

Foreign Service Journal

DECEMBER 1965

60 CENTS

BE AMONG THE FIRST TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD!





Tune in the world-famous Zenith Trans-Oceanic® 9-band portable radio!

Model Royal 3000-1

Now's the time to start your Christmas shopping (and hinting) for the incomparable Zenith Trans-Oceanic 9-band portable radio.

With a Zenith Trans-Oceanic, you'll tune the listening posts of the world for tomorrow's headlines... for news direct from presidential press conferences... for stock market reports... for up-to-the-minute accounts of the latest space probes... or for the most recent developments in the International situation.

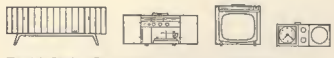
There's no better way—short of being everywhere at once—to be among the first to know what's going on in the world.

This versatile radio—the only one of its kind in the world — tunes medium wave, long wave, and short wave from 2 to 9 MC... plus the popular 31, 25, 19, and 16 meter international bands on bandspread...and even local FM's fine music.

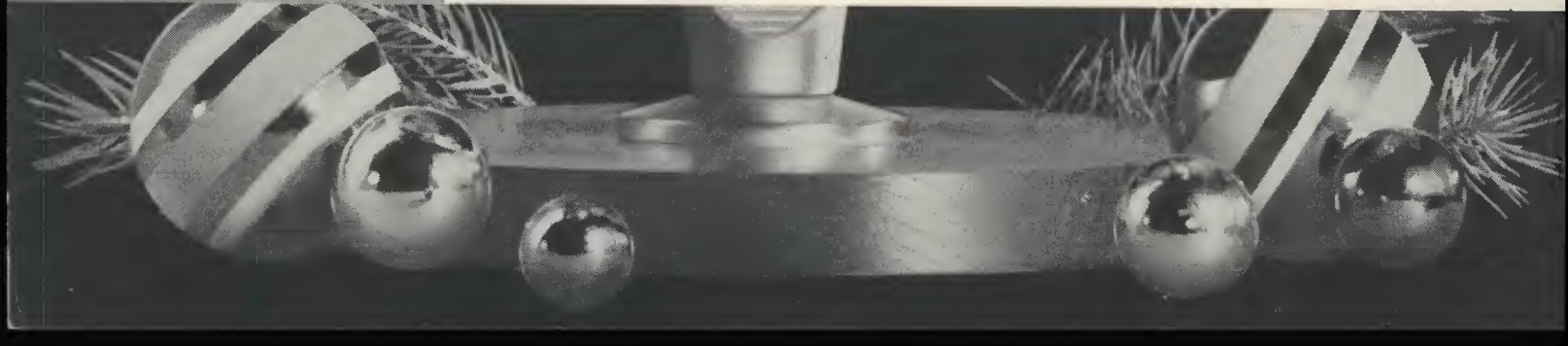
Write for all the details on the Zenith Trans-Oceanic so you can start your Christmas shopping (and hinting) now. And remember, it's as rewarding to give as it is to receive this world-famous radio!

ZENITH®

The Quality Goes In Before The Name Goes On



Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago, 60639 U. S. A.
The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids.
47 years of leadership in radionics exclusively!



FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

U. Alexis Johnson, *President*
Douglas MacArthur, II, *First Vice President*
Robert F. Woodward, *Second Vice President*
Julian F. Harrington, *General Manager*
Jane K. Stelle, *Executive Secretary*
Clarke Slade, *Educational Consultant*
Jean M. Chisholm, *Personal Purchases*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John H. Stutesman, jr., *Chairman*
Keith E. Adamson, *Vice Chairman*
Peter P. Lord, *Secretary-Treasurer*
Harriet Isom, *Asst. Secretary-Treasurer*
Patricia M. Byrne
Robert Donhauser
Howard V. Funk
Michael P. E. Hoyt
David H. McKillop
Frank V. Ortiz, Jr.
Julius C. Holmes, *Ambassador, retired*

JOURNAL EDITORIAL BOARD

William J. Handley, *Chairman*
Frederic L. Chapin, *Vice Chairman*
Robert S. Smith
Reed Harris
Stephen Low
John J. St. John
John P. Walsh
Robert B. Houghton

JOURNAL STAFF

Loren Carroll, *Editor*
Shirley R. Newhall, *Executive Editor*
Elizabeth Ann Nadler, *Editorial Assistant*
Robye Gibson, *Circulation*
McIver Art & Publications Inc.
Art Direction

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

James C. Sasmor, 230 Riverside Drive, New York 25, New York (212) MO 3-3390
Albert D. Shonk Co., 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105 (415) 932-7144

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.

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

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

contents

December, 1965
Vol. 42, No. 12

page

21 Fringe Benefits
by T. H. Grythe

24 Career Opportunity—Matador
by DeWitt L. Stora

29 The New Diplomacy Viewed from an Embassy
by Lincoln Gordon

32 An Interview with Machiavelli
by S. I. Nadler

33 The First Foreign Service Day

42 The Great Experiment
by John D. Weaver

Other Features: One Room Schoolhouse, by Marion C. Naifeh, page 6; With Our Contributors, page 10; AFSA: News and Minutes, page 12.

departments

14 Twenty-Five Years Ago
by James B. Stewart

31 Editorials: The Parlous State of Our Retirement Fund
Adam's Rib

36 Washington Letter
by Loren Carroll

38 Bookshelf

52 Letters to the Editor



"Silent Night" *by Marie Skora*

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of filing: October 12, 1965

2. Title of publication: FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

3. Frequency of issue: Monthly, 12 times per year

4. Location of known office of publication: 815 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: American Foreign Service Association, 815 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:

Publisher: America Foreign Service Association, 815 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Editor: Loren Carroll, 815 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Executive Editor: Shirley R. Newhall, 815 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

7. Owner: American Foreign Service Association, 815 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006. General Manager, Julian F. Harrington.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, None

9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

10. Circulation,

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 mos.	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. copies printed	8045	8300
B. Paid Circulation		
1. To term subscribers by mail, carrier delivery or by other means	7500	7578
2. Sales through agents, news dealers, or otherwise	none	none
C. Free Distrbiution (including samples) by mail, carrier delivery, or by other means	288	288
D. Total No. of copies distributed (Sum of lines B1, B2 and C)	7788	7866

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
JULIAN F. HARRINGTON

Photographs and Art for December

National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., "Madonna and Child with Angels," by Hans Memling, Andrew Mellon Collection, cover

Marie Skora, wife of FSO George W. Skora, "Silent Night," page 2

Howard R. Simpson, USIS, cartoon, page 8

DeWitt L. Stora, FSO, photographs pages 24, 25, 26 and 27

Robert W. Rinden, FSO-retired, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," still from "Les Chatcaux du Diable," page 37

State Department, photographs, pages 33, 34, 35 and 51

Daniel Nuñez, sketch, page 38

Henry J. Paoli, drawing, page 40

Awards

U. Alexis Johnson, Deputy Under Secretary of State, the 1965 Rockefeller Public Service Award for Foreign Affairs or International Operations for his thirty years as career Foreign Service officer serving with distinction at foreign posts and international conferences. Mr. Johnson recently returned from his tour of duty in Saigon where conduct following the bombing of the Emhassy last March won the admiration of his associates and his countrymen. In 1964 Ambassador Johnson received the Career Service Award from the Civil Service League.

Marriages

Atherton-Gibson. Lynne Kittredge Atherton, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Alfred Leroy Atherton, Jr., was married to Glenn Huntington Gibson on October 2, in Chicago.

Briggs-Moody. Eleanor Hotchkiss Briggs was married to James Powers Moody, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James Powers Moody, on October 30, in Washington, D. C.

Clark-Bourne. FSO Kathryn O. Clark was married to Kenneth B. Bourne, Jr., on June 14, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Mr. Bourne is general manager for Singer Sewing Machine Company in India, Nepal, Burma and Afghanistan. Mr. and Mrs. Bourne are living at A-5 Washington House, Altamount Road, Bombay.

Conti-Harwood. Luciana Conti of Trieste was married to FSO Douglas J. Harwood on July 31, in New Britain, Connecticut. Mr. Harwood is assigned as Staff Assistant to the Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs. Mrs. Harwood was employed at the American Consulate General, Milan.

Hall-Henderson. Patricia Jo Marie Hall, daughter of FSO and Mrs. James M. Hall, was married to Robert Donald Henderson on August 26, in Los Angeles.

Tesoro-Miller. Alexandra Lavinia Tesoro, daughter of FSO and Mrs. George Alfred Tesoro, was married to Scott Stewart Miller on October 30, in Washington, D. C.

Births

Odum. A son, Christopher Digges, born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Odum, on October 11, in Washington.



WHISKY SOUR

One jigger Seagram's V.O.
Juice of 1/2 lemon...
1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar.
Shake thoroughly with cracked ice. Strain and pour.
Add maraschino cherry.

ON THE ROCKS

In an Old Fashioned glass add several pieces of ice and one or more jiggers of Seagram's V.O. to taste.

Here's how to make superb drinks

Seagram's V.O. makes finer-tasting drinks. That's because it's the superb Canadian Whisky that combines true lightness with a flavor you will like the first time—and every time—you taste it. Try it and see why V.O. makes any mixed drink taste better, brings out the best in every other ingredient it meets. Then you will know why more people the world over order Seagram's V.O. than any other whisky imported from any country.



SEAGRAM'S V.O.



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY

A distinguished brand produced by SEAGRAM DISTILLERS
THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISTILLER

WILGIS. A son, Edward Shaw, born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Wilgis, Jr., in Baltimore.

Deaths

COWEN. Myron M. Cowen, former Ambassador, died, on November 1, in Washnigton, D. C. Mr. Cowen had been in private law praetice and served as Commissioner for the US Court of Claims prior to his appointment in 1948 as Ambassador to Australia. He also served as Ambassador to the Philippines and to Belgium, resigning in 1953 to return to private law practice.

DREW. Doris Hunter Drew, wife of Gerald A. Drew, FSO-retired, died, on November 7, in Lewes, Delaware. During 35 years of marriage Mrs. Drew shared her husband's assignments in Latin Ameriea, Europe and the Middle East, as well as in the State Department. In addition to service as Chief of Mission in Jordan, Bolivia and Haiti, Mr. Drew was Dircetor General of the Foreign Service from 1952-1954 and when he retired in 1962, was serving as Inspector General of the Foreign Service Inspection Corps.

JENNER. George Kenward Jenner, eeonomic adviser in the Latin-Ameriean Division of AID, died, on October 5, in Washington. Mr. Jenner had served in Pakistan and in Panama, before taking the post in Washington in 1964.

PAGE. Edward Page, Jr., retired Minister, dicd in Rome on November 2. Mr. Page entered the Foreign Service in 1929 and retired in 1962. His posts were Montreal, Tokyo, Harbin, Paris, Riga, Moseow, the Department, Rome, the National War College, Berlin and Munich. He was appointed Minister to Bulgaria in 1959.

SMITH. Merlin Eugene Smith, FSO-retired, died, on October 10, in Washington. Mr. Smith entered the Foreign Service in 1930 and retired in 1959, at which time he was serving as Consular Affairs Officer in the Department. The posts at whieh he served were Barcelona, Neweastle-on-Tyne, Curaçao, Trinidad, Monterrey, La Paz, Reykjavik, Medellin and Matamoros.

WALTON. Lester A. Walton, Minister to Liberia from 1935 to 1946, died, on October 16, in New York. Mr. Walton, a former newspaperman, also served as adviser to the Liberian delegation to the UN.

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 transpareneies are not aeceptable.

Please inelude 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 ineludes the writer's correct name. All letters are subjeet to eondensation.

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

© American Foreign Service Association, 1965. The Foreign Serviee Journal is published monthly, by the American Foreign Service Association, 815 - 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C., 20006.

Seeond-elass postage paid at Washington, D. C. Printed by Monumental Printing Co., Baltimore.



Ship-top dining with a view

Lead a life of luxury

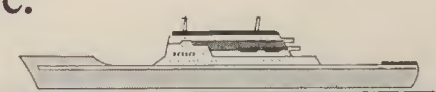
to cosmopolitan capitals, art treasures, famous resorts.



Historic Plaza de Independencia in Quito

Discover the Pacific on a Caribbean cruise.

26-day two-ocean Casual eruises from Port of New York every Saturday. *Santa Magdalena, Santa Mariana, Santa Maria* and *Santa Mercedes* cruise the Caribbean, the Panama Canal, the Paeifie Ocean, cross the equator to Peru. See a Travel Agent. Graee Line, 3 Hanover Sq. or 628 Fifth Ave. (Roekefeller Center), N. Y. Agents and offiees in prineipal eities.



GRACE LINE

U.S.-FLAG SHIPS SERVING THE AMERICAS EXCLUSIVELY

Shipping out?

We can have a new GM car waiting for you.

Whether you're coming home or going abroad to a new post, your local GM distributor can arrange to have a new 1966 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac waiting for you.

You place your order reasonably well in advance for the make, model and accessories you want. If you need a car in a hurry, we have a supply of readily available models.

Your GM distributor works out all the details for you. He'll even take care of your financing, insurance and registration if you want him to.

The day you arrive at your new post, you take delivery of your new car, and off you go.

This drive-on-arrival purchase plan is for government and military people and is backed by General Motors. Would you like to read a booklet about it? Write Foreign Distributors Division, General Motors Corporation, 224 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. GM



Our WHOLESALE CATALOGS are sent to the administrative officers of Embassies throughout the world. (They are not sent to individuals).



Wholesale Distributors
Fine SILVERWARE - LUGGAGE - JEWELRY
Watches - Clocks - Giftware - Appliances
Leather Goods - Housewares

Largest Collection of
• QUALITY MERCHANDISE
• LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES
(Available to Foreign Service Personnel)
• IMMEDIATE DELIVERY from Stock

Visit our spacious wholesale showroom where you may make your leisurely selections.

W. Bell & Co.

14th & P Sts., N.W. Washington 5, D. C.

Known World Wide for Dependable Service

A career diplomat's candid appraisal of the U.S. Foreign Service

AFFAIRS AT STATE

by Henry Serrano Villard

Introduction by James Reston

"A must for everyone concerned with our foreign policy. . . . A copy belongs on every State Department desk."—Marquis W. Childs, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* $5.95

Thomas Y. Crowell Company

201 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS—DECEMBER, 1965

Airways Rent-a-Car	51	Grace Line	4
American Foreign Service Protective Assn.	19	Hicks Realty Co., Inc.	14
Alban Towers	18	Houghton, A. C., & Son, Inc.	48
American Motors Corporation	13	Jacob & Warwick, Inc.	48
American Security & Trust Co.	8	Key, Francis Scott, Apt. Hotel	48
Beam, James B., Distilling Co.	14 & 16	Lingo, Ted, Inc.	48
Bell, W., & Co.	6	Mid-City Sales Corp.	10
Brewood Engravers	51	Osternann Petersen Bros.	41
Calvert School, The	51	Park Central Hotel	48
Chivas Regal	11	Quaker Press	15
Crowell, Thomas Y.	6	Radin, Rhea, Real Estate	50
DACOR	51	Restaurant Directory	12
DeHaven & Townsend, Crouter & Bodine	50	Reynolds, R. J., Tobacco Co.	7
deSibour, J. Blaise, & Co.	46	Riggs National Bank	Cover IV
Econo-Car Rental Service	50	Russian Review, The	46
Farnsworth Reed, Ltd.	47	Seagram's V.O.	3
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	20	Security National Bank	18
Ford International	9	Service Investment Corp.	45
General Electronics	17	State Dept. Federal Credit Union	45
General Motors Corp.	5	Stuart & Maury, Inc.	48
Goldensteio, Joachim, Diamond Club	50	Tatum Properties	48
		Town & Country Properties, Inc.	48
		United States Lines	16
		Western Pharmacy	47
		Zenith Radio Corporation	Cover II

ONE ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE

by Marion C. Naifeh

"You'll have to teach the children, dear," my husband added on the telephone from Washington as he listed the attractions of his new USIS assignment—Baida, Libya. "There are no English-speaking schools."

"That's fine," I blithely replied. If I could succeed in conveying the nuances of the American idiom to foreign students at the University of Tulsa, even some from Libya, then, by precise feminine logic, I could teach our seven-year-old daughter and eleven-year-old son in Libya. Feminine logic has always handled well the task of making the absurd the norm.

Furthermore had not our grandmothers pitched in at the one-room schoolhouse? I had even grown up among missionary children whose mothers had taught them with no visible mental impairment on either side. Also for months the local papers had been carrying articles on "poor Johnny" not being able to read. And Johnny had had a teacher, not a mother, as an instructor. There was room for hope. After all, George had been so positive on the telephone. This was an unrivaled opportunity. I was lucky. The children were lucky. (And George would be at the office all day.)

Colleagues recommended I complete the remaining half of the school year following the curriculum the children were accustomed to. En route to Washington, Paris, Frankfort, Tripoli, and Benghazi, the two spent their scheduled hours in the noble pursuit. What books we couldn't bring in our hand luggage, we supplemented with USIS libraries and excursions, not to the local bread factory or bus station, but to Congress, to the Louvre, and to the Tripoli Museum. I was enchanted. The children, too.

A month later in our hastily converted garage in Baida the charm lessened. Recess with mother on the two member ball team proved disappointing after the initial hilarity. Nor was it a thrill to run home to mother with a report of the day's exciting events. Nor were luncheon guests quite the same as cafeteria companions with whom one could swap raw carrots for brownies. Instead of frolic on the playground there were dishes to be done. But both children were well-trained. The discipline acquired in the Tulsa public schools gave us order. Steve contributed ruthless criticism of slipshod instruction. Carolyn wistfully reminded me that Mrs. Belt never ever smoked in class. The children clung to their ways, and I to mine.

But a summer of the Cyrene ruins and spectacular beaches on the coast gave us the strength to make our American Baida School the best. General Services fitted us with screens and fluorescent lights. We could see, be there "ghibli" or not. Even our Sheltie settled down more comfortably on her cushion under the blackboard. One corner of the schoolhouse was reserved for the Lone Scout Troop of Baida. Outwardly we looked most efficient. Compliments from summer visitors stimulated us to high performance, and a visit from Ambassador Lightner rocketed our egos to outdo even our best.

Such energy. Such dedication. At nine o'clock each morning we say the pledge of allegiance. The lunch hour begins at 12:30 p.m. and by 3:00 p.m. we are free. Report cards are issued quarterly with teacher's comments to father-principal. Bill Pearson, the principal of the American Community

When you can't find them abroad, you can order direct from us.



We'll ship your favorite brands to you anywhere in the world!

FRESH FROM THE U.S.A.

FRESH FROM THE U.S.A.

USE PORTION BELOW AS ORDER BLANK

Air Mail your orders and inquiries to:

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Export Department
Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A.

		QUANTITY WANTED
CAMEL . . . 5 cartons The best tobacco makes the best smoke!	$4.62	☐ CARTONS
WINSTON (King-Size) . . . 5 cartons	$4.82	☐ CARTONS
WINSTON (Crush-Proof Box) . . . 5 cartons Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should!	$4.82	☐ CARTONS
SALEM . . . 5 cartons The cigarette that refreshes your taste.	$4.82	☐ CARTONS
TEMPO . . . 5 cartons New cigarette with charcoal section in the filter.	$4.82	☐ CARTONS
PRINCE ALBERT . . . 1 doz. 14-oz. Metal Humidors	$11.45	☐ DOZEN
. . . 1 doz. 7-oz. Metal Humidors America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.	$6.39	☐ DOZEN
CARTER HALL . . . 1 doz. 14-oz. Metal Humidors	$15.54	☐ DOZEN
. . . 1 doz. 8-oz. Metal Humidors Distinguished new pipe tobacco with rich flavor.	$9.11	☐ DOZEN

NOTE: Each carton contains 10 packs of 20 cigarettes each.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

Cigarettes and tobacco shipped by parcel post immediately upon receipt of your order, with usual transit time about 60 days. Cigarettes shipped in parcels containing 5, 10, 15 or 25 cartons — no limit as to quantity. Orders of less than 10 cartons per month are consolidated and shipped on a bi-monthly basis. Prices do not include cost of transportation and insurance. All prices subject to change without notice. Orders subject to acceptance by us and to prices prevailing on date of shipment.

•

Our Export Department is at your service. Just tell us, "Ship me each month . . .", and you can be sure of a continuous supply of fresh cigarettes and tobacco.

School in Benghazi, supplies me with his syllabus and the astute suggestion the children spend four weeks at various times during the school year at the American School. We've had three trial sessions and to all appearances we are very normal.

And Steve has viewed, not a sliver of onion skin, but a diseased liver cell under the microscope at the local laboratory. His French after the first semester had a Greek-Arabic clip cutting his American twang, for his instructor was a Cypriot, born in Alexandria, who is an accountant in a construction company in Baida. In the second semester a Flemish-Parisian accent has been added due to his present instructor, a young Belgian architect. Another Belgian employed by the Ministry of Post and Telegraph helped Steve rig up a telegraph set. When he studied the Greek gods, we drove to Cyrene and walked through the ruins of the Temple of Zeus. The silence wrapping the fallen columns took us back to the grandeur that was and yet remains in the rough, pastoral hills. A Palestinian science teacher in a Baida secondary school rescued us from confused magnetic fields. Carolyn is learning Arabic script as she learns her own, and both children practice proudly and loudly with Libyan and American alike. An American instructor touring on her sabbatical gave us a badly needed speech correction lesson. Visual aids? We watch correlated USIS films. Our reference material is found in the USIS Reading Room.

In the classroom itself the social experience is scintillating. There is a constant exchange of "Mother, he pinched me," and "Mrs. Naifeh, isn't my sister stupid?" I have swallowed every nurtured inch of pride in job, if not well done, at least carried out on the classroom battlefield when unwitting guests exclaim, "You mean, you poor dears, your mother is your teacher?"

The truthful answer, as is inevitable, lies in the medium range. My grand scheme of imparting an identity with man before and man yet to come by means of vowels and declensions has been considerably modified. The children, of course, knew how to read before we came. Living in a new country and a new culture has provided stimulus, as has personal pride. Ours is a three-pupil schoolhouse, where the children in teaching themselves have taught me. ■



"He began to act strange the day we received word the Consulate at Papeete was closing."



American Security serves you around the world . . .

While you are serving your country at home or at a post somewhere around the world, it is important you select a bank that can handle your financial interests in a prompt and efficient manner.

American Security, offering every banking and trust service, is well qualified to serve you in a way that is certain to please.

Write for our booklet, "Your Bank . . . and How It Can Serve You."

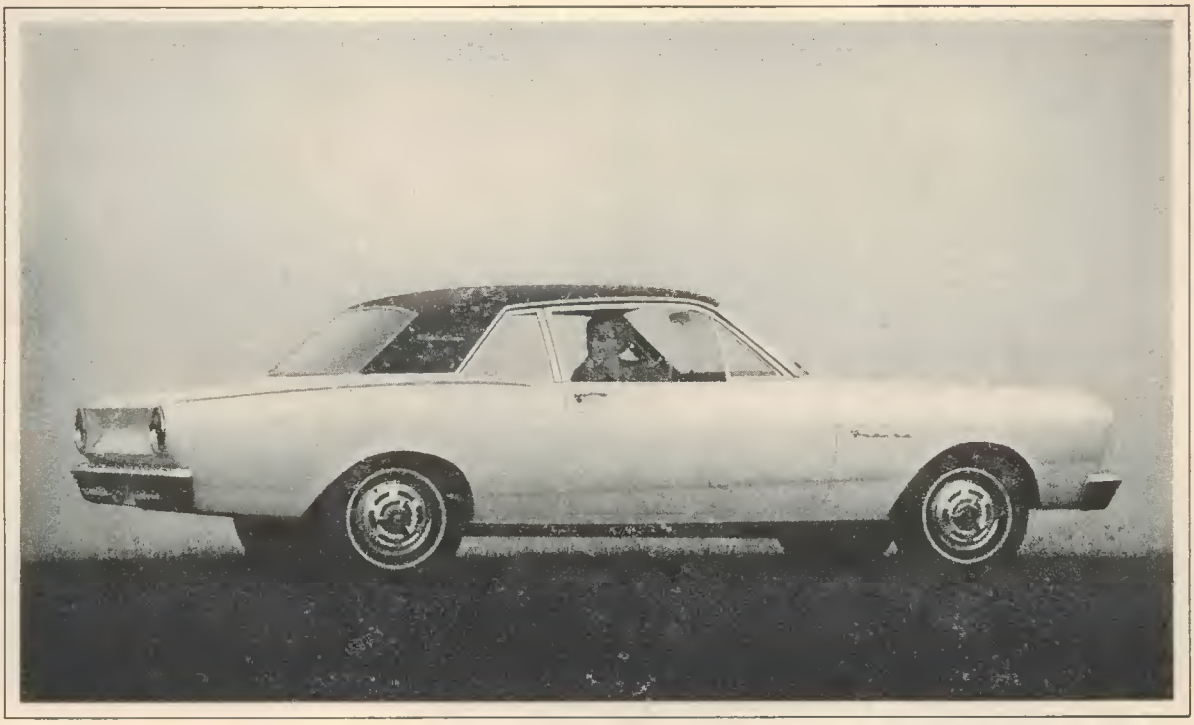


AMERICAN SECURITY AND TRUST COMPANY

Robert C. Baker, President

Main Office: 15th Street & Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
Washington, D. C. • STerling 3-6000
Member: Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

The 1966 Falcon is all-new in looks... all-new in spirit



1966 Falcon Futura Sports Coupe

Choose your model—we'll ship it anywhere

You can order any 1966 Ford-built car and have it shipped directly to your post. It doesn't matter where you're stationed, or what grade you hold in Foreign Service.

You can choose the car that's all new in looks and spirit, the 1966 Falcon, or any other fine 1966 car from the Ford Motor Company —Mustang, Comet, Fairlane, Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury or Lincoln Continental. The car you order will be built to your specifications, and promptly shipped to you.

When you order a new car from Ford, you get the full "diplomatic" discount and you don't have to pay United States federal excise tax on cars sent abroad.

It's easy to place your order. Simply consult your Administration Officer's personnel purchase file, visit our offices in Washington or New York, or write for information.

