the following excerpt from an efficiency report:

Adverse Factors

"As the Embassy is located a very few miles from the Flittersdorf housing area along the banks of the Rein River (so named for being one of the few clean rivers left in this dirty world), many employees have chosen to use bicycles for transportation along the bicycle path to and from work.

"Most employees have chosen the local sturdy black model of a sedate and unostentatious nature. A few have imported bright red British products with three-speed gearshifts.

"This employee, however, imported a fancy robin's-egg blue French racing bicycle with an eight-speed gearshift. With this ostentatious and immodestly equipped sports model, he scorches along the banks of the Rein, hunched over the rams-horn handle bars. A raucous two-tone bell scatters pedestrians and less ostentatious cyclists. Dogs madly swim for the far shore. His colleagues' coat-tails are sucked up in the draft created by his passage. Admittedly he gets to work on time—but after all!"



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Stephen Low



STEPHEN LOW was born 37 years ago in Cincinnati. From public high there and a year at school in Colorado, he went to Yale. His residence in New Haven was broken by Army service as an enlisted man just before the Korean War. After receiving his BA from Yale, Low entered the Fletcher School in Boston. He spent the following year at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques in Paris (on a Fulbright grant). Returning to Fletcher, he received his Ph.D. in 1956, six months after he had entered the Foreign Service.

Low's Foreign Service career has followed an in-again—out-again pattern. He started out in Washington doing research on the Far East; switched to Africa where he helped open the Consulate at Kampala, Uganda and returned again to Washington for a year of labor training. A tour in Dakar where he served first as regional labor officer and then as political officer, was followed by his present job as Guinea, Mali Desk officer.

Low finds that his present job, a family including three small boys, and a new house seem to fill 36 of the 24 hours a day. However, as an enthusiastic singer, he jealously guards his Monday evenings for rehearsals of the Montgomery County Oratorio Society.

John J. St. John



JOHN ST. JOHN was born in Philadelphia, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1956. He served four years as a naval officer aboard the aircraft carrier *USS Forrestal*, and as an instructor at the Navy's Damage Control Officer's School. During the latter tour of duty, an FSO on reserve training took his course and did some recruiting after class. The message "took," and St. John traded his Lieutenant's bars for an FSO-8 commission in 1961.

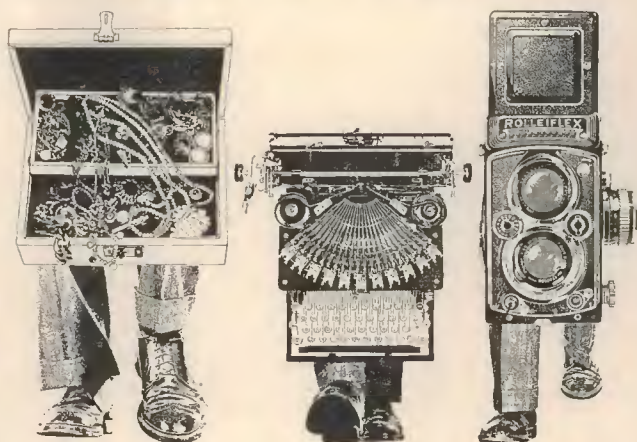
His first post was Monterrey, where he issued altogether too many visas, before becoming chief of the citizenship and protection section, and later administrative officer. Somewhere along the line he found time to meet and marry his wife, Elsa, who was a local employee at the Consulate General.

Returning to the Department last June, St. John was an Associate Watch Officer in the Operations Center, and has just recently moved to the Office of Community Advisory Services, where he is a program officer.

The St. Johns have one daughter, René, and a son is expected in the fall. Their relaxations run to reading and tennis, and though both are avid aficionados of "la fiesta brava," Washington offers little opportunity to indulge this taste. His wife is an excellent guitarist, though horribly out of practice, and after two years of constant study St. John is now able to accompany her on the first part of "Cielito Lindo."

St. John dabbles at writing and public speaking. He has had occasional articles published in the United States Naval Institute PROCEEDINGS, and several lesser magazines. He hopes to take advantage of his present assignment to exercise both of these proclivities.

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THAT COMPETITION FOR QUALITY

I read with great interest Professor Dwight Smith's article in the March JOURNAL ("Competing for Quality"). We share Mr. Smith's concern that the Department must make every effort to obtain an ever-improving quality of junior officer personnel to keep up the vitality and effectiveness of the Foreign Service.

