

Foreign Service Journal

NOVEMBER 1965
60 CENTS



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

The dues for Active and Associate Members are either \$13 or \$10: For FSO's in Class V and above the rate is \$13 and is the same for FSR's, Staff officers and Civil Service personnel in corresponding grades. For Active Members in lower grades the dues are \$10. The annual dues for retired members and others who are not Active Members are also \$10. Each membership includes a subscription to the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

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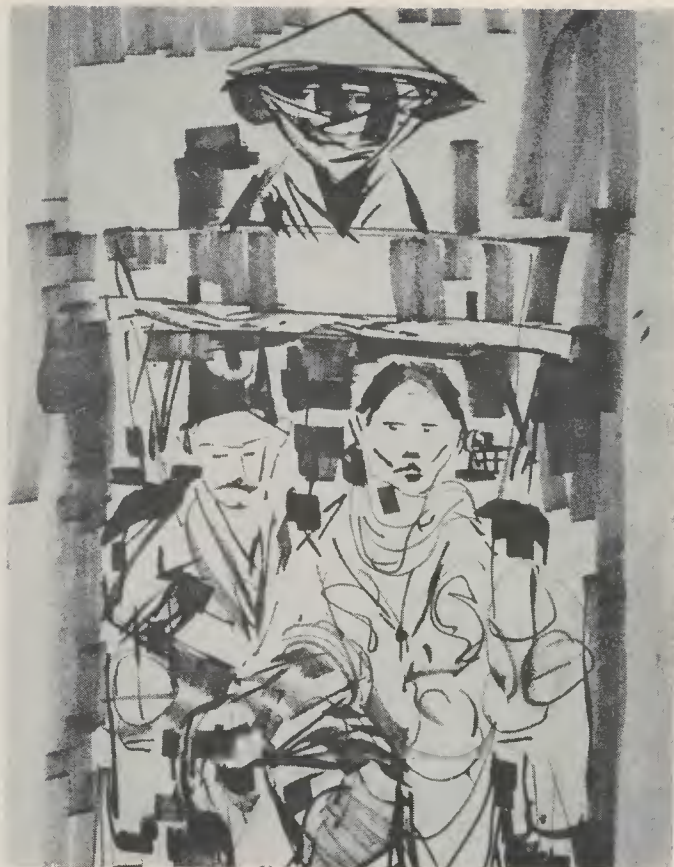
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The Foreign Service JOURNAL welcomes contributions and will pay for accepted material on publication. Photos should be black and white glossies and should be protected by cardboard. Negatives and color transparencies are not acceptable.

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

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

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Ambassadorial Nominations

HERMANN F. EILTS, to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

WILLIAM M. ROUNTREE, to the Republic of South Africa

WILLIAM H. WEATHERSBY, to the Republic of the Sudan

FRANKLIN H. WILLIAMS, to the Republic of Ghana

Marriages

ESPY-SCHREIBER. Mona Margaret Espy was married to Eugene Schreiber on September 12 in the Washington Hebrew Congregation. The bride is on the staff of the Peace Corps and the groom is a State Department officer.

ROBERTSON-BINGLEY. Barbara Lee Robertson was married to FSO F. James Bingley, Jr., on August 28, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Mr. Bingley is assigned to FSI for Persian Language Training.

RICE-PEMBER. Mrs. Helen Cramer Rice, former Circulation Manager of the JOURNAL, was married to Gordon F. Pember on August 28, in the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church, Washington.

Births

BOWEN. A son, Scott Carlton, born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Danc Bowen, Jr., on August 30, in Princeton, N. J.

NELSON. A son, Mark Knighton, born to Mr. and Mrs. James C. Nelson, on August 29, in Berlin, Germany.

McGEE. A son, James Michael, born to Mr. and Mrs. James McGee, on September 19, in Washington.

OSBURN. A son, Charles Garrett, born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Osburn, on August 11, in Kankakee, Illinois.

SHANKLE. A son, Joe Freeman, born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Shankle, Jr., on September 6, in Santiago, Chile.

USENIK. A daughter, Andrea Marie, born October 5, 1964, adopted by Frances A. Usenik, in Poznan, Poland.

Deaths

CLARK. David M. Clark, former FSO, died in Miami, Florida, on September 24. Prior to entering the Foreign Service in 1939, Mr. Clark was with the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. His posts were Callao-Lima, Lima, Managua, Buenos Aires, Bogota, Department and Barbados where he was Consul at the time of his resignation from the Service.

CORY. Thomas J. Cory, former FSO, was killed in an automobile accident on the Cross-Westchester Parkway near Tarrytown, New York. Mr. Cory entered the Foreign Service in 1939 and resigned in 1955 to join the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. While in the Service, he served at Vancouver, Barcelona, LaGuaira, Moscow, Nanking, Department and Vienna.

FRANKE. Louis J. Franke, FSR with AID, died on August 15, in Harlingen, Texas. Mr. Franke served in Asuncion with the Institute of Inter-American Affairs and with the Point IV program and AID in Guatemala. His last post, before returning to the agency in Washington in 1964, was Buenos Aires where he was serving as Agricultural Adviser and Area Officer.

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HUNT. Perry J. Hunt, Foreign Service Staff Officer, USIA, died suddenly in Monrovia, Liberia, on September 8. Prior to Mr. Hunt's assignment to Monrovia with the Voice of America in 1962, he served as a Commander in the Coast Guard Reserve.

MCKINNEY. John Brian McKinney, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McKinney, died in Dublin, Ireland, on September 11. Mr. McKinney is presently assigned to Dublin as Cultural Attache.

MINTZ. Richard A. Mintz, FSO, died in Montreal, Canada, on September 20. Mr. Mintz was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1961. He served at Bamako and Montreal.

NEWTON. I. Gregory Newton, former coordinator of Latin American training programs for the Peace Corps, died on October 3, in Washington. Mr. Newton left the faculty of the North Carolina College, Durham, where he was professor and chairman of the political science department in 1962, to establish training programs for Peace Corps volunteers throughout South America.

SHAW. Anita Hunter Shaw, wife of Ambassador George P. Shaw, retired, died on September 24, in New Orleans. Ambassador Shaw served at Tampico, Puerto Cortes, Tegucigalpa, San Luis Potosi, Ciudad Juarez, Mexico City, Department, Quito and as Ambassador to Nicaragua, El Salvador and Paraguay.

AFSA: MINUTES & NEWS

September 17: The Board of Directors discussed the carry-over items for the new Board of Directors which will meet on October 18. These matters include the Symposium, the Educational Loan Fund, the Scholarship Fund Drive, the Membership Drive, tax matters and the relationship of the Board of Directors and the JOURNAL. The Board heard a report of the most recent meeting of the Liaison Committee with Mr. Crockett.

The Electoral College met on September 16 and elected the following officers and members of the Board of Directors: President, U. Alexis Johnson; First Vice President: Douglas MacArthur II; Second Vice President: Robert F. Woodward; Board of Directors: Keith E. Adamson, Patricia M. Byrne, Robert Donhauser, Howard V. Funk, Julius C. Holmes, Michael P. E. Hoyt, Harriet Isom, Peter P. Lord, David H. McKillop, Frank V. Ortiz, Jr., and John H. Stutesman, Jr. The election of the second vice president and of the eleventh member of the Board of Directors was subject to the approval of amendments of the By-Laws scheduled for consideration at the annual general meeting of the Association, and approved on September 30. Biographies and photographs of the officers and members of the Board of the American Foreign Service Association appear on page 41 of this issue.

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WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY S. VILLARD, former Ambassador, retired from the Foreign Service after 34 years. He served as Chairman of the JOURNAL Editorial Board for ten years and has been a frequent contributor. His by-line has appeared in other national periodicals and on the cover of his earlier book, "Libya, the New Arab Kingdom of North Africa" (Cornell University Press). Ambassador Villard is Director of Programs at the Washington Institute of Foreign Affairs. On the occasion of his appointment as Ambassador to Mali, USIA's Jack Stuart cabled him, "Honi soit qui Mali pense," to which Ambassador Villard replied "Tout à fait, Dakar." The Villards became interested in Gstaad while serving in Geneva and planned and built their chalet there, shown below, while he was Ambassador to Senegal. "The Unhappy Image" is a chapter from Ambassador Villard's new book, "Affairs at State," published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company (\$5.95), with an introduction by James Reston.



Chalet Les Sapins, Gstaad

JEAN KENNEDY writes, "I am a painter and have worked as an industrial designer. My educational background consists of four years at The Cleveland School of Art, a post graduate year at The Art Center School, Los Angeles and a later apprenticeship to Frank Lloyd Wright. My husband (Richard F. Wolford) and I have painted and exhibited at home and abroad, first with USIS in Italy and later with USAID in Indonesia, Ethiopia and Nigeria. In 1961 The Asia Society persuaded me to do some translating from the Indonesian. This has resulted in a number of contributions to 'An Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry,' (edited by Burton Raffel, University of California Press), POETRY NORTHWEST, THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL and THE TEXAS QUARTERLY."

GEORGE G. WYNNE is Press and Publications Officer in Rome and has been with USIS since 1952 with information assignments in Munich, Frankfurt and Seoul. Before going to Italy he was chief of the Voice of America's Korean Service.



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ATLAS LUMNITE REFCON* cement
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One of Mr. Wynne's hobbies is detective work in history and folklore. While in Frankfurt he wrote the only English historical guide to the electoral city of the Holy Roman Empire and a collection of Korean fairy tales gathered during his travels in Korea is scheduled for publication in Italy this year.

AMELIORATING RETIREMENT

The following letter has been sent to Representative Wayne L. Hays, member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, by George V. Allen, president of Diplomatic and Consular Officers, Retired:

ONCE again, let me express the profound appreciation of all of my colleagues in DACOR for the outstanding leadership you have shown in connection with H. R. 4170.*

Since members of DACOR are the primary persons concerned in this legislation, we believe you may wish to know their views in the light of the present situation.

We would naturally prefer your bill as it passed the House. Moreover, we understand that the Senate version would create certain administrative difficulties for the Department of State. If these matters can be resolved in conference, we would be pleased. Nevertheless, if they cannot be resolved, DACOR would prefer to have deleted by the conference any provision for those retired officers who provided no annuities for their widows so that the other provisions can become law prior to adjournment.

If necessary to get a Bill through during the present session, we are fully prepared to accept at this time the Senate amendment as it stands, or any modification thereof in conference which would be acceptable to both the House and Senate. Our principal interest and hope is that Congress will take action to produce a Bill before adjournment. There are provisions in the Bill other than the disputed part which are of very great interest to the entire Foreign Service, both active and retired. We hope these undisputed provisions can be enacted and their benefits no longer denied to us because of the opposition in the Senate to one provision of the Bill.

In brief, DACOR hopes for a Bill before adjournment even if it includes only those provisions which can be agreed to by both the Senate and House, notwithstanding the meritorious nature of the provision which is in disagreement and may be deleted.

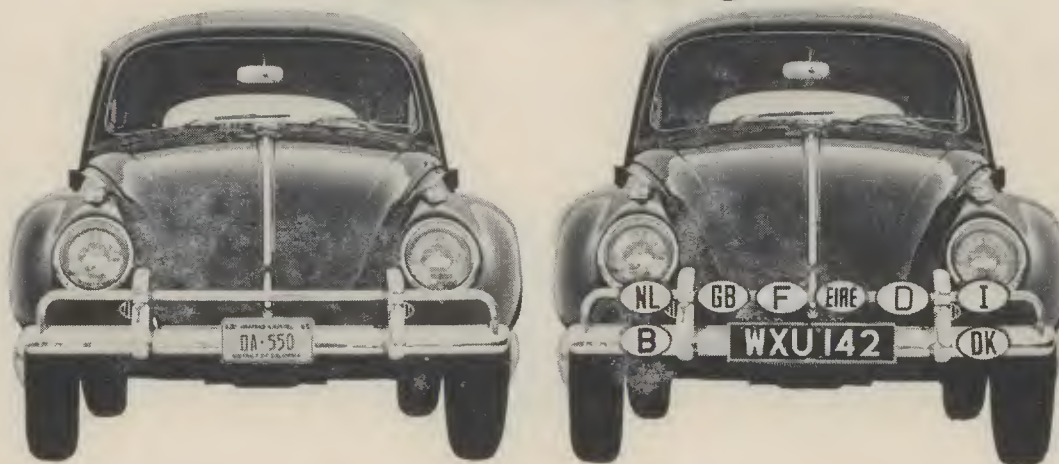
We are deeply grateful for your assistance in the past and hope that you can help bring this matter to a successful conclusion along the above lines.

GEORGE V. ALLEN
President

Note by Ambassador Allen: My reference to "active as well as retired officers" concerns chiefly the periodic 3% cost-of-living adjustment for all retirees, present and future. Other provisions of H.R. 4170 will also apply to all officers when they retire.

*H.R. 4170 was passed by Congress October 20, 1965.

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Foreign Service Day

I HAVE long felt that the Department of State should provide greater opportunity for retired Foreign Service Officers to utilize their accumulated experience and knowledge in the national interest," Secretary Rusk wrote recently. "I am particularly concerned that this great national asset has not been more readily available to help keep the public informed on basic foreign policy issues.

"If we are to make it possible for our retired officers to contribute their expertise," the Secretary concluded, "we must improve our methods of keeping them in touch with the Department's views on current international developments."

These comments, in a letter to all officers retired under the Foreign Service Retirement System, were accompanied by a cordial invitation to participate in a "Foreign Service Day" at the Department of State on November 12. The day-long program would be the first of an annual series of foreign policy conferences for retired officers, the Secretary noted.

The Foreign Service Day program will include:

8:30 a.m.—Registration, in the Diplomatic Entrance Lobby of the Department.

9:00 a.m.—Morning session, in the Department's International Conference Room: Talks were tentatively scheduled by Secretary Rusk; by U. Alexis Johnson, Deputy Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, recently returned from Saigon, speaking about Viet-Nam; and by other principal officers of the Department, discussing problems in Latin America, the Near East and South Asia, with question periods.

2:30 p.m.—Afternoon session: Discussion of means of strengthening relations between the retired Foreign Service officers and the Department by William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration; Joseph Palmer 2nd, Director General of the Foreign Service, and others.

6:00 p.m.—Reception for conference participants and their wives, held by Secretary and Mrs. Rusk in the John Quincy Adams Room on the eighth floor of the Department.

Wives of conferees are invited to morning coffee at Blair-Lee House on Pennsylvania Avenue at 10:00 o'clock. Out-of-town conference participants and their wives are also invited by DACOR (Diplomatic and Consular Officers, Retired) to the opening lecture in its annual series, given by Ambassador-at-Large W. Averell Harriman, at 8:15 p.m. on November 11, in the West Auditorium of the Department (23rd Street entrance), and to the reception following the lecture at DACOR House, 1718 H Street, N. W.

Initial response from retired officers to the Secretary's invitation was enthusiastic, with numerous out-of-town acceptances received, some from points as distant as California, Vermont and Florida, within the first few days. ■



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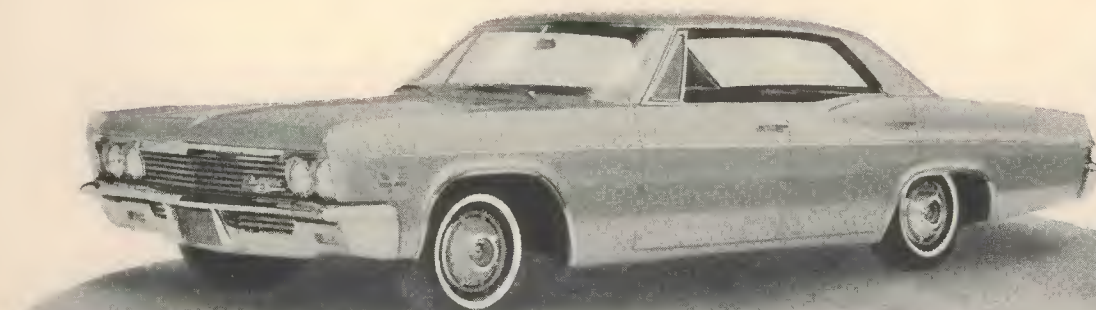
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25 YEARS AGO

NOVEMBER, 1940

IN THE JOURNAL

by **JAMES B. STEWART**

"All Clear"

PAUL REVELEY, Vice Consul, London, gives JOURNAL readers an account of the first big London air raid: "Op in 'ere wiv we, guv'nor, unless you want Fritz to lay an egg on ycr 'ead. Lively now, they're right over 'ead.' Old timer pulls me gently but firmly by the sleeve into the narrow alleyway.

"We are watching the first big London raid from the main street of an east London suburb, September 8, 1940, shortly after teatime. Old Timer and I share as a shelter a small covered passage-way between two houses. Five minutes ago Suburbia presented the lazy and completely comfortable picture of a languid easy-going English half-holiday. Casual shoppers, a few regulars outside the pub door waiting for opening time, mothers with children in the park.

"The wail of the siren changes the scene but the shift is made without any increase in the leisurely tempo. . . .

"Half a hundred German bombers and fighters come in with a dull roar following the cue given by the Thames River batteries. Old Timer and I watch a dozen Spitfires climb up on the left of the V formations, loop up and over to the right, then down right into them. The late afternoon sun shining up on the wings makes them look like sleek flying silverfish diving at sharks in a topsy-turvy ocean of air.

"Standing on tiptoe on the curb, his five feet few inches seeming stretched to Guardsman's height, Old Timer roars, loud enough to reach the ears of all Suburbia, two words: 'ALL CLEAR.'"

Going Places

Because they were on the move, 25 years ago, their photographs appear in the November, 1940 JOURNAL: Freddy Hibbard, Bucharest to New York on leave; Irving Linnell, Prague to Medina, Washington, on leave; Bert Mathews, Sydney to Managua; John Davies, Hankow to Department; Knowlton Hicks, Halifax to Washington on leave; David Williamson, Rome to Department.

Bells into Guns

These facts emerge from an erudite little article which does not carry its author's name:

"For the conscription of church bells in Germany, so that they may be added to the state's 'metal reserves,' there are precedents enough. Many parts of France were cleared of church bells in the time of the first Napoleon: some of the bells were made into coins but more (the great bell of Rouen among them) were made into guns.

"It was because of the similarity of bell-metal to gun-metal that Henry VIII of England declared, shortly after great



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numbers of bells were thrown on the market by his dissolution of the monasteries that

Noe pson or psons shoulde from thenceforthe carrie or convey any brasse, copper, laten, bell mettall, gunmettall, ne shroffe mettall into anye part or parts beyonde the sea, upon payne of forfeiture of the saide mettall.

"For two or three centuries many English firms were in fact both gun-founders and bell-founders, and in Nichols' 'Bells thro' the Ages' are scattered various references both to cannon made from bells and bells made from cannon. An example of the latter process exists at Liversedge, Yorkshire, England, where one of the peal of eight bells carries the inscription:

THESE EIGHT BELLS WERE CAST IN 1814 AND 1815
WITH BRASS ORDNANCE TAKEN AT GENOA

"Indeed, very many of the church bells made from guns, and of the guns made from church bells, have been spoils of war. It will be recalled that Belgium lost many of her bells between 1914 and 1918, and the Germans also removed the bells from churches in South Jutland—then under her jurisdiction as a result of the aggression of 1863-4. Substitute bells for the South Jutland churches were cast, however, from the brass of 44 old cannon provided for the purpose by the Copenhagen Arsenal. . . ."

Appointed Foreign Service Officers

The following have been assigned Vice Consuls at the post indicated: Charles W. Adair, Jr., Nogales; H. Gardner Ainsworth, Winnipeg; Stewart G. Anderson, Toronto; Iven M. Eitheim, Nuevo Laredo; C. Vaughan Ferguson, Jr., Winnipeg; W. Horton Schoelkopf, Jr., Mexicali; Harry H. Schwartz, Vancouver; Bromley K. Smith, Montreal; Henry T. Smith, Matamoros; Oscar S. Straus, Montreal; John L. Topping,

Montreal; Livingston D. Watrous, Agua Prieta.

For the Love of the JOURNAL

George Allen reviews "The Impasse of Democracy" by Ernest S. Griffith, and we quote his first two paragraphs:

"Professor Griffith, dean of the Graduate School of the American University, Washington, considers one of the principle weaknesses of democracy its lack of an emotional appeal for which people will work hard and endure sacrifice. His book under review may be considered a part of his endeavor to remedy this situation, for both hard work and sacrifice on the part of the average reader are required to get through it. This reviewer has scarcely encountered harder sledding than the well-entitled 'Impasse of Democracy.' Had it not been for love of the JOURNAL, he doubtless would have faltered.