Diplomatic Sales Office, Ford Motor Company, 9th floor, 815 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., Telephone 298-7419. (815 Connecticut is between H and I Sts.) Or . . . Individual Sales, Overseas Automotive Operations, Ford Motor Company, 12th floor, 153 Halsey Street, Newark 2, New Jersey.

Learn about the complete 1966 line-up of Ford Motor Company cars. See why Ford-built cars are more popular than ever.

Ford

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

T. H. GRYTHE admits that is not the name that appears on his monthly pension check, but avows cryptically that he has a perfectly legitimate claim to use it for other purposes. He confides further that he resides in Limbo, Maryland, that his hobby is writing irascible letters to editors and then filing them in the wastebasket and that his favorite authors are Mary Stuart and Mabel Dunstable. Mr. Grythe's "Fringe Benefits" starts on page 21 of this issue.

DE WITT L. STORA, an "aficionado" since 1949, has served in various capacities at Seville, Istanbul, Paramaribo, Nuevo Laredo, Guadalajara and Montevideo. He is now assigned to the Department on the Dominican desk. Mr. Stora's article and photographs on the *fiesta brava* appears on page 24.

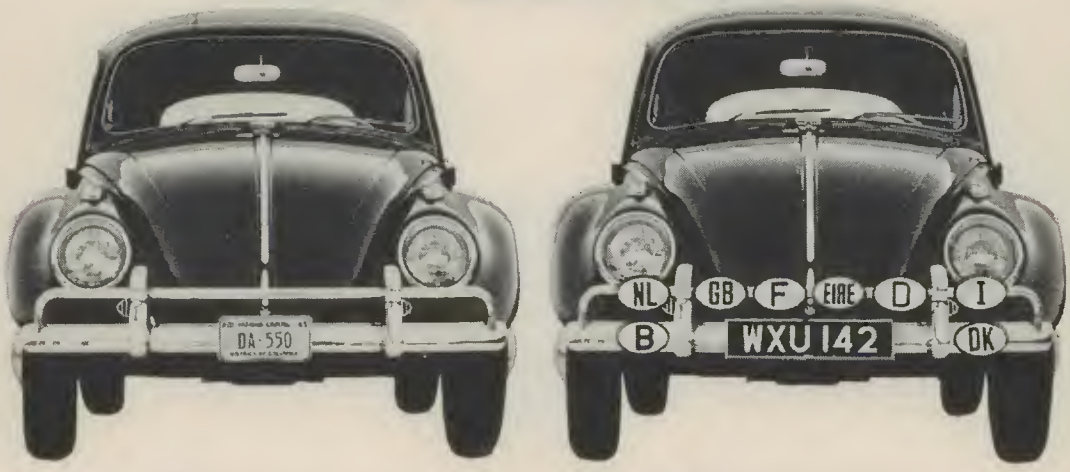
LINCOLN GORDON has been serving as Ambassador to Brazil since September 1961. His previous working experience was divided between government service and university teaching. Assignments in the field of foreign affairs include membership in the US Delegation to the UN Atomic Energy Commission, 1946; consulting with the State Department in development of the Marshall Plan, 1947-48; Director Program Division, Office of the Special Representative in Europe, 1949-50; Economic Adviser to the Special Assistant to the President, 1951; Assistant Director for Mutual Security, 1952; Minister for Economic Affairs and Director US Operations Mission in London, 1952-55; consultant to State Department on Latin American affairs, 1961. Mr. Gordon's article, which had its genesis in an address at Fairleigh Dickinson University, appears on page 29.

JAMES B. STEWART, our revered "Twenty-Five Years Ago" columnist, celebrated his 83rd birthday on November 27. Jim Stewart's voluminous correspondence with active and retired members of the Foreign Service enables him to enliven his column with current items of interest as well as those from the JOURNALS of a quarter century ago.

S. I. NADLER, of USIA, who conducted the "interview" with Machiavelli on Vietnam for this issue, has served in China, Singapore, Taiwan, and Argentina. His published articles in the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, beginning in 1952, are now literally counted in the dozens.

MARION C. NAIFEH was born in China of missionary parents. She graduated from Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts and met her husband, principal of the "One Room Schoolhouse," while both were attending the School of Advanced International Studies. The Naifehs have lived in Tehran and Baghdad and have just been reassigned to Libya with USIA.

We deliver



here and there.

Just tell us when you're coming here or going there. (And if there, where.)

We'll have your new VW Sedan, Station Wagon or Karmann Ghia ready and waiting. Equipped to American specifications. Complete with registration, license plates and insurance.

That's our foreign and domestic Foreign Service service, otherwise known as Easy Come, Easy Go.

It's available for Washington, D.C., Germany, Italy, France, The Netherlands, Ireland, Denmark, Great Britain, Switzerland and Belgium.

If you're going elsewhere, we still hope you'll buy a Volkswagen. Even though you'll have to buy it elsewhere.

AUTHORIZED DEALER

MID-CITY SALES CORP.
1401 Rhode Island Avenue, N.E. Washington, D. C.
Phone: LA 9-7900



New York, U.S.A.

So high are its standards and so scrupulous its regard for quality that Chivas Regal is acknowledged throughout the world as Scotland's Prince of Whiskies —the Scotch Whisky that stands alone on a pedestal of eminence in every land. In Chivas Regal the ancient art of producing Scotch Whisky is brought to its highest form, an art which gives to the world of gracious living this golden gift of the Highlands. Today, the prestige of this mellowed 12-year-old Scotch Whisky with its unique light, regal flavour is recognized by people of the most discriminating taste in every land.

Chivas Regal stands alone on a pedestal of eminence in every land

A DISTINGUISHED BRAND PRODUCED BY CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD., ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND. AFFILIATED WITH SEAGRAM DISTILLERS · THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISTILLER

WHERE DIPLOMATS DINE

CHEZ FRANCOIS, 818 Connecticut Ave., NW, ME 8-1849. Le Rendezvous des Gourmets où les mets sont bons et les vins de choix. French cuisine at moderate prices. Open daily except Saturday and Sunday for lunch, 12-2:30; open daily except Sunday for dinner, 6:00 till 9:45.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE FOUR GEORGES RESTAURANTS—Four distinctively designed dining rooms, each created in a mood and motif reflective of its culinary achievements. Located in the famous Georgetown Inn in the heart of Georgetown—luxurious accommodations. 1310 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. Free Parking, 333-8900.

☆ ☆ ☆

LA FONDA, 1639 "R" St., N.W., AD 2-6965. For years the favorite of true aficionados of delectable Spanish and Mexican food served in a romantic atmosphere. Complete bar. Lunch and dinner parties. Credit cards honored. Open daily 11:30 to midnight, Sunday, 2 to 10 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

OLD ANGUS BEEF HOUSE, 1807 H St., N.W. Serving only the finest Roast Prime Ribs and Steaks. Scrumptious desserts, excellent bar (unusual cocktail lounge with entertainment from nine). Open Sundays. Credit cards honored. Free valet parking after 6 p.m. For reservations call NA 8-0746.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE SKY ROOM . . . Hotel Washington, Penn. Ave. & 15th . . . A panoramic view of the Washington scene is a breath-taking backdrop to sophisticated atmosphere here . . . International menu, with a French accent, includes flaming sword medallions of beef tenderloin bourguignonne.

☆ ☆ ☆

TOM ROSS' CHARCOAL HEARTH, 2001 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., FE 8-8070, specializing in prime ribs of beef, charcoal-broiled steaks and seafood. Free parking in rear. Open daily for lunch 11:30 to 2:30, dinner 5:30 to 10:30, Saturday dinner 5-11. Closed Sundays. Wide selection of cocktails and liquors.

☆ ☆ ☆

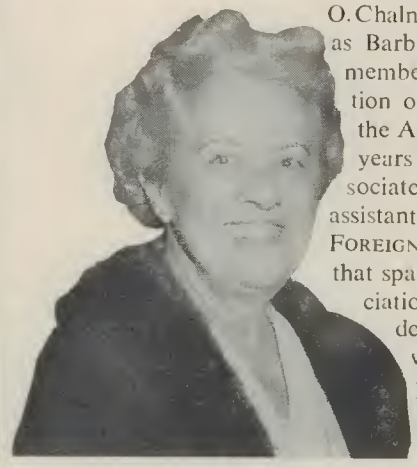
THE TIVOLI "OPERA" RESTAURANT, 1225 Wisconsin Ave., in historic olde Georgetowne. Live entertainment nightly, arias from your favorite operas by talented young professionals while you enjoy the excellent Continental cuisine. Truly an evening to remember. Res. FE 7-6685. Am. Exp. Open Sunday.

☆ ☆ ☆

WATER GATE INN . . . On-the-Potomac-at-F St., N.W. Quaint and picturesque spot overlooking the historic Potomac has a homey atmosphere with its old time fireplaces and gracious service . . . Delicious traditional Pennsylvania Dutch cuisine. Open every day of the year. Phone DI 7-9256.

AFSA: MINUTES & NEWS

October 18: The new Board of Directors were given a brief review of the unfinished business; the Symposium, the Educational Loan Fund and Matching Scholarship Fund Drive, and the membership drive. The following officers were elected: Chairman: John H. Stutesman, Jr.; Vice Chairman: Keith E. Adamson; Secretary-Treasurer: Peter P. Lord; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer: Harriet W. Isom.



On November 30, 1965, Mrs. Philip O. Chalmers, affectionately known as Barbara to thousands of our members, retired from her position of Executive Secretary of the Association. Nearly twenty years ago Barbara became associated with the Association as assistant to the Editor of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. In that span of years both the Association and the JOURNAL underwent progressive advancement and they prospered, aided in no small measure by Mrs. Chalmers' untiring efforts.

More than in anything else Barbara was wrapped up in the affairs of the JOURNAL and the Association. Successive Boards of Directors and General Managers, as well, quickly recognized the vast knowledge she possessed of our past and present activities. They relied heavily on her judgment, experience and background. She represented a continuity that will be sorely missed. Her friendly manner with all callers singled her out as the warm-hearted person that she is. Members returning from overseas duty were always happy to resume their friendship with her. They too will miss her.

After November 30, 1965, Mrs. Chalmers expects to travel and visit friends and relatives. She plans to retain her house in the suburbs of Washington, at least for some time to come.

Among the testimonies of appreciation Mrs. Chalmers received was a life membership in the Association. No one could be more deserving of this distinction. If it were within the power of the Association to appoint Career Ambassadors, Mrs. Chalmers would be our first choice. ■

How Clean Was My Paris

Cacophonous and eloquent
The soot lay, till some wand
Transformed a time-scarred, timeless
beauty
To this renascent blonde.

Arc, Opéra, Hôtel de Ville—
Their silence looms;
Yet, everyhere, the freighted air
Their silver speech resumes.

—ANNE CRUTCHER



1966 Rambler Classic 4-Door Sedan

Our Rambler '66 has a quiet kind of luxury. It's a look the whole world seems to appreciate.

The trim, tailored lines. Discreet size. Elegant decor. In every Rambler '66, one senses an exterior luxury that's truly international, but with all the American conveniences.

But please. Look beneath the surface of this beautifully proportioned car. At its basic *built-in* qualities.

Qualities like Double-Safety brakes. In every Rambler, you get *two* separate hydraulic braking systems. Extra driving safety is assured. And, in every seat, front and back, you'll find expensive coil springs. The same as used in finely-crafted furniture.

Prefer a firm yet smooth European-type suspension? It's *built in*, along with ample head, leg, and hip room for six adults. The new Rambler engines are outstanding performers. Thrifty "Sixes." Robust "V-8's." You decide.

Rambler '66 comes in three distinctive sizes: Classic, American, and Ambassador. You'll find the details in Administrative Offices' Personnel Purchase Files at American Embassies or Foreign Service Posts now. Or, write to: American Motors Corporation, 5626—25th Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Rambler '66

by American Motors Corporation... where quality is built in, not added on.

"Since when do you drink Bourbon?"

"Since I tasted Jim Beam!"



Understandable, because Jim Beam Bourbon is worldwide in popularity . . . a favorite in 77 countries. Its light, mild taste wins friends in every country in which it's served. No need to acquire a taste for Bourbon. Just acquire Jim Beam.

The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

For all your real estate needs, call

HICKS Realty, Inc.

3706 Mt. Vernon Ave.
Alexandria, Virginia
King 8-3111



Serving beautiful Northern Virginia since 1946

Alexandria, Arlington, Fairfax County etc.

Sales, Rentals, Financing

Beautiful picture book of homes FREE on request

25 YEARS AGO

DECEMBER 1940 — IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

My French Refugees

FOLLOWING is an excerpt from a JOURNAL article by Miss Beatrice Phillips, daughter of Ambassador William Phillips: "Paris, May 10th, 1940, at 5 a.m., I awoke to the screeching blast of an air alarm, soon followed by distant repeated shell fire; the long-expected enemy drive had finally dashed the hopes of a war-stricken France.

"The American Friends of France, headed by Miss Anne Morgan, was composed of about 60 workers, 12 or 13 of which were American women drivers, the remaining, with the exception of the directors, being French. Orders were to convocate immediately at Blerancourt in the Aisne where our Chief divided us into units of one driver to three nurses and we were to organize canteens where the need was most urgent. How can I describe the hordes of dazed and thunderstruck refugees I encountered while driving up toward the front on that fatal day. Swept out suddenly from their homes by the coming of enemy planes, these people, the backbone of France, formed a relentless stream of pitiful human beings.

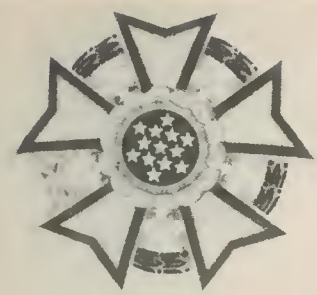
"Our task lay in feeding and attending as many of these hapless wanderers as we could. I, as one of the 12 American drivers, was immediately ordered to Auhenton, a small village in the Ardennes, and with the assistance of two registered French nurses I organized a canteen and dispensary. Hardly had I settled this than I received orders to proceed to Armagne, near Rethel, with a nurse. Here another canteen had been formed with more people than could be handled by my colleagues. The work began at 5 a.m. the next day with ever increasing tides of refugees. Stunned by fatigue, they poured in with plaintive cries of 'Du café, Mademoiselle, un peu de café s'il vous plait.' Our supply dwindled sadly even on the second day; bread, milk, coffee, chocolate seemed to evaporate under our eyes. The hopelessness of feeding each and all satisfactorily struck me as terrible. So many left the canteen still hungry, still in want, but they never failed to thank us each one. 'Merci, Mesdames, merci, comme les Americaines sont bonnes pour nous.' and one's heart warmed to their genuine gratitude. No, a more pitiable sight I could hardly imagine as I watched babies ten days old wailing at their mothers' breasts, old men crippled by fatigue, trailing by the hand hollow-eyed children of 12 and 14, pale young girls with strained faces and hungry eyes; each a tragedy. But courage was foremost in their hearts. 'C'est la guerre, que voulez-vous,' was the general saying, and I have never known a braver people under such stress. Hardly a murmur about their desperate conditions. . . ."

Career Versus Non-Career

Vice Consul Daniel Gaudin, Jr. compiled statistics on career vs non-career appointments, 1906-1940. In 1906 there was 1 career ambassador, 8 non-career, 2 career ministers and 25 non-career. In 1940 there were 9 career ambassadors and 9 non-career, 17 career ministers and 17 non-career.

Transit Visitors to Bermuda

The following were enroute from Lisbon to the United States: Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, London; Garret Ackerson, Budapest; William Butterworth, London; Joel Hudson, Berlin; Henry Leverich, Berlin; Avra Warren, Inspector; Laurence Frank, Department; James Young, Lisbon; Wainwright Abbott, Hamburg—*William Beck*



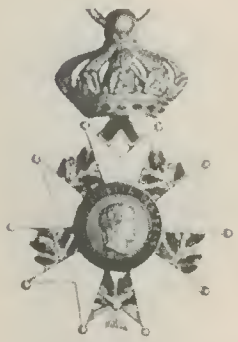
USA
Legion of Merit



Russia Imperial
Order of St. Andrew



USSR
Order of Victory



France
Legion of Honor

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

"A FULLY ILLUSTRATED COMPENDIUM OF THE ORDERS AND DECORATIONS OF ALL NATIONS"

ANCIENT AND MODERN

CIVIL AND MILITARY

BY

ROBERT WERLICH

PHOTOGRAPHS, DESCRIPTIONS, HISTORICAL BACKGROUND, WHY AWARDED, COLOR OF RIBBONS, ETC., ON THE ORDERS AND DECORATIONS OF THE FOLLOWING NATIONS ARE INCLUDED:

AFGHANISTAN
ALBANIA
(Peo. Rep.)
(King. of)
ARGENTINA
AUSTRIA
(Rep. of)
(Emp. of)
BELGIUM
BOLIVIA
BRAZIL
(Rep. of)
(Emp. of)
BULGARIA
(Peo. Rep.)
(King. of
BURMA
CAMBODIA
CANADA
CHILE
CHINA
(Rep. of)
(Emp. of)
COLOMBIA
CONGO
(Brazzaville)
COSTA RICA
CUBA
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
DENMARK
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
ECUADOR
EGYPT
(Rep. of)
(King. of)
EL SALVADOR
ESTONIA
ETHIOPIA
FINLAND
FRANCE
(Rep. of)
(Emp. of)
(King. of)
FRANCE
(Former Colonies & Territories of)
GERMANY
(Fed. Rep. of)
(Dem. Rep. East)
GERMANY,
STATES OF
Anhalt
Baden
Bavaria
Brunswick, etc.
GREAT BRITAIN
GREECE
GUATEMALA
HAITI
(Rep. of)
(Empire of)
HAWAII
HONDURAS
HUNGARY
(Peo. Rep. of)
(Regncy of)
ICELAND
INDIA
IRAN
IRAQ
ISRAEL
ITALY
(Rep. of)
(King. of)
ITALY, STATES OF
Modena
Parma
Savoy
Sicily, etc.
IVORY COAST
JAPAN
JORDAN
KOREA
LAOS
LATVIA
LEBANON
LIBERIA
LIBYA
LICHTENSTEIN
LITHUANIA
LUXEMBOURG
MADAGASCAR
MALAYSIA
MALTA
(and other Religious Orders)
MEXICO
(Rep. of)
(Empire of)
MONACO
MONTENEGRO
MOROCCO
NEPAL
NETHERLANDS
NICARAGUA
NIGER
NORWAY
PAKISTAN
PANAMA
PARAGUAY
PERU
PHILIPPINES
POLAND
(Peo. Rep. of)
(Rep. of)
PORTUGAL
RUMANIA
(Peo. Rep.)
(King. of)
RUSSIA
(Emp. of)
SAN MARINO
SAN SALVADOR
SERBIA
SOUTH AFRICA
SPAIN
SUDAN
SWEDEN
SYRIA
THAILAND
TUNIS
TURKEY
U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.
VATICAN
VENEZUELA
VIET NAM
YUGOSLAVIA
(Soc. Fed. Rep.)
(King. of)
ZANZIBAR

THIS FASCINATING BOOK SHOULD BE AN INVALUABLE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE TO ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN DIPLOMACY, HISTORY, AND PROTOCOL

HARD COVER, OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS
"ORDERS AND DECORATIONS OF ALL NATIONS"
TWENTY DOLLARS, POSTPAID (U. S. FUNDS)

QUAKER PRESS
3218 "O" Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20007
U.S.A.



Spain
Order of the Golden Fleece



USA
Purple Heart



Germany
Iron Cross

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

QUAKER PRESS

3218 "O" Street, N.W.

Washington, D. C. 20007

Enclosed is $..... for ..... copies of "Orders and Decorations of All Nations" to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

"Since when do you drink Bourbon?"

"Since I tasted Jim Beam!"



©J B Co.

Understandable, because Jim Beam Bourbon is worldwide in popularity . . . a favorite in 77 countries. Its light, mild taste wins friends in every country in which it's served. No need to acquire a taste for Bourbon. Just acquire Jim Beam.

The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

AMERICA'S GREAT TRAVEL THRILL...



to and from Europe on the SS UNITED STATES

Use America's great superliner when you leave or return from your tour of service. You'll have five wonderful vacation days at sea . . . with plenty of time for fun, and no finer food afloat or ashore . . . on the world's fastest ship.



UNITED STATES LINES

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, N. Y. TEL. DIGBY 4-5800



GRINGUTES-VILLARD. Miss Tamara Gringutes and Mr. Henry S. Villard, former Foreign Service Officer and now Assistant Chief of the Division of Near Eastern Affairs, were married October 11 in Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Villard is Chairman of the Editorial Board of the JOURNAL.

Comment 1965: Harry is Director of Programs of the Washington Institute of Foreign Affairs. He recently published a book titled "Affairs at State." Son Dimitri graduated from Harvard, Class of '64. He is a 2nd lieutenant and is doing a two-year stint in the army. Sandra is a junior at Sarah Lawrence College. She "came out" last winter at the Washington Debutante Ball.



GEERKEN. A daughter, Barbara Karen, was born on October 1 to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest K. Geerken, at Colon, where Mr. Geerken is Vice Consul.

Comment 1965: Barbara lives in New York where she is a housewife and mother of a recently arrived daughter. Her brother John has a seven-year contract to teach at Yale and is about to acquire his Ph.D. degree. Forrest K. Geerken, Jr., 23, is at the University of Minnesota and about to get his MA degree. Edith is enrolled as a senior at the Lakenheath American High School at Branden, Suffolk.

Irish Rebellion

Somewhere in Ireland

American Consul
Dear Sir:

May it please you to make arrangements with Dr. —— of the —— County Asylum to put me in the above mentioned institution for observation, as I would rather be in an insane asylum than to be living with my wife who is always nagging me and threatening my life and when I complained of my wife to —— (the police), they told me to beat my wife as they said every man should be the boss of his own home.

Yours sincerely,

(*Fortunately no official action was necessary since the same correspondent sent the following letter the next day.*)

Dear Sir:

In my letter of the 27th May 1940 which was addressed to you to make the necessary arrangements to put me in the —— County Asylum on account of my wife nagging me, thus, I am advised by my wife to tell you not to pay any attention to my letter of May 27th 1940 as we are the best of friends again.

I am,
Yours Sincerely

RECENT ITEMS

Parking Lot in the Desert

Raymond Perkins, Niamey, Niger, writes about camels, and his father, by odd coincidence, once gave us this definition of one: "A camel is a horse designed by a committee." To quote Ray: "Camels are still very much in evidence in these parts. Peg and I had a chance to get a flight to a desert oasis called Bilma, in the extreme northeast of Niger. We saw some 2,000 camels parked outside of town in the desert, ready to load up with salt for the desert caravans westward to Agades—an average of 22 days across the Sahara by camel. The local commandant told us that at the peak of the season there are up to 15,000 camels gath-

AUTHORIZED EXPORTERS

General Electronics, Inc.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR YOUR OVERSEAS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS (220v, 50 cycles)

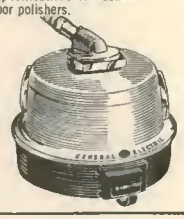
FLOOR CARE PRODUCTS

Swivel-Top Vacuum Cleaners

• Engineering excellence and superb styling distinguish General Electric floor care products • The C10 and C11 vacuum cleaners feature new "twin-clean" tool, swivel top, powerful motor, vinyl bumpers, and full set of attachments • Model C11 also has automatic cord return and storage • Also available are a line of floor polishers • Please refer to data sheet IGE 6337 for complete information and specifications on vacuum cleaners and floor polishers.

Model C10
$37.60

Model C11
$46.60



$16.90



AUTOMATIC SKILLET C126

Bake . . . fry . . . stew automatically.

• Accurate temperature controls maintain just-right heat for each food • Features steam vents in high dome lid, detachable control and cooking chart • Easy to clean • Large 12" (30.5 cm) capacity • Rated 1200 Watts • Also available in 11" (27.9 cm) pan size with dome lid Model C114.

12 inch
$20.00



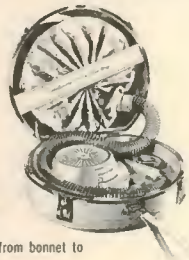
10 inch
$16.20

OSCILLATING FANS PG10, PG12

Quality fans at economical prices.

• New protective grill • Easy wing-nut tilt adjustment • Convenient knob control for oscillating • Virtually noiseless blades mounted on rubber • Two-speed control in 12" fan • Model PG10 — 10" (25.4 cm) 500 CFM on 60 cycles, 450 CFM on 50 cycles • Model PG12 — 12" (30.5 cm) 1000 CFM on 60 cycles, 875 CFM on 50 cycles.

$17.70



DELUXE HAIR DRYER H02

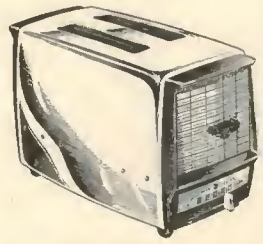
Beautifully styled — from bonnet to case!

• Large bouffant bonnet, with "stand-away" ring, fits comfortably over the largest rollers • 72 air jets spread warmth evenly • Reach-in top aids air circulation . . . makes it easy to check hair without disturbing the set • Quiet motor • 3 heat selections plus a "cool" for warm weather drying • Highly styled carrying case • Also available in 110 volts, 50 cycles.

AUTOMATIC TOASTER T102

Toasts perfectly for every taste!

• Easy-to-read 9-position control • Gives you toast that is light, dark or any shade in between • Extra-high toast lift prevents burned fingers • Snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning • Crisp handsome styling • Cool handles on end panels make it easy to carry even when hot • Rated 1200 watts.



$16.00

PEEK-A-BREW* COFFEEMAKER P41

The coffeemaker that counts the cups!

• Transparent indicator tells at glance, how much coffee is left and how much water to use when filling • Brew selector for perfect coffee any strength — mild, medium or strong • Automatic • No watching, no timing — stops perking when done • The coffee stays hot • Makes 3 to 10 cups • Rated 660 watts.



$14.60

STEAM AND DRY IRON F80

It has a visible water supply!

• Water window helps when filling — tells when to fill again • 3 separate wash and wear settings • Handy, built-in wash and wear fabric guide • Deep, penetrating steam • Even heat soleplate • Iron any fabric safely — without scorching, marring, sticking • Dry iron, too • Rated 1100 watts.



$12.20

DELUXE BLENDER BL2

Low silhouette design!