However, the Department's program to attract top calibre young people to our career service is not as passive as Mr. Smith implies. We undoubtedly need to do still more, but the Department does have an active program designed to arouse interest in Foreign Service careers among the best young people coming from our campuses.

For example, during the past six months we have sent officers to visit 268 colleges and universities to discuss career opportunities with potential candidates for the December 1964 and May 1965 Foreign Service examinations; additionally a number of preparatory and high schools were visited. These officers definitely emphasize "personal contact with the potential officers," as Mr. Smith correctly urges. They also have established or reinforced permanent points of contact in the appropriate faculties (economics, foreign affairs, political science, public and business administration, etc.) as well as with the college placement officers.

This year we are making a special effort to reach sophomores and juniors, as well as seniors and graduate students, in order to encourage them to follow curricula which would be useful in future Foreign Service careers.

In addition to the 23 specially briefed FSOs who have visited campuses from the Department for recruitment work, we have developed arrangements for the 44 Foreign Service officers now on university assignment at 16 institutions throughout the country to keep contact with nearby campuses as well as their own academic "home bases."

We also have plans for a network of retired officers throughout the country to keep up personalized contacts with promising students.

College presidents from 278 institutions responded to the Department's invitation to nominate one student each as a candidate for the summer intern program, for which only 40 could be selected. A review of the quality of these candidates led the Department's selection panels of senior officers to feel that there is indeed an abundance of outstanding young men and women with serious interest in seeking a career in the Foreign Service.

One of our goals has been a broadly diversified base from which our incoming officers can be selected. We believe we have been reasonably successful in this. For example, students or graduates from 702 colleges and universities took our FSO-8 examination last December. Candidates from 256 colleges and universities achieved passing grades on this difficult examination and will be offered oral examinations this spring and summer.

From Mr. Smith's own State of Indiana we had passing candidates in the last examination from Butler, DePauw, Earlham, Indiana University, Notre Dame, Purdue, St. Joseph's, Valparaiso, and Wabash. Neighboring Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and Kentucky produced successful candidates from Akron University, Antioch, Athenaeum, Bellarmine, Berea, Calvin, Cincinnati, Detroit, Illinois Tech, University of Illinois, Kenyon, Miami, University of Michigan, Northwestern, Oberlin, Ohio State, Ohio University, Ohio Wesleyan, Principia, Shimer, Southern Illinois, VanderCook College of Music, Wayne State, Western Reserve, Wittenberg, Wooster, Xavier, and Youngstown. A similar range of college

sources occurs in other areas of the country as well. From the standpoint of legal residence, we find that Indiana and its four neighbors produced almost 100 of our 760 passing candidates in the December 1964 examination.

Of course, this breadth of diversity is of little avail unless we are also getting the top range of talent from a quality standpoint. It is true that the Department cannot categorically assert that our new officers are literally "the best" being produced by our colleges and graduate schools, since we can never be sure how they would compare with "the ones that got away." We do know, however, that two-thirds of our new officers have had postgraduate study by the time they report for active duty in the Department. In over half of the cases the new officers have earned graduate degrees. To an increasing extent these degrees are obtained with the Department's direct collaboration or active sponsorship.

Mr. Smith rightly commends other Government agencies for encouraging top quality students to take educational leave for the purpose of completing graduate study. The Department of State also has an active program of appointing selected candidates as Foreign Service Reserve officers and placing them immediately on leave-without-pay while they continue their advanced studies prior to coming into the Service for active duty. This "LWOP Program" for new officers before they come on duty has included 41 officers since it was inaugurated in June 1963.

The Board of Examiners has approved officers under this program for graduate study at California, Cornell, Georgetown, George Washington, Georgia, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, M.I.T., Northern Illinois, Princeton, Rutgers, Stanford, Syracuse, Texas, UCLA, Washington, Yale, and the Universities of Lyon and Paris, before coming into the entrance level classes at the Foreign Service Institute. Under this arrangement they have pursued graduate work in such fields as Economics, African Studies, Russian Studies, Middle Eastern Studies, Public Administration, Political Science, Business Administration, History, and International Relations. It is interesting to note that 15 of the 25 members scheduled to report in the June 1965 Basic Officers Training class at the Foreign Service Institute will be Reserve officers who have participated in the Leave Without Pay graduate study program.

So, fortunately, it is apparent that a highly promising candidate need not decide whether to enter graduate school "instead of" the Foreign Service. Many of our best candidates do both. Officers already in the Service may also receive graduate credit for career related course work which they take under Departmental sponsorship.

