

Foreign Service Journal

SEPTEMBER 1965

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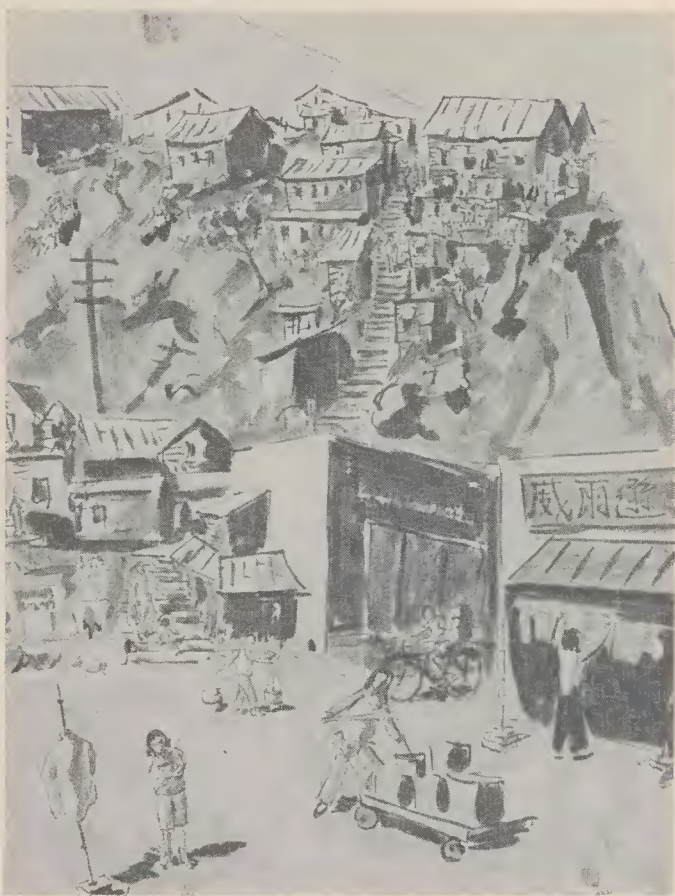
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ABOUT OUR COVER ARTIST:



Refugee Shacks, Hong Kong

by Earl Wilson

The black and white reproduction above shows another of Earl Wilson's paintings of Hong Kong. The JOURNAL has featured many of Mr. Wilson's paintings through the years.

Photographs and Illustrations for September

Earl Wilson, USIA, painting, Aberdeen, cover, and "Refugee Shacks, Hong Kong," page 2.

Leroy Rasmussen, AID, photographs, pages 24, 25, and 26.

Ruth S. Prengel, wife of FSO Alex Prengel, watercolors of Egyptian tomb paintings, page 28.

William B. Coolidge, photo, page 29.

S. I. Nadler, USIA, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 31. Still photograph from "Colonel Blimp," 1943, with Anton Walbrook and Roger Livesey.

Ned Riddle, cartoon, page 52, copyright 1965 Genral Features Corp.

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

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

The JOURNAL also welcomes letters to the editor. Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. All letters are subject to condensation.

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Ambassadorial Appointments

DAVID M. BANE, to Republic of Gabon

EDWARD CLARK, to Australia

GEORGE J. FELDMAN, to Malta

PARKER T. HART, to Turkey

JOHN D. JERNEGAN, to the Democratic and Popular Republic of Algeria

HENRY CABOT LODGE, to Viet-Nam

DAVID D. NEWSOM, to the Kingdom of Libya

WILLIAM J. PORTER, to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

HUGH H. SMYTHE, to the Syrian Arab Republic

Deaths

DALFERES. Sabin Jean Dalferes, Foreign Service Staff Officer retired, died on July 9, in Alexandria, Virginia. Mr. Dalferes was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1920 and retired in 1958. His posts were Warsaw, Hamburg, Ciudad Juarez, Algiers, Bônc, Paris, Strasbourg, Le Havre and Nice where he was Consul, Principal Officer, at the time of his retirement.

GAUSS. Mrs. Rebecca L. Gauss, widow of the late Ambassador Clarence E. Gauss, died on May 22, in Santa Barbara, California.

TELLER. Mrs. Erna Pistorius Teller, wife of Hugh H. Teller, FSRO-retired, died on July 14, in Freiburg, Germany. During 38 years of marriage she shared her husband's assignments at Stuttgart, the Department, Zurich, Naples and Copenhagen, from which post they retired in 1961.

WHITEHOUSE. Sheldon Whitehouse, retired career diplomat and father of FSO Charles S. Whitehouse, died on August 5, in Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Whitehouse served in Venezuela, Paris, Petrograd, Athens, Constantinople and Stockholm, and as a member of the Peace Commission at the Versailles Conference in 1919. Mr. Whitehouse is also survived by his wife, Mary Crocker Alexander Whitehouse, and a daughter. Mrs. Robert O. Blake of Leopoldville, the Congo.

WILLIAMS. Mrs. Mabel P. Williams, widow of Herbert O. Williams, FSO, and mother of Philip P. Williams, FSO-retired, died on July 26, in Fort Myers, Florida.

Marriages

ANTHONY-FLAKE. Joan Louise Anthony, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harry L. Anthony, III, was married to Lt. Col. Glade Flake, United States Army, son of Ambassador (ret.) and Mrs. Wilson Flake, on July 3, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

GILOANE-ELLIS. Nina Claire Giloane, daughter of FSO and Mrs. William Giloane, was married to Raymond Henri Ellis, on June 11, in Washington.

MARSTON-BORCK. Suzanne Ellen Marston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Marston, was married to James Lord Borck, on July 17, in Washington, D. C.

MOODY-PICKER. Mary Jane Moody, daughter of FSO and Mrs. George T. Moody, was married to Sidney Irving Picker, Jr., on July 16, in Annapolis. Mr. Moody is Cultural Affairs Officer, American Embassy, Madrid.

POPPER-GALATY. Carol Popper, daughter of FSO and Mrs. David Popper, was married to David Holt Galaty, on July 23, in Casablanca.

RICHARDS-NURMINEN. Sarah Elizabeth Richards, daughter of Ambassador (ret.) Arthur L. Richards and Mrs. Richards,



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was married to John Isaae Nurminen, on July 17, in Chevy Chase.

RUSSELL-HOCHSCHILD. Alene Julia Russell, daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Francis H. Russell, was married to Adam Marquand Hochschild, on June 26, in New York.

SNYDER-CAUBET. Judith Louise Snyder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kenneth Snyder, was married to Sr. Jose Antonio Caubet, on June 19, in Washington. Mr. Snyder, USIA, is assigned to Kampala, Uganda.

SPANGENBURG-WING. Doris Hope Spangenburg was married to FSO Herbert Gilman Wing, on July 31, in Reading, Pennsylvania.

YOUNG-GLOEGE. Mary Beth Young, daughter of FSO-retired and Mrs. Whitney Young, was married to Randall George Gloege, on August 1, in Bowling Green, Ohio.

Births

MITCHELL. A daughter, Melinda, born to Mr. and Mrs. George C. Mitchell, on May 22, in Washington.

STEPHENS. A son, Alexander Whitehall, born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stephens, on August 2, in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Mrs. Stephens is the former Tania Anita Trevelyn Hanlon, daughter of Air Commodore T. J. Hanlon, C.B.E., and Mrs. S. Hagger.

The Mistake Was A Common One

THE State Department has relieved career Foreign Service officer William A. Wieland of official responsibility for the results of Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba.

Like almost everyone else (including most of today's critics

of past Cuban policies) Mr. Wieland didn't foresee the turns the Castro regime would eventually make. What he did know half a dozen years ago was that Cuba was dominated by a thoroughly despicable distator, Fulgencio Batista, and the country was ripe for soeial revolution.

Under the circumstances he recommended that the United States not support Batista (that is, not send arms) against a revolution which had wide popular support. If Mr. Wieland's advice was "wrong," it has only become so as a result of subsequent events. Even Cuban democrats who fought beside Castro and later defeeted didn't foresee what his regime was to become. And it is a moot question whether Cuban history would have taken a course more agreeable to the United States even if this country had backed Batista to the hilt.

The fact is that Americans and American decisions didn't make the Castro revolution what it was. Certainly this country can't be pleased that Cuba has fallen under a hostile, nondemocratic regime of the left. Yet by the time Castro came along Cuba was, indeed, ready for a thorough-going soeial revolution. And while official US decisions could still have some influence there, they could not decide Cuba's fate.

Castro seemed to offer the island the long overdue change it needed. The mass of the Cuban people believed in his promise. Most of the Latin world believed in it, too. The latter day suggestion that Castro arrived as just another dirty-handed Red agent who gained power only because of dupes or agents in the US State Department is patent nonsense.

So far as Castro was concerned Mr. Wieland made a wrong assumption about the future. But he had lots of company in that assumption. And there was no reason why he alone should be left under a cloud of formal responsibility.

—Durham, N. C., HERALD, July 22, 1965



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**CHASTITY
 AND
 THE
 FOREIGN
 SERVICE**

by MABEL DUNSTABLE

I HAVE never worked in the offices of Personnel, Security, or Medical but it would be interesting to attend a symposium made up of personnel from these sections and get their views, comments, and philosophies about the trend—if it exists—toward a lessening of the moral virtues, specifically chastity, in the Foreign Service corps.

We have all heard the saying that "a chaste girl never gets chased," or "if you can't be good, be careful," and more recently, "if you are going to have an affair, be sure it's with an American." We can joke about such things—up to a point. Then I think the time comes when we must seriously reappraise the situation as it *should be* and as it *is* here and now.

What prompts me to write this essay for the JOURNAL is to try to find out if a moral sexual code does exist in the Department of State, or rather more specifically, in the Foreign Service part of it. If it does exist, what precisely is it? I have been mulling over this in my own mind recently because of certain incidents that have come to my attention over the years of my service overseas.

I remember on one occasion when I was stationed in Paris and discussing with a friend a recently published book that Diana Barrymore had written of her own unhappy and misled life. "Imagine," said my friend, "her mother told her never to sleep with a man unless she was sure he was going to marry her. My mother taught me not to sleep with a man until I had married him."

"Yes," was my reply, "my mother taught me the same thing as your mother."

Now, we are none of us so naive that we believe all girls do as their mothers tell them to do. We can hardly expect that only virgins will be accepted into the Foreign Service and that all our young men will live as chaste as cloistered monks. Then again, why not? Or, precisely how promiscuous are we allowed to be? I am reminded of what a friend of mine told me who had been stationed in one of the northern European countries for a tour of duty. Many of the young men assigned there promptly hired full-time maids who just as promptly became their mistresses. Nothing was said or done; it was a common practice. Then one day a secretary arrived who shortly thereafter took a lover. Someone in charge of those things (who?) warned her to break it off. She wouldn't, and was shipped back to the United States in disgrace. My friend was furious—not so much for the morality involved—but for what she considered the "double standard." Why was it okay for the boys but not for the girls?



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The Office of Security has definite feelings about the matter: they don't care what you do exactly as long as you don't give away secret material or open yourself to blackmail threats. Personnel only worries insofar as you might become a public scandal. Medical is only concerned about your health or the possibility of a nervous breakdown. Are we to be concerned only about morale and not at all about morals? What do we mean by morals, anyway?

Another conversation comes to mind that I had with a lovely young lady, a very efficient secretary, and a charming person to know. She was at the moment having an affair with a Frenchman; she loved him but wasn't sure that she would marry him. She felt it was perfectly *normal* for her to have such a relationship and spoke of it quite casually with certain friends. She was discreet about it; was not a security risk; took care of her health. I felt quite certain that for her there was no feeling of guilt or immorality, yet I could not help but wonder whether she intended to have an affair at each of her posts.

It would be a terrible thing if we had a system such as we almost did in the McCarthy days of "spying" on our immoral employees. Who is to be the judge of morality in any case? But how many affairs can one have before one is considered "promiscuous," or a "security risk," or a "public scandal," or a "detriment to the Embassy"? Is there a normal standard of chastity for the unmarried or the married? Does the normal single person have affairs? Is it worse for girls to be naughty than boys? Why? Why not? Should there be a moral standard in the Foreign Service? Who will set it up?

Now, mind you, I'm not saying that the personnel in the Foreign Service are immoral. On the contrary, for every naughty tale I have to tell, there are a dozen that prove most of the personnel are of an extremely high moral character.

But if one is to believe what one reads in the newspapers and magazines, then there is a steady decline in morality especially of the young—and if this is true—ultimately the percentage will show up in our Foreign Service as well. Even if we do nothing about the trend, let us at least recognize it. And if we consider it a problem—then let us *do* something about it. People coming into overseas duty are often young; they have just left home; they are living in a new and different world for the first time; they are subject to different cultural patterns and customs; they are subject to many contrasting influences—for good or evil.

If I had a daughter going into the Foreign Service, I would say something like this to her: "You are twenty-one years old and I trust I have brought you up to be a proper young lady. I pray you will get married before you start living with a man. You are going overseas for the first time. You will be invited to a lot of parties, you will have a lot of dates, you will be considered a rich American and have a servant and a nice apartment. Be careful and do try to be good. Get a roommate if possible. Having a roommate or two is a wonderful means of keeping an ardent young man at proper distance. Watch out for the Marines. They are young, handsome, look wonderful in their dress uniforms, drink too much beer for their age, and are just as naive and scared as you are. If you should make a Fatal Mistake with a Marine, he will probably marry you, but Marines are often only eighteen or nineteen years old, so plan on taking care of a husband younger than yourself for the rest of your life."

I could go on with a list of things that I would tell my imaginary daughter—such as how to discover that an admirer is really only interested in an American passport or citizenship; or how to *nicely* avoid inviting a young man into her apartment after a movie date; or how to be good without being prudish. ■



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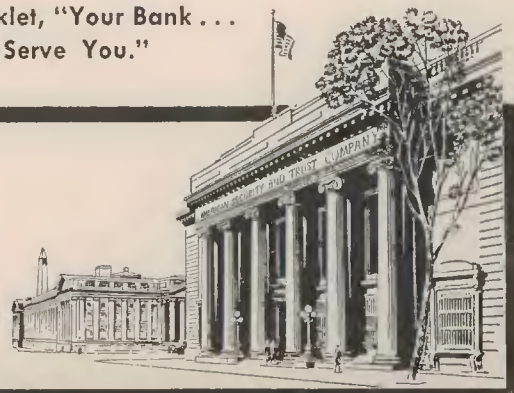
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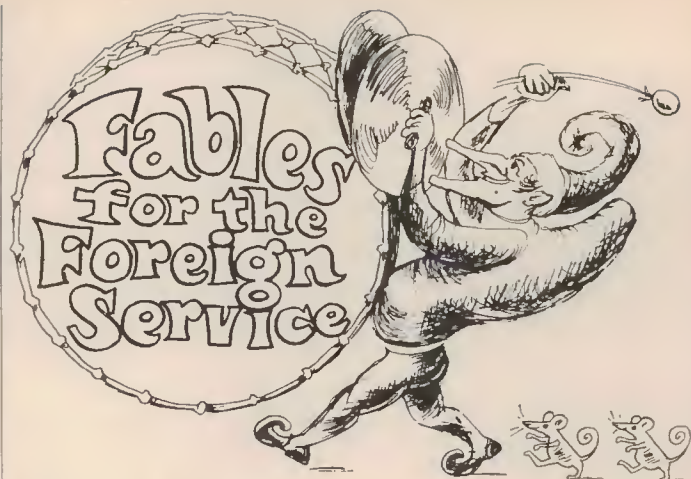
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During those years on the Hill he had target practice every day on the broad backside of the State Department, particularly the vast exposures of the Foreign Service. He would sometimes sink the shaft himself by written message or phone call, or sometimes he would get a Senator to make a damning comment on our conduct of affairs.

The lack of training for Foreign Service officers was his favorite bull's eye. And he hit it every time. With scorn dripping from his tones he would point out the feebleness of a system which did not constantly re-educate its people. He pointed with indignation to the fact that the Defense Department, great industries and even CIA have vast sums and numbers of personnel involved in training at all times. "By God," he would say, "you people OVER THERE just don't get the idea of how important it is to give training to your men."

Then, by a series of interesting circumstances, our HERO was invited off the Hill to strengthen the staff in Foggy Bottom. With the applause of his committee colleagues ringing in his ears and the clear implication that he would STRAIGHTEN THOSE FELLOWS OUT, he joined the State Department.

Shortly after his arrival there, one of his most useful FSOs was offered a week's training at the Institute. Rushing for his harpoon—uh, telephone—our HERO called the hapless officer-in-charge of the training program.

"What's this," he snarled in his best Committee manner, "training for this husy man. You must be MAD. I couldn't possibly spare him from his job."

MORAL: *Training is dandy—for other people.*

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25 YEARS AGO

SEPTEMBER 1940

IN THE JOURNAL
by JAMES B. STEWART

THE families of about 140 Chiefs of Mission, Foreign Service Officers, and American employees stationed at posts in Europe, the Near East, and Northern Africa, are now residing in the United States. Most of these families have been evacuated to the United States since the outbreak of war in September, 1939 . . .

The Foreign Service families who were evacuated to the United States on the *S.S. Washington*, sailing from Bordeaux on June 8 and from Lisbon a few days later, were compelled to take to the life boats when the vessel was halted by a submarine. When the master of the submarine realized, rather belatedly, that he was dealing with an American ship (the United States was not yet a belligerent) he ordered all the women and children back to the ship. The following were on the *Washington* during the voyage in question:

Mrs. George M. Abbott and child, Marseille;
Mrs. Stuart Allen and child, Lyon;
Mrs. R. Gordon Cooper, Paris;
Mrs. Hasell H. Dick, Nantes;
Mrs. Taylor W. Gannett, Paris;
Mrs. John P. Hurley, Marseille;
Mrs. Ernest de W. Mayer and two children, Paris;
Mrs. Marc L. Severe and two children, Paris;
Mrs. Jerome J. Stenger and two children, Paris;
Mrs. Lawrence W. Taylor, Bordeaux;
Mrs. Henry S. Waterman, Bordeaux;
Mrs. William C. Trimble, Paris;
Miss Louise and Miss Mary Goold, daughters of Consul General Goold, Casablanca;
Mrs. Donald D. Edgar and three children, Geneva;
Mrs. Paul S. Guinn and son, Brussels;
Mrs. Hervé J. L'Heureux and children, Antwerp.

