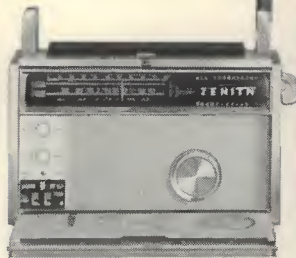


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JUNE 1965
60 CENTS



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

CHARLES W. ADAIR, JR., to Panama

NATHANIEL DAVIS, to Bulgaria

HENRY A. HOYT, to Uruguay

HENRY J. TASCA, to Kingdom of Morocco

WILLIAM R. TYLER to the Kingdom of the Netherlands

Awards

The Honorable ROBERT C. STRONG, Ambassador to Iraq, a recipient of the National Civil Service League Career Service Award.

Marriages

BELTON-YNGVESSON. Barbara Belton, daughter of FSO William Belton, was married to Sigfrid Yngvesson of Goteborg, Sweden, on April 10, in San Francisco. Both are graduate students at UCLA, Berkeley.

MAYBERRY-PHILLIPS. Mrs. Katherine Haugh Mayberry was married to FSO Richard Idler Phillips, on April 23, in Washington. Mrs. Phillips is Public Information Officer, Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. Mr. Phillips is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, Bureau of Public Affairs.

MENKE-RICE. Linda Menke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Menke, was married to Douglas C. Rice, son of Mrs. Maurice C. Rice of Chevy Chase, and the late Mr. Rice, on April 10, in Englewood, New Jersey.

SMITH-OLDS. Linda Louise Smith was married to Michael Vincent Olds, on February 24, in Taichung, Taiwan. Mr. Olds is the son of FSO-retired Herbert V. Olds and Mrs. Olds. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Olds are teaching at Tunghai University.

Births

MCLVAINE. A daughter, Katherine, born to Ambassador and Mrs. Robinson McIlvaine, on April 7, in Washington.

RITCHOTTE. A son, John Patrick, born to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ritchotte, on March 17, in Rome.

Deaths

BLOOMFIELD. Mrs. Jean Duvall Bloomfield, wife of FSO Richard J. Bloomfield, died on May 9, in Alexandria, Virginia. The Bloomfields served at La Paz, Salzburg, Monterrey and Montevideo. Mr. Bloomfield is assigned to the Office of Regional Economic Policy, Bureau of Inter-American Affairs.

CARROLL. Thomas P. Carroll, FSO-retired, died on May 2, in Chico, California. Before transferring to the Department of State in 1946, Mr. Carroll served as liaison officer, Office of Government Reports and as Chief of the Foreign Service Division of the Office of War Information. He entered the Foreign Service in 1947 and retired in 1964. He served at Rome, London, Ottawa, Tehran and the Department where he was assigned to the Foreign Service Inspection Corps until 1962. At the time of his retirement, he was Supervising Employee Development Officer in charge of college recruitment.

DOLLEY. Mrs. Martha Denbeaux Dolley, wife of Robert D. Dolley, AID, died on May 1, in Alexandria, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Dolley served in Jidda, Djakarta, Asuncion and Bogota. Mr. Dolley was assigned to the Agency in 1960 as Education Officer, Institutional Development Division for Near East-South Asia.

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"THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND"

by PETER S. BRIDGES

THE members of the American Foreign Service are charged with reporting to our Government what foreign lands are like and what their Governments are up to; and more and more, our members go out and speak directly to groups of the American public on life abroad and what it means for our own policy and country. What we are not asked to do, and shouldn't be, is to lecture our public on our own domestic scene. Yet few can see America with a sharper eye than intelligent Americans come home from years

abroad. Few can see the changes in America as clearly as those who come back and find a bridge suddenly arched across a river—or a highway paved down yesterday's park—or a thousand houses sprouted like mushrooms on a farm. Can we say, too, that few love America more than the people of the Foreign Service? Certainly few expect more of her than the man who sails into New York from years in one of earth's more ravaged or ugly countries. Perhaps this writer, then, who is one of the recent-returned, may be pardoned if he ignores the foreign scene for a bit and lists a few things he sees wrong with our own beloved country.

If we leave aside here all our problems of social justice, the main trouble with us seems clearly to be our failure to respect the land itself. Our population and its works are growing so fast that it makes us sick (with envy, perhaps) to think that Daniel Boone felt hemmed in by neighbors twenty miles away. Our industry gives us so many wonderful products, and advertises itself to us so steadily, that we can even forget the need of muscles, and nature, and quiet loneliness. As Secretary Udall said in "The Quiet Crisis," a people increasingly divorced from nature may ignore the need of nature. And, yet, of course, nature is not wholly forgotten; the memory of it is used, or rather misused, by the people who feed us fake folk-songs about pioneers to make us feel we are still pioneers in some inexhaustible, boundless virgin land. And there are other fantasies, too: science-fiction writers try to quiet our natural disquiet over the rape of the land by suggesting that somewhere in space there are new green earths for us to conquer. It is the worst kind of escapism. We must forget such fiction and face the fact that our pretty land is being ruined, paved, walled, disfigured and, simply, *occupied* by our own sprawl.

Not that the picture is entirely bad. Some measures are of course being taken to protect our natural environment. The national-park system seems on the eve of new growth, to

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the benefit of our nearly two hundred millions, even if a few thousand property owners naturally lament the loss of their titles. Pesticides are being used more carefully. And if proper controls on automobile exhaust are legislated in Washington, as they have been in California, perhaps in a few years Washington will lose the ugly smog which covers it on windless days and which, typically, many automated Washingtonians try not to notice. Maybe, too, there will be a halt in the steady increase of pavement. People are already beginning to say publicly that this generation of Washingtonians has no right to turn our national capital into a wilderness of freeways and parking lots. Now, there is nothing inherently bad in a road; roads even have their good points. But in spite of some complacent statements to the contrary, man is designed for walking, not riding, and roads must be kept in their proper place. Otherwise, we will exterminate our few surviving sturdy walkers who, I like to think, are maintaining their breed until that distant day when man will decide to get back on his own feet again. But meanwhile we mustn't let everything go to asphalt. Unfortunately, the combination of freeways and many parking lots cajoles commuters into thinking that, as one recent letter in a Washington paper put it, every American is guaranteed by the Constitution the right to drive into a city alone on an uncrowded road at the height of rush hour in his forty-foot sedan—and to find easy parking when he gets there.

Unfortunately, too, Washington has little land left to spoil. It didn't take long once the real boom began. When I was new in the Foreign Service, back in 1957, I lived in an apartment over in Arlington that had a five-acre farm with two horses, a goat, and some chickens just across the street. Every weekend, and often on summer evenings, I would walk my little son over to see the animals. There was even a short shady lane leading back behind the farm, where we got blackberries. Mockingbirds lived there. There were moles, and rabbits, and sometimes a hawk strayed in from the west. And then, the old woman who lived there died. The horses, I guess, went to the glue factory. It's all big apartments now.

To go back a few more years, one sees that before World War II Washington must have had elements of the idyllic about it. I am not wishing back the Southwest slums, and I am not denying the beauty of much of our new building. Yet it must have been nice to have the woods in Arlington County only ten minutes from town; nice to find Mt. Vernon's farms still bounded by other farms after two centuries; nice to see foxes in Rock Creek Park (they say you can still see foxes there, but I fear it's only in the Zoo). I remember my Uncle Jim, an old doctor in the Tidewater country who had last visited Washington for a convention in 1927, asking me five years ago if the woods were still there between Arlington and Alexandria. It was that, I guess, that started me thinking what a loss we'd suffered of green open land in and near Washington.

And don't talk of the necessary progress, either: I realize that there are more people now, especially around cities, and that they need housing and stores and schools and churches. But they need open country, too, and there's no reason why the growth of cities and suburbs has got to mean the death of all the farms and woods around. If we were wise, we'd have legislated zoning to keep say thirty percent of every county bounding Washington restricted to woods, farms and streams. It's too late now—witness Arlington's present efforts to turn tiny leftover tracts of stream-valley land into parks—but there are still some non-urbanized counties not too far away. The irony of it is that although any one builder is unwilling to give up any one particular farm he plans to develop, builders as a whole will only profit from the preservation of zones of open land. The most famous example of how parks enhance land value, as Secretary Udall mentioned in his book, is of course Central Park in New York.

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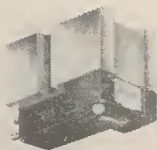
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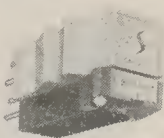
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Perhaps we can even go beyond thinking how to preserve the land, and work for some *reversion*. Take Rock Creek Park. It isn't really a park any more, but a parkway, at least from the Potomac up to the Zoo. But Washington needs a park there more than it needs a parkway. Take the road out, and balance the loss of a pleasant drive for a couple of thousand commuters (who deserve rapid transit, anyway) against the gain of a peaceful wooded valley in the heart of a great city. I presume no one will claim the Park is really peaceful now, with all the traffic in that narrow valley; I know one member of the Foreign Service who goes for a run most mornings in the Park and he, poor fellow, once nearly fell victim to squashing by Oldsmobiles.

One may object that this land problem is for Interior, not State, people to concern themselves with. And I admit there really are a lot of people who don't like open spaces: the fat smoker who never walks more than fifty paces an hour, the middle-aged woman who tries to cover up with makeup what a half-century of no exercise did, or the thin-armed youth whom the Army rejects for no reason but weakness. There are also a lot of Americans who despair at the thought they can do anything about the situation. But that's no way for Americans to think. In matters of conservation, every citizen who can write can be his own lobbyist—and should be.

Nor (and this is very important) has conservation got anything to do with Conservatism or Liberalism. It is a question of saving God's gifts to us for the sake of our children, and this in a time when we, and more than we our material works, are multiplying very fast. It is a matter, too, of national pride. It is a matter of national strength. In our Service, as in few other groups of Americans, experience should show a wise man the high importance of conservation in our America. Get off your seats and save the land. ■

Editor's Note: Here is another entry in the JOURNAL's symposium on consular services above and beyond the call of duty. For reasons of delicacy certain names have been changed.

American Consulate,
Fukuoka, Japan.
June 4, 1962.

Mr. Johannes Doe
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Dear Mr. Doe:

The Consulate has received a report from the police officials at _____ that a thumb was found in a load of wheat aboard a German ship *Baron von Munchausen*. The log of the ship reports that on March 22, 1962, you reported the accidental loss of your thumb while loading the ship in New Orleans, La.

The _____ police have requested instructions regarding the disposition of the thumb. If you have no objection, we will give the police permission to dispose of the thumb as they see fit. If you wish to have it returned to you, this may be arranged despite some difficulty and small cost.

I am very sorry to hear of your accident and to trouble you with this request. The _____ authorities, however, are anxious to know what you wish done. I hope that we may receive your reply.

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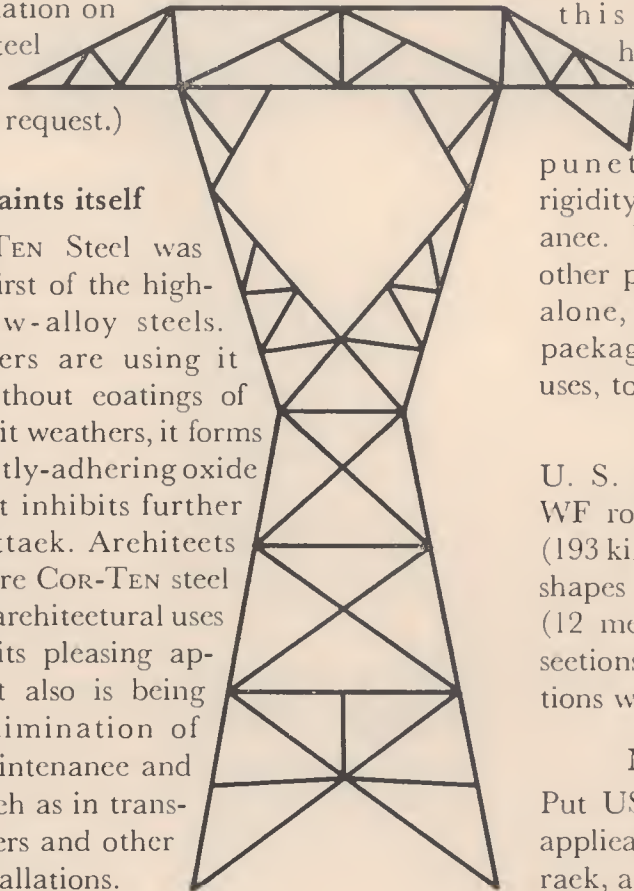
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New steel products from United States Steel International offer you a world of opportunity to make things better and more economically. A few of these opportunities are shown here. There are many more, and this product innovation is typical of the many advantages of doing business with United States Steel International. (Full information on these new steel products is available on request.)

Steel that paints itself

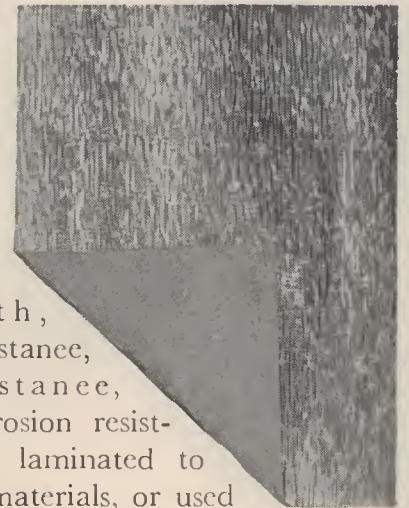
USS COR-TEN Steel was one of the first of the high-strength low-alloy steels. Now builders are using it outdoors without coatings of any sort. As it weathers, it forms a dense, tightly-adhering oxide coating that inhibits further corrosive attack. Architects are using bare COR-TEN steel for exposed architectural uses because of its pleasing appearance. It also is being used for elimination of periodic maintenance and painting, such as in transmission towers and other outdoor installations.



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MARINER Steel Piling. Its extra strength permits a working stress 25% higher than normal.

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25 YEARS AGO

SEPTEMBER, 1939

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

Come Hell or High Water—They Carry On

CONSUL General John K. Davis, President of the American Foreign Service Association, has the lead article in the June, 1940 JOURNAL titled "Ordeal in Poland." The following paragraph gives an idea of some of the ordeals experienced by our people in Warsaw when the Germans invaded that city on September 1, 1939: "Thus far only indirect reference has been made to the dangers. These were so serious and so constant that all who were there are still wondering how our group escaped. Five direct shell hits occurred in a building which touched the chancery. The chancery itself and the sidewalks in front of it were pitted with hits from shell fragments. An air bomb dropped just to the rear, but fortunately did not explode. Buildings all around us were hit. Each morning, when there was a lull, the old Polish gateman swept up large quantities of shell fragments and machine gun bullets in the little courtyard, and the refugee children adorned themselves with belts improvised from machine gun clips which had come down from the sky. Narrow escapes while out on necessary missions occurred daily. Consul Cramp, Vice Consul Birkeland and two girl clerks had just left a room in the Consulate General building when it was hit by two shells. Vice Consul Blakc had just passed a car in his own when the former received a direct shell hit. Vice Consul Chylinski and Mr. McDonald, an American assisting us, were in a warehouse when several adjoining warehouses were struck by air bombs."

Consul General Davis ends with this truism: "Wars may come, and wars may go, but the American Foreign Service 'carries on'."

A Steeplechase in Nightshirts

Corabelle Anderson Holland, wife of Consul General Philip Holland, Liverpool, writes in the JOURNAL about "The Grand National—1940": "I went to the Grand National again this year, not because I expected to win, or even to have a new sensation, but because it has become a habit like my breakfast coffee . . .

"And in this grave war year when the terrors of the blackout had been added to an almost unprecedented winter of snow and ice and influenza, the lure of a day in the open outweighed every warning and fear of cold winds, down-pours, and even air raids.

"A recklessness possessed us almost as keen as that of the country Squire, who gave the name of Steeplechase to a waiting world, eager for any new idea that would lend color and excitement to a horse race. The Squire and a few choice friends had sat late at table, and had drunk well from the Squire's good store, when the clock in the village church steeple sounded the hour of midnight, and though he and his guests were already in their nightclothes, the thought of just one more race seemed nothing short of an inspiration in the light of the full moon. 'I'll race you to yon steeple,' called the Squire, as he leaped to the bare back of his horse, and away they went across the fields, and over every fence, wall, and hedge between them and the church steeple gleaming in the moonlight."

The Shadowed Prince

Paul Chapin Squire, Consul, Venice, in an article titled "Transatlantic War—Ferry" relates some of his experiences on a 1940 war crossing on the *Vulcania*: . . .

"A White Russian of an illustrious noble family scored the hit of the evening. As chess champion he permitted himself

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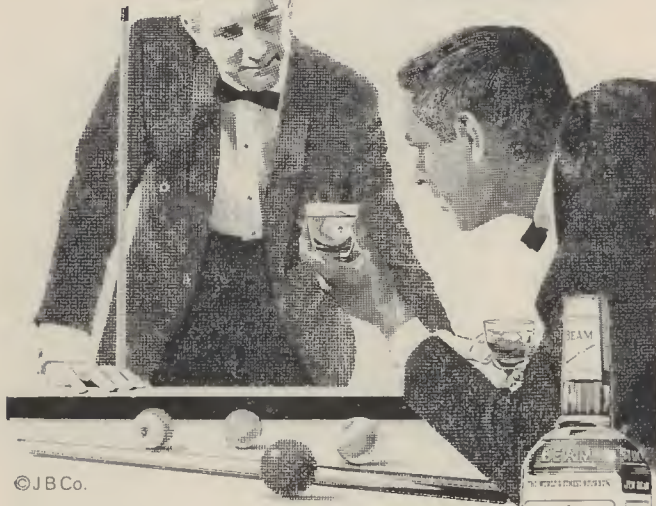
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to be blind-folded, then directed his plays in opposition to the moves, relayed to him verbally, of three worthy adversaries. He won . . . and easily.

"I cannot resist relating the Prince's experience at Naples. It happens that some years ago while in Italy he was impersonated by some unscrupulous person then in France, who was accused but never brought to justice for the alleged theft of \$140 from a café in Paris. The unpleasant circumstances having haunted him ever since they came to his knowledge recently, it was no surprise to the Prince when he sensed he was being shadowed on the docks of Naples by two *carabinieri*. This bearer of a Nansen passport puffed nervously at his cigarette, reached for another and another . . . then hied to his cabin. Presently a knock at the door. His heart in his throat, the Prince hesitated, then opened, only to be confronted by a *carabiniere*. 'Your Highness, you are zee Prince . . .?' 'Ye-es,' shuddered the Russian. 'Seusi, but I remark you smoke zee American cigarettes . . . would you be so kind to geeve me one?'"



A son, Randolph, was born on March 30 to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clinton Reed in Quito where Mr. Reed is Vice Consul.

Comment 1965: After attending school in several foreign countries, Randolph went to Exeter, Princeton and took his MA at the John Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. He finished his studies in June 1964 and was sworn in as Foreign Service officer on June 30, 1964. He is now assigned as Third Secretary of Embassy in Lisbon. As Angola is a province of Portugal, father and son are assigned to the same country.