It goes without stating that the special combination of qualities we are seeking does not necessarily correspond directly to pure academic achievement. Our criteria are substantially broader in terms of personality factors, attitudes, persuasiveness, resourcefulness, teamwork and leadership potential, and a host of other qualities which may or may not correlate with the primarily intellectual attainments which may mark a college student as being "top quality" in the eyes of his faculty counselor. A sharp mind is indispensable, but it is only the first of many requirements. And it hardly need be stated that we are not preoccupied just with the search for an impressive *quantity* of candidates. Primary attention must be given to the *quality* of the few hundreds who are appointed rather than the sheer magnitude of the thousands who apply.

Many aspects of Professor Smith's observations are incontrovertible. The requirements of the next twenty years—whatever they may be—will certainly underscore the imperative need to attract to the Foreign Service *now* an ever-improving group of highly qualified candidates from which the Board of Examiners may select those best suited for a career in this demanding Service.

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(Continued from page 33)

sumed: "Anyway, I thought, if Mehop has been such an inspiration to federal employees here, why not bring in some deserving foreigners? That's when I thought about the Nugian Field Marshal."

The Secretary of State took over. "And so we are proud to announce, on Mr. Mewly's suggestion, that the Field Marshal of Nugia himself"—here the Nugian Ambassador could not restrain a burst of clapping—"is coming to the United States next week for the Mehop—excuse me, the Meritorious Honorifics Ceremony. And at that time he will be first recipient of the Strikingly High Merit Citation for Furthering International Goodwill, which carries with it an honorarium of twenty-five million dollars."

The Secretary beamed, faded back to grasp the Nugian Ambassador's hand, brought Mewly into the handshaking, then went back to the mike and quieted the applause.

"Ernest Ruckus, please come forward," the Secretary of State said. Ruckus, a tall bald man with pursed lips, got up diffidently from his place on the Nugian Ambassador's other hand. "Mr. Ruckus is our first prize winner, and I want him to tell you his Tessigo suggestion himself. Ernest?"

"Yes, sir. As some of you know, I work with the CCPS.



by JACK GROVER

THERE ARE MANY unusual occupations in the world. One of the most unusual—and most difficult—of them all is that of the ricksha boy.

In Durban, South Africa, the ricksha is a main means of locomotion for the populace. Ricksha boys there dress in weird native costumes to attract passengers. When a boy has a passenger, he sets off at a killing pace. As he runs he often will carry on a conversation with his passenger—which many of the ricksha boys there can do in half a dozen languages or more.

The term "killing pace" is literal, not figurative. The work is so hard on these men that, notwithstanding their great physiques and tremendously powerful legs, it is said that few of them in the game for very long live to be older than twenty-five or thirty.

the Comprehensive Country Programming System, which is the steps and methods through which data, relating policy objectives both to resources and activities through which the total US Mission pursues these objectives, is collected by the Mission and used by top management in Washington and the field to plan and control operations." Over on the left the Assistant Secretary moved his lips like a ruminating camel.

"Having had extraordinary success with CCPS in numerous US Missions abroad," Ruckus continued, "I began to wonder if CCPS held broader possibilities. If CCPS worked for seventy-six US agencies in one foreign capital, might it not work for the whole foreign country as well? On this basis, when the Tessigo was announced over the crisis in Nugia—"

The Secretary accidentally jostled Ruckus' arm.

"—over improving Nugian-US relations still further, I made the suggestion that, working hand-in-hand with the Nugians, we institute CCPS as the administrative system of the Imperial Nugian Government. We would assemble a book giving all pertinent data on Nugian resources and objectives, codify this into a programable system for which computers would be imported, then unite all agencies and arms of the Imperial Nugian Government into a comprehensive system fully correlating total policy objectives in—"

The Secretary of State took Ruckus firmly by the arm and eased him aside. "And we are proud to announce that the Field Marshal was thrilled at this suggestion and has issued visas for a joint State/IBM team to start preparatory work in Nugia next week! What's more, an entire body of Nugians, all from one tribe, several thousand strong, are coming together to Harvard Business School to study programing for this system!" As applause thundered the Secretary grasped Ruckus' hand, the Nugian Ambassador's hand, and somehow Mewly's hand too, and they all beamed.

