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Journal

DECEMBER 1966
60 CENTS

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by D. E. Wilson, USIA

Rockefeller Award to Leddy

JOHN M. LEDDY, *Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs*, is the winner of the 1966 Rockefeller Public Service Award for Foreign Affairs or International Operations. The award is part of a program, conceived and financed by John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, and administered by Princeton University. The award carries a cash grant of \$10,000.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR DECEMBER

Lilian Eisenberg, wife of FSO Robert Eisenberg, portrait of Ndebele woman and child, cover. Also illustrations, pages 28 and 29.

UNATIONS, photograph, page 19.

S. I. Nadler, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 33.

Rudolph Woltner, photographs, pages 35, 36, 37 and 38.

Embassy Pictures Corporation, photograph, Sophia Loren, from "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," page 56.

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.

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Ambassadorial Appointments

ROBERT G. NEUMANN, to Afghanistan

Marriages

LEWIS-COLT. Jane Caroline Lewis, daughter of FSO and Mrs. James H. Lewis, was married to Sir Edward Colt on August 20, in Reigate, Surrey. Lady Colt is completing nursing training at University College Hospital, London. Sir Edward is a surgeon attached to the same hospital.

Births

BUSHNELL. A son, Timothy Cahill, born to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bushnell, on August 18, in San Jose, Costa Rica.

DONOVAN. A son, Thomas Edward, born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Donovan, on September 30, in Washington.

OKUN. A daughter, Alexandra, born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Okun, on September 3, in Brasilia. Mr. Okun is Counselor of Embassy and Principal Officer in Brasilia.

TIPPETT. A daughter, Corinne, born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael C. Tippett, on October 11, in Reno. Mrs. Tippett is the daughter of the Honorable Harry R. Turkel and Mrs. Turkel.

WARNOCK. A daughter, Wendy Olivia, born to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Warnock, on September 9, in Monrovia.

Deaths

BROWN. Henry R. Brown, former consul in Milan and Genoa, died on October 14, in Takoma Park. Mr. Brown entered the Foreign Service in 1930 and served in Belgrade, Milan and Genoa. He joined the Army in 1941 as a civilian administrator and served until 1943.

BURCH. Vincent dePaul Burch, program development officer, AID, died on October 21, in Washington. Mr. Burch joined AID in 1955 and served as a training officer in Iraq, Israel, Jamaica and Brazil.

CARR. Eileen J. Carr, wife of Paul E. Carr, Consul, Melbourne, died on July 23, in Melbourne.

GIDNEY. Charles C. Gidney, Jr., consul-retired, died on August 16, in Rome.

HOCHSTETLER. Robert J. Hochstetler, FSR-retired, AID, died on September 13, in San Diego. Mr. Hochstetler served in Seoul with the ECA, then in Pusan, Tokyo, Belgrade and Karachi before retiring in 1963.

KLIEFORTH. Jane Klieforth, wife of Alexander A. Klieforth, deputy director, VOA, died on August 13, in Washington.

MATTHEWS. Helen S. Matthews, wife of Ambassador H. Freeman Matthews, died on November 5 aboard the *SS Kungsholm* at sea. Mrs. Matthews joined the Foreign Service before World War II and served at Tokyo, London, Vienna and Paris. She married Mr. Matthews in 1957 when he was ambassador to the Netherlands. He later served as ambassador to Austria. While in Vienna, Mrs. Matthews was awarded the "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" medal by Pope John XXIII.

PRICE. Darrell M. Priece, USIA, died on September 1, at Bangkok. Mr. Priece joined the Department of State in 1949 and served at Ankara and Beirut. He joined USIA in 1953 and served at Saigon, Phnom Penh and the Department before going to Bangkok.

SHIPLEY. Ruth B. Shipley, retired head of the Passport Division, died November 3, in Washington. Mrs. Shipley joined the State Department in 1914 and served as head of the division for 27 years.

STARKEY. Joseph Starkey, FSO, died on October 13, in MeLean, Virginia. Mr. Starkey entered the Foreign Service in 1950 and served at Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Lagos, Bonn and the Department.

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Can you match up with the proper definition as given in "Webster's Unabridged," Third Edition?

One Man's Drink

THE individual who leaves his native country to see something of the world, be he diplomat or soldier or student or businessman or simple tourist, should be prepared to change his drinking habits for the duration of his stay abroad or, if not to change them, at least to allow a little variation to enter therein. To be sure, an individual will find such standard items as beer, whiskey, brandy and gin wherever he may go; but if he has any spirit of adventure at all, he will find a host of other spirits, most of which he has probably never even heard of before, awaiting him.

During the course of centuries, man, with his curious and inventive mind, has discovered that an almost infinite number of alcoholic beverages can be made from an infinite number of ingredients and each such beverage has attracted its own admirers. As Lucretius observed two millennia ago in his *De Rerum Natura*, "de gustibus non est disputandum." Today, the modern maxim puts it, "One man's meat [or drink] is another man's poison." But not only individuals but whole nations, in fact, exhibit a predilection for some specific alcoholic beverage; thus, we associate schnapps with Germans, vodka with Russians, bourbon with Americans, ale with Englishmen, tequila with Mexicans, etc.

The world is, in fact, full of strange alcoholic concoctions with strange names, many of which have found their way into the English language. Of the 30 listed below, how many

- | <i>Name of Spirit</i> | | |
|-----------------------|--------|---|
| 1. alkermes | (....) | 1. sweet liqueur made originally in Dalmatia distilled from the fermented juice of the marasea cherry and often flavored with bitter almonds, jasmine or vanilla. |
| 2. allaseh | (....) | 2. raspberry brandy, usually unsweetened. |
| 3. akvavit | (....) | 3. fermented beverage made originally by the nomadic peoples of Central Asia from mare's milk and now also from cow's milk elsewhere. |
| 4. arrack | (3) | 4. a colorless or slightly yellow alcoholic liquor produced in the Scandinavian countries by re-distilling neutral spirits flavored with caraway seeds. |
| 5. calvados | (....) | 5. a fermented beverage made by Indians of the southwestern United States. |
| 6. cassiri | (....) | 6. alcoholic liquor distilled in China usually from rice or large millet. |
| 7. cassis | (....) | 7. a distilled liquor made in northern Mexico, especially from the maguey plant. |
| 8. chicha | (....) | 8. an original Italian liqueur made of brandy flavored with bay leaves, mace, nutmeg, cloves |



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- and cinnamon and colored a brilliant red with the kermes insect or with cochineal.
9. curaçao (....) 9. colorless anise-flavored unsweetened Greek liqueur that turns milk-white when mixed with water.
10. framboise (....) 10. a usually colorless Mexican liquor distilled from leaves of the maguey plant after they have been roasted and fermented.
11. goldwasser (....) 11. a liquor of high alcoholic content resembling rum in taste and distilled in the Far East from the fermented juice of the coconut palm or from a fermented mash of rice and molasses.
12. grappa (....) 12. a colorless aromatic liqueur mixed with tiny flecks of gold leaf and flavored with citrus peel and various herbs.
13. guignolet (....) 13. a sweet spicy orange-flavored yellow liqueur made in Italy.
14. kava (....) 14. sweet brown French liqueur having a grape brandy base and flavored chiefly with the sloe.
15. koumiss (....) 15. an orange-flavored liqueur made from the dried peel of the sour orange and varying in color from yellow to brown but sometimes colorless.
16. maraschino (....) 16. alcoholic beverage used extensively in Japan, usually served hot, and made by the fermentation of rice.
17. mescal (....) 17. a dry straw-colored chiefly Russian liqueur of vodka flavored with herbs.
18. okolehao (....) 18. intoxicating beverage made from crushed roots of the Australasian shrubby pepper (*Piper methysticum*).
19. ouzo (....) 19. a dry fruity brown brandy distilled especially from apples grown in the Auge and Bessin regions of France.
20. persico (....) 20. a South and Central American beer made chiefly from fermented maize.
21. prunelle (....) 21. a sweet kümmel prepared with flavoring agents not usually found in kümmel, for example, bitter almonds, angelica root, anise and orange peel.
22. quetsch (....) 22. a French liqueur made from black sweet cherries.
23. ratafia (....) 23. syrupy liquor of low alcoholic strength made from black currants.
24. sake (....) 24. an intoxicating beverage made from pulque and coarse sugar with timbe used to retard fermentation.
25. samshu (....) 25. a dry, usually colorless, Italian brandy made from the distilled residue of a wine press.
26. sotol (....) 26. liqueur made by infusion and usually not distilled, flavored with plum, peach and apricot kernels and bitter almonds, and

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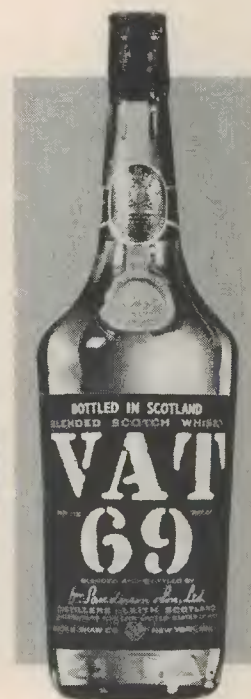
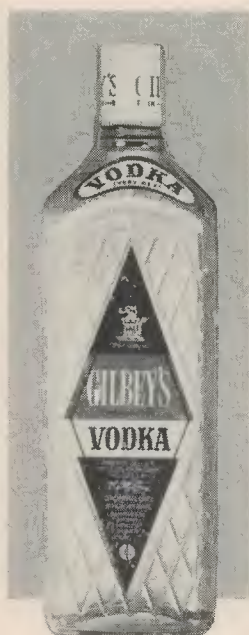
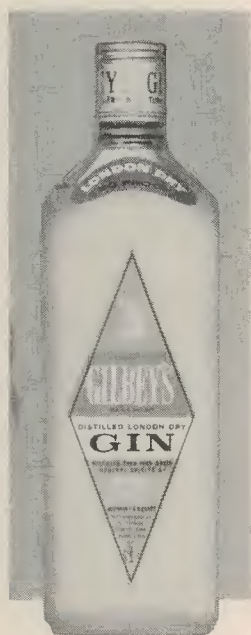
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|--------------|--------|---|
| 27. strega | (....) | 27. a drink resembling beer made by allowing cassava juice to ferment. |
| 28. tepache | (....) | 28. liqueur made from brandy or rectified spirits flavored with peach or apricot kernels, parsley, bitter almonds and cloves. |
| 29. tiswin | (....) | 29. an alcoholic liquor distilled from ti or taro root. |
| 30. zubrowka | (....) | 30. dry white Alsatian brandy distilled from fermented plum juice. |

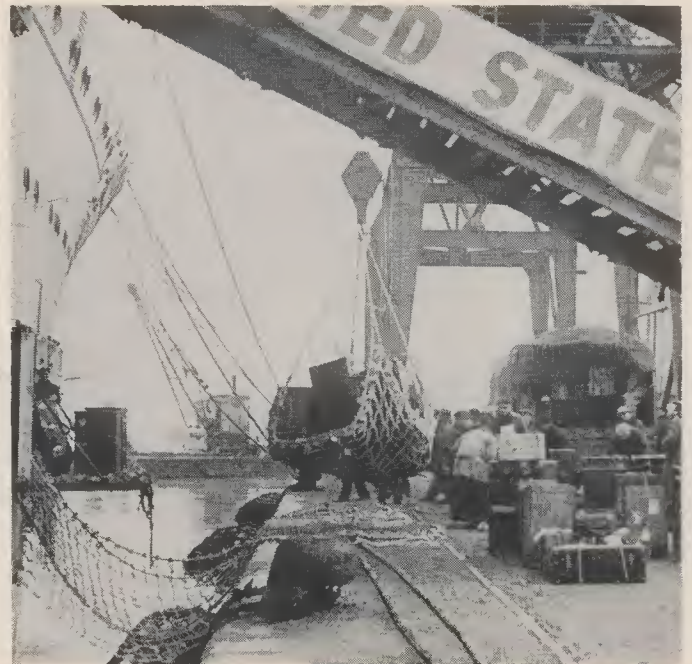
26. (7); 27. (13); 28. (24); 29. (5); 30. (17).
20. (28); 21. (14); 22. (30); 23. (26); 24. (16); 25. (6);
14. (18); 15. (3); 16. (1); 17. (10); 18. (29); 19. (9);
8. (20); 9. (15); 10. (2); 11. (12); 12. (25); 13. (22);
1. (8); 2. (21); 3. (4); 4. 11; 5. (19); 6. (27); 7. (23);

Swamped With New Members, AFSA Drive Continues

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 31*—Deluged with new membership applications from around the world, General Manager Gardner E. Palmer persuaded the AFSA Board of Directors to extend the deadline for this year's campaign until each precinct had reported.

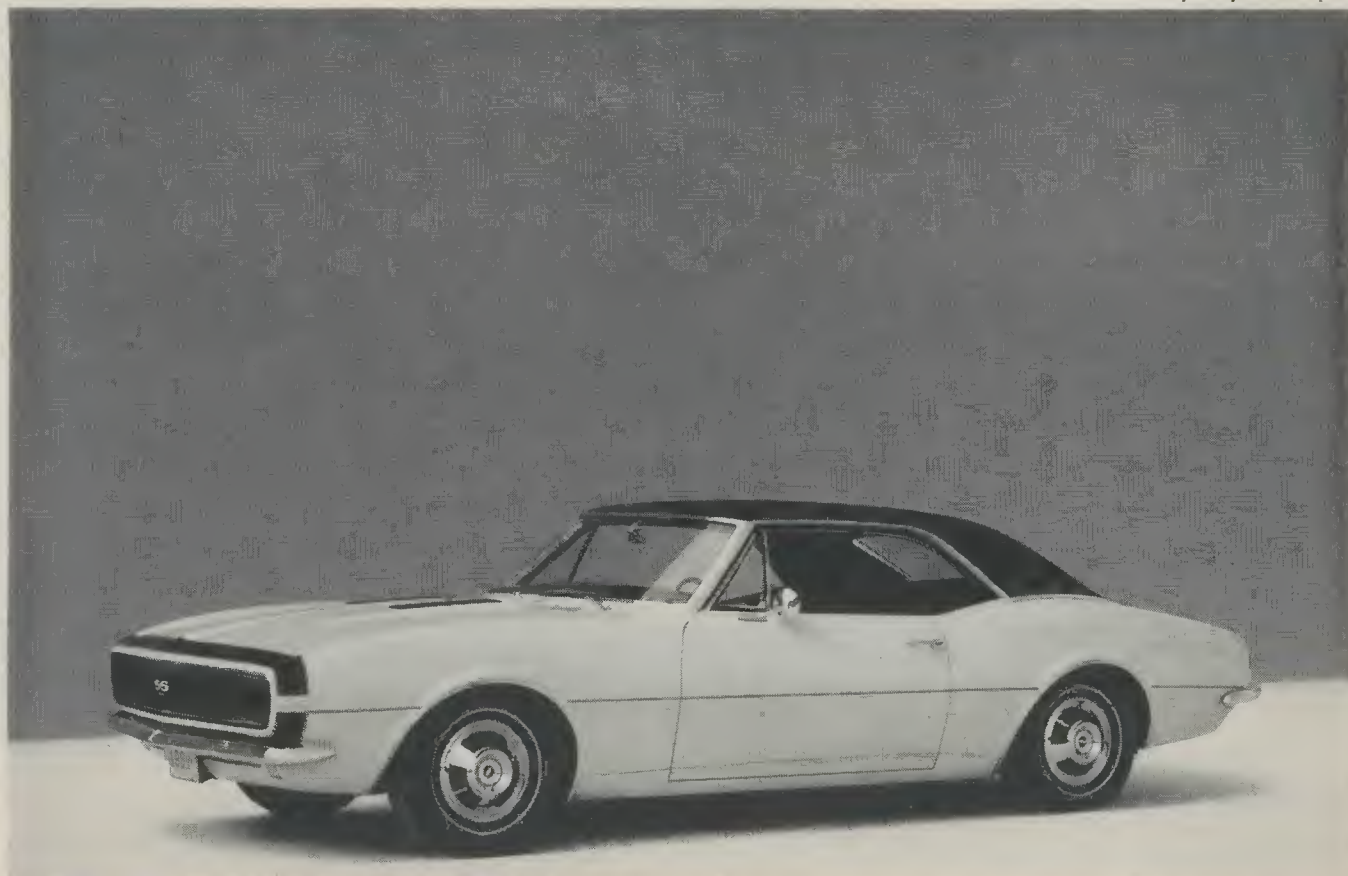
Veteran members will recognize several familiar figures in the candid photograph taken at dockside recently. Applications from AmConGen Marseilles, which now boasts a 100 percent membership roster, were being slung ashore and processed as the picture was taken. Awaiting off-loading were a few of the applications from Embassy Mogadiscio.

This splendid contribution to the United States Balance of Payments is being watched with great interest by Treasury agents. Mr. Palmer denied, however, that the flood of checks was solely responsible for the recent collapse of a major bank in the Middle East. On the other hand, he assured anxious members that AFSA expenditures would rise to meet income, through new and expanded programs, thus protecting the non-profit standing of the Association.



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
Gardner E. Palmer, General Manager

25 YEARS AGO

DECEMBER 1941

IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

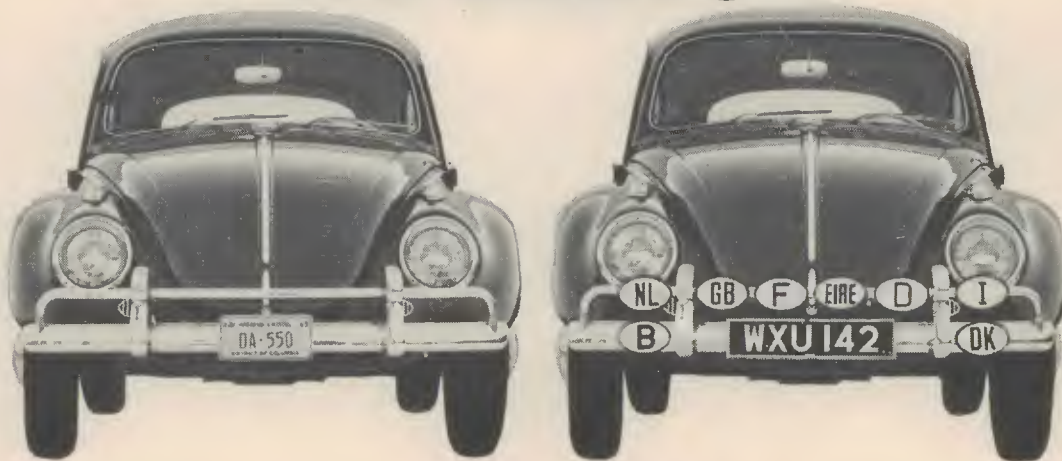
Acknowledgments

Sincere thanks are offered to the many officers who took the time from busy lives and current preoccupations to answer a request for their recollections of December 7, 1941. These recollections are collected elsewhere in this issue and take the place of the bulk of the column this month. Space has not permitted use of some letters from officers who were in the United States on that day.

Addendum

In referring to the repatriation on the *West Point* of American consular officers and their families from Germany, Italy, and Axis-occupied countries in the summer of 1941, this column made no mention of the role of the Consulate at Frankfurt-am-Main. Sydney Redeker, as principal officer, had the responsibility of looking after the families who congregated in Frankfurt from the closed consulates in Germany and Northern and Eastern Europe and getting them aboard the special train the Germans provided to take the group to the Spanish frontier. As the sequel, he was earmarked to return to Frankfurt at the end of the war. In 1945, before Berlin was taken, he was ordered to Paris from Madrid, put in uniform with assimilated rank of Brigadier General, given instructions by Robert Murphy and General

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Clay to find a headquarters in Frankfurt, and packed off with a commanding officer in a jeep over the hills to Frankfurt. There he selected an unbombed installation of a great German chemical manufacturing concern. The Army insisted on preserving his rank's privilege of a bedroom and sitting room in the crowded torn-up city and so the Commanding Officer, a Colonel, had to share a bedroom with other officers. He was shortly directed to re-open a State Department office. Having no space, funds or staff, he telegraphed Paris for instructions and advice. From Murphy he received the one-word reply, "Seroung."

More from Jim Stewart

Jim Stewart submits the following intelligence: In Bolton, England, a man ate caramels and a mouse ran off with his dentures. If you want a hamburger in England you ask for a "Wimpy," and if you hear people saying "pip emma" they mean afternoon. In land-locked Moseow, men are having themselves tattooed. Australia is encouraging dark-eyed senioritas to come from southern Europe to strike a balance between the sexes. In a letter to Jim, Paul Fletcher mentioned that the story of the Byington family is like the saga of the Sprague family in Gibraltar. Homer M. Byington, Jr., is carrying on the former at Naples as the third generation. As regards the Spragues, a ceremony at Gibraltar on April 30, 1932, commemorated the continuous service of three successive Spragues, grandfather, father, and son, as Consuls there for one hundred years. A tablet bearing the names and dates was presented to Consul Richard Louis Sprague. The tablet and the presentation were the idea of Augustus E. Ingram who was then Editor of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. Jim learned from Kenneth and Ruth Years that in Malaga they found Angus Ward looking more distinguished than ever with his beard all white.



A daughter, Charlotte, was born on December 6, 1941, in Sydney, Australia (December 7 in Honolulu), to Mr. and Mrs. Randolph A. Kidder. Charlotte was with her parents during their service in Canberra, Belem, Rio de Janeiro, Saigon, Washington, and part of the time in Paris. She attended Concord Academy in Massachusetts, and went on to Briarcliffe College where she graduated in 1961 with highest honors. In January 1965 she married Joseph Lusky who is with the firm of Jones, Kreeger and Company in Washington, where Charlotte is immersed in community affairs and worthy causes, carrying on the family tradition.



A daughter, Karen, was born on December 30, 1941, in Batavia, Dutch East Indies, to Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Collins. She spent her early years with her parents in Panama, Cuba, and Brazil, went to school in Washington for four years in the early fifties, and attended college at William and Mary for two years and American University for two years. In 1964 she took a position in the Bureau of International Affairs in the State Department. In June 1966 she joined the Collins, in Istanbul, where her father is principal officer.

