

The background of the cover is a painting in a style reminiscent of Vincent van Gogh's 'Olive Trees with Yellow Sky and Sea'. It depicts a group of people, likely laborers, in a field. They are wearing light-colored, long-sleeved shirts and dark trousers, and are carrying large, conical hats. Some are carrying bundles on their backs. The ground is a mix of yellow and brown, suggesting a field of crops or a dirt path. The sky is a vibrant yellow, with a large, bright sun in the upper right corner. The overall mood is one of hard labor and a bright, sunny day.

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Ambassadorial Nominations

WILLIAM H. CROOK, to Australia

DAVID S. KING, to Mauritius

HENRY CABOT LODGE, to the Federal Republic of Germany

GEORGE W. MCGHEE, as Ambassador at Large

GEORGE W. RENCHARD, to the Republic of Burundi

ROBERT F. WAGNER, to Spain

Awards

CHARLES E. BOHLEN, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, the first annual James Biddle Eustis award.

Marriages

CARNEY-MOTZER. Susan Carney was married to John Frank Motzer, on June 15, in St. Therese Church, Altoona, Pa.

EARLE-HECKMANN. Elizabeth R. Earle, FSCR, was married to Hans J. Heckmann, on March 1, at the Union Church, Mexico City. Mrs. Heckmann is Educational Exchange Officer at the American Embassy.

HUGHES-MUCHUKOT. Ann Elizabeth Hughes, daughter of Richard M. Hughes, was married to Charles J. Muchukot, on November 24, in Detroit. Mr. Hughes is Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer in Vientiane.

Births

DILLON. A son, Thomas Carter, born to FSO and Mrs. Robert S. Dillon on April 28, in Washington.

FOUCHE. A son, David Carroll, born to FSO and Mrs. Robert M. Fouché, on April 5, in Dadeville, Alabama.

Deaths

BYINGTON. Mrs. Homer Byington, Sr., widow of FSO-retired Homer Byington, died on June 3, in Norwalk, Conn. Mrs. Byington is survived by several children. One son, Homer Byington, Jr., is Consul General at Naples.

COLYAR. Dorothy L. Colyar, FSS, died on May 23, in Arlington, Virginia. Miss Colyar is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Granville B. Colyar, 2940 Bougainvillea St., Sarasota, Fla.

HOFFMANN. Walter W. Hoffmann, FSO-retired, died recently. No further information has been received by the Association.

HOUCK. Fred H. Houck, FSS-retired, died recently in Glendale, California. Mr. Houck served at London and Melbourne.

HOWE. Ellen Wilson Howe, FSS-retired, died on May 14 in Malibu, California. Miss Howe served at Nice, Paris and

Beirut. Since her retirement she had been with the Institute of Government and Public Affairs at UCLA. UCLA has set up a memorial fund in Miss Howe's name to acquire books on history and biography for the Institute.

MARTIN. Jane D. Martin, FSS-retired, died on May 13, in Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. Martin served at Athens and Tokyo, in addition to the Department. She retired in 1958. Mrs. Martin is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Douglas Hunt, of Lafayette, Ga.

With Our Contributors

LILIAN EISENBERG, who sets the scene for our July issue with her cover, has been in Saigon with her husband, FSO Robert Eisenberg, for some months. Mr. Eisenberg was on an assignment for the International Monetary Fund.

HOWARD R. SIMPSON, USIA, has served four years in Vietnam, on two separate tours, including a period as a war correspondent during the Franco-Vietminh war. His notes from that period begin on page 22 of this issue. Mr. Simpson recently graduated from the Naval War College where he will spend the next academic year as a faculty consultant and instructor.

AMBASSADOR WINTHROP G. BROWN's first major experience in international negotiations was when he was put in charge of the preparation for and conduct of the first multilateral tariff negotiation which resulted in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) in 1947. In 1954 he was the active head of the US Delegation at Geneva which resulted in revision of the GATT. As Ambassador to Laos he was very active in the negotiations which led to the Geneva Agreement on Laos in 1962. He has participated in a wide variety of bilateral negotiations as DCM in India and as Ambassador to Korea. These experiences are distilled for the benefit of JOURNAL readers in "The Art of Negotiation" on page 14.

TRISTRAM COFFIN, White House and Capitol Hill correspondent, is the author of biographies of President Truman and Senator Fulbright. He has discontinued his syndicated column, "Devil's Advocate," in favor of other writing pursuits. Mr. Coffin is currently prominent as publicist for Business Executives for Vietnam Peace. "On Manifest Destiny, Folklore and the Glorious Fourth" appears on page 21.

"C-Rations for Baby San," page 31, is a short story from the pen of WILLIAM CRISP, who served as Rifle Platoon leader, First Cavalry Division, Binh Dinh Province in 1966-67. Mr. Crisp, who received his M.A. from Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in 1965, entered the Foreign Service in January of this year and is in Serbo-Croatian language training at FSI.

WILLIAM H. LUERS, who interviewed Father Baroni, Reverend Newell and Mr. Coopersmith on Washington after the riots for our June issue, has devoted eight years to Soviet affairs, desk, INR and Moscow. He is now serving as Guyanan Desk Officer. Mr. Luers teaches a graduate course on the Soviet political system at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. He is one of the founding members of the Open Forum Panel.

Former FSO JAMES A. RAMSEY gives us a first-hand report from Vienna, where he now has an office, on page 34.

FREDERICK E. NOLTING was a member of an investment firm before joining the Department in 1946. He was appointed Director, Office of Political Affairs, US Delegation to NATO, Paris, with personal rank of minister in 1955 and served as Deputy Chief of Mission, USRO and alternate US Permanent Representative to the North Atlantic Council in 1957. He was appointed Ambassador to Vietnam in 1961 and served until 1963. Ambassador Nolting then worked on a special intelligence survey for the US Government in 1963-64. He is now Vice President of the International Department, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, Paris.

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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What We Need at the UN

WILLIAM R. FRYE

ONCE AGAIN, as at the end of the Eisenhower Administration, the United States is facing a period of lame-duck representation at the United Nations. Observers here are asking: Is this kind of thing really unavoidable?

There are many theories as to why Arthur J. Goldberg stepped down as Washington's chief UN delegate.

Some say he wanted to be free to enter the presidential lists as a dark-horse candidate; others, that he was miffed not to be given the Vietnam peace assignment; still others, that he and Soviet delegate Nilolai T. Fedorenko, who left in March, were both eased out because they were personally at swords' points, unable or unwilling to deal normally with each other.

Whatever the reason, the effect on American diplomacy is adverse. It is no reflection on Goldberg's able successor that anyone stepping into as complex and challenging a post as the UN job, with the prospect of keeping it only a few months, is at a disadvantage.

The core of the difficulty is that the post has traditionally been filled with a "name"—often a politically prominent or ambitious "name." Sometimes the job has been an outright political plum.

Selection of a "name" worked well once, in the choice of Adlai E. Stevenson. But it worked because, in addition to being a national figure, Stevenson was also a diplomat of very considerable skill. And he was largely through with politics—though it remained a tremendous drain on his time and energy.

What is clearly required, observers here believe, is a totally nonpolitical career diplomat, one whose pride will not be hurt if he is not allowed to function as a second Secretary of State and whose temperament has been seasoned by years of diplomatic frustrations.

Few other countries experienced in the ways of diplomacy send to the UN men who plan a political future. Lester B. Pearson of Canada was a conspicuous exception. UN delegates frequently move up to foreign minister, but rarely seek elective posts.

It may be an injustice to Goldberg to suggest that he has any such intention. He says he has not. But Henry Cabot Lodge had certainly not abandoned the political arena, and Warren R. Austin had come directly from it.

No matter how conscientious such a man may be, no matter if he has genuinely set aside all political ambition for the duration, he operates under a handicap.

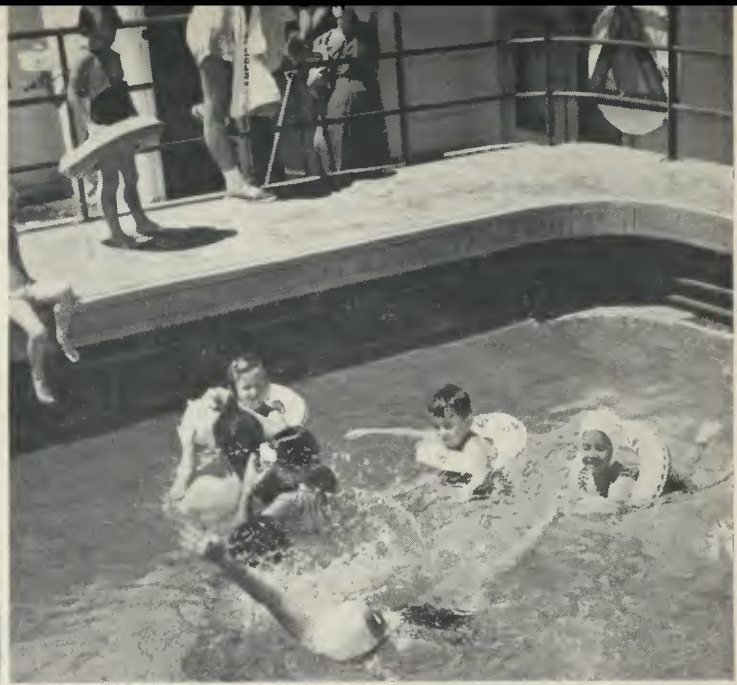
His acts are going to be given a political interpretation, whatever he may intend, and a new dimension of difficulty is thus introduced into the formulation of policy.

Political men are particularly vulnerable to the frustrations of the UN post. They want to run for 70-yard touchdowns, but find themselves at the bottom of pileups in midfield—sometimes with the State Department, as well as the rest of the UN, piling on.

Moreover, a political image clings. For Stevenson this was an asset, but Austin never was quite able to shake off Senator Throttlebottom, and Lodge was often accused of campaigning for the presidency when in fact he was trying to fight the cold war.

This kind of thing can affect a man's influence in UN corridors. Other delegates may discount American policy if they think a measurable element of personal ambition has entered into its formulation or presentation.

Goldberg had the added handicap that Arab delegates



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considered him personally prejudiced on Mideast questions. "I don't know what he's got [to offer]," an Arab remarked recently en route to a private meeting with Goldberg at which an American proposal was to be discussed, "but whatever it is, it will be unacceptable." The Arab was only half facetious.

A diplomatic technician is visibly an executor, rather than a formulator, of policy. His career will not be critically affected by its success or failure.

He normally remains at a post until transferred, providing a highly desirable element of continuity.

The abrasions and frustrations of a diplomatic community are to him a part of everyday life, not to be taken personally, as Goldberg seemed to do. He is much less likely to find the UN the shattering disillusionment that it was, at times, to both Stevenson and Goldberg.

What the United States needs, in short, is a hefty, indefatigable linesman, not a triple-threat backfield star. George W. Ball may come closer to this mold than any other American representative.

If so, it is doubly unfortunate that, barring miracles, he will have only a few months of tenure.

(Copyright, William R. Frye, 1968)

PARABLE II

CHARLES STUART

IN response to accusations that its members were troglodytes and unresponsive to new techniques and ideas, the Medical Association hired J. Arthur Small Associates to make a comprehensive survey of the profession's practices and attitudes. The results were startling. The study, based on a careful sample of 17 percent of the medical profession, spread over 25 states, revealed *inter alia* that; as an average,

32 percent of the physicians' time was spent on administrative matters; 15 percent was spent on travel to and from the office or hospital; routine medical services such as injections, treatment of cuts and bruises, minor fractures and examinations accounted for 48 percent; and only 5 percent was spent on surgery, diagnosis or treatment requiring full medical certification or advanced training. Furthermore, the study revealed that more than 80 percent of the drugs prescribed were placebos, tranquilizers, aspirin-based pills, or "happy pills" which caused the patient to forget his condition until it went away in the natural course of events.

These results caused a revolution in the Association. Practitioners of the auxiliary medical arts (optometrists, chiropractors, podiatrists, osteopaths, homeopaths, paleopaths, nurses, medical aides, etc.), who had long sought admission in vain, were admitted to full membership. With all categories represented on a basis of complete equality, the new association was now able to proceed to the necessary reform measure despite the sporadic resistance of the now outnumbered physicians. Through an intensive campaign by the association, Congress was convinced that broader and cheaper service to the public would accrue through the licensing of persons whom the Association, by its new standards, deemed fit for medical practice.

Educational institutions, which were willing to train practitioners according to the guidelines established by the Association, received the lion's share of federal funds. The States and various local authorities extended parking privileges and other benefits to the Association's members, benefits which had in the past been limited to physicians. Although several papers pointed out that it was now impossible to park, even in front of a hydrant, criticism was stifled on the grounds that democracy had, in fact, been advanced.

For several years all went well. Although a few more patients may have died, there was a general impression of

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more and cheaper medical attention, although fees tended to rise with time. An essentially self protective referral system assured that the more serious cases continued to be treated by Doctors of Medicine. As for the latter, many left for Veterinary Medicine, a die-hard profession whose members refused to join the Association. Others accepted the change, since they had no other place to go. A smaller group drifted off to management positions in the drug companies, which, for inexplicable reasons, continued to attach some value to older standards.

It was the Wallachian flu, however, that finally set the seal of public acceptance on the new system. Striking without warning, the dread affliction swept through the East Coast ports, killing thousands. New York alone lost the whole population of the Borough of Brooklyn, and all the people of Manhattan north of 61st Street. However, the Municipal Director of Public Health Dr. (Podiatrist) Varus H. Kornpopper, had the foresight to make plentiful supplies of amphetamines and other "happy pills" available, so that everyone who died, died happy.

The silver lining in this otherwise black cloud became quickly apparent. Housing became plentiful, traffic was reduced to manageable proportions for the first time in thirty years, real estate for parklands fell to price levels the city could afford, and jobs were suddenly plentiful for all. Measured by the only significant yardstick, the cost-benefit point of view, the Association's program was recognized for the success that it was. ■

Argument With Three Alps

*Wildhorn, Spitzhorn, Wessengrat,
our balconies are bereft,
why do you hide in the clouds?*

*Have your gods met in secret,
what do your oracles say?
Folds of snow fell late last night
smelling white, leaving legions
of your lesser temples green
along your sensual borders.*

*From our windows' dreaming bed
chalets in the looking glass
mow gold squares of clover grass
lumped on two sticks like humans.*

*Centuries of tyrants drove
legions past your unclaimed sky:
tents and elephants marched up
making tracks the stars forgot,
up the blades of angry stones,
surprised by Hannibal's desires
by emperors, by gothic spires,
by Cranach's snow drops, blue grey crags,
vulnerable and innocent.*

*Truth has shapes so much like yours,
unassailable and harsh.
Men can only climb with ropes,
picks and guides to graphic skies.
Truth, the trouble is, must have
images of cold carved stone.*

*Come back, come back from clouds,
crash onto our balconies,
crowd our chairs, push back our walls.
Tell us what the Gods consumed.*

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What's the Price of POTTLE?

BETTY KALISH

THERE must be *some* way of checking market prices," I fussed.

"Well," said my husband thoughtfully, "the East Pakistan government puts out a weekly price bulletin of some sort. Wholesale. Do you want to look at that?"

"In English?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay," I said, "maybe it'll help."

Every American housewife living overseas in a country where servants customarily do the marketing knows that vague, "I am being had—or am I?" feeling only too well. What to do? She compares her marketing bills with those of other Americans, and usually if her bills are not out of line with those of her female colleagues she tries, philosophically, to dismiss the matter from her mind. She knows that if she, a "rich American," poverty-stricken though she may be, goes to market herself, she will pay infinitely more than her cook does. After all the cook at least knows what things ought to cost, and he speaks the language. Unless he is an out-and-out-crook, he takes the lady of the house

for only the normal kick-back from the merchants he patronizes. Which is local custom, and unassailable.

In Dacca, where we are stationed, the consulate general puts out a retail food price list every couple of months to protect the housewife from servant depredation. However, during a period of constant personnel changes within the administrative section, no list was published for many months. I became restive as our food bills rose, and the feeling of "being had" grew. True, local newspapers reported rising food prices, but—*this* much increase?

That's how my husband happened to bring me my first copy of the East Pakistan Directorate of Agriculture's Weekly Price Bulletin, and how I became a devoted and regular reader of this fascinating publication. True, the bulletin does not help me much in interpreting or checking the cook's bazaar book, but I certainly know the cheapest place in the province to buy a hundred pounds of wet salted buffalo hides, heavy grade, in case I ever have a yen for them. Or, say, a maund (80 pounds) of black cumin-seed.

The day my husband first brought this delightful publication home, I settled down happily at the dining table, the government price bulletin and the cook's bazaar book spread out before me. A first quick glance through the bulletin depressed me slightly. Really, in English or not, very few items were known to me. Mung? What's that? Tossa? Arhar? (Arhar to you!)

Salt (fine)—ah! Now there's something I can grapple with. I learn by diligent search that I should buy my fine salt in Narayanganj, a few miles from Dacca, instead of in Dacca, since one maund costs eight and a half rupees in Narayanganj against a massive nine and three-quarters rupees in Dacca market. But where to put 80 pounds of Narayanganj salt once I have hauled it in? Maybe I'd better go on buying it, a pound and a half at a time, at the commissary, at 20 cents a package. Nice little blue package, with pouring spout. Let's see, 80 pounds of salt in the commissary would cost over \$10. Think of all the salt I could buy for \$10, at about five rupees to the dollar, in Narayanganj, or even in Dacca! I pass up this obvious bargain with regret.

Potatoes. Aha! Manikganj, I discover, offers a real buy in potatoes. For

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15 rupees I can buy a whole maund, in sharp contrast to Dacca market's 17 rupees. I refer to the cook's bazaar book: Item: "Potatos, ½ seer, 75 pice." Obviously way out of line, but how can I tell what the cook's take is when he buys in such stingy amounts? Let's see. A seer is roughly two pounds, so he bought a pound, so he says, and he charged me three-quarters of a rupee. My goodness, 75 pice into 80—no. Oh well, let's say it's one rupee instead of three-quarters of a rupee, makes it simpler, and anyway the cook buys at retail markets. Half a seer is about a pound. And 15 into 80 is more than—why he ought to be getting over five pounds a rupee if he buys in Manikganj, wherever that may be. And even if he pays Dacca prices, 17 and a half rupees a maund, he should get, oh, make it 18. Retailer has to make something. He still should get over four pounds of potatoes for a rupee. Him and his 75 pice a pound indeed.

Chicken. Now *that's* something we have a lot of (Lord yes, ad nauseam) and according to the market bulletin we pay through the nose in Dacca market. Look, it says we can buy 80 pounds of live chickens in Manikganj for a hundred rupees! A maund in Dacca costs 135. How many chickens in 80 pounds, anyway? The one we had for dinner last night—little skinny thing—how much did he charge for that? Four rupees, 50 pice? Couldn't have weighed two pounds, live. I think. Regretfully I decide I'd better stick to Dacca market, since I have no idea where Manikganj is. In Dacca, a maund of live chickens costs 135 rupees. Call it 40 chickens like last night's. So 40 goes into 135, well about three and a third rupees each, against his four and a half rupees. Buying retail and one at a time the cook's price isn't so bad. Retailer has to make something, and it's worth it not to have 40 Manikgani, *or* Dacca, chickens running around raising hell in the flower beds. Let's skip it.

Patal. Now, *that's* something we eat, I'm pretty sure. Long thin green vegetable, like a cucumber, only stretched out and curved. Sure have that a lot. If the cook bought it by the maund in Mirkadim market, 80 pounds would cost ten rupees. It seems to be 16 and a half rupees a maund in Dacca. Ah! Here's patal in the cook's book, but he doesn't say how much he bought. Just "Patal—one rupee." Nice round number, good! Now let's say we ate, oh, half a pound, a quarter of a seer. No, we had it twice last week, so maybe he bought a pound. A pound for a rupee.

(Continued on page 49)

Reminder

JACK K. McFALL MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

Object:

To elicit account of personal experiences in the field of foreign service, to the end that a book may be published containing the best and most interesting of the contest entries, in the hope of providing the American public with a better understanding of those who have served their country abroad as employees of one of the agencies of the U.S. Government operating in the foreign field.

Eligibility:

(1) Any person who at time of entering a manuscript in the contest is a member in good standing, in any category of membership, of either AFSA or DACOR; and (2) Any person who is a member of the immediate family of an individual who qualifies under (1).

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THE ART OF NEGOTIATION

WINTHROP G. BROWN

NEGOTIATION, like charity, begins at home: The first fundamental is to know exactly what it is that you want to achieve by negotiating.

When you are negotiating for the United States with other governments, this normally involves a whole series of preliminary negotiations inside the United States Government. In many instances these require as much skill, imagination and perseverance as do the negotiations with other countries. They do, however, have the advantage that you know more or less exactly what the other department or agency of government wants, and you have a court of appeal—the President—to make the final decisions if necessary. The techniques that you use in negotiating with your American colleagues within the Government, or the Congress, or indeed the public, are the same as those you use abroad.

The point is that it is essential for any negotiator before he can face the other parties abroad, to know exactly where he stands at home, where he will be backed up and how far, and how much discretion he is given.

A lot of the difficulties that we encounter in the United States in international negotiations is that we tend to send our negotiators to the conference table with impossible instructions. For example, when I was head of the delegation that went to revise the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in 1954, I had instructions that under no circumstances were we to even discuss the subject of commodity agreements. This was unfortunately the subject of primary concern to two-thirds of the countries at the conference table.

Our reasons for looking askance at commodity agreements were understandable. But simply to refuse to discuss commodity agreements with a group of other countries who were passionately concerned about them, and from whom we wished to get a number of highly important commitments, was to my mind a classic example of how not to accomplish our objectives.

The fact of the situation was that it is exceedingly difficult to negotiate a commodity agreement. If the situation favors the producer, consumers are not interested. If the situation favors the consumers, the producers are not interested. If the situation is in balance, everybody is happy and nobody worries about an agreement. In any event they are enormously complicated things to negotiate. We spent literally years

discussing a proposed international rubber agreement, but an agreement could not be reached. This was because of the difficulty of the situation and not because of the refusal of the United States to discuss the matter. It seemed to me that it was much better to let the facts limit our risks in commodity agreements rather than to take all the responsibility of failure of this enterprise on ourselves. This is happily now our policy.

In other words, you must and can be ready to discuss what the other fellow wants in most cases to talk about, even if you don't propose to do anything about it. You should not, in most cases, fight your battle on the question of whether it gets on the agenda or not. Except in rare and very important cases, this is one fight you're almost certain to lose.

The negotiator can save himself a great deal of trouble at the conference table by thorough homework within the US Government in getting his instructions clear and straight and reasonable before he leaves for the conference.

We have a tendency in our government for each interest or agency to try to obtain its special objectives, each of which looks quite reasonable in itself. But when you add them all up, you sometimes get a package which is much more than our bargaining power can deliver. It is the job, first of the desk officer in the Department of State, and later, if necessary, of the Ambassador in charge of the negotiation, to call a halt to this process and get us to focus on a reasonable number of priority objectives.

The second major requirement for negotiation is to know your stuff. Thorough homework is absolutely essential. Part of this homework must be to anticipate so far as possible the positions of the people with whom you are going to be negotiating, whether they be on your side, or generally sympathetic with your point of view, or really on the opposite side of the table.

