

Foreign **S**ervice **J**ournal

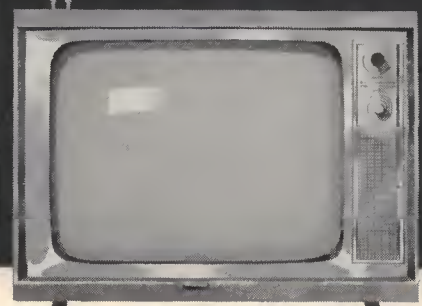
JANUARY 1966

60 CENTS



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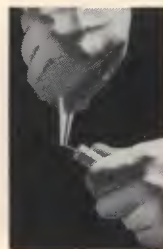
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Ernest Williams, cartoon, page 50.

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

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

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

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Ambassadorial Appointments

MARSHALL P. JONES, to *Malawi*
 CECIL B. LYON, to *Maldives Islands*
 JOHN H. BURNS, to *Tanzania*

Marriages

BRADDOCK-PALMA. Carolyn Anderson Braddock, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Daniel M. Braddock, was married to Ricardo Palma Valderrama, on December 11, in Washington, D. C.

LUKE-HILLS. Joan Luke was married to FSR Carter H. Hills on December 11, at Fort Myer, Virginia. Mr. Hills is assigned to the Office of International Administration, Department of State.

MOXNESS-DORN. Karen Nelsa Moxness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald G. Moxness, was married to Charles Stuart Dorn, at Glebe United Church, Ottawa, on October 30. Mr. Moxness is USIS Information Officer at Ottawa.

RONHOVDE-HOHENLOHE. Nora Montana Ronhovde, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Andreas Ronhovde, was married to Christian Conrad Hohenlohe, on November 23, in Washington, D. C.

STEVENS-THORNE. Fay Annette Stevens of Melbourne, Australia, was married to N. G. W. Thorne, in Melbourne, on December 6. Mr. Thorne is second secretary at the American Embassy, Vientiane.

Births

EASUM. A son, John Pentecost, born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Boyd Easum, on August 21. Mr. Easum is assigned to the American Embassy, Dakar.

HOLLIDAY. A son, Stuart Wadlington, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Winslow Holliday, on September 1, in Blantyre, Malawi.

MARTIN. A daughter, Anne Spencer, born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Martin, on August 17, in Rio de Janeiro.

MATTHEWS. A son, Wade Hampton Bynum Matthews, Jr., born to Mr. and Mrs. Wade H. B. Matthews, on September 9, in Nelspruit, Transvaal, Republic of South Africa. Mr. Matthews is serving as Consul at Lourenco Marques.

ST. JOHN. A daughter, Maria Therese, born to Mr. and Mrs. John J. St. John, on November 14, in Washington, D. C.

Deaths

ANDERSON. Erwin O. Anderson, who retired from government service in 1953, died on November 4, in Jerusalem. Mr. Anderson entered government service in 1941 with the War Policies Unit and then transferred to the Department of State. He originated the idea of a scientific exchange between the U.S. and Britain and was sent to London to develop the project in 1947. Mr. Anderson then worked with the Marshall Plan in London and on the staff of Averell Harriman from 1951 to 1953.

BRETT. Homer Brett, FSO-retired, died on November 17, in Kensington, Maryland. Mr. Brett entered the Foreign Service in 1911 and served at Maskat, Tenerife, La Guaira, Caracas, Tacna, Arica, Iquique, Bahia Mar, Nottingham, Bristol, Milan, Rotterdam, Callao-Lima, and was serving as chargé d'affaires in Lima at the time of his retirement in 1941. Mr. Brett wrote "Blueprint for Victory," a plan for winning World War II, which was published in 1942.

BURLING. Arthur Hart Burling (ne Berlin) died in Washington, D. C., on December 3. Born in Boston in 1901, Burling attended the Boston Latin School. He graduated from Harvard College in 1923. From 1923 till World War II, he was an officer of the Chinese Maritime Customs Service, with assignments in Shanghai, Canton and Tientsin.



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In 1935 he married Judith Steinhart of London, England. In 1942, Burling and his wife were repatriated to the US on the *Gripsholm*. After V-J Day he resigned from the Customs Service and spent years 1946 and 1947 as an observer with UNRAA in China. From 1950 to 1955 he was a foreign service officer with the Department of State, serving in Kuala Lumpur. For the past ten years he had been an editor in the Far East Division of the Voice of America.

With his wife Burling wrote "Chinese Art" (New York, 1953) a standard work on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Burling also co-authored "Sotatsu," a study of the seventeenth century Japanese painter. Survived by his wife.

BUTRICK. Gretchen Daniel Butrick, wife of Richard P. Butrick, FSO-retired, died on December 13, in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Butrick accompanied her husband to his assignments at Peiping, Santiago, Manila, Montreal, Sao Paulo and Reykjavik where he served as Minister in 1948. Mr. Butrick also served as Director General of the Foreign Service from 1949 to 1952 and retired in 1960.

JOSSELYN. Jean Dudley Josselyn, wife of Paul R. Josselyn, FSO-retired, died on November 14, in Carmel Valley, California. The Josselyns served at Tientsin, Canton, Chungking, Peking, Shanghai, Hankow, Vancouver and Singapore.

MANN. 1st Lt. Glenn Dill Mann, foster son of Ambassador Graham A. Martin, was killed in action near Trach Tru, Vietnam, in early December. Lieutenant Mann was awarded the Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Palm for his valor during the action and the medal was presented to the Ambassador.

SCHERBAK. Boris Scherbak, former FSR with AID, died on November 20. Mr. Scherbak served at Paris, Washington, Belgrade, and Rio de Janeiro. He recently resigned from AID to serve with VISTA, Office of Economic Opportunity.

Vista Vision

*The unsuspecting all male male,
matrimonially unsuited to women
including his wife, mercifully killed
before the vista-vision curtains part,
(death never appears on the scene,
but in its off-stage anonymity,
by happening, creates the plot,)
meets the unobtainable female,
her curled curves ambushed by his
incredulous lean long look.*

*The shell game of love can now be played,
reluctant lovers stalked in blooming circumstances
by the customary inevitables:
Balls at the best houses, beaches by moons,
misunderstandings to music;
they cannot escape their desirable fate.*

*The air is stale with popcorn and cliches.
It will all happen again; they will meet and part,
quarrel and kiss, forfeit freedom and pride,
and we will go home to the dishes.*

—KATIE LOUCHHEIM



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by F. PIERCE OLSON

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It was those seeret pockets that made me defeat.

I first heard about them when "K" called me in to brief me on a new assignment. Apparently they were causing all sorts of problems for our state security types. "Even our girls can't find them," he admitted ruefully.

I could see what was coming up.

"Of course, there's a problem with funding. Gold flow, you know. You'll have to call on all your talents this time, Bondowsky."

But I couldn't see what I was getting in for. I don't think anyone could have.

I arrived at the Washington airport without incident, duly documented as the Ambassador's chauffeur. I was met by "G," the chief gardener, through whom I was to report. He was pretty much in the dark regarding my mission—and of course the Ambassador knew nothing about it at all—but he was aware of my abilities at disguise and also knew that I speak flawless American English with a perfect Jackson Heights accent.

"I suppose you'll start your operations immediately," he mumbled. (Why do station chiefs always mumble?) "I understand there's a time element involved."

"Right," I replied. "No sweat. But I need a couple of days to get oriented."

"Well, let me know if you need any help. Here's a guidebook to get you started."

"Thanks a lot," I said.

I hesitated momentarily and then walked into the store with a decided air of diffidence. A youngish, crew-cut clerk approached.

"You being helped?" he asked.

"Not yet," I replied timidly. "I'm thinking of going to

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Changing posts?



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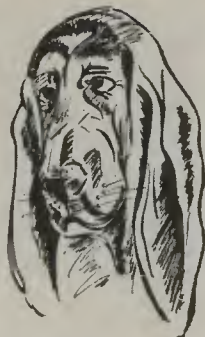
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Europe, and I'd like a lightweight suit. Something with a lot of pockets." (Clever!)

"Well, now, here's just the thing. Lightweight, crease-resistant, truly handsome, and sixteen pockets." His voice dropped a bit: "There are secret pockets too," he confided.

"Where are they?" I asked innocently.

"Oh," he said, "I can't divulge that until the purchase has been completed. I'm sorry, but . . . security, you know." He tried a laugh. "After all, this is Washington, isn't it?"

I agreed that it was, but I was sick with frustration. I had to get out of this trap.

"How much?" I asked.

"Sixty-nine, ninety-five." Like a shot.

"Do you have anything, uh, less expensive . . . with pockets?"

"Oh no, I'm sorry. You see, this suit . . ."

By that time I was out of the shop. I began to suspect that this might not be so easy after all.

A week later I was back, but this time I was a new man. The sun-tan make-up and the false RAF mustache accounted for that. I had made sure that clerk number one was busy with a customer, but clerk number two, who was coming in my direction, was a carbon copy.

"I'm off for Tokyo in a couple of days. I need a suit. One of those you advertised in the Foreign Service JOURNAL. Hope I have time for alterations."

"Yes, sir. Forty long. Here you are. You know about the pockets?"

"Yeah. Just let me try it on."

I almost ran into the fitting room and started to work feverishly. Rats! Where could they be? I was starting to tie up; my fingers were numb with excitement.



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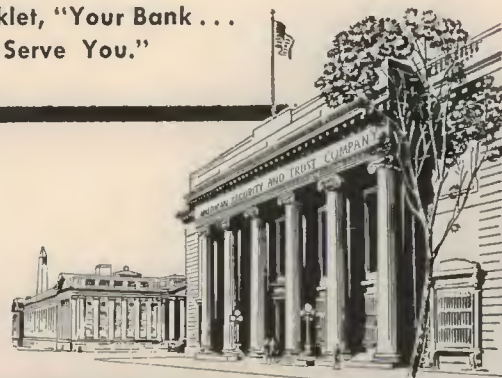
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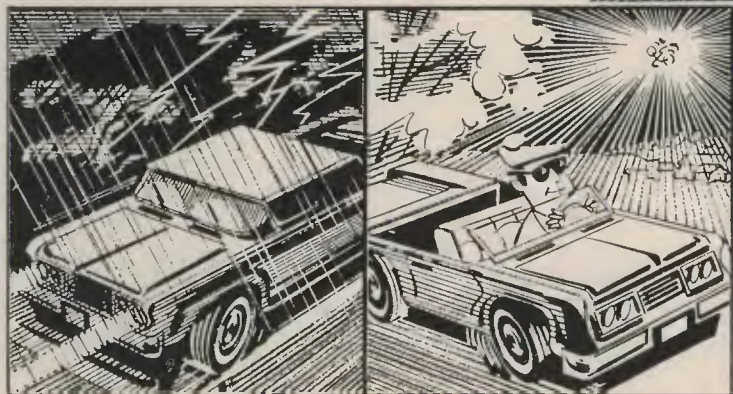
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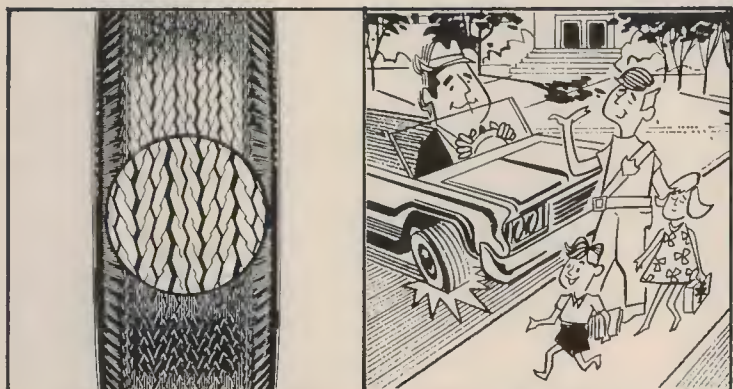
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Suddenly the door opened. It was the clerk.
 "Sorry, sir. Time's up."
 "Whaddya mean?"
 "There's a time limit on trying on that suit. Security, you know."

"Oh. Well, it doesn't fit anyway. It'd take a week to get it altered. Can't wait that long. Sorry. Bye."

I stumbled out into the street. Stumped again.

I hated to do it, but time was running out. I was desperate.

It was lunch time. The sidewalks were jammed, but the store was empty, except for one clerk, who bore a distinct resemblance to the other two. "G" went in first and got the clerk launched into a sales pitch on neckties. Relative merits of wide or thin, or some nonsense.

I slipped in. By this time I knew which rack held them. I sidled up, took a quick look around, snatched, and ran. But something grabbed my arms! I stopped short: Good grief! I thought they were display dummies!

"O.K., Bondowsky, the game's up," growled the "dummy" with the Austrian skiing gaiters and the \$35 hand-knitted Icelandic sweater.

I dropped the suit. "O.K. You win."

The interrogation was efficient—and probably pretty routine. These boys knew their onions. When the chance to build a new life on the free side of the Curtain was offered, I took it. It seemed the only way out . . .

THE President took another bite of his sandwich (Tip Top bread, Kraft Velveeta cheese, Atlantic and Pacific private brand mayonnaise, and a quarter leaf of lettuce). "Brilliant!" he exclaimed. "Absolutely brilliant!" He shook his head in amazement. "You," pointing at the Agency Director, "pene-

trated their service and got wind of the plant to get the suit. A fine piece of work. And it was a stroke of genius on your part," he continued, turning to the Chief of the Bureau, "to replace all the store clerks and display dummies with your field agents. Well done, both of you. But I still don't understand how you knew that Bondowsky's defection was a fake."

"Mr. President," replied the Director, "we know that their service always has a Plan B up its sleeve. And when we noticed a sudden emphasis on vodka sales to hard currency areas, we deduced that they were trying to snap up foreign exchange for their nefarious purposes. The secret pockets were obviously high up on their list of priorities. So we just advised the Chief to keep his boys on the job for a while."

"Which we did," the Chief broke in. "Bondowsky thought he had it made when he walked into the store and plunked down \$69.95 in silver dollars and silver certificates. Poor sap probably never realized that that alone was a dead giveaway—using real money like that. He even had his plane ticket to London, and his passport was a remarkable piece of forgery. But we got him. And more important, they still haven't got a clue where the secret pockets are."

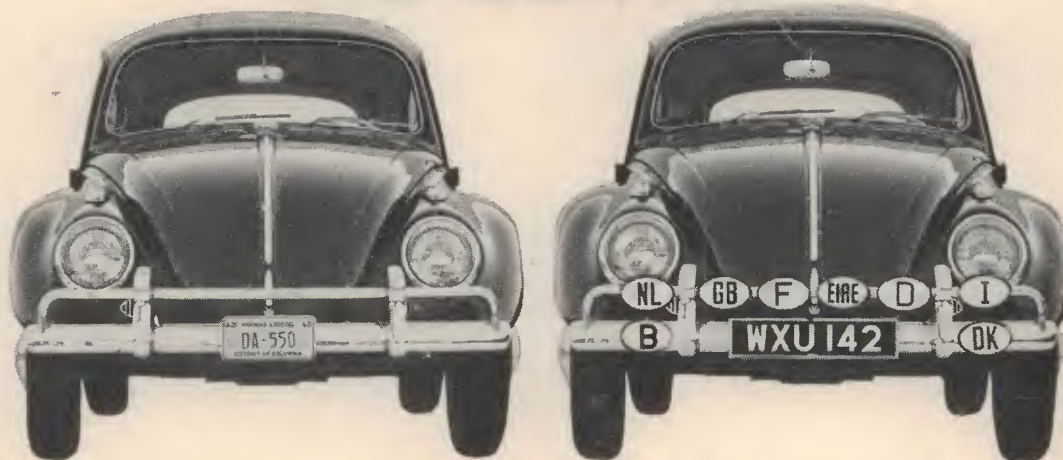
The President frowned. "What measures are you taking to ensure that it stays that way?"

"I understand that there will be some design changes in next year's model," answered the Chief. "That ought to confuse them. But this caper has really saddled me with a problem."

"What's that?" asked the President.

"The men I put into that store were the best we had. Now they won't come back to the Bureau. They claim that the store pays better and offers better career opportunities. Blast Bondowsky anyway." ■

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25 YEARS AGO

JANUARY 1941

IN THE JOURNAL

by JAMES B. STEWART

Prize Competition: The Editors of the Journal are pleased to announce the following winners of the prize contest:

"The Last Legation," by Pierre deL. Boal, Counselor of Embassy, Mexico City.

"The Lion of Judah and Another," by Ralph J. Totten (retired).

"Before the Firing Squad," by George P. Shaw, Consul General, Mexico City.

The members of the Judging Committee encountered great difficulty in making their decision, due to the many stories of approximately equal merit which were submitted. "Simple Leave" by Thomas A. Hickok (Manila) and "Isle of Isolation" by Charles W. Lewis (Department) were considered to be runners-up in the competition and entitled to Honorable Mention.

Vivien Wows Them

The office at Vancouver has recently been compelled to expand its office space in order to care for the great increase in the number of nonimmigrant visas . . . One of the most recent applicants to appear was Vivien Leigh and her arrival caused something of a flutter even among the staff. One of the younger officers to whose lot it fell to take the fingerprints of the beautiful Scarlett O'Hara had advanced the requisite fee and procured a fee stamp in order that the proceedings might be gone through with the speed and precision of a Hollywood sequence. However, he lost himself so completely in the glamor of the moment that the "papers" were signed, sealed and delivered and the fair applicant out the door before he bethought himself of the little matter of asking her to pay the fee.—Thomas H. Robinson

Briefs: On the occasion of funeral services held on December 15 for the late British Ambassador, Lord Lothian, at the Washington Cathedral in this city, nine officers from the Department were posted at doors of the Cathedral to facilitate the entry of members of the diplomatic corps and newspaper correspondents. They were Stanley Woodward, H. Charles Spruks and Raymond Muir, of the Protocol Division; Edward T. Waites, Robert B. Stewart, Robert D. Coe, and Hugh S. Cumming, Jr., of the Division of European Affairs; and Dorsey G. Fisher, of the Division of Current Information.—Reginald P. Mitchell

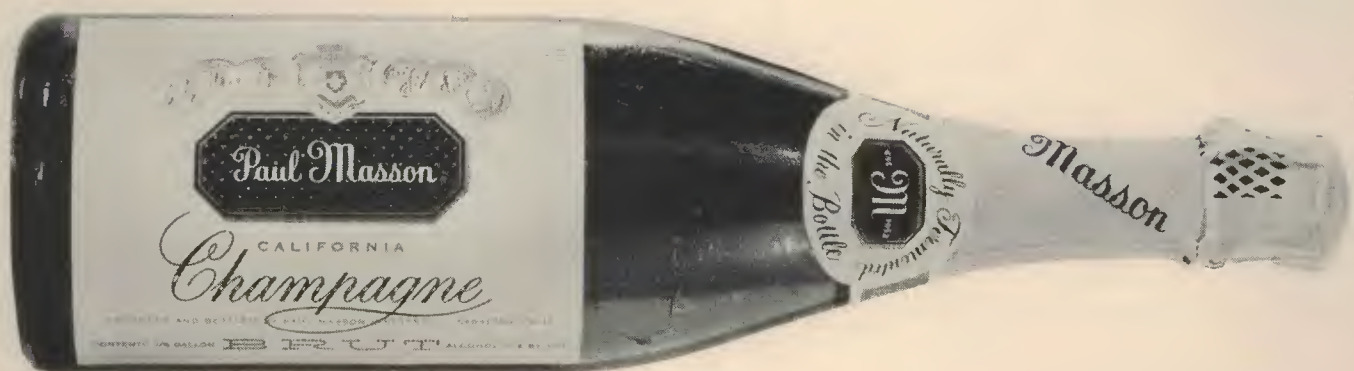
► The following appears under a picture in "Service Glimpses":

"The Winnipeg Grenadiers received a shipment of Springfield, the first American rifles they had seen. They called on Consul George G. Fuller, an ex-cavalry officer, for instruction as to assembling and using the sling, which will now be used as a model for the local units."

► Llewellyn E. Thompson, Jr., who has served for almost two years in the Division of European Affairs, completed his duties there on December 14 and left Washington for his new post as Second Secretary and Consul at Moscow. He planned

(A Reminder)

Today is the last
time tonight
will happen



© Copyright 1965 (We put the label on its side, too, so you could read it easier. We mention this so that when you are served Our Product labeled straight up in a restaurant you won't create a ruckus), Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California. (P. S. Doesn't "Brut" seem a thuddy-sounding name to describe something so delicious? If you can think of a more stimulating term for "Drier than Extra Dry" please let us know.)

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to travel to Yokohama thence to Vladivostok where a Consulate is being established by Angus I. Ward, until recently First Secretary and Consul at Moscow.

► On August 16, 1940, the Council of National Defense acting with the approval of the president established the Office for Coordination of Commercial and Cultural Relations between the American Republics. Nelson A. Rockefeller, of New York City, was named Coordinator. He was made accountable directly to the President.