A daughter, Heather, was born on March 25 to Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Edgar, in Geneva, where Mr. Edgar is Consul.

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Comment 1965: Heather was married to William Carter IV, of Houston, Texas, on February 27, 1965. He has been a friend of the family since his days at Lawrenceville School and Yale. William recently completed his tour with the US Marine Corps as a jet pilot. • Ian, oldest son, is in the Air Force, stationed with wife and three children in Japan. • Anthony is with a brokerage house in New York. • Thomas 6'2" and the youngest, graduates this year from Rollins College.



A daughter, Anne Lynette, was born on March 9 to Mr. and Mrs. Orsen Nielsen in Washington. Mr. Nielsen is Consul General at Munich.

Comment 1965: Anne graduated from Abbott Academy in Andover, Mass., and from Connecticut College for Women, New London. She is assistant to a fashion photographer in New York. • Edward, born in Washington in 1938, is a product of The Hill School and of Brown. He is a junior editor with a motion picture company in New York. As for Orsen and Lyn—theirs is the quiet life on their 240 acres at Corsica near Centreville, Maryland, on which:

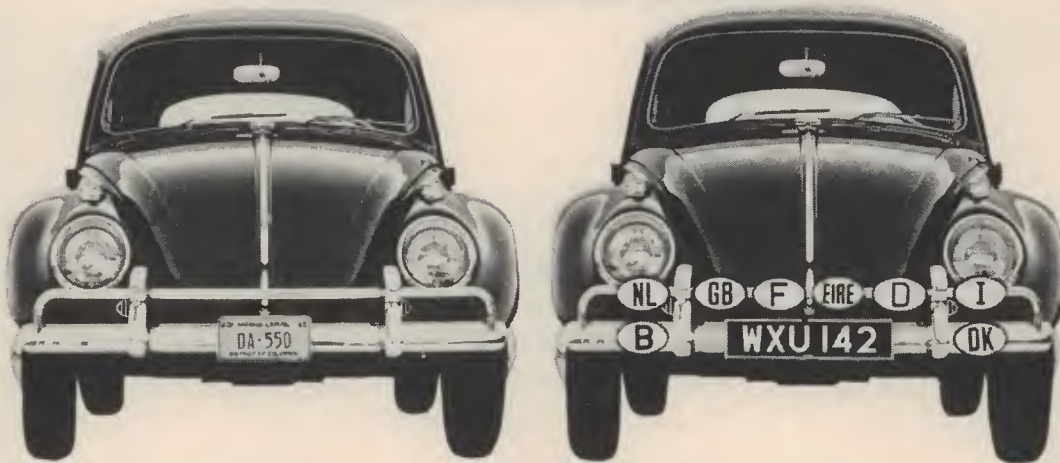
Oats, pease, beans and barley grow
Oats, pease, beans and barley grow,
Can you or I or anyone know
How oats, pease, beans and barley grow?

Thus the farmer sows his seed
Thus he stands and takes his ease
Stamps his foot and claps his hands
And turns around and views the land.

Waiting for a partner, waiting for a partner
Open the ring and choose one in
While we all gaily dance and sing.

—Anon

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This old English jingle was received from Hats' sister, Mrs. John Burgess Johnson whose late husband was once Military Attache at La Paz, Bolivia.



Day—Griggs. Mrs. Martha Spencer Griggs and Mr. Henry B. Day, Consul at Sydney, were married on April 4 in New York City.

Comment 1965: Martha, known as Patty, and Henry lived across the street from each other in Litchfield, Connecticut, before they were married. For several years since retirement, Henry has held the position of "Personal Purchases" with AFSA.

They're In and They're off

The following have been appointed American Foreign Service officers. Unclassified: Donald B. Calder to Zurich; Lewis E. Gleeck, Jr. to Vancouver; Clark E. Husted, Jr. to Naples; Richard A. Johnson to Barcelona; M. Gordon Knox to Vienna; Alfred H. Lovell, Jr. to Montreal; Lec D. Randall to Marseille; Byron B. Snyder to Genoa; Wallace W. Stuart to Halifax; and Joseph J. Wagner to Habana.

The Editor on the "Harvard Clique"

"From the fact that more graduates of Harvard than of any other college are attracted to the Foreign Service, the pleasant fiction has arisen that the field branch of the Department of State is run by a 'Harvard Clique' This clique is reported to exercise control in accordance with supposedly snobbish Harvard traditions, to admit Harvard men into a sort of inner sanctum of policy making, and especially to encourage the recruiting of young officers from the banks of the Charles in preference to candidates equally worthy but suffering from inferior educational advantages. Since Harvard is synonymous to many minds, however unjustly, with teadrinking, peculiarities of speech, and sartorial affectations, it is perhaps responsible for the present impression in certain areas of the United States that Foreign Service officers are not as 'American' as they should be.

"The results of the last examination should go a long way to demolish this convenient theory . . . While Harvard, as usual, supplied a leading number of candidates for the orals, only *one* of the 35 who finally passed was stained with the incriminating crimson dye. This particular set of examinations was actually a major triumph for Yale with six successful candidates, and for Princeton with five. However, a total of 25 institutions are represented in the final score."

The editorial ends: "But the significant feature of the last exams is that the traditional Harvard supremacy has received a rude challenge. Not only have the Bulldog and the Tiger run away with the ball this time but from every quarter comes determined competition. The day is past when the members of the Service can be associated chiefly with one educational institution or, if present trends continue, with one particular part of the country."

Correction: Beppo Rolff Johnson died in 1946 and not in 1941, as stated in the February column, and Karin is a junior at Middlebury College, Vermont.

Comment: Sorry, Penny.

Eliot B. Coulter

Douglas, Holley, Jean and Malcolm Coulter recently wrote a tribute to their late father in a letter addressed to his friends.

Eliot Coulter was a State Department official for many years and I knew him well as we served in the Department at the same time. That was before the children were born.

"We remember our dear father with love and affection," wrote the children, and so do all those who were fortunate enough to have known that fine gentleman. ■



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THE RUSSIAN NATURE

PART I

by JAMES A. RAMSEY

AMONG the major peoples of the earth, the Russians have always been insufficiently understood by the rulers and public of other countries. Despite the flood of contemporary literature on all things Soviet, the relative ignorance about the Russian as a human being is unfortunately as profound today as it was a century ago. Yet if we are to live at peace with him, we must learn to understand his nature, which, like that of humanity elsewhere, is both virtuous and unchaste, is rich in imagination and vision but short on the organizational talents so essential to twentieth century life.

The prime cause of inadequate knowledge of the world's largest nation, it would seem, has been the traditional geographic and political isolation of much of its citizenry. This detachment from the dynamics of international life has contributed strongly to the development in the Russian people themselves of behavior patterns which are frequently considered by the outside world as unacceptable departures from commonly recognized standards. If one could believe some of their neighbors, all Russians are barbarians and there are many groups elsewhere who hold similarly low opinions of a nationality whom they regard as uncultured heathens from the marshes of civilization.

Disdaining others for being disagreeably different, however, is not a useful approach in attempting to assess the true nature of a people. If the Russian seems difficult to live with today, it is largely because in the past he has too often been treated with contempt and arrogance by both foreign conquerors and internal tyrants. These historical tribulations have shaped his character in many odd ways. They have contributed strongly to the development of a dual type of personality consisting of a genuinely human spirit with a frustrating overlay of complexes and devious mannerisms.

It is not accidental that those who try to probe the Russian soul have persistently noted one of its ingredients to be an inbred suspicion towards other persons' principles

and motivations. Mistrust comes easily to a community which has so often been forced to defend itself against its neighbors and even against more distant powers like the British and French. One of the items in a 1960 exhibit of prints in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre was an old engraving of French soldiers executing some Muscovites during the War of 1812. During the time it was displayed, I observed many individuals looking closely and intensely at this picture, as if they were reviewing their national past and thinking of more recent parallels. Such cruelties obviously mean more to Russians than the historical curiosity they represent to the citizens of other countries. Centuries of contact with all kinds of enemies, including internal ones, have made of the Russians a people able to detect hidden meanings and intentions with great skill. Their difficulty, however, is that they cannot always distinguish between the real and the imagined and, as a result, often find motivations which do not exist, or at least did not until they aroused them by their own actions and attitudes.

Nature itself has been a strong fashioner of the Russian's personality. The arduous climate of much of the land complicates the simple tasks of life and endows his existence with greater sombreness and melancholy than is found among other European peoples. The Russian winter with its enveloping qualities fosters habits both of submissiveness to an overwhelming force and tenacity in the struggle for survival. The limitless spaces of his habitat also cast their spell, giving the Russian outlook on life an infinite, unrestrained quality which has perhaps been best described by the scholar N. Berdyaev: "It might be said that the Russian people felt a victim to the immensity of its territory. Form does not come to it easily. The gift of form is not great among the Russians."¹

In foreign eyes most inhabitants of the Soviet Union appear to be afflicted with a grim sense of national or personal inadequacy. Some live with it gracefully, others bear it like a cross, and the more emotional brandish it like a sword to thwart all superior challengers. This feeling of inferiority is of ancient vintage and is rooted in a general awareness that in some fields of human endeavor the USSR lags behind other countries, especially those of the West. It explains many seemingly strange aspects of the Russian's behavior, such as endless assertions to outsiders that he has everything, usually better, and the claims to a long string of inventive accomplishments.

A sense of inferiority towards the West has created a certain chauvinistic exclusiveness. Many visitors to the USSR complain that commentaries on its life by foreigners which do not contain unqualified praise are interpreted by the Russians as hostile needling. This attitude, though annoying, is not incomprehensible. Soviet citizens, most of whom are only too eager to criticize one another, cannot stand being told about their deficiencies by outsiders. The Russian may very well be aware that the things he is saying about his way of life cannot be accurate, but this does not prevent his defensive mechanism from insisting that they be said.

The compulsion he feels to conceal so many real or imagined defects often leads the Russian in his contacts with foreigners to engage in excessive boasting about the superiority of everything Soviet. It is this facet of the national character which is so provoking to the visitor who

¹Berdyaev, Nicolas: *The Origin of Russian Communism*, N.Y., 1937, p. 3.



finds everywhere at hand realities that contradict the exalted pictures sketched for him by his guides. The writer Il'yá Ehrenbúrg, in his autobiography, "People, Years, Life," has given us a wonderful, though somewhat dated, example of these inconsistencies so characteristic of the Soviet scene. "During the construction of the Moscow-Donbáss road," he writes, "there was a meeting. A digger, in sheepskin cap with weather-beaten face, was speaking: 'Yes. We are 100 times happier than the accursed capitalists. They stuff themselves, stuff themselves and die off. They themselves do not know what they are living for. . . . But we know what we are living for: We are building Communism. The whole world is looking at us. . . .' I went with him to the dining hall. At the entrance they collected caps which were returned when the workers handed back their spoons after eating. The caps were lying in a heap on the ground. Each worker had to search a long time to find his own. I attempted to explain to the manager that this was not only insulting but stupid—people were wasting time to no good purpose. He looked at me with empty eyes: 'I answer for the spoons, not you.'"²

A remarkable character trait of the Russian people is the desire, one might almost say greediness, for knowledge on the part of the individual. His curiosity is a boundless thing which leads him into all kinds of exotic situations and places—an advantage for the development of his vast country, but at times unfortunate for the personal security of those who learn more than they are entitled to know. To the Russian, any opportunity to procure authentic information is as valuable as money in other societies. Questions asked of foreigners are searching and penetrating. They reveal both a genuine desire to be informed and a process of serious thinking, especially on fundamentals. If the interpretive and analytical abilities of the Russians were as well developed as their curiosity, they would indeed be the world's most formidable people.

It is perhaps in the field of application of knowledge that the contemporary Russian displays his greatest weakness. In areas of human endeavor where problems are not

²Ehrenburg, Ilya: *Lyudi, gody, zhizn'* in *Novy mir*, No. 11, 1961, p. 154.

subject to exact mathematical solution, he is at a disadvantage. Here he thinks in terms of extremes or of contradictions. Marxism, with its Hegelian theses and antitheses, is not, on close observation, entirely foreign to the Russian psyche. It fits in with a moralistic outlook on life which asserts that what is not good must be bad, that he who is not a friend must be an enemy. Probably it is not so much the fundamental theoretical principles of Marxism which Russians would reject, if they had a choice, as it is the cruelties which have been connected with Communist practice in the USSR in the past.

Sharp contrasts in the Russian personality have been a subject of perennial comment by foreign observers. The Englishman Richardson noted in 1784 in his "Anecdotes of the Russian Empire":

"The terms and phrases of endearment among the Russians are as extravagant as they are gross and violent in their abuse . . . they will express the most ardent affection in the most ardent language, they will express the most furious rage in the most vindictive terms."

One of the best descriptions of the irregularity of the Russian character has been provided by the French scholar Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu who wrote at the end of the nineteenth century:

"If the affinities between man and climate easily turn to fancifulness, there is, between the Russian temperament and Russian nature as manifested in the opposition of the seasons, a likeness not easily to be denied. Both are immoderate, both easily rush from one extreme to another. . . . The Russian soul easily passes from torpor to buoyancy, from meekness to wrath, from submission to revolt; in all things it appears naturally to incline to extremes. By turns submissive and irritable, apathetic and impetuous, jovial and morose, indifferent and passionate, the Russian perhaps more than any other people runs all the gamut of cold and heat, of calm and tempest. The Russian is prone to sudden infatuation, to unbridled whims, to impulses and transports of passion for things either serious or futile — an opinion, a writer, a singer, a dancer, a fad of fashion. This disposition makes itself felt as well in public as in private, in national as in individual life, all the more that it is indirectly favored by the political regime which, forbidding one day a thing it tolerates the next, seems to encourage today what it will proscribe tomorrow."³

In more recent times Feodor Shaliapin, himself a Russian, has commented:

" . . . When I think of the characters I have created on the Russian stage, I am conscious not so much of the characters themselves as of an all pervading sense of the Russian temperament that is all extremes . . . Russian mentality knows no moderation. Its soul-conflicts and emotions are of extreme violence, and for that reason Russian life is made up of contradictions and contrasts . . ."⁴

The capability of the Russian for abrupt changes in conduct continues to be a puzzle to those who are accustomed to more consistent forms of behavior. The Revolution of 1917 demonstrated with what rapidity the traditional order could be replaced by one with many completely opposite sets of values. Historically, this vol-

³Leroy-Beaulieu, Anatole: *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians*, N. Y. 1893, v. 1, pp. 189-190.

⁴Shaliapin, Feodor: *Man and Mask: Forty Years in the Life of a Singer*, London 1932, pp. 7, 11.

atility has been a handicap in various ways, undermining the cause of social and economic progress and leading to unnecessary violence in relations between the state and the citizenry. Yet it also shows an adaptability to changing conditions which has been of value to the Russian during the many troubled periods of his national existence.

A quality Russians like to ascribe to themselves is one called *shirókaya natúra*, a term denoting an expansive good nature and lack of pettiness. A popular though exaggerated example of this type of personality is the land-owner Nozdrév, one of the roustabout characters in Gogol's "Dead Souls," who is on intimate terms with strangers after a few minutes of acquaintance and ready to earouse with them through the night. Nozdrév is one of the more popular characters whenever Gogol's famous work is presented on the stage, especially in the wonder-



fully realistic performance by the Moscow Art Theatre. His earthiness and bravado invariably strike a responsive chord among the audience.

Good-natured intemperateness and understanding friendship are traits which characterize all Russians in varying degrees, although they are often disguised or negated by the limitations of a life containing heavy spiritual impedimenta. In his personal relations with individuals he knows and values, the Russian displays great affection. He gives help unstintingly to those close to him who experience difficulties in life and is genuinely solicitous of friends who are in trouble. He tends in fact to be overindulgent towards the weakness of others, especially children. In a wider sense the Russian is not given to hatred or lasting grudges, although he can be vindictive as the occasion demands.

Other features of the national personality which appear to stem from the disposition to take a broad view of things are gregariousness and general sociability. Close contact with people is everywhere one of the essentials of life. As the Russian ethnographer de Pauly wrote over a century ago of the Russian male: ". . . the hardest punishment one can impose on him is solitude."⁵

⁵de Pauly, T: *Description Ethnographique des Peuples de la Russie*, St. Petersburg 1862, p. 29.



One of the aspects of human relations on which the Russian prides himself with considerable justification is his boundless hospitality. True to the principles of *shirokaya natura*, he knows no limits to the art of entertainment and exuberant camaraderie. It is a matter of honor among the Russians to see that guests are properly accommodated, and the latter are expected to reciprocate by demonstrating how much of everything they can absorb. This is not an easy task in view of the abundance of food and drink offered and the insistence with which the recipients are called upon to partake of them. Hospitality in the USSR has, however, some of the aspects of a fetish and its practitioners on occasion go to unnecessary and ostentatious lengths in performing their rites. Lavish expenditure of meagre resources and exertions which occasion obvious inconveniences to the host are not always fully appreciated by other peoples who have a less emotional view of life's social obligations. It is nevertheless true that the Russian takes a very genuine pride in the knowledge that he has left nothing undone for the satisfaction of his guests.

While the attributes of *shirokaya natura* may be considered in general positive traits, they also have their disadvantageous side. As Russian history has shown, they lead to excesses of conduct, especially in the realms of religion and politics. The lack of attention to detail and the imprecision in work habits engendered by an expansive outlook on life represent serious handicaps to technical progress and adversely affect the realization of goals Soviet rulers have set in many fields. This is particularly true in the type of industrialized society the Communists have created. The strong element of compulsion in worker-state relationships since 1917 no doubt reflects the great difficulties the planners have had in coping with the centrifugal forces of *shirokaya natura*.

Another of the human qualities the Communists have found troublesome is an inclination on the part of the Russian towards good-natured indolence. Russian classical literature contains many descriptions of this national characteristic, the most notable of them being that of Oblomov, the hero of Goncharov's work of the same name. Oblomov's ideal was a life of rest and inactivity. He shunned labor as punishment or at least an unfortunate occurrence. Food was his first concern and after meals there was in his household a sort of "all-consuming unconquerable sleep."



Although Oblomov is a distortion, he was not created entirely out of whole cloth. There is in many Russians an apathy which finds expression in the frequently-heard word *nichevó* or "It doesn't matter." When used in this sense (it has others ranging from annoyance to consolation), *nichevó* amounts almost to the password of a cult whose adherents subscribe to the principle of a minimum effort in any undertaking.

Nichevó-ism has been a tough nut to crack. While Communist education attempts to breed a purposeful type of citizen, the average Russian is, if left to himself, much addicted to the pleasures of an inactive existence. The pursuits of fishing, card playing, aimless sauntering and endless conversations which serve no greater purpose than exercising, or, as he calls it, "scratching," the tongue continue to be important components of his makeup.