One of the great problems in any negotiation is being sure that you and the fellow on the other side are actually communicating with each other. With differences of background and particularly differences of language, often blurred by interpretation, it will frequently occur that the other fellow is saying something which conveys to you a meaning somewhat different from what he intends, even as frequently the language he himself has chosen does not fully convey his true

meaning to your differently attuned ear. One of the things a negotiator must do is always be alert to these possible misunderstandings, to be sure that he understands clearly what the other fellow is trying to say and that he phrases his own exposition in terms which he feels that the other man can and will understand. Very often a slight change in wording or emphasis will make a complete difference between something which is wholly acceptable to other parties, and something which is wholly unacceptable.

Somehow you have to be able to put yourself in the other man's mind and sense what it is that he is trying to say, to discover what to him is really important and to guide yourself accordingly.

Now it frequently happens that what is really important to him is not necessarily what you would think it ought to be. Sometimes he is concerned with a matter of substance. This is the normal case. But often he is concerned really more with the question of presentation. The same dish served up with a different sauce can be made entirely acceptable. Thus a large part of the game of conversation and discussion around the negotiating table is concerned with trying to find out exactly what the other fellow is trying to convey to you and exactly what is important to him, then, to figure out how you can present what you are willing to concede in a form which is most palatable and acceptable to him without detracting from the substance of your own position. In other words, you have to always look beneath the words to their purpose and true meaning.

You have to be aware of the adversary's political and presentational problems at home. It is entirely possible, in fact, it quite often happens, that he would be willing to yield a point of substance if he could only find some way of presenting it that would enable him to defend against parliamentary or political criticism at home. Thus, in every negotiation of importance, the question of presentation for home and public consumption is always a major element on both sides in addition to the basic questions of substance themselves.

A classic example arose in the 1954 conference to revise the GATT. The US delegation was instructed to get agreement by all the other countries to prohibit the use of quotas, particularly on the import of industrial items, and at the same time to reserve the right of the United States to impose quotas on agricultural products whenever we in our own judgment thought that imports would interfere with our price support programs. It was a political fact of life that no United States Government could agree to a commitment never to put any quota on agricultural products under price support in the United States. The Congress simply was not going to let unlimited imports come into the United States and secure the benefits of our price support program. Therefore, one of the things that we absolutely had to have, and everybody in Geneva knew it, was the right to impose quotas in this case. This was, of course, completely contrary to the general doctrine of the GATT and to the general doctrine that we were advocating, that the quota was an inadmissible form of trade restriction.

The way we solved this was for everyone, including ourselves, to agree that quotas could not be permitted and then to ask the Contracting Parties for a waiver permitting us to use quotas in this specific case of price support programs. This waiver was hedged about with various safeguards. We had to report the quotas. We had to review them every year. We had to consult with other countries about the size of the quotas. We had to agree to do our best to permit the normal traditional volume of imports, etc., etc. But the fact was that we had the unrestricted right to impose quotas if and when we felt like it. The substance was preserved, but the form made it acceptable.

On the other hand, the question of form and presentation also has lurking dangers. By overemphasizing it, one can quite

possibly arrive at an agreement in form but not in substance, where real differences are papered over by words which appear to be harmonious, but are susceptible of opposite interpretations by the two sides. Sometimes this is the result that you want. You may simply want to have an agreement which will reduce temperatures and tide you over for a short time. But this does not happen frequently, and it is a dangerous route to pursue. It is important in any negotiation that when you come to the final agreement, you are quite sure that the words upon which you are agreeing mean the same thing to both people, even though they may be presented in the respective capitals with slightly different emphasis. It is better, I think, to probe for differences of interpretation while still at the conference table than to allow them to develop later and make the agreement a source of future trouble rather than of advantages.

We got into a lot of trouble at Geneva when we found Mr. Will Clayton of the US firmly convinced that Sir Stafford Cripps of Great Britain had agreed to abandon imperial preference and Sir Stafford equally firmly convinced that he had not.

Another elementary point, but one that is often overlooked, is the question of how you say something, particularly something disagreeable. Normally, you don't want to make the other fellow lose face even when he is alone with you, particularly if you want to get something from him or want to make him do something. When I was Ambassador in one country, for example, I would frequently discover that one or another of the principal government figures had been doing something which caused us concern and I had to take it up with them. It was a little embarrassing to have to charge them with doing such things, or indeed sometimes even to reveal the fact that I knew what they had been doing. A simple technique was, however, available to deal with this situation. I would simply say that I had come to exchange views, to be informed about the current situation, and ask them how things were going. I would try to draw them out as to what had occurred, making my questions sufficiently informed to indicate to them that I had a pretty good idea of what they had been up to, but not subjecting them to the embarrassment of having me say so.

When you are negotiating an agreement or resolution it is in most cases advantageous to present the first draft. The fellow who presents the first document has an advantage in that he sets the general tone and structure of the presentation and the emphasis among the various points involved. Here again, however, it is necessary to be flexible and to adapt the draft to the exigencies of the particular situation.

It is important to make the paper simple. We Americans have a passion for precise detail and for trying to cover every conceivable eventuality in our documents. This scares people off and makes our negotiating task much more difficult than it would otherwise be.

I have two other general observations: First, your major effort should be to find areas of overlapping interest with the man you are negotiating with. This is the only real basis of solid agreement, not argument, or persuasion, but concurrent interests. Second: when you present your case, you should make the facts talk for you, and not rely on argument or emotion. The Foreign Minister across the table is likely to be persuaded by facts which appear to redound to his country's interest. But he won't be by oral argument.

When I was a law student, I went with other members of the Yale Law Review Board to Washington to ask Mr. Justice Brandeis to let us dedicate an issue of the REVIEW to him on his 90th birthday.

He took us into his library, put us at ease, and talked about the Supreme Court and the kind of presentations which persuaded it, particularly the compelling power of facts. "Let me write the statement of facts in a brief," he exclaimed,

"and I care not who argues the law." This is good counsel for diplomacy also.

Another thing that a negotiator for the United States has to remember, particularly in multilateral negotiations, is the peculiar position of the United States. We are so far the most important and most powerful of the free world countries that we are the center of interest and attention on every occasion. Our interest in what is going on is so universal that we are of necessity and legitimately interested in almost every item on the agenda. Every country present wants to know what the United States position is going to be.

One temptation into which this leads us is the urge to take the lead on every subject. We know what our position is. We think we are pretty effective negotiators. We feel that if we took the lead the job would be better and more quickly done than if we left it to somebody else.

This is a temptation which should be strenuously resisted. In fact, I think that in most multilateral negotiations we should get other people to do our work for us as much as possible. Our status and responsibilities in the world are going to force us to take the lead in so many things anyway that we should limit this area of being out in front as much as we can. I strongly believe that we should pick out the issues in which we have a special interest and in which we really want to see as near a perfect solution as possible. Then we should be willing to let other items be dealt with in a way less than wholly satisfactory to us where they are not of crucial importance to us.

Whenever we can get another country to run interference for us, or take the lead in advancing a position to which we are sympathetic, so much the better.

The objective is to get the agreement wanted, not just to win a series of arguments. So there are lots of points made by others which can be left unanswered, however irritating they may be at the time. You only waste energy and effectiveness by trying to cover or rebut every point in detail.

In multilateral meetings it is always important to find out what other countries are thinking and to line up as much support as possible for US objectives. My only general advice on this is "don't do your lobbying obviously." Don't send other countries notes during the debate. Don't rush around to see somebody who has said something that presents a problem for you immediately after he rises from the table. Everybody knows the US is going to be lobbying. But do it as unobtrusively as possible. It makes the lobbying more effective and less embarrassing to those being lobbied.

Another important question is the one of timing—when to speak, when to be silent, when to take the lead, when to sit back and let someone else make the running. This is important in bilateral discussions as well as multilateral. Sometimes you want to set the stage and tone of debate by early intervention. At other times you want to see the way things go, how people line up, what your adversary is thinking, and sometimes to create an element of uncertainty in people's minds about the way the United States is going to react. Throughout every debate, everyone is extremely interested in knowing what the United States' reaction is going to be. No general rule, of course, can be set on this question of timing, except to say it is a matter which should be carefully considered in each case.

The real negotiating, in the clinches, is usually done in the corridors or over a meal or a drink, not in the large conference room.

In purely bilateral negotiations, if you are negotiating some kind of economic or commercial agreement, or some kind of a formal document, it is probably all right, and often useful, to take one or two colleagues with you. But when it comes to the decisive issues in these cases, or if you are trying to work out some delicate political agreement, it is normally much more effective for the Ambassador, or whoever is selected to

lead the negotiation, to see his opposite number alone. The atmosphere is more relaxed. The other man would normally prefer it to be that way, because most other countries don't like to use the mass meeting technique which we in the United States so often employ. They are trained to personal and individual diplomacy, and "when in Rome" one should "do as the Romans do."

One general rule in which I firmly believe is that in interviews with representatives of other countries, no one on the American side should take notes, unless very complicated figures or something like that are the subject of discussion. A Foreign Service officer should be trained sufficiently to remember and dictate memoranda even of very long conversations in detail immediately afterwards with sufficient accuracy to obviate the necessity of taking notes. The process of note-taking is a very constraining element in any conversation, and one should always do what he can to make the atmosphere relaxed. Meet the other man in your own home rather than your office, if the matter is important and confidential.

As for the personal qualities of the negotiator—he must be a good judge of men and, as I have said, be able to get inside the minds of men of different backgrounds and different ways of thought. He must be a man of his word. In the course of negotiation it is important that the other people concerned should learn to trust him. They may not like him. But they must learn to trust him.

It is usually better in a tactful way to mention an unpleasant truth than it is to conceal it in the interests of avoiding disagreement. But I would not go so far as to say that a negotiator should not wish to make himself liked by his adversaries. For one thing a negotiation actually does go more easily if there is lack of constraint among the negotiators. The old adage that more flies are caught by molasses than by vinegar has its modicum of truth.

I have found that personal cultivation of other negotiators around the table in social ways has paid great dividends. It is time consuming. It is exhausting. But it pays off to make the leaders and senior people in other delegations feel that the United States' negotiator and his team are personally interested in them. To keep negotiators from other countries, particularly less developed countries, informed of what is going on in the inner councils of negotiation as much as is consistent with security is a very subtle and useful means of flattery. In a big negotiation we tend very often to be so busy and so preoccupied, that we spend our time mainly with the key countries concerned. An investment of a certain amount of time with less key countries is in the long run very useful.

It is important to judge the quality of the people with whom you are negotiating. How far can you trust them? How far can you be completely candid with them? This is a very important judgment, because where you can safely use it, candor pays off.

In the meeting in 1954 in which we revised the GATT, for example, one country had particular convictions as to doctrines of commercial policy and was very important in influencing the large number of other developed countries present at the conference. I knew the leader of that delegation, and had come to respect and trust him. The night after we arrived in Geneva, therefore, I invited him to dinner alone and asked him whether he would like, in a general way, to see what our major agreements and disagreements were likely to be and what we could do about them. I said I was prepared to indicate issues on which we simply could not yield and issues in which our position had some latitude, if he would do likewise. This he agreed to do and we laid our cards pretty much on the table.

At the end of the conference all the main issues were finally resolved very much as we had outlined them that first evening though each of us sat for many days of discussion and

argument in which we took, for general consumption, positions quite different from those which we had sketched out for each other.

One of the absolute fundamentals for any negotiator is patience. The surest way to give the other side an advantage is to be or appear to be in a hurry. This does not mean, of course, that one should be lackadaisical and not do what is best to keep the negotiation moving along. But when important points come up, one should never put oneself in a position of appearing to be forced by pressure of time and lead the other side to feel that, for that reason, that one is prepared in the end to make concessions.

The first meeting of the GATT in 1947 was a meeting among 18 countries. The concept was that each country would negotiate bilaterally with each other country for the reduction of tariff on items of particular mutual interest and the results would be merged into a single agreement, thus greatly expanding the process of tariff reduction. Most of the other countries, however, were primarily, and some exclusively, interested in getting reductions in the United States tariff. So when we arrived in Geneva we found that while every country was ready to negotiate with us, very few countries were ready to negotiate with each other. Everybody knew, of course, that the United States, which had originated the idea of this conference, was very anxious to see it progress and be a success.

So, after the opening speeches, everybody said they were ready to negotiate with us, and that later on they might negotiate with each other. We produced from our brief case a fat document which we held up in the view of the conference and said, "This, gentlemen, is a list of the United States' offers of tariff concessions. We are prepared to present them to you as soon as you are all ready to negotiate with each other as was conceived as the purpose of this conference but not before." They replied that this was terrible. We were all assembled in Geneva. Everyone was ready to negotiate with the United States. It would take them many weeks to get prepared to negotiate with each other. Much valuable time would be lost. After all, the United States negotiation was the most important. Why didn't we just get on with the job? We replied that Geneva was a most attractive place. It was early spring and the summer could be counted on to be very beautiful. We were quite prepared to wait while they got ready. We then put our tariff offers back in the brief case. Then they all came around and protested to us privately, but we took the same position. As soon as we convinced them that we meant business it was amazing how quickly they got ready to negotiate with each other and started the round robin process.

So we must have patience. We must also have humor. Without humor many successful conferences would have been a failure. Humor is a great relaxer of tensions.

Perhaps the most vital of all the characteristics and qualifications which are necessary to make a good negotiator or to conduct a good negotiation is the quality of flexibility. You must be able to adapt yourself to the unexpected, to change the form if not necessarily the substance of your presentation at a moment's notice, in fact to change your whole tactic if necessary, based upon an instant decision resulting from your intuitive judgment of how the people around you or the man opposite you is feeling and is likely to react.

How you judge these things no text book can tell you. They are risky judgments to have to make. But if a man cannot keep a pretty high average in judging intuitively how to persuade and convince the man across the table he will never be a good negotiator.

I have said enough, I think, to show that there are really no hard and fast rules. Even the rule frequently advanced that

you should never under any circumstances open with your full offer is subject to variation on special occasions. For example, when we went to Geneva in 1947 for the first multi-lateral tariff negotiation, we had to decide whether to adopt the traditional technique of putting forward small concessions and gradually negotiating them up, or whether to try to create a major impact at the outset by putting down our full offers and then sticking to them, doing our bargaining by conceding on what we requested in the way of reductions by others. Since we knew that the success or failure of the negotiation would depend more than on any other single element upon the degree to which the United States was believed by the other countries really to mean business, we decided to abandon the traditional technique and table our full offers on the opening day. Only in a few cases did we improve them, even though the negotiations lasted seven months.

In counseling prospective negotiators, I would summarize as follows:

(1) Analyze thoroughly the problems that you are likely to encounter and do a great deal of homework in trying to get from our own Government the most negotiable instructions possible;

(2) get clear in your own mind the points on which you must gain your objectives and those on which you can yield some points;

(3) be patient;

(4) get inside the other man's mind as much as you possibly can;

(5) be sure that when you think you are coming to an agreement you each mean the same thing by the words chosen;

(6) be flexible, ready to change your techniques and tactics as your instinct guides you;

(7) always be ready to try to help the other man save his face if you can, and remember that this is important even when you are alone in a room with him;

(8) where you can get other people to do a job for you, do so—we have enough problems we have to handle by ourselves;

(9) remember that inaction and silence are sometimes just as effective as violent action or great activity or profuse speech;

(10) know your facts.

How can one best learn the technique of negotiating? Of course we all are negotiating every day of our lives. As we learn to get along with and influence our colleagues and those with whom we come in contact, we are, in fact, learning to negotiate.

A bull session in which we expound our point of view, seeking to convince others, a recommendation to our boss trying to convince him of the soundness of a position which we propose, clearing a position paper with another department of government—these are all, in their own way, negotiations. After all, negotiation is in essence nothing but another term for a means of influencing the behavior of others.

Perhaps the best way to learn how to negotiate is to watch someone who is good at it. If you are on a negotiating team, you will often find that your leader does things, or does not do things, in a way which seems to you illogical, or at least difficult to understand at the time. You will find as the days go by that he has a good reason and plan, either conscious or intuitive, which led him to take the actions which perplex you. And if he is a good leader, he will probably tell you why he acted as he did.

To sit in the chair for the United States at an international meeting, and the effort under any circumstances, of trying to induce another government to act in some manner conducive to our interests, is a fascinating and rewarding experience. ■

The Turning Point

*The origin and development of
United States commitment in Vietnam*

FREDERICK E. NOLTING

FOR the past four years I have been pessimistic about the success of US policy in Vietnam as it has been carried on in those years. I did not want to say this and have not said it publicly, I think, up to now, for fear of undermining what chance there was of success in that policy. But I have felt that errors committed some four years ago, in the last months of the Kennedy administration—errors which were inherited by President Johnson and, I think, compounded during this administration—were so great as to be practically unredeemable. A letter, dated February 25, 1964, will show you that I am not speaking entirely from hindsight.

Dear Mr. President:

I am sorry I have been unable to get an appointment to see you, for I have wanted for several months to talk

with you about Vietnam and related matters. I believe you and I have seen the issues in Vietnam in much the same light from the time of your visit there in May 1961—at least, I have that impression from talks we have had in the past. I know, therefore, how heavily this problem must now weigh on your mind, as indeed it does on mine also; and I earnestly hope that, despite certain irrevocable errors that I think have been made, a way can yet be found to fulfill our national interests there with honor.

I take the liberty of sending this letter, Mr. President, because I feel an obligation as well as a desire to tell you frankly and directly about my future course of action, which is likely to be interpreted in the press and elsewhere as being related to my tour of duty as ambassador in Vietnam.

I have today sent to the Secretary of State a request to be granted retirement from the Foreign Service, in order to accept an exceptional offer in private business. That my decision has been influenced by my strong disapproval of certain actions which were taken last fall in relation to Vietnam, with predictable adverse consequences, I do not deny. Nor do I deny that I have been uncomfortable in my association with the Department of State since returning from Vietnam six months ago.

Under these circumstances, it seems sensible for me to accept a very attractive position in private business. As a private citizen, I shall continue to do my best to contribute to our country's success.

I solicit your understanding, Mr. President, and I wish for you, as you know, personal happiness and all success in looking after the affairs of our nation.

*Sincerely and respectfully yours,
Frederick E. Nolting*

For many years now, with deepening foreboding, I have seen, as you have, the problem of Vietnam grow and transform itself from a relatively minor concern of the United States to the raging central affliction of our times—poisoning the spirit, the confidence, and the unity of our people.

America's *involvement* in Vietnam began in the aftermath of World War II. America's *obsession* with Vietnam began almost twenty years later—with the overthrow of the Diem

Ambassador and Mrs. Nolting with Ngo Dinh Nhu, brother and close adviser of President Diem.



government and the subsequent introduction of US combat forces. Between the two there lies a long period of time and an enormous difference of policy.

In 1946-1947, as the opposition of the Vietminh to the return of French rule began to intensify, the United States in spite of its traditional anti-colonialism was sympathetic to France. The United States urged France to support a non-communist nationalist counterforce to the Vietminh. By 1949, when the quasi-independent government of Bao Dai was established, another and more compelling reason was added for US support of the anti-communist forces in Indo-China—Mao Tse-tung's stunning victory in China. The United States decided to send material aid for France and its Vietnamese allies, beginning with the very modest sums of \$15 million for military aid and \$25 million for economic assistance.

After the Korean War, US aid to the French and the Associated States of Indo-China increased rapidly, until in 1954 we were paying 78 percent of the total cost of the war. The United States, however, had no part in the policies or conduct of the war at that stage—a fact which caused considerable friction between French and American representatives in Indo-China.

The Geneva Accords of 1954 provided among other things for the cessation of hostilities, the independence and neutral status of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, and the temporary division of Vietnam at the 17th parallel pending a vote on unification. The armed forces of both sides were to be withdrawn to their respective territories and neither side was to be reinforced from outside. Provision was also made for an exchange of civilians, at their choice. Neither the government of South Vietnam nor the United States signed the Accords but the United States agreed not to violate them, and South Vietnam, under Ngo Dinh Diem, tacitly accepted them with one exception, the provision on unification.

In 1955 South Vietnam drew up, ratified, and put into effect a constitution and a system of free national elections. That it did not work perfectly was no surprise. The surprise was that it worked as well as it did. Ngo Dinh Diem was elected president in 1955 and re-elected in 1961. Elections for the National Assembly were held regularly until October 1963. It is worth remembering that the roots of self-government in Vietnam were planted more firmly under President Diem than ever before or since. And all this was done while the most vigorous efforts were underway to knit together a torn, confused, heterogeneous, and devastated country. This has been called "the miracle of Diem."

The aggression [from the North] started slowly, covertly, subtly. Alarmed by the progress in the South and having gotten a firm grip on the North, Ho Chi Minh decided that Vietnam should be reunited, by force if necessary. He had a legal cover for this—the Geneva Accords of 1954. He also had ready tools—the Vietminh organizers, armed cadres, and sympathizers who were left behind in the South after the Accords.

A personal reminiscence may cast some light upon the degree of control exercised by Hanoi vis-a-vis the Viet Cong some years ago. A friend of mine, an Indian on the International Control Commission, told me this story in 1961 in Saigon. As a member of the commission, he went to Hanoi shortly after an attempt had been made on my life by Viet Cong agents in Saigon. He saw Pham Van Dong, the North Vietnamese Prime Minister, and berated him for allowing or ordering such a thing. The Prime Minister, according to my friend, said he was sorry. It was a stupid thing to do and he would try to see to it that it didn't happen again. This account has always puzzled me. Did Pham Van Dong mean that it was stupid to directly provoke the United States by such an act? Or did he mean that Hanoi didn't have close control over the Viet Cong terrorists? Or was he trying to placate the Indian Chairman of the International Control Commission? I don't

know, but in any event I felt more offended than reassured by this message.

Now I come to the period of vivid personal recollections of Vietnam—the most exciting job I ever had and the most gratifying—except for the last three months. With my family, working hard, believing in the rightness of our purpose and with an outstanding team of colleagues—these were years, not of a "Mission in Torment" (the title of a book about that era), but of a mission on the go.

President Kennedy came into office in January, 1961. Southeast Asia was one of his graver problems. Laos and South Vietnam were weakening under increased communist insurgency. He and his government decided on a negotiated settlement in Laos and at the same time a substantial increase in American support to the government and people of South Vietnam. This must have seemed rather strange to the strategists in Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi, who despite their differences, tended to look upon the whole of Indo-China as one strategic area. They saw their opportunity and did not fail to take advantage of it.

The treaty on Laos, negotiated by Averell Harriman, signed in Geneva in 1962 and never lived up to by the communist signatories, promptly turned the Ho Chi Minh trail into the "Harriman Memorial Highway." (I did not coin the phrase.) The treaty on Laos gave immunity to the North Vietnamese to take control of the northern provinces of Laos and to infiltrate South Vietnam while tying the hands of our side. At best the Laotian settlement can be regarded, I think, as one of the poorer alternatives in an admittedly difficult and awkward situation.

Meanwhile, the Viet Cong attempt to undermine progress in South Vietnam and to paralyze its government was making alarming headway. South Vietnamese government officials, non-military, assassinated or kidnapped by the Viet Cong in 1960, the year before I got there—minor officials, for the most part, who were carrying on the work of the Diem government, the agriculture extension agents, road engineers, dredge foremen, district chiefs, school teachers, doctors and nurses, anti-malaria teams, and others—2,400 of them were killed or kidnapped in one year. Was this a popular uprising against an unpopular government as some would have us believe?

