

Foreign Service Journal

APRIL 1966
60 CENTS





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The dues for Active and Associate Members are either \$15 or \$12. For FSO's in Class V and above the rate is \$15 and is the same for FSR's, Staff officers and Civil Service personnel in corresponding grades. For Active Members in lower grades the dues are \$12. The annual dues for retired members and others who are not Active Members are \$12. Each membership includes a subscription to the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

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The Foreign Service JOURNAL welcomes contributions and will pay for accepted material on publication. Photos should be black and white glossies and should be protected by cardboard. Color transparencies (4 x 5) may be submitted for possible cover use.

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

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

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

Marriages

EMMONS-HAWKES. Evelyn V. Emmons, widow of FSO Arthur B. Emmons, was married to Herbert E. Hawkes on March 1, in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes will reside in Washington.

Births

HARDMAN. A son, Timothy Robert, born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Hardman, on January 11, in Alexandria, Virginia.

RUSSELL. A son, Richard Mather, born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Emery Russell, on February 5, in Naples.

Deaths

CUSTARD. Harry L. Custard, former State Department analyst, died on March 4, in Arlington, Virginia. Mr. Custard entered government service after service in the Army in World War I, with the Federal Employment Stabilization Board in 1932. He joined the Department of State in 1948 and retired in 1961.

HAGBERG. Eric T. Hagberg, AID, died on February 20, in Washington. Mr. Hagberg joined the Department of Interior in 1941, then entered the foreign assistance program with ECA in 1951. He was stationed at Djakarta and the Department. Mr. Hagberg was chief of the external management operations branch in AID's office of management planning.

HENGSTLER. Herbert C. Hengstler, FSO-retired, died on March 4, in Sarasota, Florida. Mr. Hengstler joined the Department of State in 1898. He was appointed chief, Division of Foreign Service Administration in 1924. Mr. Hengstler served as technical adviser, Fourth Pan American Commercial Conference in 1931 and as US representative, Commission of Experts on Customs Procedure and Consular Regulations, in 1934. He was appointed consul general at Toronto in 1937, and retired in 1941.

HULS. Ralph M. Huls, FSR-retired, AID, died on February 17, in North Palm Beach. Mr. Huls entered government service with the Public Health Service in 1929 and the foreign assistance program in 1951. He served at Guatemala, Managua, Santiago and Rio de Janeiro before his retirement in 1964.

LYNCH. Jean Bidwell Lynch, widow of Ambassador Andrew G. Lynch, died on March 11, in Utica, New York.

MCDERMOTT. Jack C. McDermott, public affairs officer, San Salvador, died on February 27 in San Salvador. Mr. McDermott, a former Texas publisher, joined the Department of State in 1946 as associate chief of the International Press and Publications Division. He served at London, Bonn, Mexico City, and Washington before his assignment to El Salvador in 1964.

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Letter from AFSA President



DEAR COLLEAGUES:

As you are aware, we have been considering for some time the possibility of purchasing a building for the Association which could house our business activities and provide limited club and recreation facilities for the members. The lease on our present quarters expires on April 1, 1967. Past efforts to acquire permanent quarters have been frustrated by the transfer of officers serving on the committee and a lack of continuing interest. As a result, we have appointed a working group to look into the matter. The group includes a retired Foreign Service officer now living in Washington, Rockwood Foster, and several officers on duty in the Department who are knowledgeable in real estate matters. Besides the Association, the Foreign Service Protective Association has expressed a willing-

ness to participate in the purchase of such a building and DACOR might also be interested.

Education Loans

The Education Committee reported to the Board recently that AFSA members and their children will benefit from the new \$3 billion Federal Insurance Program for Loans. Although not yet fully in operation, the program established by the Higher Education Act of 1965 will underwrite education loans up to \$1,000 per year for undergraduates and \$1,500 for graduate students, with repayment beginning nine months after graduation and extending over a period not less than five years. Interest charges will be six per cent on the unpaid balance, but loans to students whose adjusted family income is less than \$15,000 per year will be interest-free during college years and three per cent thereafter. The Education Committee is studying this program carefully before making recommendations on the direction which an AFSA-sponsored program might take.

Counseling Service

The Education Committee also made a study of the counseling service available to Association members. As you remember, these services were organized nearly nine years ago under AFSA auspices as the Education Consulting Service. Under present practice, three hours per family of the counselor's time are subsidized by the Association. Beyond that a nominal hourly fee is charged. Some 300 member families now use the service each year. The Committee found that though educational problems contin-



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to be the major area of concern, there is a growing desire on the part of parents for advice beyond specific schooling problems. Questions are increasingly being asked about long-range educational programs, adjustments between cultures, and how to obtain psychological advice. It has been found that waiting periods of four to six months are sometimes necessary in obtaining such advice. The Committee first looked into what was available from the Department's Medical Division. It found that in some cases free evaluation service is available for Foreign Service children. In addition, the Board approved a Committee recommendation that the Association sponsor an arrangement whereby prompt evaluation services can be made available privately at parents' expense for those who wish it. Under our plan, which is being instituted on a trial basis, the Association will reserve 24 hours of consultation time annually for members. We will be assured of the collaboration of a clinical psychologist, psychiatric social worker and child psychologist, all of whom are familiar with Foreign Service problems, and a minimum waiting time before attention can be given. We feel this new service will be a useful extension of our efforts to help members and their families in every way possible.

Sincerely,

U. Alexis Johnson

Joseph C. Harsch, diplomatic correspondent, NBC, speaking at the January 26 luncheon. At right, AFSA's president.



U. Alexis Johnson, President of AFSA, and Juan Trippe, Chairman of the Board of Pan American Airways, at the February Association luncheon.



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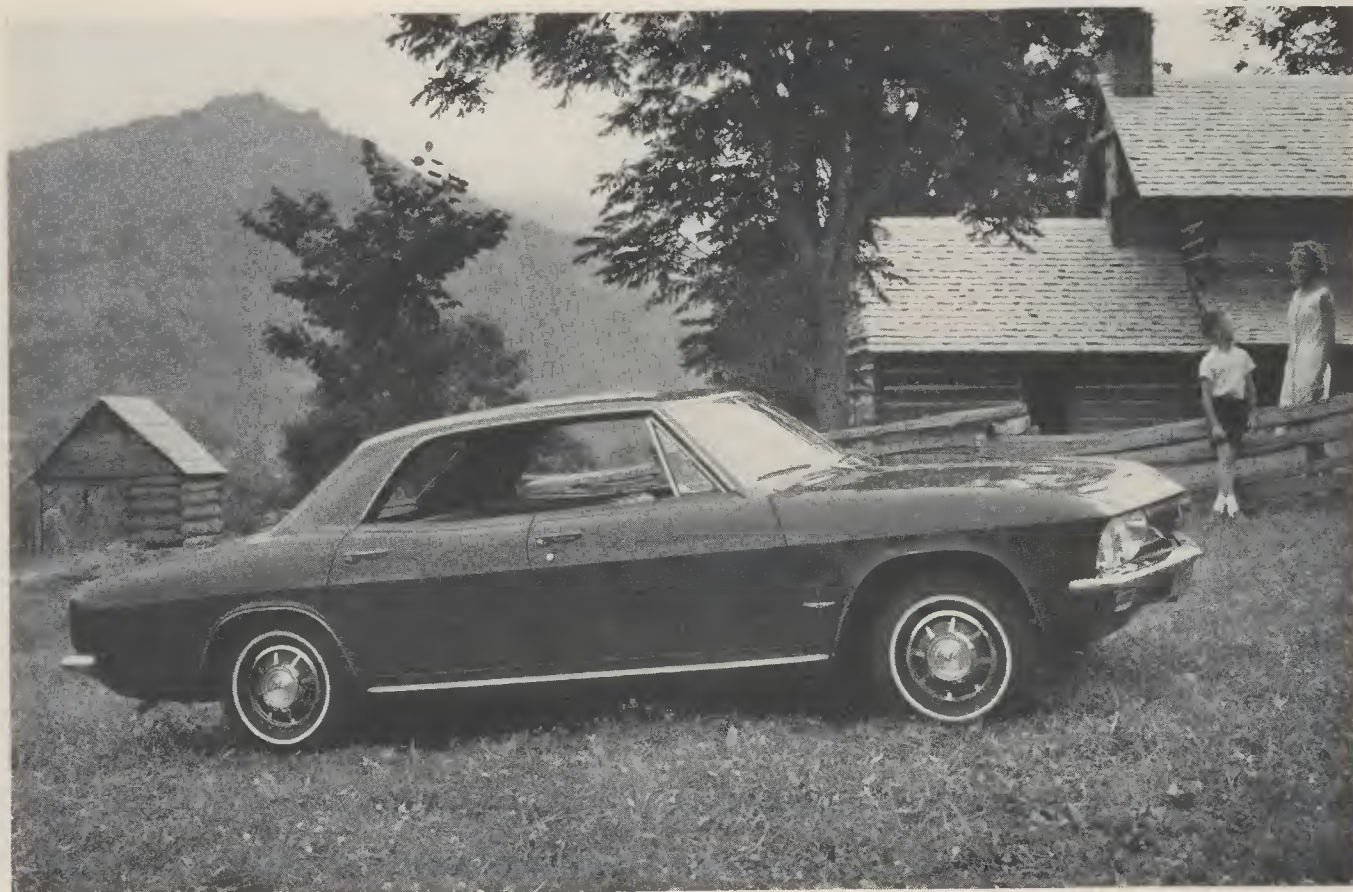
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A Yankee In the Holy Land

DEAR ALICIA, we are roosting in London en route from Ireland to Israel.

This will be my first visit. I've started for there several times and never made it. I wonder if I have had an unconscious reluctance because of what my great-grandfather tried to do there in the 1840s.

Did I ever tell you about that? I had the story from my grandmother and my Great-aunt Carrie. (Both of them lived to be over 90, but also I have their diaries written when they were young girls in clear unworried penmanship and recounting things that would send most modern women screaming to the analyst's couch.)

This was my father's side of the family. It's an improbable story, Alicia, and you'll just have to go along with it because it is true.

My great-grandfather's name was Dickson, sometimes spelled Dixon. He was a native of Leominster, Massachusetts, where his family had lived since they helped to found the place. He seems to have been a well-to-do farmer as well as the traditional Yankee mechanic.

There were giants in the earth in those days, Alicia, and my great-grandfather Dickson was one of them. He decided to go to what was then called the Holy Land and to convert the Jews to Christianity.

He wasn't crazy. He had worked out a method. He would go to Palestine and teach the Jews scientific farming. That would raise their standard of living and give them some kind of economic security which would relax and gentle them.

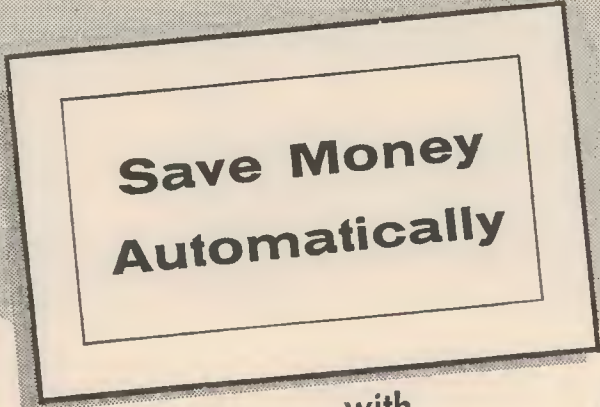
While they were calm, he would sort of cream in the New Testament on them and convert them almost by inertia. Does that seem impractical to you, Alicia?

Great-grand-dad may have been a little ahead of his time, but we're still trying to convert millions of Asians and Africans to become Democrats and Republicans by the same Dickson technique and he didn't have Government foreign aid money or the Peace Corps.

All he had was his brother Charles, his wife and three young daughters. He sold his farm and other property and some of his friends and neighbors thought he could do it and got up a subscription to help the good cause along.

He, Dickson that is, bought seed and the newest thing in steel ploughs and blacksmith's tools to make more tools. I think it was the early 1840s when he loaded his goods and his wife and three daughters and my Great-great-uncle Charles on a square rigger and set out for the Holy Land.

The diaries say they got wrecked on Sardinia and had to change ships. Got blown there by a storm. But after an appalling time they came to Yafa which they then called



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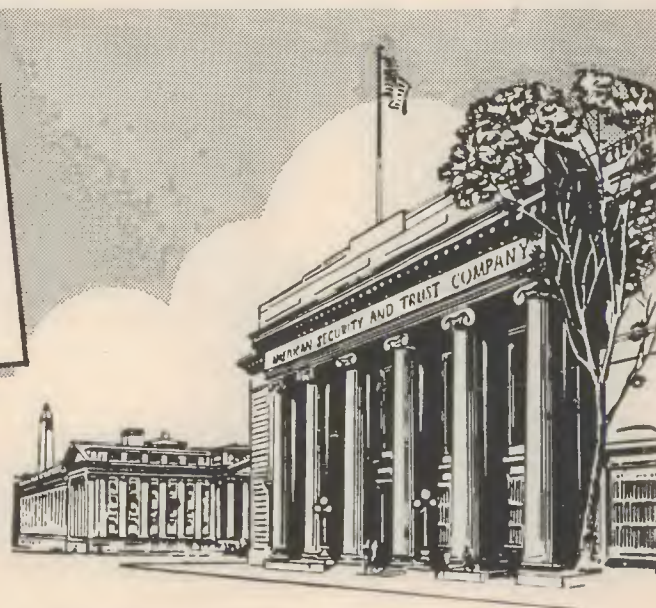
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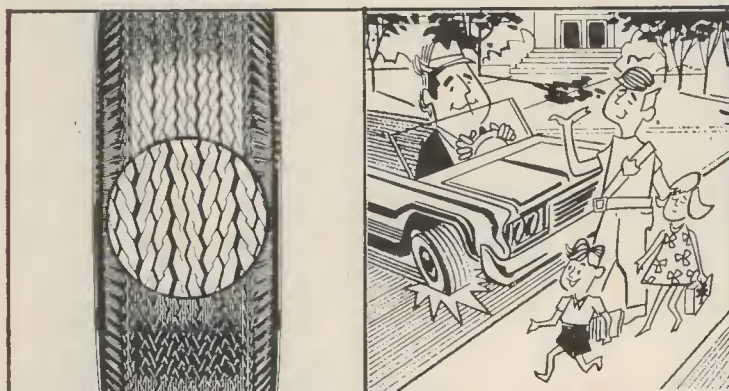
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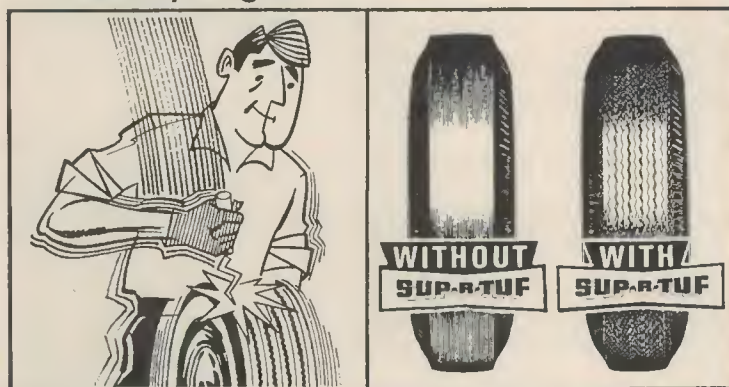
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Jaffa and there my ancestor started out to begin his farming.

He must have known that the Holy Land was then a province of the Turkish Empire, but perhaps he didn't realize how serious that could be. But he soon found that the local Turkish officials took a dim view of any enterprise they could not cut in on first and on the line and in cash.

Great-grandfather must have paid because, after some delays, he had a small piece of land sold or leased to him by an official who was delighted to sell, particularly because he had no way of knowing who owned it.

But now Mr. Dickson looked around for some Jews to help him prepare his model farm and put his scheme in motion. He never found any.

It turned out that the Jews were having enough trouble with the Turks by just being Jews and they weren't about to compound the difficulty by associating with Christians, who were in even worse odor.

Making his particular earth to flower without the help of happy converts was desperately hard. My forbear soon knew he would have to hire some labour. And then he found that there was no labor pool.

If you wanted a man you bought one and no other kind was available and Mr. Dickson was a blowed-in-the-glass Yankee anti-slavery man and he wasn't about to become a slave owner and at the same time he had to have help. In desperation he leased two laborers from a Turk who did own them.

His new leaseholds were lazy as who wouldn't be and when they saw that Mr. Dickson didn't even own a whip, they knew they had it made. Admonishment was not a stimulus to them.

Then they did a little stealing, tools and cups and such, fully expecting to have their hands cut off or at very least their ears.

When great-grandfather lectured them about the sin of

theft, they thought he was crazy and crazy people made them nervous, so they stole everything they could carry and ran away, and left two men, Mrs. Dickson and three young Dickson daughters to make the desert to flower.

Did I say they were a tough breed, Alicia? Well they were and they shan't give up easily.

The whole family worked like fiends, dark to dark, and they actually got things to grow in that sorry land and they laid up a mud fence around it because growing things had a way of disappearing at night. The Dicksons were gaunt and burned and bent but they stuck it out.

And then a tribe of wandering Bedouin moved in and to them the mud wall clearly indicated something inside that they could use.

They popped away with their long brass-bound guns and Mr. Dickson didn't even have a firearm. The Turks were against it. Great-grandfather didn't mind working his women to death but he'd be damned if he was going to have them shot.

When the night came, he left Charles to guard the place and he snaked his wife and daughters away and took them inside the walls of Jaffa and left them with the American Consul.

Then, still in the dark, he went back to his model farm. And the only single thing the Bedouin had left was the dead body of his brother Charles.

After a decent interval the Turkish officials came out and they didn't think it was nice what the Bedouin had done even if it was to Christians. They told Mr. Dickson that he had not only the right but the duty of vengeance. They advised him to go out at once and kill a Bedouin.

He was so mad he might have done it, too, but when the officers went away the Bedouin came back and went on popping their guns at the wall and for a very good reason.

You see, Alicia, if Mr. Dickson had been a tribe he

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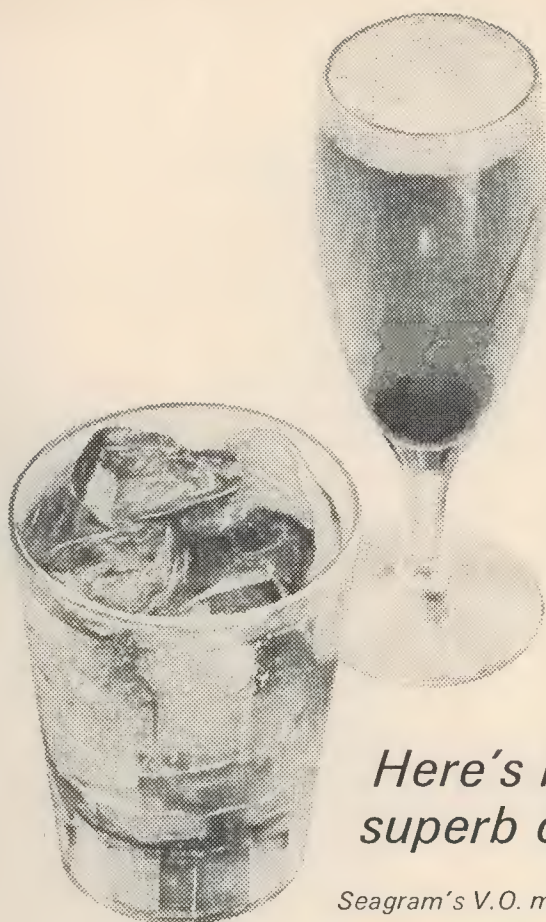
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would have killed one of them and then they would have killed one of him and back and forth like that maybe for years, but he wasn't a tribe and he was up against maybe 50 men with guns. And this the Bedouin knew.

They would only be safe from vengeance when Dickson was extinct. So they kept firing at the mud wall not knowing that the defender's only weapon was a pocket knife.

In the middle of the night my great-grandfather conceded that he was outnumbered and he withdrew like the good hunter he was quietly and with dignity.

The American Consul whose name is on the passports I still have, loaned my ancestor the money for his passage home. And all of this is in the girlish diaries of grandmamma and my Great-aunt Carrie.

The ship beat slowly home and then a few days out of Boston the forecastle men grabbed the youngest daughter, pulled her into the forecastle and before she could be rescued they had so mauled her that she died soon after the ship landed.

In grandmother's diary is I think my favorite understatement in the world. "The crew," she wrote, "was over friendly."

So you see, Alicia, although I have not yet been to Israel, my family has.

Yours always,
John

Reprinted from the London DAILY MAIL, by permission of the author. Alicia, now dead, was an old publishing friend of John Steinbeck's and this is one of a series of articles which are his memorial to her. The American Consul who lent the money to Steinbeck's great grandfather was named Minor.



Daniel Brent of Aquia Creek, Virginia, Chief Clerk, Department of State 1817-33 and Consul at Paris 1833-41. (Photograph from pencil drawing by L. Pellegrini, Paris, 1838.) Daniel Brent entered the government service under Alexander Hamilton, First Secretary of the Treasury, in Philadelphia and afterwards came to Washington when the government was moved there and appears on the list of four or five employees of the Department of State in 1807. He was in charge of the Department at various times in the absence of the Secretary and was Secretary of State ad interim in March, 1825. Mr. Brent is shown in the uniform worn by him as Consul at Paris for court functions and other formal occasions.



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25 YEARS AGO

APRIL 1941

IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

FRIENDS of the Honorable James B. Stewart will be sorry to learn that Jim feels that the time has come for him to hand over this column to another colleague. I have been asked to try to fill his shoes. No one else can concoct the column with the distinctive flavor Jim gave it. He filled out bare bones of old records with personal touches from many sources: several generations of Foreign Service friends, active correspondence conducted from his home in Denver, and wide knowledge of the Service in which he served with great distinction for nearly 30 years. He started the column in September 1948 and assumed responsibility for its preparation from then until now. All of us send Jim our warmest good wishes.

Red Cross Unit

The JOURNAL of April 1941 reported that in December 1940, officers' wives and relatives organized a unit to make surgical dressings for the American Red Cross. This unit was active until the end of the war. The ladies made the dressings at the old Walsh mansion, which is now the Indonesian Embassy. A photograph shows at work in uniform, Mrs. Kenneth J. Years, Mrs. William E. DeCourcy, Mrs. Gordon Merriam, Mrs. James H. Keelcy, Mrs. Fletcher Warren, Mrs. Julian Gillespie, Mrs. Herbert Bursley, Mrs. Samuel Fletcher, and Mrs. John F. Stone.