The JOURNAL ventures to say that no families have had a more harrowing time than those who were evacuated from Warsaw to Scandinavia shortly before the German invasion of Poland in September, 1939. Mrs. John K. Davis, Mrs. Douglas Jenkins, Jr., Mrs. M. Williams Blake, Mrs. E. Tomlin Bailey, and Mrs. Carl Birkeland and their children remained in Oslo during the siege of Warsaw and were for several weeks without news of their husbands who had remained on duty at Warsaw . . . Mrs. North Winship in France and Mrs. C. Burke Elbrick at Oslo also awaited word of their husbands, who had accompanied Ambassador Biddle from Warsaw to Bucharest and later to France.

Helping the Refugees

In order to assist with advice and suggestions the wives of Foreign Service Officers who have been evacuated from Europe, a committee has been constituted in the Department of which Miss Cornelia Bassel, Assistant to the Director of the Foreign Service Officers Training School, Miss Adele Dix, Chief Clerk of the Division of Foreign Service Administration, and Miss Jane Wilson, Secretary to the Executive Committee of the American Foreign Service Association, are members.

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Their First Assignments

The following have been appointed Foreign Service Officers unclassified: Leonard Cromie, Montreal; William Duff, Habana; Richard Gnade, Vancouver; John McSweeney, Montreal; Claude Ross, Mexico City; Robert Rossow, Jr., Vancouver; John Tuthill, Windsor; Andrew Wardlaw, Jr., Toronto; Frazer Wilkins, Halifax; Elwood Williams, Winnipeg; Alexis Johnson, Mukden, Manchuria, China.

Mission to Dominican Republic

The Department announced on August 15th that negotiations have been proceeding at Washington for several years with a view toward the revision or modification of the Convention between the United States and the Dominican Republic of December 27, 1924. It has been decided to continue these negotiations at Ciudad Trujillo.

Mr. Hugh R. Wilson, former Ambassador to Germany, has been designated as the special representative of the Secretary of State with rank of Ambassador. He was accompanied by Mr. Harold D. Finley, Assistant Chief of the Division of the American Republics.

The First Consulates

The late beloved Consul General, Gus Ingram, once Editor of the JOURNAL, has an article in the September issue titled: "When Was This Consulate First Opened?"

From the list of 61 Consulates established from 1790 to 1799, the 12 opened in 1790 were: Canton, Bordeaux, Dublin, Liverpool, Martinique, Rouen, Bilhao, Hamburg, Marseilles, Havre, London, and Fayal.

On The Move

"The little lady" had her work cut out for her with these transfers: James Keeley, Salonika to Department •

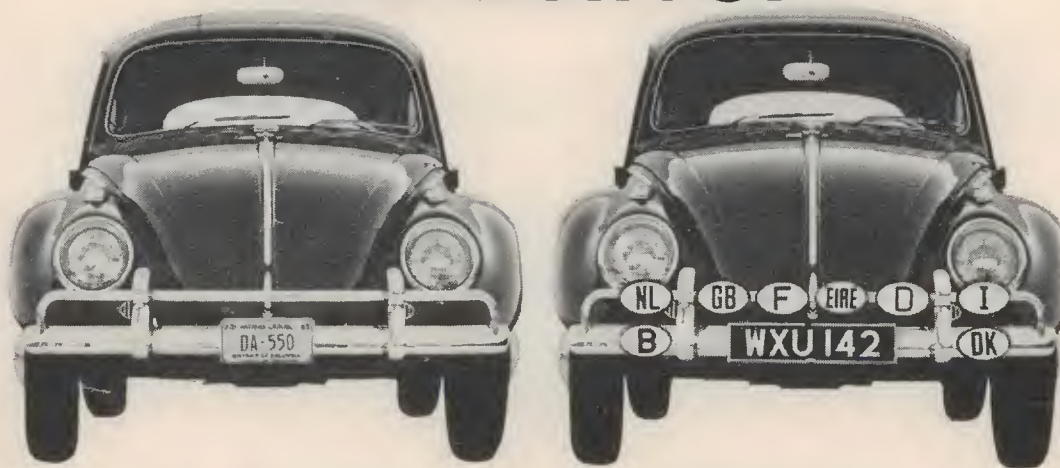
Thormod Klath, Oslo to Bern • Miss Frances E. Willis, Brussels to Madrid • Thomas Maleady, Bogota to Caracas • Paul Guinn, Brussels to Vienna • James Bonbright, Brussels to Belgrade • Robert Janz, Dept. of State to Sao Paulo • Donald Edgar, Geneva to Department • Guy Ray, Porto Alegre to Department • John Hubner, Sao Paulo to Florianopolis.

Editors' CODA: The compiler of "Twenty-Five Years Ago" was apparently too modest to include the fact that he was the author of one of the most interesting features in the issue of September, 1940. "Who's a Gringo" kills off the common notion that Mexicans invented the word *gringo* to express their contempt for Americans. Mr. Stewart, then Consul General in Zurich, cited the eminent Frank H. Vczetelly for evidence that the word existed in standard Spanish as far back as 1787. A "Diccionario Castellano" published that year in Madrid provides this definition: gringo—the name given in Malaga to those foreigners who have a certain accent that prevents them from speaking Spanish fluently and naturally; and in Madrid the word is used for the same reason, especially for the Irish.

RECENT ITEMS

Monday at Dacor House: Harry Havens writes: If you are planning to visit Washington, for goodness sake be there on a Monday and have lunch at DACOR House. There you will encounter a warm welcome by such characters as Bill Dawson, Fritz Larkin, George Allen, Ware Adams, Bob Buell, Stanley Hornbeck, Ed Dorsz, Dick Butrick, Prescott Childs, Julian Harrington, Jack Hickerson, Joe Jacobs, Bob Newbegin, Jack Pool, John Shillock, Jack McFall, Don Wilson, George Fuller, Cyril Thiel, and Perce Travers. All of these used to stand on the steps of Old State at 4:30 waiting for the downpour to let up.

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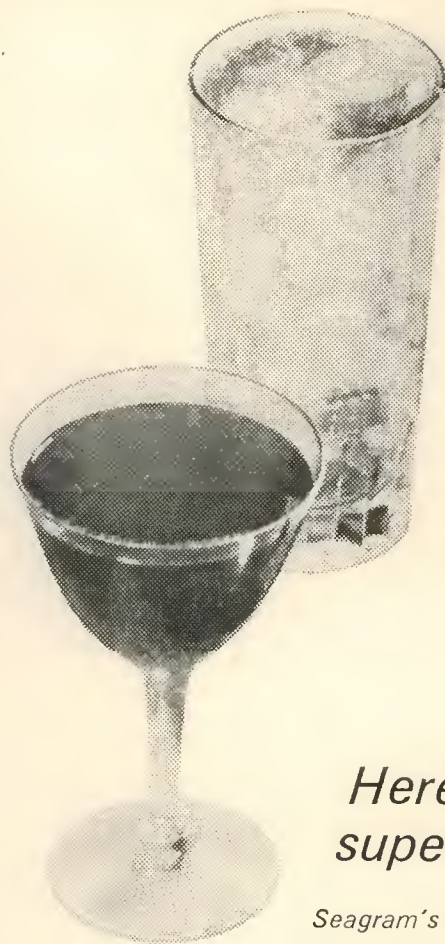
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Difficult to Conceive What Might Happen

LaRue Lutkins, or some other member of Ambassador Cecil Lyons' staff, Colombo, Ceylon, has no doubt reported to the Department the mistake made by the Colombo dock workers. It seems that in unloading a vessel, they pilfered and consumed several cartons of what they thought were vitamin tablets. But what those dock workers really swallowed were—contraceptive pills.—UPI

Birthday Greetings: Augustin W. Ferrin, retired FSO, will be 90 on September 1. He lives at "The Cat Tails," Bowler's Wharf, Virginia.

► John B. Sawyer, who wrote the following "in a moment of whimsy in Shanghai, in 1920," is now 84 and retired in Modesto, California:

I'm No Griffin

I've haggled o'er silk and embroidery,
I've bargained for ivory ball.
Have lunched on the Great Wall of China
And swum in the Grand Canal,
Have danced at the Carleton at midnight,
Have peered into Bubbling Well,
Have wandered through dark, dirty temples
Which turn one's thoughts downward to hell.
I've learned to manipulate chopsticks,
And eat rice and fish from a bowl.
Can choose between sharksfin and birdsnest
And eat many courses till full,
Can hack in a ricksha correctly
With top up and side curtains on,
Have ridden a donkey in Soochow,
Have traveled by chair in Canton.
I've yulood in houseboat and sampan,
And everything under the sun.
It's time I went back to the homeland,
For what is there more to be done?

In sending the above lines, retired Ambassador Joseph Jacobs stated that Mr. Sawyer was "Immigration Vice Consul" in Hongkong and Shanghai for many years between 1910 and 1940, handling chiefly Chinese cases.

Good News for Stockholm Staffers and Wives

Erik Magnuson, retired in Bromma, a Stockholm suburb, encountered it many years ago in Oslo, but only recently in Sweden. He and Peggy went to market and brought home a slice of whale. She fried it with onions and brown gravy. "When fried," declares Erik, "It looks like beefsteak and tastes like beefsteak."

Away, So Far Away

Former Ambassador John Kenna, Knysna, South Africa, had his 87th birthday last April 12th. Ambassador J. C. (Joe) Satterthwaite, Cape Town, had a fine visit with John about that time. He reports that he is in excellent health and plays golf three times a week. John's daughter, Joan, is enthusiastic over bowling on the green. "This is partly due," says John, "to the uniform which, of course, has not been altered in any way since its adoption for the game in the 1860s by Lady Bigby Hind."

Brief Items: Dave Maynard, retired in Los Altos, California, enjoyed his year of teaching in Japan at Kyoto University for Foreign Studies. "The Japanese are still dynamic," says Dave. • Henry Day resigned his position with the Foreign Service Association recently. He and Patty want to be free to travel. • The Roger Tylers and the Andy Lynches visited the Jerry Drews in Rehoboth Beach recently. • Robert Henderson, 57, who was the brother of Ambassador Douglas Henderson, died last May in Denver. He was Vice President of Climax Molybdenum Company. For several years, Boh had the Senior Seminar group of the Foreign Service as guests at the Company's mine at Climax, Colorado.

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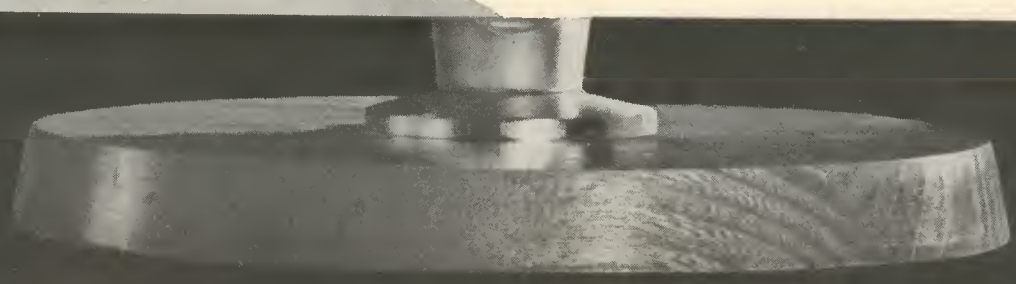
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Proposal to Establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps

by MARSHALL BREMENT

The Problem—to raise the caliber and broaden the base of entrants into the Foreign Service and to increase the qualifications for diplomacy of those who do enter the Service.

Does a Problem Exist? While the quality of young officers in the Foreign Service is generally high, it could certainly be improved. This is especially true of entrants into USIA and AID who, at the junior levels, in many cases have jobs which carry more individual responsibility than those open to young officers in the State Department.

Perhaps more important, the majority of Foreign Service officers enter the Department with significant gaps in their education which necessitate extensive and expensive training which should have been received before entering the Service. While this is true of general education, it is most easily demonstrable in the field of foreign languages where a significant percentage of entering Foreign Service officers are unable to pass a rudimentary examination in a world language. It is self-evident that a candidate for the Foreign Service who has failed to acquire at least one basic foreign language is either not a very good candidate or, and this is probably where the truth lies in the majority of cases, has not seriously gone into the possibility of a Foreign Service career until after receiving notification that he or she has passed the written entrance examination. The fact that the Department finds it necessary to mount an extensive recruitment campaign in our colleges in order to get promising candidates to think about a Foreign Service career when, at least in theory, there should never be a shortage of capable young candidates for one of the most

satisfying and demanding callings open to a young American is strong evidence that a problem does, indeed, exist.

Why Does a Problem Exist? Most college-minded young people in the US today choose their career or profession by the time they are juniors in high school. It is a rare college freshman who has not made up his mind in this regard. This is probably the primary reason why more capable candidates do not devote their education to preparing for the Foreign Service. Because entrance into the Foreign Service is, and should be, the result of passing a stringent and competitive written and oral examination, it is natural that many promising candidates should be reluctant to aim their education at a career for which they may not be able to qualify through failure to pass such an examination. Furthermore, despite the best publicity efforts of the Department, there are many areas in the United States where even the possibility of a Foreign Service career would not occur to most youngsters. As a result, most of the entrants into the Foreign Service are people who start out with one goal—prospective teachers, lawyers etc.—and then change their minds. The Foreign Service should, of course, remain open to people in this category able to pass a competitive examination for entrance.

In addition, the American system of college training with its “majoring” in artificially separate departments on the undergraduate level, its arbitrary four-year requirement for the BA degree, and its specialization on the graduate level aimed at training academicians, often produces political scientists who know little of economics, philosophers who know little about history, historians who know little about geography etc. The ideal recruit for the Foreign Service, however, should have a broad educational background with some competence in all these fields.

The Desired Educational Background of an FSO—Ideally speaking, it would be very beneficial to the Department if a significant proportion of entering Foreign Service officers had 1) fluent knowledge (R-4 level) of at least one world language (French, Spanish, German, Portuguese); 2) decent working knowledge of one underdeveloped area (the Far East, Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, Africa, South Asia, the Arab world) as well as a decent level of proficiency in a corresponding "hard" language (i.e. Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Indonesian, Swahili, Hindi, or Arabic); 3) fluent grasp of world history, with special emphasis on diplomatic history and American history; 4) expert understanding of the principles of economics, particularly international commerce and money and banking; 5) working familiarity with the history of philosophy, especially a close familiarity with the theoretical aspects of various dialectical philosophies; 6) sufficient scientific knowledge to appreciate the impact which contemporary scientific progress is making on modern society; and 7) a broad grasp of, and appreciation for, Western art. No course of training presently given by any educational institution in the US is intended to equip candidates with the above qualifications. Even if such training were offered, only a person of high intellectual capability could achieve such a level.

How to Achieve This Background—Although a six-year Foreign Service Academy might fulfill such requirements, the arguments against the founding of such an educational institution (especially the expenses involved) are too convincing and well-known to be repeated here. However, any one of our first-rate universities could supply the necessary training provided that a special six-year course, coordinated with Departmental representatives and leading to the degree of MA, were given whose sole aim was to achieve the high qualifications outlined above. It is therefore proposed that all candidates in the top 3% of the National Merit Scholarships examinations (an annual competitive test given to approximately 25,000 outstanding high school seniors) be offered the option of becoming a member of the Foreign Service Officer Training Corps (described below). In addition, all children of Foreign Service officers in the top 10% of the Merit Scholarship Examination would be offered this same opportunity on the theory that 1) candidates with a practical knowledge of what the Foreign Service is like have a much better idea of what they are letting themselves in for and 2) that it is a good thing to build up a Foreign Service tradition in a number of families.

The FSOTC—It is estimated that out of approximately 800 qualified candidates, about 100 would be interested in joining the Foreign Service Officer Training Corps and becoming Foreign Service fellows (i.e. Lyndon Johnson fellows, or John Kennedy fellows, or Dean Rusk fellows, or fellows of any other nomenclature which could help in the passing of the necessary legislation) at one of ten large US universities (e.g. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Rice, Wisconsin, Stanford, U. of Cal. at Berkeley, Georgetown [or Notre Dame], Michigan). The program would be administered by the Department under the supervision of a Foreign Service Officer Training Board (composed of three members—one from the Department, one distinguished educator, and the US Commissioner of Education). Each fellow would receive full scholarship, books, and, during the school year, a stipend of \$30-\$80 per month (with freshman receiving \$30, sophomores \$40 etc.). Each fellow would agree to pursue the full six year course and, upon completion of the course, to join Government service for three years regardless of whether he enters the Foreign Service or not.

Ten entering freshmen students would, then, be assigned to each of the ten universities chosen. In addition, to each of these ten universities would be assigned a senior Foreign Service officer and a medium grade FSO who would be given the rank of Professor and Associate Professor, respectively, and

whose function would be 1) to advise Foreign Service fellows and any other interested recruits, 2) to lecture and conduct seminars in foreign affairs, and 3) to be Departmental ambassadors to those universities.

Each fellow would pursue a general course of study for a six-year period under the guidance of the senior Foreign Service officer at the university. Other than the language and area requirements stated above, no standardized course syllabus should be followed. Freedom should be allowed fellows and their FSO advisers to utilize the best available courses and professors at each given university. However, the Department would be in a position to inform the Foreign Service fellows as to which specific fields of language, function and area specialization will be most in demand.

During their first summer vacations, these Foreign Service fellows would be assigned to work in the Department, USIA, and AID in Washington—thereby replacing and supplementing the present Departmental interne program for college students. During the fourth summer vacation fellows would work at an embassy where a familiar world language was spoken and during the fifth vacation at an embassy located in his major area of study.

