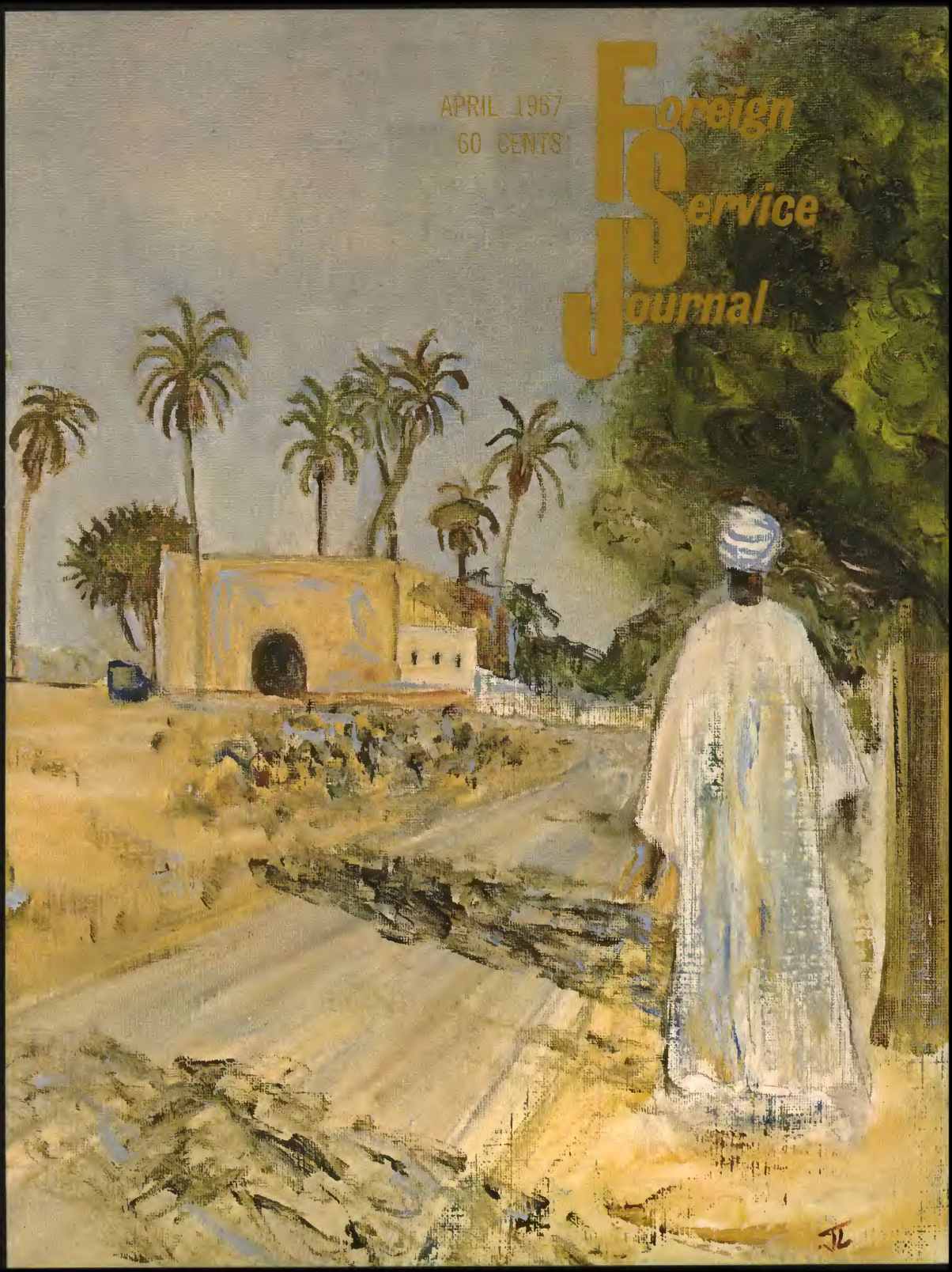
APRIL 1967
60 CENTS

Foreign Service Journal



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

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

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

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departments

Ambassadorial Nominations

ELLSWORTH BUNKER, *to Vietnam*
RICHARD H. NOLTE, *to United Arab Republic*

Births

L'HEUREUX. A son, James Francis, born to FSO and Mrs. David E. L'Heureux, on January 9, in Karlsruhe, Germany. Mr. L'Heureux is Administrative Officer in Bangui.

Marriages

KILLGORE-KRIEGER. Elizabeth N. Killgore, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Andrew I. Killgore, was married to Paul E. Krieger, on July 2, in Washington. Mrs. Krieger is a senior at the University of Maryland School of Nursing.

MCDILL-DREW. Mrs. Alexander Stuart McDill was married to the Honorable Gerald A. Drew, on February 18, at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

NELLES-LEONHARDY. Lee M. Nelles, FSO, was married to FSO Terrance G. Leonhardy, on February 4, at Drayton Plains, Michigan.

TOMPKINS-SIZER. Catherine P. Tompkins was married to FSO Henry S. Sizer, on August 13, in Washington.

Deaths

EDMAN. George W. Edman, FSR-retired, USIA, died on March 10, in Frankfurt, Germany. Mr. Edman entered the Foreign Service in 1947. He served at Copenhagen, Athens, Rangoon, Rome, Damascus, Panama and New Delhi, retiring from USIA in 1965.

HOLDING. Robert P. Holding, supply management specialist, died on March 3, in Washington. Mr. Holding joined the Foreign Service in 1946 and served in Heidelberg, Mannheim and, with FOA, in Vientiane. Since November he had been on special detail to the Justice Department.

WILSON. Thomas Murray Wilson, FSO-retired, died on March 2, in Washington. Mr. Wilson entered the State Department in 1919 and served in several consulates in China. He later served at Madras, Bombay, Sydney, Calcutta (with the rank of minister), and was appointed Minister to Iraq in 1942. He retired in 1944.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR APRIL

Joan T. Lund, wife of John V. Lund, USIA, painting "On the Blue Nile Road to Burri," cover.

Department of State, photograph, page 6.

S. I. Nadler, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 23, 24 and 33. Photo on page 24 from "Young Sinners," with Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright, on page 33 from "Silver Dollar."

Clara Wright, wife of Glen Wright, photographs, pages 26, 27 and 28.

Howard R. Simpson, USIA, cartoon, 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.

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

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Among Our Contributors

GLEN WRIGHT, who found "Fishing is Royal Sport in Afghanistan," was born in Utah, reared in Idaho and began his newspaper career in 1929 in Panama City. He retired from 30 years of newspapering in 1958 to earn his BA and MJ degrees and began his second career as journalism teacher in 1961. On leave from Berkeley High School, he was Fulbright journalism lecturer at Kabul University, serving also as adviser to Afghan Government Advertising Agency and correspondent for Copley News Service. Mr. Wright is now back teaching journalism at Berkeley High and California State College.

Our cover artist, JOAN T. LUND, is the wife of John V. Lund, PAO in Khartoum until January of this year. Mrs. Lund studied art in Helsinki, New Delhi and Singapore during her husband's tours of duty overseas and taught art for a year at the American School. Her paintings of the Sudan were exhibited in a one-man show at the American Cultural Center in Khartoum. The Lunds are building a house in Ibiza and plan to live there upon his retirement this spring. Mrs. Lund's paintings will be shown at the Middle East Institute, 1761 N St., N.W., April 18-22.

DAVID G. NES, whose "Sailing Holiday in Greece" appears on page 29, is completing 25 years of military and diplomatic service, the last 13 as Deputy Chief of Mission in four posts. His other hobby is golf.

HENRY S. VILLARD is continuing to serve as Director of Programs at the Washington Institute of Foreign Affairs and is working on a book about the early flying machines to be published by Crowell sometime this year. Ambassador Villard's annual report on the auto industry appears on page 34.

THEODORE A. WERTIME, who edited FORUM for the VOA from 1963-66, authored "Kinga, Copernicus and the Grompies" for the JOURNAL. Mr. Wertime has also served as Cultural Attache in Iran and Deputy Director, Office of Research, USIA. He is the author of "The Coming of the Age of Steel" (University of Chicago Press, 1963) and many articles for professional journals.

ROBERT E. WILSON, FSO 1936-61, served in Argentina, Bolivia, El Salvador, Spain, India and as Consul General in Rotterdam. Since his retirement in 1961, he has been a member of the faculty of the University of California at Santa Barbara. Mr. Wilson's early experience in Mazatlan appears on page 46.

JOHN W. TAYLOR is a former Marine pilot who entered the Foreign Service in 1957. As a Chinese language officer he served for five years in the Republic of China. Mr. Taylor is assigned to the Far East office of INR. "The Mandarin Committee" is on page 39 of this issue.

JANE CAPEN DALE, wife of FSO William N. Dale, writes, "In 20 years in the Foreign Service we've produced three sons, now scattered to the four winds: two colleges and ACS in Beirut—the fourth wind must be us in Tel Aviv. Sorry I can't type this: every machine we acquire goes away to school." Mrs. Dale's story of a three way holiday appears on page 10.

DAVID BURGESS is serving as Director of UNICEF in Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore and Hongkong. He has been minister of agricultural migrants, trade union official, Labor Attache at the American Embassy in New Delhi, AID Office Director in Washington, Peace Corps staff member in Indonesia and Washington, and a member of the Board of Examiners for a year, whence the experiences in his article, on page 23 of this issue.

CHRISTOPHER HOWARD NEUBURG, now just past three, was interviewed for the JOURNAL'S feature, "The Old Ambassador," in mid-1965. His father, HOWARD G. NEUBURG, supplied the photographs and quotes from that interview. Mr. Neuburg is now at FSI in an intensive 44-week Vietnamese language course.

LEONARD H. MARKS

The Right to Know

(Following are excerpts from an address delivered by the Hon. Leonard H. Marks, Director of the U. S. Information Agency, before the American Foreign Service Association, at a Luncheon Meeting held January 26 in the Jefferson Room of the Department of State.)

I WANT to talk today about the right to know.

In the complex world in which we live, it becomes increasingly important that people know what is going on and what their neighbors are thinking. Technology has shrunk the world, while modern communications facilities have revolutionized our thinking.

There are no remote parts of the earth any more, and there are no people who really are strangers. As communications develop, people come to know one another better, and this should result in closer affinity, better understanding, and a breakdown of ancient barriers of suspicion and distrust. This is how it *should* be, but what are the facts?

WHEN he was told of the marvels of the newly invented telegraph and how Maine and Texas would be able to talk to each other, Thoreau commented, "Suppose Maine and Texas have nothing to say to each other?"

In the century and a quarter which has passed since Morse tapped out the question, "What hath God wrought?", we have developed communications techniques and instruments beyond the imagination of those then alive. We accept the orbiting relay satellite as matter of course, but, just eleven years ago, artificial satellites of any kind had yet to be launched by man.

Today, any nation can talk to any other nation. But do they always have something to say? Examine the content of the message, and you soon realize we have not made much progress in talking to one another about common subjects.

ALL too often, I hear people say that foreign audiences do not understand us. It is true that, in isolated cases, people abroad may not understand us. I tell you professionally—and certainly from the experience I have had in the last year and a half—that there is no reason why they should not understand us. We have at our disposal, after all, every facility to communicate.

In many instances, where we are told that audiences do not *understand* us, what is meant is that they will not *agree* with us.

When the Greeks and the Turks disputed Cyprus, our libraries in Greece, Turkey, and Cyprus were all stoned. Was it because they did not understand the United States position? I am inclined to think they did understand it. But because we did not take sides, there was hostility. When the Indians and Pakistanis argued over Kashmir, the same thing happened. We were against neither, and so were viewed as the friend of neither. We were there then—as elsewhere then and now—

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Leonard Marks and AFSA's President Foy Kohler at the association luncheon.

trying to bring peace to a troubled world. We find, as an emissary of good will, that neither side will embrace us.

In this context, the question is not one of understanding—but of nationalism and self-interest. When these two factors intrude, reason gives way to emotion. And, when reason is a casualty, so is understanding as a basis for agreement.

IN those areas where there is no understanding, we have a particular problem. We must get through. In an era when nuclear weapons are at the disposal of several nations, we cannot afford to chance any misunderstanding. There must be not only instant communication, but an awareness of the position we are taking.

Think what might have happened to the world if either had misunderstood the position of the other when Khrushchev and Kennedy confronted each other at the time of the Cuban crisis.

We are speaking about an area in which USIA has a role to play. We have at our disposal the technical means to make certain that people who should know, do know. In many countries, it is not important that the mass be informed, because a few elite will make the decisions of that country—whether, for example, it will go to war or remain at peace. In many other countries, fortunately, public opinion does have a decisive voice, and leaders must take into account the sentiment of the people whom they govern.

In the first case, where it matters only that the intellectual or governing elite be reached, the channels of diplomacy are frequently adequate. But they must be supplemented by an awareness of the state of public opinion outside the country, as well as the probable effect of that opinion, so that we may inform the elites accordingly.

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In countries where larger groups play an important role, we use every communication facility devised by technology. The Voice of America is probably USIA's most important instrument, broadcasting worldwide more than 800 hours weekly in 38 languages. While giving the American viewpoint, the Voice adheres to truth. We do not hide the unfavorable; we do put it in perspective. If we did not broadcast events which occurred in Watts or Harlem, you may be sure that Radio Moscow—or Peking or Cairo—would. It is better that foreign audiences hear it from us, as it happened—not from somebody else as it did not happen.

We are proud that the Voice of America has attained the highest degree of credibility and is today an especially effective instrument for enlightening foreign opinion.

I speak of information, rather than persuasion, and of enlightening foreign opinion, rather than of influencing it. Most important in the process by which public opinion develops are the facts on which an opinion can be based. No opinion can be better than the facts available to the man forming his opinion. This is what I have in mind when I say—as I have so often said since becoming Director of USIA—that truth is our propaganda.

THROUGHOUT the world, there is also a hunger to know. In closed societies where we are permitted to distribute limited numbers of our magazines—such as AMERICA ILLUSTRATED—these magazines represent valuable items. They do not turn up in trash cans. They do become collectors' items.

I hope the time will come when societies everywhere will realize not only that the public has a right to know, but that the future of our civilization depends upon that knowledge. I hope that this realization, when it comes, will lead to free and unfettered dissemination of information.

As a matter of fact, we are going to arrive at this point in several years in a most dramatic fashion.

Scientists have placed the communication satellite 22,300 miles above the earth, where it orbits at the same speed as that of the earth's rotation, thus remaining always stationary in relation to the earth. For 24 hours a day, it can be used as a device for people to communicate with one another. Its principal use is for telephone and telegraph, but it can also be used for radio and television.

At present, telecasts which travel via satellite must be relayed by ground stations within receiving countries to television sets in homes. For the present, thus, there is no problem. When the engineers, however, develop a high-powered satellite, capable of sending telecasts directly into television sets in the living rooms of viewers in another country, what then? Will it be permitted? Will nations of the world allow their citizens to see and hear events taking place elsewhere without interference?

The question we are going to have presented to a future international conference is this: Will there be free dissemination of information through the most powerful medium the scientists have yet invented? I do not know the answer, but I can tell you that the question implies a fundamental decision. If we fail to use technology at its best, if we do not seize the opportunity to offer all a front row seat for world events, then we erect new barriers and create new obstacles to international understanding and peace.

I am not advocating one position or another. There may be serious political questions, economic considerations, or national issues involved. As technology develops, however, there is always a tendency not fully to utilize the achievements of the scientists to their full potential. I do hope there will be no artificial barriers. And I hope we will all have something to talk to one another about.

When that time comes, I cannot help but feel that they all will understand us, even though some may still not agree with us. ■

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JANE DALE

You Participate Me . . .

Is it the first instance of such an occurrence? April 2, 1966, Israel: in a Christian household, a Jew procures a lamb to be sacrificed by a Moslem.

It certainly is a household whose equal won't be found readily, and we shall feel inestimably fortunate as long as it is ours. To begin with, there's Yehuda, our driver. Yehuda is a sabra, of Yemenite origin—a second-generation sabra on his mother's side, which means that she also was born in Israel. Before Yehuda became an Embassy driver he did a surprising number of things, which include driving generals and driving a truck, farming on a kibbutz—he didn't like the country—and growing peanuts. He has painted his house, shot and skinned gazelle, and cooked for the army; and he has learned English, Italian, French, German, and smattering of Turkish for the following reasons:

Ihsan and Saniye. These two worked for us while we were in Turkey; after we arrived here and found help hard to get and not very helpful, they pulled up their Anatolian roots and took the first airplane trip of their lives, to Tel Aviv. Ihsan, a handsome, golden-hearted young father of four, is a tireless genius with gardens. Saniye, no relation of his, a hefty grandmother, of many enthusiasms, has been a widow for quite a few years. She was the second of two concurrent wives of a blacksmith—but she merits a whole book of her own. Here she and Ihsan keep each other company while they reach out and find, by some occult power, Turkish-speakers among the country's population. It is quite amazing how many there are: the man who fills the oil tank, the naval attaché's cook, the pastry-seller outside our bank, my seamstress, and more. Every Friday Ihsan makes a trip to the nearest functioning mosque, in Jaffa, miles and miles away, on the other side of Tel Aviv from our suburb. The trouble is that, though friends may speak the Turkish language, in general they are Jews who have immigrated here from Turkey; and thus, obviously, they cannot observe Moslem traditions and holidays together.

Last year, at the beginning of April, the three great holidays of our three great religions fell within the same ten-day period. The country was getting ready to celebrate Passover in every way from spring-cleaning and buying kosher matzo to laying in supplies of bread for the week when no bread may be publicly baked or sold. The largely Christian diplomatic community was thinking about Easter—of school vacations, trips to Jordan, or possibly getting to Jaffa to church. What about the handful of Moslems (aside, that is, from the Arabs, who live together in villages and in Nazareth), what about our two Moslems, to be specific?

When I was new in Israel, a year and a half ago, getting around some now-forgotten combination of difficulties was causing me mental anguish. Yehuda took over, solved my problem, and in addition set the tone for future relaxation with this injunction: "You participate me all your problems."

And so, when the full sadness of Saniye and Ihsan's being far from all co-celebrants on the biggest festival of

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the Moslem calendar finally penetrated my consciousness, I naturally turned to my willing problem-sharer. Yehuda had already volunteered to come at five-thirty A.M. and take Ihsan to Jaffa for the sunrise service beginning the Kurban Bayram, or Sacrifice Festival, that commemorates Abraham's near-sacrifice of his son. However, understandably, it wasn't like back home in Turkey, with its unfamiliar languages and Arab costumes. Ihsan came home with a box of candy apiece for Saniye and me, and went to work in the garden.

Next day was Saturday, the Sabbath, which is Yehuda's holiday. It is the Embassy's, too, technically, though the office often calls. Saniye took some consoling after breakfast, when thoughts of her far-away family and her well-beloved husband reduced her to tears. Ihsan, when queried about the general atmosphere in Jaffa, admitted that it hadn't been too gay, and remarked ruefully that no one had even given them any lamb.

Memories of four years in Turkey! Especially one time when our whole family started out on a weekend trip early in the morning of Kurban Bayram and we craned our necks out of the car windows at sheep hanging upside-down beside so many houses. Flocks of sheep used to patter down the sidewalk by our house, and a plump animal cropped the grass for a week beforehand in our neighbor's yard.

Why hadn't we thought of getting a sheep so that at least this part of the ritual might be the same? We questioned Ihsan. . . No, it wasn't too late: the Bayram lasts four days. . . Did he know how to sacrifice a sheep and would he like it if we could possibly find one somewhere? One could tell by Ihsan's eyes that life would be better and brighter if we only could.

How do you find a sheep on the Sabbath afternoon, when every place of business in the country is closed? How do you find a sheep anyway, and one not only alive but free from imperfections and not over one year of age? There's only one way—call Yehuda. But Yehuda doesn't have a telephone and we rely on the good offices of a friendly and better-blessed neighbor. It was ten minutes before four when I reached her and asked in my limping Hebrew if it was possible to speak with her neighbor. Getting him took quite a while as I had forgotten it was the sacred one-to-four period when all Israelis go out of circulation every afternoon: Yehuda was asleep. He was, nevertheless, his ever-cheerful self when he found out that there was a difficult problem to participate. Get a lamb? I'll see. It'll be expensive—maybe cost you over a hundred pounds. (They are three to the dollar.) If I can find one I'll bring it tomorrow. Goodnight. That's all right, that's all right.

It was that same night, just as we were sitting down to dinner, that the doorbell rang. Someone looked out the window: there was Yehuda with an air of excitement. We all dashed downstairs, while out of the car emerged his wife, his neighbor, his youngest son Zamir, and a very clean and attractive—though nervous—sheep. I think this was really the climax of the whole event; it was such a surprise and somehow gave a new meaning to life. Inside the house everyone exchanged warm sentiments, communicating somehow in Turkish, Hebrew, and English. Zamir had orange soda and a balloon. The lamb was bedded down in the trunk house, beside the lawn mower.

Sunday morning was one time the boys got up before their parents. How old do you have to be to be able to forego the sight of a sheep being slaughtered on your patio? We've passed the age, anyway, and were glad that there were no traces left by breakfast time—only many packages tidily wrapped in freezer paper. The entrails having been buried, neatly, the skin remains. It has been meticulously cleaned and is tacked to the back balcony rail so that it can cure in the sun. The seventeen-year-old says he is going to take it to college with him in the fall. What a memorial to interfaith co-operation! ■

ANOTHER REMARKABLE YEAR

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25 YEARS AGO

APRIL, 1942 — IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

First aid program

Writing for the JOURNAL, Charles W. Yost reported on the first year of Lend-Lease ended March 11, 1942. Of $18 billion appropriated directly to the President, over $12 billion had been allocated, $8.5 billion obligated and $2.5 billion actually transferred to allies. Exported material had been 29 percent military, 34 percent food, and 37 percent industrial. Food to the United Kingdom included concentrated orange juice and vitamin concentrates. Wheat, flour, sugar, meat, and vegetable oils went to Russia. Canned goods, bacon, fish, and vegetables went to the Middle East. Industrial material included "everything from locomotives and machine tools to raw airplane woods and hoof and horn meal, an animal substance effective in extinguishing incendiary bombs." Funds were supplied to build ships and port facilities, and for air ferries, manufacturing, training allied pilots, and missions to assemble equipment and train users.

Free France

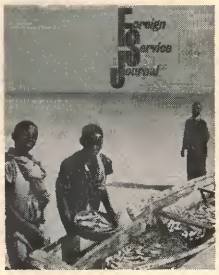
On April 4, 1942, the United States recognized the Free French administration of General de Gaulle. Laurence W. Taylor, who had served in Paris and Bordeaux during the German occupation and later participated in a three-month mission to French Equatorial Africa, was sent to Brazzaville to open a Consulate General. In a JOURNAL article, he observed that:

> Free France in Africa is a serious stable, political entity . . . determined to throw its full weight, military and economic, into the conflict. There is no turning back for members of the "Headless Club," as the men call themselves who have been sentenced to death by the Government of Vichy.

Mr. Taylor and the Army and Navy Liaison Officers received a very cordial welcome in Brazzaville, where American flags were made for the occasion and a local band improvised the "Star Spangled Banner" from the tune whistled by a French officer according to his best recollection.

Rousseau receives support

Searching for unclassified information to publish, the JOURNAL editorial board came across an experience that Baron Hermann von Waldegg, explorer, had sent to General Electric's short-wave radio broadcasting station WGEO, Schenectady. In the upper Amazon he came upon Guayaberos tribesmen who had never seen a white man. The Baron had a short-wave radio receiver and got it working in a hut in the village of Shaag one night. From WGEO came César Franck's symphony in D minor. The Indians sat spellbound and motionless. They remained so during Rachmaninoff's piano concerto No. 2. Then a swing band came on. The Indians became restless and muttered words for "ugly" and "turn on the music." The Baron repeated the experiment night after night. After tests over a long period he concluded that the more primitive



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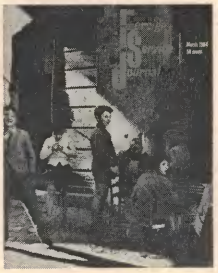

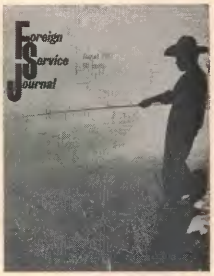

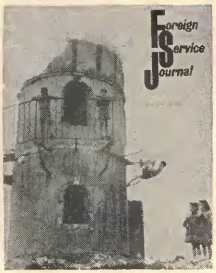

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the tribe the greater its love for symphonies and disgust at western dance music; the less primitive the greater the indifference to classical music; and the longer the contact with western civilization the stronger the preference for jazz.