Photographic Register

The same issue included a supplement to the PHOTOGRAPHIC REGISTER issued November 1936. It carried about 280 photographs of officers not included in the original. Extra copies of the original sold for \$1.90; the supplement for 50 cents. They are hard to find now.

Shadow of Coming Events

Charles B. Hosmer, Nathaniel P. Davis, and William E. DeCourcy appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee to support an amendment to allow home leave at government expense for non-career Vice Consuls and staff employees after they had served abroad three years. Nathaniel Davis answered questions on how these people were appointed. He said they had to have letters of recommendation and continued—

Of course as you know anyone can get letters of recommendation, but, nevertheless, we do check on them very carefully. Nowadays these men are investigated in ways that they do not know anything about.

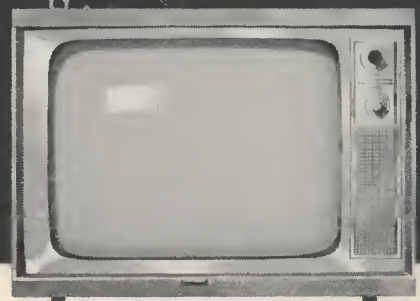
The record of testimony shows that in January 1941 there were seven women FSOs and 370 American women serving as clerks abroad out of 920 permanent American clerks.

Up Mt. Kilimanjaro

E. Talbot Smith, Consul at Nairobi, wrote of his ascent of Mt. Kilimanjaro in December 1940 and submitted a photograph of the view into the crater. During the last two hours of the last leg, he fell from exhaustion every four or five steps and took snatches of sleep for five or ten minutes. From the starting point at 4,000 feet, the ascent took three days, which included two nights at 12,500 feet to get used to the altitude. He and a guide were the only ones in the party to reach the top at 19,400 feet.

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Naval Institute Award

The United States Naval Institute awarded Robert McClintock \$300, a gold medal and life membership in the Institute as first prize in an essay contest. The subject he wrote on was "The Diplomacy of a Two-Ocean Navy." Ambassador McClintock is maintaining the tradition by serving now at Newport as advisor to the President of the Naval War College.

The April 1941 JOURNAL also has a paragraph reporting that a son, John Martin, had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McClintock on January 4, 1941, in Helsinki where Rob was Third Secretary. John is now at Stanford University doing graduate work in political science.

New Assignments Recorded in April 1941 JOURNAL

John G. Erhardt, Consul General and First Secretary, London, was made Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel and assumed the duties March 4, 1941, in place of G. Howland Shaw, who became Assistant Secretary of State. As of March 3, 1941, the number of Foreign Service officers, including 44 recently nominated young men, was 875, an increase of 166 since August 1937 when Mr. Shaw became Chief.

Among the transfers were these—

Robert P. Joyce from Belgrade to Havana as Second Secretary.

Lloyd V. Steere, Agricultural Attache, London, to the Department.

Earl L. Packer from Budapest to Dresden, as Consul. William W. Butterworth, Second Secretary, London, to the Department.

Garret G. Ackerson, Jr., from Budapest to Bogota as Second Secretary.

John D. Jernegan from Barcelona to Cartagena as Vice Consul.

J. Wesley Jones, Consul in Rome, to the Department. Elim O'Shaughnessy from Natal to Rio de Janeiro as Vice Consul.

John Ordway from Colombo to London as Vice Consul. W. Stratton Anderson, Jr., from Johannesburg to Lagos as Vice Consul.

First Air Expressed TIME

We are reminded that until 25 years ago foreign subscribers received all their magazines by surface mail. The April 1941 JOURNAL published a notice from Roy Larsen, President of TIME magazine, that TIME's first air express edition in English would come out about May 1. The territory to be served at first was Latin America, including Cuba and Mexico; Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Canal Zone. This was the first magazine delivered by plane. It was available both to subscribers and newsstand buyers. The subscription rate was \$10 a year.

AND 40 YEARS AGO

In April, 1926, the JOURNAL featured an anonymous article entitled "Foreign Service Wives." It read in part:

" . . . if there are some of us who have indulged in groans and grumbles once in a while, who is there, I am asking, to begrudge them us? Who packs all those bags and chests and trunks and boxes when that fatal telegram comes to the door? . . . Whose heart is sad when the best china service shows up in 5,000 small and interesting pieces and the family fish forks don't appear at all? . . . Who has to get herself an entirely new set of friends with every change of post? Who gets snatched up just as she is nicely settled and her things laid out in her bureau drawers to proceed to some wild and woolly spot at the other end of nowhere to begin where she began before? . . . Once again, with all humility and respect, I say 'We do.' "

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WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

RICHARD B. PARKER, who writes on the population explosion on page 22, is political counselor at our Embassy in Cairo. A belated Malthusian, he has four children.

Our April cover artist, BARBARA K. EBERSOLE, is married to Robert P. Ebersole, cultural affairs officer with USIS, Lisbon. Mrs. Ebersole has held one man shows in Lima and Manila, is the author of "Creative Hands" (John Wiley & Sons) and was Professor of Art at the University of Florida. She now teaches private art classes in Lisbon.

CARL CHARLICK, author of "Eleven Days in April," page 29, has served many years with the government, both overseas and stateside. A veteran of World War II, he took his Master's degree at George Washington University where he later taught for a year. He has contributed to the JOURNAL in past years and is the author of the book-length "History of the Metropolitan Club of Washington" (1965).

DAVID S. BURGESS, whose evaluation of two recent books on the Peace Corps appears on page 34, served first as Director of the Peace Corps in Indonesia and then as Director of Industrial Recruitment for the Corps in Washington. He has been a Foreign Service officer for the past ten years, serving as a Labor Attache in India, then with AID as Director of the Office of Burma-Indonesia Affairs. In July of last year he was transferred back to the Department to serve on the Board of Examiners.

A. DANE BOWEN, JR. was Action Officer in the Bureau of International Organization Affairs for the four regional economic commissions of the UN, including the one for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE) at the time he wrote "The Mighty Mekong," page 26. He is now taking advanced economic training at Princeton University.

HENRY B. DAY, James B. Stewart's successor as the JOURNAL's Twenty-Five Years Ago columnist, needs little introduction to Association members. Until July of 1965, Henry handled the Personal Purchases department for AFSA.

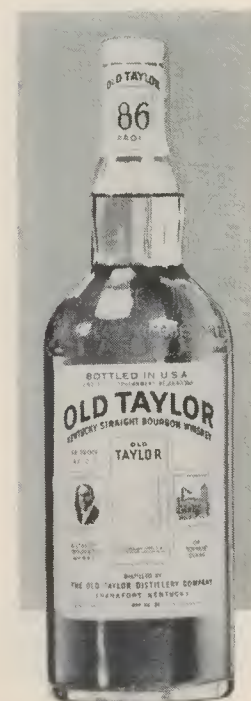
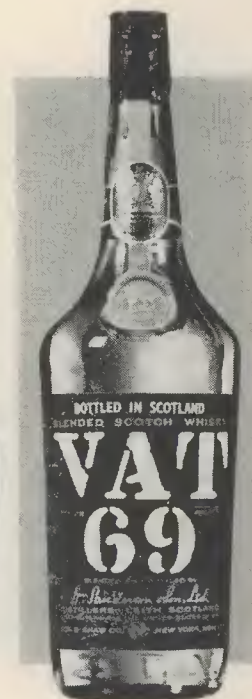
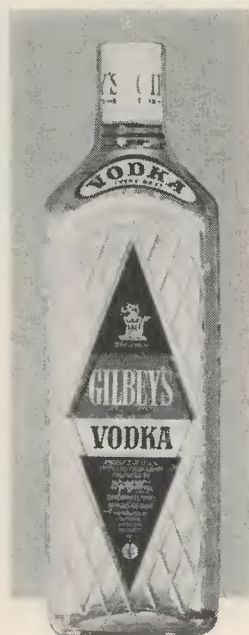
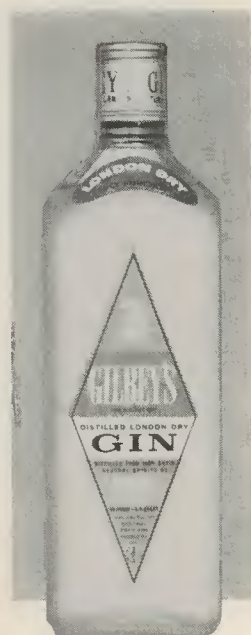
LEO RICHARDS, who traveled from "Moscow to Odessa in July, 1946," page 41, was born in Trenton, Missouri. He attended the University of Missouri, Illinois University, the Sorbonne, Columbia University, University of California and American University. As a retired federal employee, he hopes to finish work on his Ph.D. at American.

ROBERT DEVEREUX's first article for the JOURNAL, "The Ideal Ambassador: An XIth Century View," was published in 1957 while he was a graduate student at the School of Advanced International Studies. Today he is a member of the staff of American Embassy, Rome. Mr. Devereux, who offers a language quiz on page 49, has published a book "The First Ottoman Constitutional Period" (Baltimore) and contributed several dozen articles on Middle Eastern/Turkish themes to various academic journals.

Answers to "Babel's Heritage," page 49

1. (12); 2. (8); 3. (14); 4. (34); 5. (40); 6. (13); 7. (4); 8. (5); 9. (23); 10. (15); 11. (16); 12. (38); 13. (2); 14. (25); 15. (3); 16. (6); 17. (32); 18. (27); 19. (9); 20. (17); 21. (19); 22. (18); 23. (24); 24. (39); 25. (36); 26. (21); 27. (26); 28. (1); 29. (30); 30. (35); 31. (22); 32. (7); 33. (37); 34. (31); 35. (20); 36. (11); 37. (29); 38. (28); 39. (33); 40. (10).

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Opportunity and Challenge

ONE of the most important events in the recent history of the Department and the Foreign Service was the announcement by the President on March 4 of the assignment of additional responsibilities to the Secretary of State and the Department of State for the over-all direction, coordination and supervision of United States Government activities overseas. Secretary Rusk's message of the same date to the Department and the field clearly set forth his concept of what is required of the Department and the field to carry out this task and the organizational changes gradually and systematically to be effected better to enable the Department to meet these new demands.

The President's instruction did not represent any hasty decision on reorganization for reorganization's sake, but rather was the result of many months of careful consideration and discussion within the executive branch under the leadership of General Maxwell Taylor. Similarly, the organizational changes in the Department were given long and careful consideration by the senior officers of the Department.

The recommendations approved by the President in a very real sense grew out of the experience abroad with the "country team" concept. It is an attempt to transfer that concept, insofar as it is applicable, to the management in Washington of our Government's overseas activities. While, as noted in the White House announcement, the term "interdepartmental matter" has not been specifically defined, in the present context it covers those activities abroad involving more than a single Department or agency, or which are of such a nature as to affect significantly the over-all US overseas program in a country or region. The concept here is that the Department of State should not and does not want to get into the purely internal problems of other agencies but, where foreign policy interests are significantly involved, and the Department finds a real need for its own involvement, it can raise the matter. If the agency affected does not concur, the appeal procedure set forth in the President's instruction is open to it.

It will be noted that the new term appearing in the

President's instruction is that of "direction" and "decision" by the Under Secretary of State as Executive Chairman of the Senior Interdepartmental Group and by the geographic Assistant Secretaries as Executive Chairmen of the Interdepartmental Regional Groups. This is, as noted in the announcement, subject to "the full extent permitted by law." This does not mean that the Department of State can override or usurp the functions and responsibilities given by law to other Departments or agencies. However, it does mean that the impasses, particularly at lower levels, which in the past have all too often prevented *any* decision being made should now in large degree be eliminated. Someone has to make a decision and that "someone" is in the Department of State. If the agency directly concerned does not concur with that decision, a procedure is provided for prompt appeal and action on that appeal, up to the Secretary of State and then to the President if necessary. This new procedure is far different than "government by committee" for it is not expected that these groups will act on any majority voting procedure. As set forth in the White House announcement, it is simply creating a regular meeting place for key officials involved in overseas activities and provides the mechanism for assuring decisive action with respect to these activities. It also assures that the Departments and agencies primarily involved in overseas activities can have a forum in which their views can be expressed in advance of decisions.

As Secretary Rusk pointed out in his message, these new responsibilities will require the exercise of exceptional qualities of leadership at a truly national level, with no room for parochial viewpoints or bureaucratic "in-fighting." Each member of the Department and the Foreign Service is going to be required to recognize that at all times he is in a real sense acting for and on behalf of the President. More than ever, the Foreign Service is called upon to recognize that it is not the Foreign Service of any particular Department or agency, but in a real sense "The Foreign Service of the United States." If this system is

(Continued on page 48)

The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of increase; it will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pairs of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive 15,000,000 elephants descended from the first pair.

IN SUCH terms did Mrs. Annie Besant describe the exponential or geometric rate of biological increase in her pamphlet "The Law of Population and its Consequences," first published in England in 1879 and of which 175,000 copies had been sold in England alone by 1891. The pamphlet was an impassioned defense of the population theories of the Reverend Thomas R. Malthus and a practical guide to simple contraception.

Mrs. Besant, later to be president of the Theosophical Society and the Indian National Congress, was but one of the many combatants in the battle which raged around and about Malthus in the 19th century. Her contribution was more practical than theoretical; her pamphlets and those of other early advocates of birth control, if they had little effect on the theorists, at least helped democratize contraceptive knowledge. Such knowledge, whatever its source, enabled Americans and Europeans to lower their birth rates by as much as 50 percent during the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Although Mrs. Besant and others like her were called neo-Malthusians, Malthus himself had rejected contraception as a vicious practice. He might have changed his mind with time, however, because his knowledge of contraceptive techniques was limited. Had he known of the more refined techniques discussed by Mrs. Besant or her successors his position might have been different.

Malthus has been painted as a dour and heartless pessimist, a sanctimonious parson denying food to infants and preaching restraint to people on the edge of starvation. There is no doubt of his pessimism, but he was neither dour nor heartless. From all we know of him he was a warm and human person, a little too sober in later life perhaps, but no misanthrope. He was skeptical, however, as to the results which could be expected from charitable efforts and believed that the poor would always be with us.

Malthus was writing at a time of widespread utopian speculation regarding the future progress and perfectibility of mankind. He addressed himself particularly to William Godwin's "Enquiry Concerning Political Justice" (1793) and to the Marquis de Condorcet's "Sketch for a Historical Picture of the Human Mind," written while Condorcet was hiding from the Jacobins in Paris. Condorcet postulated that under conditions of physical and moral progress man's life would be prolonged almost indefinitely, accompanied eventually by a diminution of the desire to propagate the species. Godwin set forth a similar proposition, the key in his system being the redistribution of property, which would be a requisite for the development of the perfect society. He poses as a conjecture, the validity of which need not affect his basic thesis, that as man approached immortality and developed intellectually he would probably cease to propagate.

Malthus was defending the existing order, the evils and abuses of which he thought should be reformed in a practical manner without resort to visionary schemes. His

argument was that the pressure of population on subsistence and the harsh natural equilibrium through which population was held in check formed an insurmountable obstacle to the perfectibility of society:

I see no way by which man can escape from the weight of this law which pervades all animated nature. No fancied equality, no agrarian regulations in their utmost extent, could remove the pressure of it even for a single century. And it appears, therefore, to be decisive against the possible existence of a society, all the members of which should live in ease, happiness, and comparative leisure; and feel no anxiety about providing the means of subsistence for themselves and families.

The inescapable "law which pervades all animated nature" is, in the words of the first essay:

I think I may fairly make two postulata. First, that food is necessary to the existence of man. Secondly, that the passion between the sexes is necessary and will remain in its present state . . .

Assuming then, my postulata as granted, I say, that the power of population is indefinitely greater than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man.

Population when unchecked, increases in geometrical ratio. Subsistence increases only in arithmetical ratio. A slight acquaintance with numbers will show the immensity of the first power in comparison with the second.

Malthus argued that, judging from the unparalleled rate at which the population of the United States was then reproducing, a population unhindered by want, pestilence and vice would double itself every 25 years until it reached the limits set by available resources. When it reached those limits it would be held in a state of oscillating equilibrium by positive and preventive checks. By positive checks he meant misery or vice, i.e., famine, war, pestilence and vicious practices (prostitution, abortion, homosexuality and contraception). By preventive checks he meant moral restraint, which as finally defined meant deferral of marriage until the prospective couple was in a position to support its anticipated progeny. He felt this moral restraint, and generally frugal conduct, the only virtuous alternative to excessive population growth and poverty, but he was not very optimistic about the alternative's practicability. He did not preach continence during marriage or expect premarital chastity in men. Indeed, as we have seen above, he thought that the passion between the sexes was necessary. Commenting on Godwin's and Condorcet's belief that intellectual pleasures would eventually displace the sensual ones, Malthus noted:



It is a truth, which history I am afraid makes too clear, that some men of the highest mental powers, have been addicted not only to a moderate, but even to an immoderate indulgence in the pleasures of sensual love. But allowing, as I should be inclined to do, notwithstanding numerous instances to the contrary, that great intellectual exertions tend to diminish the empire of this passion over man, it is evident that the mass of mankind must be improved more highly than the brightest ornaments of the species at present before any difference can take place sufficient sensibly to affect population.

Malthus's conclusions regarding food production were unduly pessimistic—we have not begun to reach the limits of the earth's supply. But his basic proposition regarding population growth remains sound. He maintained that, unless interfered with by man or nature, population tends to increase at a geometric rate, and it is now doing just that throughout most of the world. Thus, if the world's population continues to grow at its present 2 percent per year, its pattern will be roughly:

1965	3.4 billion
2000	6.9 billion
2065	24.0 billion
2100	48.0 billion

Malthus would be intrigued by the relative ease with which we take care of our 3.4 billion today. He was worried about over-crowding in a world which had less than a billion people in it.

II

Malthus not only underestimated the effect of technological change on food production, he also underestimated seriously the effect of prudence, exercised through contraception, on the birth rate. By the end of the 19th century almost every country in Western Europe was witnessing a rapidly declining birth rate and the concern of most European sociologists was deficit rather than surplus population. In time this led to governmental efforts to raise the birth rate through measures ranging from family allowances to Mussolini's reported stratagem of turning the lights out at 8:00 p.m. in his Cyrenaican colonies. These efforts, it should be added, were no more successful than similarly-intentioned edicts of Augustus and Trajan.

The population transition which Europe and the area of European settlement (including Canada and the United States) have undergone in the past 150 years followed a process which is clear in retrospect: as countries industrialized and populations became more urban, death rates and eventually birth rates dropped. Although we can sur-

mise that birth rates dropped because of a complex interplay of such factors as the decreased economic utility of children in an urban as opposed to an agrarian society, we are unable to measure with much precision the relative weights of the individual factors at work or to project them for application to societies we hope will make the same transition under circumstances quite different from those of 19th century Europe.

The birth rate in traditional agrarian or pre-industrial societies is usually something in the neighborhood of 40 per thousand, i.e., 40 births per thousand persons every year (as compared to a present US rate of 21). This rate has been maintained by most societies throughout most of history. It has been balanced by mortality rates which fluctuated widely but which averaged out over the years at a figure slightly below the birth rate, permitting a slow growth of population. This growth rate was enough to double the world's population between the time of Christ and 1650, the beginning of the modern era.

Between 1650 and 1950, however, the population of the area of European settlement increased eightfold, from 120 to 920 million, while the population of Africa and Asia increased at a rate only little more than half as fast, rising from 380 to 1700 million. This European population explosion, most of which occurred during the period 1800 to 1950, was accomplished by lowering death rates while maintaining relatively high birth rates over a span of about 75 years. The decline in the death rate, which was due to improved economic and health conditions accompanying the industrial development of Europe and North America, was a gradual and fluctuating process, spread out over many years. The slowly-widening gap between birth and death rates produced a rate of increase of about 1 percent per year, which meant a doubling of the population about every 70 years—a significant growth rate, but one which was within manageable proportions, particularly when any surplus could be spread over areas as large as the Americas and Australasia.

Although some European birth rates, notably in France, had already begun to decline gradually by the beginning of the 19th century, the sharp break came in about 1880, when both mortality and fertility began an unprecedented decline throughout most of Western Europe. By 1940 European birth rates were averaging 15 or 20 per thousand, about half what they had been in 1880. Eastern Europe was slower off the mark and entered the 20th century with birth and mortality rates higher than those of Western Europe in 1880, but when the change

RICHARD D. PARKER

Endlessly Would Multiply

came it was even swifter. Most of Eastern Europe dropped from traditional to roughly West European birth rates in a little more than a decade between the two World Wars. The trend continued after World War II and Eastern Europe's rates today are among the world's lowest. Hungary, which began the transition before the other East European states, now has a birth rate of only 13.5, the lowest national birth rate in the world. Rumania's is 15.6 and Czechoslovakia's is 17.8 as compared to 18.5 in France, which was long at the bottom of the list in the pre-war period. The downward trend was reversed somewhat in Western (but not Eastern) Europe by the baby boom after World War II, but for the period 1956-1960 the average European birth rate was only 19 per thousand as compared with a world average of 36 and a rate of 24 per thousand for North America. This still gives a rate of natural increase of 0.8 percent per year, which is high enough to cause trouble some day but is low by current world standards.

The decline in European fertility appears to have reflected two sociological aspects of industrialization and urbanization: (1) the desire for a higher standard of living that comes with the realization that such standards are attainable and (2) the breakdown of traditional social patterns and values. The decline has not been due to decreased physiological ability to produce but rather to a conscious desire to limit children either through delayed marriage or contraceptive techniques. According to contemporary commentators such as Mrs. Besant, the decline in the 19th century was accomplished by means which were Biblical, i.e., continence or *coitus interruptus*, with some resort to mechanical devices among the middle and higher classes, particularly after Mrs. Besant and her colleagues spread the word. These measures were taken in Catholic as well as Protestant countries and today Italy, Spain and Portugal all have lower birth rates than the United States, indicating that religion need not prevent family limitation.