During the fifth year in this program each fellow would sit for the Foreign Service examination in open competition with all other candidates or, alternatively, be eligible for admission to AID, Commerce, Agriculture, the Military, or any of the other agencies interested in foreign affairs. Presumably, a high percentage of Foreign Service fellows would pass the examination. Those who fail would be allowed to continue their course and then enter some other branch of the US Government. Those who succeed would be inducted into the Foreign Service as FSO-8s after completion of their sixth year of university training.

Cash Savings. Because of their extensive background and preparation for a Foreign Service career, such candidates will not need the four-month basic officer course nor the four-months training in a language required by most entering officers in the Foreign Service. This should involve a saving of about \$3000 for each such officer entering the Foreign Service. In addition, the Department would save considerably and derive much greater benefit from any training given to such an officer during the course of his career since it would presumably involve adding to a solid foundation rather than training a man from scratch. For example, an officer entering the Foreign Service with an S-2, R-2 in Chinese should only need a year's training to surpass anyone completing the present two-year course from the beginning. If such an officer happens to be an FSO-4 with a family, the Department would save at least \$20,000 by eliminating a year's training.

Important Additional Benefits

1) *Widening the base of the Foreign Service*—Since the National Merit Scholarship Examination is a nationwide scholarship test, many students will find themselves qualifying to be Foreign Service fellows who would never have considered a Foreign Service career. Hopefully, these people will broaden the base of the Foreign Service and help to dispel the false, but widely held image that our diplomats are largely drawn from the Eastern seaboard.

2) *The Establishment of Diplomacy as a Profession*—More important, a program of this type over a period of time might well do as much for the Foreign Service image in our own country as the service academies have done for the Armed Forces since, of necessity, it would become widely known that the caliber of entrants into the Foreign Service is extremely high. One of the major reasons why nobody in the US considers anything amiss when retired Admirals, Generals, University professors, Congressmen, businessmen and others are appointed to high positions in our diplomatic establishment is

that, unlike other countries, we do not regard diplomacy as a profession. Even FSOs generally feel queasy if forced to use the word "diplomat" to describe themselves and much prefer the neutral appellation of "Foreign Service officer." The prime distinguishing characteristic of a profession is that in order to practice it one must master a recognized common body of knowledge. It is only the agreement on this body of knowledge or, alternately, on a specific form and content of training, which allows doctors, lawyers, teachers or military officers to be "accredited" or "certified" to practice their profession. If a program such as the one described above is established, then we might well be taking a long step towards the day when Departmental officers will have the respect they deserve from the public and from Congress.

Precedent—The existence of the successful Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps (NROTC) which, in certain respects, is similar to the program outlined above, is a useful precedent and a convincing argument that this proposal is both feasible and practical. ■

IN REPLY

IN response to the JOURNAL editor's offer for comment, the following is a summary of the Department's tentative views on first consideration of Mr. Brent's thoughtful suggestion.

The Department agrees that there could be a number of advantages to the program Mr. Brent proposes. As he explains, we would obtain a pool of specially-trained FSO candidates possessing not only language competence but a solid grounding in the traditional Foreign Service disciplines, including economics and administration. Certainly all FSOs would welcome the recognition of diplomacy as a profession in the United States.

It is also apparent that Mr. Brent's proposal would present a number of problems—not necessarily insurmountable. The most obvious difficulty in initiating such a program would be its size. The Office of Education reports that 802,000 high school juniors competed in the National Merit Examination last year rather than the 25,000 cited by Mr. Brent; the top 3% of this group would represent over 24,000 candidates each year or 144,000 for the six year cycle. Some system might be devised whereby local school officials would nominate, from the Merit candidates, a group from which the Department could choose. While this might not guarantee uniform standards, it could offer some manageable base for selection. However, the National Merit Examination is not administered in all areas, and we would therefore be in effect shutting out potential sources of talent. Moreover, no matter what system were devised to produce an original pool of candidates, the Department would have to establish a large-scale and expensive secondary screening operation to determine the suitability of candidates on factors other than their record of academic achievement. The National Merit Scholarship Examinations measure only academic ability, with no allowance for personality factors, leadership, extra-curricular achievements, etc.

Assuming that the recruitment problem could be solved, there remain other difficulties. First, the expense of such a

program would be high. If we were to appoint 200 officers annually from among the 24,000 who would theoretically qualify, costs could amount to as much as \$4 million to maintain 1,200 students through the six-year cycle of the scholarships. As Mr. Brent points out, a portion of this could, however, be recouped from in-Service training savings. Other debatable points are:

1. It is questionable if, as Mr. Brent suggests, "Most college-minded young people in the United States today choose their career or profession by the time they are juniors in high school." (The National Merit Scholarship Examinations are first taken by high school students in their junior year.)

2. Would we be unnecessarily narrowing our scope of intake by concentrating too heavily on a group of high scorers in their academic work at high school level who may lack the other necessary qualities? As has been recently emphasized, the Foreign Service looks for all-round leadership and representational qualities rather than just scholarship. Without some means to determine these personal qualities (if they are discernible at such a relatively young age) we run the risk of encouraging into the Service the academic type of student with a narrow intellectual interest who might not have the other attributes we seek in good FSOs.

3. By concentrating in but ten large universities, in contrast with our present policy of seeking those from diverse university backgrounds, we would open ourselves to the charge of favoritism and unquestionably lose out on a large number of otherwise well qualified students who did not happen to attend the ten universities selected. The Department was pleased to note in the recent Educational Testing Service report that students from some 700 colleges and universities participated in our December 1964 examination.

4. We would run the risk of creating an undesirable public image in having a hand-picked group of officially sponsored "favored candidates" who have been especially prepared at State Department expense for the competitive examination.

5. A reading of Congressional interest in this plan would be an essential prelude to further consideration—particularly with a project involving expenditure of this magnitude.

In a recent discussion of Mr. Brent's suggestion among senior Department officers, the alternate idea was proposed that our efforts be focused on the graduate level rather than attempting to appeal to the high school student. (A somewhat similar proposal was suggested by the Wriston Committee in 1954.) Under the existing Foreign Affairs Scholarship Program, the Ford Foundation provides a year of graduate study to outstanding minority group students following successful completion of their senior year and a summer internship at the Department. This program will be phasing out by 1967. The Department plans to continue the project, providing graduate scholarships for undergraduates selected in open competition.

The mere knowledge that such a graduate program existed under State Department sponsorship could enable those interested in a Foreign Service career to concentrate on those fields which would help prepare them for international relations work while attending any undergraduate school they wished. They could then look forward to obtaining their Masters degrees under a State Department scholarship program.

The foregoing comments are not intended to foreclose further discussion of Mr. Brent's proposal. Rather it is hoped that other JOURNAL readers will have comments to add. Certainly Mr. Brent deserves commendation for his constructive effort to focus on the continuing problem of ensuring that the Foreign Service attracts the best all-round candidates into its ranks. ■

THAT WHICH BEFITS

THE introduction to the Welfare and Protection Chapter of the Foreign Affairs Manual calls upon the consular officer to keep "in mind that the *manner* of performing a service may be of equal importance to the service itself," and to demonstrate to individuals that "their problems are receiving careful attention (even in those cases in which it is not possible to accede to a request or bring about the desired solution)."

Whether the consular officer is engaged in welfare and protection, or citizenship or visa activity, he has no real difficulty in affirming this standard. The consular officer is the first to recognize that his duty is to serve individuals and not simply to administer a table of services.

The concern of many consular officers, including myself, is that the implementation of this standard is becoming increasingly difficult. At posts with a significant volume of consular activity, the officer is being compelled to re-align his attention from the human predicament in the waiting room to the rapid and, too often, mechanical production of services.

The difficulty exists because consular resources have failed to keep pace with a rising volume of activity, and because the Department has chosen to respond by encouraging a rapid expansion of productivity, and not the resources. In fiscal year 1964, the nonimmigrant visa workload rose 23% over the preceding year, and comparable increases were recorded in other consular functions. Yet, in a letter from the office of the Deputy Under Secretary for Administration to the chiefs of consular sections in August 1964, it was said of this workload that "the answer will not be found in additional personnel and funds."

The difficulty is compounded by the attitude—widely and mistakenly held—that the sole function of consular sections is to produce "services," the items which are described in the Table of Fees and Charges and ultimately digested by the semi-annual Consular Services Report. To be sure, to one who has not served in consular work and experienced its other dimensions, this may seem the case: is not the consular officer merely engaged in stamping visas, signing passports, and performing other mechanical functions? Unfortunately such an attitude pervades the current analyses of the consular function.

As a consequence of the attitude, and the inadequacy of consular resources, many posts are being analyzed by a

"productivity index"—essentially a ratio of "services" produced per man-hour—or a similar means to determine the most productive disposition of the available resources. The results are predictable: the procedures and staffing pattern of consular sections deemed superior in "service"-production are adapted to other posts, and those sections compressing an inferior number of "services" within each man-hour, or like unit, are called upon to eliminate man-hours or to short-cut procedures. The question of the quality of the performance, of service—without quotation marks—does not arise.

At the same time, the consular process is being re-aligned so that an officer's day is strictly allocated to "service"-producing functions, such as taking oaths, signing passports and visas. The interview, formerly a well of information and contacts, is being formalized into a one-to-five-minute routine or eliminated altogether.* Various steps in the procedures are being eliminated. Sections are being pressured to deploy form letters and information sheets instead of personal attention. (The pressure in the Department is otherwise: the Public Correspondence Division of the Bureau of Public Affairs is periodically exhorted to increase its percentage of individually written replies.) In short the participation of the consular officer is being postponed—assuming it is at all forthcoming—until the last moment, until the production of the "service" itself.

Some improvements in operations will no doubt result from this zealous promotion of productivity. But, as one soon finds in consular work, the officer is involved (and ought to be involved) in a great deal more than the production of "services"; and the productive consular sec-

*The Foreign Service Institute textbook, *Introduction to Immigration Law and Visa Operations* (2nd ed., June 1, 1958), refers to contacts in the visa section in the following language:

"The type of contact with the people of a country that you enjoy in a Visa Section is basic, no matter what your career objective may be. It is just as basic as the contact of Antaeus with the soil that gave him his strength. You learn the customs of the people, their thought patterns, their business methods, the types of ties that bind them to people in our country. This is a kind of knowledge that can be gained only at firsthand and that, once acquired, will stay with you."

Even if we ignore the simile, the attitude expressed is hardly compatible with the current view that a visa officer's day should consist of a series of "five-minute interviews."

A PROFESSION

by ROBERT F. OBER, JR.

tion is not necessarily the consular section implementing the standard of service cited in the opening paragraph. To the extent these facts are not considered in the reshaping of consular sections, the consular service and those being served will certainly be prejudiced.

Recently a young lady, an American, appeared at a middle-sized Consulate General with her fourteen-year-old brother and asked if someone would counsel her on New York law. Her request is one of many for which the production of a "service" is plainly impossible.

The young lady explained that their father had had their mother imprisoned in New York City for violating a custody agreement, which had forbidden the travel of the fourteen-year-old outside of New York State without his prior consent.

It is not difficult to hypothesize the response which strictly considers an interest in producing a greater number of "services" per man-hour. Since a "service" is not authorized, the consular officer would be impelled—by the man-hour allotment, by the procedures, or by his own wish to function at optimum productivity—to deny an interview. In all likelihood he would advise an assistant to distribute a lawyers' list and to cite the FAM:

"Officers of the Foreign Service should not perform legal services except when instructed to do so by the Secretary of State . . ."

Administratively speaking, if interviews were granted in this class of case, the procedures and staffing pattern of the consular section would not withstand a productivity comparison with a post responding otherwise, a post with a superior index. If the comparison has already been made, it is likely that no man-hour exists for the interview.

Speaking professionally, however, it is clear that the distribution of an information sheet and the mechanical invocation of the FAM do not constitute "careful attention (even in those cases in which it is not possible to accede to a request . . .)." Such a response is a confession of a lack of interest, and the young lady and her brother would be effectively cut off from any attention at the post.

Although the request was not "serviceable," I can report that an interview was granted in the case. The officer explored with the two their various options and was able to convey, in the course of an hour, his and his office's genuine interest in the problem. He asked both to register

at the post and he fully recorded their story.

Several weeks later the Department in fact intervened, and instructed the post to secure the passport of the fourteen-year-old, if possible, and arrange for his travel to the United States. And, because the circumstances of the case were recorded and the consular officer had established a certain rapport with the two, the post was able to file a prompt report and persuade the young brother to return.

From a strictly pragmatic point of view, the officer's approach was justified for "public relations" reasons. Assuming that these two citizens left the post with a favorable impression, as I believe they did, we only have to multiply the applicants several thousand times a day, inject different nationalities and problems in the picture, and ponder the collective impact of comparable encounters at some 278 posts to understand the importance of "careful attention." It has often been said that the Department has no constituency, that it must operate in a field far removed, physically, from the American public. But in our posts abroad, increasingly large numbers of the same public confront the Department—usually on matters of considerable concern to them—and over the years an impression is inevitably created in the public mind of how an organization treats them.

However, one ought not to have to justify a personal interview in this, or any case, by pointing to the importance it may subsequently assume. What is important is that *this* young lady and her brother received the careful, though informal, attention of a consular officer and left the post with more than a lawyers' list. The officer adopted an approach which befits a profession, an approach which says that the consular service has a concern, ease-focused and concrete, with American citizens in difficulty, whether or not a "service" is to be produced.

Although this case would not have been seriously prejudiced had the consular officer chosen to occupy himself more "productively," there are cases where the approach may affect the result. Many cases change their complexion upon careful analysis, and an officer, given the opportunity for such analysis, may be able to rule that "here an exception lies," or "here the missionary clause applies," or "this applicant may indeed have a claim to citizenship." Unless a consular section inundates itself in information sheets (and even then the result may be questionable), one must rely on personal, professional attention to ferret out these cases. This attention will not be readily and consistently available with consular sections organized for the most "efficient" production.

This proposition was proved to my satisfaction by a "stateless destitute," who applied for relief at the Hamburg consular section in May 1964. After relating the bizarre circumstances which brought him to the post without funds, he admitted his passport had been seized by one of our Canadian posts a year earlier, because he had voted in a Canadian election.

The most productive course, the course reducing the section's man-hour involvement to a minimum, was clear: inform the applicant that only American citizens may be entitled to welfare assistance. A literal construction of one's duties would preclude devoting any attention to the destitute.

The responsible officer chose to do otherwise, however, and communicated with the Department for confirmation

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DIPLOMATS IN THE DESERT

by WALTER L. CUTLER

IN Algeria it is physically not very difficult for the diplomat to "get out and meet the people": over 90 per cent of Algeria's 11.5 million inhabitants live in towns and cities in a fairly compact area extending not more than a hundred miles or so south from the Mediterranean coast. Good highways, fast trains and regular plane service permit one to move around the densely populated north with ease and comfort.

But few diplomats ever become personally acquainted with that other nine-tenths of the second largest country in Africa: the Sahara. Really to get to know this vast region one must do much more than visit the more accessible oases frequented by tourists and petroleum engineers. One must get off the few beaten paths and visit the vast areas where the average traveler fears or cares not to tread. And this means weeks of back-breaking travel over tortuous desert and mountain tracks, long days of scorching heat and nights of bitter cold, and endless stretches of lifeless wasteland which is as beautiful as it is forbidding.

No foreign diplomat has explored these elements with greater thoroughness or enthusiasm than our Ambassador at Algiers, William J. Porter. Last year he led a two-week expedition to Tamanrasset and the Hoggar Mountains. Spurred on to further exploration, the Ambassador recently completed a second, more ambitious trek into the desert: a three-week motor trip through Algeria's eastern and western desert regions including the remote Tassili N'Ajjer Mountains. Traveling in two specially equipped

Power Wagons, the Ambassador and his party, Howard Kirchwehm (PAO), Leroy Rasmussen (AID), Walter Cutler and C. Oliver Iselin, political officers, and New York TIMES correspondent Peter Braestrup,

traveled over 3,400 miles, almost half of which were over rough desert tracks, camping most of the way.

As is necessary in a region where there are neither stores nor hotels and fueling stops are as far as 400 miles



View of the dunes of the Great Western Erg, north of Adrar in Algeria's western Sahara.



Guided by Ambassador Porter and AID officer Rasmussen, Cutler and Iselin hoist up a bucket of water from a "foggara" well in the western desert south of Colomb Bechar. This type of well is dug to tap underground streams flowing 20-30 feet below the desert's surface.



Ambassador Porter joins Cutler and Iselin in clearing jagged rocks off the main track leading to Djanet. Six hours of inch-by-inch driving were required to cover this 38-mile stretch across the Tassili mountains.

Sixty miles north of Fort Polignac in Algeria's eastern Sahara, Ambassador Porter tests out his ham radio set.



apart, our party was well-equipped for maximum self-sufficiency. Packed into and on top of the two vehicles were three weeks' supply of food and water, a portable galley, medical kits (including snake and scorpion serum), and a wide variety of miscellaneous equipment ranging from cots and sleeping bags to propane lanterns and wind velocity meters. Because breakdowns in the deep Sahara can be major disasters—most fueling stops have neither parts nor mechanics—a "do-it-yourself" kit of carefully selected tools and parts was also taken aboard. Of these, no item was more needed or appreciated than the four-foot iron ladders which enabled our vehicles to "climb" out of deep sands.

With no local help along, rural development officers became mechanics, journalists turned cooks, political officers grew proficient in fire-building and dishwashing. In what we at times called "Porter's Survival Course," all became inured to the desert's heat and dust by day and its night-time temperatures which dropped well below freezing. One of the Ambassador's major contributions was an expertise in radio operating. Special two-way radios permitted communica-



These two veiled Touaregs with their camels were the only local inhabitants seen during an entire day's drive along the track through the Tassili mountains.

tion between the two vehicles while on the road, while the Ambassador's mobile "ham" radio set was available in case of emergencies. Fortunately none occurred, but a couple of test transmissions proved highly successful and lucky was the amateur "ham" in Cologne, Germany who could record a contact with an unknown colleague sixty miles north of Fort Polignac in central Sahara! Contact was also made with Ambassador Meyer, another radio amateur, at the latter's post in Beirut.

