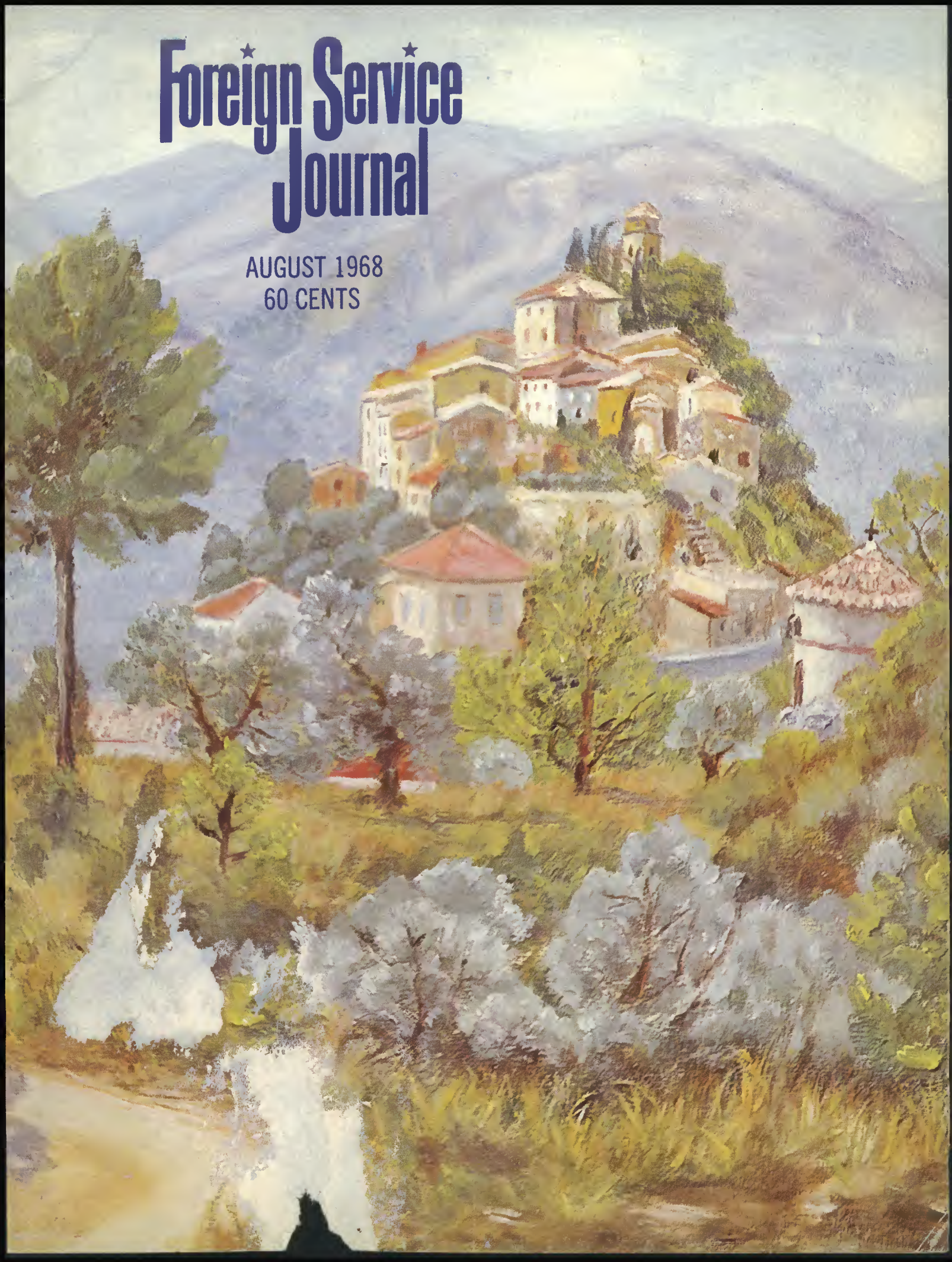
Foreign Service Journal

AUGUST 1968
60 CENTS



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Photographs and Illustrations

Elizabeth B. Owens, "La Roquette sur Var, Alpes Maritimes," cover; Department of State photographs, pages 16 and 31 and Association News; Walter J. Mueller, photograph, page 37; S. I. Nadler, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 47.

Ambassadorial Nominations

SAMUEL C. ADAMS, JR. *to the Republic of Niger*

CARTER L. BURGESS *to Argentina*

G. EDWARD CLARK *to the Republic of Mali*

THOMAS W. MCELHINEY *to the Republic of Ghana*

WALTER J. STOESSEL, JR. *to Poland*

Honors and Awards

JEFFERSON CAFFERY, *Honorary LL.D. from Tulane University*
LIVINGSTON MERCHANT, *Honorary LL.D. from Harvard*

Marriages

BLANKINSHIP-GREEN. Carmen Blankinship, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Byron E. Blankinship, was married to Frederick Rowland Green, on June 29, in Washington.

BOWEN-KENNEY. Helen Bowen was married to FSO David Torrence Kenney, on June 29, in Saigon.

BRIDGETT-QUARNSTROM. Mariana Bridgett, daughter of FSO-retired and Mrs. Charles Bridgett of Asheville, N.C., was married to Dr. Fred Carl Quarnstrom, on May 11, in Washington.

RIEGER-HAYES. Patricia Rieger, daughter of FSO and Mrs. John F. Rieger, was married to Michael Hayes, son of Leo Hayes, AID-retired, and Mrs. Hayes, on June 15, in Boston.

SAGONA-CARLSEN. Sandra Lee Sagona, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Frances T. Sagona, was married to Robert R. Carlsen, on May 11, in Silver Spring, Maryland.

SWISHER-COSTANZO. Elsa Happel Swisher was married to FSO-retired Joseph Bruno Costanzo, on June 5, in Washington.

VON TUNKL-HOHENSTALT-LUTKINS. Maja von Tunkl-Hohenstadt was married to Clinton S. Lutkins, II, son of FSO and Mrs. LaRue R. Lutkins, on June 8, in Vienna.

Births

BUCHANAN. A daughter, Rebecca Marie, born to FSO and Mrs. Thomas R. Buchanan, on May 18, in Washington.

FANDINO. A son, Joseph Gregory, V, born to FSO and Mrs. Joseph G. Fandino, on April 8, in Madrid.

KESSLER. A son, Bryan Paul, born to FSO and Mrs. Earl Kessler, on June 14, in Quito.

PALMA. A daughter, Carolina Andrea Victoria, born to Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Palma, on May 12, in Washington. Mrs. Palma is the daughter of Career Minister and Mrs. Daniel M. Braddock.

ST. JOHN. A son, John Christopher Robert, born to FSO and Mrs. John J. St. John, on June 6, in London.

Deaths

HOLMES. Julius Cecil Holmes, former Ambassador to Iran and former Assistant Secretary of State, died on July 14, in Washington. Ambassador Holmes, who served in both World Wars, entered the Foreign Service in 1925, retiring in 1965. At the time of his death he was senior consultant to the State Department. He left the Foreign Service in 1937 to become vice president of the New York World's Fair and president of General Mills in Brazil. This was followed by his service as a brigadier general on the general staff of SHAEF and as political adviser to General Dwight D. Eisenhower. Ambassador Holmes was named Assistant Secretary of State in 1945 but then resigned to become vice president of Transcontinental Western Air, Inc. and later president of Taca Airways. He returned to the Foreign Service in 1948, served as minister to London, senior political adviser to the US delegation to the UN, minister to Morocco, special assistant to the Secretary of State for NATO, and consul general in Hong Kong and Macao before being named Ambassador to Iran. He is survived by his wife of 2818 McGill Terr., N.W., a daughter, Mrs. William Peck of Detroit, and two sons, Henry Allen and Richard Peyton, of Washington. The family requested contributions be made to the American Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund in lieu of flowers.

LANGLEY. James McLellan Langley, former Ambassador to Pakistan, died on June 24, in Concord, New Hampshire. Mr. Langley was a longtime New England newspaper publisher and editor. He is survived by his wife of Concord, N.H., and four children.

