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AUGUST 1965
60 CENTS



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For subscriptions to the JOURNAL, one year (12 issues), \$6.00; two years, \$10.00. For subscriptions going abroad, except countries in the Western hemisphere, add \$1.00 annually for overseas postage.

The Foreign Service JOURNAL is the professional journal of the American Foreign Service and is published by the American Foreign Service Association, a non-profit private organization. Material appearing herein represents the opinions of the writers and is not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, the United States Information Agency, the Agency for International Development or the Foreign Service as a whole.

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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.

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

© American Foreign Service Association, 1965. The Foreign Service Journal is published monthly (rates: \$6.00 a year, 60 cents a copy), by the American Foreign Service Association, 815-17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C., 20006.

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

Marriages

CALLOWAY-WHITELOCK. Nina Lou Calloway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth W. Calloway, was married to Robert Myron Whitelock, on June 26, in Bethesda, Maryland.

EDDY-CARROLL. Gretchen Hart Eddy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Eddy, was married to Robert J. Carroll, on September 12, 1964, at Storrs, Connecticut. Mr. Eddy, FSO-retired, is Director of Administration and External Relations of the Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Administration in London.

JERABEK-BIERLMAIER. Lois Bren Jerahek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milan W. Jerabek, was married to Hans August Bierlmaier, on June 19, in Kensington, Maryland. Mr. Jerahek is now Information Specialist, Bureau of European Affairs.

KINGMAN-EDDY. Mary Martha Kingman married Sherman Eaton Eddy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Eddy, on January 30, in Omaha, Nebraska. The newlyweds have been accepted for training for the Peace Corps and will train at Baylor University and in Puerto Rico.

HIGGINS-STRUMPEN-DARRIE. Anne Marie Higgins, daughter of Mrs. Herbert Newton Higgins and the late Mr. Higgins, was married to Michael Strumpen-Darrie, on June 5, in South Strafford, Vermont.

VALE-MEEKINS. Emma Katherine Meekins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Webster Meekins, was married to Robert Andre Vale, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith Vale, on June 5, in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

WASHBURN-ROLLE. Sharon Lee Washburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barr V. Washburn, was married to Carl Frederick Rolle, on June 19, in Kensington, Maryland. Mr. Washburn is Consul General in Rotterdam.

WILSON-BROWN. Leila Fosburgh Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evan M. Wilson, was married to Frederick Storm Brown, on June 26, in Washington, D.C. Mr. Wilson is Consul General in Jerusalem.

Births

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

BURLINGHAM. Twin daughters, Gillian and Kathryn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Burlingham, on May 16, in Bangkok.

BUSHNELL. A son, Mark Alden, born to Mr. and Mrs. John Bushnell, on March 5, in Santo Domingo.

ESTES. A daughter, Jane Fullerton, born November 10, 1964, adopted by Ambassador and Mrs. Thomas S. Estes, who are presently assigned to Ouagadougou.

HAWLEY. A daughter, Martha Lynne, born to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Hawley, III, on June 6 in Guatemala City.

JONES. A son, Michael Andrew, born to Mr. and Mrs. George Fleming Jones, on June 11, in Caracas.

MCLAUGHLIN. A son, Stephen David, born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. McLaughlin, on April 15, in Tel Aviv.

TUMMINIA. A son, Peter Francis, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tumminia, on April 18, in Hong Kong. Mr. Tumminia is now assigned to the Department.

Deaths

BURGER. Roy E. Burger, Foreign Service Staff officer, retired, died on June 20, in Gainesville, Georgia. Mr. Burger was with the Department of Labor and the Office of War Information in Italy prior to entering the Foreign Service in 1946. He retired in 1958. He served in the Department as Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Administration, then Administration Specialist and was assigned to Brussels in 1953, returning to the Department

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in 1956, where he was assigned at the time of his retirement.

DE MARTIN. Dennis C. De Martin of AID's African Division died on June 7, in Johannesburg. Mr. De Martin had been with AID and its predecessor agencies since 1958 and had been stationed in Lahore, La Paz and Tripoli. He was in South Africa on an official visit.

FORNEY. Brigadier General Edward H. Forney, USMC-retired, died on January 20, at Letterman Hospital, San Francisco. General Forney retired from the Marine Corps in 1959 and joined the Foreign Service Reserve, serving as public safety adviser for AID at Saigon until July of 1964.

GIBSON. Raleigh A. Gibson, FSO-retired, died on June 14, in Mexico City. Mr. Gibson entered the Foreign Service in 1920 and retired in 1954. He served at Buenos Aires, Tenerife, Guadalajara, Tegucigalpa, Department, Mexico City, San Jose, Salonika, Jerusalem, Lahore and Manila where he was First Secretary and Consul General when he retired. At the time of his death he was assistant to the vice president and general manager of American Airlines in Mexico City.

HART. Lynne Kiene Hart, wife of FSO Samuel F. Hart, was killed on June 25, in an automobile accident southeast of Kuala Lumpur. The posts at which the Harts served are Montevideo, Djakarta and Kuala Lumpur where Mr. Hart is assigned as Second Secretary, Consul, Political Officer. Memorial contributions are being received for the American Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund.

HORN. Thomas S. Horn, FSO-retired, died on June 7, in

San Francisco. Mr. Horn entered the Foreign Service in 1922 and retired in 1947. He served at Kingston, Tampico, Salina Cruz, Saltillo, La Paz, Antofagasta, Asuneion, Barcelona, Rotterdam, Wellington, Suva, Manila and Tokyo, where he was assigned to the office of the U.S. Political Adviser to the Supreme Commander for Allied Powers at the time of his retirement.

KELCHNER. Warren Kelehner died on June 9, in Sarasota, Florida. Mr. Kelehner entered the Foreign Service in 1929 and served at Port-au-Prince until 1931 when he resigned to enter the Department of State. He served in the Division of International Conferences from 1931 to 1952 when he retired as Chief of the Division.

LAMPRECHT. Andrée Patin Lamprecht, wife of Reinhard W. Lamprecht, retired Foreign Service Staff Officer, died on May 15, in Sainte Dresse, Seine Marne (Le Havre), France.

MAULE. Andrea Lise Maule, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Maule, died recently. A memorial fund has been established at St. Vincent's School for Handicapped Children, Port-au-Prince. Mr. Maule is Counselor of Embassy at Port-au-Prince.

RANSLOW. George E. Ranslow, FSO, died on June 15, in Pretoria. Mr. Ranslow entered the Foreign Service in 1951. He served at Frankfurt, Bonn, Belgrade, Madras, the Department and Pretoria where he was assigned as Administrative Officer.

WALTZ. John W. Waltz, FSO, died on June 6, at Baghdad, following an operation. Mr. Waltz joined the Foreign Service in 1951. He served at Alexandria, Cairo and the Department before his assignment to Baghdad in 1963.



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COCKTAIL PARTY

by VICTORIA DENNIS

TIME: *Saturday morning.*

SCENE: *The D's living room Someplace Overseas.*

Darling, will you look over this list for the party on the 14th? It's just some names I've jotted down and, of course, I expect you to change it a little—but we must decide and otherwise the invitations will be too—

Shhh. I'm listening to the news. Leave it here—in a minute.

TIME: *Sunday night, 11:30 pm.*

SCENE: *The D's bedroom. Mrs. D is asleep with her glasses on her nose and her book on her lap. Mr. D has just listened to the last news broadcast.*

OK. Let's get to that party list. Oh, sorry, did I wake you? Mmmmm.

My God (*glancing down the paper*). There must be 150 names here—but, we agreed on not more than 50 people—a SMALL party. We've said over and over again everyone hates the big ones—

Yes, but we absolutely *have* to have all of those—I don't see how we could eliminate one. I've tried and tried.

Well, for instance, who are the Q's?

You remember the Q's. We met them at the Japanese National Day—so nice and she admired my dress and he was charming.

OUT. And what are the C's and the R's doing here? We've had them the last two or three times.

But, I like the C's and the R's. They're nice and they're our friends.

I don't think you quite understand about Foreign Service cocktail parties. "Nice" and "like" have nothing to do with it. *Especially* if they are Americans. Out. For God's sake—who is Miss Amanda Slade?

Well, she's that rather small little woman and doesn't get invited anywhere and painfully shy and I thought—

OUT. And anyhow I don't see F from the Foreign Office here. You know I have lunch with him frequently and he's never been in our house.

F is a snob and his wife is a pill and I don't want them. But couldn't we have P? He's so interesting and I never get a chance to see him and Mrs. P is even nice. He's also an editor and a LEADER and should be all right with you.

OUT. Never goes to cocktail parties—you know that. I think we may have to start all over again. Get out all the old lists and let's get going.

TIME: *Monday, 2:30 am.*

SCENE: *The same.*

That does it. We've got the ones from the Foreign Office with whom I work, and a good assortment from the diplomatic list. It will do.

Yes, but it will be the dullest party ever and I don't really want one of those people and (*weeping*) it won't be any FUN at all.

After all these years you do not understand. Parties aren't supposed to be FUN.

I do, I do. But ohhhhhhh—



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THE BOSS BITES BACK

A Reply to the Secretarial Underground

by GEORGE F. JONES

HARDLY has a bachelor FSO been assigned to Kikkiput, or anywhere else, when someone is sure to say to him, "You lucky dog! Bachelors are really in demand in Kikkiput. Don't bother buying a stove or a refrigerator—you won't spend a night at home." In fact, he may succeed in living a life of gay abandon—but he had better buy that stove and refrigerator, because one thing he won't be in demand for is dinner parties. What are really in short supply overseas, at least in official entertaining, are not bachelors—but single girls.

This is one thought that comes to mind on reading Muriel Donnelly's article in the February JOURNAL, "The Secretarial Underground." While I agreed with practically every word of it, I felt at the end like the man in the ground-floor apartment who hears one shoe dropped but not the other. Being still eligible for membership in JFSOC, I have obviously spent more time being bossed than bossing, and I have considerable sympathy for Miss Donnelly's idea that a boss's staff—both officers and secretaries—often see a truer side of him than *his* boss does. *But*—there's another side to the coin.

So Mr. Emerald is a snob and will invite a secretary to his home only once, just to get it over with? Right, I've known officers like that—and who were just as snobbish with their junior officers, too. But I've also known secretaries who, when invited to an official representational dinner, arrived late, went home early, and in between conspicuously ignored the foreign guests of honor. Far too many staff personnel seem to think that representing our country, and building relations with the host country, is exclusively a job for officers. So my wife and I are continuously faced with the problem of whom to pair off at representational functions with our many official contacts who are bachelors. (This problem has been accentuated by the worldwide emphasis on contacts with youth.) Finding a girl who can at least make a stab at the local language, who is more or less in the right age bracket, and who will add something to the party other than a cloud of gloom can be a more difficult job than planning the menu or finding a bartender who will stay sober.

Another quibble I have with the article under reference—as we say in the State Department—is its description of the ideal boss as "the kind of man who thinks you should put in overtime only during a crisis." I would agree that the guy who puts in overtime day-in, day-out, weekend-in, weekend-out, during non-crisis periods is incapable of telling the difference between the important and the trivial and is, furthermore, likely to wind up not being able to get a medical clearance one of these years. But saying that overtime should be put in *only* during a crisis is going a bit far. Every so often there's that special project that, being special, can't be fitted into regular working hours, or a report that must meet a deadline. Why shouldn't a secretary be willing to help out in such cases?

What I'm getting at is that the Foreign Service, for secretaries as well as for FSOs, is not an ordinary, 9-to-5 job. The best officers, and the best secretaries, are motivated by something beyond their paychecks—by the belief that what they are doing is important for their country. Because her job is more poorly paid and more laden with routine, and because, being single, keeping morale up in an isolated hardship post is more difficult for her than it is for an officer with family, this belief is even more necessary for the secre-



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tary than it is for the officer. One of the most constant sources of friction between boss and secretary in the Foreign Service is his belief that he cares about what he's doing—that it's worthwhile getting it right even if it does take a half-dozen drafts to do it—and she doesn't.

And speaking of morale, while it is certainly true that good manners and consideration on the part of the officer can do wonders for his secretary's morale, it's also true that she can do a great deal for or against his morale, too, and for that of the whole office. Who hasn't met the secretary who has one sad story after another? Her apartment has water for only two minutes every 48 hours, the electricity has been off 13 times in the last month, there's nowhere to go and nothing to do, and—worst of all—no eligible men to go nowhere and do nothing with. She neglects to remember that her involuntary listeners usually suffer the same inconveniences—except the last!—but have the decency not to burden other people with them. Complainers, whose last post was always better than their present one, are, admittedly, as common among officers as among secretaries, but secretaries seem particularly given to discussing their problems in the office, whereas the officer waits until he's on his second martini.

All of which is not intended to obscure the fact that most of the people in the Service, officers and staff alike, are wonderful to work with—if they weren't, no amount of dedication would keep us on the payroll. But I refuse to believe that the number of secretaries who are maneuvering their assignments so as to avoid a particular boor of a boss really exceeds the number of bosses who are pulling strings in Administration in order to avoid being stuck with a particular secretary. Now, having dropped the other shoe, maybe I can get back to work. Ethel! Ethel! Now where did that woman go to? She can't have gone home—it's only seven o'clock! ■



Mrs. Fraser Wilkins, wife of the Inspector General of the Foreign Service, gives books to Mrs. John F. Simmons for the Book Fair sponsored by the Association of American Foreign Service Women. The Book Fair is held each year in October in the Exhibition Hall of the State Department. Gifts of old books, new books, pamphlets, magazines, stamps and posters are welcomed. Proceeds from the sale are used for scholarships for the Foreign Service, including USIA and AID. For small contributions, bins have been placed at the AAFSW Desk in the Foreign Service Lounge, the 21st Street entrance, the North entrance and the garage entrance (near Motor Pool).



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25 YEARS AGO

AUGUST 1940

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

Can a Woman Be a Diplomat?

SUCH is the title, such is the question posed by Herbert Wright in an article that the JOURNAL reprinted from the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Here are some excerpts:

Any woman knows the answer to this question, if by "diplomat" one means a person of tact. For, the good mother uses tact twenty-four hours a day in preserving peace among the individuals in the home, no two with the same dispositions, aspirations or ambitions. The young woman who has not yet taken a husband rarely fails to use tact in handling prospective suitors. The clever woman in professional life must be tactful in combating the prejudice of the competitive male. As Lady Blanche, Professor of Abstract Science, in that most delightful of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Princess Ida," phrased it:

*Diplomacy: the wiliest diplomat
Is absolutely helpless in our hands,
He wheedles monarchs—woman wheedles him!*

The diplomat, however, requires considerably more than mere tact. There are some who believe that the very exercise of diplomatic functions by women, if not impossible, is highly undesirable or inexpedient. . . .

Since 1923 six women have been appointed Foreign Service officers, Miss Lucille Atcherson of Ohio was appointed in 1922, served in the Department of State, in Bern and Pana-

ma, and resigned in 1927 to marry. Miss Patty Field of Colorado was appointed in 1925, served at Amsterdam and resigned in 1929 to accept a position with the National Broadcasting Corporation. Miss Frances E. Willis of Illinois was appointed in 1927 and has served in Valparaiso, Santiago, Stockholm and Brussels, where she now is second secretary. Miss Margaret Warner of Massachusetts was appointed in 1929, served in the Department and in Geneva, and resigned in 1931 on account of ill health. Miss Nelle B. Stogsdall of Nebraska was appointed in 1921, served in the Department and in Beirut, and resigned in 1931 to marry. Miss Constance R. Harvey of New York was appointed in 1930 and has served in Ottawa and Basel, where she is now vice consul. In addition to these, Miss Margaret M. Hanna of Michigan, after rising to be Chief of the Division of Coordination and Review in the Department, was in 1937 appointed consul at Geneva. It will be noted that four resigned after a comparatively short service and that none were assigned to undesirable posts. . . .

In modern times, the sex of diplomatic agents is gradually becoming an important issue. Most states are disinclined to accord "agrément" when the proposed agent is a woman. . . .

If, then, women can be diplomats and in some cases have been more effective than men, and if the practice inaugurated for the United States by President Roosevelt should become widespread, it may be necessary to revise Sir Henry Wotton's famous definition of an ambassador: "A good *man* sent to live abroad for the good of his country."

Brief Items: Julian Harrington was designated as Assistant Chief of the Visa Division. • Jim Penfield, Consul, Godthaab, Greenland, and the governor of North Greenland were received by President Roosevelt at the White House. • Gerald Drew assumed his duties as Second Secretary at Quito. • Paul Culhertson arrived in New York on a Clipper plane from Lisbon, where he was a member of the American mission to

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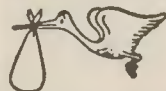
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celebrations commemorating Portugal's eighth centennial anniversary. • Bob McGregor, consul, Mexico City, arrived at his home in New York State to attend ceremonies incident to the retirement of his father from the ministry. • Ed Trueblood, Division of American Republics, had the interesting experience of journeying from Valparaiso to Balboa on the S.S. *North Star*, the supply ship of the Byrd Expedition which was returning from the Antarctic. • Earl Packer, First Secretary at Riga, and Mrs. Packer plan to return to Riga via the Trans-Siberian Railway. • Bill Beck reports from Hamilton, Bermuda: "As a result of bad weather conditions frequently prevailing at Horta, the Atlantic Clippers have paid brief calls at Darrell's Island, the Government airport near Hamilton harbor, and recent passengers enroute to or from Europe have been: Miss Rosemary Kennedy, daughter of Ambassador Kennedy at London; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore, (Mr. Moore is secretary to Ambassador Kennedy); Mr. Alexander C. Kirk, Charge d'Affaires at Berlin; Mrs. Myron Taylor, wife of the President's personal representative at the Vatican; Honorable Sheldon Whitehouse, formerly Minister to Colombia. • Consul General and Mrs. Ely E. Palmer of Beirut were in Jerusalem during Holy Week. • On their way back to Athens after home leave, Third Secretary and Mrs. Foy Kohler visited Jerusalem early in May. Consul General Wadsworth, whose reputation as a guide to the Holy Places is second but to few, saw personally to their pilgrimage. He had been an usher at their wedding in Bucharest five years ago.

From School to Field

Niles Bond to Yokohama. • William Boswell to Vienna. • Donald Brown to Bogotá. • Charles Burrows to La Paz. • Lansing Collins to Batavia. • Arthur Emmons to Hankow. • Nicholas Feld to Madras. • William Fraleigh to Athens. • Fulton Freeman to Peiping. • Boies Hart to Genoa. • Richard Hawkins to Brisbane. • Martin Hillenbrand to Baghdad. • Delano McKelvey to Vigo • Robert Strong to Durban.



A son, Nils Frederiek Anthony, was born in Washington, on May 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Seibert. Mr. Seibert is assigned to

the Department.