• Only 10½" (26.7 cm) high — for convenient storage • Deluxe glass decanter jar with chrome base • Large, 32 ounce (.946 l) blending capacity • 2-speed, high-torque drive • Stainless steel cutting blades • Chops whole ice cubes in liquids • Rated 450 watts.

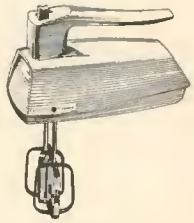
$27.00



CUSTOM PORTABLE MIXER M57

Budget-priced! Serves all your mixing needs!

• 3-speed fingertip control • Powerful G-E motor never needs oiling • Weighs less than 3 lbs. (1.36 kg) • Chrome-plated beaters with dough guards • Push-button beater ejector • Modern, attractive, open-handle styling • Rated 100 watts.



$12.20

We Carry the Largest Stock of
REFRIGERATORS – WASHERS – RANGES – AIR CONDITIONERS – For Overseas Use

Specialists in Equipment for Foreign Voltages

GENERAL ELECTRONICS, INC.

4513 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D.C. Phone EM. 2-8300

Alban Towers

3700 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
FE 8-6400



"Atop the City"

Hotel of Distinction

The Alban Towers is Washington's finest apartment hotel for the Foreign Service officer and his family. Convenient to all public buildings, the shopping and theater districts, this hotel has complete facilities for an overnight stay. Completely furnished apartments with kitchens are available for an extended visit. Special rates apply to stays of four weeks.

Air-conditioned

"A World of Banking Services"



SECURITY NATIONAL BANK is earning a solid reputation among Americans abroad for its "world of banking services," with emphasis on service.

Not the oldest nor the largest, SECURITY NATIONAL is the sole Metropolitan Washington bank maintaining a separate "Department of Personal Services for Overseas Personnel." It is truly the "foreign service" bank.

This Oepartment is headed by a U.S. Foreign Service Officer (Ret.), Albert E. Clattenburg, Jr. He will be happy to tell you how, over and above our full banking services, we can help with any special problem you may have.

Security National Bank

FALLS CHURCH, VA.
CABLE—PERSER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Co.
Federal Reserve System

FULL SERVICE BANK

Depositary for:
U.S. Government
Commonwealth of Virginia
County of Fairfax, Va.

ered at Bilma for this purpose. It is a great town for keeping prisoners— you don't need to loek them up. We watehed them trying to shovel desert sand out of an oasis fruit grove."

West Coast Notes

Robert Rinden of "Life and Love in the Foreign Serviee" fame is about to reeeive his degree at Berkeley and eontemplates further studies. Not a bad post-serviee hobby.

Dave Maynard, Clarke Voyse and Fred Jandrey are baek in California from overseas. Clarke broke a leg while in Europe and Fred spent some of his time in Europe in hospitals.—*The Squire of Menlo Park.*

► Mrs. Dan (Virginia) Finley planned and planted the herb and wild flower gardens at the Biltmore Country Market, south of Asheville. The market provides a eenter where the mountain women sell their produee. The profits (gross $60,000 last year) go to seholarships for boys and girls wishing to study hortieulture.

► Cornelia B. Bassel of Reservoir Road, Washington, names these reeent brides: the daughters of Donald Edgar, John Foster Dulles, Evan Wilson, Arthur Riehards, and Herbert Fales.

► Freddy and Beth Lyon were in Vienna last summer. Freddy was Eseort Offieer of the Department with the Cleveland Orehestra during its sueeessful eoneert tour throughout Europe this year.

► Some of those who attended the funeral serviee for Howland Shaw were Tom Wilson, Cornelia Bassel, Jake Beam. Jaek Hiekerson, Doe Matthews, Mrs. Wallaee (Franees) Murray.

Would He Strike Down a Little Old Lady?

Paul Squire, retired, and his wife Andrée live in Niee. There is one subjeet that Paul avoids. He deelares that he refuses to eomment that the "world is growing smaller every day" sinee he onee overheard a fellow threaten to strike down another fellow if he dared mention again the shrinkage of our globe. But suppose the "other fellow" happened to be an elderly lady? One was sitting opposite us on the train from Charlottesville to Washington. As we neared the Capitol she told us that she lives in the eountry near Charlottesville. When we told her that we live *in* Charlottesville, the old lady exelaimed "What a small world!"

US Navy Saves a Life

Paul Reveley, retired FSO, tells about the time an Amerian in Habana was bitten by a rattlesnake and the rush to obtain serum within two hours to save his life. "I phoned our naval attaehé and when I told him what we needed, he immediately got in toueh with the eommanding offieer of the Key West base. A pilot was ordered to get a paekage of serum from the airfield dispensary and fly it at onee to Habana.

"The Cuban doetor in Hahana was told to take a ear with siren and meet the plane at 2:30 P.M. He met the plane as it landed, and with full siren he rushed to the hospital. The serum was in the vietim with an hour to spare before the (literally speaking) deadline beeause of the speedy and full eooperation of the US Navy.

"The rattlesnake was brought to Hahana with some harmless snakes by a snake trainer for exhibition."

► Herbert Hengstler, retired in Sarasota, Florida, aetually had the following telephone eonversation reeently:

Herbert: "Hello. Sorry, lady, you have the wrong number."

Lady: "Well, if it was the wrong numher, why in the world did you answer it?"

Merry Christmas!

Think about your insurance coverage

accident, and

life,

hospital / medical

Because our benefits and rates are based on 34 years' actuarial experience of a very select group, the programs offered by the American Foreign Service Protective Association are a true bargain for those fortunate enough to qualify.

Have you read our booklet (March 1, 1964) and the Civil Service brochure (November 1, 1964)?

They show many increased benefits from previous booklets and brochures and reflect our present programs.

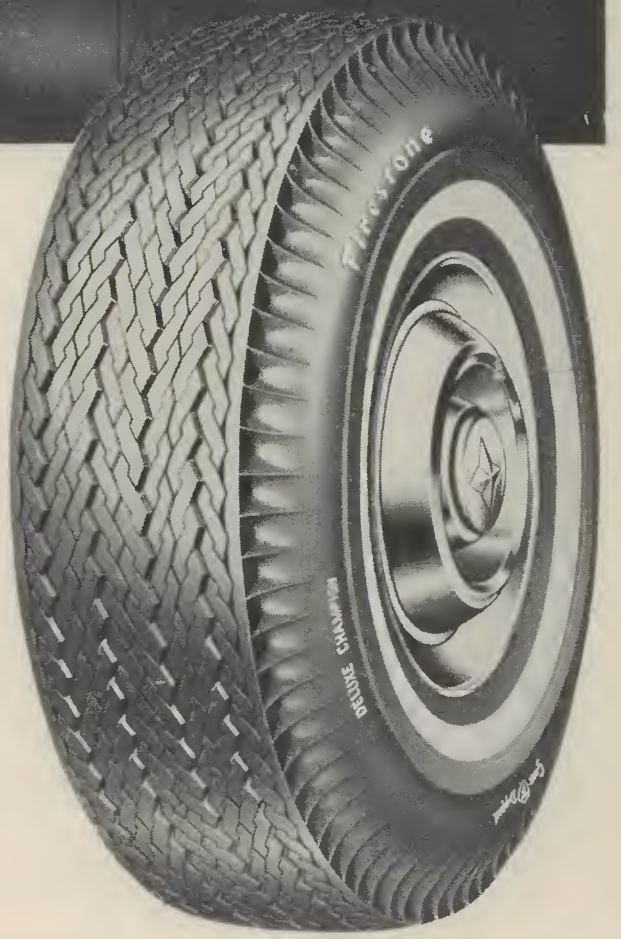
They merit careful consideration.

Copies are available from your Administrative Officer or from the Association.

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

1908 G Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20006
Telephone: NAtional 8-4104

Firestone



Your Symbol of Quality and Service

THIS TRUSTED NAME IN TIRES IS YOUR GUIDE TO GUARANTEED VALUE!

Next time you buy tires, remember your surest sign of value is the one you see at your Firestone Distributor or Firestone tire dealer. Nobody builds tires like Firestone, the world's leading producer of rubber. Nobody tests tires like Firestone, who proves them in millions of grinding miles a year. Nobody has a better world-wide organization, with Distributors and tire dealers in every free country to serve you wherever you drive. Every time you drive, your tires protect your life. Why risk it on ordinary tires. Insist on Firestone — the safest, the best, the most dependable tire you can buy.

Firestone International Company
Akron 17, Ohio, U.S.A.

FRINGE BENEFITS

by T. H. GRYTHE

OVER the years, the JOURNAL has published a good many articles, obviously composed with furrowed brow and cankering anxiety for the future of our venerable profession, about the increasing difficulty of coaxing really bright young men and women into the Service. "Are We Getting Our Share of the Best?" (November, 1962). "Our Third-Rate Diplomacy" (March, 1963). "Competing for Quality" (March 1965). "A Letter of Resignation, to the Secretary" (January, 1963), in which the writer complained that "more and more of the challenging, responsible positions . . . have been put out of reach of junior and mid-career officers." And, of course, a spate of editorials and letters on the Herter report and the Hays bill.

All of them were concerned, directly or tangentially, with "the steadily deteriorating competitive position of government in the employment market." FS starting salaries are too low. FS apprenticeship is too long: months, even years of chafing tedium in consular or administrative chores before a fellow gets a chance to show his mettle in a "challenging, responsible position." FS promotion is too slow: eight, or anyway seven, grueling marches up the foothills and through the icefalls before one emerges on the col, O-1, and sees the glittering summit, Chief of Mission, almost within reach—just one more hazardous traverse and a tricky bit of rock work.

This is an impatient age. The fledgling B. Sc. finds personnel managers queuing up to bid for his services, at a salary his father didn't reach until fifty, if ever. If he isn't at least a fourth vice-president by thirty he looks around, observes how many of his classmates have out-

distaneed him, and develops a depressive psychosis.

It would be surprising if our FS eandidates, alone among their contemporaries, should escape this *Zeitgeist*. Every bright youngster expects to get ahead, and frets at any delay. Every young couple want reasonable assurance that the career on which they are embarking will provide a respectable standard of living and finance a decent education for a normal complement of offspring. FS salary scales have been adjusted upward at fairly short intervals to meet these legitimate expectations, though naturally not as often or as much as we should like.

But let's face it: government never will be able to match General Dynamics or I.B.M. in financial inducements. The Foreign Service is no place for the man or woman whose main concern is making a fast buck. A couple of wars ago we used to chant

> You're in the army now,
> You're in the army now.
> You sonofabitch
> You'll never get rich;
> You're in the army now.

Substitute "Foreign Service" for army; it ruins the meter but doesn't dilute the rueful truth.

This is no news to anybody, of course. People don't go into the Service to make a fast buck. They enlist for a variety of reasons: primarily, we like to assume, because they want to serve their country in a field of extreme delicacy, hazard and opportunity; but also because they like to travel, and here is a chance to travel at someone else's expense;* because a certain glamor still haloes the profession of diplomat, though as nations and missions multiply the halo gets dimmer and dimmer; because it sounds like an interesting life.

In the language of labor-management relations, these are "fringe benefits." Such benefits have become increasingly important in contract negotiations, often outweighing the "wage package."

Looking back from the genteel poverty of retirement (General Dynamics or I.B.M. might have provided more generously for my old age, but neither firm ever showed the slightest interest in me), I find that it is the fringe benefits I remember with the greatest satisfaction.

And I don't mean tax-free liquor and cigarettes, PX and commissary privileges, housing considerably more luxurious than I was accustomed to occupy previously or am able to afford now, the opportunity every two or four years to sell a beat-up Chevvie or Plymouth for the price of a brand-new one. (You can still do that, I understand; but you can't sell it any more for twice or four times the original cost.)

What I do mean can best be illustrated by an example:

The scene was an open-air restaurant high over the Mediterranean. The night air was caressing and fragrant. Out to sea fishing-boat lanterns improvised new constellations on the brocaded water. Our Ambassador was giving a small supper party for a Metropolitan Opera soprano who had just been soloist with the local symphony orchestra. We were dawdling over our drinks. The orchestra had gone out for a breather and perhaps a snifter; the pianist was idly fingering the keys, a snatch of this, a fragment of that.

Suddenly our guest began to sing.

Heads turned. Conversation hushed. The pianist missed a bar and then caught up the accompaniment, beaming delightedly over his shoulder. The maitre d'hotel came over to our table. What would Madame like to sing next? They conferred with the pianist, and the impromptu recital resumed. Sometimes she forgot the words; it didn't matter—the lovely voice went effortlessly on. That was the delight of it: her complete spontaneity and simplicity. She didn't go over to the piano and strike an attitude; she sat quietly at the table and sang, the way a bird sings, because she wanted to, because it was her life.

It ended, of course, too soon. The orchestra straggled back. Waiters came with our food. Nadine Conner, now retired, may have forgotten the incident. But surely nobody else who heard her that night will ever forget it, or cease to be grateful to her.

It is such experiences—unforeseeable, purely serendipitous—that compensate one for all the tedium, the drudgery, the frustration.

And, as a bonus, they provide one with a fund of anecdotes to impress the folks back home and one's junior colleagues, and an arsenal of names on which to draw if some other bore starts dropping them.

You may note how casually I dropped Nadine Conner's. That is the first rule of name-dropping: let it flutter down like an autumn leaf, not descend with the thud of a worm-eaten apple.

The point I am making is that in Foreign Service you meet such interesting people. Few other professions offer comparable opportunities for encountering celebrated persons, or merely notorious ones, and recounting these encounters later, with judicious embellishments.

Madison Avenue, perhaps? But the acquaintance of the agent, copywriter or producer is limited largely to the entertainment field, and other celebrities venal enough to expound unctuously, for a fee, on the merits of a new deodorizer or detergent. Journalism? The great majority of newsmen deal with humdrum events and glamorless characters. I know; I used to be one. The young B.J.'s chance of becoming next decade's Reston or Brinkley or Chancellor is not much brighter than an FSO-8's expectation of being Ambassador to St. James's.

Any junior vice-consul, however, may find himself appointed action officer for a Congressional delegation, a Presidential Task Force, a theatrical troupe traveling under Departmental auspices, a Very Important Person. "Action officer" really means "errand boy," but in the process of running errands our hero is likely to have some revealing glimpses of famous men (and women) in unguarded moments.

Discretion forbids me to list the VIPs I have tucked into bed, or at any rate seen safely to their hotel rooms, after functions in their honor. I can vividly picture one rather famous personage propped precariously against the door while the floor waiter went to look for a key—he must have locked his own in the room. He was obviously in distress, which increased momentarily. Finally he exploded, "Where is that goddam waiter? I've got to go to the john!" Luckily at that moment the waiter and the key appeared.

Our Cultural Officer received an agonized phone call one morning from a visiting diva: "Get me a doctor,

* As a member of the cattle-boat generation, I get a bit crusty when I hear an FSO-7 grumble about the discomforts of economy-class jet travel.

quick! I've been poisoned! I think I'm dying!" Having watched her exchanging toasts the night before with the resident musical community, and having tried tactfully to hint that the colorless local beverage was not as innocuous as it looked and tasted, we were not surprised. A doctor with long experience in treating hangovers was summoned, and the show went on.

When a large reception for a visiting covey of American artists was breaking up, long after midnight, one of them draped a plump arm around my neck and cooed, "Darling, will you do just one more thing for me? Get me a bottle of Scotch. I have some heavy homework to do. And darling, why don't you come along?"

I nipped behind the bar and got her the Scotch, but I begged off on the homework. She seemed to know her subject pretty well already.

I've never been to one of Perle Mesta's parties, but Mrs. Mesta has been to one of mine. In a way she crashed the gate. I wouldn't have had the temerity to invite her, but when the Embassy learned she was in town with a group of friends the protocol officer asked if she could bring them to a reception I was giving. She was the only guest who bothered to call up next morning and say she'd had a good time.

One's range of acquaintance will depend, of course, on the nature of one's assignment. The new policy of compartmentalization may curtail one's scope considerably, so long as it remains in force. In the old days of generalism one could accumulate, by mid-career, a roster of droppable names extending across the whole spectrum of public endeavor, from politics to the arts.

The opportunities are greater in a small post than a large one; there just aren't people enough for excessive specialization, and in an emergency anybody may be drafted to squire a celebrity. My wife and I were once privileged to accompany Eleanor Roosevelt through one day of the murderous schedule the Embassy and the local officials had worked out. It was a fifteen-hour day, beginning with breakfast at a primary school and ending with a banquet in the town hall. She moved through it with incomparable poise, dignity and serenity, always doing the courteous, the thoughtful thing, always finding the right words. When her car crawled off at midnight, through the densely packed, adoring crowds, we knew that we had spent a few hours in the aura of true greatness.

If we had been stationed in Paris or Rome I doubt if my wife would ever have been taken to the movies one evening by Artur Rubinstein and Isaac Stern. Nor would she have witnessed Mr. Stern's consternation when she delivered him to the airport next day, five minutes before flight-time, and he discovered that he had left his Guarneri at the hotel. In Paris or Rome there might not have been the same happy ending: a taxi howled up and a bellboy hopped out bearing the priceless fiddle.

If one is not too scrupulous, one can imply, without actually claiming it, intimacy where the actual encounter was most perfunctory. If driven to it—if I suspect the other fellow is cheating—I have a card or two up my sleeve. Not an ace, but a king—in fact, four kings, and an emperor, not to mention a queen and a clutch of princesses. I see no need to detail the circumstances under which I met them. They were, of course, mob scenes: an Ambassadorial presentation of credentials, with the staff trailing along, or an official dinner or reception. But on the rare occasions when royalty breaks into the news, I have sometimes been unable to resist the temptation to remark casually: "Of course when I knew him he was only a schoolboy. Seemed like a rather nice lad. I wonder if he ever got over that stutter."

Presidents, prime ministers, and other statesmen and politicians one meets by the dozen, of course. But only in the more stable countries, where they stay on long enough to become phenomenal, or in the more turbulent ones, where they go out with a bang, do their names rate very high on the droppability scale. You never know, though. That chap who was your opposite number fifteen years ago in Cucaracha—and where did he learn to play poker so devastatingly?—may pop into the headlines tomorrow as the new *caudillo*.

I have known more knaves than kings, to be sure. My impression is that they are likely to be more fun, though that may be only because I got to know them better.

Name-dropping is really not the proper rubric under which to discuss Raoul de la Fourche, because that was almost certainly not his name. But knowing him certainly was a fringe benefit.

After a decade and a half I still find myself wondering whether Raoul, with his sumptuous parties, his seven poodles, and his beautiful blonde "wife," really was a spy, or merely a picturesque fraud. Certainly he was not the Swiss journalist he professed to be, although he did manage to insinuate himself for a time onto the payroll of a prominent American newspaper. But a spy? Spies, we have learned from John Le Carré, are shabby characters, corroded with ulcers and disillusionment, doing their dirty work with grimy fatalism in a grimy twilit world, and destined inevitably for a grimy end. Raoul was orchidaceous, not shabby; he functioned not in the twilight, but in a self-generated *son et lumière* spectacular.

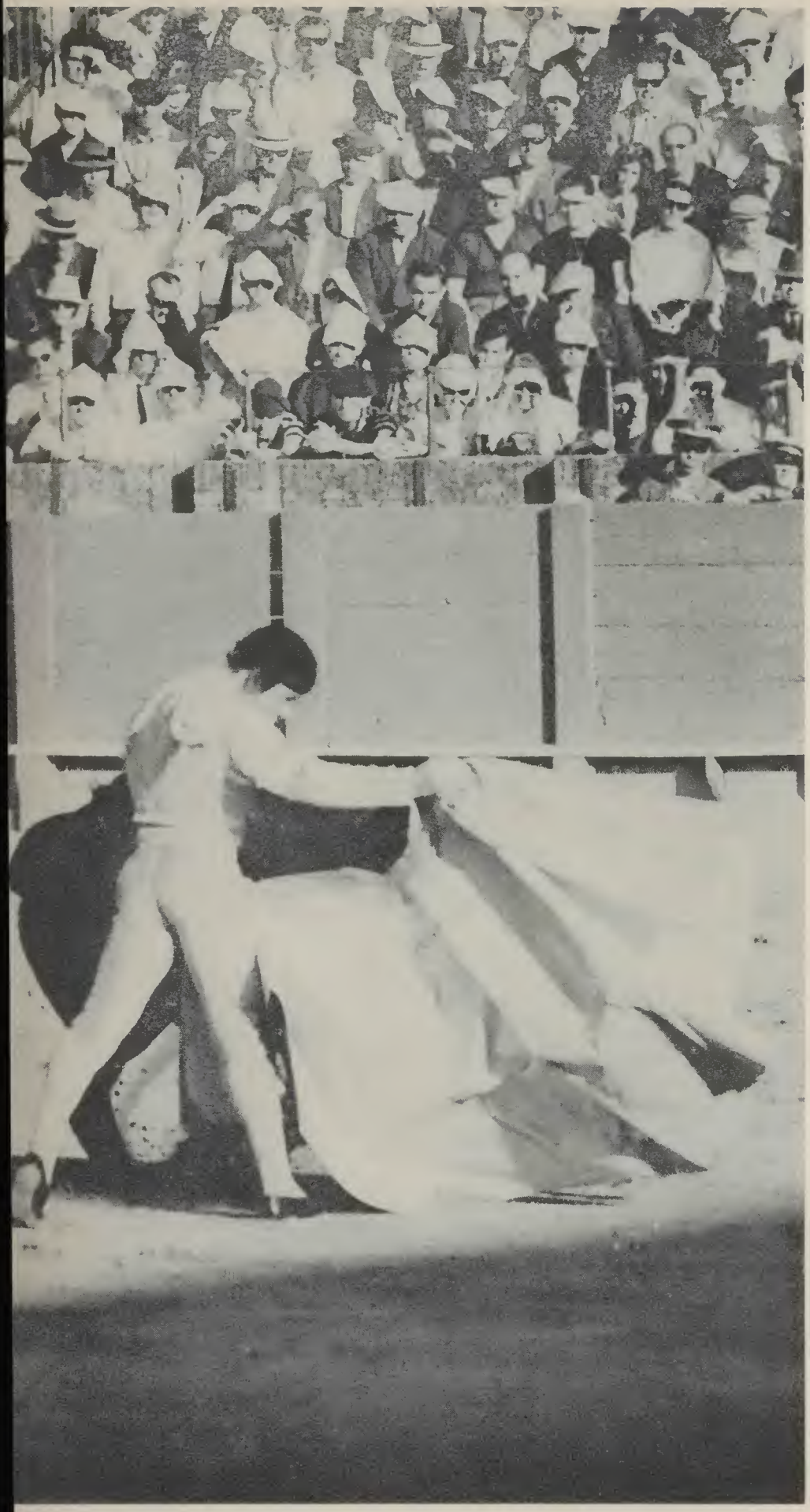
He may have come to a grimy end; I shall never know. He had been under surveillance, as it developed, from the day of his arrival, and eventually the police felt they had evidence enough to pounce. They put him on board a ship for his native Poland. The blonde was sent back to England, where, it was rumored, she had been a Foreign Office code clerk. I never did learn what became of the poodles.

Yes, you do meet such interesting people. But one admonition may be warranted. Never forget that their cordiality is addressed originally not to you but to the nation you represent, the title you bear, the function you perform. Do not jump to the conclusion, as young officers sometimes are prone to do, that your charm is sweeping them off their feet. There may, just possibly, be a pinch of the ulterior in their motivation.

Every now and then, in an old movie resuscitated for television, we see an actress we once knew rather well. In fact, for a couple of months she gave us what can only be described as a rush. She had my wife to tea. She sent us theater tickets, in the second-best box. She sought us out at receptions and turned upon us all the candle-power of a dynamic personality. We were dazzled, but not quite blinded. We happened to know she was having visa trouble. Indeed, after a judicious period of courtship, she mentioned the matter herself.

Eventually the trouble was cleared up, though not through my intervention. The next time we met, her

(*Continued on page* 50)



IN our daily more complex society —where the smart boy doesn't even open up a summer-time lemonade stand until he first runs a traffic pattern projection, a psychological motivation study and perhaps a neighborhood consumer preference survey—the Career Counsellor is coming to be a mighty important man to a lot of bewildered people. In colleges, in government offices, and lately in some of our more progressive corporations, he is the man who lights the way for many a youngster who otherwise might wind up playing "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief" with his future. Alert, intelligent and well-informed, this skilled professional is constantly probing the employment market for occupations that are both well-paid and uncrowded. He warns his charges about too-competitive professions and steers them into fields that are still open. So how come he completely overlooks a profession that offers giddy riches and some fringe benefits the unions haven't even dreamed of asking for yet?

by DEWITT L. STORA

CAREER OPPORTUNITY

The pay in this field is acceptable, if you will be satisfied with a top rate of about $30,000 an hour. The work day is two hours long, although our man is actually on the job only forty minutes or so of that time. Working conditions? Wonderful, out in the open air all the time, very little night work. Social acceptance? Incredible. If he be so inclined, from the minute he establishes himself in the profession he need never buy another drink. The richest men around will feel honored to have him as a guest at their luxurious country estates. He has only to nod in the direction of an admirer to bring forth instantly a handsome gift. For the beautiful women who throng around him, he need not even nod. In spite of one or two minor drawbacks I'll mention later, it is a pretty wonderful way to make a living. I mean, of course, the ancient and honorable profession of matador, killer of bulls, bull fighter.

A run-down of these incentives is sure to produce a certain quickening of interest on the part of the Counsel-

lor's audience. The rest of his talk should go something like this:

Don't think for a minute that success in this field will come easily. The rewards are indeed great, but so are the hardships along the rocky road that leads to them.

The physical requirements are simple. If you have the nerve of a cat burglar, the reflexes of a Ted Williams, the fierce dedication of a Ben Hogan and the muscular grace of a Nijinsky, then you may just start to think about becoming a matador. This is how you do it.

The first thing to do is arrange to have been born in Spain or Mexico. In Spain, THE area is Andalusia in the sunny south, preferably somewhere in the province of Cordova. Manolete, history's best-known torero, and El Cordobes, the current rage in both countries, as well as many lesser lights were born in this prime bull country. In Mexico, it could be either the cattle zone round Vera Cruz or the rolling plains of Jalisco to the west.