"But having persevered through to the end, he feels an exaltation good for the soul. The mental discipline involved, somewhat like a refresher course in calculus, may be unwillingly undertaken but regarded in retrospect with satisfaction and even pleasure."

Closed: "The American Legations at Kaunas, Lithuania, Tallinn, Estonia and Riga, Latvia, including the consular sections of each, have been closed as of Sept. 5, 1940."

RECENT ITEMS

Miss Betty Carp. Last January, Miss Betty Carp, after 50 years of Government service, was presented with the Superior Service Award by Secretary Rusk. In the accompanying photograph, Miss Carp is surrounded by retired Foreign Service officers Cornelius van Engert, Lewis Heck, and Arthur Leavitt, all of whom were in the Consulate General, Constantinople in 1914 when Miss Carp entered upon her duties there.



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Former Ambassador to Turkey, Fletcher Warren, and Mrs. Warren, were in Turkey last summer and expected to see Miss Carp and their old friend Consul General Lansing Collins.

Retired FSO, First Man Hired

The Denver Post, August 1st, states: "The Jefferson County School District will begin a program this fall of bringing in persons who have retired from distinguished careers in various fields to supplement classroom teaching.

"The program, which will involve seven retired persons, will be supported by a \$52,500.00 three-year grant from the Joseph Fels Foundation of New York . . .

"The first man to be hired for the program is a former diplomat. He is Knox Lamb, Denver, an American consul in Barbados, West Indies, and Brisbane, Australia, from 1957 to 1962.

"Lamb served earlier as an attorney at the Nuremberg war trials and as general counsel to the U. S. high commissioner to Germany."

Seminar on World Hunger

Paul (Zeke) Paddock, retired FSO, attended a stimulating Seminar last summer at Estes Park, Colorado. It was called "Special National Seminar on U. S. Food Policy in Relation to World Hunger" and was sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation. Its goal was to discuss and assess the foundations of US food policy as related to world food deficits.

Fred Sanderson of the Bureau of Economic Affairs represented the State Department.

Was Bangkok Embassy Empty?

On the day Thailand's Miss Universe, Apasra (Pook) Hongsakula, arrived home from Miami was there a living soul left in our Bangkok Embassy? Was not Ambassador Martin and his entire crew out with the throngs that welcomed home petite, dark-eyed Pook?

►We were told recently that Averell Harriman reads this column. That word came from Mrs. Byron (Marion) White, wife of Associate Justice White, and my wife's niece.

►Former Ice Box Raiders now get food packages. Foreign Service parents who have children at school or college in the US can have monthly food packages sent to their boys and girls by the firm of Achelis and Harrington, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

Personal Note: Martha Stewart Proctor, our beloved older sister and Ambassador Henry Hoyt's aunt, died last June. Until February, when she was 91, she led a very active life having been engaged in charitable work and in Dallas social affairs. ■



Hong Kong

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FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, November 1965

OF THE thousand flowers that bloom in the lush gardens of Washington bureaucracy, none is so exotic as the Department of State. The mere fact that its roots derive nourishment in strangely named distant places sets it apart from such homely varieties as Interior, Agriculture, or Commerce; its mushroom growth since World War II, its wealth of administrative flora, its far-wandering offshoot—the Foreign Service—and the jungle of committees that surround it, all give it a special cachet in the Capital family. Even the Pentagon, which State is beginning to rival in size and complexity, looks commonplace and dull compared with the cosmopolitan specimen that flourishes in the fertile soil of Foggy Bottom.

A rose by any other name may smell as sweet. But to those who dislike what they do not altogether understand, who distrust the foreign on general principles, or who, perhaps, are secretly jealous of an institution for which they themselves possess no qualifications, the State Department is far from fragrant.

In a country that proclaims it has never lost a war or won a peace, the vision conjured up by our foreign affairs establishment is cloudy at best, tinged with treason at worst. To some, as Churchill said of Russia, it is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. It satisfies no one, least of all itself. If it does not produce a quick answer to a current crisis, it is derelict in its duty. If it is not victorious in a brush with our adversaries, it is weak-kneed or softhearted. If it does not call the turn on a palace revolution, it has ignored the portents or fallen asleep. Diplomat is synonymous with wearer of striped pants; and associated with that badge of his trade are nefarious deals which threaten to undermine the republic, willful acts of appeasement, and a propensity—unless checked by a vigilant citizenry—for selling out the nation in favor of world government. Public praise of the diplomat is rare; yet blame falls unerringly on him if things go wrong.

When Cuba was captured by Castro, a book titled "The Fourth Floor" was written, which laid the blame on the desk officers in the State Department who were concerned with Cuba. When a proposal was made to put the Agency for International Development under the State Department, a prominent senator said he could think of nothing which would foul up the program quicker. When another senator aired his complaints in the *READER'S DIGEST*, the article's subtitle asserted that the State Department was "a study in indecision, timidity and inefficiency." When a bomb exploded at the door of the American embassy in Cyprus, a "sick and tired" correspondent wrote to the *Washington Star*: "We should neither have been surprised, shocked, or even faintly chagrined at what occurred. . . . The State Department should have known exactly what was happening, and what the end result would be. Why, oh why, when we spend so much for diplomacy and intelligence, do we get none?"

Whether it is the unhappy image that arouses the scorn, or whether it is the scorn in which it is held that creates the unhappy image, Congressional niggardliness in the annual appropriations for the Foreign Service is notorious. Despite the most painstaking estimates of the minimum amounts it considers necessary, the State Department is

regularly denied what it asks for. Its supporters and defenders, wherever one looks, seem always absent.

The fact is that no other branch of officialdom is so often berated in public, so frequently accused of pursuing the wrong policy, so roundly scolded by the demagogues from the grass roots, so thoroughly misunderstood by the masses in whose behalf it labors. Badgered by Congress, kicked around by the ill-informed, tackled by the politicians like a dummy at football practice, the department which bears the chief burden for our safety in a predatory and tricky world is everybody's whipping boy.

Exasperation and frustration sometimes lead to extreme proposals. In the spring of 1964, a bill, H.R. 11070, was introduced in the House of Representatives by Republican Congressman Samuel L. Devine of Ohio to abolish the State Department and to start all over again with a "Department of Foreign Affairs."

The origins of the Foreign Service, like many another chapter in American history, can be found in the Continental Congress, which existed from 1774 to 1789. In the latter part of 1775, the congress sent secret agents to Europe to present the cause of the colonies in their conflict with Great Britain and to sound out the possibility

THE UNHAPPY IMAGE

of help in the event of a final break with the mother country. They did their work well in France, where arrangements were made for military aid even before the Declaration of Independence.

Control of foreign relations was first exercised by a secret committee, created to find arms and ammunition; the Committee of Secret Correspondence entered into communication with persons in England to ascertain sentiment toward the colonies and to obtain other information. After 1776, secrecy was no longer necessary and a Committee for Foreign Affairs took form—the progenitor of the vast State Department of today. That early body of patriots was served by one secretary at \$70 a month; the committees today are legion, and the clerical personnel in Washington numbers in the thousands.

What was put together as the diplomatic service of the Revolution shed luster on a young America; its work abroad during the fighting years, during the negotiation of a satisfactory peace, and in the immediate postindependence days was distinguished. The story of the Foreign Service as it developed over the next 150 years is a record of hesitancy, inadequacies, and vicissitudes; but it is also an account of extraordinary devotion and self-sacrifice. During the last couple of generations, its coming of age has been hastened by cataclysmic events and phenomenal changes in foreign affairs. The map of the world has been redrawn, and the destiny of the world depends to a great extent on the foreign policy of the United States.

In the present atmosphere of concern for world peace and our national security, the role of the State Department

is of transcendental importance and the role of its Foreign Service no less so. Appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the Foreign Service officer today is the link that connects international events with Washington; his responsibilities in carrying out the foreign policies of the President, in helping to formulate some of those policies, in protecting American interests, in reporting in depth to his government, and in promoting relations with other peoples are scarcely known to his fellow citizens. The Foreign Service officer represents the eyes and ears, and sometimes part of the brain, of the United States. He is both perceptive and receptive. He is trained to observe events in every corner of the



earth, to furnish the raw strands from which foreign policies are spun, and to recommend how best to implement them. He is as patriotic and dedicated an American as the next man—and he may be pardoned if he is sick and tired of the unhappy image associated with his name.

Most Americans who have heard of the Foreign Service officer—and there are probably millions who have not—seem to think of him as a lighthearted fellow addicted to a costume seldom seen nowadays save at funerals or weddings, who occasionally does a stint of work for his countrymen but is principally engaged in living it up abroad at the taxpayer's expense. The myth persists that he prefers duty in the banquet hall and the ballroom to the more onerous tasks of what we call the American way of life; that he is somehow unmanly, unorthodox, or unequal to the demands at home; that his existence is one long round of fun and games in the heady atmosphere of London, Paris, Rome, or Madrid.

Before the advent of the Foreign Service as a professional career, there may have been grounds for the belief that diplomacy was a pastime of the idle rich. But in the

jet age, the unflattering stereotype of the diplomatic top in striped pants and top hat is as dated as Karl Marx, as obsolete as powdered wigs and knee breeches.

When our embassies were filled with men of means, because no one else could afford the posts, the diplomat was dismissed as a social dilettante. After World War I, it was the vogue to satirize him as "a messenger boy in white spats." While Prohibition held sway, he was derided as a drinker of tea, and when water turned into wine, he was berated for attending cocktail parties. There never was a time, in fact, save in the birth pangs of the nation, when the American who served abroad was not looked upon askance. Now, in addition to the stigma of striped pants, he squirms under the epithet of "cooky pusher."

It is much easier to trace the origin of that unpalatable phrase than to explain why cooky pusher lingers on as a symbol of the Foreign Service officer. During the Congressional hearings held in 1924 to decide whether the diplomatic and consular services—then separate—should be combined into a single foreign service, Ambassador Hugh Gibson testified on the relation of private wealth to appointments in the diplomatic branch. Gibson tried to emphasize that a number of undesirables had gained positions which they never would have had if it had been possible to make the service more attractive and induce better-qualified men to enter. He argued persuasively; little did he realize that his words were to be pinned like the donkey's tail on a reborn American Foreign Service:

"You hear very frequently about the boys with the white spats, the tea drinkers, the cooky pushers," he remarked in what proved to be an unguarded moment, "and while they are a very small minority, they make a noise entirely disproportionate to their numbers. . . . Our great problem now is to attract enough men so that we will have a real choice of material and crowd out those incompetents and defectives."

As so often happens when a catch phrase is pulled out of context, the headlines of the day heralded the reference to the spats and the tea and the cooky pushers; the "very small minority" of incompetents and defectives described by Gibson—such as are found in any large organization—was obscured, while "cooky pushing" was ascribed to the whole Foreign Service, it seems forever.

Still another tag has been pinned on the man who makes his living in the esoteric realm of foreign affairs—that of "stuffed shirt." To some people he is pompous, close-lipped, overbearing, impressed with his own importance. It is not his fault if he gives this impression. From the moment a young Foreign Service officer enters the confines of bureaucracy, he feels the disciplines of caution and conformity; his mind may be as devoid of the "little grooves" which the late Texas Senator Tom Connally ascribed to it as that of a babe in arms, but by the time he reaches his first post, he has become part of the system.

Even worse, the Foreign Service officer became publicly identified with the "ugly American," thanks to the widely touted book by that name. There is certainly no pride of face on the part of the typically self-effacing officer in the Foreign Service; but he resents the libel on his craft by the widespread acceptance of the book title as an accurate description of himself. Actually, if one takes the trouble to unravel that particular piece of fiction, the "ugly American" was a shrewd, self-made engineer who turned the tables on government technicians and diplomats—but who

by no stretch of the imagination could be regarded as a diplomat.

There may still be misfits and malingerers in the recesses of the State Department, as in every firm or business corporation, but the career of diplomacy today requires more than sartorial elegance, the balancing of teacups or cocktail glasses, or "cooky pushing." In Washington the diplomat is sometimes thought of as an ant in an anthill, engaged in unspecified or undisclosed bureaucratic chores until the round of evening parties begins. In foreign parts, he is supposed to lead the glamorous life that enthralled the readers of E. Phillips Oppenheim. Neither picture is correct. On assignment in the Department, dealing with the affairs of one or more countries, he must keep a schedule a good deal stiffer than that of the nine-to-five businessman who takes an afternoon off for golf; in the field he must be on his toes from dawn to dusk, and from dusk far into the night, playing his part as a personable and persuasive agent of the United States. If he were a woolly-brained social gadabout, he would not last long; he is much more likely to be as well informed and hardheaded as a city editor, as sharp-minded in negotiations as a horse trader.

Throughout their professional lives, officers of the Foreign Service are conscious of the cares and obligations resting upon them as representatives of the United States; they often feel—and look—as though they were Atlas, carrying the weight of the world on their shoulders, as indeed they are in a sense, for they deal with the most ponderous problems and can never divorce their private personalities from their official selves. They are fated to wage a perpetual inner battle to preserve their individuality; as anyone knows who stays in it too long, public service contains a built-in threat to creativeness and originality.

Appearances, on the other hand, can be deceiving. That bland and sometimes solemn bearing that irritates the uninitiated may conceal an active, analytical brain geared to moves and motives in the great game of politics, international style; that outer shell may be merely the product of environment. Certainly, a carefree, freewheeling attitude in the negotiation of deadly serious matters, while admittedly spectacular, would hardly be consistent with the task of maintaining world peace.

Harold Nicolson, dean of British diplomats, had a word or two on the subject: "The manner of suspended judgment, of skeptical tolerance, of passionless detachment which denotes the trained diplomat is often taken by outside observers to suggest that he is conceited, lazy, stupid—or very, very ill." Aldous Huxley put it another way in his description of Simmons, the gentlemen's gentleman, who "had that statesmanlike dignity of demeanor which the necessity of holding the tongue and keeping the temper, of never speaking one's real mind and preserving appearances always tends to produce in diplomats, royal personages, high government officials and butlers."

Restraint in word or deed is not only traditional among diplomats, but a necessity when the fate of a nation may hang on the turn of a phrase, or even on a smile or a look. In the early days of the Foreign Service, there was no such word as "laugh" in the codebooks, as the unconventional onetime Undersecretary of State, Joseph P. Cotton, discovered to his discomfiture—and therefore no way to instruct a chief of mission to "laugh it off" when an

embarrassing predicament arose. Laughing was unthinkable in this business, and to encode the colloquialism it was necessary to resort to an awkward and roundabout simile. If a diplomat can preserve his sense of humor when all those around him are losing theirs, he is sure to stand out among the herd—like the Department employee who wore white gloves to work in the hope of getting noticed (it proved the contrary, for the frowns of his superiors drowned out the smiles). That, perhaps, is why the Italian author Daniel Varc entered the diplomatic service and out of sheer perversity produced a novel called "The Laughing Diplomat"—a contradiction in terms.

It may be that the image of our Foreign Service is inherent in an age-old profession which has always been suspected of Machiavellian intrigue, duplicity, and outright lying for one's country. In ancient days, envoys bearing gifts were distrusted as a matter of course, and they in turn distrusted the courts to which they were sent—to such an extent that an ambassador would take along his own cook and food taster. The Byzantine emperors practically made prisoners of ambassadors to their capital, for fear they would learn too much; the Muscovite authorities used to jail ambassadors who showed too much curiosity; and in Venice, the death penalty hung over the head of any citizen who made contact with a foreign diplomat. No wonder it became second nature for a diplomat to watch his step.

Times have changed, yet a cool and deliberative outlook—often mistaken for timidity—is still the hallmark of the trade. Furthermore, exposure to the cross fire of international politics endows the man who stands on our first line of defense with a degree of worldly knowledge vouchsafed to few others; it is sure to stamp him as something of a cynic, and this does not endear him either to his fellow citizens or to their chosen representatives in Congress, who are less subject to sophisticated influences.

Precisely because the questions he deals with are so complex and so subtle that the average person cannot possess the full background, the Foreign Service officer is widely criticized and misunderstood. I had firsthand experience with this fundamental fact when, in the face of violent public opposition, we maintained relations with Vichy France, the collaborationist regime of Marshal Pétain. Backed into a corner at gatherings of friends, I could never fully explain to their satisfaction why we pursued the policy we did—for the reasons were not only complicated, but could not be divulged until after the American landings in North Africa.

Not knowing the entire background, then, the man in the street is almost bound to disagree at one time or another with what is said or done by the State Department. President Truman once put his finger on this truth when he reminded an audience that all those concerned with great affairs sooner or later face the possibility of criticism. "Those who cannot stand the heat," he added, "should get out of the kitchen."

It is worth noting that no Foreign Service officer ever volunteered to get out of the kitchen because of the heat. No Foreign Service officer whose mind was closed or made up, whose outlook was circumscribed by the cocktail circuit, who fancied himself over the human beings he strives to serve, could stand today's boiling kitchen. If the picture so often painted of him were accurate, he would have been on his way out of his competitive career

almost before he had started.

On Capitol Hill there are exceptions that prove every rule, but the majority of congressmen have little affinity for the "career boys" of Foggy Bottom and the lands beyond. If there is not something offbeat about those who, by choice, spend their lives on problems remote from the domestic scene, they seem, at least, always to be trying to see the foreigner's viewpoint instead of standing up forthrightly for the United States. Congressmen may not say so aloud, but privately they are inclined to regard the striped pants brigade as made up of effete creatures, spineless and lacking in red corpuses, contaminated by association with those who plot the overthrow of the existing order, and more inclined to sell the country down the river for the sake of peace than to strike a blow for American rights. Captious critics who shoot from the hip and a press more concerned with local politics than with world affairs frequently lend encouragement to this line.

ALTHOUGH one has to assume that in the sophisticated city of Washington a member of Congress constantly adds to his grasp of foreign affairs and of the functions of the Foreign Service, he must also, in the last analysis, be guided by the views and opinions of the voters back home. The trouble is that the voters back home have few, if any, views and opinions about the Foreign Service; those they may have are likely to be garbled. Interest in foreign affairs is generally lacking; in some sections of the country it is conspicuously low in relation to the price of beef, the new state highway, the PTA, the baseball scores, or the alternating problems of flood and drought. In the larger cities a Council on Foreign Relations here, a World Affairs Council or a Foreign Policy Association there, can focus a spotlight on current events and instill an awareness of what the State Department does and what it can or cannot do. But for the man in Main Street, the Foreign Service has no appeal; it has no catchy title like the Peace Corps—though it was the nation's original corps for the pursuit of peace. For some it is concerned with subjects too abstruse for ready comprehension; for others it has goals and activities too removed from the stock market or the comics; in the face of massive public apathy, it is not surprising that the politicians fail to become enthusiastic about the diplomats and their works, especially when the returns on this investment of the taxpayer's money are neither tangible nor immediately apparent.

To show how difficult it is for the public to get a true perspective of the Foreign Service, one need only consider the experience of a senior officer who addressed a town meeting on the subject of China. How come, he was asked by an irate listener, that the Foreign Service lost China for the United States? The officer launched into the background of the Opium War of 1839-1842, the Boxer Rebellion of 1899-1900, which was sparked by resentment against Western interests in China, and various other sidelights of history, concluding with an observation to the effect that what China did was dictated by the Chinese and not by the United States. "If that, then, is the case," was the response, "the treachery in the Foreign Service goes back much farther than I thought!"

The State Department, of course, is not the only federal agency that lacks a rapport with the public. Perhaps some of the suspicion with which the typical American regards the functions of government, as well as some of the resig-

nation with which government workers accept the little recognition accorded them, may be traced to the frequent changes made by party politics in the higher echelons. As an article in *HOLIDAY* magazine put it: "The civil servant . . . watches the political appointees move into their paneled throne rooms with their freshly signed photographs of the new President and their radical innovations. During their tour of duty, which usually lasts about 18 months, they may succeed in making slight changes of emphasis or direction in a particular program; but long after they have returned to their board rooms and their faculty lounges, the career official will still be sitting at his desk, initialing inter-office memoranda."

It is the uncomplaining official from the career who needs to be understood; it is he who must keep the wheels turning while the politicians take turns in manipulating the controls at the top. The State Department is no exception to this rule.

For a long time the Department recoiled in horror—if one can imagine an impassive Department recoiling—at the mere thought that it should interpret policies or answer critics through the mass media of communications. If anyone was interested—well, he could study the formal speeches or mimeographed press handouts of the Division of Current Information; the diplomatic official himself was inscrutable. Spokesmen for the hierarchy left the public unenlightened even when explanations could readily be made; the time-honored attitude was one of aloofness and reserve. Although the heavy hand of caution is still evident, a Bureau of Public Affairs is now doing something to change the picture—to provide information, to prepare studies of public opinion, to distribute pamphlets or periodicals, and to answer queries on current policy. Much remains to be done, however, if the Foreign Service is to enlist active backers of its cause, if the gulf between civil servant and private citizen is to be bridged adequately with understanding. The subject of foreign affairs must be repeatedly explained to be understood.