Entrance exams out

Early in 1942 the State Department announced that because of the war it was impractical to hold a written examination for the Foreign Service and impossible to forecast when one would be held. Some successful 1941 candidates went abroad as non-career vice consuls pending Senate confirmation.

Information Service on the home front

A reminder of early wartime efforts on the domestic front is an article in the JOURNAL about how the Office of Facts and Figures operated before the first reorganization of publicity agencies. Censorship was in a separate bureau and not combined with information as was the case with George Creel's Public Information Committee in World War I. The roster of the Committee on War Information, the clearing house for coordination, is of interest in retrospect:

Archibald MacLeish, Director of O.F.F.
James C. Dunn, Department of State
Ferdinand Kuhn, Treasury Department
John J. McCloy, War Department
Adlai Stevenson, Navy Department
L. M. C. Smith, Justice Department
Lowell Mellett, Office of Government Reports
Wayne Coy, Office of Emergency Management
Oscar Cox, Lend-Lease Administration
Captain Robert E. Kintner, O.F.F.
Robert E. Sherwood, Deputy Coordinator of Information and head of the Foreign Information Service
Dean James M. Landis, Office of Civilian Defense
Nelson A. Rockefeller, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs

Staff work of O.F.F. was divided among four bureaus: Intelligence under R. Keith Kane, Production under Henry F. Pringle, Liaison under Ulric Bell, and Operations under William B. Lewis.

Exchange of Persons

The State Department made it known on April 3, 1942, that former diplomatic and consular officials of Italy, Hungary, and Bulgaria had been transferred with their families from White Sulphur Springs to Asheville for assembly at the Grove Park Inn while awaiting sailing in exchange for the American Foreign Service staffs in Rome, Budapest and Sofia. The Japanese official group awaiting repatriation was transferred from Hot Springs to White Sulphur Springs for assembly at the Greenbrier Hotel. The Department had nearly completed arrangements for exchanging the Japanese for American Foreign Service personnel in Japanese controlled territory. It was at White Sulphur Springs that the German official group was interned.

On April 20, 1942, the State Department announced that the steamer *Drottningholm* had left Göteborg with 114 Americans, stranded in Sweden since 1940, traveling under safe conduct of all the belligerents. This ship was scheduled to leave New York May 5, 1942, with Axis officials and other Axis nationals expelled from American Republics and on their way on American ships under safe conduct to the United States. The number was greater than the *Drottningholm* could carry so the vessel would take a second batch upon its return from Lisbon with nationals of the American Republics being evacuated from Europe.

Occupation

The Honorable Sam P. Gilstrap has answered the suggestion that retired officers tell about their new fields of endeavor.

His last two jobs before retiring were Ambassador to Malawi and Deputy Assistant Secretary for International Organizations. He retired in May 1966 and took an appointment as Deputy Chancellor for Administration at the East-West Center at the University of Hawaii. As most of us know, the Chancellor of the Center is the Honorable Howard P. Jones. Sam's friends will be interested in knowing that the Gilstraps' son Patrick married Miss Nancy Anne Edmonds November 22, 1966, in Bethesda, Maryland. She is a graduate of Maryland University. After graduating from Stanford in 1963, Patrick served as a Lieutenant in the Marines for three years, one of which was in Vietnam. Now he is doing graduate work at American University.

The marriage of John Z. Williams and Miss Millia Rosamond Schoenleber took place on April 19, 1942, in Washington, D. C. After his marriage John served as Vice Consul in Tampico and then in the Navy. He spent a year in the Pacific, mainly in the military government in Saipan. Just before he left for the Pacific, twins, John and Susan were born. Young John graduated from the University of Michigan in 1966 and is working for an M.A. in journalism. Susan is preparing herself to teach by taking courses at the Philadelphia College of Art. After the war, John served at Frankfurt and Habana and in the Department and the Information Agency. In 1965 he was assigned to Guadalajara as Public Affairs Officer.

A daughter, Elizabeth Leslie, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard C. Connelly on April 28, 1942, in Fall River, Massachusetts. Bernard was then Second Secretary in Lima. Elizabeth studied for two years at the International School in Geneva and three years at Maret in Washington, D. C. She went on to Boston University and received her B.A. in 1964. She is married to Charles Keith John. They live in Fairfax, Virginia. The Connellys' son, Bernard Delano, joined the Marines not long ago and was sent to Parris Island for training. Bernard himself is now retired from the Foreign Service but very busy with his job of Secretary in Washington of Forty Plus, Inc., which helps qualified persons to enter upon new executive careers.

FORTY YEARS AGO

Foreign Commerce Service

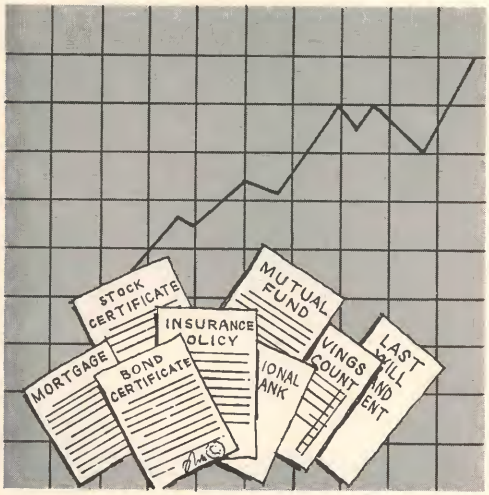
An Act approved March 3, 1927, established in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce a Foreign Commerce Service of the United States with salaries of $8,000-$10,000 for Class 1; $6,000-8,000 for Class 2; $4,000-$6,000 for Class 3; $3,000-$4,000 for Class 4; and below $3,000 for Class 5. Officers could be assigned in the United States for three years. The Secretary of Commerce could authorize home leave after three years abroad. Through State, officers were to be regularly and officially attached to the American diplomatic mission to the government of the country of assignment.

It will be recalled that this service was severely cut as an economy measure in 1933 and that the officers of this Service were transferred into the regular Foreign Service at corresponding grades as of July 1, 1939.

Allen W. Dulles

The April 1927 JOURNAL reported that Mr. Allen W. Dulles, who had recently retired from the Foreign Service, had in the April 1924 issue of FOREIGN AFFAIRS an article entitled "Some Misgivings About Disarmament." Mr. Dulles had been assigned to duty at the disarmament conference in Geneva. For a time he continued to work in this field in his capacity as legal adviser to our disarmament delegation at the League of Nations conference on Arms Traffic and Disarmament. ■

FOCUS ON FINANCE



INTRODUCTION

Because of an increasing interest in the world of finance, the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL *initiated last spring a series of articles discussing the various facets of personal financal planning in order to give its readers a greater insight into financial planning and the broad spectrum of assistance that is available to them. Thus far these articles have discussed the increasing importance of investments in personal financial planning, investment alternatives, and sources of advice on personal financial planning. This column is prepared by Loomis Sayles & Company, Investment Counselors, one of the oldest and largest firms in the investment counsel business. Loomis, Sayles currently is managing the Scholarship Fund of the American Foreign Service Association which provides scholarship assistance to worthy students, helping them further their college educations. This month's column will be the first of a two part series on Mutual Funds by Edmund J. Reinhalter of Loomis, Sayles & Company.*

EDMUND J. REINHALTER

The Rapid Growth of Mutual Funds in Personal Financial Planning

As we have discussed in previous columns, a carefully thought-out investment program represents a key element in a comprehensive financial plan. Of the more than twenty million Americans who now have some form of investment program through the ownership of stocks and/or bonds, approximately one out of every six now uses the services of an investment company, more commonly known as a mutual fund, to provide this element of his plan.

The idea of the investment company is not new, having had its origin in Europe in the nineteenth century. The concept as we know it in the United States reflects closely that which existed in England and Scotland in the late 1800's. However, it was not until the 1920-25 period that the idea really developed in this country when three of today's largest investment companies were organized.

This new medium of investing was introduced to the American scene just prior to the arrival of the most difficult economic and investment environment the United States has experienced—the depression era. Since World War II, however, the acceptance of and participation in the investment company has experienced remarkable growth and mutual funds currently stand as one of the fastest growing industries or investment mediums in the United States and perhaps in the world.

THE CONCEPT

The idea of the investment company is very elementary. Specifically it is a corporation or trust whose sole business is the prudent investment of capital belonging to a group of shareholders. This is generally done through ownership of common stocks, or a combination of stocks and bonds, aimed at achieving an investment goal.

Simply, a mutual fund is a portfolio of securities in which a number of shareholders have a proportionate interest in both the principal of the fund and the income earned by the fund according to the number of shares owned. The value of each shareholder's investment varies with the day-to-day fluctuations in the market prices of the securities held by the fund.

Thus, a group of investors with similar objectives put their investment assets into the medium of a mutual fund, where professional management attempts to do a better job than the individuals themselves could do on a continuing basis. Through continuous supervision and the inherent ability to spread selectively large amounts of capital among a number of securities, thereby reducing risk, professional management attempts to achieve the objectives of shareholders. In essence, the mutual fund provides investors with the same advantages and safeguards that normally are available only to those persons or institutions able to pay high fees for personal investment management.

CLOSED-END: OPEN-END

Basically there are two arrangements under which the investment company can be operated—closed-end or open-end. The difference between them is primarily mechanical as the objectives are generally the same. Currently the most popular and the one most responsible for the tremendous growth in the investment company as a medium is the open-end fund where an investor can purchase or redeem shares at any time at the prevailing net asset value.

The other type, the closed-end fund, generally has an initial offering of shares after which no further shares are sold. Supply and demand then determine the price of these shares because an individual wanting to become a shareholder must purchase his shares from an existing source through a broker. This latter type was the most popular in the introductory period for investment companies in the United States (1920-24), and nearly fifty of these companies still exist today.

The popular open-end mutual fund, upon which this article will concentrate, had its origin in the establishment of Massachusetts Investors Trust over forty years ago. This fund was set up with the provision to sell new shares as the demand arose and to provide for redemption at any time. Sales of shares of a mutual fund were for the first time continuously

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Amount of Insurance	Annual Premium	Amount of Insurance	Annual Premium
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☐ $100,000.00	$ 72.00	☐ $10,000.00	$ 7.20
☐ $ 50,000.00	$ 36.00	☐ Other ($)	at 72¢ each $1,000.00

Coverage will be effective on the first day of the month following the date your application and premium are received. There is a common renewal date (September 1) and, therefore, a pro-rata premium, based on a rate of 6¢ a month for each $1,000.00 of principal sum, should be submitted with your application when coverage is to be effective on any other date. For coverage effective on March 1, submit one-half of the annual premiums shown above (36¢ each $1,000.00)

5. Show name and relationship of beneficiary for your insurance .....

.....

6. If you desire insurance for your dependents, please complete the following:

Name of dependent	Date of Birth†	Relationship	Principal Sum*	Annual Premium
Dependent's Beneficiary			TOTAL	$

*Maximum amount of principal sum available on dependents: Wife—50% of husband's benefit but no more than $50,000.00. Each child $10,000.00. Minimum on member or dependents: $10,000.00.

†You are eligible if you are less than 69 years of age. Eligible dependents include the spouse of the member, unless legally separated, and any unmarried children over the age of 13 days and under the age of 19 years. If he has passed his 19th birthday and is a full time student at an accredited college or university, such a child will continue to be an eligible dependent up to his 23rd birthday or the date he ceases to be such a student, whichever occurs first.

Date ..... **Member's Signature** .....

EUGENE R. BLACK

In Quest of Diplomatic Style

SINCE THE END of World War II, the United States, in the process of developing its style as a world power, has come to extend the ancient art of diplomacy to embrace a broader range of activity than has even been attempted by a great nation in the past. And it is diplomacy—the art of getting along with other nations—to which I want to address myself.

It is as a nation of builders that we have approached the problems of diplomacy since World War II. Perhaps we can say it all started with the commencement address delivered by Secretary of State George Marshall which gave birth to the Marshall Plan. Since that day the activities which have gone on under the tent of our diplomacy have expanded steadily. President Truman's famous Point Four led to a more or less permanent foreign aid program, and to the Peace Corps. President Eisenhower's alliances to protect weak and threatened nations on the borders of the Communist empires were followed by President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress—to help our neighbors to the South help themselves achieve modern living standards. We have undertaken to tell America's many stories abroad through a special agency of our government, and brought to our shores thousands of students and leaders from other lands. Our negotiations with other nations have been more ambitious than any ever before attempted—negotiations which range from a desperate search for some controls on the spread of armaments to building a foundation of law into our exploration of outer space.

Diplomacy in our time has become a reflection of our energies, our enthusiasms and our courage—an often formless agglomeration of activities, carried on with a candor that would have shocked Machiavelli and been the despair of Metternich and Talleyrand. But, even if we had not achieved so very much in world affairs over the past twenty years, we had little choice but to carry our native impulses into our diplomacy; we could never have agreed among ourselves to follow any other course.

Writing in FOREIGN AFFAIRS magazine last year, the provost of Columbia University, Jacques Barzun, described the strength of our national character in world affairs this way: "We are," he wrote, "the most unassuming, unclassified, miscellaneous . . . people (who ever made up a great nation). . . . What masquerades as our imperialism is (our fascination with accomplishment, with building things)." And, as Barzun goes on to say, those who interpret our enthusiasms as gross materialism are gravely wrong. We are a nation, he observes, "whose citizens seek popularity (in world affairs) more than any other kind of success." We like to believe that our society represents what much of the rest of the world will be like in the future, if only we do not destroy ourselves in the meantime. And in a way we are probably right—for what passes for commonplace tastes here today will be commonplace tastes elsewhere tomorrow—as we see happening on a grand scale already in Western Europe. Furthermore, much of what we would accomplish in the world can be accomplished in large part by energy and technical skills alone. Again, as Barzun writes, "It is remarkable that there is, in fact, no need of intellectual or political systems to set up power plants or to get rid of malaria."

We have, since World War II, developed the beginnings of our own diplomatic style as a great world power. It is a style distinguished for its courage and its confidence. Still, one does not have to join the ranks of the professional critics of foreign policy to acknowledge that our style is still not fully developed. In adding to traditional diplomacy those many manifestations of our best impulses we have not devised either a substitute for, or a modern interpretation of, the more traditional concerns of that art.

We have not been able to do away with the hard business of routine, political negotiation among governments on which the preservation of world peace must depend. We have not yet fully grasped the fact that, in diplomacy, it is not the wisdom of our advice and policy that counts, but our ability to persuade others to accept wise advice and policy. And to do this we must develop a much better understanding than we now have of how others see themselves in the world. For, without such an understanding, we cannot expect to be very effective in our negotiations—despite all our good works and despite our protestations that our motives are disinterested.

It is only as we understand better how others see themselves that our diplomatic style will be more effective in the future. We are no longer the all-powerful victor in a world devastated by war. We can no longer get by, even with our staunchest friends, by assigning roles to them in adventures in which we take a common interest for granted. While we are still incomparably strong, we have to learn to combine strength with an ability to "parley" as Churchill used to say. We have to learn to let others share in the making of decisions which affect the security and welfare of the world—their world as well as ours. Perhaps most important, when we advocate change—even where change is desperately needed for the welfare of people and the maintenance of peace—we must accept the fact

that we will appear to others in an aggressive role. Given our great power, we should not expect our official presence to make us popular. All these facts are bound to test our enthusiasm and our zeal for accomplishment in the future as diplomacy has not tested us before.

I have visited Southeast Asia twice in the past year and let me illustrate in a very general way how these facts seem to apply in that part of the world. How do the incredibly varied people there see themselves today; how do they see us who have become so intimately involved in their future?

One need only visit cities like Bangkok and Singapore and Manila to see for oneself how many of the material trappings of life, commonplace to us, are becoming a commonplace there too. In these cities one cannot help but feel a ferment of desire for the fruits of modern life, nor fail to appreciate how much of that desire is due to the impact of western achievements. And, of course, it is those who have had closest contact with western ways and western education—particularly students and government leaders—who want change most and who are most impatient with the habits and attitudes of their countrymen which stand in the way of change.

But, I think it is a grievous mistake to conclude from these limited observations either that there is any widespread understanding of what change involves or that there is any widespread desire among these people to model themselves on our own economic and social institutions. We understand much too little about them to base our policies on simple generalizations.

Our culture, our heritage infuses each new generation with great anticipations and expectations about the future —about the new things the future will bring. We have a "revolution of rising expectations" built into our culture, if you will. But this is true of none of the older cultures of the world. To the millions who still live according to the ancient, and often very comfortable, traditions of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Confucianism, the prospect of change still usually excites more fear than enthusiasm. And the advocates of change are much more likely to be feared than welcomed. This we should understand. For what has happened to these people is that they have lost their traditional expectations, and their experience has not led them to any tolerable substitute. The peace of their traditions has been shattered by the impact of the population explosion and by the multiple intrusions of foreign rulers, foreign commerce and foreign wars. They may sense the possibility of a better life, but we are courting disillusionment—if not worse—if we think we can manipulate the social and economic problems of these societies with a prospect of practical achievement comparable to the prospect we have in manipulating our affairs here at home.

The people of Southeast Asia, far more than we were even in our frontier days, are proud of their place in the sun and have been taught by experience to be suspicious of all outsiders. Even today in most of Asia and Africa loyalty does not often extend beyond the village or the province to embrace national governments—much less to embrace what we would call a respect for the rule of law. National government appears to millions still as the outsider, or at best as the temporary rallying point for those united only by resentment and animosity against real or imagined subjugation in the past. And why should we be surprised? Until recently government has been the province of the foreigner in most of these places. Just as the "revenue man" was once fair game in the hills of Appalachia, so all government, outside the village or the province, is fair game for millions in Asia and Africa today.

It seems to me the real threat of Communist China, with its atom bomb and its vast population, is grounded in the fact that Mao's government is the first since the fall of the Manchus to establish its authority throughout mainland China. And we know so little about how this came to pass. If it did not, perhaps, entail converting the masses to communism, as communist propagandists would have us believe, it did, it seems, involve overcoming much traditional fear and hatred of remote government. And it did involve making good the promise of some material improvement. Our diplomacy in the future is going to have to accept these facts and, next to the spread of nuclear weapons among nations, these are probably the hardest facts the new generation will have to live with.

We know that to escape the predicament of their poverty and to survive in the modern world the people of Asia and Africa are going to have to increase their productivity—with all the changes in habits and attitudes which that awkward exhortation implies. Nobody knows this better than those leaders in Asia and Africa who are desperately trying to provide some escape. Yet the word "productivity" commands little meaning or understanding in these parts of the world. The rude and impersonal disciplines of modern factory and farm life are no welcome alternative to the personal security that used to be provided in a traditional life on the land or in an inherited trade. In these circumstances to imply that a "revolution of rising expectations" exists here and now among the populations of Asia and Africa does harm to our understanding of how these people see themselves.

The impact of our heritage on these people is profound; our involvement in their future is inevitable and irreversible. But little in our experience or in the experience of other western—including Communist—nations provides reliable guidance about the course which their current transformation will take. Only as we learn more about them will we be able to exert a more constructive influence and offer more effective help.

It is for these kinds of reasons that the peace of the world in our time is going to depend, as much as anything, on a diplomacy which is informed by a much greater knowledge than we now have about how others see themselves. It is lack of such knowledge which flaws our diplomatic style today—not, I think, insufficient generosity, not a lack of imagination, not an unwillingness to use our power, and not, I think, an arrogant use of our power. But our lack of knowledge about how others live is a serious shortcoming, and one which I think should inhibit our official actions more than it does.

What we need is a little less enthusiasm, a little less activism. We should cultivate diplomacy more as a profession, and less as a business. It is a matter of style, if you will—how we do things, not just what we do. Much of the substance of diplomacy is style.

Today, as a result of our period of unchallenged power after World War II, the diplomat at home and abroad spends more time being a manager and an administrator than he spends nourishing the knowledge and skills

necessary to be a good political analyst and advisor, and a good advocate of our interests. The labor of diplomacy has become so subdivided with official programs and official activities, which compete for the time and attention of diplomats, that the professional man often takes a back seat in favor of the administrator. This is a dangerous situation. Because our diplomacy has come to embrace so much official business, we are too often surprised by events in the world which should not surprise us. We are too often forced to take action in haste—action which we might not have taken had our diplomatic machinery been working more professionally. We tend to substitute "crisis management" for diplomacy simply because it seems so difficult to do all we want in the world and at the same time take into account how others see their interests and are likely to react to our initiatives.

We need to rescue the art of diplomacy from this dilemma. Without diminishing our help or surrendering the initiative, we need to relieve the diplomat from some of his newly-acquired administrative duties to allow him to cultivate better his professional skills. And one way to do this is to try to do more through regional and international organizations abroad and private or non-governmental organizations at home—and rather less through official agencies of our government. I know President Johnson is thinking along these lines. The leaders of American business and American education should put on their thinking caps to see how they can help him.

It is not the activities themselves I question. It is the degree of official management and of official responsibility in the conduct of foreign operations which I would moderate. For example, we should acknowledge, I think, that too much official presence in our foreign aid and information programs can seriously cramp our diplomatic style. The way we justify these programs, both within the government and before the Congress, often, unnecessarily I think, burdens the conduct of foreign affairs.

The process of official self-justification often forces us to claim credit publicly and officially for our actions overseas, when to do so can only thwart the ends of our diplomacy. Our procedures often force us to detail results and accomplishments long before we have any right to promise results and accomplishments at all. They often force us to spell out our plans in detail, before we have a chance to negotiate with others who might be persuaded to share in the burdens and responsibilities of those plans. Our procedures often force us to demand changes from others, when to be effective those demands for change must come from others, and not from us.

In these ways we encourage dangerously unrealistic expectations among people abroad and sow the seeds of disillusionment here at home. At the same time our procedures add considerably to the size and visibility of our official presence abroad. Considering that it is naive to expect this kind of official presence to be popular for long, it would seem only prudent to search for other ways of doing what we must do—ways which would improve our diplomatic style, and not impair it.

And I think we can do this without sacrificing any of our proud record as a nation which places public accountability first, even in the conduct of foreign affairs. I think that we must do this to prevent our official diplomacy in the future from fostering too many resentments abroad and too much disillusionment at home.

Part of the problem simply involves drawing a line between official diplomacy and those official activities overseas which are at best subdivisions of labor under diplomacy. For example, for many years it will probably be wise and important for the United States to provide finance for development in the poor countries of the world. We can certainly afford this; we can afford more than we are spending on development now. But this is as much the business of banking as it is the profession of diplomacy. What we cannot afford is to so mix up the two that both suffer in the process. I am afraid we are doing that too often now. The time has come, I think, to make out of our foreign aid agency a real bank, and to leave the problems of representation overseas to the State Department, where they belong. Bankers and diplomats can get along very well provided the one is not asked to assume too much responsibility for the work of the other.

At the same time, where we can, I think we should make more use of international and regional organizations. In Southeast Asia, for example, I believe that in the long run our participation with the governments of the people there in a number of regional and international organizations will best serve our diplomatic ends. One such organization is the Asian Development Bank whose charter I was privileged to sign on behalf of the United States Government. Nineteen Asian nations contributed 65 percent of the billion dollars in capital with which the new Bank will be provided. The United States and those European governments which have seen fit to join in this adventure are minority shareholders.

There are some important advantages in this kind of arrangement. Our official contract is not with governments themselves, but once removed. Our contract is with an organization which has a good measure of public accountability built into its charter—after the fashion of the World Bank. Our contract is with an organization whose reputation will depend upon its ability to invest money wisely for the benefit of the largest number of people and not upon anything else. Our commitment was contingent on the willingness of other contributors to match our contributions—and they did so in an impressive way. Perhaps most important, our commitment is contingent on the willingness of those we want to help to commit a measure of time, talent and resources of their own to specific projects. In this way we are directly encouraging self-determination, and this is not always so when we "go it alone" in foreign aid. In fact, if the US Government officially prescribes for other governments in too much detail what their needs are, we come close to denying the possibility of self-determination.

We cannot now foresee the time when international and regional organizations will be strong enough to do all the work that needs to be done. What we can do is to redress the balance of our efforts in this direction—as far as others are willing to go along. And perhaps if we did not assert our official responsibility over quite so broad a range of activities, others would be willing to share more of the burden than is now the case.