While Europe was passing through its transition to low birth and death rates the less developed countries of the world continued their traditional pattern of high birth and death rates, with some gradual improvement in the latter, until shortly after the end of World War II. The postwar introduction of DDT, miracle drugs and improved public sanitation and health services brought about a dramatic drop in the death rates of the less developed countries, but without substantial accompanying improvement in their economic situation. Some idea of the swiftness with which these death rates dropped is given by a comparison of Sweden and Algeria. In 1946 Algeria's death rate was about that of Sweden's in 1771. By 1954, eight years later, the Algerian rate had dropped to a level below the Swedish rate of 1871, i.e., it had dropped in eight years more than the Swedish rate had dropped in a hundred.

As the death rates dropped, however, birth rates in the less developed countries have remained high—as high or higher than they were anywhere in 18th century Europe. The result is a rate of increase double or triple that of 19th century Europe—a rate which means a doubling of the population every 25 or 30 years. If current rates of increase continue Latin America's population will have increased ten-fold during this century, Africa's five-fold, and Asia's four-fold. Although Asia has the lowest rate of increase of these three continents, its absolute projected

increase is staggering because of the size of the population base from which it starts. If current rates are maintained, Asia's population will have increased in the fifty years from 1950 to 2000 by 2.8 billion—an increase equal to the total population of the world in 1958.

Although some or all of this increase may be accommodated through industrial expansion and improved agricultural techniques, such possibilities are finite, and if birth rates are not lowered, mortality rates must sooner or later begin to rise because of food scarcities and overcrowding—the classical Malthusian checks will begin to operate again. Leaving aside, however, the longer term questions of elbow room and survival, there remains the very serious and immediate problem of the economic inefficiency of high birth rates.

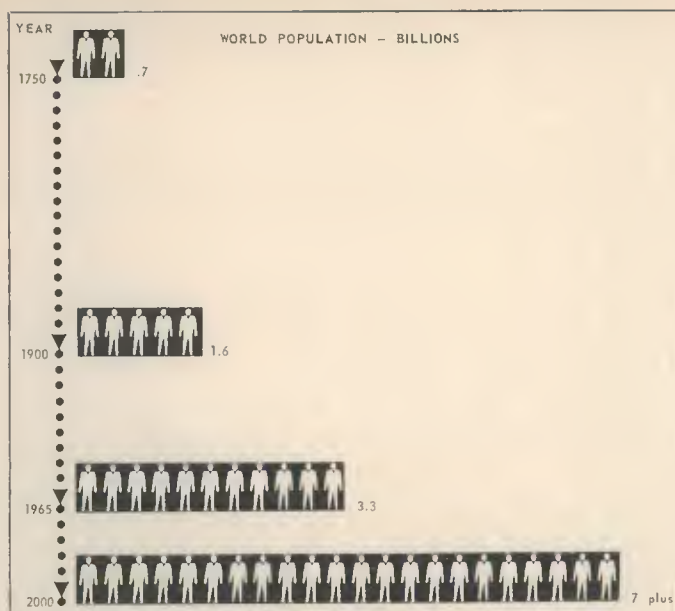
Briefly stated, a higher rate of population growth requires a higher level of capital investment to maintain a given level of output or income per capita, but there is nothing intrinsic in population growth which provides more investment capital. The babies don't bring any cash with them.

To the textbook publisher or real estate developer in an industrialized, high-income economy such as ours, a faster rate of growth may mean jobs and money in the bank. Our higher birth rate has undoubtedly acted as a stimulus to investment in the post-war era, but the fact that we could respond to the stimulus meant we had unused capital to be invested, and even here there have been problems. High birth rates require a diversion of sizeable resources to relatively non-productive social overhead expenditures such as housing, schools and hospitals. For the time being we perhaps can afford it, but the peoples of the poorer and less developed countries cannot.

Although the individual child under 15 may contribute at times to his family's income, he and his younger brothers tend to limit the productive capacity of the family, particularly in their earlier years. At the same time his is another mouth to feed and a body to clothe and, however minimal his requirements, he consumes some of what might otherwise be saved by the government if not by his family. Multiplied by several million others he necessitates added schools and public health clinics, meaning increased social overhead expenditures each year and less capital available to increase production. Ironically, the dependency burden falls heaviest on those least able to afford it—the underdeveloped countries. Most of them have about 40 to 45 percent of their population under the age of 15, as compared to a proportion of 20 to 30 percent in the industrialized countries.

Finally, the ever larger waves of children reaching maturity eventually create an ever-larger labor force which must be given employment. But a one percent increase in the labor force usually requires an increase of something like three to four percent in capital investment—capital which is already in short supply because there are so many children to feed, clothe and educate and because productivity is low due to lack of capital investment and education in the past.

If we assume the existence of a static society in which progress as expressed in material welfare and life expectancy is neither desired nor necessary and in which continued high mortality rates are acceptable, there is no birth rate problem, or no problem except that of keeping it high so that the population does not die out. There are very few, if any, such societies left in the world today.



The Shrinking Span of Time for Approximately Doubling the World's Population.
(from POPULATION BULLETIN)

however, and the demand for social and economic development is almost universal. If for no other reason than to maintain political stability, the governments of most countries today are committed to development programs, whether it is our own War on Poverty or Soviet endeavors to increase production of consumer goods.

From the above it is obvious why the governments of the less developed countries are beginning to show an interest in birth control. The Indian government, for instance, has been working on the problem since 1951 and in 1961 embarked on a \$57 million five-year program to educate the Indian peasant in simple and inexpensive contraceptive methods. The Egyptians are about to undertake a similar program, and a fairly ambitious public and private program has been going on in Puerto Rico for some time. Results to date have not been dramatic: the Puerto Rican birth rate has declined from 36 to 30 per thousand in the past ten years but at least part of the decline is due to the substantial emigration of Puerto Ricans in the prime reproductive ages, who are now having their children in New York. In India there has been some encouraging success with intensive programs in certain regions, but the national birth rate has been unaffected to date. The same can be said of Egypt, where the growth rate remains about three per cent. In each case it is clear that substantial expenditure of energy, skill and money over a considerable period will be required to produce significant results.

The most encouraging experience to date has been that of Japan, which cut its birth rate in half in ten years after World War II. Relying largely on legal abortion and contraceptive clinics, the Japanese cut their birth rate from 33 per thousand in 1949 to 17 per thousand in 1957, well below that of the United States today. Japan, however, is highly industrialized. Its population is two-thirds ur-

ban and 98 percent literate and correspondingly able to appreciate the virtues of family limitation. The Japanese are furthermore a pragmatic people unhampered by taboos regarding the public discussion and dissemination of contraceptive techniques.

Elsewhere the problem is complicated by traditional social and cultural patterns, although such obstacles may be more apparent than real. Agrarian societies have traditionally placed a high status and economic value on large numbers of children; children are evidence of their father's virility, a cheap source of agricultural labor and their parents' security in old age. Such considerations are reinforced by that fact that many people like to have children simply for the sake of having them. The biological urge to reproduce is strong in modern as well as traditional societies, as is well-illustrated by the American experience since 1945, where neither the need for farm hands nor for social security can explain the remarkable increase in fertility rates. Rather, the upturn appears to have been the result of a conscious decision by millions of Americans that the optimum family size was three or four rather than two children.

Just how strong this biological urge is in various societies is conjectural. Nor do we really know how difficult it will be to change traditional social values which place a premium on fertility in women. It has long been argued that the key is economic development—once industrialization and urbanization have been attained, traditional value systems and social patterns will change, leading to the same sort of population transition as that which occurred in Europe. While the experience of Japan would seem to bear out this hypothesis, there is no assurance that such a population transition is an automatic and inevitable concomitant of economic development, not to mention the difficulty of making substantial developmental progress without lowering the birth rate first.

That there is, however, some hope of lowering birth rates in pre-industrial societies is indicated by the relatively favorable response and lack of opposition to birth control programs undertaken to date in Egypt and India, particularly in urban areas. And, indeed, women in such societies have been interested in and practising contraceptive techniques of one kind or another for thousands of years. Some of these techniques are less than effective—drinking water in which a blacksmith has quenched forceps, stepping over a dead man's grave three times, carrying a magic charm, saying a magic verse, performing certain ritual acts on one's wedding day, drinking herb potions, etc. Others are counter-effective, such as assuming postures intended to inhibit conception but in all probability facilitating it. One technique which is widely practised in some traditional societies and which has heretofore been considered ineffective by most medical opinion is prolonged breast-feeding. Children are commonly not weaned until they are two or three in the belief that as long as a woman has a child at the breast she will not conceive. It now appears that this technique is not as ineffective as had been thought and does in fact inhibit conception.

Perhaps more important than the effectiveness of prolonged nursing is the fact that it is practiced and is socially accepted. This may foreshadow a receptiveness to improved and surer techniques which could make a pre-industrial population transition possible. It is devoutly to hoped that this is the case. ■

The Mighty Mekong

IN HIS address at Johns Hopkins University April 7, 1965, President Johnson announced that he would "ask the Congress to join in a billion dollar American investment" for Southeast Asian Development. Stating that "the vast Mekong River can provide food and water and power on a scale to dwarf even our own TVA," the President added that he was dispatching a team to Southeast Asia headed by Eugene Black, the former President of the World Bank.

Sceptics ranging from American newspapermen to Asian politicians have speculated as to what would come of this announcement. In that connection it might be noted that in much the same way that Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940 drew a line against further Japanese aggression at the frontier of French Indo-China, President Johnson quoted in the Johns Hopkins speech the Biblical injunction, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." The announcement of an accelerated program for Southeast Asian development could be interpreted as one more sign of the President's determination to maintain the Free World's position in that area.

Since the April 7 speech, several US actions in regard to Southeast Asian development have taken place. The Asian Development Bank, encompassing all of Asia from Iran to Japan, is about to come into being. Its charter was signed in Manila early in December. It will have the membership of all the Southeast Asian countries as well as other Asian countries and twelve non-Asian nations. Secondly, an agreement was just signed to provide for the financing of the Nam Ngum Dam in Laos. The funding for this project has been raised under the sponsorship of the United Nations Secretary General. The US is contributing \$13 million and several other countries together have matched that figure. Thailand and Laos have signed an agreement to exchange power coming from this dam so that it will truly be a Mekong River project affecting more than just one country. The World Bank is administering the project. Thirdly, Eugene Black has had several talks with UN and Asian officials concerning various

aspects of Southeast Asian development. These conversations and meetings have included both capital projects and plans for the development of education in Southeast Asia.

A number of other promising developments related to Southeast Asia owe their origin wholly or in large part to the President's April 7 initiative. These include: a Ministerial Conference on Southeast Asian Development being called by the Government of Japan in April, 1966; a meeting of Central Bankers of Southeast Asia, convened under the initiative of the Central Banks of Malaysia and Thailand; and other preliminary multilateral and bilateral efforts.

A beginning has also been on Phase II of a feasibility study for the construction of a mainstream dam, the Pa Mong, on the Mekong River about 15 miles upstream from Vientiane.

The Pa Mong Dam, which would overshadow the Grand Coulee, and the Nam Ngum Dam are but parts of an ambitious scheme to develop the whole lower basin of the Mekong. The scheme provides for hydro-electric power development, irrigation, flood control, drainage, navigation improvement, watershed and fishing management, water supply, and related developments. It would include three multipurpose dams on the mainstream of the Mekong (the Pa Mong on the Thai-Laotian frontier above Vientiane, the Sambor in Cambodia above Phnom Penh, and the Tonle Sap, also in Cambodia above Phnom Penh), four major dams on four tributaries (the Battambang in Cambodia, the Nam Ngum in Laos, the Nam Pong in Thailand, and the Upper Se San in Vietnam), and the improvement of navigation on the entire course of the river from Luang Prahang, the royal capital of Laos, to the sea.

The area to be thus developed takes in approximately one-third of the total territory of Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, and South Vietnam. Within these 236,000 square miles (larger than France) live 20 million people, whose existence the President described in his April 7 speech as follows: "Each day these people rise at dawn and struggle through until the night to wrest existence from the soil. They are often wracked by diseases, plagued by hunger, and death comes at the early age of 40."

The President was first introduced to the Mekong Project in 1961. On the same trip in which he invited a camel driver



A Canadian team conducting a survey of the Mekong River and some of its tributaries is surrounded by Thai villagers.

to come see him in the States, the then Vice President visited the headquarters of the UN's Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE) in Bangkok. According to a UN press release at the time and eyewitness accounts, the Executive Secretary of ECAFE, Mr. U Nyun, gave the Vice President a detailed account of the Mekong development project and supplied him with several reports and maps. The Executive Secretary said that the Mekong Project had forged ahead despite many political difficulties in the area, and that it was one of ECAFE's proudest achievements. Mr. U Nyun also thanked the Vice President for the assistance which the United States had given to the Mekong scheme.

At this point Mr. Johnson rose from his chair, put his hands into his pockets, jingled some coins, and then said, "You know, Mr. Executive Secretary, I am a river man. All my life I have been interested in rivers and their development." The Vice President went on to say that in all human ventures one should have vision and plans, but that the time for action always came. He wanted to know when action would come for the Mekong. He said that he could think of nothing that would help Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam more than working together on a river, since, if they could work together on a river, they could work together on anything else. When the Vice President asked whether the Mekong Project would be self-liquidating, the Executive Secretary replied in the affirmative and called it an economically sound project.

As a New Deal Congressman Mr. Johnson was interested in building dams for his Congressional district on the Colorado River, the parent stream of the Pedernales. He was instrumental in bringing about the creation of the Lower Colorado River Authority in central Texas, and this achievement was obviously in the back of his mind when he spoke at Johns Hopkins last April 7. After stating that war implements "are necessary symbols" but as a "witness to human folly," not "impressive," he continued:

"A dam built across a great river is impressive. . . In the countryside where I was born, and where I live, I have seen the night illuminated, and the kitchen warmed, and the home heated, where once



A Lao engineer working with the Canadian survey team looks through a stadiometer.

the cheerless night and the ceaseless cold held sway. And all this happened because electricity came to our area along the humming wires of the REA. Electrification of the countryside—yes, that, too, is impressive."

By coincidence, one of the men whom young Congressman Johnson worked with in the New Deal's Public Works Administration, Arthur "Tex" Goldschmidt, is much interested in, and indirectly connected with, the Mekong Project. Mr. Goldschmidt is in charge of Special Fund activities in the UN's Department of Economic and Social Affairs, and the Special Fund is heavily involved in the Mekong Project. Mr. Goldschmidt is something of a link between the President and the Executive Agent of the Mekong Committee, Dr. C. Hart Schaaf. The latter, an American formerly with Cornell University, is the foremost proponent of the Mekong Project.

This latest river to attract Lyndon Johnson's attention is unique in many ways. Depending on how it is calculated, the mighty Mekong is anywhere from the sixth largest (based on discharge into the sea) to tenth largest river in the world. Like many great Asian rivers, such as the Yellow, the Yangtze, the Irrawaddy, and the Brahmaputra, it traces its origins to the snowfields of the Tibetan Plateau, 16,400 ft. above sea level. For more than a thousand miles it flows through Communist China, where it is known as the Lan-Tsan-Kiang, "the turbulent river." Experts say the Chinese Communists would be unable to turn its wild torrent aside even if they so desired, and in any event, only fourteen percent of the river's water comes out of China.

On emerging from China, the Mekong forms the boundary of Burma and Laos for 130 miles, then the boundary of Thailand and Laos for 62 miles; the next 373 miles are with Laotian territory on both banks before it is again the frontier of Thailand and Laos for another 531 miles. After some distance further through Laotian territory, the river traverses Cambodia for 284 miles before it enters South Vietnam and then out into a vast delta south of Saigon. The project to develop "the Lower Mekong River Basin" covers the lower 1,500 miles of the river, a distance almost equal to the length of the Mississippi.



The Wai Taki, one of the water-jet survey vessels contributed by New Zealand to the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, speeds up the mighty Mekong.

Nowhere along its entire length of 2,800 miles has a man-made structure been flung across it. With the exception of one crude waterwheel in the Vietnam Highlands, its powerful waters are not used to generate a single kilowatt of electricity, although an estimated 20 million kilowatts could be generated as a basis for economic and social development.

The behavior of the Mekong is as extreme as the politics of the area. C. V. Narasimhan, UN Under Secretary and Chef de Cabinet of the UN's Secretary General, told a press conference last April 8 that he first learned of the Mekong scheme when an American diplomat at a cocktail party in New Delhi asked him, "Do you know of a river that flows backwards?" Mr. Narasimhan, then with the Indian Government, related, "I thought maybe he had been imbibing a little too freely, and I said, 'Really, is there such a river?' He said, 'Yes, there is a river called the Mekong which flows backwards.'"

This curious behavior is a result of the extremes between the wet and dry seasons of the area. The Lower Mekong Basin lies in the center of Asia's monsoon region. Although the Mekong originates with the trickles of melting snow, it becomes the cruel and destructive giant feared since ancient times because of the monsoon rains. After six months of drought, from November to May, during which the area becomes almost a barren desert, covered with dust, the mighty Mekong bursts with water. By the time it reaches Cambodia, the river is powerful enough to reverse the course of one of its principal tributaries, the Tonle Sap, which flows backwards into the Great Lake of Cambodia. In an effort to control the flooding of the Mekong delta in ancient times, the Khmer emperors constructed storage basins to supplement the Great Lake.

The Tonle Sap project is thus one of the most interesting and complicated parts of the modern-day plan to harness the Mekong. The proposal is to build a gated barrage which would be closed or opened so that water in the Great Lake could be maintained at a more constant level. Besides serving the purpose of flood control, the project would also preserve and develop Cambodia's main source of animal protein, the fish catch of the Great Lake, and it would contribute to the navigation of the majestic Mekong.

The fish catch has been going down at the rate of about five percent every year. Toward the end of the dry season, when the average depth of the Great Lake falls to about 40 inches, the water becomes so warm that the fish die by the thousands. Radar screens show that others leave the lake by the millions.

At the same time that dead fish start floating on the waters and Cambodia's fish supply "dries up," the Mekong becomes so low that ocean-going vessels are unable to reach the capital, Phnom Penh. An additional two feet of water afforded by the Tonle Sap barrage would enable many more ships to ascend the river.

The Mekong Basin, trained observers feel, has many other possibilities. Less than three percent of the Basin is irrigated, although much of it could and should be. Only one crop of rice a year is produced, although as many as three could be. Nitrogenous fertilizer could be produced with the cheap electric power generated by the dams. That cheap power could also be used to exploit the mineral resources of the area, such as bauxite, iron ore, copper, tungsten, and zinc. Fresh water could flush out the salt water and alum that contaminate such areas as the Plaines des Jones, an abandoned area where lawless marauders stir up constant friction between Cambodia and South Viet Nam.

An uncoordinated and unrelated development of this huge basin, however, could be disastrous. A failure to relate purposes could disrupt the economy of man and the ecology of nature. Much of the present economy of the area is geared to the annual monsoon flooding of the basin. The people have learned to use the flooding for growing wet-land rice, just as the fish use the annual floods for spawning in the Great Lake of Cambodia. In a part of the world where the daily diet consists almost entirely of rice and fish, even a temporary halt in these basic staples would be catastrophic.

Moreover, many local irrigation channels to croplands are flood-fed. In other areas, flood sediment deposited on fields each year serves to fertilize them. One long strain of rice, growing to a height of 12 and 15 feet, is used in staying abreast of the rising and receding flood waters. Stopping the annual floods would disrupt these various activities.

Added to these complications is the fact that besides China and Burma on the upper reaches of the river, there are four riparian states in the Lower Basin. Not only must the ecology of the area be taken into consideration, but there are the international complications. Past experience with international rivers such as the Rio Grande and the Indus shows that piecemeal development under international pressure is never too satisfactory.

At least the Mekong states could start with a clean slate, since the river until now has been used for no more than it has been for thousands of years, only for fishing, small shipping, and rice growing. If its potentialities were to be realized, they had to be tackled on a systematic, coordinated basis by some body which would override international boundaries. And that is precisely where the Mekong is once again unique. The UN has created such a body, but until Lyndon Johnson took a closer look at the Texas-size prob-

(Continued on page 52)

THE year 1966 marks the centenary of one of the chief milestones of our modern way of life, the first successful transatlantic cable between Europe and America. This daring project had struggled with a number of disappointing setbacks before its achievement. In 1858, failure of the insulation on a cable already laid between the two continents muted the signals. And in 1865, a new cable that was being strung out snapped in mid-ocean. At last, the magic link was ready on July 27, 1866, and congratulatory messages were exchanged between Queen Victoria and the American President, Andrew Johnson.

If Cyrus Field's pioneering work in the science of telegraphic communications had been perfected just a little more than a year sooner, it would have averted one of the most dramatic news gaps of the century.

Between April 15, 1865, when Abraham Lincoln died of an assassin's bullet, and April 26, 1865, the world outside America had no inkling of this sombre tragedy. During eleven days, the civilized world was divided into two parts—one that knew, the other that did not know what had happened in Washington.

What irony! During these eleven April days, foreign capitals were reading, with a feeling of relief that the end of the American Civil War was in sight and that a Union victory seemed assured. And while people in the United States shook with grief and fury as the fast-growing network of land telegraph wires chattered out the horrifying news from Washington, foreign chancelleries were penning polite notes of congratulations to American diplomatic representatives abroad about the early prospects of peace and victory. Newspapers gave prominence to the successes of the North. On the very day that Lincoln died in Washington, the London TIMES announced the fall of Richmond. Five days later, it reported Lincoln's solemn visit to the former Confederate capital. The texts of the surrender documents exchanged between Grant and Lee at Appomattox ar-

rived in England by fast Cunarder on April 24th. A mass meeting of British working-men voted congratulations to the Washington government. On the 25th, the day before the calamitous news broke over Europe, Londoners read Lincoln's moving words on the conclusion of the War, spoken "not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart," in which he voiced "hopes for a righteous peace . . ." To all appearances the American Union, led by its homespun genius, had been preserved.

When the news of the assassination did reach Europe, it fell upon an unsuspecting public with that much more shock effect.

In Washington, Secretary of War Stanton had taken charge of official communications. He immediately telegraphed the harrowing news to Charles Francis Adams, American Minister in London. This telegram, of course, could go by wire only as far as the United States Despatch Agent in New York, who rushed it aboard the fast SS *Nova Scotian*. The ship's first European port of call was Greencastle, County Donegal, on the Northern coast of Ireland. From there the message was sped over the wire of the British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph to England.

At the Department of State, things were in a turmoil. Both Secretary Seward and his son Frederick, who was Assistant Secretary, were immobilized by the severe injuries received in parallel attempts on their lives.