Changes of Post

W. Stratton Anderson, Lagos to Accra, where a Consulate was newly established, as Vice Consul
Lawrence J. Daymont, Vichy to the Legation at Bern
Walter C. Dowling, Rome to Rio de Janeiro as Second Secretary
William E. Flournoy, Jr., to Rio de Janeiro as Second Secretary
Lewis E. Gleeck, Jr., Helsinki to Stockholm as Third Secretary
George McM. Godley, 2nd., Marseille to Bern as Third Secretary

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drink
Bourbon?"**

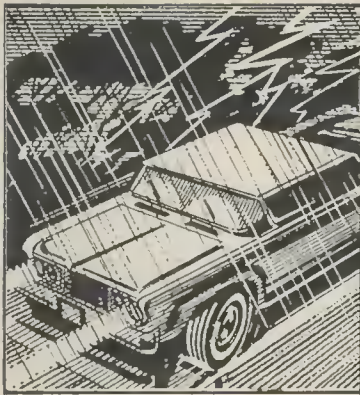


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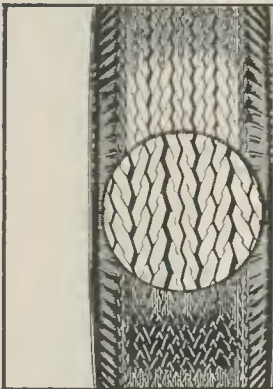




On wet roads



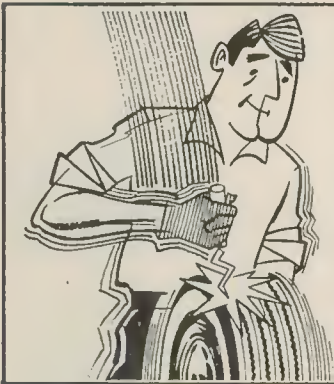
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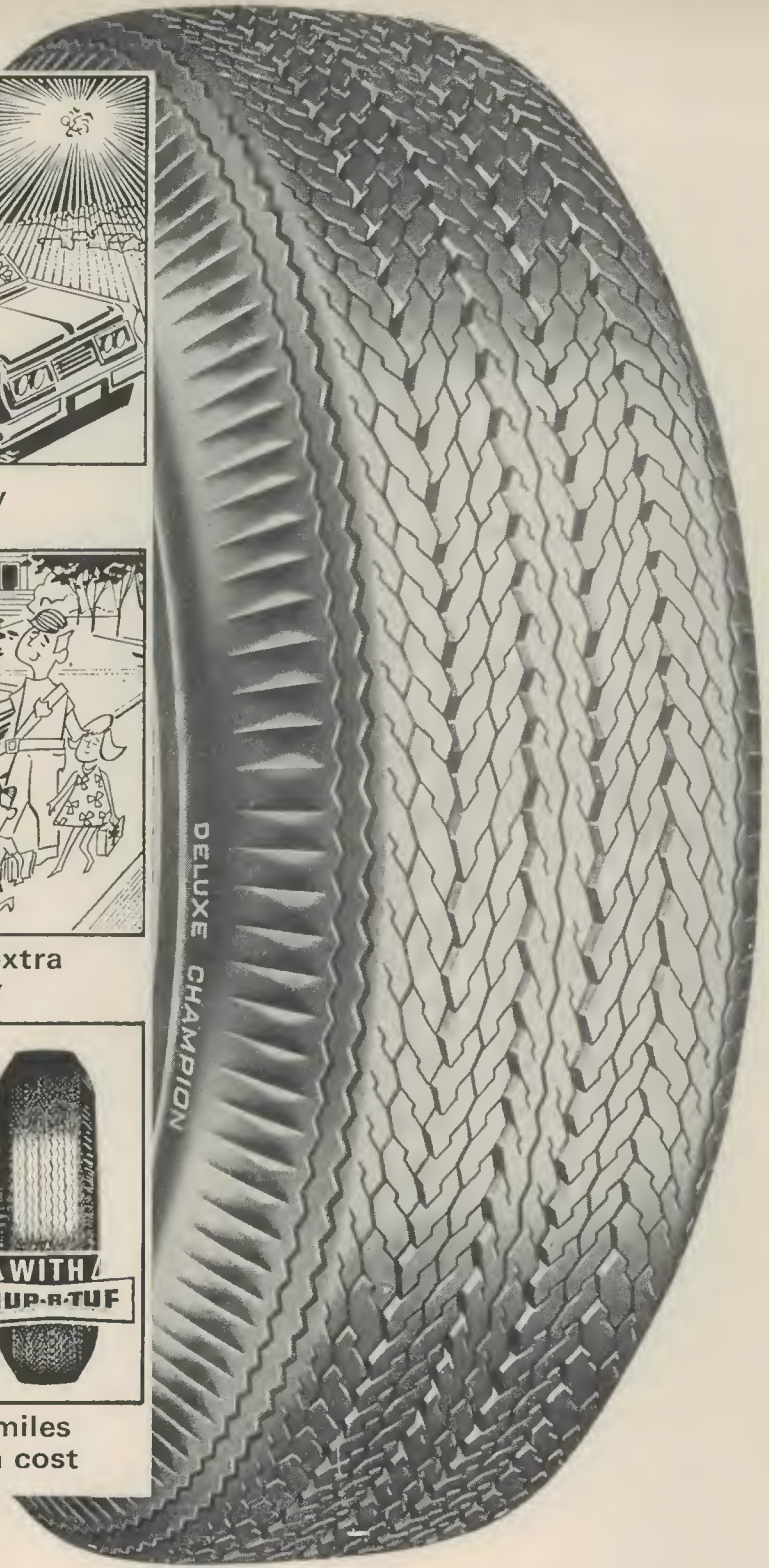
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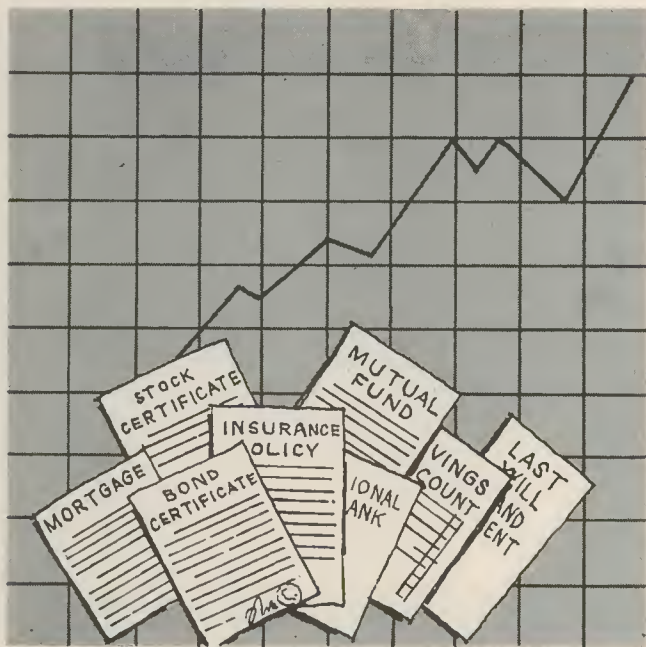
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FOCUS ON FINANCE



INVESTMENTS IN YOUR PERSONAL FINANCIAL PLANNING

BY JAY VAWTER

Investment Counselor, Loomis, Sayles & Company

IN our last column (October issue) we discussed the various aspects of your personal financial planning which should precede investments in a soundly conceived program. These included a savings account, adequate insurance, wills and home ownership. The last of these serves a dual purpose in this discussion because home ownership bridges the gap between these other necessary items and one's investment program. The substantial commitment of personal resources involved in home ownership constitutes an investment and even though the primary motive of home ownership usually does not go beyond the convenience and satisfaction of having your own house, we have found that in prosperous times home ownership has proved to be a very valuable investment. However, when we use the term "investment" we are really referring to a planned program of committing savings with the expectation of achieving a satisfactory rate of return on your money.

Why Invest?

Once you have met the necessary requirements in your personal financial planning, as discussed in the October column, you can then give serious consideration to a planned investment program. The purposes of such a program are many. These may include higher education for your children, building an estate for your own retirement to supplement your retirement program with the Foreign Service, buying a vacation home in later years or accumulating an estate to pass on to your heirs. This is only a short list and no doubt each of you could come up with others that particularly fit your own situation.

Who Should Invest?

Because of the great prosperity which our nation enjoys, more and more people are in a position to have an investment

program than ever before. The extent to which such a program can be pursued is largely a personal matter, but anyone who has funds remaining after the maintenance of his normal standard of living and who has fulfilled the requirements discussed in our last column is a potential investor. We might say that the other side of the investment coin is savings, so anyone who is able to save is able to invest. Any commitment of these savings funds other than leaving them in a checking account or stuffing them in a mattress is investment. All that is required is that these funds be committed with the hope or expectation of receiving a rate of return. Thus, even if you put all of your extra funds into a savings account at your local bank, you will be making an investment because you will receive interest—a return on your capital.

The advent of Social Security and the rapid growth of government and private pension plans has given the individual a much greater flexibility in managing his investments. Until these retirement plans were begun, it was necessary for each breadwinner to make his own plans for the care of his family upon his retirement or in many cases it was necessary for him to earn a living until he died. Often parents looked to their children to take care of them in their old age and usually there were no savings at all to invest. Now, however, most of us can look forward to a retirement which will have been prepared for during the years of our active, productive lives. Thus, any savings we are able to accumulate can be invested in a variety of ways including stocks, bonds, real estate, savings accounts and businesses of our own. The direction which each individual's investment program takes will depend on his own personal temperament, his knowledge of the particular investment (especially in the case of owning one's own business or investing in real estate) and the availability of competent advice.

Personal Objectives

Perhaps the most important single factor determining the direction of your investment program will be your personal objectives and needs. These needs and objectives will be determined by your age, the size of your family, your income, the amount of your investable assets, the extent to which retirement income is provided for and the nearness of your retirement, and the likelihood of your receiving any substantial investment assets in the future through inheritance, the distribution of a trust or a substantial growth in savings through increases in income. At opposite extremes of the investment objective spectrum we would find a young widow with several children whose objectives are extremely conservative and income-oriented and, at the other end, a wealthy business or professional man whose earnings are of such magnitude that substantial savings are available for aggressive investment. Most of us will fall somewhere in between these extremes and our investment objectives will be determined accordingly. Three examples might be useful.

John R. Young is 32 years of age, married and has three children ranging in age from two to seven. His annual income from his Foreign Service position is \$11,000, he has a savings account of \$5,000, owns his own home (25-year mortgage) and is adequately covered by life and medical insurance. In addition, because of careful saving and a small inheritance received by his wife several years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Young have a nice nest egg of \$12,000. Furthermore, this family finds it is able to save \$100 a month which is available for investment.

The Youngs' primary objectives are to build up a fund which can assist in the education of their children and also a retirement fund to supplement the pension and Social Security benefits from the United States Government when John retires in 28 years. Because the education fund will not be needed for eleven years for the oldest child and sixteen years for the youngest, there is adequate time to invest these funds

somewhat aggressively with the expectation that growth of their capital will help offset the rapid increase in educational costs. This must be tempered by the fact that a substantial loss of this capital could jeopardize their children's college education.

That part of their funds which can be committed to a supplemental retirement program is a very long-term objective and because of the retirement plan in which John participates, they feel they can take greater risks with this capital in the hopes of seeing it grow over the years.

Middle-Aged Couple Looking Toward Retirement

William C. Middle is 50, married, and has two children age 22 and 26. Both of his children have graduated from college and his older child, a son, is married. Mr. Middle earns \$17,000 a year in the Foreign Service and has built up a total savings of \$65,000. This had been larger but several thousand dollars were used to help educate his two children. The Middles own their own home and in just seven years the mortgage will be entirely paid off.

The Middles, also, have two primary objectives for their capital. First, they hope to use most of it to supplement William's pension when he retires in ten years. He will receive a nice pension, but they have both become accustomed to a very pleasant standard of living and when he turns 60 they hope their capital assets will be of sufficient size to generate a nice supplemental income. Thus, their objectives should be primarily oriented toward growth of capital but this should be modified somewhat by the fact that they will be depending on the income from the capital to maintain their present standard of living in only ten years.

Retired Couple More Conservative

Thomas A. Elder is 71 years of age, having retired from the Foreign Service eleven years ago. Both he and Mrs. Elder

are in good health and live comfortably in their own home on his government pension. The house is completely paid for and adequate for their needs. Mr. Elder has adequate life insurance to help take care of Mrs. Elder in the event he predeceases her. The Elders have three children and seven grandchildren.

During their productive lives, the Elders were able to save an increasing amount from his salary and furthermore, Mrs. Elder became a part-time teacher when her children graduated from college and got married. Much of this income was also saved and when Mr. Elder's parents died many years ago he received a small inheritance. Thus, the Elders have accumulated \$125,000 of investment assets. While Mr. Elder's pension provides for most of their living needs, the Elders enjoy traveling and thus use all of the income from their investments for this purpose. Should Mrs. Elder outlive her husband, she will be dependent on this capital to provide her with a comfortable standard of living for the remainder of her own life. Finally, the Elders plan to leave their estate to their children and would like to see this maintained as close to the present level as possible and perhaps even increased over the next few years. Thus, preservation of capital and a good income are two of the most important goals for the Elders. We might summarize their objectives as being conservative but with scope for modest growth of their invested assets.

These three examples demonstrate the variety of goals and objectives investors may have and the importance of determining these before embarking on an investment program. Once you have established your objectives you can then turn to the question of how best to achieve them. Should you buy stocks or bonds? Are mutual funds your best answer? What about the Monthly Investment Plan? Could investment counsel help you? These and other questions concerning the importance of obtaining competent investment advice will be discussed in our February column. ■



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FSI 12/66



by HELEN K. BEHRENS

Proof positive that more women read the JOURNAL (ours, that is) now than a decade or so ago comes from Mrs. Kathryn Goldsmith, along with a great recipe, in this letter to me:

"The last time that the subject of sharing our far-flung recipes was brought up in the JOURNAL it was a recipe contest. And mine was the only entry. A year after submitting my glorious Italian discovery I enquired what had happened to the recipe contest, and thereupon won it—with Tina's Marvelous Potatoes.

"Tina was our *tuttofare* in Naples, 1949-51. One day she asked if we would like to have potatoes a different way. Yes! At the very first bite these were pronounced and have always remained

Tina's Marvelous Potatoes

"Make your favorite, richest kind of mashed potatoes. To

this mixture, to serve, say, six, add a third or a half cup (or more) finely grated **Parmesan cheese** and as much finely **chopped parsley** as you are willing to chop *very, very fine*, for either a few green specks or a general green tint. Add these to the mashed potatoes together; you can tell by the parsley when the cheese is thoroughly mixed in. Put this combination through a potato ricer held up over a **well-buttered** baking dish (and have someone at hand to help). Let the globs fall lightly and pile up high. Don't shake the dish or otherwise try to even out its contents; you can pile this as high again as the depth of the casserole. Dot with **butter** and bake in medium or high oven until the squiggles are lightly brown.

"Don't skimp on the cheese; that's what holds it up. Other kinds of hard cheeses may be used. A cylindrical ricer with vertical plunger works better than a V-type ricer with angled plunger. An around-and-around food mill doesn't work very well at all. This can be made in the morning, for last minute finishing in the oven in the evening—for which reason it became part of my Standard Company Menu A."

Thanks so very much, Mrs. Goldsmith. Tina's recipe deserves to join many, many Standard Company Menu A's around the world. You might want to drizzle a little cream over the potatoes or dot them liberally with butter, if you are going to keep them all day for last minute oven-popping.

For a "richest kind of mashed potatoes" for six, peel and cover **12 medium potatoes** with **water**, add **1 tablespoon salt**, bring to boil, and simmer 20-30 minutes, until tender. Drain well, mash in cooking kettle. Bring $\frac{3}{4}$ **cup cream** to heat very gently, and add gradually to the mashed potatoes, along with **4 tablespoons butter**. (You may not want to use this much cream; but remember that the cheese will add to the consistency of the potatoes.) **Salt and pepper** to taste. This mixture can be made over very low heat so that the potatoes will not be too cool, but be sure to keep stirring.

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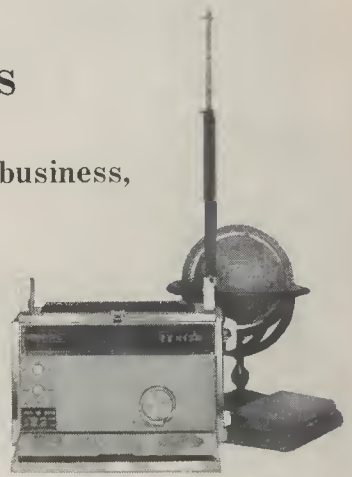
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FITZHUGH GREEN

THE UN AND USIA

THE UNITED NATIONS' annual propaganda deluge started in September with the 21st General Assembly. Just as our own Declaration of Independence provides for "facts to a candid world," the UN Charter calls for full airing of all national opinions. Accordingly, each of the 121 member nations pours forth facts, opinions, and polemics to advance its own points of view at the world forum, the handiest launching pad for propaganda available today.

The United States Information Agency has a current budget of about 180 million dollars, to win public opinion and support abroad for US policies. This is the biggest sum spent by any free world nation on this kind of informative program which is defined as overt propaganda. It is not known what the communist countries spend on their overt propaganda.

The USIA at the UN must be assessed on two levels: first, on dissemination of US policy statements and activities to the home populations of UN members, and secondly, on its contributions to the speeches, statements, and other expressions of US policy made at the United Nations.

On dissemination, USIA does excellently, and it should, for the UN headquarters furnish complete facilities for members to transmit their words to human beings everywhere.

On input to *how* we express what we say—a prime function of USIA at every other embassy in foreign lands—USIA's part is minimal, infrequent and traditionally not desired by the management of the US Mission to the United Nations.

USIA's news and features media pump out a massive and constant flow of coverage on all activities not only of the US Mission, but of the UN itself, for a key American policy is to build support of the UN as an entity. USIS posts everywhere receive radio tapes, radio teletype news service, films, pamphlets and books which explain, report on and promote the United Nations as a force for peace that all peoples should believe in.

The Voice of America and the Press Service—news in text and photos, television and films operate from USIA offices within the UN Secretariat Building and from booths in the Security Council and General Assembly chambers.

Like the commercial press, government-run news and feature organizations such as Agence France Presse, the British Broadcasting Corporation, Tass and USIA are accredited correspondents. They must merely conform to housekeeping rules set up by the UN's Press section.

The UN also has its own worldwide information network. It beams radio programs over Voice of America facilities (at no cost to the UN) and maintains information centers in 49 countries.

A sorry contrast to USIA's substantial role among other information services in the UN headquarters is its scrub team position within the US Mission.

Public affairs at the modern, luxurious American Mission building has been handled not by USIA, but by a State Department employee, Francis W. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter, the patrician-mannered, silver-haired veteran spokesman for the Mission, is highly popular and respected in UN press circles. Despite this, Mr. Carpenter participates little, if at all, in speech or statement drafting at the Mission. His deputy, Richard Monsen, a USIA officer, makes no contributions of this sort. His being physically in the public affairs department does somewhat facilitate USIA knowledge of upcoming emissions by the US Mission for he can alert in advance the Agency's news carrying media in their offices across the street.

Under these arrangements, does American propaganda persuasively communicate our policies to other peoples? Not if the recent American peace proposal made by Ambassador Goldberg at the General Assembly is any indication. On October 2nd, the *New York Times* stated:

"The United Nations may not be able to settle the Vietnam War. But at least, before such a town meeting of the world, each side wants to present its desires and proposals for peace in the best possible light. This propaganda notice helps explain in large measure the speech in which Ambassador Goldberg outlined the US Peace Plan."

This speech met with little success, either among our enemies or our allies. James Reston, also in the *New York Times*, on October 2nd wrote:

The official proposals for a peace in Vietnam have had a cool reception in the world, not because they are unfair or unrealistic, but simply because they are not believed."

Apparently they were not believed partly because they offered no new peace terms and partly because the rest of the world simply is unconvinced that the United States wants peace.

The domestic "credibility gap" on Washington's declarations about the Vietnam War is evidently spreading abroad. This foreign skepticism about US intentions concerns our embassies in many capitals. Our USIA teams working from these embassies try to rekindle confidence in America's desire to end the war.

Also it is the task of USIA's chief in each country, the Public Affairs officer, to offer counsel to the Ambassador and his "country team" on how to overcome this skepticism. The Public Affairs officer's advice might include ideas for or against action or speeches and pronouncements.

He can suggest public action such as laying a wreath on the tomb of the host country's unknown soldier or inviting the pundits to an embassy seminar on "How to find a

peaceful solution to Vietnam." Or he can arrange for the Ambassador to interpret the US proposals in a speech before the Host Country—American Friendship Society, or in a formal meeting with the local press, or in an article prepared for the country's leading political, intellectual, or mass circulation periodical or newspaper.

In all these instances, and they have infinite variation, the Public Affairs officer—who must have first won the confidence and respect of the Ambassador—will have continuing, substantive responsibility. He is the professional who should properly stage the public appearances of the Ambassador and other activities representing the "American presence." He is the specialist in psychological climates who must appropriately draft speeches and pronouncements so that they are understandable and convincing to the local populace. Or if others in the embassy write the message, he checks it for accuracy in terms of the current policy and for his own judgment on its likely impact upon local popular opinion.

In short, the Public Affairs officer is ideally a combination advertising-promotion-sales-press-public relations vice president for the embassy. Despite the egregious paucity of in-house training in USIA to prepare them for it, quite a few Public Affairs officers skillfully play this complex role.

Is there a "Public Affairs officer" in the US Mission to the UN? Under Adlai Stevenson, there was an able publicist and savant of the American political scene. Clayton Fritchey, who filled the bill, in part. Mr. Fritchey served brilliantly as Ambassador Stevenson's Public Affairs officer for one country—the United States.

As for the rest of the world, Mr. Fritchey talked occasionally to a few English-speaking, leading foreign correspondents. His deputy, Frank Carpenter, served as official press contact and held daily briefings for the UN journalists, when the UN General Assembly was in session.