Back to the mike. "Finally," the Secretary said, "as Honorary Tessigo Chairman, I am pleased to announce the prizes. For Mr. Mewly, five thousand dollars and assignment to Nugia. For the Nugian Ambassador, six thousand dollars and a zoning change for his new Embassy. For Mr. Ruckus, ten thousand and a parking space in the basement."

As frenzied cheers rang out, the Secretary of State started to turn away, then came back. "I forgot to mention my regret that Fred Boils, the originator of this Tessigo contest, could not be here today. Fred has been transferred to Agriculture, where I know he's dealing with things crisply."

On row two the Assistant Secretary smiled. ■

AFSA: MINUTES

March 26: The chairman of the Committee on Retired Foreign Service Personnel, Ambassador Robert Newbegin, reported on the current project of his committee—a leaflet on retirement provisions and benefits to be sent out by the Department some three or four years before mandatory retirement age. Mr. Harvey Wellman has informed Mr. Newbegin that the Department will assign someone to work on suggested revisions and elaboration of the present pamphlet. Mr. Newbegin paid tribute to the work of Mr. Crockett and others in improving contact with and relations between the Department and retired officers and using the services of retired officers in such enterprises as cultural tours abroad. The question of revised legislation to permit retired FSOs to take government jobs without losing pension rights, as is the case with the military, was also discussed.

Donald Coster, chairman of the Committee on Education, reported that the committee in principle favored the establishment of a loan fund, to complement the Scholarship Program and it was announced that a questionnaire would appear in the May JOURNAL to determine the interest in such a fund among AFSA's members.

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AAFSW: REPORT

WITH the arrival of Spring and the installation of the new officers, the 1964-65 AAFSW activities draw to a close.

It has been an interesting year in all aspects and special recognition goes to the work of the Program Committee. A series of events largely aimed at calling attention to the cultural aspects of Washington were devised and carried out by the Program Chairman, Mrs. Thomas Enders, and her committee, Mrs. Edward Streater and Mrs. Keith Wheelock.

The first event, in June, was a lecture and tea held at the City Tavern. Dr. Richard Howland, curator of Cultural History of the Smithsonian Institution, spoke on historic Georgetown.

In October, after the long summer recess, the yearly series of luncheons began. The first speaker was Alfred Friendly, managing editor of the Washington Post, who analyzed the trends in the then up-coming Presidential election. At the December luncheon the association was given a first-hand account of the current work of UNICEF by Mrs. Guido Pantaleone, president of the US Committee. In February, a delightful fashion show was presented. An annual event, this year's show featured fashions from Dorothy Stead, modeled by association members. Mrs. Ross Bass, wife of the junior Senator from Tennessee, was guest commentator. The April luncheon had as its speaker Roger Stevens, producer of "Mary, Mary," "West Side Story" and many other Broadway hits, the President's special adviser on the performing arts and director of the Kennedy Cultural Center.

A highly appreciated innovation was added to this year's events with the two special, sell-out tours of Blair House in December and January. Under the guidance of Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, Mrs. Barbara Bolling of Protocol and Mrs. Mary Wilroy, Blair House manager, each of the tours featured a morning coffee and an afternoon tea.

An equally successful series of events were the art gallery tours held during March and April. The first was the visit to the Corcoran Gallery where a group of more than a hundred members were taken on a tour by Richard Madigan, assistant director of the gallery. At the National Gallery of Art the host was John Carter Brown and at the Freer Gallery tour in April another hundred guests were guided through the collections by Dr. Harold Stern, curator of Japanese art. Following the tour of the Corcoran Gallery sherry was served and coffee was offered at the National Gallery.

On April 21st, the association held its yearly tea in honor of Mrs. Dean Rusk in the Diplomatic Functions Area of the Department of State.

The two final events of the year will be the annual business meeting and luncheon in May and a proposed International Tea for diplomatic guests at which Mrs. Lloyd Hand, wife of the Chief of Protocol, will be the speaker.

This year's program has been most successful and we are indebted to the tireless work of Mrs. Enders and her committee. We are hopeful that the pattern has been established for the programs of future years. ■

Why Not Invent Ambassadors?

THIS is a proposal for a new column to appear regularly, every century, in the JOURNAL. The column's first appearance could be scheduled for the January, 2001 issue. By the time that date rolls around the world may be ready for a discussion on needed inventions.

1. Why not invent a reusable facial tissue?

A new miracle cloth has been developed from a common plant called cotton. Small squares about the size of facial tissues could be made and, instead of being thrown away after each use, could be washed and reused. They would also not tear when used. They might be called "hand-kerchiefs."