In May 1961, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson arrived in Saigon. He was accompanied by his wife and a group of officials from Washington, including members of the Kennedy family. President Kennedy had requested Mr. Johnson to go to Vietnam to survey the situation firsthand. The new administration in Washington was facing important decisions. I was then the new ambassador to Saigon. My wife, my family, and I had arrived 48 hours before. Vice President and Mrs. Johnson were guests of President Ngo Dinh Diem. No such high American official had been in South Vietnam since Vice President Nixon's trip in 1957.

Mr. Johnson's visit consisted of four whirlwind days of conferences with President Diem and his advisers, inspection trips in and around Saigon, receptions, public appearances, handshakings, dinners, and more conferences. As a participant, I was impressed by the Vice President's drive and energy, by President Diem's calm determination and force of character, and above all by the enormous differences of approach to political leadership between the two men—the one Occidental and the other Oriental, the one forceful and the other reserved, the one seeking popular approval and the other seeking to deserve respect, the one democratic in our sense, the other paternalistic in his attitude towards his people, in the good Mandarin tradition. Yet there was an evident rapport between them.

At the farewell dinner, Mr. Johnson proposed a glowing toast to the Vietnamese president. "To the George Washington of Vietnam," he said, and we all drank a toast in warm

champagne. This was the beginning of my tour of duty in Vietnam.

An agreement was worked out between President Diem and me following General Maxwell Taylor's visit to Vietnam and was promptly approved by President Kennedy. It provided vigorous new programs of action to protect the Vietnamese people and to win them solidly to the government's side—without enlarging the area of conflict, without inviting outside interference, without undercutting the essential spirit of Vietnamese nationalism, and without the use of American combat forces. To make the arrangement work in practice, it was necessary to establish a high degree of mutual confidence between the members of our mission in Saigon and the members of the Vietnamese government.

My instructions, with which I thoroughly agreed, laid heavy emphasis on building a bridge of confidence strong enough to carry the load of advice and aid which we were giving.

By and large this program of help and advice worked well for two years. The testimony of the enemy is more eloquent than what I can say. These are quotations from Wilfred Burchett, the Australian journalist, who spent a great deal of time with both the Hanoi government and the Viet Cong. According to Burchett, Ho Chi Minh said: "1962 was definitely Diem's year." Another quotation, according to Burchett, was from the Viet Cong: "We could not have imagined that the United States would be so stupid as to pull the rug from under Diem."

When I went to say goodbye to my friend President Diem in August of 1963, he looked at me earnestly and asked, "Does your departure mean that the United States government has changed its policy from what you and I agreed two and one-half years ago?" I replied, "Mr. President, I have been assured on highest authority from Washington that it does not. You can rely on that"—and I showed him the telegram signed by Secretary Rusk referring to "highest authority," which meant the President.

Diem thought a moment and said, "Mr. Ambassador, I believe you but I am sorry to say I do not believe the message you have received." I said, "Mr. President, you must believe it. Otherwise, all that we have accomplished will be destroyed. You and I know that confidence and mutual respect is the sole basis for successful cooperation between our two countries."

What was the explanation of this sudden disastrous change in American policy? Why did the Kennedy administration turn on its proven ally and connive in his overthrow? President Kennedy was warned against this action. Among those who warned him was Vice President Lyndon Johnson. It is indeed ironic that President Johnson is now suffering the consequences of that act. It is even more ironic that he has been under attack by members of the Kennedy administration who favored it. And it is incredible, to me at least, that he retains among his principal advisers some of those who engineered it.

The reasons for this change in US policy? First, the press—the overwhelming weight of public information on Vietnam was prejudiced and slanted, in some cases towards the editorial line of the reporter's paper. This had a profound effect on American public opinion.

Second, in the State Department and even in the White House staff there was a small group who had been against Diem for years. They had been squelched and silenced for awhile by President Kennedy's earlier forthright decisions but they remained basically unconvinced.

Third, there came in mid-1963 the Buddhist crisis. A clever and inhumane political plot came through to the American public as a genuine revolt against religious persecution, exactly as the Buddhist agitators had intended.

During my two and a half years of work and observation

throughout South Vietnam I saw no evidence whatsoever of religious persecution on the part of the Diem government. Soon after my recall from Vietnam in August of 1963, I had a brief revealing talk with Secretary Rusk. Pointing out that he himself had stated a few months before that he was encouraged by the progress made in Vietnam, I asked him why the State Department had turned so sharply against the Diem government.

Mr. Rusk's reply was, "We cannot stand any more burnings." Behind this laconic statement there lay a dismal lack of understanding and judgment. This was the atmosphere, then, in which vital decisions were being made in Washington in the fall of 1963. "We cannot stand any more burnings." It is worth noting that these burnings were not the last protest suicides, either in Vietnam or in America.

In those hectic days American public opinion was understandably confused. But our policy makers in Washington are supposed to be more farsighted. For them to yield to popular misconceptions and encourage a *coup d'état* was in my judgment unjust to an honorable ally and irresponsible to the American people.

The overthrow of the government that had existed in South Vietnam for nine years left a political vacuum into which the Viet Cong came storming back. The government was paralyzed. The province chiefs, the district chiefs, the village chiefs, all of whom depended on the constitutional government, no longer knew what to do. The military junta which succeeded the Diem government quarreled among themselves and jockeyed for position and power. In the period of less than three years there were nine different governments—a revolving succession of generals and governments.

To make matters worse, our own government embraced each new faction that came into power in Saigon. By late '64, the situation became so bad that President Johnson was faced with the alternative of having South Vietnam go down the drain or sending in US combat forces. He decided to take the latter fateful step. These two events—the overthrow of Diem and the introduction of US combat forces—were the turning point, in my judgment, of the whole affair. The decision, whether to send in combat forces or not, was a very, very difficult one.

It is time, I think, to reassess, to regroup, and to recover our unity and our strength for tests that are surely to come.

President Johnson's [March 31] announcement opened a new possibility of a working consensus in our country on this issue. It is to me an act of real statesmanship. He gave a new dimension, and a new flexibility to the whole problem, and greatly enhanced his ability to deal with it. President Johnson has never blamed his predecessor for the cruel dilemma he inherited in Vietnam in November, 1963, upon succeeding to the presidency, although he was one of the few in the Kennedy administration who opposed the fatal error in Vietnam in 1963.

Yet, having said that, I think that his introduction and buildup of US combat forces, as it turned out, compounded that error. Nevertheless, the fact that he did not put the responsibility on anybody else, even in the face of severe political attack, shows considerable forbearance.

The de-escalation announcement leaves many question marks, of course, but surely a new possibility has been opened by the President—the chance to achieve a national working consensus so desperately needed. This seems to me to be a time for care and forbearance in political debate and public judgment. If as President Johnson evidently sincerely hopes, our nation can find a measure of unity now, we may be able at last to retrieve some of the errors of the past five years. ■

The foregoing is adapted from a speech made by Ambassador Nolting at Lynchburg, Virginia, on April 2, 1968.

☆ On Manifest Destiny, Folklore, and the Glorious Fourth ☆

TRISTRAM COFFIN

HISTORIANS will spend thousands of hours plowing through tons of documents and *mémoires* trying to find the answer to what may be the great enigma of the 20th century.

Why did the United States engage in such a degrading, frustrating and self defeating war as Vietnam? Why did a wise and prudent power expect to defeat the explosive dynamism of Asian nationalism by importing 500,000 of its own troops, destroying crop lands, burning women and children, and propping up a series of comic opera viziers? Why did Washington allow its world image to be badly tarnished, its economic strength sapped, its internal problems swollen, its political discontent run out of control—all over a small country from which it could gain almost nothing economically or politically? (This will stump the Marxists.) Why did it produce such rationales as the domino theory, SEATO treaty, Gulf of Tonkin attack, saving Vietnam for freedom, for this odd errand?

The answer will not be found in State Department dispatches nor the ghost-written autobiographies of Presidents. For it lies in American folklore and the way this folklore runs like a strong underground stream through American politics.

American foreign policy, in almost any period you want to cut in and have a look, is based on a popular ideology. This is echoed by politicians to audiences on courthouse lawns and watching TV, is spread far and wide by the media as though it were a sacred gospel, and taken up by professors, preachers and Rotary Club lecturers. It becomes a force and a law unto itself.

The attraction of this folklore is that it springs from basic human drives—the struggle for survival, fear of the stranger, and an individual and collective need to be looked on as a dynamic force.

Our long isolationism can be traced to a folk belief stated by Washington, Jefferson and others that Europe was tainted and evil while on the new continent was the great hope of mankind for a system pure and noble. The worst epithet the Federalists could throw at Jefferson in the 1800 political campaign was that he was smeared with the corruption of the French revolution. Good and reasonable men believed it. President Timothy Dwight of Yale actually said a victory for the Jeffersonians would bring on a national orgy, “our wives and daughters the victims of legal prostitution; soberly dishonored; speciously polluted. . .”

We were drawn into the War of 1812 by an excess of spirits, a feeling we could lick anyone, anytime. Henry Clay, speaking for the prevailing mood of the country, cried “On to Canada” and boasted that the Kentucky militia could conquer all the continent to the north. President Madison, more prudent, felt he could not run for re-election against this reckless exuberance, and joined it.

We owe the war in Vietnam to a number of ideologies which were particularly prevalent at the time men now governing the United States were children, and listened in fascination to the phrases of Fourth of July orators. “Manifest Destiny” has a great hold on this generation. It was invented by a swashbuckling Irish-American editor and developed into a more respectable ideology by William Allen White and Albert Beveridge.

William Allen White wrote in 1899, “It is the Anglo-Saxon’s manifest destiny to go forth as a world conqueror. He will take possession of the islands of the sea. . . This is what fate holds for the chosen people.” The speaking and writing

of Harry Truman, John Foster Dulles and Lyndon B. Johnson are full of this spirit, and they are hurt and baffled when it is questioned. We are civilizing the pagans, we are bringing them a new and better life, we can save Vietnam by bombing and burning it.

Another doctrine very much involved is a leaving of Populism, a theory that America was constantly being assaulted by vicious conspiracies from without, and the conspirators were aided by traitors at home. The Populist manifestos brood with this suspicion and alarm. It was originally aimed at mysterious European bankers and Wall Street, but has been expanded and glorified into a state religion by fear of a Communist international conspiracy. This had everything going for it: Russians are regarded in our folklore as strange people with beards, the Bolsheviks were atheists, ran an oppressive dictatorship, opposed capitalism, and yelled ominous slogans against us. They had branch chapters all over the world dedicated to overthrowing us. This was something to frighten little children, old ladies, and indeed the whole American people, and politicians used it mercilessly in seeking votes. In the late 1940s and 1950s, political campaigns in the United States, even for such trivial offices as county sheriff, were contests over which was the better able to throttle Communism.

A third ideology is one that startled de Tocqueville, a strange inability to regard other races as human, and so subject to the Christian precepts of brotherhood. He wrote: “In the heart of this society, so policed, so prudish, so sentimentally moral and virtuous, one encounters a complete insensibility, a sort of cold and implacable egoism when it’s a question of the American indigenes. The inhabitants of the United States do not hunt the Indians with the same hue and cry as did the Spaniards in Mexico. But it is the same pitiless instinct which animates the European race here as everywhere else.”

This was noted by Mark Twain in his indignant essays on the inhuman treatment of the Philippine guerrillas by the American armed forces at the turn of the century. General Bell advocated ruthless destruction of civilians, and General Wheeler approved, saying, “The nearer we approach the methods found necessary by the other nations through centuries of experience in dealing with Asiatics, the less the national treasury will be expended and the fewer graves will be made.” General Smith in an order commanded, “Kill and burn—this is no time to take prisoners—the more you kill and burn, the better—kill all above the age of ten—make Samar a howling wilderness.”

There seems to have been little repugnance in the United States for these tactics, because we were dealing with Asians and pagans, and our hearts were pure. Thus, we may drop atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and destroy Vietnamese villages and crops with fire and chemicals, eat a good meal afterwards, and sleep contentedly.

Fourth, we have what Richard Hofstadter calls a “national preoccupation with infallibility” and D.W. Brogan “the illusion of American omnipotence.” This is basically a fear of being defeated, of showing a lack of virility. This is all the more urgent because in no other Western nation has the dominant role of the male been so undermined as in the United States. This shows itself in other ways, our fascination with Western movies of violence and he-men and autos with tough and rugged names. President Johnson expressed it officially, “No American President has ever lost a war, and

(Continued on page 44)



Thai Partisans coordinate operations with 6th Parachute Bn. eight kilometers from Dien Bien Phu.

DIEN BIEN PHU

... notes from a distant battle

HOWARD R. SIMPSON

Fourteen years ago, on the 7th of May, the battle of Dien Bien Phu ended. The following notes cover a three week period in November and December of 1953 when French forces seized the valley, the curtain went up and the actors entered on scene.

The valley is beautiful. The surrounding mountains have the quality of a Chinese brush painting with heavy mists covering their heights. A few huts are burning in the village but most of them are intact. They are on stilts with peaked roofs in the style of the Black Thais. Their owners have left pigs and chickens behind in their

rush to escape the fighting. There is still some firing going on but the village is quiet except for the sputter of field radios and the rumble of Dakotas passing low overhead. The Nam Youm river winds lazily through the village and the stands of green bamboo are beaded with drops of moisture from the low clouds. There are several dead Vietminh regulars laid out by the river. One has his hands over his face as if to shade his eyes. They are smeared with the gray mud of the river bank. Their pockets are turned inside out. The French dead are already being buried in an open area on the other side of the

French artillery in action at Dien Bien Phu.





Thai Partisans arrive at Dien Bien Phu following evacuation from Lai Chau.

village. They are wrapped in their own parachutes. A bearded parachute Chaplain is attending to them.

General Gilles* is not particularly pleased to see me here. Colonel Fourcade tells me he has already refused to let some French newsmen in. Only the fact that I had been with Gilles during the battle of Nasan might keep him from sending me back to Hanoi. As it stands, the best thing is to stay out of his way.

I'm bedded down with the 13th Legion Demi-Brigade under Colonel Gaucher.** Gaucher is a story-book Legion commander; gruff, big and tough. He is busy supervising the installation of his strong points, Dominique and Isabelle. He skids through the command complex and the village in a covey of jeeps filled with his aides and bodyguards referred to here as "Gaucher's Mafia." The curtain of dust they leave in their wake is not making friends for the Legion among the Headquarters radio operators.

Last night I shared my bottle of Scotch with Schoendoerffer*** and Colonel Gaucher. Gaucher has his men digging in around the clock. He

*Commander of all Parachute units in IndoChina. Served later in Algeria where his son was killed in action. Died of a heart attack in France following the Algerian war.

**Killed by a direct hit on his CP at Beatrice during the first heavy artillery barrage in March, 1954.

***Combat cameraman later captured at fall of DBP. Released several months later. Now a well known film director in France whose documentary on the present war in Vietnam, "Anderson's Platoon," recently shown on American Television, won a 1968 Oscar award.

told of the last time he was in Dien Bien Phu defending it—and the yearly opium harvest—from a Chinese Nationalist Division in 1946.

Schoendoerffer and I are sharing a stilted Thai hut that sways slightly when one moves around. It's cold at night but it's surprising how the small fire in the corner and the proximity of the pigs, snuffing and grunting under the bamboo floor, provide a form of central heating.

The sun is bright and clear by mid-morning and the planes are coming in regularly to unload reinforcements, artillery and supplies. They are still dropping supplies by parachute. Flying Boxcars come in low to drop rolls of free falling barbed wire that look like silver cascades. They come down fast and throw fountains of earth into the air when they hit. An Algerian rifleman was killed yesterday

General Gilles (right) and Colonel Fourcade on the airstrip at Dien Bien Phu.



by the falling wire. "Driven into the ground like a nail" according to an Engineer officer.

Laichau is being evacuated and the Thai partisans are withdrawing to Dien Bien Phu. There is some confusion as to what is to be destroyed at Laichau and who should do it. One helicopter is running a shuttle with demolition materiel going and wounded coming back.

The Thai partisans are not happy. Their Chief, Deo Van Long, wants more and better weapons. Having to leave their mountain capital at Laichau has been a deep blow and loss of face. They suffered considerable losses during their withdrawal. The French officers working with the Thais and Meos are a special breed. Most of them have been in this area for years. Some have Thai and Meo wives and children. They know the terrain, customs and languages perfectly. These small units, organized by officers of the G.C.M.A.,* have been hurting the Vietminh. They are experts at ambush and many of them are armed with the latest Chinese and Czech automatic weapons taken from the enemy. I was with one group for three days. We ate meat of doubtful origin and white roots that tasted like turnips. The French Lieutenant in command had two tins of concentrated wine he had "requisitioned" from the Legion. When mixed with water it tasted like grapejuice, looked like ink and had the effect of dynamite. My entero-vioform supply is dwindling fast.

There was some small arms fire in the hills last night but nobody seems

*Groupement de Commandos Mixtes Aeroportes.

to know what it was about. Fourcade* says it was a nervous patrol.

General Gilles invited the press contingent to dinner at the CP last night. He was in a rare good humor. We had pastis before the meal and a raw army pinard was served with the "beef" (buffalo), tomatoes and fried bananas. We finished with hot, flaming rum in canteen cups served by Gilles' Senegalese orderly who had made a specialty of the drink during the cold nights at Nasan. I took advantage of Gilles' mood. Tomorrow, with his permission, I'm going outside the wire with the 6th Parachute Battalion of Major Bigeard.**

It was a battalion-sized sortie. Gilles suggested I stick with Bigeard's headquarters company. I tried to. I should have attached more significance to Gilles' smile as we moved out. Now I know that the 6th BPC is famous for the speed of its march. We covered a total of 14 miles from 7 A.M. till 9 P.M. through rough terrain with the pace varying from a fast walk to a trot. Bigeard says moving fast helps to avoid ambushes. I joined the rear guard and re-entered DBP after dark. I've got two raw blisters. I didn't realize a Rolleiflex could weigh so much. Gilles looks like the cat who swallowed the mouse.

The villages we entered were deserted. The men of the 6th are professionals and Bigeard guides his companies like a chess player. Some rice and about thirty clips of automatic rifle ammunition were found buried under a hut in one of the villages. As the Paras were poking around one of the officers glanced at the surrounding jungle and said quietly, "I don't like it." It is eerie out there. Dead silence. Even the pigs and chickens are gone. One has the sensation of being under constant observation.

Last night the artillery fired at odd hours. They finally have a target—or think they have. They're still at it this morning. It's almost too pastoral to be real. The sun glints on the barbed wire, the planes are coming and going, the Legion is still digging in and the 105s are thumping steadily. Occasionally a smoke ring rises lazily over a gun position and holds its form until

*Colonel, organizer of the Commando d'Indochine and General Gilles' Deputy.

**Legendary parachute commander of the IndoChina War who later led many of the violent counter attacks inflicting heavy losses on the Vietminh. Promoted to Colonel during the battle, captured and released. Bigeard fought in Algeria where he was severely wounded. Recently promoted to Brigadier General he is now in command of France's elite Brigade d'Intervention based at Pau.



Colonel de Castries arrives to take command at Dien Bien Phu.

it hits the agitated air over the air strip. For some unknown reason they airdropped several cases of Beaujolais this morning instead of sending them in aboard a Dakota. The parachutes didn't keep some of the bottles from breaking—a sad spectacle for those opening the cases.

Colonel de Castries* has arrived and will soon take over command from General Gilles. Gilles will be overjoyed to get his Paras out of such a static position. The Colonel will command the Legion, North African, Vietnamese and Thai units but most of the Paras will leave with Gilles. Colonel de Castries looks like he is sitting a jumper at a chic horse show. He affects a shooting stick and the red "calot" of the Spahis. Quite a contrast to Père Gilles with his dusty parachute jacket and fierce glass eye.

There is a complex supply problem here. The Moroccans and Algerians must have lamb and tea, the Vietnamese like fish and delta rice, the Thais prefer mountain rice, the Legion operates on pastis and the CP likes to have champagne on hand for visiting dignitaries. On top of all this the poor Quartermaster is faced with Christmas when all of these units will be asking for the holiday specialties of their respective homelands.

They have brought in some light American tanks (Chaffees) by air. They arrived piece by piece and are reassembled on the edge of the air strip. Some officers are jubilant over the "surprise" the Vietminh will experience when they encounter the

*Promoted to General prior to the fall of Dien Bien Phu.

tanks. Considering the Thais that still drift in and out of the camp and the wagging tongues in the Hanoi bars I am not sure.

Fighters are now based on the strip. Today, for the first time, they dropped some napalm behind a distant ridge. The pilots say they've made a contact but that is all. They're keeping their report for Headquarters. The fuel and napalm stockpile is sitting exposed behind a symbolic wall of sagging sandbags within spitting distance of the aircraft. An AFP correspondent asked Colonel Piroth,* the Artillery commander, if he planned to dig his guns in. Piroth, a fatherly type with one arm, said there was no need for it—for the moment. He exudes confidence.

The 5th Vietnamese Parachute Battalion is in position across the Nam Youm. If the Vietminh act true to form he'll hit them first when the attack comes. They don't seem to be as well dug in as the Legion. One of the young officers was with Captain Pham Van Dong** at Ninh Binh. He tells me Dong is now a Major commanding an entire Groupe Mobile in the Delta. The 5th BPVN makes the best soupe Chinoise at DBP.

The 6th BPC is leaving shortly.*** Bigeard invited me to a spartan lunch (no wine—just tea) and presented me with the Battalion insignia and one of the Japanese style camouflage caps worn exclusively by his unit. Gilles grudgingly admitted this was quite an honor, particularly for an "Amerloque."

Christmas is almost here. The Legion has asked me to stay as their guest but I've got to get back to Hanoi. I've decided to spend Christmas with the Catholic Militia at Phat Diem. Fourcade has given me a note to one of his Commando groups there.

The atmosphere at DBP is strange now. Everyone is waiting. Some think the Viet has swung on past the valley into Laos. Just before flying out I asked a Legion Captain what he thought the prospects were. He shrugged his shoulders, surveyed the dark ridge lines surrounding the airstrip and said, "They're coming. It won't be too long now." ■

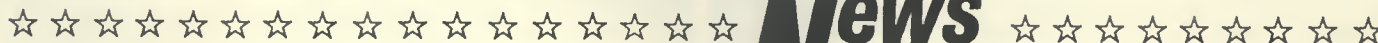
*Colonel Piroth later committed suicide when his guns proved ineffective against the heavy barrages from well concealed Vietminh artillery.

**General commanding the Saigon-Cholon military district in 1964.

***Bigeard and his 6th, like most other Parachute Bns, returned to Dien Bien Phu to form the backbone of resistance during the major battle. All of these units suffered heavy losses.

Association News

July, 1968



AFSA States Views on Selection Out

The following letter was sent to the Deputy Assistant Secretary for Administration on June 10:

Dear Mr. Rimestad:

Thank you for asking the American Foreign Service Association to present its views concerning changes in Selection Out Procedures. The Association strongly believes that selection-out, consistently and impartially administered, is an essential management tool for shaping the most effective Foreign Service. We believe that this must be done on a planned long-term basis and that the acknowledged requirement for equitable treatment should not be used as an excuse for failure to select out the least effective officers.