Finally, I think, we ought to look for ways of leaving more of the responsibility for managing our own overseas operations to corporations, foundations, and universities, which are the main sources of technical talent in this

(*Continued on page* 48)

DAVID S. BURGESS

Dilemmas of a Bex Examiner

EVERY year 100 to 250 young men and women enter the Foreign Service as FSO-7s and FSO-8s after passing the difficult written examination, succeeding in the oral test given by a three-man panel from the Department's Board of Examiners (BEX), clearing medical and security and the BEX Final Review Panel, and finally being certified. In recent years many aspirants have been called but few have been chosen. Out of the 5,325, for example, taking the written examination of September, 1963, only 952 passed and of this number to date only 123 have entered the Department or have been certified for future appointment. A low acceptance rate has been a pattern in recent years.

LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE: by S. I. Nadler
Junior Officer Department

"Now, there's *a basic phrase they didn't give us in language training."*

Since the BEX was established in 1945, and since it has assumed the responsibility in 1964 for examining candidates for both the Department and USIA, over 650 officers of the Department and USIA as well as the Commerce, Treasury and Labor Departments have been certified as full-time or part-time examiners. At present writing eight FSOs from the Department and three USIA officers—consisting of an Ambassador, FSO-1s and FSO-2s—are engaged in giving oral examinations in Washington and several other major American cities. As funds of the Department have been available, a few BEX panels have been sent overseas to continue the process of testing candidates who have passed the written examination.

Since July of 1965 I have had the questionable distinction of being one of the more junior examiners—in age, rank and experience—who has tried to play God by judging the steady and highly varied stream of candidates and deciding which ones by temperament, intelligence, articulation and motivation were fit to join the Foreign Service ranks.

The oral test method is rather unique. After the necessary amenities of handshaking and greetings, the chairman of the three man panel asks the candidate to sit down, to smoke if he (or she) wishes, and to pour water if he so desires. The Chairman then assures the aspirant that contrary to campus gossip there is really no piano wire to trip over when he is asked to go to the wall map, that no panel member will throw a piece of paper on the floor to see if the aspirant is gentleman enough to scurry to pick it up, that there are, in brief, no tricks in this inquisition. The candidate is next asked to talk about himself—his reading, hobbies, sports, drinking habits, wife or girl, and his alternative professional aims "if all does not go well" in the current examination. After the 30 to 40 minute autobiographical session, the substantive examination begins. In rotation panel members ply the candidate with hypothetical and factual questions to test his knowledge, imagination, reasoning ability, clarity of thought and success at defending or refuting a particular position. An hour later the candidate, before leaving the room, is asked to make a final statement if he chooses to do so. When he departs, the panel members put a "yes" or "no" on a piece of paper; they discuss and debate their conclusions about his strengths and weaknesses and sometimes change their conclusions; and then individually they give the candidate a passing grade—70 or over—or failing grade. These are averaged, and this grade determines where his name is placed on the rank order register if he is eventually certified after surmounting the security medical and Final BEX Review Panel hurdles. After two panel members leave the room, the candidate is called back in by the chairman who informs him of the result and advises him about his alleged weaknesses and strengths in the oral exam.

LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE:
Junior Officer Department by S. I. Nadler

"Oh, it won't be the first time somebody's missed an hour of basic Arabic!"

Before the candidate arrives for the oral interview, each panel member has read his file which consists of his college transcripts, his brief autobiography and statement about why he wants to join the Foreign Service, his Form 57, and the evaluation of him by his references—professors, friends, former employers and the like—who have made out a detailed eight-page form rating his weaknesses and strengths and adding written statements which often constitute the clearest indication of their real evaluation of him. Too often references describe the candidate as "an outstanding young man" but fail to document their case for perfection. Too often, moreover, when asked to list his weaknesses they blandly write "none to my knowledge." Frequently college professors, possibly wearied by the rash of such written forms from the Department and other potential employers, are anxious not to put anything adverse in writing and thus make the candidate appear like a veritable paragon of virtue and thereby thoroughly confuse the panel members when his obvious weaknesses become evident during the oral examination. One graduate school, where the professors seem determined to increase the percentage of their alumni in the Foreign Service, seldom produces an aspirant who, in the words of a typical professor, is anything less than "one of my outstanding students in recent years." Occasionally a candidate innocently gives a reference who in the written questionnaire does his best to cast doubt upon the candidate's moral integrity. On balance, however, the negative remarks and implications as well as the positive testimonials of the references help the panel members to identify the candidate's virtues and vices—but only in extreme cases are the remarks of the references decisive in determining the final decision of the panel members.

BEX examiners also take note of the candidate's literary style as shown in his written statements. Grammatical and spelling errors are noted, but when the statements are too well written or typed the panel members sometimes wonder if the candidate was the real author or if he received some editorial advice from a senior friend or family member. The candidate's scores on the written examination are other criteria by which he is judged by the panel. His "general ability" score, according to the Educational Testing Service of Princeton (which prepares the first draft of the written examination for Departmental approval and revision), is supposedly the weathervane of his ability to think logically and imaginatively. His "English expression" score allegedly indicates if he can write a coherent and well organized despatch. His "general background" score is a measure of the depth and breadth of his knowledge, and his "option" score—general, administrative, economic, and commercial (approximately 95 percent of the candidates take the general option)—is supposedly a benchmark of his grasp of his chosen specialty. A brief survey I made of the scores for those candidates who took the December, 1964 and May, 1965 written examinations and eventually were examined orally revealed that high scores in the "general background" and option sections of the written test were the best indicators that the candidates in question would probably be successful in the oral test.

In recent months BEX examiners have concluded that nit-picking factual questions in the oral examination tend to repeat many types of questions on the general background and options sections of the written test and furthermore do not constitute the best method of determining a man's fitness

or potential for the Foreign Service. Examiners have therefore attempted with some success to place their emphasis upon hypothetical and essay-type questions believing that the candidate's answers to these queries would reveal more clearly his ability to think logically and imaginatively and to grasp the interrelationships between events and bodies of knowledge. For example, this question might be asked: what would be the world-wide implication if the Government of India should suddenly abandon its non-alignment policy and seek a military alliance with the West? An imaginative and thorough answer to this question by the candidate would be a more accurate measure of his potential than his success in ticking off the names of rivers, mountains, oceans, lakes or naming nations in SEATO, NATO and CENTO.

In recent years an increasing number of candidates are appearing before BEX panels who have completed or are in the process of completing their M.A. or Ph.D. degrees. Intellectually they are usually more knowledgeable than aspirants with only a B.A. or B.S. degree, but too often the long hours of graduate study and the intensity of their specialization have transformed them from exuberant generalists into narrow minded drudges shut off from the world outside their ivory towers. In contrast is the candidate just returned from active military duty abroad. He is usually older, more mature, and more seasoned by his administrative or command duties overseas. Yet sometimes he is rusty intellectually and uninformed about happenings outside the sphere of his battle station abroad or his army post here. Another candidate may be returning after two years abroad in the Peace Corps as a teacher, engineer, or community development worker. He has seen and experienced a foreign culture in depth and professionally he may have been transformed into a man desiring to spend the bulk of his adult years overseas. Yet sometimes his academic background in economics or political science previous to his joining the Peace Corps may have been inadequate or non-existent, or his required concentration on the affairs of a remote village in Brazil or Thailand, for example, may have shut out the rest of the world from his mind and imagination during the past two years. And thus with such considerations in mind, the panel members in a brief, two-hour session must judge the fitness of a returning Volunteer, a recent Army Captain, a budding Ph.D. in the anthropology of the bushmen, or a young and naive student graduating from college in June.

Unlike the content and literary style of TIME magazine, which all seems to come out of the editorial meat grinder of the New York headquarters with a highly predictable uniformity, the candidates now appearing before the BEX panels no longer conform to the Ivy League stereotype of the past. One candidate passed his oral exam recently who had attended college for only two months in his life and at the age of 26 has had a full-time job for several years. Another had a law degree and other degrees to boot. At least four Negro candidates passed the written examination last December and have recently appeared before panels. Some aspirants were only recently twenty-one. Others have passed beyond their 30th birthday and are near the 31 year old age maximum for all candidates. Variety, in brief, is the order of the day for present-day candidates for the Foreign Service.

In judging the varied assortment, the panel members are somewhat helped by the BEX's often-revised publication, "Guidance for the Conduct of Oral Examinations for the Appointment of Junior Foreign Service Officers," and particularly by the section of the pamphlet headed "Qualities Desired in an FSO." These essential qualities are listed as follows:

1. Intellectual qualifications of a high order, including imagination, intellectual curiosity, analytical ability, reasoning power . . .
2. Moral integrity tempered by sincerity, modesty and propriety. . . .
3. Energy, drive and forcefulness. . . .
4. Emotional stability. . . .
5. A sense of humor. . . .
6. A friendly, attractive personality. . . .
7. A lively interest in the manners, customs, languages and histories of other people. . . .
8. Good manners. . . .
9. A good knowledge of the history and development of the United States. . . .
10. A rich background in the culture of the United States and the modern world. . . .
11. The capacity to think critically and independently, and the courage to express dissent. . . .
12. The imagination and capacity of projection to anticipate consequences. . . .
13. Skill and persuasiveness in communication both oral and written. . . .
14. Leadership potential. . . .
15. Enthusiasm for the Foreign Service and dedication to the national interest. . . .
16. Good habits. . . .

These desired virtues in every candidate are rather awesome, since all aspirants for the Foreign Service as well as those in the ranks today fall far short of the prescribed glory of perfection. Therefore, these paragon-like requirements for the modern Renaissance man in striped pants are by necessity scaled down when the three BEX panel members confront the worried aspirant who tries to put his best foot forward and attempts to speak with conviction but without brashness, and to appear informed but not overly wise to his graying inquisitors. In trying to follow the precepts, the examiners are sometimes forced in the two-hour oral examination to judge the candidate on the basis of seemingly conflicting standards. They are told in the precepts that the Foreign Service is not a place for "moral crusaders" but they are also reminded that a successful officer must be "sensitive to moral considerations," must have the "courage to express dissent" and should be "well steeped in the ideas, values and beliefs which find expression in the American form of government." The panel members are also told that the candidate should be "well-bred and courteous and a cultivated man, at home with the well-mannered and cultivated people the world over"; but every BEX examiner knows from experience abroad that any successful officer must also be equally at home with the uncultivated and often the unlovely victims of poverty and injustice the world over. The panel members are instructed that they should find a candidate who will be a successful team member but also one who has the uncommon ability of thinking for himself and courageously expressing his dissenting views. Thus figuratively speaking the panel members in judging the candidates find themselves like a man running down a narrow road fearful of falling into either of the wide ruts along the way. Under these circumstances, the examiners tend to adopt the doctrine of the mean in their judgment, and to them Aristotle's admonition about "nothing in excess" takes on new meaning.

The evaluating process is made more difficult by the need to assess each candidate's background, his education, his practical work experience, and then mentally to combine these qualitative factors and to judge one candidate against another candidate—like a man comparing oranges, grapes and apples. One young aspirant, for example, is the son of an Arkansas tenant farmer; he comes therefore from a "disadvantaged" home, lacks knowledge of culture, has earned his way through an inferior college and is still struggling upward. Compare him with an Ivy Leaguer, son of a prominent industrialist, a frequent vacationer in Europe, and a law school graduate who has never earned a cent in his life.

(*Continued on page* 49)

GLEN WRIGHT

Fishing is Royal Sport in Afghanistan

THE Ajar river rustled like silk between its grassy banks. A herd of yaks, browsing in the meadow, looked curiously at Bill and me as we eased ourselves into the icy water. The thermometer read 15° above. All still water was frozen solid and the stream was rimmed with ice. Bill, who scorned gloves, had trouble getting his rod ready for casting. I was even more clumsy because I was wearing big fur mittens.

I awkwardly plunked my spinner downstream and Bill up and we waded our respective ways. My legs became twin pillars of ice but when in a few minutes I heard a splashing upstream and Bill calling "got one!" I forgot my discomfort. Any minute now I too would feel that sharp tug on the line and I too would yell "got one!"

It was dawn of a Friday morning the weekend before Christmas 1965. The Ajar river is in the very heart of the Hindu Kush mountain range in the Kingdom of Afghanistan. It is the private trout fishing stream of King Mohammad Zahir Shah. Bill and I were fishing in it thanks to His Majesty's special permission, a privilege not easy to come by. It was an unforgettable experience and here and now we publicly express our gratitude to him for the courtesy. Our letter of thanks was long since posted.

I cast across a broad stretch of water to the edge of a patch of tules. The spinner drifted in an arc as I slowly retrieved. At the edge of the current the line stopped as if the hook had snagged. It felt like a willow branch, a root or a clump of cress, as it yielded when I tugged. Doggone! A hangup was the last thing I needed that magic morning. Bill had yelled "got one!" four times already and I was beginning to wonder if I had lost the knack. I jerked and the hardware freed. It went into the current and down the river but it didn't go alone. A twisting, head-shaking German Brown broke water and soon I did exultantly yell "got one!"

As I plied the lure through the shallows, holes, riffles and current of that marvelous river I took time to scan my surroundings. I recalled that Marco Polo had mentioned the presence of trout in the rivers of Afghanistan which he crossed in the 12th century enroute to the court of China's Kublai Khan.

My audience of Afghans on shore applauds as I take several nice ones from this stretch of quiet water.

In his "Travels" he wrote: "These mountains are so exceeding lofty that it requires from morning till night to ascend to the top of them. Between them are wide plains clothed with grass and trees and large streams of the purest water spurting through clefts in rocks. In these streams are trout and many other fine sorts of fish."

The Ajar, also truly a "large stream of purest water," runs through a valley whose mountains roundabout are "exceeding lofty." The canyon is open to the south, its entrance, and boxed in at the north except for a narrow defile through which the headwaters of the stream flow.

Solid rock cliffs rise almost straight up for at least a thousand feet on three sides. Behind them more steeps climb tier on tier to greater heights. The topmost crags, everlastingly covered with snow, are nearly 14,000 feet above sea level.

This morning as the dawn broke, the vale was a diorama of ever-changing color. When Bill and I stepped into the water the flow was a dully gleaming gray ribbon of purple shadow. The full moon bathed the summits with a sheen of silver. Then the first rays of the sun touched them with fluorescent pink, which progressed to effulgent rose. As the purple shadows retreated down the cliffs the heights became a symphony of pastels, except for one broad spire. It was ivory white. The contrasting effect was startling.

The royal lodge, an unpretentious wood and brick building of uncertain architectural style on a concrete slab, tops a slight rise on the eastern edge of the hollow overlooking the river. It is surrounded by servants' quarters and a landscaped yard in which are a metal swing and jungle gym. The King often brought his wife and family of three sons and three daughters here for summer vacations. Now his grandchildren enjoy the play-yard.

All else is meadow punctuated by small trees and clumps of willows and alder along the river banks. At the southern extremity sprawls a small mud village.

Grazing together this morning on the lush grasses of the pasture were a few sheep, goats, donkeys, horses and yaks (Ghazhgaw). These are curious beasts. They are about three and one-half feet high at shoulder, with bellies reaching within six inches of the ground, which is swept by their long, bushy, horse-like tails. Their dewlaps and legs are covered with long, thick hair. But for their horns, yaks resemble large Newfoundland dogs.

I was so bemused by contemplation of these wondrous sights I lost a fish. That irritated me but it did serve to change the subject of my musing from yaks to trout. Yes, indeed, how come German Browns in the Ajar and other northern Afghan streams and lakes? It was once, as were they, full of trout, principally rainbows. But after Marco Polo's time the nomadic people began to settle down in villages and on farms and use near-at-hand resources. They had no sense of conservation and gradually the fish population was greatly diminished except for the more remote waters. Some streams were denuded of all except a specie of bottom feeder called Milkfish. It is aptly named as its white meat tastes just like skimmed milk. It looks something like a catfish, grows to six to eight pounds and is fairly gamey. Afghans eat it, but how they get it down I don't know.

When explosives were introduced into the country the devastation worsened. One middle-aged Kabul man told me that when he was a boy his extended family of some forty people would dynamite as much as 500 pounds of fish on a weekend river or lake excursion. This method, as well as netting, persists to the present, and to this day the Afghan government has not seen fit to institute fish and game regulations or replenishment programs.

The King, who was educated in France and learned some fine points of angling there in addition to what his sportsman father taught him, planted German Browns in the Ajar and declared it a private preserve. It incubates and supplies fish for a whole complex of streams roundabout that are tributary to the big Qunduz into which it flows.

The stream is a classic. It is deep and copious, alternately narrow and wide, contains many holes, riffles and eddies and meanders snake-like through field and meadow at a not too fast but steady pace. It is sporadically overhung by willow and alder. Its bed is of sand and small gravel, with here and there patches of short bottom grass and water cress, perfect for spawning. It is remarkably similar to Silver Creek in Wood River Valley, Idaho, reputedly the nation's most famous fly fishing trout stream, where I as a boy spent many a blissful day landing lunker Rainbows on flies or bait with a reel-less cane pole.

There is plenty of feed in the Ajar, such as various larvae, a kind of freshwater shrimp, worms and frogs so the Browns grow fast, fat and healthy and reproduce apace. There is practically no fly hatch so they seldom rise to an artificial one. They will take grasshoppers and of course worms, but for some reason, perhaps the abundance of frogs and minnows, they go for spinners. The minnows are their own. There are no rough fish in the Ajar.

It didn't seem to matter how Bill and I worked the lure, our luck was the same—good. The fish were no cinch to hook or land, however. I lost as many as I caught. (Bill did better.) They hit and spit and it took split-second timing to outwit them. I watched one take the hook the last two yards or so of a retrieve. He instantly turned with tail toward me and let the hook slide out the corner of his mouth.

Best technique, we discovered, was to cast slightly upstream and across the water and let the spinner work across to the near bank, reeling just fast enough to keep the hardware active. The fish would follow the lure and hit as it was swept downstream by the faster current.

As the day lengthened we began to attract a gallery of Afghan males, old and young, who chattered among themselves and clapped hands every time we landed a fish. Little boys waded out offering to sell us angleworms.

By noon Bill and I were two miles and several fish apart. He had 20 and I four. I still hadn't caught on to the trick of hooking solidly.

William "Bill" Woodfin is a big guy in his forties and an avid outdoorsman. He has done a lot of things in his day, starting as a farm boy in Tennessee when he cane-pole fished every pool in walking and horse-riding distance. He had later been truck driver and building construction worker, finally obtaining a degree to teach Vocational Training. After several years of this in Arizona, Washington, and Alaska, where he further sharpened his angling skills, he was hired to teach construction trades at the Afghan Institute of Technolgy in Kabul as a member of the AID Southern Illinois University team.

He began fishing the rivers enroute to and around the Ajar soon after arriving in Afghanistan. He landed in the country months after I had and although I met him right away in church it wasn't until several Sundays had passed and he had caught and feasted on several messes of trout that the subject came up. The minute it did we began to plan a trip together and when I mentioned the possibility of fishing the King's river he caught fire.

I was in Afghanistan as the State Department's Fulbright-Hays lecturer in Journalism and Advertising at Kabul University, on a year's leave from my regular job as Journalism and English instructor at Berkeley (Calif.) High School. I had arrived in Kabul March 15, 1965.

I had made a press research tour of the country during the summer and planned to fish along the way. In no time at all I was hot with fishing fever. What brought this on so precipitately was a piece of rare luck. I was given permission by His Majesty the King to fish, with friends of my choosing, his private river and stay in his lodge. Now, I am not buddy-buddy with His Majesty. I have never met him. But I was and am a friend of one of his favorite cousins, Sultan Hamid, a topnotch photographer and good guy who took care of my developing and photo finishing. I had mentioned to Sultan months before that I would give a leg to fish in the King's river and he had promised to do what he could. It was in December and only two weeks before I was to leave the country before he did it, but I could have hugged him anyway. I wasted no time inviting Bill and we worked like crazy to get ready in the three days we had at our disposal.

On the way to the King's river in Afghanistan, the author stops to chat with an Afghan mountaineer and his family.

Bill had been working sparetime for weeks building a metal body on his four-wheel drive Jeepster and making a bed for a two wheel luggage trailer. Neither was ready. But thanks to his Afghan shop teaching assistant and students who worked on the rolling stock early and late, and to our wives, who knocked themselves out packing equipment and food, we were ready to hit the trail at 4 p.m. Thursday, December 16.

We faced a trip of about 250 miles. Our route would take us north out of Kabul and into the Hindu Kush (Killer of

The private lodge of the King of Afghanistan is unpretentious but located in the choicest hunting and fishing preserve in the country. Clara Wright, Glen Wright, William Woodfin and Dixie Woodfin pose for royal aide Sher Mohammad.

Hindus) mountain range via the newly completed Salang Pass tunnel. The highway then goes north by east to Doshi and there the pavement ends for this trip. The final 145 miles is a murderous dirt road, east by south via Doabi-Mekhi-Zarin to the King's valley.

We would find ourselves in river country from the north exit of Salang tunnel on, following the Andarab to Khenjan, and from there to Doshi where it joins the Qunduz. We would follow the latter to Doabi and Bamiyan where the Ghorband runs into it. The Ajar flows north and west to join the Qunduz near where the Ghorband does. The big one, the Qunduz, also called the Baghlan, into which these streams dump, breaks out of the Hindu Kush gorge near Barbak and flows 250 miles through many valleys to eventually join the Oxus (Amu Darya) on the Russian border.

The weather was nippy when we left Kabul on the great adventure. The hills were white from the first snowfall of winter. We were all frigid by the time we reached Salang Pass, where the peaks rise to 13,500 feet. The pass itself is some 10,000, but the road tunnels through the divide a couple of thousand feet lower. For several miles before and after the tunnel the winding highway cut into the steep mountainside is covered by a futuristically designed concrete snowshed. The Jeepster coasted down most of the way from the tunnel to the village of Khenjan where we were to stay the night. We got there at midnight, numb with cold.

Typical of all country hotels in Afghanistan, this one is pretty primitive. Government operated, it does have electric lights and a woodburning stove in each room. The flush toilet and bathrooms are down the hall and surprisingly, contained cold water and the fixtures worked. The single cots were hard but furnished with plenty of passably clean bedding.

We left at 6 a.m. after a cold breakfast from our food box. We had only about 150 miles to go but the road was no freeway. We'd be lucky to average 15 miles an hour. An icy wind swept down from the glaciered heights, occasional flurries of snow fell and even with the heater on we were thoroughly chilled by 10 a.m. Then the sun broke through the clouds and we were comfortable the rest of the way. We chugged and bumped over rut and rock in a cloud of dust and at 3 p.m. reached the Ajar river turnoff. A few miles along the stream is dammed by a slide and there is a mile or two of backwater. We could see lunkers swimming around down there and had trouble with ourselves. To fish or not to fish? But reason (our wives) prevailed. Not for them a night out in that weather, in that wild country. Just where *was* the King's lodge, anyway?

I proudly display my lunker while Bill tries the hole from which I had just caught him.

It was just around the next bend of the river. The King's aide and preserve manager, Sher Mohammad, met us, read our letter from the boss, gave a series of commands to an assistant and presently several servants appeared to prepare the house and unload the gear. A most welcome flame was soon roaring in the stone fireplace and fires were lit under the bathroom water heaters. There was nothing luxurious about this lodge. The only things modern about it were flush toilets, vitreous lavatories with mirrors, electric lights and a radio. It was sparsely furnished with dining table and chairs. There was a table in the kitchen, which was bare of stove, sink or cabinets but did have a water faucet. Ordinary carpets were on the floors, except in the sleeping rooms, which contained luxurious hand knotted Persians. There were no beds, but each room had a small fireplace. The walls of the halls were covered with murals, imaginative and well executed, of hunting scenes and mountain views.

Sher Mohammad said the missing furniture was locked in a storeroom, to be used only by special permission of the King, which we didn't have. So we cooked in the big living room fireplace and slept on the floor with the rugs as our mattress. We crawled in early because Bill and I planned to be in the water at dawn. We had only one day to fish and were not about to waste a minute of it.

As it was, that day went too fast. Dusk came just as I was getting the hang of things. Our wives came to see how we had done and to take pictures. They misjudged light conditions and my wife Clara almost didn't get pictures because of the swiftening darkness.

Bill had fished back to within a quarter-mile of me, four nice ones on his chain, still trying for more. It hadn't been his afternoon but it had been mine. I was dragging 16 in the water and was of a mind to call it a day when my hardware and line stopped in the middle of a swirling pool that overflowed onto a patch of grassy mud in which I was sunk knee deep.

I pulled and the drag spun. I tightened it down, yet it whirred again.

Said my wife on the bank behind me, "You've got a big one."

"This is it," I thought. "This is no snag. This is why I came to Afghanistan."