Yet, neither Fritchey nor Carpenter had any on-the-spot, overseas experience as information officers. Neither spoke any foreign language nor was schooled or experienced in the idiom of other cultures. They talked as Americans; it was up to foreign reporters to translate not only from the English language, but from the American cultural differences into terms their home readers might comprehend. And except for potential domestic political effect, even Mr. Fritchey had no hand in the content of the Mission's public utterances.

A recent move by Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, our present Representative to the UN, has Mrs. Eugenic Anderson oversee the Mission's public affairs except for press contacts. But this change merely adds more concentration on public opinion in this country—not in foreign nations.

This report is not intended to criticize the highly competent Messrs. Fritchey and Carpenter or any other individual. But it is written to focus on what seems a severe shortfall in communications between our mission to the UN and the home populations of the other 120 members: Namely that we fail to employ the expertise of USIA at this prime locus of opportunity for winning support for US policies among foreign peoples.

Edward R. Murrow, USIA Director under President

(Continued on page 50)

A Seed Of Scepticism +
 A Grain Of Suspicion +
 A Germ Of Doubt =
 A True Professional



"There are high goals for us to aspire toward—world law, world disarmament, and even world peace—and these are possible goals."

LET me begin by thanking you for your hospitality and the warmth of your welcome to someone who is, after all, just another lateral entrant into the Department of State.

I have resolved not to engage in any public appearances until I gained at least some minimum familiarity with my new job. After just twenty-four days here, I fear that my impression parallels the remark Anatole France reputedly made about the works of Kant: "You pore through all ten volumes and then find the verb in the eleventh."

Those of you who have been here for some time may find it hard to recall just how much lore one must master in order even to communicate intelligently here. One of the most baffling areas is the system of office symbols.

I discovered, for example, that the Under Secretary, quite logically, is designated as "U." I naturally assumed that this would make Gene Rostow "non-U." To my surprise, however, I find that he is "M." Hence while I may be the Nancy Mitford of the Department, he is the Ian Fleming.

Not all of the symbols are quite that symbolic, and I am learning a catechism of other acronymic delights. I no longer confuse S/S with S/S-S—although I confess I remain intrigued by S/S-EX.

At my present rate of self-education, it will be quite a while before I make a true public appearance—and that is all the

Nicholas Katzenbach makes his first speech as Under Secretary of State to the Foreign Service Association.

more reason for me to welcome your invitation today. For this is not a public meeting, and there isn't any organization before which it would be more fitting for me to make my baptismal appearance.

I am acutely sensitive of the old saw that Under Secretaries come and Under Secretaries go but the Foreign Service goes on forever. It's all too true. The Service has endured for 42 years. In the same period, there have now been 19 of us Under Secretaries.

You may recall that the last speech by the last Under Secretary was entitled "My Six Years in the Fudge Factory." I have discovered that the foreign policy process is more like a taffy-pull. One Bureau pulls against another Bureau, the Seventh Floor is the referee, and already I can understand the turnover rate among Under Secretaries.

Indeed, I have reason already to appreciate the importance of the contribution which you who serve in the field of foreign affairs make to the Department—and to my first important negotiation.

I am trying to negotiate two treaties with the Bureaus—one for the proliferation of creative policies and the other for a limited test ban on bureaucratic procedures. (I hope the latter will also encompass *underground* explosions.)

I do not come before you to offer any profundities or pronouncements on policy. It would be presumptuous at so early a date, nor, I am sure, do you expect either from me. What I would, rather, set out to do is to share with you some of my more serious first impressions—the first of which I say quite honestly is the importance of the Foreign Service.

By importance, I mean a Service whose vitality is not eroded by undue caution and yet whose judgment is not impaired by exuberant recklessness. As with so much that is both important and difficult, such a goal can easily be no more than platitude. I would propose three particulars.

The first is that, rising above recent modish debates, we need in our Foreign Service neither careerists nor outsiders; we need professionals.

Second, we require experience and yet we also require the ability to master experience and not become its victims.

Third, drawing both on professionalism and on freedom from slavish obedience to experience, we must have a Service with the capacity to develop good long-range policies, not just short-range reactions.

Let me illustrate what I mean by each of these points.

First, why do we need career professionals? Jefferson opened the Department in 1790 with a staff of five clerks, one custodian and a part-time translator of French, who is, I think, still here. Even fifty years ago our diplomacy presented a haphazard avocation. We had no real professional service then because we did not need one—we had no foreign relations.

Through the nineteenth century Americans were busy carving a nation and we were non-aligned neutrals until 1917. Our attitude was like Trotsky's remark after the October

Revolution, "What? Are we going to have foreign affairs?"

Our involvement in the world came rapidly and consequently a career service was created in 1924. The growth of the Department and the Service since then are an index of our growing world responsibility.

In 1924, there were 633 Foreign Service officers and 4,000 employees in the Department of State. In 42 years, we have increased six-fold. There are now 3,500 in the Foreign Service and 26,000 in the Department as a whole.

This is not simply the result of a bureaucratic Parkinson's disease—or law. Nor has it been simply a quantitative explosion, but also one of professional scope.

Harold Nicolson used to say the qualities of an ideal diplomat were "truth, accuracy, calm, patience, good temper, modesty and loyalty." Today even that noble catalogue of skills is insufficient.

It may be just as necessary to have fluency in Burmese, or to recognize that a ferry system across an African River would be more economical than building a bridge, or to recognize that a restrictive trade policy in Europe is wrong and to try to change it.

In my trip to Vietnam two weeks ago I saw a Foreign Service of young and vigorous officers applying these new qualities to difficult local tasks:

—The economic skills needed successfully to head off a dangerous inflation;

—The sociological insight needed to understand and act on the apathy of villagers;

—The consummate political skills needed to face the Buddhist crisis of last March;

—The language skills needed to communicate with a remote society.

We need the most creative and articulate men and women our society produces—to grapple with the most difficult issues of war and peace that any society has ever faced. We should be attracting to the Service the best of a post-war generation of young Americans. And we should encourage our outstanding young officers not only by promoting them but also by giving them jobs that test their capacities.

Yet a good Service is something more than special skills. It should be an adventure that is larger than self—represented by esprit, by loyalty, and by professionalism.

This Association can and does play a significant role in fostering these qualities. You should be a forthright advocate for your membership. Looking inward, you should be the conscience of the Foreign Service. As teacher and innovator, you can nurture valued traditions and stimulate new ferment.

As President Johnson said eight years ago, while still in the Senate, "If diplomacy fails, our future will rest upon other shoulders and no one can contemplate the results with a feeling of ease."

That observation is fully as true now as it was then.

My second point is that we need experience—but also the ability to avoid being mastered by it.

What is wrong with relying on past experience? Obviously, nothing, unless old experience leads us to apply false analogies to the future. When excessive reliance on the past obscures the unique requirements of a new situation, we increase the agonies of decision—and the possibilities of failure.

If the United States had acted out of habit rather than reflection, we would not have achieved the Limited Test Ban Treaty, or succeeded in a number of other initiatives that, if gauged by past experience, were doomed to failure from the start.

My experience in the Department of Justice demonstrated the danger of holding too fast to the lessons of experience and believing too certainly that they were right.

In the field of immigration, for example, off-and-on efforts to abolish the iniquitous national origins quota system went on for forty years, all to die virtually stillborn. Past experience would have told us plainly not to try again. Because of the

remarkable imagination and patience of my colleagues in the Department of Justice, however, the immigration reform law was enacted.

Similarly, President Kennedy and President Johnson set out to secure the Civil Rights Act of 1964 despite continued awareness of the filibuster sword.

To the lasting credit of the Congress and the public, that effort, as you know, succeeded. (Although I should, in the light of a more recent legislative battle, observe that this victory did not establish an *absolute* precedent for progress.)

New situations do not always, or even often, organize themselves into the neat categories of the past. If this were not true, then foreign policy would be a mindless process and we could all be replaced by computers in striped pants.

I do not propose to pack up all my papers and hand my new elevator key over to a behavioral scientist or a computer technician because I believe we can conquer excessive and assertive reliance on experience.

The proof of a true professional, no matter how experienced, is that he never loses a seed of scepticism, a grain of suspicion, and a germ of doubt.

"My brethren, I beseech you," Oliver Cromwell wrote to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, "in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that ye may be mistaken."

There are, in short, times when the virtue of experience is to demonstrate the irrelevance of experience. And I believe we can make experience our tool and not our master. Now—as always—is a time to probe for new policies.

This leads to my third point—that we need good long-range policies above and beyond short-range improvisation.

We are all involved in the day-to-day business of the Department. We are prepared to monitor and manage crises around the clock. But shouldn't all of us—desk officers, country directors, and assistant secretaries—be taking a harder look at what our policies in every country and region should be five and ten years from now?

Every officer of the Department should have a broad concern and involvement in the nation's problems. And let me add a personal thought here. Foreign Service officers are greatly skilled observers of politics. I see many cables every day. They are remarkably sophisticated reports about political developments in foreign countries. Can I urge each and every one of you to consider that you have got political problems here at home and you should be as shrewd and sophisticated observers and as concerned about politics here in the United States, about what public opinion is and about what the Congress of the United States is doing, as you are about foreign countries and their politics.

Change faces us more each day. We might well amend the ancient epigram of Heraclitus that "There is nothing permanent except change," and say, instead, that there is nothing permanent except the acceleration of change.

But this is not a fact that should breed despair or occasion surrender or send us cowering to some distant post hoping that retirement will come before the lightning. Change should, rather, provoke our best efforts. For professionalism, reflective experience, and wise planning do not exist for their own sake, any more than the Foreign Service or the Department of State exist for their own sakes.

There are high goals for us to aspire toward—world law, world disarmament, and even world peace—and these are possible goals.

"Our problems," President Kennedy said, in perhaps his greatest speech, "are man-made—therefore they can be solved by man. And man can be as big as he wants. No problem of human destiny is beyond human beings. Man's reason and spirit have often solved the seemingly unsolvable—and we believe they can do it again." ■

(Mr. Katzenbach's speech was given at the October 27 American Foreign Service Association luncheon).

"When Herod the King had heard these things he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him."

TELEGRAM

Foreign Service of the
United States of America

OUTGOING

Amembassy JERUSALEM

UNCLASSIFIED

Classification

DIST
AMB
DCM
EA
POL I
POL II
ECON
AID
FINATT
COMMATT
USIS
ADMIN
CON
AGRIC
LEGAL ATT
USARMATT
USAIRA
USNAVATT
MILGRP
FAA
AEC
SCIATT
LABOR ATT
SY
MARINES
MARITIME
C&R

Control:

1265

Date:

DEC 22, 1965 A.D.

Charge:

1200

To: Secstate WASHINGTON PRIORITY 122565

INFO: Amembassy ROME 122501

THIS IS A COUNTRY TEAM MESSAGE

1. Judaea continues tense in wake of spate of rumors, signs, and portents. Three weeks ago three wise men arrived traveling on diplomatic passports as Afro-Asian Cultural Mission. Said they searching for King of Kings. Herod at first flattered thinking they meant him but grew alarmed when their abrupt disappearance indicated they did not. Herod's efficient intelligence service has been unable to locate them and Embassy efforts equally unavailing suggesting they have gone out of Judea by another way.

2. More recently a bright star appeared in East in general direction of Bethlehem. Science and Air Attaches frankly baffled by this phenomenon. Star has an odd effect on observers, filling them with emotions of joy and optimism. Suggest NASA and Smithsonian may wish to investigate.

3. Confused reports from Bethlehem itself suggest important if unclear developments there. Town jammed by influx of persons to pay Herods new head tax as reported in EMBTEL 1131. Hotel reservations impossible to get, and even stables are being rented. Wild reports received here of Angels bending near the earth and appearing to shepherds keeping their flocks by night. Message of Angels garbled but appears to be either QUOTE Peace on Earth Good Will to Men UNQUOTE or QUOTE Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will UNQUOTE. Substance obviously different in two cases, but either way it seems to be a message of greatest significance.

4. Further reported that a child has been born in a manger and hailed as King of Kings sought by three wise men. Wise men themselves have showed up in Bethlehem bearing expensive gifts for infant.

5. Herod obviously seriously worried but at a loss as to what course of action to take. Roman Preconsul and legions as yet unconcerned. Proconsul actually on vacation and legions more interested in forthcoming games and transfer of some units to Gaul.

6. Comprehensive Country Team appreciation impossible on basis of fragmentary information available. Herod not above flirtation with Afro-Asians in order remind Rome of his importance to Empire, but if this his tactic it has got out of hand.

RA: ACHewitt

ADAMS

UNCLASSIFIED

Classification

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Many Foreign Service officers, many alive today and scattered over the world, played their parts in the tragedy of Pearl Harbor, which took place 25 years ago this month. With notable persistence Henry Day, the conductor of "Twenty-Five Years Ago," has pursued men who found themselves in widespread outposts when the blow fell. Time has not dimmed their memories. Indeed the recollections of that day form so vivid a record that for this issue "Twenty-Five Years Ago" is transmuted into this article.

THERE is a lot of talk around town to the effect that the Japanese, in case of a break with the United States are planning to go all-out in a surprise mass attack on Pearl Harbor." In Tokyo, Ambassador Grew made this entry in his diary on January 27, 1941. (*The Turbulent Era*, page 1283.)

In October or November 1941, Admiral Leahy, our Ambassador at Vichy, remarked to his Counselor, H. Freeman Matthews, that he thought that if the Japanese did strike they would try to attack Pearl Harbor.

Denied such prescience, most people were surprised to a degree amounting to shock when they got the news of the attack and the damage and loss. There follow quotations or summaries of what many Foreign Service officers have written. Albeit but random close-ups of parts of a much larger picture, they illustrate various ways in which the Foreign Service was affected.

In Tokyo, around midnight, an hour or so before the attack, Merrill Benninghoff chauffeured Ambassador Grew to the official residence of the Foreign Minister where the Ambassador delivered President Roosevelt's message to the Emperor and requested an audience. The Ambassador later told Benninghoff the Foreign Minister gave no indication of what was happening—if he knew. Benninghoff learned of the attack at 6 a.m. from the A.P. correspondent and rushed over to see the correspondent with an overcoat over his pajamas only to find him being taken away by the police to internment. He returned, dressed, had breakfast, and went to the Embassy. He did not leave the premises for three months, when he was allowed to go back to supervise the packing and storing of his effects. In "The Turbulent Era," Ambassador Grew wrote that when Mr. Ohno of the Foreign Office drove to the Embassy at 11 o'clock he handed Edward

Crocker at the locked gate an official message on the state of war. Crocker said "This is a very tragic moment." Mr. Ohno answered "It is; and my duty is most distasteful." Among the 60 interned in Tokyo were Eugene Dooman, Counselor, Ned Crocker, Charles Bohlen, William Turner, Merrill Benninghoff, James Espy and Carl Boehringer.

The Chargé d'Affaires in Peiping was Richard Butrick. He writes—

Although we had expected war for some time and had reported to the Department certain acts of the Japanese which we considered indicative (probably not received in time by the Department because of overloaded naval radio situation due to movement of ships), our first indication came at 8 a.m. when we learned that Japanese soldiers were patrolling the Legation quarter. We then consulted the embassy guard

and learned that they had received a wire at 6 a.m. that the US and Japan were at war. We immediately began burning codes and confidential files, previously concentrated for such purpose, using furnaces of five houses. Principal documents were burned by 10:30 and all by 12:15. At 1:10 p.m. a Japanese group headed by First Secretary Yonegaki notified me officially of the war and that my mission was terminated. At 2:45, the American flag was lowered, on demand of the Japanese, and I kept it until 1945 when I had the satisfaction of raising it over the Embassy gate.

Fulton Freeman writes that in Peiping on that day he was awakened by a Japanese gendarme at 6:30 a.m. and was handed a mimeographed manifesto which declared the two governments at war. He recalls the frantic

25 Years Later Recollections Of A Bitter Day



destruction of papers under the direction of Richard Buttrick and Walter McConaughy and what happened when this had been accomplished:

As I was returning to my house via the adjoining compound where 150 US Marines were stationed, I suddenly realized that history was taking place around me and I halted in my steps. The Japanese Commanding General had just entered the compound with his staff, swords clanking, to receive the surrender of our Marines who were carefully lined up in front of their barracks with their rifles stacked as previously directed. There followed immediately the lowering of the American flag accompanied by the longest drawn out and most heart-rending playing of Retreat that any bugler has ever rendered. I don't think there was a single dry eye among the Leathernecks. Then came the business-like raising of the Japanese flag, the inspection of the troops, and the reading of instructions of do's and don'ts.

A few days thereafter I held a furtive, whispered conversation with the Commanding Marine Colonel (William Ashurst) through the barbed wire barricade which separated our two compounds. He told me that the Corporal who had blown the bugle had approached him subsequently with the following request: "Please, Sir, may I be the one to blow To The Colors when next we raise our flag over this compound?"

Most of the Embassy staff at the Nanking office had moved to Chungking. Mrs. J. Hall Paxton recalls that Paxton once told her that a Naval Attaché, still in Nanking, picked up the news on the radio and that all papers were burned before anyone came. The Japanese Consul arrived and said to Paxton "I regret to inform you that our two countries are at war. You are no longer American Consul but will be held as a hostage for fair treatment of our Japanese officers in the Philippines." After a minute he added, "I'd hate to shoot you, Mr. Paxton."

In Manila a group of about 26 officers, staff, wives and children, many of them caught in transit, were unable to get away before the Japanese came. They were interned for the seemingly interminable period of two years, during which they had virtually no communication with their families or the Department. Nathaniel P. Davis, Foreign Service Inspector, was the

senior officer. The JOURNALS of January and February 1944 printed his report, which touched only by implication on the severe strains they endured. In conclusion he observed, generously, that they were fortunate in the officials with whom they had had to deal; that their lot could have been very much worse. Charles Stephan was one of those caught in transit after duty in Japan. He reached Manila on the *President Harrison* the night of Sunday, December 7, bearing, from Shanghai, a pouch with Christmas mail for the Consulate in Manila. The Monday morning headlines hla-zoned the attack on Pearl Harbor. He reported to the Consulate and was "re-assigned." He learned later that the *President Harrison*, on which he was to have sailed, was the first ship the Japanese captured. Around noon he saw the first precision flight of Japanese planes over Manila drop bombs with uncanny accuracy along the waterfront and on ships in the harbor. There was no anti-aircraft fire nor planes challenging them. Later he learned our planes were loaded and ready on the runways at Clark Field, but waiting for formal orders based on a declaration of war, when the Japanese flew over and destroyed most of them on the ground. Stephan was repatriated with the others in the Foreign Service group on the second exchange voyage of the *M. V. Gripsholm* in September 1943.

When President Quezón and High Commissioner Sayre dashed over to Corregidor, Cahot Coville, Political Adviser, and Woodbury Willoughby, Financial Adviser, were with them. They had to dispose of tens of millions of paper pesos and dollars and stacks of securities of American companies. They burned the currency and listed the securities. Cahot had to screen two tons of diplomatic mail and make sure that what was not destroyed would not fall into enemy hands. He helped the High Commissioner's staff check and move from a vault in the side of the rock more than \$3,000,000 of gold which was loaded onto a submarine the night of February third. Cabot and Woody were taken to Australia by submarine at the end of February. Cahot's story of over two months on the island fortress appeared in the June 1942 issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Bangkok, Monday morning, December 8, a platoon of Japanese soldiers appeared before the locked gates of the Legation, where 75 Americans had taken refuge. Wyllis Peck, our Minister, told Thomas Estes to see what they wanted. The officer in command ordered Estes to open the gates. He refused, recalling what he

had learned about diplomatic immunity. The officer did not argue. He simply stepped aside and barked a command. The Japanese raised their rifles and aimed at Estes. Recalling what he had seen as a Marine in China and what had happened to civilians and considering the safety of the women and children in the compound, Estes unlocked the gates and escorted the officer to Mr. Peck. The officer said he had been assigned to guard the Legation. It turned out that he had learned English at a missionary school and was not unkindly disposed. Several times he and his men protected the Americans against attempts at search and seizure. After a few days, Thai police replaced the Japanese.

The officers in Singapore remained on duty until the last minute before the capture. Perry Ellis remembers that the afternoon papers of December 7 had stories about the Japanese troops on the border of Siam and on transports in the Gulf of Siam and that at 4 o'clock on the morning of the eighth Japanese bombers flew over. Most of the bombs fell near the naval base but some in town. In the morning officers took turns inspecting the bomb hole in Raffles Square. On Consul General Kenneth Patton's desk was a letter from the new Japanese Consul General conveying the usual expressions of confidence in the best of relations. Mr. Patton marked it "File." Robert Grinnell had written home on November 29 ". . . and don't let all the talk in the papers worry you too much." On February 16, when he caught his breath at Port Darwin, Australia, where he and Ellis arrived in time for the fierce Japanese bombing of that harbor and airfield, he made some notes: "The first night of the war I heard the guns and bombing and thought it was just some sort of fancy maneuvers and watched the whole thing from the bedroom windows. The lights in the streets weren't turned out until after the all clear had blown and the alarm wasn't sounded until after the action was all over. The boss called me at five o'clock in the morning. It wasn't until I got to the office that I learned that it was the real thing."

In Batavia, Lansing Collins remembers that on the Sunday afternoon before the attack the Dutch beat the Americans in a ball game about 22 to 7. The Americans ran out of pitchers. From the deep sleep of the just that followed measures to ease sore muscles, dry throats and famished innards, Collins and Zeke Paddock were aroused a few hours after midnight by British and Dutch friends. Consul General Walter Foote, Willard Galbraith, Collins and Paddock gathered

at the office in the pre-dawn clamminess, feeling far from home. Next door was the Japanese Consulate General. They had a view of the Japanese being rounded up and led off. The gradually mounting load of work included handling communications and needs of various Commands, including General Wavell and his staff. But the real crunch began in February when the refugees from the Straits poured in and ended with last-minute clearing out and getting away by whatever conveyance could be found. Foote and Paddock picked up the Chinese Consul General at sea. Lansing and Barbara Collins, with their daughter, Karen, born December 30, managed to board a Java China Japan Line vessel bound for Melbourne.