One aspect of this predisposition to lethargy is that the Russian is not generally materialistic and acquisitive. He looks on his work as a means to live, to satisfy his professional or personal needs, whatever they may be, and not as a means of gathering wealth. Although he is not uninterested in material things, he has a basic lack of respect for them and displays less drive to acquire worldly goods than the average Westerner. Possibly this lack of pride in tangible assets stems in part from the historical handiworks to acquisition of property by much of the population. Those who have never had much to possess have difficulty appreciating the values of ownership.

Given his outlook on material wealth, it is hardly surprising that the average citizen does not have a clear idea of property relationships as they are understood in the West. Personal ownership with all its stubborn rights and privileges clearly defined by law is not a meaningful term in the USSR. The possession and use of an object, rather than legal title to it, has always been more important to the Russian. This concept naturally blurs the distinction between what is his and what belongs to others and is a great source of friction in a society where so much falls into the impersonal classification of state or publicly owned goods. The Russian often feels little compunction about appropriating items in the latter category for his own use. Thefts of socialist property constitute, for example, one of the most common types of crimes in the USSR.

The Russian's attitude towards money is typical of his lack of concern for property. Money is to him not an important commodity. When he has it, he dispenses it freely, improvidently, and even ostentatiously. If he does not have it, he goes into debt easily and worries about the consequences when they are presented to him. Money means so little to a Russian that he can take seriously the Communist proposal for its eventual abolition as an unnecessary evil in society.

A similar lack of reality is reflected in Russian concepts of space and time. These have a vague, almost visionary character, arising perhaps from the endlessness of the country and the ease with which it engulfs the individual. Foreigners traveling in Russia have for well over a century concentrated their annoyance over popular indefiniteness and absence of purpose on the use of the word *seichás*, the literal meaning of which is immediately, but which in practice describes a time period anywhere from a few minutes to infinity. On my first train ride in the Soviet Union, I was pointedly reminded of the frustrations of these earlier voyagers when I awoke in the morning on the route from Leningrad to Moscow and asked the porter where we were. "*Seichás*," he answered with great assurance, "we will be in Kalinin," but it was not until another hour and a half passed that we entered the outskirts of that city. A Russian acquaintance to whom I once told this story commented: "You foreigners need not be so literal. After all, the word itself derives from *sei*, an old Slavonic term for 'this' and *chas*, meaning 'hour'. You should therefore be satisfied if your requests are met within the allotted sixty minutes."

In keeping with this inexactness, realities in the Russian's mind often tend to be obscured by the vision of what he desires to see or have or what his life will be like, say, twenty years from now. Establishment of plans appears not infrequently to be subjectively equated with their fulfillment. The ordinary Russian does not seem to be fully conscious of the fact that the fruits of his labor represent wealth only when they are gathered and processed into a usable form. The landowner Manilov of Gogol's "Dead Souls" is a contrived but not untrue literary example of the type of dreamy sentimentalist with which the Communists have had so much trouble.





The substance of Manilov's character has been best portrayed in a passage of the book describing his parting with Chichikov, the buyer of titles of ownership to deceased serfs. After watching the latter's carriage disappear over the horizon, Manilov returns to his house where, as Gogol describes it,

"his thoughts passed imperceptibly to other subjects, and it is hard to know where they landed at last. He mused on the joy of life spent in friendship, thought how nice it would be to live with his friend on some river bank, then a bridge began to rise across the river, and then a huge house with such a high belvedere that one could even see Moscow from it, and then he dreamed of drinking tea there in the evenings in the open air and discussing agreeable subjects. Then he dreamed that he and Chichikov drove in fine carriages to some party, where they charmed every one by the agreeableness of their behavior, and that the Tsar, hearing of their great friendship, made them both generals, and from there he passed into the Lord knows what visions, such that he could not clearly make them out himself."

The qualities of Manilovism continue to be evident today. In early 1963 the Soviet press carried a story about the *avtolët*, a strange looking vehicle which runs several inches off the ground on a cushion of pressurized air. Although this invention was admitted to be still in the experimental stage, it was confidently described as a machine which "will find application in swampy areas, in peat processing, under conditions where there is a complete lack of roads, in the fight against agricultural pests, and on the large water surfaces of the country as fast passenger expresses, hospital and rescue ships."⁶

While the Russian with his visionary exuberance is often capable of a brilliant, highly imaginative performance, in the long tedious business of making a successful living he is less gifted. He brings to his undertakings a limitless amount of enthusiasm which quickly begins to abate as the difficulties of the task proliferate. At a certain point his natural inclination is to abandon the effort and turn to something else. The many unfinished construction projects in the USSR where only the foundations or the shell of the building are standing bear

⁶*Prauda*, 18 February 1963.

witness to this lack of constancy. Such an attitude has its effect on most areas of endeavor in the USSR, including the administrative field, where, after the initial drive has slackened, the Russian often does nothing or as little as he needs in order not to become conspicuous as a loafer or shirker. He is, in addition, given to *stránstvovaniya* or aimless wanderings in a search for more fruitful opportunities and a better life. One of the lasting impressions a foreigner takes away with him from the Soviet Union is of a people continually on the move. This restlessness has troubled many rulers of the Russians. The Communists may well envy those Western countries where industrial skills are handed on from generation to generation in the same community and in many cases even in the same family.

Restless moods in the national personality are, however, tempered by patience, a Russian characteristic with a strong fatalistic tinge. Historically, popular submissiveness has favored the imposition of tyrannical rule and no doubt has had much to do with the long-term nature of such phenomena as Stalinism. The forbearance of the average citizen in the face of unbelievable hardship is both admirable and infuriating. His capacity to endure not only great trials but also demeaning treatment and indignities is hard to describe. The Russian's answer to provocation is generally not open defiance but withdrawal into the depths of his inner self.

This submissiveness notwithstanding, the attitude of the Russians towards authority seems to be an inherently hostile one. Possibly from a feeling that the state does not always represent them, they tend to defy it when they believe they can do so. Foreigners have frequently noted a disrespectful treatment of uniformed policemen on the part of the citizenry. I once watched a woman flower vendor accused of some minor infraction of rules by a police sergeant successfully defend her position throughout fifteen minutes of noisy and intemperate argument. Scenes like this are not uncommon, although the outcome is usually more favorable to the side of the law.

The Russian's disrespect for authority is reflected most clearly in the instability of his politics. The displays of ideological loyalty constantly required by the government mirror the general lack of belief in any fundamental law on the part of the population. The German historian von Haxthausen noted this trait in an 1856 commentary on the Russians:

"He demands from his superior strictness and decision, but he will not be governed by fixed laws or constitutions."⁷

An innate dislike for confinement and subordination emphasizes the Russian's basic though often disguised individualism. He has a strong ego which expresses itself in both positive and negative ways. If given creative freedom, he can show unusual talent, although this sometimes degenerates into an irresponsible distortion of the concept of liberty. A noticeable lack of restraint and self-discipline has had some unfortunate results for him. Nationally as well as individually, this shortcoming has put him at a disadvantage in dealing with more calculating and literal-minded peoples.

⁷v. Haxthausen, August Freiherr: *The Russian Empire*, London 1856, v. 2, p. 223.

(Part II of *The Russian Nature* will appear in the July issue.)

OUR Latin American experts have observed during the past year or so that spectacular success has been achieved under the Alliance for Progress in one of the smaller republics of the Hemisphere, El Salvador. Last year this Central American country not only reached the growth target set by the Charter of Punta Del Este for all the republics of the Americas, but more than doubled it! Per capita gross national product was up by 5.3% in real terms. Export earnings this year are expected to reach \$200,000,000—more than a third higher than ever before.

The statistics go on and on and make a picture of what seems a model of Alianza purposes and achievements. More than 200 new or expanded factories have emerged in two years. Manufactured or processed goods will soon be the country's second foreign exchange earner, a remarkable

THE ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS

by MURAT W. WILLIAMS



The author is shown looking over a campesino's corn patch with a Ministry of Agriculture official.

change in economy which has been almost entirely dependent on raw materials and exports. A building boom is changing the look of the capital and extending to the provinces. New construction projects have created thousands of new jobs. The country has broken away from a one-crop economy—from dependence on coffee. Where once El Salvador looked to coffee for over 85 percent of its exports in the 1950s, it now earns more than half of its foreign exchange from other products without, however, any substantial change in the total of its coffee export earnings.

Spreading industry and diversifying agriculture have created a new middle class of manufacturers, business managers, independent farmers and other professionals and executives whose power is shaking the old social structure of the Republic. Although the extremes of poverty and wealth still exist, more and more people are entering the middle class and their influence is increasingly being felt in government, banking, industry and agriculture.

Best of all, the benefits of prosperity are reaching the people: villages that have never had medical care are receiving scheduled health services. Water and sewage systems are being built in small towns and villages. Hitherto neglected *campesinos* are getting help from supervised credit agencies and from expanded extension services. Ambitious small business men are getting medium and long-term credit to launch new enterprises. Schools are being built in the most remote villages. Minimum wage legislation has been enacted. In distant hamlets there is a feeling that the Government cares about the people's welfare and is doing something about it.

How has all this happened? El Salvador has long been a productive little country, with some of the world's highest yields per acre in coffee, cotton and sugar. Some of its enterprising citizens have had remarkable success over the years. Yet its prosperity, up to now, has been lopsided, dependent largely on coffee and cotton, with benefits of high productivity going to a small number of entrepreneurs, whose handsome houses, hospitality and affluence had long impressed their friends from abroad. Its social structure has been called "feudal," but today it is obviously in transition. Today it is not the sight of Mercedeses or Cadillacs that impresses the visitor, but the large number of more ordinary automobiles that clog the city streets and crowd the country highways. It is not the palatial suburbs, but the complex of many middle-class housing developments and popular housing that the tourist sees and remembers. Prosperity extends from the simple taverns to the many restaurants, bars and night clubs, frequented by students, clerks and increasingly successful merchants and businessmen. Well-dressed crowds throng beaches, football stadia, cinemas, and the new hotels. Who or what is responsible for such change?

First of all, the progress must be attributed to the Salvadorans themselves—to economists and lawyers, who believe the time has come for change; to university teachers and students, who daily demand it; to far-seeing businessmen, who see the future in a broader market, both the national market and the Central American Common Market; to farmers and engineers, who welcome new methods and new enterprises; to politicians and army officers, who feel the aspirations of the people for a better life; and, finally, to the hard-working people who always cherish the hope of better opportunities for their sons and daughters.

It is right and proper to give the credit for change to the Salvadorans, even though their Government has sought and welcomed our help. The Salvadorans themselves made the decisions and set their country on the course that has brought an expanding economy.

The Alliance for Progress is a program in which each country takes the lead in its own affairs, in dealing with its own aspirations and problems: economic, social and political. If this were not so, the Alliance could not inspire the efforts of the Latin American. As a partner in the Alliance, the

United States has the role of assisting by adding missing financial components or technical aid and skills.

The progress achieved in El Salvador fits the Alliance both in concept and in timing. Yet to attribute the present economic boom in El Salvador to the Alliance will annoy many Salvadorans, because, most unfortunately, too many Latinos, both in El Salvador and elsewhere, still think of the Alliance as a United States program. They talk of "Alianza funds" as the funds that come from the United States Government. They draw a line between Alliance projects which we finance and other projects of their own programs.

In the broader view, President Kennedy spoke of the Alliance as a common effort, as a combination of all the forces in the Hemisphere to achieve the goals on which the Republics agreed at Bogotá and at Punta del Este. The Government of El Salvador in February, 1961, took the Act of Bogotá as its own platform. Six months later it accepted the further elaboration contained in the Charter of Punta del Este. These two documents set the patterns and the Government of El Salvador has tried faithfully to follow them.

When the Salvadoran Government in April, 1961, brought its central bank under public rather than private control, it was acting within the spirit of the new movement for progress in public management and put an end to the domination of that vital company by limited private interests. Likewise, the Government set about raising greater revenues from income taxes to pay the costs of badly needed social infrastructure. This and the efforts to establish sound national economic planning were part of the broad scheme laid down in the Alliance documents.

As one step followed another, the United States fulfilled whatever obligations corresponded to us under the Alliance agreements: we supplied financial assistance and other cooperation, when appropriate and when requested. Yet all the important steps were taken by Salvadoran decision, by Salvadoran initiative and in accordance with the needs and sensitivities of the Republic itself.

The Salvadorans, who conceived the fundamental changes in the financial structure or who made the decisions to nationalize the coffee company, may have been amused to hear the United States accused of dictating laws and telling the Salvadoran Government what to do. It did not always amuse us at the Embassy. At my house one evening, three years ago, an irate representative of conservative interests accused me of giving the Government a 15-point program of reform and ordering that it be carried out. That was sheer fabrication, but it served somebody's purpose to spread the story. A similar brickbat was thrown at us from the Communists' side. They, too, accused us of giving orders, of running the country. But they said we were doing it to preserve the power of reactionary local interests. The attacks from the left counterbalanced the attacks from the right. The Government seemed to be on a wise middle course.

A program of reform and change—perhaps more than any other—cannot succeed unless it has deep domestic roots, well-grounded in a base of national sovereignty. Otherwise, it will be merely transitory, awaiting only the day when national elements throw out the foreigner and establish the system they themselves say is best for the national character. Respectful as we have been of this fact, it was inevitable that we were accused of intervention, because to attack us is the easiest way for opponents of democratic change to oppose reform. Moreover, with memories of the past, the inhabitants of Central America were often ready to believe the charges.

Fifty or sixty years ago, a United States President, Secretary of State or diplomat might speak unabashedly of what we would do to a Government or people in the area. Dana Munro cites many examples in his new book, "Intervention and Dollar Diplomacy in the Caribbean, 1900-1921," as when Woodrow Wilson said, "I am going to teach the South Ameri-

can republics to elect good men," or when Secretary Knox said he would use American capital as "the instrumentality to secure financial stability and hence prosperity and peace to the backward republics."

With the history of our relations, it could not be easier for left or right to accuse us and make the accusations stick. Occasionally, there have even been local officials who would give currency to the charges in order to shift the onus for an unpopular policy to the gringo embassy. If the policy was a good one and was being carried out, we could bear up silently under such charges, false as they might be.

Even those who believe most sincerely in the ultimate purposes and the methods prescribed by the Alliance documents prefer not to talk too much about the Alianza. If you are carrying out a domestic program, suited, as they say, to your own "idiosyncrasies," your own needs and your own resources, you prefer not to give grounds for belief that it is prescribed from abroad, even from "multilateral" sources. In Central America, where great powers have sought influence over the centuries, this is particularly true. Our help is welcomed, but we must accept limits to the gratitude that can be claimed. We rejoice in the success of our neighbors, without seeking praise for our share of the success.

What have we done to help make the Alliance a success in El Salvador? Of technical assistance, we need speak but little here. It is a valued work of known prestige. Today, one of our most significant contributions has been in bringing long-term credit into play. Without financial credit, there can be no development anywhere. We have provided long-term development loans and have encouraged American private business to make corresponding long-term investments. Beyond this, we have given moral encouragement to those who have launched a needed program of change and development.

The role of credit in an underdeveloped economy is often not understood except by those who have felt its need. Capital may exist in such an economy, but it is seldom in reach of the man of ambition and modest resources. Conservative control of banks and credit often serves to maintain the dominance of the wealthy few. When progressive, ambitious Salvadorans turned to us for help in making credit available where it was needed, we responded. This is where we have played a decisive role. The small farmer and the little businessman, as well as the middle level entrepreneurs, have been given the opportunity to get funds under conditions that encourage development. *Campesinos* can borrow from the Administration for Campesino Welfare (ABC), which has received long-term loans from AID and from our PL-480 program. Manufacturers are getting loans from the Salvadoran Institute for Industrial Promotion (INSAFI), which has received United States funds from AID and via the Central American Bank for Economic Integration (CABEI). We are also supporting a plan for a private industrial development bank. With such new sources of credit, increasing competition among private bankers themselves, ambitious businessmen need not depend on conservative capitalists who hold so many of the local purse strings.

Private American business investment in El Salvador plays a big part in this surging economy. Esso (with Shell participation) has built an oil refinery that displayed needed confidence in the economy after the disturbances of 1960-61. Phelps-Dodge has built a copper and aluminum wire plant. Other concerns have joined with Salvadoran partners in new factories to supply the Central American Common Market. Of all investments, one of the most spectacular has been a \$5 million loan from the Chase-Manhattan Bank, with an AID guarantee, to a private housing enterprise for more than 500 new houses for middle-income families on reasonable terms.

The whole list of loans and investments offers a rounded picture of how development needs can be met. The use to

(Continued on page 46)

ON BECOMING A KUM

by EDWIN E. SEGALL

WEDDING festivities begin early in Shumadian villages and go on and on with tradition and family custom governing every detail down to kolo dancing and shotgun blasts. Shumadia, lying just south of Belgrade, is aptly called the heart of Serbia. It was here that the Serbs made their first successful revolt against the Turk; and the area is recognized as the repository of Serbian tradition.

But the wedding my wife and I attended there several months ago turned out to be more than just the opportunity of seeing Shumadian tradition in action. Before the wedding day was over, we had acquired a Serbian family. I was unexpectedly asked to be "Kum" at the ceremony, and learned only after accepting that in Shumadia the Kum is more than just "best man." He is also godfather and protector of any children the new family may have. The *Kumstvo* relationship is considered equal to a blood tie that continues chain fashion from generation to generation.

This relationship with a Shumadian family has added a special facet to our service in Yugoslavia—something that none of my family will forget, even if tradition allowed us to.

Wedding day began about 10 a.m. for us when we turned off a secondary road about 35 miles south of Belgrade into the deeper ruts leading into our village and met the groom's party going for the bride. The first cart carried the *Voivoda* (in this case, the groom's brother-in-law) and a marriage flag bespangled with baby shoes, mittens, knives, forks, and other household items. The carts, brightly festooned, were pulled by horses sporting white dish towels tied to their bridles, and gypsy fiddlers were tagging along as they do on every festive occasion in Shumadia.

The *Voivoda* welcomed us into the procession by passing a communal jug of *slivovitz* (plum brandy), and everyone dismounted to dance as the gypsies began a *kolo*. This welcoming ceremony took place every time a new relative or close friend was added to the procession, and it seemed that every five minutes or so there was more jug and more *kolo*. Fortunately, the *slivo* was homemade and weak. The *Voivoda* had begun collecting people since daybreak and the procession was festive enough as it was.

As we wound our way through the village, it was easy to see why tradition is still so strong in Shumadia. Until a hundred or so years ago the whole area—about 50 miles long and 20 - 30 miles wide—was forest. "Shuma" is the word for forest in Serbo-Croatian. While industry has come to Shumadia's larger towns, the villages remain off the beaten track and probably look about the same now as in the



Bride and groom. The only car in the village—except ours—and it was owned by a city relative.

nineteenth century. There were just two or three buildings in the village we were visiting, and only the small church was of pre-war vintage.

Actually, Shumadian villages are not villages at all. They are agglomerations of widely spaced, self-sufficient homesteads that were hacked out of the forest away from neighbors to keep from providing a profitable target for any invader or occupier. It was family self-sufficiency, plus the church and a deep sense of community (almost clannishness) which made it possible for Shumadians to retain their identity through five centuries of Turkish rule.