If through carelessness you were born in another Latin country, that is not necessarily fatal to your ambitions. Portugal and various countries of South America have produced fine fighters.

All is not lost even if you were born in the USA. Sidney Franklin of Brooklyn blazed the trail more than 30 years ago. Jesus Cordoba, a Mexican post-war star, was born in Kansas City but very wisely left for Mexico almost at once. In 1963, a young Philadelphia artist named John Fulton Short made taurine history by winning the elusive title of matador in the famous La Maestranza at Seville. Cracking this barrier was anything but easy. For openers, he had to shorten his name to John Fulton, because you just can't pronounce "Short" in Spanish.

Foreign hopefuls are always plentiful. The current crop includes a Chinese, an Aussie, a Canadian, a Japanese and several Americans. The crowds are encouraging and friendly, but the true fan cannot believe that



Above, a matador watches a rival at work. Below, the rejoneador placing the lances is the scion of one of Spain's great sherry dynasties.

MATADOR



anyone of less than 100 percent fiery Latin blood ever will master the art of the fiesta brava. So Americans will find the major rings of Spain and Mexico tough to crack, but they can still do very well indeed in the Mexican border towns. Crowds of tourists and devoted fans jamming those arenas have brought a new dimension to the trade, a third and fabulously profitable season.

Another important factor is ancestry. Your family should be either desperately poor or immensely rich, nothing in between. When dinner is an event and not a habit, it somehow is easier to look over the bull's wickedly hooked horns to the lush rewards that lie beyond. But if Father owns a ranch or two, you will be raised with the know-how poorer kids must trudge miles to get. Plenty of horses and a genius for riding may make you into a *rejoneador*, the dashing young man who fights his bulls from horseback. These don't make as much money as the pedestrians, but of late they have been lionized by the glamorous jet set, movie stars and the like. Incidentally, this is a field open to you ladies in the audience. Conchita Cintron of Peru and a number of other girls have done pretty well at this.

Once you get yourself born, try to be raised in the country near a large bull-breeding ranch. A few boys have managed to make it from the city streets, but in terms of your future expertise there is no substitute for growing up almost shoulder-to-shoulder with the same kind of critter you will one day try to out-smart in the ring. Don't waste any precious time with soccer or fishing, either. Get out in the pasture every chance you get and look at those bulls. Study them. Watch what they do when faced with a sudden challenge. Such as, for example, you. Do your field work faithfully until you find yourself thinking like a bull, as the great toreros are said to do.

Now let's assume that you enjoy all of these advantages and have firmly decided on a bullfighting career. What do you do now? Well, you scrape up enough cash to buy a pair of horns. You mount them on a strip of leather, pad the base with felt, and you're in business. If you can afford to go first cabin, mount the horns on a kind of frame with wheels. This contraption does a better job of simulating the bull's "run on tracks" for your practice session.

I would say that it is absolutely essential that you be the first on your block to own a pair of horns. Just as the kid with the baseball turns out to be the starting pitcher, the horn-owner gets first and most frequent crack



Young amateurs practice with a piece of wood simulating the bull's horns.

at being "torero." The other kids get to play right field and to imitate the bull. They perch the horns on their foreheads, lower them and charge at the "matador" as realistically as they can manage. At each pass, the novice practices one or more of the many intricate maneuvers which make up the highly stylized ballet on sand. This goes on by the hour, day after day, throughout the bull-fighting world. "Running the bulls" is just another game for most youngsters, but when the dedicated aspirant starts serious training it is the equivalent of a street brawler beginning the tedious gymnasium routines—punching bag, rope, mirror, et al—that may in the end make a boxing champion.

Sooner or later the time will come when you feel that you've mastered all the moves, the flowing sweep of a veronica, the crisp whirl of the showy *rebolera*, the *gaoneras, afaroladas* and the rest of your repertoire. Like Kansas City, you've gone about as far as you can go. Without a bull, that is. Next step is to try your skill under battle conditions.

So you turn into a moonlighter. For some little time you've had your eye on a promising nearby ranch. The animals are plentiful, the fence not too high and the hired hands not prone to shoot at shadows. On a night with a strong full moon, you and your buddies invade the ranch honored by your choice. What you are looking for is a lively cow or even a half-grown calf. They are close enough to the real article and not quite so likely to prove fatal if something comes unstuck. After all, the ground is rough, the night pretty dark and there is always the danger of the foreman swooping down from behind those trees. This worthy takes a dim view of the proceedings. The ranch owner hopes to sell his stock for as much as a thousand dollars apiece and is not inclined to risk injury to them in behalf of your career. Also, no matador wants to face a bull which has had too much previous close-hand experience with this strange new animal, man.

If you're lucky, you'll manage to get in quite a few nocturnal sessions before the lot of you are run off the ranch. Enough to put the finishing touches on your technique and, most importantly, give you some of that unshakable confidence that is the psychological basis for your "domination" of the bull. Your passes are almost second nature by now. You no longer have to think about what you're doing or how to do it, but can concentrate on what the bull is doing and on what he probably will do next. There is no such thing as too much training or too much experience for a matador. Remember, you are preparing to step into a small ring, alone with 1,200 pounds of charging fury, armed only with a scrap of red cloth and a wooden sword. The big difference in your favor is the know-how you are so painfully acquiring now.

Your next great stride forward will be at a "tienta," that curious institution, part social, part business, part training and all fun. At least once every spring the breeding ranches test their young cows to choose the best prospects for breeding purposes. The experts believe that the future fighting bull gets his muscles from his sire but his courage from his mother. And in the plaza, courage is king. So the word is passed that a *tienta* is scheduled for such a date. Well, not passed exactly, more like infiltrated. A good *tienta* is a carefully leaked secret. If the publicity is too good, the ranch will be flooded with aspiring matadors and would-be guests, none of whom traditionally may be turned away from the gates. On the other hand, if the secret is kept and nobody comes—disgrace.

The young bullfighters hear about it, through some mysterious grapevine, and flock to the scene from all parts of the province. A common sight on roads leading to the ranch is a dusty, eager-looking youth standing on the shoulder. He shows passing cars what looks like a hobo's bundle on a stick but actually is his *muleta*, cape, slippers and wooden sword. In bull-fighting country, these are better than a railroad pass.

Besides picking the cream of the year's crop, the rancher is intent on providing a good show for his friends. The foreman will keep the amateurs under strict control, limiting them to a few prescribed passes designed to



At times, the aspirant abruptly decides to take up another line of work.

reveal certain characteristics, notably the cow's eagerness or reluctance to charge horse and man. By hoary tradition, he is bound to give an opportunity to every would-be Manolete who shows up, although some clumsy types may get the equivalent of the Amateur Night hook after a pass or two.

In addition to the unknown kids, more celebrated figures may take a hand. For old times' sake a famous retired matador may show how he used to wow 'em in Puebla or an active fighter whose career is in the doldrums may come to sharpen his reflexes. Almost no fighter with serious ambitions willingly passes up a *tienta*, as chances for practice are all too few.

All this training has taken time, several years at least, but you are convinced the game has been worth the candle. At last I'm ready, you tell yourself hopefully.

All right, it's down to the union for you. Before you can so much as set foot on the plaza's golden sand you must be a member of the Union of Public Spectacles. Nothing to it, though. You simply announce your intentions, pay a small fee and present the required documents: birth certificate, police good conduct certificate, parental permission if a minor, three passport-size photos, residence papers and two letters of recommendation from professional matadors. You then become an apprentice qualified for the "economical" bullfights.

They really mean that word economical. It applies to all phases of your first fights—your pay (if any), the quality of the bulls, the number of assistants around to help you escape the bull when you get into trouble.

Most important of all, they also dispense with the *picadors*, the burly men on horseback who jab the bull with lances at the beginning of the fight. This makes all the difference to you, the torero. Fat, mean and sadistic, the *picador* is always the villain of the piece; Americans have been known to cheer happily when the bull knocks him off his horse. But of all the elaborate ritual which precedes the dramatic "moment of truth," it is the "pic" that is the key to an artistic and reasonably safe performance by the matador. Without it, you're in trouble. A smart fighter may seem to side with the crowd when it whistles and jeers at a *picador* leaning too long on the straining bull. In truth, he has made quite sure that his employee will pay no attention whatever to the boss' grandstanding.

Fifteen of these economical fights and you're done with the apprenticeship. Next step up is *novillero*, or fighter of young bulls. Your struggles have just begun. You know you're good, all your friends agree you are ready for the big time, but to the hard-eyed impresario you are still only a cipher in his book. He tells you in Spanish, "Go out and get yourself a reputation."

There are several ways to go about this, none of them guaranteed. You can go on haunting the *tientas*, hoping that your style will catch the eye of an influential guest. The rag-tag fights held during village fiestas sometimes let you get in a few quick passes before an uncritical audience.

The road to success in this career is long, hot, dusty and covered with king-sized tacks. To follow it, you bundle up your equipment and hit the tank-town circuit. Few Latin towns will admit they are too small to afford at least one bullfight a year, usually during the fiesta honoring the local saint or at the end of the harvest. As the towns get smaller, so do the crowds. The smallest can only dream of one day seeing a full-fledged matador, generally settle for a little-known *novillero* as the star and, for the rest of the bill, whatever is available and cheap. You.

The pay is an insult, not enough to feed you until the next town and the next *corrida*. Working conditions, of course, are atrocious. The dressing room is back at your boarding house. The bulls come out either wild mavericks or gentle Ferdinands, either of which means a long, long afternoon for you. Medical care, when necessary, is available if the crowd happens to include a doctor that day. Despite these drawbacks, you can count on dozens of rivals riding the same country fair circuit with you. Some good, some hopeless, all determined to be the lucky one chosen for the *corrida* that somebody says is going to be held in San Juan de Dondequiera sometime in April. Or maybe May.

Up to now your career has been somewhat less than glittering. Don't give up. Being good at your trade, as no doubt you will be, eventually you find your best style, do well enough to win a small reputation and in the process create something of a public demand for your professional services. But you are still standing in the wings as far as the big money is concerned.

In the shadowy depths of the bullfighting world there is a handful of faceless men, unknown to the public, who wield vast power in determining who will get to fight where, if at all. They are the *apoderados*, or managers of the fighters. Pick out a good one, regardless of his 20% cut, because he'll have the tough job of getting dates for an unknown and, later, getting you spots you don't really deserve on first-class bills.

Even after your shrewd manager has thrust you into the front ranks of the *novilleros*, there remains one last towering obstacle to be hurdled, the so-called *alternativa*. Every year a

few of the most popular *novilleros* are accepted, with elaborate ritual, into the brotherhood of matadors. The newcomer must be sponsored by an established pro, who thereby assumes a sort of moral responsibility for future performances of his protege. The foreigner finds it next to impossible to locate such a sponsor, who is reluctant enough to open the gates of the fraternity to anyone. The established businessman feels he already has plenty of competition.

But at long last you make it, and now are ready to watch the golden doubloons trickle through your greedy little fingers. There are no fixed piecework rates in your profession. Your pay is intimately related to your drawing power. In Spain, an average matador or one who has just taken the *alternativa* can expect between $1,250 and $2,500 for each contract. This usually is for 20-minute sessions with each of two bulls on a Sunday or holiday afternoon. (If one of the other "swords" is damaged, you may have to finish up for him; this is a professional courtesy like doctor treating doctor—no charge.) For the bigger stars, the fees escalate quickly, almost without limit. A public idol such as El Cordobes or Carlos Arruza averages in the neighborhood of $12,500 for 40 minutes' work.

Although even a journeyman torero gets respectable money for each appearance, it is a lamentable fact that the lesser-known athletes may have to make one payday last for several months, fights being that scarce. On the other hand, the superstar can hardly find enough days to crowd in all the fights that are pressed on him from three continents. When El Cordobes triumphantly captured the Mexican fans' hearts and pocketbooks in his tour there last winter, he fought about every other day, often in rings which never before had permitted week-day fights. On his return to Spain, he was promptly booked for a mere 28 fights in the month of August.

A glance at El Cordobes' financial picture is enough to make any normally greedy boy rush for the nearest *muleta*. Barely a year after taking the *alternativa*, this son of a penniless Cordova family converted himself into a corporation with assets consisting of his professional skills and property valued at one million dollars. His current annual income runs well over that figure—a half-million from the season in Spain, as much or more again in Mexico, plus occasional windfalls such as $200,000 for starring in a motion picture (ominously titled, "Learning to Die"). This must be accounted a fair return for his labor, especially since the die-hard purists still wonder out loud if he is in fact a great matador or merely a very brave man with a spectacular death wish.

Fame has its costs, some of which can hardly be called legitimate business expenses for tax purposes. At the wheel of his blue Mercedes, instantly recognized throughout the country, is a chauffeur armed with wads of 500 ($8) and $1,000 ($16) peseta notes. He is authorized to dole these out to the hard-luck cases that pop up at every stop, without bothering El Cordobes. When recently besieged at his hotel in Malaga, this matador fought his way to the car only after his men had made a path by scattering 100-peseta ($1.60) notes among the crowd.

The matador has a host of other demands on his cashbox. The star invariably travels in style, together with what sometimes looks like the mob scene from Carmen. Into the ring with him go his *picadors* and *banderilleros* (these place the decorated lances in the bull's back, make passes with the large cape and otherwise tire the bull before the matador begins the serious work of the day). Behind the barriers are his manager, his "man of confidence," a sword handler and assorted other types, all of whom share in the booty to some degree. Other overhead items are newspaper ads (when the offers are a little slow in coming), judicious gifts to the critics, upkeep of your faithful fellow-travelers and supporters, etc. The total runs to about half your take.

Those dazzling uniforms are another major item. A good one costs at least $250. Like other public figures, a first-class matador cannot afford to wear the same old suit of lights too often or fail to come up with a glittering new creation for special occasions. And they tend to wear out more rapidly than your best blue serge, what with all that scrubbing of blood stains and those nasty gashes that suddenly appear from time to time. Count on five or six new ones every season.

It is only fair to warn you that there are a few dark corners in this glowing picture of your future. The union has not yet achieved a full range of fringe benefits. No formal pension plan, for example. If you fall on evil days, your only hope is that a nostalgic impresario will stage a benefit *corrida* for you and for himself, perhaps equally. Furthermore, your application is not likely to cause little cries of joy in the local life insurance company. On the other hand, the stars rake in the pesos and pesetas at such a rate that these niggling matters don't seem very important. They actually can't spend the stuff as fast as it comes in, although some have made really heroic attempts.

Most of the household names seem to have wound up with large breeding ranches or in business. Paco Camino, for example, owns a large olive packing plant, and has bought an entire village to house the workers. If your fighting career seems about to peter out, you can always become a *banderillero*. A good one averages more in a year than a mediocre torero, because his intimate knowledge of bulls is in great demand with other matadors.

The number of years your career may be expected to last naturally is of some interest, particularly since you are sure to spend a goodly part of them in the hospital. In the old days, a matador apparently stayed active as long as he could totter into the ring. One Jose Romero set the record at Madrid in 1818 when he fought at the ripe age of 73, but his mark lasted only until 1831 when his brother Pedro, 77, delivered his swan song in the same arena.

The physical toll of today's nonstop fighting is much greater. The grand old man of the Spanish circuit is Antonio Bienvenida, at 42 a full matador for some 22 years. He still averages one ear cut for every bull fought. In Mexico, Luis Procuna and Antonio Velazquez have been ranking stars for more than 20 years.

Although you may not last as long, you certainly will enjoy more and better pay-days than did the old-timers. Miguel Canelo, generally believed to have been the first professional fighter, opened the Seville ring in 1773 for a princely 525 pesetas. Admittedly that bought much more paella than it would today, but his fee is not even within shouting distance of the 1,200,000 pesetas El Cordobes is said to have drawn down in Madrid one sunny afternoon of 1964.

Your life-expectancy, while still not outstanding, also is considerably improved. Since the unfortunate Jose Candido achieved fame of a sort by being the first matador killed in the ring (1771, at Puerto Santa Maria), the fatality rate has shown a steady and gratifying tendency to decline. Superior equipment, better training, improved working conditions and younger bulls, principally the last, are the reasons.

There you have the main outlines of an unusual and rewarding career. To those of you who find the prospect exciting, I wish the best of luck as you follow the golden road that leads from Tijuana to Mexico City to Caracas and Lima to Madrid and Nîmes. ■

THE NEW DIPLOMACY VIEWED FROM AN EMBASSY

by LINCOLN GORDON

DURING recent decades much has been written of a transition from the old diplomacy to the new, with consequential changes in the duties and qualification of Ambassadors. This is a common theme of ex-diplomats who have found a better way of life as professional historians or novelists, and who generally regret the passing of the good old days. There are some well known American examples, but I shall mention some European ones which are less familiar in this country. I recall a splendid character in Roger Peyrefitte's somewhat scurrilous novel, "Les Ambassades," a fictional French Ambassador in Athens on the eve of World War II. He remarks wistfully at one point that in olden times, Ambassadors had the triple duties of collecting and reporting intelligence, of negotiating, and of representation. Now, however, the press collects more information faster, and negotiations of any importance are taken over by Cabinet Ministers or specialists flown in on short notice from Paris. That leaves only representation, he goes on to say, but what is the use of mere representation, when its classic purpose was to aid in collecting intelligence and in negotiation.

The changing times are also illustrated, albeit perhaps unwittingly, by the memoirs published by a retired British diplomat a decade ago under the title "The Ruling Few." His central theme was the importance to an Ambassador of cultivating the élite—of identifying that small group of persons, whether in official positions or private life, who really run their countries. Now this distinguished gentleman's career covered the turbulent four decades from 1910 to 1950. In many of the countries where he served, the ruling few he had chosen to cultivate were violently ejected from leadership either during his term of office or shortly thereafter.

A keener and more profound analysis can be found in Harold Nicolson's brilliant lectures of 1953 on "The Evolution of Diplomatic Method." They make it clear that there are certain continuities in the nature of diplomatic work despite the multiplication in numbers of countries, and therefore of Embassies, the growth of international global and regional organizations, the impact of jet transportation and electronic communications, and other changes in the environment of international relations. Twenty-five hundred years ago, Nicolson tells us, ambassadors among the Greek city-states "were accorded very meager travelling allowances and were not allowed to accept presents." And five hundred years ago, among the requirements for a good ambassador set forth by Italian writers, there was the need to be a good linguist, the need to employ an excellent cook, the need—in his words—to "be imperturbable, able to receive bad news without manifesting displeasure, or to hear himself maligned and misquoted without the slightest twinge of irritation," and, finally, the need to "be tolerant of the ignorance and foolishness of his own government and know how to temper the vehemence of the instructions he receives." These are eternal verities.

For Nicolson, however, the golden age was the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when diplomacy was a monopoly of Foreign Offices and a caste of like-minded professional Foreign Service officers. He sees as noxious innovations of the new diplomacy, which he attributes mainly to the United States, the incursions of amateurs and of Congressmen, the conduct of negotiations in public, especially in international organizations, and diplomacy by conference.

In my mind, however, what has brought about the most significant changes in the character of international relations in our own lifetimes is a point largely missed by Nicolson. He rightly attributes to the career diplomats of the European great powers in his golden age a common belief "that the purpose of diplomacy was the preservation of peace." This is, of course, still true—even more so since the alternative to peace may now be a life-extinguishing form of warfare. But peace defined simply as the absence of warfare is an essentially negative goal. Its very achievement depends on the conditions in which men live and how they are governed. And international relations bear today on those great positive issues more directly and more intensively than in any previous epoch.

Consider, for example, the impact of international communism. Here is a Messianic movement, now backed by two powerful nation-states, which has its partisans in every other nation throughout the world. China and Russia preach somewhat differing versions of the gospel of Marx and Lenin, but they concur in defending the legitimacy of what they call "wars of national liberation." In practice, this means movements for the Communist capture of power by any means, fair or foul, that can be enlisted: direct outside aggression, internal subversion supported from outside, revolution, political manipulation, propaganda, and terrorism. This fact alone gives an international coloring to many types of political movement which in the classical diplomacy were considered purely internal matters.

But even if there were no international Communist movement, there is an increasing social, psychological, and economic interdependence created by modern science and technology, which is obliterating within all nations the conventional boundaries between domestic and foreign affairs. Even our own Treasury and Federal Reserve System cannot manage domestic fiscal and credit policy without a close eye on the balance of payments, and on the actions of central banks and finance ministries in remote continents. To a much greater degree, the prosperity of other nations, the rise or fall of political parties and leaders, the opportunities for workable land reform, the viability of a development program, are as dependent on events outside their boundaries as on their own domestic policies. This is why national departments of finance, agriculture, industry, labor, social welfare, atomic energy, and education are unwilling to leave foreign affairs exclusively to their respective foreign offices. And this is why, to paraphrase Talleyrand's remark about war and generals, presidents, prime ministers, and congresses all believe nowadays that diplomacy is much too serious a thing to leave to the diplomats.

In the two decades following the second World War, United States foreign policy has come to be increasingly directed toward the promotion of peace through affirmative means. For this reason, the energies of a modern ambassador are directed not only to the classical functions of intelligence, negotiation, and representation, but also to the supervision of major operating programs overseas: programs of economic, technical, and military assistance; programs of information and cultural exchange; and coordination of bilateral efforts with those of international institutions. Under their mandate from the President, American Ambassadors are directed to supervise all official United States programs or activities in their country of assignment, with the sole exception of military combat forces stationed overseas.

You may wonder whether under modern conditions an Embassy has any influence on policy. The answer is decidedly affirmative. Ultimate decisions of policy must of course be made in Washington, where bilateral relations can be judged in the light of regional and global considerations. Since the vast bulk of substance of international relations is still bilateral in character, however, well-supported policy recommendations from an Embassy Country Team can have great influence on policy. The Embassy must be familiar with the basic guidelines of policy, including regional and global issues. Much of our heavy flow of communications is devoted to these matters. Within this framework, however, we in the field are uniquely qualified to judge the viability of policy alternatives and to formulate a strategy adapted to the political, economic, and psychological environment in which we work.

We naturally do not always see eye to eye with Washington. Various agencies in Washington frequently have differences with one another. Nevertheless, while we in Brazil have occasionally been turned down on specific issues, and others have been long argued and finally resolved by compromise, our considered views have always received serious consideration. On the major issues we have had consistent backing and support. Whenever that fails, a sensible Ambassador should resign his post.

An Embassy works at the point of application of foreign policy. This means that it must be constantly searching for workable ground between the world as it is and the world as we might like it to be. In facing this tension between the "is" and the "ought," the new diplomat must be on guard against two perils. Underadjustment to reality may make him a frustrated—and therefore useless—idealist. But overadjustment may make him a hardened—and equally useless—cynic. What is needed are pragmatic idealists, unflagging in their commitment to constructive change but cognizant of the human and institutional weaknesses which obstruct such change and realistic in their approach to practical ways and means of bringing it about.

The objectives of policy are easy to state. In Latin America, our purposes on the economic and social side are those of the Alliance for Progress—spelled out as to objective and method in the Charter of Punta del Este, which is an international undertaking of all the free governments of this Hemisphere. On the political side, our purpose is to strengthen constitutional government and effective representative democracy.

To state such goals is one thing; to realize them is another. In a charming phrase of the Brazilians, who are famous for their sense of humor, it is often the case that "in practice the theory is different." Public opinion at home on these matters is distorted by a whole series of misleading and grossly oversimplified stereotypes. The most elementary error is to regard all Latin America as alike, equating a Brazil with its 80 million people, 3.2 million square miles of territory, and great industrial metropolis of São Paulo, with a Haiti or a Paraguay. Another distorted image pictures the entire continent as ruled by a handful of reactionary, landed oligarchs, repressing a mass of poverty stricken, illiterate and landless peasants, but somehow capable of miraculous metamorphosis overnight through the passage of a few laws for land and tax reform. The facts, fortunately, are not as bad as the diagnosis, but neither are the needed remedies as simple as the prescription.

Political stereotypes tend to be equally misleading. One common one is to assume that in all Latin American countries and at all times there is a simple choice available between progressive, liberal, honest, reforming democrats on the one hand, and reactionary military or civilian dictatorships on the other. In fact, each country has its own political history, traditions, party structure, personal and ideological rivalries, and mechanisms for the mobilization of political power. The current spectrum of political sentiment cannot be analyzed in any of these nations along one simple dimension, neither left to right, nor constitutional to dictatorial, nor corrupt to honest.

Perhaps the most misleading stereotype of all is the myth of American omnipotence. If we are not always credited with the good things that happen, we do seem to be almost universally blamed for the bad. It is true that we have a large presence everywhere in Latin America, by virtue of trade and investment relations, geography, and tradition. But this is a base for persuasion, collaboration, and negotiation; it is very far short of omnipotence.

The reason for confidence that the Alliance for Progress can succeed is not so much that our own government is committed to it, although this is an indispensable condition of success. The more important reason is that its goals do reflect the aspirations of millions of Latin Americans throughout the continent and growing numbers among the leadership groups. These are people who want modernization, progress, and reform under free institutions and who are increasingly understanding of the processes essential to

(*Continued on page* 49)

EDITORIALS

THE PARLOUS STATE OF OUR RETIREMENT FUND

In October's editorial, we welcomed the provision of the Hays Bill which would extend the retirement benefits currently available to FSOs and FSSs with ten years service to new entrants into the Foreign Service, provided the present critical status of the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability Fund was not further impaired. We believe that the present, parlous condition of that fund, which is of great concern to many of our readers, requires more detailed examination.

The status of the retirement and disability fund, which is admittedly a complex mathematical issue, has been shrouded in mystery and silence. The only insight in recent years that there was anything amiss in the actuarial soundness of the fund came in the minority views in Report No. 813, Calendar Item No. 795, of the First Session of the 88th Congress, entitled "Adjustments in Foreign Service Annuities," December 19, 1963. This minor piece of legislation, which nevertheless was of vital importance to 300 retired officers and their widows, attracted little attention among active officers and was passed without serious opposition. Although seventeen volumes of testimony were taken by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, only a brief report was issued. The issue was, however, revived by Senator Lausche in the hearings last spring on the incorporation of 760 USIA officers into the Foreign Service.