As Richard Byrd recalls it the news of the attack made less of an impact in Calcutta than the news of the Nazi attack on Poland in September 1939. He attributes this to the fact that information was scanty and it was days before the magnitude of the attack was known. In those days censorship in the face of uncertain reactions was a necessary precaution.

Wilson C. Flake had finished his assignment of many years in Sydney and was heading for the outback on leave before going home for duty in Washington. The Flakes spent the night at a little town in the bush called Nevertirc. The waiter at breakfast made a remark about the Japanese and Pearl Harbor but Bill thought he was joking and paid no attention. A half hour later, when Bill gathered it might be no joke he dashed over to the local post office and learned it definitely wasn't. The Flakes went on to their objective, the vast sheep station of George Faulkner, and there telephoned Sydney. The Consul General, Eliot Palmer, told Flake to come back at once. He did and stayed there for the rest of the war, busy much of the time with problems attendant on the arrival of some half million American troops. For the Randolph Kidders in Sydney, December 7 was significant for several reasons. One was that their daughter Charlotte was born on that day.

THE Senior Officer in Berlin at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor was Leland Morris, Chargé d'Affaires. According to Eugene Hinkle, then Second Secretary in Berlin—

News of Pearl Harbor came by our radio at night at our rented house in a lovely suburb of Berlin a couple of doors away from friend Himmler. We didn't realize the amount of damage but the next day fully realized its

importance by the rapid events as we declared war and as the Germans did likewise. Their method was as follows: The Undersecretary of the Foreign Office called in Leland Morris and tipped him off for the events of the following day when Hitler drove down the heavily guarded Wilhelmstrasse to deliver his blast against us. As we watched his progress from the Embassy windows crowds began rushing over toward our entrance. Expecting the worst we bolted our big doors and closed a lot of our iron shutters. I remember Leland Morris and George Kennan being very active! But we hadn't seen the large radio truck right in front of the Embassy where the crowd stopped. Soon Hitler's rantings were blasted out at us by the close range loud speaker. We were at war. Ribbentrop called Morris and in giving him the formal declaration said: "Well, Roosevelt now has his war!"

In Vichy, Admiral Leahy was Ambassador. His Third Secretary was Douglas MacArthur, II, who has recalled a few of the events of that time as follows:

I remember very well receiving the news of the Pearl Harbor attack for I was serving at the Embassy in Vichy, France at that time, in what was then called "unoccupied" France. Although Southern France, governed by Vichy, was not occupied by German military forces, there were a number of German military commissions operating in the so-called unoccupied area. Of course the Gestapo was also present there in substantial numbers, in Vichy headed by one Herr Geisler who had over 100 operatives in the area, a substantial number of whom were identified for us by our friends in the French Resistance who supplied us with much useful information for the Allies.

On the evening of December 7, 1941, several of us were dining with the Argentine Chargé d'Affaires in his villa about four miles from Vichy. It was during dinner, about 9 p.m., if I recall correctly, that I received a telephone call from our Ambassador, Admiral Leahy, saying that he had just received word of the attack on Pearl Harbor and requesting us to return to the Embassy at once since we did not know whether the Japanese action was coordinated with the

Germans and whether it would lead to an attempt by the Germans present in Vichy to penetrate our Embassy and lay hands on our ciphers and classified material. The Admiral's concern was fully justified for several weeks earlier we had detected a German endeavoring to penetrate the Embassy through the garage.

My Embassy colleagues who were with me at the dinner proceeded at once to our Embassy where we made sure the premises were secure and activated standing preparations to destroy our ciphers and classified material should this be necessary. Happily no such effort was made against the Embassy during the night but I will always remember our anguish during that long night of waiting over what had happened at Pearl Harbor.

David McKillop, then on temporary detail from Stockholm as a courier, arrived in Copenhagen from Berlin the afternoon of December 6 and was put up at the same hotel that housed the German military command of occupied Denmark. Early Monday morning a Legation officer told him of Pearl Harbor and advised him to leave at once. He grabbed the diplomatic pouch and hastened to the Malmö ferry. He got away just in time to avoid internment and reached Stockholm safely.

S. Walter Washington, then Second Secretary at Stockholm recalls that he had been working on the Proclaimed List, which had started out with the British blacklist, and had endured repeated angry protests from Eric Erickson, whose indignation was observed by the Germans. This strengthened the cover of this skillful British agent, whose exploits filled exciting chapters in post-war literature and provided material for a movie. Washington had no inkling of Erickson's role until he read an article about him in the January 1946 *READER'S DIGEST*. After the United States came into the war normal communications with the United States were cut off. To forestall the Germans filling the gap this left in press news, the American Minister, Herschel Johnson, recommended a press section. The Department approved at once and made funds available. Washington and Lewis Gleeck were put in charge and set up shop in the former American Minister's house. The British had been flying American films in. Now microfilms began to arrive. These were blown up into articles and photos. The Press Section thwarted German efforts to put it out of business and built up a

staff of writers and was really rolling when the Office of War Information took over.

Jacob Beam, then Second Secretary in London, remembers drafting for Ambassador Winant on December 6 a telegram that was quoted in Robert Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins" (p. 423). This message summarized an Admiralty report that south of Cambodia two fleets of Japanese transports and naval vessels were slowly sailing westward toward the Kra Isthmus. It urged concerted action in the face of mounting dangers.

Marselis Parsons, who was serving in Lisbon at the time, recalls that he got the news Sunday night from the B.B.C. just after he had returned from a long walk. Despite the reliability of this source the news seemed too fantastic to accept: "As the truth broke upon us I believe most of us were 'relieved' that the anomalous position we'd been in for so long had been brought to an end . . ."

James Bonbright was stationed at the Legation in Budapest, where Herbert Pell was our Minister. He writes that he still remembers the shock and almost unbelief when they got the news of the attack over the radio. He and several others, including Outerbridge Horsey, had consular commissions only in order that if there was a break in diplomatic relations it might prove possible to maintain a consular office there. However, after Pearl Harbor, Hungary declared war on the United States and that ended all American activities: "I always felt that the Hungarian declaration of war was only half-hearted at best and undoubtedly forced on them by the Nazis. Certainly they could not have been more considerate to all of us personally during our short 'internment,' which consisted of such stringent conditions as a request that we not appear at the opera or other public occasions! The Nazis put constant pressure on the Hungarians to turn us all over to them, so to escape from the problem they put us all on a special train on January 17 and sent us out to Lisbon."

In Sofia, Walworth Barbour was serving as Second Secretary and Vice Consul. He writes of an incident that occurred soon after Pearl Harbor:

There was the earlier "Battle of the Bottles in the Balkans" and subsequently, following the Bulgarian declaration of war on the United States on December 13, the Legation Chancery was attacked by a group of demonstrators with a loss of some 35 windows. This incident resulted from a no doubt commendable

and praiseworthy display of defiance by the then Chief of Mission (George S. Earle) who instructed that the flag be hoisted from the Chancery flagpole. The Nazi diplomatic representative, who was a street car conductor turned Gauleiter in Hamburg before his assignment to Sofia, found this more than he could take and for the expenditure of a relatively small sum of money had no difficulty organizing the demonstration. The Bulgarian police were caught flat-footed, having concentrated their forces at the other end of town in anticipation of an attack in the Jewish quarter, which did not occur. I may say that, in an extraordinary display of energy, the Bulgarian Government of the time repaired the damage to the building overnight and, except for being unable to match the color of the glass panel in the front door, substituting a different type, it would have been difficult the next morning to find external traces of the damage.

Joseph E. Jacobs was serving as Counselor of Legation in Cairo, where Alexander Kirk was our Minister. He writes that they were expecting something but not what happened:

At the time we were supplying the British Army in Egypt and in the Western Desert with arms, planes and supplies (Lend Lease) which entailed much work for us in the Legation on an insecure basis as neither the United States nor Egypt were in the war. Our first reaction, therefore, was something like this: "Thank God" we can now help hasten the end of the war and work together on more practical and friendly terms and arrangements with the British and the Egyptians.

However, during the following days when we learned how devastating our losses had been at Honolulu and in the Philippines, also British losses in Malaya, including the sinking of the battleships *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales*, and how we were caught so much off the alert and seemed so helpless to do much about it, a strong feeling of pessimism came over us. The British were irritated at what they termed our "incompetence" — overlooking their own—and the anti-Allied feeling among many Egyptians was exacerbated. This did not help our relations with the British nor the progress of the battle in the Western Desert.

In Durban, according to Robert C.

Strong, there was satisfaction that the United States was finally a full member of the team. An American-Canadian War Work Association was already in existence. The war seemed much closer a few months after Pearl Harbor when the cruiser *Marblehead*, damaged in Dutch East Indian waters, put in at Durban and when the Germans launched a submarine campaign off the coast of South Africa. Some 15 American vessels were torpedoed before stronger naval defenses and full allied control of the Mediterranean reduced the hazards. During this time the authorities rigorously enforced a blackout so vessels would not be silhouetted against the shore.

Readers of Ellis Briggs, then in Habana, will recall that in "Shots Heard Around the World" he remarks on how vulnerable in those days were the islands and vessels trading in that area and how red-eyed survivors of torpedoed vessels straggled in and were flown to Miami and how a flotilla of American fishing boats, whose owners had joined the Coast Guard Reserve, came from the Florida Keys with depth charges lashed to their sterns ready to hunt the enemy. His readers will also remember his account of Operation Friendless; Ernest Hemingway's trips to the Bahamas and back in his fishing boat with a crew of four and with machine guns and a load of hand grenades, undertaken in hopes of decoying and crippling a German sub.

John Muccio, then Counselor of Embassy in Panama, recalls the worry over the danger of a surprise air attack on the Panama Canal. The German air line, SCADTA, had its principal installations in Colombia. Diplomatic activity before Pearl Harbor, however, succeeded in securing the closing out of this company's facilities. Right after Pearl Harbor the Panamanian Government rounded up some 40 key Germans and Italians and all the Japanese except seven or eight who lived in the Perlas Archipelago and got away.

In Ottawa, J. Graham Parsons was Third Secretary. On that Sunday afternoon a Canadian friend, Ned Rhodes, brother of Mrs. James Bonbright, had taken him to see documentaries at the National Film Board:

The program was abruptly interrupted by an announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Somehow I had the wit to go out to a telephone booth at once and call my Minister, Pierrepoint Moffat. But, as I recall, he had just a moment before had a call from someone else. What hap-

(Continued on page 47)



VISIT TO THE TRANSKEI

BY LILIAN EISENBERG

WHEN you come from the Cape Province into the Transkei, it is like entering the past. It seems as if centuries had bypassed this part of the world; here is an Africa, almost the way it was before the arrival of the white man. It is a lovely land; the colors are soft; nothing is broken up by stark contrasts. The horizon is bordered by rows and rows of green hills which disappear in the blue mist. No modern industries, no large towns spoil that harmony. The kraals of the natives look like giant mushrooms sprouting out of the soil. As far as the eye can see, the whole scene is drenched in peace and tranquility.

It was not always so. The Transkei has had a turbulent past and many African tribes fought over the land. Eventually the more valiant Xhosa vanquished the others and their language and customs came to dominate the area. (Xhosa, incidentally, is pronounced with a clicking sound at the beginning which is characteristic of this language and which requires a lot of practice to emulate.)

Early accounts of Portuguese sailors tell of their meeting in 1688 with the Xhosa chief Togu, who brought his tribe near the coast. Later on many a Xhosa chief fought bravely with his people against the advance of the white

man into their territory and thus they were able to retain a part of their homeland. Today the Transkei is a native area where, by and large, there is no white ownership of the land. It is described as a Bantustan and the inhabitants enjoy a certain amount of autonomy within the framework of South Africa.

Although our stay in the territory was only a short one, we had a good chance to observe the style of life among the Xhosa.

Shortly after entering the Transkei, we saw a strange sight. A young man, nude except for a loin cloth and his entire body and face smeared with white paint, was chased by a group of young boys. In the evening in Umtata, the capital of the Transkei, I inquired about the meaning of this. I was told that the young fugitive was about to be initiated. As the first part of the initiation ceremony, the initiate is painted white and then is driven from his village. He and other initiates will live for a month in a specially constructed grass hut in the open veld. They are supposed to live by their own devices, giving proof of their manhood. But we were told that loving mothers, like anywhere else, find ways and means to smuggle food to their sons. Nobody is allowed to visit the initiates during the month and



if by chance a woman approaches, they have to cover their faces. The only outside contact is an instructor who comes and teaches them the duties of manhood and the rites and customs of the tribe. After a circumcision operation is performed, the initiates are allowed to return to their villages where they are received with great festivities and a special dance is mounted for the occasion.

One of the most interesting sights we saw was a Xhosa village, near Umtata, said to be typical of many such places in the Transkei. The huts were built on a hillside, open toward the valley and overlooking the cattle enclosures. Herds of cattle are the wealth and pride of the Xhosa and even today a wife has to be bought from her parents in exchange for cows. The building material of the houses is adobe, waterproofed with cow dung, and the roof covering consists of thatch. All huts are circular and the



waterproofing gives them a dark purple shade. The white geometric designs, which decorate the outside walls, stand out beautifully against this color. Each family has a different design and it is easy by this means to tell who is the owner of the kraal.

The interior of the huts is strikingly simple and attractive. Although the floor and walls are treated with cow manure, there is no unpleasant smell. Everything has its place. The few implements for housekeeping are neatly arranged on the walls, such as the strainers and funnels used for preparing the home-brewed beer. The sleeping mats and blankets are rolled up during the daytime. On the floor rests a large well-worn stone for grinding the mealies (the corn mush, staple of the Xhosa diet) and a large basket filled with corn. Cooking is done outdoors and the huts are free of smoke. At night the sleeping mats are spread out and everybody rolls himself into his blanket, even covering the head. Great care is taken to lie with the head toward the center of the hut while asleep, for there is the belief that evil spirits might crawl down the



walls during the night and attack the defenseless sleepers.

We spent the afternoon of our visit to the village watching dances that were held in a meadow between the kraals. When we arrived the villagers were already standing around waiting for the event. Most of them wore ochre tinted, artfully draped blankets, a lively kaleidoscope of all shades of yellow against the bright blue sky. The older people were huddled on the ground smoking their long pipes, for the Xhosa, both men and women, are inveterate smokers. The women dress in rather somber-colored long and wide skirts over which they drape the ochre blankets. On their heads they wear skillfully arranged turbans. There are many ways to shape these turbans and every twist has its significance. One particularly interesting custom of the Xhosa is the painting of their faces, where each color and design has a known meaning. For instance, when a woman wears a white mask around her eyes and forehead, it means she is nursing a baby. A young woman with her face entirely painted in red is engaged to be married. All this no doubt is very practical, but it certainly does not make a pretty young face more winsome.

The dancers were all young girls and, being unmarried, they were nude to the waist. Knee length skirts were held in place by tightly wound scarves around the hips. Legs, arms and necks



were covered with elaborate jewelry made primarily of colored glass beads which the Xhosa work into beautiful and imaginative designs. For anklets and bracelets many used plastic tubes whose bright colors contrasted vividly with the dark skin of the wearers. A fancy turban completed the outfit. Before the dance the girls were busily painting each other's faces with liquefied colored clay.

The dances were similar to some we had seen elsewhere in Africa, although slower in rhythm. The principal musical accompaniment was provided by the drums. The girls formed long lines swaying their bodies slowly to the heat of the drums. The lissome young figures in their many exciting colors formed a magnificent picture with the gentle hues of the background. At a later stage, small half-naked children joined in and mimicked the gestures of their elders by vigorously stamping their little feet.

We were struck by the almost complete absence of adult men among the crowd. In spite of the natural beauty of the landscape, the soil of the densely populated Transkei is very poor and in many parts eroded. This forces all able-bodied men to find employment elsewhere in the Republic. They work wherever unskilled labor is needed, such as in the mines. While the men are gone, women tend to the small vegetable gardens and the fields, while the young boys are in charge of the cattle. Once a year the men return for planting the fields.

Although not many goods are traded in Xhosa communities, each of their trading posts has a witch doctor's shop. We looked at one in Umtata. Before showing us the merchandise, the witch doctor decked himself out in his fancy costume, furs, feathers and the lot. The jars in the shop were filled with all the local remedies like dried herbs and insects and powdered bones. Some black pebbles turned out to be concentrated baboon urine, used as a tea by pregnant women. We later found out that this is in fact a very effective medicine because of the many valuable hormones it contains.

We have frequently heard the Transkei described as a "native paradise." The landscape certainly does look like that, but one can hardly use the term for a region where the men cannot find work to earn the daily bread for their families. Only the future will tell whether the South African government will succeed in its promise to build up the economy of the Transkei and thus make it possible for the region to support its inhabitants and for the families to remain united. ■

Trees Of Life

HONG KONG

ICY LENT

A round-faced child with almond eyes cajoled
Her father's father to draw a picture for her.
His wrist held high, his fingers curved midway
Around the upright brush, the old one paused
So long, the young one thought the inky tip
Would not come down to touch the paper ever.
He spoke:

"You must pretend that you are in
America, in wintertime, at night,
With chimney smoke and snowflakes adrift
Above a house, whilst those inside prepare
To keep a holiday.

Here is the tree
They've just brought in, a great tall pine,
An evergreen, in from the cold dead world
To bless their home. Next, see them load its
Hundred arms with brilliant balls and lights
And gifts and tinsel ropes of gold, and shiny stars.
The lovely laden tree is now a glory
To their God whose birth, one cold dead winter night,
Ensures their lives and deaths and lives to come."
He drew a five-tipped star atop the tree
And one curved candy cane upon the lowest
Branch, then laid his paint brush down.
The slim, still child beside him did not speak
Until the old man coughed.

"O thank you!"
She bowed and cupped her hands respectfully.

"Come, come. What's wrong? You are not pleased with it."

"No, no. I am. It made me think of peach tree blooms.
I love the Flower Fair on New Year's Eve.
And when we buy our budded peach, we all
Together bring it home to bless our house.
And Mother stands the thin brown boughs
In our blue vase and we all watch and wait
And mutually congratulate ourselves
As day by day the small pale buds burst open
In many-petaled blossoms, till those thin sticks
Are crowded out of view by pink rosettes."

"Ah. So. I'm glad my painted tree gives fair delight.
I'll mount it on a scroll and send it you tonight."

As in the western world poor and rich alike buy a Christmas tree, so in Hong Kong people go to a special flower market on New Year's Eve to buy peach tree branches in bud or, if they are wealthy, a whole tree for as much as HK\$ 1,000. As Westerners put their trees in homes and public places, so the Chinese of Hong Kong put their trees in homes and stores, and they hope for an abundance of blossoms which will augur well for the family or the business.



EDITORIALS

ON KRAFTSMANSHIP

THE alleged annoyance and disappointment of successive American Presidents with the Department of State, particularly the Foreign Service, has again provided the basis for acerbic journalistic comment.

Mr. Joseph Kraft of the Washington Post suggests in a recent article that the outright dismantling of the Foreign Service (albeit over a period of time) is, at long last, the final solution to some of the problems which so hedevel those responsible for the formulation of our nation's foreign policy. Wrenching bodily from context one sentence contained in an article in the September issue of the Department of State NEWS LETTER written by the Director General, Ambassador Steeves, Mr. Kraft flays the Service for "intellectual torpor," "restrictive hiring practices," a general slavishness to protocol and, finally, inertia in the face of new political requirements.

Mr. Kraft's understanding of the "inevitable credo" of the Foreign Service—that the purpose of Foreign Policy is to find officers jobs) is, we submit, not shared by the Foreign Service, by the executive branch of the government, by the Congress, or probably by the Washington Post's own foreign correspondents.

In a service in which intellectual challenge accompanies progressively higher levels of responsibility, we find unconvincing Kraft's assertion that zeal for promotion breeds torpor. Others share our view. The demand for Foreign Service officers by other agencies in Washington is much greater than the Department can provide for. There are presently some eleven Foreign Service officers in the White House. AID has found that FSOs make effective provincial representatives in Vietnam and some 35 are risking their lives there now. We do not deny the existence of the "stuffed shirt" and the "flabby" intellect in the Service. We do deny their prevalence. Mr. Kraft should not be surprised that Foreign Service officers are not associated by name with policies. The holders of most top policy positions are appointed from the outside. This is not because qualified people are not available from within. On the other hand, there are now and have been, many in the Service who have played meaningful roles in the birth of policy. Murphy, Henderson, MacArthur, Mann, Kohler, Kennan, Bohlen, and Thompson are only a few of the better known ones.

Mr. Kraft finds that State's inadequacies lie in great part in our restrictive hiring practices, which he claims go a long way to explain over-emphasis on protocol and "our wooden prose." He bases his claim on the Director General's article on the career service referred to earlier. In that article, Ambassador Steeves stresses the necessity of the career service meeting the changing requirements of atomic age diplomacy through expanded and imaginative training programs. Although arguing quite rightly that our foreign affairs should be handled mostly by professional diplomatists, the Ambassador recognizes the continued need of infusion into the Service of outside talent. He writes, "No career service can remain vital without some intake of talent from the outside." Mr. Kraft may be aware that there are currently on active duty some 1600 Foreign Service Reserve officers who have been recruited over a period of time from non-State ranks. In addition, as we have already remarked, the majority of our higher ranking officers in the Department and 20 to 30 percent of our Ambassadors are from civilian life. If this is what Mr. Kraft terms restrictive hiring, we plead guilty. We suggest, however, that a less restrictive recruitment policy would adversely affect the calibre of our officers and hasten the return of the spoils system in the selection of our representatives abroad.

As for over-emphasis on protocol, "baloney!" The Foreign Service did not invent protocol—neither does it run the Department's Office of Protocol. Protocol provides the rules of the game in relations between governments. We follow them as does every other Foreign Service or as any business or newspaper follows the rules of its game.

While we disagree with the thrust of Mr. Kraft's comments, we are concerned that a correspondent of his stature should harbor such a low opinion of us. We would welcome a continuance of the exchange of views and offer the pages of the JOURNAL should he wish to continue the dialogue. ■

BOARD ELECTION

IN October, the Foreign Service Association lost its President (U. Alexis Johnson), a Vice President (Robert Woodward) and the Chairman of the Board of Directors (John Stutesman).

Douglas MacArthur immediately became our new President, moving up from his former role as first Vice President. David McKillop, a Director of the Association, was also promptly elected to be the new Chairman of the Board.