My wife and I were taking in the atmosphere as good amateur sociologists, when guns in all the carts began blazing away. We had reached the bride's homestead and were going in after her. No one was opposing but Shumadian tradition demands taking a bride, not hegging for her. The guns kept going off even as we sat down to be welcomed with "Shumadinski Chai" (heated slivovitz) and "slatko" (an extra-sweet fruit preserve served out of a communal dish with a glass of water). Slatko is served whenever a guest enters any home in Shumadia—one of many signs that the non-alcoholic Turk was here.

There was, however, one unusual and definitely unwilling guest: an elaborately dressed hen with crepe paper pantaloons, a bright kerchief for a dress and carriages pierced through its wattles. The Voivoda began bargaining with the bride's sister for the hen when we entered the courtyard. He finally bought it for the equivalent of about fifty cents, and, with the hen as partner, began one of the wildest kolos I have ever seen—to the accompaniment of every gun in the area. (Before this began, I had just about convinced my wife that they were shooting blanks. Falling leaves and branches proved me wrong.)

It was shortly after the Voivoda finished this kolo that he and the groom's father told me that the family Kum had not yet arrived and asked whether I would honor them by taking his place. They explained that the marriage could not take place without a Kum, and that he could not be a relative on either side of the family. The priest was already waiting at

Welcoming the guests. Without turned-up shoes and gypsy musicians it isn't Shumadia.



On the way to church. FSO identified by shirt, tie and sons.

the church, and if there were no Kum in fifteen minutes or so, the wedding would have to be postponed.

I finally agreed after they brushed aside my pleas of ignorance about Orthodox wedding ceremonies, and talked about the ill-omen of postponing a wedding. Two things tended me toward accepting. I had heard that it was a deep insult to refuse—and besides there was still the fifteen minutes.

The Kum didn't come (we found out later that he, an old schoolteacher in Belgrade, was critically ill), and the groom, his father and the Voivoda came over to drink a toast. As a diplomat I was prepared for the toasts that sealed the bargain, but the hugging and kissing caught me completely off guard. This was the first time I had ever been kissed full on the mouth by grown men. My first thought was that they were overdoing the initiation of a best man, but I found out soon enough that being Kum meant more than that.

Fortunately, the wedding was a family-type affair, with an understanding village priest and a lay assistant who stayed close by as prompter. I had never seen an Orthodox wedding before, let alone participated in one, and it was strictly on-the-job training.

The only instruction I had before the ceremony came from the bride's uncle—the person who stood up for her at the wedding as the traditional "Stari Svat."

He was the only member of her family allowed by Shumadian tradition to be present at the ceremony. Her parents and other relatives and friends bade her a tearful farewell as she left for the church, and it became increasingly apparent as the day went by that Shumadian wedding festivities are the business of the groom's family. Her family did not come to the wedding feast, and when they finally appeared at the groom's home late that evening, they ate in a separate room away from the other guests.

The Stari Svat suggested that I ride to church with him, and did his best to explain my part in the ceremony as we went along. But the distance was short, and my two sons, fascinated by their first ride in a horse-drawn cart, had their own

Pièce de résistance in Shumadia. FSO's three children on left.



questions. I did learn one important point, however. As Kum, I was to remain one step behind the groom throughout the ceremony, and just to the right of the Stari Svat, whose position was one step behind the bride.

This didn't sound too difficult but as soon as we approached the Icon table in the center of the church, I found more was expected than that. The Stari Svat produced two beautifully decorated white candles about 30 inches long from somewhere in his tunic, and when the lay assistant found out I didn't have any, everything stopped while he dashed off to find two for me. The four candles were finally lighted, and the bride, groom, Stari Svat and I moved to the Iconostasis and the priest for the ring ceremony. The ceremony seemed to be going smoothly as the couple repeated their vows. But then the priest asked me for the groom's ring, which I didn't have. There was quite a flurry until one was found, and I was able to exchange the bride's and groom's rings three times as required by Orthodox rite.

I "lost" the groom only twice during the various movements the four of us and the priest went through after the ring ceremony, but the lay assistant quickly got me back in the correct position. From now on there won't be any doubt in my mind about the four-person "Spiritual Family" brought into existence at an Orthodox wedding. I didn't get a crown as the bridal couple did but by the time the ceremony was over, I'm sure I felt as married as the groom.

When we went to sign the church register, the difficulty in transliterating my name into Cyrillic led to much discussion with the Priest over the fact that this was the first time an American citizen had been recorded as Kum in the village. After handshakes and kisses, he pointedly asked how I could he reached when the new couple had children to name.

This was finally worked out, but I almost failed one of my first duties as Kum when we began to leave the church. Most of the children of the village were waiting outside the door chanting "Kum, empty your purse." Traditionally the Kum is supposed to be a rich man and shower them with coins. I had only a few in my pocket and beat a hasty retreat. My wife had several, including some US pennies and nickels, but my main source was the church treasury. The lay assistant sold me all there was, but even with these I had only two or three handfuls. There was no "shower," but the children, particularly those who found the US coins, seemed happy enough.

We carry our bride across the threshold, but in Shumadia she enters her new home after going through a full-fledged ceremony with the groom's parents, the Kum, and other close relatives taking part.

As laid down by tradition, the groom's mother handed her a baby boy, and the bride tossed him in the air three times. Then all of us took turns in giving her handfuls of wheat, corn, apples, grapes, and almost everything else grown in Shumadia, which she tossed in various directions—symbolically indicating that she was fertile and bringing riches with her. (Everyone thought it was a good omen when our two-year-old daughter picked up one of the apples and began eating it.)

Still unaware of the status of Kum, I made a serious mistake when my family and I were asked to take seats at the banquet table. Shouts of horror arose when we sat down near the foot (where we sat at the couple's engagement party several weeks earlier). The groom's father quickly moved me to the head of the table next to the bride, groom, and Stari Svat. Only after we four were seated, did the sixty or so guests take their places.

It wasn't all honor, however. I soon found out that it was the Kum that pays the fiddler at Shumadian weddings. Everytime the gypsies stopped playing (which was increasingly frequent as they drank more slivovitz), it was my dinars that got them started again.

The main table ceremony was breaking the "pogatch," an unleavened bread over a foot in diameter. The Stari Svat and I each passed a pogatch down the table to be "gilded" with money for the new couple. Then the loaves were brought back to he turned around by the "Spiritual Family" with pieces broken off for each guest. The Kum traditionally intones prayers for family unity, prosperity, and thanks to God during the turning and breaking of the bread, but since I didn't know the prayers the groom's father said them for me. I did, however, have to go around the table drinking a toast to each of the guests. (Lucky for me the slivovitz was weak.)

The meal itself was exactly the same as we have had at all other festivities in Shumadia. Except for the salt and sugar, everything was homegrown. After chicken soup with noodles, came stewed chicken, vegetables, and "Greek sarma"—a concoction of pig and lamb innards. The main course was a roasted pig that had been turned on a spit for 3-4 hours. (Shumadia, as all of Serbia, remains the pig country that it has been throughout history.) Add mountains of bread, wine by the demijohn, and sweets out of Turkish legend and you have about four hours' worth of eating.

By the time the meal was over, it seemed that all the teenagers from this and surrounding villages had gathered in the main courtyard waiting for the kolo dancing to begin. Lights had been strung and gypsies had already set up stands with trinkets for sale. (On a similar occasion about a month earlier an enterprising gypsy family had brought a dancing bear to advertise its wares.)

As Kum, I had to begin the kolo, but since my dancing isn't too good, I was happy when the groom's father asked me to join a group of family elders away from the noise. The discussion shifted from one item of village business to another (including the sale of a horse). Then came a series of questions about farm life and marriage customs in the United States and a detailed explanation why the Kum tradition became so strong in Shumadia. He played a key role in a family's defense of its own existence during Turkish occupation. His unquestioned and religious duty was to bring rescue when necessary, and therefore it was essential that he be of another family and live in another village. They emphasized that the Kum and his family were considered "as blood" and noted that the Church as well as Shumadian tradition prohibited marriage within the Kumstvo relationship. It was also pointed out that as the generations go by, a Kum's eldest son automatically becomes Kum for the sons of the new couple, with the relationship continuing until one or the other male line dies out.

Perhaps my hardest job during the day was to explain why we had to return to Belgrade that evening. The groom and his family couldn't understand, since the festivities had just started (it was then after 10 p.m.) and would continue at least through the next day. We were finally allowed to leave, but only after promising to return within a month to make use of the rooms set aside for the Kum's family.

We kept our promise, and since the wedding we have been back to the village several times. Also, the bride, groom, Voivoda, Stari Svat, and others from the village were at our house in Belgrade for Thanksgiving. We have made many friends during our tour in Yugoslavia, but few as close as those in the village. Over the last few months, we have had several unexpected knocks on our door, when one or another of the villagers has dropped in to say hello or to spend the night after bringing produce to the Belgrade market.

My wife has one small objection to our new Kumstvo relationship, however. She is still unnerved when called "debela (fat) Kuma." She isn't fat. It is just that in Shumadian tradition all Kumus have to be fat as a sign that the Kum is prosperous. ■

THE HAYS BILL

THE President has now endorsed in letters to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House on May 6, the Executive Branch's position on H.R. 6277, the bill introduced by Representative Wayne Hays of Ohio, which will bring about fundamental changes in the administration of the Foreign Service. We can give you some insight into the bill's history, but because of publication dates and rapid developments in the evolution of this legislation, we have thus far been unable to comment in depth on this important matter.

Originally, the Department of State prepared a 48-page bill containing all the amendments which it wanted to see enacted in the Foreign Service Act of 1946. A shortened ten-page draft was later prepared and introduced by Representative Hays on March 15. After further consideration, the Executive Branch found that there were a number of omissions, and these suggested changes were incorporated in a Subcommittee print of April 8. We have carefully compared these documents with the President's letters mentioned above, with the accompanying Presidential letter to the Secretary of State and with the forthright AFSA luncheon speech on April 29 by Deputy Under Secretary of State Crockett.

The March 15 Hays Bill provided essentially for an expansion of the existing Foreign Service Reserve and Foreign Service Staff Corps within three years to include all Department of State, USIA, and AID personnel, as well as such personnel as the President "may designate of other Government agencies who are engaged in foreign affairs functions." The Executive Branch's suggested changes, however, would transfer such personnel to "appropriate classes under the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended, as Foreign Affairs Officers, Reserve Officers or staff officers or employees." The new category of Foreign Affairs officer introduced by the Executive Branch adds to the diversity of the existing personnel structure, and therefore instead of the original stress on a "unified" Foreign Service system, it is now described as a "single Foreign Affairs Personnel system." As defined in the President's recent letters to the Congress, the Foreign Affairs officer will be primarily a professional who will serve in the United States. The new category, thus, represents a further extension and refinement of the Wristonization program at home. As Mr. Crockett explained the new proposals, however, they are designed to provide greater administrative flexibility in the management of the totality of foreign affairs personnel, a flexibility which will be most helpful to the Department in making effective use of the Foreign Service and Civil Service employees.

We regret that the Executive Branch has not felt itself able to recommend the extension of the slightly better retirement provisions currently applicable to Foreign Service officers to the personnel whom it is proposed to incorporate into the new Foreign Affairs Personnel system, pending the findings

of a Government-wide retirement study. We earnestly recommend that the retirement benefits of Foreign Service officers be extended to all personnel in the foreign affairs field and that the administration of personnel be made uniform, in at least this one respect.

The Executive Branch's suggested changes in the Hays Bill (H.R. 6277) propose that "Under such regulations as the President may prescribe, persons who are citizens of the United States may, on the basis of merit and fitness, be appointed as Foreign Affairs officers without time limitation. . . ." In his letters to the Congress, however, the President stated that legislation was needed to provide a three-year period during which "civil service employees of the foreign affairs agencies may decide to become participants in the new system without screening and without loss of compensation." While there are some who may question the lack of screening of Civil Service employees, it should be recognized that they are already competently performing valuable functions and are currently occupying secure and rewarding jobs. Becoming Foreign Affairs officers will present new challenges and hazards for them.

The March 15 Hays bill left untouched the provisions for lateral entry into the Foreign Service officer corps, but the Executive Branch's suggested changes substantially reduce the prior Government service required, particularly at the FSO 6 or 7 levels. We are not clear why the latter change has been proposed; its impact on the traditional entry via the FSO written and oral examinations will have to be considered.

The President's letters to the Congress and to the Secretary of State appear to dispose of most of the concern which we once had about the fate of the personnel in AID. If there is one agency in the foreign affairs field in which greater administrative flexibility, unity and order in personnel matters are required, it is certainly AID. Many officers are on limited FSR appointments. No permanent appointments to AID's "career service" have been made since 1961. There is a hodge-podge of personnel systems with FSO, FSR, FSR (limited), AD (Administratively Determined), and Civil Service ratings, deriving from a variety of legislative sources. AID earlier sought legislative authority to select out its marginal employees, but this was denied by Congress, influenced to a large extent by the opposition of government employees unions and veterans groups. AID has therefore looked to the Hays' proposals as a means for solving its personnel problems. We hope that the hearings which Congressman Hays reportedly plans to hold will bring out what should be done with regard to AID personnel.

Although the Hays Bill contains no reference to the Director General of the Foreign Service, we applaud Mr. Crockett's stated intention of strengthening the role of this officer in the overall management of the single personnel system in the foreign affairs field. The President's reference in his letter

to the Secretary of State to both the Director General and to the Board of the Foreign Service, which has historically been closely linked to the Director General, are further evidence of the Administration's intentions.

Apart from the main purpose of the Hays bill, an important feature is to provide long overdue benefits to certain Government personnel serving in or traveling to extremely hazardous areas of the world. Whatever the fate of the general personnel provisions of the Hays bill, we sincerely hope that the Congress will promptly enact these special provisions, either as a separate act or as a rider to some more important piece of legislation.

A process of consolidation and unification has taken place ever since the Diplomatic and Consular Services were merged in 1924. After that merger and each succeeding one, there was a larger reservoir of capable officers from which the President could draw for appointments to the highest positions in the Department and the Foreign Service. These mergers have also made it possible for the Department to meet its ever-changing needs both as to skills and to numbers. The Hays Bill represents another important step in this process and in the continuing effort to bring new order and consistency in the administration of personnel engaged in the conduct of foreign policy and operations. ■

EDWARD R. MURROW

BEST said of Edward R. Murrow: *there* was a man. His courage was as deep as his very bones. His integrity was high, his purpose clear. And he knew how to project superbly his warm and deep understanding of people, places, happenings, and how they all fit together into the web of life.

Edward R. Murrow was performing public service long before he ever took an oath of office. Most of his broadcasting, writing and speaking served the public interest. It was our good fortune that when he did move into the government, he became a member of the foreign affairs community.

In the two years he headed the USIA, the Agency gained new stature. He not only brought force and talent into the organization, but he helped continue its resurgence from the days of the McCarthy assaults. He provided perceptive counsel to the President and members of the Cabinet, making clearer than ever before the vital part that considerations of public opinion must play in modern high policy decision making.

The spirit that Edward R. Murrow injected into all of us will not soon depart. Knowing of his often expressed distaste for mourning, we can perhaps best perpetuate his memory by carrying on those high standards of excellence he required of both himself and his associates. ■

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

THE moment has come when, once again, every officer in the Service will be rated by his supervisor and will have the responsibility of reporting on his subordinates. The importance of these reports to each officer needs no stressing here. They form not only the basis on which he will be considered for promotion or, indeed, for selection-out, but are also the official description of an individual and his work which will largely determine his future assignments. The responsibility borne by rating officers is a heavy one. This year they are confronted by new problems. The revised Performance Rating Report will be used by most of them for the first time. An immediate difference between this form and its predecessor is the inclusion of phrases to describe an officer's characteristics in lieu of the traditional 1 to 6 numerical system. Over the years, and perhaps unjustly, a pattern grew in which 5 became the general median of excellence, 4s reflected adequate performance, but a rating below 4 was taken to indicate a serious shortcoming. On the new form a spectrum of five applicable phrases is presented to the rating officer, and at the upper end of the scale these phrases are so laudatory that they will apply only to a few unusually talented and diligent individuals. In order to avoid any dilution of rating standards the temptation to apply the traditional criteria of the old numbering system to the new form will have to be resisted.

The JOURNAL also sees advantages in the changed procedure by which an officer will be shown the Performance Rating Report but will not be shown the Personal Evaluation Report. This appears to be a happy solution to the perennial problem of submitting a frank and objective report without offending the rated officer. The rating is intended to help an officer improve his performance and officers who find refuge from the unpleasant duty of telling a subordinate about his shortcomings by writing laudatory Performance and Evaluation Reports and derogatory Personal Evaluation Reports will be abusing the new system. It will certainly be tempting to put the bad news in the portion of the report that the rated officer cannot see, but officers doing so will be manifestly unfair to their subordinates and will create difficult and embarrassing contradictions between what the rated officer knows and what he does not know about his performance.

With the new forms going into widespread use for the first time, the Department will be receiving particularly candid appraisals of its officers and will, therefore, have an even greater responsibility for controlling access to this information and for assuring that officers will not be penalized by reports the contents of which are not made known to them. Although present procedures are intended to restrict the number of persons having access to officers' folders, we believe these procedures should be tightened even further. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

*If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. Jarley's waxwork shop,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him?
Oh, no, no!*

—Dickens: *The Old Curiosity Shop*

Did you know that Washington possesses the most imposing waxwork museum in the world?

The National Historical Wax Museum which used to be housed in the old Heurich Brewery stable in Foggy Bottom, has now moved to grander quarters at Fifth and K Streets, N.W. And the number of exhibits has been doubled.

Considering the great popular appeal of waxeries, it is odd that they are so rare. Nearly every tourist goes to the famous Madame Tussaud's in London but fewer find their way to the Grévin in Paris or the museum in Waterloo. On this continent the waxeries in Montreal and Quebec are popular with the tourists, particularly Americans. Years ago New York had its well-known Eden Musée, but it disappeared about the same time as Lillian Russell's bustles. A new waxery will be organized in New York in the near future under franchise from the National Historical Wax Museum.

The creation of wax statues has had a long history. The Egyptians made wax statues of their deities and these played a large role in funeral rites. Among the Greeks wax effigies had wide currency and many magical properties were ascribed to them. This tradition was passed on to the Romans. In Rome a prosperous profession grew up: the *sigillarii*—manufacturers of wax figurines. The successors to the *sigillarii* were busy in medieval days and during the Renaissance fashioning elaborate and often beautiful sculpture for the decoration of churches. At some period in the evolution of waxworks, some original thinker discovered that if you had a wax effigy of your enemy and you poked at it with a pin you brought about the death of the enemy. This practice naturally became very popular and persisted into modern days. Gouverneur Morris who was US Minister to France from 1792 to 1794 but who was in Paris as a visitor at the outbreak of the Revolution relates in his Diary that an inflamed mob detoured on its way to the assault on the Bastille to make its way to the famous Cahinet de Cire. This institution was

owned by Dr. J. C. Curtius, uncle of Madame Tussaud. This lady was, on July 14, 1789, already embarked on her career, and it was probably she who had produced a bust of Louis XVI. At any rate the mob grabbed up the bust and carried it into the fight for the Bastille.