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

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

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

Address material to: Foreign Service Journal, 2101 E St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20037.

Microfilm copies of current as well as of back issues of the Foreign Service JOURNAL will be available through the University Microfilm Library Services, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106 under a contract signed October 30.

With Our Contributors

JACK ZLOTNICK, author of "A Theorem for Prediction," page 20, is an analyst with the Central Intelligence Agency. He has a long-standing interest in developing a formal logic for predictive analysis. His article was inspired by recent research outside of government on human performance in probability estimation.

REBECCA BROWN TONER, whose poem "She's New Here In Your Mission, Isn't It?" appears in this issue, wrote advertising copy in Minneapolis and Chicago, following her graduation from the University of Wisconsin. She married AID official Joseph S. Toner and the Toners and three sons have been posted in Cyprus and Nepal.

ELIZABETH B. OWENS, our cover artist, was born in Marseille of American-French parents, and grew up in Nice, Baden-Baden (where she and her parents were interned during WW II) and Trinidad. Mrs. Owens is the wife of FSO John P. Owens and they have served at Naples, Maracaibo, Thessaloniki and Athens. She has studied art at the Corcoran Gallery and American University. Her painting of Dumbarton Oaks, "Burst of Spring,' won third prize in oils at the 1967 State-USIA art exhibition.

TED OLSON, a frequent contributor to the JOURNAL, served OWI in both London and New York. In "We Told the World" he examines that organization from the perspective of a quarter-century later. The "gadgets" in the photograph on page 16 are from the collection of Ruth Walter who served on the Pacific side of OWI and is now with USIA.

SILVIA B. ZIMMERMANN, who reports on PER/EPD, page 31, has been free-lancing professionally all her adult life with a hiatus while bringing up four children and following a Foreign Service husband halfway around the world.

DAVID RAYNOLDS and THOMAS A. DONOVAN are all frequent contributors to the JOURNAL.

WILLIAM H. HALLMAN, who interviewed Mrs. Elizabeth S. Carpenter for this issue, is a Foreign Service officer from Texas, with pleasant memories of Bell County and those who come from there. He is presently serving in the Office of Iranian Affairs.

Reporting from the Soviet Embassy

No Washington Weeka

THOMAS A. DONOVAN

All large organizations, within government and without, rely on paperwork to keep up with and control agents in the field. Well-run corporations try to cut down such paperwork by running up heavy telephone bills and by buying lots of first-class airplane tickets. Government departments, less well-heeled, have to make do with telegrams and airmail letters (quaintly called airgrams) and only now and then by buying airplane tickets (second-class). But even when business gets transacted orally, there are things which have to be put down on paper. And the only way to make sure that nothing essential is overlooked, is to set up regular reporting schedules. This is what General Motors Detroit does when it looks after GM Antwerp. It is what the State Department does in its supervision of MACV Saigon, Amembassy Tehran, or Amcon Izmir.

It is also the way the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Moscow runs the Soviet Embassy on 16th Street in Washington. For the Russians, like the rest of us, are now caught up in a self-ignited information explosion. So much is clear from V. A. Zorin's authoritative "Fundamentals of Diplomatic Service." From this important work, as readers of earlier issues of the JOURNAL may recall, we have learned that Russians put their trousers on like other people, one leg at a time. They hold staff meetings. They learn how to fold over the corner of a calling card. And they have checklists of required monthly reports. In short, Soviet Embassy reporting officers are now, fifty years after the Great October Revolution, well and firmly harnessed in a Soviet-style CERP.*

To be sure, the Russians have not proceeded as far along this path as some have gone. They still allow their diplomatic officers time to break away from their typewriters for important tasks outside. How otherwise could Soviet diplomats service all of the out-of-the-way letter drops which are said to supply them with so much valuable information? Or how could they write their compulsory memcons on conversations with NATO bloc nationals, if they had to work full-time at rewriting local newspaper articles?

Anyway, here is Mr. Zorin's account of their chores:

> It is essential also to say a few words about internal documents which an embassy or other diplomatic mission prepares. These in the first place are press reviews for particular periods of time or on particular subjects by month, quarter, or year. They cover basic news items and announcements appearing in the press of the country of assignment during a particular period. From these surveys, inferences are drawn about the local government's policy and about important events in the country in the period just ending. But there can also be surveys on such special problems as, for example, a country's economic situation, on its remilitarization, and so on. There can likewise be press surveys on individual ideological problems of current significance. These surveys are usually compiled by an embassy press section and are sent to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.
>
> Further, among the documents which are usually prepared

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in embassies, mention must also be made of the ambassador's political letters, addressed to the center. These political letters are drafted on the most important, current political problems, or on problems of great importance in the assessment of a particular country's situation or its government policy. The scope and subject matter of these letters are in no way limited; everything here depends on the ambassador's intentions and on requirements arising in the course of his work.

In these political letters, ambassadors put problems before the center and make proposals and suggestions about measures which need to be taken in implementing the government they represent. The most essential and timely parts of these letters are sometimes transmitted in enciphered telegrams, if they need to be brought to the center's attention quickly.

Reports prepared on various topics by embassy workers, e.g. on political parties and party meetings, on such economic subjects as the development of a particular branch of the economy, of industry, of agriculture, and the like, and on cultural problems are another kind of document containing study material on the situation in a particular country. They are subject-matter surveys of factual data which an embassy succeeds in collecting.

Records of talks which embassy or ministry workers have with political activists and diplomats are important documents. A report of talks which one or another political activist has with a minister or an ambassador is itself a very important document, since it provides information on the particular person's views and contains factual material, unobtainable from any other source, which can only be acquired from someone knowledgeable in a particular field. Finally, since these reports shape the point of view of the government and of leading public figures, these are materials on which it is possible that decisions and particular steps of one kind or another will be taken.

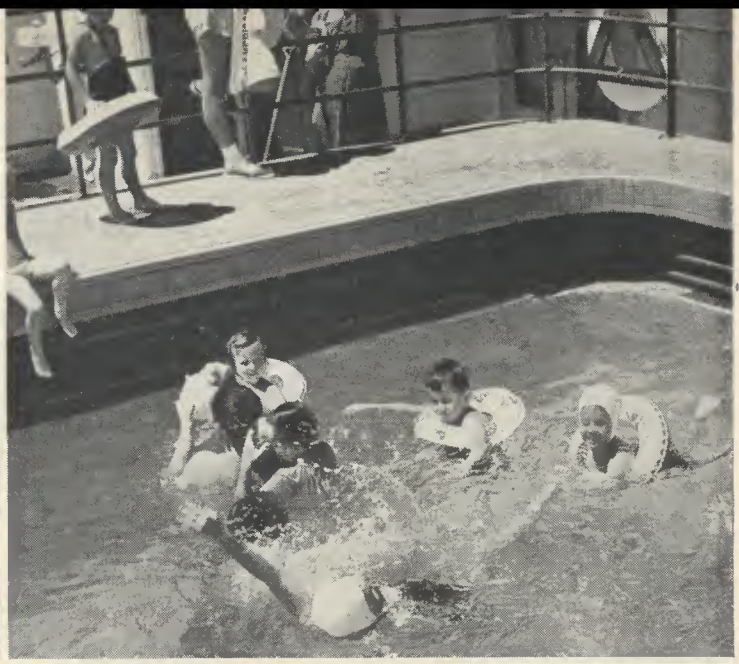
An embassy's reports are documents of a general nature. In accordance with regulations established by each ministry, reports are submitted quarterly, semi-annually, to annually. Ambassadors, however, can send in political letters on important matters in the intervals, so that information may be kept on file all the time and so that there may be analysis and distribution of accumulated data which may call for some kind of reaction on a ministry's part.

Such are basic documents which embassies and ministries of foreign affairs deal with and work on each day.

