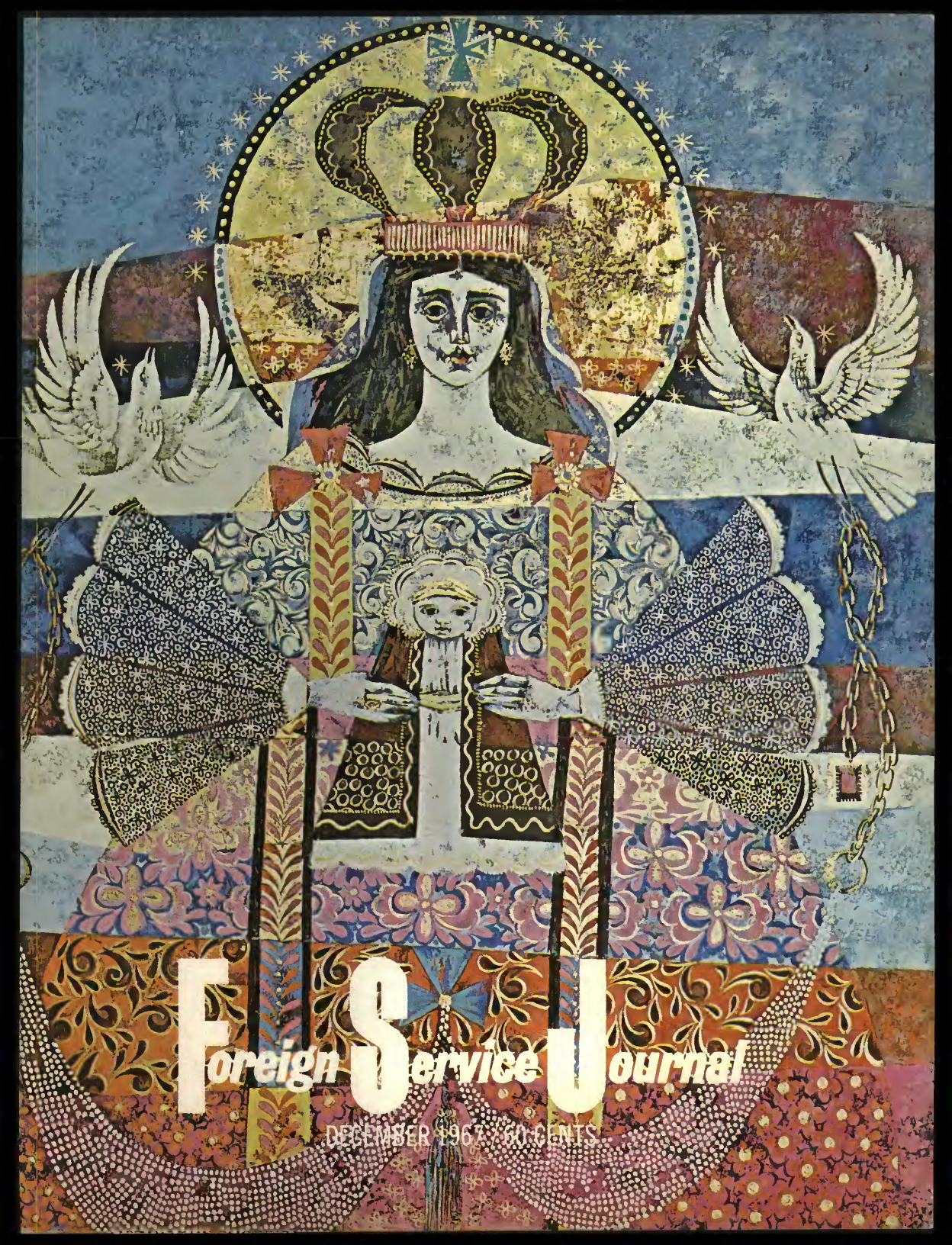




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DECEMBER 1967 / 60 CENTS



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

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

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

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Awards

FOY D. KOHLER, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, received the Rockefeller Foundation Award in the field of Foreign Service. Ambassador Kohler has had a long, distinguished and varied career in the Foreign Service beginning in 1931. Newspaper readers know him best for the seven years he spent in the Soviet Union—from 1947 to 1949 as Counselor of Embassy with the personal rank of Minister and as Ambassador from 1962 to 1966. He has also served in Roumania, Greece, Turkey and Canada.

During World War II when he was a junior officer, he laid the groundwork for Greek war relief and organized the Allied Mission to observe Greek elections. He spent four years (1949-1953) as Chief of the Voice of America, for which he received the 1952 Superior Service Award.

Ambassador Kohler reached the rank of Career Minister in 1959 and was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs that same year. In 1961 President Kennedy assigned him to head the Berlin Task Force to handle the urgent problems created by the building of the Berlin Wall.

It is to recognize outstanding achievement by career federal officials that John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, has financed the annual awards administered by Princeton University. The prize carries a cash award of \$10,000.

Marriages

JAGO-BEAUCHAMP. Craig Carolin Jago, daughter of FSO-retired and Mrs. John W. Jago was married to Lee Normand Beauchamp, on August 19, in Laguna Beach, California.

STEINBERG-GERLACH. Brigitte Steinberg was married to FSO Frederick H. Gerlach on October 21, in Olney, Maryland.

Births

BOONSTRA. A daughter, Tara Elena, born to Ambassador and Mrs. Clarence Boonstra, on October 23, in San Jose.

SIPPRELLE. A son, Mark Sheldon, born to FSO and Mrs. Dudley G. Sipprelle, on October 9, in Göteborg.

Deaths

BOUCHER. Hiram A. Boucher, FSO-retired, died on November 9, in Rockville. Mr. Boucher, a member of the American Foreign Service Association since 1922, entered the Foreign Service in 1920 and served at Barcelona, Dublin, Cork, Rome, Geneva, Auckland, Rio de Janeiro and as Consul General at Canton, before his retirement in 1949. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Rosa Stokes Boucher, two daughters, Mrs. Bryce E. Tingle and Valerie Boucher, and two sons, Frank and Melville Boucher.

GATEWOOD. Merle Gatewood, wife of FSO-retired Richard D. Gatewood, died on October 11, in New York City. She is survived by her husband, 185 West End Avenue, Apt. 15-D, New York 10023.

MCENELLY. Thomas McEnelly, FSO-retired, died on October 31, in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Mr. McEnelly, a member of the American Foreign Service Association since 1920, entered the Foreign Service in 1914 and served at Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Frontera, Matanzas, Buenaventura, Chihuahua, Ciudad Juarez, Singapore, Palermo, Rome, Tampico and as Consul General at Dublin and Lisbon before his retirement in 1949. He is survived by his widow of 330 Brambleton Ave., Norfolk, Virginia 23510.

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Among Our Contributors

The Peruvian madonna which adorns our cover is the work of BARBARA P. EBERSOLE, wife of Robert K. Ebersole. Mrs. Ebersole also contributed the mosaic on our cover of April, 1966. The Ebersoles are now in Santiago, Chile. The original painting is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Matuson and only the top portion has been reproduced.

MARY STUART, making another appearance with some trenchant remarks in "Build Thee More Stately Mansions," on page 25, has surveyed the Foreign Service scene for some 25 years. She says she generally manages to remain quiet, but every now and then "comes all over queer," as the English say, and an article results.

This issue numbers several contributions by Foreign Service wives, and another is DOROTHY PAYNE BOERNER, the wife of FSO Michael P. Boerner. Mrs. Boerner, who deals with gamesmanship in the Foreign Service on page 32, is the mother of four children who were born and raised in such varied posts as Dusseldorf, Washington, Asuncion, La Paz and Bonn. She has a BA from Oberlin and an MA in history from Northwestern.

JANE CARSWELL CORRIGAN, author of "Survive!" on page 26, is the wife of Robert F. Corrigan, Political Advisor to the Commander-in-Chief, US Southern Command, Panama. Mrs. Corrigan is from Glens Falls, New York and attended Mt. Holyoke and the University of Geneva, where she met her husband who was then stationed in Germany. Her current activities include the care of five children and the Chairmanship of the Red Cross Volunteers at Gorgas Hospital, Canal Zone.

SHELBY WILLIAMS ALLEN, whose travels from Tananarive to the Indian Ocean are chronicled on page 22, attended Middlebury College, the Sorbonne and Columbia University. She has accompanied her husband to posts at Hamburg, Bad Godesberg, Madagascar and now Dahomey, teaching English in all posts. She is now teaching at the Lycée Technique in Abidjan. Mrs. Allen and her two children are planning other junkets in Africa with tent, "although unhappily not the same one and not with the same marvelous companions."

JAMES A. RAMSEY, a former Foreign Service officer and frequent contributor to the JOURNAL, has been closely studying the German scene for many years. In his article, "Germany and Europe," page 18, he offers his views on how the problems of that country might be solved within the context of changing historical relationships.

MALCOLM McLEAN has been with the USIA for 12 years, joining in 1955 and leaving for Korea soon thereafter. He served as BPAO in Pusan from 1955-57; Information Officer at the Consulate General in Brazil 1958-60, CPAO in Santo Domingo 1961-65. Mr. McLean was on loan to the Junior Officer Program in the Department from October 1965 until August 1966 at which time he went to the National War College. "The Thrusts and Boggles of Outrageous Escalation," page 39, dates from that experience. Mr. McLean is now the Special Assistant to the Deputy Director of USIA, as well as being a husband and father of three boys aged 10, 8 and 6.

THOMAS D. BOYATT, who contributed his thoughts on "The Case for Traditional Diplomacy," page 36, received his BA from Princeton and his MA from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. He entered the Foreign Service in 1959 and has served at Antofagasta and Luxembourg, as well as having been detailed to the Department of the Treasury. Mr. Boyatt is now taking Greek language training at FSI.



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Memorandum from AFSA Board

TALKS WITH TOP FOREIGN AFFAIRS OFFICIALS

Members of the new Board of Directors of the Foreign Service Association are making a series of calls on top State, USIA, and AID officials to acquaint them with the goals of the new Board.

The new Board is using the report of the Career Principles Committee, under the chairmanship of Ambassador William Leonhart, as a basis for discussion in these calls. Ambassador Leonhart's Committee submitted the paper to the Board on October 5 after nine months of work. The paper urges immediate attention to matters of administration and personnel to prepare the Foreign Service for the next decade. The text of the Leonhart Committee's report was carried in the November issue of the *FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL*.

During the last two weeks of October, Under Secretary Katzenbach, Deputy Under Secretary Rimestad, and AID Administrator Gaud met separately with representatives of the Board to discuss the Leonhart Report as well as other matters of mutual concern. All of the meetings tended to concentrate on the widespread concern felt in many quarters



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about the handling of senior officer assignments, inequities among the various foreign affairs agencies and the need to prepare the personnel system for the increasing demands that will be placed on the foreign service in the next decade. The atmosphere at these talks was reflected in Mr. Katzenbach's shirt-sleeved, give-and-take seminar; Mr. Rimestad's frank description of some of the problems confronting the Department; and Mr. Gaud's pungent, terse comments on AID and other matters. More meetings are planned for the future, including sessions later in the fall with Secretary of State Rusk and USIA Director Leonard H. Marks.

Messrs. Katzenbach and Rimestad designated members of their staffs to consult with the Board on a regular basis, and monthly meetings with Mr. Rimestad are contemplated. It is intended that future meetings will deal with specific problems either stemming from the Career Principles Report or those immediately confronting the administrators of the foreign services.

PRESS AND CONGRESSIONAL COMMENT ON AFSA

The *NEW YORK TIMES* devoted 31 column inches to its September 29 story reporting President Kohler's speech to the AFSA general meeting and to an analysis of the "write-in" elections.

Senator J. William Fulbright, in reading the *TIMES* story into the *CONGRESSIONAL RECORD*, stated "this development strikes me as a good sign for the future of the Foreign Service."

Senator John Sherman Cooper similarly read Mr. Kohler's entire speech into the *RECORD*, noting that the AFSA president's address "recognizes a hopeful new spirit in the Foreign Service." Senator Cooper predicted that the desire to lead and participate in the future would contribute to "the needed strengthening of the Foreign Service."

The *WASHINGTON STAR*, with expansive editorial license, headlined its report: "Young Turks Capture Foreign Service

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Unit" despite the fact that the STAR's diplomatic correspondent Jeremiah O'Leary was pointing out that the AFSA "activists" do not expect to inject the Association into foreign policy but rather into the Foreign Service as an instrumentality of policy. The BALTIMORE SUN concentrated on what it saw as an effort to revitalize the "image" of the Foreign Service.

The CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR gave AFSA developments 22 column inches in its September 30 story entitled "U.S. Foreign Service Stirrs." David Willis, the MONITOR's State Department correspondent, called Mr. Kohler's address "a blunt speech" and observed that "the new Association board reflects a certain desire within the government, too, to look at new ways and new means." "Ideas," Mr. Willis concluded, "are still in the formative stage—but they are there."

THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER called the "Un peu de zèle" campaign "a deceptively quiet but spectacularly expert act of revolution." John Leacacos, the PLAIN DEALER's Washington Bureau chief, wrote that "the election's significance goes far beyond mere backroom lodge politics among the Elks and Oddfellows." Mr. Leacacos, wound up his account of the Group of 18's efforts by saying "everybody owes them a cheer and a beer."

The anonymous AFSA spokesman who was cited in many of the news stories, declined to comment on the offer of beer. Instead, he silently displayed a roster of FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL advertisers.

PRESIDENT'S CORRESPONDENCE

*The Honorable J. W. Fulbright
Chairman of the Committee on
Foreign Relations,
United States Senate*

Dear Senator Fulbright:

As President of the American Foreign Service Association, representing more than 7,000 foreign service employees of the Department of State, AID and USIA, I wish to endorse and support the legislative proposals, now pending before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, to establish a career Foreign Service Information Officer Corps in USIA. I am joined in this endorsement by the Board of Directors of the Association.

The information and cultural activities of our Government today are an inseparable part of the conduct of our foreign relations abroad. Employees of USIA who carry on these activities work closely with Foreign Service officers of the Department at the same locations in a common effort to further our national interests. Recognition of these employees as career personnel is, in my opinion and that of the Board, long past due.

Two bills to achieve this purpose are pending before the Committee—S-2002 introduced on request from the Executive Branch and S-633 introduced by Senator Pell of Rhode Island. The two bills have the same purpose; i.e., to establish a career Foreign Service Information Officer Corps for the professional foreign service officer personnel of the US Information Agency modeled after the Foreign Service Officer Corps of the Department of State. The Board of the Association and I endorse the principle of a career service for USIA and urge enactment of the proposed legislation.

The new legislation places Foreign Service Information officers under the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability System. Foreign Service Staff personnel of USIA with 10 years continuous service in the foreign service of USIA would also become participants in the Foreign Service Retirement System under the same conditions as Staff personnel of State Department were covered in 1961. The Board of the Associa-



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tion and I believe that coverage of these career employees of USIA under the Foreign Service Retirement System is especially important.

It is our strong conviction that enactment of this legislation will strengthen and improve the Foreign Service of the United States.

Sincerely,
FOY D. KOHLER
President

The Club

By early November some 835 AFSA members sent checks totaling \$75,000 in response to the notice sent out September 15th. This demonstrated breadth of support for the project is gratifying.

The Board believes this response justifies proceeding with this project and has therefore commissioned the architectural firm of Chloethiel Smith and Associates to design and refine cost estimates for this club facility.

The Board recognizes that we need at least 500 local members who will support and use this proposed facility. Already some 350 have subscribed and the Board is confident that more than the required number will join by the time the club opens.

Board of Directors

The Board accepted with regret the resignation of John H. Stutesman as Chairman of the Editorial Board of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. In accepting the resignation, Lannon Walker, Chairman of the Board of Directors, mentioned "the significant contribution you have made in the past year to the improvement of the JOURNAL and the effective leadership you provided in earlier years to the Association as a whole."

Under Mr. Stutesman's leadership of the Association, a successful membership campaign was inaugurated and a Planning Committee was established which led to basic changes in direction of Association policy.

Tattoos in Thailand

IN Thailand tattoos are worn as a protection against evil and misfortune for the wearer. They also are a symbol of the wearer's ability to withstand pain. Because of the special powers attributed to them by the Thais, the lucky tattoos are far more elaborate than the ones found in the western world, such as on a sailor's chest. Due to their solemn nature, none of the Thai tattoos are anything as lighthearted as a girl's name or as simple as "mother" surrounded by entwined roses.

The Thai tattoo pattern contains pictures, usually of mythical creatures with extraordinary powers, and words which are sacred inscriptions from ancient religious writings. Some like a dragon entwined around their arm and others a regal chain of sacred inscriptions on their chest. The style of the tattoo varies in relation to the skill of the artist and the endurance of the customer.

Getting tattooed in Thailand is no simple needle-jabbing operation in a water-front sidewalk booth. There are rituals to be performed and prayers to be chanted. The tattoo artist, instead of a grizzled old sailor, is usually a reserved elder capable of reciting mystic incantations. The prayers do not deaden the pain of the operation or stop blood from flowing under each jab of the needle.

There is a Thai story about a young Chinese who went to a tattoo artist and said, "Please master, make a tattoo of a beautiful dragon upon my chest. Make the beard long and the scales extra fine."

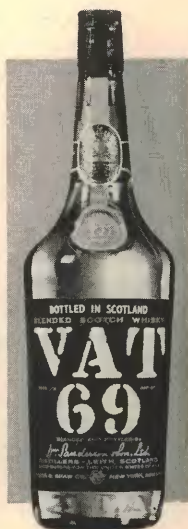
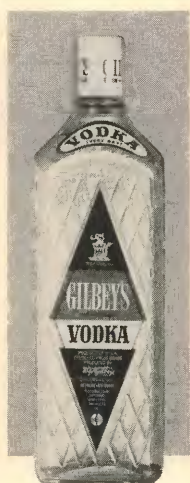
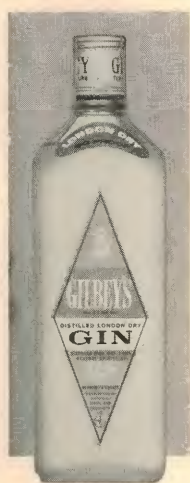
After a few jabs of the needle, the young man said, "Please master, the beard does not have to be so long."

Several jabs later, he called out again, "Please master, the scales do not have to be so fine."

After still more jabs, the young man said, "Please master, just make a dragon's head emerging from the water. That will be enough."

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25 YEARS AGO

DECEMBER, 1942

IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

Involuntary Pilgrims

A report from Bern dated December 11, 1942, informed the State Department that the Americans interned at Lourdes in the French Pyrenees were in good health at the start of their second month of waiting for exchange. The original plan for exchange for French opposite numbers struck a snag when the Germans suggested the Americans might be exchanged for Germans held in North Africa. The group at Lourdes appreciated the Swiss Legation's efforts to watch American interests and the French Foreign Office's efforts to improve their accommodations. The Americans at Lourdes included S. Pinkney Tuck, Chargé, Douglas MacArthur, Tyler Thompson and Woodruff Wallner, and Keeler Faus from Vichy, Consul General J. Webb Benton, Consul William L. Peck and Vice Consuls Du Vivier and Crook from Marseille, Consul Marshall M. Vance and Vice Consul Constance Harvey from Lyon, and Vice Consul Basil Macgowan from Nice; also personnel of the American Red Cross, the Friends Service Committee and the Mennonite Service Committee. There were 15 American newsmen. In January 1943 the official group was transferred to Baden Baden in Germany.