Clara was right. I was right, it was no snag. A lunker had that hook and was going to bottom with it. When he got there he swam round and round with the current, sending sharp vibrations up the line as he shook his head.

Bill saw from afar the bend and action of my rod and guessed what was doing. He was soon nearby giving advice. Then this Brown surfaced, rolled a couple of times, left the pool and headed across the grassy shallow water for the open river. Clara photographed him as he went by. I saw then that I had two feet of fish and let him have his head. He didn't jump until he had taken 30 to 40 feet of line upstream, then he performed a series of leaps where the current was fastest. I let him play, content to keep him hooked. As he tired I began to horse him in with short, easy takes. Finally he was at my feet in the shallows.

A crowd of Afghans including Sher Mohammad had gathered nearby and cheered when I lifted the big one up for inspection.

It was the end of a perfect day. The big bull weighed almost four pounds and measured 23 inches long. He was not a spectacular fighter but he was a dogged one. He never gave up. He made me take him.

As for the bag, Bill was the champ. He had 26, ranging from 10 to 16 inches and I had 19, running a mite smaller, plus the biggie. We grinned like ninnies at each other, our wives and our audience of Afghans. It was our finest hour in Afghanistan. ■

DAVID G. NES

A Sailing Holiday in Greece

THERE has, in truth, been little "sailing" in this area of the world since the advent of the diesel except by a handful of amateur "foreign" yachtsmen arriving in their own boats—Americans, Britons, Germans, and Scandinavians, with an occasional intrepid Frenchman. "Yachting in Greece," as so appealingly and colorfully set forth in a little brochure published by the National Tourist Organization of Greece, is apt, therefore, to give an American, as it did me, quite a fanciful idea of the possibilities open for the foreigner without a boat wishing to "sail" Greek waters.

As a Foreign Service officer moving every two or three years back and forth across the globe, my wife and I have had to find our sailing on the run, so to speak: charters in the Chesapeake and New England on Home Leave, the use of a *Star* in Morocco, several short charters in the Solent and South English Coast, the loan of a lovely 37-foot Princess class sloop in Hong Kong, our own boat at last cruising up and down the East Coast of the United States in 1964. Consequently when we were assigned to Cairo a year ago, and so were geographically placed only two hours by jet and taxi from the Royal Yacht Club of Greece, the objective of our first holiday became only too obvious—sailing through the nearer Greek Isles.

Hardly had we settled ourselves in Cairo, than I began seeking a boat to charter in Greek waters for the following June. The file of correspondence thickened as letters were exchanged with the National Tourist Organization of Greece, the Secretary of the Royal Yacht Club, and some dozen members of the Greek Yacht Brokers and Consultants Association. The net result: small 30-40-foot sailing auxiliaries without professional crew, are virtually unobtainable in Greece! Available for charter in considerable number and variety are, however, large motor yachts and motor sailers with one to six man crews from $100 to $300 per day—just what we didn't want and certainly couldn't afford. Further investigation uncovered many and varied alleged reasons for this situation, such as, Greek waters being too dangerous for any amateur foreign yachtsman to navigate, the "charterer" couldn't possible relax and enjoy himself on a cruise without professional hands to tend the engine, moorings and anchorages, cook, serve cocktails, etc. (No mention was made, however, of sail-handling.) Undaunted, I kept trying; and at long last, in November, through the Royal Yacht Club Secretary, I was put in touch with a French businessman, a Monsieur Perrin, temporarily resident in Athens, who was believed to be seeking a June charter for his 35-foot Lion Class yawl, *Laertes*. We corresponded, and in January, I flew over to take a look at her and sign the charter. She was just what we wanted. In fact *Laertes* seemed to be the sole small sailing auxiliary available for charter without crew in Greek waters for the 1966 season, except for a small fleet of Corvettes and Frigates offered by the Archipel Club and booked several years ahead!

In June, we arrived to take over *Laertes,* which was moored at Turcolimano. This small harbor, near Piraeus, is used by the Royal Greek Yacht Club whose luxuriously appointed clubhouse dominates an array of several hundred boats, including a few Stars and Dragons to balance the many large and normally harbor-bound motor yachts. We had intended to spend the first night on board after checking equipment, but the stench of the harbor into which the sewage of Turcolimano drains, was so overpowering, we retreated ashore. The next morning, I took *Laertes* out on the start of three weeks of unique and satisfying sailing.

Ideally located, forty minutes by car from the Acropolis, is the best-known yacht "marina" in the Eastern Mediterranean —Vouliagmeni. It is advertised as having easily accessible all the usual amenities provided in the United States such as fuel, water, ice, electricity, and telephone connections adjacent to quay moorings. We decided to base ourselves there, leaving our two younger children ashore, while we sailed off on short three and four day cruises with our two older, teen-age girls.

Vouliagmeni does present a truly fabulous picture of "yachting" as it must have been in the United States and in Britain before the great depression years of the 1930s. The harbor is literally jammed quayside with motor sailers and classical yawls and ketches in the 60-120 foot class. *Laertes,* at 35 feet, was the smallest sailing boat by far in the harbor,

First mate coming ashore in Hydra. Typical Greek yacht in background.

and we brought her in with some misgivings. The harbor master helped us tie up alongside a trimaran moored between two buoys in the center of the harbor. Yachts as small as *Laertes* are not accommodated at the quay, which proved to be to our advantage. Moored stern to the quay, bow lines crossed like "cat's cradles" with half a dozen others at a single buoy, an hour's disentangling problem is involved to get away and as long a period of utter confusion to tie up. The fact that this poses little problem for the usual Vouliagmeni-based yacht which seldom if ever leaves the harbor did not console us. Also, the quay is a noisy, hot, fuel-impregnated place compared to a relatively peaceful harbor mooring. Those wishing to use Vouliagmeni for a short period, should realize that: (1) all quay space is taken by very large yachts permanently moored there, (2) harbor space is very limited and will normally involve tying up alongside a raft of "visiting" yachts and (3) the entire complex is dedicated to handling very large, professionally-handled, permanently-based motor yachts or auxiliaries that never raise a sail. The small, family-type sailing auxiliary is definitely *not* catered to—their harbor fees, tips, and consumption of diesel oil do not justify their economic acceptance. A small boat coming from its mooring to take on a few gallons of fuel, several pounds of ice, and a little water, must wait at the end of the queue for hours while these miniature "Queen Marys" guzzle their fill. On one occasion, I waited twenty-two hours to take on 50 gallons of water and on another two days! Several times a week, six large diesel and gasoline trailer trucks swing onto the quay to fill the large tanks used by the big ones on their week-end forays out to sea.

So much for Vouliagmeni. It is not a harbor catering to the small sailing auxiliary but is worth seeing as a spectacle. Its Royal Greek Yacht Club branch Secretary and Harbor Master are, however, competent and try to be helpful in a rather condescending sort of way. There is, incidentally, no ship's store or chandler in Vouliagmeni harbor and the purchase of a shackle or a piece of line involves a trip to Piraeus, a half-hour's drive away. This is normally undertaken by one's professional crew who make a little profit on the transaction. Vendors do, however, sell some vegetables and bread along the quay in the early morning if you can catch them. Large orders for tinned goods may be placed in Athens but the prices with delivery are very high.

During our month, we sailed *Laertes* to many of the nearer isles in the Saronic Gulf area—Egina Epidavros (to see the opening performance of a play by Euripides in the famous, perfectly intact amphitheatre), Poros, Idra, Spetse, etc. This area is well covered by British Admiralty charts 1518 and 1657, the Mediterranean Pilot Book Number 4 and in some detail by Denham in his "Cruising the Aegean." The aids to navigation are very sparse with no buoys whatsoever in the Saronic Gulf itself and with only a few, small lighthouses in the area. In other words, you're pretty much on your own with your charts trying to interpret which mountain peak and headland is which. A hand bearing compass is essential. Except on weekends, the harbors are uncrowded and delightfully picturesque, each entirely different. The usual drill is stern-to-quay and anchor out about half a cable from the bow. You drop anchor, back in, and hope someone is around to take your stern lines before a cross wind creates a crisis situation and you make a spectacle of yourself before the local fishermen. In these ports we never tried to take on fuel, but it is advertised as available. Since we were by choice under sail whenever possible and since our diesel motor required only a gallon per three hours, none was needed. Water was usually *not* available (even the Greeks recommended bottled mineral water for drinking.) Ice often was obtainable if you could find the local ice house (having a Greek dictionary in hand), and a cart to haul it boatside. Fruits, vegetables, and good bread are always available for purchase from friendly shop owners. Dinners were usually taken in colorful, outdoor inexpensive restaurants.

Laertes *in Poros.*

The June weather is pretty ideal, warm but not hot, cloudless skies, winds variable from 0-15 knots with periods of gusts up to 35 knots. During the calms we often resorted to our auxiliary so as to make our landfall in reasonable time. A cautious and experienced yachtsman should have no trouble. July and August can, however, be unpleasant, with the *meltemi* blowing from the North from time to time out of a clear sky and without warning or barometric change at 30-50 knots. Marine weather forecasts of fair accuracy are broadcast medium wave twice daily at 7:55 a.m. and p.m. in English by Radio Athens and by the American Armed Forces Radio at 0610 and 0710 a.m.

In our month of sailing the area west of the line Cape Sunion-Cape Maleas, with its hundreds of delightful harbors, we saw only three other boats under sail, a Canadian trimaran, a small American yawl, the Frederick O'Brien's *Galatea,* and the famous British ocean racer, *Blue Leopard.* What about all this "sailing the Greek Isles"? The Greeks, on the whole, do not take to sailing, and cruise about on week-ends either on motor yachts or motor sailers. Those with tall-masted yawls, ketches, and schooners, leave harbor and return with sails ever covered and awnings up. Foreigners who seek a sailing holiday in Greece and charter one of the usual boats to take them through the isles, find their professional crews most reluctant to raise sail, or even refusing to do so.

How do you "sail the Greek Isles" then? You either bring your own boat, or you await the development of a modern "without crew" chartering service. The latter, I feel, is bound to come—and soon. With few countries able to offer as many and as varied cruising opportunities and charming natural surroundings as the waters adjacent to Greece, there is, I am convinced, a tremendous market among competent American, British, and Northern European amateur yachtsmen for the charter of modern sailing auxiliaries in the 30-45 foot category. Not everyone has the time or money to bring his own boat to Greece, but many would seize the opportunity to cruise there for a few weeks or longer were the right charters available at the proper price.

In our case, we had a truly rewarding and exciting experience; and thanks to Monsieur Perrin and his *Laertes* were able to do what few Americans can do at the present time and to which many must aspire. ■

EDITORIALS

The Problem Is Not . . .

CURTIS CUTTER has written a valuable critique of the JOURNAL, which is published in this issue. While we do not agree entirely with him, we are in complete accord with his appeal for the publication in the JOURNAL of more articles on major foreign policy questions. The JOURNAL is prepared to offer to its authors an anonymity similar to that provided George Kennan when he wrote for another publication his penetrating analysis of Soviet attitudes. The JOURNAL is also prepared to publish commentary on current foreign policy. In fact, our policy toward China was recently critically appraised in the pages of the JOURNAL. To our disappointment, we could not find in the Department or even among retired officers, incuding some of the most vocal champions of the policy, anyone willing to write a countering argument.

In regard to professionalism, a subject which Mr. Cutter is quite right to suggest is not sufficiently treated in our pages, we did recently publish a very deft surgical job on some aspects of the conduct of American foreign relations in the Dominican Republic. This piece, written by one of our most distinguished retired officers, went to the very heart of the professional problems faced by an American Ambassador. There could hardly have been a more clearly stated description of the dangers which arise when an American Ambassador attempts to join in the governing of a foreign country. To date, no other officer in our profession has written any amplification or rebuttal for our pages.

Members of the Board of the Foreign Service Association remember with some feeling the letters which complained that the Association was taking no position upon the Hays Bill. When the Association sent to Senator Gore a very straightforward commentary upon the Hays Bill, there was not a single letter from the officers on active duty and only one retired officer raised his pen.

The problem is not with the intentions of the members of the JOURNAL Board. The problem is with the membership which rarely ventures to write anything particularly serious about foreign policy or on the more controversial aspects of the conduct of diplomacy abroad. ■

The Arthur S. Flemming Awards

MEMBERS of the foreign affairs community (or whatever we should call ourselves) can take considerable pride in the fact that although we constitute only about two percent of the total number of people in the United States Government, we have managed to win over 12 percent of the prestigious annual Arthur S. Flemming Awards made to outstanding young men in the Federal service.

Not all of the 12 percent have been in the various categories of Foreign Service; but not all members of AFSA are in such service, either. A number of "GS" employees who serve in foreign affairs agencies are associate members of AFSA, so it should surely be appropriate to include them in these friendly calculations.

Awarded on a national basis by the Downtown Chapter of the District of Columbia Junior Chamber of Commerce with the cooperation of the US Civil Service Commission, the awards were established "to honor outstanding young men in the Federal Government and to recognize exceptionally meritorious work; to attract top-calibre young men to Government service; to encourage high standards of performance; and to enhance appreciation of Government service and the opportunities and responsibilities that it presents."

It was a recent contributor to the JOURNAL, John W. Chancellor, Director of USIA's Voice of America, who spoke for the ten Flemming Award winners at this year's ceremony (the 19th). A second representative of the foreign affairs community shared honors with the USIA officer—David Bronheim of AID.

At the first Flemming Award ceremony, honoring 1948 winners, the foreign affairs sector was represented by John M. Leddy, now Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs. His rise to such eminence since receiving the honor suggests that Flemming Award judges are indeed highly perceptive people, perhaps with a touch of prophecy in their bones.

In the years between the first award and the 19th, the foreign affairs community, after receiving only one award in the 1949-50 period, started a steady record of winning, with at least one every year. We had two winners each in 1955, 1958, 1959, 1961, 1963, and 1966. (The awards made in February, 1967 were based on 1966 selections.)

The Flemming Awards to young men in the foreign affairs area have been rather well distributed over the field, with nine winners from the Department of State, six from USIA, four from AID (and its predecessor ICA), and one from the Peace Corps.

In other words, we like the Flemming Awards and they like us. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

Said the devil:
"But is it art?"

Kipling: *"The Conundrum of the Workshops"*

When painters first cooked up the idea of presenting green faces, red trees and lemon colored skies, the public reacted with snarls, threats and rowdy behavior. Those were the days when people took a passionate interest in what was coming out of the ateliers. We are thinking chiefly of the Paris *Salon d'Automne* of 1905 and the Paris *Salon des Indépendants* in 1906. The sparkplug of both shows was the group known as "Les Fauves" (The Wild Beasts), comprising Matisse, Derain, Braque, Marquet, Vlaminck, Rouault. Conservative old codgers today but wild revolutionaries in those days. A critic described all the work of Fauves as "the wild colored shrieks of brutes." One outraged spectator tried to scratch the paint off Matisse's "Woman with a Hat."

American interest in art seemed to reach a crescendo in 1913 when the famous Armory Show was held in New York. It consisted mainly of avant-garde French painters plus some advanced American practitioners. The front pages were full of it. The critic Frank Jewett Mather called it "a lunatic asylum." Another critic said it was "vulgar, lawless and profane." The focal point of all the excitement was something of no consequence called "Nude Descending Staircase," by Marcel Duchamp. Nudes were certainly not unknown to art but such specialists as Titian and Rubens never made their nudes walk down staircases. The public filled up the Armory day in, day out to scream imprecations. Embattled teachers chivvied their flocks around so they might see what iniquity was going on in the art world. Theodore Roosevelt felt constrained to jump into the act. He didn't approve of the kind of art being exhibited but he defended the right of the sponsors to stage the show. All in all that armory generated more tizzy than a Carry Nation raid on a saloon.

But those days are over. This little prowl into the past was brought on by the 30th Biennial of Contemporary American Art now going on at the Corcoran.

There are no riots. No imprecations. One encounters no denunciations in the press. The show consists mainly of abstractions and the customers (not even enough to clutter up the place) take these in their stride. There are still enough people around to blow a gasket when they see an abstraction. They often hold forth at cocktail parties but they don't go to the Corcoran to trumpet their opinions.

Perhaps the quiet and decorum of the Biennial is the result of the kind of painting that is now way out. Take for instance two giant canvasses of Olitski called "Pink Alert" and "Frame Expansion" that are merely fanciful ways of painting a wall. Or take a contribution of Gourfain consisting merely of three black squares. They might look striking against the white walls of a drawing room or dining room but it's hard to see anyone getting heart palpitations. Some contrivances by Martin would hardly attract attention at all: a visitor might think you had installed white slats on your wall.

Those who insist on being shocked will have to keep a sharp eye out. There is a production by Raffaele that might do the trick: an incoherent bit showing a surgical operation in progress and a monkey attached to a piece of machinery. Jenkins provides some screaming flashes of color that would make Kandinsky reel. The only representational painting in the lot is a group of nudes by Pearlstein but these will not remind you of Botticelli.

Perhaps the best examples of what 1966 was up to are two works of Dzubas, "Beginning 1966" and "Plateau 1966."

On the whole, the 30th Biennial is a collection of art whirling around in orbit having no clear connection with the past and possibly none with the future.

Unsolicited Advice

The Boston Strangler escaped his cell and was recaptured the next day. He was wearing a sailor suit he had stolen from a house in Lynn, Massachusetts. Indeed he had spent the night in the house unknown to the occupants who were sleeping upstairs. The dramatic bit was brushed off in the news report in one sentence, "The owner, Arthur Vincent, commented, 'Oh, my, we had no idea he was here.'"

What derelict reporting! This episode deserved half a page. How did the Strangler get in? Will the owners take prompt steps to make that house secure? Did none of the occupants hear a sound during the night? What would they have done if they *did* hear a noise? Had there ever been intruders before? What did they say and think, all of them, when they learned they had such a dangerous guest? This merely skims the subject. There should have been a half page with pictures.

Think of what George Eliot or Dostoievsky would have done with such material.

In Words of One Syllable

(Technological Division)

A manufacturing company has produced an electric shoe polisher. It rests on the floor and all you do is "press a button and two big fluffy bonnets buff up a mirror-like shine in seconds. You'll never see dad on his knees again."

The most opulent of these gadgets is called "The Aristocrat" and costs $39.95. The second model is called "The Executive" and costs $35. The cheapest model ($29.95) is called "The Diplomat." Now we know where we stand!

Award

The award for April must be split between judge and defendant. Christine Dumas was up in a Paris court on a charge known to the French as racoler-ing—soliciting. Driving her Renault she would call out to male pedestrians. She offered a package deal—a little spin through the Bois de Boulogne, an *apéritif*, a supper of lobster and champagne and, as Christine herself said—"everything."

The trouble came when some of the customers, having accepted the price, then began to haggle and finally reported Christine to the police.

"All men," said Christine, in a ruminative mood, "are pigs."

"All?" asked Judge Raoul Vernier.

"All!" said Christine.

"Including me?"

"Including you."

A narrow-minded judge might have clapped Christine into the brig for several months. But Judge Vernier said at the end, "The evidence submitted by the plaintiffs is so wobbly and contradictory that I have no choice but to discharge the defendant."

Thus he shares the award with Christine who was not cowed just because she was dragged before a tribunal.

The Day of the Forsythia

All the dreary thinkers back in the Christmas hubbub firmly predicted that the winter of 1966-67 would turn out to be worse than the winter before with its 28.4 inches of snow and its supply of those little weather dramas that Washingtonians are so competent at building up.

Well, it turned out that the dreary thinkers were right. By March 1, Washington had collected 36.4 inches and February alone contributed 19 inches which made it the stormiest February since 1936. The locals exulted in the tizzy whose epicenter seemed to be that notorious Shirley Highway. Every household palpitated with snow dramas as the radio speculated on whether schools and offices would be open, whether concerts would be cancelled, whether planes could get off the ground.

But it's all over now. Forsythia, the emblem of springtime, creates a quivering screen of yellow on lawns and in the gardens. The crocus, the pansy, the daffodil, the violet, the lily of the valley are shooting up sparks of color. The best season of the year is upon us.

Peaks on Parnassus

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

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.

Tennyson: *Tithonus*

Booby Traps

With some words you are bound to be corrected, no matter how you pronounce them. Examples: exquisite, virile, either, despicable, envelope, tomato, secretive, herb, disputable. The most fiendish little snag of all, however, is the flower of the nightshade family, known as *nicotiana*. If you pronounce it *nicotsheayna*, as Webster's New International and the Columbia Encyclopedia say you must, you will be ticked off by partisans of *nicotsheahna*. This is what the Oxford dictionary prefers. To complicate matters further, some people call the flower—in an "I'll have no nonsense" tone—*nicotina*. Webster's New International ignores this spelling but it is to be found in the Oxford and in some seed catalogues. This whole *nicotiana* business seems to have been bollixed up from the beginning. The plant was named for a French ambassador who encountered tobacco about 1560, while he was serving in Lisbon and he thought so highly of it that he sent some to Queen Catherine de Medici. His name was Nicot. The Oxford Dictionary calls him Jacques Nicot, and so does Webster's New World Dictionary. In the Encyclopedia Britannica he appears both Jean and John. Webster's International and the Columbia Encyclopedia give only Jean. He is Jean in Littré and Larousse. There's a street in Paris named for Nicot and there is no mistaking the letters on the blue and white street signs: RUE JEAN NICOT.

While we are on the subject of booby traps, we may as well throw in the information that the you-can't-please-them caper goes on in the French language with many words the French have snaffled from English. Examples: cake, sprinting, smoking (for dinner jacket). No matter how you pronounce them, some Frenchman will know better.

Almost Unbelievable

A politician went on a world tour without calling it a "fact-finding mission." When a reporter talked with him in Bombay he said truthfully, "What facts? What do you mean? Oh no, I'm on a pleasure jaunt."

Strictly Useful

This information might be helpful to those who still travel to New York by train. Instead of leaving for the Union Station an hour in advance to stand in one of those tiresome queues, you can buy your tickets in advance at 1435 G Street, sixth floor. The service is swift and courteous.

Shift in the Center of Gravity

Overheard on a golf course:

Middle-aged thin man: "I am the same weight now as I was when I was twenty-five."

Middle-aged stout type: "Yeah, but I bet the distribution is different."

Gardening Note

Plantain is the rat of the vegetable kingdom.

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler

"Right now, at this precise minute, I'm supposed to be at the airport meeting three Senators and an Assistant Secretary of State, which I forgot all about. That's *what's wrong!"*

HENRY S. VILLARD

New Models in Motors

DESPITE the furor during the year just past about automotive safety, the models for 1967 as revealed at Washington's annual Automobile Show boast relatively few changes to afford the motorist a better chance of survival on the highway today. "Unsafe at Any Speed," as applied to the family car, became a household phrase in 1966 as the result of Congressional hearings on Ralph Nader's now historic charges, but—possibly too little time has elapsed—the innovations so far have hardly been earthshaking.

Instead, the main emphasis is again on styling, on bigger, longer, and wider automobiles, on more powerful engines, on luxury, or optional equipment, or variety of color and choice of models. The sporty look is "in" as never before. There is little, if any, attempt at new design—that is, from the engineering point of view. The appeal, as usual, is to fashion, to wealth of gadgetry, to "public taste," to status symbolism—in other words, to the imagery of a "sculptured," "contoured" magnificence that will sell one product in greater numbers than another. And Detroit confidently expects—give or take a few ups and downs in the national economy—to dispose of some nine million of the gleaming new behemoths in the current calendar year.

It is, of course, true that certain new standards of safety have been adopted by the industry following the growing pressure of opinion, both in and out of Congress. Most significant is the widespread appearance of collapsible steering columns and dual-brake systems, improvements which were included in the list of 17 safety requirements of the General Services Administration (GSA) on all cars purchased for Federal use beginning in 1967. Many safety items that formerly were optional, at extra cost, have become standard such as seat belts front and rear, outside rear view mirrors—day-night breakaway inside mirrors, padded dashboards and sun visors, recessed instrument panels, windshield washers, two-speed wipers, guard door-locks, back-up lights, and front and rear blinking lights to alert oncoming motorists that a car is disabled.

Such additions are stressed by most manufacturers as an answer to the criticism of the safety-concious. Oldsmobile, for a typical example, "really cares about your . . . safety. That's why '67 Oldsmobile features a whole new slate of thoughtfully engineered safety features." Pontiac, for another, has made the exclusive and momentous discovery that windshield wipers which disappear into a recess when not in use make for markedly more safety. While such latter-day precautions are naturally to be lauded, they are not exactly radical ones for a multi-million dollar industry to come up with in this jet era of scientific research and development. And interestingly enough, many of the items on the featured list were standard years ago in the case of certain foreign makes—the Mercedes-Benz for instance, which has long carried as standard such equipment as two-speed windshield wipers and day-night mirrors.