DANIELS. A daughter, Jean Montague, was born on October 8 to Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Daniels, in Washington. Mr. Daniels is Assistant Chief of the Division of American Republics, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Service Association.



Comment 1966: Jean and Dr. Joseph Portell were married June 1, 1964. Dr. Portell is a resident doctor at the Montreal Children's Hospital. Jean was educated at Emma Willard School, Troy, New York, and Vassar College where she received her B.A. degree magna cum laude in 1962. Paul gave the commencement address at Vassar when Jean graduated.

Jean has been named Objects Conservator of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

JOHANSEN. A son, Rolf Arthur, was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Beppo R. Johansen in Harbin, where Mr. Johansen is Vice Consul.



Comment 1966: Rolf is in the Army and stationed in Paris. He passed the Foreign Service written examination and is waiting to take the oral. Karen is a senior at Middlebury College in Vermont. She might apply for a position with USIA as she speaks French and English bi-lingually and German and Italian fluently.

RECENT ITEMS

A Stylish Senator A Grandmother

Morry and Calista Hughes stopped off to see us enroute from California to their home in Humboldt, Nebraska. They attended the Foreign Service luncheon on October 2 at the Monterey Peninsular Country Club. Calista is a State Senator. It will surprise none of her friends to learn that she was selected as one of the best dressed women in Nebraska. She took part in a fashion show for charity in Lincoln, Nebraska, after returning from California where she and Morry visited their daughter Mary and her family. They have three children and so have Judy and her husband.

► Fritz Jandry and Clemene spent a year in Europe, returning to California last June. They spent the summer in Naples, Fritz having served there in the days of Coert du Bois, Thomas Bowman, Charles Hosmer, Jack deCourcy and Homer Byington, i.e. from 1936-1939.

The Jandreys enjoyed several days with Homer and Jane Byington on their boat on the Bay of Naples. The travelers were five months in Rome and experienced the heaviest snowstorm in over 200 years. In Zurich they saw the Howard Eltings. Fritz noted the high calibre of our representatives.

► William and Paul (Zeke) Paddeok wrote the book "Hungry Nations." Zeke is a retired FSO. Here is a brief quote from their book:

"A clue to the inward nature of a people is their traditional daily greeting, such as the cheerful 'Good day!' of prosperous Europeans. In Africa, the Wolofs say, 'Do you have peace?' I leave it to the psychologists to explain the Americans' morbid worry about aches and pains with their 'How are you?'

"The Chinese, those ultrarealists, have learned through the harsh centuries to come straight to the point and say, 'Have

you eaten? All else is subordinate, including love, health, peace, liberty, religion. Only after a meal can man make use of the mind that sets him above animals."

Pleasant surprises: Ed Trueblood phoned from the airport one day and Ted Olson the next. Ed was passing through Denver to the West Coast on an "escort mission" having one visitor in tow. Ted had been to Laramie, Wyoming. The last time he was here, Louise was along and she brought us some delicious plums from a relative's tree.

► Former Ambassador Fletcher Warren and Wilhelmina spent the summer in Europe and Turkey in Asia. They stayed with Leon and Tillie Cowles in London and with Lansing and Barbara Collins in Istanbul. Miss Betty Carp gave a party in their honor.

► When the checker-outer picked up the bottle of onions, she smiled and said, "Gibsons?" You could have knocked me over with a feather and when I told her that I once knew the man for whom the Gibson cocktail was named, you could have done the same to her. I told her of the late Ambassador Hugh Gibson and the bar at the Metropolitan Club in Washington where the "Gibson" was named. She ended the brief conversation with this aside: "I once was a barmaid."

► The darndest things happen in the Glasgow Consular district where Consul General Forrest Geerken holds forth. For instance, a wedding in Bathgate was delayed recently because a Flight Lieutenant forgot, not the ring, but his pants! His uniform trousers were in Glasgow, 30 miles away, but, with his sports car roadster and a police squad car as escort, he arrived back at the altar only 15 minutes late.

► Rinden to Newhall to Stewart: "A diplomat is one who tells you to go to hell in such a nice way that you look forward to the trip." ■

A Footnote to Mihajlo Mihajlov

THE FIRST DEATH CAMPS

by PETER BRIDGES

THE recent trial of the young Yugoslav scholar Mihajlo Mihajlov for his frank description of things Soviet entitled "Moscow Summer 1964" has been widely commented on in the West for the light it sheds on politics in Yugoslavia today. Yet perhaps the more thought-provoking part of the affair is what Mihajlov actually wrote about the Soviet Union, and in particular the following: "The first 'death camps' were not really established by the Germans, since they were founded by the Soviets. In 1921, in the vicinity of Archangel, the first death camp, known as Homogor [Kholmogory], was formed with the sole purpose of physically exterminating the prisoners. . ."

This is a statement terribly damaging to Soviet interests. The current Soviet line, while acknowledging that there was a massive Soviet labor-camp system under Stalin, seeks to blame principally Stalin himself for it and to characterize the terror as a "perversion" of true Leninism. Yet in 1921 Lenin was still alive and powerful, and Stalin was still only a subordinate rising, to be sure, toward power while Lenin suffered stroke after stroke until his death in 1924. And even when Lenin declined and died, the head of the Soviet secret police (the Cheka, later OGPU) until 1926 remained Felix Dzerzhinsky, appointed by Lenin, not Stalin, and even today officially revered in Moscow as a "good cop" who was not to blame for Stalin's later outrages.

If, then, it is shown that the dreaded labor-camp system was not of Stalin's making but rather of Lenin and Dzerzhinsky's, the Soviet myth of a benevolent, fatherly Lenin is seriously damaged. A number of well-documented works on

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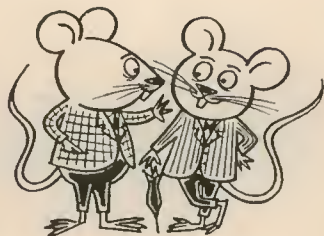
Soviet labor camps under Lenin do in fact exist, and some of them were incorporated some years ago into a report by the United Nations Ad Hoc Committee on Forced Labor.

The present writer would like to call attention here to a relatively little known, but extraordinarily moving work on the subject called "Letters from Russian Prisons." It was published by Albert & Charles Boni in New York in 1925; and it was sponsored by the International Committee for Political Prisoners among whose members were then Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, Felix Frankfurter, Norman Thomas, Eugene V. Debs, W. E. B. DuBois—and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn! This small but tragic volume, the documentation in which cannot be doubted, makes it clear that not only did Lenin run a labor-camp system but that in doing so he took over many of the repressive methods of Tsarism—as well as many of its political prisoners, men and women who found themselves in jail for democracy's sake under Lenin as they had under Nicholas II. These facts have never been entirely unknown—or forgotten—in the West; yet the narratives in the 1925 "Letters" are so tragic, so damaging to current Soviet myth that they deserve new mention. Take, for example, this statement of a Russian socialist in prison in the Solovetsky Islands in 1923: "The first political prisoners—*anarchists*—appeared in Kholmogory in February 1922. [Not 1921 as Mihajlov says; but two or three months hardly changes anything.] They were subjected to all the known punishments, such as solitary confinement, beating, starving, throwing on the wire. . . . There is no limit to their hours of servitude. They receive a real starvation ration, being fed largely with stinking codfish. Beating is practiced at every step. . . . Every keeper, barrackwarden, every petty official supervising the penal labor has the 'right to the stick'. . . . At the same time other 'civilized' punishments were resurrected: the stone 'bags'—narrow and deep pits in the stone

walls, altogether without light, into which a man can be put only 'at an angle'. . . Fifty-two percent of the prisoners are ill." Incidentally, an article in *Izvestiya* for June 24, 1965 speaks of developing the Solovetsky Islands, originally the site of a fifteenth-century monastery, into a tourist attraction; the article contents itself with calling the islands' history "at times sad, at times tragic, but more often heroic. . . . The Solovki were a place of exile. But all that is in the past."

Another prisoner wrote in 1922 of the Archangel concentration camp: "The population of the camp is made up of Kronstadt and Tambov prisoners, of Wrangel and Savinkov men, and a considerable number of Chekists [Cheka agents], come to grief. . . . Comparatively most decent have remained the Kronstadt men, but of their original number of 5,000 there have remained, it is said, after one year only 1,500 prisoners. And yet they were a young and exceptionally strong and healthy race." The mention of "Kronstadt and Tambov prisoners" is particularly interesting, for it was the revolts of the Kronstadt sailors and Tambov peasants in early 1921 which led Lenin to relent from War Communism and adopt the softer New Economic Policy. Considering the extent to which Lenin had felt his regime menaced by the Kronstadt and Tambov revolts, is it not reasonable to suppose that he himself ordered or at least authorized the imprisonment of the rebels? Soviet sources today emphasize Lenin's great thoroughness and meticulousness: did he fail to learn that seventy percent of the rebels in the Archangel concentration camp had died within a year? The Soviets today might claim the cruelties were the doing of misguided subordinates, not of Lenin. But one need say no more of such an argument than that it was also used by apologists for Stalin.

So Mihajlov was right to say that the Germans did not invent death camps; neither did Stalin. The camp system is as old as the Soviet state, or older. To be sure, things have



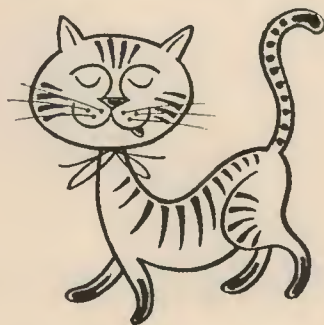
I say, Old Boy, did you hear about Marvin?
No, what's he done now?
His furniture is missing
And he don't know how.



He's screaming like a tiger.



He's as depressed as a toad.
A loss like that is a pretty heavy load.



Don't underestimate Marvin,
Mrs. Marvin said,
A cable to Security has put
him way ahead.



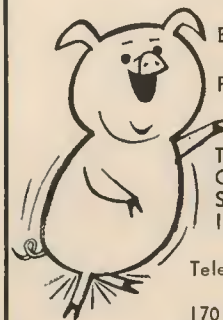
He listened to experience
and covered all our things,
With Security's Marine Insurance
which has even covered kings.

We won't have to use our savings,
Or borrow from our friends.

We're fully covered
By insurance—

From **Security**
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changed greatly in Russia since Stalin's death; one measure of the change is the release of a great though uncoun-tered number of prisoners, and another is Soviet publication of Solzhenitsyn's "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich." Yet much, much more remains to be said and done. And not least of the things still remaining unsaid in Moscow is that the awful camps and prisons existed under Lenin as they had earlier under the Tsars and would later under Stalin. Solzhenitsyn in 1962 was no more revealing—and no more tragic—than this letter written on the Solovetsky Islands in the year of Lenin's death:

"The spirit of old Asiatic Muscovy reigned here from the very beginning . . . amid altogether different surroundings. But it is the same spirit. The crosses were removed from the church steeples, the walls of the church were denuded, the ikons painted over; in the place of saints portraits of Lenin, Trotsky and Marx were drawn, and instead of texts from the Bible, the mottoes of the Russian Communist Party appeared. . . The old monastery, which served as an atrocious prison in former days, has now become altogether an inferno. The prisoners live in the most intolerable conditions, amidst terrible crowding, hunger, cold, and are forced to do hard labor. Exposed in the summer to the constant winds and the mosquitoes and in the winter to icy storms and frost, the half-naked, ragged, miserable prisoners, whose bodies are visible through the holes in their tattered clothes, are compelled to cut wood, to pull stumps, to make pitch . . . the emaciated, exhausted, half-starved men are unable to complete their tasks. Then their rations are cut down and they are . . . condemned to slow death. . ."

At the risk of being frivolous on a tragic subject, one is

tempted to believe that Lenin, like his successors, based his theory of government not so much on Marx as on that old Russian proverb *Kto vzyal palku, tot kapral*: the corporal is the one who picked up the club—to use on the rank and file.

To return finally to Mihajlov, it is notable that he fails to say that all these old Soviet evils have now been corrected. And one wonders whether the young Yugoslav's deepest purpose in raising the death-camp issue may have been to suggest the need for general condemnation not just of Stalin's reign, and not just of Lenin's, but of all five decades of Soviet rule up to now. ■

LION AND THORN

A Lion roaming through the forest got a thorn in his foot and meeting a Shepherd asked him to remove it. The Shepherd did so and the Lion, having just surfeited himself on another shepherd, went away without harming him. Some time afterward the Shepherd was condemned on a false accusation to be cast to the lions in the amphitheatre. When they were about to devour him one of them said:

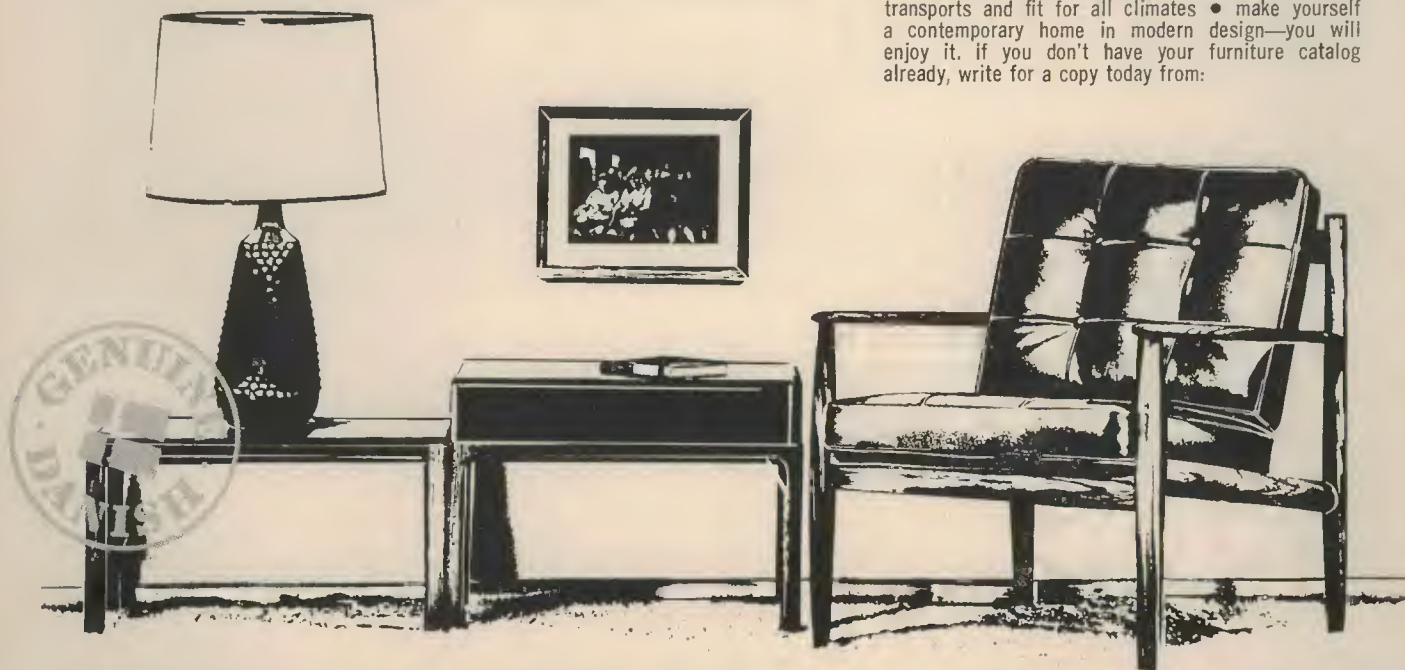
"This is the man who removed the thorn from my foot."

Hearing this, the others honorably abstained, and the claimant ate the Shepherd all by himself.

—*"The Collected Writings of Ambrose Bierce."* Citadel Press. Contributed by John W. Bowling.

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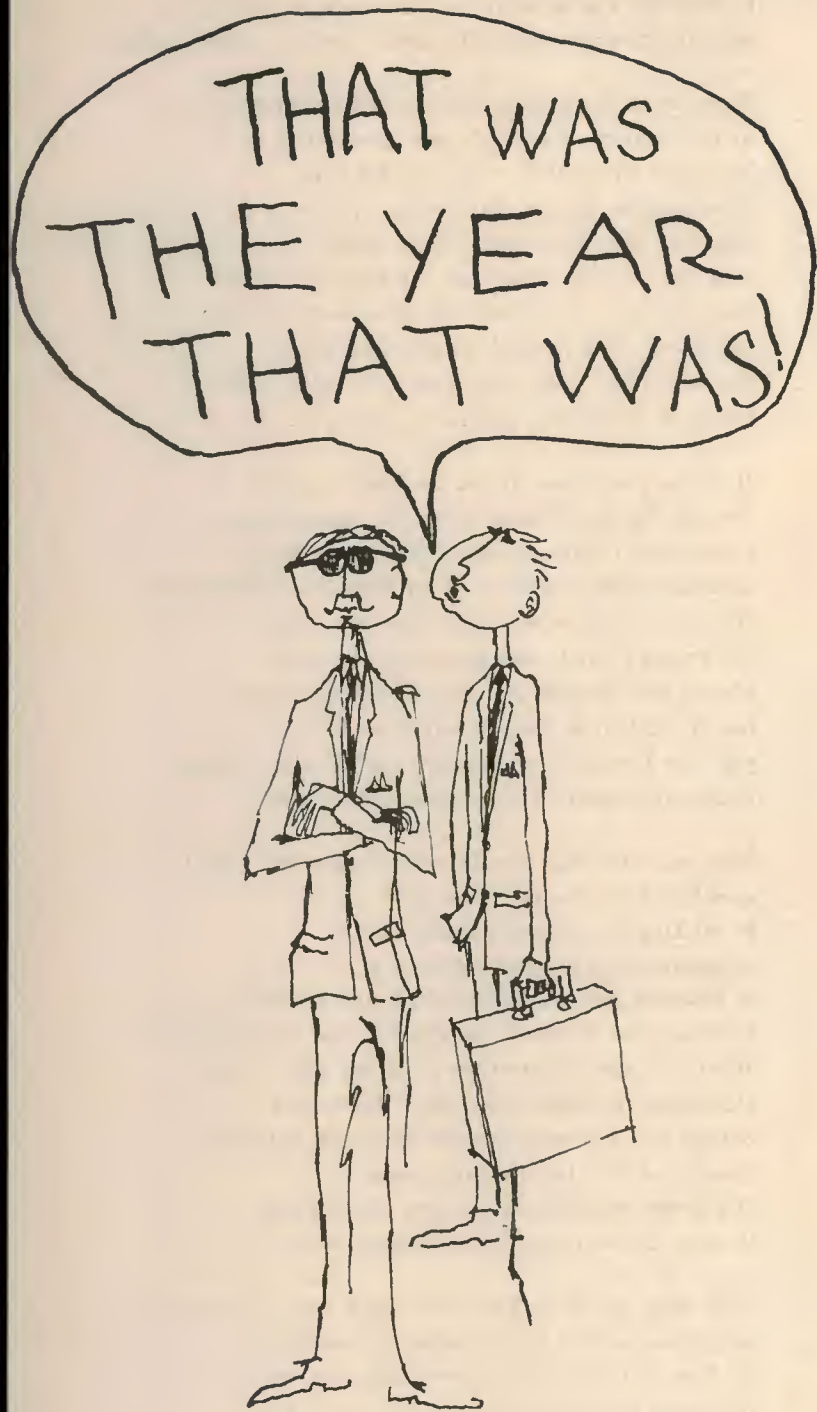
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by TED OLSON

Another January. What a bore!
 The annual hangover; the annual chore
 of circumventing that malicious hex
 that scribbles last year's date on this year's checks;
 the annual disbelief and consternation
 at time's inexorable acceleration.

A spent year shambling off, a fresh year beckoning
 inevitably invite some sort of reckoning:
 a totting-up of minuses and plusses,

some few hosannahs, all too many curses.
 Lippmann, no doubt, and others will present us
 their score on happenings, minor or momentous,
 that made the twelvemonth more or less portentous.
 A futile exercise: a past so close is
 too skewed for clear appraisal or prognosis.
 Our heirs may learn, in Toynbee's last installment,
 fifty years hence, perhaps, just what it all meant.

Meanwhile let us attempt, with due humility,
 a task of narrower scope, and small utility:
 some jottings on events that made the year
 significant in the JOURNAL's special sphere,
 trivia, doubtless, void of plot or mystery—
 yet sometimes trivia are the stuff of history.

It was a Year of Change (as what year isn't?),
 of organizational reforms, bedizened
 with TO charts as complex as the wiring
 of Titan or Agena primed for firing.
 New symbols in that endless game of scrabble
 baffled alike professional and rabble.
 Whatever urge some may have felt to rip it all
 apart, this time the main "thrust" was centripetal:
 State, AID, USIA embraced—hail-fella-
 well-met—under one Personnel umbrella,
 a canopy foresightedly designed
 to shelter toilers erstwhile left behind
 at stateside desks, year after year car-pooling
 to some far suburb (chosen for its schooling).
 The logic seemed persuasive, as expounded
 at Hays Bill hearings: Why not one well-rounded
 team integrating all FS resources—
 home guard and expeditionary forces?
 Why shouldn't all who give their time and wits
 to FS chores share FS benefits?
 The choice is theirs. No one will put a twist on
 reluctant arms, as in the Age of Wriston.
 (Yet some still hesitate, and eye with doubt
 that ominous exit marked "Selection Out.")