At the May 21 meeting of the Board of the Foreign Service, we noted the possibility of a smaller selection-out zone. We have since learned that under the present system (combinations of lower 10 and/or 5 per cent rankings) generally less than 2 per cent of any class even falls within the so-called selection-out zone—and of course not all of these are selected out. It is thus apparent that reduction in the size of the zone would probably result in fewer officers being selected out.

Since we are strongly in favor of selection-out, it is apparent that what needs most to be changed is not the screening process but the willingness of the Department to use it effectively. It is not that the net is too large or too small. Too many of the fish are thrown back.

Why are we in favor of better enforcement of selection-out? We have set forth a number of reasons in our letter to you of May 15; but essentially it is because we see a fundamental injustice in any time-in-class system that is not accompanied by selection-out of marginal performers. Year after year, excellent officers (who may have been consistently in the top third of their class) will be required to resign or retire because of time-in-class limitations, even though those same officers might have been promoted if the least effective officers in the next higher classes had been systematically eliminated.

At a time when smaller promotion

lists and a contraction in the size of the FSO Corps are narrowing the prospect for advancement of some excellent officers, it is especially important that there be assurance that selection-out on the basis of performance will operate impartially, steadily, and effectively. We are convinced that both intake and promotions will stagnate, and the Service will suffer in both morale and efficiency, if the Department is not willing to couple time-in-class limitations with a vigorous program of selection-out on the basis of performance.

Sincerely,

LANNON WALKER
Chairman, AFSA Board

New AFSA Board Member



Robert G. Houdek, FSO-6, one of the organizing members of AFSA's Community Action Committee, is also chairman of the 1968 AFSA membership drive.

Mr. Houdek was born in Chicago in 1940. After earning his B.A. at Beloit College and his M.A. at the Fletcher School, Mr. Houdek joined the Foreign Service in 1962. He has served as third secretary at Brussels and Conakry. Now a "line" officer in the Executive Secretariat of the Department of State, Mr. Houdek accompanied President Johnson around the world in December 1967.

The Houdeks (she is the former Mary Wood) have a year-old daughter, Pamela.

Mr. Houdek takes the place on the AFSA Board of Directors formerly held by Adrian Basora, recently assigned to Bucharest.

AFSA Club Construction Begins

Ground breaking ceremonies for the AFSA club took place on June 21. The club facility will open late this summer.

In early May the architectural working drawings and engineering designs were completed. They were submitted to the District authorities for the necessary building permits and let out for bids to a number of contractors.

A contract has been negotiated with Emily Molino, a well-known interior designer, who will work in association with the architects.

Decorator's objects sought. So that the club will reflect the world-wide interests of its members, the Board is asking members of the Association to donate items which could be used to carry out this theme. Anything will be welcome. Bali carvings, African masks, Near Eastern bronze-ware, Central American pottery, European porcelain, Aboriginal boomerangs, etc. The one stipulation for these donations is they be given in *fee simple*. Those which are not selected for use now or later—Miss Molino hopes that there will be sufficient to permit us to rotate them from time to time—will be donated to the Women's Association for a white elephant booth at the next book fair. All items can be delivered or mailed to the Association headquarters, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

AFSA Membership Drive

AFSA kicked off a two month worldwide membership drive on May 15. Our goal is to enroll every eligible Foreign Affairs Professional in the Association. First reports from AFSA Chapters and Keymen in the field are excellent; the veterans are "re-upping," and we are getting new recruits.

By now, no doubt, you have received your dues notice and sent your check or have been approached by one of the Keymen. If you haven't yet renewed your membership, get in touch with your Keyman. It will only take a minute, and the process is absolutely painless.

Fulbright Proposes Another Commission To Review And Reform Foreign Affairs Agencies

Senator J. William Fulbright has now formally introduced to the Senate a proposal he made to the President in October 1966 for a "blue ribbon" commission to suggest reforms in the organization of executive agencies conducting foreign relations.

In presenting his Joint Resolution, the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee said that he would delay pressing the proposal to a vote until the new administration takes office because the appointment of such a commission should not be "one of the last acts of a retiring administration."

The following are excerpts from Mr. Fulbright's remarks made on the floor of the Senate on May 22:

From everything I have heard and read and seen, I have regretfully concluded that the internal morale in the Foreign Service and the Department of State, as well as in the Agency for International Development and in the US Information Agency, is poor. As the Wriston report has pointed out, it follows that there is, or will soon be, less public confidence in these institutions. For a country as rich in human resources as the United States, facing the enormous problems in the field of foreign relations that this country faces, I suggest that this is not only an undesirable but an intolerable state of affairs.

I believe that the time has come for a thorough, realistic, and objective examination of the operation in the United States and abroad of the Foreign Service, the Department of State, the Agency for International Development and the US Information Agency—the principal agencies which conduct this Nation's foreign relations at home and abroad. In October 1966 I wrote the President and suggested the appointment of a blue ribbon Presidential Commission to perform this function and to suggest reforms that should be made, a commission to be composed of people who have had broad, relevant experience and whose only interest would be in seeing that the United States has the best possible organization to conduct its foreign relations. The executive branch, while not denying my assertions that fundamental and far-reaching changes were needed in the Department of State and other agencies with important responsibilities in the field of foreign affairs, indicated a belief that the needed reforms could be instituted more effectively without outside assistance by the top noncareer level of

the Department of State. Two years have now passed and, despite the best efforts of the top noncareer level of the State Department, I do not think that the situation has improved.

The United States is, of course, not alone in facing the problem of how best to organize the conduct of foreign relations. Six years ago, the British Government decided to conduct a thorough review of the purpose, structure, and operation of its foreign affairs establishment. (See "*Some Observations on H.M. Diplomatic Service*" by John E. Harr in the August 1967 JOURNAL.)

I have felt for several years that while the British do not have the answer to every problem, they may well have the answer to the one I am discussing today. I am convinced that the executive branch departments and agencies concerned—either the top noncareer level of these departments and agencies or the administrative specialists with vested interests in the results to whom such a task ends up being delegated—cannot alone institute the needed reforms. A view from the outside is also needed—a broad and objective view, unencumbered by political considerations or by the obligations that executive branch officers have toward the interests of the particular department or agency in which they serve.

The United States has many distinguished citizens who have served in high positions in the Government, here and abroad, and in the private sector as well. We should put the best available minds among them to work on this problem. To suggest just one example of such a man, I would point to the distinguished career of Douglas Dillon who has served in both Republican and Democratic administrations, in the State Department and in an embassy abroad, in the Treasury Department and in the private sector as well. There are many other men whose experience, while perhaps not as broad, would enable them to bring knowledge and perspective to the work of such a commission which could draw its staff not only from various Government departments and agencies but from foundations and universities, and also from corporations, banks and management consulting firms with large foreign operations of their own.

I am therefore submitting today a joint congressional resolution providing for the establishment of such a commission to be composed of 12 mem-

bers—two from the Senate, two from the House of Representatives and eight to be appointed by the President. The joint resolution stipulates that the members appointed by the President should not, at the time of their appointment, be serving in any governmental position other than in an advisory capacity.

I do not intend to press this joint resolution to a vote at this time because I do not believe that the appointment of such a commission should be one of the last acts of a retiring administration. But I do believe that the appointment of such a commission should be one of the first acts of a new administration. I am introducing the joint resolution today so that the candidates for the office of the Presidency, and Members of the House and the Senate, will have time to think about it. I will introduce the joint resolution again at the beginning of the next Congress and I will then do my utmost to achieve its adoption.

JOINT RESOLUTION (S.J. RES. 173)

To establish a Commission on Organizational Reforms in the Department of State, the Agency for International Development, and the United States Information Agency.

Whereas there is an obvious need to insure that the United States conducts all aspects of its foreign relations in the most effective possible manner; and

Whereas toward this end, it is appropriate to provide for an independent study of the present operation and organization of the Department of State, including the Foreign Service, the Agency for International Development, and the United States Information Agency with a view to determining and proposing needed institutional reforms: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there is hereby created a commission to

The Association sympathizes with Senator Fulbright's frustrations at the Department's apparent inability to effect needed reforms from within. We are somewhat worried, however, that establishment of such a Commission as he proposes in 1969 will delay until 1970 or 1971 reforms which are urgently needed in 1968. With the work of the current Career Principles Committee now being cast in detailed form, the Association hopes to be able to discuss the Committee work informally with Senator Fulbright and others in the near future.

be known as the Commission on Organizational Reforms in the Department of State, the Agency for International Development, and the United States Information Agency (hereinafter referred to as the "Commission"). It shall be the duty of the Commission to make a comprehensive study in the United States and abroad and to report to the President and to The Congress on needed organizational reforms in the Department of State, including the Foreign Service, the Agency for International Development, and the United States Information Agency, with a view to determining the most efficient and effective means for the administration and operation of the United States programs and activities in the field of foreign relations.

SEC. 2. The Commission shall consist of twelve members, as follows:

(1) Two members of the Commission, to be appointed by the President of the Senate, who shall be Members of the Senate, of whom at least one shall be a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

(2) Two members of the Commission, to be appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who shall be Members of the House of Representatives, of whom at least one shall be a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

(3) Eight members of the Commission, to be appointed by the President, who shall not be individuals presently serving in any capacity in any branch of the Federal Government other than in an advisory capacity.

SEC. 3. The President shall also appoint the Chairman of the Commission from among the members he appoints to the Commission. The Commission shall elect a Vice Chairman from among its members.

SEC. 4. No member of the Commission shall receive compensation for his service on the Commission, but each shall be reimbursed for his travel, subsistence, and other necessary expenses incurred in carrying out his duties as a member of the Commission.

SEC. 5. (a) The Commission shall have power to appoint and fix the compensation of such personnel as it deems advisable, in accordance with the provisions of title 5, United States Code, governing appointments in the competitive service, and chapter 51 and subchapter III of chapter 53 of such title relating to classification and General Schedule pay rates.

(b) The Commission may procure temporary and intermittent services to the same extent as is authorized for the departments by section 3109 of title 5, United States Code, but at rates not to exceed \$100 a day for individuals.

SEC. 6. (a) The Commission shall conduct its study in the United States and abroad and shall report to the President and to the Congress not later than eighteen months after its appointment upon the results of its study, together with such recommendations as it may deem advisable.

(b) Upon the submission of its report

under subsection (a) of this section, the Commission shall cease to exist.

SEC. 7. The Commission is authorized to secure directly from any executive department, bureau, agency, board, commission, office, independent establishment, or instrumentality information, suggestions, estimates, and statistics for the purpose of this Commission, office, establishment, or instrumentality and shall furnish such information, suggestions, estimates and statistics directly to the Commission, upon request made by the Chairman or Vice Chairman.

SEC. 8. There is authorized to be appropriated not to exceed \$500,000 to carry out this joint resolution.

AFSA Participates in Foreign Policy Conference

During the last week in May, AFSA Board Chairman Lannon Walker, Charles Bray, and Peter Krogh represented AFSA at the Foreign Policy Association's meeting in New York. The dominant, and rather discouraging, theme of remarks by participants seemed to be that people who have formed the natural constituency of foreign affairs in this country for the last generation are turning their backs on the world and devoting their attention and energies almost exclusively to US domestic problems. A second theme heard was that with funds for foreign affairs declining, there is a need for better management, including reorganization of our foreign affairs activities. The AFSA contingent found itself in agreement with a small group of young businessmen, state politicians, and educators which hopes that the Foreign Policy Association can use its constituency to prevent a withdrawal from the world into neo-isolationism. Public concern with the organization of our foreign affairs activity indicates that there is a definite need for the in-house prescription for reform of our foreign service which is now being prepared by AFSA's Career Principles Committee.



William S. Gaud, Director, AID, speaks at AFSA's May 23 luncheon. To his left are Harry Lennon, the Honorable Joseph Palmer, Gov. G. Mennen Williams and Gov. H. Rex Lee. To his right is Lannon Walker.

AFSA Community Action Committee

The Board has appointed Joseph N. Greene, Jr., as Chairman of the Community Action Committee, to replace Robert O. Blake, who is being transferred overseas. Mr. Greene has just returned to Washington from New Delhi, where he was Deputy Chief of Mission. He is now assigned to the BALPA Task Force.

New focus of the Committee's activity is on the summer programs in the District of Columbia, under the sponsorship of the United Planning Organization and the District Government. As these new programs are developed, AFSA volunteers will be assigned to them.

In addition to work in the anti-poverty programs, the Committee has continued to look for other ways it might contribute to a better understanding between the races in the Washington area. A group of AFSA members has undertaken an experimental in-depth seminar on prejudice and measures to eliminate its manifestations. The aim is to expand this effort to others in the Association and to groups beyond the Association, particularly in the suburbs.

Arab Americans Honor Philip Habib

AFSA President Philip C. Habib was honored at the seventh annual awards dinner of the Amara Civic Club in Washington on May 18. Habib's wife, Marjorie, received the award on behalf of her husband who was in Paris with the Vietnam peace delegation.

The Amara Club is an organization of American professional men of Arab descent. Others honored at the 1968 dinner were Congressman Abraham Kazen, of Texas, Federal District Judge Robert R. Mehrige, Jr., of Richmond, and A. Joseph Howar, philanthropist, of Washington.

AFSA's General Manager Has a Wide Range of Duties

When AFSA wants to negotiate with a food management firm for the new Club, to obtain tax free status for its AFSA Fund, to offer a new group insurance plan to members, it turns to its capable General Manager, Gardner Palmer. His experience as a principal partner in an investment firm in the thirties is invaluable in handling AFSA's complex financial affairs, and his 22 years of active Foreign Service duty abroad, and in Washington, have taught him how to deal with a wide range of activities. The matters are as complex and varied as the correspondence he receives from AFSA members overseas and the tasks passed to him by the AFSA Board. Gardner negotiated the purchase and financing of the present AFSA building near the Department, and is now deeply involved in the plans for renovation of the building and construction of the Club facilities. He takes an active part in the affairs of the JOURNAL, particularly in the search for advertising. Fund-raising activities for various facets of AFSA activities also claim a lot of his time, as well as management of the Scholarship Fund. Gardner has served as General Manager since 1966. He entered the Service in 1942, and served as Minister Counselor for Economic Affairs in Tokyo



as his last overseas post. In Washington, Gardner was Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs from 1957 to 1959, and served as Department of State Adviser to the Commandant of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces from 1961 to 1963. He has taken on several consultative functions for the Department, such as organization of the first Foreign Service Day in 1965.

Gardner is Vice President of DACOR and on the Executive Committee of the Citizens Association of Georgetown. He is married to the former Mildred Rudell and lives in Georgetown.

AFSA Searches for Funds from Foundations

On a recent trip to New York, Lannon Walker and Charles Bray initiated AFSA's contact with private foundations in search of funds. They presented AFSA's preliminary fund raising package to the Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie Endowment Foundations, and to John D. Rockefeller's private staff. The object was to solicit funds for specific projects outlined in the package and to obtain foundation endorsement for the broader purposes of AFSA. While it is premature to report in detail on foundation reaction, it is apparent that our approach met with gratifying receptivity. There is an impressive and encouraging degree of enthusiasm at every hand, not only for specific projects but for the ideas of the young leadership of the Association. There were also expressions of real support for what AFSA is trying to do within the foreign service and in behalf of effective conduct of the country's foreign affairs. These initial contacts will now be followed up and expanded. By midsummer there should be several grants in hand to report to the membership.

Wrong Place to Economize

Some Administration officials, agonizing over the necessity for sweating \$6 billion out of the Federal budget for fiscal 1969, are hinting that one painless way to cut would be to delay for a year the pay rise Government employes are scheduled to get July 1.

Such a solution would be a monstrous act of unfairness—a transfer to the backs of two million Federal workers of the responsibility for combating inflation that should be shared by all citizens. Big as it sounds, the \$1.6-billion pay increase the Government plans to give next year is merely designed to close part of the gap between Federal salaries and those for comparable jobs in private industry.

Workers performing essential public services and bound by a law that makes it a felony for them to strike cannot be told they must subsidize the rest of the population as a means of protecting everybody's dollar. And particularly not when the breakdown of the Government's wage-price guideposts is pushing up the cost of living and other workers are getting the biggest pay increases in history.

—NEW YORK TIMES, June 6, 1968

AFSA Congressional Seminars Feature Zablocki, McGee

The first of a projected series of congressional seminars was held under auspices of the American Foreign Service Association at Dacor House on May 21. Congressman Zablocki of Wisconsin, the second ranking Democrat on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, spoke to a group of 30 officers from the State Department, AID and USIA and later took part in a general question and answer session on the subject of the relationship of the US Congress to US foreign policy.

The second seminar took place at Dacor House on June 4 with Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming as guest of honor. Senator McGee serves on the Appropriations, Banking and Civil Service Committees. An audience of 30 other officers of the same agencies took part. Senator McGee's introductory remarks concerned the role of the US Senate, and particularly the Foreign Relations Committee, in the formulation of US policy. A question and answer session followed, offering the participants a chance to exchange opinions on the theme of the Senator's presentation and on other matters.

The invitation list for the seminars, which it is hoped can be held about once a month, is made up of respondents to the AFSA questionnaire mailed out during the month of May. The committee in charge of planning the seminars is working its way through the list and will send out a new questionnaire when the present list has been invited. Over 200 officers responded to the initial proposal and have been entered on the invitation list.

The Bookworm Trail

The 1968 Book Fair, to be held October 28, 29, 30 at State Department's Exhibition Hall, needs YOUR support in order to raise money for scholarships for Foreign Service children from AID, State and USIA families. Book bins are installed at the Department (21st and D Street entrances and in garage) in the USIA lobby and at FSI. For free pick-up service, call: Mrs. Lathram Micas—528-1973, Mrs. George Dolgin—299-6289, Mrs. Arthur Foley—363-0370, Mrs. Alexander Schnee—657-8777. Overseas donations should be addressed to: Foreign Service Wives Desk, Foreign Service Lounge, Department of State.

In addition to books, stamps, posters, maps, paintings and prints are needed.

EDITORIALS

Robert F. Kennedy

*Alas, poor country —
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not markt; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead men's knell
Is there scarce askt for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.*

—Macbeth, IV, 3.

A Welcome Guest

SOME of the non-career people who are appointed to high positions in the Washington foreign affairs agencies or as Ambassadors overseas come to respect and admire the career foreign services and to return to private life with warm feelings about their association with them. Others find the career services a "taffy pull," a "fudge factory" or otherwise deficient in major respects. The career services reciprocate, of course, with varying views about the qualifications of non-career officers.

But about at least one non-career officer, the services can only be thankful. That man is Ambassador Raymond Guest who has not only served as an effective Ambassador to Ireland but has also devoted a sizable chunk of his own time and resources to improving the foreign services. In the three years he has been Ambassador he has given his salary to the Foreign Service Institute for a training program designed to reach foreign service personnel stationed overseas. Through the Raymond Guest Overseas Seminar Program, hundreds of foreign service personnel, while overseas, have received training in such subjects as economics, international communism, and in problem analysis and decision making. His act of generosity may be incomparable in the history of the Foreign Service.

We applaud and thank Ambassador Guest! ■

The End is not Yet in Sight

WINTHROP BROWN, with eloquent simplicity and textbook clarity, gives the JOURNAL's readers this month a guide to "The Art of Negotiation." His advice has utility for all foreign policy practitioners but Ambassador Brown is obviously not writing specifically about The Negotiations, which might or might not eventually develop from the contacts that began in Paris in May.

Vietnam—with or without negotiations—is a subject that no one, least of all those dedicated to serving the public weal, can contemplate with altogether disinterested scientific detachment. Certainly none of the JOURNAL's writers this month have done so.

Much is now being heard about "the silent center" among Americans and we have much to consider from them as well as from the extremes. Active members of the Foreign Service individually are silent for a different, peculiarly professional, reason. Yet it is entirely suitable to quote here from the sober statement issued on May 23 by the Citizens Committee for Peace With Freedom in Vietnam, who believe they speak for the "silent center" of American life:

The United States welcomes negotiations which offer

a hope of peace with freedom and honor in Vietnam—a responsible and durable settlement of this long, bloody and costly war. But negotiations are merely a beginning to an end. And the end is not yet in sight.

The road to a negotiated settlement of the war in Vietnam is likely to be long and hard. It is likely to twist and turn and take agonizing detours. And we face the unhappy prospect of continued bloodshed.

There is no necessary equation between negotiations and peace. Negotiations are not an end in themselves—they are only a possible means to an end.

America must not expect too much to flow from a resolution of the conflict in Vietnam. We live in a world of great antipathetic historical forces. There is no early prospect for world peace in the traditional sense. There is conflict in today's world and conflict—political, economic or even military—will unquestionably continue at various levels and in various places for the foreseeable future.

Our basic continuing objective is to hold such conflict within the bounds that permit the survival of mankind. ■

What Is Wrong With Us?

THE murder of Robert Kennedy has again raised the question in the minds of thoughtful people everywhere in the world, "what is wrong in America?" As Foreign Service officers this question will be addressed to us more frequently than to most. There are, of course, many ways to explain what is taking place in our country, if not to excuse it. It can even be pointed out that other societies have their problems with violence. However, the one element of the current American scene that can never be explained to an observant foreigner is the chaotic situation that exists in the nation in regard to the control of guns.

Nothing better exemplifies the helplessness of the unorganized American citizenry in the face of a determined lobby than the behavior of the United States Congress on the issue of adequate gun controls. The latest Harris poll on the subject shows that the American people favor the passage of Federal laws which would put tight controls over the sale of guns by 71 per cent over 23 per cent. Yet the minority has managed to impose its will through an unrelenting and highly organized campaign aimed at the Congress. Chief spokesman for this campaign has been the National Rifle Association closely supported by a handful of magazines dedicated to the sale of guns and ammunition. These media have attempted to convince the sportsman that legislation proposed in the Congress would in some way result in his guns being taken from him. Nothing in either of the more comprehensive laws debated in the 90th Congress (S 14 and S 1952) would have in any way had this result.

The inclusion of a provision in the omnibus crime bill which would limit the mail order sale of handguns over state lines is a gesture, and no more, in the direction of effective gun control. The Congress should not be allowed to use this minor advance as a means of avoiding facing the larger issues and enacting meaningful legislation.

We strongly support the plea of Senator Tydings that responsible Americans immediately write their Congressmen in support of effective and thoroughgoing gun control. This is the only way to overcome the effects of the efficient lobby which has managed to thwart the will of the majority until now. An adequate gun control law will not solve the larger questions raised by the murders of President Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Senator Robert Kennedy, and thousands of nameless Americans each year but it will show the world that we are able to act in a rational way to create a civilized society. ■

HO HIDES IN THE MOUNTAINS AND MAO'S BONES WHITEN

GEORGE G. WYNNE

SUPPOSE Nostradamus the prophet had written four hundred years ago: "Ho hides in the mountains. Mao is dead and his bones whiten. The year is 1969." Pundits, astronomers and popular magazines would have their heyday. Yet this is precisely what happens in the obscure writings of the 15th century sage who is considered the Nostradamus of Vietnam. There is only one thing wrong with comparing the Confucian scholar Trang Trinh with the Nostradamus of western Europe. A Vietnamese astrologer interviewed on the Trang Trinh predictions, which have been reprinted and are selling like Chinese soup in Saigon, observed with a gentle smile: "Historically it is more accurate to call your Nostradamus the Trang Trinh of Europe because Trang was born by your calendar in 1491 which is 12 years before the birth of Nostradamus." Trang is a honorific title signifying the highest grade of Confucian scholar bestowed by the Emperor himself, never on more than two or three men in the kingdom.