The Department was temporarily directed by William Hunter, the Chief Clerk. Hunter, too, got off a message to London on April 15th.

The two wire messages reached London on April 26th, as Minister Adams was urbanely exchanging notes with Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary, about some minor point involving Confederate ships and contraband in British waters. Adams was stunned by what he termed in his later memoirs "the crowning abomination of this unholy spirit." He at once put the news on the wire

Eleven Days In April

CARL CHARLICK



for transmission to American diplomatic posts on the Continent, using the cable link under the Channel which had existed since 1851. That same evening the London GLOBE carried the full story on its second page and also a leading editorial. The TIMES, a morning paper, had had only time to run a fragmentary report in a special third edition. The House of Commons, in session that afternoon, circulated an address of sympathy and presented this to Minister Adams at six o'clock the same evening. The American colony in London sent out a call to hold a sympathy meeting; the call went out over the name of Fernando Wood, a former Tammany mayor of New York City who had served several times in Congress.

The news spread quickly to the provinces, too. The Manchester GUARDIAN reprinted from the GLOBE the story in its morning edition of April 27th, but most of the cities knew it earlier. In spontaneous indignation meetings and in official resolutions of town councils, city after city during the next few weeks voiced its grief and sympathy—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Coventry, Bristol, Bradford, Huddersfield, Nottingham, Leeds, Norwich, Preston. These were the cities that had been on the side of the Union North throughout the long war, although the Union blockade often played havoc with their industry.

The next day, April 27th, the daze of horror gave way to more official reaction. In the House of Lords, Lord Russell announced a motion for a formal address to the Queen, expressing "sorrow and indignation," and in the House of Commons a similar action was sponsored by Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary. Before an unusually crowded meeting of the London Common Council Lord Mayor Hale noted "that a strong feeling appeared to animate the whole meeting, in common with the rest of the community at large." The assemblage then voted a resolution of sympathy to the American people. In an editorial accompanying its full news account on the 27th the London TIMES stated feelingly that "President Lincoln ranked in our minds with Kings and Emperors and was as much the 'Lord's anointed' to simple English loyalty as any crowned head in Europe."

Paris learned of the tragedy on the evening of the 26th. Emperor Napoleon III, preparing to leave on a state visit to Algiers, at first flatly refused to believe the report. As the night wore on, however, the intelligence was confirmed, and early the next morning an aide-de-camp called on American Minister Bigelow to convey the Emperor's "horror and sorrow." For Bigelow it was a devastating beginning of his mission; only four days earlier, newly arrived, he had presented his credentials to the sovereign. French newspapers, while unanimous in condemning the murder, did not shrink from mixing some politics with their reports. Political feelings at this time were simmering close to the surface in France under the increasingly heavy hand of the Imperial regime. Assassination was a distinctly ugly word. "There can be but one feeling of horror in Europe as well as America," wrote the government-oriented MONITEUR. Its partisan ally, CONSTITUTIONNEL, felt that "such crimes cannot but wound the feelings of the whole world." LE TEMPS predicted that despite Lincoln's untimely end, "the greatest victory of liberty will not have been won in vain." With more emotion L'AVENIR exclaimed that "A great citizen has fallen to his cause, but his cause tri-

umphant," while the progressive SIECLE mourned one more victim "for the cause of liberty and humanity." The JOURNAL DES DEBATS, however, official organ of the government, took this occasion to chide the partisans of "unlimited democracy" who felt bereaved by Lincoln's death.

On the same afternoon of the 27th, with the news now generally abroad in Paris, a crowd of sympathizers converged on the American Legation. So great was the crush of people around the Legation that the police had to be reinforced by a company of regular infantry, who sealed off traffic and imposed rigid controls on visitors. The Paris police were hyper-sensitive about popular assemblages; groups of more than twenty persons were strictly banned. Before order was generally restored, a number of sympathizers found themselves jailed. "Why these arrests?" asked the liberal SIECLE. "Did not youth respond to one of the finest sentiments?" From the windows of the legation Minister Bigelow counted at least sixteen policemen patrolling outside.

Before leaving on his state visit to Africa Emperor Napoleon, who had a good scent for political dividends, sent to the French Senate and the Chamber of Deputies copies of his official condolences to the American Government. Both houses voted their unanimous endorsement on the following Monday, May 1st.

On the same day the British Parliament in an address to the Queen, begged the monarch to include the feeling of sorrow and indignation of the two Houses when "communicating her own sentiments . . . to the Government of the United States," to which Victoria responded with a "most gracious answer." Ever the dutiful queen, Victoria had already attended to the amenities. In her diary she noted on April 29th:

Wrote to Mrs. Lincoln . . . which was much wished, and was quite touched by a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith (a great democrat), who was so anxious I should write, saying it would do more good than anything else.

The Russian capital learned the news on the 27th (April 15th by the Orthodox calendar!), by telegram from Adams in London. The Czar was out of the country, having rushed to the bedside of the dying Czarevich in Cannes, and the news of the prince's death on April 24th overshadowed all other events in Saint Petersburg. Nevertheless Prince Gortchakov, the Foreign Minister, at once sent off a letter of sympathy to President Johnson, explaining that while he was unable to express the personal sentiments of the Czar, he was fully acquainted with the feelings which his "august master entertains for the United States." A wave of sympathetic messages flooded in on the American Minister, General Cassius Clay. Grand Duke Constantine sent an equestrian to the Legation, and the Prince of Oldenburg called in person.

The American Legation in Madrid received the fateful news late on the 26th and at once relayed it to the numerous American consulates in the country. The Duke of Valencia, head of the government, called at the Legation to express Queen Isabella's sentiments of horror and grief. In the Cortes the deputies sharply inquired what the government had done about conveying the sympathies of the Spanish people to America. "The Spanish

(Continued on page 54)

NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR THE SERVICE

THE announcement by the President that he was conferring new authority on the Secretary to supervise and direct the interdepartmental overseas activities of the entire government is of major significance for the Foreign Service. Elsewhere in this issue Ambassador Johnson describes this important event in greater detail. The JOURNAL and, we venture to say the majority of its readers, welcome this long overdue step which is so necessary to give effect to the primacy of national policy, as the President sees it, over the specialized interests of the various agencies of the government. With the creation of the Senior Interdepartmental Group and the Interdepartmental Regional Groups the Secretary now has both the authority and the machinery to assure him that problems will be brought to the proper level for consideration, that the views of all the interested agencies will have a forum in which they can be aired, and that decisions will be taken on the basis of the best information available. The establishment of interdepartmental groups below the cabinet and National Security Council level with decision-making authority should considerably speed up that process.

The internal reorganization of the Department, which was issued simultaneously with the President's directive, introduces the concept of Country Director. It is designed to provide the Secretary and Under Secretary with the backing they need to staff the new groups and by this means carry out their new mandate. The creation of the post of Country Director provides a focus for Washington backing for country overseas programs. In the past there was a division between the responsibility of the desk officer for these activities, and the authority to carry them out which more often lay at the Office Director or Deputy Assistant Secretary level. With the proper rank, authority, and familiarity with the situation, the Country Director should be in a position to provide leadership over country programs, government wide. It is to be hoped that the days are past when major policy decisions were discussed without the responsible and knowledgeable officer being present.

Although the authority and machinery now appears to

be established, the system will depend for its effective operation on the vigor and ability with which it is administered. The Department moved with impressive speed and decisiveness in issuing its own reorganization plans at the same time as the announcement of the President's directive. A staff director for the SIG was at his desk the day the Presidential announcement was made and the SIG held its first meeting four days later. It is hoped that this momentum can be continued, for the specter of interdepartmental groups which degenerated into formalistic papermills is all too familiar to most of us. The success of the system will depend on the leadership which the Department and the Foreign Service give to it. The opportunity is there. It is up to us to meet the challenge of this difficult and demanding assignment. ■

ONCE AN AMBASSADOR, ALWAYS AN AMBASSADOR

A CURIOUS solecism is edging its way into current usage: *former ambassador*. It pops up increasingly in the press: "Former Ambassador Billingsby won the chrysanthemum prize." . . . "Former Ambassador Merrywell who owned a collection of Peruvian silver. . ."

Ambassador Billingsby is obviously still around or he wouldn't be carrying off garden show prizes. But why was he stripped of his title of ambassador? Egregious behavior of some sort? As for Ambassador Merrywell, is he still extant or should one look him up in "Who Was Who in America?" If he is still with us, he must occasionally entertain doubts when he hears himself referred to as "the former ambassador."

Two analogies might set us straight. In army, navy, and air force circles retired admirals and generals are not called retired generals and admirals. To refer to them thus would be rude and also illiterate. They remain plain admirals and generals throughout their retirement, so long as they live.

In American usage medical doctors retain their titles in retirement. One never says: "the Retired Dr. Townsend."

To apply *former* to retired ambassadors seems not only gauche but ungenerous. They should carry the prefix-less title they bore at the peak of their career to the end of their days. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

IF YOU HAVE an idle afternoon on your hands, here is the way to dispose of it—pleasantly and profitably:

You first hie yourself to the Corcoran Gallery to look at an exhibit of notable silver produced in the Washington area between 1750 and 1850. You may see among the hundred odd pieces in the exhibit two stunning chalices by Charles A. Burnett belonging to Christ Church, Georgetown, three fiddle-shaped spoons with scallop shell handles by Robert Keyworth, a ladle by Adam Lynn and a snuff box that once belonged to James Madison. It's all gleaming and beautiful and relaxing. There is no noise, no crowd and you will not encounter Zsa Zsa Gabor, Nkrumah, the Beatles, Cassius Clay or any other strenuous personalities.

There is only one drawback: you can't make out head or tail in the collection without buying a catalogue and the catalogue, not very expertly put together, costs \$1.75.

From the Corcoran you go to the Textile Museum on S Street to see a superb show of Mexican and Guatemalan textiles. Both races specialized in dazzling colors and design and the show takes you through the whole range of their achievement. Particularly impressive are a huge 1783 rug full of flower and leaf motifs, a Oaxaca huipil and a series of elegant embroideries from Chichicastenango.

It's quiet and pleasant here, too. No crowds. You won't meet Anita Ekberg, Sukarno, Truman Capote, Perle Mesta or any other strenuous personalities. The museum helps you to enjoy the show by providing (free) a good catalogue.

You come now to a bang-up finale. The Washington Gallery of Modern Art is staging the noisiest show known to history. The instigators of this are two "kinetic sculptors," a Swiss named Jean Tinguely and a Hungarian named Nicolas Schöffer. Both are *avant garde*, *dernier cri* and way out. As far out, indeed, as they can get. Tinguely's wares consist mainly of fantastic assemblages of machine parts from junk heaps. Parts of trains and motor cars are particularly in evidence. Sometimes feathers and colored disks adorn the strange shapes. All these contraptions not only move

but they all create an infernal din. The entire museum, in fact, is pure bedlam, more cacophonous than anything ever heard in a machine shop. The hunks of metal roar, thump, screech, clank, bang. Sifted into the din is the sound of bells, whistles and sirens. On top of this Schöffer has contributed to the gaiety by doing strange things with light. A large framework resting on the floor, for instance, hurls strange patterns of color into a mirror-lined pyramid. Perhaps the *pièce de résistance* of the whole collection is a torture device which makes a horrendous noise as five saws scrape away at the head, arms and legs of a dummy.

Before the object a surprising spectacle took place. Ten or eleven little Negro girls were jumping up and down, clapping their hands and howling with glee. More detached spectators felt constrained to admit that this tribute to the work of art was thoroughly appropriate.

Did you ever see a group of little maidens staging a riotous scene for Archipenko or Despiau? No, you didn't!

You Must See It!

There was a time—and many of the people gliding in and out of DACOR House can remember the time quite vividly—when any visiting Foreign Service officer in the Department for consultation could find no place to hang his hat, make telephone calls or write letters. Unless he could appeal to some charitable friend serving a tour in the Department who was able to dispose of a bit of unused space.

This stretches back into the past because in recent years the Foreign Service Lounge has been satisfactory. But it is a pleasure to record that the Lounge has been enlarged, refitted, re-equipped, and now it is *super-satisfactory*. First of all the helpful, amiable staff is still there. Probably everyone who ever walked into the room has felt that his burdens have been eased by the ministrations of Elizabeth McCormack, Stella Makara, Sarah Fisher, Ronald Howell and Charles McLaughlin.

There are numerous outstanding improvements in the new installation. Private cubby holes—officettes, some one might call them—now provide

typewriter, telephone and a comfortable chair. For those who wish merely to collect their soul between appointments there are lounges with spacious chairs, good lamps and reading matter. There is color television and cupboards for clothes. New quarters have been assigned to the American Foreign Service Women's Association, which is, as we all know, an admirable organization that solves many a problem for Foreign Service families—and all achieved on a voluntary basis with no expense to the taxpayer. The Foreign Service Lounge is the hub of the new employees' center whose Coordinator is Jerome P. Irwin.

Exsultate, Jubilate!

The first paragraph in the January Letter carried the glad tidings (just when you were writing checks to cover the Christmas binge) that if the rise in the cost of living stood at a minimum of three per cent at the year's end, there would be an increase in the Foreign Service officers' annuity in April. And that's the way it has come about. The increase will be 4.3 per cent. It will take effect on April 1 which means it will be visible in the April 30 pay check.

The cause of rejoicing lies not, however, in the specific rise. It lies in the new principle: from now on the retired Foreign Service officer will have some protection against the menace of inflation.

Please Fasten Your Seat Belts

Don't panic now and don't start squandering money! But there is a good chance that your pay check will increase. President Johnson has sent to Congress one of those "packages" that seem to be more and more popular. Included are proposals for a pay rise allied to proposals for various fringe benefits for all federal employees. There is no good going into minute detail because you must have one of those elaborate charts to tell you what you stand to gain. However, two facts will keep your pulse from racing: The average of the proposed federal pay rise is only 2.85% and the effective date, according to the proposals, won't come off till next January 1.

The Psychopathology of Bus Riding

Why Bus Drivers Go Mad:

Many passengers grope for their fare (while the queue behind them extends down to the street) and haul out a ten dollar bill.

"Please move to the back of the bus!" The entreaty goes unheeded. Five or six people huddle in the front and the driver calls out to the dejected would-be passengers down on the sidewalk, "Sorry, can't take any more!"

"Please turn off the transistor. It's against the regulations." The transistor owner doesn't hear. He is pre-occupied with a jingly commercial about "Eat crunchy krinkles." You can always identify him because he wears a silly, smug smile.

"Does this bus go to the park?" . . . "What park, lady?" . . . "I don't know its name. It's the one they are all talking about."

Thirteen Texans, each equipped with a ten gallon hat and a hodge proclaiming his name enter a Connecticut Avenue bus. Each one says, "The tour leader will pay for me." They take seats—front and rear—wherever they can find one. The tour leader fetches up last, proffering a ten dollar bill. He asks the driver, "Is this the Greyhound?" The driver answers with astonishing moderation, "It's not even a Trailways." The leader calls out, "All right, fellahs, out!" All thirteen ten gallon hats file out.

Why Passengers Go Mad:

It is a nice, non-crowded bus. There are no people at most of the stops. The bus should make good time. But alas! The driver now decides that he is ahead of schedule. He slows up to a crawl and he shows a loathsome talent for hitting every red light.

It's a crowded bus. Lots of people standing. But look at the woman in the red hat. She sits on the outside seat and uses the inside seat for her coat and handbag. She gets many harsh glances but no one tells her she is a grade A lout.

"I was simply terrified. I still tremble when I think of it. It was three in the morning. I opened the door of my bedroom and there . . ."

These words she trumpets so everyone in the bus can hear. Then her voice subsides to a whisper. Why hasn't someone the courage to speak up . . . "Now look here, my good woman, this is most unethical behavior. You get everyone aroused and then you withhold the part of the story we all have a right to hear.

Speak up and tell us what you saw outside that bloody door!"

Certain idiots occupying window seats fidget just before each stop as if they intended to get out. You fold your newspaper and prepare to let them out. Then they subside. More fidgeting at the next stop.

Observation:

Experienced bus-riders—the aristocracy of bus riders, let us say, develop certain traits such as poise, posture, the ability to sit down quietly. But there are non-aristocrats, who refuse to hold on to anything preferring to stagger and fall over others. People used to other modes of travel such as proas, horses and subways, seem inevitably to lurch and stumble. One passenger who said he was used to camels in his home territory—Pakistan—managed to flounder from the front door to the rearmost seat, and then land on his bottom on the floor.

The above reflections, patterned after Freud's "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life," are offered free to anyone who needs a thesis for a Ph.D. Bus riding is much more interesting and important than running down "The Antecedents of Spinoza's Pantheism," or "The Historical Reality of Jainism's 23 Tirthankaras."

Big Experiment

A communication from the Internal Revenue Service, Baltimore office to a Foreign Service officer was addressed as follows:

Robert A. & Maria Bauer
Vairo
Experiment of State
Washington, D. C.

April Award

John Hawthorne is a prominent contemporary thinker who runs a Washington insurance agency. Observing that a girl secretary was sniffing and sneezing, he paused at her desk and said sternly, "I've warned you about this before! This comes from drinking out of damp glasses."

For this original medical research, John Hawthorne gets the April Award.

Peaks on Parnassus

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

Aut quam sidera multa,
eum tacet nox,
furtivos hominum vident amores.

Catullus: Satire VII

(In the silent night all those stars peer down on the furtive loves of men.)

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by Robert W. Rinden



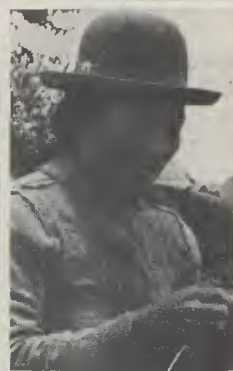
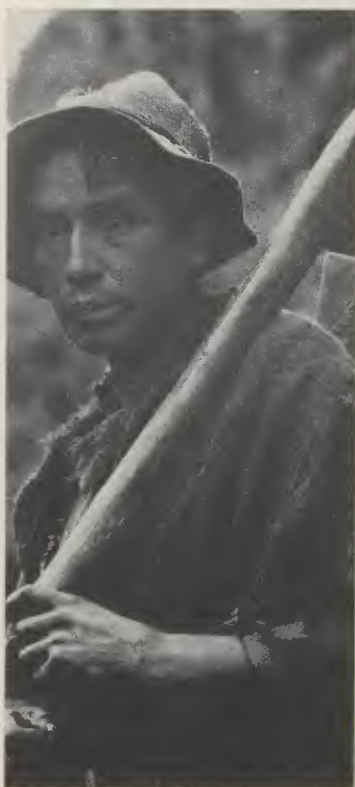
"Cad or not, madame, my career demands that I marry only girls of American nationality."

The Peace Corps: Its Past and Its Future

DAVID S. BURGESS

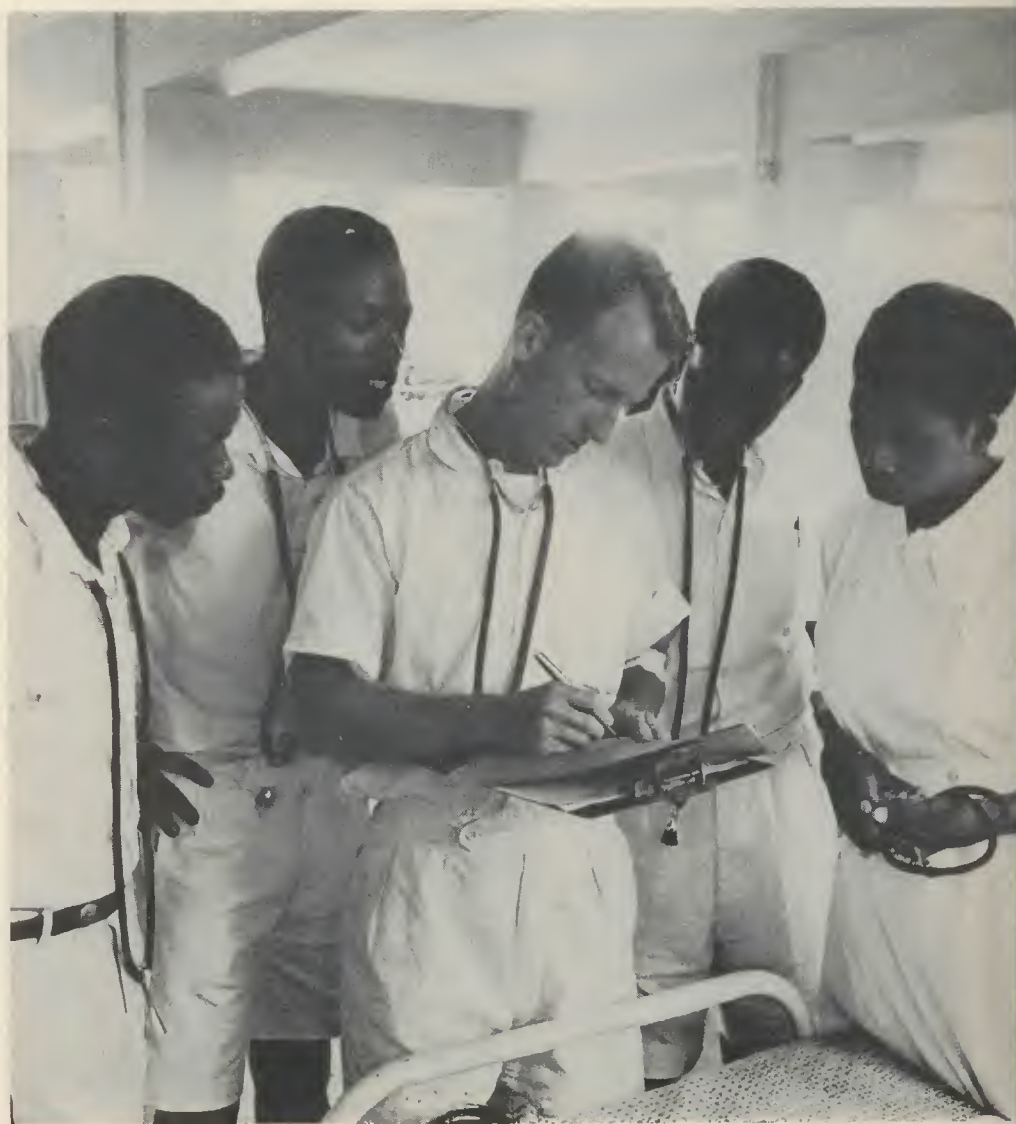
TODAY the Peace Corps, which now has 12,500 young Americans working in 45 developing countries overseas, is both a respectable institution enjoying bi-partisan support and an important appendage of American foreign policy. But it has not always been so. Conceived legislatively by Congressman Henry Reuss and former Senator Hubert Humphrey, opposed by former President Eisenhower and candidate Richard Nixon but endorsed by John F. Kennedy during the last days of the 1960 presidential campaign, the Peace Corps was launched by President Kennedy in March, 1961 under the directorship of his brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver. Successfully withstanding the charge of being a "kiddie corps" and a "children's crusade," it was finally approved by Congress in September, 1961 partly because of the Director's ability to persuade Senators and Congressmen of all political stripes. That year Roy Hoopes, now Associate Editor of the *WASHINGTONIAN*, wrote the first "Complete Peace Corps Guide." In 1965, based on the four-year success story of the Corps, Mr. Hoopes put out a revised edition of the "Guide." In it he outlines the history, objectives and methods of the Corps and gives a summary of each existing program in the 45 developing countries abroad.