That was a Year of Exodus (as always).
 Familiar faces vanished from the hallways,
 familiar names from the studbook. Soon or late
 the moving finger writes for small and great.
 However indispensable, at last you're
 turned out, like any spavined nag, to pasture.
 Don't be dismayed. The pasture may be greener
 than you foresaw, life richer now, not meaner.
 Look at our has-beens: diplomats in residence
 at universities; foundation presidents;
 consultants and advisers by the score.
 (Does no one sit and whittle any more?)
 And those not toiling to pay off their creditors

were writing books, or Letters to the Editors. If, at some AFSA luncheon, someone cries "Author! Author!" half the crowd will rise. God bless 'em! It's an honorable profession— if praetised with a morsel of discretion.

A year of exodus in another sense for personnel uprooted by events in distant and combustible continents. Eastward the course of service took its way, from Rome and Florence to Saigon and Hue. Shiny new FSOs, with Ph. D.s still inky, and untarnished Phi Beta keys, suddenly found themselves purblindly groping in darkest Africa—yet somehow coping. That was the year another gallant name was graven on New State's somber scroll of fame.

It was a year of schisms, splits, divorcees in a world tormented by disruptive forces. While chauvinistic orators vociferate, old ties dissolve, new politics proliferate. Never were country boundaries so friable. Never did fewer ask, "But are we viable?" Hardly an atoll can resist the yen for a flag and a delegation at UN. They multiply amoeba-like, by fission. So what? Each one will want a US mission. Our Corridor Career Corps (FS breadline) eagerly scan the Post for every headline heralding some new state. They con the maps. They pulse with hope. This time, perhaps . . . perhaps . . . Not Paris or Rome, alas, but who can tell? Maybe the Maldives; possibly the Seychelles.

It was the mob's year, and as it ends we wonder ruefully: Where are our friends? When peoples choose to quarrel (e.g., Hindus and Muslims) why do they always smash *our* windows? Why, when some demagogue's harangue unlooses long pent-up hates, is the target always USIS? Over two hemispheres the skies are churning with the blasphemous reek of libraries a-burning. (Mobs seem to know their mightiest foe is learning.) Well, we can take it. Even assault and battery may be a topsy-turvy form of flattery. History teaches us this mournful verity: the powerful win no polls for popularity.

We sometimes wonder, though, if Britain and Rome were heckled so unmercifully at home. The "Ugly American" cliché persists in novels by sensational journalists who paint diplomacy as half skulduggery,

half amorous dalliance in some perfumed snuggery. It might be fun to serve in some such wonderland— were the plot not always the same: "Malice in Blunderland."

Well, let us hope there may be some corrective in our inspection system's new perspective. This year fresh talent, with unjaded eyes, from campus, bench and private enterprise will help administer that dread ordeal, long left to pros, who know all, hear all, see all. Welcome aboard, friends! We have naught to hide (well, very little), much to cite with pride. Please tell the folks back home we really aren't idlers or bumblers, generally abhorrent.

It was a year when guests no longer strolled through State's Minoan labyrinth, uncontrolled, a scurrying multitude, where one might brush shoulders with operatives of SMERSH and THRUSH. Now every visitor must convince the guard his errand's valid, and show his I.D. card. Horrid the thought that one more Open Door had to be barred, like all too many before; yet, for late-working passport clerks, still horrid if rape or robbery lurk in some dim corridor.

That was the year the JOURNAL's dauntless board qualified for a Carnegie award by sticking out eight vulnerable necks to mention that unmentionable, s_x. A bachelor girl, pious, well-bred, and prudent, confessed her problem: Should she, now, or shouldn't? What is a saunter down the primrose way worth? (Questions to baffle even Mary Haworth.) Should lovely woman, ere she stoops to folly, see exactly what is Departmental policy? If foreign relations thrive, who really cares if some conduct research in foreign affairs?

That Was the Year That Was—and few will mourn its passing to that bourne whence none return. Had we a Time Machine to take a spin on that's one we wouldn't choose to zero in on. Yet, in this scrap of history's tangled web, it's easy to note credits as well as debits. Mobs bombed our embassies, and pundits jeered us— yet for one heady week Djakartans cheered us! Brush fires smoldered, but none reached the tinder that could convert our globe to one huge einder. We eluteh the faith that no one really means to blow our galaxy to smithereens. We're a tough breed, and somehow we contrive by the skin of our teeth (see Wilder) to survive. Drum out the old year, bugle in the new, With a little bit o' luck we'll muddle through. ■



CALIFORNIA, through no fault of her own, was a school drop-out from the world of wine for thirteen years and when she came back, she was greeted with a welcome tintured, as might be expected, with a certain understandable skepticism.

That this initial skepticism was not unmerited was soon evident.

Over foreign protests, she insisted on her right to such European names as Burgundy, Chablis, Sauternes (usually without the final "s") as well as "Rhine Wine," Port, Sherry and Madeira, among others. (A California "Chateau Yquem" and a California "Cognac" were also attempted right after Repeal, but this was too much and here the French Government, which had vainly opposed the other names, did get its way, with the sympathetic support of the State Department).

The California wine industry insisted—and still does insist, though in a minor key—that such names are "generic" and hence in the public domain. This misses the point entirely; the point being that such names are unfair to the very wines the industry proclaims as "equal to the finest wines of Europe."

Before we hurry on to happier themes—and they are abundant these days—it may be noted that European wine names have been at once a transient benefit and a lasting affliction to California wines. To a bewildered public, largely ignorant of wine, they were, at the onset of Repeal, a selling aid. They were names which people had heard of, by which certain broad groups of wines could be identified. Burgundy, for example, was red, and so was Claret, but Claret was "lighter." Chablis was white and supposedly dry and Sauterne (sic) was white too, but not so dry—yet there was a "Dry Sauterne" (unknown in France) and a "Haut Sauterne" hardly known in France) which was supposed to be sweet.

by TOM MARVEL

table wines of california

"Port" was sweet and strong (and hence very popular) "Sherry" was strong and "nutty" and hardly less popular for much the same reasons.

No one, in those days, paid much attention to the grape varieties from which these came—and California vineyards at that time were filled with heavy-bearing, mass-production varieties, whose thick skins enabled them to be shipped fairly intact to Eastern markets for home wine making.

Today, we live in a happier age. As evidence of her sincerity and determination to have her best wines accepted on their own merits, California is steadily removing them from the Burgundy - Chablis - Sauterne categories. The period of naming California wines by European "types" is drawing to a close. In the field of the finest wines, it is virtually over. In their place, we find names such as Pinot Chardonnay, Gamay, Cabernet Sauvignon, Chénin Blanc, Sauvignon Blanc and Johannisberg Riesling, to name a few. These are grape names—names of the grape varieties represented in the world's finest wines. On bottles of California wines, they indicate to the buyer the grape whose wine is preponderant in the blend. Or, as is more often the case, the grape whose wine is 100 percent that of the grape whose name it bears. This is progress.

It does, of course, impose obligations on the buyer. He must know a few of these grape and wine names, unfamiliar as they may be, if he is to get the best. And that he is not hiccbound in his wine buying as some have supposed, is evident from the statistics, which show a steady trend toward familiarity with these quality wine labels.

While dedication to quality first and profits later is not universal enough in California to be called a rule (is it in any wine growing country?) there is evidence enough that the quality urge has made itself felt, in a very positive way, in the market place, and not only in the finest wines. In brief, the less expensive California wines are better, for the price, than they have ever been before.

Specifically, a gallon of California table wine at, say \$3.20 a gallon will, when poured into screw-capped whiskey bottles, for convenience and in innocent contravention of "Federal law forbids re-use of this bottle," yield five fifth-bottles of wine at 64 cents a fifth, or four quart bottles at 80 cents a quart. This is still a good deal more than *vin ordinaire* costs in France, but it is also a better wine than the average Frenchman drinks daily.

In the field of high quality wines, or "premium wines," as California terms them, we find wines which compare favorably with nearly all the clarets of the Bordeaux district, as well as with many of the better white Burgundies.

California, for reasons which will be touched upon later, comes less close to the great red Burgundies, the Sauternes (though not to the dryer Graves), and is far from equalling the superior whites of Germany; the Moselles, the Rheingaus or the wines of the Rheinpfalz.

There are few, if any, California wines comparable to the better vintages of the Loire—the Vouvrais, the Anjous, the Pouilly-Fumés, for instance—or the finer Alsations or the greats of the Rhône Valley. It may be questioned whether, at this stage, our public is ready for

such an array of vinous complexities, even if they were available.

In the special field of Champagnes—the word always touches a sore spot on French sensibilities when used to denote any but her own, and with a certain justification, since she protects the name rigidly in her country—California has developed a decidedly pleasing version, the best of them as meritorious as those from the Finger Lakes of New York State, though none of these versions, in the writer's opinion, should be called Champagne.

If, from all the above, one receives the impression that California is earnestly seeking to produce clever imitations of all the European "greats," I think the idea should be put aside. California, more and more, is finding herself—not as a clever imitator, but as a producer of her own, characteristic wines, just as other new wine countries, such as South Africa and Australia, are doing.

Whether any of the three will, in our day, produce the equals of the centuries-old European "greats" is pretty dubious and essentially irrelevant. The preponderant demand among wine drinkers the world over is for good wine at a good price.

California as Wine Country

California is a geographical house of wonders. In diversity of climate, it has no equal among the States. Its products, from the redwood forests hugging the cool and foggy north coast, to the date palms of the semi-desert country far to the south, testify to this unparalleled climatic range. It is probably the only State which, if its borders were closed, could supply its citizens with all the necessities, as well as the comforts and luxuries, of living. As a political unit in our union of commonwealths, it could be called an absurdity by its critics, an anomaly by its apologists.

Its 1,000-mile coast line, placed along the Eastern seaboard, would extend from Boston to Charleston, and some 350 miles inland. Obviously, for better or worse, we have a monstrous prodigy on our hands, or a benevolent empire, if one prefers.

Annual wine production averages around 165 million gallons—about four-fifths of all wine grown in the US. So vast and varied, as to soil and climate, the two main factors in evaluating wine production, are California's vineyard areas, that the State University's scientists have divided it into no less than five different wine producing regions, based on temperature and soil conditions.

Speaking in a very general way, the quality problem in California is one of too much sugar (from an abundance of sunshine) and not enough acidity—a condition exactly the opposite of that which prevails in the Eastern vineyards, notably the Finger Lakes district.

For this reason, among others, the finest quality wine grapes of Europe do not always produce the finest quality wines in California. And, conversely, the secondary wine grapes of Europe very often produce wines of excellent quality in California.

The Pinot Noir, for example, the one and only wine grape grown, or allowed to be grown, in the finest vineyards of Burgundy's Côte d'Or, has not lived up to expectations in California. Agronomists theorize that the vine wants a cooler ripening period for its fruit than it has thus far had in California. It is not at all unlikely that an area meeting these conditions may some day turn up.

On the other hand, the Folle Blanche, which yields a rather thin and acidulous wine in France, where it has been used as a base wine for Cognac, gives a delightfully fresh-tasting wine in California, where the grape's natural tendency to high acid is only too welcome.

The Zinfandel, a grape of undoubted European origin but of uncertain exact ancestry (the name is unknown in Europe), gives a red wine which, at its best, is one of the most engaging table wines we have—bright, clean on the palate, of agreeable fruitiness and eminently drinkable, if never really great. Its name has lately come into deserved favor, after a previous semi-eclipse caused by the appearance of much poor Zinfandel on the market.

But of the finest growths, red or white, only two California grapes give wines today which are comparable to certain fine European vintages. These are the Pinot Chardonnay, the grape of White Burgundy and, in part, of Champagne, and the Cabernet Sauvignon, the main, though not the only, grape of Red Bordeaux. These names, on any California bottle bearing also the names of such producers as are named farther on, and probably a few more which I have overlooked, are a pretty reliable guarantee of the best which California can produce in top-grade table wines. The Cabernet Sauvignon gives the red wine which, as mentioned earlier, will compare favorably with nearly all the classed chateaux of Bordeaux, while California's Pinot Chardonnay at its best can stand up favorably against all but the greatest Meursaults and Montrachets of the Côte de Beaune.

Slightly below the Pinot Chardonnay stands the Johannisberg Riesling, so qualified to distinguish it from a host of lesser varieties bearing the name Riesling. The California version is a beautifully balanced wine; it has everything but that ineffable Riesling bouquet which apparently is the gift of the cool, northern climate of the German vineyards, unmatched in the Golden State.

An excellent white wine now coming into well-deserved favor is the Chénin Blanc, the grape of the lower Loire (Anjou, Vouvray, etc.). Grown in favored locations in California, it yields a wine of sprightliness and charm.

The Traminer (now usually called the Gewürztraminer, or spicy Traminer) is an Alsatian grape which gives an excellent wine in its own Californian, and not Alsatian, way.

Of other California quality whites, the following are worth looking for, under their grape names, as follows: Emerald Riesling (a hybrid developed by the University of California), Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon, French Colombard, Folle Blanche.

In the secondary order of reds, after the prime Cabernet Sauvignon, may be found Gamay Beaujolais (there is academic doubt about this being the true Gamay of the Beaujolais, about which the wine drinker need not concern himself, for it is a very good wine no matter what its origin); Pinot Noir, Barbera, Ruby Cabernet (another University of California development suited to hot areas; the label may often, and a little deceptively, read simply Cabernet); and Zinfandel, all in no particular order of quality.

Of the pinks, or *vins rosés*, which are so popular in our country, that from the Grenache grape is probably the best. It is a variety of Spain and Southern France and yields the best *rosé* of France: Tavel. As a southern

grape, used to southern sun, it is very much at home in California.

The Vineyards

The State is in the throes of a real estate expansion which has already driven several notable vineyards from their accustomed areas and threatens others. Unfortunately, some of the districts which produced the highest quality wines; those in the region of San Francisco Bay—have been most affected, as the area expands with irresistible force. We say irresistible, for what vineyard proprietor of whatever means, can resist \$1,500 an acre for land which he originally bought for less than a tenth of that amount? So he becomes a millionaire; a reluctant millionaire, if you will, and at heart an unhappy one, for the vines to which he has devoted his years and tender care, are lost to him. This is something more, it may be noted, than giving up a wheat farm or even an orchard, for vines and their wines have a way of entering into one's life; of demanding and of receiving a full measure of devotion, of care and solicitude. Their wines, in turn, are an expression of the proprietor's pride in himself; of his individuality and of his professional skill. All of this is very real to a dedicated wine producer, of which there are many in California.

Santa Clara County, to the south of San Francisco, which used to call itself with true California exuberance, "the fruit basket of the world," with its prune orchards and its vineyards, is now hardly more than another Nassau County, Long Island, with its rows upon rows of neat and modest homes.

Fortunately the two most important vineyard properties in Santa Clara County, Almaden and Paul Masson, with ample resources at their disposal, have packed up and left for greener pastures more than 100 miles to the south, leaving their superbly equipped wineries, plus a few token acres of vineyards, behind. The wineries will continue to be used for the usual winery operations: storage, aging, bottling etc. but supplies will be from the new southern plantings.

These deserve more than passing mention. Masson has set out 1,000 acres in prime quality grapes in the Salinas Valley, near the small town of Soledad. Mirassou, a premium grape grower, selling to other wineries, has nearly an equal expanse nearby, and is prepared to supplement Masson's needs.

Wente Brothers, a quality winery of relatively small output in the Livermore Valley, in Alameda County, finding its vineyards menaced by the huge US Atomic Energy plant in the neighborhood, has bought a large tract even farther to the south, whose output will soon be rolling northward to its winery.

Perhaps most notable is Almaden's mammoth project, now in production, near Paicines (pie-seen-es) in San Benito County: 4,000 acres of rolling vineyards, comprising probably the largest expanse on earth of top grade wine varieties.

All the above vineyards—Paul Masson-Mirassou, Wente and Almaden, have used their new vineyard acreage for nearly exclusive planting of quality table wine grapes. This is of great significance. A few years ago, when 75 percent of the State's output was fortified wines (i.e., wines to which brandy has been added to bring them from a normal 12 percent to about 20 percent

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THE QUEST: AMBASSADORS OF THE FUTURE

by JOHN W. MACY, JR.

IT has been my privilege to work as an advisor to President Johnson in the development of the Career Services for several months. I am increasingly convinced that we have today a President who has an extraordinarily strong belief in the career services, and who looks to them to provide the fundamental leadership talent of the country in both foreign and domestic affairs. This is tremendously gratifying, and at the same time it puts a new and heavier obligation on all of us.

The extent of the President's confidence in the career service can be seen in the record of his appointments to top-level positions throughout the Government. For example, in the appointment of ambassadors 72 percent (79 out of 109) have been career Foreign Service Officers. This is the highest number and percent in the history of the Service. Government-wide, half of all Presidential appointments have been made from our career services. This is an unprecedented record. It should be an inspiration to every career man and woman in Government.

The added obligation it puts on us is an obligation to keep our career services strong and vigorous, capable of producing the quality of people who can meet the demand for excellence in dealing with the complex and critical issues of the times. I have learned what President Johnson expects of the career Foreign Service from the qualifications he requires in filling top-level posts, just as I have learned what he expects of the career Civil Service and our other career systems.

The President wants to improve the public service. He wants to improve it in ways the public will recognize and understand. He demands excellence of performance and economy of operations. Two things are essential: the best possible people and the best possible management. This is what I referred to as one of my favorite subjects, because I consider the two requirements inseparable.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the need for good management, unlike politics, does *not* stop at the water's edge. Management is an important aspect of an ambassador's responsibility—one of many. The Deputy Chief of Mission is essentially a manager, and the more management responsibility he can assume, the more effective the ambassador can be in the discharge of his other diverse and demanding duties.

Consider the specialists that make up the "country team": they may include economic, political, information, education,

labor, scientific, cultural, and military advisers or officers—members of the Foreign Service or USIA or AID, or representatives of any United States agencies with activities in the country—a very wide range of skills in special fields. And the diplomat, often thought of as generalist, is in fact a specialist in diplomacy. The manager is the generalist; and yet he must be a specialist in management.

With the country team idea has come a degree of coordination that was not possible before, and this creates a need for more competent, and more *creative*, application of management techniques on the scene. There is in fact a body of knowledge that can help those whose job it is to weld together diverse talents and assignments such as a country team represents.

The application of this knowledge should be an integral part of career development for the younger officers in the service. In the interest of good manpower utilization (which is an indispensable ingredient of efficiency and economy in Government operations), a special effort should be made to assess the talents and recognize the potential of the young people who come into the service full of ambition and enthusiasm; to avoid dampening that enthusiasm by a monotony of routine assignments; to provide training, and rotation, and avenues of promotion that lead through managerial experience as well as through other career channels.

The standard of excellence that President Johnson has set for Federal personnel and for the personnel system is extremely high. It applies to all parts of the Government, and I know that he considers none more important than the Foreign Service. When he issued the Executive order on interchange of career personnel, last May, he said:

"Our ability to seize the opportunities and to use our vast resources to further the aims of United States foreign policy must in large measure rest on the dedication and capabilities of people involved in our foreign activities. In no other area of governmental activity is it more vital to our national interest to develop and retain a corps of well-qualified men and women. It must also attract the outstanding youth of today so that tomorrow's work will be in capable hands."

A contemporary step toward the President's goal is proposed in the Hays Bill, which was introduced in the last session of Congress, passed by the House, and will be carried over for Senate consideration in the next session. I want to talk for a few minutes about some of the objectives of that bill.

One does not need a crystal ball to foresee with some certainty that the pattern of the recent past in world conditions will extend on into the future. The confrontation between two basically hostile ideologies, the prolongation of the cold war punctuated with more brushfire hot wars, the contest for the new and uncommitted nations, the commitment of our treasure and our youth to the cause of freedom in far-flung lands, and the assignment of thousands of our civil servants for the long haul—all are odds-on bets for the foreseeable future. These are facts we might prefer not to face, but they are facts of life in this last half of the Twentieth Century to which we must accustom our thinking—and our planning.

It is such facts of life that have led this Administration to press for personnel reforms in our foreign affairs agencies—not just in the Department of State itself, not just in the Agency for International Development and the United States Information Agency, but in all the many agencies that have responsibilities for foreign affairs.

Our present patchwork of personnel systems for people serving in foreign affairs areas was largely evolved soon after World War II when we hoped, and even expected, that certain programs would be expedients with short duration. But the high-speed march of international events of the past twenty years have blasted those high hopes.