Then, on October 21, a quorum of the Directors conducted an election of two Vice Presidents to fill the vacancies left by the retirement of Robert Woodward and the ascension, if that is the correct word, of Douglas MacArthur. Foy Kohler and Outerbridge Horsey were promptly elected to serve until the next general election in the fall of 1967.

The vacancy on the Board of Directors caused by the resignation of John Stutesman who has taken charge of the editorial board of the JOURNAL, was filled by the election of Herman Pollack, a Reserve officer well known to the Department and to the Foreign Service. His election, along with the presence on the Board of Directors of officers from USIA and AID emphasizes the concern of the Association for its broadly based membership and for the interests of the entire foreign affairs community.

We on the JOURNAL Board extend our warmest congratulations to this newly designated leadership of the Association and wish to record our appreciation of the willingness of such busy men to give attention to the affairs of our Foreign Service Association. ■

THE MAN AND THE JOB

UNDER SECRETARY Nicholas Katzenbach is indeed welcome to the Department of State. He comes to us from one of the most difficult jobs in the Cabinet, where he served with great distinction. His courage and decisiveness are well established and well known.

We need men like him. ■

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

FOR the last five years George Ball served first as Under Secretary for Economic Affairs and then as second in command of the Department. During this period he became very much a part of the Department and its daily operations. These were years of intense activity and turbulence in world affairs during which George Ball gave unstintingly of his time and energies. He became known as a bold and independent-minded adviser to the Secretary and President; as a trouble-shooter and task force manager within the Department.

George Ball never lost sight of the kind of international order we are trying to help create. Although he dealt with problems the world over his primary interest was the Atlantic Alliance when he constantly reminded us all that its unity of purpose will long remain a determining element in reaching a viable East-West settlement.

We wish George Ball well in private life and share the hope of many of his friends and admirers—that his services will be drawn upon again by the Government on future occasions. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

*But see the fading, many color'd
woods,
Shade deep'ing over shade, the coun-
try 'round.
Imbrown; crowded unbrage, dusk and
dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining
green
To sooty dark.*

—Thomson

Autumn again. The grisly warning smiting our eyes: "X shopping days till Christmas." Crisp days, mostly sunshiny. Perhaps a little too crisp. What Washington weather lacks is a supply of days in the seventies—the kind of days that would encourage sitting in the garden to watch the last brave show of dahlias, roses and chrysanthemums. The flurry of leaves falling on lawns from oaks, maples and elms coincided with the flurry of Senators and Congressmen streaking out of the Capitol on their way to Wyoming, Alabama, Vermont, etc. Many retired Foreign Service officers spotting a headline, "89th Congress Big on Benefits," left off their leaf-raking to find out what happened to the Fulbright Bill which would have raised annuities. They learned to their chagrin that the bill simply didn't pass. It will have to be introduced at the next session of Congress. The law as it stands now decrees that Foreign Service annuities will be increased whenever the cost of living goes up three per cent or more within the span of a year. That process brought an increase of 4.3 per cent in the annuity checks of April 30, 1966. But only a few months ago the Civil Service became the beneficiary of a new formula. For its annuities, the cost of living figures will be scrutinized every three months. Hope was high until the very end of the session that the advantage would be conferred on Foreign Service annuities. Still there is comfort in the basic fact that the annuity is now geared to the cost of living and retired Foreign Service officers will not see themselves reduced to penury by galloping inflation.

Award

A French literary critic, Jean Leclerc, prowling around in a Paris bookshop spotted a new novel by a woman novelist bearing an arresting

title: "La Faillite de Mon Corps" ("My Body's Bankruptcy") The critic turned to his companion. "Well, at least she could have announced the news to her shareholders a little less brutally."

For this lightning book review, Leclerc gets the December award.

The Life of a Synagogue

The famous Sinagoga del Tránsito in Toledo, Spain, ceased to be a Jewish house of worship when King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella expelled the Jews in 1492.

A few weeks ago, after 474 years, the Spanish government returned the *sinagoga* to the Jewish community. A ceremony was held and among the participants were seven Catholic priests. The news accounts did full justice to the event, but they neglected one touching little detail:

When the *sinagoga* was being built, 1360-1366, a period when the Jews had no presentiment of the ruin that was to overtake them, an artist inscribed these words in Cufic characters in the choir, below the curious cedar and ivory ceiling:

Now hath God delivered us from the power of our enemies and since the days of our captivity never had we a safer refuge. But nothing endures except mutability.

Misplaced Bonds

If you missed the annual Book Fair staged by the Association of American Foreign Service Women on October 24, 25, and 26, you have only yourself to blame. In the September issue, Ambassador Henry Villard provided a very fetching preview of a gay occasion. The event lived up to all expectations. There were piles and piles of book bargains on every imaginable subject. No ordinary collection of second-hand tomes whether in a shop or church basement could rival this one for variety. A brief inspection was enough to indicate that the donors had bought books in every corner of the world. The chance of getting something rare at a bargain was almost as great as among the *bouquinistes* along the Seine. As enticing as the books were the collections of stamps, posters, prints and gramo-

phone records. Fanciers of the old 78s picked up such hard-to-come-by items as Geraldine Farrar's "Les Triangles des Sistes Tintaient," from *Carmen* and Marian Anderson's "My Old Kentucky Home."

Four generous painters—Myrtis Affeld, Ruth Coster, Sheila Isham and Mary Stutesman—contributed paintings which were raffled off. Mrs. Stutesman's gift was the JOURNAL's cover for February, 1966.

Traffic problems were created by many authors who came to autograph their books. These were Katie Louchheim, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Hilda von Stockem, Edith von Slyck, Laurel Hardesty, Burke Wilkinson, Allen Dulles, William Walton, Andrew Berding, Craig Claiborne, Charlton Ogburn, Jr., and Jo Wasson Hoyt.

There was only one untoward incident: a portly party wearing thick glasses and one of those extra-sensory looks you can see on duck hunters at five o'clock in the morning, spotted on a table piled high with books on economics and finance a copy of "Gilt-Edged Bonds" by Ian Fleming. Our portly party denounced this error thereby stirring up considerable hullabaloo. Before the culprit—the one who put the book on the table—could be brought to heel, a man popped up and carted away "Gilt-Edged Bonds" for 25 cents.

The successful Fair brought money—preliminary estimates run between \$10,000 and \$11,000 to the Scholarship Fund. The art and stamp sales went particularly well. Attendance beat the 1965 record.

Ten Suitable Flowers

Here are the ten flowers that flourish best in the Washington area:

- 1) Chrysanthemums
- 2) Daffodils
- 3) tall bearded Iris
- 4) day lilies
- 5) Marigolds
- 6) Zinnias
- 7) Impatiens
- 8) Coleus
- 9) Petunias
- 10) Pansies

Impatiens and Coleus are the only two that do well in the shade.

This list was compiled for the

"Washington Letter" by a distinguished authority: Dr. Henry Cathey, Research Horticulturist, Ornamental Investigations, Crops Research Division, Agriculture Research, US Department of Agriculture.

Peaks on Parnassus

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

Sogno di gaudio che in dolor svanì

Antonio Ghislanzoni: Libretto of Aida

(Dream of joy that faded away in woe.)

Something to Cherish

When Yehudi Menuhin was a child prodigy he recorded Elgar's Violin Concerto under the direction of the composer. It became one of the classical recordings of the half century. Now, to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary, Menuhin has recorded anew Elgar's masterpiece, this time with Sir Adrian Boult conducting the new Philharmonic Orchestra. This Angel record is a valuable record, a great addition to any collection.

Vogue Words for All

A collection of classy vogue words compiled by Robert L. Dean was printed in a recent issue of the JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION and an expanded version has been sent to us by Smith, Kline and French Laboratories, 1500 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia. Although the collection is intended for medicos, every entry could be put to use by any Foreign Service officer. Some examples:

Hard—useful to shore up shaky data; also goes well with *information* and *evidence*, as in "Hard evidence is accumulating to provide relative support for this hypothesis."

Dialogue—very fashionable item with wide application in religion, social sciences, politics and your PTA. A popular replacement for such old-fashioned items as scrap, quarrel, tiff, wrangle and ruckus.

Controversial—in movie reviews, a handy euphemism for dirty, but scientists use it to mean wrong, muddled, stupid, as in "In reviewing Snedley's controversial report. . . ."

Communications—an old favorite, but still a handy euphemism with *lack of* for why you're not getting along with anybody, or vice versa.

Feedback—the most flexible of the many words produced by Computer Technology. Enthusiastic users attest

to the way it can be stretched to mean almost anything, or almost nothing.

Heuristic—a very high fashion item, to be reserved for those truly Special Occasions—like when the other speaker on the panel has just tossed off holistic. Not recommended for use in meetings where there are questions from the floor.

In depth—introduced a few seasons ago for use with *interview*; now an indispensable accessory for situation, communications, relationship, investigation, information and data. Goes beautifully with research to make light-weight reports read better.

Phased-out—a Washington import, popular euphemism for the bad news about your job or your pet project.

Seminal—a new and rather earthy item that's pregnant with possibilities, especially when used in sentences like, "These seminal concepts help to foster cross-disciplinary fertilization."

Social Symptoms

A Washington enterprise advertises "give up walking up stairs forever." The firm installs "residential elevators and moving stairways."

A telephone advertisement says "no more tiresome dialing." You escape the crushing dial fatigue if you install a new model with push buttons.

All we need now is an electric gadget to tie our shoe laces.

Path of Progress

Transistors now litter the whole landscape. They turn up in buses, on trains, in elevators, at the beaches. You can't walk through a park without getting a dose of someone else's taste in music or commercials. You see people window-shopping while they cuddle the dear little transistor in their hands. You see youths transistoring, chewing gum and pawing their way through comics in drug stores.

Two extensions of the habit have been recently reported. A new filing clerk was employed by an insurance firm. On her first day at work, she installed a transistor on top of the filing cases and the staff was treated as a starter, to a bagpipe recital. No one thought this strange at all. Then there was the janitor washing a marble staircase in a bank. As he clanked downward moving bucket and mop step by step, he also moved a transistor which was tootling an orchestral arrangement of "Libiamo" from "La Traviata."

No doubt about it, the movement will spread. Why are transistor manufacturers not more alert to their opportunities? Why not install them on fixtures and tools? Lawnmowers with built in transistors, what a pleasure! Taps in bathrooms, scrub pails, toasters, cocktail shakers, golf clubs, bedside tables—all of these could be manufactured with built-in transistors.

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler



"Never mind what I said as we were leaving the ball last night. This morning, I'm declaring him persona non grata."

The Approach To Foreign Service Day

The success of Foreign Service Day, 1965, was, as you will have read in the November, 1965 issue of the JOURNAL, such a massive success it was decided to expand the program in 1966.

We have asked a series of outstanding retired Foreign Service officers for their views on Foreign Service Day, including the briefings, the social aspects, etc. Here are their replies:

Ambassador Theodore C. Achilles:

I am sorry not to be able to make Foreign Service Day this year, but I will be out of the country. It is an excellent idea. Last year it got off to a good start, and I am sure it will get progressively better. The best part of it last year was the frankness with which the Secretary spoke. It made us feel we were still duly cleared and part of the team. Similar frankness by all the speakers would be welcome—some were and some were not.

It is always good to see a lot of old friends, many of them for the first time in years.



Plenty to Talk Over: Left to right, Benjamin R. Riggs, Washington; Benjamin M. Hulley, Hyannis, Mass. and George V. Allen, director of the Foreign Service Institute.

The main thing, however, is the feeling it gives of still being on the team. We all want to help in any way we can, and it is good to know that the Department is interested in finding ways in which we can.

In years gone by, I have heard retired officers speak bitterly of the brusque routine way in which the Department handled retirement, but it has been vastly different these last few years. It makes us all the more anxious to help.

Ambassador George V. Allen:

It is difficult to overstate the change which has occurred in the international position of the United States during the past generation. Prior to World War II, few people cared what attitude the US took on most international issues. Today our windows get broken and books burned on the Cyprus issue, the Kashmir question, the Arab-Israeli dispute and a host of others in which no direct US interest is involved but on which our attitude is considered important.

Almost every retired Foreign Service officer today has witnessed this change. Many of us were hardly aware of its significance, but history will record it as sudden, acute, and largely unforeseen. Who among us who entered the Service under the Rogers Act would have imagined that Foreign Service officers in 1966 would be vitally concerned about the attitude of the Montagnards of Vietnam, the attachment of the Ebos to a Nigerian federation, or the communal quarrels of British Guiana? Learned essays might have been written on these subjects, to be read

by a desk officer in his leisure time and quietly filed. Today, every Foreign Service officer, in every part of the world, is involved in problems in which the United States has a vital role to play.

Our Service is not yet geared to the task. We are still going through growing pains. Problems of lateral entry, a community of foreign services, and the role of the State Department and the Foreign Service in the conduct of foreign affairs have yet to be hammered out in the light of experience. We look back with interest on the past twenty years, but we may expect equally important changes, and growth, during the twenty to come.



Before it began: Ambassador W. Newbold Wainsley (left) and Ambassador John J. Muccio outside DACOR House.

Ambassador Willard W. Beaulac:

Foreign Service Day, in addition to offering retired Foreign Service officers the great privilege and pleasure of meeting with each other and with persons on active service in the Department, including some of the Department's highest officials, presents an opportunity for Department officials to receive the reactions of retired persons with reference to matters in fields in which those persons are experienced and in which their opinions have validity. Last year I had the opportunity to attend one address by a high-ranking officer. It was obviously a canned address of a kind the officer usually made to an unsophisticated public audience. To deliver such an address to a group of persons, many of whom were at least as knowledgeable in the field as the officer making

the address, was a waste of time. Instead of telling the officers what was right with the program that the speaker discussed, he might well have stressed the problems and frustrations of the program, which his listeners knew existed, and asked their advice and assistance. A number of persons present would have responded in ways that might have been helpful.

Ambassador Philip Bonsal:

Foreign Service Day is a generous and kindly concept. The cordiality of busy officials, the authoritative briefings, the meeting with old friends—these are all heart-warming to us retired FSOs. And, when we return to our normal surroundings, we will be able to participate more constructively in discussions of the foreign policy of our country.

Ambassador Gerald A. Drew:

I plan to participate in Foreign Service Day in the hope that it will refurbish to some degree my rapidly fading recollection of participation in the formulation and conduct of our foreign affairs. An opportunity to greet old friends and colleagues should prove a gratifying by-product of attendance there.

Herbert P. Fales:

I certainly am going to attend Foreign Service Day. I wouldn't miss it.

I am looking forward to seeing former colleagues whom I have known for many years, whom I now see all too rarely. The Foreign Service has a particular "esprit de corps" which has been built up over many years of residence abroad, sometimes in distant and isolated areas, and I enjoy seeing my friends of former times with whom I have served, if not actually suffered, in far-away places. Together we can assess some of those events of the past which were so vital at the time but which have now taken on an historical perspective and the softening patina of age. Foreign Service Day will bring an opportunity to rekindle old fires which have been barely smouldering for some time past.



He was alone for only a moment: Roger Tyler.

Of equal importance will be the close association with officers of the Department who are themselves concerned with the immediate pressing problems of United States foreign policy. Foreign Service Day will offer us an opportunity to question these officers intimately, and we will therefore be able to better understand the US position and thus better able to explain it to our friends at home. I look forward to seeing you there.

Ambassador Wilson C. Flake:

To me, Foreign Service Day means seeing many old friends and former associates now retired and living in various parts of the country; to spend an active day with them in the environment of our former profession; to hear intimate talks from the Secretary and other officials of the Department who bear today's burden of office; and to see the Department's demonstrated interest in retired officers and its recognition of the part they can play in representing the Department and the Foreign Service to the American people.

Ambassador Julian F. Harrington:

"Am I going to attend Foreign Service Day? Of course I am! I wouldn't miss it for anything. It's resurrection day!"

Ambassador Loy W. Henderson:

Nearly forty of the more productive years of my life were spent in the Foreign Service, flitting from country to country. During these

years people and situations in places where I had formerly lived in the United States changed to such an extent that the only town in which I feel really at home is the Foreign Service and its base, the Department of State. Foreign Service Day to me therefore represents a home-coming—a visit to my home town.

On Foreign Service Day I look forward to seeing again and exchanging reminiscences with old friends and to forming new friendships with members of the town's rising generation. It means much to me also to be able to discuss with my old associates and with the active members of the Department and Foreign Service the problems and policies of the present and the outlook for the future. On Foreign Service Day there will be congregated in the Department a group of men and women who collectively possess more first-hand knowledge of the history of the world during the last forty years than any group that can be assembled anywhere. It gives me pleasure to be a member of such a group.



Brief Encounter: Ambassador James S. Moose, Jr., Ambassador Loy Henderson, Consul General Walter K. Schwinn.

Frederick B. Lyon:

That the Foreign Service Day meetings are to become annual affairs seems to be proof in itself that the first assemblage held this past year was a success. The Department's decision to encourage the holding of such conferences is a wise one and merits applause. The second in this series will be of greater interest and importance as

we have learned that the scope of the meeting will be broadened considerably.

The worthy objectives of these gatherings are several. The seminars and substantive briefings will doubtlessly contribute significantly to the enlightenment of the Foreign Service officers (both active and retired). They will certainly lead to thoroughly interesting and thought-provoking discussions which will provide subjects for good conversation and even debates throughout the coming months.

Further, it will mark the Twentieth Anniversary of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 which is, of course, a date that will long be recognized and remembered as one of the principal steps of progress in the Foreign Service.

These assemblies provide an ideal opportunity for meeting with old friends and associates and this feature is indeed welcomed and appreciated by the Foreign Service retirees in particular.

If I may be "un-serious" for a moment may I sign-off by suggesting an item for the retirees' agenda in the form of the question—"How's your gout, Pal?"

Unfortunately for my wife and me we expect to be away from Washington the month of November, and sorrowfully we will not be able to be among those present. I wish the lucky participants a pleasant and interesting meeting and a delightful reunion crowded with recollections of pleasing memories.

Ambassador L. T. Merchant:

To my great regret I will be unable to attend Foreign Service Day at the Department next month, owing to an inescapable prior out-of-town commitment. My regret springs from the pleasure and profit I gained from the proceedings in 1965. I am aware of the hours of planning that underlie such an affair and of the not inconsiderable demand on the crowded time of the Secretary and his principal assistants which is entailed in their presence.

From the Department's point of



Relaxed Moment at Dacor House: Left to right, Mrs. W. L. Smyser, Mrs. Stephen Aguirre, Consul General Stephen E. Aguirre and Mary A. Aguirre.

view, I would think the time and effort well spent. Retired officers who attend return home better informed and with their conviction or hope renewed that they are an important and continuing resource of the Department and the Foreign Service. They are better equipped to explain or defend our foreign policy, and I imagine in many cases stimulated to encourage promising youngsters to make their career in the Service.

For the attending retired officer, there is the profit of listening to the Secretary and his chief lieutenants elaborate on the problems with which they are grappling. For pleasure, there is the renewal of old friendships.

Ambassador Robert Murphy:

Bill Crockett wrote me about Foreign Service Day in November, but I was obliged, due to unavoidable business commitments, to regret. Should circumstances change and I be able to attend, nothing would please me more.

I told Bill sometime ago how enthusiastically I concurred in the idea. Of course, selfishness was part of my reaction because the prospect of a day or two with very dear friends and associates of long standing is a happy one. The years fly

by and I grieve that other activities interfere. But also, there is a serious and service factor. I know that many retired officers find that their knowledge of problems and personalities, their wealth of experience, and judgment in the field of foreign affairs, at times seem to be untapped by the Department. In the rush of affairs and the pressures of the immediate, the several Departmental echelons seem to ignore this group of experienced officers. Some of them have told me rather in bewilderment of their astonishment and disappointment. Apart from their personal reactions, is there neglect of a useful asset?

At any rate, Foreign Service Day is an excellent step towards regular consultation of this group of valuable officers. They, too, profit by the chance to dip even briefly into the current stream of events and policy. As one of the old boys, I hope the Department will gain by the opportunity.

Theodore B. Olson:

After all of three minutes of soul-searching, I am compelled to admit that I plan to attend the Foreign Service Day meetings mainly because I hope to meet some old friends and acquaintances whom I



Two in front of the fireplace: William L. Smyser (left) and Ellis M. Goodwin.

So I shall listen attentively, take notes, and come away, I hope, a little better equipped to pontificate to the neighbors. But what I'm really looking forward to is that shock of recognition when some other has-been turns around during the coffee break and we plunge into reminiscences of dear old Zamboanga.

Albert W. Stoffel:

As a Foreign Service officer who only recently chose to retire at the earliest age permitted by the Foreign Service Act, my attitude toward Foreign Service Day is somewhat different from that of many retired officers. I have embarked on a new and exciting career as the international representative of the Boeing Company's commercial aircraft division in Washington, D. C. In that capacity I still enjoy frequent contact with numerous active members of the Foreign Service. However, what I seek in the Foreign Service Day program is to renew acquaintances with officers who have left the service. I find that I profit from the vast experience of these officers; experience which they now have time to relate objectively to the events of today and to the anticipated events of tomorrow. ■

don't see regularly. I go to the monthly AFSA luncheons for the same reason. Sometimes the speaker is stimulating, sometimes boring, but I always have one or more reunions worth the price of admission and the struggle with the petrified chicken provided by the caterers.

I am sure that some of the speakers Tom Bailey has signed up this year will be stimulating. Vietnam and non-proliferation are subjects on which all of us are grateful for any additional illumination. As alumni, though no longer members of the team, we like to assume that exponents of official policy can and will talk to us just a little more frankly than they would talk to the general public, with reporters present—even though our clearances have lapsed. Anyway, it gratifies our egos to believe that we are learning something that even Scotty Reston doesn't know.



Three Ambassadors get a rare chance for a chat: Robert Newbegin (Washington), Donald Heath (New York), and Sheldon M. Mills (Santa Barbara, California).

How to promote professional competence

What is the future of AFSA?

How to increase opportunities for junior officers

The process of retirement

What can be done to avoid reflections on the Service?