2. Why not invent a lawn-mower without power?

Instead of an expensive, noisy, dangerous, unreliable gasoline-driven lawn-mower, why not develop one which can be pushed by a man. It would not only be cheaper and quieter but would provide exercise for the owner which otherwise he would have to pay for at a country club.

3. Why not develop a substitute for frozen produce?

How about rushing fresh fruits and vegetables to market instead of freezing them? This would save the expense of freezing and packaging and the trouble of thawing. It would also allow cooks to use their imagination in preparing the raw items.

4. Why not a do-it-yourself cake kit?

Instead of selling ready-baked cakes or cake mixes, why not sell the flour, sugar, and other ingredients and let the housewife bake her own cake?

5. Why not develop substitutes for automobiles?

a. Instead of compelling each person to drive two tons of metal to work each day, why not develop large vehicles carrying 50 or more persons and only one driver? These might be called "auto-buses." Or they might run on special rails and be called "trolley cars." An even simpler version might be developed, requiring no gasoline or electricity. This would entail breeding large numbers of that favorite of zoo-visitors, the horse. These docile animals could pull lightweight cars which could be called horse-cars.

b. Another substitute would be to train humans to use the two nether limbs, those now used to push certain pedals in automobiles, as a direct means of locomotion. The extremities of the limbs could be encased in leather, if necessary, so as to make them more durable for long journeys. This means of locomotion could be called "walking."

6. Why not reusable rockets?

Could seats not be put in rockets and airfoils put on them so human occupants could navigate them and return them to earth safely. Such vehicles could be used over and over again and might be called "aeroplanes"!

7. Why not have heads of state send representatives to one another?

Instead of having heads of state spending all their time flying around the world visiting each other, why not have them send representatives to live in each other's capital. The heads of state could then concentrate on heading states and the representatives could become experts in the ways of the other country. Such representatives might be called ambassadors.

Do you have peachy ideas for new and simplified items? Send them to this column. Each reader submitting an acceptable item will receive a new disposable cigarette lighter involving no fuel and no mechanical parts. It is called a "lucifer."

—ALBERT W. STOFFEL

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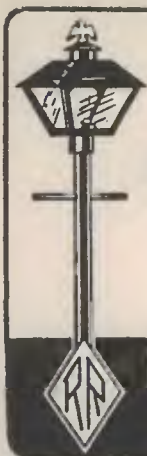
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WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ALFRED FRIENDLY is managing editor of the Washington POST. On leave of absence from his newspaper, he served as Chief of Overseas Information during the first year of the Marshall Plan. Mr. Friendly graciously granted the JOURNAL permission to reprint "Expellable DeTrop Tells His Secrets."

E. TAYLOR PARKS, Chief, Research Guidance and Review Division, Historical Office, has contributed many articles to the JOURNAL. "Mr. Eads' Proposal," in this issue, seems particularly timely.

LEO MELZER, a former newspaperman on the West Coast, is now a news file editor for the African press branch of USIA. "French Bread" appears on page 42.

MURIEL DONNELLY makes her second appearance of recent months in the JOURNAL on page 36. She has completed a two-year tour of duty in the Department and is now at the Embassy in Ankara. Miss Donnelly has served at posts in Europe, South America and the Middle East.

JACK PERRY, former member of the JOURNAL Editorial Board, has served in Washington, Moscow, and now Paris (NATO). He writes that he is a regular reader of both the JOURNAL and the Department of State NEWSLETTER. Jack defines his current contribution to the JOURNAL, "Corridors Jam-packed with Power," as a romance in which C. P. Snow's "two cultures," here heavily disguised, meet in the exotic setting of the Department of State.

CHARLES W. YOST, author of the lead article "New Horizons in Foreign Affairs," has been in the service for 32 years and has served as Minister in Athens, Vienna and Paris and Ambassador in Laos, Syria and Morocco. He is now Deputy US Representative to the UN.

CARL T. ROWAN is the Director of the United States Information Agency. He is a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs and Ambassador to Finland. Prior to entering government service, Mr. Rowan was a newspaperman and lecturer. He is the author of several books and numerous magazine articles. Mr. Rowan's stimulating speech to the Association appears on page 26.

CONSUL SONNE is now in his fourth year of service at the Consulate General in Milan, where he is Deputy Principal Officer. Without knowing whether his next transfer will offer a chance for more trailer travel, he heartily recommends it for Foreign Service families who would like to regard the whole United States as their home leave residence.