The degree and duration of our overseas commitments were eloquently stated by President Johnson in his remarks last summer to the World Press Institute:

"The strength that we have and the success that we enjoy and the spirit that swells within the soul of America is mobilized and committed to one end—that end is to preserve the peace so that men everywhere can choose for themselves the way they want to go in this dawning age of opportunity in which we are privileged to live," he declared. "We will do everything within our power to see that, while strength is maintained on the military front to preserve freedom from aggression, there will be equal strength on the political, and on the diplomatic, and on the economic front that will try to find ways of avoiding contests," he continued. And he concluded, "We are committed to win the wars that we have declared on the ancient enemies of mankind: ignorance, illiteracy, poverty, and disease. And it will be a great day in the world when we can say that victory is ours against those ancient enemies in all lands."

To better equip ourselves for the long, arduous tasks the President outlined, the Administration is seeking to establish a unified and flexible career Foreign Service. The Hays Bill proposes a single foreign affairs personnel system, fully responsive to Presidential requirements and the changing conditions in our foreign relations—a system broad enough to accommodate the personnel needs, domestic as well as overseas, of all agencies engaged in foreign affairs.

Some of its principal points are that free interchange of personnel among the foreign affairs agencies, and between these agencies and the other agencies of the executive branch, will be sought; maximum flexibility will be sought in the assignment process, to enable management to meet unique requirements and crisis conditions with maximum efficiency and at a minimum cost; increased coordination with the Civil Service system will be provided by closer liaison with the Civil Service Commission on various personnel activities; and appointments, promotions, and selection-out of personnel will be based on the principle of competitive evaluation.

That last item has raised a storm out of all proportion to its true importance. It has forced discussion of the bill out of a proper and logical order of development. It is obscuring the benefits and the positive objectives of the proposal, which is essentially a system for getting people *in*, not *out*. "Selection out" is merely a necessary part of a rank-in-man personnel system; its extension does not herald the end of the merit system, nor usher in a new era of spoils.

Good administration of foreign affairs requires planned and uncomplicated movement of personnel from overseas to headquarters and back again. But at present such movement is hampered by the incompatible rules of two personnel systems. The Civil Service system, while highly effective in itself, is designed primarily to meet domestic needs, which may be quite different from overseas needs—and the situation is further complicated by the fact that the Foreign Service personnel system has three separate facets.

The coexistence of two systems creates many problems in addition to that of appropriate assignment. It tends to breed competition, if not jealousy, between groups of employees; sensitivity about violation of rules; and exaggerated concern for "rights" and not enough concern for "duty."

I can tell you this: that the Civil Service Commission, as the hereditary guardian of the merit system in Government, can conscientiously support the Hays Bill. The Foreign Service has a full-scale merit system of its own, which I freely admit is in most respects as good as that of the Civil Service, and for some purposes and in some respects is better.

Merit does not necessarily equate with tenure. Where tenure *derives* from merit, it is a proper component of a

merit system—and the insatiable demand for competence in the public service of the present and the foreseeable future is, in itself, assurance that that will be the case.

And has it not, in fact, been the ease in the past? I believe that the critics forget that our foreign affairs system could never have functioned if their fears were well founded.

I know that you are all genuinely concerned with the vitality and effectiveness of the Foreign Service, and that is why I have gone into this subject in some depth. I want you to know that in supporting the Hays Bill, I do so in the confidence that the legitimate interests of everyone involved will be protected. Indeed, the President has specifically stated that this must be done.

In summary, then, it is our conviction in working toward the Hays Bill that the need in the foreign affairs area is for a single personnel system that will encompass headquarters activities as well as those abroad. The management of foreign affairs is as important in Foggy Bottom as in the Embassy abroad. At times I have sensed an attitude among Foreign Service officers that headquarters was something different and that headquarters duty should be avoided like the plague. High capacity staff is essential in the critical responsibilities at the headquarters level.

One of the purposes of bringing about a single system and eliminating the Civil Service aspect of foreign affairs administration—and I repeat, as spokesman for the Civil Service Commission, that I do not regard this as a "raid" but as a step forward—one of the purposes is to provide the means to produce quality where quality is needed. The emphasis upon interchange between the foreign affairs group, foreign and domestic, and the Civil Service and the other merit systems of the Government, reflects a belief that we need one system specifically designed to meet the foreign affairs program but having connections with other portions of the Government, so that it is possible to use and identify talent as broadly as possible for the achievement of national goals in all departments and agencies.

But I would like to return to the subject of the ambassador and the management needs overseas before I conclude. At this hour there are 109 Presidential appointees representing the United States in other countries. President Johnson appointed 68, or 62 percent, of these appointees. As I mentioned earlier, 72 percent of these appointees are career Foreign Service officers, probably the greatest number and percentage in history. This clearly demonstrates the President's high confidence in the Foreign Service.

Although President Johnson has appointed 19 people who are not career Foreign Service officers, only eight of these people were, in fact, brought in from private life. The other eleven were already well acquainted with the Government and eight of these were in the foreign affairs area. Blair, Attwood, Cook, Good and Talbot were all in high level positions in the Service or in the State Department. These facts demonstrate the President's confidence in professionalism and experience.

Obviously, there will not be as many new appointments in the years ahead. This means there will be time for a more searching look at each candidate and that there will be a premium on those candidates who best demonstrate the capacity for the kind of leadership that the President wants in the Government—in all parts—including the State Department and the Foreign Service.

The competition for ambassadorial appointments is always high, even without the added pressure of non-career appointments. According to the Department's statistics, there are at the moment seven career ambassadors, 57 career ministers, and almost 300 FSO-1s. This is the prime source of the Foreign Service which provides the candidates for just over 100 ambassadorships. In addition, there is a source

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TWENTY years have elapsed since the downfall of the Third Reich. Since then the discussion has gone on unabated: what are the Germans like? Was Hitlerism an aberration of German life, a single retrogressive episode—or was it the culmination of a long, clearly marked stretch of German history? Have the Germans really changed since 1945 or are they the same people in whose name the most heinous of crimes were committed? There has been no respite in the submission of claim and counter-claim. Many Germans have naturally protested that Hitlerism was a single though dreadful and unpardonable mistake, that today's Germany has totally eliminated even the vestiges of those impossible deeds. The Eastern European bloc claim that the Germans are now, as always, a threat and that the weapons Americans have put in their hands will be put to aggressive use. The Jews who have suffered the most at their hands recognize that the Germans of today have sought to make amends of sorts, but they are still painfully sensitive to any number of German actions they regard as dubious. Despite Franco-German friendship pacts and talk of rapprochement and union, vast segments of the French people remain silently skeptical. A leopard, they would say, doesn't change his spots. In the US confidence in a new Germany is greater than elsewhere; partly because US policy requires such confidence and partly because the Germans have most insistently tried to convince their erstwhile enemy and now protector.

The debate over Germany began well before the Hitlerite debacle. According to ancient texts, the Germans were a war-like people, with a strong sense of loyalty to their herochiefs, and were forever striving through martial deeds to attain a heaven which admitted only brave warriors. Christianity, which was resisted longer in Germany than most countries—and resented even longer—finally managed to temper the warrior spirit. By the end of the 18th century, Germany, still more of a geographic expression than a political unit, enjoyed a reputation diametrically opposed to that which was to plague her later. She was supposed to be cosmopolitan, yet unsophisticated; her aristocracy admired foreign cultures, especially the French, as clearly superior to the German. No less a person than Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, complained about the relative inadequacy of the German language and the paucity and poverty of the works produced in it. At about the same time, the father of folklore, Johann Gottfried von Herder, was to write that “The patriotism of the Germans consists in being cosmopolitan and the mission of Germany is to cultivate philosophy.” The dominant impression, both from within and without, was a far cry from that of nationalism and ruthless aggressiveness which is the dominant quality in the portrait one hundred years later.

Several episodes in later German history materially altered the portrait. First there were the emancipation-wars against Napoleon which stirred the Teutonic soul, then the three wars for German unity—especially the Franco-Prussian conflict—which first stamped her as a potential threat to neighbors, then World War I in which she arrogantly dared to take on most of the civilized world; finally, the apotheosis of total evil, the Nazi Regime.

Nowhere is the changing image reflected more clearly than in the French view of Germany. The tone of German criticism in France was set early in the century by Mme. de Stael, ebullient apostle of romanticism. Her portrait of the nation across the Rhine was idyllic in its stress on pastoral simplicity, color and *Gemütlichkeit*. Exiled by Napo-



leon she had got herself “all steamed up,” as Heine put it, in France and apparently her German sojourn soothed and cooled the inflamed heart. She praised Germany for her metaphysics, her music; she eulogized German honesty, justice and loyalty. She also commented enthusiastically on the Germans' mixture of “boldness of thought with a most obedient character.” But liberal that she was, she became later concerned about the excessive submissiveness which this obedience entailed and she even voiced the fear that love of liberty was not yet strongly developed in Germany. But this critical note was lost amidst the superlatives of praise. Only Heinrich Heine, a German poet exiled in France, in love with German language and culture, but at odds with Teutonic authoritarianism and reaction cautioned Frenchmen against the myths Mme. de Stael's *De l'Allemagne* was spreading all over the continent. But Heine's warnings were ignored and Mme. de Stael's idealized portrait graced the books on Germany. Most later travelers, from whatever country, including the US, reported findings similar to hers. The great historian, Michelet, found in Germany only “naïveté, poetry, metaphysics.” But at least one, Edgar Quinet, who initially echoed Mme. de Stael's praises, became ever more dubious as the length of his stay increased. In fact, Quinet's later complaints clearly foreshadowed those vicious anti-German blasts which were to follow the Franco-Prussian War. For no sooner had Bismarck united the German states than Mme. de Stael's image of poetry, music and philosophy was taken off the wall and promptly thrown in the ash-can. The new image was strikingly, almost absurdly different, suggesting also



Real MANS?

by LOTHAR KAHN

the newly developed skills in propaganda. Germany now was an authoritarian, overly disciplined, nationalistic, arrogant and militaristic nation whose famous song, "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles," signified the general threat she constituted on the European scene. The kind-hearted, benevolent, attractive hero of yesterday had become, virtually overnight, an overbearing and even dangerous villain. This new portrait, reflected in the contemptuous and yet fearful "boche," has not entirely disappeared to this day, despite closer political and economic ties between the erstwhile enemies. It should be added that early 19th century visitors from the US, like George Bancroft, John W. Burgess and Edward Everett were closer to Mme. de Stael's vision of Germany than the post 1870 view. Nevertheless, what happened in France after the Franco-Prussian War happened in the US with World War I. The present writer inhabits an American town called Berlin, with the accent significantly on the first syllable—since 1917.

Increasingly since the Napoleonic Wars, moulders of German opinion or spokesmen for the German people have not helped their country's relations with the outside world. German literary men after Goethe, historians and even philosophers, did much to create the image of an aggressive self-glorifying nation. Other countries, including our own, have been blessed with their flag-wavers and war-hawks, but few, not even the French, have produced such an endless claptrap of self-praise, be it in terms of *Kultur* or military prowess, as the Germans. Where else have supposedly responsible political and cultural leaders indulged in such extravagant claims for folk and Fatherland, for war and

heroism, for the military virtues as in Germany? From Father Jahn who spoke of the need for national purity, who feared the day when a universal monarchy might be established—that, indeed, this would be the last day of mankind; from the distinguished literary critic Wolfgang Menzel who felt that only the winning of a great war could bring to Germany the fulfillment of her hopes; to Heinrich von Treitschke and his school who more than willingly accepted "the blissful necessity of war," this was the dominant thought of 19th century theorists and historians. "The patriotic duty of the German press," the eminent historian had declared, "is to make short shrift of secondary considerations and to support, as one man, Prussian demands on the enemy." A contemporary of Treitschke's held that war was the essence of everything. The great Spengler hardly enhanced Teutonic reputation abroad when he claimed, some decades after Treitschke, that "contempt for humanity is the essential requirement for a profound knowledge of it." The same Spengler also recognized in war the highest form of human existence, held that states existed only for the sake of war, extolled it as the loftiest expression of man's stay on earth. It was not uncommon to find claims that Prussian history was the "most beautiful and noble . . . of all peoples." No wonder then that the economist Sombart could attribute cultural independence to the Germans. "No people on earth," he wrote, "can give us anything we truly need, either in the field of scholarship, technology, art or literature." Germans could learn nothing from others. Germanism, many of the pan-Germanists believed, included every value that human culture could produce. The Nazis' own brand of nationalist folly, reenforced by racist mythology, is too well known to bear reviewing here.

What values have made the Germans especially susceptible to soldiering, the glorification of military virtues, the yielding to obedience and submissiveness? Curiously enough, some of the fault may lie with one of the least militaristic and nationalistic of thinkers, Immanuel Kant. In his emphasis on obedience as an absolute necessity for the child and on duty as one of the highest virtues of the citizen, Kant became at least partly responsible for the breeding of a nation of dutiful, obedient automatons, who relinquished all too willingly both individual choice and responsibility. On this national value system already established and ever more in vogue, was superimposed Bismarck's political legacy which discouraged the political education of people, reducing it, in fact, to less than what it had been twenty years before. Max Weber, for example, saw a post-Bismarck Germany devoid of political will and initiative, allowing its leaders to determine policy. Weber and a few others became increasingly concerned about their nation being taught only to follow and to accept what was decided; he deplored the failure of the Germans to ask themselves those questions which other Western peoples were asking. And perhaps the Germans were, indeed, overdoing the cult of obedience. The poet Leopold Schefer believed obedience and labor to be the mainstays of human society. A prominent German educational thinker, Diesterweg, could not conceive of character education without a course in obedience. Another prominent pedagogue could not even regard as obedience anything that required the giving of reasons. Bismarck himself commented on Prussian submissiveness, although he regarded it as the Slavs' legacy to the Prussians, the Teuton's main trait being that of virility.

Much more recently, Fritz von Unruh, a very distin-

guished German officer and novelist, has labeled duty "the cancer in the very bowels of the German people." Unruh conceded that duty was a fine enough word, and one suggesting the determination to overcome personal wishes and considerations. But in the case of the Germans what lay behind duty had degenerated. Where other nations had made happiness and the pursuit thereof an equally questionable goal, it appears that the Germans had made of duty and obedience a dangerous national fetish.

While there can be little doubt that the war-like voices, militarist and authoritarian, became ever louder as the 19th century progressed—reaching their ultimate expression in Nazism—warning voices were also beginning to be heard. To be sure, the cosmopolitan, Olympian Goethe had sometimes expressed himself negatively on the German character, but by and large the need for national defense against Napoleon made self-criticism rare in his time. But after German unification and the glory of the doctrine of blood and iron, the critical voices sought desperately to make themselves audible. Yet, in all but the rarest instances they were brutally drowned out by the booming and thunder from the nationalist power camp. Perhaps the severest critic of the authoritarian-militarist conformism was Nietzsche who yet, curiously, has borne much of the intellectual blame as a precursor of Nazism, and its ruthless paganism. But Nietzsche's thought was complex and rarely admitted easy categorization. He complained bitterly that public and official opinion in Bismarck's Germany had prohibited talk about the serious and even dangerous consequences of war. He bemoaned the likely extirpation of German intellect in favor of the Reichspower concept, especially that strength should have to reveal itself in hardness and cruelty. Elsewhere he asserted that the insanity of nationality, the Fatherland, held no attraction for him at all. When these follies had led Germany to the defeat of 1918, the voices critical of power and expansion became, at least temporarily, more potent. The historian Delbrück admitted the justice of the world's demand that the German people provide a guarantee that "the Pan-German spirit, the spirit of arrogant power, of hostility to good manners, and of paganism, is not the German spirit." But even during the short-lived Weimar Republic, with its official commitment to democracy and peace, the moderation of a Delbrück soon gave way to the same old Teutonic follies. Only what had appeared extreme under Bismarck and the Kaiser became the height of restraint under the Nazis' verbal orgies of race and national superiority and hero-worship.

WHICH leaves only the vital present. There is again more agreement about the Germans today, with major dissenting voices from diehard Germanophobes and Communists with a political vested interest. Most others concur that the Germans of today are different. Their interest in nationalism, militarism has given way to an avid pursuit of the Mark, sufficient numbers of which will enable them to buy that automobile, television set or refrigerator. Politics is something to shy from, to be left to the politician. Let them talk any old way, just as long as the economic wonder stays wonderful. The political vacuum, especially among the young, so often commented on in the immediate post-war years, continues as distrust of belief is still following in the wake of excessive belief. The older generation may still hold on in part to Bismarckian and Wil-

helmian values, a few, no doubt, also to Hitlerism, but the younger half of the German population largely rejects the whole complex of earlier value systems. On the surface, a much safer German emerges than has existed in a long, long time.

Nevertheless, as Salvador de Madariaga has pointed out, individual or national character differ from one another not so much in the tendencies they contain as in the relative strength of these tendencies and their mutual interplay. This led de Madariaga to the conclusion that these differences in the *quantity* of particular tendencies produce that distinctive difference in *quality* which we call character. De Madariaga's theory suggests at least some constants, in whatever quantities they may appear at different times. To think, therefore, that the German character of today is altogether different from that of earlier times, whatever its surface manifestations, would be wholly absurd. Submissiveness, obedience, paternalism, scapegoatism are present as before, but most writers no longer judge them quantitatively the same as before. But some Germans, like Gudrun Tempel, are still sufficiently concerned about the vestiges of these qualities, however reduced, to speak of "the indictment of my people." Even Leonhardt, in his rather glib "This Germany"—more of an apologist of the German people than Miss Tempel, is still fearful of scapegoatism in the German character. Others have felt that the involvement of the Germans in the Nazi movement was too broad for all traces of its influence to have vanished so quickly or completely. Some critics have felt that the long tenure of Adenauer himself, archetype of the traditional *Landesvater*, indicates that the presence of democratic elements in the evolving German character is still quantitatively small. The apathy, reported by nearly all, is still, in the final analysis, an abdication of individual responsibility. The spirit of freedom which even Mme. de Stael, most prominent of the Germanophiles, found curiously absent, has not been sufficiently tested in adversity to permit easy acceptance of it. Certain customs of toughness and brutality, such as the dueling of the *Mensur*, persist enough for legitimate concern in some quarters.

Which then are the real Germans? All images have fitted some time and some place. The late Professor Heuss, first President of the Federal Republic, was partly right in saying that different historical circumstances and influences had produced a varying German character. The Germans have been both the most and the least nationalistic of peoples; they have been pleasant and *gemütlich* and they have been brutal and aggressive; they have spoken the most of freedom in theory and been the most authoritarian in practice. The constants in the German character, reported by foe and friend alike, at any and all times, have been the tendency to listen and follow, to be overly dutiful, to yield individual choice and responsibility to a more influential and pretentious elder. These constants, if allowed quantitatively to make even a modest comeback, may yet cause the new and still feeble democracy considerable trouble. But perhaps, too, the variables of Professor Heuss, the total defeat of Nazism, the destruction of the myth of invincibility and superiority, the return of strong foreign influences and the vastly increased travel abroad, may offer the counterweight for the disturbing constants. Until such time as the new Germans have been tested by crises, by threats and failures, the changed image suggested by the present—while real and pleasant—may yet be only a provisional one. ■

EDITORIALS

WHO IS WHO?

THERE are encouraging signs that once the Senate gets around to confirming a long overdue batch of FSO appointments the Department will come out with a new edition of the BIOGRAPHIC REGISTER.

The more than two years hiatus since the appearance of the last edition has proved beyond cavil that the "Stud Book" is by all odds the Department's most valued publication. From Hue to London, to the remotest cubby hole in Foggy Bottom, denizens guard their dog-eared copies with as much care as a classified cable. After all, without "the book" how can a fellow figure out who that Richard Roe is who will take up his duties next month and affect the lives of one and all?

But does the REGISTER's prose have to be such dismal bureaucratic? Of course not. With a little editorial effort it could present the essential facts and in the process save an appreciable amount of paper and typesetting. And we are *not* urging more vivid prose. Just the elimination of extraneous facts.