And Even A Ducking School

Whereas Madame Tussaud's presents sensational tableaux such as the Assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday and the Grévin has a number of murderers such as Landru, the National Historical Wax Museum remains faithful to the second word in its title. It is a resumé of American history beginning with Leif Ericson and ending with Lyndon Johnson. In between we get Ponce de Leon, the Salem Witch Trials, the Declaration of Independence, Betsy Ross making the Flag, Nathan Hale on scaffold, the Louisiana Purchase, Davy Crockett at the Alamo, the first use of anesthesia, Lee's surrender, Grover Cleveland's wedding, the first inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Yalta Conference, Dr. Jonas Salk, a group of Movie Queens beginning with Theda Bara and ending with Elizabeth Taylor. Altogether about 75 fetching tableaux.

What puts the Washington waxery into a class by itself is the use of light, sound and movement. When, for instance, a Puritan gossip tied into a ducking chair looks down at the pond, it is real running water. Water also swirls around Columbus as he sits in a little skiff bringing him to his first landing in the New World. A very good electric storm is going on while Benjamin Franklin brings down electricity from the clouds. While the captive John Smith looks up at his executioner and the club that will presumably dispatch him, his chest heaves (an electric apparatus under his shirt does the trick.) While the visitors look at the statue of John F. Kennedy, someone pushes a button and out comes the voice of John F. Kennedy.

The museum has attractions apart from the exhibits. It has a parking lot, a cafeteria, a snack bar, and an information booth dispensing general information on Washington, D. C. It is air-conditioned. In short, everything has been contrived for the comfort of the customer. It has its appeal for

adults and should be a blessing for adults who must keep children occupied. Perhaps it is indelicate to say it but it needs saying: Every time one goes to the National Gallery one sees scores of floppy personalities who would be better off if they would give it up and hie themselves to the waxery.

There is only one disillusioning thing about the waxery and we have saved it to the end. Wax is now a misnomer. They gave it up a long time ago in favor of plastic.

New Mix-Up

A Chinese restaurant advertises "Chinese Smorgasbord."

And after this you may presumably order Swedish chow mein.

Award of the Month

It goes to a man of robust optimism. Angelo Litrico is a Roman tailor who used to make snazzy suits for Nikita Khrushchev. The last order was for three suits Khrushchev intended to wear on his much-touted trip to Bonn. "I want to look my best," he said. After his fall from power and the cancellation of the German visit, Litrico attempted to deliver the suits to the Soviet Embassy in Rome. When the Embassy refused to receive them, Litrico sent the bill to the German government, arguing (with all the dialectical ardor of a thirteenth century theologian) that the suits were part of the expenses of the visit and Bonn was responsible. The German Foreign Office rejected this thesis. People are so ununderstanding.

Culture Afflatus

We hear so much about the projected John F. Kennedy Center for the performing arts that we are likely to think it is unique in the nation. But a current exhibition of proposed or recently completed art museums, drama theaters and concert halls staged by the National Housing Center indicates that a culture spurge is going on everywhere in the country. Some project or other connected with the arts is planned or is under construction in sixty-nine cities. A series of handsome photographs shows, for instance, the Cultural Center at Danport, the Los Angeles Music Center, and the Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln

Center, New York. It would appear from the photographs that most of the new buildings—or projects—follow traditional architectural impulses. Many seem to have been inspired by the Greek temple. However a few strike out boldly—and effectively—on their own. In this category are the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis and the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York. If this viewer could have the privilege of visiting just one of the centers (all expenses paid, of course) he would elect to go to Fort Worth, Texas, whose Amon Carter Museum of Art is a stunner.

The Glow on the Brass

Never again will you be badgered, hectorred and importuned about that brass plaque. The required sum—\$10,000—is now in the bag and one day a box in one of the theaters of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts will bear a plaque proclaiming the gift of the Foreign Service Association. All those who contributed large sums or small are entitled to congratulate themselves.

A Touch of Laurel

Two ways to tell an important man:

1. He does not return telephone calls. If he's out or busy when you first call, it's up to you to call the second or third or fourth time.

2. When he makes a telephone call he never lowers himself by explaining to a secretary what it's all about.

What Comes of Going to the Dentist

A recent survey of American magazine preferences revealed that six per cent of magazine readers said that they were addicted to COLLIER'S.

Miss Foreign Service

Well, there is Miss Cherry Blossom Festival, Miss Maine Baked Potato, Miss Oyster Cracker, so why not Miss Foreign Service? In a recent issue of the Georgetown University COURIER, there appear four photographs and a sketch of one of the nominees for the title, Miss Hope Zelasko, who is a "freshman Foreign Service major." For looks Miss Zelasko is, if one can trust the photographs, in the same league with Ava Gardner and Sophia Loren. This should do her no harm if she perseveres in her plan to become a Foreign Service officer. The article says that she is fond of dancing, reading (especially Scott Fitzgerald and Salinger) and listening to folk and classical music. Politically she is "very conservative and very Republican." All this won't help or harm. But she has one capital asset;

she feels that she is psychic and can frequently foretell events that happen to her. This will be most valuable. In this squalid modern world where every Foreign Service officer must ascertain if his telephone, his desk and even his walls are bugged, a bit of psychic flair could confound the enemy.

End of a Mystery

Have you ever wondered why American regulations compel you to use crystal-clear headlights on your car whereas most European countries insist that the lamps be yellow? The answer is, according to a leading thinker in the District of Columbia's Motor Vehicle Department, that "the crystal lamps are more efficacious in nearly all situations except fog. Fog is not much of a problem in this country but it is in most European countries and that's why those countries require the yellow glass."

A Key for Everything

The lift vans open. The conquests and confusions of 30 years tumble into the house. The bedazzled eye lurches from Japanese prints to Tibetan silver, to Italian clocks to Dresden candlesticks. Why did we buy all that Danish faience? And that silly French turbottière? Well, we all of us have a right to make mistakes, haven't we? This Mexican silver casket weighs a ton. It contains . . . the label says, "unidentified keys." Dozens of them! Cast iron, brass, copper, aluminum, bronze, big and little. That big iron one looks as if it might have been the

key thrown into Lochleven when Mary, Queen of Scots, made her escape from her island prison on May 2, 1568. And these others . . . where did they come from? That little bronze one might have opened an Etruscan portable typewriter. Perhaps this blob of copper and verdigris belonged to a 13th century chastity belt. Did the curious saw-shaped specimen once control a Sung dynasty sewing machine? Whatever they belonged to they may not be, even if unidentified, thrown out. They exercise a strange compulsion, a strange tyranny. Perhaps they will be identified and will again lead useful, self-respecting lives. Vain hope! In due time other vagabond keys will also land in the Mexican casket and there the lot of them will remain forever, cowering in their dark mystery.

What About Non-Musical Types?

The Department of State has been revising its identification procedures. One notice reads, "Those persons who are not regularly assigned to the Department of State building, but who are conducting business in the building, must follow normal sign-in/sign-out procedures during non-working hours. Visitors will be escorted in and out of the building by those persons visited."

Ferocious Gluttony

Overheard during pre-dinner boozing on Washington-Chicago plane: One man to another man: "I'd murder my twin sister for a good plate of fried rice." ■

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



"I do not wish a Washington assignment at this time, feeling that a second tour here will maximize productivity in my area of specialization."





by ANNE PENFIELD

If anyone had asked me the question, several years ago, "How long does it take to make an island?" I not only wouldn't have known the answer, but I probably would have thought the questioner a bit touched in the head. Now, however, I could answer brightly. "Fifteen months will produce a good sized one, complete with hills, a lake and a fine double crater with a very active volcano bubbling away inside it." Now it is not I whose brain has been affected by these northern latitudes, for that is just exactly what has happened up here off the southern coast of Iceland. We have assisted at the accouchement of an island, which is growing apace and giving an active demonstration of how the world began.

THE BIRTH OF

It all started on November 14th, 1963 when a fishing boat went forth early in the morning to set out its lines and prepare for the rigors of hauling in what the fishermen hoped would be a large and profitable catch. As they came up on deck, after drinking one of the innumerable cups of coffee with which an Icelander punctuates his days, they smelt a very strong odor of sulphur and saw in the distance what they at first took to be a rock. As they knew there was no rock there, they looked more carefully and saw a coal-black jet of something shooting straight out of the water, laced at intervals by streaks of flame. Within a moment or two great gusts of steam came rolling up out of the water and they realized that they were witnessing an underwater eruption. By the time they had reported the phenomenon and scientific observers had reached the scene, the column of steam had grown to a height of four kilometers and the black material, which turned out to be tephra, a form of lava dust or gravel, was shooting a hundred to a hundred and fifty meters into the air. The enormous jets of steam made it impossible to see what was going on in that startled bit of ocean but by the following day, the sea began to break over a subterranean ridge and a bit later a tiny tip of something solid appeared. Thus was born a brand new island.

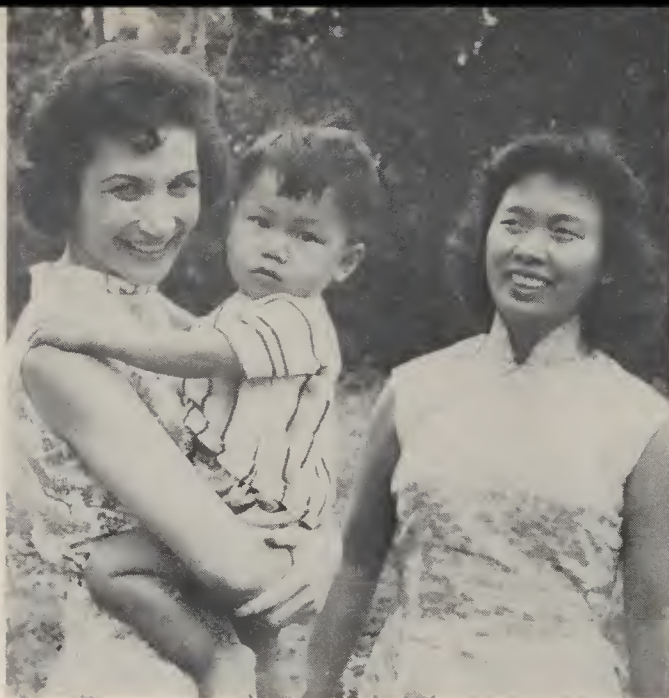
AN ISLAND

The day after the announcement of this amazing occurrence, we had an opportunity to fly out and see it. As we approached the island, which is a little more than 20 miles

(Continued on page 47)



Am Timan, Chad. Ambassador Brewster H. Morris receives a warm welcome on his visit to the capital of Salamat Prefecture, southeastern Chad. Two little Chadian girls, dressed in the national colors, one US and the other Chadian, both outfits made by their mother, presented the Ambassador with the flowers he is holding.



Singapore. Lois Shepard, wife of William Shepard of the Consulate General, holds Tiong Keng, the child she saved with the "kiss of life." The baby fell into a four-foot-deep water hole and, apparently drowned, was recovered by his mother. Mrs. Shepard, summoned by her amah, telephoned an ambulance, then rushed to the scene. After about three and a half minutes of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, the child started breathing.

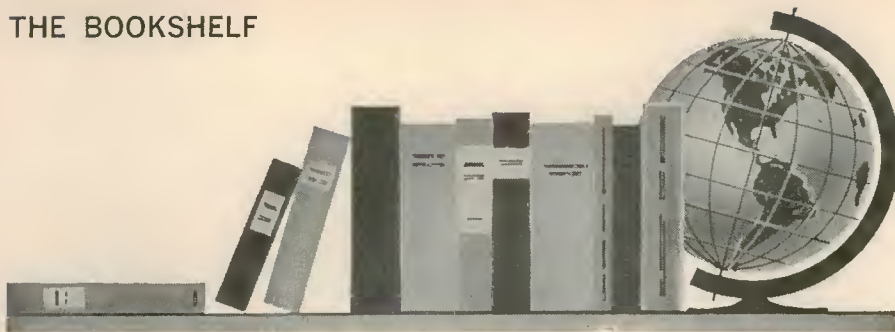
SERVICE GLIMPSSES



Krakow. Walter K. Schwinn, director of the American exhibit, "Graphic Arts USA," addresses a press conference of Polish journalists and art critics at the opening of the exhibit. The exhibit drew 104,000 visitors in Krakow, then moved to Warsaw where it was seen by more than 250,000 Poles. Mr. Schwinn was PAO in Warsaw and Kuala Lumpur and Consul General in Dhahran before his retirement.



Kabul. American pianist Ann Schein compares her newly acquired Afghan instrument with one owned by Mrs. John M. Steeves, while the Ambassador looks on. In the tradition of the performing artist, Miss Schein appeared before her audience in Kabul even though she was quite ill at the time. Miss Schein was on a Department of State Cultural Tour which took her to Ceylon, India, the UAR and Turkey.



North of the 38th Parallel

THE question is frequently asked. "What about North Korea? What is going on up there?" Prof. Scalapino and his collaborators have provided an answer that appears as authoritative as possible until that isolated country is open to objective observers. "North Korea Today" is a series of studies by seven Koreans and two Americans which first appeared in a special issue of THE CHINA QUARTERLY. Each article is a compact, detail-filled evaluation of some major aspect of the political, economic and social developments that have taken place under the Pyongyang regime since 1945.

Anyone interested in the North Asian area will find this a rewarding book. The scholarship is of high quality throughout and each article is copiously footnoted. However, the fact that the source material is entirely communist in origin and frequently self-serving and propagandistic poses complex problems. There inevitably emerges an aura of accomplishment and an appearance of purposefulness that puts North Korea in a more favorable light than it presumably deserves. Comparisons with South Korea are made only in the articles on industrial and agricultural development, but they are present by inference in the surprisingly glowing account of the educational system.

For the Foreign Service officer the most interesting article will doubtless be Professor Scalapino's excellent presentation of the foreign policy of North Korea. He treats the dilemma posed by the Sino-Soviet dispute, reviews North Korea's attempt to play the role of neutral and conciliator and concludes that North Korea is the foremost example of a Communist state that has committed itself on a wide series of issues to a pro-Peking position.

One may hope that this volume will be the precursor of other and more comprehensive publications on the situation in North Korea. It merely whets the appetite for a fuller picture of the problems an emerging communist society faces in Asia.

"The Politics of Korean Nationalism" is a comprehensive survey of the Korean Nationalist movement from the Tonghak Rebellion of 1894-5, a mass uprising of the rural population, to the end of Japanese colonial rule in 1945. It was this rebellion that gave Japanese expansionists the opportunity to introduce Japanese troops into Korea, a development which led to the First Sino-Japanese War and the ultimate annexation of Korea by Japan in 1910.

For the reader seeking light on the present situation, this volume is a mine of useful information. It covers interaction and conflict among Korean conservatism, progressive liberalism and radicalism. The causes and consequences of factionalism are thoroughly treated. There are useful insights on the parochialism that continues to be a significant factor in the Korean political scene. Of particular significance are the observations on the reasons Korean patriots, those operating inside Korea as well as those in exile, were attracted toward communism. As the author takes pains to make clear, the division into communist and non-communist camps was the greatest obstacle to unity of the nationalist movement. Thus the scene was set for the Korean tragedy of today.

—G. HUNTINGTON DAMON

NORTH KOREA TODAY, edited by Robert A. Scalapino. Praeger, \$4.00.
THE POLITICS OF KOREAN NATIONALISM, by Chong-sik Lee. University of California Press, \$6.50.

American Views of China

THE opinion poll on our China problem which the Michigan Survey Center has taken throws so much light in a dark corner that one wonders why something of this sort was not done long ago. The poll will certainly not settle all the arguments, but it will at least make it possible for them to proceed in a much more informed atmosphere. Best of all, it should discourage fanatics on both wings of the continuing debate, for they clearly have next to no support among the American people.

This survey was made in connection with the program of the Council on Foreign Relations on "The United States and China in World Affairs." The program will be turning out a series of very useful books during the next year or so, and this survey was made in connection with the volume on American attitudes toward our China problem being written by Mr. A. T. Steele. The poll was actually taken last spring and the results were released in December.

Press summaries of these results made much of the "ignorance" they "revealed." In fact, the survey shows a surprisingly high level of knowledge and understanding: e.g., some 72 percent of our public knows that China is controlled by a Communist government. In many nations, not that many people know what kind of government they themselves are living under, despite the laudable labors of TASS, NCNA, and USIA. Foreign policy questions are for the informed minority; thus it was in the beginning . . .

Within our informed minority the dispersion of views on China policy is very wide indeed. About one-third appeared so hostile to Peiping as to wish to exclude any dealings with it; another third was equally certain that we should, for a variety of reasons which could generally be subsumed under "realism," deal with the Communists "as the government of most of China." The third third just didn't know what we should do; there thus exists a large reservoir of talent upon which FE can draw in ease of need.

Several of the responses in this survey will, one can hope, have a disheartening effect on both extremes of the American opinion spectrum. For example, only ten percent of those aware of the existence of the G.R.C. felt that the US should help it attack the Communists. On the other hand, only two percent of those aware of our chilly relations with Peiping felt that "US unfriendliness, errors, or stupidity" were to blame. The strong opposition in this country to Peiping's admission to the UN has been well documented by other polls, yet here again the absence of public support for the most extreme position was illustrated by the overwhelming sentiment in favor of remaining in the UN even if Peiping is admitted, 75 percent of those aware of the Chinese Communist regime.

—JAMES LEONARD

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC'S VIEW OF US POLICY TOWARD CHINA. Council on Foreign Relations, \$1.00.

New Myths and Old Realities

Reading the daily news—any day—one learns of disappointing developments in this or that entity which has been granted the status of nationhood without yet having really achieved nationhood. One is informed that China has the Bomb, and one apprehensively watches developments at the United Nations, all the while remembering what happened to the League of Nations . . . and after. Without detracting from the freshness and validity of Sen. Fulbright's thesis, one is almost forced to admit that, while we have industriously been creating a lot of new myths, certain old realities refuse to die and show no signs of even fading away. About the best one can conclude is that the world is a pretty good age for the shape it's in.

Arthur Herzog, in examining the major problem facing the US and the world today, has chosen an unfortunate title—"The War-Peace Establishment"—for an otherwise excellent and highly readable book. Based upon what must have been dozens of interviews which he personally conducted, Herzog has divided the book into four sections. The first appraises "The Deterriers"; the second, "The Experimentalists"; and the third, "The Peace Movement." In the concluding section, Herzog summarizes the various theories and arguments relating to war and peace in the atomic age—from overkill to unilateral disarmament. The stand he, himself, takes is not too far from middle ground, and the reader may not agree with him, but this is not important. Despite (because of?) the seriousness of his subject, Herzog is not above interspersing his commentary with apt, if not always brand new, quips. *Item:* Regarding Kissinger's changes of position on strategy in the nuclear age, "These changes of position led some to ask, unkindly, 'I wonder who's Kissinger now?'" *Item:* "I found [Herman] Kahn's book ["Thinking About the Unthinkable"] almost impossible not to put down . . ." The same, happily, cannot be said of Herzog's hook.