In reading Mr. Zorin's prose, we may wonder if the Russians have yet faced up to the full technological consequences of the new post carbon-copy information explosion. They may long have sensed, as Zbigniew Brzezinski recently put it, that "power will gravitate into the hands of those who control . . . information, and can correlate it most rapidly."† But can they appreciate what this means in terms of Xerox machines and other electromagnetic hardware? Can they realize how great is our American lead in the production and processing (in our American way) of foreign affairs information? Probably not. For they surely do not comprehend its implications, in terms of State Department efficiency. Can they, that is, grasp the significance, for prompt and effectual policy formulation, of our vast flow of vital foreign affairs data: fifteen million words of telegraphic traffic per month last year, only five million per month in 1960? Or the usefulness, for correlation purposes, of the ever-wider distribution being made of the ninety thousand odd airgrams our Service produces each year: an average print order of 86.5 copies in 1967, as against only 63 copies apiece in 1962?‡

† The New Republic, *December 31, 1967.*

‡ *The average 1967 airgram was 3.35 pages long; that of 1962 only 2.46 pages. In 1939, all incoming despatches arrived in the Department in original and six flimsies, and that was that. Official Department figures, alas.*



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by HELEN K. BEHRENS

LILLIAN BERTON of our Embassy in Paraguay writes that the national dish of that country is a delicious corn bread, served warm throughout the year, but especially traditional as the Good Friday menu. The frustrations of Foreign Service wife life are nowhere better illustrated, however, than in the following recipe for *Sopa Paraguaya,* typical of many well-meaning efforts of the part of foreign friends to share their culinary secrets with us.

"Sopa Paraguaya For a Medium Fit For Roasting Ingredients"

¾ kilo Corn flour
9 eggs
½ liter Milk
½ liter Curd of the milk
½ liter Oil
¼ kilo Onion
½ kilo fresh Paraguayan cheese

"To flap very well white of 9 eggs, add the yolks and continue flapping. Mix into a recipient the flapped eggs, the curd milk and the corn flour, mixing them very well, adding milk little by little until getting the special point. To add ¼ kilo ground cheese. Then to heat very well into a casserole ½ liter oil and this spill on the preparation. To add ¼ kilo cut onion in thin trundle. To put salt according your taste. The preparation must be very bland. The fit for roasting must be oiled and put into half of the preparation. Then cut ¼ kilo cheese in small slice and put this on the preparation into of fit for roasting and finally add the other half preparation.

"To cook with not very hot oven about 45 minutes."

This will obviously remain a culinary secret. However, with the substitution of a tasty meat mixture for the pieces of cheese, I can offer you a typical South American corn pie which Mary Stutesman gave me from her collection of high-altitude recipes; in this case, no adjustments need to be made for sea-level ovens.

Latin American Corn Pie

5 to 8 ears of corn—grate the kernels
½ cup chopped onions
1 pound ground chuck (pork or chicken may be substituted.)*
½ cup raisins, seeded
½ cup chopped, seeded olives
1 tablespoon lard or shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped or sliced

2 egg yolks, or 2 eggs, whites stiffly beaten, or if you want to get the lighter consistency of the incomprehensible *sopa,* use six beaten eggs for this step.
½ teaspoon powdered cumin
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
at end, 1 tablespoon confectioner's sugar (optional)

Brown the onions in the shortening, add the meat, and sauté a few minutes. Add raisins, olives, and seasonings.

In another pan cook the grated corn over a low flame, gradually adding the sugar and stirring constantly. (Add a little milk if necessary. The Pan American Union* recipe folder suggests using 3 cans of yellow creamed corn, then adding 1 tablespoon butter mixed with 1 tablespoon sugar and ⅓ cup flour to the corn.) Cook the corn until it becomes a smooth puree. Remove from fire, allow to cool, then add the beaten yolks. For extra lightness (non-high altitude ovens), add stiffly beaten whites.

Put half the corn mixture in a buttered baking dish; cover with the entire meat mixture, adding the hard-boiled eggs decoratively; top with the remainder of the corn and sprinkle with confectioner's sugar.

Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 30 minutes, or until golden brown.

**The Pan American Union makes a one-dish meal out of their* pastel de choclo *by cutting a fried chicken into individual portions, using the meat mixture as the bottom layer, laying the chicken pieces on it, and pouring the corn mixture on top of all. The rest of the recipe is the same, with the addition of chopped parsley along with the raisins and olives.*

She's New Here in Your Mission, Isn't It?

At home nowhere,
Nowhere at home,
She arrived with status symbols poised
Prepared to pierce the quiet, noised
With her tongue
To gain the rung
On which she could phrase herself.

Name-drop is pop; place-drop is op.
Off-hand is U.
Formality is clearly through.
It's all a game
If the natives are tame.
We play for points. She keeps score—
Relieving us of that ghastly chore.
Interrupt with words to translate,
Mention friends in Department of State,
Indicate a patrician palate.
Verbal croquet, she wields the mallet.

"Farmington," "Trafalgar Square,"
"When Jackie was at Vassar, I was there."
"My shoes all come from Italy."
"I send to Peking for my tea."
"My cousin, the Vicar . . ."
"My Aunt, the vice- "
"The English of locals is imprecise!"
"The local English need better advice!"

Oral she was,
Aural never!

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS—AUGUST, 1968

"The concept of counter-intelligence, I perceive . . . "
"Drawing rooms adequate in which to receive . . . "
"My inherited stocks futurity . . . "
"My hours of creativity . . . "
"Nursing a baby can't be really sexual!"
"Is the Ambassador's wife in any way effectual?"

Through the back door she would go
Beside the archipelago.
Baby on hip,
Freud on lip,
Spirit unfrocked but Spocked in immaculate smug,
Snug.

How marvelous it all is! Squeak!
Greek to speak!
Gossip to leak!
MACHINE GUNS! Eek!

"Will anyone come out of here smelling of roses?"
"Do cow college graduates all pick their noses?"

Eclectic pearls, carefully contrived,
Obscure references obliquely jibed,
Four letter verbs,
Unheard-of herbs,
She cast before
  disciplined peers,
  sensitive ears.

Thoughtful scholars,
Negotiators with wilted collars,
Plain people, worn with work and worry,
Were blessed by her semantic curry!

Those whose anger counted,
Whose anxieties mounted,
Where horror held that courage would give way,
Where chins stayed high and living was from day to day,
Here she cast her needle-pointed niceties—
Little outrageous precisities.

A toast, gentlemen—To the Frivolous!
And a prayer, Good Lord, deliver us!

REBECCA BROWN TONER

Anchor weighed. Ship in full sail. Her sturdy bowsprit pointing true to England. America a cloud upon the sea behind them!

"Why, Cook! What are you thinking of so steadily?" said Martin.

"Why I was a-thinking, sir," returned Mark, "that if I was a painter and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it?"

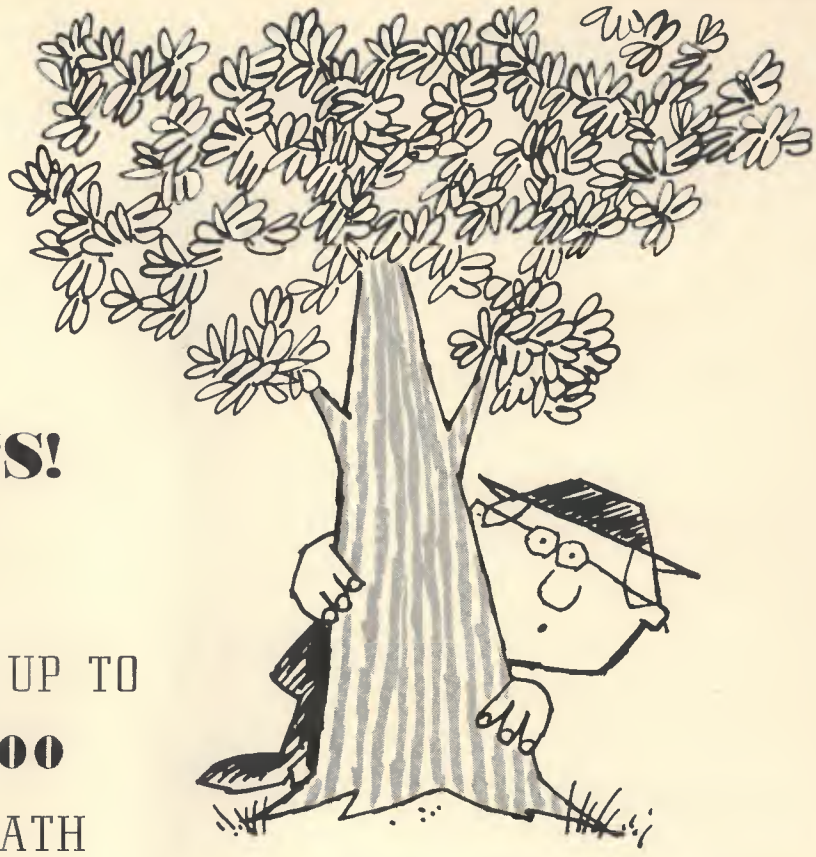
"Paint it as like an Eagle as you could, I suppose."