The current biographical sketches are obviously not edited at all. They are made up by religiously copying every "personnel action" in each victim's file. The system, alas, all too often produces sketches like this:

ROE, Richard Barton - b. Mo., Apr. 7, 13; m.; B.A. Univ. of Chi., 35. App. clk. at \$1,440, Dept. of State, May 8, 37; at \$1,620 Jan. 16, 39; at \$1,800 Aug. 1, 40; at \$2,000 July 16, 41; asst., chief of classification and org. section, Div. of Personnel Supervision and Mgmt., at \$2,600 June 1, 42; sec., Comm. on Occupational Deferments, Mar. 16, 43-Aug. 15, 44; actg. chief of classification and deferment section, Div. of Departmental Personnel, May 1, 43; at \$3,200 Aug. 1, 43; at \$3,800 Apr. 1, 44; chief of classification section, CAF-12, April 1, 45; actg. assistant chief, Div. of Departmental Personnel, Nov. 23, 45; CAF-13, April 1, 46; asst. chief Oct. 1; CAF-14, Apr. 4, 48; GS-14 Oct. 30, 49; asst. chief, Div. of For. Serv. Personnel, Oct. 2, 50; commendable ser. award Oct. 30, 50; GS-15 Oct. 1, 51; chief, Personnel Operations Div., Aug. 3, 53; superior ser. award Oct. 19, 54; R-2, dep. chief of mission, Belgravia, May 4, 55; sec. DS and Couns., Belgravia, June 14, 55; 0-2, cons., sec. DS July 21, 55; cons., Belgravia, in add. to couns. Aug. 13, 55; 0-1, cons., cons. gen. asgd. cons. gen., Belgravia in add. to couns. Mar. 9, 59; cons. gen., Nioki (CG) June 20, 59; Couns., cons. gen., Nioki (E) June 30, 59; A.E.P. to Slovobian June 15, 61; lang.: Fr., Sp.

No kidding, that was taken verbatim—with only minor editorial changes—from the biographies of two successful FSOs both of whom are ambassadors. It is, of course, fascinating to be reminded that, back in '37, a guy could live on \$1,440 a year. It is equally intriguing to note how many entries Roe racked up while holding one and the same job—DCM at Belgravia. But it would seem so much more to the point if the biography simply noted that Roe entered the Departmental Civil Service in '37 and worked his way up to GS-15 and chief of Personnel by '53. A listing of his awards could be followed

by the date of his integration into the FS and his assignment successively as DCM, Belgravia; DCM, Nioki; A.E.P. to Slovobian. Deletions in the same spirit will be obvious in the case of officers whose entire careers have been in the foreign service. In most of these cases the fact that Doe was a vice-consul in addition to a Third Secretary is totally irrelevant and space consuming.

The need is clear and we hope the personnel experts and the publishing branch of the Department will make use of the time available to do a thorough revamping.

Oh, and now that we have shown you how to reduce Roe's biography from 32 lines to under 10, how about adding one small item—the full name of his wife right after that small m.?

INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION YEAR

THE special year designated by the United Nations for International Cooperation has just ended. For the United States, the culmination was a three-day White House Conference on International Cooperation, November 29-December 1. More than 2,000 participants from all over the United States met together in thirty panels to discuss each of the principal fields in which international cooperation is or should be underway, ranging from Agriculture and Food through Human Rights to Peacekeeping Operations and Youth Activities. These panels considered reports prepared during the preceding nine months by "national citizens' committees" made up of distinguished Americans in each of the fields, and supported by government consultants from 22 different executive departments and agencies.

Vice President Hubert Humphrey, Secretary Dean Rusk, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg and Presidential Special Assistant McGeorge Bundy all promised the conferees that the many recommendations would be considered carefully, that some of them were already being realized and that others already showed great promise.

The JOURNAL salutes this cooperative effort in the development of new international initiatives which the US Government and its citizens might take in foreign policy development. The interaction of private citizen and government official in the preparation for the White House Conference is uniquely American in character. Even here, however, it is a phenomenon which normally takes the form of a dialogue rather than the opportunity for extended discussion, of specific recommendations. The fashioning of the thirty reports—many of which would be of great interest to US Foreign Service officers—and the consideration of these reports at the White House Conference have dramatically launched a series of interesting new suggestions for international affairs action by the Government and by the people of the United States. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

THERE was a time when retired Foreign Service officers felt a sensation of extreme disquiet on reading headlines like these: "Living Costs Up Slightly for All-Time Record" . . . "Living Costs Up 0.2 Per Cent to Record High."

The articles painfully bore out the headlines: "Living costs rose two-tenths of one per cent in October to an all-time high, the Labor Department said today. All major items except groceries went up. Housing, clothing, transportation and medical care costs all went up, bringing the government's consumer price index to 110.4, the Bureau of Labor Statistics said. The index figure means it took \$11.04 to buy typical products that cost \$10 in the 1957-59 base figures."

To retired Foreign Service officers—or indeed to anyone living on a fixed income—such news created dark thoughts. It meant retrenchment, a shabbier manner of living, giving up this and giving up that.

But brighter days are at hand. New legislation (Public Law 89-308, signed by the President on October 31, 1965) establishes a new principle: from now on a rise in the cost of living will automatically lead to an annual examination of Foreign Service annuities—to see if they should be increased. As a starter, indications are that there will be a boost of 4.5 per cent in Foreign Service annuities beginning April 1, 1966. If the increase, in the year-end calculation, exceeds three per cent, a corresponding increase will be made for each annuitant on the following April 1.

This should be a solace to all Foreign Service officers—not only retired but by all those who expect to be retired one day. The 4½ per cent initial rise will perhaps amount to a puny sum. But that's not the point. The satisfaction comes in the knowledge that the annuity is no longer subject to the shriveling up process of inflation. If inflation should cause the cost of living to spiral, the annuity will go up correspondingly. The new principle will remove an old anxiety.

Certain plaudits are due to those who brought about the new principle of the flexible annuity. In the first place DACOR has worked for years

to bring about the change. Ambassador Joseph Jacobs and John Hamlin worked closely with Ambassador George Allen. The Department of State also worked on the project; the prime movers were William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, and William E. Woodyear, legislative officer. Between DACOR and the Department there was a most effective cooperation.

Put it down then in your ledger: No matter what else happens, April 1, 1966 is a day for jubilation!

January Award

When at the beginning of a Supreme Court session Chief Justice Earl Warren looked up from the bench, he saw twenty-one lawyers who were applying for the right to practice before the Court. One of the applicants the Chief Justice knew very well: his son, Earl Warren, Jr., thirty-five-year-old lawyer from Sacramento, California. The Chief Justice threw out a broad smile and said, "Mr. Warren, I welcome you to the bar of the Court. You may proceed to the clerk's desk to take the oath."

For conjuring up this urbane moment in a dingy world, the Chief Justice gets the January award. It is the first time the award has gone to a jurist.

Ich Non Voglio Oublier Mis Idiomias

Keeping four or five languages going at once is sometimes a stiff chore for Foreign Service officers—or indeed for anyone. You have been shifted, let's say, from Madrid to Bonn. From now on German waxes and Spanish wanes. Moreover, the French and Italian you acquired with so much effort seem to be getting more rickety by the day. Those with lots of time and energy might elect to read a little each week and listen to a recording of poetry or drama. This would keep alive vocabulary, syntax and the sound of the language. But, alas, few people have the time.

But here is a substitute suggestion: have you noticed the little monthly magazine called QUINTO LINGO? It runs a little longer than thirty pages and it contains little anecdotes, jokes,

etc., in five different languages in parallel columns. The languages are, as the cover says, Deutsch, Français, English, Español, Italiano. All the translations are neatly done. If the parallel columns carried political commentary or even solemn short stories, no one could stand to repeat them in five languages. But QUINTO LINGO's fare is exactly what the problem requires.

Here is a sample (although not, alas, in parallel columns):

"What do you consider the greatest accomplishment of the ancient Romans?"

Student: "Speaking Latin."

"Che cosa ritenete come la più grande realizzazione degli antichi Romani?"

"Parlare latino."

"¿Cuál considera usted que es la más grande hazaña de los antiguos romanos?"

"Hablar latín."

"Quelle est selon vous la plus grande réalisation des Romains?"

"Parler le latin."

"Was hältst Du für die grösste Leistung der alten Römer?"

"Dass sie Latein sprachen."

Peaks on Parnassus

What is the most beautiful line in all world literature? Here is another candidate:

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high Eastern hill.

—*Shakespeare: Hamlet*

Advice to Collectors

"What is that thing? What is it used for?" An eight-year-old child was pointing at a cocktail shaker. In her house her father and mother were converted to such heathen drinks as martini-on-the-rocks, gin and tonic, etc., a decade ago. The cocktail shakers had been abolished.

If one were to start now collecting cocktail shakers, hand lawn mowers and such obsolescent items right now, the collection would be as valuable in ten or twenty years as a . . . well, a New England village museum has made a fascinating exhibit out of a hundred button hooks.

Another good idea for a collectors' item: get a big scrapbook, and paste into it a swatch of every kind of cloth you discard, silk, wool, cotton, linen. In ten years it will be a curiosity. "Yes, Sonny, I lived in the days when the people wore and slept on real cloth."

Cheerfulness Breaks Through

Those with a special skill for seeing the dark side of it began to lament as early as November because Christmas of 1965 was destined to fall on a Saturday. They would therefore be done out of an extra holiday. They should have looked up the law before grouching: whenever a legal holiday falls on a Saturday, the preceding Friday is, in government offices, a day off. What then of the day before the holiday—that day when work often slumps and office parties, the dull and decorous, as well as that nefarious other kind that cause wives to write to Mary Harworth, fill the program? Some of the friskier spirits *did* arrange office parties but it is too early to reach any conclusions as to the general moral tone.

Christmas preparations started early this year. By December 1 the shops were cluttered with people and merchandise. Santa Clauses started their cavorting in November. When the three-day fun was over, the usual trek began: taking the gifts back to the shops.

Spurn the Prophecies

After the Clay-Patterson wingding, prophets, reformers and legislators all emitted the sentiment, as they do after every ring fiasco, that the public is sick of prize fighting, that the sport is approaching its end.

All of them know they are spouting pure humbug. As long as any latter-day Diagorases are willing to go into the ring and beat each others' brains out the public will enthusiastically pay high prices to witness the spectacle.

More Honor for Pigeons

Several readers have expressed astonishment that Michigan has a town named Pigeon. They might extend their astonishment with this intelligence:

The principal hotel in Limoux, France, is called "L'Hôtel Moderne et Pigeon."

As long as we are passing out this sort of intelligence we may as well add that the town of Lourdes has a "L'Hôtel du Commerce et de la Transfiguration," and a town in Portugal has a "Bank of Commerce and the Holy Ghost."

Valiant Old Girl

The famous opera star, Luisa Tetrazzini, in the course of her forty year career amassed a vast fortune. In the closing years of her life, however, she was hit so severely by financial reverses that she was reduced to letting rooms to tourists. An American admirer went to see her in the last five months of her life. He expected to see a sad, beaten old woman. She was, instead, as gay and as bouncy as in her best days. She said, "Sono vecchia, sono povera, sono brutta, MA sono sempre Tetrazzini." ("I'm old, I'm poor, I'm ugly, but I'm still Tetrazzini.")

Joys of the Lazy Life

Leisure—no matter what one proposes to do with it—is becoming more and more attractive to America's older citizens. This emerges from a recent survey completed by the Social Security Administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Back in 1951 only three men in a hundred gave a desire for leisure as their reason for retiring. But in 1963 leisure as a reason went up to twenty per cent. The report also showed that the number of persons forced into retirement by revised regulations doubled in the period between 1951 and 1963.

What do people do with their leisure? No survey on the subject has come to hand but one document does show what the retired *could* be doing

with their time. This is a schedule of the Adult Education Program in Montgomery County, Maryland (the same kind of thing is probably going on all over the country). In Montgomery County there are evening classes on making slip covers, on glass blowing, on conversational Chinese (Mandarin), on investing in Today's Stock Market, on making braided rugs. Of all these, it seems to us, the coziest, the least likely to upset the nervous system would be conversational Mandarin.

Unasked for Advice

To newspaper editors:

Suppress all those little vignettes of columnists, feature writers, etc. Far from adding any interest to the article they definitely detract. Some of the pictures are simpering, some roguish, and all make the writers look stupid. All except vignettes of Walter Lippman. He *always* looks intelligent.

And Think of the Poor Host

An officer now serving in Caracas sends a little note on social problems as some of us know them:

"The notation '7:30-9:30' on a printed invitation to indicate the time of a reception given by Ambassador and Mrs. Bernbaum for the visiting University of Michigan Jazz Band confused one of the musicians.

"Which one shall we attend, the 7:30 or the 9:30?" he was overheard asking a colleague.

"Let's go to both," was the reply."

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by S. I. Nadler



Embassy Political Officer (right) and friend.



Guatemala. Ambassador John Gordon Mein drinks a toast with Guatemalan Chief of Protocol Antonio Chocano Batres during the ceremony in which Ambassador Mein presented his credentials to Guatemalan Chief of Government, Enrique Peralta Azurdia.

Washington. Ambassador Richard H. Davis (Rumania) visits USIA Director Leonard H. Marks in the Director's office.



SERVICE GLIMPSSES

Guadalajara. PAO John Z. Williams explains the wonders of man in space to a Huichole Indian from Nayarit, Mexico.



Luxembourg. The Luxembourg National Holiday celebration in mid-summer brought together the four previous Ambassadors to Luxembourg and Mrs. Harris who holds that post at present. Left to right, Ambassadors William R. Rivkin, Patricia Harris, Maurice Steinmetz (Luxembourg's Ambassador to Washington), Perle Mesta, Bourke Summers, James Wine.





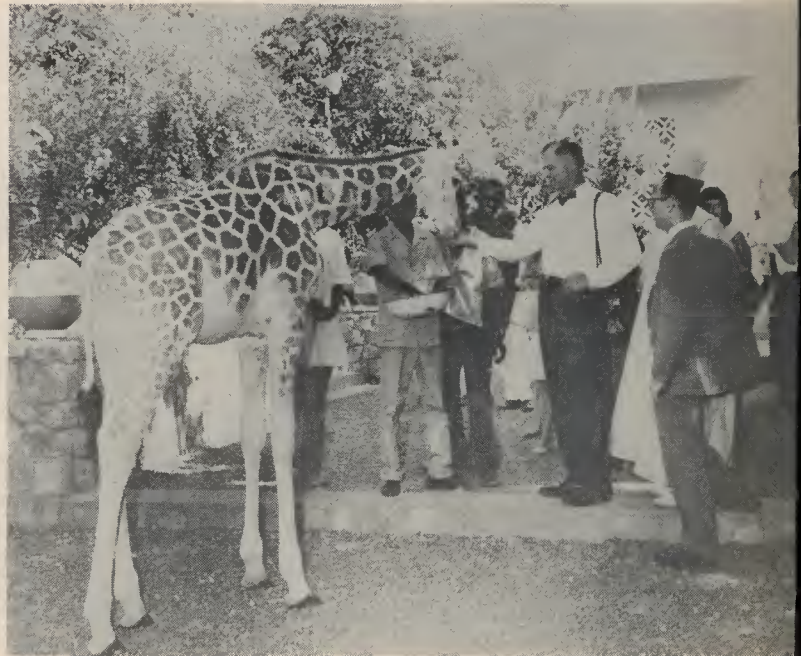
Manila. Mauro Mendez, Philippine Foreign Secretary, toasts Ambassador William McC. Blair, Jr., following the signing of an exchange of notes in which the US and the Philippines agreed on a revision of the criminal jurisdiction arrangement of the Military Bases Agreement of 1947. Others in the group are, left, Rizal G. Adorable, Assistant Secretary of Press and Public Affairs, and Lawrence H. Hoover, Jr., Legal Officer, American Embassy.



Sleepy Hollow, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Irving and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Funseth were among the guests who attended a California wine tasting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Barber.



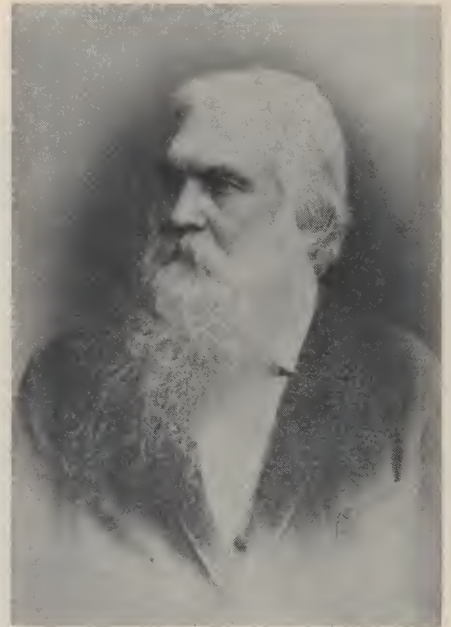
Tripoli. The Wheelus Grade and High School teachers are welcomed back at a reception at the Wheelus Service Club by Ambassador and Mrs. David D. Newsom. Colonel Joe L. Moody and Colonel Shelton J. West of Wheelus Air Base and the junior and senior high school and elementary principals and parents also greeted the teachers.



Niamey. Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams and his party are greeted by the Niger National Museum's giraffe during their tour of West African countries. The conference of the International Council of Museums in Washington voted the Niger Museum the most outstanding of its kind in Africa.

*Two new phases: His grave in Trieste is re-discovered
and his masterpiece appears in a new edition.*

THAYER CENTENARY



Alexander Wheelock Thayer, 1817-1897, US consul and Beethoven biographer.

by KENNETH E. LINLITHGOW

NEARLY everyone who can spell Beethoven knows that the authoritative life of the composer was written by the American, Alexander Wheelock Thayer, but of the book's readers probably not one in a hundred knows that Thayer was US Consul in Trieste. It is just one hundred years ago since Thayer arrived in Trieste to take up the post to which he had been appointed in the preceding year by President Lincoln, on the recommendation of Senator George Sumner.

This is a good time to dwell on Thayer's story, because the last few months have produced two events that heighten interest in Thayer's achievement: 1. his grave which had "disappeared" for many years was rediscovered in Trieste (the story of the rediscovery is told in the adjoining column) and 2. a new edition of the famous biography, revised to include later-day information, by Elliot Forbes, has just been published by the Princeton University Press.

In his early years, Thayer moved at a rather desultory pace. He showed no haste to become a diplomat or to write a monumental biography of Beethoven. He was born in South Natick, Massachusetts, October 22, 1817. He went to Harvard, but took his time about graduating. He was twenty-six when this came about. Miscellaneous chores occupied him for a few years and then he conceived the odd project of translating the then popular biography of Beethoven by the German, Anton Felix Schindler. It was an odd idea because Thayer at that time had a poor grip on German. He went to Germany and in no time at all he had acquired enough German to see that Schindler's book was not the sort of thing he could admire. It was a glossy, sentimental performance and it steadfastly suppressed Beethoven's dark and less attractive traits. Thayer's idea was that a proper biography should delineate not only the composer of transcendent genius but the churl, the curmudgeon, the man who had a positive talent for working himself into situations that could only cause suffering. To create such a work, research would have to start from scratch. This Thayer prepared to do.

by JOHN P. SABEC

How could a tomb get "lost"? Well, it could and this is the story of how it got lost and how it was rediscovered:

Three years ago, while I was on the staff of the American Consulate in Trieste, I was entrusted with the revision of the "Post Description," a few mimeographed pages handed to visiting Americans which contain in condensed form the basic information regarding the consular district. This task led me to read an interesting work called "Trieste and America" by Oscar d'Incontrera, historian of a Trieste insurance company, one of the largest in Europe. Mr. d'Incontrera, having related the principal facts in the life of Alexander Wheelock Thayer, famous biographer of Beethoven and US Consul in Trieste between 1865 and 1897, wound up by saying that Thayer was buried in Trieste.

Some time later, the consulate's administrative officer, Vice Consul Samuel E. Fry, decided that he wanted to see Thayer's tomb. The next Saturday morning we drove to the Anglican cemetery where Thayer, according to d'Incontrera, was buried.

The Anglican cemetery is not very large and contains some forty marked graves scattered over an area sufficient for double that number. About half of the graves are very old and the headstones completely overgrown with ivy. We did not see Thayer's name on any of the visible markers, and so we attempted to cut away some ivy on the overgrown ones. But the finger-thick stems of the half century or older vines resisted all efforts of the small pocketknife I had with me. So we decided to come back next week with a more efficient cutting tool. This second attempt also proved unsuccessful. We busily cut "windows" in the thick ivy—with occasional glances over our shoulders to guard against the guardian's catching us out in our "desecrational activity." But no Thayer.

Before abandoning our search I opined that perhaps d'Incontrera had erred—as later proved to be a fact—and that Thayer was buried in the adjoining cemetery of the

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At this period, and indeed for the rest of his days, Thayer's health was rocky. Stretches of pain interrupted his work and caused him at one time to return to the United States. Later, during his Trieste period, his "splitting head" limited his work day to three hours.

In the beginning Thayer supported himself by contributing feature articles to various American newspapers. Later he was helped by friends. In 1862, when he was forty-five, he became assistant to the US Minister to Austria. Then in November 1864 came the appointment to Trieste.

No one in those days thought it strange that a literary man should be named a consul. It was the fashion of the times as it became the fashion later to name industrialists and businessmen to diplomatic posts. Among the famous literary figures to be named to embassies and consulates were: Edward Everett, Minister to Great Britain, 1846-49; Washington Irving, Minister to Spain, 1842-46; John Howard Payne, Consul in Tunis, 1842-45 and 1851-52; George Bancroft, Minister to Great Britain, 1846-49; Nathaniel Hawthorne, Consul in Liverpool, 1853-57; William Dean Howells, Consul in Venice, 1860-65; John Lothrop Motley, Minister to Austria, 1861-67 and Minister to Great Britain, 1869-70; James Russell Lowell, Minister to Spain, 1877-1880 and Minister to Great Britain, 1880-1885; Lew Wallace, Minister to Turkey, 1881-1885.