The rigors of road travel in the Sahara should not be underestimated—even in this modern age. While hard-surface roads now reach several hundred miles into the northern Sahara, the unpaved tracks to the south are a challenge to the most stalwart and make four-wheel drive a virtual necessity. In the dunes, sand drifts several feet deep can quickly block the road. In the Great Eastern and Western Ergs—Algeria's two immense seas of sand covering thousands of square miles—sand plows are constantly fighting to keep open the main tracks connecting the widely-scattered oases. Even more formidable obstacles are the washouts caused by torrential rains which in winter occasionally drench the otherwise parched mountains and plains. In one such area high in the Tassili, it took us more than six hours to inch the vehicles over thirty-eight miles of treacherous track strewn with jagged rocks and gutted by deep ravines.

The reward for all this? The awesome splendor of a land totally un-

touched by civilization, of stark, unbroken horizons, of star-filled nights undisturbed by either sound or light: a land which is at once painfully monotonous and richly varied. One can, and we did, travel for an entire day across an endless gravel plain, devoid of all life, only to come upon a spring of hot mineral water, gushing forth to create a patch of brilliant green in the middle of a baked-black wasteland. Similarly, while crossing the uninhabited, moon-like Tassili, we suddenly encountered a herd of wild Saharan donkeys which faded into the rocky mountainside as quickly as the more commonly seen desert gazelles.

For all its present emptiness, the Sahara is filled with reminders of a less dehydrated past when human and animal life flourished. Stone Age implements—flint knives and arrowheads and other crude tools—are still readily found throughout the Sahara, particularly at the base of dunes or around lake beds which have been dry for centuries. Ostrich eggs and fossilized bones of many other birds and animals now found only in sub-Saharan tropical Africa litter the desert as far north as Ouargla. In an area now too dry to support even sagebrush, we roamed among giant, petrified logs which once formed an immense forest. At Djanet, we camped in the shadow of a great boulder on which prehistoric paintings of giraffes, elephants and cattle—estimated at 5,000-10,000 years old—are still clearly visible. These an-

cient paintings, found throughout the Tassili and Hoggar Mountains, are not only subtly beautiful works of art but also important historical evidence of the species of fauna which at one time lived in these now barren regions.

The few people who still inhabit the Sahara face a lifelong hattle for survival against a harsh and hostile environment. Perhaps the most important Saharan tribe are the Touaregs, a proud, friendly people of Berber stock whose tall men are easily distinguished by the heavy veils which conceal all but their eyes. One moonlit night at an abandoned Foreign Legion fort overlooking the oasis village of Djanet, we were treated to traditional dances by Touareg warriors in their brightly colored veils and robes while the women (unveiled) chanted in unison to the beat of a drum fashioned from an old jerry-can.

Despite their near-complete exodus from Northern Algeria since independence, the French still maintain an important presence in the Sahara. In the eastern and central desert, French (together with some American and other European) oil companies are developing Algeria's booming petroleum industry. Thousands of French engineers and technicians man the far-flung wells, maintain the pipelines north to the sea and continue to explore the more remote areas for new deposits.

In Algeria's western Sahara, where France maintains important atomic and missile testing sites, it is the French military rather than the petroleum companies which constitutes the most striking evidence of the continued French presence. From In Eker north to Colomb Bechar the French flag, together with the triangular green and red banner of the Foreign Legion, may be seen flying over forts in almost every major settlement and oasis. Legionnaires in their characteristic white kepis mingle freely with the local inhabitants and coexist peacefully with units of the Algerian army against which they fought only three years ago.

Perhaps because of their isolation and common fight against the natural elements, the desert's inhabitants—the nomadic tribesman, the Algerian administrator sent down from the distant north, the French geologist and soldier, the occasional missionary—all seem to live in a spirit of friendly cooperation. Illustrative was a stop we made one hot day to heg some precious water from a road repair camp high in the Tassili. The answer, given simply and without hesitation, was "Of course! This is the Sahara, you know." ■

OPEN LETTER TO MY CHAPLAIN

Dear Chaplain:

You told me to write you if I ever had any problems, so here I am. Believe me, being an FSO is lots more complicated than being a BMOC (or even a GS, a WAE or a WOC for that matter). But at least when I was at college I felt that the school was with me, that you guys really cared whether or not I would make it, and that you hoped I would. In my present spot I'm not sure that the higher ups realize we're all on the same team. Apparently it's like the fellow who comes home after a hard day's work and knocks the stuffing out of his kids. These guys seem to take their cold war frustrations out on their own employees. Let me give you an example:

I've been making payments to the Credit Union ever since I got to this dump just to get free and clear on an unostentatious American-made bomb I brought with me. But all was not hopeless because I stood to make a few bucks by selling it to Kevin, the local used camel dealer, when I got my transfer orders. Now we're eyeball to eyeball with this directive from on high that says I can still get my price from good old Kevin, but the few potatoes I thought I'd make on the deal have to go to some charitable institution other than myself. How this helps the starving Armenians (to coin a phrase) is beyond me, but I guess we're on a compulsory kick to support American charities in the name of international understanding or something. I really shouldn't

say compulsory because I don't have to sell the heap. I can have it shipped to my next paradise free of charge, and so on to the one after that, until it deteriorates enough so that everyone is sure I can't make any filthy profit on it. The fact that the steering wheel is on the opposite side of the car from everyone else's at my new location doesn't make any difference. I'll just be another one of those unostentatious nutty Americans.

You know, Chaplain, the more I think about this thing the more charged up I get. And from all indications the boys at HQ are getting pretty steamed about it too, but they deserve it because they started the whole schamozzle (sp?). Anyway, I still sell my erate for the same exorbitant price that I would have charged before this whole thing got underway. So we still exploit the natives and we still add to their dollar drain. The only difference now is that I can't keep the loot I earn. It's like they're saying that sin is OK as long as you don't enjoy it!

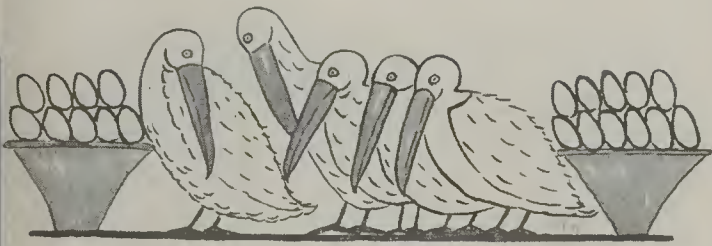
Another thing, you'd think if the local government here objected to what has been going on *they* would do something about it. After all, they do make their own rules in their own country—don't they? I guess this is just one of those unappreciated burdens we have to bear for being a major world power.

But it has one advantage. I used to go home and think about my work. Not that I was going to direct the tide of rising expectations or guide the

winds of change all by myself, but I did get a few gleams every once in a while. Now that's all behind me. I don't get ulcers from concentrating on my job anymore; I get ulcers from trying to beat this lousy rap. I've thought of taking the wheels off and the seats out, selling what's left, shipping the wheels and seats to my next location in my household effects, and then trying to flog them in a new market sometime after the heat's off. I've also thought of selling the car for exactly what it cost me and then asking the dealer to bet me a few green ones that I can't jump over his hat. When I do, he pays off and we both go home happy. I've also thought that maybe my boat isn't worth any more than I paid for it after all!! These gimmicks are made somewhat more difficult by the fact that I have to put the whole deal down in writing and swear to it on a stack of FAM's—attested by a Vice Consul with red ribbons and all. The fact that I am cleared for Top Secret, hold my country's destiny in the palm of my hand, am an officer and a gentleman appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, am in favor of God, motherhood and the American Legion, and don't beat my wife doesn't make any difference. There's still that oath, buster, and you'll get canned if you don't bare your soul about that crummy automobile.

But this is only the first step, Chaplain. You know, like the used camel that got his nose under the flap of

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© J. Hingel



Trilobon Horara

© Ruth J. Hingel



Urbana Trio

Ruth J. Hingel



Ruth J. Hingel

ANCIENT



EGYPTIAN ART

These pharaonic paintings by Ruth S. Prengel are the result of several years of research and experimentation by the artist. Mrs. Prengel sought out the most charming of the natural subjects of animals, plant and bird life from the tombs at Luxor in order to portray the daily life of the simple common people of Ancient Egypt who enjoyed such pastoral pleasures as hunting and fishing, harvesting and feasting, singing and dancing, much the same as any country folk of today.

EDITORIAL



The Secretary of State

THE role of Secretary of State is both exalted and difficult. As ranking member of the Cabinet, he is a figure of national and international significance. But with the glory goes the price. With the exception of the Presidency, there is no more demanding job in the American political structure. The ancient trouble beacon of lights burning late in the Foreign Office has no validity insofar as the office of the Secretary is concerned. Early and late, weekends and holidays, he is customarily engaged in the myriad tasks that fall within his vast responsibilities. As the senior personal advisor of the President on international affairs, ranking American representative in relations with foreign governments, Administration spokesman both at home and abroad on foreign policy, administrator and coordinator of the State Department and Foreign Service, his day is without end. No one can fill this demanding role effectively without a very high order of intelligence, selfless devotion, physical strength, and the competence derived from a wealth of experience and training. The incumbent Secretary possesses these attributes in plentitude.

Dean Rusk has now been Secretary of State for more than four years. In this turbulent period, when our writ of power has not reached to the extent of our interests, his lot has not been an easy one. Yet he has never seemed to lose his quiet imperturbability nor his capacity to provide sound leadership. In a time when some desired more flamboyant leadership, he counseled patience, steadiness and careful judgment. This of course, is the style of the professional. It is the requirement of this day and age.

We are proud to say, Mr. Secretary, that you are also "first with us." ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

THE outlook for H.R. 8207, the bill to raise the pay of all federal employees is distinctly brighter. The House Subcommittee headed by Representative Morris Udall of Arizona has agreed to a flat rise of four and a half per cent to take effect October 1, this year, and another four per cent to take effect on October 1, 1966. The original proposal favored by the White House, you will recall, was for a three per cent rise to take effect on January 1, 1966. Many representatives wanted to increase this as high as seven per cent. Indeed, the Committee voted down two proposals for a five per cent increase before settling down to the four and a half per cent compromise.

The House is expected to take a vote on H.R. 8207 during the first fortnight in August. The Senate Civil Service Committee will then take action.

Two months ago the "Washington Letter" exhorted you to show great prudence vis-a-vis the pay hike. This still holds true. In view of the cheerful outlook, however, there is no harm in letting your imagination roam. You might even go as far as looking at a power boat, a stereo set, a musical bird cage, an electric ukulele, gold taps for the bathtubs. But remember: don't spend one single penny till you have the rise in your fist.

Pleasure = 42.9 Per Cent

More than twenty million visitors will descend on Washington during 1965. By 1970 the annual total will reach twenty-five million. This and other facts on tourism in Washington emerged from a huge research project carried out by the Stanford Research Institute of Leland Stanford University.

The average visitor spends only \$21 and this, when one examines their clothing, is not hard to believe. Relaxation is the key word. The women favor shorts and the men fancy those floppy shirts, often adorned with pine cones or alligators, that hang outside their trousers. It is doubtful if many would venture into the main street of their home towns in the raiment they bring to Washington. Anyone doing a sociological study of the tourists would hang around the Washington Monument or the Capitol but still they fan out in all directions. They fill up buses and park benches,

they charge through department stores, they are visible in restaurants in every part of the city. Their appetite for "sights" seems unquenchable. On hot days merely watching them is enough to make a Washingtonian feel tired.

Despite the fact that their per capita spending is so low, the total they will leave behind in 1965 will run to \$420,000,000.

What brings them here? In 42.9% of the cases it is pleasure. In 30% of the cases, it's business. "Both business and pleasure," answer 20.4%. The strange part is that only 2.4% will admit that they came for conventions. And yet it would seem that Washington is always crowded with conventions. All hotel lobbies and many buses seem to be cluttered with those hosomy ladies who sport the orchids and those frisky males who wear giddy caps and plastic name plates.

Some leading thinkers advocate a large Visitor Center for Washington and the proper place for this, they believe, is Union Station. The railroads wish to unload this grandiose building because it is now too big for the reduced railway traffic of 1965.

Award of the Month

It seems a pity to let the achievement award leave the country for even a single month when there are so many deserving Americans about. But fairness compels us this month to send the September award to a member of the British parliament, Sir Hugh Vere Huntly Duff Lucas-Tooth. Because Sir Hugh is changing his name. To something shorter? No, longer! To Sir Hugh Vere Huntly Duff Munro-Lucas-Tooth of Teaninich. The change was necessary to comply with the will of a relation who died in 1910. The case has been dragging through the Scots courts ever since. Any reader who says he would be too high principled to alter *his* name to get a little boodle knows that he is talking humbug.

Well-Rounded Personality

A Foreign Service officer serving in a Northern European country reports that an applicant for an immigrant visa arrived at the visa office equipped with a powerful recommendation from his employer, an American corpora-

A significant passage in the recommendation reads:

"... Mr. X is one of the brightest young men that we have and we feel his value and potential to the company are unlimited. He has always exhibited the highest degree of character, integrity, and moral turpitude."

Grousing Against the Grouzers

The French are indubitably the most talented grouzers in the world. But in recent years severe competition has developed: tourists of all countries have taken to grouzing against the French. The general complaint is a lack of courtesy. Then there are some specific vexations. Tourists dislike shopkeepers who say brusquely, "De la part de qui?" ("Who sent you here?") Tourists dislike shopkeepers who jib at changing bills, "Vous n'avcz pas de monnaie?" Tourists dislike taxi drivers who refuse to take a passenger, "No, that's out of my way; I'm going home for lunch." When the would-be passenger protests, "But I'll miss my train," the driver says, "Je m'en fiche" (couldn't care less) and goes back to his newspaper. Tourists dislike enraged motorists, who scream, "Voyons, petit crétin," or "ta gueule!" The tourists dislike manifestations of French *méfiante*.

Some weeks ago the Commissariat Général au Tourisme decided that the French must present a better face to the world. They proclaimed "La Campagne Nationale de l'Accueil de l'Amabilité." This is also known as "Opération Sourire." All Frenchmen having any contact with tourists were adjured to put on a big, bright smile and keep it there. All unharmonious mannerisms such as the kind already mentioned were to be discarded forthwith. Tourists were supplied with a book of "Smile Checks." These they could dole out to Frenchmen whose behavior pleased them. At the end of the tourist season the Frenchman holding the most smile checks would get prizes such as a Simca car or a trip to Tahiti.

A spiritual operation of this magnitude—transforming the personality of people—should have inspired a flood of news stories. But strangely enough little was said about it. Now, however, the progress of "Opération Sourire" has been examined at length

by Peter Lennon, correspondent of the Manchester GUARDIAN. The news is bleak. Lennon's commentary can be summed up in a word: a flop.

Perhaps too much was expected in too short a time. Could you in a matter of months induce Americans to leave off saying: "Have a nice weekend, now!"?

Just Push the Button

He looked like a *torero* and he carried a *muleta* when he stepped into the bull ring. He was in reality a scientist named Dr. José Delgado. When the bull charged, Dr. Delgado pushed a button on a little instrument hidden in the *muleta* and the bull stopped dead in his tracks.

We can hardly wait for the chain stores to offer pocket models. We shall keep one in the pocket at all times ready to click, click, click.

Examples of its usefulness:

You look out the window and see a car stopping. Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Doodleflicker, unannounced, unwanted, are descending for the third Sunday in succession. How silly to have given them your best Scotch on their first visit. But enough is enough, Doodleflickers! Click. There they are as immobile as Lot's wife. Perhaps later models will have another button for creating reverse action.

"Did you ever hear my famous story about the chorus girl and the giraffe?" This kind of thing happens often at cocktail parties. Perhaps you have heard it. Often. Perhaps you don't wish to hear. Click, click.

You open the door. "I am working my way through college selling magazines." Click, Click.

Eileen Farrell has got the biggest voice since Florence Austral, yet you can't hear the loudest passages in the Immolation Scene because the woman in front of you is whispering to her neighbor. Click, click.

This little instrument is going to create a smoother, happier world.

Legal Paradise

This might be good news for those who wish to spend their home leave (legally) in a tropical paradise. Foreign Service regulations state: "Home leave may be taken in . . . the continental United States . . . Puerto Rico . . . and the Virgin Islands."

Some Like It Cold

Some years ago a Foreign Service officer took a quaggle of American tourists in Paris to the Crillon Grill for lunch. Seeing Vichyssoise on the menu, he remarked, "This is the first time I've ever seen that American soup on a French menu." The tourists

disputed this and appealed to the waiter, who said airily, "Of course it's a French soup. Every restaurant in France has it." This was, of course, pure *fantaisie* but the tourists believed it.

Every so often the French try to claim the credit for Vichyssoise. But they can't get away with it! Let them have the first telephone if they wish, or the first electric light bulb or the first movie camera—but they must let the soup alone.

It is true that Vichyssoise was invented by a Frenchman but he invented it in America for American taste. The late Louis Diat, chef of the Ritz Carlton in New York, was casting about one hot summer's day for a cold soup he could serve to the customers. He remembered a potato and leek soup his mother had made. That was hot but why not

serve it cold to fit a New York summer? When it came time to print the menu, Diat named it Vichyssoise because his mother came from the region of Vichy. The soup was a huge success from the start. During World War II some restaurants changed its name to Gaulloise—after guess who. This was the work of fanatics who didn't want to be reminded that a Vichy government existed. This bit of silliness ended with the war's end.

In general, Europeans are not enthusiastic about cold soups. The Swedes and Norwegians produce a cold fruit soup and cold borscht pops up every now and then. The Bulgarians produce a cold cucumber soup and the French invented Consommé Madrilène. But the only country that shares America's enthusiasm for cold soups is Spain. Spanish *gazpacho* is first class.