Comment, 1965: Tony attended school in numerous foreign lands and also the Air Force Academy. He married Judith Young of Denver and they have two little children, Scott and Susan. Tony is a mechanical engineer with the Ford Motor Company in Detroit.



Breckinridge-Patterson. Miss Mary Marvin Breckinridge and Mr. Jefferson Patterson, First Secretary at Berlin, were married on

June 20 in Berlin.

Comment, 1965: The Pattersons went to Lima in 1941, then to Brussels, Cairo, and Athens. Jeff was called back from retirement to function as representative of the US Government with the personal rank of Ambassador on a special mission to Khartoum to attend the opening of the first Sudanese Parliament. The Pattersons' two children, Patty and Mark, are now in boarding school. Marvin is active in a variety of cultural and beneficent works outside the home and Jeff keeps busy and maintains an office in Washington.

RECENT EVENTS

Fred M. Wren, retired in Perry, Maine, shares the following from their son Bill, who is a Program Officer with AID, stationed in Saigon: "A rather amazing thing happened last night. We all returned to our compound after work and there was a Buddhist monk, saffron robes and all, sitting under a banana tree. The monk had candles and incense burning all around him and was busy chanting prayers. We all thought

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it was great and were so pleased to have the fellow sitting there blessing the banana tree that we gave him a pack of American cigarettes. Imagine our astonishment when, after accepting the gift without much enthusiasm, the monk gestured to one of the group of Lao onlookers, who walked over and without further ado proceeded to chop down the banana tree. As we stood there with our mouths open, sputtering 'But-hut-hut' like an outboard motor, the gang stuffed the tree in the back of a jeep, and after about fifteen of them including the monk had piled in around and on top of it, they drove off down the road. As soon as we regained our senses enough to think and talk, we asked one of the leftover Laos what was going on. It was all so simple, according to him. That afternoon one of our Lao neighbors had happened to be walking through the area, and he had noticed that the banana tree had an evil spirit in it. He had rushed to the nearest Wat (temple) a little way down the road, told the monks about it, and they had dispatched their evil-spirit-specialist to deal with the matter. The little Buddhist monk had said all the prayers which had proved effective in other similar cases, and after an entire afternoon of mental and spiritual struggle, he had managed to exorcise the evil spirit just as we arrived home at 6:30 P.M."

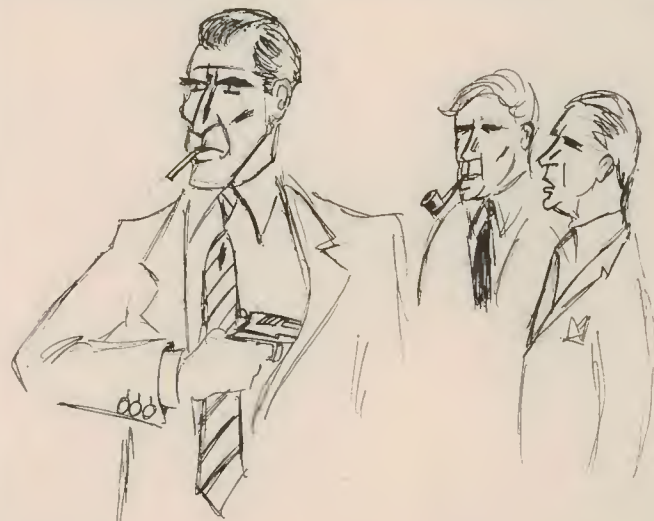
Tragedies in Both Lebanons

A reporter who witnessed the tornado on Palm Sunday in Lebanon, Indiana, commented that he "had been as close to hell as he had cared to be." And about the same time Vice Consul David R. Shinn, Beirut, Lebanon, sent newspaper photographs showing lions and other animals sick from hunger and exposure and trainers and artists hungry and forlorn because of a bankrupt and stranded circus.

Hiding in the Heather?

Consul General Geerken, Glasgow, and his neighbor, Consul General McQuaid, Edinburgh, are requested to pay heed to and to comment on, the following story which appeared in the Denver Post: "At the northern tip of Scotland they raise a strain of sheep that grows fine steel wool. This is said to result from grazing on the Gauss grass that grows in the iron-rich soil. The consensus of knowledgeable scientists here is that a hydraulic ram may be hiding in the heather."

► Report has it that while Ambassadors Dwight Porter and Elbert Mathews were in the White House calling on our First Gentleman, their wives, with the wife of the Chief of Protocol, Lloyd Hand, were having coffee with our First Lady. ■



"Oh really! I always thought the double zero had to do with his efficiency report."

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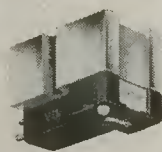
If, in 1631, you went to rent a horse from Thomas Hobson at Cambridge, England, you took the horse that stood next to the door. And no other. Period. Hence, Hobson's Choice means No Choice.

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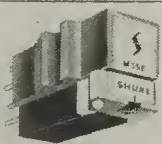
Since then, Shure has developed several models of their Stereo Dynetic cartridges—each designed for optimum performance in specific kinds of systems, each designed for a specific kind of *porte-monnaie*.

We trust this brief recitation of the significant features covering the various members of the Shure cartridge family will help guide you to the best choice for you.

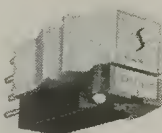
THE CARTRIDGE



V-15



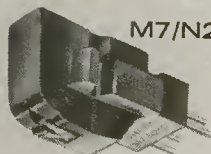
M55E



M44-5

M44-7

M44-C



M7/N21D



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A premium quality cartridge at a modest price. 15° tracking angle conforms to the 15° RIAA and EIA proposed standard cutting angle recently adopted by most recording companies. IM and Harmonic distortion are remarkably low . . . cross-talk between channels is negated in critical low and mid-frequency ranges.

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If you track between 3/4 and 1/2 grams, the M44-5 with .0005" stylus represents a best-buy investment. If you track between 1/2 and 3 grams, the M44-7 is for you. If you track between 3-5 grams, choose the M44-C. All have "scratch-proof" retractile stylus.

For 2 to 2 1/2 gram tracking. Especially fine if your present set-up sounds "muddy." It is truly an outstanding buy. (Also, if you own regular M7D, you can upgrade it for higher compliance and lighter tracking by installing an N21D stylus.)

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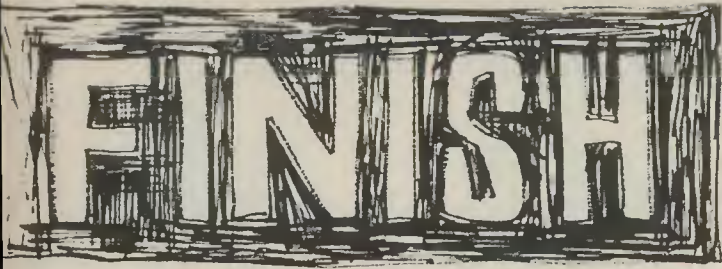
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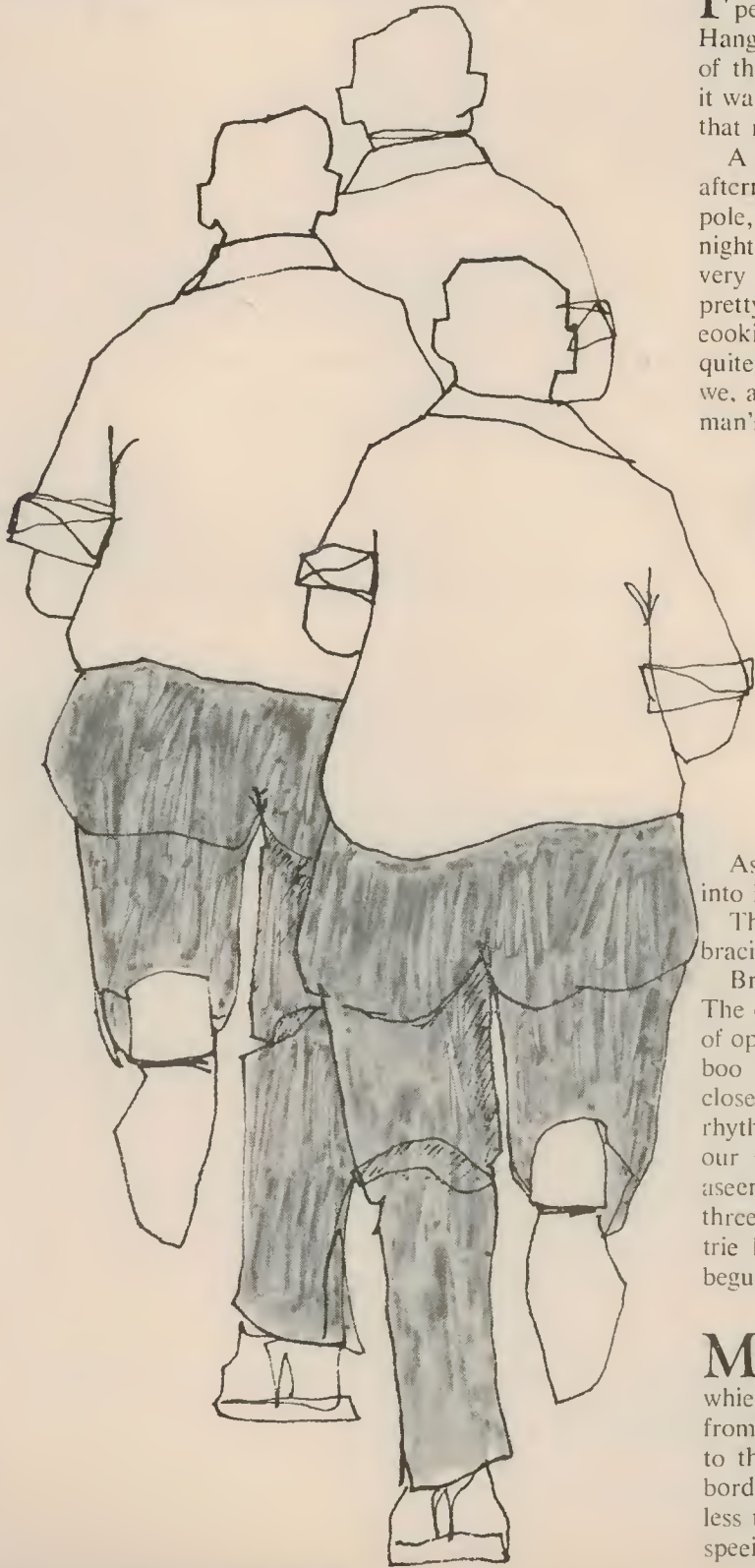
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My father was not a missionary. He was not a businessman. He was a vice consul in Shanghai, and my mother taught English at the Shanghai American School. We stood—in Shanghai—a little lonely, between God and Mammon. But Dad did go to the Community Church, and it was there, I think, that we had decided on Mokanshan.

Funny thing about that summer at Mokanshan, whenever I pass a post office I remember it all.

FRENCHTOWN, the North Station, the mounting, disappearing spires of the Cathedral at Ziecawei, Kashing, Hangehow—taxi, train, ricksha—I remember the minutiae of the migration—eight of us, family and servants. But it was the waiting houseboat, moored in the Grand Canal, that really meant the start of summer at Mokanshan.

A motor launch would pull us part way. Then, mid-afternoon, our boatman and his family would begin to pole, row, and paddle. At dusk we drank tea and as night fell, by candlelight and kerosene lamp, we ate with very low cholera risk from cans and bottles and, with pretty low cholera risk, chicken, sandwiches, cakes, and cookies that our four servants—who traveled with but quite separate from us—had prepared. They, later than we, ate the tantalizingly fragrant Chinese fare of the boatman's family.

THE RACE OF THE FAT MAN

by ROBERT W. BARNETT

As the China night slowly descended, we began to enter into its magical world of sound and sense.

The wash of water under us. Mists—gray-blue—embracing quiet, not-far-off villages.

Breezes, wafting the scent of food—and of night soil. The croaking falsetto of some male voice making a phrase of opera—and laughter. The stately refinement of a bamboo flute singing a mournful poem in pentatonic scale, close by and fading, fading. The wash of water. The rhythmic tread of boatmen moving, with pole to shoulder, our silent houseboat through the night to the point of ascent for Mokanshan, eighty miles south of Hangchow, three hundred miles from the nearest automobile or electric light. The sleep and awakening. When had either begun?

MOKANSHAN was called by those who loved it a refuge in the foothills of the Himalayas. The hills of which it was one did extend in steadily mounting height from East Chekiang through Kiangsi, Hunan, Kweichow, to the high plateaus of Yunnan, and on to the towering borders of Tibet. But actually Mokanshan was something less than three thousand feet above sea level. What was special was that—except for servants—it was for white

men whose children could go barefoot without danger of hookworm—or things mortally worse. There were eight tennis courts. There was a swimming pool, and diving boards. And its cottages were large, with vast porches, and capacious servant quarters—built to withstand typhoons and electrical storms of a violence that deafened the ear and turned night into day. In the valleys to Mokanshan's east—Shan means mountain—there were deer to kill. And over the plains that reached westward to the Chientang River and on to the East China Sea, a thick concealing wave of mist would move every morning. From Mokanshan you could gaze down, at dawn, over the changing form and color of a luxuriously soft blanket of cloud—exalted, above and beyond all existence except that of the good people of Mokanshan, their children, and the attentive Chinese servants and friendly Chinese shopkeepers who served them.

And there was the Church.

WE mounted Mokanshan in the summer of 1924 by sedan chair. At 14 I was too large to ride with Dad or Mother, as I had on my first visit. I watched alone the rhythmic play of muscle in shoulder, back, and calf of my carrier in front, and listened to the animal intimacy of signals he gave in exotic dialect to the carrier in the low visibility rear position. Bamboo trees still wet with morning dew brushed us. Often I dared not look down as we made sharp turns on curving mountain paths: there would be there below a four hundred foot sheer drop. But, nevertheless, I took time to think, about what it was I wanted Mokanshan to give me. A friend. Someone for tennis. A place with the "inside" crowd of the Sunday School. A job as a mail carrier—which meant \$4 (Chinese) of your own money. A good Sunday School picnic—which meant at least one blue ribbon in the running races.

Little did I foresee, then, that such simple wants would soon bring me abruptly face to face with fury and death. And today—whenever I pass a post office, anywhere, I can still hear the voices.

IT all began with our neighbors. They were the new Asquiths from Soochow, at Mokanshan for the first time. Mr. Asquith was tall, extremely good looking, a little younger than Dad, 34 or 35, but with graying hair. He was a Presbyterian, recently from Richmond's Divinity Seminary, and I remember his tight expression and his slight withdrawal when Dad admitted to him that our family in Baltimore had been Episcopalian and that he himself went sometimes (!) to the Community (!) Church in Shanghai. It is terrible to experience the shame of discovering that someone doubts your Dad's goodness. What can you do except share his guilt? And what would this do for my prospects in Sunday School?

Mr. Asquith had brought a son, John, who was fourteen. And while the grown-ups talked, John had been looking me over. That first day—not seeming to notice his father's shattering judgment of mine—he asked me to play tennis. This almost made life bearable again.

"Do you play?"

"What?" I asked.

"Tennis."

"Some. I guess so."

"Let's do."

"You mean, right now?"

"Why not?"

"Sure, why not?"

"May I?" John turned to ask his father.

"What's that?" Mr. Asquith asked. He never was aware of his children, I later observed, unless directly addressed.

"Tennis, Father. May I play?"

"Have you memorized them?"

"Pretty well."

"Pretty well is not good enough. But the day is good. Go ahead. And tonight I'll hear you recite."

"Thank you, Father," John said, rose, and told me to meet him in five minutes.

In five minutes we were both equipped to play. We walked along the Ridge towards the court, and I was sure that the summer was going to be a triumphant success.

"Memorize what?" I asked.

"You'll know soon enough. The Sunday School is giving pocket Testaments this year to all of us who have memorized the Minor Prophets, the Twenty-Third Psalm, the One Hundred and First Psalm, the First Chapter of the Gospel of John, and the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians. We will have Bible classes on Wednesdays."

"Oh," was all I could think to say. Was this something new the new Mr. Asquith had started? After a while, I asked,

"Why especially the Minor Prophets?"

"Don't know."

To my delight, John was a competitor, but still I could beat him—just. He couldn't really serve. He couldn't really volley. But he never missed a ground stroke, fore or backhand. Walking home for supper, I asked him how come. He said that there was a wall in Soochow. He had been trying to hit the ball against it a thousand times a day without missing.

"Why?" I asked.

"No one to play with. Makes me feel better. Especially when I hit hard."

I had brought up, that year, the 1923 issue of the USLTA Annual. We pored through it together the next weeks. Tilden, Little Bill, R.N. Williams, Vincent Richards, even Borotra, Kumagae and Shimidzu became friends and heroes. Funny, how John's game improved. Mine, too. Just having that book.

I got the mail route, and asked John why he didn't try.

"It's the money."

"What about the money?"

"The Chinese are very poor."

"But no Chinese are allowed here. They can't carry mail."

"They need money more than I. My needs are satisfied."

I heard him to be just saying words piously, and I demanded:

"How does your not carrying mail help them?"

"It's wrong in China to want money."

It made no sense to me but, because anyone really sure of right and wrong upset me, he was making me feel guilty—especially when once later he carried the mail for me, and wouldn't accept a cent for it. One day, after we had talked some more about this money business, I asked him what his father did for fun.

"Lots of things," John quickly replied.

"Like what?"

"Butterflies."

Once, I suddenly recalled, I had seen Mr. Asquith putting pins through their still moving bodies—very carefully.

"What else?"

"Skinning snakes." John was matter of fact. But I knew this was no joke at Mokanshan. There was, we all knew, no antidote to the bite of the bamboo snake, pencil thin, green, and lightning fast.

"Anything else?"

"He finds, blows, and keeps birds' eggs."

"What else?" I was getting the creeps, and again feeling guilty about it. John was cool, and Mr. Asquith was, obviously, a very, very good man. I was silly to feel that way.

"He likes to go shooting alone. He has a wonderful collection of small deer heads he has mounted."

My head was full of a mix of things, that summer: Hosea, Joel, Amos—I always forgot Obadiah—Jonah, Micah, Kumagae, Nahum, Tilden, Richards; the Smiths hadn't yet paid me; Sun Ta's 20 cents for six buns; pole vaulting at the Sunday School picnic—I'd never seen it done; Mr. Blaine just out from Harvard (Unitarian!) had got to the second round(!) at Forest Hills in 1920; (and only Mr. Asquith could take a game from him!); the two families of German businessmen (!) way over by the off-limits vicinity of the post office who always gave chocolates, drank beer (!) and practiced English with me;

"the Lord is my shepherd . . . still waters . . . ;

. . . Surely goodness and mercy;

"I will sing of mercy and judgment . . .