We have not heard the last of auto safety, however. Close on the heels of the Nader hearings, the National Highway Safety Agency has proposed that the industry meet 23 mandatory safety standards on its 1968 models, starting in September 1967 and including protective measures that would not only make an accident less likely to occur but would reduce the likelihood of injury after a crash has taken place. Actually, the new look at safety has paid off to the advantage of the customer, for information on 40 different defects in 1967 models, affecting as many as half a million cars, has been made available to the public by the Agency. "Safety defects occur with sufficient frequency and in sufficient numbers to constitute a serious and costly problem for both domestic and foreign auto producers," according to Senator Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce committee. Nothing could demonstrate the truth of his assertion better than the recall of tens of thousands of new models for investigation and, if necessary, correction.

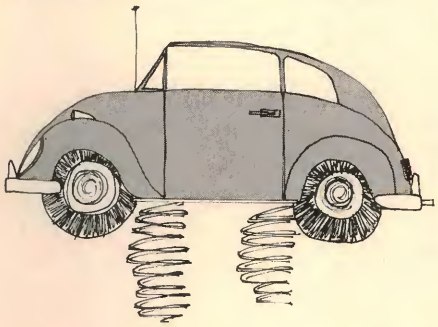
How all the talk about safety will affect foreign car imports into the United States is another question. The British Society of Motorcar Manufacturers, representing 24 firms, is alarmed, to put it mildly, at the prospect of a new American code for 1968, since models for next year are already in the prototype stage. It is pointed out that structural changes which might be required in small cars—such as doors to withstand a 2,500 lb. blow in a head-on collision, or a 2,000 lb. side swipe—would be irrational in one of the popular "minicars"; if head rests are introduced in such vehicles as Morris Mini-Minors to prevent "whiplash" injuries, they would block rearward vision; while the area to be covered by windshield wipers and washers in the US code could be larger than the windshields themselves in the diminutive Minis and Imps. Not the least of the complications will be the added production costs of such changes—which, naturally enough, would be passed on to the purchaser.

In addition to British cars, German, Swedish, Japanese, and French imports may be involved. Foreign car registrations in the United States have been steadily rising—to the professed unconcern of domestic dealers—but anything to slow down the invaders would not be unwelcome in the American low price field. For 1966, in order of popularity, the top five foreigners here have been Volkswagen, Opel, Volvo, MG, and Datsun—all of which would have to conform to regulations if they expect to enlarge their share of the American market.

What the future holds in store may be something else besides safety. Pictured as a delinquent in that vital area, the gasoline-driven auto also stands accused today as the chief culprit behind the blanket of smog that envelopes our major cities. The solution, in the hopeful opinion of the electric utility companies, is the electric car—a useful and practical form of transport at the turn of the century. Both Ford and General Motors are concerned enough with its resurrection and adaptation to modern times to be working hard on the problem. An inexpensive, silent, swift, pollutant-free, battery-run vehicle may be the dream of Utopia, but another year may tell of tangible progress in the story.

Except for obeisance to the rules of safety, Detroit in 1967 remains its old incorrigible self—which means turning out an ever bigger, if also a better, car. Inch by inch and year by year the product grows—to satisfy, as one GM executive has put it, the public's insistence on longer hoods, shorter decks, roomier interiors, and altogether more impressive pieces of transportation. It would be superfluous to catalogue the claims of each and every machine; one may take for granted refinements here, adornments there, slight styling changes

Desirable Design Improvements—Small Car Division



everywhere. Most obvious in new appearance is the General Motors output, with a peak or point in the radiator grille to provide "cross-flow" for quicker cooling and, incidentally, to emphasize the "contour line" as it sweeps from front to back along the side of the automobile. Big Three cars in the intermediate class are generally "crisper" in line, more "tailored" to freshen up what is basically the same design, and—for the sake of competition—inevitably larger in one respect or another. Even American Motors has given up its traditional economy-size package and has gone in for longer and wider units—the better to maintain its position in today's affluent market. The '67 Ambassador has more leg and head room; the Classic has changed its name to the Rebel, "the first Excitement Machine" among the intermediates; while the Marlin, a somewhat disappointing fastback of yesteryear, has also had its face lifted to a larger scale.

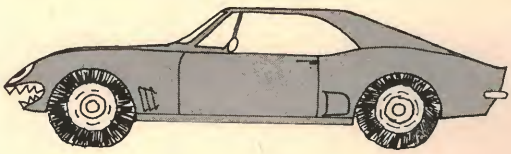
Dodge is in Rebellion too. Its Operation '67, introducing the elegant Monaco, calls for "a sweeping new attack on dull driving. Fresh, new styling. Bigger cars, More luxurious cars. Monaco. Polara. Coronet. Charger. Dart. . . . They're all designed to recruit new volunteers for the Dodge Rebellion!" And the Chrysler Corporation is in general revolt against antiquated warranty systems: like most of its cut-throat rivals, it now provides a five-year or 50,000 mile (whichever comes first) warranty against proven defects in material or workmanship in the engine and power trains—provided the owner follows a recommended maintenance schedule. Most manufacturers could not afford to ignore the stepped-up trends in warranties; equipment and accessories are everywhere being guaranteed, under normal use, for 24 months or 24,000 miles—the most extensive in history.

The fastback seems here to stay, and the accent this time is definitely on the side of sport. Thus Buick is making a bold bid to capture the sport lovers with a selection of seven swanky "sport coupes," ranging down from the well-established Riviera to the new Deluxe Special; with five conventional convertibles; and with three "Thin-Pillar coupes." Included in the last two categories is the brash GS-400, best described in Buick's own words: ". . . Speaks in the language of jazz. Riffs and ripples from a brassy, sassy baby that performs . . . in spades. Hit a few hot licks and listen to the down-deep tones of 340 horses under the deceptively simple bonnet. Climb behind the wheel and sink into a bucket seat just made for you. All the keys are at your finger tips so play a little counterpoint with the nimble-footed handling ease and instant response of the controls. Baby, this is life in the great outdoors. This is movin' music. It's music you can feel. This is a machine to take you way out and back again. 'It's in' . . . the convertible with soul, man."

Be that as it may, the Buick line also offers five four-door sedans and three four-door station wagons, all of which compose as representative a group as one could find in the industry for 1967—qualified only by the equally representative statement, in these somewhat uncertain days, that the company "reserves the right to make changes at any time, without notice, in prices, colors, materials, equipment, specifications and models and also to discontinue models."

Also running for a portion of the sports car pie is the Plymouth Barracuda, which has expanded into a line of three different models this year. All of Detroit's major automobile divisions have sports car entries, or will have during the

Desirable Design Improvements—Big Car Division



course of the year, with wheelbases ranging from 108 to 120 inches. Total sales of sports cars are expected to top a million in 1967, of which 800,000, or 80 percent, should be in the "compact" class of 108 inches. Hoping to curb Ford's runaway Mustang, Robert Anderson, general manager of Chrysler-Plymouth, has told the world "We have a warm and friendly feeling toward our competitors in Dearborn, Michigan . . . so warm and friendly that we want to get a little closer to them in the market place. We are confident that the new Plymouth Barracuda line will allow us to do just that."

Joining Ford's "completely changed, and still completely Thunderbird" and its slick Falcon—"go pert, peppy and proud"—in the category of "luxury sports car at a popular price" is the Cougar, unleashed by Mercury, the only new animal to enter the automotive zoo this year. "Untamed elegance," with concealed headlamps, a 289 cu. in. V-8 engine, deep bucket seats, floor mounted stick shift, walnut-grained steering wheel, and full-width padded dash as standard equipment—"this is the day of the Cougar," according to optimistic Mercury-Cougar salesmen. "Moves on cat feet. Tracks true." Even the dazzling Rally Sport Camaro Convertible of Chevrolet, featured at the Washington show, and providing a choice of engines such as a 327 cu. in. 275 hp V-8 with four barrel carburetor, together with "hideaway headlights," will have to be wary of this newcomer.

Maybe you don't want to drive a wild horse, or a man-eating tiger, or a killer fish . . . maybe you want to drive a Pussycat is the intriguing suggestion of the Volkswagen Karmann Ghia, ". . . if you're hunting for a sporty looking

(*Continued on page 52*)

THEODORE A. WERTIME

Kinga, Copernicus and the Grompies

THE MINE hoist was a crude four-decker affair that held ten persons in each of its four superimposed cages. We boarded on two levels. The hoist dropped briefly, then stopped, unceremoniously dunking us into the upper intestines of the earth, to wait for the two cages above to be loaded. We were quiet, the whole tightly-packed cage of us, wondering what Dantean visions or nightmares lay in the Carpathian depths below.

The chatter of our fellow delegates cramming into their two cells above drifted down to us in our earthy limbo. Their voices sounded distant and hollow, souls readying to descend into the underworld.

So, I thought, this was to be the finale of our Congress of the History of Science in Poland—a trip to Poland's salt mines. They call it Wieliczka, the medieval village over our heads and the subterranean caverns below.

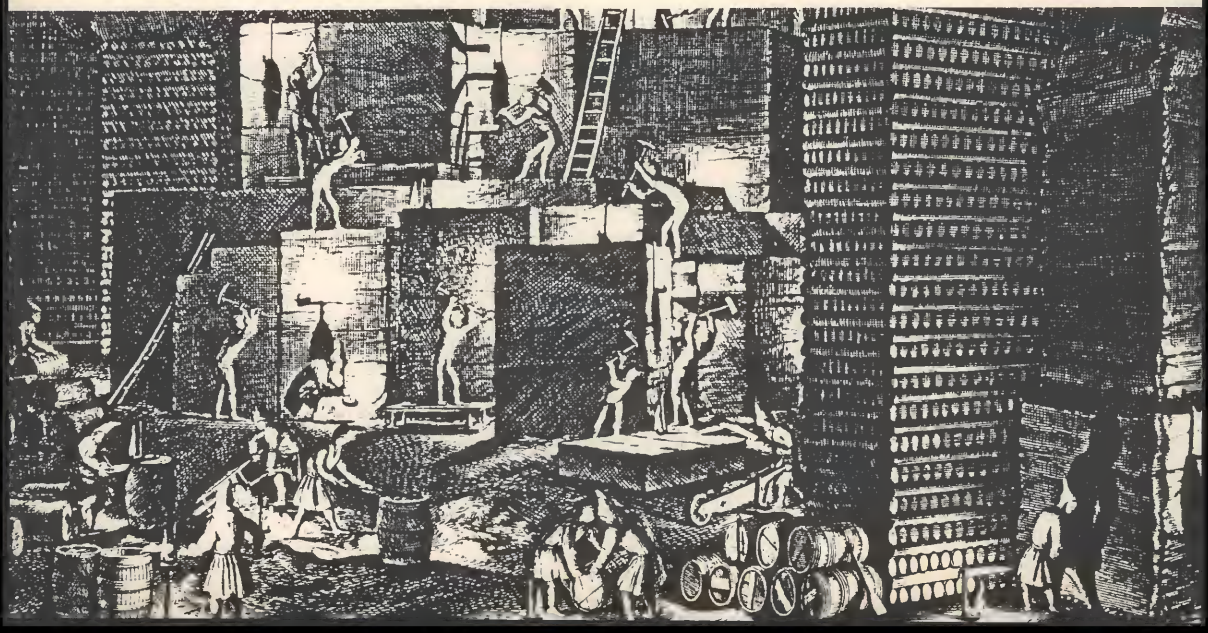
We were befittingly apprehensive, puzzled, curious, as our four cages plunged the 250 feet down the "Danilowicz" shaft at the hands of our guide at the electric controls above. Wieliczka, we were given to understand, was a must for all tourists who come to Cracow. It represented a thousand years of man's exploitation of earth and earth's exploitation of man. But why should the Polish Academy of Sciences wish to banquet 800 delegates to a scientific conference in this—a salt mine?

We stepped out at an upper and lower platform, joining a queue of persons standing about in an antechamber of hard greenish rock. Our little group was representative of the delegation to the Congress: an Oxford don, a Polish engineer, two standoffish Russians, a Czech husband and wife team, a British metallurgist, a party unidentified, and myself. I ran my hands over the smooth moist walls—so unlike the spalling walls of normal mines—tasted the alkaline stuff on my fingers, marveled at the dryness of the air, noted the corrosion of the electric wires and sockets, over which dendrites of salt grew like a fungus snow.

All the while Job's refrain for the miner ran through my mind: "Men put an end to darkness . . . they open shafts in the valley away from where men live . . . they swing to and fro . . . and the earth is turned up as by fire"—and one must now add, water.

The insides of the planet exude mystery, whether to the sidewalk engineer of New York City, to the young cave

The Salt Mines of Wieliczka.



explorer, or to the earth scientist who prays for project Mohole to bring him evidence from beneath the crust.

Geologically, there is good reason to put hell somewhere deep in the earth, as Goethe—and Dante and Mozart—did, That's where the fires of Vulcan are. Psychologically, one can fathom too from ramblings in early alchemy why the transformations produced in stones by fire naturally excite daimonic analogies.

But Pluto is not Neptune. Whatever I had learned from study or from travel in Asia about man's first acts in digging and reducing earth to pots, glass, and metals had to be put aside in the face of salt—Polish salt.

Salt in Eastern Europe is to be found not only in the drying beds of the Baltic. It lies throughout the reaches of the southern Polish and Transylvanian mountains, a thick underground blanket of crystalline beauty holding the fruits of dried seas of the Miocene era, 25 million years old. Curious seeds and foods were entrapped in the saline alluvium, among them now-salted figs and nuts and pine cones. Wieliczka miners—undoubtedly the most godly-minded of all inhabitants of the traditional world of fiends—believed God put the edibles there for the ghosts of the miners. But I couldn't help thinking of the flies caught in the once-sticky pitch of Polish amber and preserved for the modern paleontologist. Whatever God had intended for the miner, he had managed to embalm Poland's geologic past in plastic and crystal.

Polish legend has it that the deposits of Wieliczka were first divined by Kinga, pious daughter of King Bela IV of Hungary, whose hand was sought in marriage by Boleslaus the Bashful of Poland. As dowry, Kinga asked her father for a salt mine in Hungarian Transylvania, which he promptly bestowed on her. She threw her betrothal ring into the shaft.

In proper time, Boleslaus carried Kinga back to the Polish capital in Cracow. At the climax of the story, Kinga led Polish miners to the nearby village of Wieliczka and ordered them to dig. And lo, her ring reappeared in a well of salt. The prosperity of Transylvania was rediscovered in Poland.

The date was the early 13th century. Kinga's salt helped to launch her adopted land into five centuries of greatness. (Perhaps, in the end, salt is the index of a civilization, as some symbolically-inclined historians have argued.)

Once assembled, our troop traipsed through the emerald corridors of the Augustin chamber into a 17th century chapel dedicated to Saint Anthony and Saint Casimir. We confronted lean cadaverous statues of both saints. The true nature of Wieliczka dawned upon us. It is a procession of bizarre chambers decorated with statuary: impudent dwarfs, reminiscent of Snow White, mingled with breathtaking assemblages of images of Christ and the Polish saints. One's respect for these mines, the medium of salt, and the artistic piety of the miners grows.

Three hundred feet below the surface, we waited at the portico of a great stairs of rock salt for the party of tourists ahead to complete their tour of the highpoint of the mine, the chamber of Kinga, which is more than 150 feet long, 40 feet wide and 35 feet high. As one descends the worn steps of greenish-white marble, his eyes come upon a fairyland. Great chandeliers of white salt crystals light a sanctuary whose grottoes of statuary accentuate the interfaces of the marvellous chamber. One moves through the forward nave of Kinga's hall, passing tableaus of the flight of Moses from Egypt, Christ teaching in the temple. He comes to rest at a balustrade of cool jade at the base of the altar of Kinga, to admire her statue silhouetted by stars of salt.

Once he has comprehended the miracle wrought by simple miners, he pauses to marvel with a German traveler of a hundred years ago, who wrote:

> "What an army of riddles and questions to torture the spirit, are stirred by these simple and direct phenomena, which neither chemistry, physics, geognosy, nor geology can answer!"

Nearly 40 feet overhead, a ceiling of salt only four feet thick bears the weight of the earth, testimony to the crystalline strength of dry salt. Those tiny grains that come out of the shaker have a capacity to grow into gigantic geometric forms and to bond with each other in almost metallic strength.

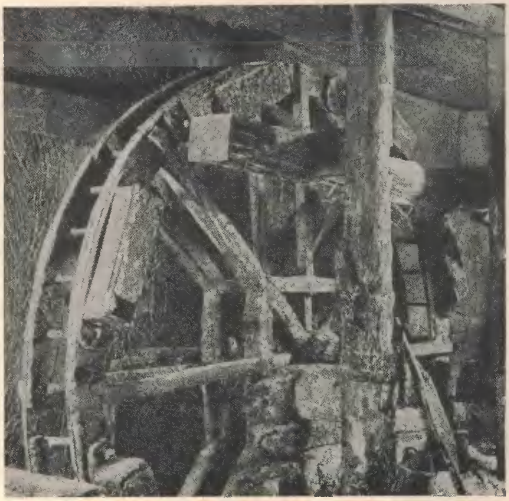
In its dry form, NaCl is the stuff of art: stalactites grown hoary with age, diamonds blinking in the chandeliers and walls, gigantic quarried pillars. It is the wife of Lot, who will be dissolved only when moisture restores her rocky heart to tears, melts her statue as it has wept down so many of the halls and ikons of Wieliczka. It is holy Kinga silhouetted by a salty halo of light.

Beyond Kinga's chamber, we journeyed—it seemed for miles—behind a helmeted guide, descending through the "Michalowice" hall whose sagging ceiling a hundred feet above stands upon a cathedral of timbered trusses, a feat of engineering in wood. We descended further stairwells, passing quiet lakes and rivers on which boating parties were held in former centuries—for Wieliczka has been a showplace for royalty and commoner these past five hundred years.

From here one goes down, down the 25 million year funnel, until he comes upon the mementos of the diggers themselves, those gnome-like figures one could find in the many paintings of Wieliczka.

It is a page out of Agricola, a priceless museum of the artifacts of miners in all ages. We paused at a Polish treadmill of the 16th century, a huge wooden wheel some 20 feet in diameter. The weight of gnomes scrambling up the paddle-like rungs of the outer circumference set the monster in slow motion. The gnomes became giants, hoisting gigantic quarried pillars of salt. We passed wooden brine pumps of the 17th century, also suggesting the labor of giants; Saxon windlasses of the 18th century, some as large as a modern house; mountings of miners' lamps in all shapes and forms. Primitive canteens of water hung on the walls to fight the dreadful fires of a salt mine. Our eyes tried to accept a panorama of the ways of work inside the earth for men of the ages of human and animal and water power.

In Eastern Europe, the human mole owed his art and craft to the "Sassi," those Saxon searchers for mineral wealth who came when the Mongol had left. The Cistercian abbeys in the Polish countryside overhead—one nestled amidst the great blast furnaces of Nowa Huta outside Cracow—reminded us that mining was spread into Eastern Europe through monkish



Sixteenth century windlass operated by foot power.

settlement, the Cistercians having been the medieval patrons of the arts of mineralogy and metallurgy. Through such gentle infiltrations from the Teutonic West, Poland was given over to the Latin and technical culture of Gutenberg, even as it had succumbed ethnically to the persistent Slavs seven or eight hundred years earlier.

"Slavic," "Catholic," "socialist" Poland—these denominations tell one a little of the cultural forces that have contested for the plain of the Vistula for a thousand years. No Pole can forget the modern "Sassi" who invaded in 1939, leaving the bestiary of Jerzy Kozinski's "Painted Bird" throughout the land, a pile of human bones at Auschwitz, a stench over the Vistula of burning flesh that will forever hang in the noses of the Polish people. The modern Saxons added their bit to Wieliczka—they tucked an airplane parts plant into its reaches, safe from British and American bombers. They had no time to destroy Cracow when the Russian armies advanced upon them in 1944.

The Polish memory is long, Kinga reminded us. Seven hundred years before Hitler (1241), Kinga's Hungarian father was defeated by the Mongol hordes of Batu at Sajo. Her Polish husband succumbed in the same year at Szydlow, leaving Europe defenseless before the Golden Horde. The coming of these terrible conquerors, bringing with them Chinese engineers and such modern devices as smoke pots, is recorded today in Cracow each hour on the hour by the playing of a trumpet in the spire of Saint Mary's Cathedral. The modal tune ends on a haunting high shriek, the cry of the watchman whose throat is pierced by an arrow. The Mongols withdrew the same year they came, after devastating Cracow in a manner to make Hitler envious. Their abrupt retreat seemed a miracle to the Cracovians, though Batu's men were merely going off to elect a new Great Khan. The summer frolics of Lajkonik perpetuate the day.

Poland thus is a living museum—a chiaroscuric museum—of the most remote and most recent encounters of Latin-European culture and that which came out of the steppes of Eastern Europe and Asia. With each stop of our touring party, rising to the grand finale at Wieliczka, I became more convinced that the Polish Academy had organized our Congress so as to lead us to touch and feel and hear the heartbeat of this museum. It was an ingenious idea, the fashioning of the weighty deliberations of such a symposium about Poland's place in the domestication of man's tools, his scientific ideas, his culture, his violence. Beyond the relics of Hitler and Batu there were the instruments of Copernicus, the Polish monk who put the earth in orbit around the sun and upset the scientific edifice of the Ptolemaic world; and the less publicized exhibits of the "grompies," symbolic little nodules of primitive iron that carry in them the seeds of the modern blast furnace.

The opening of a ponderous conference of nearly 800 historians and scientists in a city like Warsaw is necessarily caught up in matters of organization, methodology, and ideology during its first few days. I was not truly liberated from the preconceptions that one carries through the mere ten hours of jet travel from America to Poland till we set out by Orbis bus on the third day to explore the ancient metallurgical landscapes between Warsaw and Cracow. My liberation was speeded by falling in with a merry band aboard our leaky Skoda bus which counted among its members several delightful Cracovians of engineering background, a Czech anthropologist, and a metallurgist each from England and the United States.

It has been said many times; but I shall say it again; one must have his nose pushed into the historic debris, must visit the warm homes of a people to begin to have any comprehension of what they are about. Then, as with a scientific truth, he will never know them entirely; but he will know their environment.

My childhood education into Poland had begun with a Danzig-born grandmother who recited Polish poems to me; and a chance hearing of the great Paderewski from under his piano, when he visited our college home in Pennsylvania. The German invasion of Poland began on my 20th birthday.

Not till adulthood did I again think of Poland as more than a name in the news or a heroic victim of World War II. As a researcher into technical history, I ventured across the Oder river of the mind to ask Warsaw's National Library for a copy of a 16th century poem by Walenty Rozdzienski, who, in the custom of that age, memorialized Poland's mines and iron works. But the country had remained a vague place, lying somewhere between the home of my Prussian ancestors and the Asia I had met on my own travels.

So here I was in Cracow, the last day of August, 1965, trying to digest the meaning of a bus trip from Warsaw that had brought together niblets of things from Kinga to Copernicus to the grompies. We wandered about the flagstones of the great market place, admiring the medieval cloth hall, the *Ratusz*, Saint Mary's church, here searching for amber, there breathing in memories of Kosciuszko's fiery call for freedom, every hour bearing the bugled warning of General Sabutai's Tartars sweeping in from the steppes on their Mongolian ponies.

Our steps turned twice to the arcaded court of the Collegium Maius of the Jagellonian University (founded 1364), where a medieval staircase leads one to the finest astronomical museum in Eastern Europe and the cloistered room that lodges the diploma and globe of Copernicus. With what wonder do even the uninitiated admire the orrery of Martin Bylica of 1480, on which Copernicus may have pondered the paradoxes of an earth-centered universe; or the "Golden Jagellonian Globe" of 1510, a mechanical armillary sphere that has a turning earth as the center of its universe—an earth inscribed with "America noviter reperta!" At the exhibit of old Polish texts in science at the Jagellonian library, their brown bindings, crinkly pages, and woodcuts exuding the linear optimism of Europe's Renaissance, it is driven home with finality that Copernicus was no accident, was indeed the proper Columbus of the new age of astronomy.