Home from Guatemala

If motor travel from Guatemala is now commonplace, drivers may find interest in comparing their experience with the account in the January 1943 JOURNAL by Linda Dunn, wife of FSO William E. Dunn. Her husband had had to depart earlier by air for duty in Washington and leave her and her daughter in Guatemala to cope with furnishings and baggage—and the car. Except for 500 miles by rail in Mexico she and her daughter motored all the way to Washington. The first day's travel was 210 kilometers to Quetzaltenango over steep mountain roads via Lake Atitlán, 9,000 feet above sea level. From the lake she drove through rain-drenched forests and at twilight reached Quetzaltenango at 6,800 feet. The next day she drove to Tapachula, Mexico, via San Marcos and Malacatán and the famous new Talismán bridge. The road to Malacatán dropped 7,000 feet in 20 kilometers. The Guatemalan customs at El Carmen and the Mexican immigration and customs at the Suchiate River treated her courteously. The automobile and every tire had to be declared and a receipt for them obtained which had to be given up at the point of exit. In view of tire rationing this receipt was valuable. At Tapachula the car had to be loaded on a train. There were endless details arranging shipment. She learned that the freight car was several miles from the hotel and she would have to drive the car there to load it. To get it on the box car she had to hire ten laborers. They used narrow planks for a steep runway. The train left the next day for the 500-mile journey to Vera Cruz through tropical jungles. After two days and nights in a battered Pullman she arrived at Vera Cruz at midnight, eight hours late. She learned that the freight car had been detached somewhere along the line. It arrived the next afternoon. She hired a gang of workmen to unload the car, then had to change this gang for another made up of union workers. After two hours the car was unloaded. The fenders were bent and there were scratches all over. By 4:30 p.m. she picked up her baggage at the hotel and drove off for Mexico City.

Gas and Tires

Gasoline rationing went into effect in the United States on



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December 2, 1942. A prerequisite to obtaining gasoline for a passenger car was sale to the government of any extra tires above five.

Hands Across the Seas

On December 12, 1942, a radiophoto service between the United States and China was opened by transmitting to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek a handwritten letter from President Roosevelt. The new service then transmitted General Chiang's handwritten reply. The General's whereabouts was not mentioned in the release, perhaps for security. One assumes he was in Chungking.

American Troops in Liberia

The State Department announced on December 4, 1942, that an agreement with Liberia had been signed on March 31, 1942, and that American troops had landed in Liberia beginning June 17. The agreement conferred rights to construct, control, operate and defend air fields. The man who signed the agreement for the United States was Lieutenant Colonel Harry A. McBride, veteran State Department official and Foreign Service officer who for some years took time from heavier responsibilities to guide the JOURNAL as Business Manager in its early days. His son, the Honorable Robert H. McBride, is now Ambassador to the Democratic Republic of the Congo (Kinshasa).

Bureaucratic Weaving

Coincident with Herbert Lehman's relinquishing the Governorship of New York to assume the duties of Director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, the State Department established in December 1942 under the European Division the Office of Foreign Territories to ensure close collaboration

with his functions. Samuel Reber and Charles Yost were assigned to this Office temporarily.

George Wadsworth presented his credentials on December 2, 1942, as the first American Diplomatic Agent to Syria. Soon after, a Legation was opened at Damascus.

An American financial mission was appointed to help reorganize and administer the national finances of Persia. Arthur C. Millsbaugh was named head.

Christmas leave for federal workers in 1942 was restricted to December 25.



Miss Mary Caroline Wright and Edward Tudor Lampson were married on December 12, 1942, in the National Episcopal Cathedral in Washington. Edward was then assigned to the Division of American Republics. He is now serving in the Department as Regional Planning and United Nations Adviser in the Bureau of European Affairs. Mrs. Lampson's father was the Honorable J. Butler Wright, a career Foreign Service officer who completed more than 30 years of service by serving as Ambassador to Cuba.



A son, Thomas Ashley, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Edgar on November 15, 1942, in Washington, D.C. Donald was then serving in the Department's American Hemisphere Export Office. Thomas attended Lawrenceville Academy for six years, graduated with a BA from Rollins College, then took up graduate studies in business school, earning an MBA. He plans to follow a career in banking but anticipates completing military service before entering on this path. His parents now spend about half the year in Washington and the rest, the warmer half, at their home in South Pomfret, Vermont. Their home in

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Washington is the house where Angus Crawford once drummed necessary knowledge into the heads of young people preparing to take the Foreign Service examinations. Besides working for community organizations and summer golfing, fishing and gardening, Donald pursues an active interest in archeology, aroused when he was stationed in Egypt. He is a member of the Board of Governors of the American Research Center in Egypt and of the Board of Visitors of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and is a consultant to the Smithsonian Institution.



A son, Ernest V., Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest V. Siracusa on November 17, 1942, in Los Angeles, California. Ernest was then serving at his first post, Mexico City, as Third Secretary and Vice Consul. He is now Deputy Chief of Mission in Lima. His son, "Jerry," first went to school in Guatemala, then graduated from High School in Fairfax, Virginia. He then attended the University for Foreigners in Perugia, Italy, and after that the branch in Munich, Germany, of the University of Maryland. In January 1966 he graduated from the University of California in Santa Barbara after majoring in economics and history. He then served in the Coast Guard and is now in the Reserve. On June 25, 1967, he was married to Carolyn Norton. They live in Santa Barbara. Jerry has a post in the library of the university. His wife is a social worker for the City of Santa Barbara.

The former conductor of this column, James B. Stewart, has asked the JOURNAL to forward this message.

This year we are sending through the JOURNAL our warm Christmas and New Year greetings to our friends at home and abroad.

Hats and Jim Stewart
400 Carr Street
Denver, Colorado 80226

FORTY YEARS AGO

Homer Brett, Consul in Nottingham, had an article in the JOURNAL of December 1927 suggesting where the industrial age began, and when. Here is a summary of what he said:

In 1589 in Nottingham, after getting the idea from a woman's nimble fingers and laboring for four years with the help of clever smiths, William Lee made a machine of many moving parts upon which a plain stocking could be knitted 30 times faster than by hand. He exhibited it before Queen Elizabeth but she was disappointed that the stocking was made of wool, not silk. She refused him a patent and praise and said the contrivance would only serve to throw thousands of poor knitting women out of work. Lee modestly persisted. Frames like the original were made in fair numbers. Later a French ambassador sent a report on it and King Henry IV had Lee and a few other knitters come over to start a new industry in France. The king was assassinated. His successors were not interested in the machines and Lee died neglected in France.

The machines could not be copied or repaired outside England. One which the Venetian ambassador had sent to his city was returned for this reason.

After Cromwell established the Worshipful Society of Stocking Frame Knitters the industry became important in London as well as in Leicester and Nottingham.

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GERMANY *and* EUROPE

JAMES RAMSEY

ONE of the greatest unsolved problems in the world today is that of Germany's future in a Europe slowly returning to normal after over half a century of civil war and extreme political turbulence. Throughout this whole period Germany and its people with their unfulfilled ambitions have occupied a central position in the unfolding of all events. Yet the question of their relationship to the rest of Europe still defies a solution, despite the efforts of many statesmen in East and West as well as in Germany itself, to arrive at an answer.

The difficulties the Germans are experiencing in adjusting to the twentieth century have long and involved roots. The seeds were sown well over 300 years ago when Germany was laid waste by her own and foreign armies in the Thirty Years War. Out of this disaster, in which the population of the Empire was reduced from 21 to 13 millions, seems to have been born a national determination not to allow through weakness such cataclysmic events to occur again. Over the years the Germans, under Prussian leadership, set about with redoubtable energy to construct a more durable order. By 1871, after Germany had ridden roughshod over several of her neighbors and resurrected the imperial dream swept away by the first Napoleon, the goal of creating a position of unassailable national strength seemed to have been finally achieved.

On the eve of World War I Germany had reached the pinnacle of success. Except for Russia, it was, population- and territory-wise, the largest state in Europe. It was one of the world's major industrial and commercial powers, with an extensive colonial empire. It had the strongest and most efficient army on the Continent and a navy the equal of Britain's. It had what appeared to be a stable and orderly form of government, an incorruptible civil service, and regulated social conditions. Its ruler was a figure who commanded world respect and whose influence extended well beyond the realm of European politics.

To an observer from another planet, it must seem to be one

of the greatest caprices of human history that this prosperous and powerful state, fashioned by so many generations of its people out of the ashes of destruction, should within little more than 30 years time be reduced to an impotence greater than it had ever known, its territory completely occupied by foreign armies, its cities transformed into vast acres of rubble, and its name scandalized among the rest of humanity. The security which the Germans had sought with such singleness of purpose and which they believed to be firmly within their grasp had proved after all to be illusory and unattainable.

In assessing the reasons for this downfall, it has been pointed out that the German Empire constituted by Bismarck was an anachronistic creation containing within itself the seeds of its own destruction. While this thesis is not without a certain validity, there is nevertheless no iron law of history which foreordains self-annihilation. At the root of the German difficulty over the past half-century appears to lie an obsession with power and an inability on the part of most of the country's rulers to control or direct its application into channels which would best serve the national interest.

Whether, as is often maintained, a certain authoritarianism is basic to the German nature remains a debatable issue. Without arguing the point one way or another, there is little doubt that the dilemma of power which has characterized the German scene in modern times has been one of the prime determinants in a series of unparalleled historical tragedies for the German people.

This dilemma is still with us today. Its configurations have, however, changed. Instead of stressing self-reliant power, as was the case under the Kaiser and Hitler Reichs, the Germans have more recently been placing an emphasis on coordinated power, drawing on the strength of others in attempting to achieve national goals.

The development of this coordinated approach has in one sense the advantage of placing limits on the unilateral use of German power, but on the other hand has resulted in a direct and dangerous confrontation of the supporters of the two parts of the divided nation. This confrontation constitutes an anomalous situation and in the long run is unable to solve the basic problem of how Germany shall live at peace among its

neighbors while its survival as a nation is guaranteed.

In order to re-establish a position in the world, both East and West Germany have relied on the support of the two super powers which emerged from the conflagration of World War II. The reasons for this dependence have been in each case quite different, but the result has been the same—namely the creation of a situation of *de facto* fealty to external authority.

From the West German point of view, the alliance with the West which was established in the late 1940's and early 1950's came with time to be considered more and more satisfactory. Initially, it enabled the Germans of the Federal Republic to preserve what had been left of their traditional social and economic structure and eventually it permitted them to develop workable political institutions. Seen in this light, the West German rapprochement with the West, especially the United States, guaranteed a substantial measure of both economic prosperity and military security.

In the East, the Communist leadership, determined to create new conditions for a German national existence, saw the realization of its ambitions through a close alliance with the USSR and adoption of the social, political and economic model offered by that state. That this approach did not accord with the wishes of the majority of the population the East German rulers control is a known fact. Nevertheless, persistence carried the day and in East Germany a functioning system has been erected which is sufficiently different from the order in West Germany to constitute a problem of first magnitude in any attempt to fuse the two organisms.

While the implementation of the alliances in both East and West thus became in a sense the key to the recovery of German sovereignty, the realization of the latter has been possible only within the framework of a divided nation. The Soviet Union, for its part, has insisted on the independent status of the German Democratic Republic, and the Western powers, while declaring themselves officially in favor of reunification, have nevertheless based their concrete military, economic, and political planning in respect to the Federal Republic on the basis of a continued division of the country.

Seen in this light, the NATO alliance has not been and could not be, despite what has been said publicly, the instrument which would eventually force the USSR to the conference table. Aside from the fact that the latter have made this abundantly clear on every appropriate occasion both in their actions and policy statements, from a purely pragmatic point of view it might be said that the Russians have had too much experience with German *Machtpolitik* to accept a situation which involves any element of pressure, either implied or actual.

The German experience proves again that reliance on others to extricate oneself from a predicament of one's own making has but limited usefulness. In recent years it has become increasingly clear that the West has neither the strength nor the united determination which were eventually supposed to bring the Russians into line on the question of German reunification. In fact, many of Germany's neighbors share Soviet apprehensions about a unified state and are quite willing to have things left as they are for the present. It needs perhaps to be recalled that the institution of the Western alliance was originally as much directed at controlling renaissance German armed power as it was in providing a counter-threat to Soviet aggressiveness in Central Europe.

As the NATO alliance becomes less and less effective, it is increasingly clear that West German hopes for reunification through the eventual application of coordinated power have been nourished from very meagre sources. As events are showing, the chief ingredient, US power, vast as it may be, is frequently preoccupied elsewhere and is subjected to certain geographical and financial limitations. Even more, the tendency of the West Germans to overestimate the efficacy of their

military partnership with the Western powers has resulted in the loss of much valuable time in coming to grips with the vital problem of their relationship to the East.

Despite the establishment of diplomatic relations and the development of trade and other contacts, the German Federal Republic has yet to make its peace with the Soviet Union. Yet it is here that the key to a normalization of conditions in Central Europe must be sought. Without a reconciliation between West Germany and the USSR, the main victim of the Third Reich's aggression, no amount of diplomatic or military maneuvering can change the situation in that part of the world. The essential need is for finding points of contact from which an improvement of West German relations with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe can be developed.

The most important prerequisite for a settlement and eventual reunification is the necessity for the Germans to adapt to the changed circumstances of their national existence. If there is to be a rapprochement between the two German states, each will have to cease its primary reliance on the power of a third party, replacing this with respect for the security preoccupations of both East and West and with the maintenance of correct relations with all European states on a truly international basis. In this sense, the role of Germany can and should be to serve as a bridge between the two halves of the Continent rather than, as at present, representing a barrier which perpetuates the division.

Bringing about changes in their tangled state of affairs will require adjustments on the part of both German states. Although in Western Germany a certain progress has been made along these lines in recent months, the country's foreign policy stance is still burdened with a series of overlays which obscure or distort the existence of far-reaching historical changes during the past quarter-century. These overlays include a panoply of anachronistic institutional arrangements and a certain legalistic approach which would withhold official recognition of long-established facts in an attempt to extract concessions from the other side.

The East German scene is characterized by similar distortions of reality, conditioned to a large extent by the country's problem of obtaining recognition of its sovereignty throughout the non-Communist world. In the field of foreign affairs particularly, the position of the German Democratic Republic is highly inflexible in view of its attunement to the Soviet policy line. It might be asked whether this close interrelationship is necessarily in the long-run interests of both sides. It is likely that the national preoccupations of the Russians and the Germans will always diverge to a certain extent, regardless of whether the latter are represented by two states or one.

If both parts of Germany are to develop the greater independence of action and freer maneuverability which are essential to their rapprochement, clearly these changes must not be construed by East and West as directed against the vital interests of either. In this respect, extreme caution will be required until the mistrust generated by the actions of former German governments has been dispelled. Here German diplomacy is still facing its greatest test.

Any solution of the so-called German problem must finally be one that will stem from the efforts of the Germans themselves to put their own house in order. While this represents a task of considerable complexity in view of the immense obstacles inherited from the past, there is unfortunately no really suitable alternative, in gardening as in politics, to cleaning out the nettles in one's own backyard.

If the Germans, both East and West, will come to regard their situation as a challenge to be mastered by the arts of diplomacy and conciliation in the interests of a new era of international collaboration, they will find that they have made a unique contribution, not only to their own future, but to that of a Europe which has gradually become weary of the Cold War hostility the division of their country personifies. ■

Thimble-Sized Portrait: James K. Polk

Including a Dingy Tale of Two Diplomats



At first glance James K. Polk, his career and his personality seem a mass of contradictions. This impression is rapidly dissipated by the historian Allan Nevins in the brilliant 13 page introduction to "Polk, The Diary of a President." Here is a genuine portrait in miniature. In four quotations we get an appraisal of Polk's character, in a few excerpts we get a close up picture of Polk's daily operations, his vexation with two diplomats and his somber thoughts at leaving the White House.

The letters were selected by Joe D. Walstrom, author of "The Diplomat Who Disobeyed His Instructions" in the March 1966 issue of the JOURNAL. Permission to use the quotations from Mr. Nevins and the extracts from the diary was accorded by the publisher, David McKay Co.

"That such a man, colorless, methodical, plodding, narrow, should have become President of the United States was itself remarkable."

"Polk's career was first to last that of an honest, conscientious and limited man."

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"Few Presidents have seen more distinctly the objects they wished to achieve or been more successful in attaining their aims."

FROM THE DIARY OF PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK

20th September, 1845.—Andrew J. Donelson, Esquire, late chargé d'affaires to Texas, visited the President today and spent some time in conversation with the President and Cabinet on Texan and Mexican Affairs. Mr. Donelson was in feeble health, and on the President's invitation took a room in the President's mansion.

5th November, 1845.—Saw but few persons today. The Secretary of State introduced Christopher Hughes, late chargé d'affaires to the Netherlands, and Dabney S. Carr, Esq., Minister resident at Constantinople, who was on a visit to the United States on leave of absence. I suppose they called to pay their respects. After the ordinary salutations, however, they engaged in conversation between themselves on the fine arts, Power's Eve, Fisherman Boy, and Greek Slave; and about the distinguished persons they had seen abroad. They seemed to be well satisfied with themselves, and it was very clear that they had a good opinion of themselves. Their conduct was scarcely respectful to me, though I suppose they did not intend to be disrespectful. Altogether their deportment was highly impolite. They said not a word in reference to their respective missions, or public affairs, and were so busily engaged in their conversation with each other that they gave me no opportunity to make a single inquiry.

6th November, 1845.—Saw Mr. Buchanan and referred in conversation with him to the conduct of Messrs. Hughes and Carr, on their visit to me on yesterday, and inquired of him if he observed it. He said he did, and he thought they had acted very impolitely, but he had no idea that they intended it. I gave him my opinion of their vain conduct, in which he entirely concurred. I remarked that they had been long enough abroad to have their heads turned, that I had been, up to the visit, a good friend of Mr. Carr, but that I thought it was almost time for him to remain at home, and let some other take his place.

19th December, 1845.—Had a large number of visitors today. After they had left Mr. Lester, United States Consul at Genoa, called. He had much conversation. I heard him, but I cannot say with patience, for I had much business on my table which I was anxious to dispose of. Among other things he adverted to the fact that he was a writer for the New York HERALD, and asked me how I was pleased with the course of the HERALD. I told him I had but little opportunity to read newspapers, and could at no time do more than glance hastily over them.

6th October, 1846.—The Secretary of State presented and read a correspondence between the United States consul and the French consul at Tripoli upon their respective claims to precedence in rank, together with a communication from the French Minister here transmitting a despatch from Mr. Guizot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon the subject. It was a mere question of etiquette and ceremony between the consuls at Tripoli, and but for the consequence attached to it by Mr. Guizot's despatch, would be unworthy of notice. An anecdote is told of Mr. Jefferson to the effect that the French Minister, whom he had invited to dinner with the diplomatic corps, had taken offence because he had not been assigned his proper place at the table. Mr. Jefferson had been informed that he was dissatisfied and that he intended to call for an explanation. While in his office his porter announced to

him that the French Minister was in waiting. Mr. Jefferson was in his shirt sleeves but said promptly, show him in. The French Minister entered in state attire in his court dress and found Mr. Jefferson with one foot up in the act of drawing on his boot. Mr. Jefferson turned his head as he entered and said, "Come in, sir; we have no ceremonies here." The Frenchman was astonished, sat a few minutes, and retired without making known his business, and afterwards said it was useless to raise any question of etiquette or ceremony with such a people. The anecdote illustrates the folly of the quarrel between the American and French consuls at Tripoli. I told Mr. Buchanan I was not a man of ceremonies, and that he and Mr. Guizot might settle the dispute between the consuls in any way they pleased.

21st April, 1847.—My attention was called this morning to two letters . . . in the New York HERALD, in which the writer discloses with remarkable accuracy and particularity . . . the departure of Mr. N. P. Trist, chief clerk in the Department of State, on a mission to Mexico . . . It was a profound Cabinet secret, and communicated to no one but to Mr. Trist himself and to Mr. Derrick, a clerk in the Department of State. In disclosing the fact of the mission of Mr. Trist and its objects, contrary to my solemn injunction, there has been treachery somewhere. I cannot believe that any of my Cabinet have betrayed my confidence, and conclude . . . that the disclosure must have been made by Mr. Derrick, the clerk in the Department of State recommended by Mr. Buchanan as worthy of all confidence . . . I have not been more vexed or excited since I have been president . . .

15th July, 1847.— . . . At twelve o'clock noon I received Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister . . . He delivered to me an official letter from the Emperor, his sovereign, announcing the important event of the birth of a grandchild. This ceremony, which has been often repeated since I have been President by the representatives of foreign governments, is to a plain American citizen a most ridiculous one. I said to Mr. Bodisco jocosely that I was sorry I could not reciprocate the civility by making a similar announcement on my part. When Mr. Pakenham, the British Minister, announced to me some months ago that Victoria, his sovereign, had given birth to another child, I congratulated him upon the fact that there was no likelihood of a failure in the direct line of a successor to the throne. He replied humorously, "O, no, sir! I have made a similar announcement to this government every year since Her Majesty has been married." I have of course to sign a stereotyped answer to all such communications. Had I not found such to be the settled practise, I never would have signed or sent such answers.