Questions For the Foreign Service

YOU have honored me by asking me to be President now twice. I just want to say a few words on the Association. First, as far as membership is concerned, our ability to be effective as an Association depends on the size of our membership and the circulation that we can achieve for the JOURNAL. With more in the way of assets we can do very much more.

I have addressed letters to all our Chiefs of Mission abroad asking them to appoint someone to assist in our membership drive; and if the results are at all commensurate with the results in the letter which we just received from Mogadiscio, we should do very well indeed. The chairman of the drive in Mogadiscio, Dick Jackson, reports that he's run out of forms already and expects fifty new members out of Mogadiscio. I think this is a very heartening start.

I commend to you, because I feel that it is very well worth reading, the Chairman's report which is contained in the paper that has been circulated to the membership. Beyond that I just want to comment on a couple of items.

First, my own feeling is that, as far as the Association is concerned, we have a very genuine role to fill in seeking to promote our professional competence as individuals and as a Service, and our welfare. THE JOURNAL, I think, carries a very important role, particularly in promoting our professional competence. The JOURNAL has moved from being a house organ, so to speak, containing house news. This role has understandably been taken over by the Department in its excellent NEWS LETTER and I do not feel, as far as the JOURNAL is concerned, that this has left us with nothing to do. This has left us with the possibility of doing the job I think the JOURNAL should do and toward which the JOURNAL is moving; and I know John Stutesman as the new chairman of the Editorial Board is going to continue to move it in the direction of an organ of opinion in which exchanges of views can be aired. I think there is a real role for the JOURNAL to fulfill—a role not only of exhortation but a role of debate. I feel that without going beyond the proper bounds of our role as active officers carrying out our foreign relations that there is a wide range and a wide field of debate, if you will, and discussion which can properly and should be carried on. For example, I think one of the subjects that could be discussed is this whole question of personal diplomacy—people-to-people diplomacy versus government-to-government diplomacy. Some of us in this room, I think, would agree that we tend to be on one side of this, and others on the other side and I think this is a field for good, useful, professional discussion. There

U. Alexis Johnson, Ambassador to Japan, spoke to the American Foreign Service Association on October 27 as the retiring President of the Association.

are many other fields I think that we could take on, and I would look to the JOURNAL moving more and more toward a professional organ of debate as between professionals.

Now in this connection, I next want to mention that the report discusses this question of corresponding members. Two years ago we amended the by-laws to permit us to bring corresponding members into the Association and to appoint Fellows in Diplomacy. For various reasons, we have not yet been able to get this underway. However, George Allen is working hard at this and I am very hopeful that we can very shortly do so. The concept for this project originated out of many discussions and some ideas that I had on the importance of AFSA, as a professional organization, associating itself in a more meaningful way with our public, that is, with those outside of government who are interested in foreign affairs in general and particularly in the Foreign Service. We often complain about our lack of a constituency—the lack of a group in this country which is interested in us as a Foreign Service and in Foreign Service officers and personnel. I look upon this corresponding membership proposal as a means of beginning to get ourselves into a more meaningful association with our public. To the degree that we can do this, I think it will help and assist the Department. This project in no sense competes with what the Department does, but rather complements its activities in an area in which both we and the administration of the Department have a common interest. I very much hope that we will be able to get this under way within the next few months.

I also commend to you the paragraph on the appointment of the Planning Committee under Al Lightner to take a look at what the Association should be doing, perhaps what we are not doing, and what we are doing that we should not be doing to give a more purposeful direction in planning for the future of the Association. I think that this is particularly important in associating our younger officers in a more meaningful way with the Association. I am as disappointed as you are in not having a more active participation by our younger officers.

I also want to pay particular tribute to the work that Sam Berger did on the Committee for Career Principles. Members of that committee have devoted very long, hard work to our interests as members of the Foreign Service and I think through the mechanism of this Committee and their work that we have been able to make a constructive contribution toward the planning that is going on with respect to the Foreign Service.

Though I will not be able to mention all the things I have on my mind, there was one subject I wanted to bring up on which the many senior officers present here today can bear me out. Speaking I hope in no trite sense and very informally

and personally from the vantage point of the job I have occupied for the past few years here in the Department, I want to say that I am greatly impressed with the enormity of the tasks that are facing the Department and the Foreign Service and which will be facing them in the coming years. Sitting at a desk such as I occupied, you cannot help but be struck by the almost geometric progression of the breadth of our Foreign Service interests and numbers of tools that we have at our disposal to deal with them, and with the corresponding increase in the demands made on us for breadth of vision, and knowledge and background. There is virtually no field of knowledge that does not have some pertinence to the Foreign Service. I think one of the problems we face as Foreign Service officers—and this flows out of what I was saying about increasing our professional competence—is that of enlarging the breadth of our background, our knowledge, experience.

Joe Satterthwaite—sitting over there—is now at NASA and has an appreciation of the tremendous impact that space is beginning to have upon our affairs. I remember back in 1953 sitting in a staff meeting here in the Department, the Secretary's staff meeting, and some wild-eyed individual sitting down at the end of the table—I don't remember who it was—suggested that perhaps we should be looking into this whole question of space and space law. All the hard-headed, sober individuals sitting around the table of course, laughed uproariously at the idea that we in State should have any concern about this science fiction stuff. Four years later the first Sputnik was placed in orbit.

The other day we were having lunch with Don Hornig. The Secretary has a lunch once a month with senior officers and with some senior scientist in this country to help give us some feel for what is going on, and for the kinds of problems that we are going to face in the world science is hurling us into. Don said something that impressed me deeply. He said that the industrial revolution in its initial stages multiplied human muscle power by a factor of something on the order of 100 or 150. Now in less than five years the computer has multiplied human brain power by a factor of one million at least, and is going on from there. This faces us with challenges that we are going to have to meet.

One of the problems with this, of course, is that the gap between the developed and the underdeveloped countries instead of closing is widening at a very alarming rate. It is widening in the technological and scientific fields; and it is particularly widening in the food fields. We are no longer a surplus food country. We are now having to raise food for export. You can get all kinds of figures from all kinds of individuals, but the most sober figures available indicate that a continuation for just fifteen years of present trends in food production and population means that in fifteen years some tens of millions of people on this planet are literally going to

be without food. I am not predicting this is going to happen, all I am saying is that these are the trends and these are forces that are at work in society and in the world which present us problems and challenges that are beyond anything we can conceive. Things are going to accelerate in my view at a geometric rate rather than at any arithmetic rate. It presents great opportunities for us.

As a closing word in this connection, I would like to point out that we are going to have to bring along our younger officers; we are going to have to give them increasing opportunities and this presents an increasing problem of what we old men are going to do. On this I want to say a serious word about how the picture looks with respect to us officers in the Service from the vantage point of the place I have been sitting for the past few years.

Now one of the problems we face is making best use of the talents and energies of all our officers at all ages. There has always been a feeling among us when we came in the Service as bright-eyed, bushy-tailed FSO-8s or unclassified C FSOs, as Doug MacArthur and I came in, that some day we were going to be an Ambassador or Chief of Mission. As the Service has grown, however, we have discovered that there is just not room; there are not enough Chief of Mission positions for all of us. I have seen the disappointment and sometimes the bitterness which very capable officers understandably feel who have not made a Chief of Mission position. There is a feeling somehow that they have failed and that their colleagues are looking down on them as having not quite made the grade. We are going to have to work out a new psychology on this. In my view, this is in part the problem of the Department, and in part, of our attitudes as Foreign Service officers.

The Department has accomplished, I think, a very great deal and I think Bill Crockett deserves particular credit for what he has done in enabling officers to retire gracefully and with dignity and honor, and also with making use of our retired Foreign Service officers—there are many examples in this room.

I think there has been a great change in this in recent years. I feel that an officer, at some point late in his career, needs to decide whether or not he wants to compete, if you will, for these Chief of Mission positions. I feel that an officer who decides to do so must recognize that he is entering into a somewhat different realm of activity than he has prior to that time.

Up to the position of Chief of Mission you can run a service upon strict merit career principles, if you will, but we have to recognize that in this Administration, or in any past or future administration, the positions of Chief of Mission and corresponding jobs are always going to be regarded in a

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christmas among the refugees

IT WAS a rather odd invitation. But perhaps, I reflected as I re-read it, that was what I needed: meeting people away from the usual diplomatic cocktail circuit. This party was guaranteed to be non-glib and non-cocktailish. A German Protestant charitable organization was giving a Christmas party for refugees. One quarter of the population of our area was composed of displaced persons who had fled or had been brought to Baden Wuerttemberg. The party would present, happily, no linguistic difficulties. I had been in Germany for ten months, long enough to speak the language haltingly and to understand it readily. My husband was already fluent.

The party was held on a snowy Sunday afternoon in a suburban inn. The moment I stepped into the plainly-furnished hall, I felt homesick. It looked so like the church basement back in North Dakota where we used to have our Sunday School programs at Christmas. There were the same long tables spread with white cloths, at right angles to a head table somewhat longer than the others. Opposite this head table was the platform where children were assembling, music in their hands, in a bustle of self-importance.

The tables were decorated without a touch of sophistication. There were no angels, no costly flowers, no traces of glitter. Just some green boughs laid along the centers of the white cloths, interspersed with big red apples cored at the top to hold white candles. Many guests had already drawn up to the tables in readiness for the program and for the refreshments that would come later. We sat down on either side of our host, the Refugee Group chairman, at the head table. I was aware that I was being appraised by other women in the room, and not favorably. They seemed to look at me (or was I just self-conscious?), whisper together, and look back again unsmiling. Could it be because I was wearing a hat and they were not? I hoped that there was nothing else wrong. I smiled across at them propitiatingly. The hat was, after all, not really new. And it was very small.

The Christmas tree up on the platform was small, too. It looked as if someone had started to decorate it and then forgotten to finish. It bore nothing but a lot of white candles, real ones (as in my youth in the mid-west). They were not lighted. It looked forlorn. Simplicity should not, after all, be carried to the point of pathos. I began to wonder if we had been wise to accept this invitation.

Fortunately the children began to sing just then—chorales and carols fitted into a reading of the Bible story. At the midway point where the shepherds draw near to Bethlehem to see the wonder that has come to pass, our host called for an

intermission so that the children could rest. He then introduced the people at the head table: Bishop so-and-so, Prince so-and-so (our honored Sponsor!), Professor Doctor so-and-so. All of these familiar dignitaries were greeted with applause and friendly smiles. Then our host introduced the American Consul and his wife. There was a meager clapping and a murmur. It sounded hostile to me. I hoped that my feelings of hauteur and hurt were not showing. I carefully avoided my husband's eyes.

Meanwhile our host was saying: "We shall now have the ceremony of the lighting of the tree. As in the past, I shall ask one man from each nation here represented to step up to the tree, say a Bible verse in his native tongue, and then light a candle for his native land, telling us in German what that land is."

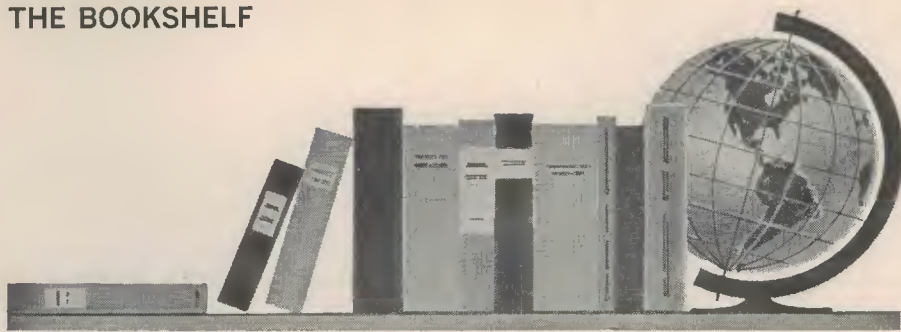
There was an empty moment. Then the Professor from our table went forward to the little tree, said a verse in a strange tongue, and announced in German: "I light a candle on this tree for Rumania." Then came one who lighted a candle for Poland. Then one for Latvia. Then candles brightened for the Ukraine, for Estonia, for Bulgaria, for Czechoslovakia. The tree began to bloom with light. Spokesmen came forward for Bessarabia, Albania, Lithuania. Then a solemn flame was struck for Hungary (it was just two months after the October revolt). Then candles were lit for Yugoslavia, Silesia, and East Prussia. The tree seemed to grow larger and larger, more and more beautiful.

By this time my hauteur was all gone, and only the hurt remained. I tried not to show that I felt like the little match girl who stands outside the window of the rich children's house on Christmas Eve, looking in at the tree inside, pressing her face against the frosty glass. I was farther away from home than any of them, I told myself. Could not there be a candle on that tree for me? An ocean lay between me and my native soil. But I was not a refugee. I could go home again if I wanted to. They could not. That made all the difference, the cold glass between us. The tree was for them, and this was their party.

I heard my husband whisper to our host and saw the latter nod. While I held my breath Bert went up to the tree, repeated a verse in English (I was impressed that he could think of one—my mind was blank), and striking a match said: "Fuer die Vereinigten Staaten stecke ich cinc Kerz an." There was a long hush, a cold hush. We were still outside.

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THE BOOKSHELF



On Diplomatic Contacts

ALLEN DULLES' account of the negotiations which brought about the surrender of the German armies in Italy is a skillfully written and authoritative recreation of some of the most interesting aspects of the inner history of the last days of the war in Italy. Some people thought at the time that such negotiations should not be held, out of regard for the suspicions of our then Soviet allies. Mr. Dulles took a contrary view. At one stage, therefore, when instructed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff "to discontinu immediately all such contacts" with the German representatives, Mr. Dulles interpreted his instructions as nevertheless permitting him "to examine the documents empowering them to act, and to get precise information about their powers and their intentions."

A reviewer in the *New York Review of Books* has taken this as evidence of duplicity on Mr. Dulles' part, but this surely is unfair. In carrying out his orders, Mr. Dulles was certainly duty bound to do so in a manner which would allow the surrender talks to be resumed if and when Washington and London had second thoughts. The inflexibly doctrinaire will see these matters differently, but such people have not learned that in diplomacy, as in warfare, the outposts must never be suffered to lose contact with the opposing forces.

Mr. Dulles writes so well that one must hope he will now go on and give us equally thorough descriptions of his involvement in the events and controversies of other later stages of his public life. In the meantime, in "The Secret Surrender," there is both instruction for the earnest and entertainment for the frivolous.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

THE SECRET SURRENDER, by Allen Dulles. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

The Hoyts of Stanleyville

MICHAEL HOYT, the American Consul in Stanleyville held hostage by Congolese rebels from early August until Thanksgiving day 1964, and his family merit their status as a Foreign Service legend. In "For the

Love of Mike" his wife Jo, helped by Frank Graham, Jr. sketches a background to the legend and gives her account of its obverse side—the pressures and tensions of waiting those months in Arizona, keeping a family and trying to piece together a coherent picture of events in the Congo. Although I suspect that she has pulled a few punches, there emerges a fairly clear picture of her personal problems during this period—her desire to help, the terrifying suspicion that a "bureaucracy" would inevitably look at Mike's plight from a perspective different from her own, the weighing in her own mind of the risks of various ways of releasing Mike, which she sensed, but did not know, were under consideration, and, worst of all, the realization that all depended on the unpredictable whims of crazed rebel leaders and their armed juvenile militia. Her unpretentious account of what it feels like to be the wife of a hostage is effective. The glimpse we are given of an American Embassy in action and the peek along the corridors of the 7th floor of the Department at this time may be of more parochial interest but forms an essential part of her narrative. Her description of the weird atmosphere in Stanleyville as the rebels moved up the road from Kindu rings true and, perhaps because she was a participant in those few dramatic moments, is the best chapter in the book.

—JOHN S. DAVISON

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, by Jo Wasson Hoyt with Frank Graham, Jr. Random House, \$4.95.

"Peru as a Doctrine"

FOR anyone who has visited President Belaunde's dining room in Lima's Palace of Pizarro and seen the scale models of dams, irrigation projects and buildings, it comes as no surprise that in "Peru's Own Conquest" President Belaunde has written a builder's-eye view of Peru. Based on his political tracts and writings over a period of time, Belaunde provides a romantic, yet accurate description of ancient and modern Peru, especially

in terms of past or planned public works. He relates the two Perus by outlining his party's programs and philosophy.

Through his party, *Acción Popular*, Belaunde is attempting to create a modern Peru by building on ancient Indian traditions, such as community action. Belaunde's inspiring community development program, *Cooperación Popular*, is described as a modern adaptation of pre-Columbian Peruvian ways of life.

Perhaps Belaunde describes his outlook best in the chapter "Peru as a Doctrine." The President explains that he does not choose to draw on "non-Peruvian doctrines" such as Marxism or capitalism. Rather, he believes that modern Peru has inherited from the Incas a tradition of planning, of cooperative enterprise among the people, of agrarian and social justice and of national unity. This forms the basis of Belaunde's policies. Thus he calls for his fellow Peruvians to build their own new Peru, and speaks most proudly when he can look at a new project and observe "the people built it."

This book is chiefly valuable as a description of the attitudes and philosophy of the man who now governs Peru.

—NICHOLAS V. MCCAUSLAND

PERU'S OWN CONQUEST, by Fernando Belaunde Terry. American Studies Press S.A., \$6.95.

The Old Man

GERMANY is complicated. Luckily for the new German hand, there has appeared a whole series of books about Germany and the Germans. Of obvious importance are the memoirs of the one man whose name is foremost among those responsible for Germany's rebirth as a nation after World War II—Konrad Adenauer.

This first volume covers the years from 1945 to 1953. Actually, the book opens in late 1944 with Adenauer being admonished by a concentration camp warden not to commit suicide—even though his age of almost seventy meant that he had little to look forward to. The volume ends, less than ten years later, with this same old man, now Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany, laying a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington while an American band plays the German national anthem.

There is much substance in this book but little humor or anecdote. However, Adenauer's dry humor does show occasionally as, for example, when he describes his acceptance of the Chancellorship in 1949 with the remark that his doctor thought he could

serve as Chancellor for one year, possibly two.

Some benefit of hindsight may have crept into Adenauer's memoirs but, in general, they seem to be an honest account. Some of his views in respect to certain actions of the occupying powers will raise hackles. However, that never did, and still does not, bother Adenauer. Perhaps the wide range of personalities who considered him stubborn and imperious is a testimonial to his objectivity. He had a single goal—to return Germany to the family of democratic nations and to make it both prosperous and secure. This he accomplished in full measure, and he did so as a German—not as anyone's puppet.

—ALBERT W. STOFFEL

MEMOIRS 1945 TO 1953, by Konrad Adenauer. Henry Regnery Company, \$10.00.

Brazil and the United States— 1902 to 1912

THIS book, the first in a new series sponsored by the Institute of Latin American Affairs of Columbia University, is a well-written and carefully documented (880 footnotes in 209 pages) account of a decade in Brazilian-American relations which did much to create an international friendship which has since come to be regarded by both countries as "traditional." It was during those years, under the aegis of one of Brazil's great Foreign Ministers, the Baron of Rio Branco, that that "Colossus of the South" shifted its diplomatic axis from London to Washington, where, for all the ups and downs of Brazilian-American relations, it has remained ever since. Abetted by Joaquim Nabuco, a distinguished and able Ambassador who fully shared his views on the importance of the United States to Brazil, and with the essential sympathy and cooperation of Secretary of State Elihu Root and President Theodore Roosevelt, Rio Branco maneuvered Brazil into the special relationship with the United States which served his own enlightened view of Brazil's interests in the world community, and at the same time provided the United States with a firm ally in its dealings with the rest of the Hemisphere. While it could hardly be claimed that the "traditional" friendship which has linked the two largest nations of the Western Hemisphere during the past half-century would not have come about without Rio Branco, there can be little doubt that that friendship—the "unwritten alliance" of the title—is more firmly based for his dedicated efforts.

Like so many accounts of diplomatic intercourse in that so distant past

before the Second World War, this book will inevitably awaken in the hearts of the increasingly-outmoded and rapidly-aging professional diplomats of the pre-War vintages a nostalgia for the days before the "democratization" of diplomacy—when diplomacy still bore the exciting imprint of the intellects, literary styles, and personalities of its distinguished practitioners.

—NILES W. BOND

THE UNWRITTEN ALLIANCE: *Rio-Branco and Brazilian-American Relations*, by E. Bradford Burns. Columbia University Press, \$6.95.

Perspective on Two American Wars

THESE two studies in diplomatic history, one of the American Revolution, the other of the Spanish-American War, have the common virtue of treating these events less in national terms than in the broader context of European power relations. Both books provide, accordingly, a fresh and stimulating approach to well-worked subjects.

Professor Van Alstyne's book, which is part of the "America in Crisis" series, focuses largely on the response of the British government to the interlacing problems of French rivalry and colonial revolt. Policy toward the latter, he argues, was always conditioned by the former. Thus, as French involvement increased, Britain's position toward her colonies grew ever more rigid, while in America the trend toward independence, already long underway, gained irreversible momentum. In following the intricate course of events from 1763 to the peace settlement, the author has exploited not only official documentation but much English pamphlet literature of considerable interest and value. Unfortunately, he does not always evaluate this material satisfactorily or distinguish at times between official policy and isolated opinion. And though he swings happily away from patriotic accounts, it is hard to accept either his disparagement of American leaders and their motives or his gratuitous slaps at some highly respected historians. Factual errors also mar several chapters and lend some added doubt to his judgments.

Professor Neale's book, really an extended essay, also focuses upon British policy, and if less ambitious in scope than Van Alstyne's it is also far more thorough and persuasive. From a careful study of relevant documents, some of which were unavailable to previous writers, he re-assesses British diplomatic action (as distinct from public opinion) before, during,

and after the Spanish-American War. Though clear and concise, the book is a complicated and highly detailed analysis that may be of marginal interest to the layman. Yet, as a study of diplomatic problems and their handling, it is absorbingly interesting. Among other things Professor Neale amply proves that, contrary to popular belief, the British government, eager as it was for American support in the Far East, carefully refrained from encouraging the United States to take control of the Philippines. The fact that here as on other occasions American action confirmed Britain's hopes provides an interesting illustration of the frequent wisdom of calculated silence.