In retrospect over the years since the word "cookbook pusher" was coined, every imaginable roadblock seems to have been thrust into the path of the Foreign Service in its development as a career. Not only has its performance been hamstrung by lack of money, but its morale has been dealt staggering blows by irresponsible accusations of disloyalty and by betrayal of the principle that entrance and advancement should depend solely on merit. Its entrance standards have been lowered in the name of recruitment, its operations choked by the rank weed of bureaucracy, its top posts bartered away for political purposes, its career men ignored in ambassadorial appointments. The advice of its experts has been disregarded by the White House, its best thought contradicted by politicians for the sake of domestic politics.

To its lasting credit, the much-condemned Foreign Service and its equally denounced parent body, the Department of State, have done a remarkable job of protecting and furthering American interests all over the globe. Together they have developed a versatility in the handling of our foreign affairs that would have been unthinkable a couple of decades ago. Gibes and jeers notwithstanding, the Service has evolved into a highly competent corps that more than holds its own on every sector of the international front.

(Continued on page 47)

IF we had been sitting on the rim of a moon crater, we couldn't have felt more isolated. Except for a circle of light around a kerosene lantern, it was dark: the opaque blackness of an Ethiopian night when the stars are hidden and the sense of distance is infinite. It was also cold and quiet; the cold silence was as penetrating and unreal as the sun at noonday in the African Highlands is real and warming. We were sitting on some low makeshift seats in a large open compound just outside the city of Harar, but the strangeness of the whole dark continent was there and we huddled closer.

There were five of us, four Americans and Martine, whose national origin couldn't or shouldn't be summed up in one word, and we had come to see Mohammed, the "Hyena Man," who was known all over Ethiopia for his ability to tame the notoriously man-shy hyenas. He fed them nightly. I had never been close to a hyena. We heard them every night in Addis Ababa (we were assigned to the Point Four Mission) but we were always on the inside and the hyenas outside. There were theories in Addis. People said donkeys were more vulnerable to hyenas than were horses, because horses ran faster. I had a few disturb-

ing thoughts about the running speed of the human animal.

My husband, a man of abnormal calm, assured me hyenas were anti-social rather than anti-biped. He did think it a pity we hadn't brought a little brandy along as a defense against the cold. The other Americans were wishing they'd brought their thermos of instant coffee. They never went anywhere without it. However, they'd decided it was really inappropriate in Harar, the capital of Ethiopia's coffee kingdom. Our friend Martine was probably wishing she hadn't come, though she was too polite to say so. Her interest in the

Season for Open

by JEAN KENNEDY/drawings by the author



Hyena Man's performance could be described pretty accurately as lukewarm.

But when Martine had come to see us in Addis, her visit had been a refrain, no, an anthem devoted to Harar. She was essentially a creature of sunshine: her farm and the market in Harar were her chief interests and habitat, although the latter was really an avocation. It was as though the escape from her restricting domestic domain to the world of the market brought her to life. Shopping or, as Martine managed it, socializing in Harar's market took stamina and Martine gave it that.

She had been born in Malagasy (then, of course, Madagascar) and had come with her parents to Harar many years before. Her father, sent in search of trade by a mereantile house, became an agent for the firm and simply stayed. As Martine put it when she visited us, "There is something irresistible about Harar. In the old



Sesame

days people came, Richard Burton, Rimbaud, the poet—he loved Harar—and today people are still coming. It's open season in Harar for historians, geologists, archaeologists, anthropologists and ethnologists. They all come to try to see into the past."

This was motivation enough for us. Before a month had gone by, we were off, flying from Addis Ababa to Dire Dawa and proceeding the remaining distance by car. When we first saw Harar from a distance, it was sprawled like Arabic calligraphy across the crest of a rocky hill. As we came nearer we could see the scrawls change to walls and a baroque blur of foliage. At closer range, the foliage was definable, jacaranda, bougainvillea, poinsettia. It gave Harar, surrounded as it was by semi-desert country, the verdure of a wadi.

It looked just like the sort of place that might attract Sir Richard Burton, the scholar-translator of "The Arabian Nights," who, disguised as a

Turk, entered in 1855, the first non-Moslem to see the Holy City. He wrote of it then as "The ancient metropolis of a once mighty race, the only permanent settlement in Eastern Africa, the reported seat of Moslem learning . . . the great 'half-way house' for slaves." *

We knew the old walled "forbidden" city of Harar must have changed since the time of Burton, but it was still far removed from the Western world—remote and yet a center of thriving trade; an hour and a half from the nearest air terminal and yet days for camel caravans that still came across the desert from Zeila and Berbera. The market place, a quarter that few succeeded in photographing, still had the reputation for being one of the most fascinating in all East Africa. Harar was a city with a mosaic past of Emirs and Emperors, Sheikhs and Sultans.

**First Footsteps in East Africa.*

Just getting to Martine's house in the *gey fagay*, the farmland outside the city, was like invading a Moslem stronghold. We followed directions, fixed our tires deep in two carved ruts and passed through terrain rocky enough for a cave to hide the forty thieves. The rocks shored up two rivers like medieval moats which we forded with one of us wading to guide the car. When we did arrive, we found Martine sitting on a small stool digging in her garden in front of the house, a sturdy structure located authoritatively on a knoll. The car choked to a stop, birds started up, dogs barked, chickens flew and Martine shouted greetings. We got out to survey the scene while she hustled our suitcases onto a servant boy's back and into the house. Mounting the steps to a huge flat boulder that served as a veranda, we collapsed in some wicker chairs.

Martine began talking. She was never naturally silent and living alone in the country (her parents had been dead for several years) had imposed a certain amount of vocal temperance. But now that she had willing listeners, words began, exclamations became sentences, then paragraphs. She wore an ordinary blouse, a faded green skirt, a wide-brimmed straw

hat somewhat frayed around the edge, and peg-heeled boots to negotiate the rocks and mud in her garden. She wasn't young—the skin around her eyes was creased and sun-toughened—but she wasn't old. Her dark flashing eyes and liting walk gave her the antelope grace of an houri.

Martine was working on us. We were from Addis and uncommitted as far as Harar was concerned. "Harar has its own special language, spoken only by the Aderis or Hararis as you would call them," she said. "These people live in the inner city behind the walls, but during the day you'll see people from a dozen different tribes in the market place. You'll also see people whose ancestors came, drawn by trade, like my father. The family tree of Harar has roots spreading all over North and East Africa, the Middle East, Southeast Asia and Europe." We knew that this area in Eastern Ethiopia was a prize for which Africans had fought the Ottomans, the Egyptians, the Italians—and each other. History here was an interlocking pattern of trade, conquest, war and occupation.

The day after our arrival we set out for the city itself, this time with Martine driving her own small car, bouncing over the rivers and onto the main highway. When we reached the gateway we parked and continued on foot, because the streets inside were very narrow. We had entered through one of eight gates, each with a name in each of the tribal languages. At the time of Burton these gates were all closed at night. A step inside the *jegaule*, as the inner city is called, is like a change of seasons for here there are no flowers or blossoming trees to be seen.

With Martine leading, we followed as best we could, picking our way carefully down rough cobbled steps. We had to try to keep together: the streets were devious, with many forks. People hurried by us and were gone when we rounded a corner. A few stared or peeked from behind a wall or doorway, but Burton's comment, "we were scrutinized, derided and catechized by the curious . . ." applied, if at all, to the children who pressed around us on all sides. Martine, elueking like a mother hen, marshalled them with a few words and sent them off on errands, thrusting a lavender plastic basket into the hand of one and telling him to buy her some meat for her dogs.

As we made our way down a corridor lined with small shops Martine never stopped talking or gesturing, interrupting herself to roll out greetings in Amharic or Harari to pas-

sersby or shopkeepers. She bristled with charm, her own Gallic, East African brand. When a flash of color went around a corner, she alerted us. "Did you see that? That was a Harari woman. Look at their ankles. You can always tell by the embroidered trousers they wear or the large baskets of fruit they carry on their heads. The Hararis do not like picture-taking, but if I ask them, they will let you."

The shops were full of brilliant cottons, silks, and stuffs from all over the world. Each time we stepped inside, a white-capped Moslem shop-keeper would ask what we wanted and Martine would answer, "Hullum!" (Everything!) This always produced laughter and we would leave like guests whether we made a purchase or not. Once we bought a beautiful shawl. The bargaining was quickly, quietly handled by Martine, couched in the discreet tones used for asking a dentist the charges. My Amharic vocabulary was exhausted but Martine had established a reservoir of rapport that tided us over. She confided, "I've known these people for seventeen years. Every three days I come to the market. There's a code here, seller proud, buyer satisfied. The Harari cloth dealers will not call after you if you leave without buying."

The children caught up with us easily though she swished around corners and we had to hurry to keep up. They listened to us and were quick to sense our limitations. Toying with the sounds of our words, a comic-opera reaction set in. "Come on, come on!

How much, how much?" they parroted with the air of "This language of yours isn't so much; see how we can speak it." Martine looked at the meat they had brought and sent them scurrying off again. "That is meat for the table at that price," she called after them.

We turned a corner and suddenly we were in a noisy, crowded piazza. People pushed up to examine our tailored clothes. One man in a gray caracul hat came running toward us shaking his fist and yelling. The only thing I could understand was, "photo, photo." He thought we had taken his picture. We reacted with "yellem," the nearest thing to "no" in Amharic; Martine managed to reassure him.

Some women sitting on the ground covered their faces at the sight of us and a child began to cry. I heard my name called several times. I looked around and discovered two Galla women giggling to each other. They had heard Martine call my name: age was no handicap in the game of mimicry. They were a spectacular accumulation of curves with mysteriously attached clusters of bundles, gourds and babies. Martine saw me taking them in. "Sec the way they tie their hair in bunches on either side.



That is typical." The pear-shaped gourds, polished golden with use, were on their heads and in their hands, filled with water, ghee or camel milk. They wore an intricate garment of one piece of cloth, uncut, unstitched, which looked as though a Parisian designer had adapted it from archaic Greek sculpture. It hung, halter-fashion, baring one shoulder, was gathered at the waist, fell in small pleats in front and had a pannier which wrapped around to drape in a cascade of folds over one hip. And there was more: they had silver bracelets on their upper arms and bands of filigreed silver at their foreheads.

The Harari women were no less glamorous. We got a picture of one sitting surrounded by baskets, pinwheels of purple, orange and red-magenta raffia, which she was making and selling. She was determined to have my earrings and offered me her baskets one by one in trade. I chose one, finally got her permission for the picture and it was a deal. She was delicate, thin-skinned and antimony-eyed, wearing a long, flower-sprawled, bell-shaped dress with purple velvet pantaloons. She too was be-jeweled (my earrings were, in all honesty, superfluous) with a necklace of silver balls at her throat and a tiny gold knob in one nostril. The sear she wore, also typical, hung to her waist and was the color of a freshly cut papaya. These scarves, as transparent as gauze, billowed in the wind like bunting; there were moments when the place seemed ready for a hero's welcome. The piazza itself was especially decked out, aluminum pots, carved combs, tassels and colored strings for the hair and strings of beads, red, green, orange and amber cylinders hanging festoon-fashion across the fronts of the shops.

The basket-maker's apprentice, a little girl who had the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands dyed with henna, was winding wisps of raffia around a corset-shaped container for Ethiopian sour dough pan-eakes. She looked up at us when we started to go on, and said mechanically, "Baksheesh." Martine responded like the fervent member of the clan she was. "There are no beggars or no poor in Harar. We work for our living," she lectured.

The market was a woman's world. Except for shopkeepers and some shoppers, the men were either working in the fields or in industries outside the city. A few though, who might have been relegated to the Bowery elsewhere, lived a kind of pampered-drone existence here, while



ing away the hours in a land of *dolce far niente*. They were the *kat* addicts. One of them called out to us, from a room opening onto the street, as we climbed slowly down some slippery steps. He was reclining with several other addicts on a clean woven mat surrounded by cups, tins, dishes of food and the bright green leaves of the *kat* plant. He must have asked who we were because Martine answered, "Amrika" and he grinned a comment, flashing the gold in his teeth, "Tillik sew!" (Big people!) which was flattering, but linked perhaps to a delusion of his: the belief that he was a "big person" accomplishing great things. His glazed eyes and apparent good will were such a curious combination that the strangeness of the place reasserted itself. The distance between our worlds was measured in eons at that moment. But even the lotus-eater is subject to some behavioral protocol. "They can't eat quickly," said Martine. "It isn't polite. They eat a little, talk a little, chew a little *kat* and then begin again." Adding a clinical observation, she stated, "Kat satisfies their appetites. They don't eat enough and so just get thinner and thinner until they die at an early age."

Richard Burton referred in 1855 to the quantities of *kat* that left Harar each year, "280 camel loads, consisting of a number of parcels, each containing about forty slender twigs with the leaves attached and carefully wrapped to prevent as much as possible exposure to the atmosphere." * Now when it is exported it travels by plane. In fact it was the first thing

*First Footsteps in East Africa.

we saw when we got off the plane in Dire Dawa. There was a trolley with about fifty bundles, each wrapped around the middle with gunny sacking, stamped with red Amharic script, and carefully guarded by a dignified gentleman of Arabic extraction.

We continued our descent, climbing down steps set at a hundred different angles (with Martine directing: "Step over here where there is pavé"), and finally reached the lower part of the market, running head-on into a blazing clatter of people and color. This was the herb market and its products rimmed the edge of a jumping-off place where the city fell away to the valley from a precipice wall. There was a distant view of Mt. Condudo, a flat-topped mesa that was Harar's ever-present symbol-talisman. We stood ankle-deep among bowls full of a variety of vendible comestible powders, grains, beans and condiments. They were like open paint pots: soft green flour (peas and lentils), ground red pepper, white sorghum, yellow powder (saffron and turmeric), brown coffee, tobacco, black pepper, tamarind—and the rest would be guessing. Some of it was lenten food to be eaten especially during the Moslem fasting time. Our presence accelerated the market babble, and in any case maneuvering here was akin to playing hopscotch, but Martine swept along buying a crumpled paper of this and a leaf-full of that as easily as if she were a wagon-pusher in a super-market.

We somehow lost track of the men, a fact which would not have mattered so much if we had not found

ourselves in need of protection, not from thieves or villains, but from another woman. The odds were stacked; we were faced with ignominious defeat anyway you looked at it. The woman was tremendous, 250 pounds of muscle-beach physique and bravado. She was sitting on the ground under a small shelter with a baby tied to her back, busy with her business, which was mixing butter with her hands, when she saw us. We must have represented some sort of challenge because the minute she looked up she sent a barrage of rhetoric in our direction. Martine began to laugh; in fact she was so convulsed she could hardly stop to translate. Finally she came out with, "This woman has an offer. She wants to wrestle with one of the ladies." And as if to back up the invitation, the woman lumbered out of the stall, a veritable female mountain, a sure candidate for Saturday Night in Chicago; she egged us on with more operatic blustering.

Martine disclosed, "She wants us all to make bets. She says to put our money on that rock and she will take us on one at a time." A crowd of fans, all on her side no doubt, came swarming. I suppose we were suffering from shock syndrome or perhaps just giddy from the atmosphere which was as aromatic as the inside of a perfumery, for all we could do was to shake our heads. The crowd was crowing with glee. Finally I said meekly, "Tell her we're sure she'll win." But the woman ranted on and Martine relayed, "She says she'll take all three of you on at once if one alone is afraid." We responded quickly in the negative, but the crowd urged from the sidelines and she clenched her fists and pranced about in readiness, the baby still on her back. Even with one hand tied behind her back, we would have been pushovers. I made a frantic resolution to learn judo at the earliest opportunity. At this point, with minutes till the bell and the crowd zeroing in for the kill, it was the men to the rescue. They elbowed their way in and my husband, taking note of our plight, lifted his camera to snap a picture of this bicep-flexing peril. The effect was miraculous and instantaneous: she wilted like yesterday's hibiscus blossom and we escaped through the loophole they had made on arrival. Looking back, I saw her, retired to her previous position as a merchant, a bristling but reluctant dragon.

With this confrontation out of sight and hearing we paused to rest in front of a small white mosque, before the long climb back to the car. The mosque was impressive, in part be-

cause of its smallness with tiny arches and a miniature minaret, and partly because of the colorful array of men standing there: Harari men with brilliant turbans and red, black and yellow plaid sarongs, Somali men with toga-like shawls and crocheted hands of cloth and wooden combs in their hair.

On the way back to the car we got an occasional Arabian Nights vista



through an open gateway into a garden court and adjacent house. The children were waiting for us; in the basket were assorted groceries and a skinned pig's head. Martine put the basket in the car, gave them some money and shook her head helpfully. "It's Ramadan time and the Copts never sell meat anyway. It makes living too expensive for dogs." Driving back to the farm we passed the Mosque of Jami, a famous landmark with ogce arches and huge milk-hottle pillars: we saw more dark brown Galla women who cast a parallel procession of shadows against the chalky white walls.

Late that afternoon we sat on Martine's front veranda, the flat glacial boulder of ballroom dimensions that was the foundation for the house as well. The house itself, although there was something Moorish about it—a Minotaur's castle with doors, arches and echoes in abundance—was really a confusion of styles no one of which dominated, perhaps because like Harar a variety of people had lived there, each leaving his mark.

Martine was unwinding. We listened as we sipped Harar coffee, ate Arab cakes and watched the day change.

The view was almost oriental in its austerity. The surrounding hills were studded with white thimble-shaped cupolas, the tombs of former Emir and Sheikh rulers, and the clouds were orange lichen forms fringed in black.

A week later we reminded Martine that we had seen plenty of donkeys, goats and camels, but still no hyenas. The donkeys walked in from the countryside around. The goats, families of them, ran up and down the city's stony steps and the camels walked silently in single file to the city gates, but the hyenas, unlike others in Ethiopia, were almost unafraid of man, and prowled in the dark-walled alleyways of his diurnal haunts. And so that, finally, is how Martine was prompted to drive us to a compound outside the south wall of the city where Mohammed, the "Hyena Man" lived, and how we happened to be shivering in the darkness of a High African night, waiting somewhat apprehensively for the witching hour.

The compound was enclosed by the walls of other buildings; in the center, with a certain air of detachment, was a *tukul*, a small round house with adobe walls and a thatched roof. Here the Hyena Man lived. The man himself, thin and disheveled in nondescript clothes, approached us for a fee. He had made a commercial enterprise of his sorcery. Martine conducted the negotiations, a noisy affair during which he insisted his performance was worth as much as a cinema and during which it became apparent that Martine's indomitable enthusiasm was on the wane.

Mohammed the Hyena Man cautioned us to be quiet as he set up his operation: the kerosene lantern, an enamel cup full of *tedj* (a strong liquor distilled from honey), some *kat* leaves and a wooden box, all of which he placed on a mat on the ground.

Then squatting like a cowboy on a corral gate, with his knees on either side of his chin, he turned the box upside down, spilling meat and bones helter-skelter around us. Immediately he began calling and shouting to the hyenas, continuing almost without let-up until the show was over. He called in Italian, in Arabic, in Galla or Amharic and, as time went on, in a strident jumble of all three, blurred perhaps by the *tedj* he was drinking.

Soon dark shadows appeared on the wall near the entrance and a hyena emerged, then, cautiously, another. The first one made a dash for a bone and dragged it off, growling. Others followed and before long the yard was full of their hulking shapes

(Continued on page 50)

Going abroad
is **OUT**. "Return to
the field" is **IN**.

Selection of Post

ARA is back-to-back,
which sometimes makes it
difficult to know which way
it's going.

NEA has Basra, Jidda,
Chittagong and a lot of
wives who hope their hus-
bands will get that **NEA**
slot in London.

FE has Hong Kong for
shopping, Wellington for
fishing, and Saigon for ca-
reer advancement.

Africa is **HOT**, but not so
hot as it was some years
ago when everybody was
Chargé.

EUR has North Atlantic
Specialists. 3,716 Foreign
Service officers just volun-
teered.

The Six are **INNER**.
Space is **OUTER**. Mongolia
is both, and so is Prague,
where Outer is **IN**.

Travel Arrangements

New suitcases are **OUT**. Hotel and steamship
stickers have been **OUT** for years. A large straw
basket, slightly soiled with camel dung and bound
by laundry line, is **IN**. Vuitton is passé.