A photographic parallel to Hoopes's book has been recently prepared by Aaron Ezickson, who retired after serving the Associated Press for more than two decades. The publication entitled "The Peace Corps: A Pictorial History" contains an introduc-



tion by the Peace Corps Director, excellent pictures (mainly taken by Corps staffman Paul Conklin) of Volunteers working in 28 host countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, and a well worded text edited by Mr. Ezickson recounting the actual experience of Volunteers serving abroad.

Based on these two books, which tend to pictorialize and describe rather than to analyze and evaluate the Corps' overseas efforts to date, what can we conclude about the long term effect of the Corps at home and abroad? Drawn mainly from the "cool" and "silent" college generation so often criticized or misunderstood by its activist elders, the Volunteers have proved that contrary to popular opinion there is a large number of young Americans who are not content with the affluence of America and who want to devote their minds and energies to assist the destitute overseas through quiet deeds of service. Today hundreds of Volunteers, forcibly matured during their two years abroad by hardship, boredom and at times actual local opposition (all well described by Mr. Hoopes in Chapter 12 of the "Guide"), are returning to America more experienced, more certain of their vocational objectives and more confident of themselves. Seventy-five percent of the first 5,000 returned Volunteers, for example, indicated in a survey that their life abroad had changed the choice of their future profession. Over 50 percent immediately entered graduate school upon their return with clearer vocational purposes in mind. From



this conglomerate group of young Americans, a reservoir of potential Foreign Service officers, AID technicians, foundation specialists, international educators and private business executives for future assignments abroad is being built up. And since the overseas experience of almost all returning Volunteers has changed their world outlook, the US now has a rapidly growing group of informed, internationally-minded, linguistically-adept citizens who will have a long-term effect upon public opinion as well as future foreign policy decisions of our country.

As both Hoopes and Ezickson have shown in their books, the Volunteers have helped to prove that the *Ugly American* caricature of the typical overseas citizen is essentially false. For in the Peace Corps both the younger and older Volunteers have successfully identified themselves with their host neighbors by living modestly, speaking the local language, working under the direction of host nationals, and tactfully avoiding over-identification with the American diplomatic and business communities. Consequently in the eyes of the local citizen overseas, the average Volunteer is not a haughty or superior "Yankee," but is rather a friend working hard, playing hard and endowed with a natural compassion for the poor, the diseased and the disheartened.

TIME concluded a few months ago that the Peace Corps was "the greatest single success of the Kennedy Administration . . ." Former Senator Barry Goldwater overcame his initial scepticism of the Corps and has consistently supported it. And now the Peace Corps, once the struggling stepchild in the Washington jungle and the violator of many sacred bureaucratic concepts, has become as respectable as Motherhood and the Fourth of July oration.

Fortunately, however, even though the Shriver-desired turnover of the senior Peace Corps staff ("in-up-and-out" in five years or less) has been rapid and even though Hoopes can naively write in 1965 that "only three incidents mar the [Peace Corps'] otherwise glittering record," the present leadership of the Corps appears to be far from smug and keenly conscious of the inevitable dangers of institutionalism and is already heeding the Biblical warning—"Beware when all men speak well of you." Their desire for reform has been somewhat spurred by President Johnson's statement of November 2, 1964. Declared the President, who had fought to insure the independence of the Peace Corps from domination by AID or the State

Department when as Vice President he served as Chairman of the Peace Corps Advisory Committee: "This is not the time to rest on the [Peace Corps'] achievements of the last four years. This is the time to go forward."

Fearful of following the well-worn ruts of the past, Director Shriver has recently created a special task force headed by Associate Director Harris Wofford to study and propose radical changes in the training programs and to devise new domestic and overseas projects that "require outstanding academic leaders, outstanding institutions and outstanding curriculum." Last July a conference on "The Peace Corps in An Educating Society" was held at the Brookings Institution in Washington between top Corps staff members and some of the leading educators in the United States. They discussed the possibility of awarding college and graduate credit to Volunteers who successfully completed two years of service abroad. Disagreements were voiced concerning the advisability of creating a type of Peace Corps graduate school. And during the course of the conference the staff members stated that the Peace Corps was not able to appeal to many of the best students in sufficient numbers because often the faculty members had already persuaded these students to shun the Corps and pursue graduate studies immediately after graduation. At the Conference, Deputy Peace Corps Director Warren Wiggins put the problem of change in these words:

(The Peace Corps) prides itself in having the capacity for change and growth and evolution from what it is to what it might be. That's the central thread of philosophical content of the leaders of our group . . . If in the next two years this institution that prides itself on change and growth and being an open society, doesn't evolve, then it will see itself and be seen by others without this ability to change.

At the present writing, the Peace Corps has shown a remarkable ability to evolve toward a closer relationship to the academic community of America; but since its inception few places in its ranks have been open to the great number of skilled and dedicated Americans who have never had the privilege of a college education. Consequently, the Peace Corps has tended to become an elite corps of college graduates with great intellectual abilities but with few mechanical skills. In 1964, for example, 84 percent of overseas Volunteers had graduated from college or had graduate degrees; 14 percent had been in college but had never received a degree; and only 3 percent had never been in college.

Yet despite the tendency within the Corps staff to make a college degree a prerequisite for an assignment as a Volunteer overseas, approximately 50 percent of all applicants today do *not* have a college degree; and despite the recent concentration of recruitment campaigns on college campuses, the number of college applicants in recent years has remained more or less constant—far from the required number to put 20,000 Volunteers abroad by 1970, as proposed by the President himself.

Host governments, as both Hoopes and Ezickson have emphasized, are asking for more Peace Corps teachers at the primary, secondary and college levels; but these same governments, as present surveys indicate, are in far more desperate need of Volunteers who are skilled carpenters, electricians, machinists or mechanics. Partly because of its college orientation and its insistence upon high academic and linguistic standards for most volunteers, the Peace Corps has failed to recruit or to train anywhere near the great volume of such skilled workers requested by host governments.

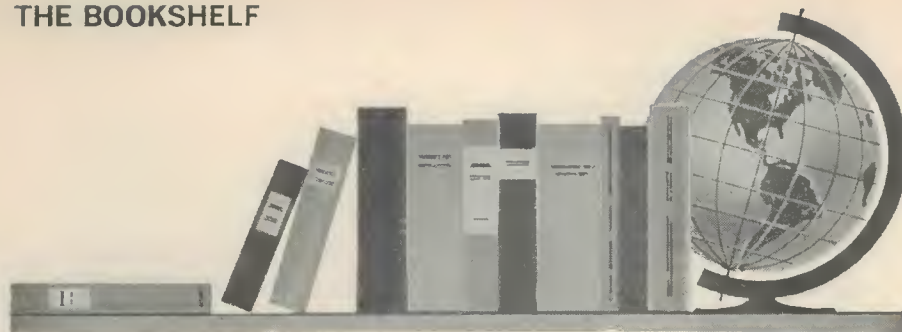
Before the doors of the Peace Corps can be open to these workers, radical changes must be made in policy: recruitment campaigns must be centered in industrial communities as well as on college campuses; language requirements must be lowered; a use must be found within the Corps ranks for the domestically skilled wife of a mechanic or carpenter; industry as a whole must be persuaded to grant Peace Corps leaves-of-absence similar to military leave provisions now required by federal statute; training methods must be drastically altered and greater emphasis placed upon industry-orientation rather than college-orientation; the AFL-CIO must be persuaded that the Peace Corps is really serious about using industrial workers in its overseas projects; and new and imaginative programs overseas for such workers must be started soon.

Will the Peace Corps evolve into a broader based organization appealing both to the college graduate and the skilled worker, or will it remain essentially an organization for the educationally elite? With the appointment of former Assistant Secretary of State Jack Vaughn as the new Peace Corps Director, all of America and the world await the answer.

—DAVID S. BURGESS

THE COMPLETE PEACE CORPS GUIDE (Revised Edition), by Roy Hoopes. The Dial Press, \$4.50.

THE PEACE CORPS: A PICTORIAL HISTORY, by Aaron J. Ezickson. Hill and Wang, \$6.95.



Vietnam: Three Views

THE best and most uncompromising book to date on what is happening in Vietnam is probably Robert Shaplen's "The Lost Revolution." "The theory propounded in this book" Shaplen states, "is based on the proposition that the events that have occurred in Indochina to date were not inevitable, that they could have been foreseen and avoided by the Western democracies, and that therefore a certain amount of speculation about them is justified and may still be useful in planning and looking ahead." This is a statement which should not be read out of context, with a series of dots trailing off after the word *inevitable* or the word *democracies*; the statement ends with the words *planning and looking ahead*.

Shaplen, aside from being a superior writer, is one of the few observers of the Far East who makes his observations on the basis of twenty years in the area. "In the area," in this case, means considerably more than limited enclaves surrounding the Raffles Hotel or Prince's Restaurant in Singapore, the Cercle Sportif in Saigon, or similar forbidden cities within cities elsewhere in the area. And "makes his observations" means considerably more than sitting at a bar, picking the brains of resident foreigners who happen to have traveled five or six city blocks in the general direction of the provinces.

Neither is Shaplen a Monday morning quarterback. Go back to his group of short stories published shortly after World War Two, under the title "A Corner of the World." More precisely, go back to his 1956 novel about Indochina, "A Forest of Tigers" (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.). It is a good novel, and it contains passages like the following two:

"The Americans, with their good intentions, are responsible for much death."

"I wouldn't put it as harshly as that," Adam said.

"The Americans are always rushing in when it is too late, or insisting on reform when it is too soon," she said.

"Our timing's bad," Adam said flatly. "We're always one revolution or a war or two behind, aren't we?"

* * *

"It's unfortunate," Adam said, "that one cannot be a better leveler. To be tied to one hemisphere by necessity, by blood and by tradition, and to believe at the same time in the other, becomes a source of confusion."

"Perhaps you will have to make a fresh choice?" [the Vietnamese suggested.]

"It may be made for us," Adam replied. "The neutrality of procrastination brings on the tyrant. We may save half the world and lose the other. And we'll have lost the better half."

"A gambler cannot look back. . . . You are still gamblers for men's souls. The tyrant captures them."

"I think," Adam said, "that we have ten years left for gambling, you and I. It will be the greatest gamble in the history of man."

"The largest, or the greatest?" the Vietnamese inquired.

"The last one," Adam said, "and therefore both."

In his non-fictional "The Lost Revolution," Shaplen is, in a way, revisiting his fictional "Forest of Tigers." Ten years older and ten years more disenchanted, he finds no surprises. He relates what he finds, putting it in the context of what has gone before. This is a study of Vietnam today which does not begin with a correspondent's boarding a jet at five o'clock one morning last month. It begins in 1945, and events and situations take on proper dimensions, and the reader begins to see things in proper perspective.

If you want to see honest mistakes of judgment labeled conspiracy, if gray (instead of black and white) areas of current history make you uneasy, if commentary without character assassination leaves you unsatisfied, this is not your book.

If you want to take a giant step toward understanding what is happening in Vietnam, read it. And if, upon completing your reading, you do not agree with everything Shaplen has to say, you will at least find yourself more qualified to disagree.

Australian communist Wilfred G.

Burchett, whose name is not unknown to veterans of Korea, has published "Vietnam, Inside Story of the Guerilla War," subtitled *An eyewitness report by the only Western writer to travel throughout the areas held by the National Liberation Front*. It is all strangely unreal. As Burchett relates it, the Viet Cong can do no wrong. I found only one instance in which he admitted they had made a mistake (but no harm came of it). Every Viet Cong male is a super-patriot, as Burchett relates it, as well as a sort of Tom Swift and His Electric Personality. And every Viet Cong female is a combination Molly Pitcher, Barbara Fritchic, and Wonder Woman. One tale he tells, for example, is about how two Viet Cong girls, "Blossom" and "Lissom," "heat off an enemy attack at company strength from their fortified village."

The book is, however, revealing in its discussion of various communist techniques and tactics in Vietnam. Students of psychological warfare, for example, may find passages like the following of more than passing interest:

Apart from those who organize or participate in the actions at district and provincial centers, there are in every village groups of women known as "cannon-spikers."

When troops start setting up artillery or mortars to bombard a village which they suspect is "Viet Cong," a group of women turns up. The most experienced, a babe in her arms, approaches the officer in charge: "You must be very tired. Better come in and have some tea. Or a nice, cool coconut." The others move among the troops, asking what is going to happen. "If you think you're going to dissuade me from bombarding the village with your tricks, you're mistaken," might well be the officers' reply.

"But what are you going to do that for?"

"To wipe out the 'Viet Cong' that you've got hiding there."

"But there aren't any 'Viet Cong' in our village now. There were some but they heard you were coming and have gone away. If you shell the village, you'll only kill women and children like us. I assure you there are no 'Viet Cong' left. I'll take you into every house and show you if you like."

Meanwhile, the other "cannon-spikers" are working on the troops, showing them photos of husbands and relatives in their own army: "We are just like your families. Are you going to fire on your own kith and kin?" If the officer insists on going ahead, the "cannon-spikers" line up in front of the weapons and say: "Well, better kill us first. We'll be dead anyway if we go back into the village and you shell us."

Usually, I am assured, this works.

This book is not going to attract many readers or change anybody's thinking about the Viet Cong or Hanoi.

"Our Vietnam Nightmare," by the late Marguerite Higgins, zeroes in on the Buddhist crises which preceded and followed the fall of Diem. Evidence indicating that certain of the Buddhist leaders were not entirely without political motives and suggesting that the communists could have had a hand in organizing and staging demonstrations is presented.

Miss Higgins had strong views about events in Vietnam and did not try to hide them in this book. Some of the chapter titles: *The Xa Loi Pagoda: Buddha at the Barricades*, *Machiavelli with Incense*, *The Countryside: American Myths and Vietnamese Realities*, *The War: Heads You Win, Tails I Lose?*

—S. I. NADLER

THE LOST REVOLUTION, by Robert Shaplen. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

VIETNAM: INSIDE STORY OF THE GUERRILLA WAR, by Wilfred G. Burchett. International Publishers, \$4.95.

OUR VIETNAM NIGHTMARE, by Marguerite Higgins. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

History off a Hot Stove

TAD SZULC would have been fairer to his readers, not to mention the US officials involved with the Dominican crisis, if he had made the last three pages of his "Dominican Diary" a preface rather than a postscript. It is only after one has almost completed his "diary," which contains a number of important conclusions, the main one being that US policy makers goofed, that he notes:

"It is evidently unwise—if not downright impossible—to form definitive conclusions about the Dominican civil war and the United States' role in it. The process, which began with the uprising of April 24, has not yet fully run its course."

And then, in presenting his "tentative thoughts and judgments," he says they are "in their very nature fairly subjective." If only he, not to mention Mr. Kurzman, had said this in the beginning of his book!

It is to Tad Szulc's credit that he selected a title which implies one man's view of things—a "diary," whereas the advertising for Kurzman's equally biased book calls the Kurzman critique something it certainly is *not*, "a meticulously objective, fully documented account."

Theodore Draper, writing in COMMENTARY (Dec. '65), compounds the error of those who might rely on these two books for impartial, reportorial coverage of the Dominican Civil War. Draper describes them as "indispensable for anyone who wishes to learn what happened in the Dominican Republic before and after April 24."

They were, apparently, indispensable to Mr. Draper who quotes extensively from both books in his lengthy article. It is not surprising that he arrives at similar conclusions, his criticism of US policy strengthened, perhaps, by his distance from the scene of the events.

While Mr. Szulc condemns US policy makers in general, and Ambassador Bennett in particular, especially for the alleged lack of a single, firm policy line, he does note the fluidity of the events which began April 24, 1965. Since events, after all, affect policy just as much as policy attempts to affect events, this is an extremely pertinent point. Thus when the young military commanders who had set off the revolt the day before took control of the Presidential Palace and announced that, instead of a military junta, they were now pressing for the restoration of constitutional government, Szulc writes: "... suddenly the whole situation changed again." (Italics my own)

In describing events on April 28th, he notes: "To everybody's complete surprise, the rebels went on fighting despite their apparent collapse the night before" and Caamaño "suddenly became the standard-bearer of the revolution and, to his own surprise, its top leader."

And he also states that "although Dr. Bosch was nominally the head of the revolution that had been set in motion to bring him back to power, it appeared that he did not actually know when it was to start." Despite all this, Mr. Szulc's harsh criticism of US officials indicates he somehow expected them to have far greater clairvoyance than the individuals directly involved in these fast-changing events!

Kurzman's book reads like a campaign to put responsibility for every facet of the events which led up to and surrounded the civil war on Ambassador Bennett's shoulders, a campaign which comes to a climax on pages 151 through 155, when Kurzman concludes, "... he (Bennett) forced them to keep fighting until the marines had to be called in to keep them from winning." From there it is a short hop to the charges that the US "used the Trujillo technique on an international scale" and that "the Administration . . . sank ever more deeply into a morass of McCarthyism." There is no more reason to accept this one-sided view of US policy than there is to accept Mr. Kurzman's one-sided eulogy to Juan Bosch who, if nothing else, is at least as complex an individual as suggested by the more penetrating analysis of him presented by Tad Szulc.

For a man who is so sure of so many things he writes about, perhaps the most significant line in "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned" appears on page 225, where Kurzman notes:

"Whether Communists were among the people at the (rebel) headquarters I couldn't be sure."

This is the closest Kurzman comes, at least in this book, to admitting that he may not have had access to or utilized all of the resources available to arrive at so many quick and strong conclusions.

Some, though by no means all, of Tad Szulc's views which differ from those which he attributes to the US Embassy can be described as differences in degree. The now-famous Hotel Embajador incident of April 27th is an example of this. Szulc contends that the embassy's reports "must have been greatly exaggerated," though he does admit that "the rebels fired several submachine-gun bursts into the (hotel) ceiling and, for some unclear reason, forced the American civilians to line up against the walls." It is possible that the people who were there (Szulc wasn't) didn't think that the embassy reacted strongly enough.

It might also be argued that the "degree" is the key to the difference between how the embassy apparently viewed Communist involvement and influence, and how Mr. Szulc viewed it; how embassy officials viewed the bullets that landed on the embassy premises, and how Mr. Szulc viewed them; how US officials viewed the temporary Imbert regime, and how Mr. Szulc viewed it, as elaborated in some detail in his "diary"; and how the US interpreted "neutrality," and how Mr. Szulc, among others, interpreted it.

"Dominican Diary" and "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned" were both written close to the heat of battle, and are subject to the refractions such heat produces. As Szulc himself says, "when the full history of the Dominican Spring of 1965 is written one day, the truth that had eluded us in Santo Domingo in the midst of the Civil War will be found somewhere between the extremes, as usually is the case."

—A. C. HANSEN

DOMINICAN DIARY, by Tad Szulc. Delacorte Press, \$5.00.

SANTO DOMINGO: REVOLT OF THE DAMNED, by Dan Kurzman. Putnam, \$5.95.

Stalin and Russia, And What It All Means

FRANCIS RANDALL begins his book "Stalin's Russia" with the statement that "Stalin was probably the



One of the two or three?

most important man who ever lived." Perhaps the statement is valid; the partisans of Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed or Genghis Khan may protest. In any event Mr. Randall does not quite prove his point, although the book is a solid, intelligent work by one of the younger generation of American historians of Russia. Mr. Randall does, however, prove conclusively another thesis of his: that Stalin was, on balance, one of the two or three *worst* men who ever lived. And he offers convincing arguments to prove that Stalin is an example, above all, of the triumph of human will—and not, as some suggest, just the personification of what was inherent and inevitable in the Russian situation.

Chapter by chapter Mr. Randall takes the important questions in Soviet life—the peasantry, the police and state system, national minorities, industry, etc.—and examines them one by one in the light of Stalin's own *Weltanschauung* as it is known or can be guessed at. Although as I say, he does not quite prove his thesis of Stalin's importance in world history, his method sheds new light on Stalinism and includes such varied valuables as a clear history of Soviet collectivization in twenty-five pages, consideration of the importance of chess in Soviet life, and material from an almost-forgotten 1928 interview in which Stalin gave a Finnish correspondent some rare information on his past and present thought-system.

Robert Payne's "Rise and Fall of Stalin" is a different sort of book: thicker, more interesting for the general reader, and a biography instead of an Historical Reconsideration. It is a very impressive hook. One might have wished for footnotes in a num-

ber of places where Payne says something particularly interesting and little known about his subject. Payne, by the way, is willing to believe the worst about the two great deaths in Stalin's life, Lenin's and his own. Lenin's turn against Stalin in the last months of Lenin's life is well known; Payne believes Stalin killed him, and cites some interesting but circumstantial evidence. Similarly, Payne suggests the strong probability that Stalin himself was murdered by his immediate associates. The more orthodox approach to the question of Stalin's death—for it will probably always remain a question in view of Soviet secretiveness—is the approach taken by Randall, who raises the possibility of murder in a footnote and dismisses it. Payne also finds credible the stories that Stalin's young wife Nadezhda Alliluyeva died in 1932 at Stalin's hand and not by her own.

It seems to this reviewer that no one has written as *interesting* a biography of Stalin as Payne. Perhaps this is because Payne tends to the more sensational and dramatic of possible interpretations. But if, say, none of the three deaths just mentioned—Lenin's, Alliluyeva's, Stalin's own—can be proved murders (and there is some ground to believe that they were), the awful known facts about Stalinism are excuse for any writer to suspect the worst at any turn of Soviet history.