Edited by J. Roland Pennock, "Self-Government in Modernizing Nations" ranges from "Democracy, Modernization, and Nation Building," by Lucian Pye, to "United States Policy toward Political Development," by W. Howard Wriggins. The five essays in the hook were presented originally as lectures at Swarthmore College in early 1962, but the five essayists have made some textual revisions for the published version. While nothing new or startlingly original is presented

between its covers, the hook does have the value of brevity and the ring of authenticity. The authors are clearly not Johnny-go-latefies who have based their observations and conclusions on a one-shot, two-week visit to a pride of emerging nations. Thomas L. Hodgkin, whose entry is entitled "Relevance of 'Western' Ideas for African States," does not hother to hide his impatience with pat theories and attractive, but inaccurate, analogies. He holds, for example, that "we should abandon . . . the tendency to substitute psychological for sociological categories of explanation: the common practice of attempting to account for African revolutions in terms of the 'humiliations,' 'frustrations,' 'traumatic experiences,' and consequent 'pathological states of mind'—arising from discriminatory treatment at the hands of the European ruling class—of a handful of Western-educated nationalist leaders." His feeling is that "the special danger of this psychoanalytical view of history, when applied to the revolutions taking place in contemporary Africa, is that it tends to strengthen the common, but mistaken, Western view that Africa is a special case, its revolutions unlike other revolutions in human history, its leaders unlike other national leaders, the demands of its peoples for liberty, independence, food, land, unlike the demands of other peoples in other parts of the world at other periods of history." New myths, old realities?

Not surprisingly, former Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs Philip H. Coombs thinks we should meet more of today's problems—and, at the same time, obviate some of tomorrow's—by paying greater attention to "The Fourth Dimension of Foreign Policy: Education and Cultural Affairs." Of little interest to the career Foreign Service or Information officer, the book could open a few eyes among the general public, at which it clearly has been aimed. For the professional, the most interesting chapter is probably the one entitled "What Are Other Nations Doing?" The answer is, *plenty*. "The French Government," Mr. Coombs points out, "spent more than \$100 million in 1962 on education in developing countries . . . Over 30,000 French teachers, regular members of the national educational establishment, were serving abroad in 1963 . . . About 10,000 French technical assistance experts were stationed overseas under government auspices in 1961 . . . (The nearest comparable figure of AID was 1,190.) . . . Some 30,000 foreign students were studying in French universities in 1963, more than

20,000 of them from developing countries . . ."

Charles Burton Marshall, in "The Exercise of Sovereignty," attempts—with great success—to place in proper perspective the myths and realities, both old and new in the case of each. To his way of thinking, it is "easy for the unwary to jump to a fallacious conclusion that if all human affairs were laid out with the precision of military plans, then all problems could be brought to as complete solution as can the problem of force in the conduct of a victorious military campaign. This is the sort of thing one gets to when one tries to find the solution of all the nation's problems in the world, instead of taking the historically realistic view that the job is one of managing the problems, not of getting rid of them . . . The problems of power are endless. Wars only occur. Politics endures." Making foreign policy, Marshall reminds the reader, "is not like cheerleading. It is like quarterbacking. The real work comes not in deciding where you want to go—that is the easiest part of it—but in figuring out how to get there. One could no more describe a nation's foreign policy in terms solely of objectives than one could write a man's biography in terms of his New Year's resolutions . . ." Nor is Marshall taken in by any of the new myths. "Neutralism," to him, "is not a way of standing in the wings but a way of pushing to the center of the stage. It generally reflects not a simple meekness but the sort of meekness expectant of inheriting the earth." He sees the Communist threat in all its deadly reality: "By the Communist premise, any faltering regime is an eligible target for Communist purposes." And on the problems relating to the developing nations—which are, perhaps, at the center of all our larger problems—he is unequivocal: "This, I think, is a larger weakness of our attempts at alliances among the politically underdeveloped states. We seem to think the whole thing can be done through firepower and an increment of productive efficiency, whereas the states concerned need above all to progress as political societies; they need to fulfill their nominal status as states." All in all, a most readable, thought-provoking, highly-recommended book.

—S. I. NADLER

THE WAR-PEACE ESTABLISHMENT, by Arthur Herzog. Harper and Row, \$4.95.
SELF-GOVERNMENT IN MODERNIZING NATIONS, edited by J. Roland Pennock. Prentice-Hall, \$4.95.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION OF FOREIGN POLICY: Educational and Cultural Affairs, by Philip H. Coombs. Harper and Row, \$3.50.

THE EXERCISE OF SOVEREIGNTY: *Papers on Foreign Policy*, by Charles Burton Marshall, with a foreword by Dean Acheson. The Johns Hopkins Press, \$6.50.

Eight Who Made Nations

POLITICS is people, but it is still the part of wisdom to ask whether the politics of the world's new states reflect the nature of their leaders, or whether the leaders are products of their times. Willard Hanna's title emphasizes the character of the leaders, but implicit in his incisive biographies are frequent bows toward the notion that the leaders are conditioned by the states they lead. If it is true that "whoever would know Indonesia must know Bung Karno," it is also true that to know Bung Karno one must know a good deal about Indonesia.

Willard Hanna knows a good deal about Indonesia and about other parts of East Asia where he has lived as a teacher, a Foreign Service officer and as a correspondent for the American Universities' Field Staff for about thirty years.

Charisma is many things: it is compelling personality; it is the ability to formulate and sell a message of nationalism, revolution and independence; its ultimate manifestation is likely to be charlatanry and chauvinism with accompanying corruption and apathy. The eight nationmakers discussed here are not idealists; they are practical politicians who "inspire and reflect the compulsive drive of their peoples right here and now to become great, rich, powerful." In a word, they are children of modernization in states emerging from traditionalism to some form of transitional society.

Thus, Hanna, whose writing sparkles with color and movement, can conclude that Sukarno, for all of his faults, "has certainly been the kinetic and catalytic agent in Indonesia's development, ever since 1927 and his role since 1957 has been climacteric."

In contrast to the highly nationalistic conduct of the Indonesians, it is instructive to examine the behavior of one of Sukarno's chief rivals in Southeast Asia, the Tunku Abdul Rahman, who not only conducted the affairs of Malaya in an almost ideal manner, but was able with British collaboration to fight off a full-scale communist attempt to take over Malaya. Under the Tunku's leadership the Malaysians got far more benefit from cooperation with the British than they would have got by fighting; later, by a process of peaceful negotiation, the state of Malaysia was put together. If it survives the confrontation with Indonesia, Malaysia

has been given a good start toward free and prosperous nationhood. Was it the character of the Tunku which made the difference?

In the Philippines, the man with charisma is Macapagal, who has the opportunity but also the problem of filling the shoes of the famed Magsaysay, who also had charisma, but was not quite a successful administrator. Like several of the contemporary leaders, Macapagal acquired, by dint of hard work and good fortune, a superior training, including doctoral degrees both in law and in economics. He needed all these skills combined with enormous political toughness to arrive at a position of power in 1962. Having inherited the Magsaysay mantle together with the problems left by Magsaysay and Garcia, Macapagal has begun manfully to struggle with the vast problem of making the Philippines viable; there is no certainty yet that he will be able to pull off the victory.

Ngo Dinh Diem was, says Hanna, "a good man, possibly even a great one," but, withal, "an improbable man in an impossible situation." In 1955 he emerged as the great hope of Vietnam, the "clear-eyed, uncompromised and uncompromising anti-communist hero." But ten years later he died, and his country almost died with him because he never mastered the art of democratic government. South Vietnam is the classic case of the country which did not easily negotiate the shoals of modernization: to be sure, it experienced industrial revolution; it inspired the loyalty of its intellectual elite; but it also inspired a hope of progress that could not be fulfilled. Diem was a proud and stubborn intellectual; he could see all the factors in a situation, but could not isolate the salient one.

Ne Win of Burma is a man without adequate charisma; he is a man of sterling qualities, but lacks both the will and the ability to project a clear image of himself and the nation does not identify with him. The gap is dangerous for the survival of the State.

"Eight Nation Makers" is not a profound book; it is a series of shrewd, lively journalistic pieces under a single cover. Hanna does not pretend that they are definitive, but they are done with skill enough to show that outstanding individuals make the difference in new societies. Indeed, because they are new societies, the world tends to identify the history of the nation with the personal story of its leader. These leaders are not typical men of their societies; they are different, and in the difference lies their capacity for high achievement.

The book does not offer an analysis of charisma, but provides some raw materials for a reader who wishes to undertake such an analysis.

—WALTER F. CRONIN

EIGHT NATION MAKERS: Southeast Asia's Charismatic Statesmen, by Willard A. Hanna. St. Martin's Press, \$6.50.

The Gathering Storm

THE years 1933-1938 were flanked on one side by the Mukden Incident (1931) and on the other by Pearl Harbor (1941). The years 1933-1938 also coincide with the initial phases of the New Deal.

In tracing the policies and developments of these fateful years in Far Eastern history, Miss Borg, thoroughly familiar with the antecedents, as shown in her earlier works, shows the results of her long study and careful scrutiny of causes and effects. Her findings receive a meticulous presentation.

Beginning with a "Review of the Stimson Period" and advancing into the Roosevelt-Hull period, the story deals with increasing tensions and conflicts. The teller has looked not alone at and across the Pacific but at and across the Atlantic and has thought and written not alone in terms of the moment but in terms of history.

Among the 17 chapters some are able enough to stand on their own legs as monographs on different phases of the period. Such exemplary chapters are: "The Challenge of the Amai Doctrine," "A Turning Point in the Sino-Japanese Struggle," "Views of American Officials on the Chinese Communists and the Sian Incident," "The 'Quarantine' Speech," "The Brussels Conference," "The Panay Crisis," and "Summary: The Trend of American Policy."

Japan had throughout a fixed purpose—to expand; and her policy-implementers proceeded throughout by a pattern: take a step; pause, look and listen; perceiving no serious obstacle or opposition, take another step; and repeat. The immediate contenders were, of course, Japan and China. Between and within each of these, and among and within others of the countries involved there were divergencies of view and intention. Miss Borg takes these into account.

She shows, for instance, how within the American government there were conflicts of opinion among major agencies, especially the Department of State and the Treasury; and how the President, in seeking advice and in assigning tasks, often chose on a basis of personal preferences. She deals with the concepts, the objec-

tives, the perplexities and the methods of the President and his high-bracket associates, and with the extent to which most of those officials were influenced by what they felt to be the views of the electorate. Above all, she shows that the people of this country, including the policy-deciders, were fearful of and opposed even to risking war.

Up to the time of the Brussels Conference, there was substantial unanimity of opinion between American officials reporting from China and Japan on the one hand, and officials in the Department on the other — to the effect that the United States should not take sides between China and Japan.

Many contexts bring out the differences (as well as likenesses) in the attitudes, approaches and methods of Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull. The differences were substantial, but the likenesses were of greater consequence: both men were extremely able exponents in practice of the concept that "politics is the art of the possible": both wanted "peace": both felt that in the realm of operations this country should neither resort to nor propose measures of coercion. Both were shaken by the impact, in 1937, of the Marco Polo Bridge incident, the Brussels Conference fiasco, and the Panay and Ladybird incidents. Both perceived then that, in the "Far Eastern Crisis," Japan was challenging not alone the rights of China but rights and interests of all nations. Both continued, however, to act and to advocate in terms of resort to none but "peaceful means."

The breadth of Miss Borg's research is indicated in a bibliography which, with an illuminating foreword, runs to 16 pages. Unhappily, the footnotes, many of which have a substantive value, are relegated to a position—adding 62 pages—after the text. The index—23 pages—is excellent.

The book will serve best the needs of scholars and students—including diplomatic specialists—but it is not without interest to the casual reader. The man in a hurry can profit if he will but read carefully at least its opening and its closing chapters.

—STANLEY K. HORNBECK

THE UNITED STATES AND THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS OF 1933-1938, by Dorothy Borg. Harvard University Press, \$10.00.

A Soviet View of World War II

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

That US publishers consider this

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

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

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

On the other hand, there is some reason to hope that the Russian military view of the inevitability of escalation may make them more careful about starting "brushfire wars," while

their detailed (and fairly accurate) description of U.S. military strength may well have sobering effect on the Kremlin's behavior.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

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

Slave Trade

A story of ransom from bondage, first published in 1817 and read by Abraham Lincoln, is again available in a new edition. Captain James Riley of the American Brig *Commerce* was shipwrecked off the coast of northwest Africa in 1815. Arab nomads took him and his crew as slaves to Morocco for their ransom. This narrative tells about the suffering of the shipwrecked Americans on this journey.

At great physical cost to themselves, the captives survived the trek to Morocco and evaded still other nomads who attempted to steal the Christian slaves or to share their ransom. These experiences led the author to conclude that the nomad has set his hand "against every man, and consequently every man's hand is against him." This statement is the fruit of Riley's adventure—the moral of his tale.

The testimony of several authorities quoted in the front matter of this volume as to its accuracy is not entirely convincing. They fail to explain how Riley was able to recall without records so many details of his journey one year after its occurrence. One surmises that Riley imaginatively reconstructed those elements of his adventure beyond memory.

—EVANS GERAKAS

SUFFERINGS IN AFRICA: Captain Riley's Narrative . . . , by James Riley, edited and with an introduction by Gordon H. Evans. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., \$6.00.



TOWARD A UNIFORM FOREIGN SERVICE

by WILLIAM J. CROCKETT

MY whole concept of the Service is really to try to bring about a uniform Foreign Service of the United States. One of the things that I have tried very hard to do is to prevent the Foreign Service from fragmenting along specialty lines, from fragmenting along agency lines, so that we don't have a Foreign Service of the USIA, a Foreign Service of AID, a Foreign Service of Commerce, or a Foreign Service of all the other agencies that are doing work in the foreign affairs field.

One of the things that Joe Palmer and Dwight Porter and Tom Beale and all my other colleagues have agreed upon is that we should try to live up to the great principles of the Foreign Service Act of 1946, the Preamble of which states: "There shall be a Foreign Service of the United States broad enough to accommodate the broad interests of the United States abroad."

It seems to me perfectly apparent, and most of my colleagues have agreed, that the whole USIA operation abroad is in a very real way a permanent part of United States interests abroad.

Now, there were several things possible for us to do a year or so ago, relating to USIA. They could go seek their own career service through legislative means. They could go before Congress and say, "We are an agency of the United States in the field of foreign affairs. We need our own career service." And maybe they would have gotten it, and maybe they wouldn't. I don't know.

There was another route open to them. Carl Rowan could have gone to the President and said, "I really can't make this agency effective unless you do something for the career people of this agency, giving them permanent status. And I recommend to you, Mr. President, that you make all the provisions of the Foreign Service Act available to USIA by an Executive Order and a delegation of authority."

And this would have been perfectly legal too. And then we would have had two Foreign Services—a Foreign Service of USIA with Foreign Service officers, USIA.

I think both of these ideas were wrong. Personally, I think there should be one Foreign Service of the United States, and so we went to Carl Rowan and said, "Why don't we work on an integrated Foreign Service?"

And we met with the greatest administrative statesmen that it has been my pleasure to deal with in a long time, Carl Rowan and his people, because this meant real bureaucratic hardship for them and heartache because it meant relinquishing some bureaucratic independence. But Carl Rowan didn't hesitate because he felt that USIA would be better in the long run as a part of a single Foreign Service.

Well, that in a nutshell is USIS integration. It seems to me that we have much to gain, that the Foreign Service has much to gain. Personally, I think that the State Department officers of the Foreign Service have more to gain from it than the USIA officers.

The 760 Foreign Service officers integrated from USIS are going to bring their jobs with them, the jobs are all there. And they have some mighty good jobs, PAO jobs, Voice of America jobs, Information Officer jobs. They have many, many jobs

in which it would be well for young political officers in the Foreign Service to get operating experience early in their careers. They need to make things run. They need to be in charge of people and things and programs. And the USIS jobs offer this opportunity to Foreign Service political officers.

And, secondly, there is hardly any Ambassador or any would-be Ambassador that should not know a lot more than he does know about how to deal with the press.

One of the concepts that has evolved over a period of time is a renewed importance of the Office of the Director General. What my hope is, and what our hope is, is that we can reinstitute the Office of the Director General as a symbol of leadership in the Foreign Service. His office will relate itself to the high professional standards and concepts and ideals of the Foreign Service as a whole.

AND now I shall speak on the Hays Bill. The Hays Bill looks two ways. It looks inward upon State and it looks outward upon the other agencies in the foreign affairs field that are further from us than USIS is today, because they didn't have the opportunity of having a George Allen help develop a career pattern for them that would put them in parallel with the State Department's Foreign Service system. And so, what happens to other agencies has to be thought about and developed in the fullness of time.

What we need to talk about first I think is what is going to happen within this building. As you know, the Wriston program made it possible for great numbers of you to come back here and serve. Most of you would not have been here today, would not have had an opportunity to be in this country, were it not for the Wriston program.

Whatever the problems of the program might have been, one of its great accomplishments, one of its most important central themes was the opportunity for you to serve here in this building in this country, to plant your feet deeply into the wellsprings of America, and to put your minds at the task of shaping foreign policy.

One of the things the Wriston program did was that it rather uprooted people without their permission and said,

William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration, is shown at the American Foreign Service Association luncheon on April 29, with Katie Lonchheim, Deputy Assistant Secretary, and Randolph A. Kidder, Coordinator of the National Interdepartmental Seminar, left.



Excerpted from the speech by Mr. Crockett at the American Foreign Service Association luncheon, April 29.

In an article on April 15, 1965, in the WALL STREET JOURNAL, entitled "Paying for College," the JOURNAL states: "... sending their boys to Harvard for four years will cost more than \$13,000, excluding transportation . . ."

"From the 1951-52 academic year to the 1963-64 period, the average annual cost of tuition, fees and room and board, at private American colleges increased from \$1,103 per student to \$2,049, a jump of 86%. Over the same span, the cost of attending a state and other public institutions rose from \$699 to \$1,044 a year for residents, a gain of almost 50%. The climb is certain to continue. The American Council on Education expects tuition at both private and public institutions to increase 50% in the next ten years."

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"You're in the Foreign Service today. Pick up your families and go ahead." And this was difficult for people. But many of them did, and many of them succeeded brilliantly.

Now, what is left in the Department? There are a great many jobs in the Department that perhaps were filled with Foreign Service officers that should have been filled with specialists; some jobs in research; some exotic economic jobs in E. There are jobs that you can think of that perhaps in the conduct of our foreign policy and the way this building operates would have been better had they not been disturbed by the Wriston program.

And so there are jobs today that don't relate in general to the qualities and qualifications and experience of Foreign Service officers. Those jobs at the present time in many, many instances are filled with FSRs on a ten-year maximum career.