Most Vietnamese treat the art or gift of historical prophecy with the same seriousness that westerners regard laboratory experiments. Vietnamese are traditionally determinists and they believe that the future is preordained in great cyclical movements which can be divined and accurately forecast if one acquires the skill of correctly interpreting the portents that point to future events. This is the art of the *thay so* or astrologer, thousands of whom ply their trade today in the towns and villages. They are consulted alike by high and low for horoscopes predicting the course of events in the life of the individual during each year of the twelve-year lunar cycle.

But while the diviners of individual fortune are popular and highly regarded, one of their breed is in a category all by himself and this is the rare *thay so* who dares to predict the future not only of individuals but of nations for generations ahead. Such a historical figure was Nguyen Binh Khiem who entered Vietnam's historical and poetic tradition under his literary name of Trang (Scholar) Trinh.

The scribe was born the year before Columbus set sail to enlarge Europe's horizons. Trinh's birthplace is the village of Co Am, in the province of Hai Duong, halfway between Hanoi and the Gulf of Tonkin in what today is North Vietnam. His father was ranking mandarin serving as the Mac Emperor's all-powerful Lord High Chamberlain. His mother,

daughter of another high court official, was famous in her own right as an astrologer. The story is told that on her wedding night she pushed a stake into the ground of the garden surrounding their festive honeymoon pavilion. She is said to have prophesied to her bridegroom that if the marriage were consummated "when the stick casts no shadow, a son will be born who will become Emperor." However the impatient bridegroom entered the bride's private apartments shortly before the moon was directly overhead, and the son born of the union, though renowned throughout the Empire, and born under a lucky star, never quite reached the office of Emperor.

Trang Trinh was educated privately by the best scholars in the realm. He excelled in mathematics and astrology and early turned his attention to astrological forecasting and poetry, both of them activities much in favor at the imperial court. Emperor Le Than Ton sent him to China to participate in the triennial examinations for the highest academic honors of the Middle Empire which then controlled Vietnam. The young man's scholarship so impressed the Emperor of China that then and there he conferred upon him the title of *Trang* reserved for the Empire's most learned scholars in the Confucian classics. Trang Trinh returned to his native Vietnam, secluded himself far from court intrigues in the so-called Temple of the White Clouds near his home village, and settled down to the writing of the historical prophecies that have been read, studied and puzzled over by his countrymen ever since. Reprints of his works have been published for hundreds of years—except of late in North Vietnam—and his name at least is familiar to most educated Vietnamese, as well as some of his cryptic lines.

The prophet's basic technique was to employ words which could be read on two or more levels, a type of word game facilitated by the structure of the Vietnamese language itself which permits varied interpretations of the same word, depending on how it is pronounced. There are five different inflections indicated by a series of accents and diacritical marks. The classical example is the word *ma* which could mean respectively ghost, cheek, but, tomb, horse and rice seedling, depending on the way the accents are placed. Thus a prophecy that speaks of a rice seedling could also be interpreted as referring to a grave, a ghost or a horse. With such a language structure the oracular character of a prophecy becomes infinitely varied.

But though many meanings can be read into the prophecies of Trang Trinh and there are some that still defy interpretation, two of his predictions for the years ahead are clear enough to hearten southern scholars and strike fear into the heart of Ho Chi Minh's supporters in the North. The Hanoi regime of course takes a dim view of what they would call the superstitious nonsense of the prophet's predictions on the end of the war. Superstition or not, this is what Trang Trinh said four centuries ago:

*Alas, the events of this life are as floating water lilies,
When will the iron highway open again between North and
South?
When the fox (the Vietnamese word for fox is Ho) hides in
the mountains,
When the cat (Mao in Vietnamese) is dead and his bones
whiten,
The shark bleeds red,
The cock cries from the jade tree,
The celestial dome tilts to the North,
The buffalo grazes in the green rice fields,
In the East, the Sun rises,
The eagle is awaited, the Lion stirs,
From the four corners of the world blow the winds of
peace.*

(Continued on page 43)

C-RATIONS FOR BABY SAN

"Got your rear covered?"

"Affirm."

"Snipers back there?"

"Negative. Few Civilians."

"Quit shouting in the Goddam radio, I can hear you. How many casualties?"

"One and two. Returning fire on village, how close are you?"

"Keep firing, not too low, we can't move, rice not high enough."

"Roge, out." John wiped the sweat from his eyes and put down the radio handset. "Hey, Sergeant Rankin!" he shouted hoarsely over the roar of a machine gun, "spread the squads out, fire at village and cane field!"

Automatic rifle fire slashed through the banana leaves and John dove for cover behind a splintered coconut log. Somewhere a wounded man was moaning. A medic was trying to pull him behind a thatched hut. A private next to John fired his grenade launcher; dull thump as the grenades exploded in the enemy-held village across the paddy. A machine gunner was firing at the enemy dug in by the sugar cane field. A tracer set the dry cane on fire and white smoke drifted over the village. John radioed his squad leaders to keep steady fire on the enemy positions that had pinned down the rest of the company in the rice paddy.

To his left, the machine gunner started to rake the enemy-held village. He was firing too fast, the oil had burned off the smoking gun, and the barrel would burn out.

"Walker!" John yelled, crawling forward. "Walker! Slow down!" The gunner could not hear over the staccato burst of his machine gun. "Walker, cut it!" The man looked at John with a dull stare, face smeared with mud and oil, too deaf to understand. John threw an empty magazine at the gunner, slapped him on the shoulder and shouted in his ear.

"Burst of six, slow down, burst of six, got it?"

"Yes, 'suh." Walker grinned.

"Watch your ammo, gonna need it all, understand?"

"Suh," and Walker squeezed off a short burst. A sniper in the cane field saw the tracers from the machine gun and fired back. Stray rounds whined through the fronds of the little coconut palm Walker was using for

WILLIAM CRISP

cover. John spat out a ball of white phlegm and passed his tongue over blistered lips. He yelled at the medic to get the wounded out of line of fire, radioed the squad leaders to conserve ammunition and grenades. From across the paddy came the crack of another automatic rifle.

"One-Six!" the radio blared, then died. John caught his breath, strained to locate the sniper's position. "One-Six, see that sniper, get him, chewing us up!"

"Don't see. . . ."

"Bastard's in a tree shooting down on us. . . ." The company commander swore tersely.

"There he is, Lieutenant!" shouted one of John's sergeants. "Tree to your right front, three hundred meters!" John saw the muzzle flash as a bullet ripped into a log beside Sergeant Rankin.

"Shoot him out, Walker!" John yelled at his gunner, waving at the coconut tree. Walker, deafened, gazed at his platoon leader.

"In the tree, right front, get the muzzle blast!" screamed Sergeant Rankin. Walker nodded, slowly swung his smoking gun to the right, and fired a half-belt of ammunition into the tree.

"That you One-Six?" the radio crackled.

"Affirm. Think we knocked sniper out of coconut. . . ."

"OK, Roge . . . we got ARA on the way. I'm going to other net. RTO dead."

John shoved the handset to his radio man and started crawling toward Sergeant Rankin. "Keep your head down, Watts, they just killed your buddy out there."

"Yessir." Watts hunched the radio on his back and snaked up to his platoon leader. "Pretty bad sir, ain't heard none of the other RTO's talking either. Jesus, suppose they got it?"

John looked at his little radio man. Watts' face was streaked with mud, and sweat soaked through his jungle fatigues. A small duck feather was caught in his tousled red hair. "Stick with me, need your radio, right?"

"Yessir," Watts said, rubbing the

back of his hand across his acne-scarred face. They crawled to the edge of the village where the riflemen were firing.

"Sarge, Sergeant Rankin," John shouted, "Tell squad leaders keep fire steady, don't waste, shoot grenades on spider holes."

"Right, Sir, what about wounded behind us?"

"Bring medevac chopper into safe side of village."

Rankin gave an Airborne thumbs up and started to crawl away, but they were pinned down by rifle fire. A bullet slanted off a log and ripped into a soldier beside the platoon sergeant. The man spun forward, fell face into the dirt, jerking numbly; dark blood soaked into the ground.

"Medic! Medic!" Rankin bellowed, rolling the wounded private over, trying to cover the gash in his chest with a field dressing. But it was no good. Private Mendez bled to death in fifty seconds.

AND then as suddenly as he had begun, the enemy stopped firing. John ordered his platoon to cease fire, and slowly the hoarse roar of fighting gave way to quiet. John clutched at his ammunition belt, pulled out a canteen, and drank greedily. Stillness hung over the village. A slight breeze gently rustled the palms overhead; somewhere a small bird chirped softly; a chicken was scratching in the dirt near a burned hut. There was a faint hum of insects in the air. John looked up and saw sunlight filtering slowly through the lattice pattern of the green palm fronds. Patches of light and shadow played across the thatched huts in the village. Several huts had been destroyed in the night when stray artillery shells had fallen on the village. Coconut trees lay splintered by rocket fire and the breeze stirred the ashes of the burned houses, blowing across the smashed pigsty where the hogs had been riddled with shrapnel. A water buffalo lay on his side, bloated, legs protruding stiffly from the swollen body. A few villagers were clustered in front of the coconut-log bunkers used as bomb shelters. Women in black pajamas, children in shorts, old men. Some came from the village across the rice paddy where the North Vietnamese had dug in. A little boy chewed sugar cane. One old man grinned when he saw John looking at him.

The radio crackled and John listened as the company commander, Captain Farley, talked with the two platoon leaders caught with him in the rice paddy. He ordered them to lie in the rice until the rocket-firing helicop-

ters could cover their withdrawal. John drained his canteen and looked at the green rice paddy stretching over eight-hundred meters from his position. On the right was the sugar cane field where the snipers had fired on the company's flank; a dull white haze hung over the stalks of ripening cane. The paddy was bordered on the far side by a line of coconut palms and a large village. The North Viet battalion would have dug spider holes at the edge of the village with perfect observation of the field the company had attempted to cross. It was very still now. The knee-high rice plants waved softly in the breeze, covering the two platoons trapped there.

IT began a day before. An American infantry battalion made a helicopter landing and surrounded a North Vietnamese force in a large village. The enemy escaped in the darkness through a gap in the cordon, and at dawn Captain Farley's company swept to the south in pursuit. They searched through a village and then Farley placed two platoons on line, John's platoon in reserve, and started across a large rice paddy. He did not send one platoon to secure the tree line on the far side of the field. The North Vietnamese waited until the company was three-hundred meters across, and opened fire from three sides with automatic weapons. John's platoon was able to crawl back to the village they had just searched. The rest of the company couldn't make it and lay in the water, covered by the young rice. And now everyone waited; the North Vietnamese to conserve ammunition; the Americans to hear the hum of approaching rocket helicopters.

THE gunships came and made four runs, firing rockets on the enemy positions, but the North Vietnamese stayed in their holes and fired whenever the Americans attempted to crawl out of the paddy. Then an artillery observer in a circling command helicopter adjusted howitzer fire on the enemy and Captain Farley ordered the men to crawl toward John's platoon as the barrage pounded the enemy but three Americans were killed by machine gun fire and the men could not escape the trap. Then John's platoon was ordered to attack through the cane field and the soldiers advanced a hundred meters and killed two snipers but were stopped by interlocking fires from a hedge row and two Americans killed and three wounded, and Captain Farley radioed to halt the advance and the men withdrew to their original positions in the village. John's radioman, Watts,

was shot through both thighs and they got him back to cover with some difficulty. Then the battalion commander from his command helicopter ordered the artillery to lay down a smokescreen with white phosphorous shells and this was done in ten minutes, and the men rose from the rice and began walking slowly through the smoke to John's position, dragging their dead and wounded.

They passed through his line from out of the white haze, bodies covered with mud, some grinning, some hollow-eyed and pale, and the surviving squad leaders made them dig in and cursed them, and worked them hard so they would not think of the dead under ponchos stacked like cordwood or the wounded waiting evacuation. Helicopters roared in with resupply of ammunition and grenades, and the critically wounded were flown out. John helped direct the medical evacuation, and later in the afternoon reported to Captain Farley who was sitting on a wooden ammunition box near the edge of the village, shirt off, smoking a cigarette, speaking on the radio with an Air Force observer overhead in a spotter plane. In the distance they heard the faint hum of helicopters landing troops to block the enemy's escape. At four o'clock the fighter-bombers began dropping 750 pound bombs on the North Vietnamese position, and for the next three hours the ground trembled from the heavy explosions as the bombers pounded the enemy-held village to rubble.

JOHN watched the bombing for a long while, then walked through the village to his platoon. He checked to be certain the men had received rations, saw that the crews had cleaned the machine guns, and talked with Sergeant Rankin about replacements for the killed and wounded.

"Come on, Sarge," he said finally, "let's go shave." John shouldered his rucksack and walked by the thatched huts and coconut logs to the well in the center of the village. Some old men and a few children were sitting around the well, squatting on their haunches, holding their ears as the ground shook from the bombing. John opened the pack, took out his razor, and drew a bucket of water from the well. A leathery old man in shorts with a wisp of gray beard stooped over, picked up the razor, grinned, and started tweaking his stubble.

"Hey, old man, Papa San," Sergeant Rankin laughed, "you too old to shave, what say?"

The elder chuckled and chattered in Vietnamese, waved at his friends, and

chipped away at his beard. Soon a small crowd had gathered and the other men laughed and jostled to use the razor. John changed the blade and handed the razor and a mirror to another old man. Everyone laughed and two men held the small mirror for the third to use. A little boy tugged at John's fatigue shirt.

"Hey, G.I., you want chop chop? You give chop chop," he said, handing John a stalk of sugar cane

John put on a serious face, took a bite from the cane, stared in the little boy's eyes, then grinned and rubbed him on the head. "OK, Baby San, here go, you like turkey loaf? Number one," and handed the boy a C-ration can. A half dozen children scurried and clustered around John, and he handed out all the cans of C-rations in his rucksack.

Two fighter-bombers screamed over the village at tree-top level, dropped their bombs on the enemy positions, and roared away. The old men winced as the ground shook from the heavy explosions, then laughed and continued shaving.

John watched the children eating the rations, and stooped over to get a clean pair of fatigues from his pack. "Sir, I just don't get these people," said Sergeant Rankin, pouring water into his steel helmet. "Here we are dropping bombs on one of their villages, and they laugh and don't seem to care. Look at 'em," he said with a shrug, "playing with your razor and eating GI chow while we level their huts. What do you say?"

John looked at the villagers. The old men chuckled and joked about the razor, a little girl held her baby brother and fed him canned beefsteak, the little boys tussled over the remaining ration cans. The women had come out of the bomb shelters and were milling rice for the evening meal in front of the houses that had not been destroyed. One little boy was gathering in hens that had gotten out of the yard. A brown dog yawned and scratched lazily. There was a smell of charcoal smoke from the cooking fires in the air. Suddenly John felt very tired; the roar of the bombing swelled in his ears, his shoulder muscles ached, his mouth tasted like copper. He sat down heavily at the edge of the well and looked past Sergeant Rankin, a gray film seeping across his eyes. "Sergeant, I don't know. Don't understand."

He sat there for a long while, staring out across the rice paddy. Finally he looked in his rucksack for some soap, but couldn't find any. He must have lost it when the fighting started. ■

What- BASEBALL as an instrument of Foreign Policy?

JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

A GOOD many years ago, when that well-known Washingtonian Frank L. Dennis was USIS chief in Italy and I was his deputy, the two of us cobbled up the idea (I do not now remember just how) of sending two Italian baseball players to the United States under the exchange-of-persons program.

Both of us had been sportswriters in the earlier years of our newspapering. Both of us had kept our interest in sports after we passed on to other things. From his vantage point as Assistant Managing Editor of the WASHINGTON POST, the prestigious job he gave up to serve his country in post-WWII days as an advocate of the Marshall Plan in Europe, Frank had acquired some useful connections with the powers-that-were of the Washington Senators of the time. If I remember aright, Gabe Murphy was his chief pal. But he also knew the later-to-be-adversaries of the Murph, the Griffith clan.

However that may have been, Frank, in a couple of exchanges of letters with the Senator moguls, fixed it up that we could send two Italian players of baseball (a sport just then getting a start in that soccer-mad country) to the Nats' spring training camp in Florida. The Senators would pick up the tab for their stay in the States—including their in-country travel. All the US Government had to do was to pay for the Italy-US-and-return flights.

All of this happened just after the State-USIA divorce that the late John Foster Dulles decreed just as soon as he could after he took over as Secretary. Frank and I had trouble about these proposed baseball travel grants

with some unreconstructed cultural types we had inherited from State. Baseball, they suggested, was hardly "cultural."

Frank heard their objections, and called me into conference. A conference *à deux*.

"You know, Johnny," he said, "there's nothing in the Country Plan to justify our sending baseball players to the States."

"I know."

"But I just feel it in my bones that it's a good thing to do."

"Me, too."

So we sent them.

One was the just-getting-started professional league's leading pitcher, a lefthander named Giulio Glorioso*, the first Italian in history to throw a curve—a baseball curve, that is. The other was a prominent, and promising, catcher, in real life a plumber specializing in the repair of flush toilets who (*now it can be told*) was

**No kidding: cognoscenti of the language will know that this transliterates "Glorious Julius;" but that was, really, his name. Everything happens to south-paws.*

A Few Observations, Selected at Random, on the National Pastime

Opera in English is, in the main, just about as sensible as baseball in Italian.—H. L. Mencken

There is a belief that our national game makes for morality in the young. If they worship ball players they are not so liable to throw rocks through the windows of passing trains. I have a feeling that there is truth in this, but I certainly cannot prove it . . . —Fred Schweb, Jr.

Baseball has the great advantage over cricket of being sooner ended.—George Bernard Shaw.

Nice guys finish last.—Leo Durocher

Baseball is a mock combat in which the unconscious fantasy of the son's triumph over the father is insured for the participant and the spectator.—Dr. Thomas A. Petty, Michigan psychiatrist.

All ballplayers is dumb, but outfielders is the dumbest.—Dressen.

Baseball gives you every chance to be great. Then it puts every pressure on you to prove that you haven't got what it takes. It never takes away the chance, and it never eases up on the pressure.—Joe Garagiola.

[The Japanese] play pretty good for guys with short fingers.—Casey Stengel.

described in the submission to Mother State's cultural division as "a sanitary engineer." For reasons to appear below, he shall be nameless here.

All went swimmingly—in the beginning.

The Senators, whatever the quality of their comparative performance in the American League, were the epitome of hospitality. If I remember correctly, Cookie Lavagetto was their manager (or a coach) at the time; and, having some vestiges of his family's native language, he went out of his way to be helpful to the boys. So did the rest of the Nats, *spika da Italiano o non*. So also did the Italo-American communities up and down the Atlantic Coast into which the Department, once it grudgingly arrived at whole-hearted cooperation, routed the visitors. So did the plain ordinary vanilla American families in Florida, Washington, New England, and elsewhere who entertained the lads in their homes.

Giulio, a good deal more literate than Ring Lardner and his followers made portsiders out to be, fired back letters about the unique experiences he was having—the way Americans trained for baseball, the friendliness of the Senators, the hospitality of the homes, the way he was coming to love Americans—so interesting that even Communist and fellow-traveling newspapers, in sports-mad Italy, had to print them when we artful dodgers of USIS sent them around. The pitcher returned to display a whole new repertory of deliveries and inspire a brand-new generation of baseball players. (A correspondent who keeps up with these matters informs me that he is still pitching.) Frank's "feeling-in-the-bones"—the attribute of the top-flight Public Affairs Officer that no PPBS or research section or computer will ever replace—had paid off. In spades. It all went beautifully.

Except for . . . This is the minor flaw hinted at above. Our "sanitary engineer"—our flush-toilet expert, who moonlighted at catching—evidently liked it so well in the US that one day or night, between Providence, R.I., and New York, where he was supposed to emplane for his native Italy, he disappeared. The last time I checked, which was some years ago, US Immigration authorities still had not been able to find him.

My hunch is that he is playing for the Mets, under some assumed *nom de sport*. ■

report from VIENNA

CONTEMPORARY Vienna is a city that has lost none of its baroque charm nor its capacity for preoccupation with the seemingly less vital things in life. Aside from the chronic South Tyrol crisis with Italy and an occasional flareup along the borders with the People's Democracies, the events that agitate the Danubian metropolis are mostly those which spring in some way from the treasure trove of Austrian history and tradition or have to do with the interpersonal relationships that are of such importance in the lives of the Viennese.

Tradition plays a significant role in a land where 89 per cent of the population are counted officially as adherents of the Roman Catholic religion. Yet Austrian Catholicism is not the fundamentalist faith that one finds in countries like Ireland or Poland. At best one of every five Viennese is a churchgoer. The average Austrian's association with his clergy comes largely at the crisis points in life—birth, onset of puberty, marriage, and death. Tradition dictates that the Church be called upon to confirm and sanction these events through the sacraments and rituals it prescribes for such occasions. At other times the ecclesiastical and secular citizenry tend to go their separate ways.

This lack of socio-religious rapport quite naturally preoccupies the capital's Church leaders who, in line with the renewal impulses from Rome, are seeking to identify their institution and its spiritual message more closely with the faithful. Despite such efforts, the dogmatic past is often a hard nut to crack. The problem has been typified by an incident involving Bishop Rusch of Innsbruck, the Tyrolean capital, who, in a speech during the 1967 mid-summer inauguration of Austria's newest north-south automobile tunnel through the Alps, expressed his displeasure at the efforts being made to encourage tourism from North Germany. The good bishop singled out the city of Hamburg which he picturesquely referred to as a "Sündenbabel," or a place incorporating a "great many moral dangers" for the god-fearing inhabitants of East Tyrol.

However sincere the bishop's religious motivation may have been, his economic judgment was obviously defective. Since a major reason for the new tunnel was to open up East Tyrol to the steadily increasing stream of Northern and Western Europeans who head south each year in quest of new vacation paradises, such remarks were considered most unfortunate. In the tradition of the Habsburg rulers who, it will be remembered, had the right to veto papal elections, the civil authorities immediately took Bishop Rusch to task. A delegation was ostentatiously dispatched to the offended city of Hamburg in order to assure its inhabitants that the welcome mat was still before the East Tyrolean doorstep, and other measures were quietly undertaken to blunt the edge of what was considered to be unreasonable ecclesiastical wrath.

Propagation of the chaste way of life also has its secular side in Austria. The Vienna scene has been enlivened by the activities of an organization called "The League Against Degenerate Art." This group, which has its headquarters in a petit bourgeois Viennese Café, achieved public notice with the proclamation of an open challenge to one of the capital's leading citizens, Manfred Mautner Markhof. Herr Markhof,

it appears, is in possession of a work of modern design by a contemporary painter which the League considers to be one of the most perfect examples of artistic degradation.

In a communication directed to Herr Markhof, the League demanded that the offending work, which bears the title of "Passion," be transferred to its custody for public burning in one of Vienna's open squares. League plans were to arrange this fiery display following the celebration of a "ceremonial Mass of contrition." As a League spokesman confidently explained, "A litre of gasoline and some sawdust would suffice to liberate the world from this blasphemous fraud."