Payne has included some rare material about Stalin's youth and even the texts of some nationalistic, romantic poems by the tyrant-to-be. Reading Payne, one can appreciate what it meant to be a youth in Georgia then; reading Randall one cannot. In fact, Randall's description of the Georgians simply as a kind of Asians is disturbing and wrong. Payne's biography is also very good on Stalin in exile, Stalin coming to power, and Stalin and the purges; but he gives the postwar years, which he calls "the empty years," too brief a treatment.

Harrison Salisbury's little book "Russia" is one of a series by New York TIMES men. It is an interesting but not profound book, the best parts of which are anecdotes from Mr. Salisbury's own long experience in the Soviet Union. But he goes a little too far when he suggests that the source of the Sino-Soviet dispute is a Chinese desire to resettle tens of millions of Chinese in Mongolia and "the largely vacant Soviet lands." And his statement that "China's nuclear power may well be the ace which gives Peking world leadership of the dispossessed and poverty-stricken nations" might have seemed

more credible a year ago than it does now. Nevertheless, the book is good reading for a round trip to New York on the shuttle.

—PETER S. BRIDGES

THE RISE AND FALL OF STALIN, by Robert Payne. Simon and Schuster, \$10.00. STALIN'S RUSSIA: An Historical Reconsideration, by Francis B. Randall. The Free Press, \$6.95.

RUSSIA, by Harrison E. Salisbury. Atheneum, \$2.95.

Man From Rio

IN "Viscount Mauá and the Empire of Brazil," Anyda Marchant has given us what I hope is only the first of many biographies in English of outstanding Latin American personalities. The most ardent fan of greater American understanding of Latin America must confess that our present lack of understanding results in a great part from a dearth of readable biographies, novels and collections of essays in English about and by Latin Americans.

The story is the Horatio Alger-like rise to fame and fortune of Irineu Evangelista de Sousa (1813-1889) a self-made man in the best American tradition. The story itself is exciting, the characters and the intrigue fascinating, the whole revealing a part of Brazilian history and development known to few Americans. The fall of this great entrepreneur was as spectacular as his rise and was due principally to the archaic political and economic system under which he lived, and against which he fretted. The book brings out the unique feature of Brazilian history embodied in the Emperor who gave Mauá his title (the Indian name of the town where his first railroad began) and whose suspicion thwarted Mauá's greatest ventures.

Mauá was an empire builder and entrepreneur in the grand style: iron foundries, railroads, international banks, gas lines, shipyards, steam navigation companies, all grew under his hand. He put the first steamship line on the Amazon and laid the first submarine cable from Europe to Brazil.

But more than recounting Mauá's heroic industrial deeds, Miss Marchant gives us the sounds and colors of early 19th century Rio; the strange story of the Brazilian royal family; revealing sketches of the private and governmental figures who held together the great, sprawling country and laid the foundations for modern Brazil. Because of Mauá's political interests and international dealings in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, we see

the history of the Rio Plate region; touch on the decimating Paraguayan war and all the intrigue surrounding the survival of Uruguay. No other man could have been so closely involved in so many varied enterprises. His vigor, imagination, skill and success were bound to win him enemies in high places, enemies who eventually did him in.

Mauá was a figure only too rare in South America, a type never met before by this reviewer. It is high time we learned of Latin Americans other than soldiers and dictators, avaricious conquistadors and ranting revolutionaries. Well written and well documented, the story will be enjoyed by the casual reader and devoured by the student of Latin America.

—J. M. CATES, JR.

VISCOUNT MAUÁ AND THE EMPIRE OF BRAZIL, *A Biography of Irineu Evangelista de Sousa*, by Anyda Marchant. University of California Press, \$6.50.

From Gloom to Hope

THIS is the first volume in a project that will run to sixteen volumes. Colonel Trevor Nevitt Dupuy (US Army Ret.) had undertaken to survey the whole course of World War II in a series of short and separate monographs. This volume runs to only 91 pages including photographs, maps and index.

It carries us from the *blitzkrieg* and the ensuing series of German successes to the end of 1943 when the Allies were able to point to the German reverses in Russia, the expulsion of Rommel from Africa, the invasion of Sicily and Italy's finish as a belligerent.

It is admirably organized and the style is vivid and sinewy. An older reader boning up on what he already knew or a young reader grappling with this phase of history will find this series most useful.

—ALFRED A. TRIBBY

EUROPEAN LAND BATTLES, 1939-43, by Trevor Nevitt Dupuy (US Army Ret.). Franklin Watts, Inc., \$2.65.

Incitement To Thought

BY coincidence the writer had just finished Julius Duschka's book "Arms, Money and Politics" when he noted that the New York TIMES of the day carried an article on the front page about a high level citizens panel urging President Johnson to declare a moratorium on the production and deployment of antimissile missiles.

What Mr. Duschka has to tell us in his book is enormously pertinent to this question and the larger issue of world disarmament. Drawing heavily

on Senate hearings, GAO reports, congressional records and numerous studies by both the legislative and executive branches of Government, Mr. Duschka has woven together a fascinating, as well as sobering account of how and in what way billions of defense dollars are appropriated and disposed of. He makes various charges of congressional laxity in examining defense appropriation requests and of waste and inefficiency in the use of these resources. It should be quickly added that most of these latter examples occurred prior to Mr. McNamara's stewardship. Criticism, however, is not the main point of this book. It is rather to call our attention to the difficult and complex problems that would inevitably follow any meaningful reduction of defense spending. With skill and perception the author highlights these problems and makes it clear that their solution is going to require a great deal more than five minutes of the nation's time as might be assumed by some who have not heretofore thought about the matter. He deplores the politics and vested interests that make serious public debate of this question difficult and pleads for the development of politically and economically acceptable alternatives to high defense spending. Mr. Duschka might be criticized for posing a great many more questions than he answers but to the extent (and it is no doubt great) that this book is intended to stimulate mature thinking on the aftermath of disarmament it succeeds admirably.

—JACK C. MIKLOS

ARMS, MONEY AND POLITICS, by Julius Duschka. Ives Washburn, Inc., \$4.50

Pasticcio?

PORTRAIT is hardly an accurate title for this sketch of Adlai Stevenson, published only four months after his death. It is essentially a scissors-and-paste collage of material drawn from the New York TIMES and that is probably all it could have been, considering how hastily it was rushed into print.

These reservations do not mean that it is without value. It is useful in two respects, though its attractiveness in each of these two rather detracts from its attractiveness in the other.

First, for those who knew very little about Stevenson except that he was an eloquent but unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, this book supplies the essential facts from boyhood to UN mission. It combines a contemporary running account of his political career, drawn from the TIMES, with

sympathetic comment, by a journalist who knew him, on his origins, outlook and character. For this purpose, however, "Portrait" is rendered rather indigestible by the very long and numerous quotes from his speeches and from TIMES reports of his campaigns.

On the other hand, these quotes themselves do provide convenient source material for students of Stevenson's life and thought or of the US political scene from 1952 through 1960. Other more comprehensive compendia of Stevensoniana are, however, available and would in many cases be more useful for this purpose.

To sum up, "Portrait" is a good job for a "quickie," but it is very far indeed from being a satisfactory biography of Stevenson.

—CHARLES W. YOST

PORTRAIT: Adlai E. Stevenson—Politician, Diplomat, Friend, by Alden Whitman. Harper and Row, \$5.95.

Memoirs of Bygone Days

SECRETARIES of State are kept so busy saying what their secretariats pass up to them from supporting Departmental staff, that the human being holding the office will sometimes seem to be more of an abstraction than a living person. So it is, then, that the private reader must welcome this publication of what one hopes will only be a first volume of Dean Acheson's reminiscences. Mr. Acheson's personality is an unusually interesting object of study, and the student who is not satisfied with abstractions of accumulated opinion will want to hear the man firsthand. This is now possible, in this pleasingly-written collection of essays on Mr. Acheson's experiences as a boy in New England and as a lawyer in Washington.

Mr. Acheson explains that he ends the book with his entry into the State Department in February 1941, because:

As involvement and responsibility grew, as the criticism for the outcome of events began to focus upon oneself, detachment and objectivity became suspect. The element of self-justification could not be excluded. One must watch one's words.

This is a pity. One would have wished to read just those words which had not been so carefully watched. Surely, one would suppose, it is not too soon, it is even rather late, for Mr. Acheson, liberated from the protective custody of secretariat and staff, to tell us what he really thought and thinks about matters closer home.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

MORNING AND NOON, A MEMOIR, by Dean Acheson. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00.

Moscow to Odessa in July 1946

LEO RICHARDS

No more had I reached London from Ankara than I received a telegram, directing me to return to Turkey. That was in July, 1946.

The journey from London to Ankara had its origin in one of the more obscure vibrations of the war. It concerned the settlement of expenditures for economic warfare. Great Britain and the United States had spent large amounts of money—in sterling and in dollars—to deprive the common enemy, Germany, of supplies deemed necessary for its war economy, which could be procured only in the countries around its periphery and thus be accessible to its purchasing agents. By the method of preclusive buying American and British agents denuded the markets of such supplies as chrome ore, blister copper, wolfram, sheepskins and other commodities—about 30 in all. The ineffectiveness of German aviation during the Battle of Stalingrad in the severe winter of 1942-1943 was due to the lack of sheepskins needed for warm aviators' coats.

When I submitted my travel orders to the American Embassy in London I was told the British had discontinued plane service between Cairo and Ankara. Would I be willing to travel to Turkey via Russia? As far as the Embassy knew, no traveler had gone to Turkey from London since the war by this route—certainly no American. Yet it should be possible. Would I try it? Yes! A visa was requested in the letter which I carried to the Russian Consul in London. The Embassy knew I spoke Russian and this would help through any difficulties on the way.

At the Consulate, I asked to see the Consul personally. "Here is a letter," I told him, "from the American Embassy in London requesting a transit visa across Russia for the purpose of going to Turkey. I am in the service of the American Government." The Consul asked, "Why don't you go the usual way, through Cairo?" I explained that the British had discontinued plane service from Cairo to Ankara. "At the moment there is no other way to make the trip except across Russia. You have plane service from Berlin to Moscow. I could then go from Moscow to Odessa by plane or train, and then in Odessa board an American ship to Turkey. UNRRA supplies for Russia are being unloaded in Odessa. The problem is to get to Odessa."

Then the Consul said, "Where did you learn to speak Russian?" I answered, "Oh, I speak it badly. I have had little practice since I studied it at Columbia University many years ago when I was employed by a large American bank that expected to reestablish its branches in Russia where it formerly did good business." He next asked, "Why do you

want to go to Turkey?" I answered, "I like it there. It is a pleasant place to be. And I have a job to do there for my Government. I am an accountant by profession."

"It's a long journey," said the Consul, "and I don't think any American has made this journey. You will cross country that has been badly damaged by the war. Well, I'll recommend that you be granted a visa. You speak Russian so badly that I do not think you will harm us in any way. Come back in a week."

Considerable time elapsed before the visa arrived. I had taken the risk of going on to Berlin and it was there I laid eyes on it for the first time. I told the Consul he was a nice guy—*Horosho Chilovek*. Thus was issued the first visa since the war to cross the Soviet Union. I did not realize the importance of this fact until I reached Moscow.

In Moscow I was arrested, or, more accurately, the Diplomatic Pouch that I took in with me was "detained"—locked up. I was with the Pouch all the time and thus was locked up too.

However, the beginning of the trip on the Russian plane from Berlin to Moscow was very pleasant. All passengers were Russian Army officers except two wives and three children, and this American. An officer sitting beside me, on the next "bucket seat" of the old DC 3 asked, "Are you an American?" I replied, "Da!" in my best Russian accent. Then, "Do you play cards?" I replied "Sure—*Konnetchno*." Quickly some of the loose baggage strewn along the center of the plane was piled up into a table before my knees. We played the game called *Durak* (which means "stupid"). In this game all players try to lose their cards and the winner is the first one to have no cards left. During the play the one who is forced to take the trick is shouted at "*Ti Durak!*" as he sweeps in the cards. Four players are in the game, thus three players at each hand have a laugh at the expense of the fourth player. But the next time he may join in the laughter . . . occasionally some officer in the plane would call the attention of all the passengers to some feature of the land below where he had had an experience in the so very recent war.

And now we were approaching the Moscow airport. "Where is the town?" I asked. I could see nothing but haze. No wonder the Germans did not take Moscow—they could not see it.

The Russian authorities at the airport were more interested in my courier document than in my passport. This document bore no clearance stamp by the Consul in Berlin!

A man would be right out. I began to notice that I had not had any food all that day and it was 7:00 p.m., Berlin time. They would be serving a nice dinner now at Truman Hall!

"Where can I eat?" I asked. "Does the Moscow Airport have a restaurant?" It did! I found a few fly-specked tables. I got one regular American hot dog served cold with a chunk of stale bread about the size of one fist. And warm beer. This cost me 300 roubles—about \$25.00.

The man from the Embassy had arrived when I returned from the restaurant. The Russians loaded me and the pouch into a big car with two guards, and we drove off. The Embassy car followed—I hoped it did! The two-lane roadway into Moscow was concrete and we made the 15 miles or so rapidly, passing a number of badly damaged cars and trucks abandoned alongside the roadway. We reached a large building facing the Kazan Railroad Station Square. Guards took the pouch and me into a little room on the second floor. There a girl about 22 was sitting behind a "Remington"—the Russian name for any typewriter. One of the guards went into the next office and a pleasant-faced Russian came out. He gave me a chair from his office and I sat down and began to wait. For what? To be released, I hoped. Soon.

Within an hour the Embassy sent over a messenger. With my release? No, with a bag of hot roast beef sandwiches, a thermos jug of hot coffee, and a bottle of Canadian Club. "What nice people these Americans are!" I thought over and over again. "I have not been forgotten by the other Americans in Moscow."

While I was sipping my delicious whiskey the door suddenly opened and a little gnome-like man popped in. He quickly shut the door. "Excuse me," he said. "You have no place to sleep." "Yes, I have," I said. "I'll sleep in the corner there with the pouch. I'll be comfortable enough. Look, the American Embassy has sent over some nice blankets and I'll be all right. Come here and have a drink with me. It's American whiskey." He took a long drink, but he would not take any of my sandwiches. That would be bad manners in Russia. "How did you know that I was here?" I surmised that the pleasant-faced Russian had instructed him to fix me up for the night.

"Come with me," he said quietly. "Horosho. Okay. Let's go." Between us we dragged the big pouch. I carried the sandwiches and the jug of coffee and the Canadian Club. He carried the bedding. And down we went through a

very wide, a very dark hallway. I could not see a thing. He opened a big door into a big room and turned on the lights. "You can sleep there." He pointed to a luxurious sofa. I felt fine. I urged him to have another drink.

His back was toward the door. Making a motion with his thumb he said, "She will tell!" I whispered, "Who is She?" He gesticulated vigorously with his thumb. I looked over his shoulder we saw two big eyes—and that's all—peering out of the darkness. I stumbled over to the door and kicked it shut. He then pleased my heart by taking a nice long drink from the bottle. I joined him. We drank to each other. To our families. To our countries and friends. To the "she" outside. To the guards who brought me here. To the Boss who arranged this place for my comfort.

Then he left, closing the door which locked itself. I had another sandwich and fixed up a place to sleep.

At 6:00 a.m. my very good friend, the Gnome, woke me up and we returned to the little outer office where I was detained last night. I resumed my waiting.

There was much to see and much conversation to listen to. This was the Moscow Customs Office responsible for business taxes; people streamed into the office with complaints. To get out of the way I began sitting on the window sill that overlooked Kazan Square. Right below me hundreds of women were passing back and forth, bumping each other. I saw no men! I asked the Secretary, "Where are all the men of Moscow—none here?" She shut me up for good: "Tovarich, all our men are dead or are in the Army now in Germany."

The people on the sidewalk passed in silence—like an old voiceless movie. The Secretary came to the window to explain that a new extension to the Moscow Subway was under construction here. "One day soon," she said, "Moscow will have the very finest subway in the whole world. Even now it is the most beautiful. Much of it is now operating with fine smooth trains—not like your dirty trains in New York where the people are pushed onto the trains by big bullies, just like cattle. Here we have room. Our subway stations are clean, gleaming white with cut glass chandeliers for illumination. Like palaces. Palaces for the Russian People." So she gloated.

Work on the subway went on relentlessly without stoppages, without tea breaks, in the morning or afternoon. There was a very large hole in the space surrounded by the tight

board fence. The hole was about fifty feet in diameter. Around it were several winches. From time to time two of the women laborers would pick up a large piece of timber that I, with four others, could not lift. They would put it on their shoulders and march to the edge of the hole, snake a tackle about its center, hoist it up and lower it into the bowels of the earth below. Up would come a clump of earth to be deposited on the street.

At 5:00 p.m. all work stopped. Suddenly the barefooted women disappeared into the crowds on the sidewalks—all except one. She was blonde and beautiful, about 25. She took a well rounded stone, the size of a bar of soap, and at the drinking fountain within the enclosure began to bathe. She scrubbed herself intermittently, squirting water from the drinking fountain on her skin. Wetting both hands she ordered her hair and with a toss or two gave it a resemblance of an American woman's hairdo. No comb. No soap. All the while the young woman was reasonably well covered by a loose cotton dress that fitted her like a sack. The bath over, she walked outside of the fenced-in area and joined the crowd. She bought a cutlet and a thick slice of coarse bread.

This purchase directed my attention to a Black Market in operation right under my nose. Nestled along the wooden fence was a big iron pipe about two feet in diameter. About thirty people were perched on top of this pipe. Women had big shawls over their shoulders. Under the shawls they had sizable market baskets filled with food, which they were selling—cutlets, potatoes, onions, cheese. . . . There were five boys at one end selling cigarettes. Occasionally a policeman would pass by. Then all the marketeers would melt into the crowd and disappear only to reappear as suddenly onto exactly the same spots as previously occupied. They had property rights in these individual spots. One police officer appeared and stood in front of the boys before anybody could scatter. Now that poor boy will be arrested. But no! The officer merely bought a package of cigarettes and then passed on.

Just as the Customs Office was ready to close for the day, three men came from the American Embassy with the document necessary for my release. We grabbed the pouch and the thermos and what was left of the Canadian Club—and rushed to the American Embassy in one of the Embassy

cars. It felt good to be on American soil. A good meal was put before me and then I was taken to Hotel Metropol to a fine room. It had a bed, bath, linen and hot water. I remained in Moscow for seven days.

During the week's delay in Moscow, I was interviewed at the Embassy and typed up a report of my experiences with the visa and the Diplomatic pouch. I gave the Naval Attache a parcel I had carried from London as a favor to the American Navy. It was important, I was told in London. Here the contents were revealed as several packages of Carter's Little Liver Pills for the Persian Ambassador. The Navy accepted the Ambassador's thanks for a job well done.

Moscow now did not have the cobblestone paving that I remembered from a previous visit. All was smooth with blacktop asphalt paving. There were hundreds of automobiles that looked lost in the big wide streets. There were sleek and new-looking big passenger buses—rather, trackless trolley cars that took power from overhead wires. The ever-thoughtful Americans at the Embassy instructed one of the Russian employees—the librarian in the Embassy—to be my guide about the city.

Everybody who can do so leaves Moscow in July and August. Thus the theatres were closed. My guide pointed out the Bolshoi and the Children's Theatres, both were closed. No cinemas were operating. No clubs were open. I asked my guide to have dinner with me at the Hotel. At first she demurred. "Do you have sufficient ration tickets?" I did, so she joined me for dinner. Finishing dinner we walked out on the street to her bus. "Why don't you take the New Subway. I have not seen it, and I'd like to." The subway did not go her way. I decided to accompany her home on the bus. As we were walking to her apartment along an elegant street with trees in wide spaces between the sidewalks and the streets—everything is big and wide in Russia, I noticed that out this way there was still the ancient cobblestone paving. She told me, "Only in the center of town do we have the smooth streets."

"May I see you to the door of your apartment? The Embassy said that you would show me the town. Your apartment is part of the town."

"We live so poorly! I am ashamed to show you how we live—really ashamed. During the war we ripped out all the wood—the railings, the doors, anything that would burn.

None of the wood has been replaced—there are no men to do the work. Walk up to my apartment if you wish. My mother and I live here.”

No elevators. We walked up four flights of stairs, groping in the darkness carefully avoiding the edges of the stairs where there were no railings. The apartment building was filled with people but there were no lights. For a door, this librarian of the American Embassy had a curtain of sackcloth hung across the doorway. She bade me good night and I returned to the street, groping in the darkness. I returned to Hotel Metropole with a better understanding of the hardships impressed on Russian citizens by Germany's war, and could understand a bit of the fear and the hatred the ordinary Russians bear towards the Germans.

I asked at the Embassy if I might have a car to go out to Kocino, a small village about five miles south of Moscow where my wife and I had lived some years before in a small house which we had rented from a Russian farmer. The Kocino farmers raised potatoes as their money crop. I wanted to see these people again, if any were still there. A car was provided and we drove out to Kocino. When we had lived here before, my wife had been ill, and I had time on my hands. Several times I rode into Moscow with my farmer and his produce, and thus I knew the highway from Kocino to Moscow. It was all cobblestones; your teeth chattered as the iron-rimmed wheel took every chuck hole. I frequently walked as did the Muzhik himself.

Now, in the big Embassy limousine the riding was elegant for about three miles. Then, the same chuck holes, only worse from neglect. The chauffeur of the car said the city had not got out this far with its new roads.

We arrived in Kocino. The little two-roomed house looked the same as it did before. The little one-room house in the back looked the same. The nearby railroad station of Kocino

looked the same. The pole-operated well looked the same. I knocked on the door. The lady of the house appeared—even she looked much the same!

“Oh, I hoped so much you would come back sometime before I died.”

“Where is your husband?” I asked.

“Oh, he died a long time ago.”

“And your boys?”

“Ah, nine of them were killed in the war.”

Freda, my guide, spoke up: “Then you are a Heroic Mother!”

“Ah, yes, They gave me this little button for my nine boys.”