"No," said Mark. "That wouldn't do for me, sir. I should want to draw it like a Bat, for its short-sightedness; like a Bantam, for its bragging; like a Magpie, for its honesty; like a Peacock, for its vanity; like a Ostrich, for its putting its head in the mud, and thinking nobody sees it—."

"And like a Phoenix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky!" said Martin. "Well, Mark. Let us hope so."—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, by Charles Dickens

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ACCIDENTS!

but . . .



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Excursion into Maine Speech

On a long and pleasant weekend in Montevideo just before I left Buenos Aires last March (1967), I got talking with my hostess about regional variations in American speech. She hailed from Maine, I from North Carolina. We were both surprised to discover how many speechways we shared.

However, she had from her Maine childhood a good many that were new to me. A few of them are set down hereinbelow. . . . I am not at all sure I have got them all just right. My Maine friend said that many of the words and phrases she gave me she had never seen written down, so that she was improvising or guessing at the spelling. And unfortunately I made no record of the pronunciation—which in some of the words or phrases had a nasal quality that is difficult to indicate in written English (though not, of course, in Portuguese and some Oriental languages).

Howsobeit, here are the "Mainisms" I found most interesting:

jeesly (geesly, geesley, jeesley) *adj.* Christly (pejorative: overreligious or overpious)

pimp around *v.* (intransitive only, apparently) To snoop, nose about

newsy *adj.* Snoopy

gliggery *adj.* Soft and slimy as, e.g., jellyfish, liquid soap, waterglass, etc. (*Gooey* is perhaps the closest, come to think)

stivvering *adj.* Stiff in joints from age, hence shaky, tottery. (My informer thinks there may be the verb *to stivver,* meaning to progress totteringly. But she is not sure about this)

minge *n.* Midge (insect)

cutch *n.* A catchall, hellbox

randle *n.* Disk-harrow

trig *n.* Chock (for wheels)

yes ma'am road *n.* What I think we used to call in N. C. a thank-you-ma'am road, one with lots of fairly evenly spaced small bumps. (A corduroy road?)

play whaley *v.* Play hob

toteroad (or tote-road) *n.* A rough road giving access to backland, to difficult country

skijoring *n.* (Again, the verb may exist) Riding skis or sleds hitched behind horse

to doctor with *v.* To be treated by named physician, to be under his care

to neighbor with *v.* As is evident, to treat with person as neighbor, to have an over-the-back-fence relationship with him.

belly-busting *n.* (v. prob. also exists) Sliding downhill on sled. (I think this is also N. C., as is the following)

belly-buster *n.* A belly-flop, into snow or water

slanchwise (slaunchwise) *adv.* At an angle, off-center. (I seem to remember this from my N. C. childhood, too, along with *antigodlin, sigodlin, wheewhaw,* all meaning not quite true to the base.

—John P. McKnight

On a Boy in Vietnam

The future at eighteen once seemed so vast,
That nineteen was as distant as the moon;
All that great future is now one small past,
And dead of night has overtaken noon.

—Barbara Ennis

We told the World

TED OLSON

A sampling of the gadgets used by OWI in the Pacific Theater

OLD soldiers, one of them has assured us, eventually fade away. They don't dry up, though; indeed, they grow more garrulous with every year. To them, *their* war is still recent, vivid, unique. They cannot understand why, when a break in the conversation permits them to interject eagerly, "That reminds me of that morning on Tarawa . . ." somebody discovers that his drink needs freshening, and several others follow him to the bar.

Psychological warriors are no exception. I give JOURNAL readers fair warning, therefore, that this is an informal and occasionally irreverent memoir of the gallant band that brought the good news to Ghent and Aix and a lot of other places (we hoped) 'way back in World War II (Remember? 1939-45.) I offer it partly because I believe (perhaps mistakenly) that it may have some relevance to what today's psy-warriors are trying to do in Vietnam, and to propaganda and information problems generally, partly because, gruesome though much of it was, it's fun to remember.

Looking back on the Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information after a quarter of a century, I remain convinced that never has there been assembled in one organization a higher concentration of talent, a greater diversity of personalities, and a more paradoxical blend of craftsmanship and incompetence, creativeness and crackpottery, selfless dedication and cut-throat power-hunger, brilliant improvisation and organizational chaos.

Consider the *dramatis personae*. A complete roster of the noteworthy names would be unmanageable. Nearly everybody passed through OWI sometime during those four years; anyhow it seemed that way. I shall mention a random few as illustrative:

Robert E. Sherwood, director of overseas operations until a policy conflict shunted him aside in 1944. Edward W. Barrett, now dean of Columbia University's school of journalism, who succeeded him. William S. Paley. C. D. Jackson. James Linen. James P. Warburg. George Backer. James Reston. Wallace Carroll. Herbert Agar. Ferdinand Kuhn. Chalmers Roberts. Richard Hottelet. Lewis Galantiere. William Harlan Hale. Victor Weybright. Robert Risnik. Robert Saudek. John Houseman. And many, many more.

Elmer Davis was the Big Boss, of course, though he gave the Overseas Branch only perfunctory attention until the Domestic Branch was shot out from under him by Congress. OWI came into existence in mid-1942, a fission product of Colonel William J. Donovan's Office of the Coordinator of Information. (The other segment became the Office of Strategic Services.) Its mandate was dual: at home, to keep the people posted on how the war was going; abroad, to wage psychological and political warfare against the enemy, to hearten the populations of the occupied countries and stiffen their resistance, to enlighten our allies about ourselves and our purposes; to persuade the neutrals that ours was the winning side.

It was a big order.

Except for the British experience—which naturally we thought we could improve on—there were no precedents. Oh, yes, in World War I there had been George Creel. But what has Detroit, mocking up a new fastback, to learn from blueprints of the Model T?

OWI, tooling up for "the battle for men's minds," as it was to be described with emetic frequency in years to come, worked with the same reckless disregard of precedent, the same vaulting audacity, the same jaunty contempt for frugality that our Kaisers and Fords and Knudsens were displaying in the production of military hardware.

Perhaps OWI had a even greater sense of urgency: it felt that it was holding the line until the hardware could be deployed. It would take time to build ships and tanks and guns, and train men to operate them. But words were cheap and the supply was unlimited. Men and women whose trade

was words stormed OWI's personnel offices, eager to put their skills at the service of democracy.

After all, only eighteen months earlier words had been beleaguered Britain's first line of defense against invasion: ". . . blood, toil, tears and sweat . . ." ". . . we shall fight on the beaches . . . ." Words, and the indomitable spirit of that bearlike figure in the siren suit that sent them reverberating across the Channel and around the world.

The trouble was that we had no Churchill.