Trieste in those days must have been a quiet spot. At least it was quiet enough to permit Thayer to spend most of his time on the biography. A friend who wrote a little memorial on him remarked blithely that he hired a young man "to carry out office routines." The same friend said that as he probed ever more deeply into the Beethoven material, his feeling of kinship for the German mind and character grew apace. By this time he spoke German so flawlessly that he was often taken for a German. But what about the Italians? He resisted their blandishments without any trouble. As for their language, it was the day before "language proficiency" became one of the Foreign Service officer's main goals. Thayer couldn't be bothered with Italian. After he had been twenty years in Trieste he confessed "with some embarrassment" that at an Italian's table, he forgot the word for spoon.

While the young assistant did "the routines" Thayer worked hard on the book. The first volume appeared in 1866. Although the author naturally wrote it in English it first appeared in German: "Ludwig van Beethovens Leben." Thayer handed over his manuscript, chapter by chapter, to his friend Herman Deiters who did the translation. It was the custom in Germany to bring out works of this sort volume by volume. In America they waited for completion of the work. Indeed the original English translation did not get on to the printing presses till 1921. It was edited by the famous critic Henry Edward Krehbiel, once referred to by H. L. Mencken as "a geyser of buttermilk." Despite the jibe, Krehbiel was a conscientious writer and musicologist and his edition of the biography was excellent.

Thayer died in 1897 before he had finished the biography. Deiter who had acquired Thayer's schema and documentation for the complete work carried on for another ten years and then he, too, died without finishing the book. It was finished by the well known German musicologist, Hugo Ricmann.

From time to time during his later years Thayer detoured from the crushing work of the biography to other endeavors. He wrote, for instance, "The Hebrews in Egypt and the Exodus" and "The Wonderchild," a book for children (he had never married). It is the Life of Beethoven, however, that keeps his name alive.

The stature of the work has grown with the years. Prodigious research went into it and its accuracy is incontestable. But it possesses another sovereign virtue: its objectivity is

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Evangelical Community of Helvetian and Augsburg Confession through which one passes to reach the Anglican cemetery. So we went up and down the aisles of this much larger cemetery and also cut a few "windows" in some too lush ivy. But no Thayer. The guardian, now consulted, produced an old tattered book listing burials which regrettably did not contain the name we sought (later I found out that some pages were missing and that the official records were kept at the office of the community). Thus we had to give up.



The Thayer tomb at the time of its discovery.

The next step was to call on the administrator of the Anglican cemetery, Mr. George Baker, a local businessman. He got out for me from a bank safe, where they are ordinarily kept, the old burial records. The first book was carefully kept and from it I incidentally culled the names of ten American seamen who had died here, among them also three captains and a mate, some from cholera, one drowned, one killed from a fall into the hold. The second book only listed names and the day of death. Of Thayer no mention.

Some time after while doing some research work at the Civic Library, I chanced on the index cards of Thayer's books which listed "The Commercial Future of Trieste" (1872), "The Hebrews and the Red Sea" (1883), "The Hebrews in Egypt and their Exodus" (1892), and "The Life of Beethoven" (1866-1916), quite a diversity of subjects. The sight of these books made me more and more determined to get to the bottom of the mystery of Thayer's tomb. I called on Mr. d'Incontrera who insisted that he had seen the tomb before the last war. He would go next Sunday to look for it and telephone to me. And this he did. The tomb was located on the lowest level of the Evangelical cemetery only a few feet from the steps leading down to the Anglican one and he had assumed that this lower level (all the contiguous cemeteries of the various faiths are located on the slope of a hill) belonged to the Anglican graveyard. Next Saturday I went to see—and there it was!

The reason Fry and I had not found it was that the tombstone was built against and into a retaining wall holding up a higher level of the cemetery. Moreover it was completely overgrown with ivy, as were a few adjoining markers. Be-

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positively olympian. Biography has gone through many transmutations since Thayer's day. There was the de-bunking period. There was the period when biographers grew satirical at the expense of their subjects. There was the period when writers gave their imagination free rein ("I don't know what Mary Queen of Scots said to Darnley, since they were in a room alone that morning, but I'll tell the readers anyway.") Then there was the trend towards psychiatric probing (we still have that with us).

As opposed to all this, Thayer was factual, conscientious and balanced. His own personality and whims never intruded into the narrative. As for Beethoven's personality, he presented him as a man of ever-evolving genius and a man of many noble moods. But Thayer, having rejected Schindler's romantic fancies, was not the man to blink away Beethoven's foibles, his erratic emotions, his capacity for stirring up trouble.

No previous edition of the work in English or German can equal the resplendent new version produced by Professor Elliot Forbes. The extent of the research that went into it is staggering. It was an intricate job to dig back into the past, into one edition after another, weighing Thayer's words or the words of someone else using Thayer's material. There is something exhilarating in Professor Forbes's pursuit of Beethoven's missing papers. It is a pity to read that his vigorous search came to a dead end: "Neither in the 125th Street warehouse (of the New York Public Library), nor in the old Beethoven Room (alas, no more in existence) nor in the basement vaults of the Library have these boxes shown up."

What makes the new edition memorable, however, is the even balance of Professor Forbes's mind and temperament—a nice match for Thayer's gifts as a biographer.

Since the substance of the new edition is impressive it is pleasant to record that the Princeton University Press production is physically a superb job.

The new edition should have a prosperous life and it will doubtless give new luster to the name of Alexander Thayer.

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sides, as I well remembered, during our visits, a marker from a nearby grave in the process of repair, had been lying over Thayer's tomb. Naturally we assumed that the marker indicated the man lying below it and had searched no further. Under a large lyre—clear allusion to his communion with the muses—sculpted at the top of the tombstone there was the inscription: "Alexander Wheelock Thayer—born in Natick, Mass., USA, October 22, 1817—Died in Trieste,

Austria—July 15, 1897." I cut some more ivy away and took photographs. But what to do next?

The answers were not long in coming. First I noticed in the lobby of the entry building into the cemetery a list of tombs the lease of which had expired, and which, if not renewed, would be re-used and the tombstones removed and sold. On that list was Thayer's name. Coming to the office the next Monday I was handed a copy of the literary supplement of the European edition of the New York Times of August 9, 1965 in which an entire page was occupied by comment on the publication by Princeton University Press of a revised English edition of Thayer's "Life of Beethoven" edited by Professor Elliot Forbes of Harvard. I promptly wrote to Professor Forbes telling him of my search and discovery (with d'Incontrera's help) of Thayer's tomb. Also I notified Mr. Fry that the tomb was found and where. And then—as in a jigsaw puzzle—everything began to fall into line. Professor Forbes replied that a grand-niece of Thayer, Mrs. Gertrude Behr, lived in Tamworth, New Hampshire, and that he had sent her my "very interesting" letter. I immediately also wrote her, enclosing a photo of the tomb. Mr. Fry sent a \$10 contribution to preserve the tomb. The Evangelical community got in touch with the consulate to discuss plans for leaving the tomb intact. Mrs. Behr sent me a photograph of her illustrious grand-uncle.

After protracted negotiations everything was solved to everybody's satisfaction, so it seems. With Mr. Fry's contribution two lines were added on the tombstone: "Biographer of Ludwig van Beethoven" and "American Consul in Trieste 1865-1882." Mrs. Behr paid for 20 years back rent and for 40 years future lease on the burial plot. The Evangelical community (pressed for funds due to unceasing contraction of membership—the once cosmopolitan population of Trieste is, since the first World War, becoming increasingly Italian) used the money to rebuild the leaning retaining wall behind the tomb which threatened to collapse at any moment and undertook to preserve the tomb for all time even if no rental is forthcoming after 2007.

Last Memorial Day an intimate commemoration was held at the tomb. Because Consul General E. Allen Fidler had to go to a conference in Rome, Consul Samuel E. Wise delivered the oration in the presence of most of the consular staff, a delegation of the Evangelical community, the two vice-presidents of the Italo-American Association, the curator of the Opera museum, reporters and photographers. The Community had the plot planted with a carpet of pansies bordered with forget-me-nots. On behalf of the Consulate, Mr. Wise placed on the grave a pillow of pink and white carnations and blue cornflowers made to resemble an American flag. The Evangelical community likewise laid down a floral piece.

Thus was the "lost" tomb rediscovered. ■



Consul Samuel E. Wise places the floral tribute from the Consulate on the grave of Alexander Wheelock Thayer, US Consul and biographer of Beethoven.



"I Will Not Excuse . . . and I Will Be Heard"

HENRY SERRANO VILLARD belongs to that small elite—why are elites always small?—of dedicated young men who joined the Foreign Service in the twenties and saw it develop into a career service as the result of the Rogers Act (1924).

The United States had become of age but was still mindful of Washington's admonition concerning foreign entanglements. Hence our foreign establishments abroad were small—as was the State Department—and there existed a camaraderie among members of the Foreign Service which is only possible with small numbers and a roughly common background.

(Speaking of backgrounds Harry Villard is a graduate of Harvard College, studied at Magdalen College, Oxford and was engaged in newspaper work before entering the Foreign Service in 1928. His grandfather, Henry Villard was the owner of the *NATION* and the *New York Evening Post* and—*mirabile dictu*—a railroad tycoon, being president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The author's great grandfather was William Lloyd Garrison, the anti-slavery leader.)

The second World War and its aftermath shattered this pleasant euphoria. The personnel of the Department and of our foreign posts grew by leaps and bounds.

Referring to the Foreign Service act of 1946 which permitted lateral entry into the Foreign Service, Mr. Villard observes: "Opening the gates at different levels, as well as from the bottom, is useful when a particular niche needs to be filled, but an individual who starts his career at the top or at a point attained by others only after twenty years of conscientious work, is scarcely a career officer in the sense contemplated by Mr. Rogers." He also refers to that host of Special Assistants who seem to pop up all over the place without too much previous experience in foreign affairs. In the chapter entitled "American Ambassador" the author exam-

ines the ease of "political Ambassadors" whose sole claim to the position is often a generous contribution to political coffers. It has always seemed strange that diplomacy is a profession which can be entered without previous training, unlike the law, medicine and for that matter the military services.

Mr. Villard very painstakingly, very thoughtfully, and especially very authoritatively examines all the various facets of our Foreign Service and the State Department. Among others there is the ridiculous image of the "cooky pusher," the lowering of the standards for entrance examinations, the penny pinching financing of our Foreign Service—"Let them eat crumbs"—the watering down of the career principle by lateral entry.

The whole book deserves the most careful and sympathetic attention of future committees, task forces and Congressional investigating bodies which will be entrusted with the task of once again determining what should be done to improve the morale and efficiency of our Foreign Affairs apparatus. Harry Villard's whole mature life has been a sincere dedication to his profession and his feelings are summarized in his concluding remarks:

"The hard core Foreign Service officer would like nothing better than to see the quality of the Service he performs for his fellow Americans improved by adequate funds, by the elimination of politics, by a high standard of entrance requirements and by a top-notch organization in which the human equation in his profession is not sacrificed to the Moloch of bureaucracy."

The book is being very favorably reviewed by such persons as Marquis Childs and Adolfe Berle—who recalled in the most flattering terms Villard's participation in the North African Campaign—at the US end. So it seems appropriate to quote the famous words of the author's great grandfather William Lloyd Garrison:

"I am in earnest, I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not

retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

—FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

AFFAIRS AT STATE, by Henry S. Villard. Crowell, \$5.95.

A Friendly Visitor

FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA, the only person to participate in "the struggle for independence of the Thirteen Colonies, the French Revolution, and the war for the liberation of Spanish America" toured the United States from the Carolinas to New England, June 1783-December 1784.

He was impressed with the democratic spirit of a Carolina picnic, but denounced bedbugs and bullfrogs as contributors to his "nocturnal discomfort."

In Philadelphia, he met and dined with the leaders of the new Republic—Washington, Hamilton, Knox—then proceeded to New York and New England.

He particularly enjoyed his visits to the universities: Princeton ("well-regulated college for the education of youth"), Yale (where he attended classes in algebra, optics, and Hebrew, and visited "the chapel for prayers"), and Harvard (which seemed to him "better calculated to form clerics than capable and educated citizens").

Nothing seems to have escaped the notice of this Spanish American soldier-statesman. His interest ran the gamut from battlefields to politics, to art and history, to education. His observations on the contemporary American scene are succinct, generally friendly, never spiteful.

This is the first English translation of his "Travels" to appear in print.

—E. T. PARKS

THE NEW DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA: Travels of Francisco de Miranda in the United States, 1783-1784. University of Oklahoma Press, \$4.95.

The Developing Atlantic Community

THIS symposium by a number of distinguished writers on both sides of the Atlantic covers specific political, economic, military and psychological aspects of the developing Atlantic Community. It also covers various national attitudes, and the relationship of the Community to the European Communities, the European neutrals, the Communist bloc, the less developed nations and the United Nations.

European contributors include Alfred Grosser, Max Beloff, Jacques Freymond and Walter Hallstein. The Americans, in addition to the editors, include such respected figures as Stanley Hoff-

mann, Livingston Merchant, Rupert Emerson, Marshall Shulman, William Diebold, Robert Bowie, Arnold Wolfers, Senator Fulbright and General Norstad.

The articles naturally vary in quality but that by Professor Wolfers on the conflict between European and American perspectives and those by Fulbright and Norstad are of particular interest.

—THEODORE C. ACHILLES

THE ATLANTIC COMMUNITY—PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS, edited by Francis O. Wilcox and H. Field Haviland, Jr. Praeger, for The World Peace Foundation, \$6.00.

The Making of British Foreign Policy

PERSONALITIES AND POLICIES by D. C. Watts of the London School of Economics is a collection of miscellaneous essays on the formulation of British foreign policy since 1900, with particular reference to the varying attitudes of different sub-groups of the British policy-making elite. The author's researches do not lead to any definite conclusions on most of the larger issues of foreign policy theory, but they do tell us many small things of interest. We learn, for example, that when the Foreign Office began to show "a quasi-idealist interest" in the League of Nations and friendship with America, the more traditionalist of the Tory party were led to talk of "the loss of nerve of senior diplomats with American wives, unable to face strained relations with their in-laws." But no proof is offered for such Tory allegations, and the author's documentation shows rather that prominent Englishmen married to American women are quite as likely to be strongly anti-American (for what reasons we are not told) as the reverse.

The book also contains worthwhile essays on recruitment and training for the British Foreign Service, on what the author calls "the breakdown of the normal protections against treason afforded by the elite system," and on what happens when more than one department of government shares in the making of foreign policy. On this last, Winston Churchill said in 1935 that "we need the integral thought of a single man responsible for Foreign Affairs, ranging over the entire field and making every factor and every incident contribute to the general purpose on which the Cabinet has agreed." Mr. Watts does not entirely agree. He thinks, surprisingly, that "it is the Foreign Service which has the best claims for a monopoly position, not the Foreign Secretary, provided only that its processes of recruitment, training, and internal organization

and promotion do not seem to give such claims the lie."

—T. A. DONOVAN

PERSONALITIES AND POLICIES, by D. C. Watts. Univ. of Notre Dame, \$6.00.

Biography in the Behavioral Pattern

PROFESSOR EDINGER'S study of Kurt Schumacher, the leader of the post-war German Social Democratic Party until his death in 1952, is not a conventional biography. It is rather an attempt to apply the methodology of the behavioral school of American political scientists to the understanding of a dynamic but essentially tragic figure who, by force of will and ability, rose to play an important role in the formative years of the Federal Republic. Such an approach can provide, as in the present case, some new insights into the personality and motives of a political leader; it may also, unfortunately, involve a considerable belaboring of the obvious disguised in a neo-psycho-analytic jargon.

Schumacher was a dedicated and single-minded man of strong feeling, a pure *homo politicus*, who aroused intense likes and dislikes in those with whom he dealt. Professor Edinger analyzes, through 317 pages, various facets of a party leader whose political behavior, he speculates, "may be explained primarily as that of a man compulsively striving to relieve intense personality tensions by means of adaptive mechanisms that had proven effective in the past for maintaining the equilibrium of the personality system." Whether such a generalization really adds much to our understanding of a historic figure may well be questioned, but at least it places him within a category that many contemporary political scientists will find congenial.

The Foreign Service reader will find this book interesting as a convenient compilation of the techniques favored by the behavioral school. He will also learn something, though not systematically, about post-war German history and the political and social context within which Schumacher played such an important causative role.

—MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND

KURT SCHUMACHER—*A Study in Personality and Political Behavior*, by Professor Lewis J. Edinger. Stanford University Press, \$8.95.

Modern Iran

AUTHOR and lecturer Peter Avery has compiled a detailed and wide-ranging history of modern Iran; it is a pity that the book is not better written. The ponderous style

will probably defeat all but the dedicated reader, and there are many minor inconsistencies and examples of poor organization. Those who persevere will find this history worthwhile reading and excellent as a source book on the period covered, for the author has taken commendable pains to include a wealth of details often passed over in more cursory treatments.

Contrary to the practice of many authors who write about Iran who gloss over the Qajars and treat modernism in that country as synonymous with Reza Shah Pahlavi, Avery devotes over 200 pages to the Qajar period and the provocative impact of modern ideas during that time. The founder of the Pahlavi dynasty is both objectively and sympathetically treated, as are the problems facing Iran during that period. Useful background information on the rise and fall of Mosadaq is also provided. The author is generally objective in his analysis of big power attitudes toward Iran, but while he goes into some detail about Russian occupation of northwestern Iran during World War II he fails even to mention the British attack on the Iranian fleet in Khorramshahr in 1941 which was such a traumatic experience for the Iranian people.

It is obvious from the detailed material presented and the author's confident handling of it that he has good comprehension of, and an impressive fund of knowledge on, his subject. If you want to add a good source book to your books on Iran, this is an excellent choice.

—A. M. BOLSTER

MODERN IRAN, by Peter W. Avery. Praeger, \$11.00.

Ancient Mexico

THIS volume presents the first English translation of Alfonso de Zorita's "Breve y Summaria Relación de los Señores de la Nueva España," a primary source of information concerning the social conditions of the Indian population of Mexico, both during the later Aztec empire and the first fifty years of the Spanish conquest. Zorita wrote his "Breve Relación" after his retirement in 1566. (From internal evidence, it was apparently completed before 1570.) He had served his country in the New World for some nineteen years; the last ten (1556-1566) were spent in Mexico, as *oidor* for the *Audencia* of the capital. It was a period when the Indian question constituted a major political issue of New Spain. Zorita consistently identified himself with those who defended the interests of the natives against the exploitation

of the *encomenderos*; he was a worthy representative of the tradition of Spanish humanitarianism and *indianismo* of which we find the most striking expression in the life and works of Fray Bartolomé de las Casas. Keen, in his long introduction, characterizes the point of view from which the "Breve Relación" was written ". . . (it) offers an idealized portrait of life in Mexico before the Conquest, contrasts that pagan Golden Age with the miserable state of the Mexican Indian under Spanish rule, and searches for solutions to the insoluble problems of Spain's Indian policy."

Even during his period of government service Zorita was frequently criticized by the "practical men" of New Spain as a starry-eyed "do-gooder." His career (which ended in pinched obscurity) illustrates once again the continuing struggle in political life between the "realists" and "idealists," as well as the perils involved in calling attention too candidly to gaps between official theory and actual practice. Zorita's indictment of Spanish mistreatment of the natives does not appear to be exaggerated, since it is confirmed by the majority of other contemporary observers. In fact, the intensity of the exploitation of Indian labor caused a demographic tragedy, with the Indian population declining from approximately 16,500,000 in 1532 to 2,500,000 in 1568, to 1,069,000 in 1608.

But was pre-Conquest society as idyllic as Zorita would like to have us believe? His idealization of the Indian expresses that feeling of "disillusioned recoil from the civilized world" which recurs so frequently in Montaigne and other Renaissance humanists. It is probably true that the morale and the living standards of the natives were higher before the conquest than after it. But Zorita's analysis of Aztec society glosses over its defects—human sacrifice on a vast scale, continuous warfare, heavy exactions laid upon the conquered. The victory of Cortes would have been impossible without the support of those subject peoples who hailed the Spaniards as liberators. That they lived to regret it only shows that for the masses, "Golden Ages" are few and far between. One form of tyranny is suppressed only to be replaced by another and "revolution" often means no more than the rise to power of a new exploiting minority.

—JOHN L. BROWN

LIFE AND LABOR IN ANCIENT MEXICO, the Brief and Summary Relation of the Lords of New Spain, by Alfonso de Zorita, translated with an introduction by Benjamin Keen. Rutgers University Press, \$7.50.