First class travel is **OUT**. Anyhow (we tell our-
selves) tourist class is **FUN**.

Children should be sent ahead by air freight.

Language Skills

Foreign languages are **IN**—the farther **OUT**, the farther
IN. The danger is that if you show too much facility in learn-
ing native dialects you may be chosen to open our first post
in the Sudd.

Learning French is no guarantee of Paris as a next post.
Hue and Upper Volta loom ahead. Italian may put you closer
to Somalia than to Sophia Loren. As for English, omit it
from your biographic data. It is used in Aden, Woomera, the
Kalahari desert and sometimes in Liverpool.

Above all, do not lard your conversation with cute, semi-
foreign phrases. "Tooter than tout de suite" is **O-U-T**. Say
"Howdy" if you must, but never "Que tal, pal." It is as far
OUT as wearing a suit to the office on Saturday.

IN *and* **OUT** *abroad*

At the Post

All Ambassadors are **IN**. Back home
they may be just like other people, but
subordinates should take pains not to
point out this distinction.

DCMs are **IN-between**.

Counter-Insurgency and Youth are
IN. Next year it will be something else.

Visiting Congressmen are **IN**, espe-
cially in Paris. Why do they so rarely
visit Taiz, Nouakchott, Kigali and Khor-
ramshahr?

Overseas, all necks are **OUT**.



The

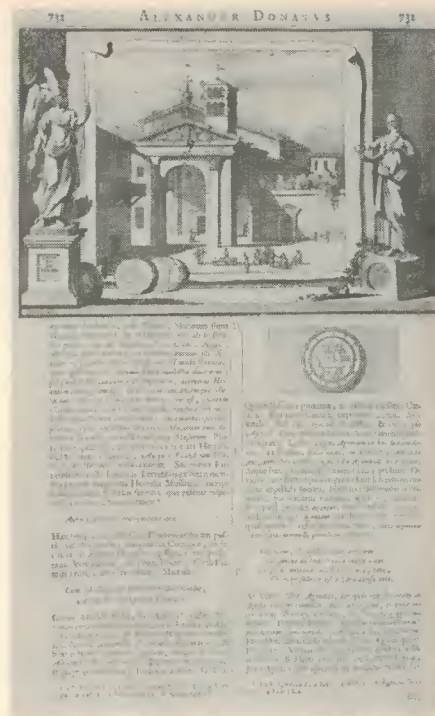
I SAW IT MYSELF when they were repairing the pipes for the main fountain of Piazza-Navona. It lies underground between the palaces of the Princes Giustiniani and that of the Patrizi." The narrator is the archeologist Pietro Rossini, the date 1693 and the object the largest of the missing Egyptian obelisks, equal in size to the one of St. Peter's square brought to Rome during the time of the Empire. Before Rossini's discovery and public mention of the obelisk in the first four editions of his "Mercurio Errante," the most famous guidebook of the day to the antiquities of Rome, the great stone pillar of the *Circus Agonalis*, today's Piazza Navona, lay buried and forgotten for sixteen centuries. Incredibly it fell into oblivion again for two hundred years until in 1882 Rome University librarian Costantino Maes came across the old Rossini guidebook texts, wrote scholarly articles, collected further testimony and mounted a press campaign to exhume the buried witness to the glory of Rome in the age of the Caesars.

After a brief flurry of excitement and some shallow exploratory digging in the sub-basements of the Giustiniani and Patrizi palaces on behalf of the municipal archeological commission which brought to light only sections of broken columns, the search was abandoned. In 1924, again basing himself on the old texts, Professor W. von Winterfeld, a thorough German researcher, studied the layout of the two palaces and their adjoining streets to obtain a fairly exact reconstruction of the position of the monolith described by Rossini and the buildings now above it. Winterfeld sought to solve the problem of extracting the colossal obelisk without weakening the foundations of the historic palaces. His solution, accompanied by cursory drawings and published in the November 1924 issue of the long defunct magazine *ROMA*, called for excavations to start in the courtyard of the Giustiniani Palace to determine the exact position of the base. Probing shafts would be dug in the small nearby Piazza San

The Central Bernini Fountain of the Rivers in the Piazza Navona.



Three medals said to have been coined during the reign of Emperor Alexander Severus (208-235 AD) with various fanciful representations of the Circus Agonalis, all showing an obelisk in the center of the ancient sports stadium.



Text page from Alessandro Douati's "Roma Vetus Ac Recens" (1639) illustrating the coin dating from the reign of Alexander Severus which carries a representation of the missing monolith in the center of the Circus Agonalis, today Piazza Navona.

Missing Obelisk

by GEORGE G. WYNNE

Luigi dei Francesi, the terminal point of the monolith according to the testimony collected in the last century by Maes, to locate the top of the stone. Once these two points were identified, Winterfeld suggested that a connecting tunnel be dug, puncturing, if necessary, some intervening walls to place the monolith on rollers for a gradual shift in direction and transport to the surface along a slightly inclined shaft that would terminate in the Piazza.

Neither the project nor the monolith itself has thus far seen the light of day. There is no record that the suggestion of the German archeologist was ever taken up or even made the subject of serious discussion. The matter and the monolith rest there to this day.

When I asked the Roman Department of Museums, Monuments and Excavations about the missing colossus, Professor Guglielmo Galli replied courteously that three centuries ago Rossini was probably deceived by the base of two large stone columns originally located in the Alessandrine Baths and brought to light in 1934 during excavations in the Piazza. These columns stand today in front of the church of St. Eustachio.

The mystery of the missing obelisk remains as vexing as ever even after this official explanation because the presence of large buried columns in addition to the monolith was already known to Rossini and the eyewitnesses who succeeded him.

With the advent of modern electronic devices to map the shape and size of buried objects we now have some reason to hope that a university faculty or private foundation chancing upon these lines, will undertake the modest expense involved in ascertaining once and for all the existence of what is perhaps the greatest and might yet become the most famous of the 42 Egyptian monoliths brought to Rome and erected in the Eternal City 2000 years ago to attest the greatness of the Caesars. Once the existence and location of the

missing stele are definitely established, funds and talent to bring it to light will surely become available, and these pages will have fulfilled their purpose. The first task though is to convince the incredulous of the near certainty that the great obelisk exists, that it once adorned the center of the Circus Agonalis, also called Domitian's Stadium, now Piazza Navona, that it toppled while an effort was being made to move it, probably in the fifth century, and that it has remained where it fell, hardly a hundred yards from its original location for fifteen centuries while the debris of the Dark Ages, Medieval and Papal Rome rose above its burial place.

Palazzos Giustiniani and Patrizi, noted repositories of art treasures and residences of Roman noble families, were already standing more than a hundred years and the Bernini Fountain of the Rivers was some 40 years old when Rossini came upon a group of workmen excavating a deep ditch in the center of Via Giustiniani to repair the water conduits for the nearby fountain of Piazza Navona.

He writes of the experience in the chapter titled "of the Underground Spire Near San Luigi dei Francesi" on page 73 of his guidebook to Roman antiquities dedicated to "the illustrious gentlemen foreigners" titled "Il Mercurio Errante" published in 1693 by Giorgio Molo.

"It is one of the largest, embellished with characters (Note: probably hieroglyphs) and is entirely underground, traversing the street between the Palace of the Prince Giustiniani and that of the Patrizis. I saw it on the occasion when the pipes for the fountain of Piazza Navona, which pass by this place, were being repaired."

Not a word beyond this from Rossini. His is the first recorded eyewitness account of the monolith that has survived to this day though it is by no means the first recorded mention of an obelisk in the days of the Emperors in what is now the Piazza Navona.

The archeologist cleric Father Atanasio Kircher in his

learned Latin monograph "Oheliscus Pamphilius" published 1650 in Rome, notes on page 58: "Praeter hos quidem multos alios adhuc sub terra in ruinis hinc inde latere nihil dubito" (I have no doubt that many others besides these still lay hidden underground in these ruins), after attributing to Pomponius Letus (historian and author 1428-98) the tradition that two Egyptian monoliths adorned the Circus Agonalis. Eleven years earlier Alessandro Donati in his richly-illustrated "Roma, Vetus ac Recens" mentions that "nummi Alexandri" (Alexandrine coins) testify that a monolith was standing in the Circus Agonalis in the time of Emperor Alexander Severus (208-235 A.D.). Moreover Donati's text includes the reproduction of an ancient coin depicting a large monolith surmounted by a circular ornament in the center of the Circus Agonalis. The coin bears the circular inscription *Alexander R.G.*

Other coins attributed to Alexander Severus and reproduced by authors of the 17th century likewise show obelisks in what is now Piazza Navona. Three of those shown, page 29, are taken from the 1699 editorial of the "Graevii Thesaurus of Roman Antiquities" and are reproduced by permission of the National Library. The obelisk looks identical in all four coins though it is surrounded by varying fanciful representations of the games and events in the Circus. The most original shows the circus in the form of a ship, alluding probably to the naval contests fought in the flooded stadium, with a large sail attached to the monolith which is crowned in this view by a sort of cage or lookout tower.

Costantino Maes mentions these coins in his monograph of 1882 but brings no visual evidence. The reproductions accompanying this article were taken from the original sources extant, though not easily accessible, in the archives of the Vittorio Emanuele National Library in Rome. George Zoega in his 1797 volume "De Origine Et Usu Obeliscorum" examined the question of the buried obelisk from every point of view and came to the conclusion paralleling that of scholars versed in the subject during earlier centuries that an obelisk stood in Piazza Navona.

While the existence of the imposing monument thus seems relatively amply documented by early authors and supported by the eyewitness testimony of Rossini published in the rare first five editions of his "Mercurio Errante," published while he was still alive, it is mystifying to note that all mention of the buried obelisk disappears from the subsequent editions of the "Mercurio" throughout the 18th century. The editions mentioning the buried spire near San Luigi dei Francesi were published in 1693, 1700, 1704, 1715 and 1725. They are extremely rare. After the author's death the popular guidebook, described in works of the period as the best of its kind, saw more than a dozen reprints from 1732-1789. The paragraph dealing with the buried monument is missing from these later editions. Maes speculates that the powerful proprietors of the two Palazzi and the adjoining buildings around the Piazza San Luigi dei Francesi might have had something to do with the second disappearance of the obelisk, this time from the pages of "Mercurio Errante." The author could no longer raise his voice in protest and the owners had a vested interest in keeping the potentially bothersome disclosure of a colossal Egyptian relic under their real estate out of the public prints. This too might explain the great rarity of the first five editions including that of 1725—almost as if they had been bought up and destroyed—and the wide availability at the time Maes wrote his study of the subsequent editions beginning in 1732 which contain no mention of the obelisk. While one could suppose that the pertinent passage was eliminated because a totally buried object might not be of interest to Rome's visitors given the wealth of historic and artistic treasures visible above ground, this would not explain the rarity of the five editions that carry the notice.

When the news of bibliographer Maes' learned speculations was given currency by Roman newspapers in 1882, Engineer

Angelo Vescovati, then director of the municipal water supply system, disclosed that his father who was also in the service of the city, headed a three-man team constituted back in 1845 to determine the location of the buried obelisk. Vescovati, Sr., accompanied by the Signori Canina and Visconti, climbed down to the sub-cellars of Palazzo Giustiniani located next to the Crescenzi ramp (Salita dei Crescenzi) just underneath the butcher's shop that then occupied the premises. According to the oral testimony of Vescovati Jr. as told to Maes and reported by him in a postscript to the 1882 monograph, the three men discovered the giant base of the monolith half hidden by the foundations of the building. At a distance of 25 meters (82 feet) in a straight line from the base they found the summit of the monument. Unfortunately neither the method of probing for the apex nor its exact location was reported by Vescovati. He confined himself to saying he remembered his father telling him that the top was located next to the foundations of the Palazzo Patrizi in a straight line 25 meters from the base.

From time immemorial the story of a buried monument—according to tradition a huge ancient column with rich bas-reliefs—has been circulating in Rome. It is said to be located near Piazza Navona and the obelisk might well be the source of this legend handed down through the ages.

Some historians maintain that the obelisk destined by a Roman emperor for placement in the Circus Agonalis crashed from its transporting platform during unloading preparations at the end of its slow trip from Ostia, the port of ancient Rome, along Via Ostiense to its final destination. Impossible to raise it again, the theory goes, the giant stone needle was left in place whence it disappeared from view in the course of the succeeding centuries.

This account does not square with the ancient medallions which represent the Circus Agonalis with a large obelisk in its center. It is not logical to assume that at least four separate medals were coined during the reign of Alexander Severus showing an adornment that did not exist. More likely is the supposition that the great stone towering over a declining Rome caught the fancy of a Byzantine emperor of the fourth or fifth century who ordered its transfer to Byzantium (Constantinople), the second Rome. Here, too, an accident during the transport, in this case probably during loading and securing operations at the very beginning of the projected trip, caused the fall of the heavy monument. Perhaps the lives of many workers and bystanders were snuffed out by the falling stone. This version is also substantiated by the fact that the top of the buried monument is pointed in the direction opposite to the ancient Porta Triumphalis, the entrance to the Circus Agonalis (today Piazza St. Apollinare). If the obelisk, secured at its base to the transporting platform, crashed while being pulled slowly out of the Circus through the Porta, towards Via Ostiense, the site of its fall would approximate its reported location.

The fact that sections of Roman columns, some of them of majestic size, have been found and excavated near the supposed site of the buried monolith does not invalidate its claim on our imagination. Not only do we have two qualified eyewitnesses centuries apart and a number of substantiating archeological references, but the same people reporting and writing about the obelisk were already aware of the broken Roman columns, sections of which stand today in front of Sant' Eustachio's after their excavation of the city in 1934. Other parts are still buried. One such piece can be seen from the basement of the Patrizi Palace, about six feet below the street surface. In his account Angelo Vescovati states categorically that the ancient buried relic located by his father was without doubt the colossal Egyptian obelisk; there is no chance of improper identification or confusion with the broken Roman columns of whose existence he was fully aware.

(Continued on page 49)

EDITORIALS

THE CASE AGAINST EQUALITY

THERE is something slightly sensuous about the word equality. Wars have been fought in its name; elections, appointments, the very course of lives influenced by its sound. Our nation is founded on its principle: our constitution based on its doctrine. Our laws, at long last, are guaranteeing its practice. Our civil service system extends its reach, and has a strong responsibility to guard against its abuse.

"The sole equality on earth is death," said Philip James Bailey. Robert Browning put it somewhat differently, and a good deal more delicately: "All services rank the same with God." We need not agree with Bailey to realize that the Foreign Service is not equal to other Government services in the qualifications it requires of its personnel. Forty applicants fall by the wayside for every new FSO who is commissioned. The new entrant is older, more experienced, has more university training and is screened through a much more rigorous entrance testing than applicants for any other career service in the US government. Neither is the Foreign Service equal to other Government services in the demands it makes on its people. Only the Armed Forces expect comparable 24-hour service, unpaid overtime, and dedication by the whole family that is the norm in our profession. Nor will equality be found in our career's ultimate purpose—to provide our country with the nucleus from which to choose the Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to whom will be entrusted responsibility for the total US effort in a given foreign land.

But, Browning and Bailey to the contrary, there is equality to be found this side of heaven. The pay scales FSO 8 through 1 and GS 7 through 18 are superbly egalitarian. Medical and retirement benefits still show considerable discrepancies, but possibly these also will be brought into line. There even survives a certain tendency among some people to look on the Foreign Service as the "very acme and pitch" of our government. This opinion has seen its better day, however, and can safely be discounted. The cause of equality among the services, then, is being served in some areas if not in all.

The JOURNAL stands foursquare in favor of equality, as we do with respect to home and mother, cleanliness, godliness and night baseball. We do, however, feel there is an excellent case to be made in favor of unequal compensation for a career service which is unlike any other in its initial requirements, its normal and constant demands, and its ultimate purpose. It is regrettable that an FSO must struggle for so many years before his salary comes into line with similarly qualified contemporaries on the "outside" (or conversely, till his salary rises much above less qualified men performing less crucial tasks for other government agencies).

Equality is a wonderful thing. Let's not become too enamored of it. ■

OVER THE HORNS

OF all problems encountered by those responsible for the optimum utilization of manpower, one of the most frustrating is the dilemma posed by the retired officer who still retains his vigor, and is ready and willing, but organizationally and statutorily unable to bring the light of his experience to bear on serious problems. The horns of this dilemma are particularly sharp and dangerous. Compulsory retirement at age 60-65 has now gained virtually universal

acceptance. Very few fail to recognize that the benefits of this practice, both to the youth for whom it clears the way and to the retiree who has earned a rest, far outweigh its drawbacks. But the fact remains that the retiree represents a vast store of knowledge and experience which, at least as far as the Government is concerned, is lying fallow, despite its oft-repeated availability for exploitation at moderate cost.

But there are very real, complex, and as yet unsolved problems in determining how to utilize this vast resource without overstepping statutory limitations or displacing active officers. If the problem has till now been largely ignored by the Foreign Service, this is understandable, for man has yet to devise a really effective way to ease the exile of advancing years.

The "Foreign Service Day" set for the 12th of this month may hopefully mark the beginning of a solution. It can, at least, provide a sound basis upon which later efforts may be constructed. Secretary Rusk, in a letter to all potential participants, visualized the "Day" as the first of an annual series of foreign policy conferences for retired officers. One of its most important features will be a discussion of what tasks retired officers might best be suited to perform, and to what extent their performance of these tasks will be practical.

Several types of assignment made to order for the talents and circumstances of retired FSOs have already been suggested. Most suggestions have been in the realm of public service, for instance:

- Last spring's "teach-ins" indicate that there is a widespread acceptance within the academic community of ill-considered positions based on incomplete, often erroneous, information as well as on a deficient understanding of the realities of international politics. The Department might well consider a massed effort to improve the teaching of world affairs, calling upon retired officers to do liaison work with schools in their own localities.

- The expanding interest of local communities in foreign affairs presents varied opportunities for retirees to accept speaking engagements or to assist officers on home leave to meet and exchange impressions with local opinion makers.

But proposals for substantive assignments have also been brought forth:

- Despite the large number of personnel inhabiting New State and SA's 1 through 11, it is next to impossible to "spring" someone to serve on short-term research projects, study groups, boards, or committees not directly related to one's specific assignment.

- The Division of Language Services is hurting for qualified people to escort foreign Leader Grantees throughout the country.

- A "Ready Reserve" of retired FSOs, whose security clearances are kept up-to-date and who are willing to be mobilized on short notice would be invaluable when Inspectors, Consultants or Selection Board members must suddenly be replaced for health or other reasons.

Other, equally provocative possibilities will surely be brought out during the course of discussions.

We of the JOURNAL salute those responsible for initiating this attractive project. "Foreign Service Day" is not meant to be merely a homecoming day or an "Old Boys" reunion. Though this aspect will undoubtedly and deservedly be an important motivation for retirees to participate in large numbers, we hope that the "Day" will not be allowed to degenerate into a sterile social event. It has too much potential for that. We have high hopes for this project, and a great deal of pride that it is the Foreign Service which is making the first hopeful thrust over the horns of the dilemma. And if at some distant date our country regularly and consistently takes advantage of all the energy and knowledge available from its retirees, we will be happy to say that it started here, in the year 1965, on November 12th. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

THOSE six dazzling Smithsonian museums on Washington's Mall—surely the finest museum complex in the world—owe their existence to a glaring social injustice perpetrated in England during the reign of George III. In 1765, the Duke of Northumberland sired a bastard son who was named James Smithson. The mother, Elizabeth Macie, was no strumpet but a woman of good family who possessed charm, beauty and a substantial fortune. In 1775 she succeeded in having the Crown pronounce her child a British subject, but someone (presumably the Duke) had a damning proviso tacked on: James Smithson was enjoined from seeking an honorable career in politics, the services or the church.

Smithson defied the injunction by becoming a distinguished scientist. Nevertheless, he never recovered from the injury done to him. He carried through his lifetime a feeling that his country had repudiated him—that he was an outcast. His mind turned increasingly toward the United States, although he had neither relations nor friends there. When he died in 1829 he left his fortune of \$500,000 to found “at Washington under the name of the Smithsonian Institution an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.” But Washington almost missed its superb Smithsonian: President Jackson was not interested in accepting the legacy and several influential senators were downright hostile. The hero of the occasion was John Quincy Adams who threw his prestige into the fight for acceptance. Finally, in the autumn of 1839, the clipper ship *Mediator* put into the port of Philadelphia; in its hold there were 105 bags, each containing 100 English pounds in gold sovereigns. A new era in scientific research had begun.