It does not diminish Roosevelt's stature to recognize that he and his speech-writers never produced phrases so incandescent, sentences of such cadenced majesty. Roosevelt, his New Deal, his vision of America as it might be, were known and admired in other lands, and we made good use of them—though somewhat inhibited by the persistent suspicion in Congress that OWI had been set up to further FDR's political fortunes. We exploited the Four Freedoms. We hailed the Century of the Common Man, and were considerably embarrassed when Henry Luce attempted to rechristen it the American Century. But the kindling phrase, the dramatic symbol—these we lacked.

Churchill marched into history with one pudgy arm aloft, two fingers making a V for victory. Frenchmen splashed that V on walls and hoardings faster than the Nazis could scrub it out. BBC began its broadcasts to occupied Europe with the opening bars of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Morse code for V.

The best we could come up with was "Yankee Doodle."

And until we moved our transmitters 3,000 miles closer to the target there was little evidence that anybody heard that.

The OWI high command's obsession with broadcasting was a constant source of resentment and butt for ridicule among those manipulating other tools. "Never in history," some wit paraphrased, "have so many said so much to so few." The obsession was understandable, perhaps. The fame of BBC was worldwide. Everybody knew that Hitler's hostages huddled around illicit receivers to learn how the war was going, to get encouragement and guidance in resisting the enemy. Naturally we wanted to get into the act. We felt too that we had a story of our own to tell, one that the BBC could not be expected to tell adequately, if at all. America therefore needed its own Voice, coordinated but independent.

What we neglected to consider was that the British were broadcasting *to* Europe from *within* Europe, using long-wave and medium-wave frequencies that every receiver could pick up. Moreover, BBC had built an audience and won the credence and loyalty of that audience by its unemotional and doggedly honest reporting over the years. We simply could not wean that audience away, or even win a share of its attention. It is dangerous enough listening to one forbidden broadcast; why double the risk?

That was reported to OWI/New York over and over again—from London, from Vichy, from our outposts in neutral Switzerland, Sweden, Spain and Portugal, from reception centers where escapees were interrogated. The Radio Branch was reluctant to listen or believe. It was mesmerized by the picture of a little man at a microphone in New York telling the world.

Only after OWI built relay transmitters in North Africa and elsewhere and set up its own station in London did the Voice of America acquire any audience to speak of, and it never approached that of BBC.

It is only fair to concede that the other weapons in our arsenal were not conspicuously or consistently effective either.

We tried them all—leaflets, pamphlets, magazines, books, posters, exhibits, pictures, films, and a special category for which I can think of no word but gadgets. OWI's Overseas Branch was divided into four operating bureaus (in addition to those dealing with administration, policy and other functions): Radio, News and Features, Publications and Motion Pictures. They had one characteristic in common—fantastic fecundity.

News and Features (ONAF), under the dynamic guidance of three first-rate newsmen, Edward Barrett, Llewellyn White and Adrian Berwick, operated what became undoubtedly the world's largest news and picture service. It had its own transatlantic cable, scheduled wireless transmissions around the clock, a radiophoto network. Its regional desks tailored daily reports to the needs of Chungking, Cairo, Istanbul, New Delhi, Stockholm, Berne, Reykjavik, helping themselves cheerfully to anything they might require. The commercial news agencies put their files at our disposal—somewhat grudgingly, because they feared competition, and not entirely without reason. "Name" writers contributed without fee.

We had a stable of Senators and Congressmen ready to attach their names to ghost-written statements denouncing Nazi terror, applauding Dutch courage, cheering the Maquis on to greater daring. ONAF took it for granted that an encouraging word from Senator Phogbound would buck Tito no end.

Overseas Publications emitted books, magazines, booklets, pamphlets, posters and gadgets in fabulous variety and uninhibited volume. A characteristically choleric cable from Scotty Reston reported the arrival in London of "between 40 and 50 tons" of material, including "every kind of propaganda gadget imaginable," and went on: "I think you will agree that it is absolutely criminal to have taken valuable shipping space to send this material across the Atlantic."

The gadgets were dreamed up by Publications' Specialties Unit. There were packets of needles and thread, with a legend conveying the good wishes of the American people to the peoples of Occupied Europe. There were shoelaces cunningly looped to form a noose around the neck of a cardboard Hitler or Mussolini or Laval or Quisling. There were soap and candy imprinted with propaganda. The Specialties Unit never bothered to ask itself how these were to be delivered. Logistics were somebody else's problem.

I have no idea what the standard order for such gadgets may have been, but I am sure it rarely underestimated the demand. For the five years I served in Oslo after the war our USIS lavatory was stocked with OWI soap—little red-white-and-blue cakes bearing a picture of a Flying Fortress and the legend, in Spanish, "The Weapon of Ultimate Victory." I could never quite figure out whose hands they were intended to cleanse. OWI had no mandate in Latin America— that was the parish of Nelson Rockefeller, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs—and I can hardly believe that Franco would have permitted their distribution in Spain.

Soap, at least, is useful whatever may be imprinted on it, and it keeps pretty well. Pamphlets, leaflets and posters have no secondary utilitarian value (except maybe to wrap fish), and they stale quickly—almost as fast as the fish. I am happier not to know the total tonnage of OWI publications that had to be pulped eventually. I do remember that after the arrival of each new shipment Grosvenor Square was raucous with the wails of country specialists. Vejbye Johansen, my Danish assistant, for instance, reported more than 100 errors, in translation and proofreading, in one poster.

We sent the shipment off to await disposal, grateful that New York, unwontedly frugal, had printed only 5000 copies.

The Publications Bureau's productivity dropped sharply, the quality of its product improved, and its exuberant fancy was considerably tamed after Harold Guinzburg, head of Viking Press, took charge in 1944. Let's be fair; its output was not all bad, by any means. The LIFE-size VICTORY was widely distributed; it was the forerunner, if not the progenitor, of USIA's AMERIKA. PHOTO REVIEW was adapted in London and Stockholm for various languages, and some editions circulated clandestinely in occupied countries. There

were a few excellent pamphlets; I recall a capsule history called "Since 1939" and a pocket-sized "Facts about the USA" that remained a standard USIS item (updated, of course) for a good many years. The bureau put together, or contracted for, a paperback series called Overseas Editions, which were snapped up avidly in the liberated countries. It also negotiated contracts with publishers-in-exile, so that American books began coming out soon after freedom returned.

The Films Bureau also had top-level professional leadership—its chief was Robert Riskin—and a mixed performance. Though the art of the documentary had been neglected in America, OWI rounded up the best short subjects available from private sources, and made some very good ones itself. "Toscanini," originally intended to welcome Italy into the community of free nations, remained a staple in USIS libraries for at least a decade. I once watched coffee-pickers on a Salvadorean *finca* squatting impassively on their haunches while a USIS mobile unit brayed Verdi's "Hymn of the Nations" into the steamy sub-tropic night, the speaker turned up to excruciating volume. "TVA" was another best-seller; its drama of technology used as an instrument of creative social planning exemplified "the other America" that Europeans wanted to learn about and to believe in.

The Films Bureau also stockpiled commercial films for release in liberated countries. Each of the leading companies agreed to put at OWI's disposal five feature films, to be distributed as conditions permitted, with an eventual accounting to the owners. Unfortunately, two factors combined to make the selection less than an anthology of masterpieces. Hollywood saw a chance to extract additional revenue from features that had played out the domestic market. Our own policy people, who had often shuddered at the distorted picture of American life conveyed by films, were determined to screen out everything not suffused with sweetness and light. In practice that meant that "Tales of Manhattan" was welcome; "The Ox-Bow Incident" was not. The result was a film library made up largely of the bland, the trivial, the stale.

The observant reader may have remarked that much of this prodigious productivity had no recognizable connection with winning the war, and that its product would appear to have had little chance of reaching either enemy or captive peoples. That would be an unfair appraisal. In fact, a decent amount of OWI/New York's output—re-processed closer to the target—did penetrate Hitler's *Festung Europa*, and presumably Hirohito's Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere—in the newspapers of neutral countries, in leaflets strewn from aloft or pamphlets smuggled to the underground, and in other ingenious ways. A few of the Publications Bureau's Davidson presses—simple portable units—actually reached undergound editors; others were used to print combat leaflets or help local newspapers start up again.