In these hearings, Senator Lausche reported: "The Foreign Service Retirement Fund, even though the Government pays the $285 million which it owes, and pays it today, will require, as I have said, a 29.7 percent contribution to keep it sound." And later he added: "Do you know this to be a fact, an unbelievable situation prevails in the fund illustrated by the fact that into it now on the basis of a 13-percent contribution—that is the present law, 6½ percent by the Government and 6½ percent by the worker—the fund received $6 million in 1962 and paid out $5.5? All that it received to meet future obligations was $500,000. Furthermore, an actuarial projection of funds, known obligations, and anticipated receipts reveals that unless measures are taken to improve the financing of the fund, it will be depleted by 1977."

These are serious matters, and Senator Lausche's statements merely paraphrase the minority report in 1963, which went unchallenged. We do not agree with the minority report's criticism of the 12 liberalizations of the Foreign Service Retirement system which they alleged were largely responsible for the unsound status of the retirement fund. We believe that all of these changes were justified improvements, but we know that there is much truth in these words of the minority report concerning the changes introduced in 1956: "Government payments were to be in the form of annual appropriations based upon an actuarial determination of the contribution required. Frequently the Congress did not appropriate any or all or any part of the funds requested for this purpose."

No matter how the blame for past failures may be assessed—and surely the successive administrations which failed to press the case were just as responsible as the Congress—the present, catastrophic situation should not be worsened by a blanket introduction under the Hays Bill of new members of the retirement system, unless Congress provides present and continuing legislation to correct the drastic shortcomings in the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability Fund. ■

ADAM'S RIB

Improvements in the fringe benefits of the Foreign Service have increased enormously since World War II. Education, hardship, transfer, and rest and recuperation allowances come to mind, not to speak of vastly improved medical arrangements.

"Training with industry" programs organized by the Foreign Service Institute have also greatly added to the personal and professional stature of our officers.

But the service itself is also increasingly enjoying a fringe benefit which for many years past had been overlooked: the contribution made by our wives. More and more Foreign Service wives either on their own or through government sponsored programs, have gained fluency in local languages. They teach English and other classes, help in clinics, work with the wives of host countries in charitable causes and with imagination and tact help in other ways. It is not surprising, therefore, that personnel and supervising officers are now showing nearly as much interest in the wife's potential contribution as in the officer's.

There is a danger, though, that this can get out of hand. Ours is a competitive service and rightly so. An officer has to run pretty fast to keep up on the Foreign Service track and the benefits to the Republic are worth the price of the loss of the out-of-condition or easily winded diplomatic athlete. But let us be very careful about encouraging competition among our wives as they carry out their Foreign Service roles. We should not forget that a Foreign Service wife's first job is to be a wife, to assist her husband and children to adapt to overseas conditions. We should also remember that not all wives, including many of those who make happy and successful homes for their husbands and children overseas, have the time, personality or special talents for some of these extracurricular roles. Some have large families. Many may well have interests or training for which there are no outlets in some countries. And there are those who quite frankly, and we think justifiably, might resent too heavy-handed an "encouragement" from their husbands' bosses to participate in what might be considered politically useful programs and activities. It seems to us that we have an excellent balance at the moment, with every reasonable encouragement being given to our wives to participate in those programs in which they feel they can make useful contributions. Let us keep it this way and leave the competition to the husbands. ■

An Interview with Machiavelli On Vietnam

by S. I. NADLER

(Niccolo Machiavelli was guilty of speaking the unspeakable about politics. He did not create the pattern he described. There has existed no successful politician or statesman who, wittingly or otherwise, did not follow the major dicta *of Machiavelli. Since the struggle in Vietnam is generally agreed to be primarily of a political nature, I thought Machiavelli's views on the subject should be pertinent and of interest. The fact that he is long dead did not make an "interview" impossible, since what he wrote about, like it or not, is timeless. The "answers" to the following questions are all drawn from Machiavelli's "The Prince" and "The Discourses." The only liberty taken has been to substitute the term "Chief of State" for "Prince," but that is what he was talking about, anyway.—S.I.N.)*

Q: There are those who think we should take our troops out of Vietnam and stop supplying arms to the South Vietnamese, in order to get Hanoi to the conference table. What do you think?

A: Among other evils caused by being disarmed, it renders you contemptible . . . Because there is no comparison whatever between an armed and a disarmed man; it is not reasonable to suppose that one who is armed will obey willingly one who is unarmed.

Q: Others believe we are not being tough enough. Our propaganda to North Vietnam, for example, has often been criticized for not being sufficiently threatening, not hard-hitting enough, too polite. Would you agree?

A: I hold it to be a proof of great prudence for men to abstain from threats and insulting words toward anyone, for neither . . . diminishes the strength of the enemy; but the one makes him more cautious, and the other increases his hatred of you, and makes him more persevering in his efforts to injure you.

Q. As you have probably gathered, the President of the US is constantly receiving a good deal of unsolicited advice from various sectors. Many seem angry that he does not always take this advice. What would you say?

A: A Chief of State . . . ought always to take counsel, but only when he wishes, not when others wish; on the contrary, he ought to discourage absolutely attempts to advise him unless he asks for it . . .

Q: Meanwhile, others say the President asks his civilian and military advisors for too many details, perhaps subjecting himself sometimes to unpleasant information, as well as the other kind.

A: . . . but he ought to be a great asker and patient hearer of the truth about those things of which he has inquired; indeed, if he finds that any one has scruples in telling him the truth he should be angry.

Q: With all the new political, social and economic reforms we have been helping to introduce in Vietnam, why do you suppose more of the people are not being won over?

A: There is nothing more difficult to carry out . . . than to initiate a new order of things. For the reformer has enemies in all those who profit by the old order, and only lukewarm defenders in all those who would profit by the new order, this lukewarmness arising partly from fear of their adversaries . . . and partly from the incredulity of mankind, who do not truly believe in anything until they have had actual experience of it.

Q: Well, looking at it another way, taking into account all the military and economic aid we have provided, we should not have to feel *any* obligation toward the South Vietnamese, while they certainly should feel very grateful to us. Don't you agree?

A: It is the nature of men to be as much bound by the benefits they confer as by those they receive.

Q: What with a war going on and with armed forces loyal, do you think all the effort to direct the loyalty of the peasants toward the central government is worthwhile?

A: It is necessary for a Chief of State to possess the friendship of the people; otherwise he has no recourse in times of adversity.

Q: What is the best way to win the friendship of the people?

A: A wise Chief of State will seek means by which his countrymen will always and in every possible condition of things have need of his government, and then they will always be loyal to him.

Q: Some critics of our policy say that it is contradictory to hold that we have the best interests of the Vietnamese at heart and are helping them fight to gain freedom. They say that, in that part of the world, freedom is not important, that the people do not want it and are better off without it. What would you say?

A: Only those . . . countries that are free can achieve greatness . . . In free countries we see wealth increase more rapidly, both that which results from the cultivation of the soil and that which is produced by industry and art; for everybody gladly multiplies those things, and seeks to acquire those goods the possession of which he can tranquilly enjoy. Thence men vie with each other to increase both private and public wealth, which consequently increase in an extraordinary manner.

Q: One final question, Signor Michiavelli. In the beginning we may have misperceived the true problem in Vietnam and stressed some parts of our program too much, others not enough. For some time now, however, we have understood the problem for what it really is and have been acting accordingly. Why, then, has it not yet been settled?

A: It happen(s) with this as with those hectic fevers, as doctors say, which at their beginning are easy to cure but difficult to recognize, but in the course of time when they have not first been recognized and treated, become easy to recognize and difficult to cure. ■

THE FIRST FOREIGN SERVICE DAY

Plans Afoot to Make It an Annual Event



Secretary Rusk addresses the conference. Seated, left to right, Richard I. Phillips, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, moderator and William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration.

It was nine o'clock, Friday, November 12, in the wood-paneled and glass-roofed main floor conference room in the State Department. Only five minutes to go before the opening of the First Annual Foreign Service Day Conference. Through the double doors on both sides of the room, the retired Foreign Service officers thronged in to take their places on the comfortable blue chairs (a not unimportant point, those comfortable chairs, for they were destined to be occupied for many hours). At nine the attendance count stood at 206. More arrived later. The count of ambassadors was 40.

Retired Foreign Service officers, it rapidly became manifest, can vary greatly in age. There were some who looked as if they had retired many years ago. (One venerable man remarked to an equally venerable friend, "Well, old boy, did you bring your chaise longue?") There were others who looked so young that one would have guessed that retirement would be something for ten years in the future.

There was a rustling of papers. The organizers had provided an excellent kit filled with background information. Most eyes were now fixed on this program.

MORNING SESSION

Moderator

RICHARD I. PHILLIPS, *Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs*

8:30 **Registration**

9:00 **Welcome**

DEAN RUSK, *Secretary of State*

9:30 **Viet-Nam**

U. ALEXIS JOHNSON, *Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs*

10:15 **Coffee Break**

10:30 **The Middle East**

RAYMOND A. HARE, *Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs*

11:15 **Coffee Break**

11:30 **Latin America and the Alliance for Progress**

JACK H. VAUGHN, *Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and U.S. Coordinator Alliance for Progress*

12:15 **Luncheon**

DACOR House, 1718 H St., N.W., will serve a buffet lunch limited to 100 persons. Advance reservations suggested.

There will be a coffee Friday morning for participants' wives, who are not expected to attend working sessions.

AFTERNOON SESSION

2:15 **Opening Remarks by Moderator**

GARDNER PALMER, *Foreign Service Officer (Retired)*

2:30-3:15 **Relationship between Retired Officers and the Department**

WILLIAM J. CROCKETT, *Deputy Under Secretary For Administration*

3:15-3:30 **Public Relations and the Retired Officer**

RICHARD I. PHILLIPS, *Deputy Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs*

3:30-3:45 **Coffee Break**

3:45-4:00 **Cultural Relations and the Retired Officer**

FRANK S. HOPKINS, *Bureau of Cultural Affairs*

4:00-4:10 **College Relations Program**

WILLIAM B. KELLY, *Director*



Ambassador Joseph C. Green, Ambassador Bernard Gufler, Ambassador Raymond A. Hare (now Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs), Mrs. Hare.

4:10-4:20 **Department Professional Placement Staff**
SAMUEL D. BOYKIN, *Director*

4:20-4:30 **Foreign Service Institute**
HOWARD E. SOLLENBERGER, *Acting Director*

4:30-5:00 **Retired Officers Program**
JOSEPH PALMER 2nd, *Director General of the Foreign Service*

The Secretary of State will present honor awards to Dr. Albert A. Giesecke and to Mr. Harold C. Vedeler. The ceremony for recipients and their invited guests will take place at 5:45 p.m. in the Secretary's Diplomatic Reception Room on the seventh floor.

6:00-8:00 **Reception**
John Quincy Adams Room, Department of State Building (Diplomatic Entrance, 22nd and C Streets, N.W.)

The meeting was called to order by Richard I. Phillips, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs.

In came the Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, in a beaming mood. He was marked down for "Welcome" and he did not fail to welcome all the guests.

Then, the Secretary's voice took on a somber tone. He discussed the world we live in, its problems and the outlook. It was no cursory briefing, it was an incisive analysis. According to subsequent comments of the listeners, it was precisely the kind of thing they had been hoping for.

There were also analyses by other senior officers: one on Viet-Nam by U. Alexis Johnson, Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs; another on the Middle East by Raymond A. Hare, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs and still another on Latin America and the Alliance for Progress by Jack H. Vaughan, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and Coordinator for the Alliance for Progress. All these were on a level with the Secretary's: thoughtful, candid exposés of the shifting world situation. They were intended for that room only and hence not even a summary will occur in this *compte-rendu*.

There were two coffee breaks in the morning session to permit old friends and acquaintances to exchange notes. It was patent that the morning's session had been a vast success. So many of these men, once active in the formulation and execution of American foreign policy, but recently cut off from inner sources, were happy to be back once more on the inside.

After lunch the conference got down to practical affairs. The *leitmotifs* were: how can the department improve its contacts with retired officers, how can the talents of retired officers be utilized by the Department?

The first speaker was William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, who said, "This is the homecoming of the Foreign Service. . . . We want this day to be symbolic of the fraternity that exists between active and retired Foreign Service officers. . . . We are beholden to you; the present hangs heavily on the past you created. . . . The American Foreign Service is second to none in the world."

"How," asked Mr. Crockett, "Can retired officers help the Department?" The answer:

"In maintaining their interest in the Service and in foreign policy."

"In taking part *as* retired officers in the life of their community."

"In giving support to the concept that some change is inevitable."

A talk by Richard I. Phillips, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, brought out the fact that many radio stations need speakers on foreign affairs and ways will be studied to establish contact between the stations and retired Foreign Service officers. Many participants were interested in establishing liaison between the Department and the foreign



At the reception on Foreign Service Day, Mrs. Joseph Palmer, II, Ambassador Palmer, Mrs. Dean Rusk, Secretary Rusk, Miss Cornelia Bassel and some of the invited guests.

policy associations that exist in many American cities.

Frank S. Hopkins of the Bureau of Cultural Affairs disclosed the fact that openings exist for retired Foreign Service officers as escort officers for various cultural enterprises sent abroad under the auspices of the Department. Other opportunities exist for retired officers willing to act as escort officers and translators for foreign visitors touring the United States. Whereas Fulbright assignments in Europe draw ten applicants for every job, there is a shortage of applicants for assignments in Asia and South America.

William B. Kelly, Director of the College Relations Program, asked the help of retired Foreign Service officers in the recruitment of potential entrants to the Foreign Service. Retired offi-

(*Continued on page* 51)



A foursome of retired Ambassadors and Ministers, Frederick Merrill, Jack McFall, James Moose and Frederick Lyon, discuss retirement activities.

THOSE WHO CAME

Since more than 125 retired Foreign Service officers attended the Conference, it is manifestly impossible for the JOURNAL, approaching its deadline, to print all the names. Instead we are plucking a few names in different categories of distinction:

SOME EARLY ENTRANTS INTO THE FOREIGN SERVICE

William Phillips
Joseph W. Ballantine
Stanley K. Hornbeek
William Dawson
Cornelius Van H. Engert
R. Henry Norweb
Don C. Bliss
Julian F. Harrington

SOME RETIRED FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICERS WHO HAVE MADE NEW CAREERS

Theodore C. Achilles—Vice Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Atlantic Council

Robert D. Murphy—Chairman of the Board of Corning Glass International, SA.

George V. Allen—President of the Tobacco Institute

Herbert P. Fales—Manager of the International Banking Department, American Security and Trust Company

Livingston T. Merchant — United States Executive of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development

William J. Sebald — practicing attorney, Washington, D. C.

Julian F. Harrington—General Manager of the Foreign Service Association

Loy W. Henderson — Professor and Director, Center for Diplomacy and Foreign Policy, School of International Service, American University.

Jack D. Neal—Director of International Relations, International Telephone and Telegraph

COMING FROM A GREAT DISTANCE

Merwin L. Bohan
William H. Christensen
Kenneth J. Yearns
S. Walter Washington
William Phillips
Lawrence W. von Hellens
Erwin P. Keeler
David McK. Key
Lewis Clark
John F. Correll
William E. DeCourcy
Luey R. Lentz
James H. Keelcy
Marselis C. Parsons, Jr.
Dr. William E. Dunn
Loyd Steere
Samuel C. Ebling
John J. Janke
Ernest L. Ives
B. M. Hulley
Arnlioth G. Heltberg
Frances Willis
David Maynard
R. Richard Rubottom, Jr.
Lionel M. Summers
Edmund B. Montgomery
R. Henry Norweb
Avery F. Peterson
George H. Abbott
George O. Barraclough
Leon B. Poullada
Harold H. Rhodes
Walter K. Schwinn
Robert E. Ward, Jr.

SOME OUTSTANDING WOMEN

Frances Willis
Constance Harvey
Margaret Woodward
Nona L. Gardiner
Margaret P. Hays
Helen A. Gray
Luey R. Lentz
Cornelia Bassel
Montana A. Zbinden

SOME PARTICIPANTS WHO HAVE SIRED BOOKS

William J. Sebald
Frederick C. Oechsner
Henry S. Villard
Hallett Johnson
Willard Beaulac
Waldemar Gallman

SOME PARTICIPANTS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

Theodore C. Achilles
Henry S. Villard
R. Smith Simpson
Joseph E. Wiedenmayer
Charles F. Baldwin
Theodore B. Olson
Joseph W. Ballantine
Stanley K. Hornbeek
Willard L. Beaulac
Philip W. Bonsal
John C. Shilloek

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Shakespeare: Sonnet 73

Not every syllable of this applies, naturally, to Washington. Shakespeare must have got his metaphor from the ruins he saw in the Warwickshire countryside—the ruins that had come with Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries. Warwickshire obviously had a full supply of sweet birds and so did Washington—once. But the pigeons and starlings are chasing out the sweet birds, the respectable birds, the god-fearing birds. Otherwise the perennial drama of the autumn frosts goes on.

It took just a few hours in a single night: Down went the dahlias, the petunias, the salvias. The roses struggle on but the only resplendent flowers left to defy the frost are the chrysanthemums.

In some climates you can indulge in all your whims in flowers. You can spurn salvias, pansies, verbenas. You may opt instead for delphiniums, irises, phlox, lilies. But not in Washington: here you settle for what will grow—in the area in general and in your plot in particular. As the summer passes, you revise, quite wisely, your list of friends. Halfway through the summer you may decide that the gorgeous flame colored salvias are your top favorites. They behaved well, they were loyal to you. The petunias, verbenas and dahlias also triumphed over the too acid soil. But a plague on those iniquitous nasturtiums, phlox, larkspur, torenia, ageratum! They shall be forever banished. We must treat flowers like friends. We must not pick them at random. We must not crave the company of those who disdain us. We must return loyalty for loyalty, admiration for admiration.

The coming of the frost amplified the problem of leaf raking. Cascades of leaves on every lawn and bank. Fortunately they don't all tumble at the same time. If the black walnuts, ashes and elms start the movement, the maples hang on for a little longer and the red oaks the longest of all.

Lawn problems also increase. People buzz about with carts of lime and nitrogen. If they survive this they go into mulches. They engage in different species of tillering. This to some may sound shady, even indecent, but it is a thoroughly worthy pastime. All the tillerers want is to increase the number of blades of grass pushing up from each root.

The Siege of the Walnuts

One seemed to have lived through earlier experiences without a loss of composure. There was that special delivery letter to the consulate proclaiming a firm intent to assassinate the Queen of England. Then the series of notes threatening to blow up the consulate. One lived through it without developing the jiffles.

Why then the jiffles over the black walnut tree? But why anyone should want to plant a black walnut tree in a town or suburban garden, quite near the house, is a matter for solemn conjecture. In summer the black walnut is inoffensive, although it gives no better shade than an oak or elm.

But autumn brings out the mischief. The black walnuts, hundreds of them or thousands of them, most of them rotten, rain down and as they hit the slate roof, ricochet to a lower gable and then to a tin roof, they create a din like hand grenades. Now and then the inhabitants of the house get coshed—despite their best efforts to avoid the walnut tree.

But that isn't all. The nuts have attracted an army of frenzied squirrels from all over the Northwest Corridor. They carry the nuts to every part of the lawn and garden, crunch them and leave the lawn, flower beds, pavements and door sills littered with something that looks like black, viscous sawdust. Squirrels, it is sometimes believed, are intelligent little beasts. This is not true. They hide things and cannot remember where they put them. Squirrels have a lower IQ than crocodiles or Rhode Island Reds.

On Saturdays and Sundays one can cope, somewhat. It is possible to grab up most of the nuts before the squirrels can pounce. But they do start with their nefarious work at dawn and moreover they can climb the tree.

And life on that plantation had seemed so serene and secure.

Money in the Pocket

The fate of H.R. 8207—the Udall bill that brought a rise in pay to all federal employees—was touch and go up to the last hour. Both the House Civil Service Committee and the Senate Post Office Committee agreed that four per cent was a proper hike. There was a fear, however, (solidly grounded, perhaps) that President Johnson would veto the measure. A compromise was then effected: the figure was changed to 3.6 and sent to the White House. Still several days went by before the presidential signature appeared. By this time you have doubtless seen the results.

Some naive Foreign Service officers thought that all they had to do to find out the size of their next pay check was to multiply salary by 3.6. Not quite: You had to have one of those graduated charts with per annum rates and steps. Some got less than 3.6 per cent, some more. But what with Christmas approaching, everyone must be pleased to get something.

Complesso Internazionale?

Plans are afoot for the creation of a spacious international complex in Washington to hold foreign chanceries and for the expansion needs of the Organization of American States and the Department of State (specifically new quarters for the Foreign Service Institute). It is a long-standing problem because foreign governments are enjoined from establishing their chanceries in residential zones. Some twenty of these have discussed their problems with the Department. After long deliberations involving several government agencies, legislation has been prepared and this is now under study by the Office of the Budget.

Although the Department of State has indicated firmly that several sites are under consideration, the Washington POST printed a story and a map of one site. This is a forty acre triangular area east of Georgetown and north of Foggy Bottom. With Washington Circle as the apex, the southern boundary is K Street, the northern boundary N Street, the eastern, 23rd Street, and the western, Rock Creek Park.

This is a drah region of smallish apartment houses and minikin "town houses." Many of the houses have turned into slums; not a few are empty and wear condemned signs. There are only four large establishments in the area: the Columbia Hospital, the Weather Bureau, a dairy, and US NEWS AND WORLD REPORT. The magazine's plant is the only building with any claim to elegance. A careful cruise through the area did not disclose any older building with the slightest claim to architectural distinction. If a bulldozer cleared the district the only loss would be a certain amount of good old Washington brick—the garnet hued variety.

Whatever site is chosen, the whole scheme holds out attractive aesthetic promise. A complex of this sort, dedicated to diplomatic uses, would have a certain unified contour and at the same time would afford golden opportunities for the country's best architects to produce quality and variety. The plan would contribute greatly to the beauty of Washington.

December Award

During a November weekend some 350,000 inhabitants of the Washington area hightailed it out to such spots as Skyline Drive, Virginia, and the Catoctin Mountains in Maryland, to see the autumn foliage. The common people talked about "autumn leaves" but some of the more glossy personalities found a new genteelism: "Have you been out to see the tints yet?"

Whatever they called them, they cluttered up the roads for hours, and on Monday they announced triumphantly: "Last night it was bumper-to-bumper all the way back to Washington!"

There seemed to be only one dissident voice: Homer Peterson, a Maryland milkman, when asked if he had joined the foliage cult, answered, "Not on your tintype! The only leaves I look at are what I can see from my front porch." He seemed to feel like Voltaire who in some random utterance opined that most human follies begin when people stray from their front porches.

So the December Award goes to Homer Peterson for not cluttering up Skyline Drive, the Catoctin Mountains, etc., etc.

Problems Abroad

Perhaps you have already seen the excellent film "The Unending Struggle" put out by the Department of State. It was shot in Ecuador and a great deal of it, doubtless, is applicable to most of South America. One of its great values is that it shows the precise role of each officer in an embassy or consulate.

It is gratifying to report that the production is having a thwacking success all through the United States in public libraries, universities, secondary schools, various organizations. Here are some typical reactions:

Retail Clerks International: "Excellent production. We have purchased a copy for use among our local unions."

Loyola University: "An excellent picture of the work of the Department of State."

District Public Library: "Fine film. Does a very convincing job."

Richfield High School (Waco, Texas): "Audience reaction excellent."

While we are on films, we must mention another desirable documentary: "Quiet Battle," an AID film dealing with the US foreign assistance program. The locale is Taiwan, Greece, and Pakistan, and the nimble way the camera jumps from country to country and from problem to problem affords many a vivid insight into the basic nature of foreign aid.

Swift Deduction

Overheard in barber shop:

Creaky old crock: "I'm worried about my dad. I think he's failing."

Another old crock: *"Your dad!* Why, he must be 110."

Camp

The favorite sport of newspapers and magazine writers these days is defining the recondite word camp. But alas! The more they explain and define the less one understands this recent development in "far out" circles. They seem to get so tangled up in their cute rhetoric that one has a feeling of listening to an eight year old give the quintessence of Spinoza. One seems to gather that the origin of the word is squalid and that it is now applied to objects that were once despised and rejected but have now, in avant garde circles, been restored to favor. To buy a Victorian bathtub and install this in the center of your drawing room would be camp. It would be doubly camp to grow verbenas ("So deliciously old-fashioned, my dear") in the bathtub. And you yourself would be camp for doing this. Recommended campishness: Get some 1908 stained glass and put it in the bathroom. Put a 1900 pot bellied "base burner" in the rec' room. Make a curtain of velvet ribbon and scooped out walnuts and hang this between your dining room and drawing room.

More camp intelligence later.

The Two Class Society

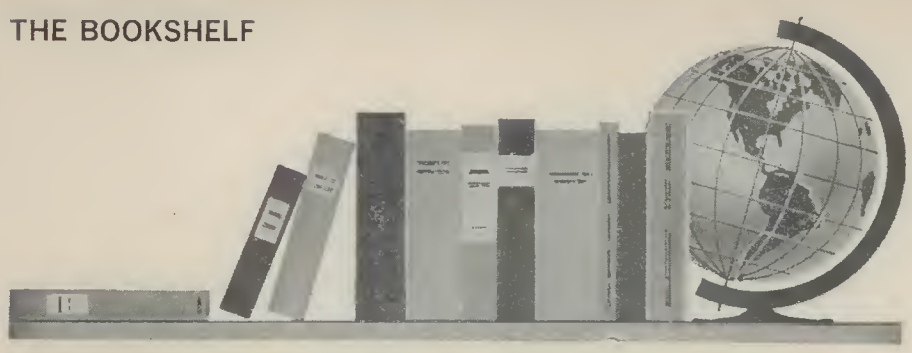
The NEW REPUBLIC relates that a diplomat's wife, at the moment when her husband was finishing his tour of duty in a Middle East post, received an official award — "The Order of Chastity—2nd Class."

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by Robert W. Rinden



"Consular, Political, Economic, Administrative, Commercial, Atlantic Community Affairs—and I can have only one?"