At the homes of our newly-won friends in Cracow, we continued the repast of Gutenberg Poland—do you remember the iron statue of Gutenberg that scares the children in Günter Grass' "Dog Years"? Over vintage Hungarian wines, Brandenburg concertos, and one of the great collections of *metallurgia* in Eastern Europe we reminisced about the grompies. Rodzienski, the poet, had first told how iron-founders had tried to smelt these adventitious nodules of cast iron into the normal bloom. It was he who gave us the first literary rendering of this vivid and appropriate word. Our hosts presented us, for ourselves, several grompies found on the slag heaps of Roman age Poland, lava-like remembrances of iron.

On the edge of the Holy Cross mountains is Slupia Nowa, resting place of 200,000 tons of ancient slags. Rome had practiced its commercial magic to persuade the Polish tribes to make iron, more than 2,000 tons a year, it is estimated. Now the sites of the once-smoking bee-hives of tiny furnaces are quiet farms. But the round cakes of slag sitting in rectangular rows, less than a foot apart, can be seen from the air or be found by the magnetometer, leavings of a herd of gigantic bulls. They, with the coins of Hadrian lying about, are the mementos of a Roman imperium which penetrated, but never conquered, Poland.

Our Skoda busses had passed, too, the old baronial iron works of Maleniec, founded in 1784 and still active today. In a manorial setting reminiscent of the Sweden of *Gösta Berling*, a gigantic water wheel still holds sway over the grimy sheds of Maleniec. Under the impetus of a stream escaping a large impounding pond, it turns a primitive rolling mill and an army of ancient machine tools for cutting nails and stamping

(*Continued on page* 51)

JOHN W. TAYLOR

The Mandarin Committee

THE black ball point pen skipped under the spidery characters occasionally stopping and drawing small circles. Chester Cordoba rubbed his eyes and then cupped his hands on the top of his greying but still thick curly hair. Suddenly he swiveled around and stared out the fat bay window into the lifting fog.

"Do the three red flags plus the five goods equal the four antis?" he thought, "or it is that the four clearances are equal to . . ." The question floated away unanswered as he became distracted by a funeral procession which filed into view, wrapped in the whine of Chinese violins. Not a bad funeral for New Cathay. There were four or five wreaths of white paper flowers, a portrait of the deceased, a small Oriental band playing a feathery tune, a plain box coffin borne along by eight old men, and straggling in the rear a pride of mourning relatives in clean tawny sack cloth. Such a showing would have disgraced a peasant in the old days, but the Mandarin Committee discouraged superstitious displays and they were rarely seen, especially in the frontier province of New Cathay.

Cordoba pursed his lips: this was the second funeral he had seen that week—unusual frequency. Perhaps he could suggest to Knopf a new SOPNOM variable. He chuckled to himself.

"Do you find funerals amusing?"

Cordoba spun his chair around, and smiled at his young assistant, Richard Binney, "No, no—no, I was laughing at myself. For a horrible moment I was taking the whole system seriously. A new Socio-Political Phenomenon just occurred to me—the frequency and size of local funerals."

"Of course," said Binney, "think of all the variables, the number of wreaths, violins, mourners—good economic as well as political indicators. This may be just the element Knopf needs to complete that new equation he's working on."

"On second thought," said Cordoba, "let's not mention it. We have enough of these damn cards to punch without chasing funerals all over town." The political officer pushed the Chinese newspapers across the desk. "Here's another batch of editorials for you; all the SOPNOM words are underlined ready to card."

Binney scooped up the papers and glanced at the top page. "I see you're still leaving off the 'modern' of 'modern revisionism.' "

Cordoba chuckled again, *"Hsin tai* or *ku tai,* modern or ancient, it's still revisionism. Besides, the machines are programed to take into account the context in which the key phrases appear."

Binney sat down heavily in a leather chair. "You were in the Foreign Service in the old days, at least before the Adambas succeeded in computerizing foreign policy. How did it happen? We sit here and punch cards all day and Knopf feeds them into his infernal machine. We don't even see the formulas he produces."

"In your orientation class," Cordoba said, "you learned certain simple formulas, like six unconfirmed reports equal one reliable report, but under the United System of Differential Diplomacy the analysis of the LS, Local Situation, quotient is computed from the various SOPNOMS, GEOPNOMS, ECONOMS and MILNOMS by the 0-3b computer under the control of the Administrative Ambassador, known to those in the trade as the Adamba."

"But when you began in the service there was none of this mechanical business, was there?" Binney asked.

Cordoba drew a long Chinese opium pipe from his desk drawer and put a match to the narrow carved bowl. "Coffee grounds," he said, pointing to the curl of blue smoke which twisted upward from the pipe. "The first machines only wrote payroll checks. Seemed harmless enough; we didn't concern ourselves. At that time Foreign Service officers were thought to require some intellectual capacity, some understanding of the complexities and the ambiguities of human affairs."

Binney watched Cordoba exhale a chain of tiny smoke rings which faded into the light of the bay window. He was not fully convinced that those were actually coffee grounds.

"In those days," Cordoba continued, "you were expected to be a good reporter, in both directions. Diplomacy was still a matter of human communication—between two nations and two cultures. Analysis and interpretation required a mental process which itself defied analysis. In personal representations and negotiations success hinged on the manner of the approach, the style, and sometimes a liberal interpretation of instructions. How do we make representations today? We give the Foreign Office a tape made in Washington; we record their reply and send it back for machine analysis."

"Maybe I shouldn't have studied International Relations," Binney said tossing the papers back on the desk.

"Not if you intended to join the Foreign Service. The future's in cybernetics, business administration and television repair. Political officers are a vanishing breed, Binney. We live on, only on the sufferance of tradition and sentimentality. We are redundant. Already there is a machine that scans the papers and records the appearances and speeches of the members of the Mandarin Committee and issues a weekly rating of their individual personal power positions or PERPOPS. They even claim that they can build into their machines a sense of history. As the computer's memory contains all previous history of relations between tribes and nations it can theoretically consider any new problem in perfect wisdom—in the light of the whole."

"But you still haven't explained how it happened."

"God, Binney, I don't know. I suppose it was much the same way we lost our Darwinian tails—gone before we knew it—our own fault—we sat too much on them. Top substantive officers always wanted to make their mark; it was only natural that top administrators would be bitten by the same bug. Given the American compulsion to achieve, to

change, it is not surprising that administrators would seek to build their memorials through a pyramid of successive reorganizations. The logical and final result was the administration of foreign policy."

"But, despite the machines," Binney said, "the Foreign Service has grown into the thousands."

"Quite so. The Service is altogether different today. In American culture status is gained by 'producing' or 'achieving' and at the same time it is an egalitarian society. Thus administrators and bureaucrats of other agencies resent being mere tools of US foreign policy although that is their proper and honorable role. The idea of an elite corps, of a small highly motivated group entrusted with the conduct of diplomacy, is anathema to them. Because of this abhorrence of a class system and plain old bureaucratic ambition a guerrilla war was waged between those who believed that diplomats were those who practiced the arts of negotiation, representation and reporting and those who thought diplomacy included being in charge of USIS films in Paris or the motor pool in Tokyo. We did not fight hard enough to protect our professional integrity and the Foreign Service became something with which we could no longer identify nor toward which we could feel an obligation, a sense of duty—responsibility. But, like 'civil service' or 'white collar workers' it became an impersonal, somewhat odious name which conjured up an image of an amorphous mass of workers related only in the fact that they all received little green salary checks."

"But, in whatever name, you cannot administer the abstract," Binney said.

"There are those, Binney, for whom every problem is reducible to questions of form and organization; there is no content, no intellectual intangibles. If we face problems in our relations with a foreign state they can be expressed in systematic formula and solved by a differential equation or perhaps a reorganization."

The large oak door to Cordoba's office opened. Adamba Knopf, a heavy set man in a pin stripe suit and waistcoat, entered the room.

"Cordoba, the démarche on the release of prisoners has just come in. Run it over to the Foreign Office, will you?" He tossed a small reel of tape on the desk.

"Should I listen to it first?" Cordoba asked.

"No need to do that; waste of time," Knopf said, "Binney, card this démarche as fulfilling political objective 604."

"Release of American prisoners?"

"Yes."

"But we've completed that objective a dozen times and we still don't have the prisoners. Some of them are growing old."

"We could requisition replacements," Cordoba suggested.

"Never mind," Knopf said, "Card it and deliver the démarche."

Binney watched until Knopf had left the room. "Was there always an Administrative Ambassador?" he asked.

"Oh no, after most administrative officers were made FSOs it was decided that they should be guaranteed a percentage of promotions equal to their percentage of total FSOs. Eventually, of course, they demanded and received a proportionate share of ambassadorships. Then when the JAG came in they were referred to as Adambas."

"Oh, the JAG came later," Binney said.

"Yes, it was born of irony. Originally the idea was to strengthen the authority of the Department over the conduct of foreign policy. High level committees of all the agencies involved in foreign activities were set up to provide State general supervision. Each agency exploited the new system as a vehicle to promote its own ideas on policy matters; an end run was thus made around the Department's own policy making apparatus. Personnel of the other agencies had already been integrated into the Foreign Service because it was administratively reasonable to have a unified system. The other agencies then grabbed the opportunity to establish their own planning boards to develop broad policy positions.

"Democracy is best and majority rule prevailed. The other agencies soon agreed that they required something abroad equivalent to their authority in Washington and eventually the Joint Ambassador Group was established; each agency maintained an Ambassador in each embassy. All were of equal rank although the Adamba still chairs the JAG."

"Isn't there some suggestion now that the chairmanship should rotate?"

Cordoba slipped the reel of tape in his coat pocket. "Inevitable," he said, glancing at the wall clock. "Come along, let's grab a bite to eat and then we'll go to the Foreign Office."

The two men strode down the blue carpeted stairs and into the bright sunshine which had dispersed the fog. They nodded to the gateman and walked up the steep road to the the top of the hill.

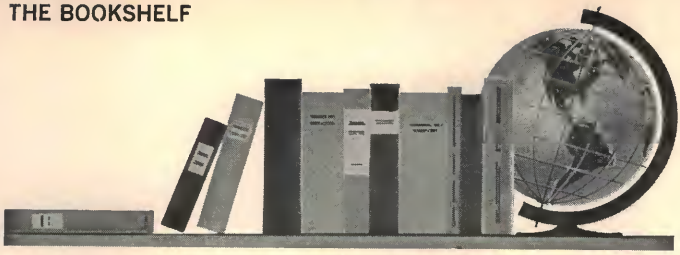
"But the test is whether it's worked or not, isn't it, Chester?" asked Binney. "What has it wrought?"

Cordoba gave forth a boisterous laugh so loud that ladies hanging laundry from bamboo poles stared numbly down from their balconies.

"That's a question for the ages, my boy. It depends on whether you look at it 100 or 1000 years from now, from New Cathay or from the planets of Sirius, from the point of view of the Board of Methodist Missions or from that of the Mandarin Committee."

Cordoba suddenly felt in a gay mood and threw his arm about Binney's shoulders. "Come on, I will treat you to a lobster."

At the top of the hill the two men sprinted and jumped aboard a cable car which moved slowly down the other side toward the bay and fisherman's wharf. ■



"Hell in a Very Small Place"

AMONG the few single battles that have been world-shaking (or, at least, empire-changing), Dien Bien Phu may be listed—along with Hastings, Waterloo, the Marne and Stalingrad. By their reduction of the fortress of Dien Bien Phu, the Viet Minh became the only guerrilla force to have defeated a major power on the battlefield. "That victory persuaded them later that similar tactics could win out even against the United States. The present 'Second Indochina War' is the result of the catastrophic defeat of the French at that last colonial bastion," Professor Bernard Fall of Howard University declares.

In his latest work on Vietnam, "Hell In A Very Small Place," Fall gives a definitive account of the siege of Dien Bien Phu. The authoritative quality of this 500-page history owes much to his having had direct access to classified files of the French Defense Ministry and to his interviewing a large number of participants in the battle. He went to North and South Vietnam, Algeria, France and elsewhere to talk with Dien Bien Phu veterans of many nationalities and different political views. Because of his own experience in the French military forces in the Indochina War, he interprets a monumental mass of information with insight and commitment. The reality of his story is enhanced by his assiduous attention to detail, including the provision of many maps and sketches of the terrain, military positions and movements, as well as many excellent photographs. This thoroughly documented report will be of especial value to the military historian; yet it will also please the non-military reader who is seriously interested in the Vietnam situation —as it was more than a decade ago and as it is today.

Although preoccupied with the military aspects of Dien Bien Phu, Fall discusses the diplomacy and disagreement among the United States, United Kingdom and France over the issue of crucial aid to the fortress. Relying primarily on no-longer-secret French and British sources, he seeks to give a coherent report on what exactly went on in the confused diplomatic exchanges at that time. He does not flatter American or British diplomatists; some of his interpretations are highly debatable.

In his opinion, ". . . a major American air effort around Dien Bien Phu in 1954 would have achieved a desirable military result and, hence, a worthwhile political result at Geneva." Nonetheless, he states: "Air power on a more massive scale than was then available could not have changed the outcome of the Indochina War, but it would have saved Dien Bien Phu." Fall then speculates that, if a decisive defeat at Dien Bien Phu had been avoided in 1954, Vietnam's history might have taken a less troubled course. "A North Vietnamese Communist state less conscious of its military superiority, and a South Vietnamese state less burdened by the shadow of crushing military defeat, might have been able to work out for themselves a fate which would not have led the world once more to the brink of war over Indochina."

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE, *by Bernard B. Fall. Lippincott, $8.95.*

The Viet Cong

THE great current interest in Vietnam has produced a gush of written material, of which very little is worth the reader's time or money. Most works generate more heat than light, and only an occasional volume adds anything meaningful to the small sum of public knowledge.

Mr. Pike's book easily qualifies as one of those few. It is in a sense a pioneer work, being the first book to focus exclusively on the Viet Cong. Based largely upon Viet Cong documents and interviews with Viet Cong prisoners and refugees, it was written by Mr. Pike during a year at M.I.T. between Saigon assignments.

The book's greatest strengths are its valuable and original insights into the ways of Vietnamese politics, and its lengthy and careful descriptions of Viet Cong operations at the local level. Mr. Pike documents the rise of the Viet Cong organization during the early years of the administration of President Diem, shows how the "National Liberation Front" superstructure was created and imposed, and describes in great detail how the Viet Cong are organized and how they move to control the population by terror and sophisticated organization. These parts of the book are valuable texts in the ways of communist operation in a fragile political setting. The absence of higher-echelon sources or of hard-core communist cadre material makes the book less useful as a study of the thinking of top communist figures, of Hanoi's general strategy, or of the means by which the shadow communist party moved from the beginning to direct the overtly non-communist front organization.

On the subject of Hanoi's direction of the Viet Cong, Mr. Pike points out that only Ho Chi Minh could have developed the Viet Cong organization. He shows how Hanoi moved to foment, exploit, and manage unrest in South Vietnam, and to permeate the Viet Cong organization more and more even to the lowest levels (though he uses some similes which are not consistent with this analysis because they imply increasing Viet Cong independence—such as the image of a father-son relationship between Hanoi and the Viet Cong).

There are numerous appendices detailing Viet Cong methods, in Viet Nam and abroad, and giving other related data.

—W. RICHARD SMYSER

VIET CONG, *by Douglas Pike. M.I.T. Press, $8.95.*

For De-escalation

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., "by profession an historian . . . by occasion a government official," writes on Vietnam and American Democracy in "The Bitter Heritage."

In discussing the US involvement in Vietnam, he declares that "the policy of 'one more step' lured the United States deeper and deeper into the morass. In retrospect, Vietnam is a triumph of the politics of inadvertence."

The growing risks and costs of the Vietnam war are being undertaken, he opines, because of "the idea that the war in Vietnam is not just a local conflict between Vietnamese but a fateful test of wills between China and the United States. . . . The premise of our Vietnam policy has been that the Viet Cong equal Hanoi and Hanoi equals Peking." He does not agree with this idea nor does he favor an escalation policy. He feels that the

latter's effect will be to "pulverize the political and institutional fabric which alone can give a South Vietnamese state that hope of independent survival which is our presumed aim. . . . Indeed, the most likely beneficiary of the smashed social structure of South Vietnam will be communism."

In proposing a middle course, one of de-escalation, Schlesinger states: "We *are* there, for better or for worse, and we must deal with the situation that exists. . . . Our precipitate withdrawal now would have ominous reverberations throughout Asia."

The war in Vietnam is a test of American democracy; we must not let its frustrations lead to a revival of McCarthyism. "The essential thing is to preserve mutual trust among ourselves as Americans. . . . Let us always distinguish between disagreement and disloyalty, between opposition and treason."

—Robert W. Rinden

The Bitter Heritage, *by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $3.95.*

In Search of Peace

What are the aims of American diplomacy in a world of diversity? What are American responsibilities and obligations toward establishing a workable world order? The answers to these and related questions may be found in Ambassador Cleveland's book, "The Obligations of Power," subtitled American Diplomacy in Search of Peace. In it, he stresses the need to make the world safe for diversity, delineates American policy in five crucial areas of international concern and offers a seven-point program of suggestions directed to American youth.

The chief merit of this book is the clear inside view it presents of the management of American foreign policy. Bookstores and libraries are full of books on foreign policy, international law and peace. College graduates and graduate students interested in the Foreign Service often consider themselves knowledgeable on foreign problems and issues but few have any practical conception of the actual workings of the Department of State or international organizations that deal with these problems constantly. In "The Obligations of Power," Harlan Cleveland, United States Ambassador to NATO, experienced administrator, publisher and educator, offers an informal guide, complete with lessons, historical background and explanations of the normal work involved in the hundreds of international conferences in which the United States Government participates. Citing specific examples and personal experience, he illustrates the power and sweep of America's obligations, describes the decision-making process in keeping the peace and the US participation in international cooperation in science, space, agriculture, telecommunications, labor, finance and other fields.

Although the general reader may be familiar with newspaper accounts of the more sensational happenings at the United Nations and its Specialized Agencies, how much does he know of his country's relationship and cooperation with these bodies? The same applies to NATO, the Common Market and foreign aid. With clarity and candor, this book does much to define and clarify American objectives and provides a coherent account of the workings of these organizations and activities.

The experienced Foreign Service officer may not find anything particularly new or original in the book but to a junior officer, the general reader, or the student, it should prove illuminating and instructive.

—Frank J. Lewand

The Obligations of Power, *by Harlan Cleveland. Harper & Row, $4.50.*

Opera: Boom or Bust?

In the last chapter of her new book on the opera Mary Jane Metz speculates on the future of the opera in the modern world and particularly in the United States. Although the author is not devoid of firm opinions, she ventures no firm answers to her own questions.

If the reader feels like speculating or reaching conclusions on his own, he will find that Mrs. Metz has done a powerful amount of research. There is a dazzling array of generalities and generalizations. The span of her information reaches from the claque in the ancient Greek theatre to the cost of theatre seats in Communist China. The heaviest concentration is, quite naturally, on the world of opera from Monteverdi to Luigi Mono.

Anyone interested in the evolution of opera and the current state of opera will find the book indispensable.

—Loren Carroll

Opera: Grand and Not So Grand, *by Mary Jane Metz. Morrow,* $5.95.

Zambia—Its Past and Present

Many African countries have come into the modern world as independent nations, literally, but not figuratively, without a history. Zambia, the former Northern Rhodesia, which in previous writings had been treated as a part of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland or of British East or Central Africa, has now found its historian. Richard Hall has written a well balanced account which chronicles events in an area in which there are traces of earliest known man. The background of the peoples and the land are vividly described. Early contacts with the Portuguese and later the British and South Africans are clearly related to the impact they had on the Africans. The tempo became more rapid when Cecil Rhodes moved in to carve up central Africa, forcing kings to sign treaties granting concessions they little understood. Effective white rule was established after scattered but fierce resistance; and settler domination was only partially mitigated by a distant British Colonial Office. When Northern Rhodesia was made part of the white Rhodesian dominated Federation, the Africans became determined to form their own state. Mr. Hall writes from his personal experience with the African nationalists and describes with understanding and sympathy the final drive to independence in the fall of 1964. The economic base of the country is not neglected, and entire sections are devoted to the copperbelt and an economic history of the area. Zambia is fortunate in having in Mr. Hall a sympathetic and capable chronicler. His book is indispensable to anyone wishing to understand this new country.

—Michael P. E. Hoyt

Zambia, *by Richard Hall. Praeger, $8.50.*

"There Is All Africa and Her Prodigies"

Africa by Basil Davison has a spectacular format: the photographs, many in color, by Werner Forman, are among the most distinguished to appear in any book during the last years. In substance, the book is also a triumph since it justifies its subtitle "History of a Continent." Beginning with "the green Sahara" of 1,000—2,000 B.C., it carries us through the Greek and Roman eras, the phase of "Trading Cities," the long period of colonization and the contemporary phase of almost complete independence.

Some of its specific merits are detailed maps showing the evolution of Africa's evolution, a map of the current situation, a good index and bibliography and, on the decorative side, brilliant colored photographs of the great Mosque of Kilwa, the ruins of Naletale in Rhodesia, a reproduction of an icon covering the door of a church in Gondar. Also worthy of

inclusion is a black and white sketch of Queen Nzinga of Matatamba using one of her servants as a chair.

—ADRIAN GRISWOLD

AFRICA, HISTORY OF A CONTINENT, *by Basil Davidson. Macmillan,* $25.00.

"Ordeal and Hope"

GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL became Army Chief of Staff on the same day in 1939 that Hitler's Armies invaded Poland. Between that date and the end of 1942 he transformed a pathetically weak US Army, consisting chiefly of a garrison force of scarcely 200,000 men, into a combat organization nearly 5,400,000 strong. In this volume, the second of a planned four-volume biography, Dr. Pogue describes how the job was done and traces the growth of the man responsible for it. In doing so he has produced an absorbing, concise and carefully researched narrative characterized by meticulous objectiveness.

To read this volume is to recall many of the fears and disasters that plagued the American people and their government as the comfortable assumptions of American military and foreign policy crumbled under the Axis drive for power. Today it seems incredible that the Selective Service system was saved by only one vote in the House of Representatives just a few months before Pearl Harbor. In recounting the intense political struggle to preserve the draft Dr. Pogue illuminates the growing public trust, particularly by the Congress, in the cold, rather austere figure of the Army Chief of Staff. Indeed, continuation of the draft was to a considerable extent a Congressional vote of confidence in him personally.

This one victory, however, did not relieve Marshall of the need to fight constantly for what he believed the nation needed. What he needed most —time to rearm—he was denied by the onward rush of events, but at least when Pearl Harbor came the foundation of military readiness had been laid. Then, as one disaster followed another in the Pacific, Marshall had to resist strenuously the frantic and often emotional pressures for a piecemeal, scattered dispersion into the Pacific of the meagre forces in being. He also had to stave off the increased demands by the British on their newly-acquired ally with its vast storehouse of resources. In these struggles he was generally successful, but to the day he died he had to bear the criticisms of those who contended that for personal or petty reasons, or [illegible] of a wrong-headed Europe-first strategy, he had virtually abandoned the Southwest Pacific to the Japanese. Dr. Pogue's account of what Marshall actually did to strengthen that theatre should lay the charge to rest once and for all.

Despite his increasing skill in the bureaucratic in-fighting in Washington and the growing high level regard for his judgment, Marshall did not win all the debates. He fought hard to open a second front in Europe by the end of 1942, but in the end he lost to Churchill who convinced the President that North Africa was the better theatre in which to strike the enemy. Normandy later demonstrated that the British were almost certainly right and that Marshall was wrong in his estimate of the forces that would have been needed in 1942 to establish and hold a bridgehead in France.

One of the most interesting aspects of this book is the light it sheds on Marshall's relationship with President Roosevelt. In time, the Army Chief came to appreciate the President's abilities and to understand better the problems of civilian leadership. This was particularly true after the Army and Marshall found themselves on the defensive in the uproar surrounding the Darlan agreement on North Africa. As the period covered by this book closes, however, it is clear that Marshall was uncomfortable in dealing with the President because of the latter's elusive and complex personality and penchant for novelty. On the other hand, his relations with Secretary of War Stimson were those of mutual esteem and confidence.

If he could not choose his civilian chiefs, Marshall could select his subordinates. He did so from his "little black book," and here the soundness of his judgment was to be vindicated repeatedly. Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton, Hodges, Clark: the list is an impressive one. He was also shrewd in his choice of men like McNarney, Smith and Somervell who ruthlessly chopped off the military deadwood that cluttered and clogged the Army Headquarters in Washington.

Thus, by the end of 1942 Marshall and the Army had both been transformed: the first into a national leader and the second into a powerful fighting machine. In telling the story of what happened to both Dr. Pogue has also illuminated the problem of leadership in a democracy under stress.