24th July, 1847.—One incident occurred in the Cabinet which I will note. . . . I called Mr. Buchanan's attention to a letter which had been prepared at the Department of State and sent to me for my signature, addressed to the Emperor of Brazil, in answer to the Emperor's letter notifying me of the recall of Mr. Lisboa as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. To one part of it I took exceptions and remarked that I thought it was unusual in similar cases and improper. It was that part of the letter which informed the Emperor that he might place full credence in whatever Mr. Lisboa might say to him on my behalf. I told Mr. Buchanan that this was usual in a letter of credence given to our own Ministers who went abroad, but that I was not aware that it had ever been done with a Foreign Minister on his return to his own country . . . He insisted that he was right. I then jocosely said to him, I will stand you a basket of champagne that this letter is not in the usual form as you insist, and that the precedents in the Department of State will not sustain it. He promptly said, Done, I take you up, and rising in a fine humour, said, now I will go over to the Department and bring the precedents. I replied, very well. He

left my office and after some time returned with a bound letterbook, remarking as he entered the office, I think I have got you. He said, now I will read you a letter from General Jackson to the King of the French. When the letter was read it did not sustain Mr. Buchanan, and had no such paragraph in it. Mr. Buchanan admitted that they were not similar. He searched the letterbook for some time and could find no such precedent. He seemed to be confounded and disappointed and said, Well, I don't find such a precedent today, I will send you the basket of champagne. I smiled and told him I would not accept it, and that I had been jesting when I proposed it, and had done so only to express in an earnest manner my conviction that I was right. But, he said, If I had won it I would have made you pay it, and I will pay it to you. I repeated that I would not accept it. I record this incident for the purpose of showing how necessary it is for me to give my vigilant attention even to the forms and details of my subordinates' duties.

23rd March, 1848.—I was much astonished . . . that the New York HERALD of yesterday contained my confidential message to the Senate transmitting the Mexican treaty . . . for ratification. After learning the fact I mentioned it to two or three Senators who called, and expressed my indignation at the breach of confidence . . . The Senate are in the habit of ordering such executive communications to be printed in confidence of their own use; and some Senator has probably furnished a reprinted copy for publication. . . .

25th March, 1848.—I felt it to be proper to send for Mr. Buchanan [with regard to the Senate investigation concerning publication in the New York papers of the Mexican Treaty and the confidential documents accompanying it] . . . He said that a conspiracy had been formed by certain Senators to fix the publication on him, or rather that Nugent, the correspondent of the New York HERALD, had obtained the copy of the treaty and correspondence from him, or from the Department of State . . . He spoke very harshly of Senator Westcott, and said he was capable of selling the copy to which he was entitled as Senator for two dollars. He asked me if I thought he had furnished the copy to Nugent. I told him I did not. Of course I could not say otherwise after his positive denial that he had . . .

10th April, 1846.—In the midst of the annoyances of the herd of lazy, worthless people who come to Washington for office instead of going to work and by some honest calling making a livelihood, I am sometimes amused at their applications. A case of this kind occurred on Saturday last. One of these office-seekers placed his papers of recommendation in the hands of Judge Mason to present to me. No particular office was specified in the papers; and the Judge reported to me that he enquired of him what office he wanted, to which he answered that he thought he would be a good hand at making treaties, and that as he understood there were some to be made soon he would like to be a minister abroad. This is about as reasonable as many other applications which are made to me.

13th February, 1849.—It is four years ago this day since I arrived in Washington, preparatory to entering on my duties as President . . . on the 4th of March following. They have been four years of incessant labour and anxiety and of great responsibility. I am heartily rejoiced that my term is so near its close. I will soon cease to be a servant and will become a sovereign. As a private citizen I will have no one but myself to serve, and will exercise a part of the sovereign power of my country. I am sure I will be happier in this condition than in the exalted station I now hold.

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From Tananarive to the Indian Ocean

SHELBY WILLIAMS ALLEN

THERE were four of us neatly arranged in the Fiat as it edged through midtown traffic out of Tananarive; an American girl, a British boy and their two mothers, trekking with French camping equipment down the skeleton of the great Afro-Asian Island where we lived, headed for two weeks of living in the bush and off the country.

Tananarive, which has been successively a tribal, monarchical, colonial and now republican capital city, is located almost in the dead middle of Madagascar on the High Plateau's undulating spine of worn-down mountains. Their antiquity is emphasized by baldness, a result of erosion produced by Malagasy delight in a nefarious agricultural process known as "tavy,"

the burning off of trees and underbrush to produce one quick crop of rice planted in the hot ashes. Decades of indulgence in this convenient practice have denuded the Plateau mountains, and Government reforestation campaigns only dot the infinities of pitifully bare, eroding slopes.

We intended to descend along this aged, knobby backbone 250 miles as far as Ambalavao, beyond which the last of the central peaks stand guard to the empty immensities of the South. Our first stop, only three hours out, was at Tritriva, a volcanic lake believed to be bottomless but in reality some 85 fathoms deep. The rim rises giddily above completely still, black-green water. Several sets of star-crossed lovers have ended passion's sorrows in these depths; Jacques Rabemananjara, Malagasy poet-laureate and present Minister of Agriculture, has celebrated one legendary pair in a philosophical folk-lore drama called "*Agapes des Dieux*," Feast of the Gods. As we climbed a last hundred feet to the crater's rim a very ancient man, features almost indistinguishable from wrinkles, harangued us gently but vehemently on the spirit of the waters, blessed us and strolled off, doubtless to retrieve the small change he had persuaded us to toss down the uneven slope as our goodwill token to the gods. We descended gingerly by the circuitous but less precipitous path, sat on a flat stone by the water and contemplated bottomlessness, ate sandwiches as our version of the Gods' Feast, and shattered back to the high road.

Our destination for the night was a small station with a big name: Am-balamanakana. Here, in the lovely



drawings by Lilian Eisenberg



pine woods south of Ambositra, a French entrepreneur appropriately named Dubois has for years cultivated apple-orchards and grape vines, created a cider mill and an apiary, cut lumber and managed an inn. We found an agreeable clearing beside a stream, coaxed and threatened the tent up, and trudged back through the soft piney woods to a dinner of delicious, minute fresh-water fish, roast chicken, very passable local white wine and stewed fruit.

The next morning meandered itself away among the toppling streets of Fianarantsoa, seat of the old Betsileo kingdom and now a city of 35,000, capital of the largest and most varied of the Great Island's six provinces. It is an expansive, hilly town of great charm with its huge open market and awkward little balconied stone hutchers spilling over one another along the ancient stairways of the central hill. Topping the highest peak of the Old Town are vestiges of the eighteenth

century royal palace from which one looks out on layer after sinking layer of balancing houses and beyond them over the whole rolling, fertile valley.

Less than an hour's drive brought us at noon to the neat red-and-white brick town of Ambalavao, whose 3,000 inhabitants constitute the last concentrated outpost of the Betsileo. These people occupy a smiling country where their rice grows on elaborately irrigated hill terraces as well as in inundated valley-bottoms. Roman Catholic, jovial and boisterously musical, the Betsileo were vanquished and ruled severely by their northern cousins, the Merinas, during virtually a century until the French military conquest in 1896. Five miles east of Ambalavao and perched inaccessibly on the summit of a hill are charred bits of the old village of Ifandana where in 1811 the last Betsileo revolt against Merina domination died horribly. Under a two-week siege many of the defenders starved or threw themselves over the cliffs to avoid the dishonor of capture. When the end came, the Merina King Radama I burned Ifandana to the ground, slaughtered all male prisoners and marched the women and children back to Tananarive as slaves.

Ambalavao shelters a tiny atelier where the locally famous Antaimoro paper is produced. Dried flowers and ferns are pressed into translucent rice-paper which is then cut into decorative sheets, stationery, place-mats and the like. The process was learned from the coastal Antaimoro tribe many generations ago but the paper is still manufactured by only a few dozen Betsileo women, and mostly by hand. We bought a few sheets and returned

to the Fiat to head, now, into the unknown.

Once settled by a pleasant river near the crossroads hamlet of Ankaramena, we made for the first time what would be our usual meal on the trip—zebu meat cut into large chunks, simmered with a few tomatoes, carrots, onions and water, and served with rice. Humped cattle play many roles in Malagasy life. They represent wealth and prestige to their owners, they are the sacrificial *sine qua non* in a multitude of ceremonies, their horns decorate the graves of honored dead, and their meat is superb. We ate facing Madagascar's tallest mountain, the Pic Bobi, almost three miles high, watching it sharpen green-brown into the sky, then grey and darken with the evening.

After breakfast we took down our laundry, washed at the river bank the evening before; it was always hung on the tent's stake-ropes overnight, and when the wind was up we must have looked like the Spanish Armada. And set off over the bridge and into the semi-desert. This was our first wilderness; from early morning on there was nothing to suggest the existence of mankind but an infrequent tumulus, usually just one tilted stake topped by a pair of zebu horns. Hillocks, weirdly upright rocks and sandy brush were our universe, until a small pattern of real hills emerged faintly against the sky beyond endless swells of bush, never any closer, then much closer, then so distant that we all despaired. Suddenly we were in them, held tight by green and growth at the very portal of the desert, the animated, white-washed town of Ihosy. Pronounced like a sneeze (Hyoo's'), this beflowered cattle market is an inescapable crossroad for all the North-South, and much of the East-West traffic that passes over the scantily settled island.

My husband knew the Mayor of Ihosy, and when we called on him he immediately offered us the grounds of the municipal swimming pool for our lodging. His car led us to an isolated, wildly foliaged and beautiful little park with an immaculate (and deserted) pool imbedded in one of its lower levels, surrounded by yards of lawn so lush that we hesitated to put one of our dirty sneakers on it, much less set up camp. There we spent several days swimming, walking in the forest and exploring the bright tranquility of the gay bougainvilleaded town.

The next leg of our trip descended abruptly eastward from the central mountains to the coastal plain, and although we had expected to reach the fishing port of Farafangana by late



afternoon, a rapid and chilly sunset found us still only halfway there, corkscrewing down at ten miles an hour, clutching the wheel as we bounced and sagged from rut to rock and back and spelling each other every twenty minutes. Just as we were despairing of finding a feasible campsite, a line of huts straggled into our unnerved fatigue. We shuffled happily to a halt in the Gran' Place of the village—a space between several dozen wood and clay houses plunked down on the hard earth, and went into the police station *cum* town-hall. This edifice contained not much more than its solitary occupant, whose hierarchical position we never ascertained. Our bedraggled and demoralized state dictated immediate action, which our resourceful friend took by marching us, beaming, into the vacant back yard of the Post Office. He indicated, correctly, that there was plenty of room for us. And indeed, for most of the village, which began crowding in quietly around us to watch the miracle of the tent's assemblage. A bulky, enthusiastic lady swept me off with her in search of water, and we struck into a series of paths, through thickets and down inclines to the communal water hole, a sweet rush over rocks channeled for the last yard above shoulder level into a hollow length of bamboo. Several young women were still finishing their laundry as I filled the bucket, clumsily spilling here and tipping there while straddling the stream. My clumsiness amused them greatly, and our return through the still, mossy trees was followed by the soft and clear notes of their merriment.

Most of the village was still around in the morning to wave us off, and we tootled on toward the Indian Ocean in high spirits, deciding to turn north along the coast to Manakara, with one stop at a village called Ivato. Here was once the center of the Antaimoro tribe which established itself on this

coast in the 13th century. The history of this region of Madagascar is marked by the long domination of peoples who could read and write Arabic, hence their name, Antaimoro meaning "where the Moors are." The tribe is historically of great importance, being the first Malagasy to have left written records.

Ivato is the site of the great mausoleums of the Antaimoro princes. In Madagascar the cult of the ancestors is a living, vivid faith, abounding in ceremony and pervading every aspect of Malagasy life. The ancestors are loved and placated, treated with affection, awe and elaborate ritual. They are not only still individuals, known and immediately present as people, but constitute the living Malagasy's key to fertility and his link with eternity. To rejoin the ancestors will be his Heaven; to wander forever disinherited and alone, outside the family tomb, a damnation more terrifying than any hell-fire. We particularly wanted to visit Ivato because here on the pagan coast the houses of the ancient dead are grouped regally together, a self-contained community of unassailable position and privilege. The Antaimoro mausoleums are tall, narrow one-story houses of the usual weathered wood, with steeply slanting roofs. There are a half-dozen at Ivato, surrounded by a high fence of pointed stakes several of which held drying laundry. A memorial statue in carved wood stood at the door of each house, and the Eastern side of the area was dominated by a large, flat stone covered by a faded shroud. Every year when the mausoleums are cleaned, usually in December, a zebu is sacrificed during the feast and its hump exposed on the stone as an offering to the ancestors; (the zebu hump was long considered such a delicacy in Madagascar that it was reserved for tribal princes and notables; it is still offered to honored guests at banquets). We took a few pictures and left the silent village holding this enclave of death at its heart.

A few hours later we were pitching camp at Manakara on a spit of land between bay and ocean which served as a sort of wild little municipal park. Manakara, rail head and coffee port, seemed moribund. The dozens of neat, small villas lining the beach were sealed shut although the beginning of the hot typhoon season was still a good month or so off. Certainly many of the resident French and Réunionnais (from the nearby French island Département) had left since Independence, but coffee and rice continued to be produced in the interior, and their absence has not affected

basic local prosperity as much as it has the atmosphere of the town. Followed five days of vegetation and sun, dickering over oysters with bucket-bedecked lads, teaching a flock of young boys how to build drip castles, junkets back up the lagoon in hollow-log canoes, long shell-searching expeditions. Once fishermen on their out-bound boats hissed and shook fists at my daughter, wading in the bay after sand-crabs. It turned out that her dark-orange bathing suit might remind any nearby sharks of blood, thus drawing them to the boats and spoiling the evening's catch. How often, we thought, strangers must unconsciously offend in the extensive Malagasy system of taboos.

There is an offshore road leading north to Manajary, which butts eventually into the national highway to Fianarantsoa. The surrounding country was half-lunar, half Dr. Seuss. The hillocks, bumping and swelling regularly every few hundred feet, might have been formed by a hiccupping giant on rollerskates; moreover, they were densely covered by a vegetable growth of eerie variation. Fuzzy-topped gawky horrors peered down over the lower growth, spikes bloomed with ominously over-sized petals, spidery vinous complexes became spindly trunks at the very apex of the trees whose life they were sucking. And suddenly, almost without a jolt, we were rolling upwards, between rice-fields curled smoothly around the flank of hills, heading back into the land of the proud, civilized, fine-boned Merina and home.

We paused in Ambositra, famed for its wood carvings and marqueterie, to visit a small workshop, and to buy a few stout walking sticks made of wood from Tuléar on the southwest coast. The wood is held to be semi-magical by the Vezo people of that region, and its appearance is indeed peculiar. The sticks were very fine-grained, of a yellow-grey hue. The living branch had divided and twisted irregularly in gnarls and swoops until the whole thing looked like an impatient pigtail. The Vezo are fisherfolk, and this sinuous tangle of wood may remind them too deeply of the seabottom where so many of their men have sunk into dim infinities far from the eternal repose and certainty of the ancestral tombs.

As we sailed along the top of the world towards Tananarive, toward husbands and younger children and hot-water faucets, where French is spoken by all, we felt a definite relief; but an enormous, over-riding sadness as well. It was almost as if we were leaving Madagascar behind us. ■



Build Thee More Stately Mansions

MARY STUART

LIKE many Foreign Service officers, I have read "Do You Recognize Yourself?" by Dr. Argyris, an authority on the science of behavior. Perhaps, unlike some Foreign Service officers, I can comment on the study. I say "unlike," not because of any inherent intellectual or spiritual superiority, but simply because I have a "cover." In a hierarchical system, particularly one as frozen as ours, anonymity is useful. It is well to be unmarked, unnamed, unchastened; particularly so when one intends to agree with Dr. Argyris. Disagreement will cost no diplomat a night's sleep.

Every Foreign Service officer lives with three facts confronting him: 1) he is outranked by somebody; 2) his efficiency report is being prepared by his superiors every single minute; 3) when he is selected out, he won't be missed. These three facts bear down hard on the members of the system. You ask, "How else do you run a large bureau?" The answer is, "I don't know." Probably there is no other way to run it. I believe, however, with Dr. Argyris that it is necessary for everyone in the system to recognize its dangers. The fact that this study was published gives reason to hope that the denizens of what Joseph Kraft so acridly refers to as the "Fudge Factory" will really put their minds on their responsibilities as Foreign Service officers. On the other hand, wrath at State that this study was ever made, anguished cries that justice has not been done. . . Is it greatly to our credit, that we, ourselves, have said it!

And what are the temptations of the hierarchical system? I think they are arrogance and fear. Adam Smith referred to the "impertinence of kings"; two years ago an article referred (oh so gently) to the occasional Foreign Service wife who feels she has a right to despotism. The flak that arose! . . . with a few officers endeavoring to discover the identity of the writer, so that the indignation of "the club" could be visited on her? her husband? The mind boggles. This is small potatoes, but a straw in the wind. (Remember, Shakespeare could addle a metaphor.) Everyone has a superior over him who enjoys the view. That enjoyment—ah me! The quality of the performance of that superior, multiplied many times, becomes the nub. Does this superior resent independence, abrasiveness, disagreement? You bet he does. (The fellow who agrees with me certainly shows sound common sense.) How hard it is for the officer doing the efficiency report to be either generous or objective at that \$64 question, "Does the officer show good judgment?" So often, the grading officer has to confess that the poor devil shows patriotism, integrity, consistency, conscientiousness, Christianity, intelligence, but (God help him) not good judgment. Even with the best will in the world it is difficult to judge one's subordinates. And here we are not considering the unusual and blatant infringements of decorum where the personal peeve of the officer's wife can break a man, or when the good and the true and the just have obviously been rejected. Egregious errors aside, the structure of the system: the relationship of superior to subordinate and vice versa—"does make cowards of us all."

I swear there is a change that comes over the best of us

when the devil takes us to the top of the mountain and whispers, "Counselor," or "Ambassador," or "Economic Counselor," or even, "First Secretary" in our ears. We oil our way into a room; we condescend; we pontificate; we find our time preempted by the near-great. Alas, it doesn't even take exalted titles. Once upon a time there was a nice young woman who served on a board that was empowered to check into the amount of sugar people had in their homes before issuing ration coupons. To her horror, she discovered a zeal akin to that of Torquemada and the Inquisitors in her insistence upon knowing the whereabouts of every last grain of sugar and the intentions of the malefactors who owned the sugar. She has been frightened ever since. It was an object lesson.

There is fear in the Foreign Service. Many officers confess to it. There is a reason for this lack of courage. Not only is there Big Brother's eye, but the knowledge that we have failed each other in the past. During the McCarthy Era cowardice and dishonesty multiplied. There are too many ambassadors, ministers, counselors, members of classes I, II, and III, who have on their conscience that they caved-in during the night of the long knives. Often "the club" said, "If McCarthy finds you, we can't help. We will try to hide you in an unimportant post." There were the good, innocent men, advised to leave the service rather than stand against injustice. Who was to stand shoulder to shoulder with them? There is the "sphere of influence" syndrome: don't cooperate with another geographical area, another point of view, no matter what. There is the undeserved, often downright ridiculous letter-of-censure, from the State Department's own Letter-of-Censure Mill, overreacting to the complaints of a John Birchier. And there is the fury with the subordinate who doesn't agree, who "makes waves." And where did that healthy, objective, fearless, foreign policy decision, that advice to the government, go? It went thataway.