Crisis at a Hardship Post

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OBITER DICTA

EMBASSY cocktail parties are a necessary evil of the trade. They strain the memory, the courtesy and the digestion. They conduce to scandal, fallen arches and jealousies among the women. I have not met one diplomat who truly enjoys them—and yet no one has devised a better vehicle for that peculiar commerce of hints, harmonic overtones, unwritten warnings and out-of-court dealings which is the business dialect of diplomacy. Because one is expected to be bored, one can ignore what one does not wish to hear. It is demanded that one circulate, so it is always possible to slide out of a transaction or an argument. Because the party always takes place at the end of a business day, one has the right to be tired and to withdraw into a private corner to conclude a bargain or settle a dispute.

But even inside this framework of custom and convention there are certain interesting variations. The French, for example, cultivate wit and modish dress, but they are apt to be stodgy with canapes and drinks. The Indians serve uneatable food and are either waspish or embarrassingly earnest in conversation. The Swedes, when sober, are studiously formal, and the Japanese, who drink nobly at a geisha party, can turn a cocktail party into Kabuki drama at the flick of a fan. The Thais are pliant, good-humored and devilishly hard to corner, while the Americans are fluent, voluble and occasionally tone-deaf. The South Americans are so incredibly elegant that one wonders if all our aid funds are spent on dressing their wives or mistresses. But only the English have made a fine art of dullness and a whole literature out of the swallowed sentence and the urbane understatement. Their food is generally mediocre, their drinks underproof and their welcome tepid. One does not arrive; one lapses into the party. One does not talk; one chats. One is never cosseted, but never uncomfortable either, so that by the end of the evening it is all too easy to surrender to an illusion of domesticity and tell secrets of state to the cool charmer with the noble bosom and the Mona Lisa smile.—THE AMBASSADOR, by Morris L. West. *Morrow*, \$4.95.



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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Sidelight on History

THERE is enclosed one sheet from the latest issue of a bulletin published quarterly by the Military Intelligence Reserve Society, a chapter of the Reserve Officers Association. Whether you see fit to reprint this or not, will you kindly call the information to the attention of the CIA and of any other appropriately interested government agency.

H. M. JUDDSON
Colonel, USAF-Retired

Brooklyn

"ANCESTOR OF THE CIA"
(Recollections of Col. H. M. Juddson,
USAF-Ret.)

WHEN the Prussian General Staff misinterpreted the winning slogan of the 1916 Presidential campaign—"He Kept Us Out Of War"—as meaning that the United States wanted peace at ANY price, in just one month after his second inauguration Woodrow Wilson was compelled to ask the Congress for a declaration of war.

The aroused American public and every governmental organization, civilian and military, considered us a spy-infested nation. Under the circumstances, the following organizations and individuals considered themselves God's own gift for the maintenance of national security:

Intelligence Section of the War College under the then Colonel Ralph VanDeman, father of our Military Intelligence; Office of Naval Intelligence under Capt. Edward McCauley; the Treasury Department's Secret Service under Flynn; the Justice Department's Bureau of Investigation under A. Bruce Bielaski; the Customs Service special agents; the Post Office Department's Inspectors; the Bureau of Immigration's special agents; every County Sheriff and every City and Village Police Chief, and the self-appointed "American Protective League."

It was soon found that they were treading on each other's toes and interfering with one another's investigations. The suggestion was made that we should have a central direction of counter-espionage activities—enthusiastically approved by each of the national organizations above listed, *provided* that their agency be the one put in charge of the central control.

The only solution found was the establishment of a C. E. "Clearing House" in the State Department, to receive copies of ALL espionage reports, to inform other

agencies concerned of anything turned up by some one; to act as arbitrator for the selection of the most interested agency in cases of conflict of operations.

This "Clearing House" was put in charge of a "Special Assistant" to the Secretary of State, Leland Harrison (later administrative aide to the Executive Officer of our Peace Commission at the Hotel Crillon, and during the 30s American Ambassador to Switzerland). The executive assistant to Mr. Harrison was J. Klahr Huddle, who was later in charge of the SECRET archives of the Peace Commission, and later an American Consul General at various posts and a Foreign Service Inspector.