In September (the 16th, 17th and 18th, to be exact), the Smithsonian staged a huge ceremonial to commemorate the 200th anniversary of James Smithson's birth and the great achievements that resulted from his bequest. From 90 nations came some 500 leading scholars-philosophers, mathematicians, zoologists, anthropologists, etc., etc. There was a colorful procession on the Mall, and most of the scholars wore cap and gown. There were learned sessions and re-

ceptions. Special music was composed for the celebration by John Perkins and Virgil Thomson. In the biggest event of all, President Johnson spoke to an audience of 2,000. Gazing at the handsome new History and Technology Building, the President said, “This is the treasure house of our inheritance.”

Its Real Mission

The public considers the Smithsonian Institution to be merely a collection of museums. This is incorrect. The Institution's primary activity is research. It was a pioneer, for instance, in weather forecasting and in space research. These activities developed into the Weather Bureau and NASA. They were released to become independent entities—“spin-offs,” in the words of the Institution's Secretary, S. Dillon Ripley. Current research delves into almost every nook and cranny of scientific advancement. Continuing activities include researches into soil, the movement of pollen, the nature of comets, the behavior of sharks, fish migrations.

But it is the museums that fascinate the public. There are six of these: the Museum of History and Technology, the Museum of Natural History, the Freer Gallery of Art, the National Air Museum and the Museum of Arts and Industries. (The Washington Zoo is a Smithsonian unit, and so will be the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.)

The museums are scattered along the Mall from Fourth Street to Fourteenth. Their architectural styles range from the gingerbread Romanesque of the original building to the ultra-modern of the History and Technology Museum. How long it would take to cover all the exhibits is anyone's guess—perhaps weeks even on roller-skates. The Victoria and Albert and the Louvre seem small in comparison.

Variety of Treasures

There is something for everyone: in the History and Technology Museum you may see the flag that once flew over Fort McHenry and inspired the “Star Spangled Banner.” You may study ancient musical instruments, including a 1637 Italian *colascione*, a 1607 *pandurina* and a 17th century

rebec. If this isn't your cup of tea, you can look at a tent used by George Washington, a Victorian merry-go-round, all the “First Ladies” dressed up in their inaugural gowns, the German Order of the Eagle given to Rommel by Hitler, the Revolutionary gunboat *Philadelphia*, to say nothing of stamps, coins, cars and trains.

For a change of venue, try the Museum of Natural History. It's got practically everything, including a 12-ton elephant—the biggest ever observed and the most sumptuous collection of precious stones you will ever see. This includes the Portugal Diamond, the Hope Diamond (44.5 carats), a topaz weighing 7725 carats and a beryl weighing 2054.

The entrance hall of the original building harbors a first-class Meissen soup tureen and a not-so-first-class portrait of Pocahontas. But all those who have trees in their gardens, planted by Pocahontas when she came to Washington in 1928 to open the DAR Convention, are pleased to see any likeness of this imposing personality.

At the Arts and Industries Building it's a mixed bag. Here you will find the Wright Brothers' plane and the Spirit of St. Louis, an 1810 Coachee, and the John Bull, an 1831 locomotive.

You can study missiles and capsules at the Air Museum. And the Friendship 7 will give you a graphic idea of what it is to be compressed into small space.

All in all, these museums show the whole majestic span of American Science and Technology.

You may then turn to the field of Art.

In the Freer Gallery you can beguile yourself with Tibetan thangkas, Armenian illuminations and perhaps more Whistlers than you yearn for. You will also observe the gallery itself: it is small and non-crowded—a delightful spot for contemplative romping around.

And then on to the smashing climax: the National Gallery—one of the greatest collections of art in the world housed in what must be the most agreeable gallery in the world. Because it was erected as a gallery and not for other purposes, e.g., the Louvre or the Pitti, every picture is presented with maximum effectiveness.

But indeed the *présentation* in all Smithsonian Museums approaches perfection.

Award of the Month

Washington has an oversupply of those winsome little rogues who bring their transistors into public buses and pluck out such things as Beatle songs, such contemporary masterpieces as "Sugar Pie, Honey Bun," to say nothing of "Wipe Out" and unctuous commercials till their fellow passengers become completely unhinged.

Let the fellow passengers brace themselves for good news. The Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Commission has banned the use of transistors on public buses. Let the November Award go, therefore, to the three worthy men who did the banning:

The Chairman, H. Lester Hooker; the Vice-Chairman, Brig. General Charles M. Duke, and Commissioner Edward D. Storm. "Let their names be writ in lofty letters of gold."

Frustrated Hope

Great is the pity that we must send another issue to press without giving you definite news of H.R. 8207, the Udall bill that proposed wage increases for all federal employees. Ever since we last mentioned it, the bill has been bucketing around committee hearings. Hope has waxed and waned. Various congressional leaders have assured us that the bill will pass this year, but they have hesitated to predict the size of the hike. The House Civil Service Committee decided it should be four per cent and the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee agreed on the figure, but feared that the President would veto the measure unless the rise was put at three per cent. There is a possibility that H.R. 8207 will be put over until next year.

New Magazine

Washington has got a new magazine, appropriately named the WASHINGTONIAN. It made its debut with an October issue. Many magazines bearing the names of cities or variants thereof make the mistake of aping the NEW YORKER. The WASHINGTONIAN avoids this error. While its focus is Washington, it shows originality in its articles and "departments." Two of its best articles in the first issue are "The South's Revenge for Appomattox," by Robert D. Heinl, and "My Home Towns," by Art Buchwald (his home towns are Washington and Paris; he makes several acute observations on living in Washington). What promises to be a first-rate department is "Power

on the Potomac," by Howard K. Smith. Other "departments" deal with wining and dining, shopping, the theater, the art galleries and the race track. The WASHINGTONIAN is a handsome production physically and its photography, drawings and advertising quite live up to its editorial content: its editor is Laughlin Phillips, and the magazine's address is 1218 Connecticut Avenue. The annual rate is \$5.00 a year; a single issue is 50¢.

If the magazine can maintain the standard set in the first issue, it will have a definite role to play in Washington life and it will deserve a long and prosperous life.

Twinges of Conscience

Even if you have but a single day in New York you couldn't do better than to hie yourself to the Metropolitan Museum which has staged one of the most stupendous exhibits ever seen in the country: "Three Centuries of American Painting."

No matter how many times you have examined American paintings in Museums, how many colored plates of American paintings your library contains, how many treatises on the subject you may have read, you will be overwhelmed by the Metropolitan's show. Here we have the whole sweep and panorama of American paintings from the earliest primitives up to the wildest contraptions of pop art.

In some spectators, the glow of admiration and pride may be succeeded

by a less pleasurable sensation. Why did we not see the full glory of American painting earlier? Enthusiasm for Géricault, Courbet, Matisse, Marquet, de la Fresnaye, etc.—why should this have blinded us to virtues of some magistral figures in our own country? Of course, we all know about Hicks, Ryder, Eakins, Homer, Innes, Marin. Museums and collectors scrambled to get their canvasses. But have we paid enough attention to Marsden Hartley, Maurice Prendergast, Childe Hassam, William Glackens, Lionel Feininger, Lee Gatch, Julien Binford, Alfred Chadbourn, Richard Florsheim, Charles Sheeler? The answer is—certainly not. This should be the chief merit of the Metropolitan show—to sharpen our perception of American painters who have not drawn the honor they merit.

One final practical matter. If you wonder how long it would take to do a swift, but intelligent, trip through the vast collection, the answer is: two hours.

Peaks on Parnassus

What is the most beautiful line of poetry in all world literature? Here is one candidate for the honor:

*Morte bella para
Nel suo bel viso.*

—Petrarch: *Trionfi*.

(And even death was beautiful on thy beautiful face.)

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by Robert W. Rinden



"There seems to be some mistake. What I asked for was two policemen to handle traffic at the Embassy reception."

The Foreign Service:

A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE

by SAMUEL D. BERGER*

SERVING at the National War College during this year I have had a fair amount of free time to spend on the work of the Foreign Service Association, and I have listened to a good many people express their views about the Association.

The impression I have is that many of our members feel the Association ought to be much more vigorous, positive, and effective. Traditionally the Foreign Service Association has been a professional society, rather decorous in its behavior and quiet in its public stance, and concerned with the professional character of the Service. Some members feel that the Association should be transformed into a kind of trade union that is concerned with grievances and complaints, with wages and retirement arrangements, and that kind of thing, as well as with the professional side of the Service. Others have pointed out that the armed services have their associations and journals, which are much more forthright, and much more vigorous in the public defense of the bread and butter issues of the services as well as of their professional character. It has been suggested that the Foreign Service Association should evolve toward this pattern.

There is, I think, something to be said for a certain evolution in this direction. But to achieve it is not easy. It takes a much larger staff—a full-time staff at headquarters and a very strong journal. Such an Association would need much larger funds and a very high degree of participation on the part of the elected officers and the committees. We don't have such funds and the participation in the work of the Foreign Service Association, as you can judge by the problem of creating a quorum, is by busy officers who have little time to spare. Still we are doing our best, and Tom Beale and Ambassador Harrington and the staff are to be thanked and complimented for what they have been able to do.

This year's reform of the by-laws to elect officers for two years is, I think, a very important one. A year is much too short for the elected officers to grasp the nature and range of problems that we have to deal with, and to develop an ability to follow through on them.

In addition to the two decisions taken by the previous board to establish a Committee on Career Principles and a Committee for a Symposium, another step has been taken this year to make the Foreign Service more effective. We have set up—I think this has been noted in the JOURNAL and

in the minutes—joint regular meetings with Mr. Crockett to discuss any and all questions which are on our minds and on his. We've had two long meetings and they have been very constructive. It will be for the next board to decide how to carry them on. I think that meetings of the kind we have started should be held once a month. I said we have had long unhurried meetings lasting for two or three hours. We have worked to an agenda choosing particular subjects which concern each or both of us. Mr. Crockett has brought a number of people to these meetings and we have been represented by Mr. Beale, Ambassador Harrington, Ambassador Matthews, and Keith Adamson. The discussions have been full and free ranging. We have discussed in depth the whole gamut of questions involved in USIS integration and the Hays Bill, and the Department's internal reorganization plans, on which Mr. Crockett was kind enough to expound in detail. We have discussed the standards of conduct and the problem of discipline; I will say more about that later on. We have gone into the problem of the health of the officers and their families in relation to the problem of assignments. We also have talked about the handicapped officer: the responsibilities of the Service to him, and his to the Service. At the next meeting we plan to discuss the whole question of retirement.

By agreement no subject is excluded from these discussions. We hope to be able to put our views forward on plans as they develop in the State Department and before they become crystallized, not necessarily because we expect our views to be accepted but because we want the administration to have the benefit of our views and take them into account as they formulate their own.

I detect a certain nostalgia among some of our officers for the time when the conduct of foreign affairs was relatively uncomplicated; when the Foreign Service was a small, select group in Washington and abroad, uncluttered by attachments of one kind or another, and engaged in diplomacy in traditional terms.

Those days are gone. Foreign affairs are now conducted through a vast and complicated mechanism and they embrace so many activities on so many fronts that it is difficult to comprehend them, let alone manage them. To an audience such as this one need not spell out their ramifications, but it

*Remarks of the Honorable Samuel D. Berger before the American Foreign Service Association, October 1, 1965.

is worth mentioning what we are involved in. There is the enormous AID apparatus, and USIS. There is intelligence, including our own very important State Department Bureau of Intelligence. Legal questions are involved in all kinds of matters. There are political-military and political-economic aspects of problems. There is the whole field of multilateral diplomacy. There are Congressional Relations. There are Public Relations which handle a great volume of correspondence, as well as numerous meetings and conferences. Alongside all this is the administrative side of problems: departmental management; problems of recruiting, training and assignment; problems of crisis management. There is a vast communications system to be managed.

What has happened to the practice and profession of diplomacy in this tangle of new problems, policies, organizations and people? What has happened to the Foreign Service, or to put it another way, to the profession of diplomacy? It is, I suggest, in danger of becoming engulfed and overwhelmed. It is this which lies at the core of our professional misgivings.

We are at the stage where the old methods, the old traditions, the old disciplines, the practices of the past have in part broken down, but we have yet to replace them with new methods, traditions and disciplines which combine certain practices of the old with the requirements of the new world in which we live. Let me give you some random illustrations:

It took from 1945 to 1961 to reestablish the principle that the Ambassador was the ultimate authority in the field in respect of the conduct of foreign policy. Here is an old and fundamental principle that finally reemerged in traditional form after sixteen years.

Another example: In the old days officers were expected to do any job and officers were regarded as interchangeable. That principle no longer has general validity. There is need in many parts of the Service for specialists who spend years acquiring an encyclopedic knowledge of a country, or an area, or a set of problems. There is no substitute for this kind of specialized knowledge and expert judgment. Here is a case where the old principles of interchangeability no longer apply. We can no longer afford to transfer such officers every three or four years, nor can we expect them to be assigned anywhere at any time. Moreover, we have to protect the specialist in promotion as against the generalist, or we will lose some of our most valuable officers. This whole question of assignments and of duration of assignments has to be reexamined in the light of the new and different requirements which we now face.

There is the question of the relationship of USIS and AID to State. There is, of course, need for policy coordination and execution, but there are also such questions as what standards of conduct and what discipline should be observed in these other agencies. I see no reason why they should be different from those in the Foreign Service. Here is an array of problems which I must say would baffle anyone.

There is the question of the entry into the Service of men from outside. I have always felt that Ambassadors from outside the Service can bring talent and experience which we need. I have always maintained that there should also be provision to bring selected people into the permanent service from the outside. Foreign policy is now conducted by a great variety of agencies and organizations. There are men with skills, experience, aptitudes and successful work in related fields who could greatly benefit the Service. I think we should welcome such people. But I would hope that in bringing them into the Service it would be done at the middle grades, so they can acquire on the job experience, for which there is no substitute in this work.

There is another problem: how to select and train officers for the great variety of tasks which we now find in the service.

There are no easy answers to these problems and those who wrestle with them day in and day out both in administration and those working on substantive problems know this so well. They both deserve our support and confidence.

There is one respect in which there has been great improvement in the Service. We now have housing allowances, educational aid, medical services, improved retirement benefits, home leave, and all of that. We have to thank all those who have worked toward these improvements, and not least Mr. Crockett, who over the years has played a very important part in obtaining these for us.

I said earlier that the traditional practice of diplomacy is in danger of being engulfed, and yet the work of the professional diplomat is no less important than it was in the past. Indeed, it is more important than ever before. The Department is a highly complicated organization which deals with 110 countries. The mission in the field under the Ambassador is the only place where day-in and day-out there is complete and utter preoccupation at a high and intimate level with the problems of a country and our relationship. Here is where traditional diplomacy counts most—where the experience and judgment and activities of the mission and the Ambassador have the greatest impact on our policy and its effectiveness.

How do we produce more better men for this work? Not more men, but better men. How do you train them for it? How do you develop the necessary skills, experience and judgment? It is one thing to train secretaries, fiscal officers, code clerks, administrative officers. It is quite another thing to train a substantive officer.

I have heard it said that there is really no difference between a Foreign Service officer and, say, a professor, except that the Foreign Service officer is available. I have heard it said that there is really no such thing as a Foreign Service profession. I think this is dangerous doctrine.

I have heard it said that all those engaged in the State Department and in overseas work are part of the profession of the Foreign Service. I don't want to quarrel over semantics but I think there is need for more precision in defining what we mean by the Foreign Service officer and the Foreign Service as a profession.

I can perhaps do this by comparing ours with the medical profession. The medical field embraces doctors, laboratory technicians, x-ray operators, anaesthetists, nurses, orderlies, hospital administrators, budget and fiscal officers, dieticians, medical lawyers, telephone operators, ambulance drivers and all the rest. But the doctors are the core of the profession. The others are supporting services, absolutely essential and of the greatest importance, but it is the doctors who stand in the forefront, and what counts is their education, their training, their skill, their experience, and their judgment.

The same is true of the Foreign Service. It is the substantive officers in the State Department and abroad who constitute the core of the profession. It is the quality of these officers that must preoccupy us if we are to produce a first class service. It is their education, their training, their skills, and, above all, their experience and judgment that in the final analysis will determine what kind of service we are and how well our foreign affairs are being managed. I do not mean to disparage in any way the importance of the supporting services, but if we lost sight of the essence of the profession, if we engulf the substantive officer, and see him only as one among many, then we are indeed headed for trouble.

Here then is the task as I see it for the Foreign Service Association: To deal with all problems, but above all to defend, protect, and advance the concept of the Foreign Service as a profession based on the substantive officer who have made a commitment to spend his life in this career. ■



Lafayette. Dr. Philip F. Dur, recently retired consul general at Nagoya, has been appointed to the Jefferson Caffery honorary professorship in Political Science at the University of Southwestern Louisiana. University president Joel L. Fletcher, left, made the announcement to Ambassador Caffery, center, and Dr. Dur.

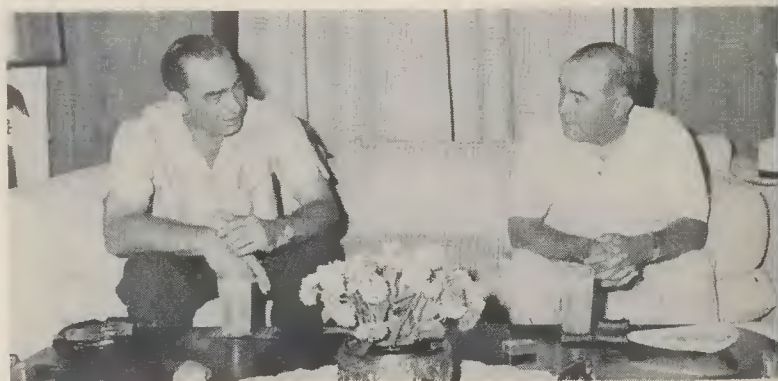
SERVICE GLIMPSSES



Tabriz. Departure festivities for Consul Carleton S. Coon and his family included being escorted by Vice Consul William H. Hallman in a droshky hired for the occasion to a farewell party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith. The arrival of the Coon family was heralded by a flourish of music and an unrolling of Persian carpets.



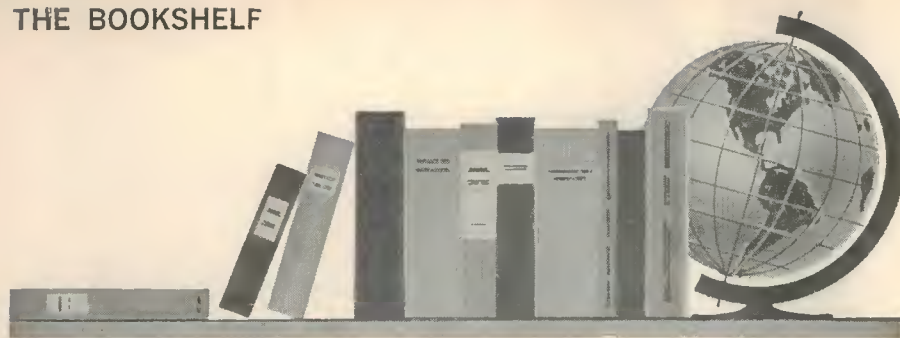
Rangoon. Ambassador Henry A. Byroade and Gene Sarazen, one of golf's great champions, enjoy a chat in the Ambassador's residence. Sarazen spent three days in Rangoon playing exhibition matches with Burmese golfers and conducting a clinic.



Veracruz. Maria Carolina Bargas, daughter of Consul St. John Bargas, carries the crown for the queen at the ceremony commemorating the 32nd anniversary of the founding of the Veracruz Athenicum.



Niamey. The completion of the telephone line between Ouagadougou, the capital of Upper Volta, and Niamey, the capital of the Republic of the Niger, found Mouddour Zakara, the Nigerian Minister of Post and Telecommunications, holding a smiling conversation with a colleague in Ouagadougou. Ambassador Robert Ryan spoke to assembled government personalities and construction workers to underline the fact that the line which now directly links the two capitals previously connected only via Paris.



Three on the Foreign Service

THREE monographs by staff members of the Herter committee cover respectively changes in the Foreign Service since the Rogers Act of 1924, the overseas activity of US domestic agencies, and how the Foreign Service assignment and promotion systems really work.

Arthur Jones' straightforward style and mastery of his material—Mr. Jones was the most active participant of all US officials in the events he describes—will probably give his readers a more lucid view of Foreign Service personnel developments since World War II than was available to most of the administrators who brought them about.