Dr. Argyris suggests that improvement is possible by changing the "living system." To me this seems as easy as telling the Dekes on the college campus, "You gotta pick some guys with brains and originality *even* if they wear white socks." The Dekes are not likely to do it. The possibility of the senior participants of the "living system" changing *their* spots, as it were, leaves me unconvinced. The fact that they are senior officers in most cases proves to them the virtues of the existing norms. Somehow, I cannot see the possibility of a real program of enlightenment or change suddenly emerging. Certainly not a formal one. But there is an informal one. Its name is guts. It has to be the responsibility of the subordinate to function in spite of his fears. He must recognize the characteristic features of the "living system" and its dangers, real dangers, not only to the human spirit but to the government. It boils down to a call to personal courage. "How To Be a Subordinate" might well be the title of a manual of instruction for all beginners, subtitled, "When To Spit in the Boss's Eye." But for heavens sakes, be prudent. Before you become a Foreign Service officer try to have a position to retire to: a Ph.D., a law degree, a wealthy father-in-law are all splendid. It has just occurred to me that perhaps no one should be allowed to become a Foreign Service officer unless he has private means. However, I have a feeling that this is where we all came in. At any rate, as Conscience advised Lancelot Gobbo, "Budge not."

It would be unrealistic to insist to a Foreign Service officer, as Marlow's ghost confessed, that the dealings of his trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of his business. The substantive necessities of his work are too obvious; but *this* unchanged norm does not preclude consideration of all the rest of the ocean. The quality of our lives and the performance must depend, in these gigantic Juggernaut organizations, whether they be state or business, on personal courage. "The fault, dear Brutus, . . ."

SURVIVE!

JANE C. CORRIGAN

THE issue of June 23, 1967, of the weekly SOUTHERN COMMAND NEWS carried the following front-page story under the headline, ASTRONAUTS END VISIT: "Albrook AFB. Bearded and dirty, 21 of America's most technically educated men, the Apollo astronauts, returned to Albrook AFB last Friday after spending three days living 'in the past.' As an end to their week-long training in tropical survival, the astronauts spent their last three days learning about life in the jungle from members of the Choco Indians. During their trip, which was also a field test for their Apollo survival equipment, the astronauts learned how to use rivers and flotation gear as a

means of reaching inhabited areas, and how to meet and deal with indigenous people who inhabit the underdeveloped and primitive regions of Latin America. The US Air Forces Southern Command's Tropic Survival School, which trained the Apollo astronauts, had also passed on the knowledge of jungle survival to the Mercury and Gemini astronauts."

Being an "old grad" of this survival training course, I decided to describe my own similar experience of a few months earlier and thus provide more information on the astronauts' "ordeal" (as another newspaper termed it).

As a member of the Albrook Air Force Base Aero Club in the Panama

Canal Zone, I had been permitted to attend the regular course of the Survival School. The school was established about ten years ago to give flight crews training on how to survive if forced down in a jungle environment. The "faculty" consisted of the school's director and a handful of enlisted men of the Air Force and a few Panamanian civilian instructor-guides.

Twenty-six of us signed in as students on a Monday morning at 7 o'clock for the five-day course. Twenty-two were officers and enlisted men of the Army and Air Force; three were flight nurses; I was the lone civilian.

The first day we saw films, heard lectures on navigation, learned something of compass and map use, and were introduced to various signal devices. We visited the demonstration grounds, a fascinating example of the tropical rain forest concentrated in a small area. We studied plants and animals we would be likely to find in the jungle; we were taught to distinguish edible plants from toxic ones; how to make utensils from bamboo; and which vines contained potable water. We were introduced to our first jungle stew. (Little did we realize at that time what a succulent repast it was!) We were served, on banana leaves, yuca and ote and fruits and plantains. We ate tasty bits of roasted iguana and coati-mundi, a pesky member of the rodent family which looks like our raccoon. The iguana tasted like the dark meat of turkey. A coconut was passed from hand to hand and we sampled its delicious cool "milk." We went to the rifle range and practiced using the survival weapon—a kind of folding shotgun—and set off signal flares.

We were then divided into two groups of eleven men and two women each. Individual packs were passed out containing a mosquito helmet, hammock, wrist compass, life preserver (LPU), web belt with canteen, first-aid kit, machete, and a piece of old parachute which proved invaluable as a combination sheet, pillow, mattress and blanket. Each of us had to provide his own pocket-knife, matches and flashlight. We were permitted to bring personal toilet articles and one package of gum OR lifesavers; 20 cigarettes OR three cigars OR three and a half ounces of pipe tobacco. We wore a survival hat (khaki on one side and bright yellow on the other) and a whistle around our necks.

Early Tuesday we reported at the school in "field clothes" which for me meant borrowed Army fatigues and a

Mrs. Corrigan, second from left, in the 20-man life raft.



pair of sturdy hunting boots. There was a brief discussion and a film on desert survival. About nine o'clock we boarded buses for Gamboa on the lower Chagres River. There we put on LPU's and a parachute harness and were taken in motorized "cayucos"—long boats made from logs, used by the Indians—for about 20 minutes to a mucky area ashore. We were rarely dry for the next five days! A parachute was spread on the water's surface and one by one we had to plunge into the water and surface underneath the chute, cupping hands over nose and mouth to form an air-pocket. Inch by inch we followed a seam and finally pulled the clinging wet nylon backwards over our heads until we were free. We were shown how to improvise a raft using two logs and tree vines.

Our next project was to inflate a 20-man life raft. After boarding it we were jerked from it and pulled one at a time through the water, as though being dragged by a parachute, to practice how to release our chute harnesses. Even with our inflated life vests, we were submerged as we were swept along and had to fight for breath. We were all fascinated by the solar still which, if properly used when the sun shines, can produce a pint of water daily.

Our "lunch" that day was a single one-inch square "gumdrop" of concentrated energy. We were then ferried by helicopter into the mountains. Once our group had assembled in a clearing about 1,000 feet high, we plunged off for about an hour through the woods, slipping and sliding, until we reached the general area for our campsite. The guides left us to pick our site. By virtue of rank, our group leader was a Special Forces (Green Beret) flight surgeon; he sent scouting parties in various directions and at length we decided to set up camp on a slope about 20 yards above a beautiful stream. The guides returned to show us how to hang our hammocks, and we barely had time to build a fire before the swift darkness descended like a shroud. Our guide told us that the Astronauts had camped in the same spot. For dinner we had "lemon grass" tea, made by boiling blades of lemon grass in stream water. After this repast we hung our boots on a tab under our hammocks and almost immediately fell fast asleep.

The birds awakened us Wednesday about 6 a.m. and we set about building a shelter and table. The shelter, needed to protect the fire in case of rain, was a lean-to about ten feet high in front. We cut small trees for the frame, and working up from the bot-

tom, bent leaves along the poles with the points downward so that the rain would shed off.

After the shelter was finished, we cleared an area to signal, and to permit us to be seen, by passing aircraft. We had been told to expect a ration drop Thursday. Later, with a fishhook provided in the survival kit, we caught twelve three-inch fish. Our dinner consisted of these fish boiled with palmheart. Our brunch had been another "gumdrop."

On Thursday, our hunter brought in a squirrel, a pheasant and a beautifully plumed toucan. The group leader and I gave Spanish lessons to our companions during moments of leisure. We found a hairy little tarantula family, which caused a brief flurry of excitement just before the airplane was heard. We immediately dropped a canopy of green leaves over the fire to send up clouds of smoke and released our flares to signal the pilot. We also signaled with mirrors and tried to contact the plane with our emergency radio. On the third pass over our site, the pilot released a box of emergency rations, which plummeted to earth in a free fall. Since our hunter had been so successful, we decided to keep the rations until Friday morning, to give us energy for the hard trek out.

The guide showed us how to scrape the fur off the squirrel. We plucked the birds and boiled them with heart of palm. This was Thursday's dinner. We followed a strict conservation policy, cooking claws and all. As an experienced housewife, I was elected chief cook. When I ladled the meat onto a leaf to be evenly divided, the first thing out of the pot was the squirrel's head! At that point, some of the group began to wonder about their choice of a cook!

Our guides were teaching every minute—how to make a hammock from a parachute and how to construct a large raft. They explained how it could be a costly mistake to cut off a snake's head; the head would likely fly right to the aggressor's thoracic area and inflict its possibly fatal bite. It is best to break the snake's back with the flat side of the machete before killing it.

Friday morning the basic survival part of the exercise was over. As an essential part of survival could be evading or escaping from hostile people (there are still uncivilized tribes in parts of Latin America and areas could be under Communist control), the remainder of the course concentrated on escape and evasion. Up at 5:15 a.m., we buried our refuse and destroyed our shelter. We followed the guides for about an hour—straight up a mountain ridge. After a ten-minute rest, we were given maps and divided into two groups. After the guides had gone, we set off toward the Chagres River, using compass and maps. For two hours we slid down the mountainside following a stream bed to the river. Besides striving to arrive at the river by ten o'clock, we were trying to avoid "capture" by Indians, but to no avail. On rounding a bend, an Indian appeared from behind a tree and caught us, seizing our hats which he later sold back to the School. The onward trek then became very difficult and the path was really and literally thorny. Frequently the safest way to proceed was to slide down an incline—seated!

At the very instant we heard the bubbling Chagres River ahead, our scout put up his hand abruptly to halt our column of six. We stood silent as he took his machete and cut a forked

The author as cook waiting for the stew of fish and palm hearts to boil.



stick. He lowered it over the head of a deadly coiled bushmaster. The man behind the scout then killed the snake by clubbing its head. We tied our 6½ foot long trophy to a stick and carried it out.

At the river shore, we inflated our LPU's and put our packs on three small liferafts we had carried with us. The next rendezvous marked on our map was the house of a Choco Indian, Antonio, at a bend in the Chagres about an hour downstream. We floated individually down the Chagres, being careful to go feet first with knees bent, for the current was swift and large boulders were common. Soon we came around a bend and saw Antonio's cayuco, at the water's edge, and his house near-by, a simple structure on stilts—a wooden platform and roof with no walls. Here we met the other group and delighted in swapping tales of our experiences. In contrast to us, they had found no food and hence had pounced on the rations the minute they hit the ground.

While waiting to go inside Antonio's house for "ethnic familiarization," we built a fire and skinned and roasted our bushmaster. In cleaning the snake, we discovered it had recently eaten a small rodent. Although the snake tasted rather like smoky lobster, I think it tempted the appetite more on Friday than it would have the previous Monday!

We climbed a notched log to enter Antonio's house and found him lounging on the floor. His wife, son, daughter, and two smaller children greeted us. Antonio wore only a loin cloth but the women were conventionally dressed. Antonio's son grinned as we recognized him as the "enemy" Indian who had captured us a little while before. We were in a classroom situa-

tion again. An instructor showed us the household utensils and how they had been made. He described the Indians' life and customs. There were two hammocks suspended from the ceiling, but the family slept at night on treebark mats. A rifle was visible, as were spears and arrows, probably much like those of Antonio's ancestors. We ate ravenously of roasted iguana, tree nuts, and juicy chunks of papaya.

After wringing out our sodden socks, we again donned the LPU's and plunged back into the Chagres for the next marked rendezvous somewhat farther downstream. We were given a password and told to look for a man with a red sash around his waist. In a blinding rain we floated slowly, chilled to the bone, for a seemingly endless time. Finally, after about two hours, we put ashore. We had overshot our rendezvous. We started a fire and put out our fishing line. In a while we heard the sound of a motor and saw a cayuco approaching, piloted by a husky young man, bared to the waist, wearing a red sash. We exchanged the passwords and climbed gratefully into the cayuco. As we rounded the next bend in the river, we saw the other group. They, too, had decided to abandon the river and, preparing to spend the night, had even erected shelters from their parachute pieces. They broke camp and joined us in the cayuco. We continued downstream a couple of hours into the dusk and darkness until we arrived, cramped and numb, at our "friendly partisan's" village. We walked quietly, showing no light, to the partisan's house. There we were given a delicious local stew called "sancocho." Our arrival was noted by the usual curious children of the neighborhood who eagerly rinsed

our canteen cups in return for a few cents or other small tokens.

After eating we were led through the darkened village to an open truck parked off a narrow, rocky road. We were herded aboard onto benches in the rear and the truck bumped along various roads for an hour and a half before coming to a halt in a heavily wooded area. Our "partisan" ran us down the little-used road for some forty minutes, then called us off into the woods where he distributed maps showing us our goal in "friendly territory," the Tropic Survival School. The hitch was that there were "unfriendly people" all around trying to make sure we did not reach our haven.

Within minutes of our partisan's departure, we heard a truck and scrambled for cover, moving in groups of two and three. After about two hours of evading the searchers, I found myself in the exact spot where one of the trucks was about to turn around. Remembering the bushmaster, I felt little enthusiasm for seeking refuge in the undergrowth. As the truck's wheel drew closer to my head, I decided to surrender. Thus "captured," I was blindfolded and my hands were tied behind my back. With about ten of our group who had also been captured, I was placed in a compound surrounded by barbed wire and teeming with vicious red ants. One by one we were interrogated by a skilled person. Even though it was an academic situation, we were angered by his persistence and ability to twist our words.

After interrogation, the ordeal was over! We were led to a nearby hut where we were served delicious roasted wild pig. We subsequently returned to the School, turned back our borrowed equipment, heard a "critique" of our performance, and received a certificate of training. We then telephoned friends and family to come fetch us—with a plentiful supply of newspapers to protect the automobile upholstery!

This was a unique experience and a great adventure I shall never forget. It instilled in all of us a sharp awareness of both the bounties and hazards of nature. It also gave us an appreciation of a little known facet of United States Armed Forces activity designed to protect our people in uniform and conserve our country's trained and valuable human resources. There is no doubt the almost 4,000 United States service personnel who have taken the course, including the Astronauts and some nine women, are far better equipped "to live to fight another day" if fate should place them down in a jungle wilderness. ■

The bushmaster has been skinned ready for roasting.



EDITORIALS

Several Inward Glances

VERY few Foreign Service officers would disavow the notion that the FSO is the *mètre étalon* against which to calibrate all other US foreign affairs services. Even fewer FSOs would defer to others—except possibly to certain religious orders and the United States Marines—when it comes to dedicated, selfless professionalism.

How closely does this notion conform to behavior today? Before answering, the FSO corps might look at a few blemishes on its cherished complexion.

Steeped in folklore about capricious practices of the personnel assignment apparatus, the typical FSO "gripe session" nowadays discounts the fact that some really forthright, albeit imperfect, institutional tools have been provided for developing career patterns so as to optimize the potential of the individual FSO within the existing system.

We are troubled by the creeping cynicism displayed in the number of occasions on which an FSO watches the more or less orderly process take its course and then cavalierly sets out to overturn an assignment for reasons which have little to do with rational career development or the needs of the Service. Every time the machine is tilted in this manner, disruption is felt throughout the intricate placement network and then improvisations are required all along the line.

The Department of State has always been ready to make exceptions to the rule of world-wide availability when there are genuine, compelling or compassionate factors. In the absence of such factors, there are today few hardship positions that would justify an FSO refusing to accept an assignment that makes sense in terms of Service needs and his own career projection.

Washington duty emphatically does not belong in that category. The resistance of numbers of Foreign Service officers to the prospect of serving in our Nation's Capital, even allowing for the financial discomfiture entailed, does no credit to the reputation of the Service. Those who dread a Washington assignment enough to take evasive action would not seriously argue that there should be fewer FSO "slots" in the Department. So one is left to infer an attitude of "let George do it."

We have in mind particularly some of our senior officers who have least cause to plead financial distress. It is hardly a secret that several prestigious and highly responsible Washington appointments have been rejected by not just one but a succession of qualified and otherwise respected senior Foreign Service officers. Unsympathetic observers might conjecture either that our veteran career men have become overly attached to *la vie diplomatique* abroad or that life on the sixth and seventh floors of New State has grown too strenuous for the equable dispositions of these professional diplomats. Whatever the cause, the phenomenon is hardly likely to increase the regard of the highest level of the US Government for the career service.

Junior and mid-career officers are not absolved from intimations of indiscipline, but few of them are susceptible to another temptation that more senior officers are heir to. Many of our high-ranking FSOs, including eminent practitioners of the strenuous life on the sixth and seventh floors, are indulging in well-intentioned but harmful tinkering with the assignment process.

Subordinates would do well to resist the blandishments of supervisors who seek to organize their protégés' careers. The truly outstanding officer requires no intervention and the less

dazzling officer who has done yeoman service in the pressure chambers may be done a disservice by being handed an "arranged" assignment which leads him off the track of maximum long-range development.

There are, to be sure, some other blemishes on the portrait of the FSO as a disciplined public servant. We cite these few by way of inviting reflection on the extent to which professionalism may be debasing some of the professionalism for which the FSO corps has been justifiably proud. Let us recall that the characteristic which distinguishes the Foreign Service from other civil services is world-wide availability for duty when and where the Service calls.

We might remember that all who "with one consent began to make excuse" were forbidden to taste of the feast. The lord in the parable sent out into the highways and hedges to fill up his guest list. ■

The Value of The Awards

THE American Foreign Service Association is honored in being selected to participate in administering the newly established Harriman Award and the William R. Rivkin Award. Both awards will be given annually to outstanding civilian employees, the former at the junior officer level and the latter at the mid-career officer level, who have served or are serving abroad in the foreign affairs field. Selection of the recipients will be made by committees of distinguished citizens both from within and outside government.

The members of the association are indebted to Governor Harriman, Mrs. Rivkin and friends of the late Ambassador Rivkin for their vision and their interest in the welfare of the junior and mid-career officer specifically and of the foreign services in general.

We are happy to note that the awards are in keeping with our belief that the Association can and should undertake activities which, together and in the course of time, may result in even higher professional standards in the foreign service. In this regard, we are particularly pleased that in stressing excellence, these two awards are to be received primarily by those officers who show intellectual courage or creativity.

The Association plans soon to establish a Foundation as an instrument of the Association to accept and use additional funds for awards and sabbatical-type study grants. The generosity of Governor Harriman and the William R. Rivkin Award Committee gives the Association a strong start toward an exciting objective. ■

A Poignant Reminder

THE death of Gustav Hertz in Viet Cong captivity brings a poignant reminder that a total of 13 AID officers have lost their lives in Vietnam.

Statistically the number is small in relation to the sacrifices being made by our military men and is not to be compared to the sufferings endured by the Vietnamese civilian population. Yet there is a particular pathos in the thought of unarmed non-combatants losing their lives thousands of miles from home. We think the families and friends of our fallen fighting men will understand our calling special attention in this JOURNAL to the losses of our AID associates.

In doing so, we remember again that another officer serving with AID is still held prisoner by the Viet Cong, virtually incommunicado and enduring unknown hardships for endless months since being kidnapped in January 1966.

We honor them, the prisoners, the dead, and their colleagues who risk a similar fate every day in the pursuit of an epic national effort. We draw strength from the example they have set for us. ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

He Wanted Only 3,000

The secret ministry of frost—Coleridge

Perhaps it was secret where Coleridge lived but in Washington, the threat announces itself long in advance. Some try to stave it off by covering the dahlias, impatiens and salvias with burlap or plastic but the evil day arrives. They are finished off in a night leaving only the foaming masses of chrysanthemums and an occasional valiant rose. But then their time comes, too. The last of summer is over.

Then comes the season, "the abominable season," said the wife of an ambassador who drifted in from Africa, when you must rake the lawn before mowing the grass for the last or second last time. Hardly have you completed this operation than a new carpet of leaves tumbles down. There is a crunchy sound in the driveway as the car mounts to the garage. Squirrels, getting brasher by the day, tumble over each other competing for acorns and black walnuts. There are too many squirrels in the Washington area. You wish they would imitate the birds and scamper southward. For you realize now that the Kentucky cardinals and orioles have departed for milder climates. Even the decorative, pugnacious blue jays have signed off and betaken themselves to all those expensive sunshine resorts in the Caribbean. This leaves only those tiresome starlings and pigeons to consort with the squirrels.

Yes, the season is advancing. A heretical voice is heard in the kitchen. "Oh, is it all worth it?" This refers to Thanksgiving and specifically the turkey and all the fuss for possibly ungrateful customers. "Is it all worth it?" Cynicism indeed for those who can remember the days when the whole family discussed turkey dressings as solemnly as they might have discussed the Athanasian Creed.

By now the frost is thick and Santa Claus are appearing in banks and shops. The shop windows show you how to get rid of your money. And for those who can rise above it all the windows of the travel agencies tell you precisely what to do.