That was the 1917-18 ancestor of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Plea for the Full Treatment

RECENT Foreign Affairs Manual changes with respect to the inspection of constituent posts have given me some concern. Let me preface my remarks by noting that as a younger officer, I have only been inspected twice—once at a constituent post and once at an Embassy. I found both inspections extremely useful and helpful and have, as a result, developed a high regard for the Inspection Corps. It seems to me that the inspection process provides not only the needed guidance and help to the Foreign Service but also provides a sort of continuity of standards which is essential to the continued efficient operation of the Service.

Therefore, any change in established practice, I feel, must be very carefully considered. The new policy of *ad hoc* inspections of constituent posts looks to me like a trend away from the standard practice of having a senior, highly competent officer come into a post and go over it from head to toe, making corrections where necessary and giving praise where due.

The manual changes seem to give latitude in the matter of inspections of constituent posts; the establishment of the *ad hoc* inspectors implies that in some cases a consulate might not get the full inspection treatment. Also, one cannot help but be concerned over other implications in the new policy. With all the good will in the world, it is still conceivable that an *ad hoc* inspector will not be able to give the absolutely dispassionate attention to activities and personalities at a post that is the *sine qua non* of the whole inspection function.

I believe that the regular introduction into a post of men who are competent to examine every facet of the post's operation, to assess personalities, and to make changes where needed is so essential to the continued effectiveness of the Service that any

variance from this practice must be carefully considered in light of the rather peculiar needs of the Service. I hope that this consideration has been given to the announced changes which I for one am not at all convinced will prove either workable or desirable.

BEAUVEAU B. NALLE

Washington

The Perfect Secretary

TWICE I have suggested through normal channels that we give more recognition to the secretaries in the American Foreign Service. Twice my suggestion has been rejected on the grounds that competent secretaries are rewarded by promotions and other means.

Perhaps they are. Perhaps they are not. I do know that the life of a secretary abroad is not all red wine and roses even in the gay capitals of the world.

Some new form of recognition must be added for the benefit of morale in particular and the Service in general. So possibly the JOURNAL can help by publishing this letter.

I proposed a *Perfect Secretary Club*. Eligible would be those ladies who presented all typed communications, e.g. reports, letters and telegrams, to the drafting officer without a single mistake over a six month period. This merely means a combination of continued good typing and good proof-reading to catch any errors.

The drafting officer and the secretary would sign a statement of perfection under oath and the Administrative Officer would forward it to the Department with a request for her membership in *The Perfect Secretary Club*. She would receive a certificate and have her name listed in the Foreign Service JOURNAL. A copy of the post's request for this recognition would be placed in her performance file in the Department.

How many officers have such a girl? How many would like to have one? If you do, write to the Editor of the JOURNAL and let's see what can be done about greater recognition for those who contribute to our own promotions.

JOSEPH E. WIEDENMAYER
Retired FSO

Washington

Way to Cut Travel Costs

SOME years ago the Foreign Service Association considered, and rejected, the idea of arranging for aircraft charters in the name of club members and their dependents. Nev-



Four times a year "Foreign Affairs" goes to these addresses

Should your address be added?

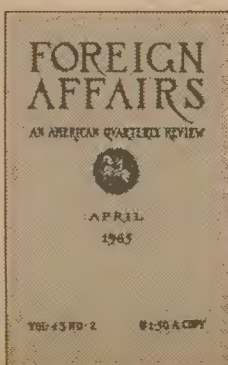
In every country, the men responsible for foreign policy look to *Foreign Affairs* for authoritative opinions and a fresh analysis of the problems they wrestle with day-by-day. For them it is required reading. They trust its editorial integrity. They know it does not take a partisan position and welcomes to its pages all honest and intelligent points of view regarding the great issues of our time.

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Essentials for Nigerian Survival	Nnamdi Azikiwe
The French-Canadian Dilemma	Claude Ryan
Health and Population	Carl E. Taylor
Which Way Europe?	J. H. Huizinga
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FS-1

EDUCATIONAL LOAN FUND QUESTIONNAIRE

	Yes	No
1. Do you favor establishment of an AFSA revolving fund for low-cost educational loans which would supplement the existing scholarship program	()	()
2. Or do you believe AFSA assistance to members should be in the form of scholarship grants and not loans	()	()
3. Do you have pre-school or school-age children	()	()
4. If such a loan fund is established, do you foresee the need to make use of this service?	()	()
5. As one means of raising funds for a loan program, would you be willing when paying annual dues to contribute additionally as much as \$10 per year until a revolving fund of \$100,000 has been established?	()	()
6. Comments:		

.....
Name and Grade

.....
Present Post

Return to the Executive Secretary, American Foreign Service Association, c/o Department of State, or Suite 505, 815 17th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20006.