Intermediate and Advanced Subversion

ONE part excellent, one part dangerously biased, and one part too long, Paul Blackstock's "The Strategy of Subversion" is subtitled "Manipulating the Politics of Other Nations" and might further be sub-sub-titled "Why the CIA is Not the Outfit to Do It."

Parts of the book are good enough to be—and will undoubtedly become—required reading for certain embryo government officials. Three such sections are the chapters on "Propaganda, Violence, and Manipulative Persuasion"; "The Problem of Counter-Elites and Operational Control"; and "The Problem of Reliable Intelligence and Counter-Intelligence." The dangerously (from the standpoint of the lay or, at least, non-executive level government official reader) biased aspects of the book are well-typified in the chapter entitled "Cuba, April, 1961: A Sobering Incident with Useful Lessons." The opening paragraph does contain the admission that "The general public, even the historian, will probably never know the whole picture." But how many avid readers of this particular chapter will weigh the value of what follows in the light of this prefatory fact? Another chapter which does not exactly reckon with impartiality is entitled "Covert Operations and Policy Sabotage." The last chapter, headed "Conclusions," is actually an excellent summary of all that has gone before. It also provides several clues as to why—and just where—the book could, to advantage, be cut by perhaps a third. The *Russia-Bulgaria* case history, to cite a single instance, is dramatic, surprising, and highly useful the first time it is used. And maybe the second. But not after that.

The problem of effective operational leadership becomes increasingly difficult with the passage of time. The reliability and usefulness of political émigrés decrease rapidly once they have left their country. Their personal followings may be liquidated or dispersed, the public memory is short, and, in any case, a new generation soon forgets the celebrities of the last, however heroic they may have seemed at the time . . . Thus, after months or years have elapsed, émigré political or military leaders cannot return to leadership positions . . .

—from *The Strategy of Subversion*

All in all, with the qualifications noted in mind, this book may be con-

sidered recommended reading for most of those who read the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL—and required reading for some of them, who undoubtedly know who they are.

—S. I. NADLER

THE STRATEGY OF SUBVERSION: *Manipulating the Politics of Other Nations*, by Paul W. Blackstock. Quadrangle Books, \$7.50.

Politics in the Congo

IT is not easy to be optimistic about the political future of the Congo—but Crawford Young manages to be. And he does so without omitting any of the discouraging facts which cause others concerned with the Congo to wring their hands over the fate of that unfortunate country.

"Politics in the Congo" makes no effort to give a simple chronological recital of recent Congolese history. Rather it sets the stage for independence and describes the general ambience, including the euphoria and misunderstandings surrounding independence and the post-independence breakdown. The author deals with a multitude of factors, colonial paternalism, elites and masses, ethnicity, nationalism as a force, parliament and political parties, administration, the forces of order and government and regional organization. Mr. Young has achieved a happy marriage of the traditional political science approach, which too often is a sterile institutional study with little regard for the human bases of politics and the more recent penchant for behavioral treatment, which frequently places too much emphasis on psychological and sociological factors in language intelligible only to the author. The reader should be forewarned, however, that previous knowledge of the Congo is a prerequisite for full understanding of his points.

Although it comes to no startling conclusions the book neatly catalogues the disunifying and disintegrative factors underlying the seemingly perennial Congo crisis, tribalism, paternalism, a complicated infrastructure, the lack of a true country-wide nationalist movement and communication among Congolese leaders and the great distances between the regional centers. For instance, he points out, correctly, that even though they seem to present a common front to foreigners relationships among the Congolese are largely determined by ethnic considerations. Occasionally support for one form of organization or another—unitary or federal—is based more on ethnic grounds, i.e., what will preserve the po-

sition of the tribe or clan, than on the conviction that one form is preferable to another.

In avoiding the kind of polemics which have too often characterized previous treatment of this emotional subject Mr. Young has made a most valuable contribution to the growing body of work on the Congo. Although the epilogue, admittedly a preliminary assessment of the 1964 rebellion, somewhat belies his earlier conclusions, he believes that the very fact that the Congo has survived five turbulent years with its infrastructure, economy and some of its most important administrative tools largely intact is reason for optimism in spite of the many imponderable factors which continue to jeopardize the Congo's potential for stability and growth. But in his own words: "Solutions remain possible, but there is no inevitability to progress."

"Politics in the Congo" is probably the best study, at least in English, of what makes the Congo not "tick" and the basic strengths and resiliency which would permit it to do so. With the insight and the understanding displayed by the author it will prove indispensable to students of the country and, in a more general form, to those interested in Africa.

—WILLIAM E. SCHAUFELLE

POLITICS IN THE CONGO: *Decolonization and Independence*, by Crawford Young. Princeton University Press, \$12.50.

From Here to the Twenty-First

KENNETH E. BOULDING looks to the postcivilized future and he examines the hurdles enroute. "The War Trap," "The Population Trap," "The Entropy Trap" are the titles of some of the chapters of his 1964 hardback book now in paper.

We have moved from precivilized society to civilized, and are now poised on the threshold of postcivilized society. Boulding insists "there is no real virtue in impotence, and the virtue to strive for is surely the combination of power with goodness."

There is hope, says Boulding, that a stable high-level technology may be achieved notwithstanding the tendency to exhaust the sources of energy and materials in the earth. Also, the nature of man itself is a possible trap in any transition to postcivilization.

"The rise of science might be described as a mutation in scholarship." One must strive for comparable mutation in the social sciences. There is, however, the danger that in such an age philosophic detachment may lead to unwillingness to perform "the humdrum tasks or to take the necessary

risks which are involved in the conduct of society itself."

The declining cost of transport of the means of violence has contributed to the war trap. Boulding hopes not so much for the elimination of conflict, as its management.

Boulding also sees the exploitation of nature as "so profitable that the exploitation of man becomes obsolete." Thus the difficult take-off in economic development is seen as inevitable and irreversible if the traps fail to entrap.

Ultimately, neither capitalism nor socialism are seen by Boulding as the key to the transition to postcivilization. He looks to the application to society of the scientific ideology itself for this.

This short well written and timely book is worth reading.

—SY LEVENSON

THE MEANING OF THE 20TH CENTURY, by Kenneth E. Boulding. Harper and Row, \$1.45.

How to Watch Your Language

THIS book has a double usefulness. Its alphabetical arrangement and effective typography help to make it a first-rate reference book. Its discursive paragraphs on various aspects of speech make it an engrossing volume for cover-to-cover reading. It belongs in every reference library.

Mr. Bernstein, assistant managing editor of the New York TIMES, has been prowling through the English language for a long time. The results of his past prowls appeared in "Watch Your Language" and "More Language that Needs Watching." His new work is even more useful and more engaging.

The tone of the book is bland, good-tempered, never pedantic. It disposes of all manner of genteelisms and euphemisms, e.g., stomach (for belly), casket (for coffin), powder room (for toilet). It dismisses "folks" but takes a lenient view of "home" (when used for house). Here is a sample of the style:

"Used as a verb, *chair* is a fad word: The Pakistani delegate chaired the Security Council Meeting. It is probably only a step from this kind of usage to saying that a British conductor podiumed the New York Philharmonic Orchestra or that a visiting pastor pulped the church, or, when a Nebraska Senator took the floor, he flooded the Senate. Nouns do become verbs, but not overnight; they have to pass tests of necessity and serviceability, and they only win acceptability slowly."

One of the useful features is the correct preposition to follow various words. Another is the definition of various words often misused for each other, e.g. reference-allusion, avenge-revenge, oral-verbal.

The discursive articles include little treatises on "Fad Words," "One Idea to a Sentence," "Rhetorical Figures and Faults."

The biggest booby trap in the English language is the confusion between "If I were" and "If I was." Even professional writers get these two hoggled up. Under "subjunctive" Mr. Bernstein makes it all crystal clear.

—C. ARCHIE HARDIN

THE CAREFUL WRITER: *A Modern Guide to English Usage*, by Theodore M. Bernstein. Atheneum, \$7.95.



"Here, Sarge, use my draft card."

That Glorious Day—And After

IRWIN SHAW observed that the war in Europe should have ended on August 25, 1944, the day Paris was liberated. Anyone who was there could only agree. Those who were not can now share the experience by reading Larry Collins' and Dominique Lapierre's "Is Paris Burning?" Even those fortunate few who were with the US 4th Infantry Division that glorious day can relate their narrow experiences to the historic events which swirled around them.

Having been with a unit which peeled off at the Place d'Italie to occupy the Pont d'Austerlitz without a fight, I was not aware of the brief but bloody struggle in which the French Second Division was engaged that day to take the German headquarters at the Hotel Meurice.

I did, however, find myself the next day, August 26, at the Place de la Concorde, when General de Gaulle walked from the Arc de Triomphe down the Champs Elysees and on to Notre Dame. Just as people in the Place started shouting, "There's de Gaulle," firing broke out. Since the account in "Is Paris Burning?" moves along quickly with de Gaulle to Notre Dame, it does not describe the scene which then took place in the Place de la Concorde. Everyone with a rifle—and that seemed to be most of the men—started firing. One of two rows of tanks lined up in the Place began firing 75 mm guns at the surrounding buildings. Sensing that all the firing was going out and apparently none coming in, I walked over to a French officer. With some emotion, I asked him if he could not stop the tanks from firing. He calmly replied, "But they are not my tanks. *Mine* are not firing." When I protested that the shell fragments were killing and wounding innocent bystanders near the buildings, he gave me a weary smile and said, "But you do not understand. This is Paris! These are Frenchmen! This is the day of the Liberation!"

While "Is Paris Burning?" obviously represented careful research and many conversations with participants, I would like to correct one impression. The authors wistfully lead the reader to think that every soldier spent his nights in Paris with a beautiful Parisienne. This leaves out of account the disruptive effect of the Luftwaffe raid on the night of August 26.

The first bomb explosion found me happily dancing in a square near the Pont d'Austerlitz. When I tried to get the girl I was with to go to a nearby airraid shelter, she demanded to be taken home. As we approached her house, there was an explosion in the sky. Moments later we saw two men dangling from parachutes dropping toward the earth. All thoughts of romance driven from my mind, I abandoned the girl at her front door and ran back toward the shelter. Suddenly I heard someone shout, "There one of them is!" Three Frenchmen grabbed me and pinned me against a wall. "Je suis Américain. Je suis Américain," I protested. It was with some relief that I departed Paris the next day, headed toward Germany.

"Is Paris Burning?" is of more than historic and sentimental interest. For it throws, perhaps unintentionally, light on de Gaulle's attitude toward NATO. The book describes de Gaulle's frustrating attempts to get Eisenhower to give priority to liberating Paris, rather than sweeping around it and pushing on toward Germany. He even threatened to withdraw Leclerc's Second French Armored Division from Eisenhower's command. Only after considerable pressure from forces within the city did the American commander reluctantly agree to go into Paris. I can imagine that this experience was not one to endear to de Gaulle the integration of French forces into an Allied force under the command of an American.

The hero of this drama, however, was one of our colleagues, Swedish Consul General Nordling. I will not spoil your reading by even hinting at the critical role he played in preventing the destruction of Paris as ordered by Hitler.

JOHN C. AUSLAND.

IS PARIS BURNING? by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. Simon and Schuster, \$6.95.

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John W. Macy, Jr., Chairman, Civil Service Commission, speaks at the American Foreign Service Association on November 18.

November 3: Douglas Coster, chairman of the Committee on Education, reported that the returned questionnaires on the educational Loan Fund showed that Association members favored the creation of such a fund. Further study will be made to determine how to raise the necessary funds. Mr. Coster also presented the Committee's recommendation for an expansion of the Educational Consulting Program by contracting a psychiatrist's time for 24 hours a year. The Board approved this on a one-year trial basis.

William J. Handley resigned as chairman of the Editorial Board of the JOURNAL, resignation to be effective when a successor had been chosen. A discussion of the role of the JOURNAL followed and a joint meeting of the Editorial Board and the Board of Directors was scheduled.

The Board approved the appointment of Neil C. McManus as a Director of the American Foreign Service Protective Association.

November 30: William J. Handley reported that Robinson Mellvaine had accepted the chairmanship of the Editorial Board. The Board thanked Mr. Handley for his service as chairman.

The Board discussed new appointments to the Committees on the Symposium, on Career Principles, on Entertainment, on Personal Purchases and on Welfare.

Francis Keppel, US Commissioner of Education, second from left, holds a pre-luncheon discussion with Henry Loomis, Deputy Commissioner of Education, left, Ambassador Robert F. Woodward and John Stutesman, right. Mr. Keppel spoke before the Association on October 28.



WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

TOM MARVEL, who enlightens readers of the JOURNAL on California table wines, page 21, is the author of a number of books and articles on wines. He was a member of the six-man Advisory Committee brought together by the State Department to draw up a list of suggested American wines of quality for Foreign Service posts, as well as for stocking the White House and Blair House cellars. He is Consultant to the Pleasant Valley Wine Company at present.

TED OLSON is the author of last year's "Christmas Safari" and numerous other JOURNAL contributions. A retired FSO living in a Washington suburb, he has published verse and prose in the SATURDAY REVIEW and other magazines and newspapers. His tribute to "The Year That Was" appears on page 19.

LOTHAR KAHN is Professor of Modern Languages and International Education at Central Connecticut State College in New Britain, Connecticut. He has previously contributed to these pages, as well as COMMONWEAL, various Jewish journals and magazines abroad. "Which Are the Real Germans" starts on page 26.

F. PIERCE OLSON, author of "Peter Piper Picked a Peek of Privy Pockets," page 6, entered the Foreign Service in 1957. He writes, "I have served in the Department, Warsaw, Manila and The Hague, where I am currently Assistant Commercial Attache. I am not now, nor have I ever been, employed by the CIA, FBI or KGB."

RICHARD F. WOLFORD, our cover artist, also produced the fine black and white drawings which illustrated Jean Kennedy Wolford's article in the November JOURNAL. These were erroneously credited to Mrs. Wolford who is also an artist. The Wolfords had a joint exhibition at the Exhibition Center, Marina, Lagos, in early October, under the sponsorship of the Society of Nigerian Artists and Ambassador and Mrs. Elbert G. Mathews. The black and white sketch on page 2 of the JOURNAL was the cover of the program for the exhibition.

As a long-time member of the Trieste Consulate, JOHN P. SABEC made himself an expert on the history of the consulate which goes back to 1801. While browsing in a bookshop, Mr. Sabec made the discovery that Thayer died and was buried in Trieste. This set off the search for the tomb as reported on page 34. Mr. Sabec is now retired.

PETER S. BRIDGES has been a Foreign Service officer since 1957 and has contributed articles, poems and book reviews to this JOURNAL. "The First Death Camps" appears on page 15.

An experienced investor writes:

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(Continued from page 25)

with only a little less experience and no less ambition—400 FSO-2s. With the prospect that over the next three years ambassadorial appointments will probably not exceed 30 a year, the degree of anticipated competition is obvious.

For anyone seriously involved in this competition the obvious best course is to prepare in every possible way to meet the selection criteria. This is difficult because such criteria can never be spelled out with qualitative precision. Nevertheless, there are such criteria and they can be found in both the actions and the words of the President. In my judgment, these criteria are perhaps more explicit under President Johnson than under any previous President.

First, he desires ambassadors who are good diplomats and good managers. The emphasis on modern management and the importance of Government executives taking an active part in such managerial tasks as planning, programming, budgeting, and various aspects of personnel management is no one-time demonstration. He means to have the Government properly managed. If those presently available are unable to do it, he will find those who will.

Second, he wants ambassadors who have the quality of mind to be creative, and the strength of courage to develop and advance creative ideas as far as good sense and organizational discipline permit. The President clearly respects history and tradition, yet he is aware that the evolution of daily existence is proceeding at a faster pace than our current ability to organize and manage our efforts. His own insights have made him determined that we must keep pace with our needs irrespective of the possible modification of traditional ways and manners.

Third, he wants ambassadors who will give the President and the Secretary of State the fullest measure of their loyalty and devotion. This means he wants the men and women who will go anywhere and perform any mission that their Government requests. He wants the people who will give their best advice, without reservations for personal or organizational reasons. He wants ambassadors who will act in the name of all of the people all of the time.

This is a period of affirmative ferment within the Government and within the Department. Many great new ideas are taking form. We must all contribute to the generation of these ideas, for they concern how the Government may more effectively carry out its responsibilities in the complex area of foreign affairs. Those who stand by and watch others take the lead in converting these ideas into the system of the future will have missed the most important opportunity of their career in the historic time of change.

I would like to close with one more impressive reminder of President Johnson's great personal concern with you and your work. You have heard or read these words before. They are part of a letter from the President to the Secretary of State—but they are well worth repeating. I quote:

"Our continued high goal is to get the very best people we can to do the work of this Government. Work in foreign affairs is particularly important. It must be so managed, with such skill and dedication, as to assure success in our relations with other countries.

"I have the highest appreciation of the abilities and devotion of all those who are now working in the foreign affairs field. Enactment of a legal framework unifying them into a single foreign affairs personnel system will enhance their total usefulness to their country. I am confident the new Foreign Service will make us better able to fulfill America's role throughout the world."

I share the President's confidence in you and in the Foreign Service. ■

The foregoing constitutes the main body of a speech given by Mr. Macy at the Foreign Service Association Luncheon, November 18, 1965.

(Continued from page 23)

cent alcohol—of which "California Port" is an example) such a huge scale planting of table wine premium varieties would have been looked upon as folly.

But times have changed, and American wine drinking habits with them. It was not unnoticed by wine growers that last year's table wine consumption was up by ten percent, nation-wide, while that of fortified wines showed hardly a change.

All over the State, as a matter of fact, the production of dry, meal-time types of wines is being developed as never before, as American wine drinking habits move steadily in the direction of those proportions which prevail in older wine drinking countries, where table wines far exceed both in volume and popularity the heavier types.

Careful research preceded establishment of these new vineyards. The University of California made extensive soil tests. Weather records were noted, annual range of temperatures recorded, several years in advance. Test wells were driven—for irrigation, and plenty of it, is a necessity in these lands of 10-inch annual rainfall. Miles of overhead sprinkler systems have been installed.

The areas passed their tests with flying colors. But new menaces appeared in this sparsely settled part of California: Deer, for example, eager to feast on the succulent vine leaves. Miles of nine-foot deer fencing posed an unforeseen expense, which has paid off. Birds, rabbits and other small creatures pose a constant problem. Yet out of these new vineyards, despite these handicaps, its owners confidently assert will be coming some of the finest wines produced in the New World.

North of the Bay, the land situation is less acute than south of it. Napa and Sonoma County vineyards, still charming and rustic, rejoicing in their natural rainfall of 28 to 30 inches annually, thus far feel secure from urbanization and the need to move. There are disquieting plans, however; a super-highway straight up the Napa Valley, for example. Today, the picturesque winding highway, with its one-track railway on one side or the other, is a veritable "Weinstrasse" where the great names of California winedom pass in proud array: Christian Brothers, with its Old World bell tower; aristocratic Beaulieu with its formal French gardens; lovely Inglenook, its back to the Mayacamas foothills; bustling Martini, plain and businesslike, but with wines which are among the tops; Beringer Brothers, with its tunneled hillside; the spotless Charles Krug winery and vineyards, where devotion to quality has brought the proprietors, the brothers Mondavi, one of the finest Pinot Chardonnays I have tasted; Hanns Kornell's Champagne vineyards and cellars, home of one of the five top grade Champagnes of California (the others being Beaulieu, Almaden, Korbel, and Paul Masson). Here the Napa Valley closes, with 4,300-ft. Mount St. Helena guarding its northern portals.

Well to the north, in Mendocino County, is the Pardecci Vineyard, in Calpella, a tiny settlement just north of Ukiah, where one of the three or four best Zinfandels in the State is produced. This is the northernmost vineyard of importance in California.

The fine wines of Sonoma, though fewer in number than its eastern neighbor, Napa, are hardly less good.

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Coost to Coast

They begin with the Italian Swiss Colony, at Asti, a huge and varied producer, where 300,000 visitors annually enter its landscaped gardens to taste and buy the wines and tour the vast plant. Farther south, at the little Russian River resort village of Guerneville, is the Korbel winery, which has added a line of red and white table wines to its already well-known Champagne. In the historic town of Sonoma are two outstanding wineries; that of Samuele Sebastiani, specializing in excellent red wines, and that of Buena Vista. This last is the refurbished and re-activated home vineyard of the great Colonel Agoston Haraszthy, the Hungarian nobleman called the father of California viticulture, to whose tireless energy many of California European grape varieties are due. Today it is a showplace of modern viticulture no less than a producer of top quality wines.

The Livermore Valley, in Alameda County, southeast of San Francisco, site of the atomic energy plant, already mentioned, remains a quality wine district, albeit a precarious one, for the future. Here are the vineyards and wineries of Wente Brothers, Concannon and Cresta Blanca, with high quality white wines.