For the rest, God rest you, merry, etc.

"Have you got 3000 second-hand paperback novels?" he asked jauntily. It was no joke. He went to the right place: the AAFSW Book Fair, held in the Department on October 23, 24, and 25. The 3000 novels were wanted for a special purpose: a speed course in reading given in AID. Other people in the queues outside the door at the opening had other things in mind. The Book Fair (you were warned in advance about it) is a kind of gala, as amusing as a country fete (pronounced feet) in Ireland. The wares run through the gamut of books from murder stories to studies in anthropology. This year for instance there were rarities such as a collection of Victorian cookery books and a copy of "La Fable de Psyche—Figures de Raphael," published in Paris in 1802 and inscribed by John H. Carroll of Carrollton in 1842. In other sections the customers were ploughing into postage stamps—at the beginning 600,000 of them from 70 countries. There was the richest collection of posters anyone ever saw. In the art section there was something to please everyone from a hippie to Aunt Berengaria who was reared in Edwardian days to revere Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. In between the extremes one saw an elegant map of Paris and a set of 1854 bird prints. The only disappointment was the absence of old phonograph records. In former years there were all sorts of choice items in 78's, resurrected in Georgetown attics.

A special feature this year was a family jamboree lasting from 5 to 8 o'clock. Swarms of mothers and fathers brought their offspring to ransack the section devoted to children's books. Said offspring were then fed in the cafeteria which remained open specially for them.

The proceeds of the jolly and meritorious fair go to the Foreign Service Association scholarship fund.

New York's New Museum

You can't trust anyone's judgments on modern architecture so you needn't trust this either. However, the next time you are in New York do trot around to the new Whitney Museum of Modern Art and judge for yourself.

This trotter, somewhat skeptical of the reams of dithyrambic prose appearing in New York newspapers,

found the new building to be a sensational success. It seems indeed the perfect modern museum to house modern paintings. The architecture is fascinating per se, but it does not, as does the Guggenheim, distract attention from the pictures. Indeed the use of color, the textures of the building materials, to say nothing of the lighting, heighten the effect of each painting or piece of sculpture.

But, alas, this visit took place during a Pascin show. One wished the lot could have been sent back where they came from. But the reaction to the show only served to heighten admiration for the building.

If Washington's Gallery of Modern Art, a worthy institution, could only be housed in something as splendid as the new Whitney!

Experienced Mover

When the visa office was moved into New State in 1961, its director, Frances Knight, not only protested vehemently against the move but made a wager that the visa office would be ousted within five years. She was wrong by only a year.

Miss Knight had a certain experience in moving. Not only had she, on the private side, built four houses in Washington and moved four times, but she had in her job, moved the visa office twice. When she first went to the bureau in May, 1955, she was lodged in the Winder Building. She found it unsatisfactory: it was an up and down operation from one floor to another and rats and roaches added to the difficulties. From this the office moved to 1717 H street and this was satisfactory because it was in a central location and the whole operation was organized for the work flow. Then the bureau moved, Miss Knight dissenting, to New State.

In mid-October came the next move—to Federal Building No. 7 at 17th and H Street. It was a stupendous chore, all accomplished from a Friday evening to a Monday morning. There were 2000 file cabinets and some 22,500,000 files to be loaded on trucks. For security reasons there had to be a security guard on each truck. Miss Knight had appointed a committee of four to lay advance plans and supervise the actual moving. Hence it all came off without a hitch. Passports were being issued at the close of

business on Friday in New State and at 8:45 on Monday morning at Federal Building No 7. All travel agencies and all members of Congress had been notified. The new location, says Miss Knight, this time pleased with the move, is much better for public convenience.

Reconsidering "Das Kapital"

1967 is the 100th anniversary of the publication of the first volume of Marx's "Das Kapital" (the work was never completed). One hundred years in which the book has been thoroughly analyzed, denounced and extolled. But for its usefulness to the Russian Revolution, it would probably be forgotten by now. But anyway now that a hundred years have gone by can't we quieten down and take it for what it is: a piece of Victorian mythology?

December Award

Since 1825 when the first public passenger railway got into operation, only one man of the many who have elected to go to sleep on railway beds is able to state that he emerged unscathed after two diesel engines and 40 cars ran over him. Harvey Hopkins, aged 40, lay down on a road bed recently at Catlettsburg, Kentucky, went sound asleep and he was still sleeping without a grease spot on him when the train disappeared in the distance. What woke up Harvey was two policemen who came along to investigate reports that a man had been killed by a train. In homage to Harvey's historic feat the Washington Letter gives him the December Award.

It is a pity to report that after all this *sang-froid* Harvey was lodged in the town jail and charged with "public intoxication." Respect for individual achievement is declining in this country.

And Now for Flowering Trees

In earlier issues we supplied lists of flowers and flowering shrubs which our experts said would do well in Washington gardens. Here to conclude the subject are 10 following trees for this area, recommended by the U.S. National Arboretum:

- Chinese dogwood
(*Cornus Kousa* Chinesis)
- Golden Rain Tree
(*Koelreuteria paniculata*)
- Crape Myrtle
(*Lagerstroemia indica*)
- Yoshino Cherry
(*Prunus yedoensis*)
- Saucer Magnolia
(*Magnolia soulangeana*)

- Washington Thorn
(*Craetaegus phaenopyrum*)
- Flaming dogwood
(*Cornus Florida*)
- Shadblow
(*Amelanchier canadensis*)
- Star magnolia
(*Magnolia stellata*)
- Redbud
(*Cercis canadensis*)

That Deadly Instrument

"Oh I don't care if people in the Department are too busy to talk with me. . . 'He's in a meeting'. . . He's got someone with him'. . . 'He's on long distance' etc. What I *do* care about is if they have so much time they can call me and talk my ear off."

House Hunting in Washington

Are you looking for a house in Washington? If so, there are three documents you will need at once. The first is the article "Buying a House" by S. I. Nadler in the May, 1967 issue of the Foreign Service JOURNAL. The second is a 20-page pamphlet called "A Federal Employee's Guide to Housing in Washington." This sterling little work, containing a foreword by President Johnson, gives a general idea of Washington housing, and a breakdown of all regions, city and suburban. There are three maps. The pamphlet is obtainable for 30 cents from the Superintendent of Documents. It is on sale at the Government Printing Office, State Department branch, room 1419. The third

necessity is "Assignment Washington," published by the American Association of Foreign Service Women and obtainable at the AAFSW Desk in the Foreign Service Lounge.

Peaks on Parnassus

What is the most beautiful line in all world literature? Here is another candidate from Chinese—the first time we have ever ventured away from the Indo-European languages.

故	聒	風
園	碎	一
無	鄉	更
此	心	雪
聲	夢	一
	不	更
	成	

Pu—Ch'ang Hsiang Ssu

A night-watch of wind,
A night-watch of snow—
And a clamour that shatters my
sleepless home-sick heart.
I know a garden where it is not so.

—A Collection of Chinese Lyrics
by Alan Ayling and Duncan
Mackintosh (Vanderbilt, \$7.50)

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler



"My question is: can he claim diplomatic immunity?"

DOROTHY BOERNER

AMONG the books we read on home leave in an effort to bridge the cultural gap from two years in the field was Eric Berne's "Games People Play." Although written to be read by fellow psychologists, which it may be, the book has intrigued a wider audience and is on the best sellers' list. The author applies games analysis to social relations. He maintains that our adult lives are dominated by our desire to be loved. As adults we regulate all our social activities with the aim of recapturing the affection we got automatically as infants. Thus, according to Berne's analysis, when the Ambassador says, "Hello, how are you," to a passing third secretary, he is not merely greet-

ing him but also fulfilling the young man's deeper desire to be loved. When the third secretary replies, "Fine, thank you, Sir," he is, whether he knows it or not, satisfying the Ambassador's craving for affection and thus playing the game. The social greeting is for both men an adequate adult substitute for the love pats they received as infants. Not just social niceties but also gripping marital quarrels fall under the heading of a game in Dr. Berne's exposition. He is quite convincing when he demonstrates the formal games pattern of our social relations which demand gamesmanship and Pottesque oneupmanship.

It did not take long for people to think of the particular games they are involved in apart from those described by Dr. Berne. "Games Christians Play" is already published. And it will

immediately occur to any reader of this magazine that Foreign Service life is rife with its own games. Speculate for a moment on games Foreign Service wives play.

The Foreign Service wife, like any other person, craves recognition, only in her case it must be diplomatic. The young wife learns quickly that the all-encompassing game for her as a Foreign Service wife is Doing What's Expected. This game generates many sub-games such as Dropping Cards, which will be discussed later. The rules of Doing What's Expected are set out for the wife by the wife of her husband's boss and by the Ambassador's wife. In some posts she should substitute the Deputy Chief of Mission's wife for the Ambassador's wife. If the two differ on the rules then an advanced version of Doing What's Expected follows. This is not for beginners but only for wives grown old in the Foreign Service, preferably near retirement, or for amateurs who do not expect to serve more than one tour. It involves playing off one authority against another. For an astute player the game might become Divide and Conquer. But the newcomer should not play it since it can equally well turn into Damned If You Do and Damned If You Don't.

Upon arrival at a post, the wife makes the first move in Doing What's Expected—she goes through the ritual of making calls. The goal of Dropping Cards is to announce oneself to the community, not to drop as many cards in as short a time as possible. The wife must not be misled into thinking that just because she is at a small post everyone will automatically acknowledge her presence. The community will know that she and her husband have arrived, but will not take official cognizance of the newcomers until after they have played obedience to the forms.

Dropping Cards requires supplies. The wife must arrive at the post with engraved calling cards in her luggage, or even better in her purse to avoid a mishap if her baggage is lost. Clothing, the baby's bottle and other necessities pale beside the importance of one's calling cards. Time is called if the wife has not called on the Ambassador's wife within 48 hours of arrival. A junior wife might consider using printed cards rather than engraved ones. This has an appealing aura of economizing about it. Only

Games	
Foreign Service	
Wives Play	

the uninitiated will think that no one will notice the difference.

Before calling, the wife must decide how to interpret the rule of turning down the upper right hand corner of the card. This would indicate that she came in person and would not appear to be necessary when the person she calls on receives her. However, custom dictates that she turn down the corner anyway. Beware of her playing any Foreign Service game logically.

The new player is at an advantage if she has a strong sense of direction for there are a variety of incantations to be written or folded on upper or lower, right or left-handed corners of the card. Direction is important inside the house, too, for the right side of the sofa outranks the left. The newcomer must avoid sitting on the right-hand side of the sofa. It is advisable to determine the right-hand side (as one faces the sofa? or as one sits in it?) before finding oneself ensconced there.

If she makes the correct calls according to the diplomatic list and has called on everyone whose annual income exceeds that of her husband, the newcomer can expect entry into another Foreign Service game: This Is a Hardship Post. Whether Washington recognizes the post as needing a differential or not is immaterial. The new player must realize that basic to the game is the assumption that the post one is in at the moment is invariably a hardship post. Playing the game requires agreement with all post complaints. The post is always expensive and its climate always enervates those not native to it and gives them insomnia.

The wife can begin a conversation highly satisfying to the in-group by complaining of the inadequacies of the local American school. The irresponsibility and intractability of the servants is another perennial topic. Complaints about the medieval medical care available locally are always well received. After she has been at the post six months, the wife can earn points by complaining (within hearing of the Ambassador's wife) of how fatiguing all the representational entertaining is. The inadequacy of the entertainment allowance will not bear mentioning among the wives but is better saved for the inspectors' ears.

The new player of This Is a Hardship Post should carefully feel out whether the prevailing sentiment is chin-up or merely a blasé acceptance

of the so-called hardships. With this knowledge she can give her performance that extra fillip which will blend her securely into her new in-group.

One game every Foreign Service wife must play is Contributing to the Community. If she has a servant, the wife is regarded as free for community service. Should the wife elect not to play this game by doing all her own housework she runs into resistance. She is expected to play all Foreign Service games with an enthusiastic public school spirit. What may seem a valid reason for tending the homefires: Children too young to leave or children old enough to have school problems or children in any of the guises in which they present trouble, are regarded as mere ruses and do not win a wife pardon from playing the game.

The newcomer must willy-nilly join the local American Women's Club. Where the supreme effort of the club is the annual bazaar, the newcomer should quickly occupy herself usefully with stuffing Raggedy Ann dolls or sewing aprons. If possible she should avoid volunteering for program chairman, particularly in a small post, since women dislike hearing the same speaker again and the number of possible programs is soon exhausted. Acceptable activities that count in Contributing to the Community are sewing for an orphanage, joining the local drama group or book club. Even bridge playing counts since participation, not accomplishment, wins this game.

Learning the Language is still another game the wife should play. She must, for the first year, be ostensibly studying the language of the host country. She should make a sincere effort to get into an Embassy language class. Since this is possible only when funds are available she rarely has to actually enter a class. Should she succeed in joining a class or if she takes private lessons, she may quit after a year. By then she will have mastered enough to carry a social conversation with the local women about their respective children. After a year's study, too, she will have a fluency in the kitchen variety of the language which will enable her to thoroughly confuse the servants while pretending to set them straight.

Dropping Cards, This Is a Hardship Post, Contributing to the Community,

and Learning the Language are but a few of the sub-games within the all encompassing Foreign Service game, Doing What Is Expected. So long as she is married to a Foreign Service officer, the wife is automatically a participant in them all. If she is nimble, with an eye for oneupsmanship, a strong constitution and a phlegmatic disposition she will survive her husband's career. Even with these assets she cannot win because no one can ever do enough of What's Expected.

There is an alternative on the horizon to playing Doing What's Expected. The avant garde wife should brief herself on Doing What's Necessary. This game, not yet widely played in Foreign Service circles, requires an ability to discriminate between an activity that, however hallowed by Foreign Service games tradition, is meaningless in itself, and an activity that makes a difference in community life.

Doing What's Necessary is an unnerving game—indeed, it is hardly fair to call it a game since the would-be players must first make the unorthodox decision as to whether it should be played at all at their particular post. Because if no one is discontented with the prevailing routine and the formal minuet of Foreign Service games, then there are no players for the new game. But if a wife sees a need and can successfully organize a group to meet it, be it raising funds for a hitherto ignored charity or organizing a summer drama group for academically unemployed children, then the game is on.

Few of the old formulas help the new player. Doing What's Necessary's goal is limited to a particular achievement and when the job is done the players disband. Some Foreign Service gamblers find Doing What's Necessary too disconcerting to be included in official Foreign Service games. It has a tendency, once played, to shunt aside the old favorites of Doing What's Expected. It is not self-perpetuating since there are times when no major community effort may be needed or possible. So if admitted to the roster of Foreign Service games it can lead to social unemployment which some wives find hard to bear. It is, nonetheless, a comer for there are few Foreign Service posts that need no creative shakeup such as Doing What's Necessary brings to the prevailing humdrum Foreign Service games routine. ■



Secretary of State Dean Rusk, second from right, briefs the Foreign Service Day audience. On his left, Assistant Secretary for European Affairs, Foy Kohler, on his right, George V. Allen, Director of the Foreign Service Institute, and Deputy Under Secretary for Administration Idar Rimestad.

The Third Foreign Service Day

"This day to honor those who serve their country abroad."—LYNDON JOHNSON

Nine-thirty o'clock, Friday, November 2, 1967. Rainy and gloomy outside. Which makes the West Auditori-

um all the more welcome. It is ultra modern with a razzle-dazzle of blue, pomegranate textiles and paneled walls. The seats are super comfortable.

The West Auditorium holds 800. It is almost full up. There are 360 re-

tired Foreign Service officers (with a sprinkling of wives) and the rest are active Foreign Service officers, officers in USIA and AID and finally—a group of Public Members who have been on Selection Boards and In-

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

I am happy to greet members of the Foreign Service of the United States on this day dedicated in their honor.

Foreign affairs today involve a vast range of relationships between peoples: information programs, cultural programs, technical assistance programs, educational exchanges, and international trade, to name only a few.

Although every major department and agency of the national government is now concerned with some phase of foreign policy, our ability to employ our vast resources to best advantage rests -- in large measure -- on the skill and dedication of those principally responsible for our foreign relations.

Americans in foreign service carry the major burden of representing the American people and their interests abroad. They are subjected to physical hardships and at times to physical danger. As President, I am well aware of the sacrifices we demand of them, and of their families.

The Foreign Service may be proud of the manner in which it discharges its great responsibilities. I believe it fitting that we set aside this day to honor those who serve their country abroad. By so doing, we show our appreciation for their contribution to the security and well-being of our nation, and to the peace of the world.

Dear Mr. Secretary,

On Foreign Service Day, the American Foreign Service Association, the American Foreign Service Protective Association, this annual occasion to emphasize the need for your foresighted and creative action in establishing, three years ago, this annual occasion to emphasize the need for attention to the foreign affairs of the nation.

The three organizations take pleasure in informing you that they are together sponsoring a silver cup to be awarded each year by the Director General of the Foreign Service to a person who, during his career, has made an outstanding contribution in the broad field of the foreign relations of the United States.

The name of each recipient will be engraved on the cup, which will be retained in Washington. The Director General will be assisted in selecting the recipient by a committee made up of each of our organizations. The first recipient will be Ambassador Loy W. Henderson.

This cup, which might become known as the "Foreign Service Cup," would complement the "DACOR Cup" which was established last year and which is awarded for activity more closely related to the Foreign Service itself. The recipient of the DACOR Cup this year will be Ambassador Joseph E. Jacobs, who has devoted his principal time and effort during the ten years since his retirement to improvements in the Foreign Service Act and related legislation.

Neither cup is intended in any way to compete with or become part of the Department's own regular established awards program for persons currently in government.

May we take this occasion, Mr. Secretary, to express our

felicitations on your service as Secretary of State. Among the 52 personages who have served their nation in this distinguished position, your present tenure of six years, nine months, and twelve days already ranks in seventh place. Your predecessors have suffered a variety of tribulations, but none has exceeded you in courage, dignity, and the incredible good nature with which you have conducted this high and difficult office.

In admiration and profound esteem,

Respectfully,

FOY D. KOHLER, President

American Foreign Service Association

JOHN M. STEEVES, President

American Foreign Service Protective Association

GEORGE V. ALLEN, President

Diplomatic and Consular Officers Retired

Ambassadors Allen, Henderson and Jacobs with Director General Steeves at the presentation of the Foreign Service Cup and the DACOR Cup.





At the Secretary of State's reception for Foreign Service Day, Secretary of State and Mrs. Rusk and Mr. Steeves face the receiving line.

spection Teams. Thus is the spirit and intent of Foreign Service Day widening out from the original plan that concentrated on retired Foreign Service officers.

According to John M. Steeves, Director General of the Foreign Service, the room holds 100 persons who have attended all three Foreign Service Days.

On the platform are Averell Harriman, Ambassador at Large, who represents the President; George V. Allen, master of ceremonies, Mr. Steeves, Ambassador Loy Henderson and Ambassador Joseph E. Jacobs.

Ambassador Harriman reads a message from President Johnson and then makes a graceful little speech of his own—all the more effective because it is delivered in an unhurried, impromptu style. "The Foreign Service," says Mr. Harriman, "is the greatest fire

prevention service in the world."

Ambassador Allen now reads a tribute to Secretary Rusk in the name of the American Foreign Service Association, the American Foreign Service Protective Association and DACOR.

The DACOR cup goes to Ambassador Joseph E. Jacobs for his steadfast work on DACOR's legislative program designed to strengthen the Foreign Service retirement system. The Foreign Service cup is awarded to Ambassador Henderson for his distinguished career in the Foreign Service, stretching almost a half century.

The "open" part of the proceedings is now over. The meeting moves down the passage to the International Conference Room, another modern, comfortable establishment with a glass ceiling and wood-paneled walls. It holds 485.

Now begins the "closed" part of the proceedings which all participants aver is the most valuable part of the yearly gathering. They contemplate the program.

NOVEMBER 2nd

10:15 Long-Range Objectives of Foreign Policy

ZBIGNIEW K. BRZEZINSKI,
Member, Policy Planning
Council

11:15 A Look Ahead

IDAR RIMESTAD, Deputy Under
Secretary of State for
Administration

12:30 Lunch

DACOR (By reservation,
space available basis) or
Executive Cafeteria of De-
partment

(Continued on page 48)

The International Conference Room is the scene for the Secretary's briefing.