What the Hays Bill would do would change the name, the label on those jobs, and call them Foreign Affairs officers and give them tenure, give them the same kind of tenure that Foreign Service officers have, tenure to fill their jobs as long as they are doing a good job, give them personal grade, make them subject to selection out, enable us to move them from position to position without reference to the Civil Service Act. This is the first group that would be affected.

The second group that we talk about is a smaller residuum of jobs in this building who are very similar to the Foreign Service, who are general officers, who have political and economic backgrounds and, except for their lack of desire or inability to serve abroad, would be exactly like you and I, Foreign Service officers. This group, too, would be given personal grades, would be subject to selection out, would be subject to reassignment within the Department as directed. They would be subject to serving abroad or they would be permitted to serve abroad if they desired. Now, I see this group, speaking very frankly, as a group that is exactly in a sense the same as the Foreign Service. This is a group of officers who by qualification, by type of job they are in, relate and equate almost exactly to Foreign Service jobs. We would look at this as being a diminishing group of people, a group that would diminish by attrition.

And from this group, or within this group, the jobs would fall more and more in the field of Foreign Service officers.

What we hope to have is a concept that this building is another post. It's a 114th post, or whatever the number is, for Foreign Service officers who will rotate in and out of here and all around the world in jobs that are very similar in quality and qualification. This will take time. We are not going to apply any pressure against civil servants who are occupying these kinds of jobs to get them out of the State Department, because we need them. We need them so long as they are here and so long as we can have Foreign Service officers who will fulfill their tasks.

The Hays Bill would have two other kinds of reserve officers—a Regular Reserve as we know it now, specialists who came in for a tour of two or three years' duty. Scientific Attachés are a very good example of the specialist who would be hired under the present reserve status.

There is another concept of specialists that we would use, and that is a specialist who would come in and go out and retain a reserve status and come back at some future date.

The Hays Bill also would provide selection out for the staff corps. I think this is an important and basic principle of the whole foreign affairs personnel system. But it would be a different kind of selection out than is applied to Foreign Service officers.

Many of us know, all of us know, that there are jobs in the Foreign Service that have to be done. There are jobs in the Foreign Service that ought to be done by people with deep professional expertise, budget and fiscal jobs, personnel jobs, consular jobs, some economic jobs, that ought to be done

by people who can stay in on a job for a long time. And we can see this, we conceive of this as being the Staff Corps. The Staff officers—not Staff Corps, but Staff officers, will be commissioned in the consular corps, in the diplomatic service, to do jobs that need to be done to keep our institutions running. They can stay in grade an unlimited time. The only qualification is that they do their jobs well.

Perhaps we should look wider afield than USIS and State in this business of a Foreign Affairs Service. We already have Commerce in the fold, and Labor in the fold, some of Interior, now USIA. It is not inconceivable that some day, perhaps AID should be in, or portions of AID.

But this is not now set. We have no plans for it. We have not really considered it in terms of how it might be brought about. But certainly it is a possibility, as any new activity that would grow up in the whole foreign affairs field might be a possibility. ■

Allo, Telefonistka!

by LEWIS A. HARLOW

WHAT kind, please, the number?"
"Allo, Telefonistka! For me how much it stands to ring Minsk?"

"It's a great pity. I am not telling you. For you it is necessary about this to question Intercity."

"Where? What? How? What kind? In truth, in what manner?"

"She is automatic. Hang the little pipe, right away remove her, and gather Number 58."

"Hang? . . . Remove? . . . Gather 58? . . . I understand. Much I thank."

"Please! It is nothing."

"Inter-city."

"Allo, Telefonistka! Ringing Minsk for me how much it follows?"

"Ringing somebody, the tariff is two of rouble. Ringing anybody, for which to you one rouble fifty of kopcks."

"Ringing, please, anybody by my daughter, Natasha Pavlovna Stepova, in the apartment on number three hundred eighty eight of Street Chaikovskovo third floor in the left."

"By you what kind the number?"

"By me number three thousand six hundred twenty five."

"Hang the little pipe, please, and I will ring you after not many of minutes."

"Allo!"

"Allo."

"Allo, Misha?"

"Misha."

"Is Mama at home?"

"Mama nyet."

"Is Papa at home?"

"Papa nyet. Papa is on the factory."

"What do you mean factory? What factory? What kind factory? Your papa is a doctor."

"My papa is a mechanic, and he is on the factory."

"Are you Misha Pavlovich?"

"I am Misha Ivanich, and for me there are six of summers, and I walk to school, and I live by Number 64 of Street Gorkovo second floor in the left."

". . . Allo, Telefonistka! Allo! Allo!"

"Inter-city."

"Allo, Telefonistka! For me the number Minskovo they rang not that."

"Not that?"



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"Not that! In truth . . . not that!"

"It's a great pity. What kind the number in Minsk?"

"The such number I don't know. They should ring, please by my daughter, Natasha Pavlovna Stepova, in the apartment on number three hundred eighty eight of Street Chaikovskovo third floor in the left."

"I will pass along. Hang, please, the little pipe, and I will ring you after not many of minutes."

"Allo."

"Allo."

"Misha Pavlovich?"

"Misha Pavlovich. Who rings?"

"Grandma rings. Is Mama at home?"

"Mama nyet."

"Papasha at home?"

"At home."

"Call Papa, Misha, that he should come near the telephone.

. . . Misha! The little pipe, Misha! Don't hang the little pipe!

. . . Allo-allo! . . . Misha! . . . Telefonistka!"

"What kind, please, the number?"

"Allo. Telefonistka! The number Minskovo they disunited."

"It's a great pity. For Minska, it is necessary to question Intercity. She is automatic. Hang, please, the little pipe, right away remove her, and gather Number 58." ■

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES RAMSEY, the president of International Affairs Associates, gathered material for "The Russian Nature," page 20, during many years of observing the Russian character at close range. He assumes an uncompromising stand on the necessity for our learning to understand and to live with the Soviet Union and its people.

"On Becoming a Kum," page 27, is the personal experience of EDWIN E. SEGALL, who entered the Foreign Service in 1949. First posted to Zagreb, Mr. Segall served at Stockholm and Bucharest before his assignment to Belgrade, where he is Deputy Chief of the Economic Section.

MURAT W. WILLIAMS, vice president of the American Foreign Service Association, served twice in El Salvador: First Secretary, 1947-49, and Ambassador, 1961-64. He has been in public service since 1939, when he was private secretary to Ambassador Alexander Weddell in Madrid. His article, "The Alliance for Progress," appears on page 25.

ANNE PENFIELD, wife of Ambassador James K. Penfield and eyewitness to "The Birth of an Island," page 34, writes that her visit to the island was well-timed since the lava flow has now changed its course, ruining the beach and destroying the landing field. Mrs. Penfield was a cultural officer with OWI in London and Belgrade in World War II and has since served with her Foreign Service husband in Prague, London, Vienna, Athens and now Reykjavik.

PETER S. BRIDGES, author of "This Is My Own, My Native Land," page 4, entered the Foreign Service in 1957 and has served in the Department, Panama, Germany and the USSR. He is now with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

ALICE ACHESON comes from a family of painters. Her grandfather, John Mix Stanley, was a well-known painter of Indians and the far West, and her mother, Jane C. Stanley, was an able and vigorous water-colorist. Mrs. Acheson studied at Wellesley, the School of Fine Arts and Design, Boston, the Corcoran School of Art and the Phillips Gallery School. She has painted in Washington, Portugal, Italy, Greece, the Canadian Rockies and the Caribbean. Her pictures have been widely exhibited.

AFSA: MINUTES

April 16: Ambassador Murat Williams gave an account of the meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, where the Association was represented by Mr. Williams and Ambassador C. Allan Stewart. Mr. Williams wondered if, at future meetings, it might not be desirable to have an AFSA representative give one of the speeches. He also reported that the Committee on the Memorial Plaque has decided that there should be no changes in the nature or spirit of the Plaque and the principles and criteria established by the 1946 committee should be followed.

Ambassador Samuel Berger reported on the meeting of the Committee on the Symposium. There are to be six topics for discussion, with the six speakers all to be active officers. Two commentators for each topic will be arranged.

A revision of the by-laws to provide for a two-year tenure for the officers of the Association was approved and the Legal Committee will prepare such a revision to be submitted to the General Meeting.

(Continued from page 2)

LEE. Muna Lee, Cultural Coordinator, Office of Public Affairs, Bureau of Inter-American Affairs, until her retirement in February, died on April 3, in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Miss Lee was a noted poet and author of four books and co-author of five mystery novels. She had served in the Department of State for 23 years.

McKELVEY. Delano McKelvey, FSO-retired, died on April 13, in Monterrey, Mexico. Mr. McKelvey entered the Foreign Service in 1939 and retired in 1962. His posts were Toronto, Vigo, Sydney, Adelaide, Canberra, Mukden, Niagara Falls, Monterrey, Department and Lima where he was assigned as Second Secretary-Consul at the time of his retirement.

MEADOWS. Nathan R. Meadows, FSR-retired, died on August 29, 1964 in Montana, Switzerland. Mr. Meadows entered the Foreign Service in 1917 and retired in 1962. His posts were Bern, Geneva, Praha, Belgrade, Department, Wellington, and Luxembourg where he was assigned as First Secretary-Consul at the time of his retirement.

MENDENHALL. Tita Mendenhall, FSS, died on April 20, in Alps Maritimes, France. Miss Mendenhall entered the Foreign Service in 1945. She was assigned to Paris in 1946 and continued to serve at the Embassy, Paris, until her death.

MURRAY. Wallace Smith Murray, former Ambassador to Iran, died on April 26, in Washington. He attended Wittenberg College, Harvard, Columbia and the Sorbonne. He became a teacher of French and German in Ohio and joined the Foreign Service in 1920. He served in Budapest, Tehran, the Department, and then as Ambassador to Iran, retiring from that post in 1946. Mr. Murray also served in World War I as a first lieutenant in the Rainbow Division.

MURROW. Edward R. Murrow, former Director of the United States Information Agency, died on April 27, in Pawling, New York. See editorial, page 31.

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(Continued from page 26)

which loans have been put illustrates concrete achievement in helping a nation to replace with a modern structure a predominantly plantation society.

The moral encouragement we offered came first from the ringing words from the White House that put us on the side of change: the speeches and declarations that broke our traditional identification in the public mind with conservative or even reactionary forces in Central America. A government that set out on a course of reform could expect our applause and support.

Our position was not pleasing to all. Some representatives of the old order did not conceal their annoyance with our Embassy. When a change of "identification" commenced to be felt, we were the ones on the spot—the representatives of a Government in Washington that plainly supported the new movements in Latin America. Try as we would to keep within the limits of respectful conduct, many representatives of the old order chose to think that we were actively and directly seeking their downfall.

It was, of course, false to say that we had put ourselves in conflict with successful and hitherto dominant families. Any one interested in progress and familiar with the success of agriculture and trade in these countries would know better than to fight those who have done so much for production and commerce. If the passing of the old order and of reactionary interests has been spelled, it has not been by United States conflict with these interests so much as by the forces of time and of progress itself.

Newspaper writers did give very much attention to those whom they called the "oligarchs," but it was not for us to join in their comments. We could keep absolutely silent about them and yet see the dominance of the very few fade away. Their dominance passed not with direct action, as in the French Revolution, but as a result of evolutionary forces that arise with new and independent economic factors. An industrial society was producing new economic figures. New banking resources and methods were releasing farmers and merchants from traditional dependence on the great capitalists, who long had dominated credit and banking. Slowly it was obvious to the most conservative that large fortunes reposing in foreign banks might give a sense of wealth and status, but fortunes cached abroad were not nearly so powerful as capital that could be put to work at home. Thanks to the conciliatory and moderate program put into effect by President Rivera, confidence has been restored even while essential reforms have been put into effect.

Economic and social changes, economic and social progress have been followed by political changes. With prosperity and the strengthened hope that comes when aspirations begin to be fulfilled, there emerges a new political atmosphere. There has been in El Salvador a new feeling that the nation's ambitions could be achieved by democratic political processes. There has been stability in the sense that the politically ambitious can turn to the polls and to the national legislature to achieve their purposes, rather than overturn the tables in an new "golpe de estado." Early in 1964, the moderate, conciliatory and progressive leadership of the astute President Julio Rivera brought the country through a period of elections that were widely acclaimed by Salvadorans as honest both in the counting of votes and in the conditions under which the votes were cast. Three parties (two opposition) are represented in the legislature. There they are discussing the country's next steps on the road to progress. In them the country places its hopes and from them expects laws to help solve the formidable problems that yet remain. There may be setbacks, but at this point the little Republic offers an example of how hopes embodied in the Alliance for Progress can be realized. ■

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(Continued from page 35)

off the southwest coast, we could see a towering column of steam, snow-white against a vivid blue sky, its edges tipped with gold by a sun which never gets very high above the horizon at that time of year. As we got nearer, we could see the huge black and white columns, for there were two separate craters blowing at that time. Coal-black tephra seemed to spring lazily from the sea, if one can spring in such a manner, slowly rising to an immense height and opening out like a flower, the black edges curling into the snow-white steam, looking for all the world like a black chrysanthemum whose white-tipped petals unfolded in slow motion, like a blossom in a Walt Disney film. The great gusts of snowy steam kept billowing upward, mingling with the coal-black tephra, to produce a fantastic futuristic painting of black and white against an enamel-green sea. For some odd reason, the eruption seemed to have gathered all the violence within itself and thus to have calmed the sea around it, so that it looked oily and smooth, a perfect setting for the black and white drama of the eruption. There was no flame to be seen at that time, and the lava lost its glow coming up through the ocean.

At this early stage, we could see no sign of land as the steam modestly shrouded the birth pangs attending the new baby. But a few weeks later when we went out again, this time by boat, we were able to sail around a perimeter of black sand and crushed lava, which had grown to considerable proportions. As the lava was forced through the water, it exploded into the tiny particles geologists call tephra, and for a while, they were fearful that if the eruption stopped then, the island would quickly be eroded by wind and sea and simply disappear. This would have been a sad blow, not only to the scientists, panting with eagerness to examine the development of a newly created bit of the world, but also to any nationalistic Iclander who could see an addition to his beloved country appearing before his eyes without the slightest expenditure of either blood or treasure. With time, however, the volcano built itself up to such proportions that the lava no longer had any contact with the water, and thus came out in molten, fiery form which hardened into black rock, impervious to the corrosive effects of wind and wave.

The artistic efforts of the volcano were even more colorful the second time round than the first. Though the lava and steam continued to make their fantastic patterns on the cool, green sea, something new had been added. The tephra, now partially freed from the chilling effects of the water, showed up glowing and incandescent when it fell back on the black sides of the island. This sombre background was a perfect foil for the live lava which descended in gleaming spurts of brilliant color, like jewels spilling down a black velvet hanging. Another strange facet of this amazing phenomenon was the silence of it all. The tremendous force which hurled great streams of molten rock hundreds of feet into the air, made hardly any noise, beyond the soft plopping of the lava as it fell on the island or into the sea. Oddly enough, that made it seem even more terrifying, particularly when we were on the water watching those enormous jets towering way up above us.

When it became evident that the busy volcano was going to keep on huffing and puffing for a long time, interest in seeing this extraordinary sight began to flag. With man's infinite capacity to get bored looking at the most astonishing spectacles for any length of time, the growth of this lusty baby island began to be taken for granted. Bulletins on the infant's progress would appear from time to time in the local papers and foreign scientists would arrive to make learned pronouncements on the care and feeding of growing islands, but I'm afraid we all began to be smugly complacent about our new geographical addition.

There was a great flurry of excitement in December when three French photographers from MATCH magazine scrambled

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ashore and planted a French flag on the black heath along with a larger pennant bearing the noble legend "Paris Match" in large, eye-catching letters. This was a very daring feat on the part of the French lads for the island was still dominated by the eruptions, with a constant stream of lava and violent explosions raining red hot rocks of considerable size down on all sides. They only stayed fifteen minutes and were lucky to have escaped injury.

This foolhardy jaunt really shook the Icelanders who hadn't even christened their little one yet. Names are very important in Iceland and no one may be christened here, even a foreigner, unless he is given an Icelandic name. An immediate convocation of the Place Name Committee was called and after much argument, the name of Surtsey was chosen, after the giant Surtur. This heroic black figure of old Icelandic mythology is reputed to have come from the South with fire to fight the old Norse god Freyr, a battle which was supposed to announce the end of the world, a sort of Norse Niebelung. The decision was not received with unalloyed pleasure by all and sundry for the people of the Westman Islands took great exception to it. As the Westman Islands are the nearest land to Surtsey, the islanders have a very possessive feeling toward it and manifested their displeasure by going over one day and planting a flag on it bearing the name Vestrey, or West Island, which would have firmly associated it with them. Surtur obviously didn't approve of this at all for a violent explosion immediately ensued, and the Westman Islanders fled for their lives while their flag went up in smoke. There were no further arguments on the name, and it is now officially known as Surtsey.



Icelandic scientists, Dr. Paul Bauer of Washington, and Ambassador and Mrs. Penfield land on Surtsey, in February.

I'm afraid we were as blasé as everyone else. After a few more exploratory flights to see how our friend was progressing, we thought no more about it, and over a year went by without so much as a glance from us. In January of this year, however, an American scientist arrived to make further studies of the island and very kindly asked us if we would like to go along and really explore Surtsey, which had now grown to such a respectable size that a two-engined plane could land on it and fears of a tourist influx were rampant.

We assembled at the airport at nine thirty one morning, a group of scientists with their various instruments, all panting to get there and exercise their learning, and the pilot, a very famous man around here, who is head of the Emergency Rescue Service. He has done some spectacular flying, picking up ill people in some of the more outlandish places in this extraordinary country. The plane was a fat, two-engined affair which had belonged to the Shah of Persia who is said to have used it for hunting, as it can land and take off in a very short space. It was a lovely clear day. We reached Surtsey in about an hour and landed on the broad, sea-smoothed beach with no trouble at all. As we hopped out of the plane, you would have thought we were in a normal bit of country, with the fine beach, the steep, cone-shaped hills and even a lake, one of the extinct craters, which had obligingly filled itself up with water, to add to the scenery. A lazy plume of smoke floating up behind the hills was the only sign that one was standing on a very active volcano. It gave me the strangest feeling to be walking on a very solid piece of terra firma which hadn't even been a twinkle in the Creator's eye

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fifteen months before. Now it had some elegant scenery and even a few seals, warming themselves near the lava, and all quite untouched by human hands. In fact, it is so sterile and germ free that nothing has yet started to grow but doubtless man will take care of that and we'll spread germs thick and fast, with the cooperation of birds, seals, dead fish.