The Foreign Service Act of 1946, itself a compromise representing a partial consensus reached during the general post-war ferment on foreign affairs, had hardly begun to be applied before both the Department and the Congress commenced considering substantial changes. Since then, there has been in general terms a major study of the Foreign Service every other year. Sponsors have included the Executive Branch, the Department, the Congress and nongovernmental public bodies. These various committees have agreed that the main problems of the Foreign Service include extension of lateral entry, integration of the Departmental service, nurture of specialists and, lately, incorporation in some form of AID and USIA officers. The assumption behind all studies has been the need for a better trained, more flexible, more skilled or specialized, and more nearly unified instrument for pursuit of our objectives.

In view of all this activity it is surprising to observe the degree to which the Foreign Service Act of 1946 has stood up. Its persistence through the partial onslaughts from committees on all sides is a tribute to Selden Chapin and Andrew Foster, who were mainly responsible for its drafting. Their success may be an indication of the Foreign Service's qualifications for planning its own constitution and management. It is worthwhile recalling, as

Mr. Jones does, that Selden Chapin had an alternative plan ready in 1946 which provided for consolidation of the Foreign Service with key departmental personnel, the only respect in which the service has since been fundamentally altered. The Assistant Secretary for Administration decided not to use it then.

Robert Elder's study of the overseas activities of domestic agencies might well be subtitled, "Everybody wants to get into the act," and everybody either has, or is about to. After excluding those agencies primarily involved in foreign activities, i.e., AID, USIA, CIA, the Peace Corps and attachés of military services, he still finds approximately 20 agencies which use the services of about five percent of total American personnel abroad and 1½ percent of local employees. Mr. Elder looks at these activities both by function and by the personnel system under which each agency operates. He describes briefly the problems which each encounters with personnel abroad and their own estimates of their future requirements. Some of the latter incidentally will stagger many Foreign Service officers, and probably the Congress as well. In a short concluding section, Mr. Elder comes down on the side of a unified Foreign Service to take care of most, if not all, of the attaché type jobs abroad.

John Harr's monograph is a critical inquiry into how the Foreign Service personnel processes affect the individual officer. His three main chapters dissect assignment panels, describe and analyze selection boards, and lists some of the main objectives of the Career Development and Counseling Division.

By the time this review appears Mr. Harr's study will probably be two-thirds academic history, for CDC died in 1964 with some of its functions transferred to a new Career Management and Assignment Division, and the latter reportedly will lose its assignment function this year.

Although the sections on selection boards and CDC are excellent technical analyses, Mr. Harr's information

on both came from the outside. For six weeks he sat with personnel assignment panels, and thus he was able to write of them from personal, inside information. His description and analysis of the assignment process and of the people sitting on assignment panels are the best in print. They will be of much interest to FSOs whose careers have been mainly shaped by the action of these bodies, even though they cease to function this year. In this general regard, since Mr. Harr sat on the panel its composition has changed appreciably. It is no longer dominated to a significant degree by either political officers or examination-entry officers. The introduction of functional specialists, the Career Management Officers, on the panel has helped to resolve disputes between area branch chiefs and to create a better balance between immediate job needs on one side and long term personal and service objectives on the other.

In spite of a considerable admiration for the processes he describes, Mr. Harr concludes with doubts about their efficacy. There is not developing rapidly the diversification of skills which all committees since World War II have considered necessary for modern diplomacy. He suggests, however, that the search for the right answer should begin with a redefinition of US diplomacy.

And here indeed is the crux of the problem. The current Foreign Service systems are efficient at locating very able men within the Foreign Service and in placing them in the jobs which by general Service agreement are relatively crucial for US policy. These are likely to be geographic bureau desk jobs at home or selected political and economic section jobs abroad, but they may include, as Mr. Harr points out, assignments as personnel placement officers, or even as a special assistant to the Ambassador for matters involving a world fair.

Finally, one notes certain characteristics among all the groups since 1946 dealing with reform of the Foreign Service. Members have been US based and oriented. Their considerations have not been informed by first hand knowledge of how the Foreign Service actually works abroad. There has been a tendency for the various groups to be dominated by public members and the supporting staff from the Department to be Washington oriented administrative officers. All groups have begun their labors with the assumption that a much greater degree of specialization was required in the field, as well as Washington. In this general connection, there has

probably been some feeling, as well, that it is un-American to assign priorities among Foreign Service functional skills. It is indeed interesting to speculate about what recommendations might have come from a Foreign Service reform task force established on a Foreign Service oriented basis, dominated by substantive FSOs assisted by public members and administrative personnel with extensive overseas experience, and without any prior assumptions about Foreign Service requirements or priorities.

—SAMUEL YATES

THE EVOLUTION OF PERSONNEL SYSTEMS FOR U.S. FOREIGN AFFAIRS, by Arthur G. Jones. *Carnegie Endowment for International Peace*, \$1.45.

OVERSEAS REPRESENTATION AND SERVICES FOR FEDERAL DOMESTIC AGENCIES, by Robert E. Elder. *Carnegie Endowment for International Peace*, \$1.45.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAREERS IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE, by John E. Harr. *Carnegie Endowment for International Peace*, \$1.45.

As Others See Us

LARGE sums of money are spent each year to bring foreigners to the United States, to show them the country, and to send them back to their homelands. The theory behind these disbursements is that the visitors will thereafter be better able to accept our assurances as to the essential innocence of our political purposes. Dr. Bryant M. Wedge, a psychiatrist who heads the Institute for the Study of National Behavior at Princeton, New Jersey, has had the happy idea of making systematic interviews with some hundred escort-interpreters of the Department's Foreign Leaders Program to see how this works in practice. What, he asked, do these subsidized travelers know about us when they arrive, what do they learn while they are here, and what do they think of us when they leave?

As one might suppose, his general conclusion is that their visits are worthwhile. One picture is worth a thousand words, and the picture of us which our visitors see is certainly more to our advantage than what they have learned about us in their casual reading and film-going before coming here. Dr. Wedge also concludes that "indirect communication with Africans, Asians and Latin Americans appears to be best conducted through media of a concrete nature—by radio, television, the cinema exhibits, and exchanges, but not by lectures or the printed word."

The most useful feature of the book, however, is its exposition of how thin-skinned so many of our visitors seem to be in one respect or another. American ideas of informality con-

stantly clash with foreign notions of dignity and status. The examples of misunderstanding which Dr. Wedge cites are too numerous to describe here. Enough to say that anyone planning to take on the briefing of a foreign visitor would do well to read beforehand this catalogue of unwitting insult offered and offense taken.

European visitors are less trouble than those from other parts of the world, though travelers from Eastern Europe pose problems of their own. Dr. Wedge's account of the reactions of travelers from the Soviet Union is informative, but probably understates the extent to which such visitors prudently refrain from giving their escort-interpreters any very accurate glimpse into their real thoughts about America—or about their own country as well, for that matter.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

VISITORS TO THE UNITED STATES AND HOW THEY SEE US, by Bryant M. Wedge. *Van Nostrand*, \$4.95.

Finland Through the Years

DR. JOHN H. WUORINEN'S "A History of Finland" is a scholarly and well documented book written in a relaxed and readable style. It is the first history in English to cover in any detail the post World War II period of Finland.

In the beginning of the book he explodes certain myths to which we have become accustomed regarding the origin and earliest history of the Finns. He calls these myths the "fanciful constructions of the dilettante still taken for granted." What is the truth? No one really knows. His careful and accurate scholarship and his delight in showing up other historians' distortions run through the entire volume. He is a particular authority on the awakening of nationalism in the nineteenth century.

The facts are there. Dr. Wuorinen, formerly a Finn, now an American, is also in an excellent position to give his personal evaluation of the history and policies of Finland before, during and after the last war. While he may sometimes seem too pro-Finland, maintaining that almost always Finnish policies have turned out to be the wisest ones, it is difficult not to agree with him in almost every instance. These evaluations make the book somewhat controversial, which to this reader only adds spice.

Read as a whole the book gives an excellent historical perspective leading to present day Finland. The knowledge, understanding and appreciation which is given here for the first time of the Finnish foreign policy, social

structure, politics and economics of the last two decades make it, and I quote a distinguished and learned Finn, "a must for anyone coming to Finland as a member of a diplomatic mission." For the same reason it is also indispensable to anyone interested either in recent Scandinavian history or in East-West relations.

—RUTH THOMPSON

A HISTORY OF FINLAND, by John H. Wuorinen. *Columbia University Press*, \$10.00.

A Reminder

THIS book requires no review, only a reminder to our readers that this series of annual volumes is most valuable as a reference work. It is a companion to the "Documents on American Foreign Relations" which is published, also annually, under the same auspices. The 1963 review volume maintains the high quality of the series, and its narrative provides a useful perspective on how developments in the various parts of the world, in the United States, and in the United Nations unfolded during the year.

—M.F.H.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS 1963, by Richard P. Stebbins. *Council on Foreign Relations* (Harper & Row) \$6.95.

An Ill-Starred Traveler in Turkey

RECENTLY, when I forsook Ankara for a brief visit home, a New York publisher told me he would be interested in a book on Turkey. "Not a book on Turkey's problems and progress," he said, "but one of incidents in your life there, incidents that would both fascinate and horrify your reader, making him glad he was comfortably at home."

He might have been describing "Welcome the Wayfarer: A Traveller in Modern Turkey."

Nancy Phelan, an Australian, has a talent for colliding with *hizarre* and generally unpleasant events. I have traveled some fifteen thousand miles in Anatolia, but I have never had the misfortune to be an uncomfortable eavesdropper to lovemaking such as that which gave Mrs. Phelan a sleepless night in Trabzon. My family and I enjoyed a very pleasant lunch in the little mountain village of Akzeki, where poor Mrs. Phelan spent a nasty night. In Adana, where Mrs. Phelan suffered from the heat as well as from her hotel, again I was treated better. And, finally, I have never returned to a hotel room which I shared with a cheerful stranger to find the poor

woman dying amid a group of keen-ing women. Mrs. Phelan seems to have been unlucky in Turkey.

It is clear that a few years have elapsed since Mrs. Phelan suffered her Turkish adventures, for things have already improved in Anatolia. Since DDT has come into general use, even the dingiest hotels rarely board bed-bugs; today buses, equipped with hostesses and adjustable seats, are clean and comfortable. And if some intrepid reader wishes to enjoy some of Mrs. Phelan's adventure, let him be warned that the overcrowded trams that afforded her a quasi-erotic experience no longer traverse the Grande Rue in Istanbul.

It is surely a tribute to both the Turks and Mrs. Phelan that she ends her book, "All through the months I was groaning about hotels and buses and lavatories, I was falling in love, and though I was going away, I was leaving a part of my heart, as hostage against my return."

—REBECCA H. LATIMER

WELCOME THE WAYFARER: *A Traveller in Modern Turkey*, by Nancy Phelan. St. Martin's Press, \$6.50.

Note: This book was printed in England and uses English spelling throughout; therefore the "traveller."

German Political Life

KLAS BÖLLING, a young German journalist, currently engaged as a commentator with the North German Radio Network, has written a superior book on the politics of the German Federal Republic. The German edition, which appeared in 1963, enjoyed a considerable success as a sober, critical and yet non-pessimistic evaluation of postwar developments. Bölling is definitely not among the disengaged and alienated young German intellectuals frequently found in university or literary circles. He has a passionate interest in political processes and a degree of personal commitment to the success of democracy in Germany which are all too rare.

The figure of former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer naturally tends to dominate a book of this kind. As Chancellor for 14 years, Adenauer led his country through numerous crises, both foreign and domestic, into common acceptance as an equal by the other governments of Western Europe; he also molded the new institutions of the Federal Republic and established precedents for their use which will have a lasting effect on the future constitutional development of the country. Bölling's analysis gives due credit both to the strong and

weak points of Adenauer's contribution.

Bölling does not have the approach nor use the jargon of the behavioral scientist. He is always the shrewd, journalistic observer who has close personal familiarity with the events, personalities and trends he is describing. His book can be highly recommended to anyone desiring a fairly comprehensive analysis, at a high level of sophistication, of the political life of the Federal Republic of Germany—a country about whose institutions, it must be admitted, considerable ignorance still exists in the United States.

—MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND

REPUBLIC IN SUSPENSE: *Politics, Parties, and Personalities in Postwar Germany*, by Klaus Bölling. Praeger, \$6.50.

State of the UN

THIS is the third in the author's quinquennial surveys of the United Nations. Those familiar with the previous two volumes by Clark Eichelberger—active in UN affairs for the past twenty years as Executive Director of the American Association for the UN and now Vice President of the merged United Nations Association—will know what to expect: a craftsmanlike exposition of the varied activities of the UN (disarmament, peacekeeping, social and economic programs, and concern with human rights) and the Specialized Agencies, and a thoughtful analysis of the problems faced by the UN as it responds to the scientific and human revolutions of the last two decades.

Eichelberger's career (he was a consultant to the US Delegation at San Francisco) bridges the generation of the founding fathers, with their vision of a UN keeping the peace through collective security, and our own more pragmatic age, which tests the UN's utility against the hard operational problems of peacekeeping and against the challenges of social and technological change.

Eichelberger's outlook is tilted toward the earlier vision. He sees an ever-expanding UN involved in all the world's problems. His major plaint is that the UN is underused, notably in Viet-Nam. Occasionally this outlook leads Eichelberger to overoptimism about the UN's prowess. We take pride in the role the UN played during the Cuba missile crisis, in providing good offices, a negotiating site, and offering to serve as an inspectorate. Is it necessary to stretch history by stating that the UN "interposed" itself between the US and USSR and thus saved the peace?

Only excessive hope and optimism can read into the Soviet peacekeeping memorandum of last July—a patent maneuver to sidetrack practical discussions over the peacekeeping-financing dispute—"the faint beginning of a movement back to collective security."

Such lapses apart, Eichelberger's appraisal of the state of the UN is sound, informative, and a useful back-grounder for the International Cooperation Year.

—N. A. PELCOVITS

UN: THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS, by Clark M. Eichelberger. Harper & Row, \$3.50.

Pictorial Protest

SOCIAL criticism in photo essay form can be devastating, and "O, Say Can You See?" most assuredly is. Helen and Philp Stern have used excellent photographs taken by George De Vincent (at their direction) in 1965 and have put them together in such a way that the contrasts portrayed will move almost any reader, no matter how thick his skin. The Stern captions, sharp and short, carrying facts of 1965, put an extra cutting edge on the visual impressions.

Washington, headquarters for all of us and home to many of us, surely deserves more than a passing glance from readers of the JOURNAL. Its problems are important to us; sometimes we can help with the solutions.

It is fortunate that even since publication of this powerful tract in photo-essay form, some of the legislation passed by the Congress at the request of President Johnson has provided ways to solve some of the worst problems depicted. However, as readers presently in Washington may have noted, such sad situations as the poor condition of Shaw Junior High School have not been solved as yet.

The authors have listed in their last few pages the members of Congress who, in effect, act as the District of Columbia's board of legislative governors. Although we suppose that the purpose may be to encourage a barrage of protest directed at these gentlemen, I have the feeling that more may be accomplished by sending them the results of your own direct observations of the situation. Few members of Congress with whom I have talked over the years fail to give reasonable attention to honest observations. It is the man who shouts merely because someone asks him to shout who is looked upon with suspicion and whose views may not carry very far.

The Acropolis Books division of Washington's Colortone Press deserves

a pat on the back for putting out this attractive and constructive book.

—REED HARRIS

O, SAY CAN YOU SEE?, by Helen B. and Philip M. Stern with photographs by George De Vincent. Acropolis Books, Colortone Press, \$2.95 (cloth), \$1.50 (paper).

African Scholarship

RESEARCH on Africa has fully come of age. This development may be difficult to measure from year to year, but like the process of growing up it is strikingly evident at the end of a decade. Ten years ago, for example, the practical survey of Africa was a journalist's travelogue, Gunther's "Inside Africa," while the standard compendium was still Lord Hailey's "An African Survey." Now the surveys have become textbooks, and compendiums have given way before a flood of monographic studies.

Two books dramatically illustrate this new era of specialized scholarship. Lystad's collection of essays, "The African World," is an impressive analysis of social science research on Africa. Coleman and Roseberg's symposium, "Political Parties and National Integration in Tropical Africa" illustrates the knowledgeable work being done in the United States in this particular field of enquiry.

The Lystad volume was commissioned by the African Studies Association—itself a product of the recent increase in Africanists—and consists of eighteen essays by authorities in their respective fields: e.g., historical, political, legal, economic and social; geographic, biological and agricultural; and linguistic, psychological and cultural. The studies are bibliographical, in that they point out the significant contributions of scholars in each of these fields and include almost seventy pages of sources. They also interpret the mainstreams of intellectual development within these fields. Thus, Fage's essay on history describes the revolution which has taken place since World War II in thinking about Africa's past; Glickman's essay on political science emphasizes the recent trend toward inter-disciplinary approaches to African problems; and Kamark's essay on economics explores the application of the developmental approach to Africa. Similarly, Greenberg, Sieber, Merriam and Bascom writing respectively on language, art, music and literature both record the advances in learning in these fields and open up new possibilities for future research.

No one would call Lystad's collection of essays popular reading, nor is it a useful handbook for most prac-



"Talking Drummer"

by Jack W. Juergens

This drummer in the entourage of the Tini of Ede in western Nigeria is sending messages to other drummers within hearing distance. The "jungle telegraph" is still utilized in remote areas.

ticing diplomats. But it is a survey of the monumental amount of research which is rapidly building up on Africa and records more effectively than any other book or periodical the giant strides which scholars have taken in recent years in their study of the African continent.

The Coleman and Roseberg volume does two things. It explores the major variations in the central theme of emerging one-party systems in Africa, and it surveys the way these parties deal with non-political groups, traditional oligarchies and diverse geographic units within the state. Some nineteen scholars contributed to this study, and, symbolizing the new look in scholarship, over half of them were born in the nineteen-thirties. Twelve sub-Saharan party systems are analyzed in detail: Senegal, Ivory Coast, Sierra Leone, Cameroon, Guinea, Mali, Ghana, Liberia, Zanzibar, Somalia, Congo (L), and Nigeria. Four non-party groups are also studied: voluntary associations, trade unions, traditional rules and students. The conclusion is a formidable essay in which the editors generalize on the one-party system in Africa, the compulsions of its leaders and the patterns of political practice. A recurring emphasis of the book is the crucial role of parties in achieving national uni-

fication in Africa, since in the absence of our strong national institutions they also assume many of the tasks of government.

—FRED L. HADSEL

THE AFRICAN WORLD, A SURVEY OF SOCIAL RESEARCH, by Robert A. Lystad, Editor, Praeger, \$15.00.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND NATIONAL INTEGRATION IN TROPICAL AFRICA, by James S. Coleman and Carl G. Roseberg, Jr., Editors. University of California Press, \$10.00.

Churchill's Mighty Career

THIS book describes, in words and pictures, the whole mighty sweep of Winston Churchill's career. It shows such a lordly presence that readers are likely to be as much impressed by its physical details as by its contents. It measures 12½ x 9½ inches. It weighs 3¾ pounds. It has 264 pages and 330 photographs. The photographs, both in color and black-and-white, range from a portrait by Steichen—one of Steichen's greatest achievements—to two cards that accompanied flowers at Churchill's grave: "To my darling Winston—Clemmie" and the other "From the Nation and the Commonwealth in grateful remembrance—Elizabeth R." In between, we get Churchill as a child, Churchill addressing crowds, Churchill with Roosevelt, with Truman, with Stalin, with divers kings and queens, Churchill asleep, Churchill in a variety of colorful uniforms. In mood, they range from somber (the slaughter in the Meuse-Argonne offensive of the First World War), to giddy (Churchill walking with a buxom Maxine Elliott on a golf course at Cannes). There are many spectacular photographs and the most spectacular of all is a two page spread bearing the caption "A last walk towards the Atlas Mountains, Marrakech, 1959." The format is a triumph for the Viking Press.

And the text is a triumph for the TIMES of London. Every phase of Churchill's long career is covered in sinewy, effective prose. While it is naturally full of eulogy, it is not fulsome. Some of Churchill's failings are explicitly treated, e.g., misjudging the mood of the British people on occasion.

There are certain added values, such as a genealogical table, copious quotations from Churchill's speeches, a chronological summary of Churchill's life, a list of Churchill's books and speeches and a list of the people who attended the funeral. There is a good index.

—OLIVER E. SARGEANT

THE CHURCHILL YEARS, text by the TIMES of London. Viking, \$16.50.

THEY WILL SERVE TWO YEARS

U. Alexis Johnson



U. ALEXIS JOHNSON was confirmed by the Senate as Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs on September 24, 1965. This is the second time he has held the post. His first term which began on May 2, 1961 ended on June 23, 1964 when he was named Deputy Ambassador to Vietnam.