WE are concerned for the current morale and efficiency of the Foreign Service and for our future role in the foreign policy process. That this concern is widespread in the Service was admirably demonstrated in the perceptively analyzed and cogently written memorandum by Mr. Bray *et al*, which was addressed to you and printed in the November FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL under the title: "1966: Are We Obsolete?" The efforts of my talented colleagues have stimulated me to attempt to redress what I believe to be a one-sided view of the proper responsibilities of the Foreign Service. This, in turn, has led me to explore another related dimension of the problem of defining and realizing the role of the Foreign Service in discharging the FAMC 385 mandate, i.e., our proper relationship to the political decision-making executive.

"1966: Are We Obsolete?"—in their November memorandum I think my colleagues isolated an area of serious deficiency and provided practical conceptual and organizational suggestions to remedy the situation. Indeed, the very success of their concentration on the problems of the *direction* of foreign affairs through executive management created an imbalance of approach which requires some exploration and defense of our responsibilities for the more traditional *conduct* of foreign affairs.

I feel that the November memorandum dealt successfully, but too exclusively, with the problems of direction or orchestration of economic, military, technical and informational programs in a given country, or for a given country in Washington. There is an inherent bias in this approach toward direction of foreign affairs in "less developed countries" (caused, I suspect, by the authors' concentration of experience in such countries). Certainly, we need more and better trained economists and executive managers; certainly we need a professional philosophy which will attract and utilize fully the kinds of economists and executives using available modern tools who are now in short supply in the Service; certainly, such officers have an important place in today's diplomacy. However, it is, I submit, extremely dangerous to make an across-the-board generalization about what kind of Foreign Service is needed based upon a current shortage of "managerial diplomats" to "direct" foreign affairs in the "less developed countries." The fact is that there are many Embassies, and they are important Embassies, where the success of the mission does not depend upon the "direction" of a multi-agency "new diplomacy," but rather upon the traditional "conduct" of diplomacy and the "habits of diplomacy characterized by individual brilliance . . . and a continuing effort to widen areas of agreement. . . ." Europe—both Western and Eastern—comes most immediately to mind.

In the countries which I have in mind the overwhelmingly important factor is the traditional relationship between the Ambassador and his principal substantive officers and their counterparts in the Ministries and the other political and economic power centers. The executive direction of programs is of subsidiary importance because there just are not many programs to execute. Not only is the case for a Foreign Service that can perform brilliantly the traditional "conduct" of foreign affairs in today's world apparent; I would even say that good arguments can be marshalled which indicate that future personnel needs will be conditioned by a trend away from the current "new diplomacy" and back to more traditional forms.

In the area of economic and technical aid there are many countries today where we have no AID program at all (in fact, there are many countries where the presence of US economic power—public or private—is regarded with suspicion, to put it mildly). There are other countries where a fairly immediate goal is the successful termination of AID programs. An analysis of future trends indicates to me a lessening (or at least a further relative reduction) of direct, bilateral economic and technical aid. Domestic political disen-

The Case for Traditional Diplomacy

THOMAS D. BOYATT

chantment, successful, self-eliminating programs, shrinking domestic commodity surpluses, and conscious efforts to channel more of our aid through regional and international organizations, all argue for reduced future commitments. Therefore, in the future (not too distant at that) there will be fewer countries where Ambassadors and Country Directors will be directing aid programs.

The same kinds of developments with the same implications for the Foreign Service may well be in store for military and informational programs. In the case of the former any number of plausible developments such as new regional groupings, partial or local disarmament, a further cooling of ardor in the Communist world to initiate or foment armed action, could drastically alter the form and content and location of the military aspects of foreign affairs. In the matter of information programs, there appears to be some kind of inverse relationship between the impact of our programs and the degree of sophistication and development of a given country's communication media and educational system. As the media and educational systems develop in the less developed world, our information programs will in all probability be changed and/or reduced as they already have been in Western Europe. Again, in the military and information fields it is not outrageous to expect that the future will see fewer programs in fewer countries which need to be directed.

Let me now hasten to add a basic caveat before I, too, am accused of nostalgia for a past which I, too, never knew. The real point is not whether we now have or will have in the future the need for a Foreign Service which will exclusively "direct" a "new diplomacy" or exclusively "conduct" a "traditional diplomacy." The fact is that today, and as far into the future as one can predict, the Foreign Service will have to do both. We will have a continuing need to recruit and develop officers who are adept in either, or both, fields. At the present time our capabilities are greater in the "conduct" area and our needs are greater in the "direction" area. To the extent that the November memorandum addresses itself to the array of problems involved in seeking to redress this imbalance, I fully agree. However, if the goal is exclusively to develop a corps of good executive managers to orchestrate or direct multi-agency programs in the field and put them together in Washington, then I strongly disagree and predict that such a Service would miss the point of the diplomacy of the seventies and eighties. It would be another case of being prepared to fight the last war. Besides, whom would we have in such a Service to deal with a future de Gaulle?

Having broken a lance for the kind of ideal Foreign Service of which I should like to be a member, I would like also to discuss another basic dimension of the problem of the future role of the Foreign Service, namely the attitude of the elected, political executive toward the Foreign Service. I will presume that there is a wide measure of agreement both within and without the Foreign Service that the problem can generally be defined as maximizing the potential of the Foreign Service to discharge most effectively the FAMC 385 mandate. The SIG/IRG machinery demonstrates to me the over-all validity of this assumption since very key roles are

given to Ambassadors and Country Directors and their staffs, the great majority of whom will be Foreign Service Officers.

In heroically simplified terms, I see the FAMC 385 mandate as requiring the Foreign Service to be the major performer in three stages in the foreign affairs process: analysis, advocacy and implementation. Somewhere between advocacy and implementation there is the step of decision making, clearly the province of the elected political authority through his appointed officers. The final step, that of implementation of foreign policy, has been discussed above, and in any case our role is pretty clear-cut.

But what about analysis and advocacy and our relationship, as those who are operationally responsible for and best placed in space and time to analyze and advocate, to those who decide, the elected executive and his chief officers? When I speak of a relationship, I do not mean in the organizational or philosophical sense. I think these aspects of our relationship are relatively well defined, particularly in view of the refinements of recent years culminating in FAMC 385. I do refer to attitude. What is it about the Foreign Service which generates an almost instinctive distrust of our professional capabilities among political leaders—any political leaders, for there is a distressing bipartisanship in this area—and among the public in general? From the professional point of view, is it really true that the Foreign Service can recruit well-educated, well-motivated and very talented young people, put them through a screening process that eliminates all but the very best, train them to fluency in one—usually two or more—foreign languages, give them good operational experience, promote them on the basis of competitive merit, provide further functional and area training of the highest calibre, and then somehow 25 or 30 years later produce a prototype who can only smile when the political leadership demands ideas or performance? From the personal point of view, is it really necessary to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous opinion from the uninformed carping of a Kraft to the sneering contempt of a Schlesinger?

Apparently it is. In my own case and that of many colleagues with whom I have discussed these matters, a kind of professional schizophrenia is setting in. The elements of the syndrome are:

- public criticism which is too constant, too consistent and from too many, varied and respected sources to be ignored;
- disappointment at seeing the system cramp, if not finish, the careers of the courageous and independent and generally promote the careers of those who are dedicated to “not rocking the boat”;

- the rewarding experience of serving with officers who encourage initiative, questions, even disagreement, and who generally develop the capacities of their colleagues; and

- joy when the system rewards the bold spirits—there are some and it does happen.

Like every one else who approaches the system and its values and attitudes (including the administrative and behavioral experts who use limited samplings of interviews and questionnaires for their studies), I must generalize from a relatively narrow experience. I regret that my experience has been that the number of juniors who refused to have opinions for the record or to take any initiatives which would “make waves,” and the number of seniors who forcibly discouraged independence of thought or spirit outnumbered the shining exceptions. The implication is obvious. Our serious critics do have a point and our haunting fears some justification. Over the long pull, the 30-year career, the survival quotient of the “boat rockers” is negligible. By and large, those who conform to the system are in charge of performance evaluation, ER’s, inspections and assignments, and hence the system of conformity is perpetuated. We had a saying when I was in the Air Force: “There are old pilots and there are bold pilots; but there are no old, bold pilots.” I do not know if this old saw is 100 percent applicable to the Foreign Service. I do suggest

(may the gods and the Caesars forgive me) that the sheer weight of opinion outside the Service as well as my own experiences, real and shared, indicate that there is some basis for our critics’ attacks and our own doubts.

Returning to the November memorandum, I would say that it is not the habits of diplomacy but the habits of system survival which “are not the habits of the good executive manager.” Nor are they the habits of good analysts or good advocates or good advisors to the policy team. An individual who goes through a career agreeing perforce with his superiors and avoiding decisions which might be criticized and opinions which are not of the moment will not be a good executive. Neither will he be a good diplomat. He will not be respected by the political policy leadership and he will not be respected by the public in general. My conclusion, then, is that it is the system of rewarding the cautious and penalizing the bold that creates and maintains a Foreign Service which does not realize its responsibilities for analysis and advocacy and which does generate political and public distrust and criticism.

This subject is important not simply because its solution will help the professional and emotional health of Foreign Service officers. In a very real sense the survival of a meaningful Foreign Service may well depend upon this solution.

At the professional level we have a responsibility as individuals and as a Service with integrity to give our best advice to our superiors at all levels—from the Section Chief to the Secretary. This is our job. This is what our skills are for.

At the national level, if the “creative tension” between the Presidential, political leadership and a career Foreign Service—State Department is to be, in fact, creative, then there must be some tension. The input from the professionals must be imaginative and forceful in the analysis and advocacy stages of policy formulation. This requires imaginative and forceful officers. There is no good reason why talented, trained and experienced professionals who have spent years in foreign countries dealing with foreign problems and foreign peoples (in their own languages) should hesitate to present their views about these peoples, countries and problems with conviction. It goes without saying that once decisions have been made we should rally to the standard without reservations.

If the pressures for conformity and avoidance of risk, in short, the “system,” are seriously inhibiting realization of the Foreign Service’s potential, what should be done? I am convinced that the problems are not organizational in the large sense. If the Service is to change, then values and attitudes must change. I believe that we can and should act like the elite corps we visualize ourselves as being. A truly elite corps should be able to sustain a few differences of opinion, to channel usefully the tremendous qualities of the “wavemakers.” The Service—all officers, but particularly the supervisory senior officers—should by example as well as guidance and supervision encourage initiative, imagination, creativity and intellectual independence at all levels. First person singular, the active voice, a little aggressiveness, some hard questions and disagreement are not horrors to be avoided; they are the stuff of which are made the kind of officers we desperately need to locate and develop.

Finally, coming full circle, I would like to return to an eloquent passage in the November memorandum. The authors stated that the Foreign Service must “encourage (and) develop officers possessing the inherent creativity . . . the intellectual courage to encompass large problems largely or to pursue small problems to their sometimes distasteful conclusion.” Indeed we must. And we have a full measure of officers of this calibre. What we lack is a system which permits such men to realize their potential; what we have is a system which so discourages them that many turn to other careers or lapse into a safe mold. ■

Service Glimpses



Washington. John Steeves, Director General of the Foreign Service, and Nadya Danilchik chat with Jack Grover, new president of the US Diplomatic Courier Association at the Association's recent business meeting and dinner party. Serving with Mr. Grover are Wayne Hoshal, Chief of the Courier Service and executive vice president of the Association, Parks Olmon, secretary, and John Call, treasurer.



Okinawa. FSO Gerald Warner receives US Army Exceptional Civilian Service Award from Lt. General F. T. Unger, High Commissioner of the Ryukyu Islands.

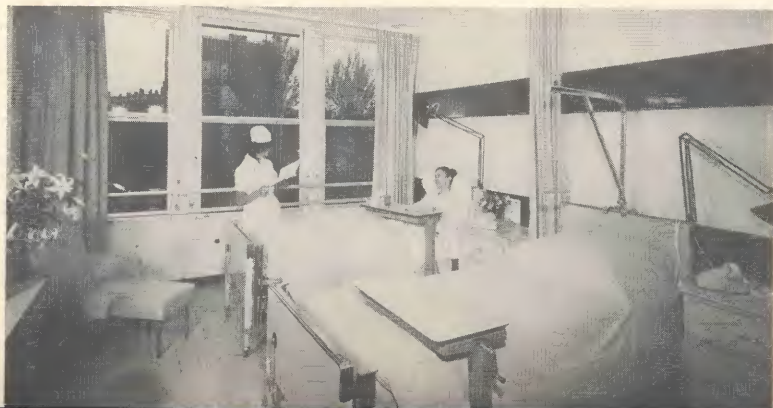


Mexico City. Ambassador Fulton Freeman and Ambassador Sol Linowitz enjoy a musical moment at the 50th Anniversary Dinner of the American Chamber of Commerce in August. Ambassador Linowitz was the speaker.



Monrovia. Ambassador Ben H. Brown, Jr. presents a \$300 cash award to Charles H. Beauvais, who on his own initiative compiled a glossary of medical terms and phrases in Basic Spoken Medical French.

Paris. Mrs. S. Pinkney Tuck, wife of the late Ambassador Tuck, has dedicated this room at the American Hospital in his memory. The room is for the use of Foreign Service personnel, active or retired. Ambassador Tuck was a member of the Hospital's Board of Governors.



The Thrusts and Boggles of Outrageous Escalation

A VOCABULARY SURVEY AT THE NATIONAL WAR COLLEGE

MALCOLM McLEAN

SMART, in words were just not *viable* at the National War College last year. In fact, they *exacerbated* the 140-man school body to such a degree that visiting lecturers found *hegemony*, *proliferation* and *ambivalence* positively *counter-productive*. *Quantum jump* made the students *boggle*; *simplistic* offended the *in-house* crowd; and *time frame* bred *credibility gaps*.

Early in the 1966-1967 year, an imaginative Marine, Colonel Ralph ("Smoke") Spanjer, noted that many guest lecturers were employing the same words. Intrigued, he decided this phenomenon merited a long-range but meticulous study of current *a la mode* words and expressions. As a result of listening attentively as speaker after speaker rolled out many of the same chestnuts, Colonel Spanjer concluded that there are four general varieties of contemporary triteness that creep into use, particularly in governmental (em-

phatically including military) and academic circles:

(1) Some words are simply trite to start with: *boggle*, *time frame*, *in-house*.

(2) Others achieve triteness because they are overused after a new and sometimes originally clever application has been found for them. The verb, *to thrust*, thus attains a certain natty precision when it is used as a noun, but stylishness swiftly fades when half of the Washington work force adopts the word as its own. *Thrust* leads the pack here, but *crunch*, *credibility*, *scenario* and *quantum jump* are not far behind.

(3) Excessive employment of many foreign phrases was a third area of offense. Not everything has to be *per se* in order to be real; reasonable deals were rarely mentioned but the old

quid pro quo was much in evidence; but the true winner in the foreign competition was *vis-a-vis*, which somehow has such a beguiling, Frenchy sound that it quite overwhelmed many of the speakers—and listeners. The trick with foreign expressions is stay ahead of the game—e.g., keep moving in front of the pack with *on dit* when *rapprochement* becomes common, with *tour d'horizon* when *caveat* becomes tarnished.

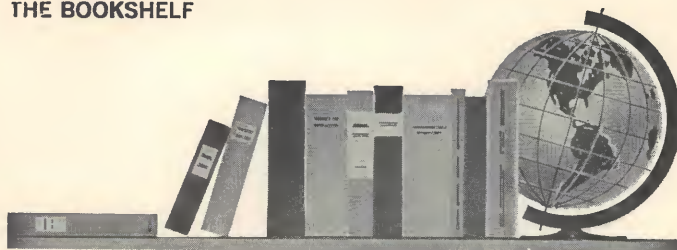
(4) Finally, certain words and expressions are perfectly good, but like so many of the world's good things, will simply not stand overuse. Inordinate popularity is about the worst thing that can happen to a word. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with *pragmatic*, *xenophobic*, *ambivalent*, or even *dialogue* and *confrontation* except too close acquaintance. But, praise be, not all lecturers succumbed. A distinguished British general, displaying admirable taste and determination, refused to discuss the *expertise* of modern armed forces, but did talk about the *expertness* of the military, and thereby won the spoken tribute of Vice Admiral Fitzhugh Lee, commandant for the past three years, and quiet murmurs of approval from the students.

The statistical results of Colonel Spanjer's research were released to all class members shortly before graduation in June. Winning words and the number of speakers who used them were: *pragmatic*, 51; *vis-a-vis*, 36; *per se*, 25; *dialogue*, 21; *xenophobia*, 19; *charisma*, 18; *thrust*, 17; *exacerbate*, 16; *dichotomy*, 15; *hegemony*, 15; *cost effective*, 14; *proliferation*, 14; *counter-productive*, 13; *quid pro quo*, 13; *caveat*, 12; *viable*, 11; *ambivalence*, 11; *scenario*, 11; *academician*, 10; *escalate*, 10; *expertise*, 10; *low silhouette*, 10; *quantum jump*, 9; *flexible response*, 9; *rapprochement*, 9; *detente*, 9. It should be added that these figures do not include multiple use of the same word by a single speaker. The grossest offender of the year trundled out fourteen of the words on Colonel Spanjer's list. But since he was afflicted with the habit of repeating himself frequently, his grand total of transgressions was well into the forties.

After the first clump of winning expressions, Colonel Spanjer identified some honorable mention candidates: *boggle*, *simplistic*, *in-house*, *time frame*, *pluralistic*, *polycentrism*, *infrastructure*, *real world*, *bipolar*.

Generalizations on the more than 100 speakers who visited the War

(Continued on page 50)



A Deeper Understanding

THIS is an indispensable book to the practitioner of the art and science of foreign affairs. Louis Halle, a former member of the Policy Planning Staff of the Department, has undertaken to survey and interpret the entire course of the Cold War from 1945 to the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962, when in his interpretation, the last climactic moments of the Cold War occurred, confirming the stand-off between the contending forces.

One does not have to agree with all of Mr. Halle's formulations to find this not only an illuminating book but an essential one for a deeper understanding of what the Cold War was, or is, all about. Since Russia's expansion to Central Europe was the cause of it, and since the constant Russian challenges of Western encirclement (as the Russians saw containment) produced its various crises, only any future challenges can tell whether the Cold War in Europe has really come to an end; but surely the basic analysis of the inter-action between Russia and the West offered here is sound. It is more, it is wise. It is also elegantly written, making it absorbing reading.

Mr. Halle considers the role of ideology in the polarization of the world after 1945 to have been secondary. The behavior of Russia under the Communists, he says, has been Russian behavior rather than Communist behavior. Again and again in his book, he helps us to appreciate how Western actions (usually reactions) must have looked from the Russian point of view. Yet he is writing essentially from the point of view of the West. This is a necessary limitation. Some day, perhaps, a Russian will be able to write a book, equally objective, about the same situations and events as seen not only from a Russian but also from a Communist point of view.

Meanwhile it is remarkable that no historical survey of the post-World War II period, not even of the diplomacy of 1945 which was so crucial in

starting the Cold War, has been published so far in Russia. Official (or unofficial) Russian history stops with the beginning of World War II. Even scholarly articles on aspects of the diplomatic history of the Cold War have not appeared as yet in the Soviet Union. One would wish that "The Cold War as History" could be translated into Russian. It is certain to be translated into many other languages, for it is a book of lasting value.

Mr. Halle is most sensitive to the psychological factors, especially those that operated in the United States, yet his basic analysis is essentially in terms of power. The destruction of Germany produced the power vacuum that led to the partition of Europe. The defeat of Japan made the United States, unwittingly as it turned out, responsible for the security of the approaches to Japan in Korea. While considerations of power have been controlling, the dynamics of conflict also produced a kind of fatal conceptual vulgarization on both sides, as exemplified by the vituperative reaction of Zhdanov and Malenkov to the Truman Doctrine.