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by S. I. NADLER



"Matter of fact, I still think of her fondly. For fourteen years, she was a loving wife and absolutely dedicated to my career. I can't help thinking that if we hadn't gone to the cultural attaché's cocktail party in Buenos Aires, then she wouldn't have met that portrait painter, and"

PROTECT US FROM OUR FRIENDS

by MARTIN F. HERZ

WHEN IT COMES to novelists using the Foreign Service as a subject, we are used to mistreatment; so it is with pleasure that we note that Morris L. West, in his best-selling novel, "The Ambassador," seems to make an earnest effort to picture the dilemmas and complexities of an ambassador's work. Compared, for instance, to Lederer and Burdick's best-selling "The Ugly American," which made most Foreign Service officers seem like fools, this latest novel is certainly more positive.

There are, however, a number of interesting questions which this novel, even if it is not malicious, raises for the practitioner of foreign affairs. Being a best-seller, the book will undoubtedly affect the ideas of many people around the world about the operations of an Embassy, about the kind of people who work in it and, especially, about how important and difficult decisions are arrived at. This

is the matter we would like to discuss here.

We are not, in other words, concerned with the undoubted qualities of Mr. West as a story-teller, or with the literary merits of his book, but only with the narrower aspect that concerns us in the Foreign Service, namely how fair—indeed, how ethical—is Mr. West's treatment of American diplomacy in general and of an American Ambassador in particular. Since Mr. West is essentially a moralizing novelist, placing ethical problems in the forefront of his books, it seems both interesting and legitimate to raise both factual and ethical questions about his latest best-seller. The first question is whether it is fair to write "fiction" about an identifiable individual, against an identifiable background.

Suppose someone were to write a novel about an Australian novelist

who spends some time in Saigon and then writes a best-selling novel about the war in Viet-Nam, particularly from the viewpoint of his Catholic background. And suppose that novel about such a novelist—whom every knowledgeable reader would immediately identify as Morris West—would then go on to endow him with a most remarkable private life that is a complete figment of the writer's imagination, picturing him perhaps as a crook or an adulterer or a maniac or a fool—in very human terms, of course, giving him credit for a better nature which occasionally struggles with the temptations and pressures under which he operates.

Would this be fair to Mr. West? Of course not. Anyone who knows that he is the only man in the world who qualifies as the subject of such a book—Australian, Catholic, best-selling writer, Viet-Nam—would be no doubt influenced in his judgment about Mr. West by the fictitious nonsense that had been (beautifully, of course) wrapped about that real person. This is, *mutatis mutandis*, what Mr. West has done with an American Ambassador to Viet-Nam. It is not my purpose here to defend the actual ambassador to Viet-Nam during the time that Mr. West wrote about, but to point out that it is dubious from an ethical point of view to choose him as the subject of a "fictitious" treatment.

Why is this so? Well, all we have to do is to talk with people around us who have read the book. Naturally, such people are not all uniformly well-informed about Viet-Nam or about Embassies. Those that I have talked with include a goodly proportion who actually think that Mr. West has given an illuminating treatment of the actual problems and dilemmas that confronted an actual ambassador to Viet-Nam at the time that he sketches out in his book.

To be sure, the ambassador (called Maxwell Gordon Amberley) is not treated unsympathetically. He is troubled by the moral implications of the decisions that have to be made, and he eventually cracks up because of them. He is an "unresolved man," as President Ngo Dinh Diem (called Cung in the book) is made to say. From the point of view of an exciting novel, it is of course convenient to picture the Ambassador as a neurotic. Since the book also deals with topical history, however, one may wonder if decisions taken by our Ambassador in Saigon—assuming that they resembled those described in the book—would have been any different if he had been a "resolved man" or, shall we say, a well-integrated personality.

Our dilemma in Viet Nam is certainly a deeply troubling one because every course of action has both positive and negative political and moral implications. Indeed the essence of tragedy is that choices in a man's life are not always between the good and the bad, but between two goods of which only one can be attained, or between the greater and the somewhat lesser evil. But the monumental quality of those dilemmas of our profession, which can affect millions of people, is not adequately described when the reader is led to believe that the Ambassador's findings might have been different if only Gabrielle, his wife, were still alive. It is convenient for the novelist to show an Ambassador as a weak man who cracks up under pressure; but the Vietnamese dilemma, contrary to what Mr. West implies, was not compounded by the weaknesses of neurotics. It would be just as perplexing, both morally and politically, if our Ambassadors were geniuses and saints.

Ambassadors are not the only ones who may wonder whether they have been fairly dealt with in Mr. West's best-selling book. There is the chief CIA representative who, almost by definition, is described as a cynic and, incidentally, as a man who pursues his profession not by patriotism but essentially for kicks. This of course is reminiscent of the treatment that Foreign Service officers received, as striped-pants cookie-pushers, except that it is just a little more vicious in pandering to existing popular misconceptions.

Take, for instance, the passage in "The Ambassador" (pp. 203/204) in which the alleged CIA chief, Harry Yaffa, gives his ambassador a left-handed compliment by recognizing him as a man of the same stripe:

When we were alone again, Yaffa said soberly: "You know, Mr. Ambassador, I underrated you. I hope you'll let me say you're a much bigger man than I thought."

"Thanks for the compliment, Harry."

"No, I mean it. This is a rough business. It sorts out the men from the boys very quickly."

"What brought you into it, Harry?"

He gave me a quick inquiring glance, then shrugged and relapsed into his attitude of ironic amusement.

"I'm a natural intriguer, I guess. I like what I do. I don't have very much respect for human nature, or myself either for that matter."

So the ambassador is welcomed into the world of cynical intriguers. After Yaffa, the fictional CIA chief, has described his moral bankruptcy for a while, Morris West concludes the fictitious conversation as follows:

"And you do trust yourself, Harry?"

"Further than I trust anyone else, be-

cause I know myself better than most—even if I like myself less."

"It's a bleak philosophy."

"It's a bleak world, Mr. Ambassador. But in my own way I get a kick out of it. When there aren't any more kicks, I'll buy out."

As a novelist, Mr. West is entitled to put these words into the mouth of a fictitious person, although one will wonder if the world of the actual CIA representative in Saigon at the time that he describes was quite as simple or in any way as cynical as the one described here. To show the other side, the decent, upstanding, moral one, Mr. West on the next page of his book puts words in the mouth of the charming lady who is pictured as the Ambassador's secretary and who, strangely, also shares his living quarters with him. She says:

"I'm ashamed, that's all. I'm ashamed of the crude and callous way we dispose of people's lives and destinies, as if—well, as if they were cattle being herded from one field to another. Oh, I know, it's politics and diplomacy and military necessity and all the rest! But who, in all this, thinks about the people or speaks for them?"

Here is the voice of conscience, and it is an attractive one; but it ignores the fact that dealing with communist subversion and aggression is not just "politics and diplomacy and military necessity and all the rest," but it is very much also a matter of ethics. For the conduct of an effective defense against that subversion and aggression involves precisely the people of Viet-Nam, their hopes and aspirations and all the things that make life worth living for people anywhere—their right, above all, to be "left alone," as Dean Rusk has put it. That we are fighting for that right of the people of Viet-Nam does not seem to have occurred to Morris West, and none of the characters in his moralistic novel has been provided with lines that would enunciate that simple moral truth.

We do not, of course, expect a novelist to espouse a particular political position, but it is a shame that in the various attitudes and positions that he has put forward by attributing them to persons in an American Embassy, the moral aspect of the defensive battle against communism is nowhere mentioned, even in passing. When it comes to discussing policy alternatives, Embassy meetings are pictured in such an unreal manner that the actual practitioner of foreign affairs stares in amazement. Here, for instance, is the account of what is supposed to have been a crucial top-level staff meeting at the Embassy (pp. 148 and 149):

"Could we ourselves remove the Chinese pressure by diplomatic recognition, removal of trade embargoes and voting for her admission to the United Nations? Could we then regard any local revolution as an indigenous growth, to be accepted on its own merits in due course?"

"No!" said Yaffa flatly. "Marxism is an expansionist philosophy."

"You can't kill a philosophy."

"So what then, sir? Do you accept it?"

"You may have to live with it."

"Peaceful co-existence? That's Khrushchev's gambit. But China doesn't accept it. China proclaims the old Stalin line—inevitable war."

"Stalin is dead. Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-Lai are old men."

"But China still needs the rice bowls and she wants a seaway to Africa."

"Can she not have them by free trade with neutral Asian countries?"

"Can you guarantee that she would be content with that?"

"Hong Kong represents a working agreement, at least."

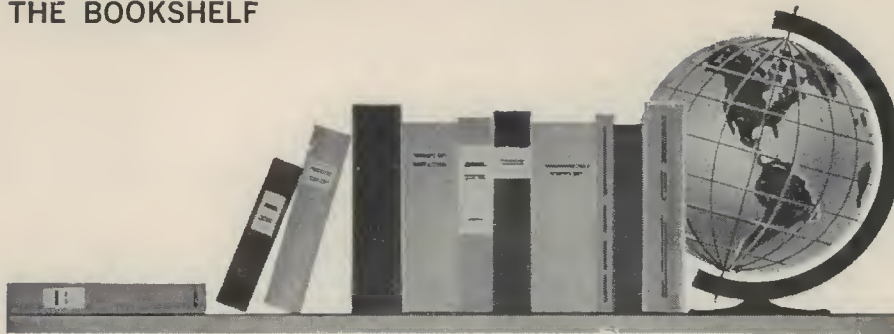
The argument went around and around the table for another twenty minutes, and it was clear that we would never reach finality. . . .

Surely, as long as the arguments are so naively presented—any Ambassador who presided over such an inane rehashing of clichés would have been cashiered a long time ago—one cannot expect any such meeting to produce a reasoned conclusion, let alone "finality."

At least, one must suppose, the fact that Mr. West has shown that there are several sides to a policy problem and that they are discussed in an Embassy, has helped the public to give the Foreign Service credit for dealing with ideas and for trying to resolve dilemmas by the application of knowledge and reason; but one shudders at what the average reader must think is going on at an Embassy staff meeting. A great deal more information, and a great deal more brain work, and, one might add, a good deal more philosophy, are brought to bear at such meetings than Mr. West is giving us credit for.

One astute but anonymous reader, writing for the *TIMES* (London) LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, has aptly put it: "Most of the characters are comfortably improbable. There is a superficial subtlety in exchanges between, for instances, the Ambassador and President Cung. And a few figures are given attributes which are clearly meant to distinguish them as 'deep' or 'complex.' . . . But by the end of the book, the scrupulous reader will have rubbed off most of the glitter, and will find only cardboard and paste beneath. The profundity is just a trick, and the subtlety mere deviousness."

Still, we recommend the book to our readers for it will play a role in influencing American attitudes toward our profession. ■



Sebald on Japan

READERS of this JOURNAL should be among the most avid consumers of Ambassador Sebald's memoir on the occupation of Japan. Here we have a Foreign Service setting, sharp sketches of General MacArthur in action, flashing insights into Japanese ways, and an interesting collection of photographs. All this is woven together in Ambassador Sebald's easy-flowing, first-person style, which is straightforward and persuasive. Mr. Brines contributed background material which undoubtedly helped to make it a better book, but the story is the Ambassador's.

The book is obviously a first-rate primary source on the occupation of Japan, 1945-1951. During these eventful years Sebald was at first assistant to the Political Adviser and then "Polad" himself to MacArthur as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in Japan. Furthermore, as a former Navy language officer, Sebald brought to his job a rare understanding of the language and society of Japan. Best of all, he kept a journal faithfully through the years, and he tells us in his Foreword that the direct quotations that he attributes to his principal characters in this book are "literal contemporary entries as they appear in the journal." So this account is anchored right down in the bed-rock of first-hand evidence—the way lawyers and historians like it.

But the Ambassador does not claim to have written a complete history of the occupation of Japan. The title of his book quite correctly features MacArthur as the five-star Hamlet of the piece, and the subtitle calls it "A Personal History of the Occupation." In its "personalness" lies its strength. Here are the shades and sounds that bring you into the room alongside Sebald talking with the Emperor, the General, the Secretary of State, the Japanese Prime Minister, and dozens of others. Sebald had his likes and dislikes and he tells us about them. But he seems to have been fair at the time and he seems even more so in the telling. He clearly disapproved of

some of MacArthur's pet views and he recounts (perhaps a bit quietly) some tough sessions with the touchy General. But the fine qualities and the large proportions of MacArthur clearly impressed Sebald and he passes these impressions on with conviction to his readers. In short, he admits to shedding a tear at the dramatic humiliation of MacArthur, yet he well understood the rationale of what happened.

While MacArthur is the focus of most of Sebald's history, the book actually provides more than the title indicates. There are three chapters at the end that carry the story on past MacArthur to General Ridgway, to the Japanese Peace Treaty, and to the termination of the occupation in 1952. The Ambassador's evaluation of the occupation (Chapter 13) is particularly worthwhile in view of his unique qualifications for assessing the strength of both hammer and anvil in this conflict of cultures.

—WILLIAM M. FRANKLIN

WITH MACARTHUR IN JAPAN, by William J. Sebald with Russell Brines. Norton, \$6.95.

Science in Politics

JEROME B. WIESNER, who was President Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, tells us that there is "a central need . . . [for] the presence at high policy levels in the decision-making structure, of persons with considerable scientific and engineering competence, distinction and familiarity with government." Dr. Wiesner does not go on to suggest that scientists like himself should be invited to take over the decision-making work of our political and administrative generalists. The reader who is neither policy-maker nor scientist may be pardoned, however, if he concludes from the present collection of Dr. Wiesner's speeches and articles that such a take-over might on the whole be beneficial.

Dr. Wiesner has much of value to say about a wide variety of important questions of public policy. His observations on research and development policy, on technology and society, on

scientific education in the modern state, and on disarmament are uniformly sensible. Particular attention may be called to an article entitled "Nuclear Security and the Nuclear Test Ban," written jointly with Dr. Herbert F. York and here reprinted from SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. Policy makers who suppose that more military hardware will provide solutions for our national security problems are here reminded that

" . . . both sides in the arms race are . . . confronted by the dilemma of steadily increasing military power and steadily decreasing national security. It is our considered professional judgment that this dilemma has no technical solution. If the great powers continue to look for solutions in the area of science and technology only, the result will be to worsen the situation."

Scientific or technical criteria alone cannot, of course, provide solutions to the generality of public questions, and Dr. Wiesner no doubt agrees with President Kennedy's statement to the National Academy of Science that "in the end the hard decisions inescapably involve imponderables of intuition, prudence and judgment." But there is no contradiction here. The real usefulness of Dr. Wiesner's book lies not only in his observations as a professional scientist, but also, and perhaps above all, in the way in which his approach to policy questions can sharpen the intuition and refine the judgment of the policy maker. It is fair to assume, certainly, that this was the contribution which Dr. Wiesner made during his tour of duty at the White House. And it is the contribution which he makes here to the general reader, within and outside of government.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

WHERE SCIENCE AND POLITICS MEET, by Jerome B. Wiesner. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95.

Morality Play

NOT since the tear-jerking days of "Nell, The Beautiful Cloak Model" in fact, not since the medieval morality plays—has there been so stark a confrontation of Virtue and Vice, of Truth and Falsehood, as you will find in David Halberstam's account of his adventures as a foreign correspondent in Viet-Nam.

The hero of this modern morality play is, of course, David Halberstam, Plucky Newsmen. The villains, no less predictably, are ranking officers of the US Embassy, Military Aid Mission, AID, USIS, and CIA in Saigon and, in Washington, the late President Kennedy, Secretary Rusk, Secretary McNamara and other miscreants of high

and low degree. Supporting roles are played by Vietnamese officials (notably President Diem, Madame Nhu and Ngo Dinh Nhu) and, somewhat surprisingly, by Joe Alsop and Marguerite Higgins.

Despite the DeMillcan size of the cast, the plot is a simple one: David Halberstam was always right and the others were always wrong. And, besides, they tried to deceive him.

Except for this fugue-like theme, fully orchestrated and very persistent, his book is essentially a not-very-novel rearrangement of his 1962-64 dispatches on Viet-Nam happenings and non-happenings. In case you haven't ready access to old files of the N.Y. TIMES, you may find his book handy for reference. Then, too, you may be tired of television's Good Guys and Bad Guys in the Old West and prefer David Halberstam's in the Far East.

Should you wish an analytical, balanced account of what went on in Viet-Nam during this period, you would do much better to get John Mecklin's "Mission In Torment."

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE, by David Halberstam. Random House, \$5.95.

Britain—Survey and Biography

INTEREST in external affairs in England is broad enough to justify the appearance of two recent surveys of postwar British foreign policy. The Northedge handbook describes the process of adjustment from 1945 to the application for entrance into the Common Market. After the war, according to this version, Britain was a common element bringing together Commonwealth, Europe and America. Fifteen years later Britain had to reassess this position, come to terms with Europe, and change its relations with a Commonwealth which still appealed to many Britons as an alternative to "apparent powerlessness" within the Atlantic community.

The Nicholas survey concentrates on relations with America since 1938 and is especially useful in detailing the nuclear and defense relations between the two countries. Its advantage is in emphasizing analysis along with narration, and it is course reading at the Imperial Defense College. Nicholas brings out the division in British attitudes between military and non-military relations with Europe as well as with us; and recalls that our special bilateral relationships, which began before the war, derive essentially from common interests, values and language.

On the domestic scene, the biography of a great British public servant like Sir John Anderson is a considerable reassurance coming at this time. This

is a narrative of British political history of the times as well as of the man, and portrays his kaleidoscopic career through the high civil service, the war cabinet, and the House of Lords over more than a half century. A very readable biography.

—E. J. BEIGEL

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY, by F. S. Northedge. Praeger, \$6.00.

BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES, by Herbert Nicholas. Johns Hopkins, \$5.00.

JOHN ANDERSON, by John Wheeler-Bennett. St. Martin's Press, \$10.00.

Fowler Updated

ONE of the most useful (and interesting) reference books ever published is "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler. It first appeared in 1926 and since that time its popularity has gained steadily.