This, briefly covered, comprises the premium California wine picture. But there are vast vineyards in the great Central Valley, from Lodi to Modesto; to Fresno and south whose mass-production vineyards, yielding from eight to twelve tons per acre, supply California's output of Ports, Sherries and Vermouths. Yet even here, such large establishments as Gallo, for example, are investing land and money in table wine cultivation, and with some notable success. At Madera, the small Ficklin Vineyard is using identical Portuguese grape varieties to produce a better California Port, while at Lodi, producers are proudly affixing that name to their table wines, rather than selling them elsewhere.

To be noted, for the record, are the vineyards of Southern California, earliest home of wine making in the State. These are located some 36 miles east of Los Angeles, notably in the Cucamonga district, which has been legally defined as that territory bound by the San Bernardino County line on the West, the Sierra Madre mountain range on the north and east, and the Santa Ana River on the south. Here the great Kaiser steel mill and other heavy industries are encroaching on vineyards, with accompanying urbanization. Good, if not great, red wines come from the Barbera and Ruby Cabernet grapes in this very warm region, while the Burger and Golden Chasselas varieties give whites of a certain rather clean and light flavor. A *vin rosé* from the Grignolino grape is quite good. Outstanding vineyards are Regina (John Ellena); Original Cucamonga (Accomazzo Brothers) and the Brookside Winery. ■

On Representation

... A good table with greatly assist [the ambassador] in the discovery of all that is going on, and the expense laid out upon it is not merely honourable but extraordinarily useful if only the negotiator himself knows how to profit from it. Indeed it is in the nature of things that good cheer is a great conciliator, that it fosters familiarity, and promotes a freedom of exchange between the guests, while the warmth of wine will often lead to the discovery of important secrets.

—*Francois de Callières, "On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes," 1716.*

AAFSW

THE annual Book Fair of the Association of American Foreign Service Women was a resounding success to the tune of \$8,000 for the Scholarship Fund of the American Foreign Service Association. Although the Fair itself lasts only three days, October 25, 26 and 27th, work goes on around the calendar. During the year over 40,000 books were collected by volunteer motor corpsmen or in large bins at the principal entrances of the State Department. Many people wanted to know who gave such a tremendous number of books and periodicals and how did they know about the Fair in the first place. The Book Fair has now become a well known event in the Washington autumn. Bibliophiles and dealers and specialists in all fields await the announcement of the dates to the point that there is now an established group of buyers. Mothers come for children's books, scientists look for just that copy of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC that illustrates the butterflies of Brazil, or some traveler searches for the book on Arabia, now out of print. The psychological factor behind it all is the "Treasure Hunt," the expectation of finding something valuable for a small price.



Burke Wilkinson autographs "Helmet of Navarre" for Mrs. G. Lewis Jones, chairman of Authors' Autographed Books and Book Stores, at the AAFSW Book Fair.

The day the Fair opened crowds were waiting to be admitted before the opening hour of ten o'clock and a few succeeded in getting a head start much to the consternation of the saleswomen. One irate woman was heard to say to her husband "You see, I told you we should have taken a taxi. Now all the good things are gone."

Certain categories were sold out the first day, old and rare books, travel, cooking, house and garden, art and music books. Practically everything else was sold by the end of the third day with the exception of a few cartons of third grade spelling books or Latin grammars that were donated by the Fair Committee to a Book Sale to benefit the underprivileged children of Southeast Washington.

Two elements are indispensable to a Book Fair, books and buyers. We had the buyers, so where did the books come from. We will never know. All of the personnel of State, AID and USIA were bombarded with posters, department circulars, articles in the State Department NEWSLETTER and the NEWSLETTER of the AAFSW but in addition thousands of books were sent by sympathetic friends, people leaving town, Embassies who received our circular and about thirty thousand volumes from unknown friends.

The Fair took place in the Exhibition Area of the State Department just north of the central court. Opening day

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SHARES—\$10,717,526

was a gay sight with the large art corner of paintings, prints and etchings all moderately priced and hanging on screens, and in the opposite corner of the hall 650 travel posters all but three of which were sold. One prospective purchaser who had travelled in Afghanistan was delighted to find an unusual poster of that far-way country and when purchasing it heard the saleslady say, "Now I have sold one more Afghan and I'm happy."

It was very tempting to linger around the Fair for the full three days to see some of the exciting incidents. One Ambassador to the United States exclaimed "I can't stop buying, everything is so cheap." Among the "78" phonograph records donated by the Luxembourg Embassy, a connoisseur found a signed by hand disk of harpsichord music for which he paid \$10.00, an unheard of price for an old style record.

The Book Fair contributes handsomely to the Scholarship Fund, but there is a by-product that can't be measured in money, the camaraderie and cooperation among the workers, and the wonderful reunions of old friends at the Fair itself.



Undersecretary George W. Ball draws the winning number for the painting donated by Mrs. Dean Acheson (right) from the box held by Mrs. William Hall.

All day long one could hear the delighted greetings of friends who had not seen each other since "Timbuctoo" or didn't know the other was "back in the Department."

Washingtonians know how hard the Committee worked but those in the field should have seen Margaret Palmer, wife of Joseph Palmer, Director General of the Foreign Service, pushing heavy dollies full of hooks from the stacks to the display tables for three long days. This vignette is but one of hundreds among the book and art collectors, sorters, arrangers, saleswomen, cashiers and innumerable others without whom it is impossible to run such a large operation.

All of these people had just written their Reports and shut the books with a bang when it was announced that we would begin working for the 1966 Book Fair and that the new Chairmen would be Mrs. Robert F. Woodward and Mrs. Horace G. Torbert. Mrs. Carl Schmidt, the long-suffering Chief Collector, has promised to continue collecting until a new Chairman is appointed.

The Honor Roll of this year's Fair is as follows:

Collection—Mrs. Carl Schmidt

Mrs. Donald Ewing (Chairman until a June transfer)

Pricing and Sorting—Mrs. Paul Wheeler

Mrs. Robert Keeley (Co-Chairman until a July transfer)

Collectors' Corner—Mrs. Jacques Reinstein

Mrs. Jacob Beam (Chairman until April)

Stamps—Mrs. Raymond Miller

Art Corner—Mrs. John Dorman

Posters and Records—Mrs. Robert Houghton
 Authors, Autographed Books, and
 Book Stores—Mrs. G. Lewis Jones
 Publicity—Mrs. John Farr Simmons
 Liaison with Congress—Mrs. Douglas MacArthur
 Cashiers—Mrs. Peter Skoufis
 Saleswomen—Mrs. Robert Woodward
 Mrs. Samuel Berger (Chairman until May)
 Arrangements—Mrs. Joseph Palmer 2nd
 Decorations—Mrs. Leroy Makepeace
 Mrs. Henry Day (Chairman until a May transfer)

Fifth Anniversary

by POLLY C. JONES

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE WOMEN officially observed its fifth anniversary in September, 1965. It chose as its birthday the day on which the Washington Assignment Desk opened for business in the Foreign Service Lounge. That was the first Monday in September, 1960. It is convenient and suitable to commemorate this date but the origins of the Association actually go back considerably further—to December, 1959, when occurred the first gleam in the eyes of the founding members. For many years previous to this historic moment in the annals of the Women's Association, wives of Foreign Service officers assigned to Washington had been loosely joined together in an amorphous enterprise known as the "Foreign Service Wives Luncheon." This conglomeration of ladies—for no other word can adequately connote its lack of shape, size, and direction, met approximately once a month, or more specifically, at whatever time or place seemed convenient and appropriate to the appointed committee of any given year. It became fairly obvious that in order to function efficiently and productively in the complex and highly organized structure of the society of the 1960s, a more cohesive association with more elaborate techniques and disciplines was eminently desirable. A small group of members of the former luncheon agglomeration therefore occupied itself constantly, continuously and wholeheartedly during the ensuing months to delineate and develop what has evolved most successfully into our present Association of American Foreign Service Women. Three months were spent in planning and drafting our aims and purposes. A rough set of by-laws was drawn up. As time passed it became quite evident that we needed professional help in incorporating ourselves, a procedure without which we could never hope to raise money for any projects we might consider valuable, nor even administer ourselves as a formal association. A lawyer was therefore retained and with his help we incorporated ourselves in March of 1960 as a non-profit making organization in the District of Columbia.

The Association has grown enormously in membership and in scope of activities during the five years of its existence, and has amply justified the hopes and aspirations of its founders and charter members. It has proved conclusively that some form of cohesive, planned organization is of enormous benefit to Foreign Service wives stationed in Washington. In years gone by we were less dependent on planned societies than we are in the present. The chief arguments against the formation of a women's organization was that the entire concept was too paternalistic. The society of the 1960s is, however, highly complex and our mutual interdependence has been enhanced and rendered infinitely more valuable through organization. We are now more fully equipped as Foreign Service women here in Washington to participate in new trends and to contribute more efficiently

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to them, and, from the selfish aspect, to profit more fully from our sojourns in Washington. The various activities in which we are now involved are too numerous and too well known to everyone to necessitate listing them. Our big fund raising project, the Annual Book Fair, increases in size and proceeds each year. This year approximately two hundred women worked together in this endeavor to their mutual profit and pleasure. And the proceeds were greater than ever before. This is a splendid example of the ever-extending reach of concerted effort. The Association Desk in the Foreign Service Lounge goes from strength to strength, and each year the number of people who have benefited from the services offered, increases. In fact, we may in all modesty say that all our efforts to date have been crowned with success, and what is legally termed a non-profit making organization can adequately and accurately be classified as an organization of great profit to all its members, and to all who benefit from its activities.

To conclude, I should like to explain the origin of the name: Association of American Foreign Service Women. It is rather a cumbersome and awkward title, and the letters which represent it—AAFSW—are an unattractive grouping to look at, and impossible to pronounce. Weeks were devoted in the spring of 1960 to choosing an appropriate, attractive and alliterative name, and when one was finally chosen, and agreed upon by everyone involved, we discovered that this title had already been adopted many years before and registered by a women's organization connected with the Georgetown School of Foreign Service. As no two organizations may be certified in the District of Columbia with the same name, there were two solutions to this problem; one, we could locate the members of the Georgetown Foreign Service Group and get their agreement to disband and formally yield their prior claim to the title or, two, we could ourselves choose a similar but technically different one. Great researches were entered upon as to the whereabouts of the erstwhile members, involving weeks of profound effort, in which we were considerably helped by the authorities at Georgetown. As this club, however, had flourished in the 1930s, hope vanished that we could locate these ladies and get them to agree to disband and renounce their claim to the title. We, therefore, chose the name by which we are now known, and regardless of whether we like the name or not, the record of five years of effort and achievement prove that AAFSW is here to stay, and that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. ■



"I don't know if this is significant, dear, but General Frijole's youngest boy has just organized a game of 'coup d'etat'."

LETTERS to the EDITOR

A Criticism and a Reply

SEVERAL weeks ago at the University of Texas I saw a showing of the film, "The Unending Struggle," which the Department uses to attract students into the Service. One of the students viewing the film criticized it at the time as giving a distorted presentation of a day in the life of Quito Embassy. It seemed to him that the film focused on the successes of the Embassy without suitable attention to the inevitable problems.

In subsequent conversations with students at the University, I found the same theme echoed. Several students complained that there is an air of self-satisfaction, even smugness, about the US image in this film. Further, it is felt, the relationship of the Americans in the Embassy to the local people is pictured as one of father to child. This impression came through to the students particularly in the scene showing the political officer talking to the local politicians. Although the commentary tries to stress the give-and-take character of the relationship, the film pictures the American standing before the Ecuadoreans in the posture of lecturer to pupils. Throughout, we appear wise and all-knowing, and the Ecuadoreans simple, ignorant, and considerably less aware of their problems than the omnipotent Americans.

This may or may not be true. But at least in Texas a little humility in the treatment of the American role overseas would have been more impressive to the students who were drawn to the film by their interest in a possible career in the Service.

ERIC KOCHER

Austin

Too much fingerspitzengefühl?

I wholly agree that the film could be improved, particularly since it has given some viewers the impressions Mr. Koehler describes. I suspect, however, that eagle-eyed FSOs loaded with *fingerspitzengefühl* may be a bit hypersensitive to such nuances. Our experience with audiences now amounting to upward of 1,000,000 people indicates that these are far from typical reactions, and that most audiences are pleased (and not infrequently surprised) by the impression

of an active, sympathetic and competent Foreign Service conveyed by the film.

Parenthetically, your readers may take some pride, as we do, in the choice of this film by the judges of the San Francisco International Film Festival last week as one of the three best American entries out of several hundred in its category (government films for general public information).

W. D. BLAIR, JR.

Director

Office of Media Services

Washington

An End to the Open Door

ONE of the things about the State Department many of us were proud of was the open and direct way business was conducted in the building. Access to any office was open to any person of any nationality. A visitor could walk down the hall past open doors marked "Soviet Affairs," "Asian-Communist Affairs," or "Cuban Affairs," without encountering a bar, a lock, an armed guard, or being asked a single question. The general atmosphere gave the lie to some of the misconceptions about the supposed deviousness of international diplomacy. We have all encountered the popular idea of the State Department and the diplomacy it conducts as a cloak and dagger operation, and most of us have friends outside the government who have timidly inquired whether it was proper to ask what specific jobs we were doing. Visitors who found they were able to walk into the building and go to almost any office in it without being challenged, have frequently expressed their impressed surprise to us. While many of us who have served abroad, where Embassy security is usually considerably tighter, were a little taken aback by the relaxed attitude towards access to the Department, we could not help but be pleased and proud of this way of doing business. We were able to show tourists and friends that the conduct of foreign affairs was a normal, above-board activity, which had nothing to hide. This was in the best tradition of open diplomacy in an open society and we were delighted to see it so obviously practiced in the State Department. Most of us have discovered that diplomacy consists of telling as much of the truth as discretion allows and that the best approach to it is a direct and frank one. So the recent innovation which requires everyone to show a pass or prove he is on legitimate business before he is admitted to the building came as a disappointment. Since anyone who wants to can still walk into the Penta-

gon during business hours we were surprised to find the State Department more cautious than the military with its recognized need for security.

Those who made the decision to institute the new system undoubtedly judged that the advantages of the old way of operating were outweighed by the security risks it presented. There have been reports that pressure was brought to bear on the Department by non-government interest groups. We trust this did not influence the decision which must have been a particularly difficult one to make since there is no way of accurately weighing the risks against the advantages. Many of us regret that it has been found necessary to abandon the old open system in the State Department.

DON UNDERWOOD

Indianapolis

Between the Bookends

IT would be helpful to those of us overseas if you could advise us how to obtain books from the United States, particularly those reviewed in the JOURNAL? Is it cheapest to order from the publisher, from a bookstore or through the JOURNAL? Which is the quickest way? Should books be mailed direct or through the Department? Does the JOURNAL or AFSA gain anything from book orders? What are the names of some book dealers in Washington who can handle overseas orders in hardbacks and paperbacks? Can one open an account with them?

Perhaps these dealers would give the answers to some of these questions in the form of an advertisement in the JOURNAL.

ROBERT M. BRANDIN
Deputy Chief of Mission

Vienna

The Association, as one of its services to members, has a credit-discount arrangement with two local book suppliers, whereby members can order books including those reviewed in the JOURNAL. A 10% discount is given on university press books, technical and text books, books on highly specialized subjects and available paperbacks; 25% or 33 1/3% on others. Discounts on art, photographic, and cook books vary according to publisher's terms. Although on occasion there has been delay by the suppliers in executing book orders steps are being taken to speed up deliveries. Buyers stationed overseas might be able to minimize delays by placing orders directly with book stores in this country, but the discount would not be given in such cases.

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When ordering through the Association, members are asked to supply title, name of author or editor, and publisher. The Association bills individual members when the transaction has been completed.

Spreading Out Credit

IN a very interesting book review in the November JOURNAL, Samuel Yates comments on the degree to which the Foreign Service Act of 1946 has stood up over the years, despite many "onslaughts." This, he says, is a tribute to Selden Chapin and Andrew Foster, who were "mainly responsible" for its drafting.

It is certainly true that the basic decisions on what went into the Act during its drafting were made by these two distinguished officers, who were respectively Director, Office of the Foreign Service, and Chief, Division of Foreign Service Planning. All that was done was done under their supervision, and they fully deserve the credit given them by Mr. Yates.

At the same time, it would be unfair not to give recognition to the team of officers who did the actual drafting, working out the full administrative and legal implication of every concept, phrasing and re-phrasing every paragraph, and brooding thoughtfully over every sentence.

This really remarkable job was done by the following people: Carl W. Strom, Ambassador retired, who was the team leader; Lionel M. Summers, Consul General retired, who was the legal expert on the team; Edmund A. Gullion, Ambassador retired, whose sparkling imagination contributed many ideas; Edward T. Lampson, FSO-2, who among other responsibilities worked on the section on the Foreign Service Institute; and Miss Marian Neustadt.

I was in daily contact with the team during this period, and was aware of how carefully and intensively they worked. There is credit enough for all, but I have always felt that the most significant contribution was that of Ambassador Strom, who thought every problem through to its final implications, and for whom no detail was too small or too unimportant to be given exhaustive scrutiny. When the legislation went to the House Commit-

tee on Foreign Affairs, it was Ambassador Strom who explained every provision to the members of a special subcommittee, and convinced them of the soundness of what was being proposed.

The Foreign Service is greatly indebted to all concerned. I believe many would join with me in the feeling that we would all be better off today, and the national interest better served, if there had been fewer changes in the Act over the years. Some have been wise and necessary, but certainly not all.

FRANK S. HOPKINS

Washington

Washington Grass

I READ the Washington Letter's vigorous attack on the Washington soil in the July issue and also the demolition of the Washington climate in the August issue. From the standpoint of a home owner of long standing, I wish to enunciate a great principle: YOU NEVER ENJOY GRASS UNTIL YOU CEASE TO WORRY ABOUT IT. Perfection is not to be achieved, and a few bare spots, a two-tone or even three-toned effect, and a few flourishing clumps of crabgrass come to be loved as one loves the minor imperfections of a face or a character. We once lived in a hotbed of creeping bent fanatics, and only the firmest exercise of will power saved us from being drawn into their wretched company. Wretched because creeping bent is a career in itself, and allows no time or energy for conversation, reading, music, excursions, or any other delights.

EDWARD BARRY

Chicago

Language Limericks

J'ai entendu dire, but it may not be true,

That for George it's Pluom Penh or Cotonou.

It hardly makes sense,
For he's fluent in French,
And to speak with the natives won't do.

Personnel must be crazy, to send to B.A.

Jackie Jones and his most charming wife Kay.

It's really outlandish,
When they both speak Spanish,
But perhaps orders were changed the next day.

And as for Ed Smith, it's nothing but mad

To order him out to a post in Baghdad.

His Arabic's fine.

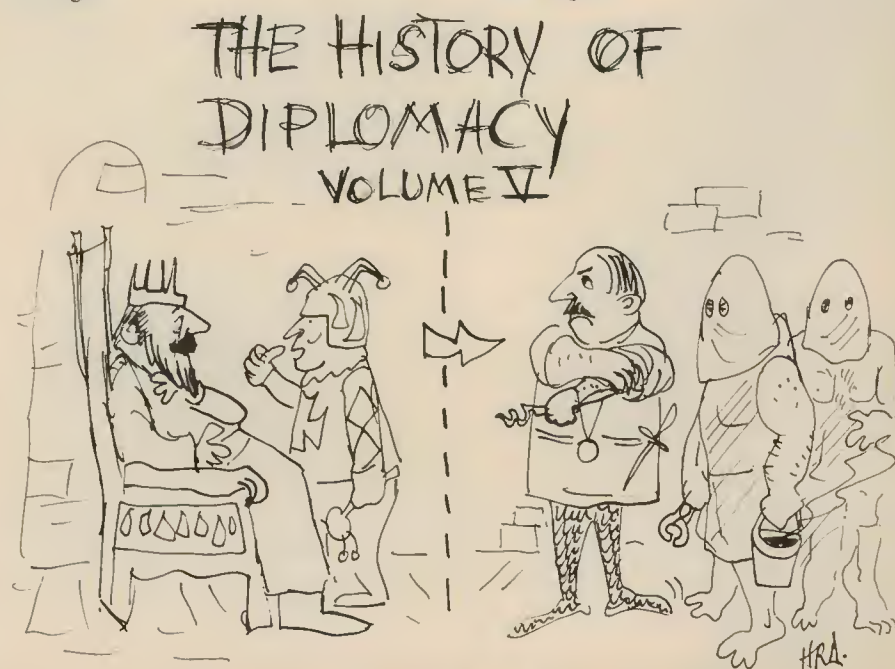
He's known it since nine,
For he lived in Iraq as a lad.

It didn't surprise me last fall
When Millicent went to Nepal
With Urdu precise
And Hindi quite nice,
But no Nepalese at all.

Now there's a plot that is fiendish;
In fact, it's really quite meanish:
To give up Great Britain
For P is uncertain
Whether FSOs can speak English!

CATHERINE S. SCOTT
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