Naturally the League's demands were not met. The last and worst excess that can take place in Vienna is the destruction of a work of creative art, however objectionable its composition may be to the critics. The League was in fact taken severely to task for its intellectual arrogance. One newspaper described the organization as an "obscure group," and the Watschemann, the anonymous satirist of the Austrian Radio, advised Herr Markhof to send the League a case of mustard as the most appropriate response to a group of "arme Würstel." (This appellation, literally translated as "poor sausages," is used locally to designate individuals of relatively mediocre intellectual capacity.)

Such challenging suggestions were not unwelcome to the League which proceeded to institute legal actions for libel against their authors in an attempt to enhance its own public image. The first of these ended unsuccessfully since the presiding judge found nothing objectionable in the expression "obscure." The problem of "arme Würstel" is legally more complicated and appears not to be capable of easy disposition since precedents already exist condemning the use of the term in referring to serious-minded persons such as the members of the League Against Degenerate Art.

As if to justify the existence of these purist-minded groups, the Happening has made its appearance in Vienna. A Viennese Happening, like much else in Austria, is both organized and unorganized. A certain effort is made to bring the human and material ingredients together in the proper place, but from there on nature takes over, usually with startling results.

Vienna's most celebrated Happening to date has been one known as "Die Knödelschlacht," or The Dumpling Battle, which took place in the spring of 1967 and engaged the attention of some 200 law enforcement representatives. If for no other reason than the size of this turnout, the event may be considered to have been a success.

The scene of action was a restaurant with the somnolent name of Grünes Tor (or Green Gate) located ironically enough across the street from the headquarters of the League Against Degenerate Art in the respectable bourgeois milieu of the city's eighth district. In attendance were some 500 young "intellectuals," many appropriately clothed for the occasion, and a troupe of five performing artists engaged to provide initial inspiration.

The artists began the festivities with a skit entitled "Omo Super and his Big Band," in which various items of second-hand furniture were demolished on stage in an effort to arouse destructive passions in the audience. This activity was fol-

lowed by public-baiting with a variety of earthy poetical expressions shouted through megaphones by up-coming young "artists." As the evening limbered up, open containers with paints of various colors were introduced in an effort to spur artistic self-creativity. Finally the heavy artillery in the form of dumpling missiles especially forged for the occasion was brought into position.

Under the impetus of a number entitled "Dear God, We are all Epileptics," in which Omo Super and His Big Band appeared in frothy makeup, the "Green Gate" began to "swing." The duties of chief cannoneer were undertaken by a steel-helmeted artist who, under the battle-cry "Zock an alle!", commenced firing dumpling shot into the assembled multitude. Such aggressive action proved to be the key which unlocked the emotions necessary for a genuine Happening and it was not long before the air in the Green Gate was filled with a barrage of paint-sodden dumplings.

This ballistic display provided the final stimulus for action by the guardians of public order and repose who had kept a wary eye on the proceedings from the beginning. As the men in green advanced with the objective of clearing the premises, they were faced with a scene of desolation not unlike those of a quarter century before when enemy bombs were beginning to fall on the city—disorder, struggling figures, and streaks of red paint which had to be counted as involuntary blood donations until proved otherwise. The task of re-establishing order through normal means appeared insurmountable and so it was that man's best friend was called upon to do the job.

What the local residents thought of all this artistry can easily be imagined. To show their displeasure, some of the occupants of adjoining houses, in true European fashion, began pouring buckets of water on the commotion in the street below, apparently on the theory that a cold shower is the best cure for a hot temper. As chance would have it, most of these sudden squalls descended on the police who had brought their dogs with them for the evening but not their raincoats.

It is a mark of Viennese tolerance and capacity to endure the worst that no arrests were made at this Happening. The sole legal casualty was a young man who in somewhat inebriated condition had mistaken a microphone for a dumpling and was required to pay 300 schillings, the price of a month's beer, for malicious property damage.

News is also made these days by the opposite end of the social scale, the former nobility of the Empire. Although the aristocracy of the Danubian monarchy no longer plays a role in Austrian political life, it continues to make its presence felt in various ways, mostly of an economic nature. The princely house of Liechtenstein, for example, still possesses large tracts of land in Lower Austria from which various productive activities are generated, and other noble families have similar interests.

The most prominent and controversial of this class of semi-feudal landowners is Prince Paul Esterhazy, the current head of a house famous throughout centuries of Austro-Hungarian history as influential court figures and patrons of the arts. Prince Paul's role in contemporary Austrian affairs stems from a swirling controversy around his proprietary holdings in Burgenland, the smallest and least developed of the country's eight federal states. By reason of its location contiguous to Hungarian territory, Burgenland contains the remnants of the Esterhazy family's once vast latifundia in that part of the Empire.

It is said that Esterhazy holdings currently comprise one-tenth of the total land area of Burgenland. Although this contention has not been officially documented, Esterhazy administrators admit responsibility for sizable amounts of territory, including a large part of the Neusiedler Lake, one of Vienna's popular recreation areas. It is however, not so much the Esterhazy land or water holdings that have given rise to

problems, but the manorial possessions of the Prince, especially his chateau in Eisenstadt, the provincial capital.

Prince Paul apparently agreed at one point, for financial reasons, to accept state assistance in the renovation and maintenance of certain of his properties. This decision had fateful consequences for Esterhazy-state relations, since it gave rise to an increasingly bitter dispute over the question of what use can be made of private property for the maintenance of which public funds have been dispensed. Burgenland authorities, acting on the basis of their financial investment, planned a series of festive events involving the public, the Viennese diplomatic corps, and prominent artists.

Prince Paul, speaking through legal counsel from his place of domiciliary residence abroad, expressed his opposition to the use of his domains for these festivities. The reasons for such refusals have not been entirely clear, but seemingly have to do with the problem of respect for seigniorial rights and princely consent. In any event, since the latter has not been forthcoming, republican authorities, spurred on by socialist indignation, have begun to talk of a "Lex Esterhazy."

Such legislation, if adopted, would be, in the opinion of legal experts, tantamount to expropriation of the princely properties and would in all probability create precedents for dealing with other recalcitrant aristocrats in similar fashion. This is, however, ground on which the Austrian state feels it must tread carefully in order not to disturb a social order that has finally come to relative quiet. Friends and adherents of Prince Paul maintain that all could be regulated in two hours over a glass of wine, but neither side appears inclined to resort to alcohol as a possible solution of the tangle. Although the latest reports from the Esterhazy camp have shown a willingness to compromise, not much in the way of a sympathetic response has so far been evident among the socialist opposition.

Perhaps the most celebrated case of aristocratic identity in recent Austrian history is that of Dr. Theodor Rudolf Salvator Pachmann. A jurist by profession, Dr. Pachmann lays claim to being a direct descendant of Kaiser Franz Josef through a secret marriage of the latter's son and heir, Crown Prince Rudolf, with a lady of noble birth in the early 1880's. The male offspring of this union, with the given name of Robert, was entrusted for upbringing, it is claimed, to an honest bourgeois couple named Pachmann. This transaction was allegedly arranged by a former Viennese Fieber or coachman named Bratfisch who had become the Crown Prince's confidante and helper in all delicate matters.

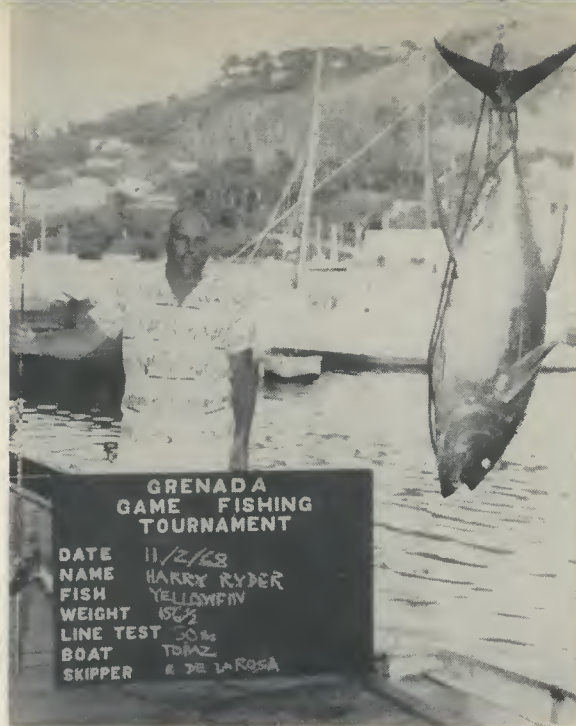
Robert Pachmann in time sired the present Dr. Theodor Pachmann who, following in his father's footsteps, has sought to legitimize his position as a bonafide Habsburg. Although such an effort is far from easy due to the troubled nature of the Crown Prince's life during the years before his suicide, Dr. Pachmann has nevertheless succeeded in taking a significant step towards his goal.

After careful juridical and genealogical preparation, Dr. Pachmann instituted a formal suit in the Austrian courts asking recognition of a relationship between himself and the Archduke Franz Josef Habsburg-Lothringen, head of the Spanish branch of the family. Since the Archduke failed to contest the suit, Dr. Pachmann was awarded a so-called judgment of determination according to which a relationship of uncle and nephew seven and eleven times removed exists in the branch line.

Despite this auspicious numerical combination, the court's finding is open to wide-ranging interpretation. Dr. Pachmann considers it a confirmation of his Habsburg ancestry. The Austrian legal community, on the other hand, places no compulsive value on such a judgment, maintaining that it affects only the relationship between the parties to the dispute. The Archduke, for his part, has assumed a non-

(Continued on page 45)

Service Glimpses



Port of Spain. FSO Harry V. Ryder, Jr. poses with his 156½ Allison tuna. Mr. Ryder's catch won the first annual Grenada game fishing tournament last fall.



Fort Lamy. Ambassador and Mrs. Sheldon Vance, shown in the Home Economics Division of the Fort Lamy Teacher Training Center, are about to taste the traditional Chadian dish, *boule* (millet paste), with a sauce made from blue algae from Lake Chad. This algae holds much hope as a protein and vitamin-rich additive. Ambassador Vance described the sauce only as "piquant."



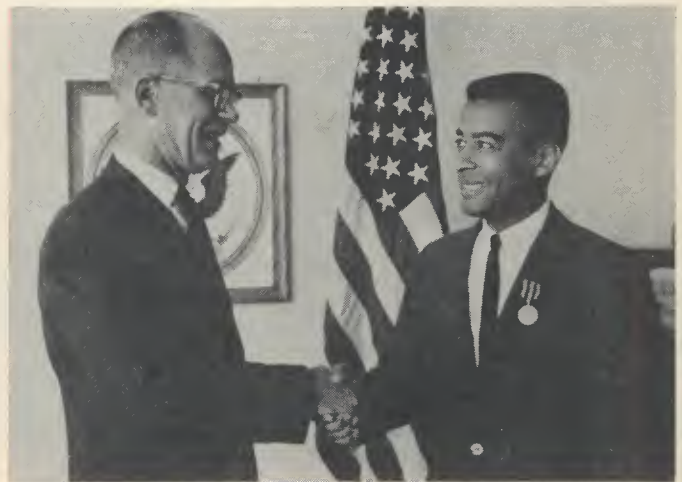
Colombo. "The visit of the hospital ship *Hope* will enhance the good will and friendship prevailing between our two countries," said Prime Minister Dudley Senanayake in welcoming *Hope's* staff. Participating in the welcoming ceremonies were, left to right, Mrs. Vimala Kannangara, Junior Minister of Health, Ambassador Andrew V. Corry, Mr. V. A. Sugathadasa, Minister of Nationalized Services, Mr. E. L. Senanayake, Minister of Health, the Prime Minister and Dr. William B. Walsh, President and Medical Director of Project Hope.



Guadalajara. Ambassador Fulton Freeman recently visited the American Colony Stand at the Annual Festival of Guadalajara, held to raise funds for free school breakfasts for underprivileged children. The American stand featured hamburgers and ice cream. L. to r., Consul General and Mrs. Joseph J. Montllor, Karl Augustus Zapp, German Ambassador, Francisco Medina Ascencio, Governor of the State of Jalisco, Mrs. Medina Ascencio, Mrs. Freeman, Ambassador Freeman and Mrs. Zapp.



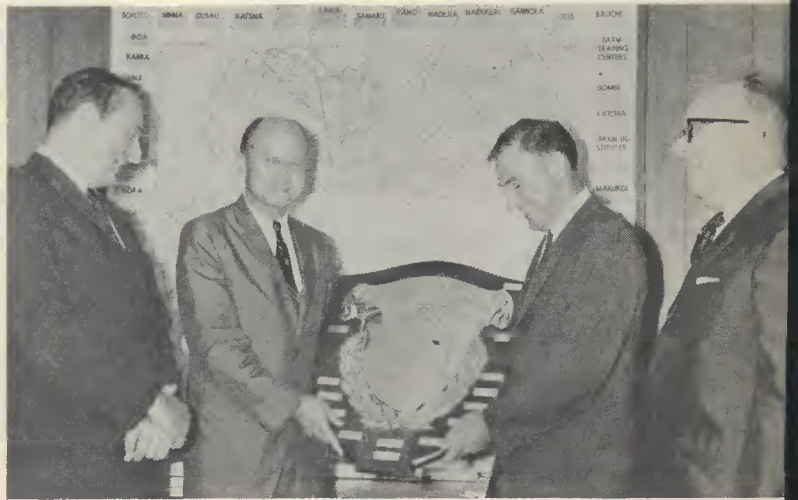
Dakar. President Leopold Senghor gave a reception for the Interparliamentary Union on April 20. Shown with the President are Congressman Alexander Pirnie of New York, chairman of the US delegation, and Ambassador Dean Brown.



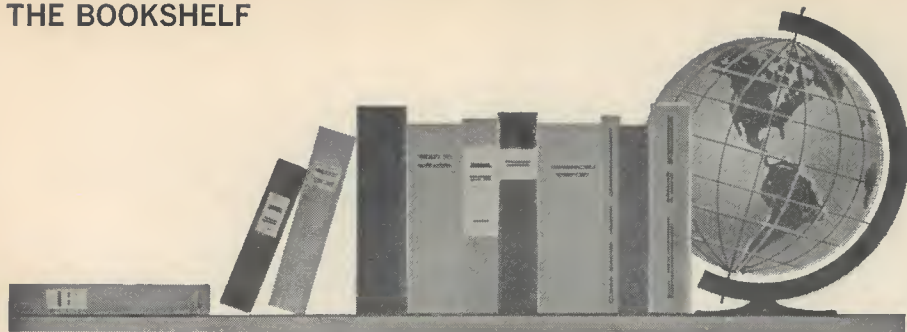
Dusseldorf. Maurice L. Brooks, Foreign Service Staff officer, receives his much-deserved Vietnam Service Medal from Consul General Charles E. Hulick, Jr. Mr. Brooks is also the holder of the Meritorious Honor Award for "exceptional dependability and competence in the face of mob violence in Hue in 1966 when the Consulate and the USIS Library (and Mr. Brooks' own residence) were sacked and burned."



Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pitts, left, talk to California vintner Otto Meyer and Mrs. Meyer at the California wine tasting hosted recently by the California Congressional Delegation at Anderson House.



Lagos. Admiring the Representative Foursome Plaque won by two USAID/Nigeria golfers are Michael H. B. Adler, Director, right, and William B. Wheeler, Acting Deputy Director, left. Holding the plaque are the winners, Robert M. Lindsay, left, and Stephen Klein, right, the first Americans to win the alternate stroke-match play championship.



China—A Transitional Society

IN his psychologically oriented study of China's political culture, Professor Lucian Pye of M.I.T. describes the constellation of sentiments and attitudes in the development of the Chinese political system and analyzes China as a transitional society in the arduous process of modernization. The central theme of his essay is "the authority crisis in modernization and the problem of psychic aggression for a people whose traditional culture was uniquely designed to repress all manifestations of that basic human drive."

In this time of transition when traditional values are in flux, many Chinese have turned to the Communist Party for a sense of security, of authority, and of belonging. The "organized anarchy" of the Red Guards, the dynamics of the Cultural Revolution, the fiasco of the rural communes, and the glorification of Mao and his thoughts are discussed in terms of the "authority crisis," which is epitomized in a chapter title: "Broken Fathers and The Bitter Search For New Authorities."

With respect to the current struggle between Mao and his former henchmen, Pye says that, in the long run, the advantage lies with the latter, "who seek to operate in terms of the workaday hierarchies of the party and the government" and whose alternative "encompasses the spirit of realism and hard-headedness that were initially the great strengths of the Chinese people."

China's economic advances will be gained very gradually and at increasing cost—given an expanding population of 750 million and an agricultural economy requiring ever larger capital investment for increased production. Moreover, not only will more time be needed for these hard-won gains, "but the passage of time itself is going to work against a country that is progressing so slowly."

Notwithstanding these harsh prospects—as well as the Communist Party's loss of mystique and impairment of authority—the Party will continue

to rule China, though with greater difficulty. Given their need for authority and anxiety about disorder, "there is at present no foreseeable alternative to communism for the Chinese people."

Dr. Pye's interpretation of Chinese political culture in a period of momentous change and of the Chinese psyche under stress rests upon a first-hand knowledge of the Chinese people, an impressive background in Asian studies, and recent field research in Hong Kong. This readable, scholarly work will be of much value to China-watchers and to students of the modernization process in developing countries everywhere.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

THE SPIRIT OF CHINESE POLITICS, by Lucian W. Pye. M.I.T. Press.

Time Up for Hong Kong

BORN of opium and an East-West misunderstanding" the British colony of Hong Kong is presently surviving by "masterly expedience and crisis-to-crisis adjustment and recovery," writes Australian-born journalist Richard Hughes.

But the author isn't sure that Hong Kong will last until 1997 when the leased New Territories revert to China.

"The key to Hong Kong's future," he says, "lies in Peking and not in Hong Kong."

Hughes has written a racy, thought-provoking volume, divided into only three sections—Hong Kong today, yesterday, and tomorrow. He has drawn on his 40-odd years of reporting, the last 20 of which have been in the Far East representing London's SUNDAY TIMES and THE ECONOMIST.

He includes comparisons of pre-Communist Shanghai and present-day Singapore to show, in his view, what could befall Hong Kong (Shanghai's fate) and how that eventuality may be avoided (Singapore's example).

No tourist guide, "Hong Kong: Borrowed Place—Borrowed Time" is a fascinating, if frightening account of the colony's *laissez-faire* British Establishment, and—most of all—its all-pervading Chinese way of life.

Hughes has no doubt that Hong Kong is merely the mercury in the mainland's thermometer—ready to be hotted up at Mao's nod. As such, this book is a timely contribution for any who would peer closer into the Chinese crystal ball.

—JAMES O. MAYS

HONG KONG: BORROWED PLACE—BORROWED TIME, by Richard Hughes. Praeger, \$4.95.

Feminism in China

ALL women are of one race, says a Turkish proverb, and certainly any woman would read with sympathy the recently published "Woman in Modern China," in which Helen Foster Snow relates the slow progress in China of the familiar feminine struggle for recognition and equal rights.

In her earlier books, written under the pen-name of Nym Wales, Mrs. Snow told the story of her experience in China during the 1930s, and in her present book she covers some of the same ground as she describes the development of the industrial cooperatives in which she took a leading part, but she concentrates on the history of the protection and organization of Chinese women from 1911, when the crippling custom of binding the feet of girl babies was first discouraged, to modern times when a large number of Chinese women move freely into most professions and occupations.

It is unfortunate that the book is not indexed, for it is casually organized. However, for the interested reader, there is a good deal of information to be found in its 264 pages, particularly in the details of the careers of prominent Chinese women, among them several Communists, one of them Ten Ying-ch'ao, the wife of Chou-En-lai. The book includes twenty-one photographs of women, three showing the author when she arrived in China in 1931 and when she left in 1942.

—REBECCA H. LATIMER

WOMEN IN MODERN CHINA, by Helen Foster Snow. Mouton & Co., The Hague, Dutch Guilders, 18.00.

Does Your Vote Count?

WHAT are the odds that the candidate who receives the most votes next November 5 will *not* be the next President of the United States?

Frighteningly high, according to a new study of the electoral college by Neal R. Peirce, Political Editor of CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY. In "The People's President," he outlines the shortcomings and dangers of the "quaint 18th-century voting device" which three times in the 19th century

gave us a minority President and, by some counts, may have done so again in 1960.

Mr. Peirce has furnished us by far the best available book on this peculiarly American political institution. The birth of the electoral college, its erratic effect on elections over nearly two centuries, and past reform efforts as set forth in fascinating detail as background to his main theme. For his book is, above all, a plea for abolition of the electoral college and for its replacement by direct popular election of the President. The arguments are low-keyed and eminently persuasive. A shift to direct election, Mr. Peirce suggests, has been made easier by the "nationalization" of the American political process in recent years through the extension of suffrage (to which he devotes a particularly illuminating chapter), the spread of an effective two-party system, improved education and living standards, and the growth of the mass media. The "direct-vote alternative" also enjoys surprisingly broad support. It has been endorsed, for example, by the American Bar Association and the US Chamber of Commerce; a 1966 poll of state legislators showed favorable majorities in 44 of the 50 states; and a nationwide Gallup Poll registered 63 percent in support of a direct vote and only 20 percent opposed.

Thus, "the obsolete and mischievous electoral college" (as the WASHINGTON POST describes it) may be on its way out. Should it be fated to pass from the American scene, the final nudge may well come from the cogent argumentation contained in "The People's President."

—ANDREW L. STEIGMAN

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT, by Neal R. Peirce. Simon & Schuster, \$8.95.

Compendia of Writing on Latin America

A MASSIVE work of scholarship—massive in just about every sense of the word—is the University of Florida Press's 1967 "Handbook of Latin American Studies."

It is two-and-one-half inches thick, somewhat *más alto* than the cut of "baby beef" *La Cabaña* gives you in Buenos Aires. It weighs three-plus pounds. It has one main editor, and 54 contributing editors. Its pages number 720. Fifty of these are devoted to an index of the writers about Latin America whose work the book summarizes. There are two columns to each page of this final section; several columns I sampled averaged out to 55 names each: thus some 5,500 authors are represented. Finally, the book

costs the monumental sum of 25 skins.

All of which means that not just everybody interested in Latin America is going to toddle down to the corner bookshop to buy same. Yet the serious student of the area cannot, really, afford to be without it. Nor yet, of course, the serious library. For this item—prepared for the Hispanic Foundation in the Library of Congress, no. 29 in the series Harvard started (vols. 1-13) and Florida, increasingly interested in our neighbors to the south, picked up—collects some 6,500 brief bibliographic references to recent writings about Latin America in the field of the social sciences: anthropology (here used to comprehend archaeology, ethnology, linguistics, and such); economics; education; geography; government and international relations; law; and sociology. In short, the work is for the specialist indispensable. (Vol. 30 of the series, to appear this year, will treat of the humanities: its appearance is to be eagerly anticipated.) . . .

One who contributed to vol. 27 of this HLAS series was Charles Wagley, Franz Boas Professor of Anthropology at Columbia, considered by his peers something of an authority on the area. A new volume bearing his name, titled "The Latin American Tradition," is also with us. Wagley does indeed have much factual knowledge, and some valid insights. Thus he has much to say worth saying. And that he knows how to say it to the layman, when he is so minded, Chapter II, "An Introduction to Latin American Culture," proves: this was written in 1953 for the Foreign Service Institute, which used it to train government people going overseas.