The tendency to go to these linguistic extremes [Halle writes] was certainly aggravated by the psychological dynamics that characterize all societies, and especially their bureaucracies, in wartime. Men who are rivaling one another for advancement in a governmental bureaucracy become involved in the competitive manifestation of zeal for the cause, the competitive documentation of their identification with it. In the atmosphere of wartime they all feel themselves under observation and under suspicion of not being perfect in their appreciation of the evil that the enemy represents. . . . This kind of thing occurs in all societies and in all governments. In Washington in 1949 it would take the form of a shrill and fanatical anti-Communism, increasingly divorced from real circumstances, that would approach if not equal the extremes

exemplified by the Communist world.

How this happened is described in detail, on the basis of first-hand experience, in Mr. Halle's book. He is very kind when it happened to Mr. Acheson, and less than kind when it happened to Mr. Dulles, but the case that he makes against the verbal excesses of "liberation" and "massive retaliation" is closely reasoned and fair in the larger context. By its reconstruction of the prevailing fears, ambitions, conception and misconceptions of the enemy, of the anticipations of the future and the risks of wider conflict as they existed at various times, the book makes its major contribution; for no mere diplomatic history of this period can recapture these intangible factors as well.

Mr. Halle is fond of quoting from "The Peloponnesian War." Older readers of the JOURNAL will recall his perceptive, and Aesopian, article entitled "A Message from Thucydides" which appeared at the time when the "shrill and fanatical anti-Communism" that he describes began to prevail in the Department of State. Contrary to what George Kennan and other reviewers have said, that Mr. Halle "looks at a recent period of history as if it were a hundred years in the past," the author does not try to conceal his own involvement in some of the happenings. He has tried, as he says in his preface, to do for the Cold War what Thucydides did for the Peloponnesian War, "which belonged to his own present and in which he took part"; and in this he has succeeded.

—M. F. H.

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY, by Louis J. Halle. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

Big Brother

THE walls and windows have dissolved; Big Brother is watching, listening, recording—it is 1984.

It is hard to feel otherwise after reading "Privacy and Freedom." Yet this is no sensational *exposé* along Orwellian lines but, on the contrary, the result of a meticulous, four-year study conducted by Dr. Westin, Professor of Public Law and Government at Columbia University, and sponsored by the New York City Bar Association.

The book describes in detail the advanced technology of privacy invasion: hidden cameras and eavesdropping mechanisms for secret surveillance, lie detectors and personality tests and subliminal suggestion for probing man's private life and his subconscious, and computers for re-

cording and disseminating personal data by electronic impulse.

In order to ascertain current norms of privacy in the United States, the study examined how American society has reacted to these new surveillance techniques. It also considered what can be done to safeguard against further abrogation of privacy and still maintain maximum security for the state and the individual.

This authoritative work should greatly interest not only those in sensitive governmental agencies, for example, but also all Americans concerned that advancing technology should be used for man's liberation, not his subjugation. Justice Brandeis spoke of privacy as "the right to be alone—the most comprehensive of rights, and the right most valued by civilized men." Dr. Westin states: "The effort to limit official surveillance over man's thoughts, speech, private acts, confidential communications, and group participation has been a central part of the struggle for liberty in Western society." He also notes that just as "disclosure and surveillance over privacy is a functional necessity for totalitarian systems," so ensuring individual and group privacy and limiting both disclosure and surveillance is a prerequisite for liberal democratic societies.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

PRIVACY AND FREEDOM, by Alan F. Westin. Atheneum, \$10.00.

Snows, Pinks and Cats

ALAN VILLIERS, in his biography of Captain James Cook, employs the glorious language of sailing with the crudition of a master mariner. The "snows," "pinks" and "cats" to which he alludes turn out to be ships of various rigs and hulls. Indeed, Captain Cook's own command, the *Endeavor*, was a converted "Whitby cat," which had "a short mizzen consisting of a lower-mast and topmast only, setting a small square tops'l, sheeted to the crojack's yardarms and hoisted on its own yard, above a loose-footed spanker." A loose-footed spanker!

After sketching the discoveries of Captain Cook's predecessors, Villiers relates in detail Cook's three great voyages of exploration, giving us a graphic picture of daily life aboard the great sailing ships, and of the pleasant—and unpleasant—encounters with the aborigines, who, in the end, killed Cook. Since little is known of James Cook's life ashore, the book is chiefly concerned with his explorations.

Villiers has a sailor's style, writing in short but colorful sentences, sometimes quoting from the journals of the participants, as in this note of a scientist-passenger on a voyage to Tahiti in 1768, "At ½ past one a Small Boy who was at the masthead had call'd out Land!" (Villiers deals fairly with his readers; he explains how a Small Boy happened to be at the top of the mast. In fact, he fails his audience only once. In speaking of a voyage made by Edmund Halley, the astronomer, in a ship with the extraordinary name of *Paramour Pink*, he defines the pink, but ignores the paramour.)

This is a fascinating book, even for the landlubber. It reflects the spirit of the eighteenth century with its pull towards the unknown and the undiscovered. In those days the same sort of ferment was bubbling that is working upon us today, two hundred years later, and it is because all the seas and the oceans, all the continents and the islands have been placed in their proper positions on the charts by James Cook and his colleagues that our explorers of the twentieth century are venturing into outer space and towards the moon itself.

—REBECCA H. LATIMER

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, by Alan Villiers. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$7.50.

Understated Difficulties

THIS well-written summary history of Ceylon is a first rate introduction for busy officials who want a quick and intelligent guide to the background of matters Ceylonese. The later chapters carry the story, albeit increasingly sketchily, down through the regimes of the two Bandaranaiques. Understandably enough, this Ceylonese, former Professor of English at the University of Ceylon and now retired in England, is nostalgic about the past and sees the present with some distaste. He does not hesitate to voice his critical judgments. The UNP, after D. S. Senanyake, came to represent the privileged, who were insufficiently sensitive to the world around them; the Bandaranaiques pandered to Sinhalese and Buddhist extremism and lacked the courage to cope with the problems they in fact inherited and in part exacerbated. Ceylon's experience is examined with admirable economy, but to this reviewer the difficulties facing its leaders and people are understated.

—HOWARD WRIGGINS

THE MODERN HISTORY OF CEYLON, by E. F. C. Ludowyk. Praeger, \$7.50.

Of Bad Battles And Worse Politics

THE Battle of Verdun was to the art of war what Paul von Hindenburg was to the art of politics. Both were immense tragedies entwined with one another. Together they spawned another great tragedy. Both are testimonials to man's limitations. Both are something close to the ultimate in bankruptcy in their respective fields of endeavor. Both had a great deal to do with shaping the world in which we live.

The blood letting at Verdun in 1916 with more than 700,000 casualties—no one will ever know just how many—in a small area in less than ten months went far to produce that lethargy in France from which she did not recover for two generations. The very success of the French defense produced the Maginot Line. In 1939 both lethargy and success were skillfully and energetically exploited by Hitler, who himself had not fought at Verdun but was fascinated by the battle, and who was reluctantly brought to power by a tired old man. And, Hindenburg himself succeeded to the post of Chief of Staff of the German armies in the field in late August of 1916 because his predecessor, Lt. General Erich von Falkenhayn, had failed in his ill-starred gamble to "bleed France white" at Verdun.

"The Price of Glory" is above all superb military history written as military history should be written but rarely is. Mr. Horne has his villains and his heroes but treats them all with understanding. His villains are Joffre, the French GHQ and von Falkenhayn. They along with Haig—who as late as 1916 still considered the machine gun as "much overrated"—Nivelle and others contributed much to the disrepute into which the military profession fell during the first World War and from which it did not recover until the professionally far superior accomplishments of another generation of military leaders in the second World War. But, perhaps Mr. Horne's most important villain is atrophy of strategic thought, a disease from which no military establishment is immune but to which the French establishment has been particularly susceptible for a century—and, for that matter, still is. His heroes are Marshal Pétain and, to some extent, the Crown Prince then commanding the German armies at Verdun. Above all, Mr. Horne writes with deep compassion for the infantry soldier who fought and far too often died in the mercilessly pounded trenches and mud holes around the city. The author relieves the tension with an occasional amusing sidelight. One of these is the account of the French High Com-

mand's urgent summons which reached Pétain at the Hotel Terminus at the Gare du Nord where the bachelor General, then pushing sixty, was pleasantly ensconced for the night in company indicated to the officer delivering the message only by a delicate pair of feminine slippers outside the hotel room door and stifled sobs from within.

John W. Wheeler-Bennett's account of a fateful period and a fateful actor in German history is perhaps most remarkable because it was first published in 1936. It represents an insight rarely found in historical accounts written so close to the events they depict. Paul von Hindenburg always knew that he must do his duty. He knew it when he was summoned from retirement in 1914 to command the German forces in East Prussia. There, at Tannenberg, he led them to what probably was the only battle of the first World War which deserves to be described as a "brilliant" victory. (It was, of course, a plan prepared by a very competent staff and largely executed by Ludendorff, Hindenburg's *alter ego*.) But, to define duty and assume responsibility is a very different thing from knowing that it must be done. It is also much more difficult. At the Belgian resort of Spa, then seat of the German Supreme Command, Hindenburg, on November 9, 1918, advised William II to abdicate. It was probably the only time the Field Marshal really did his duty. Even then Hindenburg was quick to shift responsibility to General Groener, First Quartermaster General and one of the unsung heroes of this period of European history. Still, the specter of that crucial moment haunted him for the rest of his life. For Paul von Hindenburg, almost universally admired by Germans of all political persuasions and respected in the world at large, was deathly afraid of responsibility. Somehow he never found the courage a political leader must have to accept personal responsibility for his actions under circumstances over which he exercises only limited control. And, so it came to pass that Hindenburg also knew that he must do his duty when in January 1933 he called Adolf Hitler to become Chancellor of Germany.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has written excellent history. Pedants in this mechanistic age, which often accords a higher value to technique than to depth of understanding, may regret the lack of documentation; but it is evident that the author was well connected with the principals of the period in history whereof he writes. And, that history has its lessons for today.

Not the least of these is that little but catastrophe can be the consequence of the rampant European nationalism which marked the first third of the twentieth century, and which another old gentleman is once again trying to make the dominant force in European political life.

—WOLF LEHMANN

THE PRICE OF GLORY, VERDUN, 1916, by Alistair Horne. Harper Colophon Books, Harper and Row, \$2.25.
HINDENBURG, THE WOODEN TITAN, by J. W. Wheeler-Bennett. St. Martins Press, \$11.50.

Handbook on African Leaders

ANYONE serving in or concerned with the 33 nations of Black Africa will find "The New Africans" a valuable handbook.

Put together by 50 Reuters correspondents stationed throughout the continent, this 500-page volume presents biographical data on more than 600 leaders and potential leaders.

Sidney Taylor edits the contributions made by the Reuters reporters and in his introduction appropriately points out:

"The story of Africa's sudden surge to nationhood—200 million people have won independence within the past decade—is told by the lives of Africa's people."

Taylor briefly traces the story of "men who transformed Africa" and brings the reader up to date with a short outline of laborious efforts at unity as reflected by the 1964, 1965, and 1966 sessions of the Organization of African Unity.

For each of the 33 nations there is

a black-and-white map showing the largest cities and towns, rivers, and waterways. The population, area, and pertinent political and economic data also are included.

The volume, first of its type to be undertaken by the renowned news gathering organization, concludes with a useful index listing the 600-plus personalities described in its contents.

—JAMES O. MAYS

THE NEW AFRICANS, by 50 Reuters correspondents (edited by Sidney Taylor). Putnam, \$7.50.

The Living African Desert

DEFYING classification, this book is scholarly though personal, exhaustive in detail yet concise and comprehensive, and fascinating reading, although about an area the most peripatetic of us are unlikely ever to know.

Eve Palmer has written such a book as only one could who has inborn love and ingrained knowledge of the Karoo, a great desert between Port Elizabeth and Cape Town. Her grandparents settled here when the area was cut by a highway for explorers, naturalists and travelers, and prospered when a living could be made from the breeding of ostriches for their then-fashionable feathers.

The publishers call the book a biography, wrongly, it seems, for the family's history always is subordinated to the history and description of the land, its awesomely strange plant and animal life, and its indigenous people. There is some chronology of a personal or family lifetime, but more a story of the land for as long as it has been known to man, and much longer for



Thirsty camels in eastern Niger

by William Zavis

there are many relics of pre-history here. People enter the story only as observers—and sometimes victims—of the relentless environment.

With cobras living under the *stoep*, ostriches attacking the farm women as they take a winter's day stroll, finding Stone Age tools, dinosaur fossils, and Bushman artifacts, with tortoises in the swimming pool and red spiders running up the skirts of a guest's dancing dress, there is no lack of dramatic incident, but narrative is sacrificed to scholarship as these incidents are handled as parts of the various sections of the book on the Bushmen, the birds, the animals, and the known history of the region.

The book's value, apart from being a highly readable account for the geographic addict's collection, is its useful index and remarkable information on the area's unique flora, fauna, and living conditions.

—SARA DEANE FINCH

THE PLAINS OF CAMBEDOO, by *Eve Palmer*. Viking Press, \$6.00.

Useful Introduction

IN a series of essays on aspects of India's public life, Geoffrey Tyson attempts a provisional estimate of Nehru's success or otherwise during his years of power. This effort at casting up a "trial balance" looks at such matters as economic planning; population; foreign policy, including relations with China; the language question and national unity; and Nehru as party leader. The author is modest in his claims and the essays vary in quality. His chapters on foreign policy and economic planning are better than on Nehru as party leader and administrator. The assessment is sympathetic but not laudatory, balanced but critical. Along the way are useful insights on many aspects of Indian affairs. The specialist on any one subject will find the treatment superficial, but it is a useful introduction for the novice.

—HOWARD WRIGGINS

NEHRU, THE YEARS OF POWER, by *Geoffrey Tyson*. Praeger, \$5.00.

How A Secretariat Ticks

FEWER than ten percent of our Foreign Service officers have served tours of duty as international civil servants. For those who have, for those who may, and for the rest who are curious about the central secretariats which run international organizations, Professor Jordan's book, "The NATO International Staff/Secretariat, 1952-1957," represents a milestone in institutional analysis.

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"a study in international administration," the author drew material from published sources, internal NATO documents, and extensive interviews in the late 1950's. A discreet waiting period obviously intervened before the book was ready for publication. Time does not seem to have damaged the author's findings, though in the ten years since the period covered, NATO has changed considerably.

Experiences gained from the League of Nations and the early days of the United Nations were still fresh when NATO was first organized. Initially, no one was sure whether the organization would have a permanent headquarters; if so, where the headquarters would be, and if a site could be selected, how it would be staffed.

Like most organizations, NATO moved from an *ad hoc* stage to gradual formal structure, as operating experience was gained. In the period under consideration, the number of officer positions on the Staff/Secretariat rose to just under 200, comprised of individuals from all fifteen member states. Of these, most were directly hired by NATO, with the rest (like this reviewer) seconded for tours of varying lengths by their respective foreign offices.

NATO's work is done by meshing

the capabilities of the International Staff/Secretariat with the efforts of the national delegations (e.g., USRO), the permanent delegations in turn drawing on their capitals for supplementary expert assistance. The Staff's principal task is to provide a working atmosphere conducive to agreement by delegations (NATO agrees by unanimity). If the Staff initiates policy itself, the process is subterranean and, preferably, invisible.

No current historian is likely to be able to apportion policy responsibility definitively between secretariat and delegations, in NATO or elsewhere. Professor Jordan correctly stresses the important role played by Lord Ismay in NATO's formative years. In his foreword, he quotes without comment a 1965 letter to him from Lord Ismay including the phrase: "I must insist, without any false modesty, that you give far too much credit to myself, and far too little credit to my advisors, particularly Lord Coleridge. . . ." This may be a masterpiece of understatement, when it is considered that Lord Coleridge has served continuously as Executive Secretary of NATO under four Secretaries General.

As this book closes, NATO headquarters were still in temporary build-

ings at the Palais de Chaillot, the (1956) Suez and Hungarian crises were just past. Ahead lay the move to the permanent (?) headquarters at Porte Dauphine, assorted Berlin crises, the Cuban missile crisis, the move to Belgium. Further books on the subsequent periods would be valuable, and Professor Jordan has established credentials to follow up this success with others.

—DAVID R. RAYNOLDS

THE NATO INTERNATIONAL STAFF/SECRETARIAT, 1952-1957, by Robert S. Jordan. Oxford University Press, \$9.60.

H. E.

ERICO Verissimo, who seems to know his world capitals, especially Washington, has written a novel which adheres to the principal rule of good story-tellers: it holds your interest. The translation of "His Excellency, the Ambassador"—by Linton Lomas Barrett and Marie McDavid Barrett—is unobtrusive and not guilty of jarring, more than which one cannot say of a translation.

The story? Think, if you can, of a literate "The Adventurers."

—S. I. NADLER

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE AMBASSADOR, by Erico Verissimo. Macmillan, \$6.95.

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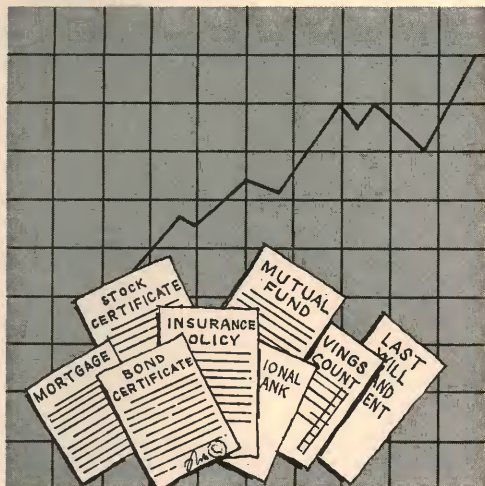
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FOCUS ON FINANCE



INVESTMENT COUNSEL—THE NEW PROFESSION COMES OF AGE

By JAY VAWTER, *Investment Counselor*
Loomis-Sayles & Company

Earlier columns of "Focus on Finance" discussed one of the largest and most rapidly growing segments of the investment field—Mutual Funds. Mutual Funds, as those columns stated, represent one of the most important sources of sound investment management and diversification available to investors. It might be pointed out, however, that the primary value of Mutual Funds accrues to those whose capital ranges from a few hundred dollars on up to investors having as much as \$200,000 or so to invest. Beyond that point investors can use mutual funds, but there are other sources of investment advice with a more personal touch available to them. The next few columns will discuss alternative sources of investment advice, some of which are limited to investors with substantial capital, others available to any investor. The first of this series on sources of investment advice will discuss the investment counseling profession.

In the March and April 1958 issues of the NATIONAL PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT, Dr. Carl G. Pfeiffer referred to investment counsel as the "new profession." While the profession is still "new" compared with medical, legal or accounting professions, it is now nearly fifty years old and has matured and grown into adulthood. It is not known how much capital is actually under supervision of professional investment counselors, but if the figures were available they would almost certainly be measured in tens of billions of dollars. This attests to the rapid growth of the profession and the high stature with which it is regarded by the investing public.

What Is Investment Counsel?

The investment counselor's only business is to provide his clients with the best possible investment advice. He must be familiar with each client's personal and financial circumstances and any other factors having a direct bearing on the management of the investment portfolio in order to tailor the investment program to the client's individual needs. His ap-

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proach to investment management is based on original and extensive investment research and the application of that research to individual portfolios. Brokers, banks and other firms whose primary source of revenues is something other than investment advice cannot use the term "investment counsel" but are limited to such other terms as "investment advisors," "investment managers," etc. In fact, the term "investment counsel" is actually protected by law and can be used only by firms engaged solely in providing investment advice on a confidential, personalized basis.

Why Use Investment Counsel?

There are several reasons why investors choose investment counseling organizations over others, in addition to the high level of professional competence and independence of judgment which characterizes these firms. For one, many investors with substantial capital do not have the time to manage their own investment affairs. The professional investment counselor can stand in their shoes and give continuing supervision to their holdings as they would themselves if they had the time. Furthermore, the investment counselor provides a high level of professional competence to the management of his client's investment affairs, a level of knowledge and judgment that few individuals can develop on their own. Investment counsel clients are willing to pay a modest fee to an investment counselor to provide them with the investment experience and know-how they need. These reasons for using investment counselors are of particular interest to Foreign Service personnel who spend a great deal of time outside the country. They not only lack sufficient time to manage their investments but are far removed from the sources of information needed in the proper handling of investment capital.