He that worketh deceit shall not dwell . . . cut off all wicked doers . . .";

. . . "and now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest"; John; Mr. Asquith's butterflies; Wednesday's seven-thirty Bible Classes (don't forget!); bamboo snakes; every good tennis stroke—says Mr. Blaine—begins in the toes—take many little steps—dance; Mr. Asquith says dancing (!) is wrong; smoking is wrong; Habakkuk, Zephaniah; drinking (!) is wrong; cards (!) are wrong; Episcopalian (!); Dad smokes (!?); John; John; money is wrong.

And then the earth began to heave. It happened quickly, was soon all over, but nothing was the same for me afterward.

MR. ASQUITH had had all along a brother, it seemed—older by ten years, John had told me. I was actually at the Asquith's cottage when he arrived. He was very fat, but had refused to ascend the mountain by sedan chair. So, when he got to the house, walking behind his four carrier coolies, he was soaking with sweat, puffing, and very red-faced. But the expression on his face showed triumph.

"Mokanshan's my Everest!" he gasped.

"You were a fool!" Mr. Asquith muttered. I was shocked because this was an unfriendly way to greet a brother. But, much more important, I had never before heard Mr. Asquith use a bad word like fool. In fact, I had heard Mr. Asquith tell John words like darn, ding-dust, or golly, were "transparent substitutions" for "damn" (!) "God" (!) and impermissible in the Asquith household. After a terrible moment of silence, Mr. Asquith

tried hard to be friendly to his brother, and said,

"What do you think now of our Belle Haven at Mokanshan, Charles?" John had told me something about his Uncle Charlie and the ancient, huge and fantastic Belle Haven the Richmond Asquiths maintained at Nags Head—it even had a swimming pool, *on the beach!* But Uncle Charlie was a sinner, and was sick.

"What of?" I had asked.

"He smokes!" John said this with a suggestion of doom that ended the matter for him. I had a notion that there was more to it than that because everybody knew about Dad's pipe, and he was not sick.

"I like the looks of that son of yours. Who's his friend?"

Uncle Charlie said this as he flopped down on a bamboo settee, flung his coat on the porch, and took a cigar from his shirt.

His asking that question about me was the very moment that I became a part of all that followed. I liked Uncle Charlie. He was noticing John and me!

"Look here, Charlie!"

Mr. Asquith's eyes were flaming,

"Put that cigar away! It's bad for you now, a bad example for the boys, and can destroy me."

"Destroy you?"

Uncle Charlie asked this in what seemed total disbelief, and he began laughing.

"Who are you kidding?"

He lit his cigar.

I saw Mr. Asquith's jaw muscles working, but then he went on.

"You'll see more of these boys. For now, come to your room and wash up. I have a few words to say."

They went.

John and I looked at each other. We had never seen John's father so upset. But then we had never seen anyone laugh at him before.

John asked me to stay for supper. I did, and listened to John's quiet, pretty, thin, little mother reminisce about Nags Head. Mr. Asquith was grimly quiet. After dinner, Uncle Charlie, undeterred, said he had presents. He left us and came back in a minute from his room with a large, brown leather valise, which he opened, and from which he took out packages.

"Mikimoto, Ethel," he said.

John's mother exclaimed, put the pearls around her thin neck, and warmed them with her hands. There were tears on her cheeks while she smiled.

"Tiffany's said this was good," he said to Mr. Asquith, in handing him a thin, white velvet case.

With an expression of vague revulsion, Mr. Asquith took it. He opened it. There was the most beautiful gold wrist watch I had ever seen.

"It has an alarm feature, and on its face a calendar. I know you feel time is short. You might as well have it accurate," Uncle Charlie explained.

Mr. Asquith was looking at it, then at Uncle Charlie with black hate.

"You know I can never use it!"

"Why not?"

"It's conspicuous."

"I know it is."

Mr. Asquith was spitting at his brother but Uncle Charlie preserved his gayety.

"And here, John, my boy, is something for you. Open it."

It was a larger package than the others, and when John unwrapped it he didn't know what it was.

"It is the smallest ten-tube battery-powered super-heterodyne radio I could find in New York. If you put up a little aerial when you get back to Soochow you can hear the news from Shanghai, and even the jazz bands from Manila. It's a window on the world I want you to have. I've got batteries in another bag."

John had never heard a radio and he was speechless. I felt obliged to say,

"I have a radio, in Shanghai."

And to my shame and consternation, Mr. Asquith interjected sharply:

"That doesn't make it right!"

Uncle Charlie began roaring with laughter, but then turned to me, and said—

"You must not be left out. Here, take this."

It was a pearl headed stick pin, he had pulled from his tie. It was a pretty, useless thing whose value I appreciated years later.

"And now it is my turn!"

With that he produced a bottle of Remy Martin and placed it squarely in front of the big kerosene lamp.

"Where are some glasses?" he added, giving me a wink.

I need not reconstruct the rest of that evening. I only need say that Uncle Charlie was still laughing when Mr. Asquith demanded that I go home.

All Mokanshan had heard about Uncle Charlie within 72 hours. The word was even going around that he was playing solitaire in his room at night—with real (!) playing cards. What people failed to learn from each other, they quickly learned from their servants.

Mr. Asquith asked permission to preach—out of the regular order—that Sunday at church. The one-sided altercation between the brothers with Mr. Asquith in the pulpit and with Uncle Charlie smiling silently in the congregation was, my Dad said to Mother at Sunday dinner, "something for the book. But why in hell does Asquith act as though he's fighting for his life?" Dad talked that way sometimes.

John and I loved Uncle Charlie right off. The three of us would go off and play that superhet. He would tell us then about Manila ragtime. There was ragtime and ragtime and imitative ragtime was not ragtime. Ragtime came from the gut, or it wasn't. He also gave us the first hint that a President of the United States of America could be a joke. We loved the smell of cigar smoke in his clothes.

He would go with us sometimes to the tennis court.

"Boy, I've never played," he said to us. "But I've watched and I can coach."

He told John to make his serve one movement, and pay attention to where, exactly, he threw the ball in the air in front, so he could hit *down*. It jolted me to see what problems this created for me—until Uncle Charlie said that a racket could be held so tightly that there was no whip.

"You have more time than you think. Relax, extend the back swing a little, get your 'tail' in it!"

He had been a quarterback at Princeton—and on a small tumbling team which went to the first Olympics, so

he knew, I guess, what powers lay unused in most human bodies.

But then the date for the Sunday School competition for the pocket Testament was on us. John and I, in despair, were leaving Uncle Charlie alone more and more, and practicing Minor Prophets by ourselves. It was hopeless. Try as we could, we always forgot one.

"What's up, boys?" Uncle Charlie asked one day.

"Nothing, why?"

"You look scared."

"We are."

"What about?"

"The Minor Prophets." I asserted myself, adding irreverently, "Who cares about Hosea on?"

Uncle Charlie paused, and looked back and forth at us, then upward toward a passing cloud in the sky.

"Listen to me!"

We usually did. So we did.

"Listen carefully. HOJO AM OBJO MINA HAZE HAZE MA! Now say it with me four times!"

We did.

"Say it alone, each of you!"

We did.

"Well, my boys, you've got the Minor Prophets lied. The first syllable of all their names is in your jingle. You'll remember them to the day you die."

And, never forgetting Uncle Charlie, we did, and I do.

It was about then that we mustered up the courage to ask why we had been told he was sick.

"It's true, my boys."

"But what of?" we asked.

"Well," he drawled, and then he went on, "Well, human life is a funny thing. For all of us, every day, there is a bit of living and a bit of dying. In some of us, a part of us, not the real us, but just a part, starts living too fast, and as this grows, others die, and science is not sure what it's all about. Neither are our priests. But one thing I've learned: To be too sure you know God's will can make you want to kill or be killed for him. I find it easier to accept mystery."

Uncle Charlie gave a little laugh, and we dropped the subject. That night we noticed that the Remy Martin had dropped more than usual, but otherwise so far as he and we were concerned that conversation might never have happened at all.

And then, at last the night before the Sunday School competition was on us. Mr. Asquith had been quizzing John unmercifully, and John actually had cried. The Minor Prophets had been no problem. But the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians had come haltingly and Mr. Asquith had said that was not good enough treatment for the greatest poem in the English language.

Uncle Charlie was on the back porch with me when John, close to tears, joined us.

"What's the trouble, Johnnie," Uncle Charlie asked.

"Corinthians!" John almost shouted.

"Let's hear it."

". . . And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love," John ended what I thought was a perfect job. But Uncle Charlie was not through.

"And now tell me, Johnnie, my boy, what do these little

(Continued on page 38)

THE TRUMAN YEARS

by DEAN ACHESON

THE task facing the American government when Mr. Truman assumed, in the stately eighteenth century phrase, its "Chief Magistracy," was in some ways more formidable than the one described in the first chapter of Genesis. There it was to create a world from chaos. Twenty years ago today, it was to create half a world out of the same material without blowing the whole to pieces in the process. To do this, he had first to find a place to stand, as had Archimedes in a lesser task, and collaborators in his effort. Both were found; and both had to be restored to be useful.

Thirty years of what has been called the European Civil War—1914 to 1945—ramifying to every part of the world—destroyed utterly the old one-world order of the nineteenth century. Even its foundations, the great empires of Europe and their colonial possessions, had been plowed and sown with salt, like those of Carthage.

President Truman's first act was to assure the completion of the remaining fragment of the nineteenth century dream, the United Nations. For three years his administration tried to solve the unsettled problems left over from the war by negotiation with the Soviet Union, both through the United Nations and directly. The result was total negation and failure, whether the problem was the international control of atomic energy, the economic reconstruction of Europe, the issues of Berlin and the unification of Germany, the future of the Eastern Mediterranean, especially Greece and Turkey, the unification of Korea, or a peace treaty with Japan.

Convinced by these experiences that the Soviet Union was not prepared to negotiate tolerable solutions of these problems in the then state of affairs, the American government came to a basic decision and began to act upon it. The decision was that the world of the last half of the twentieth century was, and would continue to be, a divided world. The action was to make the free—that is, the non-communist-dominated—part of that divided world as secure and flourishing as possible.

To combine the new course of action with the efforts already being made through the United Nations was bound to produce problems. They came from acting simultaneously on the premises that the world was united for peace and brotherhood and divided by fear and irreconcilable purposes. These ambivalences were most pronounced when President Truman used American power with the sanction and endorsement of the United Nations to defeat the armed attack on Korea.

When the Truman government found its footing in foreign affairs, its policies showed a sweep, a breadth of conception, and boldness of action which were new in this country's history. We had seen it in the early domestic policy of the New Deal and in our vast military effort in the Second World War, but never before in foreign policy. The 1947 assumption of responsibility in the Eastern Mediterranean, the 1948 grandeur of the Marshall Plan, the response to the blockade of Berlin and the NATO defense of Europe of 1949, and the intervention in Korea of 1950—all those constituted expanding action in truly



heroic mold. All of them were dangerous. All of them required rare capacity to decide and act. All of them were decided rightly, and vigorously followed through.

Another course, begun earlier but concluded later, is entitled to rank with these in imagination, breadth, and daring. We spoke earlier of the necessity of finding collaborators in the task of creating a free half-world from the chaos left by the war. To have restored the strength of our allies and sought their help in this effort would have been novel enough in American history, if one remembers the aftermath of the First World War. But President Truman's government went far beyond that. Over very considerable opposition from our allies, it persevered in a policy of also restoring and enlisting our former enemies in the task of building an enduring peace.

The enticing mistakes of the ages were put aside in favor of a policy of reconciliation and hope, a policy of transforming liabilities into assets, enemies into allies. For a similar act of statesmanship one must go back over a century to the policy of Castlereagh and Metternich. They, too, made the distinction between a nation and its leader, between France and Napoleon, and restored France to an honored and key position in Europe. President Truman did the same for Germany and Japan in the free world. Although it may be heresy to say so, in this respect Mr. Truman's foresight was superior to Sir Winston Churchill's.

Through these early experiences, the new President and his associates learned quickly the nature of the divided chaotic world in which we were all destined to live. To begin with, they learned how wrong the prophets of the Enlightenment had been about what moved peoples. Those prophets overestimated the influence of wisdom, virtue, and understanding of experience, and underestimated prejudice, passion and dogma. They rated too highly gratitude, sentiment, even what was called "enlightened self-interest"; and were unaware of the power of nationalism and xenophobia when aroused by a Perón, Nasser, Sukarno, or even anonymous manipulators of "students." Americans learned for themselves what Oxenstierna, Gustavus Adolphus's Chancellor, taught his son always to remember—"with how little wisdom the world is governed."

Then there was power. We had been brought to think of power as the instrument of corruption. Lord Aetón was our authority for that. Power politics had no place in our Celestial City; but a substantial place in the twentieth century. Americans learned in a rough school the importance of power, its nature, and its limitations. Two wars, and our behavior between them, made clear its importance.

Its composition, we learned from having to produce it again after 1940. The formula calls for population, resources, technology, and will. Napoleon rated the importance of the last element to all the others at a ratio of three to one. His successor, General de Gaulle, by substituting will for all the others, seeks to create an illusion of power. The rest of Europe, lacking will, pretends without much conviction that economic prosperity alone constitutes power. But both are wrong. Will, by fusing and using the two other elements to a purpose, gives a society its impact upon its contemporaries.

In these years Americans learned another vitally important lesson: that military power is primarily effective against opposing military power and, by overawing and overcoming it, enhances acceptance of its possessor's will

and purposes. But physical force soon runs into limitations in imposing acceptance on minds not wholly governed by reason or fear of physical suffering. So, when people say that our soldiers win wars only to have our diplomats lose the peace, the truths which puzzle them are that military force is not so potent as they had thought, and people are more intractable.

As already suggested, the Truman years taught these lessons and, also, that our interests and purposes and those of the Soviets were quite antithetical. Soon four-power occupation of Germany turned into the confrontation known as the "blockade of Berlin." From then on, the movement was swift to a direct showdown of purpose and power. Released from acceptance of the doctrine that builders and wreckers could and should work happily and simultaneously together toward a common end, the government turned to combine its power and action with those who did, in fact, have a common purpose.

In an amazing short time the common will had been organized and backed by vast resources and imaginative methods of economic, military, and political action. The steps already mentioned—the Marshall Plan, NATO, the bringing of our former enemies into close alliance—changed the whole structure and balance of international relations.

In these years American foreign policy emerged from the chrysalis and became a winged thing which lent wings of inspiration, creativeness, and courage to friends and allies, many of whom had begun to sink under the enormity of their burdens. The policies of those years had unmistakable hallmarks. They pointed the way to joint effort toward commonly agreed aims. Under them the United States furnished missing components essential to joint success against subversion or aggression; underwrote common enterprises; interposed its power and strength to protect against armed attack; stimulated intellectual, technological, and economic development. These policies broadened horizons and sought larger unities.

A Truman policy is as easily recognized as Chippendale furniture, and has stood the test of years as well. Now, in the third administration since they were created, these policies have continued to guide our national action beyond our borders.

What sort of mind and personality directed and inspired this truly classical period in American leadership of the free world? The answer is not at all what is generally believed and usually provided in public encomium.

To begin with, President Truman had a hospitable mind, a generous mind. I use that lugubrious past tense to describe the man who bore the vast responsibility of the presidency in a troubled and stirring time; not to suggest any change from that man to the television personality of the year. Mr. Truman was always salty, but that was not a main characteristic in council.

I say "hospitable" and "generous" to bring out his warm and welcoming reception of other people's ideas. "Humble" has been a horrid word since Charles Dickens's characterization of Uriah Heep. It suggests an unctuous and deceptive self-abasement which not even the most lurid imagination could attribute to Mr. Truman. Rather, his approach was sturdy and self-confident, without the slightest trace of pretentiousness. He was willing to hold his own ideas in abeyance until he had heard and weighed

the ideas of those he had chosen to advise with him. Not that he thought that their ideas would be better than his, but he was always alert for the occasion when this might be so.

Here is a clear sign of a healthy and happy mind. Pre-tentiousness and assertiveness can be defenses built against competition. Mr. Truman welcomed competition in ideas. He was wholly free of the greatest vice in a leader: his ego never came between him and his job. He saw it and its needs without distortion from that astigmatism.

Mr. Truman brought another major asset to decision. He had a passion for orderly procedure and a deep, if simple, understanding of how to attain it. Although many Presidents had been lawyers, none of them—including his immediate predecessor among them—utilized in administration the law's most fundamental procedure. For centuries legal procedure has required all parties involved in the issue to be present before the court at the same time, with the right to be heard and to hear one another. President Truman introduced this procedure into executive administration. To it he added an equally ancient and, in administration equally novel, practice of the law: the decision was made in writing.

The vehicle for these innovations was the National Security Council; their effect was revolutionary. The Council was created at the beginning of the Truman years and reached its highest usefulness during them. This was due to practices unfortunately not continued: it was kept small; its Cabinet members assumed personal responsibility for views presented by them; and its labors resulted in decisions by the President which became authoritative policy. While this procedure originated in the Council, it was not restricted to decisions there.

The changes which these procedures and practices made in policy were as great as the change in the recording of history from Homer to Churchill made in our knowledge of the past. To explain how and why requires amplification of the statement that the Council became a working body operating through personal presentation of views by the highest officials and decisions by the President.

But what sort of views? And what sort of decisions? Later the practice came to be "agreed recommendation" for Presidential approval. Agreement can always be reached by increasing the generality of the conclusion. When this is done, only the illusion of policy is created. The President gives his hierarchical blessing to platitudes.

In the Truman years the requirement was not to cover up disagreement, but to disclose issues. Only in this way can the President do his job of deciding; and only tough decisions are worthy of his time and attention. A recent essayist on Presidential decisions believes that another President found agreed recommendations more helpful. Perhaps he did; but whether he did or not, they are the wrong kind of help.

President Truman did not want and would not tolerate that kind of help. He knew his duty and would not delegate it. In his own words, the buck stopped with him; and he wanted to see what was involved. He did not want it "gift wrapped." Not every President can face the undraped facts; for they call for decision. Many times I have heard General Marshall say that the rarest gift that God bestows on man is the capacity for decision; and he would add that President Truman had it to a unique degree. The

anguish of decision was part of the duty of the President. He, and all his colleagues, always knew who was President.

The decision made in writing was also an innovation of the Truman years in this country. But President Truman was not the first head of government to employ it. On 19 July 1940, Mr. Churchill, having recently become the King's first Minister, Minister of Defence, and First Lord of the Treasury, addressed a minute to General Ismay, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Sir Robert Bridges, Secretary of the Cabinet:

"Let it be very clearly understood that all directions emanating from me are made in writing, or should be immediately afterwards confirmed in writing, and that I do not accept any responsibility for matters relating to national defence on which I am alleged to have given decision, unless they are recorded in writing.