All the scientists scurried off in different directions with their assorted instruments while we started walking down the beach with Iceland's leading volcanologist who explained the various weird formations to us. As we got around to the west side of the island, we began to see new lava, which at first sight looked quite like the old stuff we see so much of around here, except that it was smoking in a few places. We approached it very gingerly but found it quite cold to the touch, although every now and then you would get a puff of hot air in your face, most disquieting. It turned out that the lava was moving so slowly it cooled off on top and got hard so you could walk on it but it was still quite hot underneath. As you were never quite sure how far down the cooling process had gone, walking over it gave you a rather uncertain feeling. At one point it got a bit too warm so we went down onto the beach and were walking along, looking up at the tumbled lava which had formed some quite sizable cliffs before it stopped, when we saw a most astounding sight. A piece of gray lava, which looked quite dead, suddenly began to move and out from under it came what looked at first like a red boil. The boil swelled and grew larger and larger until it burst and down onto the ledge below plopped a large glob of red-hot molten rock. While we watched, the flow grew steadily more regular until there was a handsome glowing scarlet lava fall enlivening the landscape. It was absolutely terrifying in its slow, steady, inexorable movement, for you couldn't see the source of the force which propelled it. It moved so ponderously that any obstacle in its way, from something small to something huge, could momentarily halt it, but slowly but surely it would be overwhelmed and on the red hot mass would go. I couldn't help imagining what it would have been like on the mainland, with one's own house in the way, not a pleasing thought.

Further along the beach the streams of lava were flowing directly into the sea and the encounter was apparently baffling to the waves. They would rush madly onto the molten rock, determined to put it out and would apparently succeed for a moment, as the glowing stuff would disappear under the water with a fearsome hiss of steam. When the wave receded, however, there the lava would be, glowing just as brightly as before. It was fascinating to watch the battle between the two elements, the water and the flame, and oddly enough it was always the flame which won. No matter how often the waves put it out, there was always more of it, red and sizzling, waiting to thwart the water. The effect was amazing for as the waves broke over the lava, it would glow with a scarlet brilliance under the water, until it momentarily went out with an angry hiss.

After watching this astonishing side show for awhile, we started back across the lava toward the crater. Though fascinating, this was not a wholly pleasurable walk from my point of view and I heaved a sigh of relief when we reached the base of the mountain which contained the volcano. We moved with great care for we would suddenly discover that the apparently solid bit of lava on which we were about to step was moving, undulating along like a giant boa constrictor. The scaly gray lava would break open every now and then and we could see the glowing mass beneath it, slowly pushing its way down to the sea. The lava we were able to traverse had solidified into the most incredible series



Surtsey, in November, 1963

of swirls, swoops, ropes, braids, every form a slow-moving thick liquid could harden into. Every now and then heavy puffs of hot air blew into our faces from the ground beneath us, like the snorts of a peevish dragon.

We eventually reached the mountain, or more accurately a very steep hill formed of lava dust which had settled into a strange rather sandy substance, great fun to slide down but very slippery to go up. The geologists say that these lava dust formations will erode and will probably eventually disappear, leaving only the solid lava, so in time the shape of the island will alter considerably. This seems a shame, for those black, sandy hills are very striking. When we got to the top we found that the volcano had formed two craters, an outer one filled with still warm but traversable lava (though the jets of steam rising all around induced considerable caution) and a high, circular inner wall, with a crenelated top of jagged spikes, which looked for all the world like a Gulf fortification. We circled round the base of this wall and finally found a place where we could scramble up. This was quite a job as it was very steep and slidy. When we finally did get up and peered over the edge, what a sight met our eyes! The immediate foreground was a flattish section of lava, covered with sulphur deposits which ranged in color from acid yellow through green, orange, red, down to a deep purple. Then there was the inner keep, so to speak, built by the volcano for its own protection but it had tactfully not completed it. It was still open on the side facing us so we could see the old girl (all volcanoes are feminine in Iceland but I should really say, young girl), bubbling and roaring away like some violently storm-tossed scarlet lake. She constantly heaved and plunged but every now and then there was a terrific explosion and the glowing waves were tossed high against

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the coal-black crater walls. The lava had the apparent consistency of thick syrup, so streaks of it would stick to the crater sides, tracing weird glowing designs on the sombre background that would have done honor to Picasso. At one point, a huge piece of the crater wall fell off into the boiling sea, leaving a great bleeding wound in the crater's side.

Going back was fun for we could hop almost straight down the steep hills because of the sand pile consistency of the lava dust. When we got back to the plane we found our pals, all busily comparing notes on their scientific experiments. After looking at that mass of heat, which one of the scientists told us was over 1100 degrees centigrade, it seemed incredible to look across the bay and see Vatnajökull, the largest glacier in Europe, sparkling cold and white in the sunshine. This is indeed a land of fire and ice for only that morning we had read in the paper of the advance of "the white fleet of the Arctic" as the dreadde pack ice is called up here. These masses of floe ice move down from the eternally frozen Arctic and if the winds and currents are right they can be blown into the numberless ports and fjords of Iceland, bringing untold difficulties in their wake. The ice will block the ports thus preventing any fishing, disrupting communications and paralyzing the life and work of the people. As fishing is the mainstay of Icelandic life, the arrival of the pack ice is always viewed with alarm and down through the ages the sight of the "white fleet" has sent a shiver of fear throughout the country. The ravaging depredations of man have never harmed this country but nature, through the fire of her volcanoes and the cold of her ice, has brought great suffering to this gallant people.

I was startled out of my ruminations on the wonders of this land by a firm call from the pilot, and shortly afterward we were flying back above the island. As we circled over the crater and looked down at the seething mass of relentless activity, we wondered how much longer it would go on working and how much larger it would make the island. In its big growth period, the first four and a half months of its life, starting from the ocean bottom more than 425 feet below the surface, it built up a piece of real estate over a mile long (almost a square mile in area) with a high point 570 feet above sea level. One wonders how long it would have taken how many of man's most mammoth earth-moving contraptions to do the job! It is perhaps salutary, in this day and age of man-made wonders, to realize that when Mother Nature puts her mind to it, she can really produce marvels we cannot emulate. ■

OUR ENGLISH COUSIN

The Post Office is a very compact, and very beautiful building. In one of the departments, among a collection of rare and curious articles, are deposited the presents which have been made from time to time to the American ambassadors at foreign courts by the various potentates to whom they were the accredited agents of the Republic: gifts which by the law they are not permitted to retain. I confess that I looked upon this as a very painful exhibition, and one by no means flattering to the national standard of honesty and honor. That can scarcely be a high state of moral feeling which imagines a gentleman of repute and station, likely to be corrupted, in the discharge of his duty, by the present of a snuff-box, or a richly-mounted sword, or an Eastern shawl; and surely the Nation who reposes confidence in her appointed servants, is likely to be better served, than she who makes them the subject of such very mean and paltry suspicions.—AMERICAN NOTES, by Charles Dickens. (Contributed by Marshall Swan)

BEHIND THE SHUTTER

FANTASY, DISTORTION AND WEIRDNESS are prime subjects for the camera. They exist everywhere. It needs only the seeing eye, plus technical knowledge, to record them.

by PAUL CHILD

Petite Place, Avallon



Rhine Flood



Three Views of the Face in the Cliffs, Les Baux



LETTERS to the EDITOR

What Are the Other 133?

ONE of the great joys of retirement I have discovered—it is actually 134 in my list of discoveries—is this: when I get engrossed in a mystery story, say a juicy Ngaio Marsh or Patricia Wentworth, I am no longer obliged to lay it down in the middle and climb into bed (for dread of having to attend a conference or something on too little sleep). I can read as late as I want and sleep as long as I wish in the morning.

KENNETH PURDOM
Red Wing, Minnesota

Path of Virtue

CONGRATULATIONS to all those in Washington responsible for the new comprehensive regulation on the sale of automobiles and comparable items overseas!

What a pity that the regulation did not come out twenty years ago! If it had, we all would have been saved innumerable morale problems, and the United States would have been saved a lot of damage to its prestige.

Which brings up a question which should trouble all members of the Foreign Service Association who would like this organization to represent in a meaningful way the best that is in us. Why hasn't this Association long ago proposed just such a regulation? Why hasn't this Association been arguing for it over the years? Perhaps if we can answer this question honestly we can better be able to improve our Association and make it more meaningful in the future.

JOHN W. BOWLING
Dacca, East Pakistan

Talents Under Challenge

PLEASE find enclosed the business card of Richards, Richards and Montgomery. This is sent to you in view of the interest aroused by Mr. Donovan's Article, "Towards Full Mechanization of the Promotion Process," in the April issue of the Foreign Service JOURNAL, which was read with mounting skepticism—a skepticism, however, that was assuaged by the Editor's Note which

identified the fanciful character of the article.

No one can mechanize human judgment. Extrapolations can aid it but not substitute for it. Performance is not thus predictable—under stress it is often greater than any extrapolation might indicate. An example is Abraham Lincoln. His talents developed under challenge. This could not have been predicted by any robot system. "Mechanism" and "Promotion Process" are terms at either end of the electronic processing spectrum. The Editor's Note gives emphasis to this fact of life.

The Department, the note adds, has never consulted any experts on the mechanization of its promotion process. The wisdom of the Department's Administration is evident. R R & M would not accept such an assignment as described by Mr. Donovan's article. We are a small firm giving only Personalized Professional Services whereby the practical manipulative work is performed by the client's own staff who thus are trained to take over the electronic system with no break in continuity. We supplement, never supplant.

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Keeping the Dollars at Home

I WOULD like to commend those American companies which make a special effort to get the business of Foreign Service personnel by advertising in the JOURNAL and offering not only discounts but special services to personnel overseas. It seems to me that this is good business for the companies, a help to our budgets and a means of keeping dollars at home.

Unfortunately there are not enough such companies. It is discouraging to find organizations in the US which not only do not try to attract our patronage but either want to charge extra fees or firmly reject orders using the excuse that it isn't worth the bother of preparing shipments for mailing via the diplomatic pouch. (My most recent experience with this has been with a record and tape club.)

In view of the strenuous efforts made by European and Asian mail order houses to solicit our trade it seems to me that this is a field the Department of Commerce might want to look into with your assistance as a small but useful part of the balance of payments problem.

JAMES J. HALSEMA
Cairo

What George Bernard Shaw Laughed into the Street

YOUR editorial (Population Problems and Foreign Policy) brings to full circle the dogma once considered respectable during the parliamentary career of William Pitt and later laughed into the street of ridicule by George Bernard Shaw.

We are now enjoying (or not enjoying, depending on whose goose is being cooked) a revival of the doctrine that self improvement and salvation for the poor can come through a reduction in their rate of reproduction. The establishment of the National Accounts have made this a self-evident proposition: reducing the number of heads means a rise in income per head.

As with self-evident statements, this one is dangerous as well as specious: to apply the proposition to a hand threshing village makes it ridiculous. Birth control techniques, either of the mechanical or chemical varieties are a product of the electric light and innerspring mattress society. The thatched roof village needs not fewer midwives but more electric generators and light bulbs. (The Japanese example only proves the point.)

The spawning of bastard Malthusian progeny whether done in the darkness of Foggy Bottom or in the well lit offices of Planning Commissions only leads to errors of mistaken identity as to the basic causes of stagnation and economic backwardness.

I do sympathize however with the planner's problem. The eradication of poverty would be more amenable to our efforts if there were not so many of the poor.

In this matter, as in all others, realization cuts both ways. The prospect of going before Congress to justify a supplemental appropriation for more grain storage bins and another acreage control referendum could only make Secretary Freeman quiver at the thought. I leave to your imagination his reaction to a United Nations report of a substantial decline in world population growth rates.

EDWARD J. KROWITZ
Albany, California

For Free Competition

A MID the controversy generated by the Department's efforts to eliminate profiteering by Foreign Service personnel, announced in the article "Personal Property Sales Abroad are Curbed" in the March NEWS LETTER, one point has been overlooked. The article stated "automobiles . . . (of Foreign Service employees) should be unostentatious in appearance." If the Department

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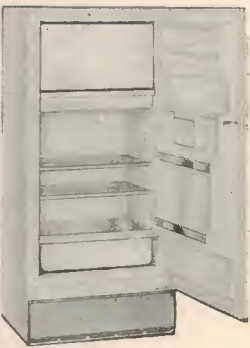
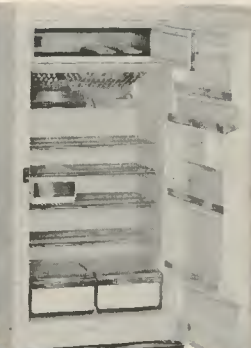
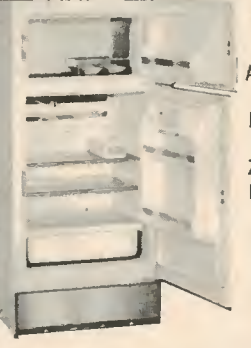


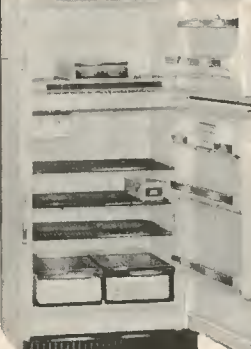
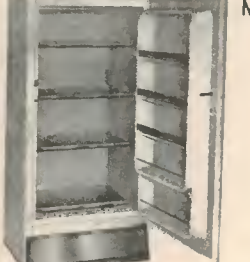
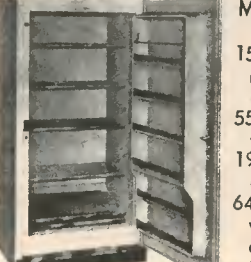
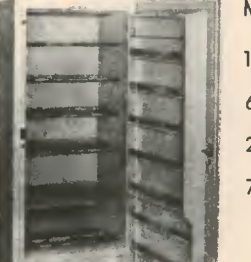
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wishes to fully carry out this intention, it should begin by eliminating present regulations which discriminate against foreign-made vehicles.

In comparison with the majority of foreign cars, almost all American automobiles are ostentatious, by their size, if nothing else. This is especially notable in countries such as Italy, where the tax system limits the purchase of US automobiles to the rich or the tax-exempt. In fact, a desire for ostentation is the most common reason for buying an American car there, particularly considering the attendant difficulties, i.e., sparse and unreliable service, high cost and long waiting for spare parts, not to mention the high price of gasoline.

The restriction against shipment of foreign vehicles was understood to be primarily an effort to improve our balance of payments situation. If this be true, it has failed miserably. Neither the actual amount of money involved nor the example set has had any noticeable effect on our balance of payments. The reaction of foreigners is often a private chuckle at our attempts to be 100 per cent American, right down to our cars, rather than using the automobile most suited to the post, be it American or otherwise.

The above applies equally well to official vehicles as to private cars. To meet the opposition of congressional and business leaders to the purchase of foreign products with official funds, the Department might expand its buying to include only vehicles made by American-owned or *controlled* firms. Ostentatious automobiles could be replaced with cars such as the Opel, Simeca, Taunus and English Ford where these are more appropriate for the country involved.

This would also result in substantial dollar savings by lowering maintenance and running costs. An experienced administrative specialist in Italy has estimated, e.g., that the savings realized by replacing one standard Ford sedan with a Simeca 1000 would pay the entire costs of the Simeca.

The cliché that "a government representative abroad ought to drive an American car" implies the false assumptions that our automobiles somehow exemplify the principles we stand for, and we ought to be 100 percent American. These make no more sense than the classic picture of the colonial civil servant in evening dress in the tropics. A return to the free competitive choice of an automobile would be much more in accord with our values.

DOUGLAS J. HARWOOD

Washington

Sex and the Single Mind

WELL, as has been observed, no matter what they say about you, it's better than saying nothing. So we at the Henry George School (named after the great single taxer) were pleasantly shocked to see the headline, "Sex and the Single Tax," in your April issue.

It may interest you to know that this line of inquiry has already been pursued. Osear Geiger, founder of the Henry George School, wrote a paper on "The Sex Problem and its Solution" in which the single tax came in for more than passing reference. I am sending you herein a copy of a book about Geiger. His paper may be found on page 85.

ROBERT CLANCY
Director

Henry George School of
Social Science
New York

(Editor's Note: Mr. Geiger's paper was prefaced by the following remarks: This paper was originally prepared as a lecture (circa 1931) for a meeting of the Sunrise Club, a New York group of literati. Geiger used to speak there occasionally, and it seems that the Club finally demanded that he talk on something other than the single tax—something more "sophisticated." When he announced a talk on the sex problem they were pleased—until they learned, upon his delivering it, that it was only another single tax talk!)

MR. NADLER's intriguing title, "Sex and the Single Tax," in the April issue, recalled the name of the famous US economist who developed the Theory of the Single Tax—Henry George. About the turn of the century, his name was well known throughout the land. He was born in 1839 and died in 1897. His "Progress and Poverty" was published in 1879.

The Single Tax was the economic system by which all revenue is raised by a tax on land.

As for the sex part of Mr. Nadler's title—I pass.

Denver

J.B.S.

Memory of Good Deeds

THE JOURNAL's "25 Years Ago" is of absorbing interest to all generations of FSOs. It becomes even more fascinating as one moves inexorably towards senior status and begins to recall and even to have participated in some of the incidents that are reported.

In the case of Mrs. Alexander W. Weddell's gifts of prosthetic devices, tobacco, etc., to hospitalized Spanish veterans, and of soap, blankets, and clothing to surviving American prisoners of war that we were looking for and repatriating, I of course remembered the activities in question, but had forgotten reporting them to the JOURNAL. Mrs. Weddell was indeed a great lady. Her thoughtful gifts brought a few absolute essentials, and some measure of comfort, to a sizable number of Spaniards and to Americans who up to that point had subsisted on little else but hope—and courage.

Spain, in the summer of 1939 after the civil war and during the war years that followed, suffered a prolonged food shortage. Fields were strewn with unexploded shells, agricultural implements and fertilizers were lacking, and the war-torn economy was strained even further by a virtual cessation of imports. All of these factors served to retard most grievously the restoration of Spain's pre-war food production capacity. Such simple things as the lack of grease to prevent harness from splitting and falling apart further complicated the problem. This was the setting and the article certainly brings back the memory of Mrs. Weddell's great and thoughtful generosity.

EARL T. CRAIN
American Consul General

Milan



Oh well, this is what we get 5% for.

The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE INSURANCE YEAR ENDED FEBRUARY 28, 1965

I. OPERATIONS

	As of March 1,		
	1963	1964	1965
Members carrying Group Life	2650	2741	2878
Group Life in force (Exclusive of Reversionary)	\$46,722,900	\$49,734,950	\$52,310,650
Enrolled in Foreign Service Benefit Plan	7303	7545	7796
Claims paid during year:			
Group Life, Number	23	17	10
Amount	\$304,250	\$210,250	\$173,875
Family Coverage, Number	12	7	7
Amount	\$10,200	\$6,200	\$6,100
Accidental Death, Number	2	1	0
Amount	\$35,000	\$17,500	—
Foreign Service Benefit Plan	\$454,808.78	\$607,734.43	\$704,682.01

II. NEW BENEFITS ADDED DURING YEAR

1. An increase of 20% in benefits paid for Group Life claims arising from deaths during the period March 1, 1965 to February 28, 1966 without increase in premium (does not apply to AD&D, Additional Insurance or Family Coverage).
2. Further increases in benefits and maintenance of rates under the Foreign Service Benefit Plan, see Civil Service Brochure BRI 46-61 revised November 1, 1964.

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