Rapid Growth of Investment Counsel

The rapid growth of investment counsel can be traced to the original purpose for which it was started. In the early 1920's an investment banking firm decided to try putting itself in its client's shoes when giving investment advice. However, the only way the firm could benefit from the advice given its clients was through brokerage commissions generated and of course there was a natural human tendency to recommend those bonds and stocks which would generate the largest commissions regardless of the customer's own personal welfare. To eliminate this potential bias, the firm decided to get out of the business of marketing securities and to provide advice for which it would be paid a fee regardless of the number of transactions carried out.

Over the years investment counseling firms have demonstrated an independence of judgment which is difficult to achieve in any other form of investment advice. Investment counselors put themselves in the place of their clients with only the interest of the client clearly at heart. Their fees are based solely on the amount of capital under supervision and have no relationship to the number of transactions occurring or the amount of profits realized (the latter might serve as an incentive to take unnecessary risks). The investment counselor benefits only by seeing his client's portfolio prosper.

Personal and Confidential

The relationship between a client and his investment counselor is highly personalized and completely confidential. In many ways it is similar to the relationship one has with his doctor, lawyer or accountant. In order for the investment counselor to do the best possible job for his client in tailoring the portfolio to the client's own needs and objectives, it is very important for the client to be completely free and open with his counselor concerning his financial affairs. Just as you would want your doctor to know all of your symptoms, you should also want your investment counselor to know all the facts he needs in order to manage your investments and other financial matters.

As in the case of doctors, your relationship with an investment counselor would be completely confidential. This profession, and it is a profession, has a high code of ethics, an important part of which is the confidential nature of this relationship.

Once the investment counselor is familiar with the client's circumstances, he begins to build a portfolio suited to the particular needs and objectives of the client. Just as no two persons are alike, no two investment counsel clients are the same, each having different objectives for his capital, a different temperament and other circumstances which the counselor takes into account.

Investment counsel firms limit the number of accounts supervised by each counselor so that each individual portfolio receives the time and attention required to meet the specific needs and requirements of each client whether he be an individual investor or an institutional investor such as an endowment fund, pension and profit-sharing plan, or insurance company portfolio. A good investment counseling firm is in a position to manage the whole spectrum of investment risk in portfolios from the most conservative widows to the most aggressive businessmen.

In this column we have discussed what investment counsel is and how it differs from other sources of investment advice. In the next column, appearing in the February issue, we will describe how an investment counseling firm operates—the flow of investment ideas from the initial research stage through the actual application to the client's own personal circumstances. ■

They Recalled a Historic Chapter

A distinguished group of American leaders gathered in Lexington, Virginia, on October 24 to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Marshall Plan of European Economic Recovery and in so doing to extol the memory of General George C. Marshall.

Representing the President, W. Averell Harriman read a message from the White House:

"Today the European Cooperation Act is recognized as the principal means of the recovery of Europe from the terrible ravages of World War II. It also marked the recognition by the United States of its responsibility as the world's wealthiest nation to assist the rest of the world to achieve a decent standard of living.

"I salute all of you who are at Lexington today joining in the commemoration of the Plan and the issuance of the stamp in honor of that great statesman. In particular, I salute those of you here, without whose efforts in that difficult time, the Marshall Plan would never have achieved its great aims."

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

Ambassador Harriman was an appropriate choice to represent the President at a Marshall ceremony since he was once American representative in Europe for the Marshall Plan. Other notables participating in the ceremony held in front of the George C. Marshall Research Library at Virginia Military Institute, included Paul G. Hoffman, Managing Director of the United Nations Development Program and former administrator of the Marshall Plan Agency, the Economic Cooperation Administration; General Omar N. Bradley, president of the George C. Marshall Research Foundation; William Foster, Hoffman's successor as administrator and now US chief disarmament negotiator; former Ambassador George F. Kennan and General Matthew Ridgway. Various speakers portrayed Marshall as a selfless man who awakened America to its new destiny in the universe.

The Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien, presenting a new postage stamp bearing the likeness of General Marshall, said, "This stamp will serve as millions of reminders of the greatest cooperative effort ever taken."



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FOREIGN SERVICE DAY, from pg. 35

- 3:00 **The Foreign Service**
JOHN M. STEEVES, *Director*
General of the Foreign Service
- 4:00 **Vietnam — East Asian and Pacific Affairs**
WILLIAM BUNDY, *Assistant Secretary of State*
- 8:00 **DACOR Lecture**
NICHOLAS DEB. KATZENBACH,
Under Secretary of State
(West Auditorium)

NOVEMBER 3rd

- 9:30 **The Middle East**
LUCIUS D. BATTLE, *Assistant Secretary of State* (International Conference Room)
- 11:00 **FIRST SESSION OF CONCURRENT SEMINARS AND TOUR**
Problems in Africa
JOSEPH PALMER, 2ND, *Assistant Secretary of State*
Problems in Latin America
COVEY T. OLIVER, *Assistant Secretary and U.S. Coordinator, Alliance for Progress*
- USA**
LEONARD H. MARKS, *Director, United States Information Agency*

Tour of Foreign Service Institute
(Board bus at 10:45 a.m. at 23rd Street Entrance)

- 12:30 **Luncheon**
American Foreign Service Association
(John Quincy Adams Room)

American Foreign Service Wives' Association
(Mayflower Hotel) or Executive Cafeteria of Department

- 3:00 **SECOND SESSION OF CONCURRENT SEMINARS AND TOUR**
The Communist World
FOY D. KOHLER, *Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs*

Problems in Europe
JOHN M. LEDDY, *Assistant Secretary of State*

AID
RUTHERFORD M. POATS, *Deputy Administrator*

- 4:15 **Tour of Operations Center Briefing (Tour d'horizon)**
The Secretary of State
- 6:00 **Reception by The Secretary of State**
John Quincy Adams Room

It will be seen that the program covers a broad spectrum. Idar Rimestad deals with "A Look Ahead." He provides a perceptive, down-to-earth discussion of Foreign Service problems in days to come. The talk is notably impressive because he eschews all rhetoric and limits himself to practical details.

Mr. Steeves is equally practical. He, too, avoids all bravura. He provides a long glimpse into the future.

By this time it is clear that Ambassador Allen is an expert master of ceremonies. One of the talents of this trade is to effect adroit transitions, apt allusions, possibly an anecdote that caps what the last speaker said. Mr. Rimestad says that if Mr. Allen wishes to retire again he could easily find a job as a professional master of ceremonies.

Then on to Foreign Service Policy. Mr. Zbigniew Brzezinski, member of the Policy Planning Council, whose imaginative conjuration of the future is known to readers of the Foreign Service JOURNAL, gives a broad sketch of policy problems in days to come. The Secretary of State gives another intensive *tour d'horizon* at the last session.

In between the participants, as the

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program indicates, obtain specific diagnoses of regional problems—in Europe, in Vietnam and East Asia in the Communist world, in Africa and in Latin America.

And then a valuable feature and an appropriate one—considering the expanding nature of Foreign Service Day—are the briefings on USIA by its director, Leonard H. Marks, and on AID by its deputy administrator, Rutherford M. Poats.

Another aspect of Foreign Service

Day must not be forgotten nor understated. Most retired Foreign Service officers seized the opportunity to renew contracts with old friends. Many came from long distances and indeed, one of them, Cecil M. P. Cross, got a special scroll because he traveled farther than any other participant—4850 miles from São Paulo, Brazil. This year the retired officers got more opportunity than in the two preceding events to see each other. There was first of all, the cozy November 2 lunch

at DACOR (many of those who failed to book early and couldn't get in, sailed on, in groups, to the Metropolitan Club). On November 3, the Foreign Service Association held its monthly luncheon in the John Quincy Adams Room in the Department. The speaker, Thomas L. Hughes, Director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, created a vivid contrast between the intellectual currencies of Woodrow Wilson's Day and John F. Kennedy's. There was, finally, the reception given for Foreign Service Day by the Secretary of State, in the John Quincy Adams Room.

At the end of the second day it was the consensus of the participants that the third Foreign Service Day was a vast success. Weeks of planning by Eric Kocher, Director of the Retired Officer Program, and Mrs. Lorraine Powers produced capital results in every phase of the program.

When all this came to the attention of Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island he made a statement in the Senate covering the above material and asking leave to have President Johnson's greeting along with his own greetings to the Foreign Service printed in the Congressional Record. Permission was granted. ■

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THRUSTS AND BOGGLES

from page 39

College last year are hazardous but just the same, literate, language-loving Americans may be distressed to learn that the two worst offenders were well-known academicians from prestigious United States universities, while at the other end of the scale were a Commonwealth ambassador (he came through scot free, a comment which is intended to be neither a pun nor a hint) and the British general mentioned above.

It was probably inevitable that some meager talent in the class would try to fold all of Colonel Spanjer's findings into one big mixture. The result, a kind of prune whip of words with glancing but soggy approaches to meaning, was this take-off on Hamlet (it's odd that no speaker employed the highly suggestive expression, *foreign policy soliloquy* all year, but then it may be on the 1968 list).

To exacerbate or not to exacerbate, that is the dichotomy;

Whether 'tis more viable vis-a-vis the mind to suffer

The thrusts and boggles of outrageous escalation,

Or to take arms against a sea of pragmatism,

And by opposing, end them. To die, to crunch,

No more, and by a crunch to say we end

The xenophobia and the thousand counter-productive dialogues

That flesh is heir to; 'tis an in-house ambivalence

Devoutly to be opted, to die, to sleep;

To sleep; perchance to dream; ay, there's the quid pro quo;

For in that proliferation of sleep what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this infrastructure,

Must give us pause per se; there's the caveat

That conceptualizes a low silhouette;

For who would bear the whips and scorns of detente,

The oppressor's expertise, the proud man's hegemony,

The pangs of despised rapprochement, the real world's mix,

The parameters of office, and the spurns

That patient pluralism of the unworthy takes,

When he himself with his quantum jump might leap over

The credibility gap? Who would options bear

To grunt and sweat under a weary time frame,

But that the dread of something after assured destruction,

The undiscovered confrontation from whose scenario

No traveler returns, puzzles the sine qua non,

And makes us rather bear those force structures we have

Than fly to others whose state of the art we know not of?

Thus polycentrism does make academicians of us all,

And thus the simplistic hue of flexible response

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of cost-effectiveness,

And implementations of great national power and charisma

In this context their currents again turn bipolar

And thus lose the name of pragmatism.

It is comforting to note that the Marine Corps recognized Colonel Spanjer's imaginative efforts on behalf of good English as well as his other accomplishments, such as flying planes and leading men, by selecting him for brigadier general soon after the submission of the final results of his word study. ■



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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Some Specific Dissents

YOU published the thoughtful report of the main findings and tentative conclusions of the Association's 1967 Career Principles Committee and a list of all those who have been associated in some measure with the Committee's work. While subscribing generally to their report, this fact does not mean that I have fundamentally altered my views on the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended, the so-called Wristonization program, the Herter Committee Report, or the Hays Bill, as set forth in considerable detail in articles and editorials in this JOURNAL over the last eleven years and in the deliberations of the 1966 Career Principles Committee. I further believe that numbered paragraphs III-6 and -8 of the 1967 Report are imprecise and unclear, and I do not endorse the general drift of the argument in them. I continue to support, however, the rapid and energetic elimination of "superficial and artificial distinctions among the *de facto* career services" and the establishment of a career service for USA.

While I agree that the senior officers of the Foreign Service "may in fact be an under-exploited asset of considerable importance," as the report states, I believe that "the superabundance of senior officers" is a remediable and temporary, rather than "an inherent and persistent, characteristic of the Service of the 1970s." This problem has arisen because of official reluctance for many years to recognize the validity of projections of personnel strength, including those published in this JOURNAL. The Department has, however, already taken the necessary, major corrective action in FAM Circular 465 of February 3, 1967, and what is now required is the courage to persist in a wise, long-term personnel policy designed to achieve its objective rationally and as humanely as possible over a four year period. Such courage, persistence and continuity would inspire confidence in further, future long-range personnel programming and planning based on careful analysis of objective data, rather than subjective impressions. Such action would also represent a welcome innovation in Foreign Service personnel policy which has traditionally

been characterized by only one constant, perpetual change.

I have reason to believe that a number of members of the Committee share many of my views.

FREDERIC L. CHAPIN

Washington

Errata

I BELIEVE I should call your attention to two errors in the printing of my article "Completing the Escape," which appeared in the September 1967 issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

The first of these is the JOURNAL's introduction to the story when it is stated that I was captured by the Germans "while evacuating wounded Americans on May 20, 1940." This is in error and should have read "while evacuating wounded from Amiens on May 20, 1940." Fortunately, there were no wounded Americans in Amiens at that time as the US did not enter the war until many months later.

The second, and quite minor in nature, is the incorrect naming of one of the most famous restaurants of pre-war Paris. In my original text it appears as "Larue (now Queenie)" but it somehow came out in print as "Lucas." There is an excellent restaurant in Paris known as Lucas Carton. However, many of the FSJ's more gastronomically inclined readers have written me to say that this establishment should not be confused with the old Larue. I have also been informed by some of the JOURNAL's Paris epicures that "Queenie" has now also disappeared from the scene.

Possibly, for the sake of accuracy, you may wish to make note of the above in your "Letters to the Editor" column.

DONALD Q. COSTER

Fort Bragg, N.C.

"Love Truth, but Pardon Error"— Voltaire

I HAVE read with much interest, as always, the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL of September 1967. Let me take this occasion to congratulate you and your associates on the interesting publication you are responsible for producing. I may say I have noticed a gradual improvement in its contents and make-up despite the fact that I have disagreed frequently with the articles that it contains.

However, I did run across one rather interesting extremely minor matter in the delightfully illustrated "L'Envoi" where the quotation "Plus ça change, plus ce sont les mêmes" is credited to Voltaire. This may be

correct, but I have always understood this very apt and true saying was, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," which the "Oxford Dictionary of Quotations" attributes to Alphonse Karr whose life span is said to be from 1808-1890. Quite possibly Voltaire was the original author and user of the realistic idea involved, and Karr put it into words which have become the modern way of expressing it.

FERDINAND MAYER

Bennington, Vermont

Editor's Note: A short whirr through French dictionaries of quotations revealed only this: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose" which appears in Alphonse Karr's "Les Guêpes" published in January 1849. Not far away from the dictionaries of quotations was a ten-volume set of Voltaire's "Collected Works" published in Paris in 1795. This should have been ransacked thoroughly because several people consulted in this quest insist that Voltaire said something similar. But alas! There wasn't time. Compliments to Mr. Mayer on his sharp eye.

The Journal: A Diagnosis

As a former Board member and frequent contributor to the JOURNAL I was naturally much interested in the AFSA Planning Committee's recommendations for the development of a dual publishing activity.

Dissatisfaction with the role of the JOURNAL is not new. Every Board within my memory, including the one on which I served, has struggled with the problem of how to enhance the professional content and attract a wider circle of contributors and readers. Measures taken to achieve these ends have in general been only partially successful, largely, I believe, because of the JOURNAL's basic role as a house organ.

In view of the latter, the amount of JOURNAL space that can be devoted to discussions of substantive foreign policy issues must of necessity be limited in quantity. The readership demands a continuing flow of articles on personnel management and administrative matters as well as contributions on the increasingly important technical aspects of foreign policy management. It needs also to be kept in mind that a large part of the readership consists of members of Foreign Service families who appreciate the lighter touches in the JOURNAL such as Life and Love and the Washington Letter. In sum, the JOURNAL must and does present a balanced bill of fare on foreign policy and Service problems of interest to a

geographically scattered and intellectually diverse readership.

The problem of encouraging articles in the field of substantive foreign policy which stimulate controversy and discussion is a very difficult one. The fact is that most people in the Service and even those in retired status simply will not write such pieces. Since I left the Department three years ago, I have authored for the JOURNAL a series of articles offering what might be described as an independent view of US foreign policy. Although I have received frequent comments in private on the contents of these articles, I have yet to notice an answering piece in the JOURNAL or even a letter to the editor which supports or takes issue with my views. There is a question in my mind whether outsiders can be expected to contribute to the formation of a "serious professional periodical" when the members of the organization themselves show little inclination to do so.

From a purely commercial standpoint any radical change in the JOURNAL will require very careful scrutiny. The fact is that because of its tie to the Association the JOURNAL is not entirely its own master. The Board I was on examined this question in some detail and with a certain amount of heat. I do not know whether the problem exists today in the same dimensions, but at that time the deficit in AFSA operations was being covered by JOURNAL revenues. Since it was impossible to separate the two, we were required to live with less means for JOURNAL promotion and activities than we would have liked to have available.

This commercial interrelationship raises a whole complex of questions requiring examination such as the value of various AFSA services to the membership, provision for salaries, and advertising revenues. In respect to the latter, which now appear to be satisfactory after a long and difficult period, any changes in format will have to be very carefully considered. I, for one, question whether advertisers would have much interest in inserting in a throw-away publication of the type proposed by the AFSA Committee.

I must also say that I find this latter suggestion to be basically unworthy. Any Association effort should have at least a definite minimum of quality and appeal, a principle which I believe to have been scrupulously observed so far by every JOURNAL board. In any case, the Department's NEWS LETTER seems to me at present admirably suited to fulfill the function of a

throw-away publication on internal Service matters.

In my opinion, it would be preferable to have gradual changes introduced within the framework of the present publication which would eventually satisfy some of the aspirations of the AFSA Committee members. I think it is perfectly possible to do this despite the inherent limitations of the JOURNAL as a house organ. It is largely a question of finding the right way. Perhaps it would be useful to associate some senior retired ambassador with the Board whose function would be to encourage writing of articles for the JOURNAL by people in influential positions. A way to enhance the JOURNAL's reputation is by distributing reprints of pieces which appeal to certain groups. In the past I have used this technique successfully and have received some interesting replies from various prominent recipients. I believe, however, that the costs of such an operation should be borne by the JOURNAL rather than as at present by the individual author.

While I do not wish to be unduly negative towards what has been put forward as a constructive proposition, I nevertheless feel that the burden of proof is on its sponsors to show that it is functionally and commercially a feasible undertaking. Whatever the defects of the present JOURNAL, it has established roots among the members of the Association and is generally well thought of among a growing circle of outside readers. One should be very careful about replacing this image with an unknown quantity.

JAMES A. RAMSEY

Vienna

"The Tone of These Articles . . ."

ENCLOSED you will find my check for \$15.00 representing my annual dues to the Association. I am renewing my membership only after considerable hesitation. I hope that the comments that follow have some validity.

I joined the Association following a drive that was launched in the Embassy here to get new members. I understand this was a world-wide drive. A particular effort was made to obtain membership among FSR staff which is the category that I am in.

The most visible evidence of the benefits of membership are the issues of the JOURNAL which I receive each month. However, as I read the JOURNAL, I find again and again articles that are written by FSOs for FSOs. The tone of these articles is frequently such as to make an FSR like myself feel that he is trespassing on a private reserve and reading the minutes of a

meeting of a club to which he does not belong and which will make every effort to exclude him. The point I am making is: If you really want membership among FSRs, then you better recast your editorial policy.

I hope that you will give serious consideration to these observations.

WARREN GRAHAM FULLER

Rio de Janeiro

An Appreciation

MRS. JANE STEWART SWEETMAN died July 17, 1967 in Perth, Western Australia. Mrs. Sweetman was for a number of years a local employee of the American Consulate in Perth. Loyal, generously, and with a tremendous sense of humor, she provided continuity to a post where many vice-consuls and consuls came and went, orienting each in her own quiet way to work in the State Department's farthest flung post.

KENNETH M. RABIN

Perth

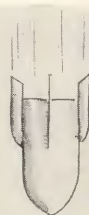
"The Great Stone Face" Spoke

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS on July 4 reminded its readers that Independence Day this year was also the 104th anniversary of the birth of our 30th president, Calvin Coolidge.

This reminded me of the memorable historical occasion when a Treasury Department messenger brought Silent Cal his first check. Cal, at his desk, received it without a word. As the messenger was backing out of the door, Cal called, in his New England twang, "Come again."

JAMES B. STEWART

Denver





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