Modernizing Without Violence: "Change Without Delay"

THE problems of changing over, politically and economically, so-called less developed societies not only in Latin America but in Africa and Asia, present many more similarities than differences and it is high time for a study on societal problems as a whole rather than on just a regional basis. A good example of what can be done is "The Dynamics of Change in Latin America." In it, John Martz has brought together an intriguing and provoking series of essays dealing with the most pressing problems confronting the Latin American political leaders and so, to the US-practitioner of Latin American relations—problems comparable to other regions. How is change brought about? What forces cast the die for evolution or revolution? What parts are played by the politicians, the soldiers, the priests, the business groups, labor? Rather than try to cover all these myriad and tough subjects himself, Mr. Martz has drawn upon the most relevant writings of the last ten years by an outstanding group of students of developments in Latin America—not only presenting them handily for the practitioner's use, but clearly saving these helpful studies from the oblivion often reserved for articles in learned periodicals. Several of these could most respectfully be brought up to date. For this reviewer, it is the most interesting and stimulating book of the rather large number he has reviewed for the Foreign Service JOURNAL in this field over the past year as studies of ideas and what the Latin American thinks of himself is long overdue. Of particular interest are Kalman Silvert's "A Proposed Framework for Latin American Politics" and "Nationalism in Latin America"; Lloyd Mecham's "Latin American Constitutions: Nominal and Real"; William Stokes' "Violence as a Power Factor in Latin American Politics"; George Blanksten's "Political Groups in Latin America"; Albert Hirschman's "Ideologies of Economic Development in Latin America" and Theodore Wyckoff's "The Role of the Military in Latin American Politics."

The clearly identified titles are grouped in three sections relating to basic elements of change: its setting, its nature and the agents to bring it about. The author avoids cliches and cuts through to the underlying aspects of personalities, organization and social systems.

Relevant with regard to change throughout the world, but in a more limited field, is an introspective examination of the role of the Catholic Church in Latin America: its history, its present and its future. Here too comparison may be made to other areas where there is a more or less established church with a strong influence on society. In "The Church in the New Latin America," edited by John J. Considine, M.M., we are presented the highlights of the discussion and recommendations of the Catholic Inter-American Cooperation Program Conference held in Chicago in January 1964. In terms of change in Latin America, this brief book touches on the problems of the Church's inheritance from Spain, parochial schools, anti-clericism, the new Catholic Laity and the need for and ways to achieve true understanding of the Latin American minds at work. Two outstanding chapters for those with a more general interest are "Dr. Calvani and the Latin American Apostolate" and "So You Think You're Ready to Work in Latin America!" [Calvani, a Venezuelan, is a leading member of the Social Christian Party (COPEI).] Having in mind the position of the Church throughout the Latin American countries, varying from country to country but an important element in all, this book will be of interest to the specialist and to those interested in the Christian Democratic political movement. Although strictly a working handbook intended to outline problems facing the Catholic Church and to suggest ways of overcoming them, it is a valuable lead to the thinking of practical Catholic leaders in the United States and Latin America. It would be interesting, at least to the author, to know the amount of relevant extra curricular reading in their fields of special interest done by desk, area and Mission officers. It is this reviewer's impression that those who would gain most from studies such as "The Dynamics of Change" do not make the time available to read them. Those practitioners interested in making a test of the relevancy to their work of current studies can safely be advised to dip into Mr. Martz's well selected compilation.

—JOHN M. CATES, JR.

THE DYNAMICS OF CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA, *edited by John D. Martz. Prentice-Hall, $6.00.*

THE CHURCH IN THE NEW LATIN AMERICA, *edited by John J. Considine, M.M. Fides Publishers (Notre Dame), $2.45.*

Men of Distinction: All Nations

Orders and Decorations of All Nations" lives up to its name—and to its subtitle: "Ancient and Modern, Civil and Military." Its 330 pages of text and its hundreds of illustrations help the reader to pin down any order issued by some 70 countries.

You may, for instance, compare the Order of the Nile of the Republic of Egypt with the Collar of Fuad I which was given out by the Kingdom of Egypt, or, again, compare the Orden de Aguila Azteca of the Mexican Republic with the Orden de Aguila Mexicana of the Mexican Empire. Then there are such interesting obsolete items as the Monte-



Convent of El Carmen *by Daniel Nuñez*

negrin Order of St. Peter, the Sicilian Ordine di San Fernando and the Orden del Toison de Oro which made its first appearance in 1492. But perhaps the most curious item of all is the totally phony "Chancellerie de l'Obole" which popped up in France in the time of Napoleon III.

If you should be more interested in the pictorial and aesthetic instead of the historical aspect of orders you could turn to the pages in color and decide whether you covet most the Albanian Order of Scanderbeg, the Chinese Order of the Striped Tiger or the Swedish Order of Seraphim.

The book is a necessary unit on the political reference shelf. It has been acquired by the Department of State, some 50 foreign governments, by many American embassies abroad and by libraries throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

The author, Robert Werlich, is the son of the late McCeney Werlich, a Foreign Service officer, and the nephew of two other Foreign Service officers, Thomas and Robert Hinckley (also deceased).

ORDERS AND DECORATIONS OF ALL NATIONS, *Ancient and Modern, Civil and Military, by Robert Werlich. Quaker Press, Washington, $20.00*

On Rational Alternatives To Conflict

ONE need only look over the stacks of new books on international relations on display in the large and well-stocked bookstore in the Pentagon Concourse to realize that (whatever may be the case for the more leisured or thoughtful occupants of the Pentagon) very few of them indeed will ever be read by any considerable number of people in the Department or Foreign Service. How then, the social scientist would ask, does one go about remedying defects in the decision-making process, when foreign affairs officers do not read the right books on how to correct these defects?

"International Conflict and Behavioral Science," edited by Professor Roger Fisher of Harvard Law School, does not answer this question, but it suggests answers to other equally important ones. How, for example, in a dispute between two states, does one make sure that one's own reactions to an adversary's moves make adequate allowance for his defective perception of one's own intentions. And how does one find out how to put forward one's own proposals in a way which will make them most attractive, or least distasteful, to the other side?

The thirteen contributors to the volume naturally approach their topics from differing points of view, but this only makes the book more useful as a survey of what the behavioral sciences have to offer in the search for "alternatives to the use of force in settling international problems." The sections written by Professor Fisher, especially his essay entitled "Defects in the Governmental Decision Process," are particularly worthwhile. So too is a fairly technical analysis by Anatol Rapaport of the "gross inadequacies" of the strategic thinking of war games and games theory enthusiasts.

Why, incidentally, cannot the Department also have a bookshop in its main lobby, where visitors and noontime idlers might look at books of this sort?

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT AND BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE: THE CRAIGVILLE PAPERS, *edited by Roger Fisher. Basic Books, $6.50.*

Atlantic Reappraisal

THE reputation built up over the years by the Council on Foreign Relations for solid and constructive thought in anything it produces, guarantees a respectful hearing in official Washington as well as in informed opinion throughout the country. Kissinger's book is the first of twelve being written by recognized experts under a Ford Foundation grant. Each is subjected throughout the formative process to the scrutiny of a top-flight committee of fellow experts and of an an impressive Steering Committee for the whole Atlantic Studies project.

Official Washington will not quarrel with his statement that: "Because we are the strongest member of the Atlantic Alliance, our acts have greater consequences, for good or ill, than those of other allies." It will not like his sharp statement that waiting for de Gaulle's disappearance "is not a policy but an evasion," or his succinct description of the MLF as "wrong problem, wrong answer."

He scorns the policy of waiting for Europe to unite sufficiently to form with us a "partnership of equals" and urges that Washington get on with the job of exploring realistic forms of Atlantic relationships, pointing out that the course of decolonization has left the US alone, with the possible exception of the UK, sufficiently conscious of the impact of distant events upon its vital interests to accept world responsibility.

In the strategic field he offers the new thought of a NATO Strategic Command for long-range weapons based in Europe but recognizes that strategy is basically political rather than military. Naturally, nuclear strategy must be centralized but, he writes, "unless this centralization is coupled with an effective sharing of political decisions—far beyond anything so far envisaged—the practical consequence could be a growing sense of irresponsibility among our allies."

Constantly he reiterates that the nuclear age presents a coalition of sovereign states with a dilemma solvable only through the development of effective and acceptable methods of pooling sovereignty.

For top political decision-making, including nuclear control, Kissinger suggests an Executive Committee of the NATO Council, composed of the US, UK, France, the Federal Republic and Italy, at no less than Deputy Foreign Minister level, acting by two-thirds majority vote. This seems to me the weakest point in the book. Policy is not formulated or decided by voting, nor is sovereignty likely to be pooled on any such basis.

How much better and simpler it would be to *formulate* policy jointly. There are three essential elements. One is agreement on the facts and their significance, as is achieved nationally through intelligence coordination before briefings. A second is integrated staff work to develop the right policy—right in the common interest rather than any lesser one. The third is the full participation in the process by senior officials responsible for policy formulation within their own governments. The NATO Council and staff have made rudimentary progress along these lines but effective development of them could do wonders.

For the longer range, Kissinger concludes that "institutions based on present concepts of national sovereignty are not enough." At each previous critical juncture the West has found political forms adequate for its needs. The challenge now, which "will largely determine whether the West can remain relevant to the rest of the world," is "whether it can move from the nation-state to a larger community and draw from this effort the strength for another period of innovation."

—THEODORE C. ACHILLES

THE TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP, *A Reappraisal of the Atlantic Alliance, by Henry A. Kissinger. McGraw-Hill for the Council on Foreign Relations, $5.95.*

USSR: History and Portraits

FOREIGN SERVICE readers are not advised to seek great new things in either Basil Dmytryshyn's "USSR: A Concise History" or the new paperback edition of Raymond Bauer's "Nine Soviet Portraits." Dmytryshyn's history in general only repeats what has been written by a number of others

before him, and at that he makes many small mistakes. His most galling is his identification of CEMA and COMECON as separate entities; *inter alia* he also omits the *lesostep'* or wooded steppe from a map of vegetation zones, he omits the Armenians from a listing of major linguistic groups in the USSR, and he calls the major writers Mandelshtam and Gumilyov "Mandelstram" and "Guimilov" in both text and index. And who told him that African students in the USSR are given "up to $2,500 a year in spending money"? Incidentally, half of this rather expensive volume is occupied by appendices available elsewhere.

Bauer's work, based largely on interviews with Soviet emigres in 1950-1951, was an unusually valuable contribution to Western understanding of Soviet society when it appeared in 1955. Unfortunately Dr. Bauer has now permitted its reissuance in paperback form without revision, although Dr. Bauer and his assistant Dr. Edward Wasiolek (who recently spent several months in Moscow) must realize how dated some of these portraits now appear. The new preface fails to deal adequately with this fact. Moreover, our somewhat improved present knowledge of Soviet people entitles us to question now whether the 1955 portraits did not perhaps fail to confuse what emigres were willing to tell interviewers with what they had earlier been willing to say to their comrades at home in Stalin's Russia. Even in terms of present-day Soviet society, the people in Bauer's portraits seem to confide more in their fellow-citizens than is really the case.

—PETER S. BRIDGES

USSR: A CONCISE HISTORY, *by Basil Dmytryshyn. Scribner's,* $8.95.
NINE SOVIET PORTRAITS, *by Raymond A. Bauer. M. I. T.,* $2.45.

For Liberals

Are you a liberal? If so, this book is meant for you. It contains 19 essays by leading figures of the Americans for Democratic Action. The subjects range from the race issue to education, disarmament, the arts, the developing nations, NATO, labor, Congress, anti-trust, etc. It is an intellectual smorgasbord served up with a pungent introduction by Hans J. Morgenthau who observes bleakly upon "the absence not only of political thought commensurate with the issues facing us, but of political thought of any kind" in the world today.

Yes, but what is a liberal, and what makes him peculiarly qualified to come up with imaginative responses to today's problems? Those of us who are liberals would find it difficult to offer an easy definition of that term today. In the 'thirties, one could identify with the egalitarianism of the New Deal and the internationalism of the fight against Fascism. In the 'forties there was the great sorting-out between the liberals and the totalitarians who posed as liberals. In the 'fifties, as the liberals themselves came under attack, they had no trouble knowing what they stood against—it was McCarthyism and the anti-intellectualism on which it fed and which it fed in turn.

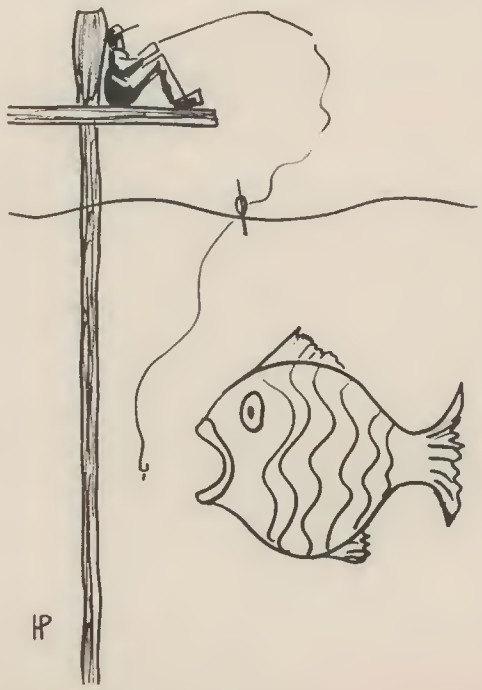
In the 'sixties, one certainly does not have to be a dissenter to be a liberal, and nothing illustrates that fact better than the presence of the Vice President among the contributors to "The Crossroad Papers." While there are no unifying concepts, one finds in this volume intellectuals grappling with all the big issues that affect our future. Few of the essays are particularly original, but few of them fail to contribute something to one's thinking on these subjects. Available in paperback at $1.45, it is a stimulating book, especially useful to those who are far away and would like to know what the liberals at home are thinking about.

—M.F.H.

THE CROSSROAD PAPERS—*A Look Into the American Future, Edited and with an Introduction by Hans J. Morgenthau. W. W. Norton & Co.,* $5.50.

New Nations—Old Law?

THE nearly sixty nations new to the international community since World War II are somewhat ambivalent toward international law. They may both disparage it as a Western and European product, and at the same time they too must subscribe to it and use it. This book touches on aspects of this contradiction.



D. P. O'Connell discusses the problem of the succession of new States to the acts and obligations of the previous sovereign. He summarizes post-war practice, and argues that with respect to treaties, succession should be the rule, not the exception. In a somewhat neglected field, O'Connell's perceptions are useful in showing the direction in which law is developing.

In the second of the four essays, Albert Esgain argues that military servitudes are outmoded and impractical, if in fact they ever consituted a valid international relationship. They are, he claims, either political treaties or alliances, or contrary to law of neutrality. While some readers, including this one, may not agree with Esgain's reasoning, it is undeniable that the practice of foreign bases is declining, both because of the nationalism of new nations and the changing needs of strategy.

The modes and types of recognition are discussed by O'Brien and Goebel, with a lengthy survey of US practice since 1943. They find the distinction between *de jure* and *de facto* absent in regard to States. In particular they note that recognition by the US of new nations has tended to ignore criteria relating to the acceptance of international law, and really has been accorded before it was possible to ascertain the qualifications of new States for recognition as viable States in terms of the traditional criteria. The writers are dubious about the merits of the resultant dilution of the concept of statehood and fear it may undermine international responsibility.

The last piece, by J.E.S. Fawcett of Oxford, examines the effects upon the United Nations and its agencies of the rapid emergence of so many new States. Among these he finds they have considerable influence on matters chosen as issues at the UN. The influence of the major powers has correspondingly declined. However, Faweett does not urge a revision of voting systems in the UN even though the inequities of the present one state/one vote system are obvious.

A well documented volume. Particularly recommended for the Foreign Service reader is O'Connell's study and the survey of US recognition policy by Goebel and O'Brien.

—BARBARA B. BURN

THE NEW NATIONS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW AND DIPLOMACY, *by William V. O'Brien, ed. Praeger, $7.00.*

The Ugly American Rides Again!

SEVEN years ago, William J. Lederer and the late Eugene Burdick published "The Ugly American." Poetic justice decreed a double punishment for them: (1) Marlon Brando played the lead in the film and (2) The refusal to understand that the ugly American was the *hero* of the book was so general that recently, when Lasky wrote a book to prove that the communists were not all ten feet (maybe not even five feet) tall, he had to call it "The Ugly Russian."

In their latest effort, "Sarkhan," Lederer and Burdick present an unreasonable facsimile of their protagonist of seven years ago, this time called Edward Coldstream (Adm., USN [ret.]). The novel might just as easily have been entitled "The Return of Ugly American" or, maybe, "Son of Ugly American." The scene is a lousy little mythical kingdom in the Orient, Sarkhan, a sort of Graustark (South) East. The State Department and US Information Agency are called, among other things, by their rightful names, but another outfit is described as the F.I.A., the Federal Intelligence Agency. (There is a possible ambiguity there, which might confuse some readers, in turn making J. Edgar Hoover unhappy. Maybe they should have called it the National Intelligence Agency, the N.I.A.) The Army, Navy, and Air Force come off looking inept and stupid, but the Marines get a few pats on the back.

The reader is asked to accept certain premises, such as: That the State Department bumbles, stumbles, and grumbles slowly but surely into inevitable disaster after disaster; That the entire country team in Sarkhan can be deceived by a staged invasion, in which the Sarkhanese army laughingly plays the roles of courageous defenders *and* invading communists, complete with wooden mockups of Russian tanks propelled by the feet of numerous coolies inside; That the major US Intelligence Agency has a senior official so power-mad that he is willing and able to (a) Deceive and defy the President of the US, (b) Overlook proof that his organization has been effectively penetrated by the communists, (c) Destroy photographic evidence that the "invasion" was not really an invasion, and (d) Condone the murder and frame-up of Son of Ugly American and his patriotic professor friend, who had brilliantly penetrated the affair and were on the verge of unmasking the whole business; That an American newsman (also, if you have not already guessed, an undercover communist), who publishes the only English-language newspaper in Sarkhan, is present by invitation at all important meetings held by American ambassadors to Sarkhan since World War Two; That . . . but you really do not want more, do you? You do? Well, pick a page at random, and you will be treated to dialogue the like of which has not been offered since they stopped writing subtitles for silent films.

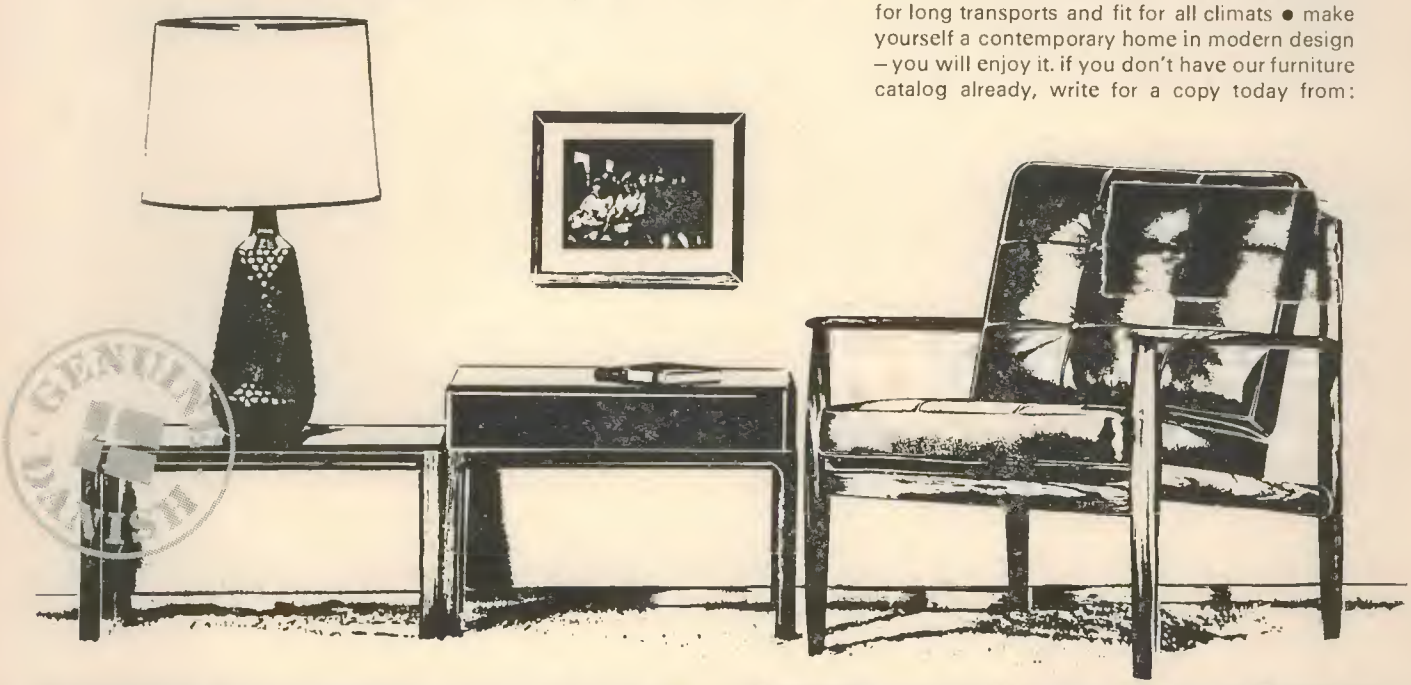
"Sarkhan" will undoubtedly wind up as a wide-screen movie in gorgeous color. Too bad Errol Flynn is gone. He used to do this sort of thing so well.

—S. I. NADLER

SARKHAN, *by Willam J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. McGraw-Hill, $5.50.*

modern danish furniture

elegant furniture, lamps, textiles etc. – that is what you get from Ostermann's well made pieces for long transports and fit for all climats • make yourself a contemporary home in modern design – you will enjoy it. if you don't have our furniture catalog already, write for a copy today from:



Ostermann house furnishing co. ltd.
PETERSEN BROS 21, FREDERICIAGADE • COPENHAGEN • K • DENMARK

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT

by JOHN D. WEAVER

> The Secretary of State exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore.
>
> —HENRY ADAMS

IN THE BASEMENT of the State Department, a mile or so southwest of the White House, the Secretary of State slips out of a black Cadillac and crosses to a private elevator, which responds at once to his key, opening and closing its doors, automatically whisking this courtly, patient man, with his unenviable burdens, to the paneled seventh-floor office where his secretary defends the most savagely beleaguered fortress in Washington, except the oval office of the President.

A white telephone on the window ledge behind the Secretary links him with the green telephone on the President's desk. If today turns out to be relatively quiet, it may ring only two or three times, but at any moment it may summon him to the White House, leaving tactful assistants to mollify a waiting Senator, cancel a luncheon engagement, express regrets to an ambassador at having to postpone an appointment.

Every morning when the secretary pushes open the massive glass door to the Secretary's waiting room, she is like a pioneer mother awakening in an isolated stockade to the threat of another Indian raid. She never knows whether the first poisoned arrow will come from friend or foe, from Congress or the Kremlin. Each minute has to be rationed and protected, like the last canteen of drinking water, and even so, there is never enough to suffice the daylight hours.

At all hours of the day and night coded reports of mischief at work in the world pour into the State Department by telegram, diplomatic pouch and scrambled phone circuits. The messages are decoded and distributed by hand and by pneumatic tubes to a honeycomb of bureaus and country desks. On an average day, State receives and sends about 500 telegrams, the total approximating 160,000 words, the equivalent of two full-length novels.

Operations Center, working around the clock, attaches the telegrams from Foreign Service posts to clipboards arranged beneath wall maps of the most troublesome areas of a feverish globe. The clipboards are like medical charts in wards quarantined against contagion. Modern diplomacy, like the preventive measures of public health officers, requires a patient, painstaking, day-to-day vigilance which generally escapes public notice. Peace, like health, is apt to be taken for granted until it is suddenly lost.

"When I was in the Department," Charles Evans Hughes wrote after serving as Secretary, "I used to wish that I could get on the roof of the State Department with some kind of megaphone which would reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific and tell everything that I had done, and read every telegram and despatch, and leave it to the American people. The trouble is that they do not know and we need to impart."

At 9:15 twenty men take their places in orange-colored armchairs at a long table in the conference room across from the office of the Secretary of State. Two dozen lesser officials in Room 7227 are banked against the walls, each of which has a large relief map of some contentious continent. State's workday begins here, with this staff conference.

The three highest ranking men at the table are the Secretary, the Under Secretary and the Under Secretary for Political Affairs. The chairman of the Policy Planning Council anticipates the world's uneasy future, while its day-to-day difficulties are parceled out to assistant secretaries responsible for the Bureaus of African, European, Far Eastern, Inter-American, Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs. These field generals, each with his own theater of operations, are supported by other senior officers who direct Foreign Service, Security and Consular Affairs, Intelligence and Research, Public Affairs, and, at times the touchiest of all, Congressional Relations.

The Secretary may open the conference with a brief report on an after-dinner talk with a visiting head of state or the chairman of a Senate committee, then call on Intelligence and Research for a digest of the overnight accumulation of global worries which the President read an hour or so earlier. Downstairs, meanwhile, subordinates in Intelligence and Research are poring over green cables fresh from the ticker before turning to a yellow pamphlet containing the latest monitored broadcasts from behind the Iron Curtain.

These anonymous analysts sit in a thicket of locked file cabinets, patiently plowing through mounds of telegrams, foreign periodicals, intelligence reports and confidential memoranda. They read political speeches a rational man would suffer only at gunpoint. It is a dull, demanding job, which begins early in the day, runs late into the evening, and carries over into the midnight hours, when there is still more reading to be done at home.

"You keep looking for some hint of a minute shift in policy," one of them explains. "It may begin with a casual remark at a cocktail party in Moscow. Two days later it takes on new meaning in the light of a recent broadcast. Then you may check it against an article in RED STAR. When a changing pattern begins definitely to emerge, there's the delight of discovery, then of analysis, and, finally, the satisfaction of getting the information to the Secretary by way of the bureau's director. Not half a dozen people in the world will ever know or care what you did, but *you* know it, and that's why you keep reading."

Policy may be decided by a handful of men in a seventh-floor room, but its roots reach deep into the devotion and specialized knowledge of these highly trained field hands who perform State's intellectual stoop labor.

"To be sure," Dean Acheson has written, "great decisions are, for the most part, made at the top, when they are not made by events. But, as for policy—the sum total of many decisions—it must be said, as it has been said of sovereignty, that its real sources are undiscoverable. One fact, however, is clear to anyone with experience in government: the springs of policy bubble up; they do not trickle down."