For anyone who wants to immerse himself briefly in the fascinating and esoteric world of pre-World War diplomacy where ambassadors drafted other nations' proposals and a second secretary in Berlin could write advisory letters to our ambassador in London, this is a good, if not always easy, book to read.

—HENRY LEE

EMPIRE AND INDEPENDENCE, *The International History of the American Revolution*, by Richard W. Van Alstyne. John Wiley & Sons, \$6.95.

GREAT BRITAIN AND UNITED STATES EXPANSION 1898-1900, by R. G. Neale. Michigan State University Press, \$6.00.

The Sinai Campaign

READERS who have awaited the publication of Major-General Moshe Dayan's diary for a clearer picture of the background leading to the Sinai campaign will be disappointed, inasmuch as very little political-military information is introduced over that published years ago. Perhaps the time still has not yet come for the publication of the full record of the developments preceding the Sinai Campaign.

This should not deter the reader from the book which describes the exploits of the Israel army of fighting civilians and elite professional units. The Sinai campaign has been described as "Dayan's masterpiece." Certainly no one can speak with more authority on the risks and ramifications of ordering the Israel Army into action without adequate preparation in order not to lose the element of surprise. Indeed, the easy, informal style by Dayan at times almost obscures what certainly must have been agonizing command decisions.

—THEODORE B. DOBBS

DIARY OF THE SINAI CAMPAIGN, by Major-General Moshe Dayan. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

The Best To Date

NO MAN is a hero to his valet, and apparently not to his doctor either. Lord Moran, personal physician to Sir Winston Churchill from 1940 until his death, has written a valuable and illuminating book about England's greatest twentieth century Prime Minister. The author has begun the thankless job of attempting to realistically assess Churchill as an individual.

Paradoxically, Churchill's prolific writings tend to obscure our judgment of him. His works brilliantly display those aspects of himself that he wants us, and most importantly history, to see. Lord Moran writes about Churchill's personal strengths and weaknesses; thus adding considerably to our knowledge of him.

Churchill stated, for example, at several points in his *Memoirs* that no matter how many worries he had before and during World War II, he always went to sleep easily and untroubled. Lord Moran points out that for the last 25 years or so of his life Churchill took sleeping pills nearly every night. A minor inaccuracy no doubt on Churchill's part, but nonetheless it illustrates the difficulty of trying to gain perspective of a man who was both a great statesman and a formidable writer and historian.

Churchill also suffered from recurring bouts of melancholia at various periods in his life. Without Lord Moran's indisputable diagnosis of this condition and his account of Churchill's successful struggle to overcome it, we would have much more difficulty in understanding his superb tenacity in the face of what logically appeared to be insuperable odds.

Although Lord Moran's style is at times repetitive and diffused, his diary represents by far the best information we yet have about Churchill's personal attitudes, motives, and predictions during and after World War II.

—THOMAS M. TRACY

CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN, by Lord Moran. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$10.00.

Useful as a Handbook

THIS unpretentious book in the Praeger series of Publications in Russian History and World Communism is a useful and readable narrative of events in Eastern Europe since the Polish and Hungarian upheavals in 1956.

The author has gone to primary sources for most of his material and has marshalled his facts with ease and clarity. It is possible, to be sure, to challenge Mr. Brown's thesis that

"during the Khrushchev decade, the original impetus toward liberalization came from the Soviet Union, and from Khrushchev personally, in . . . Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia." In this chronologically oriented book, however, the argument is not pursued with much vigor, nor does it appreciably detract from the work's usefulness as a handbook. Unfortunately, his too ready conclusion leads the author to an omission which fairly delimits the scope of his book, but is also its principal weakness. There are chapters on political, economic and agricultural developments; there are discussions of relations with the Soviet Union and of relations with the Western Powers; all are couched in terms of chronology of governmental acts. One looks in vain for the broadly human, national—and essentially historical—causes and effects. Only the governments—invariably, "regimes"—move with wonted communist stiffness from congress to party congress, from economic program to agricultural fiasco. A clue to this curious bit of historical simplification may be found in the startling statement which appears in the twenty-page chapter on "Cultural Developments": "In every East European country, a distressingly large proportion of the intellectual community has always shown themselves to be either Party hacks or opportunists ready to vacillate with the prevailing political winds."

There are appendices, giving lists of state and party officials and biographical sketches of party leaders and premiers.

—ANDREW T. FALKIEWICZ

THE NEW EASTERN EUROPE: *The Khrushchev Era and After*, by J. F. Brown. Praeger, \$6.50.

Clear Writing Systematized

THE late Wilson Follett's "Modern American Usage: A Guide," now edited and completed by Jacques Barzun of Columbia University and others of equal distinction, discusses a considerable number of words which are over-worked in the diplomatic and other professions and whose abuse "has turned them into mere plugs for the holes in one's thought." These include BREAKDOWN, CONCEPT, CONTEXT, HIGHLIGHT, PINPOINT, PROCESS, and TRIGGER. The book also condemns your THINKING and mine, but neglects to tell us whether it is COUNTERPRODUCTIVE to call ourselves a CONE and turn everything we do into a PROGRAM or a SYSTEM.

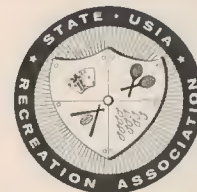
These omissions are not serious, however, for there are directives from the highest LEVEL to encourage us to read a book of this kind. Posters on

Department bulletin boards tell us that happiness is a draft which one's boss accepts without stylistic or other changes, and from the NEWS LETTER we learn that the Administrative Support Division of the "O" Area's Office of Operations has held a "Clear Systems Writing Seminar" for people who work in that part of the Department.

Administrators elsewhere are also doing their bit to improve government prose. HEW's Division of Personnel Management (Staff Development Branch) has a training manual called "Getting Your Ideas Across in Writing," and the Bureau of Land Management of the Department of the Interior has put out a booklet bearing the (doubtless unintentionally) ambiguous title "Gobbledygook Has Gotta Go." The GPO sells these and other writing manuals quite cheaply, but Mr. Follett's "Guide" will make the best Christmas present. If read and remembered, it might even be as useful in getting ahead at the office as enrollment in a clear writing SYSTEMS seminar.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

MODERN AMERICAN USAGE: A GUIDE, by Wilson Follett, edited & compiled by Jacques Barzun. Hill & Wang, \$7.50.



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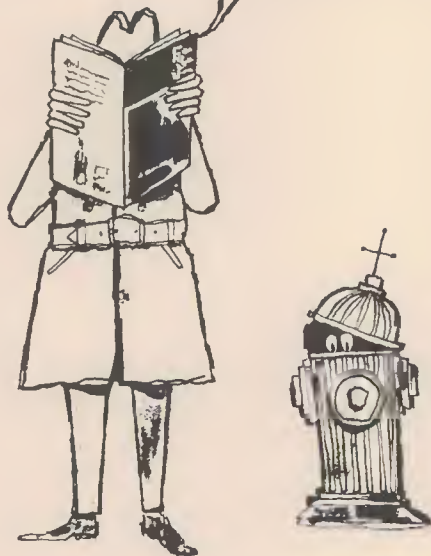
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QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 39)

personal light both by a Secretary of State and by a President. This is as it should be. After all, the President is the one who has the responsibility. The President is of necessity going to have to make decisions upon highly personal factors; and an officer who aspires to these realms is going to have to recognize that there is not necessarily going to be perfect justice according to his own lights. He is not necessarily going to get exactly what he or his colleagues may feel he deserves because this is a very highly personal business and is always going to be so.

There is going to have to be some method whereby officers who do not wish to compete in this very personal world will be able to retire from the Service, perhaps somewhat earlier, but, I would say, in a more graceful fashion insofar as their relationship with their colleagues is concerned. We might want to handle it in somewhat the way the military tends to do. An officer who is a colonel or Navy captain who doesn't get his star does not feel that he has been disgraced, that he has been "selected out," or that there is something wrong with him. Rather he sees himself in a position to retire and perhaps make a new career for himself in dignity and with the respect of his associates and his friends.

This is just a small facet of the problems that we face. It is one that concerns me more and more; one I have more and more observed, and one which I commend to the thinking of the Committee on Career Principles as well as the Department. I think this is the kind of a field in which we can very usefully do our thinking together.

I would like to say one final word. We expect to be considered an elite. But if we expect to be thought of in this way, it is more and more important that we perform and behave as an elite. I am thinking of discipline; I am thinking of the willingness to accept posts and jobs; and I am thinking also very much of the question of standards of personal conduct and probity—our willingness to uphold standards and maintain standards above the average. I feel that the great mass of the Service does so; but I must say—and I can say this because I am not involved in administration of the Department and am not talking as such, I am talking to you as a fellow officer—I have been deeply disappointed to see the degree to which some of our members sometimes fail in this regard. This reflects, of course, upon all of the Service.

I know that the Secretary and, I would say that the President, are more often than not anxious to select their senior appointments from among the Service to the jobs that are being considered.

Sorrowfully, I find it all too often difficult to say, "Well, this particular man in the Foreign Service is just clearly head and shoulders superior for this particular job." We don't yet have that much competence in the Service. We have a lot of competence that is not being used as well as it should, but there is room for a great deal more competence in the Service than we now have.

Thus, I feel that, going back to our role as an Association, there is a real role for active members of the Association to fill in encouraging and developing our professional competence so that we can better serve the future and meet the challenges that face us. Those challenges are going to be very, very great indeed and all of you who have the opportunity be associated with meeting them are going to have a very satisfying time. I know that goes for the retired officers in this room as well, because we are going to need their counsel and competence as well as that of our younger officers.

I have enjoyed serving in my role in the Association. I intend to keep up an active interest in it and harass the new Chairman and President and write them letters when I think that I have anything worth saying. I hope that you all will do the same and encourage your friends and colleagues to do so as well. ■

TOKYO:

Dec. 8, 1941

How did the Japanese people as a whole regard the expansion policy that led to Pearl Harbor? Many writers seem to sidestep the question. Certain evidence is hard to come by. Eugene H. Dooman, who was counselor of Embassy at Tokyo on December 8, 1941, believes he was the only American who saw large numbers of Japanese collect together, a few hours after the attack, and can testify that rather than an explosion of rejoicing, there prevailed a profound silence which can only have signified alarm and fear. Here is Mr. Dooman's account of those fateful days a quarter of a century ago:

WE had been aware for some time that a crisis was approaching. Only a few days before one of the clerks had asked me, as one of the two remaining trustees of the American School in Tokyo—which had remained closed since June—whether I would allow her to move a grand piano from the School to her apartment. My answer was that she could have the piano if she still wanted it the day after the approaching weekend. On Saturday morning I issued instructions to the staff that no one was to leave Tokyo during the weekend, while Ambassador Grew and I agreed to stay home so that we might be instantly available to any call from the chancery.

In the ordinary way my house boy Kobayashi woke me at seven o'clock, drew my bath and laid out my clothes. However, on Monday morning, December 8, he woke me some minutes earlier to say that I was urgently called to the telephone by Mr. M, an American correspondent. Mr. M had barely time to respond when I heard background noises—and then no more. I then heard his housemaid saying that Mr. M had been obliged to leave. I called Second Secretary Merrell Benninghoff, who drove his own car, and asked him to go at once to Mr. M's house, as I suspected that he had been arrested. I then got dressed and went down to breakfast. I had almost finished breakfast when Benninghoff



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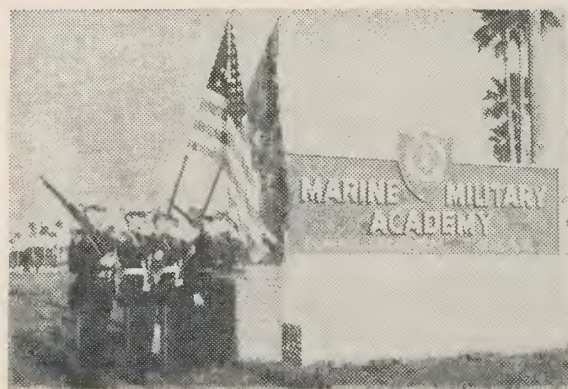


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came. "Well, it's here," he said quietly, "Japan attacked Pearl Harbor this morning."

Kobayashi was standing behind my chair. "Kobayashi, did you know this?"

"Yes. I heard this on the 6:30 broadcast."

I then called the Ambassador. He had already been told by his servants. I said that as soon as my car had arrived I would go to the Foreign Office and try to get confirmation from the Vice Minister.

Shortly thereafter, my car arrived. My driver Oyama, who had been with us during a previous assignment, lived forty-five minutes away by street car. He had also heard the broadcast, but he had as usual picked up our car at the Embassy garage and come to my house. "Oyama, what do you think of this?" "It's terrible. Our Government must be crazy," he replied.

I drove to the Foreign Office and saw the Vice Minister. I asked him whether he would confirm the early morning broadcast that Japanese planes had bombed Pearl Harbor. "Mr. Dooman," he said, "I regret that I am not authorized to say anything."

It still being short of nine o'clock, I told Oyama to drive through Marunouchi, Tokyo's financial and business center. The rush hour was still on. People were piling out of street cars, buses and trains. The sidewalks were crowded with office workers. One might have expected an explosion of excitement. There was none. The usual babble of talk and laughter was gone. All I heard was the shuffle of feet.

Having satisfied myself that there was no spontaneous outburst of rejoicing over the Japanese success at Pearl Harbor (or over the prospect of war with its inevitable sacrifices!), I went to the Embassy and found the gate closed. Policemen on duty at the gate told me that I was to return to my house and remain there until I had word that I would be allowed to enter the Embassy. Shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning the Embassy telephoned that Japan's declaration of war had been promulgated and that I was to move to the Embassy with my clothes and other personal effects. I did so and found all the other members of the staff who lived outside the Embassy compound moving in. Word had come from the Foreign Office that we were to be interned in the Embassy compound until arrangements were completed for our departure.

Some time during the day there arrived a message from the Department querying us as to our well-being. Bedding down for an indefinite period of time offered a serious problem. The Ambassador and Mrs. Grew took into Embassy residence six of the senior officers, the clerks were comfortably housed in two apartment houses in the Embassy compound, but there remained for the junior officers only their offices in the chancery. They had brought from their homes mattresses and bedding, while the clerks set up messes, among which the junior officers were distributed. The servants working* in the Embassy compound were called together by the police and given the choice of leaving or remaining interned with their employers. They all chose to stay. Even my driver Oyama chose to stay to drive the Embassy truck which was to bring in our food each day. (He remained until the end of December when I sent him home for lack of proper quarters—sleeping as he had been on a mattress on the basement floor.) So with these and other housekeeping chores keeping us busy, we went to bed tired and despondent. ■

**The only time the servants were allowed to leave during the seven months of our internment was during the New Year Holidays—the only time that they saw their wives and children. They served us at dinner always dressed in formal native clothes, punctiliously and with utmost formality, as though it were an official occasion. Knowing the scorn and contempt heaped upon their wives and children—especially the children by other children—because of the men serving enemy nationals, I never could really understand why they remained. On the day of our departure seven months later the head boy said to me: "When you return home and listen to people telling of the bad things we Japanese have done, please tell your friends about us."*

A BITTER DAY (Continued from page 27)

pened the rest of that day I cannot remember, which must mean we were either rushing around, jumping up and down, in a state of shock, or all three. There were of course many contingency plans ready to be implemented at once. The vivid memory of that fateful moment has not faded over 25 years.

Sheldon Mills, then Second Secretary in Santiago, writes—

I recall vividly receiving news of Pearl Harbor. It was Sunday and I was working in the garden. Francesca picked up the shocking report via radio about noon. I immediately made a quick change and drove to the Chancery. Claude Bowers was our Ambassador; Don Heath, Counselor; Clarence Brooks, Commercial Attache; and Charlie Knox, Assistant Trade Commissioner. John Faust and I were Second Secretaries. Almost immediately we all became code clerks with the old eye-straining strip system that is, all but the Ambassador and Don Heath.

Alfred Wells writes that in Buenos Aires it was forbidden for anyone but

the police to use sirens but that the major newspaper had a huge siren on its building and put out frightening wails whenever a major event occurred. The next day it paid the fine. Al missed the blast on this occasion and read the news at breakfast. The maid said "I suppose being in the Embassy you have known of this for days." Eric Wendelin had recently moved into an apartment in Buenos Aires:

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, we were busily hanging pictures when the Argentine radio suddenly stopped its program and came on with the breathtaking announcement of the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor. I remember thinking that this was it: now the chips were down. I went down to the Embassy, of course, as did about everyone else on the staff . . . I remember the generally stunned attitude of our Argentine friends, coupled with their reaction that now the United States would certainly throw the balance into the scales against the Nazis. As you know, the Nazis were riding high, wide and handsome at that time in

Argentina, not to mention other parts of the world.

In La Paz, a group of young people were preparing a skit for a Christmas benefit. John C. Pool was one of them. Jane Pool, who was the Managing Editor of the JOURNAL at that time, later wrote what Jack had told her:

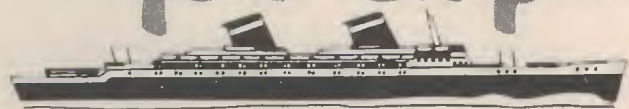
"Swing your partners, dos et dos, aleman left in your own baek yard!" sang out Vice Consul John Gasque to the group of square dancers who were at my house practising on that bright Sunday afternoon. We Americans were throwing ourselves wholeheartedly into the fun. Our skit for the Christmas charity show was progressing boisterously and we would soon be ready for our part in the annual benefit performance for the Bolivian orphans.

"Hold up a minute," I shouted over the din, "while I answer the phone."

"Holá. The Embassy? What! Good God!" I hung up and returned to the waiting dancers.

"The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor!"
That was the end of the reel. ■

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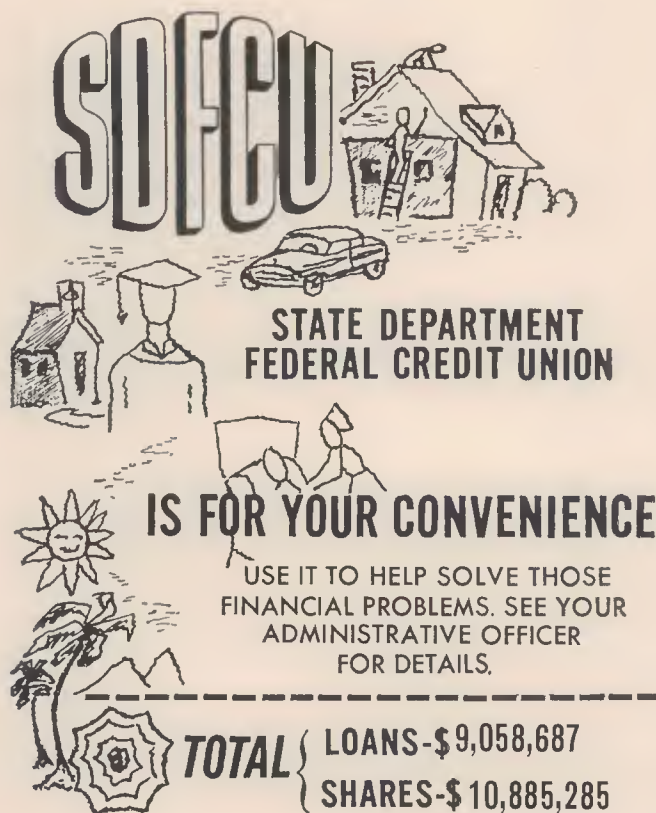
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Among Our Contributors

Our cover artist, LILIAN EISENBERG, is also the author of "A Visit to the Transkei," for which she penned the illustrations. Mrs. Eisenberg reports that her husband, FSO Robert Eisenberg, has accepted a post with the International Monetary Fund in Saigon. He is on loan from the Foreign Service.

ICY LENT is the wife of FSO Robert F. Lent. After tours in Europe and the Middle East, the Lents are now at their second Far East post, New Delhi. She writes: "When I began living in other peoples' countries almost twenty years ago, I was impressed by the differences I saw. Now I am more delighted to discover the similarities."

EMILY SQUIRES WABEKE is the wife of FSO Bertus H. Wabeke. During her husband's five-year assignment to the American Consulate General in Stuttgart, Mrs. Wabeke interested herself in several international groups and was for two terms the President of the German-American Women's Club. Mrs. Wabeke is now active in the AAFSW and served for two years as Language Chairman.

HENRY B. DAY, who collected the reminiscences of Pearl Harbor day, is a retired officer interested in historical research. He does such work as a volunteer but is not a Minuteman.

FITZHUGH GREEN, who served with the USIA from 1954 to 1965, was USIA representative to USUN in 1964-65 and director of the Foreign Correspondents Center.

HELEN K. BEHRENS, whose "Cook's Tour" resumes in this issue, asks that recipes and anecdotes be sent to her in care of the Embassy, Algiers. A part of the proceeds of the book in which these recipes are to be used will be turned over to the Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund.

ROBERT DEVEREUX has provided another of his much admired quizzes for this issue—an especially timely one for the holiday season. Dr. Devereux, a member of the Foreign Service Reserve, has published "The First Ottoman Constitutional Period. A Study of the Midhat Constitution and Parliament" (Johns Hopkins, 1963) and articles on Middle Eastern and Islamic themes to numerous journals.

Christmas Dance

THE AAFSW and THIS are joining forces this year to hold a Christmas dance for young adults of the Foreign Service and Washington diplomatic communities.

The dance will be held on Tuesday, December 27, from 9 to 12 p.m., on the eighth floor of the State Department building. Dress will be semi-formal (i.e. party dresses for girls, suits and ties for boys). Punch and snacks will be served all evening. Invitations are \$3.00 per person.

All Foreign Service juniors who are registered with the AAFSW and who are in the 10th, 11th, or 12th grades of high school, or who are college students will receive invitations in early December. *RSVP's must be in no later than December 16* because of the necessity of making security check lists. Everyone who comes to the dance must have an invitation with his own name on it.

Anyone wanting to go to the dance who is not on the AAFSW list, or who does not know whether he is on the list, or who does not receive an invitation by the end of the first week in December should call Mrs. Alexander Schnee, OL 7-8777.

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 40)

Presently the children sang again, to bring the story through to the coming of the Wise Men with their gifts. After the music there were to be speeches, in German, of course—the common language now for all us foreigners. Still later would come the predictable hearty refreshments. It looked like a long ordeal.