Sir Ian Jacob, Military Assistant Secretary to the Prime Minister, describes the consequences of this minute:

"Much of the conduct of the war was determined by the personal habits of the Prime Minister. Everything had to be done in writing, and he made it clear at the outset that nobody who said that the Prime Minister had ordered this or that was to be heeded unless the Prime Minister had written so in black and white."

The Secretary of the National Security Council, first Admiral Souers and later James S. Lay, Jr., issued the President's decisions to all members. Petitions for rehearing were consistently denied.

Justice Holmes has said that "legal progress is often secreted in the interstices of legal procedure." No small part of Mr. Truman's distinction in the Presidential role derives from the fact that he instituted procedures which contributed to the enduring statesmanship of the Truman policies and the quality of their execution. They insured that a flow of ideas would be encouraged, that his colleagues in the Administration would be welded together in loyalty to one another and to him by considerate, fair, and orderly consultation, that decisions should be precise and known to all on equal terms.

In this way each knew his orders and his duty; each was assured and received complete support. Casualties might and did result from action; but wounds were always received in front, never in the back or the side.

A modern academic, with a Machiavellian trend, has criticized President Truman's clarity of commitment in policy as limiting his area of maneuver and freedom of choice. The critic prefers what he believes to have been President Roosevelt's consciously achieved vagueness in decision which left policy fluid, relationships uncertain, and great freedom of movement in the President's decision.

Flexibility of maneuver may be highly desirable in certain circumstances; but when it leaves one's own forces and commanders in doubt as to the nature and purpose of the campaign or who has responsibility for what, it can be a handicap.

With President Truman whatever might be the disadvantages of boldness and clarity of decisions were gladly assumed not only by the President but those who served him. If these were handicaps, we did not notice them, nor have they dimmed the splendor of the Truman years. ■

From a speech delivered by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson at the Freedom House Anniversary Dinner, April 13, 1965.

BEWARE THE TOWER OF BABEL

by RICHARD L. STORCH

THERE would be no act of charity. The excuse for a drive through the russet autumn countryside was gone, spinning off like a brittle leaf before the wind. My former colleague, Victor Sacket-Pullen, could not receive me. This month we would have to cancel our usual visit together. The doctor was quite explicit about it. Ever so politely he explained that my last visit had upset Victor. I had reminded him too much of his final posting and of the troubles which issued from it. I was told that I shall have to wait until next month to see my dear friend at his country retreat. Hopefully his condition will be improved by then. For now my good intentions can only exercise themselves in the modesty of memory. And so here I am, once again left to ruminate on Victor's tragic fate.

This is what happened. Early in our careers Victor and I were assigned to foreign language school together. Even diplomats must sometimes suffer the indignity of a return to student life. Reluctant but obedient, Victor and I submitted ourselves to the scholastic regimen. We were to spend two years of our lives in a linguistic endurance contest, in rote memorization, in Pavlovian parroting. We had no other duties than to learn the Babelese language. But poor Victor didn't survive the training program. Due to excessive zeal colliding with an incalculable challenge, he over-reached himself. He didn't just founder, he broke down completely. Somewhere among the billion-odd cell connections a synapse unlocked, nerve impulses reversed themselves, there was a cerebral short-circuit, then Victor's mind went dark. It went almost black except for one current which continued to flow and which activates still that part of his brain governing speech. He can still talk.

Victor's condition today is pitiable. The whole universe has become a linguistic challenge to him. A cloud demands

translation into masculine, feminine, and plural. Every chair, pencil, collar stud—every object Victor's eyes fasten upon is not a thing but a question in a never-ending, Babelese vocabulary quiz. In the silence of his room he pronounces velarized consonants and, to the pleasure of the imaginary instructor always with him, he practices conjugating irregular verbs. He feels religious ecstasy over a morphological combination whose syntax he had forgotten, whose profound meaning in English might be "Charlie's aunt has lost her umbrella." This is his liturgy. He is overwhelmed with gloom when he mangles a suffix. The chirp of a robin reminds him of a fricative vowel. The act of eating suggests the manner in which one vocalic nucleus is elided with another. Victor, you see, has verbalized the entire world. In the incredible alchemy of his mind all matter has been converted to sound. That his statements have no relation to one another, that they are isolated from any thought process whatsoever, this is irrelevant. Victor's whole being is now devoted to the sheer joy of utterance.

I remember perfectly the day our instruction began. The head linguist delivered us his Standard Welcoming Address. He intended to impress us with the immense difficulty of learning Babelese and to inspire us with fanatical industry. The four of us enrolled in the course nodded our heads gravely when he pointed out that we would be working up to fifty hours a week and sometimes more. Social and recreational interests would have to be sacrificed. Our family life would suffer and, as the head linguist added in jest, we might become strangers to our own children. He emphasized that progress would be slow, but the methodology would keep us from straying from the path. In four months we would be able to exchange traditional greetings with easy fluency and with the proper pronunciation. In eight months we would be able to make simple sentences. At the end of nearly two years we would be able to carry on a conversation about general subjects. Concomitantly we would learn the writing system and, hopefully, by the end of the course, be able to read the newspaper.

This welcoming address created mixed emotions in all of us, particularly in Victor Sacket-Pullen. He was not beyond seeing the humor in his living a monastic life, because he didn't think he could. He was too healthy and active. He pulled a mock-serious face, the one of an Over-Fed-but-Repentant Monk. But behind this mask, and this I didn't know until much later, there was a second Victor, a zealot devoted to his job as if it was a religion. Indeed, the chief linguist had impressed Victor-the-Zealot even more than us. We consoled one another and intensely set ourselves to work.

During the first month all went well. Victor's wit helped us to survive the incredibly monotonous labors of getting introduced to Babelese. Our first encounter with the language was made through pronunciation drills. The procedure was that the instructor, a native speaker of Babelese, would articulate the basic vowels, consonants, and syllables and we would try to imitate him. One of the linguists, prim and smiling in his scientific competence, would be present to describe exactly how the sounds should be made. His explanations were of inestimable value to us. "Now this is an unvoiced consonant," he would say. "Don't use your vocal cords. Try to vibrate your trachea and then, as the sound, well, not exactly the sound but the vibrations, as they pass your epiglottis, give them a s-q-u-e-e-z-e. There, that's it. Now practice it one hundred times tonight." Or, similarly, with a troublesome phoneme he would coach us thus, "Your hard palate and your velum, hmm, that is, your soft palate, are used only as resonators for this sound, because it is your uvula which must ululate, gently, of course." After a few weeks of this routine, of quacking like ducks, whistling like egrets, snorting (gently) like pigs, or in a fit of frustration, imitating the giraffe, after this experience Victor offered up his definitions. With Websterian precision he intoned:

Linguist, n. (L. *Lingua*, the tongue: + *ist*), 1. a person with a tongue. 2. a polyglot, viz., a person with two or more tongues, usually a woman. 3. a philologist who understands scientifically why a language is not scientific. 4. a language student who grades his own examinations. 5. a non-native expert who knows more about a language than a native speaker.

Instructor, n. (L.), 1. a person who instructs. 2. a monument to patience, surrounded by unruly rabble. 3. in linguistics a native-speaking teacher of the language who has a harder job, greater endurance, and a smaller salary than his students.

Student, n. (L. *Studens*, ppr. of *studere*, to be eager about, to study). 1. a person who studies. 2. a person who does not study but should. 3. a guinea pig in the laboratory of a linguist. 4. a government official who, in his eagerness to acquire new skills, reveals that his ambition is equaled by his naiveté.

This kind of kidding was salvation for our low morale.

With the second month we began memorizing dialogues. As time passed they grew longer and longer. We had to spend hours every evening memorizing the next day's lessons. Victor's manner began to change. His sense of humor was numbed by this disagreeable task. He became grim. "Sackey-Pullet," as we called him at first, ceased to provide us with comic relief. I once thought it was the methodology of the course which contributed to his declining spirits. I know he was vexed by the atmosphere of impermanence and experimentation which enveloped our program. And who could blame him? For example, sometimes a linguist, flitting like a leprechaun across the green field of our concentration, would slip into the classroom and with impish delight whisk the very lesson from our hands and replace it with the latest "revised" edition. Then we had to start all over again. Another example: with tears in our eyes we used to plead for grammatical explanations, only to be told that it was best to learn by repetition, as a child does. Victor, like all of us, did not feel like a child—therefore, he was depressed by some of the idiotic prose we had to memorize and repeat as basic sentences used in "everyday situations." For example, "Praise be to god that the branches of your fruit trees hang over my side of the fence." Or, "A camel has two humps but a goat has a beard." Or, "I heard a seal bark in the bedroom." The logical conclusion of this method is that within ten or fifteen years' time one would know enough basic sentences by heart to cover any conceivable situation. Robot learning was trying indeed, but it was not the cause of my friend's decline.

After we had been studying colloquial Babelese for six months, the methodology was in fact an occasion for Victor's last effort to be humorous. Wearing his pompous, Don't-Bother-Me-Now-See-Me-Later Bureaucrat's face, he pontificated upon Sackey's *Sententiae* for Esoteric Language Students. He declared that, with regard to studying Babelese intensively:

1. Exasperation rises to meet motivation.
2. Knowledge of grammar brings with it the suspicion that somehow, somehow, native speakers don't seem to speak grammatically.
3. There are two kinds of classroom sessions: those in which the students have something to gain, and those in which the instructor has everything to lose.
4. The difficulty of a foreign language increases in direct proportion to one's progress in learning it.
5. Hard work means competence, competence means fluency, fluency means success, success means a neglected wife, a neglected wife means—means your troubles have only begun.

Obviously Victor had lost the light touch. He had traded away his stiletto for a hammer.

If it was not the methodology which caused his worsening

depressions, then what was it? The psychological atmosphere of the class? Sitting around a table for hours and hours without a break, day-in and day-out, for months without end, with always the same faces, this was fatiguing to be sure. We had the usual group tensions. There was, for example, the Classroom Pedant who took it upon himself to explain what we already knew, to paraphrase what the instructor had just said, and to raise petty grammatical questions and thereby display his sophistry. We also had, as is usual, a Class Malcontent. He was the one who, thinking he would avoid another dull, diplomatic job assignment, foolishly volunteered for an impossible one—learning Babelese. He blamed our slow progress on the pedagogy, the instructors, the linguists, even on the fluorescent lighting. But he never acknowledged the true reason for our agonizingly slow pace: the difficulty of the language and our own modest aptitudes for learning it. Sometimes there were class frictions then, but they were natural and not too distracting. It was only later that this was to become so, for eventually it was Victor himself who became the most abrasive element in our babbling little world.

By the tenth month, his humor long since gone and his sense of perspective rapidly diminishing to zero, Victor began upsetting the class routine. He just couldn't help it. He was so conditioned to repeat and repeat that he could not make himself stop. He would get a fixation on a particular phrase and, after we passed on to the next one, would continue to repeat the former one over and over again. Even his English was affected. Unconsciously imitating the instructor's sentences in the drills he would turn to me while we were at lunch and say, "Tell us plural, have you masculine singular had a chance to play with your youngest child feminine singular lately?" It was also at about this time that he lost all interest in anything other than Babelese. He no longer read the newspaper at coffee break. He couldn't be engaged in conversation on any other subject than the language. His meager social life ceased altogether. He did nothing but study. To release nervous energy he used to shuffle and reshuffle the verb charts he always carried with him. Even walking down the street you would see his mouth moving slightly, reciting basic sentences such as, "What a pity my stingy rich uncle lost his wallet in the poor section of town."

Amateur efforts to shake Victor loose from his obsession were futile. He was forced to take a vacation from which he returned before a week had passed, boasting how he had cured his limping pronunciation of a troublesome diphthong. He was given private classes from which the most patient instructors emerged shaken. Finally, special medical advice was sought. Words like "compensatory monomania" were used, but for reasons of delicacy we were never given any explanation what this meant. In my opinion the zealot crouched at the center of Victor's personality had seized command. His super-consciousness was in tyrannical control. Extreme motivation and sense of duty had propelled him at an insane speed headfirst into a massive obstacle, the language. Refusing to recognize that progress would be painfully slow, he had exaggerated his efforts to the point where his whole being was totally oriented towards Babelese. Life had become a titanic struggle between his fanatical will to learn and his limited linguistic ability. His inner conflict was destructive, paralyzing, pathetic.

At the end of the first year of study it was decided to send Victor home. His case had become hopeless. He was no longer comprehensible in English. He could only talk in Babelese. Like the men who once dreamed of building a tower up to heaven, he had been punished for his audacity by having his speech confused.

Perhaps I will be permitted to visit Victor next month at the usual time and place. As always I shall have to hush up on my faltering Babelese before I go . . . you see, amidst his dumb recital of stock phrases there sometimes hides a meaning. ■

EDITORIALS

GOVERNOR STEVENSON

As we go to press, the sad news of Adlai Stevenson's death in London is being carried around the world by television and radio. The eulogies of prominent men and women of every land are pouring in for this great American, who, having failed twice in his quest for the highest office in the land, later made a unique place for himself in the hearts of his countrymen and of free men everywhere as the spokesman for our country at the United Nations.

The death of "Governor" Stevenson is the world's loss and he will be missed by the countless persons he inspired with his eloquence, his courage, and his high purpose. Among these will be the many officers of the Department and the Foreign Service who had the honor—and very real pleasure—of being associated with him in recent years. He was a familiar figure in the long corridors of New State and had visited a large number of our posts abroad. He was, therefore, personally well known to many of us in the Foreign Service who will never forget the moments we were privileged to spend with him. Ambassador Stevenson brought to our profession unique gifts of vision, eloquence, wisdom and tact.

To those of us who served with him in New York he was unfailingly helpful, courteous and kind. Many officers have been detailed to USUN during General Assembly sessions in recent years, and they will not soon forget the experience. The Staff Meeting on the 11th Floor was unique. The Governor's dry self-deprecating wit crackled through the room as he commented on problems facing the US Delegation. Drawing on the vast panorama of his knowledge and experience of our country and of other lands, he would put familiar problems into a new perspective which enlightened and inspired us all.

Governor Stevenson once said of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt that "she would rather light a candle than curse the darkness." The same might be said of him, and the candle he lit illuminated with radiant clarity the problems of our time and of the Republic he served with such distinction. ■

WHO WILL GO WHERE?

THE days when the diplomat practiced his art midst the courtly comforts of the great world capitals seem to recede ever more rapidly into the past. The United States Foreign Service now staffs 278 posts in 112 countries, in few of which Talleyrand would have felt at home.

Beyond the climatic hazards and remoteness of many of the posts to which we may be assigned, we may now be called upon to serve under what can only be described as combat conditions in more than one part of the world.

Most of us are willing to recognize that times have changed and welcome the growth in substantive content and variety in our jobs while retaining a certain nostalgia for the charms of the past. We recognize that the "needs of the Service" may be such as to require anyone of us to accept assignment to Stanleyville, Santo Domingo or Saigon. One thing we would want to be very sure of, however, was that our designation was made on a fair basis taking all the factors into consideration, and that there was no favoritism involved in the process.

In expressing this hope, we are mindful of the fact that the effective strength of the Foreign Service Officer Corps is far less than the 3,700 FSOs carried on the rolls. Particularly in the middle grades, a large number of officers are limited in

their availability by medical problems, family situations and a high degree of specialization in a particular field. The privilege of serving in many positions of unusual difficulty falls, therefore, on a fairly small number, sound in wind and limb, fluent in French and Spanish and considered by their colleagues to be good men in a pinch.

Notwithstanding numerous thoughtful recommendations regarding the importance of specialization in contemporary diplomacy, *force majeure* in the form of the ever-increasing number of posts and the need for a large number of officers in crisis areas seem to us to herald the day of the often maligned generalist. With nearly sixty officers on eighteen month tours of duty in Viet-Nam and with sixty African posts to staff, the Department must draw on all its resources to assure that urgent personnel needs are met.

It is against this background that the JOURNAL was pleased to note that recent changes in the assignments process as described in FAMC-326 were not aimed at complete decentralization of authority to the Regional Bureaus. Indeed, according to the new regulations, responsibility for career planning and ultimate authority for the assignment of middle career officers will remain centralized. It appears to us that the Department must maintain a fair, firm and equitable assignments system which can assign officers to posts where they are most needed. With the demands on the Service what they are, parochialism and the creation of cliques must be avoided at all costs. The arrangements for mid-career officers and the authority of the Director General over the assignment of both senior and junior officers are basic safeguards which most officers would welcome and by which we believe the country can be best served. ■

THE SERVICE EXPANDS

NOW career reserve officers of USIA who serve overseas, selected and promoted in recent years under a rigorous system similar to that of the Foreign Service, will become regular members of the corps. The change will insure even closer relationships than in the past and end inequities which existed when there were two Foreign Service systems instead of one for the two groups. This blending of the groups into one Service will make far simpler than in the past assignments of qualified officers into any appropriate posts in the entire range of duties which have been handled variously by the Foreign Service and by USIA's overseas officers. We predict that new insights and new energy will be applied to key tasks as assignments are broadened, to the clear benefit of the foreign affairs community.

Surely Deputy Under Secretary William Crockett and USIA Director Carl Rowan who labored long and hard to bring about the change can feel a deep sense of pride in the merger. There are many others who are taking special interest, but surely no one more so than Ambassador George V. Allen, who recently most appropriately presided over the symbolic (and first) joint swearing-in ceremony for junior officers brought in by examination after recruiting by the Department of State and by the USIA. The process of modifying personnel practices so that selection and promotion procedures in USIA would be closely patterned after those used in the State Department for Foreign Service officers was initiated by George Allen when he headed USIA and supported by Loy Henderson, then Deputy Under Secretary of State. Thus when the ultimate day of commissioning comes, the changes will be effected with a minimum of complications. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

To a tired horse even his own tail is a burden: Czech proverb.

By my troth, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father whoreson: Robert Green in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay." 1554.

This is designed to make you feel better. No matter where you are, high up, e.g., Quito, Cochabamba, Bogotá, Addis Ababa, Nairobi or Katmandu, or low down, e.g., Tel Aviv, Surabaya, Belém or Brazzaville, whether you are hot or cold, you can cheer yourself by raising hallelujahs that you are not spending the summer of 1965 in Washington, D. C. (This is addressed, of course, to Foreign Service people now serving abroad. Nothing could possibly cheer up those serving in Washington.)

Even before the calendar indicated the official opening of summer, the weather began kicking over the traces. Collars wilted, feet began to drag and even brains slowed down. Flowers began to cower in the searing sun and the grass began to take on the color of dusty rope soles. Sometimes when one looked out the window one could see an infinity of moisture-laden globules quivering in the glare of the sun.