Born at Falun, Kansas, on October 17, 1908, Mr. Johnson attended Occidental College where he received his bachelor's degree in 1931. During the following school year he studied at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service. Mr. Johnson was granted an LL.D. degree by Occidental in 1957.

After working for three years in private business following the completion of his studies at Georgetown, Mr. Johnson joined the Foreign Service in 1935, and was assigned to Tokyo as a Japanese language officer. He was transferred to Seoul two years later and then reassigned to Tientsin in 1939. During the next year Mr. Johnson was transferred to Mukden where he was interned at the outbreak of war in 1941.

He was exchanged in the summer of 1942 and assigned to Rio de Janeiro. In 1944 he was assigned to the Army Civil Affairs Training School Program and, immediately following the fall of Manila, was assigned in March 1945 as Consul in that city.

At the time of the surrender of Japan he was assigned to General MacArthur's staff and served in Japan and Korea. In October of 1945 he was also assigned as American Consul at Yokohama and was named Consul General in 1947. He was decorated with the Medal of Freedom for his work with General MacArthur's headquarters in connection with the repatriation of prisoners of war and civilian internees from the Philippines, Japan and Korea.

In 1949 Mr. Johnson became Deputy Director of the Office of Northeast Asian Affairs in the Department of State; and subsequently Director of that Office.

In 1951 he was appointed Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. During this period he was also a member of the United States Delegation to the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference at San Francisco.

These are the officers and members of the Board of Directors, new and re-elected, of the American Foreign Service Association. This election ushered in three changes: 1. The new Board will serve for two years instead of one year as hitherto; 2. The new Board consists of eleven members instead of ten as hitherto; and 3. There are now two vice presidents instead of one as hitherto.

In 1953 he was appointed by President Eisenhower as United States Ambassador to Czechoslovakia. During the following year he was detailed as Coordinator of the United States Delegation to the Geneva Conference on Korea and Indochina. In 1955, concurrent with his duties as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, he was designated also as United States Representative to the Ambassadorial level talks with Communist China at Geneva.

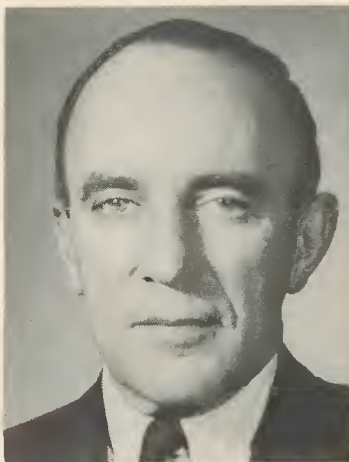
Mr. Johnson was named Ambassador to Thailand and United States SEATO Council Representative in 1958.

He received the Career Service Award from the National Civil Service League in April 1964.

This is his second term as president of the Foreign Service Association. His first extended from September 26, 1963 until his departure for Saigon in June, 1964.

Mr. Johnson is married to the former Patricia Ann Tillman, and they have four children: Jenifer (Mrs. Maitri Mojdera), William, Stephen and Judith (Mrs. Mason S. Zerbe, Jr., of Omaha, Nebraska). Stephen is a Foreign Service officer.

Douglas MacArthur II



DOUGLAS MACARTHUR II was born in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, in 1909. He attended public schools and later was graduated from Milton Academy in 1928. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale University in 1932.

After serving in the United States Army for two and a half years, he became a Foreign Service officer in 1935. In addition to serving in the Department of State in Washington, he has held posts in Canada, Italy, Portugal, France, Japan and Belgium, and has also participated in many international conferences.

Mr. MacArthur was assigned to the American Embassy, Paris, in 1938.

In 1940, following the German occupation of France, Mr. MacArthur was assigned to the United States Embassy in Vichy where he worked with the French Resistance. After the Allied landings in North Africa, he was interned in Germany from 1942 to 1944.

In early 1944, he was included in an exchange of diplomatic personnel and returned to the Department of State.



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He worked on French affairs until the Normandy landings, following which he was assigned to Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEF) in Normandy, where he served as an Assistant Political Adviser to General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

After the liberation of France, Mr. MacArthur was assigned to the United States Embassy at Paris from 1944 to 1948 and the United States Embassy at Brussels from 1948 to 1949.

He was appointed Chief of the Division of Western European Affairs in the Department of State in 1949, and subsequently Deputy Director of the Office of European Regional Affairs when this office was organized in 1949 to back-stop NATO affairs. In 1951 and 1952 he served as Political Adviser to General Eisenhower at SHAPE, the NATO military headquarters outside Paris.

Early in 1953, President Eisenhower appointed him the Counselor of the US Department of State. In that capacity, Mr. MacArthur attended many of the international conferences in which the United States participated. He worked closely with the President and with the Secretary of State as "Coordinator" of United States plans and policies for many international conferences, including the 1953 Big Three Bermuda Conference where President Eisenhower, Prime Minister Churchill and French Premier Laniel met; the Berlin Conference with the Soviets on Germany and European security in 1954; the Geneva Conference of 1954 on Korea and Indo-China; the Geneva Conference of Heads of Government (Summit) in 1955; the subsequent four-power (US, UK, French, Soviet) Geneva Foreign Ministers Conference in 1955; and the SEATO Conferences in Manila (1954), Bangkok (1955), and Karachi (1956).

He was the principal US negotiator of "The SEATO Treaty" (Southeast Asia Collective Defense Organization).

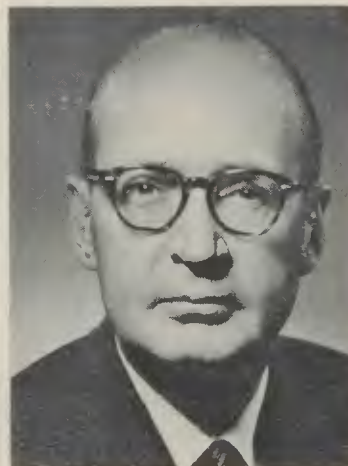
Mr. MacArthur served as Ambassador to Japan from December 1956 until March 1961. He negotiated for the United States "The Treaty of Mutual Cooperation and Security" with Japan which was signed at the White House in January, 1960.

From April 1961 to February 1965 he served as United States Ambassador to Belgium. His next post was Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations.

Mr. MacArthur has been active in Red Cross affairs and has served as Chairman of the Department of State's Red Cross blood donor program. He played football at Yale and is a baseball and boxing fan. His hobbies are boating, skin diving, water skiing and both small and big game shooting.

Mrs. MacArthur is the former Laura Louise Barkley, daughter of the late Vice President Alben W. Barkley. The MacArthurs have a daughter, Mimi.

Ambassador Robert F. Woodward



AMBASSADOR ROBERT F. WOODWARD was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota on October 1, 1908 and was graduated from the University of Minnesota. He was appointed a Foreign Service officer in December, 1931, and began his career as Vice Consul at Winnipeg, Canada, in January, 1932. Other Vice Consul posts he has held were in Buenos Aires, Bogota, and Rio de Janeiro.

In 1939 Mr. Woodward served as Assistant Chief of the Division of American Republics, a post he held until 1942 when he was assigned to the Embassy at LaPaz as Second Secretary. He returned to

the State Department in 1944 to serve briefly as Assistant Chief of the Division of North and West Coast Affairs.

He was assigned to Guatemala City in 1944. He was sent as Deputy Chief of Mission to Havana in 1945. In 1947 he was named Deputy Director of the Office of American Republics Affairs in the State Department and in 1949 he attended the National War College.

In 1950 Ambassador Woodward was assigned as Deputy Chief of Mission to Stockholm where he remained until 1952 when he returned to the State Department and was named Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel. In 1953 he became Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs and in 1953, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. In 1954 he was appointed Ambassador to Costa Rica; in 1958, Ambassador to Uruguay; and in 1961, Ambassador to Chile. In 1961 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and on March 27, 1962, Ambassador to Spain.

Ambassador Woodward is married and has two children.

John H. Stutesman, Jr.



RAISED on Regular Army posts, John Stutesman started traveling at an early age. He graduated from Princeton University in 1942 and then served through the war in Africa and Italy with the 88th Infantry Division.

Commissioned Foreign Service officer in 1946, he has been posted overseas at Shanghai, Tehran, Paris (USRO) and La Paz. He has also served in a variety of jobs in the Department, and is now Chairman of the Executive Studies program of the Foreign Service Institute.

His wife, Mary, is a talented painter. They have two children.

Peter P. Lord



PETER P. LORD is Colombia desk officer in the Department's Bureau of Inter American Affairs. He has previously served in Caracas, Khorramshahr, and in the Department. Before entering the Foreign Service in 1956, Mr. Lord spent three years as an officer in the Navy, assigned to the heavy cruiser *Baltimore*. He holds an M.A. degree from Columbia University and an A.B. from Harvard College. Mr. Lord is a native of Massachusetts.

Harriet Isom



THE most junior member of the Board is Harriet Isom, a tall size, 28-year-old Westerner and FSO-6. Raised on a ranch in the back hills of eastern Oregon, Miss Isom is a chauvinist on the beauties and life of the Far West. She was "citified" and educated at Mills College in the San Francisco Bay area and the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in a Boston suburb.

Entering the Foreign Service in 1961, she wrote on her preference sheet a "hardship post in Southeast Asia." The first part was satisfied with a year of the courses (including Indonesian language training) and the cuisine at FSI, the latter by a two-year assignment as a Central Complement Officer in Kuala Lumpur.

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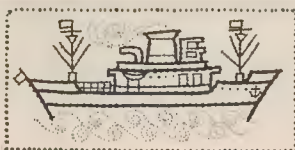
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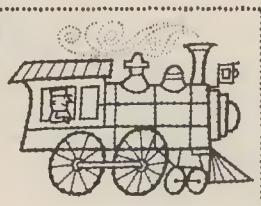
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Listing Indonesia as a first, second and third choice on her next preference sheet, she was assigned back to Washington, D. C. For the past year she has been an Associate Watch Officer and an Editor in what newspaper reporters rather unflatteringly call the State Department's "flap house," i.e., The Operations Center. She moves on this month to a job in the Personnel Division.

Outside work hours she pursues the usual habits of reading, movies, bridge, housecleaning, music, parties, and theater. She also likes to dabble with gourmet recipes and hi-fi equipment, to harass local garages with the problems of a right-hand drive-suspensionless-heaterless TR-4, and periodically to attempt (always unsuccessfully) some new sport.

Robert Donhauser



ROBERT DONHAUSER was born in Albany, N. Y., May 29, 1918.

He attended Albany Academy, the Taft School and Yale University where he acquired an MS in archeology. He became a Foreign Service officer in 1942 and has remained one except for his army service (1943-45). His posts have included Stockholm and the Hague. Between March 1959 and 1960 he was special assistant to the Deputy Secretary of State for Political Affairs. He spent the year 1959-60 in the National War College and in 1961 went to Singapore as Deputy Principal Officer. He is now Deputy Chief of the Senior Officers Division.

Some notes on Mr. Donhauser's non-career activities are supplied by his wife, the former Louise Herrick, whom he met in a park when they were both one-year-olds:

"During his college years he managed to scrape up enough money (spraying apple trees on the family farm) to make three trips to Europe. He got a job with an archeologist who had turned up some remarkable things in the Cathedral of St. Denis. He also got to know Franec, Germany, Austria, England and Ireland.

"He collects paintings, books and objets d'art. He is a keen gardener. This year he had a big success with tulips, daffodils, clematis, bleeding heart, and roses."

The Donhausers have four children.

Howard Vern Funk, Jr.



HOWARD VERN FUNK, JR., was born in Bronxville, New York, on October 2, 1929. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania, in 1951. After service in the United States Army including overseas duty in Hawaii and Korea, Mr. Funk entered graduate school at the University of Missouri where he received a Master of Arts degree (journalism) in 1957.

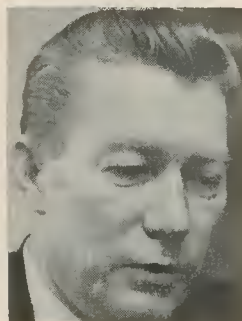
After joining the Foreign Service in 1957, Mr. Funk was assigned as Personnel Technician in the Personnel Operations Division. In 1959 he was transferred to the United States Consulate in Kampala, Uganda, as Consular Officer. An assignment as Economic Officer at the Embassy in Accra, Ghana, followed in 1962. Mr. Funk returned to the Department in 1964 as Placement Officer in the Career Management and Assignments Division. He is presently assigned as Staff Assistant to Under Secretary Thomas C. Mann.

Mr. Funk is married to the former Jill Elizabeth MacFadyen of Flemington, New Jersey, and they have a son, Howard Vern Funk, III, and a daughter, Anne Stewart Funk.



BORN in Chicago in 1929; raised in Europe and Chicago and attended public and private schools in the city before entering the University of Chicago where he received PhB and BA degrees and was captain of the fencing team; had US Air Force service in Korea; in 1956 awarded an MA in history from the University of Illinois and entered the Foreign Service; had administrative, economic, and commercial assignments in Karachi, Casablanca, and Leopoldville; assigned for a year's graduate economic and African studies at Northwestern University; served on the US delegation to the 1963 Economic Commission for Africa meeting; last overseas post was acting principal officer in Stanleyville where he and his staff were held hostage by rebel forces for three months before being rescued by US flown Belgian paratroopers in November, 1964; received the Secretary's Award in June, 1965; currently serving in the Operations Center; married to the former Jo Wasson and has four children in grades ranging from kindergarten to high school.

CONTINUING TO SERVE



KEITH E. ADAMSON is the Deputy Director of the Voice of America, the radio arm of the US Information Agency. A career Foreign Service officer, Mr. Adamson entered government service with the Federal Housing Administration in 1939. Mr. Adamson moved to his first assignment with the Department in the Radio and Motion Picture section of the Cultural Relations Division when Cordell Hull was secretary of State. He recalls learning the proper drafting of instructions under the watchful eye of Miss Lincoln who could spot a split infinitive from fifty paces.

Born in Sedgwick, Kansas, December 15, 1917, Mr. Adamson holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from George Washington University. From 1943 to 1946 he served as a lieutenant with the US Navy.

Mr. Adamson's first foreign assignment was Cairo under Jefferson Caffery. He left Cairo just a month ahead of King Farouk in 1952 and returned to Washington to supervise Motion Picture Production, woke up on August 1, 1953, to discover he was working for the US Information Agency instead of the Department. He received the Agency's Meritorious Service Award in 1956.

After a short stint in Guatemala and Mexico to produce films on "Communism in Guatemala," Mr. Adamson went to Ankara as Deputy Public Affairs Officer. He also served in Istanbul as Public Affairs Officer. Back in Washington in 1958 he spent a year at the Army War College and then moved into the Agency's Near East Area office under Bill Handley. His most recent foreign post was Bogotá, Colombia, where he was Public Affairs Officer from 1961 to 1963. He was named Deputy Director of the Voice of America in October 1963 and now helps supervise the world-wide radio network of the USIA and its 800 hours a week of broadcasting in 37 languages.

Mr. Adamson is married to the former Rowena Elaine LaCoste of Lafayette, Louisiana. Mrs. Adamson is a specialist

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in the teaching of English as a foreign language. The Adamsons live in McLean, Virginia, and have four children and two grandchildren.



FRANK V. ORTIZ, JR., was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on March 14, 1926. He was graduated from Georgetown University where he majored in Foreign Service. He has also attended summer courses at the University of New Mexico, the University of Madrid, and the American University of Beirut. He served as a telegram review clerk for the Senate Sergeant at Arms and as liaison officer on the floor of the U. S. Senate in 1943. In

1944 he enlisted in the Army Air Force and participated in the air offensive against Japan. After passing the examinations he entered the State Department in 1951. He has served as Assistant Desk Officer for Egypt, Third Secretary of the American Embassy in Ethiopia, and has had two assignments to the American Embassy in Mexico City. On his last tour in Mexico he served as Special Assistant to the American Ambassador and in this capacity helped negotiate a settlement of the Chamizal dispute between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Ortiz has also worked as a Special Assistant to the Operations Coordinator and as Staff Assistant to the Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. He is presently assigned to the State Department where he is Officer in Charge of Spanish Affairs. Mr. Ortiz is married to the former Dolores Duke. The couple has four children.



DAVID H. MCKILLOP was born in Arizona on February 2, 1916; raised in Newton, Massachusetts, where he attended the public schools; graduated from Harvard College, AB 1937 and received an MA in 1939; taught history at the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind in 1940 and 1941 before joining the Foreign Service in March 1941 with a first assignment at Zurich, Switzerland. Subsequently served abroad in Berlin, Stockholm, Hamburg, Basra, Hong Kong, Tunis and Brussels; had two previous tours in the former office of Atomic Energy Affairs (S/AE) and served as liaison officer with Afro-Asian Delegations at the 11th UNGA in New York; currently is serving in the Department as the Director of the Office of Western European Affairs; attended the National War College as a member of the Class of 1955; married to the former Stratton Nicolson Griswold, he has five children.



PATRICIA M. BYRNE was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and educated at Vassar College and the School of Advanced International Studies. After eighteen months with the Foreign Broadcast Information Service, she was sworn into the Foreign Service on July 9, 1949. She has served at Athens, Saigon, the Department, Izmir, Ankara, and Vientiane. Her current assignment is in the office of United Nations Political Affairs. Miss Byrne was a member of the JOURNAL Editorial Board in 1957-58.

(Continued from page 21)

Nevertheless, there is room for improvement in our foreign affairs establishment. Even in a city built by bureaucracy, the State Department is an object of bureaucratic awe. Housed in a mammoth eight-floor edifice that covers four square blocks, whose exterior, according to James Reston of the New York TIMES, "has about as much character as a chewing gum factory in Los Angeles," the Department has some five miles of corridors—in the reaches of which it is so easy to lose the way that visitors are given floor maps to help them reach their destination. Like Pelion upon Ossa, administrative and management units are making the structure top-heavy; so many programs, projects, and plans for the personnel jostle the process of policy formulation that one wonders when—not whether—the machine will master the man. Home staffing has flourished and personnel have gone forth and multiplied at every embassy overseas. Although there may be reasons for such madness, including the obligation to perform chores for other agencies serving the public abroad, the bystander can be forgiven if he asks: Is such size really necessary for what the administrators refer to as our "foreign affairs complex"; and if not, why does it take so many to do a given job? The comparable bureaucracies of other countries, such as Britain or France, have changed scarcely at all since before World War II; they do not, of course, have comparable responsibilities, but their basic business of conducting relations with other countries does not seem to call for double or triple the former staffs.

Under the chairmanship of Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington, a Senate Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations delved exhaustively into questions affecting the image and the operation of the Foreign Service during hearings held in the summer and fall of 1963. It brought to light some of the extraordinary handicaps to which the State Department is subject in the policy-making process; it turned the beam of publicity on faults in the structure and gave a selected group of ambassadors the chance to unburden themselves of pent-up suggestions and recommendations. The constructive exercise pointed up one of the chief difficulties, which goes hand in hand with the proliferation of personnel: the stultifying practice of decision by committee. Endless committees and endless committee clearances are required before policy decisions can be carried out, although efforts are made periodically to discourage their growth. The Department—like a Hydra-headed monster—seems to sprout two committees every time one is knocked off. Committees naturally cannot thrive without untold man-hours of meetings; and nothing can stall a decision, inhibit the thought process, or take the teeth out of a foreign policy faster than to submit a problem to an interoffice conclave or a huddle of spokesmen from different branches of the government, each with an itchy finger in the policy-making pic. Secretary Dean Rusk himself was a witness at the hearings and testified on these internal obstructions to the free flow of thought.

Other impedimenta thwart the maker of policy and contribute to his reputation—wholly undeserved—as inept, inefficient, or incompetent. To an extent that may be unimaginable on the outside looking in, those on the inside looking out are subject to influences quite unrelated to



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what would be considered by the public a logical and normal course of action. An expert may recommend; but those who decide must take into account any number of considerations not readily visible on the surface; possible repercussions in Congress; the reaction of that amorphous specter, public opinion, to, say, the recognition of a Latin-American dictator; the pressure of a senator pressed for votes; the attitude of an ally, as in the Skybolt affair with the British, and the consequences to that ally of a unilateral move; whether one or more of our vocal minority groups will approve or object, as in the signing of a nuclear test ban with Russia; whether some hidden aspect will play into the hands of the political opposition. As we shall note in more detail later on, it is not always simple to set a policy in motion; if the Department sometimes swings like a weathervane in the prevailing breeze, it may be that its better judgment has been subordinated to factors which few know exist.