As with all dictionaries the day came when it needed revision and this job was entrusted to Sir Ernest Gowers, hardly less eminent than Fowler as an authority on English usage. Gowers's "The Complete Plain Words" is already a classic.

The Clarendon press has now brought out the second edition of "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage" to be revised by Gowers. It is so much up to the minute that it includes an entry on *escalate*. In general it refrains from violent innovations and thus maintains the wonderful flavor of the original including the prejudices and crotchety *obiter dicta*. Among the famous entries to re-emerge intact are "Hackneyed Phrases," "Harley Street," "Wardour Street," "Love of the Long Word." On the other hand the entry on "Genteelisms" has been reduced in length. Whereas Fowler sneered at "ale," "anent," "mirror" etc., Gowers has dropped them. "Genteelisms," he remarks sensibly, "if they attain a wide enough currency soon rub their taint off by use." It is doubtful if Fowler would have made such a concession.

No reference shelf can get along without the book.

—PAUL WOOLARD

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE, by H. W. Fowler, second edition to be revised by Sir Ernest Gowers. Oxford, \$5.00

A Lady's Ride Across Honduras

A CHARMING story in the Victorian tradition of the gentlewoman's travel account, more associated with Europe than Latin America, of a ride on horseback across Honduras in 1881. It recalls somewhat "Anna and the King of Siam" and "The Wilder Shores of Love" in its European woman's eye view of a little known and primitive country.

"Maria Soltera" is the pseudonym for Mary Lester, a lady of genteel birth but reduced by economic circumstances to seek out her fortune, or at least her survival. The objective of her ride was an immigrant colony of Europeans on the north coast of Honduras and in dire need of a school teacher.

The descriptions of Honduras; the sidelights on the scandal of the Puerto Cruz-San Pedro de Sula Railway; observations on European economic and social penetration of the tropics; insight into the defrauding of immigrants; comments on mankind in general, are informative and entertaining. The introductory remarks, the readable and uncluttered footnote explanations of political and geographic references and a bibliography make this a valuable historical acquisition. It is difficult to imagine anyone interested in Honduras resisting it. Originally published by BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE as a serial in 1884, it was later issued in book form. The present edition, one of the imaginative Latin American Gateway Series of the University of Florida, is a reproduction of the original 1884 edition, complete with title page and illustrations.

—JOHN M. CATES, JR.

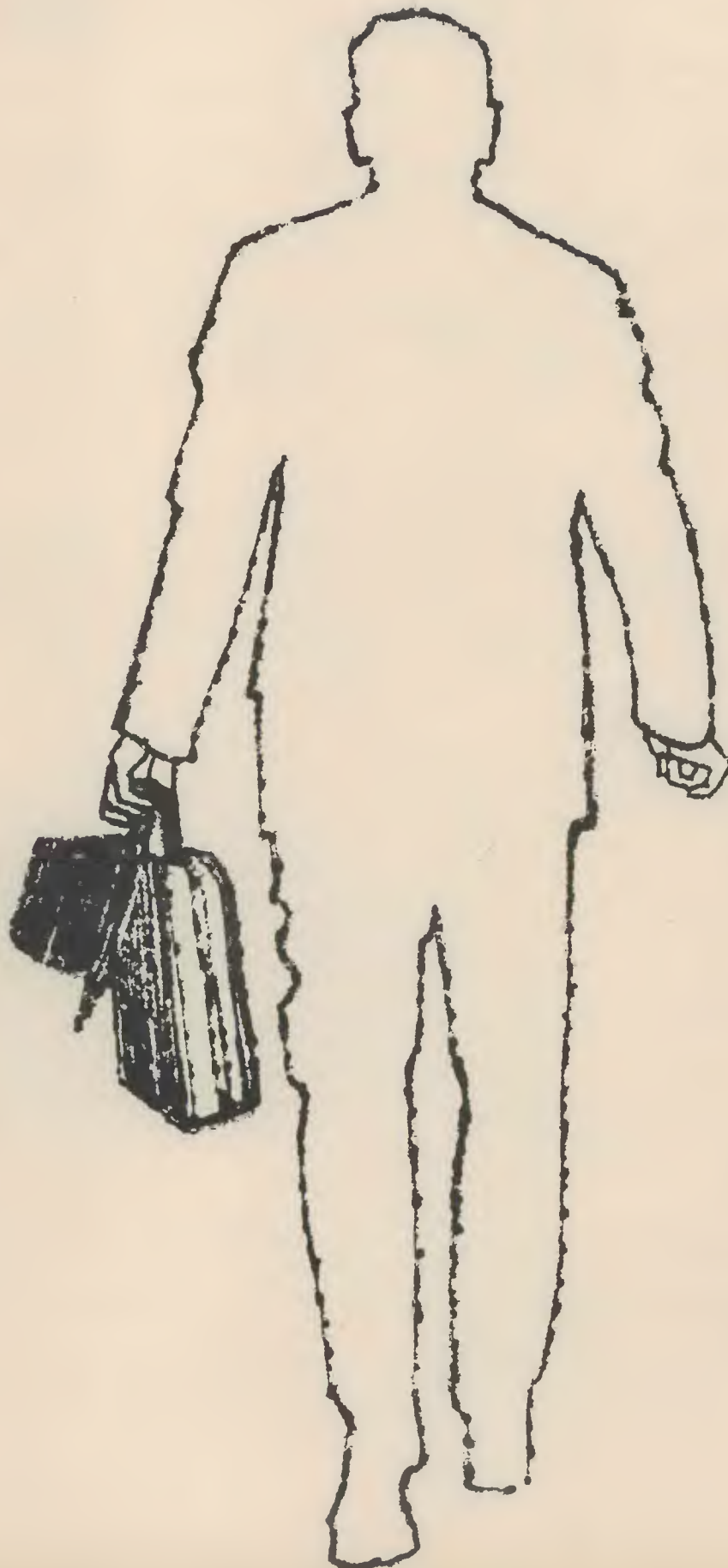
A LADY'S RIDE ACROSS HONDURAS, by Maria Soltera. University of Florida Press, \$8.50.

The Old Moscow

MR. VOYCE's book, the fourteenth in Oklahoma's "Centers of Civilization" series, is perhaps the first work in English to describe the city of Moscow itself during the centuries from its cloudy origin until Peter moved the capital to his new St. Petersburg in 1713. It will be of considerable value to any member of the Foreign Service visiting or stationed in Moscow, but of lesser value to other Foreign Service readers. Mr. Voyce's sensible decision not to attempt a description of every architectural monument remaining from before 1713 does make his work less valuable purely as a city guide than some Soviet works. But the work is not intended simply as a guide, and his account of Muscovite history, and of the nature of old Moscow life itself, makes that strange past comprehensible and even fascinating for the American reader. The reviewer can testify that this is all the more true if, after reading Mr. Voyce's book, one can stroll in the eleven p.m. June twilight in the old streets near Red Square.

—PETER S. BRIDGES

MOSCOW AND THE ROOTS OF RUSSIAN CULTURE, by Arthur Voyce. University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.75.



by BETTY KALISH

THE VISITOR

Message received in Anthrax Aug. 6 by air pouch from Washington:

Congressman Snufflebein asks faillitative assistanee for B. L. Curtain arriving Anthrax Aug. 7, 7 hours, PQZ Flight 839. Departs Aug. 8, 20 hours.

Memo from Ambassador William Vincent Horgan to his DCM:

Jake, do you identify this Curtain who's coming tomorrow? Name sounds faintly familiar. Snufflebein of course is on Hosmer Committee. Whoever he is, I guess I'd better put Curtain up (God knows no pun is intended). This is a bad week for me to have a guest, but if I don't take him he'll probably turn out to be Snufflebein's closest friend. Wish we had more fill-in. Wonder what took the message so long—it's dated July 20. And Jake, will you get on someone's back about fixing the shower drain in our guest bathroom? It still baeks up. I don't suppose they could paint the big stain on the dining room wall this afternoon? It looks like hell. Someone came to look last week, but nothing's happened. Isn't that PQZ flight arriving at 4 hours since last week? You'd better meet—sorry. Also alert few couples for dinner tomorrow night. You and Mary, Charlie and Martha, Forsters, Martins, couple others.

Sure hope Anthrax matter we discussed this morning doesn't blow up in next few days.

Bill

Memo, DCM to Adm. Officer:

Jim, the Ambassador's guest shower still backs up, and he has a guest coming. Drop everything and get someone up there who knows what he's doing. And how about a fast paint job on the dining room wall this afternoon? Know you're trying to dry it out before painting, but it looks awful.

Memo, DCM to Ambassador:

Sorry, Bill, the name Curtain means nothing to me. However, "Who's Who" lists an oil exec. named B. E. Curtail from Snufflebein's home state.

Ok, I'll meet Curtain, or Curtail, at 4 a.m. and round up guests. I'll also get on with the drain and wall business.

Jake

Note, Ambassador's Wife to Ambassador: 3 p.m.

No, dear, the phone has been out all day. I was out too . . . a coffee and the commissary. Never saw shelves so bare, but did get snack stuff, luckily, and toilet paper and drain powder.

I don't see how we can put the guest into that room unless the crew (working now) can get the drain open. Last week's guests were pretty hard on the room. I have replaced the burned blanket, and I have the boys working. Good news: they are painting the dining room wall at last.

I'm glad guest not coming today. Formal British dinner tonight would be hard to cancel, but there's nothing we can't skip tomorrow but the reception. Will let them know we may have guest.

Who is Curtain?

Love,
Lenore

Note from Ambassador to DCM:

5 p.m.

R. from ministry called at 4:30. Trouble brewing fast. Didn't want you called out of your meeting, but stop in to see me before you go home. I'm staying here as long as I can but must get home by 7:30 to change for dinner. One of us should be in office this evening, and I *must* arrive at the dinner anyway. You can call me out if needed.

You might see what Forster can get out of his friend S, but tell him to go easy, not like last week. Maybe better to be cautious and have Charlie go along too.

Bill

Note from DCM to Ambassador, Next Morning: 9 a.m.

Airport

I've been here since 4 and no sign of Curtain's plane. Finally PQZ's desk reports no take off from C-----, so shall come back to office. PQZ swears they'll let me know when something

happens. Incidentally, big electrical storm reported in C-----, moving this way. Curtain on manifest, says PQZ.

Jake

Note, from Ambassador's wife to DCM's wife: 11 a.m.

Dear Mary:

As you see our phone's still out. Glad you and Jake can make it tonight without too much mess. Forsters, as you probably know, are having locals for dinner, so they're not coming, so why don't you bring your house guests? Bill wants about 12.

Look, Mary, I have a flap here. Sent cook to doctor this morning, he looked so bad. He's just come back, and it's at least flu. Temp. 103, so I sent him home. Can I borrow your cook since you're coming here? Also need one more boy for serving as Hasib didn't return this morning as promised. Maybe you could run next door and ask Martha if I could have one of hers? About 7:30 will do fine.

No, I think things are otherwise ok. No need for you to come. I started ice cream for dessert as I can't make oven work. If you can send your cook after lunch and find me a boy, I think we'll be fine.

Lenore

Ambassador's wife to DCM's wife, several hours later: 3 p.m.

Dear Mary:

One of our idiots just dropped a tray of glasses—have you 12 matching highball glasses? I can't leave here since fridge went off at 1, and I'm trying to salvage the ice cream while they repair the fridge. They have hope. There was so much water around I was afraid someone had stuck an icepick into the freezing compartment and let out the fluid like last month, but happily it's not that.

Please give glasses to boy carrying this note and see he takes rickshaw. I told him to, but he usually prefers to walk and save the fare, and I need him here *now*.

Keep your fingers crossed about the shower drain. I hope Curtain, whoever he is, is a fast showerer, or he may be wading ankle-deep in yesterday's dishwater. That drain not only backs up; it backfires!

Lenore

Note from Ambassador's wife to Ambassador: 3:30 p.m.

Hello dear, yes the phone's still out, but never mind if your tires hold out! Sorry you have to work late, but everything's fine here. Do try to make it by 6:30 so you can relax a bit. However, your clothes are laid out a la firehorse if necessary. Found your stud. And yes, if you aren't here by 7 I'll make a quick stop at Chalmania reception, with or without Curtain, as

you suggest. See you here, there or not, as the case may be. Do you have some vio-entroform at the office?

Any more word on Curtain? if he's not coming, try to let me know, so I can call off guests, all of whom will be darn glad to be called off tonight.

Who is Curtain? What is he?

Love
Lenore

Memo, DCM to Ambassador: 4 p.m.
Dear Bill:

Hesitated to barge into your meeting, but just got call from PQZ desk—plane took off from C----- 3:45. Should be here 4:30 so am on way to airport.

Hastily,
Jake

Note, Ambassador to his wife:

4:50 p.m.

Just got a call from Jake. Plane couldn't land at Anthrax in the storm, says PQZ, and overflowed to Y-----. No plane back until 3 a.m. so if possible call off dinner. Thank God all American guests. I'll get home when I can, but if you have to have the dinner, go on without me. I have to be here for a bit.

Note, Ambassador's wife to Ambassador: 7:45 p.m.

Bill, I made a quick stop at Chalmanians after calling off dinner guests. Dinner intact in freezer ready for fancy lunch tomorrow in case Curtain comes on 3 o'clock flight. Having sandwiches here with Mary and Martha soon. Also strong drink. Am sending you some sandwiches—but you haven't eaten. TAKE TIME FOR THEM.

Love,
Lenore

Note, DCM to Ambassador: 3:45 a.m.
Aug. 8

I'm sitting in front of your house writing this. Plane on time, but no Curtain. I hate to wake you, but since you said I should let you know—

Jake

P.S. I'll be at the office 9 o'clock for the meeting with the delegation.

Memo, DCM to Admin. Officer:

10 a.m.
Aug. 8

Ambassador's drain still not fixed. Also give dining room wall another coat—stains still showing. Also: Mrs. Horgan found masses of cockroaches behind sink again. Better spray today and check it out every day for awhile.

Jake

Cable from Washington Received Anthrax at noon, Aug. 8:

Congressional Committee visit Anthrax scheduled Aug. 14 updated. Party of 8 arrives Air India Aug. 9, 13 hours, Flight 31412. Request all courtesies.



Bukavu, Republic of the Congo. Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley attended a celebration in his honor in the highlands south of this city, the region of the Ngweshe tribe. The Ambassador, flanked by the Mwamikaze on the right and the Governor of Kivu Central, M. S. Malago, on the left, views the Ngweshe warriors in a traditional dance.



Brussels. Ambassador Ridgway B. Knight presented his credentials to His Highness King Baudoin on June 24 and, after the audience, invited the Aide de Camp to the King and the Captain of the Cavalry Escort to his residence for the traditional glass of champagne. Shown with the Ambassador are, left to right, Mrs. Knight, Aide de Camp to the King, Col. E. P. Delperdange, and Captain Emile Duruisseau of the Cavalry Escort.

SERVICE GLIMPSSES



Bolstadøyri, Norway. Ambassador J. Graham Parsons displays the catch of the year, a 57 lb., 52½ inch salmon, caught on 90 meters of "rather light line and a spoon," after a good fight which ended in "one of the most beautiful fjords imaginable, with snow on the mountains above." Ambassador Parsons was accompanied on his fishing trip by Consul General Sverre M. Backe, Göteborg.



Sofia. Minister Nathaniel Davis is shown with Stoyan Konstantinov, acting chief of protocol and the commander of the honor guard, on the occasion of the presentation of his credentials to President Georgi Traykov.



Washington. Jack Grover, frequent contributor to the JOURNAL, receives the US Diplomatic Courier Service's Courier Award for sustained excellent performance and for numerous contributions to the efficiency and prestige of the Courier Service. John W. Coffey, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Communications, left, presents the award to Mr. Grover. Jerome Kleiher, who was in a near-fatal plane accident in the Philippines, also received the award this year, the first year such awards were given.

THE DOOLITTLE TIGER



by WALTER W. HOFFMANN

TODAY, the public is being urged to welcome a tiger into the family circle—a friendly tiger in the automobile tank. During World War II, a small group of us were very greatly concerned by the possibility that we might receive a visit from a tiger—a real one, alive, loose and entirely unpredictable.

A seven-foot wall surrounded us, to be sure, and armed guards were stationed at the entrance. This was small comfort, however, as we were informed that a frantic tiger could leap over the wall very easily. Furthermore, it seemed to us that—were one to do so and our guards to start firing excitedly at it—the guards might prove even more dangerous than the beast, itself. We were completely helpless, however, unable to do anything for our own protection. We could

only hope that the warning to the effect that a tiger was loose in the neighborhood—given us by our Japanese jailers—were very much exaggerated. Or, if they were true, that the animal would seek shelter elsewhere than in our place of confinement.

The time was just a few months after Pearl Harbor; the place was Hong Kong and we were the American official party being held in internment by the Japanese pending the conclusion of exchange negotiations. We were quartered in a vacant schoolhouse at the far end of the island, near the foot of a rather barren hillside. We were guarded by Sikhs, as warders rather than as protectors, and all contact with the outside world was strictly prohibited.

Although the warning had been quite explicit and appeared to have been uttered with conviction, we were disinclined to take it seriously. We thought it unlikely that here should be a tiger at large, anywhere within hundreds of miles of us. It was possible, but highly improbable, that one might have escaped from a circus or a menagerie. As to its being a wild specimen from the nearby mainland; we were sure that there were no wild tigers in Southern China, nor had there been for the last century or more. On the other hand, we couldn't be absolutely sure of anything; we had no means of finding out and there was always the off chance that we might be wrong.

Not only were we unable to check on the report, but there was nothing that we could do about it in case it should turn out to be true. If there should happen to be a tiger in the neighborhood we would just have to take our chances and if—as we had been warned might happen—it came bounding over the wall, we were helpless to prevent it.

To be on the safe side we took to the roof which, fortunately, was easily accessible, flat and surrounded by a convenient parapet. It provided a place of refuge as well as a good observation post. Everyone, of course, had his own theory regarding the presence—or absence—of the brute; a discussion that was particularly lively by reason of being a new topic. Our usual subjects had, already, become somewhat stale and threadbare.