—JAMES J. BLAKE

GEORGE C. MARSHALL—ORDEAL AND HOPE, *1939-1942, by Forrest C. Pogue. Viking, $8.95.*

A Bankruptcy of Leadership

PETER TOMPKINS was an AP correspondent in Rome in 1940, and later in the OSS in the Mediterranean, both of which are all too obvious in this book. He cannot resist spicing up an otherwise compelling narrative with comments like "Genoese dandy always seen around town with the best-looking women"—speaking of the King's principal advisor, d'Acquarone. The author, drawing on his intimate knowledge of Italy under fascism, freely criticizes most of the decisions, both military and political, surrounding the Allied invasion of Italy and dealings with Italian leaders, fascist, royalist and anti-fascist. His reasons for criticism are most convincing, but he makes almost no attempt to ask why the Allies were so wrong. Were the British and Americans misinformed, misled by faulty principles or just stupid?

Tompkins' account of Italian history, 1940-44, is obviously colored strongly by his desire to show that the House of Savoia and practically everyone else who held political power in this period were corrupt pro-fascist opportunists with whom the Allies should have had no dealings. All this would demonstrate Tompkins was right when he advised the OSS to send him and others into Italy in early 1943 to organize the anti-fascists to take power from Il Duce. Thus, for example, in spite of Crown Prince Umberto's notorious anti-fascist sentiments, Tompkins asserts he turned to supporting Mussolini in 1940 and quotes as the sole "evidence" of this a public telegram of praise from Umberto.

In spite of these faults as history, this is a first-rate adventure story, better than many of the most popular fictional spy novels so widely read today. There is only one real hero in Tompkins' pack of villains, General Giacomo Carboni, who on his own initiative organized Italian military resistance to the Nazi troops in Rome at the time of the armistice, and was arrested by the Badoglio government on charges of failing to defend Rome! Again truth is shown stranger than fiction—no author would dare create such a complex mixture of conspiracy, betrayal, patriotic sacrifice, avarice and mysterious events. That the reader does not get hopelessly lost in this maze is a tribute to Tompkins' ability as a story teller.

With appropriate discounting for the author's prejudices (especially his antimonarchicism), this is not only an entertaining story, but a valuable source for historians who will try to draw lessons from this sorry chapter

of history. One of them will surely be the danger of military action abroad unguided by a thorough knowledge of the political realities of the foreign country.

—Douglas J. Harwood

Italy Betrayed, *by Peter Tompkins. Simon and Schuster, $6.50.*

Something for Everyone

Everyone who served in, with or near the Navy will find something of interest in S. E. Smith's anthology "The United States Navy in World War II." The 1000-plus pages of articles, press dispatches and historical accounts of naval battles and individual acts of heroism, woven together in logical order by time and theaters, constitute a fascinating record of the Navy's global contest. Whether one agrees it is a "history" in the accepted sense of the word, no one would deny that this big (and heavy) book is a valuable contribution to our history. Among the many writers whose stories, articles and reports are in this book are Ernie Pyle, Quentin Reynolds, Edward L. Beach, John Hersey and Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morrison, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize, who shares honors with Admirals King, Nimitz, Burke and Sherman, and General of the Army Douglas MacArthur.

This is the kind of book many will want to have readily available to help recall great moments and great deeds from Pearl Harbor to North Africa, from Guadalcanal to Normandy, from Corregidor to Tokyo Bay.

—Thomas S. Estes

The United States Navy in World War II, *compiled and edited by S. E. Smith. William Morrow and Co., $12.50.*

Would Orwell Agree?

Halfway to 1984 is a series of three short essays analyzing how much of George Orwell's gloomy prognosis has already come to pass and how much of it remains valid for the future.

As an active participant in political events since 1945, Lord Gladwyn has produced a lucid, convincing summary of post-war developments when Europe was in the center of the stage. Regarding the current situation, the author admits that Western Europe has failed to achieve its post-war promise of developing into a third superpower and of thus permitting a return to the balance of power system. He assumes, however, that the world power balance will remain largely in its present bipolarized condition until Western Europe ultimately fulfills its superstate promise. Recognizing that events in the Far and Middle East, Latin America and Africa have displaced Europe in world interest, he counsels the United States and other developed countries to treat these areas tolerantly and with generous assistance to encourage their development along whatever non-Communist lines they choose. Industrialization, which he holds to be a danger to advanced countries in its automated form, will be the ultimate savior of the less developed ones and eventually lead them to form industrialized communities of the kind he envisions for Europe. He believes that mainland China will go the way of the USSR, perhaps nibbling territorial bits from nearby countries, but eventually settling for semi-independent satellites as neighbors, if the United States ceases to be unduly concerned and lets nature take its course. He does, however, foresee a series of clashes between Communist China and the Soviet Union.

In his predictions for the future of the rest of the world, he sees a continuation of the nuclear stalemate, albeit with some proliferation which he views with equaminity as a stabilizing development. The Middle East will achieve a degree of unity and begin to industrialize, possibly with Israel as its central economic core. Africa will be redivided along tribal lines and white Africans will eventually find some solution to their racist problems. Latin America will still be muddling along in 1984, but well ahead of Africa. Overpopulation will not be a serious problem as industrialization will bring a decline in world birthrates and as food production vastly increases. The western countries will find future technological unemployment so enormous that much of their labor forces will become state-subsidized leisure classes.

Lord Gladwyn's unquestionable competence in the political affairs of Western Europe is not matched by a comprehension of the problems of the rest of the world. The reader cannot help but regret that he failed to limit himself to the geographic area he knows so well.

—Melville E. Osborne

Halfway to 1984, *by Gladwyn Jebb, Lord Gladwyn. Columbia University Press, $.395.*

What Need Does This Book Fill?

There is a dearth of up-to-date scholarly studies on Bulgaria, but William Cary's book "Bulgaria Today" does nothing to fill the void. The publisher states that Mr. Cary made two trips to Bulgaria and has had a varied career including service as an educator in New England, a refugee-relief worker in France and a participant in campaigns against nuclear testing and for disarmament. Mr. Cary acknowledges the assistance of several Bulgarian Government agencies in the preparation of his book.

The book itself consists of short sections on the history, economics, government, sociology and geography of Bulgaria, interspersed with reminiscences of the author's encounters with selected Bulgarians from various walks of life. The brief coverage of the geography of Bulgaria seems well-balanced. However, the only critical remarks about present-day Bulgaria to be found in Cary's book are from a speech by Bulgarian Party Chieftain and Prime Minister Todor Zhivkov. The author in fact has more to say on the problems of the United States than he does on the problems of Bulgaria.

Mr. Cary appears to have had a very good time on his two trips to Bulgaria, but the reviewer does not know whether the resulting book should be classified as fiction or tragedy.

—R.B.H.

Bulgaria Today—The Land and the People, *by William Cary. Exposition Press, $4.00.*

Two Indispensables

Ever since the first "The United States in World Affairs" made its appearance in 1931 it has become one of the necessary works in reference libraries. Each successive volume (it appears annually) has heightened its prestige. The 1965 volume which has now appeared is even better than its predecessors. It contains a concise account of all American activities in the international sphere during the year. Much space is naturally given to Viet-Nam. There are effective chapters on Latin American affairs, on Indonesia, Cyprus and so forth. A good index increases the book's value for reference purposes. A companion volume, "Documents on American Foreign Relations," has just appeared for 1964. It is a compendium of official statements, messages, communiques, etc., all grouped for easy reference. There is a good index. The possession of both books will save hours for anyone writing on foreign affairs.

—Chester R. Ibbott

The United States and World Affairs, *edited by Richard R. Stebbins, $6.95.* Documents on American Foreign Relations, 1964; *both published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper & Row.*

ROBERT E. WILSON

The Wanderwell Case

I suppose every consular post has its "best stories" that are told down through the years, and doubtless many of them are considerably improved in the telling. When I went to my first post, Mazatlán, Mexico, in 1936, I heard amusing anecdotes about some of the incidents which had arisen in connection with American yachts, mostly operating out of Los Angeles, and the Consulate's efforts to assist their owners and crews in distress. The most celebrated case was that of the *Wanderwell,* both because of the nature of the difficulties and because of the subsequent notoriety achieved by the owners.

The story I remember from 1936 was that in about 1930, at the peak of the depression, a group of unemployed actors, acrobats, and circus entertainers got together under the leadership of a couple of American adventurers named Walter and Aloha Wanderwell. They organized the Wanderwell-Good-Will-Work-your-way-around-the-World-Tour. The Wanderwells had somehow acquired possession of a ship, probably a large motor yacht, which they of course also named the *Wanderwell.* The idea was that the crew of entertainers was to put on shows in each foreign port of call, and the enterprise would therefore be self-supporting, if not outright profitable.

Mazatlán, as I recall, was the first port out of Los Angeles, and the *Wanderwell* and its well-meaning crew began to make inquiries about putting on their first show. Of course they sought the assistance of the American Consulate. Mr. and Mrs. Wanderwell and their entourage were not long in learning that there were many essential details that had been overlooked in their original planning, such as working permits, Mexican authorization for temporary admission of the actors and equipment, including trained animals; port fees; agents' fees; etc. And inasmuch as they were operating on a hand-to-mouth basis, not only did the whole plan turn out to be impractical, but the crew, the actors, and Mr. and Mrs. Wanderwell themselves became destitute. An American vessel was stranded in a foreign port without funds. The Consular Regulations contained little guidance to enable the Consul and his staff to extend the only kind of assistance—financial—which would expeditiously resolve this unorthodox shipping and welfare case. The Department, faced with depression budgetary problems, was unsympathetic.

Then, as I recall, one day a storm came up and broke the *Wanderwell* itself loose from its moorings, cast it on rocks near the harbor entrance, and reduced it to a total wreck, not worth the efforts of a salvage company, and the vessel was dismantled for payment of port and agent's fees and the useless hulk abandoned.

Eventually most of the actors and crewmen, and the Wanderwells, managed to obtain from friends, relatives, or actors' or seamen's relief organizations in the United States, sufficient funds to return by train to the United States. The Mazatlán Consulate's files contained copies of invoices of Returned American Goods covering such shipments as "six trained monkeys," "set of used trapezes," etc.

The owner of a trained seal was unable to transport his animal to the United States by train, because of the apparently insurmountable difficulties involved in taking tanks of water or otherwise arranging proper accommodations en route, and for some bureaucratic reason, it was impossible to sell or otherwise dispose of it legally in Mexican territory. When the Consular Regulations were carefully searched for some guidance to be followed in giving advice to the unfortunate owner, the only pertinent regulation seemed to be under the heading "Obsolete Seals," which were to be "obliterated or sunk in deep water." The latter alternative seemed the more humane, and the prized animal was turned loose in the bay, where it soon made itself at home. Even after I reached Mazatlán several years later I would occasionally see this lonely, well-educated seal swimming around the decaying hulk of the *Wanderwell* and begging for fish or other food from passing fishermen or tourists.

Former Consul Charles H. Derry now tells me the hulk I had understood to be that of the *Wanderwell* was that of some other yacht, also originally belonging to some Americans, and he has no idea what happened to the *Wanderwell,* if it was, indeed, wrecked and abandoned in Mazatlán. Oh well, why spoil a good story!

Anyhow, it must have been a couple of years after this that the Wanderwells again came into prominence. On December 5, 1932, "Captain" Walter Wanderwell was murdered in the cabin of his new yacht, the *Carma,* in Long Beach harbor. The newspapers from December, 1932, through February, 1933, were full of lurid reports of the death and the subsequent trial and acquittal of a man charged with the murder.

It seems that since leaving Mazatlán Wanderwell had managed to acquire the schooner *Carma* and to organize other tours. He led a tour to South America in 1931, at which time he had difficulties with a member of the crew, William J. (Curley) Guy, a young Welshman. Guy allegedly attempted to incite a mutiny among the crew and Wanderwell had him put ashore at Panama City.

In December, 1932, a new expedition was being planned to the South Pacific and fifteen men and women, who contributed their share of the expenses, had already joined the *Carma* at Long Beach. These included Cuthbert Wells, an English chief engineer, Eugenia Nobel, an actress, and Lord Edward Montagu, second son of the Duke of Manchester. Several of them were on board the night of December 5 when a man they identified as Guy came on board, asked

to see Captain Wanderwell, and was directed to his cabin. A few minutes later a shot was heard, the visitor had mysteriously disappeared, and Wanderwell was found dead in his stateroom. Guy was arrested a few days later, stood trial for the murder, and was acquitted by the jury February 15, 1933, mainly on the testimony of witnesses that he was in Glendale, 30 miles from Long Beach, at the time of the killing. The defense attorney succeeded in convincing the jury that lighting conditions on the *Carma* were such as to reduce the value of testimony of the three witnesses who had identified Guy as the stranger who had appeared at a porthole and asked for Wanderwell just before he was shot. After the trial, Guy was deported as an alien illegally in the United States, and the Wanderwell case remains one of the few unsolved murders in California crime annals.

Mrs. Wanderwell sold the *Carma* to the California Zoological Gardens. Three years later, in 1936, she was reported as heading an around-the-world film expedition, including visits to the little-known back country of Indo China. At that time she was said to be 27. She was 17 when she met Walter Wanderwell, who was born in Poland under the name of Valerian Johannes Plecynski. Wanderwell, according to the New York TIMES (December 7, 1932—12:1 and February 17, 1933—5:6) was an "international adventurer," a familiar figure in forty-three countries on four continents, and had been interned in a prison camp in Atlanta, Georgia, during World War I as a German spy suspect.

Sometime after I had settled down to the routine duties in the Consulate at Mazatlán, I became acquainted with a rather colorful individual who had come there to fill a position as pilot with a local commercial airline incorporated in Mexico but owned by an American citizen. This pilot, Eddie Delarm, talked and acted like an American. He looked more or less like a Mexican, but spoke no Spanish. He claimed to be a Mexican citizen born in Santa Rosalía, Baja California, of a French Canadian father and Mexican mother. He explained that he had been brought up in Los Angeles and that is why he had never learned Spanish. Anyhow, he had been able to obtain a Mexican pilot's license, normally restricted to native Mexican citizens, by virtue of his native citizenship.

Delarm was an excellent pilot, and well paid, with the result that some jealous Mexican pilots were doing their best to disprove his claim to Mexican citizenship. Apparently birth records at Santa Rosalía were conveniently non-existent at the time of his alleged birth, and there was no one to state authoritatively that he was not born there.

At about this time, as I recall, the magazine section of a Los Angeles newspaper came out with the story about Mrs. Wanderwell's latest wanderings in Indochina and included a full summary of the Wanderwell murder and trial of 1932-33. Consul Charles Derry happened to read it and noticed that the name of the witness whose testimony had provided the accused William "Curley" Guy his alibi was Edward Delarm, described as an Arapahoe Indian aviator (New York TIMES, February 17, 1933—5:6). It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Delarm and their daughter Juanita had testified that Guy was in their home in Glendale at the time of the shooting.

The identification of Delarm as a member of a native Colorado Indian tribe clearly indicated that he was probably born in the United States and not Mexico. I believe I was the one who sent the magazine over to Eddie's hotel. His Mexican rivals, or the authorities, were sure to learn about it sooner or later. Next day, Eddie's name was quietly dropped from the payroll of his airline, and he stopped by the Consulate to say goodbye before leaving for the States. He preferred to get out before he was thrown out, or maybe thrown into jail. I was sorry to see him go. He was a nice guy. ■

QUEST

(*Continued from page* 22)

country. I think we should review carefully the many programs now conducted by the State Department, the Agency for International Development, and the United States Information Agency—among others—to see if some tasks would not be better performed without official management and responsibility—even granted that public funds would still be needed to finance them.

This is not, I think, an impossible puzzle. For example, I would like to propose to the leaders of some of our large corporations and foundations that they consider suggesting to the Congress and to the Administration the establishment of an American Council for education and the industrial arts. The function of this Council would be to manage some of those overseas programs which now bear an official label. I would hope that the founders of such a Council would offer to match with private funds at least some of the public funds which would be needed.

The object would be to substitute technical management for bureaucratic management, and private contracts for official contracts. I think we would get better results if more of those who were giving technical help or training to foreign governments were under direct contract to those governments—and not under contract to an official agency of the US Government. I think there would be more continuity in the long run—a better chance that those giving help could stay on the job, get it done and then go home—if more of the managers were technicians, following their professions, and less wore the badge of diplomatic immunity. I think there would be less misunderstanding if more of those who were called on to justify the use of public monies were drawn from the sources of technical talent—from the universities, from the foundations and from our corporations—and less from the ranks of the civil service.

I wonder, too, if some of America's many stories would not be told more effectively abroad if fewer were told by those with official status and more by Americans and American institutions acting in their normal, unofficial capacity. The diplomats can and should be on tap always with guidance and advice—and perhaps with the power of veto. But do they have to be on top of all these activities? Can they do so and still perfect the art of diplomacy in our time?

We face the prospect in the immediate future of a serious division in our country over the conduct of foreign affairs—the first such division since the 1930's. There are those, in fact, who see the issue in the terms of the 1930's—in terms of isolationism and involvement. But this is not the issue. The profound impact of western civilization on the world, coupled with the fact of our great power, has eliminated the possibility of isolationism for all but the timid and the despairing. What we have to decide is how we can use the instruments of our power and influence to better preserve the peace and to more effectively help others to escape their historical predicament into a future more hopeful, more marked by accomplishment. This is the real issue all Presidents have to wrestle with these days. ■

(The foregoing is the main body of an address delivered by Mr. Black, Special Advisor to the President on Southeast Asian Economic and Social Development, at Wellesley College's Commencement on June 3, 1966.)

DILEMMAS

(*Continued from page* 25)

Evaluate these two men against a college graduate who quit a promising university assistantship to work with a minimal stipend in a voter registration drive among Negroes in a state of the South. Which of these candidates should be allowed in the Foreign Service and who is the most qualified? Should a man be ruled out because his cultural background is thin? Should another be barred because he has never had a paying job? Should another be rejected because he is actively associated with a controversial missionary cause in the South?

Then there is the additional and sometimes critical problem of a candidate with a foreign-born wife who is or soon will be a full-fledged American citizen. The precepts say that she, as well as her husband, should be a "normal, moderate well-adjusted person who in *appearance* and *conduct is representationally American* and a credit to the United States." (Italics mine). What foreign-born wife, I ask, is truly representationally American in appearance and conduct? Is a British-born wife in appearance more representationally American than a wife born in Italy, Mexico, Japan or Kenya? It is my prediction that as an increasing number of prospective candidates have previously traveled abroad or have served in the armed forces or the Peace Corps overseas, the number of so-called foreign wives will increase, and the BEX panelists will be forced to liberalize their standards of an acceptable wife for a future Foreign Service officer.

In judging the suitability of candidates as a member of oral panels or the Final Review Panels, I have been troubled by the mildness, the seeming blandness and the lack of forceful originality among so many candidates. The average young man (or woman), I realize, tends to be overly cautious when talking to a three-man oral panel of graying men for fear of appearing brash, cocky and ill-mannered. In this predicament, with so much of his future riding on every remark he makes, he may purposely curb his originality and muffle his opinions. Yet it is my contention that the natural inclination to timidity on the part of the candidate during the oral exam is not an adequate explanation for the uninspiring appearance and manner of so many young aspirants. The trouble, I believe, lies much deeper, and can mainly be attributed to the fact that few modern candidates for the Foreign Service have ever had a record of being participants in protest movements—of the right or left — now so prominent on many college campuses. Few have ever been beatniks, peaceniks, or Vietniks. Few have spent a hot summer in Mississippi or Alabama teaching reading and writing to Negroes young and old. Few have been associated with a slum area settlement or some program of the War on Poverty. Few have had rank-and-file trade union experience other than grudgingly becoming a member in a plant where labor and management have signed a union-shop agreement. On the other extreme, few have connections with the Young Republicans, the Goldwater enthusiasts of 1964, or the latter day John Birch Society.

The absence of protest-minded candidates or those who in one way or another are creatively critical of modern America at home and abroad may be attributed in part to the myth that the Department is seldom if ever an instrument of change but is instead a staunch defender of the *status quo* throughout the world. According to this popular myth the Department is the Establishment peopled by faceless, hard-working conformists bent on protecting American interests abroad and increasingly fearful of the accelerating winds of change in the developing nations of the world. This image of rigid and unimaginative conformity is the honest belief of many highly motivated college professors who are old enough to have tasted the bitter fruits of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, who now fear that the deepening Vietnam crisis will inevitably create a new wave of McCarthyism, and who therefore warn their more promising students against seeking a career in the

"stodgy" Department and advise them instead to seek professions where in their opinion a higher premium is placed on freedom and originality. These same professors may also be urging their better students to pursue graduate studies, to obtain a Ph.D. and to become professors themselves and critics of the Establishment from the outside.

One of the few movements on the modern campus which is beginning to channel the energies and ideal of youth toward useful Foreign Service careers and may in time have a profound effect upon the Department itself, is the Peace Corps. Since 1962, partly as a result of their experience of living and working abroad, learning a foreign language, and identifying themselves with peoples of other lands, more than 1,500 Peace Corps Volunteers have taken the Foreign Service written examination. Of these, 326 have passed it, 47 have successfully completed their orals, and 25 have to date (March 29, 1966) been certified for appointment or are actually full-fledged Foreign Service officers today. There are in addition an increasing number of candidates who are applying for the Foreign Service as a result of their experience overseas in the armed forces, as Fulbright Scholars, or as employees of the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations. The variety and past accomplishments of these more mature candidates will inevitably upgrade the quality of the younger officers.

Yet, despite these more hopeful signs of progress, I am convinced that many college graduates with dedication, imagination and intelligence are simply not attempting to enter our ranks today. Some are attracted to business by a promise of high salaries. Some are more challenged by the prospect of a university teaching career, which often will involve travel and assignments abroad. Some believe they will have greater freedom if they are employed by private foundations with programs overseas. And some, with or without well defined lifetime careers in mind, are simply turning their back on the Department, joining some reform movement and identifying themselves with the less privileged at home and sometimes abroad.

The Department is not seeking men and women with any particular set of beliefs, for it needs a variety of dedicated candidates—some with conservative convictions, others of moderate political persuasion, and some even who are decidedly Left-of-Center. We have many of the first two categories, but because of the legacy of McCarthy and the resulting myth that the Department puts a premium of conformity and being careful, we are simply not attracting candidates of the third category who will add needed leaven to the loaf.

In the meantime, while better methods of recruiting and public information about the Department are being devised, the hard working BEX panel members must continue failing some candidates and passing others. Each examiner, I find, has great difficulty freeing himself from his own particular set of prejudices—which too often constitute the major factor in determining a candidate's rejection or acceptance. If the examiner, for example, tends to be formal, he may have a negative response to a brash and opinionated candidate. If he thinks that the ranks of junior officers are already overloaded with horn-rimmed, professorial looking young men, a Ph.D. scholar is at a disadvantage and the rugged athlete or the Big Man On Campus has a built-in advantage. If he insists that every candidate must have a "rich" background in American culture, the aspirant from a family of modest means is in trouble. And if the examiner believes that every hopeful must have an encyclopedic knowledge of American history down to the minute details about dates and rivers and other trivia, the candidate with a dim memory is in jeopardy.

In summary, it is my belief that any conscientious BEX examiner must be aware of his own feet of clay, but he must also be aware that in a modest way he is helping to shape the Foreign Service of the future. ■

KINGA (*Continued from page* 38)

shovel blades. It is a sister of the treadmill in Agricola's portion of Wieliczka.

In my metallurgical musings, I had never hoped to see an old-fashioned "nailer." Maleniec still had one, a grizzled veteran who held the sheet of red iron in his clamps and submitted it to the square cutting jaws of the water-activated nail machine, turning it deftly with flicks of the wrist as each nail was chomped off by the inexorable jaws. There had once been charcoal-fueled blast furnaces at this relic site of the late 18th century, but they had long since yielded their lives to the modern coke-fueled giants at Nowa Huta.

Roman ruins—the old nailer—Cracow's modern furnaces—all belong to the history of the grompie. We drank many toasts to this impish sprite of the iron furnace.

And so, on to the banquet in the sublime domains of Kinga, whence cometh the salt and amber and iron ores for men above. The museum of the artifacts of Wieliczka is a series of long corridors housing the giant wooden salt pumps and treadmills and capstans of the past seven centuries of mining. There, some 900 feet underground, we also had a final look at the most magnificent specimens of crystals and stalactites to be found in Wieliczka.