Considering the earth-shaking changes wrought by two great wars, which dropped the liabilities as well as the privileges of leadership into our unreciprocated laps, and considering the small cost to the taxpayer, the Foreign Service functions today with astonishing efficiency. Like a picked battalion, it keeps vigil around the clock. To prevent wars from brewing, to safeguard the American stake in foreign lands, to promote the American ideal, to gauge the climate of a Cold War, State Department officials never sleep. There is, however, urgent need to attract more people with superior—rather than average—qualifications; to encourage them to look forward, at the peak of their careers, to becoming ambassadors instead of seeing the ultimate prizes carried off by politicians. There is need to rescue the morale of the career from the parlous state into which, for a variety of causes, it has drifted. There is urgent need to reduce the red tape and to use a scythe on the paper underbrush that retards the policy makers in their work. There is need to strike a responsive chord in Congress, in the press, and in the mind of the public—in short, to replace the tarnished image with a shiny modern version.

The Foreign Service officer is, in brief, a prophet without honor in his own country; judging by foreign comment, more sympathetic understanding exists abroad. To see ourselves as others see us, let the London *ECONOMIST* hold up a candid mirror:

The American Foreign Service has always worked under extreme difficulties and looked forward to few rewards. Its members always knew that both the important diplomatic positions and the desirable, but less important, ones would go to the politically faithful—and that their role would too often be the thankless one of trying, from subordinate positions, to prevent international illiterates from making major blunders. In their declining years they might find themselves, if they were lucky, as Minister in some capital with an unpleasant climate. Under the circumstances, the United States got more devoted service and more efficient work from its diplomats than it deserved.

The Service could do with a little encouragement. Instead of carping, instead of censuring out of hand a professional corps that devotes all its energies to their welfare, the American people might try to study the working of the State Department and to make allowances for some of its problems. ■



Church of Sant' Eustachio, near the Pantheon, site of the fragmented Roman columns excavated in 1934.

(Continued from page 30)

The half-hearted and futile search for the colossus at the behest of Maes in 1882 and the discovery of only some broken columns at the approximate site of the obelisk during street repair work in 1934 do not prove that it does not exist. We have no reason to call into question the eyewitness accounts of Rossini and Vescovati. What it suggests, however, is that the excavation did not dig deep enough. This conclusion fairly leaps at the reader in comparing the pertinent passages of the Maes pamphlet and the declaration of Professor Galli on behalf of the city late last year.

Maes notes that Engineer Vescovati after reporting on his father's discovery added that five or six years ago—this would make it circa 1875—he himself was put in charge of repairing the pipes for the Bernini fountains in Piazza Navona. On that occasion new water conduits were laid above the old unservicable ones. The project, according to Vescovati, required an excavation of just about 2 meters (6 feet); the obelisk on the other hand is buried at a depth of 7 to 8 meters (21-24 feet) precisely under the strata of calcified soil over which pass the water pipes for the fountain. Vescovati takes pains to point out that this depth is *considerably below the level of the column the base of which is visible in the Patrizi cellars about 2 meters below the street surface.*

In dismissing the Rossini claim, however, Professor Galli states with complete conviction that the 1882 excavations at the behest of Maes "reached the level of the well-known conduits without finding a trace of the obelisk; the search uncovered components of the Alexandrine Baths. Several columns were collected and brought to the surface."

Given these conflicting claims it is clear that only pick, shovel and bulldozer can render the final judgment. This was the impassioned appeal of Maes three generations ago. It remains our hope today. With electronic instruments now available to map the outline of sub-surface objects such as the rubidium vapor magnetometer employed by University of Pennsylvania archeologists in rediscovering the ancient Greek metropolis of Sybaris, the missing obelisk poses its patient challenge to modern day researchers.

The evidence merits investigation. ■

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(Continued from page 26)

and the yellow discs of their eyes caught by the lantern's gleam. Sometimes they came close to grab a bone from the hand of the Hyena Man and then we could see them quite clearly. They were a dull ochre color, had rough spotted coats and short back legs that gave them a hang-dog slouch.

What surprised us most was their size. Some of them were as large as small donkeys. The more the man yelled, the more they came. It was almost as though they came in spite of his yelling rather than because of it. Suddenly a woman shouted something to the man. Martine interrupted, "It is his landlady. She is demanding her rent." There was an altercation and the hyenas began to make a fast exit. Mohammed could not mollify landladies. She was adamant and he had to pay up.

Now the Hyena Man had the problem of re-recruiting his performers. He went to his house and came back with further inducement, a gray mass of stringy entrails. As he pulled this apart, he called out enticingly, "Come Zacariah. Ali. Solomon!" Now and

again he would yell something to a hyena just as he was about to take a bone. This was to emphasize the power of man over beast, I suppose, for the hyena would jump back and then begin to creep upon the bone again. He kept teasing them with more bones until the yard was a macabre arena of crunching, growling creatures. Often one came within a foot of our feet, grabbed a bone and ran.

"Come here. Hasan, come here, Mamo! Mamo is grande!" He isn't always consistent," muttered Martine. "Sometimes he calls that one with three legs one name and sometimes another." This was not the first time that Martine had been here. "One time there were two hyenas fighting," she continued, "and he tried to separate them. They knocked him down and broke his collar bone." But now he was jumping about gleefully, stopping only to drink more *tedj* or get some *kat* leaves to chew.

The hyenas finally left when two more neighbors walked across the rear of the compound. Mohammed yelled furiously at them, "He's telling them they could only be coming out at this hour to inform him of a

death," said Martine, "and if it's for any other reason, they should go away! I don't know how the neighbors stand this noise at night." We had all had enough. The Hyena Man was collecting the remaining bones; we thanked him and drove off into the night.

"It's really not so phenomenal," said Martine. "He first had a baby hyena which he fed and when it grew up it left, but one night it came back and again he fed it. Gradually others joined in. He keeps feeding them and they keep coming." That night as on other nights we heard the howling of hyenas outside our windows and Martine's dogs barking their answers from the cavernous house.

The next day Martine stood in her garden in front of the house, waving goodbye. We left Harar, our "tourist minds" (as Joyce Cary called the seekers after the picturesque) surfeited with the sweetmeats of market scenes, lady wrestlers and hyena tamers. To paraphrase Burton when he sighted the city: the thoroughbred traveler *can* understand *our* exultation . . . If the Bureau of Tourism is looking for a guide, we'd be glad to recommend one. ■

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Senator Pell on the Foreign Service

I am enclosing a copy of a statement which I made in the United States Senate in the thought that you might care to print it as being of possible interest to my fellow members of the American Foreign Service Association.

IN connection with the pending amalgamation of 760 USIA officers into the Foreign Service, I rise to say that I believe a President should be given the freest possible choice in his selection of appointees and his handling and administration of executive personnel. My view is that his choice should be confirmed unless we in the Senate have individual adverse views concerning the probity or character of the particular nominees involved.

However, I do question the judgment of this act. Since World War II, the unfortunate Foreign Service has been organized and reorganized, diluted, undiluted, and rediluted. I recall that a score of years ago when the excellent Manpower Act of 1946 was passed, real efforts were made to achieve by lateral entry the infusion of qualified personnel into the middle and upper echelons of the Foreign Service. This was necessitated by the adversities of wartime years when there had been virtually no additions to it. At the lowest echelons of the Service, special examinations were conducted for veterans. However, at the middle and upper echelons, the Foreign Service administration sat on its hands at that time and the provisions for war manpower lateral entry were very sparsely used. The result of that inaction was the Wristonization program a few years later when the pendulum was swung too hard and when many people were willy-nilly brought into the Foreign Service who should not have been. I am happy to see, however, that now, some years later, efforts are being made to unscramble that particular omelet. Those who were originally doing perfectly fine work in staff, citizenship, visa, and Department jobs and who became Foreign Service officers, because they had little alternative, are now being persuaded to return to the Staff Corps. In retrospect,

to my mind, it would have been simpler if they had never been forced to go through the exercise of being made Foreign Service officers.

In regard to the propaganda activities of the State Department, I well recall after World War II when it was believed that the information services of the government should be as one under the direction of the Secretary of State and manned basically by Foreign Service people. This was the swing of the pendulum that occurred in reaction to the sometimes alleged overly independent endeavors of Elmer Davis' Voice of America. For a while in these early post-war years of propaganda amalgamation, many of the functions presently performed by the USIA were performed by regular Foreign Service people. It was sometime later decided that information activities and propaganda could function better outside the State Department, the argument being made that the most effective advertising agency is one that is independent of the product it sells. The information activities were then separated as they had been during the war years.

Now some years later, it is decided once again that the pendulum shall swing again and the information activities be brought back under the Foreign Service and the State Department umbrella. The argument advanced for doing this is not necessarily that all the officers concerned should be Foreign Service officers, but that the jobs concerned should be Foreign Service jobs. Yet, the effect of this action will be to increase the Foreign Service jobs by roughly 20%. In itself, I submit that information propaganda activities should not absorb this large a portion of the regular Foreign Service energy and jobs.

To my amazement, too, I learned that some of these officers who are being amalgamated into the highest echelons of the Foreign Service know no other language but English. It is inconceivable to me that an individual could be in any echelon of our Foreign Service, much less Class I, and know no other language than our own.

My own view is that every Foreign Service officer should be fluent in at least two foreign languages.

I believe this not only because of the necessity of knowing foreign languages in order to do the job, but also because the very process of learning a foreign language brings along with it the knowledge and understanding of other peoples, countries, and cultures that is so necessary for the proper performance of Foreign Serv-

ice work. I understand, though, that in this respect those who have in the past been brought by lateral entry into the Foreign Service have approximately the same ratio of ignorance of foreign languages as do those USIA officers whose nominations are before us today. At this point I ask unanimous consent to insert in the record at the end of my statement an excellent letter from Under Secretary of State William J. Crockett setting forth these language statistics. I add here that my admiration for him is great and I know that his objectives and mine are exactly the same, an ever better Foreign Service.

I submit that the way to achieve this ever better Foreign Service is to leave it alone for a while to develop its own esprit de corps. I also believe that the Foreign Service itself should be small and immensely able and competent. My thought is that there should be a central core of highly skilled, articulate and educated Foreign Service officers who would be assisted in their work by specialists in various categories—information, aid, economic and labor reporting, administration, and certain specialized visa and citizenship functions. I believe that men and women should be able to make careers in these specialties and achieve promotion, responsibility, and good pay right up through the equivalent of Class I. They should be free at any time to take the lateral entry examination and, if the examination results show them particularly able and competent, to join the regular Foreign Service. But, I would hope there would be no more wholesale injection of people into the Foreign Service because the effect on Foreign Service morale is profound.

It is all well and good to say that many of these new, but not fully qualified Foreign Service officers, may be selected out, but this still means several years of promotional constipation for those in these middle and junior echelons.

I would strongly hope that all future admissions to the Foreign Service be made at the bottom. If people are needed at higher echelons, I would like to see us emphasize the original concept of F.S.R., or Foreign Service Reserve. This concept provided that if an individual came in for a special job, he did it and got out at the end of his tour of duty unless there were some adequate reasons to the contrary. If the Foreign Service Reserve officer involved is particularly able and wished to become a regular Foreign Service officer, he could always take the lateral entry examination and try for the regular Foreign Service. If that failed, he

would still have the option of moving into the Staff Corps, with the emphasis on service abroad, or into the Civil Service. But, Foreign Service Reserve in my mind implies just what it says—*reserve* duty or duty temporary in nature.

I trust there will be no further dilution of the Foreign Service or further scrambling of omelets.

CLAIBORNE PELL

United States Senate
Washington

"Praise Makes Good Men Better"

I CAN recall no issue of the JOURNAL of as high a quality as the issue of this August. It is not only that we are treated to one issue containing contributions from Secretary Rusk and former Secretary Acheson, but in many other respects there was much to enjoy. I mention specifically the "Washington Letter," Bob Barnett's humanistic memories, and the delightful item entitled "Cocktail Party."

You deserve congratulations and condolences, the latter for setting a standard the maintenance of which will be no easy task.

RICHARD B. FREUND

Washington

More on September

THE September issue was splendid. Good, meaty articles by Brent, Ober, Herz—plus Bell's speech. And those really excellent drawings on pages 36 and 39 were a pleasure. So was the cover, even if it followed a bit in the footsteps of Dong Kingman. The chastity piece was so naive it hurt, but it's the sort of thing that inspires lively discussion—so useful.

I photographed that flute player in front of the Bouteille d'Or Restaurant, on a Paris Quai. As I was walking along I heard the sound of his flute and it was so unusual in that setting that I just had to do something about it. Not having a tape-recorder in my pocket I did what I could with my Rollicflex.

... And all at once that flute there on the street

Reminded me of thrushes in a wood.

Extraordinary sound! So gentle, sweet

And unexpected were those notes that I,

As though a spell were cast, stopped walking, stood

Transfixed by sound of piping in the sky.

PAUL CHILD

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Obscure English

THE paragraph in the September Washington Letter entitled "Well Rounded Personality" reminds me of a comparable situation in India:

The burra Sahib had not been long at his post in India before he realized that his bearer and he must part company. The bearer's bearing was proper, even unctuous, though betelnut might oft his lips incarnadine. But he had "taking" ways, so much so that the distinction between *meum* et *tuum* became progressively blurred. Still custom required a testimonial, impeccable if restrained. This one read:

"Mohammed Mohammed Khan has been in my employ now for quite some time. He is looking for a good berth, and I can heartily recommend that you give him a wide one."

Although the worthy disciple of the Prophet had had his letter checked for import by the village interpreter in the market place, he remained greatly mystified that it never served to provide him with another master.

ARTHUR C. FROST

Menlo Park, California

Choice of Generals

NOT one of the obituaries recounting the distinguished career of Ambassador Joseph Grew included one of the gayer, brighter moments of his life. He made a little slip of the tongue while speaking at a

Red Cross meeting in Washington. He praised General Marshall for coming to the meeting at a time when he was leading an extremely hectic life. He had just returned from China and was leaving almost immediately for Europe. In the brief interval between the two trips he had been "looking forward to a week-end in the country with Mrs. Eisenhower."

The whole assembly rocked with laughter and among the laughers was Mrs. Eisenhower.

Never losing his poise Ambassador Grew said solemnly, "Please forgive me, Mrs. Eisenhower, and please convey my apologies to the General."

Mrs. Eisenhower called out gaily, "Which General, Mr. Grew?"

CLYDE E. SARGENT

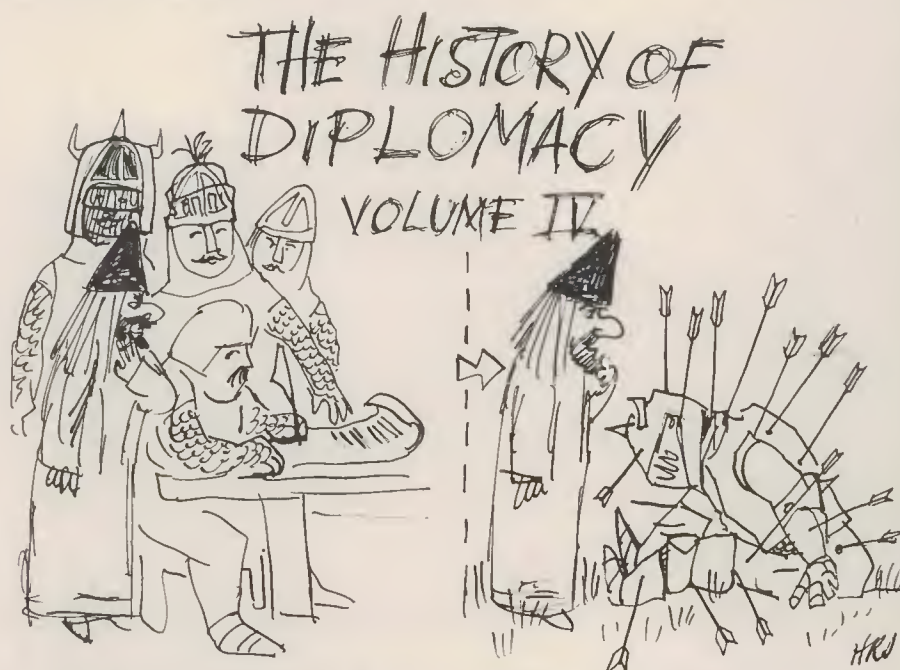
Bladensburg, Maryland

The Tale of the Tiger

WALTER HOFFMANN, the author of "The Doolittle Tiger," may be amused to learn that as of 1961 his tiger was still serving mankind. His skin, moth-eaten to be sure, was still hanging at that time on the wall of the village temple in Stanley, where Mr. Hoffmann and his colleagues were apparently interned. A placard next to the skin said the tiger was killed in 1942. The skin was clearly one of many mementos treasured by the temple's keepers and helped earn for them a continuing income in visitors' donations.

ARTHUR DORNHEIM

Washington



"Go ahead—sign it—the French are strong . . . they have many horses, much armour . . . the English are nothing . . ."

"Well, everyone makes mistakes . . ."



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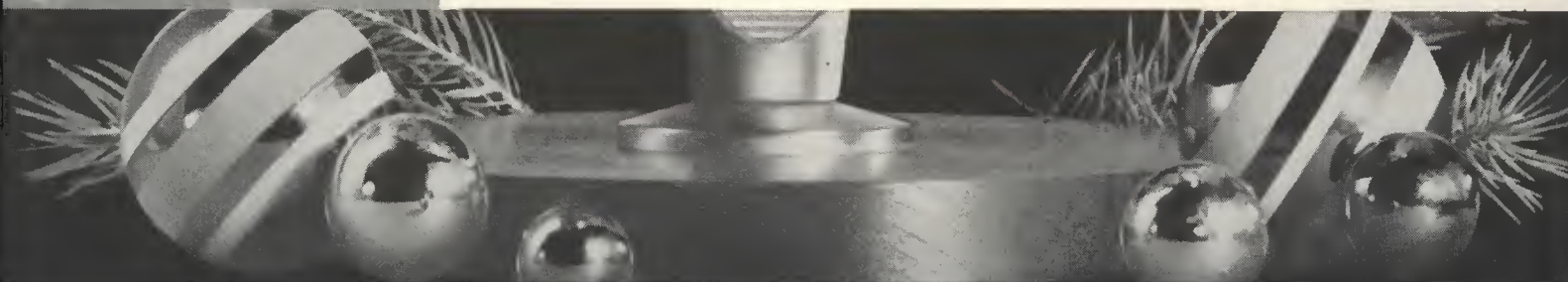
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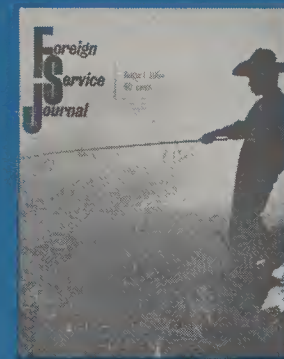
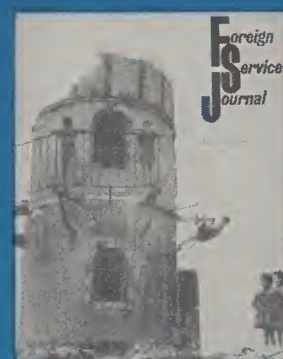
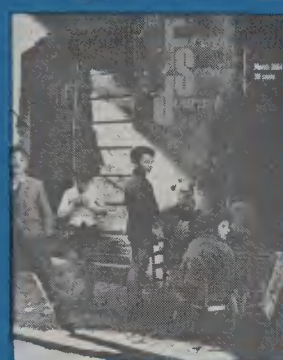
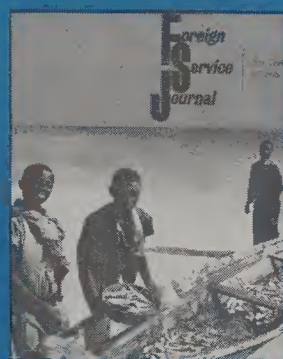
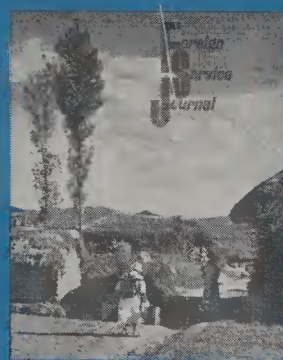
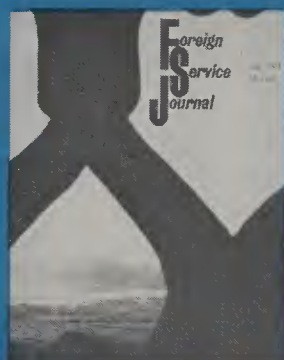


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