Although there was no doubt in anyone's mind about the receipt of the warning, no one had a very clear idea of how it had reached us. We just seemed to know about it, but from whom or when we had acquired our knowledge, we couldn't tell. It might have come to us officially or it could have been transmitted by the grapevine wireless; that remarkably effective instrument for the dissemination of information. So effective, in fact, that word of the recent Doolittle raid on Tokyo had reached us—isolated and incommunicado as we were—within forty-eight hours of its having taken place. The report of the tiger's presence might have been spread in the same way.

It seemed most probable, however, that the warning had come, directly, from the Japanese themselves. In view of the great odds against a tiger being loose in the vicinity, I doubt if we would have taken the report very seriously unless we had had reason to attribute it to an authoritative source. We made for the roof accordingly, where the air was fresh and cool and we could have a good view of whatever was to take place.

We were not the only ones to have heard about the tiger; that much was obvious. Very many people had gathered on the road leading past our building; Chinese coolies and fisher-folk, both men and women. Even from our distance we could perceive, or thought we could, an air of suspense and apprehension. The numbers were growing steadily and even came to include a few Sikh policemen and Japanese soldiers. It soon became obvious that a hunt was being organized; someone arrived to take command and the crowd was herded off the road and onto the hillside, just beyond our compound wall.

The Sikhs and the soldiers were armed with rifles. All the

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rest had pots and pans, sheets of tin, sticks to clap together, anything capable of making a noise. And what a noise they made. They spread out over the whole hillside, drumming, banging and howling; enough to scare the daylight out of the most resolute and rational human—let alone a poor frightened tiger. They worked over every square inch of the terrain; with particular attention, of course, to the few odd clumps of stunted hushes that grew here and there and that might have provided some shelter. The beaters approached these clumps with all due caution, raising to the maximum the decibel output of their noise makers and lungs and taking good care that one or more of the gun bearers should be well to the fore. It was hard to tell whether the crowd was really apprehensive and taking the hunt seriously or whether they, too, were skeptical and were putting on a show to please their masters. Whatever their thoughts, the hunt gave them a splendid opportunity to let off steam and to throw off the restraints imposed by the recent conquest.

For as long as we were able to watch the proceedings, nothing at all happened. No tiger, not even any false alarms. Eventually the mob disappeared over the brow of the hill and, soon thereafter, the noise died down. Our excitement, likewise, came to an end. Once again we returned to the interminable games of cards, the speculation over the date, or just the possibility, of our exchange and our sundry time-killing projects.

The South China MAIL—the English language newspaper which, under Japanese control, supplemented the grapevine as a source of information—did ample justice to the great tiger hunt. It even printed, on the front page, a photograph of a full-grown and very impressive tiger, prostrate under the foot of a proud Sikh who was credited with having shot it. The story omitted all details of the actual killing, nor did it try to account for the presence of the animal on the island: there were, it seemed, limits to the capacity for fantasy among the proponents of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. The account concluded, however, with the straight-faced statement that Muhammed Khan—or whatever the name of the successful hunter was—had received the grateful thanks of the Japanese authorities for ridding the island of such a fearful menace and that, in token of their gratitude, they had presented him with a case of gin.

In spite of all the evidence, we still remained unconvinced. We could not bring ourselves to accept the appearance of a tiger on the island as a natural occurrence. We were fully aware that anything can, and usually does, happen in time of war, but that a tiger should be at large on an island of only thirty-one square miles, all of them thickly populated, was too much to be asked to swallow.

The most plausible explanation that we could devise was that the whole affair had been carefully staged and managed by the Japanese in order to gain face. One of us adduced the belief, said to be widely held throughout tiger-infested lands, that the killing of a tiger brings good fortune and great honor to the village and villagers where the heast was done in. The Japanese, we concluded, smarting under the exaggerated accounts of the Doolittle raid, must have been endeavoring to turn this belief to their advantage; offering the dead tiger in place of a victory over the American forces.

Pretty devious reasoning, but not too far-fetched taking into consideration the workings of the Oriental mind. Certainly not in the light of the reasoning which governed the selection of an appropriate award to the huntsman. Whether the Nipponese did, actually, regain any lost face or otherwise profit by the affair, we never learned. As far as we knew, the only benefit to emerge from it accrued to Muhammed Khan and ourselves. As Muhammed Khan was constrained by his religion from enjoying his award, he was willing, for a consideration, to let it find its way into our compound. There—in place of the dreaded tiger—it was warmly welcomed. ■



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IF IT CAN BE DONE IN TAIWAN...

by DAVID BELL

IN a sense, foreign aid—foreign economic aid—or foreign aid more broadly—has been a self-terminating exercise from the beginning. The Marshall Plan was conceived as a four- or five-year operation and turned out to be that or something even briefer. Since the end of the Marshall Plan we have been working in countries in which it is more difficult to achieve permanent progress but, by now, we are seeing in many places of the world the kind of headway, the kind of dynamic economic strength developed which permits the countries in question to satisfy the needs of their people by normal recourse to world trade markets and world capital markets, and permits us to bring our soft-term loans and our grants to an end. I think most of us in the aid business have been enormously impressed by the experience of Taiwan. I think ten or fifteen years ago, none of us would have believed that it would be possible by June 30, 1965, to terminate American economic assistance to Taiwan, but that is what has happened. Because the Taiwanese are in, one might say, a wartime hoo-m condition and have been for years, they are quite able to provide for an increase in living standards for their own people without any further grants or soft-term loans from us. Military assistance is continuing, but if their economy continues to grow as it is now, and there's no reason to think it won't, the cost of the Chinese military forces will, and can be, increasingly assumed by the Chinese themselves. The Title I program is continuing in Taiwan, but it is rapidly shifting from Title I to Title IV and the terms on Title IV can progressively be hardened, and within a very brief period of years, it is to be anticipated that they will be able to buy their food imports commercially.

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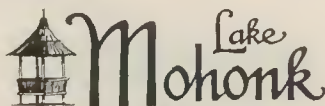
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Now, all this has been done at an average per capita income of roughly \$150 per Taiwanese per year, which is in contrast with \$2,500 plus person per year in the United States, and the notion that they could be a thriving, growing self-sustaining economy at a per capita income level of \$150 has probably been a surprise even to Walt Rostow. But there it is, and it implies that sensible economic policies, sensible investment policies, sensible priorities, firmness in holding to good budget and fiscal standards, attention to the key obstacles to economic growth and social progress in a country, plus very extensive and important external aid can achieve results that it is quite proper to call remarkable. Now, if it can be done in Taiwan, there is no reason to assume it can't be done anywhere else. Each country has its own differences and starting point and, of course, lesson number one, as all of you know very well, when you work in a less developed country, is that you have to start from where they are, not from where you wish they were. But starting from where they are and developing a plan and a program to fit that set of circumstances, there is no reason to assume that, in a relatively brief period of years, we cannot see Taiwan after Taiwan, success story after success story.

We used to think that Jordan was an extraordinarily difficult case because the people there start with the basic resources of sun and sand. However, our AID mission in Jordan, headed by a very able officer whom many of you know, Russell McClure, is persuaded, and has persuaded those of us here in Washington, that by effective use of what little agricultural resource—what few agricultural resources there are in Jordan, plus the mineral resources that are there, plus the opportunity for earning dollars from tourism, we can see in Jordan a self-sustaining economy—not immediately, but in time, given sensible policies and given sensible assistance. We used to think that Korea was a very tough case, and it is. But the Korean economy, for the last several years, has moved very well in very significant respects, and if the Korean Government sticks to the kinds of policies they are now following, if we stick to a sensible and strong assistance program, and if the Japanese settlement proceeds as it is expected to do, we could see a radical improvement in the economic situation in Korea within the brief period of a year.

The African countries, many of them, start with a desperate shortage of trained people and experienced leaders. Even those which had the special benefits of the British Colonial Service, and I don't mean that facetiously (there were special benefits which typically left behind very important and valuable results) even those countries typically way behind the countries of Asia, let alone the countries of Latin America, in the numbers of persons whom they have who know how to manage anything, plan anything, execute anything, either in the private sphere or in the public sphere, so that the problem in Africa, to a very large extent, necessarily has to concentrate, at this stage, on increasing the number of skilled and trained persons competent to manage public and private affairs. But that problem is being conquered and it is quite feasible to see rapid improvement.

Even in these countries it's a foreseeable process, taking years, but nevertheless not an infinite number of years, during which one can see a dynamic growth process getting started. Now, if this is so, if we are prepared to stick with the aid business—as I hope we are—then one ought to be able to look forward, over the next five, ten, fifteen years, to a succession of graduation ceremonies of gains, of economic strength, which are sufficient to permit a country to move forward from then on without economic aid.

Now, I think it is important to have in mind, as one thinks this way about the obstacles that need to be overcome, the first and most significant is that everything I have said


has been conditioned on effective action by the country itself. And if there is anything that we've learned over the past 16 years, it is that the whole process starts with a leadership and commitment and drive on the part of the people in the country we want to help. We can't do it from outside—it can't be done from outside. It has to be done from inside. Where you have even a minimum of willingness to commit themselves—even a minimum of leadership—you've got something you can take hold of and support and build out from. But there are cases—and Indonesia, obviously, is the current, most conspicuous case—there are cases in which the leadership of a country is not interested—not sufficiently interested—in the measures that will bring about economic and social progress, so that our assistance could be, in any way, effective. They are not prepared to apply their own resources to this kind of problem and there is no basis on which we could apply resources that would be helpful.

There is not much you can do through an AID program unless the leaders in the country, public and private, themselves want to see change and improvement brought about. Now, there's plenty we can do to try to influence those leaders to feel that way and we spend a lot of our time trying to do exactly that. This is one of the reasons why the youth program, properly defined, is now, I think everyone understands it, the effort to locate, identify, get in touch with and help to train and shape the attitudes of the young leaders in the developing countries, and is one reason why that program is so extraordinarily important. Because the more people who come to understand what it is that has to be done in that country, and gain the desire to achieve that, then the more opportunities we have to be useful.

A second set of obstacles which is much on people's minds today and which I, personally, think we are in danger of exaggerating, is the set of problems revolving around food supply and population growth. There is no question whatever that there is a rapid rise in the demands for food in these developing countries. There is no doubt that this demand comes both from the gain in population which exists and is going on in most of these countries, and from the rise in living standards. As incomes go up in developing countries, which is the exact opposite of what happens in the United States, a large part of any additional income the families earn is spent for food. In the United States almost none of any rise in family income is spent for food. We all eat at least as much as we should right now, but that's not true in the developing countries. As incomes gradually rise, a very substantial share of these increased incomes is spent for food, and not just for more of the same but for richer and better food, more proteins, milk, meat, et cetera, so that you've got the combined effect of rapid rates of population growth and the high conversion of increased income into food demand. These two things, reinforcing each other, have brought about and are bringing about very sizable increases in the demand for food and in many countries, increase in production of food has not kept up with this.

Now, it is obviously not necessary, and it is certainly not wise, for every country to try to produce all the food it needs. Some of the European countries are conspicuous illustrations of countries which do not need to produce, have never needed to produce all the food that they eat (or at least for the last hundred years or so) and I have illustrations of countries which are wasting their own resources now by trying to produce more than they should economically. It would be cheaper to import more and produce less. So that the adjustment—the adaptation to the rise in the demand for food in some underdeveloped countries ought to be planned to import more food, not to produce it. But this means, of course, that they have to have some

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kind of economic output which will enable them to purchase the imported food that they will require. This is a complex aspect of the problem of economic development in the various countries.

I do not think that, taking the picture all in all, and recognizing the very great capacity of the advanced countries to produce food, we should be panicky about this. We have seen in a number of the less developed countries—Taiwan is one example, Pakistan is another—that modern agricultural production methods can be applied in the developing countries and can yield very rapid results. There isn't any reason to assume that the Pakistan third five-year plan is over-optimistic in estimating a growth in agricultural production of five, six, or seven per cent per year. That's way ahead of their anticipated growth in food demand. If achieved, Pakistan would be a food exporter while still a very underdeveloped country.

The outlook in India is, at the moment, not nearly so favorable because the Indians have not taken the policy measures and other measures which would enable them to increase their food output that rapidly. But it is within the know-how of the Indians and those who are willing to help them to do that, to bring it about, and there could be a radical change in the picture in India in a relatively brief span of years. On the population side, the problem should be looked at not as a drastic emergency in terms of human starvation, but instead, as a much broader, not necessarily less serious, much broader problem of the growth in all the facilities and services that a society needs and of effective family life. The countries where there are now effective population programs underway, in the less developed parts of the world, so far as I'm aware, only two—Taiwan and Korea—in both cases, hundreds of thousands of people are now being reached by the availability of information and devices and so on and the rate of population growth is being sharply reduced, and these look like very impressive models of what might happen elsewhere, but the key point is that in each country, the appeal of the family planning programs has been to the individual families who want to space their children and decide on how many they want to have in terms of providing for those children a satisfactory education, a healthy upbringing, and sharing a warm and proper family life. That is the appeal of the program in human and family terms. And this is not, you will notice, anything different from the appeal of family planning in our country or in any other advanced country, so that it seems to me that the population growth problem should not be thought of as revolving around these horror statistics about if we go on at this rate, in fifty years there will be one square foot of earth surface for each human being, and all that nonsense, but instead, a problem of human and family participation in the life of society and in the increase in opportunity for education and health and general well-being. And the information, the technical know-how, the illustrations of successful programs seem to be in our hands at this point, and while there's a long and complex set of actions needed in most countries, I, personally, feel that in five years the population problem will look very different from what it does today. Nevertheless, by saying this, I do not mean to imply that problems of food supply and population growth are not major problems. They obviously are. I do feel, as I've indicated, that we know a good deal about how to solve them.

The last obstacle I would mention to the prospect of seeing economic growth become commonplace in country after country I do not think we have the answer to. This is the problem of non-stability—disorder, uprisings, guerrilla activity and all the rest of it. We have a very severe example of this facing us in Viet-Nam. We're not losing, but we're not winning, either. We certainly and plainly do not yet have,

either in concept and doctrine or in executive and managerial skill, the ability to counteract this kind of difficulty—this kind of problem—which is man-made, by people who are seeking to stop what we are trying to bring about and bring about something else. We have seen some successes in the past against this kind of activity—in the Philippines and in Malaya. The victory in the Philippines—won by the Filipinos ten years ago—is not as secure as it once looked. There may be more trouble in the Philippines. And we have seen—are seeing—adaptations of this system of aggression in other parts of the world, notably central Africa, and in Latin America. This set of difficulties remains formidable and I do not believe that any of us can feel anything but the utmost urgency about trying to understand and develop the methods and approaches which will allow us to meet it satisfactorily.

Now, if, however, we manage to help inculcate wider understanding of their own problems and commitment to self-help, if we—if I'm right—can overcome the difficulties of food supply and population growth, if we manage—we and others—to get a better grip on the problem of insurgency in its broad sense, and do see over the next five, ten, fifteen years, a substantial number of countries graduate out of the aid receiving class, it's important, I think, that we don't exaggerate what we will have achieved. I think it will be a tremendous accomplishment. I think the accomplishments, thus far, have been tremendous. There are, after all, 26 countries, 26 countries today in which we have successfully completed this economic assistance program. The Marshall Plan countries of Europe and Japan and Spain and Lebanon and Greece and Taiwan and quite a few more. And if we go along these lines and can, year after year, point to more success stories, we still will not, after all, have created a millennium. It's well to remind ourselves every now and then—it's not hard to do, looking at each morning's newspaper—that the country which, since the end of World War II, has received by far the largest amounts of economic and military assistance has been France. Over \$9,000,000,000 of economic and military assistance was provided by the United States to France. It was highly successful. It did exactly what it was supposed to do. It helped to restore the French economy and to restore modern military forces in France. That was the objective. The objective was achieved. The aid came to an end. It was a success story. But, plainly, it didn't remove all possible differences of opinion between ourselves and the French. And the same thing would be true, and will be true, everywhere else we are working. What you gain, if you're successful, is an opportunity to settle, to work together cooperatively on facing the normal kinds of international difficulties and opportunities and to work in consultation and cooperation toward the growing rule of law in the world and all that, so that economic aid should not be thought of, by any means, as an answer to the kinds of problems that it cannot solve.

And, lastly, I don't think that we should assume that a successful foreign aid program is an automatic recipe for a democratic society. I think, on the whole—and there's more to say here than I can say in a minute or so—the kinds of things we do in the economic assistance program do contribute to a broadening of the political base in the societies where we work to a stimulation, a creation of private and local centers of initiative, to help build toward a middle class. We help develop a pluralistic society. We help give people training in a lot of different ways in democratic procedures. When we set up a savings and loan association, after all, we are establishing something which the people involved are going to have to run. They learn how to elect a board of directors and manage a budget and run something, and so on. In all of these ways we contribute to some degree to the broadening of the base for a democratic society. In Taiwan I think there has been some im-



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provement, as I understand the situation—I'm no expert. There are more Taiwanese participating in contrast to mainland Chinese in that government. The mayor of Taipei and of the second largest city are both now Taiwanese natives. They are members of whatever they call their parliament, but Taiwan is still, obviously, an autocratically ruled society and it is a long way from the kind of democratic society we would like to see. Again, the foreign aid program, the economic aid program, I think can and does contribute to social and political developments which are in the right direction, but it is no answer by itself, and it should not be anticipated or thought that it automatically will be an answer for the political problems of these countries.

Now, I hope I haven't sounded too negative in what I've said. I deeply believe in what we're doing. I think the record, contrary to what is the common attitude in many newspapers and much of the commentary in the Congress, I think there isn't any question, whatever, that the \$100,000,000,000 we've spent on aid since the end of World War II is the most efficient and effective \$100,000,000,000 we've ever spent in the international field. During this same period of time we spent several times as many hundreds of billions of dollars to maintain strong defensive forces and if you want to describe any funds as constructive in comparison to that, obviously the foreign aid funds would be the first to be so characterized. So that the effort we are making, and have made, seems to me enormously valuable, but as professionals in the field, I think all of us should recognize the limits within which we are working and the limits we can achieve even if we are as successful as we hope to be.