In this charmed ninth circle of the funnel of Kinga, we were denied access only to the spirits of the Polish underground and to the wraith known only as "He" or "Him." "He" is a friend of the miner: he wears various guises, speaks with human voices, throws things at the passersby. "Friend," I kept reassuring myself, not "fiend."

With an invisible "Him" at our backs, all 800 delegates reassembled for the Don Giovannian climax—the banquet in the "Warsaw chamber," where the annual feast of the miners to Saint Barbara is held. We drifted—still unbelieving—into a gigantic tunnel of salt, at one end of which was a stage, at the other a quarried platform of green. The floor seemed one solid banquet table of white, attended by hundreds of waiters.

At the appointed moment, the dinner began, the waiters plying us with Polish vodka, even as the Cracow Philharmonic Symphony appeared on stage, and the choir of Cracow on the platform, each to answer the other in a litany of 17th and 18th century Polish music, in the style of Rameau. The sweet echoes of instruments and voices answering each other across the salty spaces were swelled into a grand refrain by the chorus of a thousand voices expressing the delights of international bonhomie over a sumptuous meal. The din rose to a gigantic pitch during the final speeches and awards, a subterranean dissonance of transporting qualities. Kinga had won over all of us to a unity—our newly-found Polish and Czech friends who sat interspersed with my fellow British and American delegates, the Russians further up our table.

The Congress broke up at the end of the banquet, each delegate to pursue his prior petty interests. I returned to Warsaw, eternally grateful to my Smithsonian sponsors for this introduction to Eastern Europe's romantically technical past and eager to meet the social scientists to whom the American Embassy had arranged an introduction for me. On the departing Polish Airlines (LOT) plane, I carried among my possessions, appropriately, a piece of salt, chunks of amber, a pocketful of square nails, numerous offprints on the grompies, and the Paderewski edition of Chopin's Waltzes.

As we flew over the Carpathians, marked with an occasional patch of snow (or was it salt?), our purser called out the names of the passengers in Polish. Each in his turn answered *Jestem,* meaning "I am," "It is I," or "Present" in Polish. To my Persian-trained ears the verbs "to be" echoed in all the Indo-European languages. Not knowing I was the only non-Pole aboard, they called out my name in Polish with the rest. I was happy to chorus my *Jestem,* too, as one whose personal history now holds some of the gladnesses and sadnesses and phantasmagoric whispers of that great culture that dwells upon (and beneath) the valley of the Vistula. ■

CARS (*Continued from page* 35)

car, and run into a lot of ferocious names, with prices to match, looking like they might cost an arm and a leg to keep up . . . maybe you're barking up the wrong tree." The hand-sculptured Karmann Ghia has all the earmarks of a sports car and the undeniable virtues of a Volkswagen built for two—28 miles per gallon, low oil consumption, 40,000 miles on a set of tires, independent torsion bar suspension, and a cruising speed of 82 mph—price about $2,500.

For the economy-minded there is also the Toyota Corona, a Japanese import priced at just under $2,000. According to a recent issue of MOTOR TREND, "spirited, miserly, rugged and comfortable, Corona boasts a host of no-cost extras; makes sense for American buyers."

The Toyota firm, the world's third largest manufacturer of commercial vehicles, is also introducing a two-wheel drive pick-up truck called the Stout, a willing work horse for campers and back country driving. Mention must also be made of Buick's German-built Opel Kadett, a strong contender in the low-priced field, which last year doubled its sales in the United States: East coast prices are $1,695 for the sedan, $1,905 for the Deluxe Sport Coupe, and $1,980 for the station wagon.

As might be foreseen, the price trend for most cars, is, like everything else today, higher. Keeping in mind that all figures represent only the manufacturer's suggested retail price, and do not include freight, State and local taxes, or optional equipment, here are a few statistics on the 1967 line-up: Rambler American 220, $2,142; Buick Special, $2,462; Chevelle Malibu, $2,400; Ford Fairlane, $2,339; Oldsmobile Cutlass, $2,552; Tempest Le Mans, $2,771; Chevrolet Impala, $2,828; Plymouth Fury I, $2,622; Buick Wildcat, $3,277; Chrysler New Yorker, $4,208; Dodge Monaco, $3,138; Pontiac Executive, $3,165; Mercury Montclair, $3,187; Cadillac De Ville, $5,625; Lincoln Continental, $5,975: Among the two-door hardtops: Mustang, $2,461; Charger, $3,128; Corvette, $4,353; the front-drive Toronado, $4,674. And in a lengthy list of handsome, commodious wagons—the choice is legion—prices run from the 6 cyl. 128 hp Rambler Americans and the 120 hp Chevy II around $2,500 to the beauteous Chrysler 8 cyl. 270 hp Town and Country at $4,264. Options and extras can up any of these price tags by a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, as the case may be.

There remains a word to be said about the luxury-class Cadillac, modestly advertised as the 1967 Standard of the World. Twelve imposing new models are making their debut this year, including the long-awaited, two-door, five passenger, front-drive Eldorado, "the finest personal car the world has ever known." The fancy Fleetwood Eldorado undoubtedly achieves a summit of some kind in dignity and distinction—as well as in price: $6,277. Only the Continental—"America's Most Distinguished Motorcar"—tries to dispute the crown in this category.

Conspicuously missing from this year's show, for reasons of its own, was Mercedes-Benz. This does not mean that the famed firm has decided to retreat from the American scene; on the contrary, Washington may soon be the setting for a special all-Mercedes display, giving an aggressive push to the new models: the 230 S, 230, 200 D, and 200; the 250 S, 250 SE, and 300 SE; perhaps even the fabulous 600 Saloon (maximum speed 127 mph). Of the glamorous new 250 series, priced around $6,500 in Washington, the late New York HERALD TRIBUNE printed this comment of its automotive correspondent, Leo Levine: "They are lower, sleeker, quicter, faster and more comfortable than their predecessors. Considering that the former Mercedes-Benz sedans were the world's best, that is saying quite a lot."

With that verdict, this writer would agree. It is a pity that the price barrier in fine motor cars, as in so many other things, prevents most people from enjoying the best. ■

FINANCE (*Continued from page* 18)

and actively promoted. M.I.T. is today one of the largest of the open-end funds with more than $2 billion in assets.

A GROWTH INDUSTRY

Following a period of slow acceptance during the depression years and one of marking time during World War II, there has followed a period of tremendous growth and innovation in the mutual fund industry. This growth has paralleled the great economic progress of the United States in the post World War II era and achievement of a high level of prosperity throughout the land. It has coincided with a long rise in common stock prices and helped satisfy the increasing desire of the public to invest in economic progress and defend their dollar against constant erosion through inflation. At the same time investment accomplishment and the development of convenient plans and services for the broad spectrum of investors have played a major supporting role in strong forward progress of this industry.

GROWTH OF MUTUAL FUNDS
(Dollar Figures in Millions)

Calendar Year End	Total Net Assets	Total Shareholder Accounts
1966	$34,829	7,700,000 est.*
1965	35,220	6,709,000
1960	17,026	4,897,600
1955	7,837	2,085,325
1950	2,531	938,651
1945	1,284	497,875
1940	448	296,056

Source of data: Investment Company Institute
* Represents approximately 3,900,000 shareholders

INVESTMENT COMPANY REGULATIONS

One of the real plus factors in favor of the investor in investment companies is the "public" image that each fund is required to maintain. There is no other investment medium that is as heavily regulated as mutual funds, both on a federal and a state level. Supervision extends all the way from the initial formation of the company to the manner in which day-to-day operations are conducted—all with the shareholders' interests in mind. There are regulatory procedures to cover periodic reporting to shareholders and such things as advertising and sales literature. Through the requirements of the regulating agencies, there is a wealth of data available on the funds, including comparative performance records. This regulation of the medium and the open view of mutual fund operations has helped to build a growing confidence in the industry.

Mutual Fund Benefits to the Investor

Mutual funds provide the investor with four major benefits:

1. *Full-Time Professional Investment Management*

It is beyond the capacity of any one individual to keep abreast of, much less study and analyze, the almost infinite variety of factors which influence the level and trend of general business and security prices. Successful investing, therefore, tends increasingly to depend upon an organizational approach which utilizes the skills and talents of a group of highly trained specialists. Mutual funds now provide investment management of this character to even the smallest investor when he becomes a shareholder.

2. *Diversification of Risk and Capital*

The average smaller investor by definition does not have the resources available to secure adequate diversification for his capital if he chooses to own stocks and bonds directly. In this connection, it should be noted that in addition to diversification of risks, there is also a very positive and constructive reason for diversification of capital on the basis of the varied opportunities which exist among different companies and industries.

3. *Convenience*

Ownership of mutual fund shares materially simplifies the mechanics of an investment program. The shareholder has an investment in many securities but only one certificate to handle. If he is enrolled in a periodic purchase plan, even this can be left with a bank custodian so that no safety-deposit box is required. The shareholder need not concern himself with brokerage details—all this is taken care of by the fund's managers. The matter of record-keeping is made as simple as possible since the shareholder annually receives from the fund's managers all the information required in connection with calculating the taxability of dividends he has received during the year. Since management of the fund's capital is continuous, neither death nor incapacity need interrupt the supervision of his capital.

4. *Professional Services at Moderate Cost*

The managers of *all* mutual funds charge an annual management fee for their services. This fee is based on the average of the total net assets under supervision and generally amounts to 1/8 of 1 percent quarterly. This fee is an operating expense of the fund, and as such is deducted from the income available for dividend payments. Thus for each $1,000 invested in mutual fund shares, the shareholder obtains the benefit of a professional investment management organization for a management fee of only about $5 annually.

The next column, appearing in the June issue, will discuss the various types of mutual funds, the difference between "load" funds and "no-load" funds, and finally, the types of investment plans which are available to mutual fund investors such as Periodic Purchase Plans and Systematic Withdrawal Plans. ■

NIGHT FLIGHT — (NICE)

SANDY WHITTINGHILL

Cauldron of witch lights—ice-blue: red: gold: green:
The long sleek shapes crouching with leashed power
Panting—to devour space, time-between, distance,
Across the lazy Mediterranean.
Blue, of course—a calm, star-studded lake
Half-orange moon laying its spangled path.
The runways—chaste, cold, white victims
Indifferently waiting the roaring monster.

"Faites vos jeux, Mesdames et Messieurs—
Hong Kong, Ghana, Montevideo?
A la sortie No. 8, s'il vous plait.
Ecoute — point-fixe: — .....et BOOM

And off she goes
With all the magic of the Odyssey,
Across now charted seas.

Comments on the Argyris Report

I wish I thought the reaction to the Argyris article in the JOURNAL—and to the CISR booklet from which it was taken and which is more balanced—would be along the lines that just possibly Argyris has something. Instead I suspect we shall hear outraged disavowals of its validity and loud disparagement of his method.

The Service would do well to look on the report, without blanket acceptance of the findings or endorsement of the conclusions, as a helpful indicator of some possible "causes of organizational ineffectiveness within the Department of State" and, with a willingness to accept change and to explore innovation, see what might be done.

Not since the framing of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 has the Service taken a thorough, objective look at itself, rather than have others do the looking. Surely such a review is now timely and Argyris's findings could be contributive.

Argyris says that he came to respect the qualities in Foreign Service officers exemplified by "their willingness to dig deeply into their own organization in order to set the foundation for its future development." I hope he is right.

FISHER HOWE

Washington

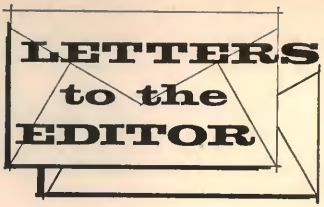
Asbestos Mailbags

YOUR mail on Dr. Argyris' article may indicate whether or not Foreign Service officers are as withdrawn and careful about openly disagreeing as Dr. Argyris asserts. If corridor comments are a barometer, your mail should be much heavier than usual and an asbestos mailbag may be necessary. Is this the long sought provocative article? Many believe it should have been kept "in house."

I leave to others comment on Dr. Argyris's methodology and rebutting, refuting, or agreeing with his conclusions, all of which I do not accept.

I understand that the program for Action for Organization Development (ACORD) is an attempt to do what Dr. Argyris recommends, i.e., apply new knowledge and insights so that State, as an organization, can be made more effective. As a genuine volunteer to the one week December happening on the Eastern Shore and as a participant in several workshops, I believe this program can contribute to improving "the living system."

My impression is that the one week group with which I was isolated was more successful, if that is the proper word, than most others of which I have heard. Could this have been because none of us worked for the other, because our ages varied from twenty-three to fifty-six, because we ranged from FSO-1 to the equivalent of FSO-8, and because our trainer was not manipulative and made clear he was not present to undertake psychotherapy? All of us, in varying degrees, gained an appreciation of how others "read" us and whether or not we "come through loud and clear." I doubt that anyone's basic pattern of behavior was changed. I



believe such experiences can be useful and helpful. The volunteer principle should be rigidly maintained, which has not been the case. Individuals with psychological problems should not expect such gatherings to provide appropriate therapy. On the other hand, in a period of budgetary stringency, one might ask if resources going into this part of the program could better be used elsewhere.

The workshops, conducted under ACORD, have many advantages over most of the meetings one attends. True, a workshop risks becoming a marathon talk fest, but its atmosphere of candor can lead to imaginative thinking and solutions. I would like to see meetings become less meetings as we know them and more workshops in the ACORD spirit.

ALEXANDER J. DAVIT
Washington

Columbus Made Waves

CHRIS ARGYRIS asks: "Do you recognize yourself?" I would answer: "Not exactly." I use these words because it seems to me that the methods and the concept of management of behavioral science, as they have been applied to the Department of State, have distorted its image. They are rather like those curved mirrors in amusement parks which make the reflection bulge out in one way and shoot up in another.

I note that Chris Argyris' conclusions are based on only three conferences at Airlie House totalling 52 officers, all Class II or above. This seems a rather small base out of an officer corps of 3,523 plus 879 reserve officers and 87 Presidential appointments. It includes none from the important middle and junior groups.

I myself and nineteen other inspectors attended a conference at Airlie House last January. We broke up into two groups of ten each for more relaxed discussion, reassembling from time to time into one group which at the end of six days had made remarkable progress.

We had the benefit of two excellent trainers. However, they would be the first to admit that they had little or no previous knowledge about the Department of State and the Foreign Service as to its organization, its relationships, its jargon, or its personnel. They had virtually no advance briefing; we solved these problems by treating them as constituent members of the group.

The point of this comment is that what is said at management conferences is capable of being misunderstood or taken out of context, unless the trainers understand in some depth the organization and the personnel in question.

We made no record of our meetings at Airlie House—in fact it was an off-the-record exchange of personal views. We did not attempt to reach final conclusions there. Much of the discussion was critical of the Department of State and the Foreign Service, but references to timid behavior and to lack of confidence among officers were conspicuous by their almost complete absence compared with the results of Chris Argyris' three conferences. I am thus prompted to suggest that further meetings of other groups of officers might lead to still other results and that the findings from each should be brought together and merged before conclusions of only a small segment are formulated and printed for distribution.

Beyond these comments as to methods, I would like to add a word about behavioral science's concept of management of Theory X as opposed to Theory Y. Douglas McGregor makes a persuasive case in "The Human Side of Enterprise." There seems little doubt of the value of Theory Y in industry where results can be measured in monetary terms. The value of Theory Y in Government, at least in the Department of State, may be more difficult to gauge because we deal in ideas and political concepts and the results may not be added up at the end of each month. Government cannot be run by committee. Ships cannot be sailed by a committee of sailors. Columbus would never have found the new world if he had had to obtain the approval of his seamen each day. Perhaps if he had relied on them for decision, they would have urged him "not to make waves." There is a chain of command built into Government from the President as Commander-in-Chief on down; there is wide freedom for action, but there is also a necessary discipline and acceptance of decision. I suggest Theory Y and Theory X are in practice being combined in Washington and that we should continue to push for greater cooperation at various levels within the Government which is the essence of Theory Y in the framework of Theory X.

These are the distortions—both in methods and in concept of management—which may be seen in the curved mirrors of Chris Argyris' conclusions. Once these distortions are corrected, the real image of the Department of State and the Foreign Service will, I am sure, appear more clearly.

Chris Argyris' article is entitled "Some Causes of Organizational Ineffectiveness Within the Department of State." Some of the faults therein mentioned may actually exist, but I believe that the principal reasons for "organizational ineffectiveness" may be found elsewhere. They may be found in the many changes which have taken place over the years in the management of the Foreign Service, and in the general lack of understanding in business, in universities, in the public, and even other branches of the Government of what the Foreign Service is and what its duties are.

FRASER WILKINS
Inspector General
Washington

Later comments on the Argyris report will appear in May.

What the JOURNAL Should Be

THE Foreign Service does not at present have an image of professionalism in the broader American community concerned with foreign policy. The Foreign Service officer is probably most generally viewed as a civil servant, a bureaucrat, or some sort of international dilettante. He is seldom viewed as a serious thinker about foreign policy issues. A number of remedies to this situation are available. In this memorandum I deal with only one, the Foreign Service JOURNAL.

Most professional organizations use their professional organ to disseminate the newest ideas in their field, to stimulate controversy about their profession and to add some luster to their professional image. All of these publications have a serious and relatively conservative format. They are subscribed to by universities, centers of research, and made available to both students and professors as serious reference sources.

In contrast to this type of professional publication, the Foreign Service JOURNAL is quite literally a slick magazine. Little space is given over to the debate of issues which are central to diplomacy, that is, foreign policy questions. Articles which have any controversial flavor usually deal with the "safe" subjects such as administration or personnel. The occasional arti-

cle on foreign policy is usually by an outside authority. I, therefore, recommend the following:

1. That the Foreign Service JOURNAL either be supplemented by or changed to have the more formal format of a professional journal (i.e. the ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE or FOREIGN AFFAIRS).

2. That articles be actively solicited from the membership, especially from individuals having special knowledge and competence in areas of current foreign policy interest.

3. When these articles are of a controversial nature or might cause the individual writing them difficulties in carrying out his professional responsibilities vis-a-vis foreign countries, the Board of the JOURNAL should publish articles anonymously or under a pseudonym and give all due protection to the identity of the writer regardless of what pressures might be applied both within the US Government or outside of it. As an alternative to the above procedure, the Board could consider publishing articles which would be contributed anonymously or under a pseudonym.

4. Should it not be decided to change the present format of the JOURNAL as suggested, then perhaps a new publication on a quarterly basis could be considered to incorporate the features mentioned above.

CURTIS C. CUTTER

Washington

Those Halcyon Days

I WAS amused by the article, "Chief Byington" by the Foreign Service's historian, James B. Stewart (November 1966). I am not sure, however, that critics of the Department (who have been omnipresent in the 20 years I have worked for the Department) would be similarly amused.

According to Mr. Stewart, Mr. Byington ran Personnel in a somewhat benign and disorganized fashion. The impression is left that the Chief of Personnel had a continuous open-door-come-in policy and a gourmet's delight in seeking seafood in season for relaxed luncheons. Assignments to posts were arrived at in haphazard fashion, more likely than not at the whim of the benign Chief, and a Consul's hunting habits (sans permission) were likely to be blown up to "case" proportions at the AAB meetings.

I fail to see, then, why such dismay is expressed in Bernhard Bechhoefer's article, "1946 Revisited," when antiquated and even ridiculous legislation regarding the Foreign Service was "suddenly" found to be on the books. After all, the old time Chiefs of Personnel weren't interested in management and organization. How could they be? They were too busy rounding up seasonal delicacies, watching pigeons and avoiding traffic cops.

The old days may have been good all right, but it should be abundantly clear by now that the prevailing lethargic disinterest in even elemental management and organization principles has added substance to the repeated and never-ending criticism of the Department. Articles such as this only tend to give basis and justification for such criticism.

At any rate, let's stop knocking the modern concept of computers and organizational systems as opposed to the more "personal" method of personnel operations and labeling it all "the good old days."

EVA A. MCKAY

Washington

"Gabble, Gobble and Git"

RECENT rounds of holiday merriment here (our house included) prompted the following lines, which you may wish to share with your readers:

Cocktails, 6:30-8:30
(*with apologies to Robert Frost*)

The Cocktail Party made a mighty din.
Late guests tripped over others coming in.
The smoke lay low and heavy in the skies.
An added irritant to bloodshot eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The whole of Belgrade, lured on by the whiff
Of drinks and snacks, were coming, pleasure-bent.
It looked as if a night of wild intent
Were coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared to gauge
The impact of such frolics on the nation
And upon the world situation.
There would be more than cocktail glasses broken
Before our hostess' last "good night" was spoken.

RUSSELL O. PRICKETT

Belgrade

To Help Restore Italian Flood Damage

THE other day while visiting the offices of the JOURNAL, I mentioned my interest in Italian flood relief and you thereupon permitted me to read an excellent article entitled "Dark Is the Day," by Jean McKenney Stoddard.

Would you permit me to tell your readers that in Florence alone experts estimate that it will take a minimum of 20 years to restore the paintings, frescoes and sculptures damaged by the flood waters, oil and debris. In addition, much time and effort must be expended on rescuing the tens of thousands of damaged books, manuscripts, and archives, not to mention buildings and monuments.

In an effort to cope with this crisis a nationwide Committee to Rescue Italian Art has just been set up. Any reader who wishes to contribute may send a check made out to CRIA and mail it to the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. 20565. Contributions to CRIA are tax deductible.

ADRIAN S. POOLE

Washington, D. C.

"Keep talking about the 'Great Society' while I find out whose tanks those are."

THE OLD AMBASSADOR

Well, now that you mention it . . .

the Foreign Service <u>was</u> a lot tougher in the old days.

Sometimes, five or six receptions a night,

a great many ticklish problems to solve,

and all this in the face of many . . . distractions!

Now, that I've served as Chief of Mission in several posts,

my advice to you youngsters just starting out in the Service is . . .

Work hard, play hard and . . . don't get caught!

or: Never let <u>work</u> interfere with your enjoyment of the good things in life!

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now includes breakage in transit

YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED TO COMPREHENSIVE HOMEOWNERS TYPE POLICIES AT HOME— WHY NOT IN YOUR FOREIGN RESIDENCE?

TRAVEL-PAK INSURES YOU AGAINST THE FOLLOWING:

"ALL RISK" PERSONAL EFFECTS INSURANCE

- Breakage
- Shipping losses (marine, air, rail, etc.)
- General average and salvage contributions
- War risks (while in transit)
- Marring, denting, chipping and scratching
- Theft
- Pilferage
- Vandalism
- Disappearance
- Fire
- Lightning
- Windstorm
- Hurricane
- Typhoon
- Explosion
- Flood
- Earthquake

& COMPREHENSIVE INTERNATIONAL PERSONAL LIABILITY INSURANCE

- Bodily injury liability
- Property damage liability
- Employer's liability (servants, etc.)
- Tenants' liability
- Sports liability
- Fire legal liability (liability to landlords)
- Pets' liability

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① **COMPREHENSIVE COVERAGE.** Broad "All Risk" personal effects coverage . . . plus a special international comprehensive personal liability insurance . . . from $25,000 to $100,000. All in one convenient package.

② **SAVINGS.** Special rates for those in Government Service *plus* the economies of the package insurance concept make TRAVEL-PAK your best foreign insurance buy. COMPARE! Annual rate on personal effects is 1.4%. Premium discounts reduce the effective rate to 1.225% for two-year policies and 1.167% for 3-year policies.

③ **ALLOWANCE FOR YOUR PRESENT INSURANCE.** There is no need for you to wait for your present insurance to expire to apply for this broader coverage. We'll give you a premium credit for any personal effects insurance you already have.

④ **CONFIDENCE.** Your policy will be underwritten by **Lloyd's London** Underwriters—world renowned for security.

⑤ **BREAKAGE INCLUDED.** Your valuable articles are insured against breakage in transit provided they have been professionally packed.

⑥ **WORLD-WIDE CLAIMS SERVICE.** We offer the promptest possible payment of claims, for TRAVEL-PAK operates through the world's largest personal insurance claims network with claims contact points in over 200 cities throughout the world . . . including Eastern Europe.

⑦ **CONVENIENCE.** TRAVEL-PAK is just one easy-to-understand policy that covers your property and liability needs. You deal with just one experienced firm.

⑧ **NON-CANCELLABLE PROTECTION.** *The Underwriters cannot cancel your coverage during the normal term of the policy except in the case of fraudulent declaration or claim or for non-payment of premium.*

We also have excellent facilities for your Life, Accident, Health, Home, Auto, and Marine insurance requirements—at home or abroad.

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