The receptionist's desk in the richly carpeted acreage outside the offices of the Secretary and Under Secretary is presided over by Mrs. Mary Butler, a gracious Southern gentlewoman who came to the State Department with Secretary James F. Byrnes and stayed on when her employer left, somewhat annoyed at having been reminded by the White House who was President of the United States.

"Why does everyhody pick on the poor old State Department?" Mrs. Butler asks a visitor waiting to see the Under Secretary, who takes up the same theme a few minutes later.

"I suggest it derives from two sources," he says, tracing the origins of the Department's unpopularity back to frontier days, when a young nation, moving westward, its back to the Old World, was convinced that domestic diplomats—despite the negotiating skill of Franklin, Jefferson and John Adams—always came out with the short end of the stick in any dealings with European professionals. This traditional suspicion, the Under Secretary believes, has been reshaped by the heavy hand of recent history, which has twisted what seemed a golden age of peace and abundance into grotesque fears and costly commitments around a convulsive globe.

At the end of the Second World War, when almost every other industrialized nation lay bleeding, its factories in ruins, the United States was in a position of incalculable power, grinding out new Buicks and pop-up toasters, as secure in its unique possession of the atom bomb as the frontiersman with the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on either side of the continent he was clearing. Then, years ahead of American military predictions, the White House announced the first nuclear explosion in the Soviet Union.

Descendants of frontier cattle barons and homesteaders, drugged on television's stupefying parodies of ancestral gunplay, roused up incredulously. One of the bad guys had somehow got the girl. The Russian achievement, to some cynical elements, simply demonstrated that the Kremlin's German scientists were just as ingenious as the Pentagon's German scientists, but to others it could he attributed only to treacherous trading in American "secrets." (When the Russians later took the lead in exploring outer space, Mort Sahl asked: "Why didn't we keep carbon copies?")

"To most Americans," the Under Secretary continues, "these abrupt changes in our relative security defied explanation in ordinary terms. We went through an agonizing phase of believing that these changes could have occurred only because we had somehow been betrayed by treason in high places. We went through an unworthy period of searching for scapegoats, failing to face the realities, refusing to recognize that while we might have a temporary monopoly of a weapon, we did not have a monopoly of brains—nor, for that matter, of will and determination."

In an unpredictahle world which seems never to go quite as impatient Americans would have it, the State Department is the national repository for frustrations and fears, suspicions and disappointments. It serves no special clientele, such as the farmer, the manufacturer or the wage-earner. It cannot reward a friendly Congressman with a new post office, a research facility or a defense contract. Among the executive departments it stands alone, widely regarded as a sanctuary for traitors, homosexuals and ugly American muddlers responsible for the aggravating discrepancy hetween the country's enormous military power and its diplomatic inability to dispose of a Cuban nuisance.

This executive orphan is the oldest of the ten Cabinet offices. When the young Founding Fathers (their average age was forty-two) gathered in Philadelphia in 1787 to design a troika government dividing power and responsibility between legislative, executive and judicial branches, there was talk of creating a Council of State to be composed of the Chief Justice and the heads of five executive departments.

The Constitutional contract between the thirteen states, however, made no mention of a Cabinet (the word did not crop up in a federal statute until 1907). But authority for these now awesome areas of government was implicit in Article II, Section 2, empowering the President to "require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices . . ."

The first Congress saw no reason why the country should be saddled with more than three such departments—Foreign Affairs, Treasury and War. A proposed Home Department to handle internal matters was voted down as a needless extravagance. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs, as one legislator put it, "was not so much overcharged with business" that his five clerks couldn't take on a few routine domestic chores. The department was renamed State and, along with the custody of the Great Seal which it still retains, it was given responsibility for patents, pardons, copyrights and registration of laws.

The infant nation obviously needed a banker to handle its custom receipts and an army to defend its cradle of liberty, but, then as now, Congress hesitated to squander Treasury's substance on State diplomats who might make employment of War's muskets unnecessary. By the time the Federal Government moved to Washington at the start of the nineteenth century, the State Department had already demonstrated its still uncontrollable capacity for growth. It had an enlarged staff of eight men, two of whom dealt with foreign affairs. Congress debated the possibility of cutting the Department down to a reasonable size.

State, in 1947, moved into commodious quarters at Twenty-first Street and Virginia Avenue, but by the end of the Eisenhower Administration its Washington operations had spilled into twenty-nine different annexes. These retention basins were drained in 1961, the overflow channeled into New State Extension, an eight-story, prison-like pile, sprawled with a singular lack of character and charm across four square blocks in a refurbished slum section known as Foggy Bottom.

New State Extension, variously referred to as "Parkinson's Annex No. 1" and "The Foggy Bottom Hilton," no longer suffices. Numerically, State is still one of the smallest Cabinet offices, but its annexes again dot the capital like toadstools. The Department, on the eve of Pearl Harbor, was housed next door to the White House in what is now the Executive Office Building. It had less than 6200 employees at home and abroad. It now has more than 42,500 names on its payroll.

The growth of the Federal Government at home is reflected abroad in an American Embassy, which must not only report to SECSTATE WASHINGTON on political and economic developments, but must also provide space for Army, Navy and Air Force attachés, as well as for resident representatives of Commerce, Agriculture and Labor. The embassy's specialized knowledge embraces minerals and plant pests, fish and civil aviation, housing and hydroelectric projects, atomic energy and vocational training.

A career ambassador, who has worked his way up from stamping visas in a dank consulate, must be equally at ease with Thelonius Monk and Leopold Stokowski, equally familiar with domestic sugar politics and foreign oil machinations. Unless he has married or inherited money, he can ill afford to serve as chief of mission in a major European capital. If Congress were to forbid the President to appoint an ambassador to London, Paris or Rome unless he happened to be a millionaire, outraged commoners would storm the barricades, but no one seems to care when, in effect, the same limitation is imposed by a Congressional combination of modest salaries and miserly allowances.

State serves as host for Arms Control and Disarmament, and is organizationally responsible for the Peace Corps and foreign

aid (Agency for International Development). It must also keep an eye on the worldwide activities of the United States Information Agency, lend a hand to military assistance advisory groups and keep in touch with each day's developments at the United Nations. At home and abroad it is constantly, often frustratingly, involved with the activities of the Defense Department and the Central Intelligence Agency, both of which enjoy great advantages over the State Department.

The Pentagon has a wealth of favors to distribute to helpful legislators. Its press agents have $34,000,000 a year to foster a climate favorable to prodigious expenditures for armaments, while State peddles peace on a cut-rate budget of $1,400,000. State also seems to have fewer men and less money than the invisible bureaucracy of the CIA, the only federal agency which does not have to show its hooks either to Congress or to the General Accounting Office.

"This agency," Justice William O. Douglas has written of the CIA, "has been more responsible than any other agency for foreign policy in the Middle East. Its movements are not known. The manner in which it intercedes in foreign elections with its moneybags is never reported."

The CIA's $50,000,000 "Spy Palace" in Langley, Virginia, is viewed with professional jealousy by the Pentagon, which has its own espionage network, and with apprehension by the State Department which is constantly on guard against jurisdictional intrusion. To cross State's borders, the CIA need only interpret its intelligence in such a way as to influence or make policy. It can wrap its blunders in a top secret cloak, while State, shivering in its shift, is left with the uneasy feeling of having to conduct foreign affairs in Macy's window.

Policy stumbles from door to door, from Economic Affairs to foreign aid, from Political Affairs to the Pentagon, and possibly to Treasury and Commerce. It is likely to end up staggering limply into the National Security Council, a kind of inner Cabinet where State, Treasury, Defense, Emergency Planning and the Budget Bureau get together to resolve their differences, or to commit them to paper in words which, as Senator Henry Jackson has said, "mean all things to all men."

State functions under a cumbersome but unavoidable system of clearances and concurrences. Policy suggested by Foreign Service officers handling relations with Greece must be cleared with and concurred in by FSOs dealing with Turkey. Congo and Angola experts have to work closely with colleagues in charge of everyday relations with Belgium and Portugal. And State cannot always act on its own initiative. It must operate in agreement with the military as well as with various federal agencies of increasing international importance.

The Secretary of State, condemned to roam the world like the Flying Dutchman, has enough trouble discharging his primary responsibility as the President's chief adviser in the field of foreign affairs without being additionally encumbered by administrative chaos. But no President or Secretary within the last generation has been able to stunt State's ungainly growth or curb its extravagant waste of paper. If a bold, imaginative idea were suddenly to surmount the Department's overriding fear of making a mistake, it would probably vanish in what a White House aide has called a "vast, immobile, impenetrable bureaucracy."

"As a taxpayer," a middle-level officer admits in private, "I'd like to see this place streamlined, but we go on proliferating. We reorganized one bureau on a functional rather than a regional basis, and what happened? They found they needed sixty-eight new jobs."

Management of State's overweight bureaucracy is in the hands of a Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, a position many of the Department's informed critics would like to see elevated to the rank of Under Secretary, with increased power to deal with administrative shortcomings, but State has never done a sufficiently effective job of diplomacy on Capitol Hill to get permission to handle its own broom in its own untidy house. State's skilled negotiators, speaking seventy-five foreign languages, including Urdu and Swahili, often run into less trouble communicating with naked warriors on a jungle riverbank than with well-fed lawyers in a Congressional committee room.

The Department's concern for Capitol Hill sensitivities is evidenced by its handling of letters from lawmakers. Even a routine request for information from the humblest freshman in the House of Representatives is inserted in a special blue and buff folder marked: CONGRESSIONAL. The folder is so conspicuous it is not likely to get buried in a snowbank of interoffice memoranda. If the letter is of particular importance, either because of its contents or the committee assignment of its author, the folder will have a yellow tag: URGENT, which means that it must be answered within three working days.

"When one of these hits your IN tray," a Foreign Service officer says, "you really know it. It's like a grenade going off."

One young FSO—Julian is as good a name as any—began his day at 7:30 this morning when he reported to the Foreign Service Institute in Arlington, Virginia. Every weekday morning, before putting in nine to ten hours at his assigned job in the State Department, Julian devotes an hour and fifteen minutes to his language study (FSOs in Washington call it "The Dawn Patrol"). He works alone with a tape recorder in a starkly functional cubicle in a converted garage which the Foreign Service Institute has modified for its unique instructional needs.

State, in the past, has been soundly criticized for its inability to communicate with other governments in their native tongues. Junior Foreign Service officers are now paid higher salaries if they come into the Department with a proficiency in one or more foreign languages, and a bonus is given FSOs who master the more difficult, or "exotic," languages, such as Twi (spoken in the southern two-thirds of Ghana) and Igbo, Yoruba and Hausa (spoken in Nigeria).

Julian, adept in French, is working on his command of German, trying to boost his departmental rating from 3 (reasonably fluent) to 4 (fluent), but his thoughts today have been drifting off to a newly rented Cape Cod cottage in Fairfax County, where his four-year-old daughter is convalescing from a near-fatal parasite picked up in the American consulate of an African village.

"It's one of the things you have to consider when you go into the Foreign Service," he explains. "You and your wife can weigh the risks against the importance of the job to be done, but a child is helpless. She must depend on your judgment, and you can't help wondering sometimes whether you've done the right thing with a little girl who might prefer to play in some American backyard instead of a jungle village crawling with vermin."

Julian's office in New State Extension resembles the cell of an up-to-date penitentiary. The walls are covered with maps and photographs of the particular chunk of Africa assigned to him. As desk officer, he is State's link with the United States embassy in the African capital and with the African government's embassy in Washington. Cables and diplomatic couriers keep him in daily communication with the Department's "country team" in Africa, the phone with his African charges in Washington.

"This care and feeding of an embassy is a tedious, often tiresome business," he says.

He helps the Africans find suitable housing in Washington, get their children in school, make friends in the diplomatic corps. His wife calls on the embassy wives, takes them books on the United States, drives them around the city. She accompanies her husband to embassy cocktail parties and recip-

rocates with small, informal dinners. At any hour of the day or night she may suddenly be called on to supply a plumber or a pediatrician, improvise a midnight snack for a hungry trade mission, or brief an African youngster on baseball.

"Last week," Julian says, "my wife was showing a visiting college student around town. Ordinarily she enjoys this sort of thing, but with our little girl in the hospital it was a bit rough. Next week we're driving the Ambassador down to Williamsburg. His wife has gone home for the birth of another grandchild and he's lonely. I hope we don't have any incidents in Virginia. It's always a calculated risk.

"How can you communicate with a Southern waitress who's never finished high school, never met a Negro intellectual? How do you tell her that here's a well-read, widely traveled educator who has spent his life fighting for the freedom of his country? Now he's been appointed to represent his new government in the capital of a democratic country which shook off its colonial shackles nearly two hundred years ago. How does she think this man feels when he sits down at a table, asks for a cup of coffee, and finds himself staring into a cold, blank white face?

"It's particularly difficult for my bunch, because they don't speak English. I got one fellow into a nice apartment—there are only about eight or nine decent places available here—and a week later we began getting complaints from the other tenants that he was putting his garbage in the hall. I had to go over there and straighten things out. It seems that none of his neighbors had been kind enough to tell him about the incinerator chute in his kitchen."

Encamped in another part of the State Department forest, Diplomatic Mail works with its back to a map of the world. At any moment of the day or night, couriers are flying to the most obscure areas of the earth, clutching their diplomatic pouches, suffering all of the inconveniences of travel, enjoying none of its pleasures.

"It's a lonely life," Diplomatic Mail says. "You spend most of your time waiting in airports and railroad terminals, reading paperbacks in some flea-bitten hotel room, always with the recurring nightmare of losing that pouch.

"Hollywood once made a movie about diplomatic couriers. It's still a big joke in the Service. Somebody out there read in a magazine article that a man flying from Washington to London sometimes wore a second watch, so he wouldn't have to figure the difference in time. The Hollywood people ran ads for the movie showing an arm thrust out, with the caption: THE MAN WITH TWO WATCHES.

"When one of our men starts out of the office, somebody will invariably ask him if he's got that second watch. Actually, the one indispensable piece of equipment is a good alarm clock. If the courier oversleeps and misses a plane, he can't blame it on the desk clerk. He's responsible. Incidentally, we'd love to get word to the outside world that couriers do not—repeat *not*—travel with their pouches strapped to their wrists. That's another Hollywood touch."

Americans abroad are the everyday concern of the Department's Special Consular Services, housed in a cluttered annex where a twenty-four-hour staff works seven days a week.

"Tourists die abroad, run out of money, get into legal difficulties. A husband and wife have a fight, and one runs off with the child. We send a man around to try to work things out. An eighty-two-year-old woman, senile, confined to a wheelchair, was living in a small, wretched room in South America with thirty-two cats and two birds, starving to death. It turned out she was quite wealthy. Funds had been sent to her regularly, but hadn't reached her. We got her into an institution.

"A nun from Chicago was taking funds to Poland. The law there states that if you don't declare all money of a foreign denomination, it will be confiscated. She didn't think the law applied to charitable funds, although it was clearly stated in





Massachusetts Investors Trust

FOUNDED IN 1924

The Trust is a mutual investment fund offering a diversified and supervised investment in the common stocks of approximately 100 companies selected for high investment quality. A Prospectus and other descriptive material may be obtained by writing:

SERVICE INVESTMENT CORPORATION
927 15th Street, Northwest
Washington, D. C. 20005

Please send me, without obligation, Prospectus and descriptive material on MASSACHUSETTS INVESTORS TRUST.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

24th year

America's Leading Quarterly on Russia Past and Present

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW, for twenty-four years a free forum for scholars and writers, provides a broad survey of the Russian scene, political, historical, economic, and cultural. Drawing on scholars, writers, and political leaders of pre-revolutionary Russia, and on well-known American and European specialists, this publication is the *only* authoritative organ devoted *entirely* to Russia, past and present. THE RUSSIAN REVIEW contains a varied selection of articles of current interest and permanent reference value. In addition, it publishes book reviews by outstanding authorities in the field of Russian affairs.

Subscriptions: $6.00 a year, U.S.; $6.50, Canada; $7.00, foreign; single issues, $1.50
Cumulative Index (1941-1961), $2.00

Box 146 THE RUSSIAN REVIEW Hanover, N.H.

40 Years of Service to the Foreign Service

deSibour & Co. Insures

- YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY, in-transit *and* at overseas posts for *less* than you may be paying for in-transit coverage alone.
- YOUR LIFE, with programs tailored to your special needs.
- YOUR CAR—*reliable* overseas automobile insurance.
- YOUR HOME, with modern homeowners' policies (U. S. only).

and

Up to $100,000 Low-Cost Group Travel Accident Insurance Exclusively for Department of State Personnel. Write for Descriptive Folder!

J. Blaise deSibour & Co.

1666 Connecticut Ave., N. W.
Phone (202) 462-2474
Washington, D. C. 20009
WRITE OR PHONE US YOUR REQUIREMENTS

the form she filled out. She had the money sewn in her clothing. Now we're being asked why we don't compel Poland to return the $9,000. If only people would realize that wherever they go, they are subject to local laws enforced by local police officers, it would save us a lot of trouble.

"This is an endless operation. Drunks, crooks, accidents, heart attacks. We have quite a file of thank-you letters. There was one this morning from the father of a girl who had a mental breakdown in Vienna. He's very grateful for the consul's kindness and efficiency in taking care of her until he arrived."

"The Government is supposed to be slow, cumbersome and heartless," Passports says, speaking from its pleasantly decorated first-floor offices at the State Department, "but it can respond to human needs. We had a case last week where an American pilot was killed in a plane crash in France. His father called us from St. Louis. He wanted to fly to Paris right away, but he had no passport and it was a Saturday afternoon. We told him to forget about the passport, we'd waive it. Then we cabled Paris. Twelve hours after the pilot's father called us, he was getting off a plane outside Paris, and a man from our embassy was there to meet him, clear him through customs and drive him to a hotel."

A passport applicant, filling out the required forms at the home office of the State Department, is surprised to find himself in what appears to be an attractive travel agency, the walls hung with enticing posters of faraway places.

"The girls in the office wanted to put the posters up, but General Services said it was against the rules," explains Passports. "The girls went ahead and did it anyway. They figured that once they had the posters in place, it would take ten years of red tape to have them removed."

In the basement mail room, cash, checks and money orders are being removed from the applications before they are processed. Passports is childishly pleased with its new equipment, which has cut in half the time between application and delivery of a passport, but its face falls when a visitor stares incredulously at a final stage of the operation. Two men, taking turns, are using an ordinary household iron to press the photographs in place on the endless stream of passports.

"I know it looks incongruous," Passports admits, "but it's cheaper than having a machine designed and built. We get the irons for $7.50 and they last about two years."

The Passport office operates at a profit, spending $2,500,000 a year and returning $6,500,000 to the United States Treasury. When Frances G. Knight took charge of the office in 1955, she streamlined its operations, introduced the colored passport photograph and, by perking up the morale of her staff, increased its efficiency.

"If you can instill a sense of pride in the work to be done, a feeling of its importance, you've gone a long way toward doing your job as head of a bureau or division," Miss Knight says, speaking with a background of more than twenty years in government. "When a mail clerk opens a passport application, I try to make him understand that this represents an American citizen about to set off on a great adventure. He's going abroad.

"No job in the Federal Government is unimportant. It becomes unimportant only when the employee isn't given an understanding of its relationship to other jobs. At 5:30 you'd be flattened if you stood in that doorway when the trampling herd breaks for its carpools, but there's always one person who stays behind to clean up, close the safes, turn out the lights. These are the people who keep the Government going."

While old-line government agencies take on the institutional pallor of unending routine—the chronic disease of any bureaucracy—the Peace Corps has managed to retain the healthy flush of youth. It has the atmosphere of a political campaign headquarters, where volunteers are brought together in confusion and devotion to save the world by sundown next Tues-

day. Long after the clock-watchers depart their government-green cells, Peaee Corps is still hustling about its rented offiees across the street from the stately seat of the Chamber of Commeree.

"What we need around here," Personnel jokingly insists, "is a little old-fashioned inertia."

But a plump, tireless widow in her fifties is delighted with her Peaee Corps job, a novel experience in her twenty-odd years as a government stenographer and secretary. "I love every minute of it," she says. "I come in at 7:30 and never get away before 10 or 10:30. My neighbor worries about my eoming home alone so late at night. She waits up for me. When I get out of the cab and go in, she always says, 'I don't see how you stand it.' But it's so exeiting. I've had to let my magazine subseriptions lapse. I never get time to read them. I hardly have time for my ehurch paper every week."

The good-natured widow, ehecking flight sehedules and travel orders, is surrounded by a eovey of pretty girls fresh from college sorority houses who look to her as their housemother in eoping with the hewilderment of government forms. Her employer, a former newspaperman, wise to the ways of Washington, explains: "I like to have pretty girls around my offiee. Like to look at them. But if you don't have at least one secretary who really knows this town, the bureaucracy will chew you up with all their rules and regulations. The only way to heat the system is to know the rules better than they do."

"This is my first experienee with government," another eity room refugee says. "The first few weeks were staggering. I almost quit. For a while you instinetively try to fight the system, but then you begin to understand how vast it is, how many papers must he filled out, processed and filed. Gradually you learn to live with it. You don't really start earning your salary until you've finished your basie training and eome to he at peaee with the complexities of hig government."

On the State Department's organization chart, Peace Corps has a box hesidc foreign aid (Agency for International Development). Both were horn of the same compassion for poverty, hunger, disease and illiteracy. "Whenever humanity eomes into question," Bryce wrote of the Ameriean Commonwealth in the 1880's, "the heart of the people is sound." But the popular affeetion and the puhlie monies lavished so freely on Peace Corps are bought by AID only at the price of cynicism abroad, eontempt at home.

"They've done a magnifiecnt job," AID says, "hut there's another side to the story. Suppose you're an irrigation engineer with a wife and three kids, and you're working for AID in Africa. You need about ten thousand dollars a year to support your family. How would you feel if some youngster with no finaneial responsibilities suddenly turned up in the village working for seventy-five bueks a month?"

AID ean point to jungles, mountains and deserts around the world where schools huilt with American help open their doors each morning to children who would otherwise be growing up as illiterate as their parents and grandparents. Without the foreign aid program, twiee as many Libyan ehildren would he running the risk of blindness from traehoma, and in India only half as many protein-starved families would be eating fish, if produetion had not been quadrupled in four years by the use of Ameriean trawlers and refrigerated trueks and railroad cars. Malaria has been wiped out in the Rapti Valley of Nepal, providing farmland for 50,000 people who refer to this newly cultivated area as "the American valley."

The foreign aid ageney, after innumerable reorganizations, has shifted its emphasis from grants to loans, from doles to development programs designed to improve the loeal eeonomy rather than tide the inhabitants over another hard winter, but while Peaee Corps is saluted as "an example of Western man at his best," AID remains an object of public suspicion, Congressional wrath and State Department embarrassment.

"SHOP IN AN AMERICAN DRUG STORE BY MAIL"



"AN ICE CREAM SODA" is one of the few items we cannot mail. Complete prescription and drug store service now available overseas.

We are mailing packages daily to every country in the world.

Vitamins — Patent Medicines — Perfumes — Cosmetics — First Aid Supplies — Baby Needs — Dentifrices — Shaving Supplies — Photo Supplies

Prescriptions on file anywhere in the U. S. can be refilled by us. Send us the prescription number and name and address of the pharmacy holding the original prescription on file. WE'LL DO THE REST. Have your physician mail new prescriptions directly to us for fastest service. Please give EXACT shipping address.

"SEND NO MONEY"

Pay only AFTER satisfactory receipt of order.

WORLD WIDE PRESCRIPTION SERVICE

Western Pharmacy
1665 35th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20007

When You Want the Very Best

Have Real Traveling Security With This MONEY BELT

By Knothe



This money belt of top grain cowhide is not only handsome but practical as well with its expertly designed hidden zipper pocket for concealing money while traveling or on business.

$5.00

FARNSWORTH-REED Ltd.

Clothiers and Haberdashers for Men and Women

1625 H St. nw 1341 F St. nw Seven Corners, Va.

The Park Central
Hotel
Close to:
State Department—USIA—Downtown—
Restaurants and Shopping
Daily or Monthly Rates TV
Laundry Facilities Valet Service
Singles, Bedroom Apartments with Kitchen
705 - 18th St., N.W. EX 3-4700

ASSIGNMENT WASHINGTON!
TOWN OR COUNTRY? Top Virginia locations for city, suburban or rural properties. "TOWN & COUNTRY" has an excellent selection of available homes in beautiful Northern Virginia. FHA In-Service, G.I., and Conventional Financing. Four offices to serve you.
A complete property management and rental service.
Write for our free brochure
TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES, INC.
REALTORS
3807 Mt. Vernon Ave., Alexandria TE 6-8915
5165 Lee Highway, Arlington KE 6-6900
9619 Columbia Pike, Annandale CL 6-9100
1384 Chain Bridge Road, McLean EL 6-1323

STUART & MAURY, Inc.
REALTORS
Sales • Rentals • Insurance
Specializing in Residential Properties
Northwest Washington • Bethesda, Chevy Chase and Potomac in Maryland
Member: Multiple Listing System
5010 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20016
Telephone: 537-1366
Let Us Know You Saw Our Ad In The Journal

STATESIDE HOMES
See the latest American homes with kitchens streamlined for the wife who finds pushing buttons easier than training maids. You can have a clean, easy-to-care-for home near the recreation facilities which your family particularly enjoys—boating, fishing, swimming, golfing or riding.
PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
Overseas owners relax when Tatum manages their homes in the Virginia area. Write or call for additional information.
TATUM PROPERTIES, INC.
Multiple Listing Service
5850 Leesburg Pike Bailey's Crossroads, Va. 22041
HU 1-9222

"We should stop all foreign aid for one year, fire everybody and then start over," a State political appointee said a few weeks before President Kennedy selected another victim to be sacrificed as AID's administrator. "You can never get a decision over there. Everything just seems to vanish in that bureaucratic swamp."

"The bureaucracy is beset by fear of anything new," Peace Corps says. "The quickest way to get anything done in government is to say, 'O.K., I'll sign it, I'll take the responsibility.' That's why an idea can be accepted and acted on here without the usual time lag. We're not in this thing as a lifetime career. We're here to do a job we believe in, and we're getting it done. We're not afraid of initialing some interoffice memorandum which may turn up ten years from now in a Congressional investigation."