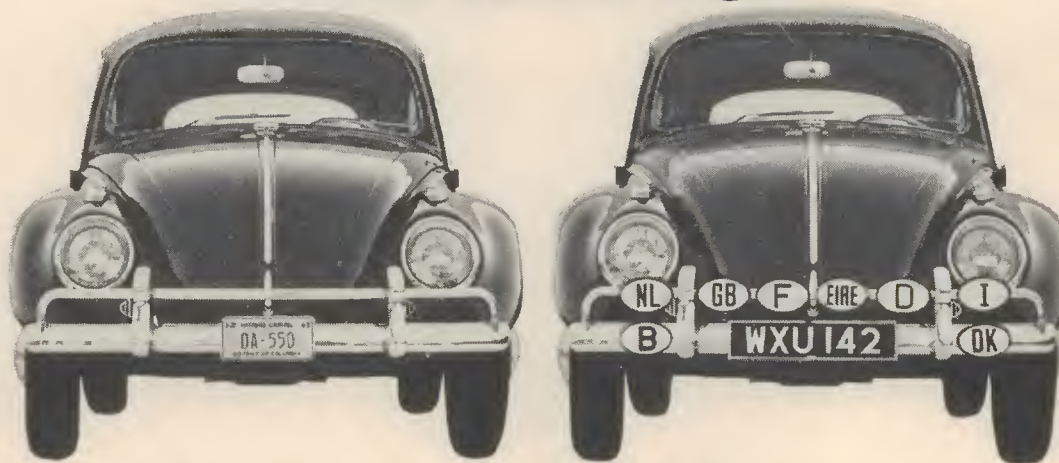
When she made these statements about death she looked at the old Icon—ornate and bright and shining in the morning sun, fastened in its same position as I knew it—and crossed herself vigorously. She was a grand little person, then about sixty-five years old, the same strong, callous-handed woman. She was the salt of the Russian character.

Then she invited us to have tea—just as she did years ago when her husband and I returned from Moscow.

Then came the moment to leave Moscow. The embassy decided to send me by train so I could gather information on economic matters. It had been impossible to get data on the Ukraine, much destroyed by the retreating German armies. The agronomist at the Embassy wanted to know about food and weather conditions, and asked me to note the prices at which food would be selling at the stations along the railroad right-of-way. What was being sold and for how much? Had there been a drought? I was told to observe new construction work and note freight movements. I was given the best accommodations on the train, a compartment in the one sleeping car, an International Wagon Lit.

I was very comfortable on the train and went to sleep immediately. The train pulled out at 12:40 a.m., Thursday

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morning, August 1, 1946. I awoke at 8:00 a.m. I had a travelling companion who occupied the top berth—a Russian going to Odessa. There was no dining car on the train. So, it was fortunate that I had a supply of "K" rations which the Army gave me and some canned juices and fruits and meats which I bought at the Embassy commissary.

Food was sold at the railroad stations by peasants who lined up in long single files facing the train where they stood silently for the passengers to buy their produce. They had eggs, milk, cooked chickens, cutlets, but very little bread. The sleeping car had a large samovar and hot water was available at all times for its passengers.

The train moved along at a maximum speed of about fifty miles per hour. Over new track or slow-order track it moved very slowly. Much repair work was going on. All the bridges and culverts were evidently blown up. These had been temporarily repaired and the permanent bridge work was under construction. Freight moved north—machinery, salvaged iron and steel and oil.

The manner in which people crowded on that train was unbelievable. At one point I counted nine persons riding on the coupling between our end car and the car ahead. Every handhold, every foothold supported a passenger. On the steps of our Wagon Lit I counted twelve persons. The roofs of the cars were crowded with people crouching precariously on the smooth metal tops. I counted twenty-nine on the car ahead of us. Everybody had a bundle. They got on and off. Apparently nobody went very far. The peasants were barefoot and begged for bread; I gave them my "K" rations.

We arrived in Odessa about 6:00 a.m., August 3, 1946. The trip had lasted three nights and two days. The last night on the train my flight bag was taken from the compartment. My companion also lost his large suitcase. The thieves had entered the compartment and tossed the two parcels out of the window during the time that the two of us were walking

along the station platform. All railroad stations were destroyed, without exception. No names appeared on the rubble; so I did not know where the theft had occurred. All my clothing was in the bag save what I had on. Immediately we got in touch with the military guards on the train. The squad that came to us was in the command of a woman soldier—armed with a brace of pistols—who sent telegrams forward and backward at the next station.

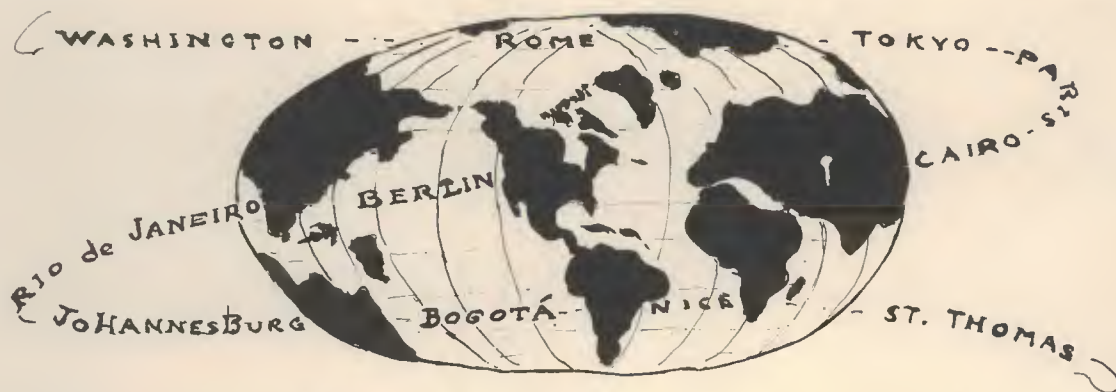
At Odessa the Chief of the Railway Police met us and made lists of the contents of the two bags. This was all formal, time-consuming, and, I thought, futile. Our bags were gone—like two drops of rain in the sea. An interpreter was brought from Intourist to write up my inventory. Then I was taken to a nice room in Odessa's Hotel London.

The interpreter and I went shopping for a shirt immediately. First we visited two Government stores, then the Black Market. At the big Government store I was shown a very poor quality shirt that cost 350 roubles, about \$30.00. Too much for me. There were no shirts at the Concessionary Store. There were crowds of customers in both stores. Then to the Black Market, which the Manager of Intourist suggested. He gave me his car and a driver.

The Odessa Black Market—the *Chorney Renok*, the Intourist manager called it—was a strange sight. The car was parked in a very wide, tree-bordered street with well constructed stone houses on both sides. The sidewalks were in long narrow parks. It must have been two hundred feet from house to house across the street. The *Chorney Renok* itself seemed to comprise two long lines of people—women with shawls and women without shawls; and soldiers, evidently recently discharged; people selling personal possessions. Not less than one thousand people were in these two lines marching slowly past each other going down one line and returning in the other. The customers were standing by and watching the passing lines. We joined the customers—I along with

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the Interpreter and the driver of the car. A farm woman came by with one shirt on her arm. We looked at it. She, stepping out of the line, stood by, saying nothing. Evidently she had made this shirt herself out of a piece of material probably bought by her as a customer on a previous day. It was clear that whoever made it had no idea of fit, for it would fit neither man nor beast. I handed the shirt back. Then a soldier offered me another shirt. It was factory made! We all walked to a doorway where I took off my dirty shirt and put this one on. It fit! I gave him the dirty shirt. The Interpreter said, "Wash it and sell it tomorrow."

The soldier replied, "No, I want *money* for this shirt."

"How much?"

"300 roubles." (\$24.)

"Too much!"

"Take it or leave it," snapped the soldier, "that's my price."

I took it when he said that he had just come from Germany to see his family in Odessa. He found them all dead—killed in the bombardment. He wanted to sell this shirt now to get money for a long, glorious drunk.

"Where did the shirt come from?"

"I liberated it in Germany," he said, "It's my last possession."

My shopping list in the Odessa Black Market included:

one shirt, good quality	300 roubles	\$24.00
one light coat, good quality	400 roubles	\$32.00
one pair of socks, hand knit, poor quality	10 roubles	.80
two wooden spoons, lacquered, peasant manufacture	2 roubles	.16
three drinks of kumiss, ice cold and delicious	6 roubles	.48

We returned to Hotel London where my railroad companion was waiting in an automobile with the Police Chief who said that there were two parcels at the Railroad Station.

We found two packages in the Chief's office, just in by the last train—but neither one belonged to us. We were disappointed, especially my companion. His loss was very real to him: in addition to his clothing, his suitcase contained his vacation money of 3,600 roubles. We walked back to the Hotel.

My companion was born in Odessa. As we walked along the war-battered streets he pointed out some of the features of this seaport town, the grain port of Europe with a one-time population of one million. This was where the Bourse used to be; this was where the Lyceum—where he studied as a boy—used to be. Now only rubble. A church service was in progress in the shell of a building. As we entered, my companion bought candles for thirty roubles. About fifty persons were in the church. In front of the icons they bowed deeply and crossed themselves vigorously. The worshippers then, kneeling and facing the altar, tapped their foreheads to the floor. Rising, they marched along the walls, kissing the feet of the statues, in front of which many candles had been placed. The priest opened little doors up front, and the service began. After about an hour I left, and returned to the Hotel. My Russian friend remained.

At the Hotel, I put on my new socks. With the new shirt and the new socks, I felt dressed up! Music was in the air—good, lively American music. Commander Harshaw said it was by the International Seamen's Orchestra and suggested that I go to the Seamen's Club where there was a good variety show. It was about 7:30 P.M. and I went in to hear the music. I took a table near the orchestra.

The musicians looked like Americans. I assumed from the Commander's remarks that they were seamen off boats anchored in the harbor. Earlier in the evening I had counted sixteen large ships within view of the Port Commander's office overlooking Odessa Bay. The musicians looked up as I

took the table. I greeted them in English; they replied in Russian, regretting that they did not understand me. They began the next piece, and played exceedingly well, I thought. There were two accordions, the piano, a violin and drums.

The crowd of about one hundred consisted of young men and young girls from sixteen to twenty-one or twenty-four years of age, and a few older men. I was probably the oldest one in the place, along with the bearded waiters. The young men were evidently off the ships. The girls were from the town. There was very little dancing—only the girls danced. The men sat at the tables drinking beer or kumiss, and girl-watched.

At the end of the piece one of the musicians came to my table to drink a glass of kumiss with me. He said a few words in English—then we switched to Russian. A girl came to the table and asked for a particular piece. Afterwards he said that this girl was coming to the Hotel too much. The Police had warned her to stay away, but she kept returning.

An Intourist employec came to the table and said that the Railroad Military Police had additional baggage. Would I please go again to the station. The Police Chief was waiting in his car in front of the Hotel. My traveling companion was already in the car. We went to the station.

In the Chief's office this time were four pieces of baggage—three suitcases and my flight bag. My friend's big suitcase was there. Both of us were overjoyed to see our luggage again. Then we opened our bags: all my shirts were missing; some of his possessions too were gone. The Chief opened the two other bags, and there were my shirts! Plus much other apparel. We took out our things. The Chief made an inventory and compared it with the listing made earlier in the morning. We were told that the four bags were found in an empty shell of a house where the thieves had evidently had a hide-away. 5,000 roubles was also found there. My friend was given back his 3,600 roubles. We signed the new inventory lists and I was returned to Hotel London in the Chief's car.

The next day, I took a long walk and saw much destruction. Walking along the wharves I met ragged urchins asking: "business? business?" (In English). "What do you want?" I asked in Russian. "What do you mean by business?" They were looking for things to buy for roubles—clothing, cigarettes . . . anything. I had nothing to sell. "Many sailors do," they said.

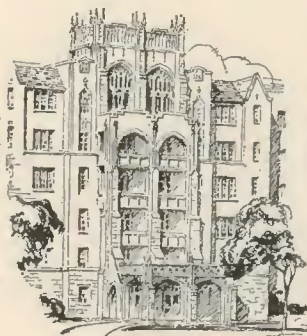
In the evening I went to the Odessa Opera to see the ballet "Rosemonde." Intourist thoughtfully had procured a ticket for me (thirty roubles for a good seat). I was in the third row, but not close to the stage, which was separated from the audience by a wide orchestra pit. I had a good view of the entire theatre, of the stage and the four balconies towering up behind me. The seats were large and comfortable and the place was expensively decorated in good taste. The opera house was filled with sober-faced Russians in plain working clothes—no jewels or stiff shirts. A vast auditorium full of music-loving people. The troupe performing must have been from the Bolshoi, so perfect was the presentation.

Only a miracle had saved the Odessa Opera from being destroyed. In evacuating Odessa, the German soldiers had methodically mined the Opera Building in preparation for its destruction. But soldiers in the Russian Army rushed to the opera house so rapidly that the German soldiers fled before lighting the fuses. The Russians quickly removed the explosive charges.

On Monday, August 5, 1946, I sailed on the S.S. *Bartelsville Victory* for Turkey. It was necessary to stop at Constanza to repair a propeller. Then we reached Istanbul—and good eating! Friends met the boat tied up at Dolma batche at 11:00 a.m., August ninth. My Turkish visa had expired! But the Turks overlooked it and said, "Welcome back."

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OPPORTUNITY (Continued from page 21)

going to work as desired by the President, and if we are going to gain the respect and confidence of the other Departments and agencies essential to make it work that way, we are going to be required at all times to take a truly national point of view. Other Departments and agencies must be satisfied that their interests and needs have received careful and sympathetic consideration, and the President must be satisfied that all the points of view and considerations which need to be weighed have been taken into full account.

This is not a system for smothering or keeping from the President or the senior officers of the Department differences of view. Rather, it should be a system for assuring that various points of view and various considerations are brought to their attention in a concise and orderly manner, and that decisions reached at lower levels truly reflect a proper weighing of *all* the considerations.

The term "Director" in the new position of "Country Director" has been used to impart the sense that these officers will be expected to be truly "Directors" of all US Government activities involving the country for which they are responsible. As stated by Secretary Rusk, he will look to the Country Directors to be single focal points in Washington to serve our Ambassadors abroad. The concept is that these positions will be occupied by senior officers, to the maximum extent possible qualified to be, or having been DCMs or Ambassadors abroad. They will have whatever staff assistance they need best to do their jobs, including full or part-time assistance from the administrative section of the Bureau. It is expected that, depending on the country and the range of its problems, they will, with appropriate representatives from other Departments and agencies, constitute, under the Assistant Secretary and the Interdepartmental Regional Group, "country teams" at the Washington level. They will report directly to the Assistant Secretary, thus cutting out the "Office" level now interposed between the "country desk" and the Assistant Secretary.

The concept also is that the Deputy Assistant Secretary or Secretaries will not constitute a "layer" between Country Directors and the Assistant Secretary but rather act as *alter egos* for the Assistant Secretary within their assigned field of responsibility.

In the case of smaller countries with similar or minimal US Government activities, a single officer might be the Country Director for several countries. These questions will have to be systematically worked out by each Bureau in accordance with its own particular needs.

The working out of this concept will of course require more rather than fewer qualified senior officers and thus presents additional opportunities for the Foreign Service. In fact, the whole complex of the President's instruction and the organizational changes in the Department presents new challenges and new opportunities for all members of the Foreign Service. I have told Secretary Rusk of my confidence that the Foreign Service can meet its part of the challenge. I am sure that each member of the Foreign Service will see and redeem this strong reaffirmation of the role of the Department of State in foreign affairs and the opportunity it offers all of us to be of greater service. ■

Babel's Heritage

THE eminent American philologist and Orientalist, Louis Herbert Gray, in his "Foundations of Language," tentatively placed the total number of languages spoken in the world today, exclusive of minor dialects, at 2,796! This is a staggering Tower of Babel indeed, although it must be noted immediately that many of these 2,796 languages are very limited in their use. For example, over one thousand are American Indian languages now spoken by only a few thousand, or, in some cases, a few hundred, persons each; more than 500 are used by African Negro tribes and roughly a similar number by natives of Australasia/Polynesia. Several hundred more are little-known tongues of restricted groups in Asia. In his "The World's Chief Languages," Mario Pei asserts, in fact, that the world's truly significant languages number less than one hundred.

Nevertheless, today, with numerous new nations having emerged in the world and others striving for existence in Africa and Asia, many of the languages characterized as "insignificant" by Pei are becoming official national languages or, at least, are achieving a recognized status in these new nations such as they have not previously enjoyed. Their names are more and more frequently appearing in news stories and should therefore at least be in the recognition vocabulary of every educated English speaker. Listed below are the names of 40 such obscure languages, representing every continent: Africa, 16; Asia, 11; Europe, 7; Australasia, 3; and the Americas, 3. The reader is invited to test his knowledge by matching up these 40 languages with the geographic areas in which they are spoken. (Answers on page 18).

Language	Area/Country Where Spoken
1. Amharic (.....)	1. Afghanistan
2. Arucanian (.....)	2. Albania
3. Ashanti (.....)	3. Algeria
4. Basque (.....)	4. Bashkir ASSR
5. Bemba (.....)	5. Borneo
6. Breton (.....)	6. Burma
7. Cheremis (.....)	7. Ceylon
8. Dayak (.....)	8. Chile
9. Frisian (.....)	9. Congo
10. Fulah (.....)	10. Dahomey
11. Gaelic (.....)	11. Eritrea
12. Ganda (.....)	12. Ethiopia
13. Gheg (.....)	13. France
14. Hausa (.....)	14. Ghana
15. Kabyle (.....)	15. Guinea
16. Karen (.....)	16. Ireland
17. Kashubian (.....)	17. Kenya
18. Khalkha (.....)	18. Kerala (India)
19. Kikongo (.....)	19. Liberia
20. Kikuyu (.....)	20. Madras (India)
21. Kpelle (.....)	21. Malawi
22. Malayalam (.....)	22. Morocco
23. Maori (.....)	23. Netherlands
24. Meo (.....)	24. New Zealand
25. Minangkabau (.....)	25. Nigeria
26. Nyanja (.....)	26. Orissa (India)
27. Oriya (.....)	27. Outer Mongolia
28. Pushtu (.....)	28. Pakistan
29. Quechua (.....)	29. Paraguay
30. Romansch (.....)	30. Peru
31. Shluh (.....)	31. Philippines
32. Singhalese (.....)	32. Poland
33. Swahili (.....)	33. South Africa
34. Tagalog (.....)	34. Spain
35. Telugu (.....)	35. Switzerland
36. Tigre (.....)	36. Sumatra
37. Tupi-Guarani (.....)	37. Tanzania
38. Urdu (.....)	38. Uganda
39. Xhosa (.....)	39. Vietnam
40. Yoruba (.....)	40. Zambia

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HOPEFULLY TOPSEECLEAR

I HAVE been doing some hard thinking—what the State Department might want to call “personalized in-house research,” maybe—and I would like to share some results of it with you. I was going to put it all on a Suggestion Form, but there wasn’t enough space and besides. Suggestions have to be done in triplicate, which is probably the Department’s cunning way of making sure they don’t get any.

What made me start all this thinking was a magazine article which said it was serious the way people in the Government were ceasing to put hyphens where they should and were sticking a “hopefully” in every sentence. I don’t think the man who wrote that article realized that such things are done deliberately. For example, take the phrase “nuclear-free zone.” It’s

not public knowledge, but we are dropping the hyphen in that phrase little by little and one day we’re going to ask the Russians at Geneva “Do you favor nuclear free zones?” and when they say “Da” we shall leap on them for wanting nothing more or less than an atomic free-for-all.

And of course “hopefully” is also a useful tool. We put it in every telegram and it saves us the embarrassment of having to say we hope something. Because as soon as you say something like that it means you need two or three more clearances sure as shooting. My point is, we could use a few more of these words. Here is a new one I thought up: “preferently.” It is not as strong as “preferably,” and means we might prefer, or we might decide later to

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prefer, or maybe something a little vaguer; anyway, it shows clearly that we think (at least now we do) that whatever follows might eventually turn out to be our choice.

Another word: "clearanceward." This is really more than just a word, it is a whole new concept. We send out a telegram beginning "Following is clearanceward" and then we say whatever our own office really believes, and instead of clearing it with other offices first, we send it to the field and to the other offices at the same time. The "clearanceward" tells the post that the message might have to be revised during the clearance process, but meanwhile it gives the post something to do. Then if the other offices insist that the text of the message has to be changed, we agree, but the revision will of course need *our* clearance and we give that only on the basis that the revised message be sent by pouch instead of telegram. This gives the post the chance to act on the original telegram before the revision comes in. Of course we'd have complaints from EUR over ARA sending cables to Reykjavik, and that sort of thing—what you might call cross-fertilization

—but most such complaints result from wounded pride, and we'd mend that by giving them the chance to clear later.

Here's one more: "unchronical." It is designed for use mainly in sentences beginning "Department considers unchronical proposal to. . . ." It means, of course, that the proposal cannot be acted on at the present time (cf. "chronology") but it also suggests that the matter's not terribly serious ("chronic"). We would probably want to use this word in about half of our telegrams.

Speaking of clearances, I do believe we need another word for that vital process. "Clearances" just doesn't convey the aggressiveness which is characteristic of our offices and bureaus. So maybe we could substitute "initialization." It almost sounds like "initiate." The point is, no office can take much pride in saying "We cleared Deptel 16 to Kabul," but it does sound a little important, at least, to say "Yes, we *initialized* that good old telegram!" And anyway ize-words are popular, like backaches and Comprehensive Programming.

Just one more: "Topseeclear." It means, simply, "As seen from the

heights of the Department, it is clear that. . . ." It is designed to intimidate any Foreign Service post which offers any suggestion to the Department. The Department simply replies to any such suggestion with this short cable: "Topseeclear impractical." The post thus addressed, realizing that the Department draws on all the facilities and might of the Intelligence Community in rendering its judgment, shuts up. I am thinking of sending in a Suggestion Form pretty soon that will recommend that the Department send a "Topseeclear impractical" circular telegram to all posts once a year. Since the circular wouldn't refer to anything specific the post had sent in, the post could assume it referred to what the post might think up in the future. Then the post wouldn't have to think it up.

I will have to stop here and go to lunch, though it's a little bit early. They decided they could use Corridor Nine for that new Bureau, so I have to take a roundabout way to the cafeteria.

*Your friend,
Ben Fogbotham*

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MIGHTY MEKONG (Continued from page 28)

lems, the resources available for Mekong development were rather limited. Nevertheless, the United Nations is now so well along into the development of the Mekong Project, the first of its kind in this respect, that the world organization may well continue to serve as the umbrella. And it would, indeed, be unique if the Soviet Union or North Vietnam accepted the invitation proffered in the Johns Hopkins address to join the development of the area.