If all this was tough on Washingtonians, they at least were not obliged to dash about in the sun. But the tourists were—or so they thought. In their revolt against discomfort they grew more and more uninhibited. At every tourist focus, even the Capitol and the White House, one could see hordes of men with those Miami shirts flapping outside their trousers and women sporting shorts or those contraptions known as "stretch pants." Many of these were accompanied by small children sucking at soft drink bottles. Mrs. Hubert Humphrey, in a television interview, deplored all the unseemly clothes and hoped that the tourists would pull themselves together. This seems very doubtful. Many of the tourists would have been happier at Old Squaw Head Lake or even rocking, rocking on their own front porches. But touring is a strange compulsion.

At this suitable season, President Johnson, who intervenes in many matters, took solemn note of the weather's vagaries. "The development of methods of altering weather and climate is a subject of quickening interest in the Congress and the Executive branch

... as, indeed it is to all the human race. We must recognize that the achievement of such a capability would mean vast economic and social gains for human life on this earth." At the same time it was learned that the National Science Foundation had spent \$3,529,683 in 1964 for weather modification programs.

In New York, where they were rationing water by the glass, an independent operator was having a huge success. This was Chief Black Cloud, a seventy-five-year-old Indian from the Tuscarora tribe, who invoked the help of his tribal gods and New York got its first rain in a fortnight. Less successful was the weather meddling in Quebec. There, in the Lac St. Jean region, it had been raining steadily for the second successive summer. Embittered farmers, complaining of ruined crops and increasing sickness (blamed on the lack of sunshine) fulminated against "infernal machines" operated, according to them, by Weather Engineering, Inc. and Génie-Météo. The noisy protests rattled around the provincial parliament in Quebec and the national parliament in Ottawa.

The idea of controlling the weather must be as old as the human race. As far as written records go an early mention of weather meddling occurs in an Aesop fable called "The Father and Daughters." One daughter married a gardener and clamored for rain. The other married a potter and clamored for sunshine to hake her husband's tiles. In modern days the English, with good reason, have been ardent weather interventionists. There is mention of the theme as early as the fourteenth century in "Speculum Laicorum." One sprightly commentary occurs in John Heywood's "The Playe of the Wether," first produced in 1533. A group of extremely articulate characters, including "A Ranger," "A Gentlewoman," "a Little Boy," "a Marchante," "a Launder," "a Wind Miller," and "a Water Miller" all implore Jupiter to alter the weather according to their own whims. Some want more rain and some more sunshine. The Little Boy wants snow so he can make snowballs. Jupiter, his nerves jangled by the harangues, rules as follows:

Nother wyll we do the tone nor the tother,

But serve as many, or as few, as we thynke best.

And where, or what tyme, to serve moste or lest,

The dyreceyon of that doutles shall stande

Perpetually in the power of our hande.

In short, he will let the weather stay as it is. No matter how he changed it, somebody would be disgruntled.

What the human race longs for it sometimes gets. It doesn't seem improbable that President Johnson, or one of his successors will get what they want. Our earnest prayer is that whoever takes action will begin by making Washington's weather behave.

Pro Patria Mori

Three more names have been added to the American Foreign Service Association's green marble plaque in the South lobby of the State Department which commemorates "diplomatic and consular officers of the United States who while on active duty lost their lives under heroic or tragic circumstances." The three names are Barbara A. Robbins, who was killed in the bombing of the embassy at Saigon; Joseph W. Grainger, who was murdered in Viet-Nam; and Joseph R. Rupley, who was killed by gunfire in Caracas.

Miss Robbins, the only woman whose name appears on the plaque will be commemorated in yet another way: one of the regular AFSA scholarships will be designated the Barbara Robbins Memorial Scholarship for next year.

High Standards in Albany

Headline in the New York TIMES:
ASSEMBLY KEEPS
BAN ON ADULTERY

Hurrah! This is no time to be letting down the bars.

Award of the Month

A distressing situation developed in Weymouth Hall, an English women's college. The Hall President, Margaret Stallard-Smith, suspected that male guests were infiltrating the dormitories. She thereupon ordered a midnight search and this sure enough revealed a number of offenders. "We didn't go into rooms that were in darkness," Miss Stallard-Smith explained. "We assumed that the occupants of these rooms were out or asleep."

With a low bow, bowler in hand, we present the Award for August to Miss Margaret Stallard-Smith.

Chance for the Ambitious

A prize of \$1,000 is being offered by the Indiana University Press for the best book length manuscript in English in the field of International Studies. The deadline is June 30, 1966, and the phrase "International Studies" is defined as "any political, economic, social or cultural study bearing on international relations and of reasonably wide scope and significance." The winner will receive not only the \$1,000 prize but also the usual royalties and income from subsidiary rights. If the prize fails to excite you, do remember that prize-winning books nearly always run up substantial royalties.

Sinful or Innocent?

In no time at all the Christmas season will be upon us and the big bugbear of contemporary social life will return to plague us. We mean, of course, the office party. In the first week of December several irate wives will write to Mary Haworth, Abigail Van Buren, Ann Landers and divers other leading thinkers on American mores. There will be tales of husbands who don't get home till 11 a.m. Christmas morning, and others who rev it up till 7 p.m. December 27th. The next week there will flow in a variety of letters, including some from men, defending the office party as an innocent little frolic, incapable of generating sin. Why can't we attack this problem in a serious, practical way? Why doesn't some candidate for a master's degree do a personal study of the office party and then write "The History and Future of the Office Party?" What do you mean—waste of time? If he doesn't study office parties, he will write on "The Metric Structure of Carducci," or "The Grandmother Complex in Janet."

Dated and Filed

Overheard at a Washington booze: comment on a lazy wife who has always commanded, until recently, an adequate supply of servants:

"She's a hangover from the push-button cra."

Enough is Enough

The Department of the Interior has produced a film called "Nature on the Night Shift." It explains, according to the announcement, "the activities of nature, after dark, around the Nation's capital." We refuse resolutely to go prowling into this murky domain. Things are shady enough by day.

Glimpse of the Future

An inventor has just achieved a "personal helicopter." A harness fas-

tens a little motor to your midriff and the propeller, just above your head, is secured by a rod that runs up your back. The rod is kept in place by straps around your waist and another around your chest just under the armpits. A little box containing a row of buttons is strapped to the left arm; this controls the mechanism. This whole thing can be carried in a suitcase.

An admiral recounted a vivid demonstration of the contraption by the inventor on the roof of the Pentagon. "I could hardly believe my eyes. He tied the thing around himself in nothing flat and then turned on the motor. For twenty minutes he soared all over the place about fifty feet above the roof."

Won't it be wonderful when this thing comes into mass production, available at the supermarket and the drug chains for "week-end specials" of \$17.98? Commuters will no longer be earth-bound. The skies will be black, morning and evening, with the rush from and to the suburbs. There will be new discord in the home: "Adelaide, Junior used my helicopter to go to school and now I'll have to take the bus and be late." Visualize it close at hand: Those two arch-gossips, Mrs. McGoon and Mrs. O'Zany, clattering up the airplanes above Connecticut and Calvert as they gossip and gossip. Two Virginia-bound curmudgeons, Mr. Chuckle-Muckle and Mr. Hoodinkus, collide just over the Lincoln Memorial and spend twenty

minutes ticking each other off. And think of those women who take things back to Woodie's—and so clutter up the buses. Think of them darkening the skies like great migrations of crows.

Unasked for Advice

To waiters: Don't snatch away the pre-lunch or pre-dinner cocktail glass. The greedy customers will always insist that there was something left. And they might reduce the tip.

To critics and columnists: Leave off writing: "Miss Hagan turned in a first-rate performance." The first time someone used "turn in" in this sense, it was fresh and acceptable. It's now shopworn, however, and should be abandoned. . . . Leave off saying, "Little Nina Buzzard stole the show!" The idea that beginners steal the show from established stars is one of the booby myths of all time. The standard form of the myth is this: Ruth Gordon, we will say, is the star. Little Nina Buzzard minces across the stage and intones her one line, "Ice water, Madam?" The next day we will read somewhere that she stole the show from the star. No, no one steals the show from Ruth Gordon. Nor from Raymond Massey or John Gielgud or Edith Evans. In the whole history of the theatre, say from the first production of Aeschylus' "Oresteia" in 458 BC there is no record of a minor performer's "stealing the show" from the star. The phrase should be interred.

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by Robert W. Rinden



"The consensus now being developed in the task force will more than compensate for the delay in finalizing the policy directive."

In France, pigeonholing—in a precise fashion—is a favorite pastime. So perhaps it was only to be expected that a mass circulation French newspaper would, in little more than a dozen questions, be able to help its millions of French readers determine whether they have the character to become an ambassador in these perilous times.

One can imagine the scene at the home of the Durands when young Pierre rushes in with the evening paper. His parents have just sat down to eat.

Unbeknownst to them, Pierre has been dreaming—particularly when riding the Métro—of being behind the wheel of a powerful sports car à l'Américaine. And recently he has added to his dream car the snob appeal of distinctive CD plates.

"Et, maman, look, I could become a diplomat. Here is the questionnaire in *FRANCE SOIR*. Jean and I have tried it

out already and both of us have the potentials of becoming diplomats."

Monsieur Durand is silent momentarily. It isn't only that it is important to eat the food while it is hot. More profoundly, he tells himself, it is that his son's career as a diplomat would involve living here, there and elsewhere—out of Paris and even outside of France. Moreover, an overseas Embassy has become a positively dangerous place to work. One reads daily in the papers—

Madame Durand glances at the newsprint under the heavy characters "Feriez-vous un hon diplomate?" then at the eager fifteen-year-old Pierre:

"But, Pierre, we have not a General, nor a Bishop in the family. Nor an Immortal in the Academy.

"And you are less than happy to keep your jacket on when it becomes hot in summer."



FERIEZ-VOUS UN BON DIPLOMATE

by GWEN BARROWS

"Let's see," père Durand interrupts decisively, "what the questions actually are." Quickly he reads them:

	OUI	NON
1. Supportez-vous les voyages en avion?
2. Dictiez-vous aisément au magnétophone?
3. Can you translate this sentence in the english "je leur ai écrit, voici leur réponse."?
4. Etes-vous doué pour passer des concours?
5. Dans votre famille avez-vous un général, un académicien, ou un évêque?
6. Sauriez-vous, les yeux fermés, reconnaître un bourgogne d'un bordeaux?
7. Etes-vous fort en français?
8. Parvenez-vous à rester aimable même si votre interlocuteur vous déplaît?
9. Pourriez-vous conserver votre veste sous une chaleur caniculaire?
10. Aimez-vous vous rendre à des cocktails?
11. Etes-vous très patient?
12. Avez-vous une bonne pratique d'au moins un de ces passe-temps: golf; bridge; tennis?
13. Savez-vous parfaitement vous contrôler?
14. Etes-vous toujours tiré à quatre épingles?
15. Etes-vous très prudent?

In the sub-heading over the questions he noted: "En répondant à ces questions, vous saurez si vous pourriez réussir dans un certain métier que certains qualifient d'art—mais surtout ne regardez pas nos petites annonces avant d'en avoir terminé."

He sighs as he reads "que certains qualifient d'art" then turns to the classified ads to see how the oui's and non's add up to make a successful diplomat:

1. —Moins de 7 Oui

Si vous envisagiez d'embrasser une nouvelle carrière, vous pouvez éliminer dès maintenant celle de diplomate

ou de femme de diplomate si vous ne voulez pas vous retrouver rapidement inscrit au chômage. Ce qui n'exclut pas votre réussite comme chef d'entreprise ou coureur cycliste—

2. —De 7 à 12 oui

Vos chances d'être un jour ambassadeur restent assez problématiques à moins de vous soumettre de suite à un entraînement intensif et à la culture systématique de relations utile. Mais vous feriez probablement un bon représentant, un habile commerçant, un restaurateur apprécié.

3. —11 à 15 oui

Vous pouvez, à la rigueur, embrasser la carrière diplomatique, mais peut-être ne parviendrez-vous pas à dépasser le poste d'attaché d'ambassade.

4. —15 oui

Vous avez de bonnes chances de réussir comme ambassadeur à condition de ne pas être trop pressé.

And thus the scene at the Durands unravels, with a knot here and there. But we dare not intrude on the familial scene any longer. The complications suggested by Experience are already becoming burdensome. We can only leave quietly, wondering whether Pierre will decide to follow the career of a de Callières, despite the fact that at fifteen he H°A°T°E°S wine, whether bourgogne or hordeaux, even with his eyes open. ■

1. Do you enjoy traveling by air?
2. Can you dictate readily into a dictaphone?
3. Can you translate this sentence in the English "I wrote them, here is their reply."
4. Are you skillful at passing competitive examinations?
5. Is there a general, a bishop or a member of the Academy in your family?
6. With your eyes closed, can you distinguish a Bordeaux from a Burgundy?
7. Is your French excellent?
8. Are you able to remain affable even when your questioner is offensive?
9. In torrid weather would you be able to keep your jacket on?
10. Do you enjoy cocktail parties?
11. Are you very patient?
12. Are you good at at least one of the following pastimes: golf, bridge, tennis.
13. Do you have perfect self-control?
14. Are you always spic and span?
15. Are you very discreet?

In the sub-heading over the questions M. Durand noted: "In replying to these questions, you will know whether you could succeed in a certain profession which some people consider an art—hut don't look in the classifieds for the answers until you have completed the questionnaire."

1. Less than seven affirmatives:

If you are considering a new career you can eliminate immediately that of diplomat or wife of a diplomat if you don't want to find yourself quickly among the unemployed. This does not exclude your succeeding as a boss of a job—or as a bicycle racer;

2. Seven to twelve affirmatives:

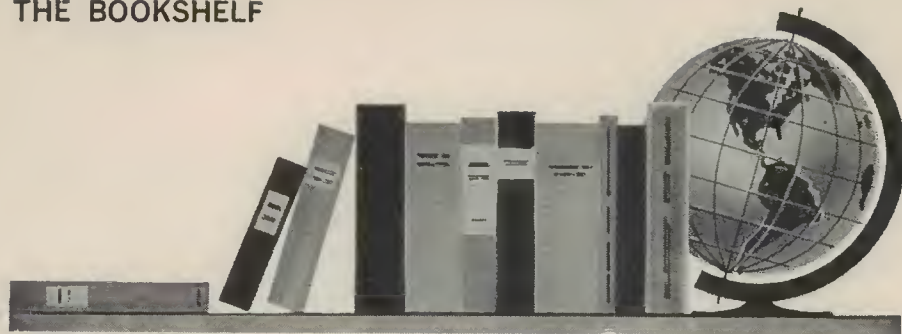
Your chances of becoming an ambassador are problematical unless you undergo rigorous training and simultaneously are able to make some influential contacts.

3. Eleven to fifteen affirmatives:

You can, if necessary, embrace a diplomatic career but it is possible that you may never go higher than an embassy attaché.

4. Fifteen affirmatives:

You have a good chance of becoming an ambassador if you are not in too much of a rush.



Vietnam as It Was Then

ON leave from *TIME* magazine, John Mecklin went to Saigon in May 1962 to serve for about two years as head of the USIS enterprise in Vietnam. In his "intimate account of the US role in Vietnam" he discusses the momentous events of 1962 and 1963, of which he had first-hand knowledge. He writes in an easy, personal, "I-Was-There" style and, thanks to his skillful writing and vivid documentation, you feel that you, *too*, were there. His account of the dramatic events that began in May 1963—with the onset of the Buddhist demonstrations that proliferated across the country in following months—and culminated in a reversal of US policy towards Diem and the latter's overthrow is absorbing. As one of the US country team, he was in a very good position to observe what went on in various spheres and he makes his report with utmost candor and forthrightness. Nor does he duck sticky questions.

To give an example, he notes that former Ambassador Lodge said that the Diem regime's overthrow was "a purely Vietnamese affair. . . . We had nothing whatever to do with it . . ." and then he observes: "But to assert that the US was 'not involved' in the coup was a bit like claiming innocence for a night watchman at a bank who tells a known safecracker that he is going out for a beer."

Dealing with American newsmen in Saigon, who carried on a running feud with US and Vietnamese officials, was one of Mecklin's most onerous tasks. As an interpreter in this broken dialogue, he found his lot one of torment and futility. He did, however, keep his sense of humor and dealt sensibly with the intractable problems that arose chiefly out of the Ngo family's incredibly bad press relations and the young newsmen's humorless, boorish zeal *cum* martyrdom-for-truth syndrome. Those in the Foreign Service who deal with the press will read his experiences with benefit and sympathy.

Several books have been turned out recently on the Vietnam story. For really excellent writing, informed, ana-

lytical reporting and sheer pleasure of reading, John Mecklin's book is outstanding.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

MISSION IN TORMENT, by John Mecklin. Doubleday, \$4.95.

The Soviet Political Future

MYRON RUSH's "Political Succession in the USSR" is an interesting and timely discussion of the problem of transferring political power in the Soviet Union. Particularly good are the assessments of the Lenin-Stalin and the Stalin-Khrushchev successions. On the period of post-Khrushchev rule, however, the book is understandably more speculative.

From the experience of the past Rush deduces what he calls a "cyclical theory of Soviet politics." This he sums up as:

1. A stable phase of personal rule.
2. An unstable phase of succession which is characterized by greater room for maneuver.
3. A final phase resulting in some modification of the regime and a new stability.

That this theory fits Soviet history up to now seems beyond dispute. Whether it will be valid in the future remains to be seen. The Communist leaders now in control in the USSR are no longer impetuous revolutionaries but technocrats of power seriously interested in stability. While it seems difficult to envisage these people working out some system for orderly periodic transfers of power, the Soviet regime has evolved considerably in the last dozen years and such a possibility cannot be excluded.

In this connection, the book omits any mention of the rather interesting discussions during the latter years of Khrushchev's rule on the need for reform of the constitution. A basic question in this exercise seems to have been the problem of ensuring permanency of the institutions of rule. It appears that Soviet leaders were engaged in serious debate over possible methods for a better anchoring of their

system, even toying at one time with the establishment of some type of presidential authority.

The chapter on the implications of the Khrushchev succession crisis for the West is interesting, although it probably overestimates the ability of the United States to influence Soviet internal developments. However, the most important point that the author makes is of the need for recognizing the "variability of the Soviet regime, its capacity for change of character and hence of policy" and consequently the desirability of a broader and more flexible strategy in dealing with it. This would seem to be an area of foreign policy where much work remains to be done.

—JAMES A. RAMSEY

POLITICAL SUCCESSION IN THE USSR, by Myron Rush. Columbia University Press, \$5.95.