However, some other sections of the book—an omnium-gatherum for Wagley's 1951-64 essays—are disfigured by jargon. Like so many of our social scientists, he seems to feel that he must devise his own specialized idiom, or procrustean old words to newly-felt needs. And Wagley's book is further marred by sloppy editing or proofreading or both: I counted 15 solecisms, "busted idioms," misspellings, outright errors of grammar, and other assaults on the genius of our language in the first three pages. And this is too bad, for Wagley is an earnest, knowledgeable scholar who, unlike some of his kind, has done both his homework and his fieldwork.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

HANDBOOK OF LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES, edited by Henry E. Adams. University of Florida Press, \$25.
THE LATIN AMERICAN TRADITION, by Charles Wagley. Columbia University Press, \$6.75.

Balancing Power in South America

FIRST published in 1965 in the University of California's "Publications in History" series, "By Reason or Force" by Professor Robert N. Barr has now been reissued in hard-back. Its 33 pages of notes, happily concentrated at the end of the book, and nine pages of bibliography, almost half primary sources, suggest the scholarly nature of the book which makes it more rewarding for the specialist than for the general reader interested in Latin American affairs.

As the subtitle, "Chile and the Balance of Power in South America, 1830-1905," denotes, the author traces the growth of Chile's importance in the southern hemisphere through an intelligent approach to its neighbors' problems. Chile's foreign policy transformed its role in South America, from that of a passive bystander to that of a rather "aggressive regulator of the balance of power." It is interesting to note that the rather imperialistic theories, underlying "balance of power" and of which Empress Maria Theresa, Metternich, Disraeli and many another 19th century statesman were exponents *par excellence*, was not a European monopoly. Chile used the technique not without considerable success. Professor Barr, in fact, makes much of the continuum "of power politics, based on European models which were the motivating force of intrarelations among the South American States."

The United States' relations with Chile are considered: The "Baltimore Affair" when President Harrison asked congressional approval to use force if necessary (which would have given us Argentina as comrade-in-arms); the various boundary disputes; and finally the call to the first inter-American conference. Professor Barr's book does much to explain the position of today's Chile, one of the most progressive and democratic hemisphere republics.

—PHILIP RAINE

BY REASON OR FORCE, by Robert N. Barr. University of California Press, \$7.95.

Silhouette of a Complex Character

JOHN FOSTER DULLES was a complex character and a powerful Secretary of State during a vital period of American foreign policy. We need a better understanding and an improved perspective about him and this period. Unfortunately, this account of Dulles by Louis L. Gerson—the latest in a series on the American Secretaries of State—provides neither. It is one-

dimensional history and one-dimensional biography.

Gerson briefly describes Dulles' early life and professional career, but devotes himself mainly to Dulles as Secretary of State—what he thought, what he said, where he traveled, and the policies he enunciated. The bare bones of the story are here.

Difficult and troublesome questions remain unanswered.

Dulles professed strong moral principles and called for "positive loyalty" from his subordinates. Did he mean by this the unbending intellectual integrity which should be the bedrock quality of an FSO? If so, how explain the retirement of John Carter Vincent and the dismissal of John Paton Davies?

Less parochially and more importantly, did Dulles' pronouncements represent a conceptual approach to the national interest, or were they simply tactical moves responsive to various pressures? Liberation? Massive retaliation? Agonizing reappraisal? To the brink?

In his letter of resignation to President Eisenhower, Dulles, after a lifetime devoted to foreign affairs, spoke of the "mission" of American foreign policy. Many things are inherent in the idea of "mission," and they seem to be characteristic of Dulles. But are these relevant to the national interest and to the role the US can and should play in world affairs?

—DAVID LINEBAUGH

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy, Volume XVII*, by Louis L. Gerson. Cooper Square Publishers, Inc., \$7.95.

Congressman John Quincy Adams

ONLY once in our history have we enjoyed the spectacle of a former President sitting in the halls of Congress. If the example of John Quincy Adams is any guide, it is a pity the experiment has not been repeated. But, then, we have had few men in public life quite like our sixth president. Many contemporaries, including his son Charles Francis, considered it undignified for Adams, then 65 years old, to re-enter the political arena as a Congressman; yet, as Mr. Falkner's account amply demonstrates, his service in the House of Representatives may well have been the most valuable of his long and distinguished career. Worldly, knowledgeable, and diligent beyond any of his peers, he emerges from these years as a masterful parliamentarian, a vital source of wisdom and experience in foreign affairs, and, what is often forgotten, an effective and courageous advocate of human rights. Indeed, the very characteristics that had made his term in the White

House so painful—his pugnaciousness, his independence, his uncompromising devotion to principle—all proved invaluable assets in his often lonely and embattled position in Congress.

A member of the minority party and frequently unsupported by fellow Whigs even from his own state, he spoke out with the rare freedom of an elder statesman whenever conscience and duty dictated. A century later the record reads amazingly well, and the subjects he debated in foreign affairs and civil rights retain an extraordinary currency. Congressional annals contain few more remarkable examples of individual triumphs than Adams' defense of the right of petition, an issue on which he stood at the outset virtually alone but, by persistent and courageous advocacy, gained in time majority support.

Mr. Falkner has written neither a broad survey of the period nor an especially scholarly study, but he has drawn well from the essential sources and presented an accurate, highly readable, and lively account of a fascinating and often neglected part of Adams' career. Without obscuring his subject's frosty personality, he reminds us again of Adams' immense service to the Republic and the vital impetus a brave, independent, and experienced voice can be in the legislative process. In following Adams' life during his last seventeen years, Mr. Falkner also draws an engaging picture of a seemingly remote and simpler Washington where the mud and malaria came seasonally but even an ex-President could swim each morning, undisturbed and unclad, in the limpid waters of the Potomac.

—HENRY LEE

THE PRESIDENT WHO WOULDN'T RETIRE, by Leonard Falkner. Coward-McCann, Inc., \$5.95.

Man of Two Worlds

CYRUS FIELD, who more than any one individual got the first Atlantic cable laid, was a man of two worlds—the new world of America and the old world of Europe and, even more significantly, the worlds of private enterprise and diplomacy. His efforts with respect to the cable required the cooperation of Britishers and the British Government as well as Americans and their Government. This involved considerable negotiation by Field on both sides of the Atlantic, in public and private circles. His magnetic personality, integrity and perseverance won him so many friends in Britain that he became an unofficial ambassador of this country with more influence than the official.

Diplomacy, Sir Ernest Satow reminds us, is "the conduct of business

between states" and the "business" interweaves public and private enterprise so greatly we often cannot disentangle the two. So was it with Field's career, not only with respect to the cable but other things. When the Civil War came, he was called upon to supplement the efforts of our Minister in London to counteract the pro-Confederacy sentiment in Britain. When the *Alabama* claims arbitration began, American claims so exceeded British expectations, Field was again called upon to overcome a souring of relationships. The great tasks of government cannot be accomplished by governments alone and it would be well if the education of our diplomatic officers and their orientation at our Foreign Service Institute suitably recognized this. Private capability is a resource our diplomats are too rarely aware of and too seldom tap.

—SMITH SIMPSON

CYRUS FIELD: *Man of Two Worlds*, by Samuel Carter III. Putnam's, \$8.95.

The Coup That Failed

GRADUALLY the non-communist world has awakened to the awareness that the events in Indonesia immediately preceding, during and following that fateful Friday, October 1, 1965, were of transcendent historical significance. Sukarno's pro-Peking stance, his brutal rejection of American friendship, his call to "crush Malaysia," and the leadership of his country to the brink of becoming a communist state thereupon came to an end. Moderates like General Suharto and Adam Malik surged out of the student-military alliance to stop the "confrontation" policy, rejoin the United Nations, resume a non-aligned posture, and shelve Sukarno with all "deliberate speed."

This fantastic reversal of communication came about because a small group of Communist Party members and sympathizers failed to plan and execute their "coup" efficiently: in the early morning massacre of the generals, they missed General Nasution and did not even have General Suharto, then commanding the Army's Strategic Reserve, on the bloodlist. Such were at least the proximate causes of the failure.

It is precisely these proximate causes and effects that John Hughes of the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR describes graphically and accurately in about three hundred pages entitled "Indonesian Upheaval." Based at that time in Hong Kong as the MONITOR's Far Eastern correspondent, Mr. Hughes fortuitously had an Indonesian visa in his passport when news of the murder of the generals reached the outside world. He managed to gain

admission to the country on October 4, just as the security gates were clanging shut. What he learned and transcribed for the MONITOR then and on subsequent visits earned him a Pulitzer Prize in 1967 for the best international affairs reporting, and, of course, provided the material for this book. Indeed, if there is any criticism of the book, it can only be that it reads often like a continuous newspaper story—crammed with “who, what, when, where” facts. But this book is so far the only credible published record of the precise actions and measures taken by the Army, which is not yet ready to provide its own history of the period or of the Army’s delicate relationship with the students. Hughes’ work is thus an uniquely valuable historical source, much of it recorded from interviews with the participants, some of it even eyewitness. The account has the excitement and freshness of the daily newspaper, with the added attractions of clarity and accuracy.

—PAUL D. MCCUSKER

INDONESIAN UPHEAVAL, by John Hughes. David McKay, \$5.95.

The Future of Germany

KARL JASPERS, Germany’s remarkable octogenarian philosopher and psychiatrist, has written a remarkable little book warning his countrymen of dangerous paths ahead. This brave man, who refused SS suggestions that he divorce his Jewish wife, in the 1965 German version warned that the lack of an effective opposition could lead to an oligarchy of parties, the breakdown of democracy, and ultimate dictatorship. The fact that his book was a best-seller for a year is an encouraging indication that he struck a responsive chord.

In the meantime the two important German parties have formed a grand coalition leaving no effective party in opposition. This aspect is discussed in a *Postscript 1967* added to the English version. However, Jaspers does not despair and does not preach despair. Rather he urges every German to decide for himself to choose “how he wants to live, to think, to act.” He decries the public financing of the parties represented in the Bundestag to the exclusion of all other parties. He sees no need for the proposed emergency laws and sees great danger that they may be used against labor unrest since the “state structure rests upon fear and distrust of the people.” He believes that every citizen must fight the authoritarian spirit which pervades every aspect of German life before the citizen is suffocated by German provincialisms.

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Where in the World? F.S.-Retired Addresses

THE list of retired Foreign Service personnel together with their addresses which in recent years has accompanied the September JOURNAL will be prepared again this year, but will be distributed to JOURNAL readers only upon request. The list will be ready for mailing in late September and will be furnished without charge to those who ask for it, as long as the supply lasts.

Yes, I would like to receive the list of retired F.S. personnel

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Commenting on the parliamentary commissioner for the Bundeswehr, he proposes an *ombudsman* to extend the same protection to all citizens.

Jaspers is well-disposed towards the United States both as the ally and protector of Germany and as a democratic system of government. However, in the latter respect he may go too far. He claims that the "National Committee for an Effective Congress" carries considerable weight by endorsing good Congressional candidates objectively on a non-partisan basis. I wonder how many readers who have sat in the galleries at the Capitol would claim that this Committee has been effective—and how many have ever voted for a Congressional candidate on the basis of this Committee's recommendation—or even heard of it.

This book, by a man who in a 1946 discussion of the German passivity in the face of the eradication of the Jews, said, "Our guilt is that we still live!", is highly recommended.

—ALBERT W. STOFFEL

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY, *Karl Jaspers*.
The University of Chicago Press, \$4.95.

Analyzing the Spontaneous

THE title of the book is "Ten Years After." Its subtitle is "The Hungarian Revolution in the Perspective of History." The subtitle gives the better impression of its content: the key word here is "perspective."

This volume, edited by Tamas Aczel, consists of twelve chapters by different authors. By far the heaviest emphasis is on analysis: of motivations behind actions; of communism as an ideology, its earlier successes and later failures; of the vital role of nationalism in the smaller countries of Eastern Europe; of the nature of revolution and the myth of counter-revolution; of the heritage of 19th century liberalism in the demands of 1956. All these, and other, perspectives are applied in the search for causes and meanings.

The book is divided into two parts, preceded by an introductory chapter by Michael Polanyi. Part I is entitled "Hungary and the World," and Part II "Hungary Ten Years After." As might be expected, the tendency noted above is stronger in Part I; and this section was certainly produced by men who know their subject, who had pondered long and deeply, and who can write lucidly. Part II, however, despite its name and while giving some space to historical factors and current conditions, is also basically analytical. Articles are devoted to such subjects as the sources of power, relations between regime and nation, and the role of ethics in a totalitarian state. The reading is a bit heavier going, too,

than in Part I. Exception to these generalizations are a vivid eyewitness account of the first revolutionary days, written by a British journalist; and a short, clever bit by Arthur Koestler which deals with the contribution of Hungarian emigres to western culture.

On the whole, this book should make absorbing reading for a student of communism, and in particular its forcible imposition on a small country. It is perhaps less well adapted to the reader whose interest lies more in factual narrative or descriptions of Hungary today. There may also be a question whether so spontaneous an outburst as the Hungarian revolution is really well adapted to rational dissection.

—N. SPENCER BARNES

TEN YEARS AFTER, edited by Tamas Aczel, Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

The Most Probable World

THIS book is Stuart Chase's contribution to the growing pile of books of speculation about the rest of this century. It is in effect an amalgam of Mr. Chase's numerous previous books about man's trials and troubles, carried forward to the latest NEW YORK TIMES before the book went to the printer.

Mr. Chase describes the usual fund of problems which confront mankind: the technological revolution, population, the cities, the arms race, etc. Despite the gloomy picture he paints, he somehow manages to emerge from his library smiling. This is because he takes some comfort from the development of a mixed (private/public) economy and a trend which he detects toward One World. Apparently aware that these are rather thin rays of sunshine, he finally throws in the growth in the college population in the United States and "the steady development of the social sciences." This enables him to complete his book with an optimistic fantasy about the world in the year 2001, which looks remarkably like the year 1967—with its negative features abstracted.

While Mr. Chase has generally picked out the right problems to worry about, he spends more time wringing his hands than suggesting solutions. For example, he advocates that the nuclear arms race be stopped but gives only the most superficial examination to the complex difficulties involved in doing this.

If you would like to read a brief, readable book about the future, this may be your meat.

—JOHN C. AUSLAND

THE MOST PROBABLE WORLD, by Stuart Chase. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

What scholars read into this prediction is that the Year of the Cock (1969) will bring defeat on the North (the cock crows from the jade tree, the celestial dome is unbalanced over the North). The Hanoi-Saigon trans-Vietnam railway will reopen and the regime in the North will collapse after a naval battle has bloodied the sea. Abundance, as symbolized by the grazing buffalo, will come to the country, perhaps through the Japanese (rising sun). The eagle awaited might be the US, the stirring lion, England. But the most remarkable sentence refers to Ho and Mao: *Ho an son trung mao tan bach*, about Ho hiding in the mountains and Mao's bones whitening.

Other stanzas imply dire events in the North:

*Opening their eyes like frogs, the possessions gone,
High flies the goose, beneath the people run with legs like ducks,*

*How much strength has the dragon fly?
What is the life span of the blackhead crow?
The summer stork cries till he falls exhausted.
You make noise like the buzzing of insects,
Like leeches you hold to your convictions,
The silkworm is imprisoned in his cocoon.*

Variouly these lines are interpreted as referring to dissension within communist ranks, the vain struggle against overwhelming American strength, air attacks on the North and the broken promises of communism. Some lines absolutely defy interpretation and it has become a guessing game among amateur classical scholars to fit actual events to the mysterious predictions of the prophet. One reason for his great current popularity is that Trang Trinh's predictions have come true in the strangest sort of way over the past hundred years. Like true oracles one discovers they are true only after the event while before they made little sense. Take these examples:

*When the lotus flowers surge from the eastern sea,
The Nguyen will go*

Lotus grows in mud, not in the sea, and what possible connection could there be between the lotus and the dynasty of the Nguyen, last of the Emperors of Vietnam?

European merchantships anchored in Vietnamese ports in the last century with Japanese seaweed clinging to their hulls. The weed spread rapidly along the coast line and it was called the Japanese lotus because of its resemblance to the real lotus flower. It was at the time of the appearance of the Japanese lotus in Vietnamese waters that the Nguyen dynasty showed the first signs of impending collapse under the onslaught of the French colonizers. Nguyen emperors and princes died in exile and those remaining turned into spineless puppets of the colonial administration.

Even more incredible but true were these puzzling lines:

*When sheaves of rice spring from lead,
When elephants march on paper,
The foreigners go back to their country.*

Who would have known four centuries ago that in the year 1941 the French authorities would put into circulation a series of three coins (10 and 20 centimes, 1 piaster) with a sheaf of rice as their main obverse design. In 1944 they put into circulation a 100 piaster note showing a herd of elephants charging through the jungle. Soon after this currency appeared the French lost their authority over Vietnam and were forced out of Indochina.

The prophecy continued:

*Soon the Nguyen return.
Their enemy flees in confusion
When he reaches the Bo De tree.*

Actually two years after the French returned to Vietnam in

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1946 to disarm the defeated Japanese, they brought back with them their puppet emperor Bao Dai, scion of the Nguyen family, to serve as the titular head of state. But who was the enemy that would scamper from the Bo De tree? Bo De is the Vietnamese term for the sacred tree of the Buddhists under which Gautama, the Buddha, found enlightenment. The enemy of the Nguyen to the scholars interpreting this prophecy was no one else but Ngo Dinh Diem who overthrew Bao Dai in 1955 and had himself elected as first President of the new Republic. But Diem's days were counted when he ran into trouble with the Buddhists.

As if this were not curious enough, the sage of the White Clouds temple foretold the exact month and year of the collapse of the Diem regime. Small wonder people are paying attention to his predictions on the course of the war. He wrote:

*When three lunar months follow one another
 Dismissed will be the ruler and his magistrates
 Their money will turn to ashes.*

It happens only once in a great while, perhaps one time in a century, that the lunar calendar has three months of 30 days each follow one another. This happened the last time in the Year of the Cat or 1963, when the ninth, tenth and eleventh month conformed to the prophecy.

President Ngo Dinh Diem and his family clique of power holders was overthrown by rebellious generals on November 1, 1963. He and his brother were killed while in custody.

Banknotes bearing President Diem's likeness were publicly burned.

Bets anyone on the Year of the Cock? ■

ON MANIFEST DESTINY (Continued from page 21)

"I'll be damned if I'll be the first." (He is not a very good historian. The War of 1812 was hardly a victory.)

This makes it difficult, almost impossible, to pull out of a military situation which upon second thought seems imprudent. Instead, like the men at the Alamo, we must stand and fight until all are dead.

To these folk lores have been added a new one, the Air Force mystique. It supposes that the Manifest Destiny can be relatively painless, maintained by fleets of bombers, which at the first sign of rebellion against our benign role of world policeman, can shower bombs. This has resulted in Vietnam in what a WASHINGTON POST correspondent described as "massive firepower used unselectively as a substitute for skillful tactics." or, more bluntly the razing of whole villages to get a few Viet Cong supposedly lurking there.

The political problem within the United States, and one which stimulated President Johnson to retire from a second term, is that a large and articulate sector of Americans no longer believe in the folklore. They say it is irrelevant and dangerous, and their preachments have attracted a wider and wider arc of Americans, as the war itself touches more Americans. What we have today is a popular rebellion against the folklore which motivated the American political system through most of the 20th century.

The war in Vietnam, and other prospective Vietnams in Asia, Africa, Latin America and the Middle East, will not be halted until these folklores are laid to rest. Nor will the prevailing practice be ended of loading up the Federal budget with staggering military outlays, nor allowing generals to make foreign policy.

The forces of change today are so great that a new generation of American politicians, while making the proper ritualistic salaams to the old myths, are disengaging themselves as quickly as seems fit and proper. ■

REPORT FROM VIENNA

(Continued from page 35)

chalantly aristocratic attitude, claiming essentially that the court's finding is without significance and has no effect on Habsburg family laws and relationships.

This series of events, including the publication of a book with detailed documentation, has evoked a continuing controversy over the existence and validity of the secret marriage, the role of the Fiaker Bratfisch, et al. There is no lack of "knowledgeable" individuals in Vienna who claim that the whole series of events never happened as described because the principal actors in the drama can be proved to have been in other places than those in which they should have been were the story true. One prominent Viennese clergyman has also written a letter to the editor of a local paper maintaining that under the canonical law of the time, the marriage, even if it took place, would not have been valid.

Ignoring these doubters and dissenters, Dr. Pachmann continues to insist on his princely origins. In an interview given in November 1966 he is alleged to have stated that as a direct descendant of Kaiser Franz Josef he considers himself to be at present the senior member of the Habsburg family. Although there are few who would agree with this contention, especially among the Habsburgs themselves, the Doctor has gained at least sufficient recognition to be referred to by the Viennese press as Pachmann-Habsburg. A local spoof paper, *Der Parkwechter*, devoted to turning the news upside down, has even proclaimed him as Kaiser Theodor I and announced acceptance of his reign by the republican government.

The desire to have the name Habsburg added to one's own appellation seems to be contagious. Dr. Pachmann is himself now the defendant in a court action similar to the one he instituted against the Archduke. In this case, a certain Rudolf Staffen from the German city of Castrop-Rauxel has asked a Salzburg court for a finding that he and Dr. Pachmann are cousins in the fourth degree, the justification being another secret marriage of Crown Prince Rudolf in 1889, the year of his suicide.

Even more than Dr. Pachmann-Habsburg, a source of continuous news in Austria has been Dr. Otto Habsburg, the son of the last Emperor Karl who was forced into abdication by the disastrous events of 1918. As a potential throne pretender and inheritor of substantial properties now under republican custodianship, Dr. Habsburg has always been regarded with a wary eye by the political authorities in Vienna. The large and influential Socialist Party, especially, has never shown the least accommodation towards Dr. Habsburg's claims on Austrian attention.

With the exclusion of the Socialists from the government following the elections of March 1966, however, the fortunes of the would-have-been Kaiser took a turn for the better. The ruling Volkspartei, or People's Party, found itself outmaneuvered in the legal and administrative skirmishing over Dr. Habsburg's request for permission to return to the homeland from his Bavarian exile and in recognition of his formal "declaration of renunciation" issued him a passport as an Austrian citizen.

Armed with this documentation, Dr. Habsburg quietly crossed the Bavarian border early in 1967 for a two-hour visit in the Tyrolean capital of Innsbruck. The Socialist reaction was immediate and strong. It consisted of a wave of protest strikes and factory meetings dedicated to florid denunciations of "the return." Since, however, no laws had been violated and Dr. Habsburg's visit was said to have been of a wholly private nature, the government remained inactive while professing a disinterested attitude.

After the excitement aroused by this probing attack had subsided, Dr. Habsburg returned for more lengthy trips which, somewhat surprisingly, occasioned no more than passing interest. The press began to treat his travel activity largely

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as a routine matter, and photos of him appeared with such noncommittal captions as "Dr. Habsburg was in Vienna."