Outwardly, State seems to have recovered the use of its limbs after the paralyzing effects of the McCarthy illness, but the Department still suffers recurring attacks of the vapors induced by the fears and hesitancies inherent in any bureaucracy. Honest reporting of today's unpleasant truths about a fluid, fast-moving situation may take on quite a different meaning when despatches are read a year or two later by Congressional second-guessers. A Department folk saying summarizes the temptations to play it safe: "There are old bureaucrats and there are bold bureaucrats, but there are no old, bold bureaucrats."

Although State invariably ends up in any administration as the department least likely to succeed, it still manages to attract an extraordinary number of intelligent, selfless men and women, as Charles D. Lewis discovered when he was asked to serve as public member on a Foreign Service Selection Board. Every year these boards examine the records of the Foreign Service's 3700 officers, recommending some for promotion, others for discharge. Mr. Lewis, president of the American Sumatra Tobacco Corporation, was astonished by what he found in the gray, legal-size file folders containing the confidential personnel records of career officers of Grade 6, which is roughly equivalent of the Army rank of captain.

As he wrote later in THE DIPLOMAT, Mr. Lewis came to the Foggy Bottom asylum expecting to find a haven for "dreamers, eggheads, incompetents," most of whom had signed on with the Foreign Service in order to mingle with the international set. Instead, he found career officers and their families living for years in places he would be wary of visiting on a one-day business trip. File after file mentioned open ditches serving as sewers, cases of yellow fever and sleeping sickness. Water had to be boiled for drinking and cooking, food had to be washed in potassium permanganate.

After arriving axe in hand, itching to hack away at the Department's deadwood, Mr. Lewis ran into an unexpected difficulty when he was required to "selection out" the officers who are dropped each year, either because they are unfit or have demonstrated a lack of capacity for further growth by remaining too long in grade without promotion.

"My difficulty was practical, not sentimental: these people were competent, experienced officers. In my business I wouldn't dream of letting men of that caliber go. Frankly," he added, "they were so much better quality people, in my judgment, than comparable people in business . . . it was hard to believe."

"The performance of the Department is surprisingly good, considering its handicaps," a senior officer says. "There's a great deal of expertise around here, but it's not fully used. Too many of our people at the mid-career level have the feeling that what they're doing isn't very important and nobody on the seventh floor gives a damn anyway. It's a pity. For an American, this is the most important service in the world."

From THE GREAT EXPERIMENT, Copyright © 1965 by John D. Weaver. With permission of Little, Brown and Company, Publishers.

(*Continued from page* 30)

achieve those goals.

Their achievement is not simply a matter of the transfer of some billions of dollars a year from north to south or the passing of a handful of reform laws here and there. Indeed, it is a common vice in Latin America to have much beautiful legislation on the statute books to which no one pays the slightest attention. These goals require the patient building of institutions, the expansion and modernization of educational systems, the development of new habits of public and private administration, and massive investments in social and economic infrastructure, in new patterns of trade and finance.

Even where there is broad consensus on the goals, the specific measures affect a multitude of interest groups, some favorably and others adversely. For this reason, any strategy of development must constantly be adjusting its tactics, especially where they require the continued assent of public opinion and of representative legislatures, with all of the weaknesses as well as the strengths which Congresses entail in Latin America no less than North America.

Appreciation of the gaps between the ideal and the real world is as essential in the field of political development as with economic development. I sometimes wonder at my friends in American academic and journalistic life who insist on applying perfectionist standards to the political institutions south of the Rio Grande when we here at home are still struggling, a full century after the end of the Civil War, to perfect in practice the promise of political equality then inserted into our constitution. We are imbued from childhood with respect for a constitution nearing its second centenary and the consensus supporting our basic institutional patterns is enormously broader and deeper than any political party divergences. But this happy situation exists in scarcely a dozen of the 125 sovereign nations of the world. Elsewhere it is an aspiration; a goal to be achieved through patient construction; but not a present reality.

Such considerations have a direct bearing on the exercise of the new diplomacy in the field. Our task is to support modernization, social progress, and economic development under free institutions. This has been the consistent thrust of policy for four years under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson alike. There has been resistance from reactionary elements in many countries, but their positions are being undermined by the very processes of modernization. In the younger generations, even of the traditional élites but especially of the new middle classes, there is everywhere a strong desire for change. The most violent opposition—and I mean violent—has come from the Communists and their friends who are obsessed with the fear that these policies will succeed and forever deny them the opportunity of power. One reason they are in such an evident hurry these days is that they doubt in their hearts their own doctrinaire profession that time is on their side. Their methods of opposition also create grave problems in the exercise of new diplomacy, problems with which the Organization of American States is now beginning to grapple seriously.

By its nature, the new diplomacy must bring together the most varied talents and specialities, and the capacity to integrate them into a unified stream of policy and strategy. Many types of educational background and many types of job experience are relevant to it. Among the great issues now being debated on American campuses concerning the reshaping of university education, the merits of general education and specialized training, and the relation between the sciences and the humanities, I hope that there may be included the question of how best to find, to stimulate, and to equip the large number of pragmatic idealists who are needed to make this new diplomacy effective. How well we respond to this challenge will be one major determinant of our future welfare and indeed of our survival. ■

RENTAL HOUSES

Chevy Chase-Bethesda

Massachusetts Avenue Extended

A. C. Houghton & Son, Inc.

An Accredited Management Organization
1418 H Street, N.W., Washington 5, D. C. DI 7-9057
Washington Real Estate Since 1907

MAY WE ASSIST YOU?

We would welcome the opportunity of helping you find suitable housing in the Washington Area. Whether you desire to rent or buy, live in town, in the suburbs or the country, we can be of service to you.

JACOB & WARWICK
Incorporated
—Realtors & Insurers—
416 Prince Street Alexandria, Virginia Tel: 549-5400

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY HOTEL

The Nicest Small Hotel in Washington
600 - 20th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. NAtional 8-5425

Why Foreign Service Personnel prefer the Francis Scott Key Hotel

(1) It is only two blocks from the State Department
(2) It offers family accommodations
(3) One room, kitchen, dinette and bath, completely furnished efficiency suites
(4) Completely air-conditioned
(5) Restaurant with excellent food at moderate prices

ROOMS
One Person $7.00—Two Persons $9.00
Efficiency Suites—Double Beds or Twin Beds
One Person $8.00 & Up—Two Persons $10.00 & Up
Additional persons $1.50 each.
10% discount for weekly occupancy.
Rowena F. Ward, Mgr.—Gladys L. Warner, Assl. Mgr.

The Better Residential Properties

Ted Lingo, Inc.

REALTORS

SALES PROPERTY MANAGEMENT RENTALS

Washington Office
FE 8-6622
4840 MacArthur Blvd., N.W.

Potomac Office
River Rd. & Counselman Rd.
Potomac, Maryland
AX 9-6700

Bethesda Office
8006 Wisconsin Ave.
Bethesda, Maryland—OL 6-6700

Seven Metropolitan Offices to Serve You

DeHaven & Townsend, Crouter & Bodine
Established 1874
Members
New York Stock Exchange American Stock Exchange
Philadelphia-Baltimore Stock Exchange
Brokers Dealers Underwriters Distributors
Constant Attention and Analysis Given to Portfolios of Individuals Stationed at Home or Abroad
Inquiries by Mail or Phone to
THOMAS LUKE MATTHEWS
30 Broad Street, New York 4
Telephone: DIGBY 4-0200

"We Got So Big Because We Charge So Little"
Rent a New ECONO-CAR
Only a Phone Call Away . . . Dial 965-2111
Special Rates available to Foreign Service Officers
• Brand New Cars • Safety Seat Belts • Free Pickup and Delivery Service
• Protected by Insurance • Radios—Heater—Power Steering (Optional)
Air Conditioning Available
Airport Service: Dial 965-2111
Within Walking distance of the State Department
Drive a Bargain!
By the Hour—Day—Week or Month
Downtown (D.C. & Va.)
965-2111
20th & K Sts., N.W.
Bethesda (Md.)
654-0111
4865 Bethesda Ave.
ECONO-CAR RENTAL SYSTEM
WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING CAR RENTAL SYSTEM

REAL ESTATE
Specialists in
TOWN HOUSES
CAPITOL HILL • GEORGETOWN
FOGGY BOTTOM
Phone: LI. 6-2676
RHEA RADIN, Inc.
REALTOR
201 MARYLAND AVE., N.E.

DIAMONDS
58 free countries buy $180,000,000 worth of diamonds yearly in Antwerp. You can save up to 50% on single diamonds at wholesale prices by ordering direct from Antwerp, the world's largest diamond market. Buy diamonds for investment or personal use. Tax-free and duty-free delivery to persons with diplomatic privileges. Write airmail for prices or visit us.
JOACHIM GOLDENSTEIN
Diamond Club, Rooms 104-5-6, 62 Pelikaanstraat, Antwerp 6, Belgium
Gold Medal
HIGH AWARD BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
1958

(*Continued from page* 23)

handelasp was flaceid, her eyes foeused on something beyond my left shoulder, and in a moment she exeused herself. I felt like a used kleenex.

Not infrequently, of eourse, offieial eontaets develop into real friendships. One of the fringe benefits is the likelihood that a fair share of the people you have to deal with will turn out to be people you would have enjoyed knowing under any eireumstanees. The real test eomes when you return years later, with no official status, and look them up.

Foreign Serviee has the additional advantage of providing a new audienee every two to four years, whether for name-dropping or shaggy-dog stories. You will appreeiate that fringe benefit most after it has been withdrawn, when retirement has made you statie instead of mobile. You launeh buoyantly into your ehoieest aneedote. Suddenly you notiee that politely expeetant smiles are beeoming gelid. From aeross the room your wife skewers you with a baleful gaze; her lips move soundlessly. You realize with horror that you told this very same story to these very same people—four of them, anyway—the last time they were at your house.

That wouldn't have happened if you had reeently transferred from Asuneion to Rawalpindi. (I diseount the long ehance that somebody turns up in Rawalpindi who heard your entire repertoire, as of that date, when you served together in Taipei.) By mid-eareer you should have aeeumulated enough aneedotes to earry you eomfortably through a two-year tour. If the tour is extended, there will be enough turnover among your eolleagues to permit repeat performanees.

My wife, peering over my shoulder, reminds me that the same prineiple applies to a woman's wardrobe. The eoektail dress that had to be retired after too many appearanees in Bogotá ean be brought out again, good as new, in Naples. If styles have ehanged or an ineh has been added to one's girth in the interim somebody will surely know of a "little dressmaker" to make the neeessary adjustments. (No woman has explained to me why these invaluable ereatures always appear to be midgets.)

I don't know whether this meandering memoir will be of any help to our reeruiting offieers. My approaeh, I'm afraid, has been too frivolous. Choosing a life profession is a serious matter. Diplomaey, in the age of esealation and overkill, is a deadly serious business. Our appeal to the Phi Beta Kappa hesitating between the Foreign Serviee and a eareer in private enterprise will properly emphasize the opportunity to do something for one's eountry and for mankind, to play a part in one of history's most fateful dramas. Experienee demonstrates that there are still plenty of young people who will respond to that kind of appeal. That threadbare word "ehallenge" represents something for whieh this generation, like others before it, seems to feel a need.

But like every other generation, this one wants to have some fun, too. Indeed, the word has beeome (to the dismay of purists) one of our most popular adjeetives. We hear of "fun" parties, "fun" people, "fun" books and plays and movies.

Would it do any harm for a reeruiter to suggest—during a eoffee break—that foreign Serviee ean be a "fun" profession? That's all I've been trying to demonstrate.

By the way, the name I've dropped at the top of this artiele isn't really mine. ■

(*Continued from page* 35)

eers, he said, with all their experience and background, could render valuable service to young men contemplating a Foreign Service career. At the present time, he revealed, 27 State Department officers are visiting universities throughout the country and as a result more than 8,000 youths will take the next Foreign Service entrance examinations.

Samuel D. Boykin, director of the Department's Professional placement staff, described the efforts of his office to find jobs for retired officers. Success has been greatest with universities and foundations. Business shows something less than eagerness to take on people over 60.

Howard E. Sollenberger, acting director of the Foreign Service Institute, revealed that in the last ten years 23,000 officers have been given training in world languages; 600 have studied "exotic" languages. Language instruction is now installed at 200 posts and 8,000 officers are involved in the courses.

The last speaker of the day was Joseph Palmer 2nd, the Director General of the Foreign Service, who expected Foreign Service Day to become an annual event. An active officer in the Director General's office will be assigned to amplify plans for the retired Foreign Service officers' program. It will be one of his tasks to draw up a list of talents and skills. Henceforth security clearances will be kept up for the first five years after retirement. All retired officers were asked to contribute ideas for the program.

In summing up for the participants, Ambassador Jack McFall thanked Mr. Crockett, Gardner Palmer and all the others who had made the Conference possible. "It was," he said, "a salutary gathering. We now know that we are not the illegitimate children in the distribution of the family property."

In addition to the "working" sessions, the day held three social events: there was a reception for wives at Blair House, a buffet lunch at Dacor House, and a 6 to 8 reception given by Secretary Rusk in the State Department's eighth floor reception rooms.

The first Foreign Service Day was an indubitable success. Perhaps more of a success than anyone had foreseen. If some participants had originally contemplated the day merely as a chance to meet old friends, they rapidly expanded their view. The program, master-minded by Gardner Palmer, was skillfully designed to make every officer feel that even if retired, he was an active participant in the present. Moreover the whole burden of the program was ways and means of encouraging retired officers to aid the Department through divers activities in their own communities. This will be the fundamental theme for all future plans. ■



Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss and Ambassador Randolph A. Kidder enjoy a conversation.

A SOUND EDUCATION
for English-Speaking Children

KINDERGARTEN—EIGHTH GRADE

Wherever you may be stationed, Calvert SCHOOL-AT-HOME Courses can provide, by mail, a modern education for your child. Courses are kept up to date by continuous pretesting in Calvert's laboratory-school in Baltimore. Calvert guides your teaching with helpful step-by-step instructions. Courses stress the three R's and cultural subjects; are often used to enrich the educational experience of the above-average child. Children may start any time, transfer easily to other schools. More than 100,000 children all over the world have used Calvert Courses. 60th year. Non-profit. Write for catalog (give age, grade).

CALVERT SCHOOL
The School That Comes to You
130 W. Tuscany Road
Baltimore 10, Md.

RENT-A-CAR FOR HOME LEAVE
in Washington, D. C., San Francisco, New Orleans & Miami

Special Rates — AIRWAYS RENT-A-CAR® — Foreign Service

Reservation Address: For all major Cities
Airways Rent-A-Car
425 15th Street South
Arlington 2, Virginia

American Compacts, Chevrolets, Station Wagons, Volkswagen Sedans & Buses
Coast to Coast

FSO'S: JOIN DACOR!

Associate membership $5.00 annually. Bulletin. Group insurance. Placement aid for officers near retirement. May stay Dacor House while on leave or consultation.

JOIN DACOR HOUSE!

Resident membership $35.00 annually; temporary $10.00 quarterly; non-resident $10.00 annually. Excellent meals, reasonable prices. Air conditioned throughout. Rooms: Single $4 to $7.50; double $6.50 to $8.50. Club rooms for entertaining.

DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR OFFICERS, RETIRED, Inc.
Dacor House. 1718 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Members of the American Foreign Service can depend upon this firm promptly to fill orders for Engraved cards, Invitations, Stationery, etc.

BREWOOD
ENGRAVERS
to Washington's Most Distinguished Residents
Reasonable Prices
1217 G Street : Washington. D. C.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Return of Foreign Students

FRANCIS J. COLLIGAN is quite correct in observing, in his letter of September commenting on my April non-returning foreign student article in the JOURNAL, that the participants in the government's Exchange Visitor Programs have a good record of return to their own countries and that these programs are therefore little to blame for the "brain drain" of trained men from emerging nations. I had nowhere singled out our official programs for blame and used the phrase "student programs" in a broad, unofficial sense which none of the hundreds of comments received from all over the world have misunderstood.

In an article not written originally for the JOURNAL, I did not labor the distinction between official and private programs: not to impute guilt to the official, but because I believe the distinction unessential. Who administers what program is not important. What matters is the total effect on foreign countries of all the training we give and the visits we receive. No one has ever been able to prove that privately-financed education abroad (e.g. Nehru's in England) is any less potentially influential than training our government sponsors. All we can say is that, by and large, private students stay longer than most government trainees and visitors and therefore have time to absorb more. The government has recognized this point. It should, then, also recognize that the non-returning private foreign student is just as destructive to the aims of its own official program as the failure of its own grantees to return would be. Bureaucratically, therefore, our hats are off to Mr. Colligan. But why should our government spend money giving scientists and engineers a few months of training when their privately-trained colleagues with years of education and experience in the same fields do not return? Of what real use is it for Mr. Colligan to call his own hands clean when the world in which he stands is dirty?

Again, Mr. Colligan makes much of the bureaucratic distinction between the Exchange Visitor Visa and the Student Visa. Is this distinction any more important? What matters is that both visas are *temporary* and that consuls are under instructions to issue neither if there is any reason to believe that the purpose of entry is other than temporary. How honest, then, is it to put the unhappy US Consul in Taipei or Hong Kong in the position of certifying that hundreds or thousands of such student entrants are temporary when he knows that 95% of them are not and have not been for years? How honest is it of our Immigration Service to take the rug out from under his good word by accepting 95% of these "temporary" entrants as permanent? No technical probity of one visa status vis a vis another can make such an overall system either right or honest. A self-respecting Exchange Service and Department of State would stand up to this. It is a scandal and a shame that it allows the good word of its own officials to be treated as meaningless. It was here that I called for honesty: in the operation of our visa system and in our overall aims. I did not, as stated, impute dishonesty to the administrators of the student and international exchange program.

My figures on waivers were taken from Dr. H. van Zile Hyde, Director of the Association of American Medical Colleges, published in the June, 1963, INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT REVIEW. I later understood that Dr. Hyde had revised his figures downward. I had no chance to make the correction since the JOURNAL did not forewarn me of the republication of my article.

Mr. Colligan is quite free to make his distinctions if they are the things that worry him. I wonder if it is not more disturbing to acknowledge the existence of a serious problem without showing the slightest suggestion or concern for its betterment. Let us move toward solution; the passage of the new Immigration Law makes our action more than ever urgent.

GREGORY HENDERSON
Research Associate
Cambridge, Mass.

". . . But when Complaints are Freely Heard . . ."*

IT IS NOT customary for me to write letters to the Association, but I have recently become disturbed by what appears, at least to readers of the JOURNAL, to be the Association's failure to deal with or even comment upon items of great interest to all Foreign Service personnel.

The most striking example, of course, is the Hays Bill. It may well be true, as the editorial in the June issue of the JOURNAL points out, that publication dates and rapid developments have made earlier comment impossible, but the NEWSLETTER gave considerable coverage to the Bill in its May issue. The Association could in any event have commented upon the main features of the Bill and upon its development even prior to its presentation to Congress. I do not mean to carp, but I recall the intensive discussion which preceded the Wriston program and I am distressed that this current piece of legislation, which is at least as important, has never been handled in the pages of the JOURNAL. I hope that the June editorial, which raises more questions than it answers, is not the JOURNAL's and the Association's last word of explanation to the membership.

Another example, to come to a very different level of interest, is the recent Presidential proclamation or directive concerning American wines. The Association has yet to comment upon this directive or to explain it to its members, and has not so far as this member can see made any effort to encourage wine merchants to advise us of their products. As you know, one of the reasons why American wines are not frequently bought by American diplomats is because American producers and merchants make no effort to sell to the diplomatic trade and, as a matter of fact, are usually very negative when approached by other than wholesale purchasers. If the Association has found some more willing than others, the pages of the JOURNAL might be used to advise us of this fact.

This brings us from the specific to the general: I believe it would be much more useful to the Association members overseas if the JOURNAL devoted more of its space to keeping us informed in a clear and impartial fashion on developments in Foreign Service regulations. Such items would be much more interesting than photographic displays or reprints of speeches which are made available also through other channels. What most of us need is a sympathetic and interested observer in Washington who can make clear to us in the field what we need to know about current developments in the Service. I can remember not too many years ago when the JOURNAL contained a number of perceptive (if sometimes emotional) articles on such developments. But I have seen none for a long time.

One final thought, of particular interest in Saigon: we appreciate the recent news that life insurance is now available to cover against death caused by war and other related causes. How-

*Milton: "Areopagitica"

ever, I understand that there is a system in the British service which also covers against property losses caused by war, riots, civil disturbance, and the like. It is, I am told, a cooperative venture of the British diplomatic service. Perhaps the Association could look into establishing a similar system for us. At present no insurance company (including Lloyd's) will give such coverage, at least to individuals.

I am sorry to write what you must consider to be a very trying letter. I do not intend it as such. I have long appreciated the work and the efforts of the Association, and wish it well. But I feel that it has recently turned more and more away from its central purpose, which is to assist its members, and is instead merely attempting to amuse them. The latter is not necessary. We have enough amusement in other things. But we do need to be informed on developments which affect us all, and we need to be clearly and objectively informed. For this we count on the Association.

WILLIAM R. SMYSER

Saigon

About Pensions

WITH all the new activity on the part of President Johnson to right the wrongs of the present pension system, it seems to this writer that the time is ripe for annuitants, both Civil Service and Foreign Service, to evince a bit of interest in this magnanimous project of our Chief. Unless we show that we are dissatisfied with the present set-up, we cannot look to our Congress or to the President to push matters on our behalf. Nor should we hold back our assistance with the idea that our little voice could make no great difference in balancing the scales, and then —if improvements and changes are effected to benefit all of us—be first in line to accept the increase granted us, and the good accruing to the widows.

We all know—some from bitter experience—how inadequate the actual pension system is. We know, too, that there IS room for improvement. Space does not permit the inclusion of all the ramifications of this business of keeping retirees alive, but certainly, the wide discrepancy between Civil Service annuities and those of the military deserve considerable attention.

A Foreign Service officer with 40 years of service, having attained the rank of, say, Consul General or Counselor of Embassy (Ambassadors are of another shade) has known all the advantages of his calling, naturally, but he has also experienced all its disadvantages as well, even, at times to the extent of being under fire in wars and/or police actions. He has known the pangs of loneliness when wife and children have had to be evacuated, and the separation from his children when they went off to school in the US. And his budget has been knocked awry so many times that he found it futile to try to maintain one.

Then when the age of retirement is reached, he lays down the burdens and begins a new existence, with new problems, not the least of which is that of trying to maintain a façade of dignity and prestige in his daily life before colleagues and friends. This in itself is a task, but added to it is the enigma of how to provide for his wife after his demise. Under the present unfair system, he is supposed to make a portion of his already meager pension available to a fund that purports to grant to his widow the means of carrying on for the years remaining to her. Many officers have found this method not only impracticable, but impossible; sometimes there are children still in college, or there are debts that must be liquidated, so there is no way of splitting the annuity. What, then, is the solution? Now is the time to come forth and give ideas and help in the solving of the puzzle, otherwise, little hope for improvement can be held.

One thing could be done to help, if it comes to the question of funds to cover changes and augmentations of pensions: let the old proverb apply, that charity begins at home. Instead of voting so many millions of dollars to help emerging nations hold on to a form of life to which they can never become completely accustomed, earmark some of them to help Americans who have given the best years of their lives and brains in the service of their country. Give to help other peoples, certainly, for it would be criminal to abandon them to things worse than poverty, but remember that there are just as many deserving citizens of our great country who are in dire need of help, help that money can give, and help in ways other then financial.

And see to it that the norm between the pensions of the military and the Foreign and Civil Services is somewhat nearer equality. And keep in the forefront of the negotiations the picture of the wife, the devoted, loyal, patient wife, with a view to assuring her of a retirement free of worry and fear.

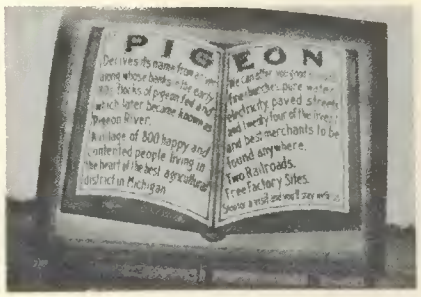
LEONARD E. THOMPSON

Port-au-Prince

Recipe for Pigeon Pie

I AM enclosing an old snapshot of mine of a Pigeon road sign which explains the derivation of the name of our village. The sign disintegrated so many years ago that only people over 45 remember it.

The Bay City (Michigan) TIMES of September 5, 1965, carried a feature article, "Tale of Hardship," by Neil Smith, quoting from a pioneer's letter. "Early in 1849 . . . in a small sailboat from the Detroit River and following the West Shore of Lake Huron to Saginaw Bay then along the south shore of Saginaw Bay . . . to a River (the Pigeon River). . . . In the



nesting season, wild pigeons filled the air. What is known as a pigeon roost was located on the opposite bank of the river. . . ."

I recall my father (born in 1875) and his friends telling how flocks of pigeons would black out the sun. And if one wanted a pigeon pie, one held up a two-by-four until sufficient pigeons knocked themselves senseless as they hit it.

So—are we named for the pigeons, or, as the old sign said—named after the river which was named for the pigeons?

DAISY H. LA VICTOIRE
Librarian
Pigeon Public Library

Pigeon, Michigan

A Fabulous Approach

IT gave me a great laugh when I found this paragraph on the first page of Morris West's "The Ambassador."

"As a diplomat I have a good record . . . I have served the Department for thirty-five years and have been an Ambassador for ten . . .

"Some of my friends tell me that this decision to quit the Service in mid-career is my shrewdest stroke yet . . ."

MORAL: They probably were afraid you would get assigned to the Mid-Career Course.

S. H. J.

Washington

Wishing You a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year



CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, CHRISTMAS, 1874

W. W. Corcoran, co-founder of The Riggs National Bank and a nationally known financier and philanthropist of his day, built the first Corcoran Gallery of Art at 17th and Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W. Occupied by the U.S. Court of Claims since 1897, this landmark is to be restored as an art gallery in the near future.

The RIGGS
NATIONAL BANK
of Washington, D.C.
FOUNDED 1836 • RESOURCES OVER $700,000,000
WASHINGTON'S LARGEST BANK IN SIZE AND SERVICE
COMPLETE BANKING AND TRUST SERVICE
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation • Member Federal Reserve System