A Time in Egypt

THIS little book is a disappointment. It covers the period from the Moslem conquest of Egypt to the arrival of the Ottomans in 1517 A.D. Admittedly it is a compendium of materials drawn from other published sources. For the scholar it offers nothing new. Its appeal to the Foreign Service would be greater if it had adequate maps and at least sketches of the principal medieval monuments of Cairo. The book's descriptions of everyday life in the city are interesting. But Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians" remains the classic account of how Cairenes lived before the industrial revolution came to Egypt.

—DONALD C. BERGUS

CAIRO: *City of Art and Commerce*, by Gaston Wiet. Oklahoma Press, \$2.75.

LBJ's Presidency

IN Washington, as every bleary-eyed legislator and correspondent knows, "The Johnson Treatment" is the application of every technique known to man to get people to do what Lyndon Johnson wants them to do, and this book, by the Associated Press's Jack Bell, is a gathering together of the events by which this led Mr. Johnson to residency at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Bell describes the ferocity of the President's attack on his objectives:

"Critics could not forget that Johnson was a man who set inordinate store on popular acclaim, who plunged into crowds and then exhibited to newsmen bandaged and bleeding hands

as evidence that 'they like me.' Nor could they dismiss lightly his inability to countenance criticism, constructive and otherwise, or his penchant for bawling out fatigued staff members unmercifully when they made mistakes.

"To many, Johnson was often corny and at times uncouth. But those who saw only the surface failed to perceive the driving force which could carry him to accomplishments history would have to take into account."

This is a useful compendium of events and anecdotes illustrative of the Johnson history from assassination to the election. It does not address itself to the inner meaning of the man or to the kind of history "The Johnson Treatment" is apt to make for his country. It puts between hard covers what the man did but sheds little light on why.

—BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

THE JOHNSON TREATMENT: How Lyndon B. Johnson Took Over the Presidency and Made It His Own, by Jack Bell. Harper & Row, \$4.95.

The New Liberia

IN this era of emerging new African nations, a short (145 pages of text, 82 pages of appendices and 12 pages of notes), readable book, serves to remind us that the voice of one independent African republic has been heard for more than a century. The founders of Liberia, sponsored by the American Society for the Colonization of the Free People of Color of the United States, established the first colony on the shores of Cape Mesurado in 1821. The colony, after trials no less harrowing than those suffered by our own forefathers in New England two centuries before, managed to survive and grow. On July 26, 1847, the Liberian Commonwealth issued its Declaration of Independence, drafting a constitution very similar to that of the United States.

After a long struggle for economic viability—a struggle which is not yet ended—and in the face of hostility from colonial powers who saw in the existence of a Negro republic a menace to their own continued occupation of Africa, Liberia emerged as the first republic of Black Africa; a nation which although economically still far from its potential development, is fully entitled to be regarded with respect rather than "condescending benevolence" on political matters. It has for many years shown the rest of Africa and the world that a Negro country can govern itself effectively, and can make a valuable contribution to international progress. Liberia played a prominent role in the formation of the United Nations, acting together



Fishermen Embarking, Dakar

by Daniel Lee McCarthy

with Ethiopia as spokesman for the rest of the continent.

Without the benefit of the infrastructure which most African countries inherited from their colonizers, Liberia has, particularly in the last twenty years, advanced to a point where she now benefits from American investments totaling more than \$350 million (our second largest in sub-Saharan Africa). Liberia's national income soared from \$1.5 million in 1943 to \$36 million in 1962. Revenues of \$100 million are forecast for 1970, when Liberia's iron ore deposits, described as the richest in the world, are fully exploited. Rubber and timber are the other two most important products.

Lawrence A. Marinelli, the author, spent several months in Liberia in 1962-63 on a grant from the African Research Institute of New York, doing research for his book. While perhaps too much of his text is devoted to quotations from speeches and public documents, the author does give a sympathetic description of the country and a particularly vivid picture of William V. Shadrach Tubman, President of Liberia for the past twenty years and surely one of the most remarkable men in Africa. On a continent noted for strong leaders, President Tubman holds an outstanding position both because of the progress his country has made under the "Open Door" policy he adopted, and because of his influence in Africa-wide affairs most recently demonstrated by his sponsorship of the moderate reaction by the so-called "Monrovia Powers" to the ambitious militancy of the more radical states or "Casablanca Powers."

President Leopold Sedar Senghor of Senegal has contributed a short introduction, highly complimentary to President Tubman.

After reading Mr. Marinelli's book one can understand and appreciate the close ties of friendship which have linked Liberia and the United States for so many years.

—H. v. O.

THE NEW LIBERIA—A Historical and Political Survey, by Lawrence A. Marinelli. Published for the Africa Service Institute of New York by Praeger, \$5.95.

For Wriston Admirers

THIS slender volume contains articles and speeches delivered in the last few years by Henry M. Wriston, who is beloved by many in the Foreign Service for his simple solution to its personnel problems. The book is one long preachment against our national tendency to oversimplify and to think in terms of clichés, and against the folly of seeking neat, orderly solutions to complicated problems.

Since several of these articles have appeared in *FOREIGN AFFAIRS*, they may not be new to our readers; but those who wish to have a permanent record of some of the topical thoughts of the former President of Brown University will not hesitate to pay \$5 for 178 pages of wisdom. Dr. Wriston philosophizes on a broad range of interesting subjects, and sometimes he hits the nail on the head.

—M. F. H.

POLICY PERSPECTIVES, by Henry M. Wriston. Brown University, \$5.00.

Promising Idea

ELSPETH Huxley always writes well. When she writes of the Kenya she has known from childhood she is unsurpassed. Her latest book recounts her unusually perceptive observations on a timely swing through Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika during the past monumental year. Readers who know East Africa will find familiar and nostalgia-evoking faces, sights, scents and sounds throughout the book. Those who would like to learn of East Africa will find Mrs. Huxley's "With Forks and Hope" an excellent *tour d'horizon*. Problems of wildlife and range conservation, Africanization, education, land resettlement, soreery, trade, "villagization" are explored, but equally well treated are the regional and local political and economic themes. The question of the future of the white man and the Asian in the post-UHURU world is, as one would expect from Mrs. Huxley, given thorough consideration. Kenyatta, Nyerere, Mboya, Obote and many of the other chief actors on the stage, as well as scores of the lesser known East Africans who are the supporting characters, are subjects of sympathetic sketches, often based on recent interviews, by the author. In a realistic but hopeful vein Mrs. Huxley portrays her white, brown and black neighbors on the threshold of the new adventure which lies ahead of them.

—EDWARD MULCAHY

WITH FORKS AND HOPE: AN AFRICAN NOTEBOOK, by Elsbeth Huxley. Morrow, \$5.95.

Congo Crisis

THIS is a brief study of what the author correctly describes as "the largest and most complex internationally authorized and administered operation in history." The circumstances which led to the creation of a United Nations Force in the Congo, the resolutions and policies which guided its operations, the difficulties faced by the Force in carrying out its mission and the successes and failures of the UN in administering an enterprise of this scope are subjects of more than passing interest and will surely receive continuing analysis in the future. Mr. Lefever's book suffers from the fact that it deals in a cursory fashion with a four-year period in which developments relating to the UN operation in the Congo took place with extraordinary rapidity. The book's treatment of events in the Congo, in New York and in the capitals of the major participants in the UN Force is very superficial. The book is also unneces-

sarily repetitive in that the author appends numbered "General Observations" to each chapter in which he restates points he has previously made. The most interesting chapter to Foreign Service readers will be Mr. Lefever's observations on "Operational Problems of the Force." This is a succinct statement on the effectiveness of the UN Force in the Congo. Mr. Lefever also analyzes the difficulties which confront the UN Secretariat and member states in carrying out a major peacekeeping operation. The author's conclusions and recommendations merit further study and could well be the basis for a more searching commentary on means to improve the UN's peacekeeping capability.

—C. S. W.

CRISIS IN THE CONGO—A UN Force in Action, by Ernest W. Lefever. Brookings Institute, \$3.50.

Troubled Paradise

THIS is an entertainingly written housewife's view of Indonesia with particular emphasis on such cultural charms as Bali, Borobudur and Djogjakarta.

Perhaps to justify the implied promise of the title, the author unhappily attempts several brief excursions into the political realm. In these she blames the Masjumi party for the Darul Islam

rebel movement, says neutralist Mohammed Hatta sought to align his country with SEATO, and implies that the rebellion of army colonels in Sumatra in 1958 was in response to Indonesian government actions against Dutch economic interests. Most students of Indonesia will find these interpretations quite novel. Perhaps the most novel of all is Mrs. Lewis' concept of the abortive Communist uprising at Madiun in 1948. This uprising, the author says, resulted from the action of the Masjumi-dominated government in undertaking "an all-out offensive against the progressive forces as well as the communists."

The idea that a communist party thus could be driven to an uprising partly in defense of "progressive forces" is a little hard to follow.

In other areas Mrs. Lewis showed excellent powers of observation and a real feeling for the delicately-balanced, heterogeneous society of Indonesia.

—JOHN W. HENDERSON

INDONESIA: TROUBLED PARADISE, by Reba Lewis. David McKay Co., \$5.95.

The Crisis of the Millstones

MR. Higgins' book is a sharp, slick, summary of events in Indonesia in the last ten years or so. As such, it could be most useful to a Foreign Service reader needing a quick brush-



Movie Theatre, Old Delhi

by Lynn Millar

up on the area. Since it is by one of the leading experts on Indonesia, it is automatically authoritative and factual. It happens to be at the same time interesting and well written, but to one well-versed in the bewildering pace of change in Indonesia, it suffers from a certain lack of focus. This is due to the fact that the author dwells most extensively and intensively on events which took place at the time of his own direct association with Indonesia, and in historical retrospect these sometimes proved of less than lasting significance. Although the author attempts objectivity throughout, there is no dodging the fact that he is a friend of Indonesia and has considerable faith in the future of that country—more than some of his readers, perhaps.

For example, Mr. Higgins seems to see President Sukarno and the Indonesian Army cooperating as two unifying forces which might result in integration of the country and a basis for economic development. This is only one example of the political optimism reflected in these pages. Let us hope, in the interest of United States policy objectives, that Mr. Higgins is right.

—JOHN W. HENDERSON

INDONESIA: THE CRISIS OF THE MILLSTONES, by Benjamin Higgins with Jean Higgins. Van Nostrand, \$1.45.

Growth and Change

FOR the past decade or so Dr. Hans W. Singer, Special Advisor to the Undersecretary for Economic and Social Affairs of the UN, and a well known economist, has directed his writing and lecturing to the problem of international economic development. This book is largely a compilation of his lectures and writing on all facets of this subject. Development planners will find his chapter "Development Planning" interesting reading, particularly as the material was given in a series of lectures in Pakistan in 1950 when development planning, as we know it today, was in its infancy. Although Dr. Singer's presentation at the time was highly theoretical, one is impressed, however, by his keen understanding of the dangers lying ahead. During the past decade, Dr. Singer has had an opportunity to observe at first hand the accomplishments, failures and frustrations of this new science. His later writings indicate this and are much less theoretical reflecting the growth and change (the sub-title of Dr. Singer's book) that he himself has experienced. If criticism is justified it might be the lack of emphasis he places on the role

of politics and the problem of adapting development planning to the type of economy an individual developing country has chosen to follow.

Of particular interest to US economic planners, both government and private, is the chapter "Use and Abuse of Counterpart Funds." Acknowledging that counterpart funds can be used effectively particularly for "Worthy Causes," he warns us that there is no way "you can introduce a sort of multiplier into your foreign aid and make one dollar's worth of aid do the work of two, three or four." Financing the local expenses of US Embassies and other agencies with counterpart he considers trade not aid.

Foreign Service personnel will discover some excellent material in the chapter on Northeast Brazil albeit it was written in 1953. His analysis of the role of the African Development Bank is sympathetically understanding and timely, as is his treatment of African economic development.

—D. ALAN STRACHAN

INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT: *Growth and Change*, by Hans W. Singer. McGraw-Hill, \$7.50



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THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

Hanover, N.H.



Naples. Marisa Lambiase, FSL, and John H. Hawes are shown at their civil wedding which was performed by Ferdinando Clemente di San Luca, the Mayor of Naples, early this year. The Mayor saluted the couple with a toast at the ceremony in the Sala d'honore, heralding the "thousand bonds of friendship and affection which Naples held with America." Mr. Hawes is now on assignment at the Department. FSO Frederiek H. Lawton served as best man.



Dakar. The annual fair for the benefit of the Senegalese Red Cross featured an American "general store," which netted approximately \$600. Mrs. Mercer Cook, wife of the Ambassador, center, served as chairman. On left, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Cook's mother and Mrs. N'Diaye, president of the Dakar Association of Catholic Women, at right, two customers of the general store.

SERVICE GLIMPSSES



San Jose. Three Americans were selected as "most" members of the graduating class at the Escuela Lincoln this year. They are, left to right, Jerry Fine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Fine, AID, elected "most likely to succeed"; Susie Raine, daughter of DCM and Mrs. Philip Raine, elected "most popular"; and Eddy Miranda, son of Colonel and Mrs. E. Miranda, Army Attache, elected "most athletic."

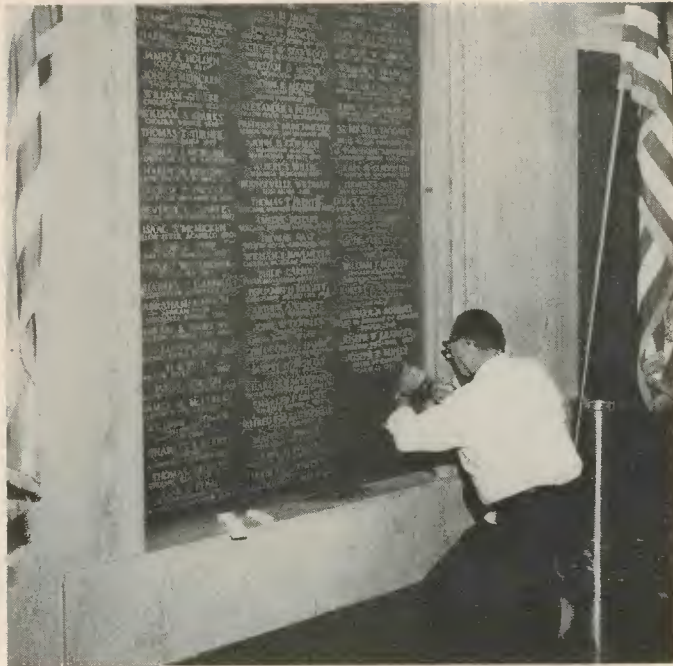
Caracas. Mrs. Mauriee M. Bernbaum, wife of the Ambassador to Venezuela, is shown, right, receiving an "Intereamhio" award from the wife of the President of Venezuela, Mrs. Menea de Leoni. This award was given to Mrs. Bernbaum in recognition of her social contributions to Venezuela during the Bernbaum's two previous tours of duty here.



Bucharest. On stage at the Bucharest Diplomatic Country Club are members of the staffs of three embassies in a production titled, "My Fair Bucharest." Front row, Charles A. Anderson, American Vice Consul, Mrs. Wally Tornavacea, wife of FSS Louis Tornavacea, Miss Josephine Pitts, British Embassy, Mrs. Pict Maddens, Belgian Embassy and Mrs. Robert H. Frowiek, American Embassy. The producer was Mrs. William A. Bell, who with Mrs. George J. Krausc, wife of the Air Attache, wrote the script.



AFSA: MINUTES



The Memorial Plaque in the lobby of the State Department is shown as the inscription of the names of Barbara A. Robbins, Joseph W. Grainger and Joseph W. Rupley is completed.

June 18: The Board was informed that the inscription of the three names on the Memorial Plaque had been completed. The matching marble plaque in the lobby was discussed and it was agreed that Mr. Bealc would send a memorandum to Mr. Crockett asking what name was planned for it. The Board moved to go ahead on the preparation of the proposed changes in the By-Laws to be submitted to the General Meeting in September. The Chairman requested that suggestions for members of the Board of Directors be sent to the Electoral College. Mr. McKillop was welcomed to the Board.

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

After several years of working on the JOURNAL, former editor GWEN BARROWS succumbed to the wanderlust. For the past year she has been doing free lance editing and writing and is a literary agent in Paris. She says she reads the JOURNAL with enormous interest each month and is always eager for news of her many friends in the Service.

"The Deal" and "My Kid Sister and Cyprus" have been earlier contributions to the JOURNAL by a present Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs—an economist. ROBERT W. BARNETT is represented in this issue by "The Race of the Fat Man."

RICHARD L. STORCH entered the Foreign Service in 1961. His first post was Lome, Togo. He is enrolled in one of the Department's hard language programs. Though the reader might first suspect otherwise, Mr. Storch is in fact an orthodox believer in the FSI method of teaching languages. The intention of his article is to create the proper clinical expectations in future candidates for hard language training—and to offer therapeutic consolation to those already initiated.

MARGARET CORNELIUS, our cover artist, spent twelve years in the Foreign Service. In 1959 she exhibited and lectured throughout Brazil under the auspices of the Cultural Section of the Embassy. In 1963 and 1964 she traveled around the world, exhibiting her designs, "People and Places Around the World," in about twenty cities from Vientiane to Athens. Four of her designs have been selected for the Department's "Art in the Embassies" program.

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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(Continued from page 21)

words really mean?"

Uncle Charlie looked at us. He was waiting. He wanted to hear. We knew he was listening. But we were silent. The stars were near. Far, far away we heard the squeaky, gripping dissonances of a Chinese violin—one of the servants, obviously. We waited for him to speak. We couldn't, and wouldn't. It was important to know from him. Maybe, he had made us feel, it was the most important thing in our lives to know.

"No one can tell you about faith," he began, and continued, "But, if you have the real thing it will not be in a God that anybody can discuss with you because the talker gets in the way of the Him that is everywhere, always, and the reason for everything that makes sense right now when only He knows what's next. Nothing but faith can keep you moving at all towards tomorrow's mystery. To survive, itself, is an act of faith."

We didn't get it, and John and I were silent. But we could tell he was not joking, or haranguing. He wanted us to agree because he, too, was groping. And, somehow we knew that in this groping he was loving us and wanted us to be loving him. But, much as we wanted to, we couldn't talk to him because it was he we heard, not his words.

"Now, about hope. It is a happy form of anguish."

Uncle Charlie paused, and re-lit his cigar and gave a choked-up laugh. We waited for him to speak of love.

"But, now let's get back to the Minor Prophets. Both of you."

We were unaware, but Mr. Asquith had joined us when John and I said loudly in chorus.

"HOJO AM OBJO MINA HAZE HAZE MA!"

"John!"

Mr. Asquith shouted at his son.

"Go to bed at once! I will have a few words with your uncle!"

John left. Mr. Asquith ignored me. He turned on his brother.