Emboldened by these successful forays, Dr. Habsburg decided on a July tour of Bishop Rusch's East Tyrolean diocese, an area which had brightened his exile existence by bestowing on him the honorary citizenship of a number of communities. Dr. Habsburg now visited these localities as a mark of gratitude for their thoughtfulness. Unfortunately for the good Doctor's public image in the rest of Austria, East Tyrolean monarchist emotions were aroused by the occasion and the tour assumed the nature of a triumphal procession. The cortege passed from village to village to the accompaniment of band music, children with flowers, bürgermeisters with rustic welcome speeches, elderly peasant women who inquired solicitously after the Doctor's "Frau Mutter," and everywhere much hospitality.

The outcry from the I-told-you-so element was not long in coming. Both the ruling Volkspartei and the opposition Socialists issued statements of disapproval and the Chancellor himself was moved to note a certain disappointment at the turn of events. Public reaction was at best amusedly sympathetic, with various hostile declarations emanating from Socialist sources and serious reservations being expressed even in conservative quarters. The former monarchist movement, now known as Aktion Österreich-Europa, was accused of being the organizing force behind the tour, a charge which was consistently denied by its spokesmen. Functionaries of the movement remained in the background throughout the tour and Dr. Habsburg himself insisted both on the private nature of his visit as well as on his disassociation from any official connection with such sponsors. Various of the welcoming citizenry, true to their craggy Tyrolean character, put Vienna on notice that it had presumably other more important things to do than interfere in the private, one might almost say family affairs of self-respecting communities.

Notwithstanding these warm feelings of solidarity, East Tyrol is not a pace-setter in Austrian national life and subsequent reports from Dr. Habsburg's headquarters in Bavaria indicated a certain disenchantment with the bride-like enthusiasm of his mountainous friends. The evil was compounded a short time later in the monarchist stronghold of Liechtenstein where Dr. Habsburg, in attendance at the wedding of the heir to the principality, was referred to by a local TV announcer as the "Archduke of Austria." When called upon after a time by some viewers to correct this designation, the announcer, a doughty independent like his Tyrolean cousins, consulted his notes and replied: "That's what the program says."

Most Austrians, however, view the program differently. After two lost wars, eight years of Hitlerism, and a decade of occupation, prevailing sentiment is in favor of strengthening an order which, whatever its imperfections, is slowly bringing prosperity to the country. At present the role of the Habsburg family belongs to a past in which Austrians mostly like to rummage for good historical material. As one middle-aged citizen has put it: "Austria these days is too small to support a Kaiser. If Otto has ambitions, let him start with Hungary where his father had the title of King to the end. If he can get Budapest back for us, then we might give him another hearing." ■

Wave especially, to Sir Hugh Munro-Lucas-Tooth of Teanich, emphatically a figure of Authority, given to speaking his mind on all manner of topics, who is on the record with: "If hydrogen bombs are exploded all over this country, it could transform our whole way of life." And salute the clergyman in Newcastle who announced firmly, "We must bring back the death penalty in order to emphasize the sanctity of human life."—THE ENGLISH, by David Frost and Anthony Jay (*Stein and Day*)



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JULY 1943

IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

Coordinating the Overlapping

On July 22, 1943, James W. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization, made it clear that the State Department was supposed to have control of all foreign economic activities of the government as the result of combining in the hands of Leo Crowley, Director of Economic Warfare, the activities of Henry Wallace's Board of Economic Warfare and Jesse Jones' Foreign Purchase Corporations. Mr. Crowley would consult State in every field to find out what the foreign policy was. The State Department was then beginning to assign economic coordinators in foreign areas, starting with North Africa. In the Department of State a new Office of Foreign Economic Coordination was set up. This absorbed the Office of Foreign Territories and the Board of Economic Operations to provide coordination at home and abroad of economic operations in liberated areas. Assistant Secretary Dean Acheson was Director of OFEC. Three Deputy Directors were named: John G. Erhardt, also Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel, Henry R. Labouisse, Jr., and Herman B. Wells.

Such activity grew after American and British forces landed in Sicily. By July 23, American troops had entered Palermo. On July 26, Mussolini was ousted and Marshall Badoglio assumed charge in Rome. A new form of government, AMGOT, made its appearance in Sicily: joint control by the United States and Great Britain. The officials were experienced civil administrators and military personnel trained at the Charlottesville, Virginia, school and similar schools in Great Britain. A special currency was introduced. This had been printed well in advance with the name of the territory left blank until just before dispatch from the United States by plane.

Personnel

Howard Bucknell, Jr., Assistant Chief of the Division of Current Information, was assigned Counselor of Embassy in London to replace H. Freeman Matthews, who was ordered home to become Chief of the Division of European Affairs in place of Ray Atherton, confirmed in July as Minister to Canada. The Ottawa post had been vacant since the death of J. Pierrepoint Moffat.

On July 22 the State Department announced that it would send women with Foreign Service staffs assigned to Foreign Service posts opened in liberated areas. There were about 700 women in the Foreign Service at this time. There were 11 in Algiers, 2 in Casablanca, 2 in Rabat, and 1 in Tunis.

English Translations

From Great Britain it was reported that cooperation between British and American technicians was hampered by terminologies. Some of the British terms: brazing lamp for blow-torch, adjustable spanner for monkey wrench, drawing pin for thumb tack, pannikin for dipper, water bottle for canteen, screw-key for wrench, paraffin for kerosene, wood wool for excelsior, stomach warmer for hot water bag, tingles for shoe tacks, and duck, crow, and goose for $\frac{3}{8}$ ", $\frac{1}{8}$ ", and $\frac{1}{4}$ " respectively. The British made a distinction between supplies and stores, the latter being more durable equipment for repeated use.

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Priority

The War Department made it clear that regulations re-
quired that on Thanksgiving and Christmas days every mem-
ber of the armed forces be given turkey. The War Food
Administrator then prohibited sale, purchase or processing of
turkeys except for the government until the government had
acquired ten million pounds. Turkey was off the domestic
market until October.

Competition in Business

After the Japanese air base in Kahili in the Solomons was
bombed one night, an Air Force officer at headquarters in
Guadalcanal said, "We wanted the Japanese to lose their sleep
so they wouldn't feel like going to work this morning."



A son, Robert David, was born to Mr. and
Mrs. Robert Mills McClintock on August
22, 1943, in Stockholm, Sweden. At that
time his father was Chargé d'Affaires in
Helsinki and was the only officer at our Legation there. He
had sent his wife and their son Martin, age 3, to Stockholm
because of the uncertainties of life in Helsinki. The Deutscher
Wehrmacht was marching up and down the street in front of
the Legation and Russian bombers made frequent visits. The
Department allowed Robert to make courier trips to Stock-
holm. He was able to take the pouch that was ready in time to
be on hand when David arrived. One recollection of this trip
that he has kindly supplied is that Mrs. McClintock and her
maid had planned for a girl and had ready the layette in pink.
When the doctor congratulated her on having a spanking boy
she said, "Put it back." The doctor solemnly replied "Omo-
gligt—Impossible." David is now living in Wellesley Hills,
Massachusetts, where he and his wife, the former Deborah
French of Washington, D.C., have presented the Robert
McClintocks with a grandson named Robert Daniel.



A daughter, Adelaide Goodloe, was born to
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard C. Connelly on Au-
gust 3, 1943, in Lima, Peru, where her
father was serving as Second Secretary. She
was born at the Anglo-American Clinic then headed by Dr.
Virgil De Vault, who later became Medical Director of the
Foreign Service. Her first schools were in Bethesda and
Pretoria. Then, while with her parents in Zagreb and Lyon,
she and her sister Elizabeth, studied with a tutor the courses
mailed by the Calvert School in Baltimore. These were so
good that the two sisters had no trouble in entering the
International School in Geneva. Later Adelaide studied for
four years at the Maret School in Washington. After gradua-
ting there she entered Endicott Junior College, Beverly,
Massachusetts. She graduated in 1963 and took a secretarial
job with Honeywell, Inc., in Newton, Massachusetts. In 1964
she married Charles K. Johnson. They have a son, Mark.
Charles is completing a two-year assignment in Taipei as a
Department of the Army civilian. The Connelly's son, Ber-
nard, now 20, is in the Marine Corps. After his training in
Parris Island he was sent to Vietnam. He has been stationed
near Danang and has just received his warrant as a Corporal.
His parents expect him home at the end of August. Bernard,
Senior, continues as busy as ever in his second career as
Secretary of Forty Plus, Inc., of Washington.

Désespoir

BY LEONARD E. THOMPSON

*Toi sur la colline, la brise
Dans tes cheveux, dans tes yeux
Tous tes rêves de ta belle jeunesse,
Et moi—près de toi,
mais
si
loin!*

POTTLE

(continued from page 12)

Good lord! For a rupee in Mirkadim you can get eight pounds of the stuff. Even in Dacca, it's 16.50 per maund. Between buying retail and in small amounts and whatever the cook is getting, we pay an awful lot for patal. But do I want 80 pounds of patal lying around? Second time last week my husband looked pretty restive. ("What! This again?")

But, wait a minute, is patal that long green thing? I begin to have doubts. I go to the kitchen. "What is pat-al?" All work stops, and the cook and two bearers stare at me in amazement. Then they talk to each other in Bengali. I realize I should have brought it up with one servant only. Otherwise they talk to each other in Bengali and forget about me. Finally, after I call myself to their attention several times, the cook speaks up.

"Please write," he says. He hands me his pencil and a scrap of paper. He is the only one who can write a bit of English. He looks at my block capitals. "Oh," he cries, "pottle!" Everyone roars with laughter. I smile feebly. Perhaps pat-al as I said it, is a dirty word. Oh dear. But I stand my ground.

"Well, what is—pottle? Long green vegetable?" I gesture, indicating size and shape. More merriment. I stand fast.

"No," chuckles the cook, wiping his eyes. "Is short one I put in rice stuffing."

"Well, what is the long green one called? The one the children hang around their necks going home from the market? The one we had Thursday?"

"Shree Chundon," says the cook.

I return to the dining room and leaf through the government bulletin. Here we are, vegetables. Very short list in summer. Sweet potato, sweet pumpkin, bitter gourd, lady's finger, brinj-djal, jhinga. That's all. No shree chundon, or anything that looks like it. Maybe jhinga is another name for it. I return to the kitchen. "What is jhinga?" Blank faces look back at me.

"Jhinga," says the cook, frowning. He stares into space.

I retreat. "Oh, never mind!"

Back at the dining table, I leaf through the cook's bazaar book. Sure enough. "Patal, one rupee." No shree whatever, no jhinga listed last week. The heck with it. I decide I don't even want to know what jhinga is. Maybe it's shree chundon, for all I know.

The head bearer comes in. He is generally the group's spokesman, as the cook is their "writer." "Jhinga is *Pakistani* vegetable," says the bearer.

"Same as shree chundon?"

"Oh no! Is—." He looks baffled. "Jhinga is *Pakistani* vegetable. Americans no like."

"How do you know I don't like it?" I am easily sidetracked in conversation, and this is an old battle renewed. "Have I ever had it?"

He thinks for a while. "I don't think."

"Well then, how does the cook know I don't like it?" "Americans don't like."

I sigh. Anyway, I've learned that jhinga is not shree chundon. I think. "Never mind," I say. "But tell the cook to buy some jhinga and fix it tonight. I want to try it anyway. Not many vegetables this time of year."

The weekly price bulletin still fascinates me. Beside it, the consulate's now-and-then retail market price list is mighty dull reading, albeit somewhat more useful.

Maybe I'm still being taken—or am I? At any rate I know what jhinga is. (I can't say I like it, but I can't admit that.) And I know what shree chundon is. And pat—pottle. ■

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

The Low-Down on Diplomacy?

IT was somewhat surprising to see in the May JOURNAL my esteemed colleague Thomas Donovan's verdict on John Kenneth Galbraith's novel, "The Triumph."

One of the more attractive aspects of Professor Galbraith's book is that at least by implication it offers a simple and forthright cure for our foreign policy ills: decapitate the Department, and let the good guys rise to the top. This solution may have some superficial appeal to those of us within the Department who find ourselves situated well below its neck. But I for one cannot in all conscience agree that the diagnosis on which it is based is either profound or accurate.

This is not to say that the Department is without flaws, or that Galbraith's wit does not occasionally illuminate some real defects, structural and otherwise. But taken as a whole the book is a caricature rather than a critique. It bears about the same relation to reality that General Bullmoose bears to American capitalism, or Fearless Fosdick does to the New York City Police Force. (The latter analogy is supported by the generic similarity between Ambassador Pethwick and Detective Fosdick, each of whom miraculously escapes the consequences of his witlessness, living on to perpetrate further follies. The analogy is compounded by the further similarity between the Machiavellian Assistant Secretary of State, Worth Campbell, and Fosdick's scheming Chief of Police).

In short, I cannot agree with colleague Donovan that "The Triumph" is either "a valuable contribution to the world of affairs," or that it is "an agreeable little novel" or even that it ought to be compared to an early effort by Sir Harold Nicolson. It is a gargantuan spoof. Al Capp should collaborate and put it in the funny papers. It is enormously funny and witty and it should be read for those reasons and for those reasons only.

CARLETON S. COON, JR.

Washington

But Now It's Balpa

WHEN Deputy Secretary Idar Rimestad talked to the Senior Seminar on May 2, he described the phenomenal number of messages reaching the Department daily. Leased lines and technological advances have made possible drafting without space and cost inhibitions.

This was not always the case! Those old enough to remember thumbing the books of the Gray and Brown Codes will recall the sinewy phrases which could be transmitted in a single, five-letter group.

Later we attempted to reduce telegraph costs by ingenious abbreviations and contractions. The following may evoke memories among those who were drafting telegrams in 1951 when I wrote it:

FOREIGN SERVICE STORY

With the FonMin and the SecGen

I am following the sit

And no one here will venture

Whether this is really it.

The pop is fairly steady

And the mil are well in hand

And now the SC Com's en route

The Govt may make a stand.

My service Atts advise me

They are watching all devels

And that the Emb should disregard

Outside-the-window yells.

My PAO has disappeared . . .

Likewise the Mormon Bish.

Would anybody like to be

The Chargé at this Mish?

G. LEWIS JONES

Washington

From Finland in Memory of RFK

ONE of the Embassy's young Finnish translators, Miss Gun-Britt Thun, did such an excellent translation of a Finnish poem by Matti Nokela, published in the newspaper *Uusi Suomi*, June 7, that I thought you might consider publishing it in the JOURNAL.

TYLER THOMPSON

Helsinki

Suddenly the Day Grew Dark

by Matti Nokela

Very suddenly the day grew dark.

*An instant ago the sun shone over
Washington, Moscow and Berlin,
a warm breeze blew in London
and Helsinki rejoiced over a cloudless
day.*

*A young voice echoed through space
and smiling faces beamed on the
screen,
then suddenly three shots were heard
and blood streamed down.*

*And very suddenly the day grew dark,
chill winds of hate swept through us
and night fell with no warning,
the seeds of hate blinded all mankind.*

*And a man,
a man who fought against blindness,
is gone.
so suddenly gone from our midst.*

On receiving the news of
Robert Kennedy's death

A Compliment—and

FROM that vast, silent and often frustrated limbo of Retired FSOs, a word of congratulation! I refer to the clever and relaxed "Washington Letter" page, which provides an informal and happy contrast to certain other more weighty pages at times less pleasingly inspired. Keep up the good work! Old timers recall the time when the JOURNAL was a timid, rather soulless, self-conscious publication, carefully avoiding the appearance of sponsoring anything new whatsoever unless it be approved by the Departmental Caesars. Most all Retired FSOs today look forward to the magazine with happier assurances than of yore. Contributions from the field are now frequently of outstanding literary merit and reprinted in our leading commercial publications, either in whole or in part. *Pax Vobiscum!*

In concluding, a word respecting that clever little item on your "Washington Page," October issue, headed "Award." I remember reading this same story in a Paris weekly of no distant date and am delighted that you picked it up. But, there is one small criticism to submit: I am sure that the Curator of the French museum never wrote on the *étiquette* accompanying the exhibit concerned that the latter was "*La Crâne de Charlemagne enfant.*" Reason: "*Crâne,*" being eternally *masculin*, the good Curator assuredly took grammatical pains to write "*Le Crâne.*" The JOURNAL, you will at once agree, should be ever careful in dealing with foreign tongues before it goes to press, since by virtue of our profession itself, we must needs at the very start do somewhat more than rub elbows with languages. Most all French publications, like most American, are scandalously indifferent to the spelling of proper names, or indeed of anything else for that matter, when such material to which they set their hand originates in another country and is to be presented in the written medium of that country. In consequence it remains for the Swiss invariably to see to it that whenever any foreign language is used in any way in any of their trim publications that the material reproduced be accurate in every respect!

The JOURNAL, being "human" and admittedly not Swiss, frequently makes slips of this sort; although to do so is not exactly a cardinal sin, I do believe that a little more care to be exercised in this small but relatively important field would do more than you editors may realize to enhance still further the prestige of the magazine, remembering that it falls into the hands of many non-Americans.

HORATIO MOOERS

P.S. Couldn't resist this postscript: maybe you carry at least a few Helvetii on your mailing list??!

St. Petersburg, Florida

Cheering Visit

ON a recent home leave I had the misfortune to be overtaken by an illness. I was sent to the Naval Hospital at Bethesda. At first I was too sick to receive visitors, but during the period of convalescence I began to feel the pangs of loneliness. Hardly a single one of my friends was in Washington.

At this point a member of the American Foreign Service Association's Welfare Committee came to pay me a visit. If only because he shed a great deal of cheerfulness this visit was a success. But it went further. He came back a second and a third time. He introduced me to people in other rooms on the same floor. He took a check to the bank and got me some cash, including a supply of dimes for the public telephone. He also did a little shopping for me.

After all this, his name should be mentioned. But he implored me to skip this, saying that his fellow members of the Committee did as much as he and that he thought it would be invidious to have only his name mentioned.

OLIVER GLENDOVER

Rome

One Way of Looking At It

I WAS amused by the last paragraph in an interview with the poet Allen Ginsberg, published in the COLUMBIA SPECTATOR. I am enclosing this with the idea that you might want to reprint it in the JOURNAL, to add a little zest. (The words about Columbia in the passage refer to the fact that Ginsberg is a Columbia graduate.)

THOMAS B. LARSON

New York

S. (interviewer Eugene Schwarz). Do you think there can be any major political transformation of America within the next few years?

G. You know better than me—you're younger than I am—you're the ones that are going to have to

do it—you're the ones that are going to have to refuse to work for money—and work for something nearer your hearts—you're the ones that are going to have to go out and face the Universe alone—you're the ones that are going to have to freak out—that's what we—well, not all of us—some of my generation did—freaked out of our culture and began looking around and deconditioning our consciousness—and looking for our desire rather than what was imposed on us falsely by Columbia values—When I was going to school there was this so-called "Silent Generation" running rampant all over the place selling their bodies to the advertising agencies and to the Pentagon and the State Department. A terrible massacre took place there—You know, the best minds that were destroyed weren't the beatniks, they were all those people who wound up in bughouses after years in the—well, in the State Department and TIME Magazine.

No Substitute for OJT

I am concerned about the recent decision to eliminate the overseas language program. In my opinion, the

piddling savings in foreign exchange which will result from this cutback simply do not justify the elimination of a program which has contributed so significantly to the professional competence of foreign service personnel overseas. The extension of FSI language instruction by a few weeks is no substitute for continuing on-the-job training.

If a cutback is considered absolutely necessary, I would suggest that instruction be limited to officers for whom a professional knowledge of the language of the country is absolutely essential in the performance of their duties.

I have read with interest the Association's recent statements about "activist" principles. Would not the restoration of the overseas language program—at least a partial program—be a worthy cause for active support?

BRADFORD BISHOP, JR.

Milan

Not Consonant with Our Aim

I WOULD aDjure the editorial staff to aBjure precipitant proof-reading. Vide page 10 of the May JOURNAL. Ave.

NORRIS S. HASELTON

Washington

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler



"No, no! Not that! Not BALPA!"

COOK'S TOUR

by HELEN KINDLER BEHRENS

DRIVING from Paris toward Burgundy and a memorable meal on a soft Spring morning in the pleasantest of company—what could be more enjoyable? Only four things—driving towards five memorable meals.

We were accompanying Ambassador and Mrs. John Jernegan to his *intronization* as *President du Chapitre* of the world-famed *Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin*—all this to mean that the United States Ambassador to Algeria had been invited to be the speaker and guest of honor at one of the banquets given in the Château du Clos Vougeot. The *Confrerie*, a witty gastronomic group dedicated to extolling the virtues of Burgundian vintages, was formed in the 1930s with the enthusiastic help of our late Ambassador to France, the Honorable William C. Bullitt.

Among other remarks made by the Ambassador in his speech, and much appreciated by the audience and by the Paris newspaper, *LE FIGARO*, which reprinted them, were the following:

“Les moissons de mes nombreux travaux dans le champ de la diplomatie m'ont rarement apporté les espoirs et les satisfactions que votre récolte annuelle dans les vignes de Bourgogne vous rapporte. La carrière diplomatique peut avoir de la 'couleur,' mais pas toujours du 'bouquet,' du 'corps,' mais souvent quelque arrière-goût d'amertume. Mais, du moins dans notre travail, utilisons-nous le vin comme adjuvant professionnel, ce qui est une grande consolation en soi.”

Four of the memorable meals were provided by hotels in Avalon and Beaune (both the Poste), a *diner en famille* at the home of the gracious Louis Latour, owner of Alexe Corton and one of the vintage vintners of the Côte D'Or, and finally,

the table d'hôte of a riverside inn. (By then we were on our return trip on a Sunday afternoon, and although we did enjoy it, we all wished fervently that some way of making future pleasure of all this gourmet gastronomy could be arranged.)

The fifth meal, of course, was the banquet we had enjoyed the night before at Clos Vougeot, climaxed by Ambassador Jernegan's initiation and speech. We had been welcomed—fanfare from hunting horns—to the Château by Jacques Chevignard, the Grand Chambellan of the *Confrerie du Tastevin*, and his charming American wife, Eleanor. Thanks to M. Chevignard and the Chef de Bouche de la *Confrerie*, M. Jean Fargeau, you can enjoy future gourmet gastronomy by making this recipe for one of the seven delicious courses offered us that night (to the accompaniment of eight wines and many more than eight Rabelaisian songs and dissertations).

LE JAMBON MORVANDELLE DE LA CONFRERIE DES CHEVALIERS DU TASTEVIN, in short, GOOD HAM

For four, cut four handsome slices from a fresh boiled ham. Keep warm in a very low oven on a flat dish, barely covered with white wine and topped with 6 or 8 finely minced mushrooms which have been briefly sauteed in butter.

Put 1 cup dry white wine and 1/3 cup minced shallots in a saucepan and simmer gently until the liquid has been reduced by 2/3 (to about 1/2 cup.) Add 2/3 cup heavy cream and, being very careful not to let this boil, reduce the liquid again by half. Add 1/8 teaspoon salt, a twist of freshly ground pepper, and 1 tablespoon tomato paste (or one medium peeled tomato, sieved.)

Strain the sauce, using a wooden spoon to get as much of the flavor through the strainer as possible (or a French “chinois” type strainer). Drain the ham slices, cover with the strained sauce, and serve at once.

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\$ 7,300	\$110.20		\$5,000	\$23.50
\$ 7,500	\$113.00			
\$ 7,700	\$115.80			
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