It must be admitted, however, that a great deal of our effort went into reassuring our allies of our strength and our constancy, keeping the neutrals neutral and coaxing them to tilt their neutrality a bit toward our side, and stockpiling materials for use after victory.

So there we were, with every conceivable tool for telling the world, surely the mightiest aggregation of communication machinery and "communicators" (as social-scientese would dub them later) ever assembled. But just what to tell the world, and just how to tell it, were matters of continuous and sometimes savage dispute. They still are.

We had, of course, an elaborate apparatus for framing policy and enforcing conformity. There was a Basic Plan for every country, enemy, occupied, neutral and allied. There were weekly directives, central and regional. There were daily guidance notes, prescribing how the news should be played. There were "target area" desks (later replaced by an editorial board) to coordinate output in each language. There was an Office of Control, with a staff of linguists who scrutinized every broadcast and passed upon every manuscript.

(I should not be surprised if some of this sounds vaguely familiar to USIA operatives.)

It looked airtight and error-proof. It wasn't. Bickering was continuous, on little matters mostly, now and then on major ones.

And always, peering over our shoulders, breathing down our necks, were the gray eminences in Washington, though sometimes in our creative fervor we forgot about them until we were pulled up with a jerk. I have already described one such episode in the JOURNAL ("The Short Unhappy Life of John Durfee," October, 1962).

Another policy controversy that I recall with mingled spleen and mirth was strictly intramural.

Our man in Switzerland was Gerald Mayer. He had set up, in collaboration with his OSS colleague, Allen Dulles, an ingenious, audacious and effective operation, addressed not to Swiss burghers but to the enemy populations across the border. He planted in newspapers circulating in Germany, and with Express Telegraph, an agency serving many papers in central Europe, commentaries that were in fact paraphrases of OWI policy directives. He smuggled subversive literature into the Third Reich in *wagons-lit* and floated it down the Rhine. He phoned a daily news budget—provided by ONAF and relayed through Stockholm—to a Hungarian editor, a Social Democrat whom Nazi security had not yet winkled out.

It was a sweet operation. But when Jerry's report reached the Editorial Board, I was astonished to see brows knitting, heads shaking. Somebody—happily I have forgotten who—spoke up.

"But that's against the law! It's trading with the enemy!"

You don't believe me. I don't blame you. Neither could I believe it, nor could several of my colleagues. He must be kidding.

He wasn't. He was deadly, ponderously serious. And he had supporters.

But why, we spluttered, was it all right to drench the enemy with words beamed through the ether, at staggering cost, and all wrong to insinuate those same words into his newspapers, where they were far more likely to have some impact?

But there's the *law*, the opposition repeated doggedly. "Mayer says he has a contract with this editor fellow. And isn't that trading with the enemy?"

"He didn't say *contract*. He said *contact*."

The argument continued, at that level of idiocy, for weeks. It was taken up to higher authority, ultimately to the all-highest. There at last sense triumphed. The judgment came down: Jerry could continue—as he undoubtedly had been doing.

But not for long. One day a guttural voice broke into his phone call, in thickly-accented English: "The American news now stops." Click! It stopped, for good.

Not every OWI outposter had either opportunity or talent to concoct and enact such an Eric Ambler scenario. But they were stout fellows all, and their reports gave the home guard a vicarious glow of accomplishment and a gnawing sense of envy. Bob Parker in Istanbul could boast that more than half of all foreign news in the Turkish press came from ONAF. Robert Aura Smith was doing just about as well in India. In Stockholm Danish-born Karl Jensen not only fed material to the Danish underground but actually had PHOTO REVIEW printed clandestinely in Denmark. In the Pacific Theater of Operations much the same thing was going on. I regret that, having had less to do with that part of the world, I am compelled to slight the accomplishments of Mack Fisher and his colleagues.

The overseas buildup had begun within a few weeks after Pearl Harbor. No. 3 Grosvenor Square was already bursting


Two of the many well-known faces in OWI, the late Robert E. Sherwood and Ambassador John M. Steeves.

at the seams when I left London for home duty in mid-1942. That fall and winter there was a massive exodus from New York: destination North Africa, where the lucky ones donned uniforms and shoulder patches and began practising the trades they had learned at 224 West 57th Street and Huntington.

Huntington was our handy designation for the luxurious Long Island estate where OWI conducted graduate courses in the techniques of psychological warfare, particularly the tactical brand. I was not one of the chosen, and I have only hearsay knowledge of what went on there. But I did spend three weeks at an SOE school in Canada (SOE was the British archetype of our OSS), acquiring the rudiments of several exotic skills: burglary, karate and judo, how to kill a man with a rolled-up newspaper, how to pump two quick shots into the vital areas of a torso-size dummy momentarily visible in a dark cellar. Since no one had ever suggested dropping me behind enemy lines, I didn't really see the point of all this. But it was rather fun, and I have always regretted that I never had occasion to try out my lethal expertise.

In London a similar buildup was going on. The tiny band of plotters that Colonel Donovan had planted in December, 1941, had grown by early 1944 to brigade, perhaps to division size, sprawled over a dozen requisitioned buildings. In the upper echelons there was furious activity as the planners, British and American, elaborated their blueprints—one set for OVERLORD, the invasion of Normandy, another for RANKIN, the unlikely contingency of sudden German capitulation. At the bottom was a restive mass of idle and bored operatives, augmented with every convoy or airlift, who were being stockpiled for D-Day-plus.

In the middle were people with jobs to do. *L'Amerique en Guerre*, started in 1942 with an initial press run of 5000 copies to be distributed furtively by our Vichy consulate, now snowed down upon occupied France in quantities running up to 7 million a week. *Sternenbanner* spelled out for Germans the ultimatum implicit in the remorseless deluge of bombs: Say "Uncle," or else. . . . There were leaflet newspapers for the smaller countries too, but they got airlift only sporadically.

ABSIE (American Broadcasting Station in Europe) went on the air at the end of April. It was staffed largely with men and women transferred from New York, but somehow, closer to their intended audiences, they seemed to do much better. A great many people in London, indeed, were duplicating or redoing things being done in New York. There were a Films Unit, a Publications Unit, with magazine, pamphlet, leaflet and poster sub-units (but no gadgetry), regional experts to coordinate and supervise, a planning council to lay down policy.

All this was strongly reminiscent of the Argonaut Building. The important difference was that most of this production had to be coordinated also with our British allies and with the governments-in-exile. Sometimes that was as difficult as getting Editorial Board approval or clearance from the gray eminences in Washington.

It was a comfort, in a way, to learn that the British had their equivalent of our Publications Bureau, populated with the same kind of advertising and public relations types. They used to spread their wares before us, palpitating with pride and a puppy-dog eagerness for a pat on the head.

I remember one poster, designed for France but supposed to be interchangeable. It showed three vaguely delineated figures plunging forward under a streaming flag, over the legend, "*Salut a la résistance—et en avant!*" A woman from PWE (Political Warfare Executive) said firmly, "Rather too emotional for Belgium, I'm afraid." Commander Musters, also of PWE, rumbled through his flaming beard, "The Norwegians wouldn't like that." Thus it went, around the circle, while poor Mitchell-Innes, the impresario, wilted. So back to the drawing-board.

It came at last, the day for which all this was preparation. June 6, 1944. D-Day.

There was a long vigil in Inveresk House the night before, broken by one dramatic early-morning episode. A sudden flurry at the door. George Backer bursts in, whispers something to Bob Sherwood. Sherwood goes out, leaving the door ajar. Through it we get a glimpse of PWE's chief, big, tough, cynical Robert Bruce-Lockhart. A whispered consultation. Then grins and whoops and pounding of backs. George comes back to tell us why. "Eden has just phoned. De Gaulle is going to speak."

He did speak, though not until some hours after the Allied monarchs and heads of government whose titles we did not question had addressed their peoples.