"Charles. I have restrained myself for almost a month. You are my older brother. You are sick. And you and I owe a great deal to what Belle Haven meant and means to us. How much longer it will be yours neither you nor I can know. That is in the hands of God. But *this* is my Belle Haven and John is *my* son. And you, Charles, are fouling my Belle Haven and corrupting him. I will have it no longer. Cheapen, destroy, befoul, and corrupt where you will. But not here. This is *my* home, by the grace of God, and only my loyalty to my beloved father and mother has deterred me till now from asking you to go. The Sunday School picnic's tomorrow. The day after, you go!"

To add emphasis Mr. Asquith tore off his gold wrist watch and flung it on the porch.

Uncle Charlie listened, watched the watch bounce to a stop, and said, lightly:

"Tiffany's said it was shoe-proof!"

Mr. Asquith left. Uncle Charlie put his hand on my shoulder.

"So long, young man. Let's see what happens tomorrow. You and John must win lots of ribbons."

THE day of the Sunday School picnic was always sunny at Mokanshan. God seemed to see to that.

The athletic events of the day began at just after noon. But in the morning Sunday School teachers listened to

what must have seemed ten thousand eager, dedicated (!) children reel off the Minor Prophets, recite assigned Psalms, and complete the pas de deux with John and the Thirteenth Chapter. Parents were permitted to be present, but not, naturally, to prompt. For most, it was a glorious way to spend the morning. Hesitation counted minus one. Forgetfulness counted minus five. There were other nuances to grading. All agreed that strict standards were the thing. Parents, however, quarreled a bit over what some, at least, detected as favoritism. Only Mr. Asquith, so far as I could observe, disapproved the excellence of his child's performance. John was fantastically quick in reeling off the Minor Prophets. His teacher was moved, and actually wept a little—I saw it myself—when John said "and now abideth. . . ." I was standing beside Mr. Asquith—my turn was next—and I heard him mutter fiercely under his breath.

"Cheater!"

I knew Unele Charlie would leave us tomorrow, and my turn was next, so I could ponder that expletive very little at the time.

We all had light early lunches at home before the afternoon races began. Mr. Asquith and Unele Charlie weren't talking so I asked Unele Charlie and John to go up to the tennis courts with Dad and Mother and me.

We all knew what the program was to be.

There would be the silly events. Three-legged races—all ages. Much laughing. The egg-throwing contest. Much laughing. The husband and wife spoon and egg relays. Ugh. These took forever. The wheelbarrow races—by family, boy/girl, boy/boy, girl/girl. Took lots of time. This year there would be pole vault; into a pit of old Chinese mattresses. A YMCA secretary, recently at Springfield, Massachusetts, who just failed to make the Olympic Squad, suggested that event. The kids said he wanted to show off, and no one else entered. And it was a good thing, I guess; he broke his leg.

But the real business of the Picnic—was the final running races. Boys, girls. Sixty yards, hundred yards, and the up and back—up and back quarter mile for the older boys. Then the joke race of the day—the race of the fat men. After each race, blue for first—red for second—and white for third place ribbons were handed out. From about five until dark, people weary with the day wandered around, munching sandwiches, sipping punch, and showing off their ribbons. Competition was merciless. You couldn't get a ribbon except by really winning it. It was awful, I knew, not even to win a white one, unless you had an arm in a sling, or something.

Johnny and I didn't really care about anything except the sixty and hundred yard races for the 12-16 year olds. He wanted to win the sixty, and did. I won the hundred. So it was a good day for us. We each got the other's red ribbons, too. And just for fun the two of us also picked up ribbons, together, in the wheelbarrow and egg throwing events for our ages. We had enough ribbons—and no white ones—not to be ashamed.

Unele Charlie was all over us with advice before and congratulations after every event we entered, and he was smoking cigars more furiously than I ever saw him do before.

I was nervous before my big race. He knew it. I admitted to him,

"I'm scared. I have to go to the bathroom."

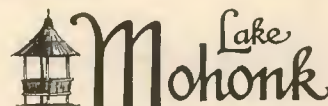
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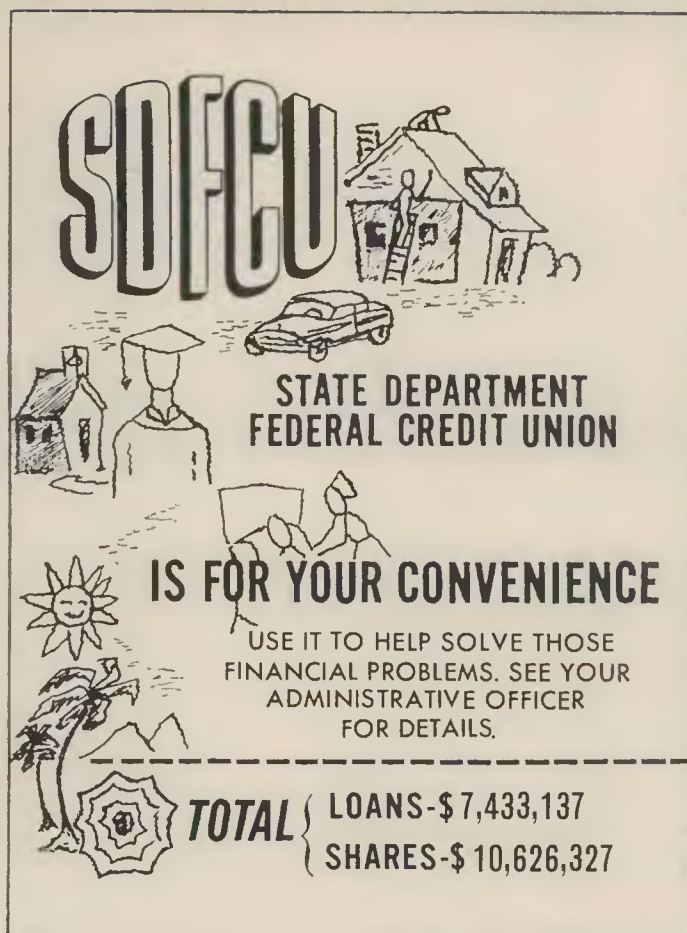
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"For God's sake," he ordered, "Get up in those bushes and take a leak!"

I'm sure doing it was the thing that made the difference.

Then a funny thing began happening around the sandwich stand. Although I was not paying much attention, I realized somehow that the fat man's race was going to be the big event of the day. There was loud talk about how fat you had to be to be fat.

"Where are the scales?"

Mr. Asquith was egging people on.

"Come on. Be a sport. Get in the race! Where's *your* blue ribbon?"

It was the kind of good-natured grown-up "leadership" talk Mr. Asquith was good at, but I was getting strangely uneasy underneath. Mr. Asquith this time was being rough. John had told me *he* was a great runner.

Well, I was right.

From a far corner of the tennis courts, Johnny, Uncle Charlie, and a couple of German(!) businessmen(!) and I watched about ten not so very fat men begin prancing around, warming up for the race of the fat men.

I was not impressed then by anyone who spoke Chinese. Everyone did. And after all, even Chinese children did. So did our servants. But Uncle Charlie could actually speak *German*. It was amazing. This distracted me a little from the race about to begin.

Well, it was while Uncle Charlie was telling those Germans about his adventures at the Haus Vaterland in Berlin that Mr. Asquith came over. He had often told Johnny and me how much he disapproved of both Germans and businessmen, and we were nervous, but this time he was actually almost friendly. I don't know, but it seemed that he was taunting when he said,

"Charlie, I'm glad to see you're not running!"

"Running what?" Uncle Charlie, startled, asked. Suddenly the Haus Vaterland was a million miles away.

"Look!" Mr. Asquith's eyes were bright as he pointed over at the starting line, at the men jogging around in sneakers.

Uncle Charlie looked at them and then at Johnny and me. He squinted hard as he looked at Mr. Asquith. Johnny put his hand on Uncle Charlie's arm. He was not saying "don't!" But I could tell that something had got under Uncle Charlie's skin, and somehow he felt he should not let us down.

"They say they won't let me run," Mr. Asquith paused, then added, "Remember the record board at Princeton?"

Mr. Asquith—whatever his weight might be—was not fat. If he got in the race, the whole fat man thing would not anymore be funny. He wanted, I knew, to be in it, couldn't, and was saying—I thought—"let's you and him fight if you are up to it!" That must have been what Uncle Charlie heard, too. Anyway, he said a couple more words in German to these business friends I had taken Uncle Charlie over to see at their place once on my mail route.

Then, Uncle Charlie seized Mr. Asquith by the arm, and strode towards the starting line.

I asked Johnny, "What about Princeton?"

"Dad broke Uncle Charlie's ten-year record in the 100 yards."

There was a hush all over the tennis courts. Everyone watched. Everyone knew Uncle Charlie was the only cigar smoker at Mokanshan that summer. And, so far as anyone could remember, he was the only drinker of Remy

Martin ever. Everyone watched because at Mokanshan people were observant, particularly when the good life was, somehow, at stake.

Uncle Charlie peeled off his coat. Boy, was he fat! Uncle Charlie threw away his cigar. He let go of Mr. Asquith's arm and said sharply,

"You get in this, too!"

Then—I'll never forget—he waggled his finger at us to come over. He whispered,

"Someone once said: Not how long, but how well. Watch!"

The line, as one, then leaned forward. Some took their marks. Despite all the fat, Uncle Charlie had a grace and control and alertness none other had. Mr. Asquith got on his mark.

By gum. I said to myself, I'll be a gymnast and maybe quarterback at Princeton, too. It was going to have to be Princeton. That, however, was a secret I'd now share with no one, not even Uncle Charlie.

"GO!"

Uncle Charlie burst from the pack, led, widened the lead, held it at thirty, forty, fifty, and at sixty plunged across four yards ahead of Mr. Asquith.

This was the most exciting race of the day. It was the most exciting race anyone at Mokanshan had ever seen.

John and I, exhilarated, raced in Uncle Charlie's wake to embrace him.

We did, and with his arms around the two of us, we felt him suddenly collapse. He pulled us to him, and gasped with a strange smile.

"It was coming, boys. It was fun. Thanks!"

The doctors couldn't do anything.

THEY say it is easier to descend than to ascend a mountain. Mokanshan was an exception that summer.

Anyone entering ninth grade quickly has to forget his summer's nonsense and get down to business. Aside from friends, and the teams to make, there is Sunday School, and that damnable report card, and that year at school there was much letter writing to Master John Asquith, Jr.—for whom foolishly I had come to fear:

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I took my letters down to the Avenue Joffre Post Office myself. ■

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It is a privilege for me to be here to salute my colleagues of the Foreign Service—to express to you the gratitude of President Johnson and of the American people for a service marked by so much competence, dedication and personal commitment.

Two and a half months ago President Johnson spoke to the world about Viet-Nam at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Today I wish to talk to you on the same subject—to you who know that such problems have deep roots, who have lived through and worked upon such problems before, and who know that such matters can gravely affect the future of our nation and the prospect for general peace.

The struggle in Viet-Nam has continued since April and has grown more severe. The harsh resistance of the Communists to any form of discussion or negotiation continues. The effort to destroy the freedom of Viet-Nam has been expanded. The trial by fire of the people of Viet-Nam goes on. Their own resistance has been courageous but the need for American resolution and for American action has increased.

The root of the trouble in Viet-Nam is today just what it was in April and has been at least since 1960—a cruel and sustained attack by North Viet-Nam upon the people of South Viet-Nam. Now, as then, it is a brutal war—marked by terror and sneak attack, and by the killing of women and children in the night. This campaign of terror has continued through the spring.

Those of us who have not served in Viet-Nam may find it hard to understand just how ugly this war of aggression has been. From 1961 to date the South Vietnamese armed forces have lost 25,000 dead and 51,000 wounded. In proportion to population, these losses are ten times as great as those suffered by Americans in the Korean War, and larger than our losses in World War II. Even more terrible than these military losses are the cruelties of assassination and kidnapping among civilian officials and ordinary citizens. In the last eighteen months more than 2,500 local officials and civilians have been murdered. When an official is not found at home, often his wife and children are slain in his place. It is as if in our own country 35,000 civic leaders or their families were to be killed at night by stealth and terror.

These are the methods of the Viet Cong. This is the test to which the people of Viet-Nam have gallantly responded.

Meanwhile, from the North, heavy infiltration has continued. Intelligence now shows that some 40,000 had come down before the end of 1964. Toward the end of that year—well before the beginning of our own air operations against North Viet-Nam—the infiltration of regular North Vietnamese Army units was begun. Important elements of that army are now known to be in place in South Viet-Nam and Laos, where they have no right to be.

We face a deliberate and long-matured decision by a persistent aggressor to raise the stakes of war. Apparently this was their answer to our own repeated affirmation that we ourselves did not wish a larger war. Apparently a totalitarian regime has once again misunderstood the desire of democratic peoples for peace and has made the mistake of thinking that they could mount a larger war without risks to themselves. Hence the air strikes against military targets in North

Rashness nor Surrender"

by DEAN RUSK

Viet-Nam.

These actions have made infiltration harder. They have increased the cost of aggression. Without them South Viet-Nam today would face still stronger forces from the North.

These measured air operations have done what we expected them to do—neither more nor less. Air attack alone cannot bring peace. I cannot agree with those who think it is wrong to hit the logistics of aggression. It is the aggression itself that is the wrong. Those who worry about bridges, barracks, and ammunition dumps would do well to give their sympathy instead to the daily victims of terror in South Viet-Nam.

The other side is obviously not ready for peace. In these last months, the friends of peace in many lands have sought to move this dangerous matter to the conference table. One proposal after another has been contemptuously rejected.

We and others have sought to clear a way for a conference on Laos and a conference on Cambodia—two neighboring countries where progress toward peace might be reflected in Viet-Nam. These efforts have been blocked by North Viet-Nam and by Communist China.

Twice there has been an effort at discussions through the United Nations—first in the Security Council after the August attacks in the Tonkin Gulf, and later this April, when Secretary General U Thant considered visits to Hanoi and Peiping. But in August there was a refusal by Hanoi to come to the Security Council. In April both Hanoi and Peiping made it clear that they would not receive U Thant, and both regimes made plain their view that the United Nations is not competent to deal with Viet-Nam.

Repeatedly our friends in Britain have sought a path to settlement—first by working toward a new conference in Geneva and then by a visit of a senior British statesman. But the effort for a conference in Geneva was blocked, and the distinguished British traveler was told that he should stay away from Peiping and Hanoi.

Twice in April we made efforts of our own. In Baltimore the President offered unconditional discussions with the Governments concerned. Hanoi and Peiping called this offer a "hoax." At that time the 17 non-aligned nations had appealed for a peaceful solution, by negotiations without preconditions. This proposal was accepted on our side. It was rejected by Hanoi and by Peiping. Some of its authors were labeled "monsters and freaks."


The President of India has made constructive proposals—for an end of hostilities and an Afro-Asian patrol force. To us this proposal was full of interest and hope. But by Hanoi and by Red China it was rejected as a betrayal.

Our own Government and the Government of South Viet-Nam, in May, suspended air attacks on North Viet-Nam. This action was made known to the other side to see if there would be a response in kind. This special effort for peace was denounced in Hanoi as "a worn-out trick," and denounced in Peiping as a "swindle." To those who complain that the so-called "pause" was not long enough, I would simply report that the harsh reaction of the other side was fully known before the attacks were resumed. And I would also recall that we held our hand for more than four years while tens of

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thousands of armed men invaded the South and every attempt at peaceful settlement failed.

And reports in the first half of June have confirmed that all these violent rejections are in fact what they appear to be—clear proof that what is wanted today in Hanoi is a military victory, not peace, and that Hanoi is not even prepared for discussions unless it is accepted in advance that there will be a Communist dominated government in Saigon, and unless too—so far as we can determine—American forces are withdrawn in advance.

The record is clear. We must agree with the conclusion of Senator Fulbright: "It seems clear that the Communist powers still hope to achieve a complete victory in South Viet-Nam and for this reason are at present uninterested in negotiations for a peaceful settlement."

As I have said, Hanoi is presently adamant against negotiation or any avenue to peace. Peiping is even more so, and one can plainly read the declared doctrine and purpose of the Chinese Communists. They are looking beyond the current conflict to the hope of domination in all of Southeast Asia—and beyond.

But one finds it harder to understand Hanoi's aversion to discussion. More immediately than the Chinese, the North Vietnamese face the costs and dangers of conflict. They too must fear the ambitions of Communist China in Southeast Asia. Yet they are still on the path of violence, insisting upon the forceful communization of South Viet-Nam and refusing to let their brothers in the South work out their own destiny in peace.

In recent weeks, after two months of reduced activity, the enemy has sharply quickened the tempo of his military action in the South. Since early May, major Viet Cong units have returned to the battlefield, and already a series of sharp engagements has shown us that the fighting through the summer may be hard. Setbacks have occurred, and serious defeats have been avoided only by the combination of continuing Vietnamese bravery and effective air and other support.

Losses on both sides have been heavy. From April first to date, we have had confirmed reports of almost 5,000 Viet Cong dead, almost 3,000 South Vietnamese, and almost 100 Americans. We must expect these losses to continue—and our own losses may increase.

Since March we have deployed nine battalions of fighting men to South Viet-Nam. Six more are on their way. For as the President said in April, "We will not be defeated and we will not grow tired." "We will do everything necessary . . . and we will do only what is necessary."

Our own battalions in South Viet-Nam today have three related tasks. Their first assignment was and is to guard such major installations as the airfield at Danang. A second and closely connected task is that of active patrol in nearby areas. And the third is to join in combat support of Vietnamese forces—when such help is requested and when our Commander, General Westmoreland, believes it should be given.

American forces so committed will carry with them the determined support of our people. These men know, as all our people know, that what they do is done for peace and freedom, in Viet-Nam, in other continents, and here at home.

In authorizing combat missions for our ground forces in Viet-Nam, the President acted to meet his constitutional responsibilities as Commander-in-Chief. He has recognized the obligations of this nation under the Southeast Asia Treaty, which the Senate approved by a vote of 82-1. He has acted under the Joint Resolution of August, 1964, which passed the Senate by a vote of 88-2—and passed the House with no opposing vote. This Resolution expresses our national readiness—as the President determines—"to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack on the United States" and "all necessary steps, including the use of armed force" to

help Viet-Nam and Southeast Asian members of SEATO who ask for help to preserve their freedom.

The President has acted on the unanimous advice of the American leaders in Saigon and his senior civil and military advisers in Washington.

He has acted in full consultation with the Government of Viet-Nam.

And he has acted on his own considered judgment of what is necessary now to stop aggression.

This decision—like all of our decisions in Viet-Nam—is open to review by members of the Congress, and open to reversal if it does not have their support.