The above paragraphs constitute the major part of a speech given by Mr. David Bell, director of AID, at the American Foreign Association luncheon, May 27, 1965.

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(Continued from page 27)

Kevin's tent. I can just see what's going to happen next:

I know this guy who is at a hardship post, collecting that 20% differential and all, and he actually *likes* it there. You know—the new sights, exotic dress, strange food, and all that jazz. Just wait till some B&F character back at the head office finds out they're paying him all that extra cash for nothing. They'll make him give it back! And at the same place is this poor sucker who spends most of his time out in the bush giving technical advice on how to grow bushes. Well, he's getting a separation allowance because his wife is back in the States with momma. You know what? He can't stand the old bag and she feels likewise about him. If they'd been assigned to some other place together they wouldn't be, if you know what I mean. But there they are apart and both getting paid for what they would otherwise be doing for free. They must owe somebody a refund too!

I also know a fellow FSO from one of those Eastern States who collects an education allowance for sending his kids to school in Europe. Even if he were working back in his father's stock market (stock exchange is what

I mean), he'd still send those little snobs to a European school. When the Department gets those new psychological tests they'll be able to look into a person's mind to analyze his basic intent before they hand him money for something silly like that. (Reminds me of the meteorologist who could look into a girl's eyes and tell weather—ha, ha! Sorry, Chaplain, I forgot whom I was writing to.)

There's another deal some of us get away with. Before going to an expensive post, we buy all we can in the States. Then, after we get there, we go native so to speak. You know, bees and honey, fried ants and grasshoppers. We also weave our own clothing from banana leaves and go barefoot. This way we still collect the cost of living allowance but don't have to spend it. And a tree hut doesn't cost near what they pay us for a housing allowance. Of course houses do—but not those tree huts!

And while we're on the subject, you know something else about me? Don't tell Congress but some of the people I entertain on representation allowance I actually like. Believe me, I earn most of it, but just think of getting paid for taking some contact out to lunch when he's really a good guy anyway. And I like to travel. If word of that gets around they'll take

away my per diem. But, worse yet, I like my job. Yes, I really like my job! I may sound way out, but every once in a while I feel a sense of achievement and service to my country and my fellow man. It reminds me of that new janitor we had at the women's dormitory. Imagine receiving a salary for work which gives you so much satisfaction!

You know, Chaplain old boy, just thinking about you and putting all this down on paper has made me feel a lot better, but on reading it over I'm not going to send it to you. No, Sir, these ideas read like for real. You might just leave this letter lying around where some Department recruiter could see it when he visits campus, or it might blow out your window and land at his feet, or the cleaning woman might be working for someone else. Just let word of this get out into the real world and—presto—a whole new generation of regulations. The more I think about it the more I wish I'd never thought about it. In fact it's the most unheard of thing I've ever heard of! I'm going to burn this up and start over with a nice little "having a wonderful time, wish I were there" routine. Now if I can just find those matches . . .

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(Continued from page 23)

of the admission and, pending the reply, arranged with the local police for the subject's care.

The Department replied shortly thereafter:

"Under no circumstances is Mr. _____ to be documented as a citizen of the United States or extended consular services."

Again conceiving his duty as something more than presiding over the production of "services," the responsible officer interviewed the stateless destitute a second time, discussed his options, his eligibility for a visa, and the possibility that his status as a veteran might entitle him to some benefit. After the circumstances and an observation that the destitute's behavior was somewhat erratic were noted in the post's files, a request for a visa clearance was sent to the post which had documented the loss of citizenship.

Two developments then occurred, one hard upon the other. The clearance letter arrived from Canada with a notation that the subject's behavior had been "somewhat disturbed" in his few visits to that post; and a letter from the subject himself arrived at the post, with a public mental institution in the district listed as the return address.

At this point the professional obligation was unmistakably clear: to compile evidence on the question of the mental health of the destitute on the day of his alleged expatriation. With a considerable expense of man-hours, and with the assistance of the Canadian post which had documented the loss, a report with such evidence and a recommendation was developed and submitted to the Department. And, in due course—about ten months after the stateless destitute's initial plea for assistance—the recommendation that the expatriation be vacated was accepted.

While the result was gratifying, the time devoted to processing this case was immense and is difficult to justify from any administrative point of view. Indeed, during part of the period the case was processed a study was carried on at the post and the consular section was deemed to have had an inferior "productivity index." It is clear that the section exceeded the administratively determined norm for a passport service, .33 man-hour. We probably devoted over 100 man-hours to the case. It is also clear, I believe, that had the consular section had fewer man-hours at its disposal during the period, the destitute would still be whiling away his hours as a stateless person in a foreign mental institution.

At the outset, I indicated that the Department had apparently determined that the answer to the rapidly expanding consular workload "will not be found in additional personnel and funds." While this may be the case, the administration of the alternative, a rapid expansion of productivity, may not be the answer either, unless we are to abandon the standard of service cited in the opening paragraph. This standard dictates that a consular section be organized to permit the careful scrutiny of every request, regardless of the foreseeability of a "service." I believe that such organization will not be achieved if we are preoccupied with producing more "services" per man-hour.

Santayana has referred to "an ideal not yet articulate in the American mind"—"to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful." While the current consular problem is more economic than philosophical, there is much to be said for approaching it with such an ideal in mind. ■

AFSA: MINUTES

July 9: The Board discussed the Memorial Plaque and elected to ascertain whether it would be possible to purchase the second plaque through donations, as was done for the original one. If this is possible the matter will be taken up at the General Meeting.

Since Senator Fulbright will not be able to keynote the Symposium, the Board decided to postpone it until the first weekend in May, opening Friday evening, to be followed by two days of conferences ending Sunday evening.

The Board received Minister Nathaniel Davis' letter of resignation from the Board and Mr. Handley announced two new members for the JOURNAL Editorial Board, John P. Walsh and Robert B. Houghton.

July 30: The Board approved the draft of proposed changes in the By-Laws of the Association and these will be presented to the General Meeting in September.

Keith Adamson was elected vice chairman of the Board of Directors to serve until the election of new officers in September.

Leonard Meeker, Legal Advisor to the Department of State, presented the results of his inquiry into the possibilities of legal action against the author of "Treason is the Reason." It was agreed that Mr. Meeker, Mr. Greenfield, and Mr. Beale would discuss the matter with the Secretary and Mr. Ball and Mr. Beale will report back to the Board.

On July 30, 1965, the Board of Directors approved an increase of \$2.00 in membership dues, effective October 1, 1965. Mounting operating costs and the need to provide funds for foreseeable expenses in connection with the symposium, scheduled to be held next spring, necessitated this modest increase. The increase, however, will not be applicable to present members until July 1, 1966, but persons joining the Association on and after October 1, 1965, will be subject to it. The result will be a sound financial structure permitting new activities which will enhance the effectiveness and prestige of the Association.

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 soon.

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WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MARSHALL BREMENT, who is both a Russian and a Chinese language officer, is presently serving in the political section in Moscow dealing with Soviet relations with South Asia, South-east Asia and the Far East. He has had previous postings in Hong Kong, Taiwan and the Department. The reply to Mr. Brement's "Proposal to Establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps" was prepared by PER.

WALTER W. HOFFMAN, who tells the tale of "The Doolittle Tiger," was commissioned a Foreign Service officer, Vice Consul and Third Secretary of Legation in December of 1931. He retired in December of 1957. Mr. Hoffmann was Vice Consul at Hong Kong in December of 1941 and was repatriated on the first *Gripsholm* voyage in the summer of 1942.

ROBERT F. OBER entered the Foreign Service in 1961 and has served in the Department, Hamburg and Warsaw. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School and Princeton and is accompanied in his travels by a wife and two young daughters. Mr. Ober's article, "That Which Befits a Profession," appears on page 22.

The author of "Chastity and the Foreign Service" prefers a pseudonym lest she become a "marked woman" and never get a duty car out of the Marine guards again—"not to mention their Friday afternoon parties."

BETTY KALISH, frequent JOURNAL contributor, receives numerous "fan letters" on her Anthrax sketches. Mrs. Kalish described the recent "cyclone" in Dacca for the JOURNAL editors: "The wind (100 mph) made the most terrible sound, like a vicious animal—something alive and malevolent. Our big strong house literally shook in the worst of the storm and the brick and cement garden wall went down sometime during the night. The wind sucked out five windows—not a bit of glass inside—and tore a corrugated iron wash enclosure on the roof right out of the wall, twisted it all up and threw the pieces into the garden. All night long we heard the washing machine, torn loose from its moorings on the roof, roaring back and forth over our heads and crashing into the low walls up there, first one end of the house, then the other. Why it didn't crash through the walls I don't know. In the morning our garden was a lake; we even had frogs croaking under our windows. And in the lake were four big tin roofs from shacks a block away!"

EARL WILSON's cover painting dates back to his recent Hong Kong tour of duty. Mr. Wilson is now PAO in Madrid and hopes to find some time to paint during this assignment.

MARTIN F. HERZ, former member of the Board of Directors, has had many hy-lines in the JOURNAL. His present assignment is Tehran.

WALTER L. CUTLER, see "Diplomats in the Desert," page 24, entered the Foreign Service in 1956. He received his BA from Wesleyan University and his MA from Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. Mr. Cutler served at Yaounde and the Department before going to Algiers in 1962. The splendid photographs for this article are the work of LEROY H. RASMUSSEN, who has served with AID in Tunis and Algiers.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Of Mice in State

ALTHOUGH inhibited as a mere mortal should be on intruding upon a dialogue between Zeus and Athena, a compulsive and irrepressible desire to correct Mrs. Blanche Halla impels me to comment on her letter to Mr. Dean Acheson published in your issue of July, 1965. Mrs. Halla states that with the move to the present edifice the State Department left behind, along with fireplaces and traditions, the mice which had made her tuck her feet under her whenever she called on Mr. Acheson.

I can imagine the surprise with which Miss Gladys Schukraft would receive such an unsupported contention. She and others working for the then Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs, Raymond Hare, remember vividly the dancing mouse that disrupted so many august conferences in Mr. Hare's office in New State. This rollicking rodent brazenly pirouetted its way into much mischief and caused no end of distress.

I am very positive all this happened because after many of us stalwarts had set and reset mouse traps for her, Miss Schukraft in despair induced me on a fine Saturday morning to bring my large, sleek and powerful tomat, Beatnik, to the Department to take care of the saucy *souris*. Unfortunately Beatnik was terrified by so notable a mouse and took refuge under Mr. Hare's ponderous executive desk. After a lengthy wait, during which it became ever more clear that Beatnik was not the answer to the problem, we faced a new problem in removing Beatnik from under the monumental mahogany monster which successfully defied all collective efforts to raise it. After too long a time one of us got a hold on Beatnik's tail and pulled him squalling from under the desk while the mouse waltzed on. No doubt several descendants of this talented mouse are still with us. Perhaps if Mrs. Halla would leave some cheese about they could be lured to her office.

All this by way of calling Mrs. Halla's attention to the fact that at least some of the good old things about the State Department are still around, although of course I agree

with everything else in her letter, especially when she tells us that our English still ain't very good!

FRANK V. ORTIZ

Washington

Foreign Students

GREGORY HENDERSON's article in the April issue of the JOURNAL reflects a widespread concern about the failure of some foreign students to return home and help their own peoples with economic and social development.

Unfortunately, Mr. Henderson lessens the light he might have shed on the problem by generalizing too broadly. He contends that international exchange programs are actually concealed immigration programs which are causing a "brain drain" on developing countries, and he implies that all types of programs are equally culpable.

An important distinction should be made in considering this problem; that is, between foreign academic visitors who come to this country "on their own" and those who come under Exchange Visitor Programs. The latter are sponsored by governmental or private agencies whose exchange programs have been officially designated as such by the Secretary of State. Participants in these programs must leave here after they have finished their studies. Should they want to become permanent residents of the United States, they can apply for immigration visas only after they have spent two years elsewhere. The only way they can legally remain here is to get waivers of this two-year requirement on the grounds of (1) exceptional hardship or (2) the need for their services in the public interest, as certified by an interested US Government agency. This requirement is basic to the philosophy of the Exchange Visitor Programs. These visitors are brought here with the expectation that they will return to their own countries, to further educational and other development and to increase understanding of the United States. All Government-financed programs, and many nongovernmental ones, operate on this premise.

How many Exchange Visitors do not in fact return home? Between July 1961 and June 1964, 1,528 Exchange Visitors received waivers—only 123 of whom were financed by the US Government. But during that period, 90,350 arrived in the United States.

Contrast these figures with those for foreign students who come here "on their own," mostly with "student visas." In the same three-year period

(July 1961-June 1964), 125,145 non-sponsored students arrived, and 11,387 adjusted their status here from "student" to "permanent resident." Thus, most of the students who remain in the United States have come here outside the framework of the Exchange Visitor Programs, as described above.

This distinction and others stemming from it should be kept in mind whenever observations are made about foreign students. Thus, when Mr. Henderson cites certain groups during various periods who reportedly have not returned home—some 2,000 Chinese, 2,824 or more Iranians, some 4,800 Koreans, and about 400 Lebanese (to use his figures)—it is well to note that between January 1959 and December 1964, only 14 US Government-financed students from these countries received waivers permitting them to remain here.

These figures indicate that all but a very small fraction of those here under Exchange Visitor Programs are faithful to their commitments to return home after completing their studies in the United States, and that the Federal agencies which weigh waiver requests ask for relatively few exceptions to the two-year foreign residence requirement. Other foreign students are here under other laws and regulations, and those among them that remain should be considered accordingly. Therefore, Mr. Henderson's imputation of "dishonesty" to the administrators of the student and international exchange program is puzzling, to say the least.

My last point also deals with statistics. Mr. Henderson states that, between 1958 and 1963, a total of 3,600 waivers were given to foreign physicians, permitting them to remain in the United States. I do not know the source of these figures. Our records indicate that 1,727 physicians under Exchange Visitor Programs received waivers over a longer period, 1956 to 1963.

I do not suggest that such a problem as Mr. Henderson describes is nonexistent; I do suggest that it needs to be clarified, so that all the elements involved can be seen in their proper proportions.

FRANCIS J. COLLIGAN
Director
Policy Review and
Coordination Staff

Washington

To Stop an Explosion

ABUNDANT applause for Peter S. Bridges "This Is My Own, My Native Land."

Tell Peter that the only real solution is stopping the population explosion, and that means birth control, here and everywhere.

F. ROYT

Bethesda

Appetite for Hot Potatoes

MATERIAL appearing herein represents the opinions of the writers and is not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, the US Information Agency, the Agency for International Development, or the Foreign Service as a whole."

When I read the above quotes in the last issue of the JOURNAL, I tried to remember any controversial articles in previous issues which could justify this disavowal of responsibility but I could not think of any. The JOURNAL for one reason or another mainly carries personal anecdotes of FSOs and scholarly treatises on non-controversial matters. Interesting and fine though these be, an occasional article looking at foreign policy from a non-conformist point of view, e.g., US policy in Viet Nam or the US AID program, might be rewarding.

Is it deliberate JOURNAL policy to avoid such articles or do the contributors not submit them? The fear of handling a hot potato is not to be disregarded lightly in a realistic world, but surely the JOURNAL has adequate protection in the sweeping disclaimer quoted above. As for the FSO, can he be tempted to voice an opinion at variance with official policy if he can do it behind the screen of a nom de plume?

An exploration into the controversial may have its dangers but it might also add sparkle to the JOURNAL.

ERIC KOCHER

Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard

Women in "Terem"

IHAVE read with interest the two-part article on "The Russian Nature" by James A. Ramsey and believe that some of your readers who are not acquainted with the language would like to know the derivation of the word "terem." The meaning is clear in context but they might not know that it is actually a word of Greek origin (terem-non), which in old Russia signified a detached tower-like house of the princes and noblemen (boyars). More specifically, the word was used to refer to the upper story or stories of such houses where the women of the prince's or nobleman's household were lodged. The latter sense is the more usual.

JAMES POOLE

Washington

WHO HAS THAT STORY?

I've given up commentators. Now I'll relax
And no longer worry as to who has the facts.

Was it Huntley or Cronkite who said, while it's grim,
He seriously doubts that China comes in?

Did Reston or Lippmann proclaim in sharp prose
That nothing, but nothing, is a rose, is a rose.

Was it Barbara or Jack who gave me the word
That commercials today are really absurd?

Did Brinkley remark, with his tongue in his cheek,
That Congressman Rooney may one day be mcek?

And was it Art Buchwald who told the strange tale
That Washington hostesses wear arrow-proof mail?

I don't think it was Severeid, yet it might have been he,
Who solemnly stated that war there might be?

So I've given up commentators, but who has the facts?
It's all so depressing, I just can't relax.

CATHERINE S. SCOTT
USIA

Washington

Sceptic Views the Grass Situation

THE "Washington Letter" exaggerates, in my opinion, the Washington "frenzy" for grass. My own lawn is a luxuriant mass of chick weed. Better that, I say, than a mud puddle. My neighbors exhibit the utmost complacency over their carpets of dandelions, crab grass, etc. Indeed, I would like to have the address of one of those fescue maniacs so I could go and watch him for an occasional idle hour. Watching people at useless labor is very stimulating for the psyche.

RANDOLPH A. TROTH

Glover Park

Pigeon Champion

THE Washington Letter (April issue) exhibited a vindictive, prejudiced attitude toward pigeons. This I find most reprehensible in a journal that sets out to be objective.

FOSTER E. WALSH

Denver

Ask the Mayor

I was glad to learn from the April Washington Letter that there is a town in Michigan named after pigeons. How did it come by this name?

ORA W. IBBETT

Tampa

MR. TWEEDY

by Ned Riddle



"I wouldn't buy it if it were 3¢ a gallon. Without crab grass, I wouldn't have a lawn."



We'd bet you didn't know . . .

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