The Rumanian Professor made the first speech. He thanked the host, the Refugee Organization and its sponsors, and the children, brought in from an orphan home. Then he looked at us and smiled. He thanked the American Consul and his wife for coming. It was the first time, he said, that Americans had ever been at one of their parties. He acknowledged that our presence had caused some surprise and perhaps even consternation. But he hoped that we would come again. Turning to the other tables, he said with a grave intensity, "I want to remind all of you that I am a Professor of History and that I know something of what has gone on in the world in our generation and in other generations too. I want to say to you that never in the history of civilization has a nation been so powerful as the United States of America and then used its power to help others. Never has a nation been so generous to conquered people as the United States. It is a simple fact that whatever freedom and hope we have today we owe to our great neighbor across the Atlantic. I am glad that the Consul today lighted a candle on our tree for his country. If it were not for his country, we should have no tree to light."

Again there came a hush. But afterwards a burst of applause. Hands reached out to us across the table, and speaker after speaker arose to say graceful things and to include us in the cordiality. We ate bread and wurst together and clinked glasses filled with good Wuerttemberg wine. At the last we sang "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," a song loved beyond all national boundaries. Thanks to the Rumanian Professor, the children outside had come in to the party. ■

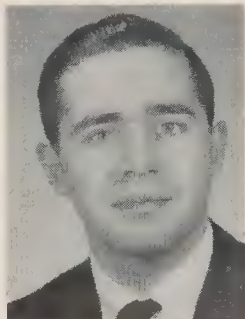
Editorial Board Correspondent

DOU^G HARWOOD, Editorial Correspondent, writes "In deference to the new BIOGRAPHIC REGISTER, I shall avoid the facts of my life and stick to opinions.

"I am, or so the studies of the Service tell us, one of the few who entered the Service because of a recruiter who spoke to one of my college classes—he so impressed me that I immediately applied to take the Examination, although I had never previously even thought about a Foreign Service career. My first assignment was in the Personnel Operations Division (d'ya remember POD?), where I was assigned to handle 'problem' cases and was given the invaluable lesson that personnel regulations are *not* sacrosanct.

"During my three years in Venezia and Milano, I became such an Italophile that, to my Italian wife's annoyance, I even find it difficult to see the negative aspects of Barzini's commentary on his countrymen, 'The Italians.' I genuinely enjoyed my three years in consular work there for the sense of accomplishment I felt in providing needed services directly to individuals.

"I plan to specialize in management because I enjoy it and I believe the Service deserves good administration only as much as career FSOs go into this field. My wife and I find Washington a hardship post in one respect; there are no first class ski slopes within weekend reach, so we are looking forward to our next assignment abroad in 1967."



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THE UN

(Continued from page 20)

Kennedy, tried to correct this failure. He managed to install a new office in the US Mission, "USIA Representative to the U.S. Mission to the United Nations." Three officers tried hard to fill the position before it was abolished this year as unworkable.

It did not work because it was independent of the Mission's Director of Public Affairs, and its job description, in effect, set up a second, competing Public Affairs officer.

In addition, the USIA Representative was also Director of the Foreign Correspondents Center of the US Government in New York. This center is a large, elaborate facsimile of USIA's libraries overseas, except that its books and files are limited to reference items for the foreign reporters. Because of President Kennedy's personal interest in the project, the White House, State Department and USIA joined in its establishment.

Unfortunately, the Center is located only a block away from the US Mission to the UN and is proscribed by the Mission from discussing or giving information on UN matters. This prohibition has some logic, since there is already a formidable American news outlet not only in the US Mission's Public Affairs Office, but also in Frank Carpenter's daily briefings during the General Assembly.

But the net result is an empty correspondents center. Taxpayers have been footing an annual \$25,000 for rent plus the salaries of several USIA functionaries to provide office space and assistance for a dozen or so correspondents who could be equally well cared for at no extra cost if space were set aside for them in the US Mission. Actually, a seldom used radio/TV recording studio is available for this purpose. An encouraging report has just appeared that USIA's Director Leonard Marks has decided to continue the Center, but to move it to smaller quarters, and he has reduced the staff to two.

But to conclude: At present, there is still no Public Affairs officer to focus on foreign audiences from the US Mission other than Carpenter and his press briefings. Neither he nor his USIA deputy are called on in this propaganda cockpit of the world as participants in speech or statement drafting.

Why does this situation persist? Probably for several reasons—first most officers in the Mission doubtless believe they can write as persuasively or produce as good ideas for propaganda as anyone else; second, there is always some State Department suspicion that USIA might upset careful diplomatic tactics if allowed to intrude their alleged Madison Avenue techniques.

Also at the Mission, particularly during the General Assembly, there are already too many people. The effort is to cut down the size of meetings and the number of counselors. To add a Public Affairs officer would only increase the confusion and competition at the top level of Mission management.

Finally, USIA simply has not won the respect of our foreign affairs community for expertness in its own profession. Thus it is a curious fact that at the propaganda center of the world the nation with the biggest, costliest overt propaganda agency finds neither the need nor the wish to place even one professional persuader on its embassy management team. ■

QUESTIONNAIRE

C. Q.* For Wives of Prospective Foreign Service Officers

Check the most appropriate answer.

For scoring see Scoring Sheet pages 52 and 53.

1. Pictures should be hung on the walls at eye level. Whose eye level?
 - a. Yours
 - b. His
 - c. Chief of mission's
 - d. The maid's
2. If you had been born in another period of history, whose wife would you prefer to have been?
 - a. Disraeli
 - b. Christopher Columbus
 - c. John Alden
 - d. Menelaus
3. Which of the following best describes your pattern of illness during the past five years?
 - a. None
 - b. One major operation requiring two weeks' hospitalization
 - c. A series of protracted ailments treated by specialists; no hospitalization but extensive use of antibiotics
 - d. Garden variety illnesses (sore throats, earaches, colds, infected hangnails) treated by visits to family doctor
4. When you were in school, what was your favorite extra-curricular activity?
 - a. Glee club
 - b. Competitive sports
 - c. Amateur theatricals
 - d. Debate
5. Which of the following best describes your attitude toward alcohol?
 - a. Never touch the stuff
 - b. A drink before dinner is relaxing
 - c. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou . . .
 - d. A friend in need is a friend indeed
6. When you had a school teacher whom you actively disliked, what did you do?
 - a. Asked for a transfer to another class
 - b. Concentrated on the subject matter of the course
 - c. Imagined her being burned at the stake in Salem
 - d. Invited her home to dinner
7. During which kind of evening did your husband propose to you?
 - a. Dancing and champagne
 - b. Library and a coke
 - c. Movie and a hamburger
 - d. A long drive in the country
8. Which of the following clothing styles do you most enjoy wearing?
 - a. Haute couture
 - b. Classic
 - c. Contemporary (drip-dry classic)
 - d. Shorts and blue jeans
9. If you have or plan to have children, how would you describe their role in your Foreign Service life?
 - a. Do-it-yourself comradeship
 - b. Attractive purveyors of napkins and salted nuts at your cocktail parties
 - c. Future world citizens, tolerant and adaptable
 - d. Goodwill ambassadors in their own right

*Capacity quotient

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**SCORING SHEET FOR FSO WIVES'
C.Q. QUESTIONNAIRE**

Quest.	Answer	Points	Comments	Your Score
1.	a.	1	A Pyrrhic victory.	
	b.	4	After all, who's hanging these pictures?	
	c.	2	Tricky. Galbraith may weary of Harvard.	
	d.	2	She'll probably quit. And how will you cover those nail holes?	
2.	a.	1	Dangerous taste for intrigue.	
	b.	3	You should have married an astronaut.	
	c.	4	Good girl. Priscilla could cope. Imagine all those turkeys if you'd never seen a turkey before.	
	d.	2	McNamara's handling this one.	
3.	a.	2	The law of averages is bound to catch up with you.	
	b.	4	Bravo! Dramatic, neat, insured.	
	c.	3	Debilitating hut partially covered by Foreign Service Protective Association insurance.	
	d.	1	Cumulatively expensive, time-consuming, non-reimbursable. Also apt to be contagious.	
4.	a.	3	Essentials: discipline, harmony, knowing the score.	
	b.	2	There are times when NOBODY knows the score.	
	c.	4	Excellent training for cocktail parties, receptions and official dinners.	
	d.	0	Yours is not to reason why.	
5.	a.	1	See "The Days of Wine and Roses."	
	b.	4	But watch the calories in the hors d'oeuvres.	
	c.	3	Nourishing diet just before payday.	
	d.	4	No comment.	

6.	a.	1	An FSO is assigned according to the needs of the Service.
	b.	4	Besides, a few years isn't forever.
	c.	3	Effective, harmless therapy if done privately.
	d.	2	Representation funds may be used only for entertaining foreigners.
7.	a.	1	The salary of an FSO-8 is \$_____ per annum.
	b.	3	Pedestrian but promising.
	c.	4	He loves the REAL you . . . especially if you had onions.
	d.	3	Appreciation of geographic beauty is a great asset in hardship posts.
8.	a.	1	If you aren't a nascent Coco Chanel, forget it.
	b.	3	Good. After all, you and your basic black will have a new audience every few years.
	c.	4	Even better. Optimum is a penchant for fabrics in which last year's hemline is invisible.
	d.	2	De rigueur only when painting gloomy bathrooms or unpacking what's left of the party china.
9.	a.	4	Very sound. Infinitely complicated logistically during the early years, but the first night in a new country is much less traumatic if there's a family picnic.
	b.	2	Hire a waiter. Your hosts are apt to break out in measles or vocal sibling rivalry just as the first guests arrive.
	c.	2	Or they may decide they DON'T LIKE Frankfurt frankfurters or Hong Kong egg rolls.
	d.	1	"Yes, Junior, I KNOW that little boy should have asked to go to the rest room. We'll discuss it LATER. Now finish your lemonade."

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

"Difficult Position"

THOMAS DONOVAN'S review of Charles Frankel's book, "The Neglected Aspect of Foreign Affairs: American Educational and Cultural Policy Abroad," JOURNAL, September, 1966, devoted slightly more than one paragraph to some incidental points of the book. Proceeding from these, the reviewer then took three paragraphs to grind his own axes, primarily concerning education officers, who are not even mentioned in the book.

Charles Frankel's main concern in this volume is with purposes, as he believes "tinkering with the nuts and bolts of the bureaucratic organization will not solve the problem" of the educational and cultural exchange program. He is particularly concerned with the paradox of the Department of State's control of the program in Washington versus USIA's control of it abroad, because he believes this tends to distort the purposes of the program by force-fitting it into the short-term propaganda goals of USIA. Most of the book is an attempt to define and explain the proper goals and practices of the program. Incidentally, these goals are the basis for the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs' program memoranda justifying the program in the Planning—Programming—Budgeting System.

Charles Frankel is now in the difficult position of being advised "physician, heal thyself" by those who may differ with his ideas. Readers interested in the contribution the exchange program can make to American foreign relations will get an excellent lesson in the difficulties of reforming bureaucracy by reading this book and comparing it with the reforms now being made in the program, especially the creation of the Center for Educational Cooperation by HEW, and the assignment of education officers (who will, incidentally, include FSOs) to our embassies.

DOUGLAS J. HARWOOD

Washington

Mr. Donovan comments:

While it is true that Dr. Frankel does not specifically mention educational attachés as such, his whole book deals equally with educational and cultural relations. This is clear even from its subtitle: "American Educational and Cultural Policy Abroad." Since the book also discusses at some length the creation of new positions and the recruitment of personnel "for planning and implementing the United States Government's educational and cultural effort abroad," it did not seem out of place to incorporate in the review some news about parallel administrative and legislative developments. Incidentally, the International Education Act of 1966 referred to in my review was passed by the Congress, but without any implementing appropriation for this fiscal year.

Swope Gives Scholarship To Gettysburg College

WARREN L. SWOPE, career diplomat with the consulate in Toronto, Canada, has donated a scholarship to Gettysburg College. The income from his gift of \$5,000 will be awarded to students chosen on the basis of ability, character and need, with preference given to students of American parentage who have spent a significant portion of their pre-college years abroad.

Swope, who has served in several embassies, was recently transferred from the consulate in Santiago, Chile to the Toronto consulate.

During World War II, he served as Second Lieutenant in the United States Air Force. In 1945, he married the former Naomi Deibler. They have a daughter, 13.

In making the gift, Mr. Swope noted that his years of foreign service have led him to considerable interest in American students who have received their early education in schools abroad.

NIEL THOMAS

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

Calling All Writers

THE AAFSW Writers Group—only two years old this fall—has an enthusiastic nucleus of pen pushers who write, then cuss and discuss each other's literary efforts. The members write as they please, when and what they please. There is no formal instruction but the group discussions have obviously been challenging since several members have had articles and stories accepted not only in the Foreign Service JOURNAL but also in other publications. Interest has been so sus-

tained that meetings continued throughout the two summer periods.

Meetings are held twice monthly on Mondays and speakers are scheduled from time to time who share their own personal writing experiences and techniques. Guests may be invited at this time.

Any Foreign Service woman, whether a member of AAFSW or not—here or abroad—may submit manuscripts (typed, double spaced, fact or fiction) for discussion and comment with a view to possible publication in the NEWS LETTER or the JOURNAL if the material is suitable. Manuscripts will be returned if not used. Please enclose a properly addressed, stamped envelope.

We feel sure that there is a wealth of material to be drawn upon in the field which should be preserved if for no other reason than to have a file folder of personal reminiscences in the family archives.

Address: The Writers Group, 2708—36th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20007

Can Anyone Help Miss O'Kelly?

I AM very interested in being an ambassador and I would like to know as much as I can about the life of an ambassador. I would also like to know about college and high school courses that are suggested.

I will appreciate all the information you can send.

Carol O'Kelly
145 North Roop Street
Susanville, California

The Chairman Writes to an Old Friend

I HAVE just been tapped to chair the JOURNAL Board in place of Rob McIlvaine who is off to darkest you-know-where.

How about an article on life as the Movie Attaché in Rome when Sophia was just beginning? We might entitle it The Best Job in the World . . . for a bachelor.

So how about a humorous piece about your life as a bachelor assigned, forcibly no doubt, to the duty of covering Cinecittá? We will illustrate it with appropriate shots of Lollobrigida unclothed. . . .

JOHN H. STUTESMAN, JR.
Washington

The Old Friend Replies

SINCE you are an old friend (and I always take old friends seriously), I feel compelled to regard your letter inviting me to indulge in self-destruction as a reprimand for having let my membership in the Association

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Considerable interest has been expressed by members of the Association for an additional amount of Life Insurance. Since 1963 FSO's 3 and FSR's 3 and above or FSS's 1 have been permitted to subscribe for an additional \$10,000 of Group Life Insurance and AD&D.

Your Board of Directors has arranged with the underwriters of our Group Life Insurance Plan, The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States and The Mutual of Omaha, who underwrite the AD&D Insurance, to make this additional amount of insurance available to all members. Any member previously eligible who did not elect to participate may now do so.

The additional \$10,000 of Group Life and AD&D Insurance will become effective on March 1, 1967 provided a minimum of 500 members have then elected to subscribe. It, therefore, is imperative that you make application promptly.

The premium for this additional Group Life and AD&D Insurance will be \$85 annually, \$21.25 quarterly. This represents a reduction for those of you who were previously insured for this additional insurance from \$95 annually and \$23.75 quarterly.

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The View from Cinecittá

lapse. Therefore, I hasten to correct the errors of my past and join the Association at once.

For the record let me make it clear that I was not the Movie Attaché in Rome—although there are some detractors whose major aim in life appears to be to cast me in this or some less meritorious roll. I spent almost six years in Rome during which time my efforts culminated in some rather important—if now passé—agreements between Italy and the United States. These I would point to with pride—in public—if they weren't all still marked "Secret." Nevertheless, the negotiation of these agreements occupied my working time—to the tune of almost ten hours a day.

The rest of the time was mine? As a bachelor, do you really believe I could find time to develop contacts at Cinecittá?

As for those photos of me with Anita Ekberg, Martha Scott, Anna Magnani, Gloria Swanson, Gina and Sophia—they are all accurate.

EDWIN M. ADAMS

Washington

LSD for Authors?

HAVING read Morris West's "The Ambassador," and the comments of Martin Herz and James K. Penfield, I am moved to speak. I agree with the comments. I enjoyed the book. I think, however, that anyone in the Foreign Service is entitled to ask whether the author uses psychedelic drugs and, if so, which one or ones.

There is no discredit these days in admitting such aids. In fact, the

national magazines are full of the doings of both professors and students who uproariously indulge; organize clubs; oppose moves to legislate penalties or controls. Long ago an English author, Thomas De Quincey—"a scholar, a wit, a man of the world, and a philosopher as well as a genius"—wrote "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater" which was noted "not simply by its personal disclosures, but by the extraordinary power of its dream-painting." Marijuana, anyone?

RICHARD FYFE BOYCE

Fort Lauderdale

"Perceptive and Provocative"

IT was a pleasure to read the perceptive and provocative article by six mid-career Foreign Service officers on the problems they must face in their careers and their proposals for dealing with them in an inventive and understanding way.

Their positive determination to work out ways to get at the central problem of how best to conduct foreign affairs contrasted very favorably with the hand-wringing "gimme-gimme" attitude of the junior officers who signed an earlier memorandum which was printed in the JOURNAL.

CAREER OFFICER

Washington

When the Food Costs Too Much

THE remarks of the chairman and those of Ambassador Johnson at the last AFSA luncheon on the subject of junior officers interested in AFSA caused me to talk with a couple of junior officers about AFSA. My findings, which admittedly were limited, brought forth a unanimous response that the lunches are too expensive for junior officers.

I bring this to your attention in the full knowledge that the Association Directors have worked on this problem in the past but also in the hope that perhaps a sliding scale of luncheon prices might be worked out.

THEODORE L. ELIOT, JR.

Washington

Beards

ANGUS WARD, retired near Málaga, was a prisoner of the Japanese during the war. He was one of the few Foreign Service officers to sport a beard. Now it is white and gives him a distinguished appearance. He tells about it:

"I can assure you that my growing of a beard did not issue from any yearning to cultivate a distinguished appearance. In fact *force majeure* dictated my growing a beard. Years and years ago (perhaps 1930 or

1931) I went upcountry from Tientsin on a most unconventional quest, to learn something at firsthand about inland China, and to my dismay found that I failed to bring my razor. There were native barbers throughout the countryside, but any cautious person who had seen one of these barbers use his scissors and razor indiscriminately and without benefit of germicide on the sufferers of skin and scalp ailments and on the healthy alike quickly became fond of a beard and shaggy hair. By the time I returned to the coast at Tientsin I had grown a fairly presentable beard, and I liked it, so I kept it. That Time (not TIME, but the Don Quixote-like chap with the winding cloth and the nicked scythe) has seen fit to whiten my beard, is simply one of the penalties of longevity, being none of my doing."

And now read what Lin Yutang in "The Importance of Living" (published 1937) thinks about beards:

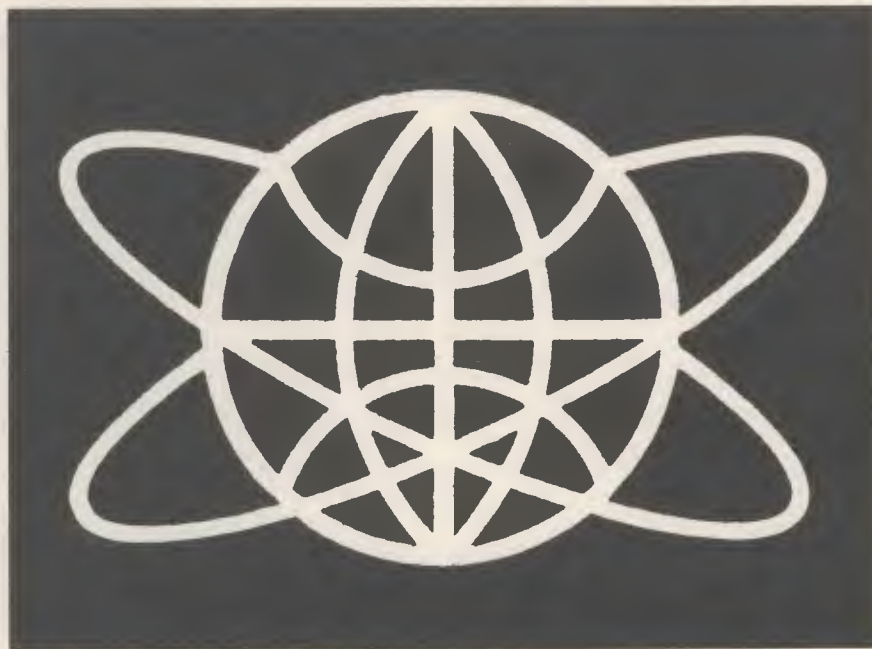
"On the whole, I find grand old men with white beards missing in the American picture. I know that they exist, but they are perhaps in a conspiracy to hide themselves from me. Only once, in New Jersey, did I meet an old man with anything like a respectable beard. Perhaps it is the safety razor that has done it, a process as deplorable and ignorant and stupid as the deforestation of the Chinese hills by ignorant farmers, who have deprived North China of its beautiful forests and left the hills as bald and ugly as the American old men's chins. There is yet a mine to be discovered in America, a mine of beauty and wisdom that is pleasing to the eye and thrilling to the soul when the American has opened his eyes to it and starts a general program of reclamation and reforestation. Gone are the grand old men of America! Gone is Uncle Sam with his goatee, for he has taken a safety razor and shaved it off, to make himself look like a frivolous young fool with his chin sticking out instead of being drawn in gracefully, and a hard glint shining behind horn-rimmed spectacles. What a poor substitute that is for the grand old figure! My attitude on the Supreme Court question (although it is none of my business) is purely determined by my love for the face of Charles Evans Hughes. Is he the only grand old man left in America, or are there more of them? He should retire, of course, for that is only being kind to him, but any accusation of senility seems to me an intolerable insult. He has a face that we would call 'a sculptor's dream'."

J. B. S.

Denver

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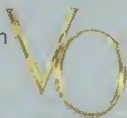
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