But the leaders of the Congress have been kept in close touch with the situation, and no such prospect should stimulate the hopes of enemies or the fears of friends. America is not divided in her determination nor weak in her will.

In Viet-Nam today we face one more challenge in the long line of dangers we have, unhappily, had to meet and master for a generation. We have had to show both strength and restraint—courage and coolness—for Iran and for Greece, for Berlin and for Korea, in the Formosa Strait, and in the Cuban missile crisis. We mean to show the same cool determination now. In 1954 President Eisenhower pledged our support to the Government of Viet-Nam, to assist that government "in developing and maintaining a strong, viable state, capable of resisting attempted subversion or aggression through military means." And this determination was reaffirmed again and again by President Kennedy. "We are going to stay there," he said. "We are not going to withdraw from that effort." And that is our position still.

Now, as in April, as the President put it, "We will use our power with restraint and with all the wisdom we can command." It is others, and not we, who have increased the scale of fighting. It is others, and not we, who have made threats of gravely widened conflict. The firmness with which we resist aggression is matched by the firmness with which we will refrain from ill-advised adventure. A few—a very few—may believe that unlimited war can take the place of the sustained and steady effort in which we are engaged—just as there may be a few—a very few—who think we should pull out and leave a friendly people to their fate. But the American people want neither rashness nor surrender. They want firmness and restraint. They expect courage and care. They threaten no one. And they are not moved by threats by others.

This contest centers in the defense of freedom for the people who live in South Viet-Nam. The sustained and increasing infiltration from North Viet-Nam has required the measured use of air attack on military targets in the North. We alone cannot determine the future—could we do so there could be a prompt peace. The other side, too, must decide about the future. And we must hope they know—as we do—that increased aggression would be costly far beyond its worth to the aggressor.

The political turmoil in South Viet-Nam has continued. It is easy to be impatient with our friends in Saigon as they struggle to establish and sustain a stable government under the stress of war. We see there the ferment of a society still learning to be free, even while under attack from beyond their borders.

We must remember that this ancient people is young in its independence, restless in its hopes, divided in its religions, and varied in its regions. The turmoil of Viet-Nam needs the steadfastness of America. Our friends in Viet-Nam know—as we know—that our people and our troops must work and fight together. Neither of us can do the work of the other. And the main responsibility must always be with, and is fully accepted by, the South Vietnamese. Yet neither of us can "go it alone." We would not be there without the urgent request for assistance from those whose land this is. We have



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Where in the World?

F.S.-Retired Addresses

THE list of retired Foreign Service personnel together with their addresses which in recent years has accompanied the September JOURNAL will again be prepared this year, but will be distributed to JOURNAL readers only upon request. Those wishing to receive this year's list should so inform the Association. The list will be furnished without charge to those who ask for it and will be mailed in September to each applicant. Please let us have your request by August 10.

Yes, I would like to receive the list of retired F.S. personnel

to: AFSA, Suite 505, 815 - 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

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a tested faith in the enduring bravery of the people of Viet-Nam, and they, in turn, can count with equal certainty upon us.

The people of Viet-Nam long for peace. And the way to peace is clear. Yesterday, the Foreign Minister of South Viet-Nam set forth the fundamental principles that can provide a "just and enduring peace." Those principles in summary are:

—An end to aggression and subversion.

—Freedom for South Viet-Nam to choose and shape for itself its own destiny "in conformity with democratic principles and without any foreign interference from whatever sources."

—As soon as aggression has ceased, the ending of the military measures now necessary by the Government of South Viet-Nam and the nations that have come to its aid to defend South Viet-Nam; and the removal of foreign military forces from South Viet-Nam.

—Effective guarantees for the independence and freedom for the people of South Viet-Nam.

These are the fundamental steps. When they are carried out, we can look forward, as we have stated previously, to the day when relations between North Viet-Nam and South Viet-Nam can be worked out by peaceable means. And this would include the question of a free decision by the peoples of North and South Viet-Nam on the question of reunification.

This forthright and simple program meets the hopes of all, and attacks the interests of none. It would replace the threat of conquest by the hope of free and peaceful choice.

And even while these hopes of peace are blocked for now by aggression, we on our side have reaffirmed our deep commitment to the peaceful progress of Viet-Nam and Southeast Asia as a whole. In April the President announced a new program of support for Asian efforts—and called upon Mr. Eugene Black to assist them. Now in June this work is on its way. The Mekong River project has been given new life. A new dam is ready to rise in Laos. A billion dollar bank is in the making for the development of Southeast Asia. And in Viet-Nam itself new impetus has been given to programs of development, education, and health.

So let us call again on other nations—including the Soviet Union—to join in turning this great region of the world from the waste and violence of a brutal war. The hope of Asia is not in relentless pressure for conquest. It is in unremitting hope of progress—a progress in which rice production could be multiplied many fold—expectation of life could be doubled—the education of the young could be ten-fold what it is today—and there could be an end of cholera, tuberculosis, intestinal parasites and other human afflictions.

In April the President offered determination against aggression, discussion for peace, and development for the human hopes of all. In June we reaffirm that three-fold policy.

Aggression has increased, so that determination must be greater than ever.

Discussion is rejected, but our efforts to find a path to peace will not be stopped. We have welcomed the new initiative of Prime Minister Wilson and the Commonwealth Conference.

Beyond the terror of the aggressor and the firmness of our defense, we must look to the day in which many new dams will be built, many new schools opened, and fresh opportunities opened to the peoples of Southeast Asia. We must look beyond hate to peace, past fear to hope, and over the hard path of resistance to the broad plain of progress. ■

This speech was given by the Secretary of State at the June 23 luncheon of the American Foreign Service Association.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Ambassador Grew

AMBASSADOR GREW'S death has saddened us much. I have in my office a photograph taken in 1940 of Ambassador Grew and the entire Tokyo Embassy staff, both American and Japanese. Only two of the Americans in the picture are now in Tokyo, Carl H. Boehringer, now Executive Director of the American Chamber of Commerce in Japan, and myself. Another individual in the photograph is Marshall Green, then private secretary to Ambassador Grew, and just recently appointed Ambassador to Indonesia.

On May 1 we dedicated in Tokyo Grew House, the new 48 unit apartment building to house Embassy families. Grew House takes its place alongside Perry House and Harris House, both constructed in the post-war period. Ambassador Reischauer and I both spoke briefly at the dedication ceremonies.

A memorial service for Ambassador Grew will be held at Tokyo Union Church on June 18, sponsored jointly by the America-Japan Society, the Grew Foundation, and the International Christian University, in whose founding Mr. Grew played an important part.

JOHN K. EMMERSON
Minister

Tokyo

Trial Balloon?

SOME of my benighted friends view Mr. Donovan's ploy on promotion mechanization as a brilliant spoof.

Could it not have been a trial balloon?

It is a shame Willoughby's contract did not permit exploration of the causative factors underlying the propulsion of marginal officers by marginal officers. This is The Crux.

Could not the JOURNAL exert its wise and prudent power to secure an amendment and extension of the Willoughby contract to authorize a study of the feasibility of computerizing the Efficiency Report? The aim would be to develop a mosaic document summarizing variously weighted human

inputs prepared by a range of officers whose collective judgments should in the average case be more relevant than could be those of the poor miserable bosses who under the present system have to pretend omniscience.

JOHN J. HARTER

Washington

She Ate Six Before He Stopped Her

Rise, as the well-bred article invariably docs, to enter dissent from the article in the May JOURNAL that good French bread is not made in the United States and the propaganda that we should import it from overseas at 89 cents a loaf, thereby further unbalancing the balance of payments.

The golden-cruled *pain quotidien* can be had by the Golden Gate, can be had at the French Bakery, Boudin, 399 10th Avenue and no doubt other places, as well as at the department store, City of Paris. The croissants at the latter place are so tender and tasty that a French lady at our board ate six of them before I could stop her.

The French who came in the wake of the Forty-niners may have brought the eulinary secret with them but certainly the large French colony transported to this distant coast did not leave the important art of bread-making behind them. At any rate, the present product can stand comparison with the Gallic type, innocent of any confining wrappings. I am not a native son, only a transplanted Yankee, and cannot speak with cathedral assurance on how the excellent result is achieved, nor have I consulted the French Consul General, who might not want to go counter to the Charlemagne policy of getting more of our gold through international monetary means or otherwise. According to curbstone opinion, however, the alchemy of the cuisine lies in the yeast—that's why I rise to protest—and not at all in the ubiquitous nature of the circumambient fog.

A. C. FROST

Menlo Park, California

A Case of "Ignoble Taste"

ONE day long years ago a Foreign Service secretary posed a grave question to her bemused boss: "Have you ever taken a stand on dust jackets on books? My girl friend says that keeping them shows 'ignoble taste.' Myself, I don't know what to think."

Nor did I. Since I moved from country to country so often I straddled the issue. I defended myself by saying I was protecting the books and when the day came for removing the

dust jackets, all the cloth bindings would look fresh and beautiful.

But now I realize that I have been, in a cowardly way, avoiding a showdown on the vital issue. The books have come to their last resting place—at least under the present owner. They find themselves in clean rooms. No dust. No excuse for dust jackets. Yet, I cannot bear to part with them. Now and then when a jacket looks too scruffy I throw it away. That's all. "They look so familiar with the jackets on," I tell myself weakly, "I can find them so much more easily." I must get over it. I will first remove the jacket from the "Oxford Companion to the Theatre," "Theosophy," by Annie Besant, and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Tomorrow I'll continue with James Joyce's "Chamber Music," Elizabeth Bowen's "The Last September," and "Le Style Louis XVI." Then on to the works of Thorsten Veblen. When I get Veblen defrocked I'll know that I am a reformed character.

J. CARLTON FOWLKES

Cincinnati

Epsom Salts and Sympathy

THE cartoon in the May JOURNAL about "seating arrangements" recalls the following story:

A young couple had an accident on their way to a dinner party. The wife was so bruised that her husband took her home. The next day when she telephoned to apologize for the absence, the upstage hostess said, "My dear, it simply ruined my seating arrangement!" "Your seating arrangement," snapped the young wife, "what do you think it did to mine?"

J.B.S

Denver

The Poor Wristonee

I am enclosing some lines written ten years ago at the time of the Wristonization Program. I felt then that the new creation known as the Wristonee was more to be pitied by the Service than feared.

I submit these lines now for publication as a kind of anniversary memorial. Whether the Wristonee has indeed fared better or worse than imagined, it seems fitting to pause now in memory of that enormous dislocation called Wristonization and in retrospect, pity the poor Wristonee.

Pity The Poor Wristonee

*Pity the poor Wristonee
Who more unhappy than he?
Forced from niche bureaucratic
Snugly safe and warm
Into realms diplomatic*

Where to his alarm
 His customs unknown
 His ways not his own
 Success how problematic,
 Oh, pity the poor Wristonee.

Pity the poor Wristonee
 Who more misguided than he?
 First assignment ecstatic
 Both he and his wife
 With the corps diplomatique
 And its glamorous life
 Cheap whiskey, a maid,
 Reul government-paid
 Truly aristocratic,
 Oh, pity the poor Wristonee.

Pity the poor Wristonee
 Who readier for retirement than he?
 By his zeal diplomatic
 He's acquired the gout
 His wife now rheumatic
 Both long to be out;
 They yearn for dinette,
 Self-help kitchenette
 Dear old ways democratic,
 Oh, pity the poor Wristonee.

MILDRED RAYNOLDS TRIVERS
 Arlington

Santo Domingo Wedding

HAVING been a Foreign Service wife for eighteen years has taught me many things. I've learned to speak French, Spanish, paint water colors, record for the blind, yawn through my nostrils so nobody knows I wish the party would end and not give advice except when asked. However, when asked I am very willing, as I was very late at night on May 17 when Harwood Blocker, a young FSO and one of the Embassy's last remaining bachelors, telephoned. "Bartan," he said, "Please, please give me your advice. Shall I marry Ed Terrell's secretary, Stella Orgill, tomorrow, or wait until the end of the revolution?" "Leap," I said, "don't look, don't wait. Marry her tonight, if possible. Life is for living and who knows what tomorrow will bring, especially during a revolution. Besides, how very romantic and dramatic it will be. Your grandchildren will never cease to admire your adventurous spirit."

The next day, May 18, at one o'clock, during a tropical downpour of rain, with grenades bursting and mortars pounding, Stella Orgill became Stella Blocker. The wedding took place at the Ambassador's Residence. The bride wore yellow and carried white frangipani picked in the Embassy garden by Ambassador Bennett's hutler, Sebastian. The maid of honor, Dorothy Painter, in the Embassy on temporary duty, wore green and also carried ambassadorial frangipani. Bishop Paul Kellogg performed the ceremony which was punctuated by great explosions from the guns of nearby tanks. "Do you, Stella, BOOM, take this man, BOOM, for your lawful wedded husband. BOOM, to love, hon-



Best man, Thomas Mann, and Mr. and Mrs. V. Harwood Blocker, III, pose for Mrs. Connett's camera after the dramatic ceremony.

or and BOOM until death do you part?" The wedding guests openly wept at the drama and emotion and nervously giggled each time another BOOM sounded.

The guests included Very, Very Distinguished People indeed from Washington. Thomas Mann acted as Best Man. Cyrus Vance and McGeorge Bundy were on hand to kiss the pretty blonde bride. Harry Shlaudeman, Dominican Desk Officer, attended and from the Embassy there were Ambassador Tapley Bennett, Edwin Terrell, Clarence McIntosh, George Brown, Malcolm McClean, Kenneth Bleakley, Michael Berger, Colonel Ralph Heywood, Colonel Thomas Fishburn, Colonel Joseph Weyrick, Misses Diana Loudon, Carmen Paul, Stephanie Murphy, and Dolores Valdez. Father Neil Morgan gave the bride away and there was lots of delicious Moet Chandon champagne and angel cake.

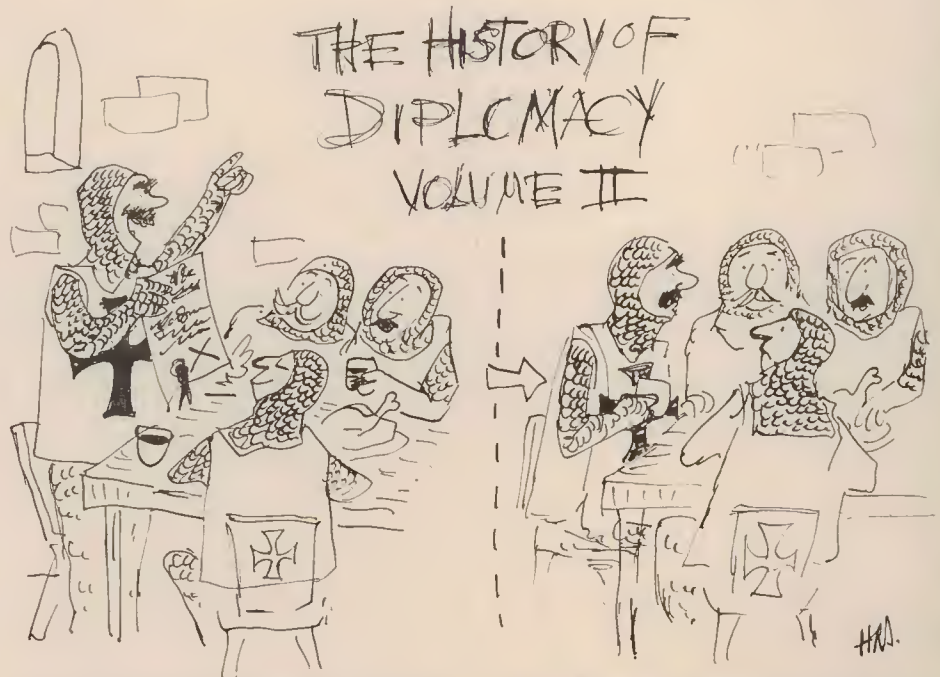
Food becoming scarcer and scarcer

each day, we could hardly afford the luxury of throwing rice instead of eating it. So in truly bureaucratic fashion we threw handfuls of cut-up bits of red ribbon at the departing newlyweds. The loudest mortar explosion of all accompanied them out of the Ambassador's gate. The Ambassador then took us on a tour of the garden, not to show off his prize roses hut to point out shell holes, the size and depth of teacups, in the walls of the residence.

Your battered but not beaten social correspondent is now signing off. Please develop the accompanying films of the wedding, choose the best for the JOURNAL and send back prints and negatives to me via the pouch. I'm sorry I can't have them developed here hut all photography shops are downtown in the rebel zone.

BARTAN L. CONNETT
 (Mrs. William B. Connett, Jr.,
 wife of DCM)

Santo Domingo



"AND with this treaty the Vikings promise to leave our women alone..."

"By the way, where are the girls tonight?"

"Limited War"

YOUR review of my book "Limited War and American Defense Policy," by Ambassador Robert McClintock, has just been brought to my attention. The review merits some further comment, which I hope you will bring to the attention of your readers.

Ambassador McClintock states that, "in cases" I seem "not to see the forest for the trees. Fully half of the book is devoted to an overly minute methodical and pedagogic recital of how military doctrine is formulated in general.

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

Actually, these parts of the book were, in relation to the subject matter they treated, no more detailed than the other parts which Ambassador McClintock preferred. They dealt very explicitly with the problems of constructing military forces for limited war, which are different from the problems of building strategic warfare systems. The issues dealt

with are still with us and will be for a long time to come. The direction in which they are resolved will determine, for many years, the military means available to back up the political policies Ambassadors the world over will have to represent. The availability or non-existence of a certain military capability will determine the feasibility of trying to implement various policies that may be highly desirable.

The book is intended to describe how this interaction occurs; what military means may be needed; and how military means of one sort or another may or may not become available in the future. This is the "forest" with which the book is concerned. A forest is, of course, made up of individual trees, and if we want to know what kind of forest we are in, so that we can better find our way through it, we had better take at least a cursory glance at the trees.

Ambassador McClintock has said, in effect, that he is interested in the part of the "forest" that deals with the uses of military power, but not in the part that deals with how that military power is obtained. I regret that he feels this way. For in these days when military and political affairs are

so closely intertwined on the international scene, and when military commanders and representatives of the State Department must work in an intimate relationship of mutual understanding, it seems to me to behoove each to know as much as possible about the background, constraints, and uncertainties characterizing the other.

If the style is pedagogic that is, of course, the fault of the author. It would be unfortunate, however, if this were completely to discourage your readers from giving attention to the important matters the book attempts to explain.

SEYMOUR J. DEITCHMAN
Chevy Chase

Pome to the USIA

Lines written on reading of another demonstration against a USIS library.

Here's a toast to the USIS men so true,
So steadfast and stalwart a crew,
They receive in the eye
All the pie in the sky
That is aimed at the Red, White and
Blue.

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