The rest was inevitably anticlimax. It took longer than we had expected in Europe—eleven months from D-Day to V-E Day; rather less than we had feared in the Pacific. As one country after another was liberated the stockpiled staffs moved in, with their stockpiled equipment, to learn how accurately the planners had forecast the needs and the tolerance of the newly-freed peoples. From my own experience, and from what others told me, the need for tutelage was minimal and the tolerance of propaganda low. The appetite for information, however, was ravenous.

So we quietly pulped the posters and pamphlets, unpacked books and films and recordings, shucked off our uniforms, and set up shop as the United States Information Service.

The Office of War Information officially ceased to exist two weeks after V-J Day. Its remaining functions and many of its people were transferred to an Interim International Information Service, under the bewildered foster-parenthood of the Department of State. IIIS was the ancestor, about ten sets of initials back, of today's USIA. Government agencies rarely die or fade away; they just change their names.

Do they learn in the process?

I hope so. I can't be altogether sure. The delusion that manpower and materiel, in sufficient quantities, can do any job, including the delicate job of persuasion, has never entirely evaporated. The dispute as to who knows better, the man at headquarters or the man in the field, still goes on. For a long time the obsession with gimmicks and gadgets, slogans, themes, crash programs persisted. Objectives and orientation shifted, to the confusion certainly of our official spokesmen, quite possibly of their "target audiences." The Full and Fair Picture . . . the Campaign of Truth . . . People's Capitalism. . . The communication gap between the makers of policy and its interpreters has never been completely bridged.

Yes, we learn, but not very fast.

Twenty or twenty-five years hence somebody will be writing a nostalgic memoir of JUSPAO/Saigon. I shan't be here to read it, but I wonder if some of my younger OWI colleagues will not find much of the chronicle hauntingly reminiscent. ■

A THEOREM FOR PREDICTION

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PHILOSOPHY, wrote critic and educator Mortimer Adler, is the process of entertaining any idea as merely possible. This maxim of tentative acceptance prescribes the good beginning in analysis. The desirable end is valid judgment about the comparative merits of alternative hypotheses.

Seldom is the evidence so determinative in analyses of international affairs as to clinch the case for a single hypothesis. Usually, as it accumulates, it only changes the position of the hypothesis on the probability scale. British entry into the Common Market seems more likely or less likely today than it did a week ago; a Sino-Soviet break in diplomatic relations is more probable or less probable now than before; it is becoming more doubtful or less doubtful that King Constantine will come to terms with the Greek junta and return to his throne in Athens.

Since judgments about such foreign policy issues are so often probabilistic, does it follow that the mathematical theory of probability offers those who must make such judgments any valid pointers on logical method? Promising research on this question, some of it government-financed, has been done by psychology faculties in university laboratories. The main aim of the psychologists has been to compare intuitive judgments about hypotheses with the results that would be given by mathematical theory.

The problem-solving model used in the laboratory experiments is built around an equation that the Reverend Thomas Bayes first formulated in the eighteenth century. The following exposition of Bayes' Theorem does not require mathematical sophistication of the reader; it assumes only that his learning blockages do not include an ingrained antipathy to any kind of numerative idea.

Bayes' Theorem

A good entry point for the discussion is the concept of probability as it is used in mathematics. In the absence of certainty, the probability that an event will occur (or has occurred, if past occurrence is the matter at issue) has a decimal or fractional value between zero and one. Thus the probability is .7 that a red poker chip will be picked in a random drawing from a box containing ten chips, seven red and three blue. A rational gambler would give no more than $7 for a raffle ticket that paid $10 upon the random drawing of a red chip from the box.

In the idiom of wagers, the term odds is often used instead of probability. The odds favoring the random selection of a red chip over the random selection of a blue one set the probability of the first event against the probability of the second. The odds of seven to three in this case are represented mathematically as the fraction obtained by dividing the .7 probability of drawing a red poker chip by the .3 probability of drawing a blue one.

New evidence affects a gambler's estimate of probabilities or odds. Suppose there are two large boxes filled with red and blue poker chips. In one the ratio of red chips to blue is 60 to 40; in the other it is 40 to 60. One of the boxes is set before a gambler, but he is not told which. He can therefore give no better than even money that its color mix is predominantly red or blue. Allow him to draw some of the chips, however, and he will then make a more confident choice between the two color-mix possibilities. The more chips he draws, the better the odds he will offer in favor of this choice.

This is precisely the setting of recent laboratory experiments at the University of Michigan and other centers. College students, serving as the test subjects, were required to give their gamblers' judgments of the odds after successive drawings of poker chips, and these judgments were compared with the odds obtained by using Bayes' Theorem.

In more simplified notation than is commonly used in the textbooks, the equation of Bayes' Theorem can be written:

$$R = PL$$

R, standing for revised odds, represents the odds favoring one hypothesis over another after consideration of the latest evidence (in this case, the color of the poker chip most recently drawn). P stands for the prior odds, those prevailing before this evidence turned up. L, the weight of the evidence that changes the odds, stands for likelihood ratio (referred to sometimes in the literature as Bayes' Factor).

The likelihood ratio compares the probabilities of the occurrence of an event under alternative hypotheses. Suppose the task in hand to be the determination of odds favoring the hypothesis that the gambler is drawing from the box with the 60-40 red-blue color mix. The only evidence so far is the selection of a red chip on the first drawing. There is a .6 probability of this happening under the hypothesis that 60 percent of the chips in the box are red. There is only a .4 probability of its happening under the hypothesis that the drawing is from the other box, where only 40 percent of the chips are red. So the likelihood ratio for the occurrence of

this red drawing is .6 divided by .4, or 3/2.

The prior odds, P—here 1/1 for even money—are multiplied by this L to get the revised odds after the first drawing. The revised odds then become the prior odds on the second drawing, and so on. Suppose the gambler draws 12 red and 8 blue poker chips in the first 20 drawings, replacing the chip in the box after each drawing. Calculation will show that he could give better than 5 to 1 odds in favor of the hypothesis that he has been drawing from the box with the 60-40 red-blue color mix. If the first hundred drawings are 56 red and 44 blue he could give well over 100 to 1 odds in favor of this hypothesis.

Significance for Foreign Policy Analysis

He could and he would, if he reasoned like a mathematician and had the capital to finance many wagers of this sort. Otherwise he would probably shrink from the degree of certainty implied by such high odds. The students in the University of Michigan experiments did give more confident odds the more drawings they had to go on. They did not, however, move as far from their original one to one odds as Bayes' Theorem would have justified. They did not, in other words, make the most of their inconclusive data. They hesitated to move very far very fast from prior norms.

Similar overly conservative estimates were obtained in University of Michigan experiments incorporating scenarios of international crises. A set of six hypotheses was set before the test subjects—five of different imminent war situations and a sixth of peace. The scenario of events provided successive increments of evidence bearing on these hypotheses. For each increment the test subject gave five likelihood ratios expressing his opinion of how much more likely the event would be under each of the war hypotheses than under the peace hypothesis.

The test subjects of course differed among themselves in their judgment of the proper likelihood ratios. But the most noteworthy feature of the experiment was that their conclusions were not consistent with their own readings of the evidence. Like the subjects in the poker chip experiments, those working with the crisis scenarios were very conservative in their final estimates. When their likelihood ratios implied, according to Bayes' Theorem, odds of 19 to 1 in favor of a war hypothesis, their own blend of intuition and reasoning resulted typically in odds of 2 to 1. When the scenario was changed and mathematical calculations would have given 19 to 1 odds favoring peace, they came up with odds in the neighborhood of 6 to 1.

What Bayes' Theorem thus does is offer a mathematical test for internally consistent analysis. The rigor of mathematical logic is no indispensable aid when analysis is largely deductive, proceeding from such general propositions as "The USSR appreciates how dangerously provocative would be its shipment of strategic missiles to Cuba." The instructed intellect's naked eye, so to speak, is keen enough to follow the thread of deductive thought and to detect the more tenuous strands of the argument.