In one way or another twelve separate UN agencies are now involved in the development of the Mekong area, and in addition to the four riparian states, 21 countries from outside the area, a number of private foundations, and several private business firms. This astounding development has come about gradually over a period of several years.

The UN, which took the lead, is fortunate in having facilities which the old League of Nations lacked. Many felt that one of the weaknesses of the League was that it was almost entirely a political instrument, with no economic or social arm. From the beginning, therefore, the United Nations Organization was equipped with an Economic and Social Council. And one of the first things which the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC in the telegraphic style and jargon of the Department of State) set about doing was the creation of regional economic commissions in different parts of the world. The Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE), encompassing an area from Iran to Western Samoa, first became interested in the possibilities of the Mekong in 1952. It was not until 1957, however, that ECAFE at its annual meeting created the Committee for the Coordination of Investigations of the Lower Mekong Basin. This Mekong Committee is made up of one representative each, with plenipotentiary powers, from the four riparian states of Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, and Vietnam (South). The chairmanship rotates each year among the four members. Its decisions must be unanimous. Since 1957 the Committee has met regularly, three times a year, even when diplomatic relations have not existed between some of the members.

At about the same time that the Mekong Committee was being set up, the US's International Cooperation Agency (ICA), predecessor of the Agency for International Development (AID), undertook some preliminary investigations to the Mekong. And in 1957 the UN's Expanded Program of Technical Assistance (EPTA) engaged Lt. Gen. (retired) R. A. Wheeler of the US Army's Corps of Engineers to produce a blue-print of preliminary investigations and data collection. (General Wheeler, who had been in charge of the Suez Canal clearing operations, has been associated with river projects since 1949.)

On the basis of the Wheeler survey, the annual ECAFE meeting of 1958 formally launched the Mekong Project with pledges of aid for feasibility studies from various countries, including Canada, France, and New Zealand. Commitments were made by India, Japan, and the United States for feasibility surveys of the three principal mainstream damsites, the Tonle Sap, the Sambor, and the Pa Mong.

Inasmuch as the Wheeler survey was confined to technical studies, the Ford Foundation financed a team headed by another American, Dr. Gilbert F. White of the University of Chicago, to study the economic and social implications of the Mekong development program. The White Report, submitted in January 1962 and adopted two months later by ECAFE's Mekong Committee, recommended a series of basic economic and social investigations, and a strengthening of the Committee's staff to supervise and appraise the work.

In 1962 the Mekong Committee, which had started like its parent organization, ECAFE, as primarily an advisory, consultative, investigative, and study body, amended its basic

statute to allow itself to hold property. Whether this was intended to give authority to hold title to actual damsites and other project sites has never been clear.

For the proponents of international cooperation the Mekong Project was made to order. Dr. White has pointed out that an Indian survey team uses American hydrology, Philippine maps, and Australian geology to design a dam in Cambodia which would also benefit Vietnamese farmers downstream. It could also be pointed out that with so many teams measuring with their own yardsticks, the task of collating all their findings could be an engineer's nightmare. For this reason, computers belonging to the US Army's Corps of Engineers in Oregon have been pressed into service.

All this surveying and investigating, which has now run into more than \$70 million, was fine, but construction and implementation cost big sums of money. The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (IBRD), conscious of its responsibility to its bondholders, has indicated that it might be willing to administer some of the projects, but it has tended to look with a jaundiced eye on the investment of its own money in an area of such known political instability. Not only the swampy delta of the Mekong, but other areas of its great basin, from the salt marshes of the Plaine des Jones to the highlands of the Plaine des Jars, serve as refuges for Communist insurgents. Bankers do not look too favorably on the idea of building a Nam Ngum Dam if they consider that it may be re-named the Mao Tse-tung Dam before the bonds are paid off.

The proponents of the Mekong Project argue that the lack of economic development is causing the political instability; that to put political stability as a precondition for the undertaking of economic development projects is to put the cart before the horse, because the lack of economic development is the cause of the political instability; and that if one wants to remove the political instability, he must start with economic and social development. Still, hard-headed realists maintain that a large dam cannot be built in an area where guerrilla activity is going on.

Nearly all agree that a military response is not enough, and that sooner or later it must be supplemented by economic aid. Experience has shown that once a region is secured militarily, a heavy input of economic aid will have to follow. In any event, with a war in Vietnam on its hands that is costing close to \$2 million a day, the US can afford to think of other measures. And as everyone knows, Lyndon Johnson is, above all, a "doer."

The genesis of the Mekong Project has been said to be traceable to Chiang Kai-shek, or perhaps some obscure engineer on his staff, during the 1930s. The concept has doubtless been taking form and evolving in the minds of many of the capable people who have since been brought into the project: The Burmese Secretary General of the United Nations, Mr. U Thant; his Indian Chief of Cabinet, Mr. Narasimhan; the latter's successor as the Executive Secretary of ECAFE, Mr. U Nyun (also Burmese); the American Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations, Mr. Harlan Cleveland; the former Cornell professor who became the enthusiastic Executive Agent of the Mekong Committee, Dr. Schaaf; General Wheeler, who now heads the Advisory Board of the Mekong Committee; Dr. White, the University of Chicago professor who headed one of the basic study teams; Mr. Black, former head of the IBRD, and "Tex" Goldschmidt, now with the UN Secretariat in New York.

It remained, however, for the man from the banks of the Pedernales to contribute certain essential elements to get the project really moving, elements such as the powers of a US President long interested in river development, the interest of a US president with the reputation of being "a doer," and as a starter, one billion dollars. ■



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ELEVEN DAYS (Continued from page 30)

people have been thunderstruck," reported American chargé d'affaires Horatio Perry. "I have heard ordinary men . . . offer to lose a right hand if only this news were not true."

In Vienna the House of Deputies voted its sympathy "for the tragic fate of Abraham Lincoln, who had risen out of the people to be placed at the head of the greatest nation." At Rome, the Cardinal Secretary of State presented condolences. The Italian Government sent a message of sympathy to the American Legation at the temporary capital of Turin. Switzerland responded with the largest number of official condolences: from the Federal government at Berne and from each of 23 of its cantons. At Constantinople, the Sultan dictated a note expressing his "profound affliction."

No city took the news harder than the Prussian capital of Berlin. Bismarck promptly expressed to American Minister Judd the government's "sincere sympathy." In the Diet, Deputy Wilhelm Loewe, who had lived many years as an exile in New York, spoke movingly of sharing the sorrow of the American people. An address of sympathy was signed by 238 of the 300 deputies (the Conservatives abstained, not for lack of sympathy, but because they feared a touch of politics in the move). The King was away, but Crown Prince Frederick sent his aide-de-camp to the American Legation.

And so, as the funeral train bearing Lincoln's body wound its way slowly westward while millions of Americans lined the route to render a last salute, a dazed and deeply moved Europe shared in the grief over this American tragedy.

A warm letter of sympathy for the American people came from the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, "while engaged on the eve of accomplishing their enterprise for drawing closer the ties of friendship and cordial intercourse between the two kindred nations . . ."

By coincidence, the first convention of the newly-founded International Telegraph Union met in Paris during that month of May following the assassination, to formulate the principles which were to govern electrical communications in the future.

After-echoes of the Lincoln tragedy pervade American diplomatic correspondence during the ensuing months. The American Legation in Yedo, Japan (as Tokyo was then called) received first word of the assassination on June 9th through the British diplomatic representative in Yokohama. At the time the Japanese empire was rent by bitter civil strife between the traditionalist *shoguns* and the proponents of a modernized imperial rule. Not until July 5th did the Japanese "governors" of foreign affairs call at the American Legation in a body to express the sympathies of their nation.

Probably the last major foreign capital to learn of Lincoln's death was Peking, where newspapers arrived from England on July 7, 1865. Prince Kung, the Imperial Chief Minister, transmitted to the American representative his sentiments of shock and surprise. The Prince tempered his message by words of philosophical consolation, stating that since Vice President Johnson had succeeded to the office "without any disturbance, and the assassin had been arrested . . . I hope these considerations will alleviate your grief at the event, and you will be able to attend to public business." ■

LETTERS to the EDITOR

What Happened to the Cocks and Geese

MR. AND MRS. W. T. HARRIS were assigned to Jessore but they happened to be, unfortunately, in Dacca, East Pakistan when they learned that their names were on the Jessore evacuation orders. Thus they were obliged to go forthwith to Safehaven without any chance of returning to Jessore to leave money for their servants or to protect their dogs and poultry and their possessions.

Soon after, three communications arrived at the Consulate General, Dacca, to be forwarded to the Harrises:

Memo No. 4188 (iii) Dated 20-9-65

Copy by post is forwarded in confirmation. Mr. W. T. Harris may please be required to send pay of three servants for the month of August '65. It becomes problem to feed two dogs and a good number of poultry birds when he, Mr. W. T. Harris has not left any money with the servant to maintain them. If immediate steps are not taken in this connection the dogs and poultry birds may happen to die or suffer to extreme. If you are not in a position to send the fooding cost of dogs and birds. Kindly let us know whether these should be disposed of. The household and official materials like furniture, Utensil, Type-writer, etc. belonging to the bungalow are required to be taken under your custody for their best security, otherwise it is much difficult to protect these safely.

Instruction or necessary action is solicited by wire.

*District Agricultural Officer
Jessore*

Dear Mr. and Mises Harris:

Well I am very sorry. Becas Karim eat your's chicken, Duck, Beef, and vegetable. He more cat your's butter and Drink Wine.

Write to me,

*Your's sincerely
John Biswas*

Dear Father and Mother:

Accept thousands of salams and compliments. I hope you all

are okay. Dad, you told me that you are starting for Khulna but actually have gone to Dacca and I did not know it. Naturally I am getting thin because of thinking about you. Please do accompany me wherever you go. Russ, Tikisio, Cocks and Geese all are well.

*Karim
Jinnah Road
Jessore*

The Other Side of the Coin

BECOMING a part of a foreign culture through a proficiency in the language and a knowledge of its history and national life has recently been emphasized for the FSO and his family.

While not underestimating the great value of the above I'd like to make a pitch for permitting the foreigner to share our culture with us.

Increasingly, the US is visited by nationals of other countries. These people come in many capacities and for varying lengths of time. When they return home many feel they have bathed in the spring of American culture and frequently are eager to share their new perceptions and refresh their intellects not only with their countrymen, but with us, Americans living abroad.

Because of our concern for the other fellow's country and its motivations and problems we don't always respond with interest when our foreign friend mentions he has been to the Fair, to Disneyland, or to Foggy Bottom. Our tendency is to change the subject as quickly as possible, but in our self-effacement I feel we avoid a worthwhile avenue of rapport.

Without any doubt most of us are flattered when a Colombian or a Pakistani assumes, because we live in his country and speak his language, we can understand his "ambiente" and can, perhaps, even appreciate an esoteric joke. We are complimented and often are motivated to continue the exchange at home through a research in books and periodicals in anticipation of the next meeting.

Our foreign acquaintance could respond to the same flattery he uses on us. This turn about road of communication might be worth cogitating upon. I, personally, have found the dividends paid are great.

L.M.S.

Bogota

News from the Field

SOME of us middle-timers in the FS remember with *saudades*, as

we say in Brazil, a feature of the JOURNAL which disappeared some time ago: a page of news from posts all over chronicling extra-curricular activities of personnel, current bits and pieces which wouldn't do for an article or a letter to the editors. In case others might still be interested too, a little note from the Consulate General in Sao Paulo on things that don't get into circular letters, airgrams, or the police records:

November saw the launching of "Arcanum," a bilingual volume of Minister Niles Bond's poems, translated into Portuguese by Guilherme de Almeida, known in Brazil as the "Prince of Poets." Publicity in local press and local conversation has been tremendous.

Included in a five-man show were ceramic panels by Doris Thorburn, wife of the Agricultural Officer, Garth Thorburn.

At the request of a Sao Paulo firm, a local economist translated two unpublished works written by Belmont Haydel of the commercial section in graduate studies at Louisiana State: "Intermediary Financing and the Savings and Loan Industry" and "The Small Loan Operation in Consumer Finance."

And Barbara Shelby of USIS was especially interested in the reviews of Jorge Amado's "The Two Deaths of Quincas Wateryell"—she translated it from the Portuguese. It's one of two novellas published here as *Os Velhos Marinheiros*, the other novella having appeared last year in the States as "Home Is the Sailor."

JEAN H. DESMOND

Sao Paulo

Editor's Note: The feasibility of such a project depends on the number of potential contributors endowed with Mrs. Desmond's energy and ability to produce interesting items.

How To Avoid Slipping

I WAS interested and amused by Mr. Nadler's article in your October issue on "Breaking the Language Barrier."

Beginning with a four-week, four hour a day course in Italian in 1955, through early morning German and eventually a 16-week intensive course in French in 1963, I too have been an admirer and advocate of the FSI "hear-speak" system of language instruction. My experiences at FSI have, by and large, been valuable and of great profit to me. It was therefore a sad disappointment to me to discover that the native speakers used in most post language programs seemed unable or unwilling to employ

the FSI system with the skill and discipline needed. "Hear-speak" was generally adulterated, in some instances very much so, by the use of older, more formalized teaching methods.

I wonder whether it would not be possible to prepare a fifty-minute film showing an actual class session with a native speaker and her (sorry: or his) pupils and stressing the use of repetition and the correct use of drills. The film (and perhaps one could be done in each of the world languages) could be circulated to the posts having a language program and would, I think, be invaluable in training the local native speaker. The film would be useful over a period of some years, since I would guess that the turn-over of native speakers is high.

THERESA A. HEALY

Bern, Switzerland

The Cities Bureauful

HENRY S. VILLARD, in the chapter "Foggy Bottom" in his book "Affairs At State," writes at length about bureaucracy and "excessive numbers." He cites the case of a woman employee who resigned at a Central American post and was astonished to learn that she had been replaced by two persons. But now, for the comfort of all Foggy Bottomers, we'll quote the following from TIME AND TIDE, a British news-weekly published in London:

One civil servant with nothing much to do
Wrote a memorandum, and then there were two.
Two civil servants, over cups of tea
Formed a working party and then there were three.
Three civil servants, drafting forms galore;
Someone whispered "planning," and then there were four.
Four civil servants found they couldn't thrive
Without coordination, and then there were five.
Five civil servants settled down to fix
The size of their establishment, and then there were six.
Six civil servants in a bureaucratic heaven
Needed technical advice, and then there were seven.
Seven civil servants set out to demarcate
The sphere of their activities, and then there were eight.
Eight civil servants attempted to assign
A joint responsibility, and then there were nine.
Nine civil servants—very busy men,
Just whisper, "Cut them 10 percent,"
you'll find they've grown to 10.

JAMES B. STEWART

Denver

Suffering Careers

I have learned with amusement that some Foreign Service Officers are afraid that a tour of duty in information or cultural work will be harmful to their career development.

A quick look at the officers whose careers have "suffered" from their information and cultural assignments includes the following:

Amb. Leland Barrows
Amb. Oleott Deming
Amb. William Handley
Amb. Foy Kohler
Amb. Allan Lightner
Amb. Robinson McIlvaine
Amb. Armin Meyer
Amb. William Porter
Amb. Francis Russell
Amb. John Steeves
Amb. Allan Stewart
Amb. Clare Timberlake
Amb. William Tyler
Amb. Jack Vaughn

There are many others.

I firmly support the interchange of officers between State and USIA. Information and cultural exchange are essential instruments of modern diplomacy and any Chief of Mission will be better prepared for his post by a tour or more in Public Affairs.

GEORGE V. ALLEN

Washington

An Incarnadined Confession

YOU have done it again. Twenty-five years ago I cringed with

shame when you printed an editorial announcing that of the thirty-five candidates who passed the oral examinations in 1940 only one (in italics) was "stained with the incriminating crimson dye" (of Harvard). At the time I quaked in fear that it might be discovered that I was the criminal who polluted this otherwise crimson-proof class.

You have now had the audacity to reprint this scurrilous piece in the "Twenty-Five Years Ago" column in the June, 1965, issue. This time I intend to stand up and identify myself in no uncertain terms as the one (italics again, please) who was so stained. I do not think that I have wreaked irreparable harm on the Service and it is interesting to note that of my own class at Harvard, 1937, one is a CM, three are FSO 1s, two are FSO 2s and one an FSO 3. There may be more that I have overlooked and, if so, I beg their forgiveness. According to the latest Foreign Service List I have here (January) one is serving as Chief of Mission, one as Economic Counselor in Mexico, one as Political Counselor in Buenos Aires, one as Consul General in Kobe-Osaka, one as Director of the Office of Western European Affairs in the Department and one, be careful, Mr. Editor, as Director General of the Foreign Service.

C. VAUGHN FERGUSON, JR.
Harvard 1937

Tananarive



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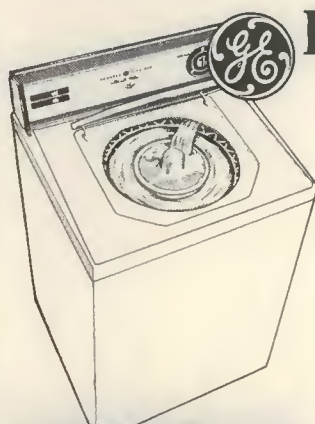
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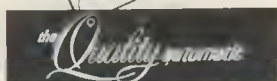


FILTER-FLO® WASHER

Washes up to 14-pound heavy fabric loads

Famous Filter-Flo Washing System recirculates wash water and removes lint fuzz to give you cleaner clothes.

• 2 Wash Cycles • 2 Wash Temperatures • Water Saver Load Selection • Spray Rinse • Unbalance Load Control • Safety Lid Switch • Porcelain enamel top, basket and tub.



MODEL WA 551 110 volt 50 cycle

\$177.70

MODEL WA 559 220 volt 50 cycle

\$198.70



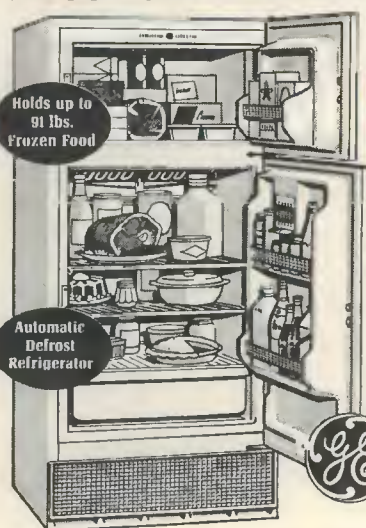
- BIG 12 LB. CAPACITY
- PORCELAIN TOP, WASHBASKET AND TUB
- ACTIVATOR® WASHING ACTION
- PORTABLE
- NEW CYCLE SELECTOR CONTROL

MODELS WS-249 (50 CYCLE-220 VOLT) **\$163.75**

WS-240 (60 CYCLE-110 VOLT), **\$146.75**

WS-241 (50 CYCLE-110 VOLT) **\$150.75**

2 DOOR CONVENIENCE! JUST 28" WIDE!



Holds up to 91 lbs. Frozen Food

Automatic Defrost Refrigerator

2 APPLIANCES IN 1

ZERO-DEGREE FREEZER!

Holds frozen foods on long-term basis. Two flex-grid ice trays!

AUTOMATIC-DEFROST REFRIGERATOR!

Big convenience features

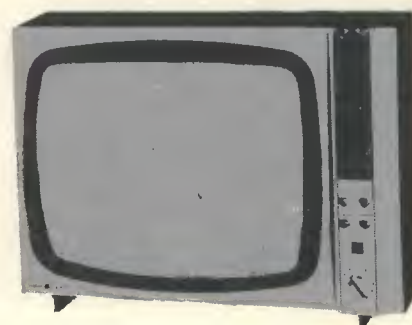
- Huge porcelain enamel vegetable bin!
- Deep door shelf for ½ gal. milk cartons and tall bottles.
- Only 28" wide—needs no door clearance at side!

TWO-DOOR REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

Model TB-12MB • 11.8 Cu. Ft. Net Volume

110 volt 50 cycle **\$178.10**

220 volt 50 cycle **\$190.60**



- Bonded, aluminized picture tube designed for quality picture. Easy to keep clean. No safety glass required.
- Front controls for picture and sound are easy to see and use.
- Slim silhouette styling. Permits versatile use in the home.

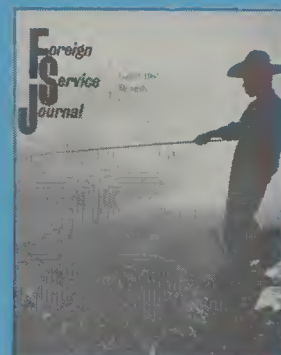
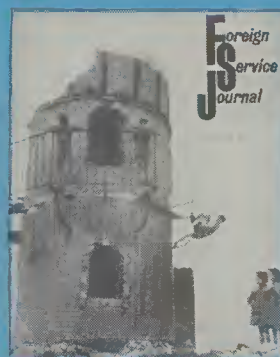
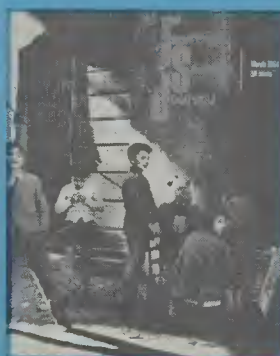
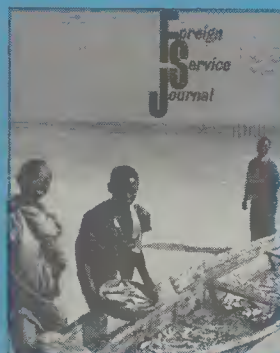
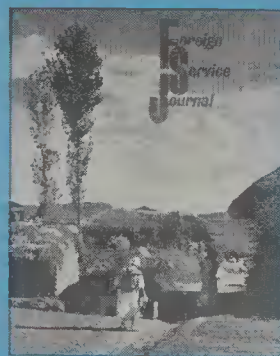
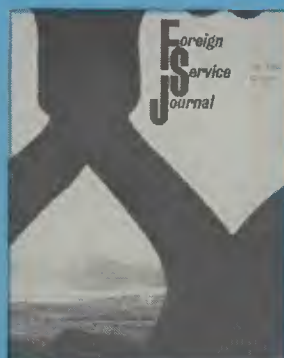
These receivers are designed for operation on CCIR transmission standards, covering the standard Western European channels

\$189.00

Table Model 23XF651B

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