An Educational Loan Fund For AFSA Members—What Do You Think?

At the request of the Board of Directors, the Committee on Education has been studying the possible establishment of a revolving fund from which non-profit, educational loans could be made to **AFSA** members. Such a loan program, if established, would be additional to the existing scholarship program. It would be aimed at assisting more members to meet soaring educational costs than would be possible from a comparable increase in scholarship funds. Until the revolving fund is built up, however, it may be necessary to choose from among loan applicants on the basis of relative need. Loans would be made to the **AFSA** parent (not the dependent) and would carry an annual service charge of about 2 to 3 percent to cover administrative costs.

Before making a decision on the program, the Education Committee needs to know how many **AFSA** members are interested and what they think. That is the purpose of the questionnaire below. You are urged to complete it at an early date, adding whatever comments you wish.



ertheless, in the meantime, there have been considerable changes in this field which would justify a reappraisal of the proposal. The supplemental air carriers authorized to participate in the transatlantic charter business have been considerably curtailed, and stringent requirements have been imposed upon them. In the meantime, it is a serious financial drain for even a senior officer to be faced with the transportation of several children to and from Europe for the vacation periods. For a typical plane-load charter from New York to London the round-trip cost per passenger might be reduced to \$230 during the summer season from the normal economy fare of \$485. This would even be a considerable saving over the off-season economy fare of \$400. It might even be possible to obtain a charter fare as low as \$150 per round trip if it were possible to fill empty aircraft on ferry legs of other charter flights. Admittedly this latter is a slim possibility.

It might be worthwhile for the Association to talk to appropriate travel agents and air carriers about this possibility. Foreign Service officers who would be interested in such a project might wish to write to the JOURNAL so as to provide the Association with an indication of the demand for such services.

ALBERT W. STOFFEL

Bonn

Stubbing the Toes

MAY I commend D. Alan Strachan for his explanation of the obstacles to technical assistance, in "5,000 Years Late for School" (March, FSJ). Although a few points are necessarily over-simplified, Mr. Strachan brings some needed light to laic readers.

His references to "communications" and "media" are vague, but then AID has not (and is not) making a significant effort to exploit the communication complexes of the developing countries to further the development programs, even in Mr. Strachan's Egypt, and even with the programming on the "coffee shop radio."

This inexplicable omission by AID is conspicuous especially in the frantic efforts to create the dignity-of-labor cited by Mr. Strachan.

Future evaluations of AID endeavors will ponder this neglect of the seemingly obvious—assistance in the development and effective operation of communication complexes of the emerging nations in the interest of development. Perhaps once again

we need to stub our toes on the too obvious.

ARTHUR H. HUDSON

Washington

Rotating Ceaselessly

THANK you for your letter and for publishing my article in the Foreign Service JOURNAL.

Last night I was reading Charlie Thayer's book, "The Diplomat," and noted with interest that a similar rotational trainee system was used when he came into the Service nearly thirty-five years ago. There is evidently nothing really new under the sun.

JAMES D. PHILLIPS

Paris

Yes, from Tom Moore

I HAVE BEEN married for five years and I have just seen the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL for the first time! I have read through the whole March issue and I found it fascinating reading. I particularly liked Ambassador Harriman's article on Winston Churchill, "The Light of Other Days." (Did you pinch that title from Tom Moore?)

The magazine is filled with things to interest not only Foreign Service officers but their wives. Why, then, have I never seen it before? Because my husband never brought it home from the office. He doubtless thought it wasn't for me. Why don't you send the magazine to the home address? Then the wives could have access to it.

SYLVIA HAWTHORN

London



This greeting card design by Joseph Cheevers, Vice Consul, US Embassy, Dakar, was one of three designs used by the Volunteer Corps of the Senegalese Red Cross. Mrs. Mercer Cook, wife of the Ambassador, enlisted the support of the American wives in selling the cards.

Between the Covers

HELEN Hackett Kelly's "Bookseller's Bemusement" in the Letters to the Editor, April issue, stirs me to resurrect Carolyn Well's old jingle:

*The books we think we ought to
read are poky, dull and dry;
The books that we would like to
read we are ashamed to buy;
The books that people talk about
we never can recall;
And the books that people give
us, Oh, they're the worst of
all."*

PHILIP FAIRAIRE

Cherrydale, Virginia



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