The case for mathematical assistance is stronger when analysis is more a process of inductive inference, proceeding not from a few general propositions but from many particulars. Mere verbal exposition is then less likely to ensure against fallacy and non-sequitur. The analyst on such occasions is well advised by Francis Bacon's injunction that "the mind itself be from the very outset not left to take its own course but guided at every step; and the business be done as if by machinery." Bayes' Theorem is the kind of mechanistic aid to the intellect that Bacon here idealized.

Using this aid, the analyst does not address himself directly to the merits of hypotheses. His procedures for estimation require him to postulate, not debate, the truth of opposing hypotheses. Bayes' Theorem thus helps him get around one of his most troublesome pitfalls—his human tendency to hold fast to his prior estimate when uncommitted opinion would go along with a change.

The Reliability Problem

In the university experiments the test subjects were in no doubt about the color of each chip they drew; nor did they have to question the evidence set before them in the scenarios. The foreign policy analyst, however, may want to incorporate a probability element to reflect the frequent uncertainties in the workaday world about the accuracy of his evidence.

The laboratory analogy of this workaday world would not have the test subject draw poker chips out of the box himself but would rather require him to turn his back and get his information, sometimes accurate and sometimes not, from an assistant. The test subject would need to have some reasonable basis for estimating the probability of correct reporting, perhaps the assistant's past record.

Call this probability of correct reporting the reliability rating. A 30 percent reliability rating would mean that 30 percent of the reports with such a rating are true, in the rater's opinion, and the other 70 percent are false.

False reports are of two kinds. One is bereft of any corresponding fact, the utter fabrication, for example. Such a report would be the assistant's announcement of a red poker chip when he had actually picked nothing at all out of the box. The second kind of false report is one which deliberately or innocently confuses one event with another, for example the assistant's announcement of a red chip when it was in fact blue.

Bayes' Theorem can be modified to cover both kinds of reporting inaccuracies.

Illustrative Case

The university experimentation with scenarios is continuing. A possible line of investigation will use scenarios replicating past historical situations. Replication of the situation before the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, for example, might require the test subject to compare two hypotheses. Hypothesis one would be that the USSR will soon ship strategic missiles to Cuba. Hypothesis two would be that the USSR will not go so far as to ship strategic missiles, despite the sharp upsurge of military aid to Havana in the summer of 1962. The task would call for estimation of the odds favoring hypothesis one over hypothesis two.

An analyst in 1968 simulating his work in 1962 would have all the advantages and disadvantages of hindsight perspective; so the results of the experiment would give far from conclusive testimony to the virtues and shortcomings of Bayesian analysis. A pioneering experiment, however, is often as interesting for the problems encountered as for the results achieved. A trying technical problem to be expected in testing Bayesian application to foreign policy analysis would be the identification of units of evidence. In a poker chip experiment there is no doubt about the unit of evidence. It is the drawing of a poker chip of a particular color. The foreign policy analyst, however, draws on many reports of events. Can he make each report, rather than each event, his unit of evidence?

The answer is that he can in principle; in practice, it may be easier to test the significance that events, not reports, have for the hypotheses. To take reports as units of evidence courts the risk of overweighting events on which volume of reporting is high and underweighting possibly more significant events on which it is low.

Several reports about the same event would therefore be treated in effect as one, and volume of reporting would be

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EDITORIAL

"ANYBODY CAN BE AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR"

It is the President's constitutional function to appoint ambassadors, who are his personal representatives, subject to confirmation of those appointments by the Senate. The American Foreign Service Association will not comment on specific Presidential appointments, but we do point out certain basic facts which should be better appreciated as a matter of national interest.

First, it is important that the United States have *good* ambassadors. An American ambassador, in addition to enjoying the personal confidence of the President (and, one should hope, of the Secretary of State), should be first-rate. Nothing less will do. Diplomacy is the nation's first line of defense. Commanders on that line of defense should not be chosen by whim, or even as a reward for faithful service.

We do not pretend that only the Foreign Service can provide good ambassadors. Nor do we doubt that there are some people in the Foreign Service who will never make first-rate ambassadors. As a matter of fact, we have been shocked and dismayed by occasional ambassadorial appointments from *within* the career service which are hard to explain in terms of the appointee's qualifications. There is a suspicion that Congressional connections, or campaign contributions, or some such extraneous criterion may be responsible when men from *within* the career service get appointed to top diplomatic positions who manifestly did not earn preferment by ability, by toughness and subtlety of mind, by their demonstrated capacity in the field of diplomacy.

For instance, the Foreign Service is not strengthened nor are American interests abroad well served, when a Career officer who has failed to make his mark in the service, and whose record clearly shows it, is appointed to an ambassadorial position just after his retirement.

Second, there are no unimportant American Embassies in today's world. Regardless of how quiet or remote a post may appear at the time when a particular appointment is made, the turbulence in today's world may suddenly transform that seemingly quiet, remote or simple post into one of key importance, where the exercise or seasoned judgment becomes of direct importance to our national interests.

Our enemies know this. They don't appoint superannuated or otherwise unqualified persons to such posts; they use them as training grounds for their most able, imaginative and aggressive young diplomats. Can we afford to put up second- and third-rate ambassadors against such selected men? If a country is important enough to have an American ambassador, it is important enough to have a first-rate American ambassador.

Third, successful ambassadors from outside the Service are usually those who have some related background and experience. We welcome the appointment of such men when they are really first-rate. There have been some outstandingly meritorious and successful appointments of such non-career men. Almost without exception these have been men whose work had some relevance to foreign affairs, often in connection with the country to which they were appointed, who had distinguished themselves in their own field before taking on their responsibilities as diplomatic mission Chiefs.

There have also been some less felicitous selections of non-career ambassadors, some so embarrassing as to border on the scandalous. And there have been many more cases where the man, however able in some other field, was still manifestly not the best one available for such a key appointment overseas.

While some of our senior career officers may be tired and spent, many others are vigorous and able professionals. At any rate, there are plenty of able, intelligent and highly skilled younger men waiting to take their places. The foreign services have no lack of talented and experienced executives who can serve with distinction in top positions in foreign affairs. And coming up behind them are still younger men, attracted to foreign service as a career because they wish to devote their lives to the tasks of our diplomacy.

Fourth, if the best—from within and without the Foreign Service—are not chosen as ambassadors, our nation will not for long attract the most gifted and idealistic of our young men to serve their way up, through apprenticeship and experience, to the top ranks of a tough, competitive career service. These young men will ask themselves: If *anybody* can *really* be an American ambassador, what use is there for a Foreign Service of the United States?

In sum, we ask that these simple propositions be accepted or disproved: that an American ambassador should be truly first-rate; that there are no longer any unimportant diplomatic missions which can be headed by less-than-highly qualified men; that successful non-career ambassadors are rarely developed out of men who lack a relevant background and who haven't distinguished themselves in some other highly competitive field; that the appointment of unqualified men to top positions blights a career service; and that there are plenty of good men available in our foreign services to compete on equal terms with the best who can be appointed from the outside.

We would be interested to know how the Presidential candidates feel about these propositions. The security and welfare of the nation over which they aspire to preside may depend on the quality of the men and women who represent our country in the capitals around the world. ■

Islamabad. The American Women's Club sponsored a charity luncheon-fashion parade at the residence of Ambassador Benjamin H. Oehlert, Jr. Above, narrator Noelle Bennett, USIS, Mrs. Oehlert and model Joan Daw, State. The proceeds proved sufficient to finance two full scholarships for Pakistani girls to Rawalpindi Gordon College.

Montreal. At the reception following the wedding of Andrea Rosario Parks, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Neil L. Parks, to Syed Hasan Jahangir Hamdani of Montreal and Lahore, the couple are flanked by well-wishers, Consul General Richard H. Hawkins, Jr., Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Parks, Mr. Parks, Mrs. Khan and Maqsood Khan, Trade Commissioner for Pakistan.

Service Glimpses

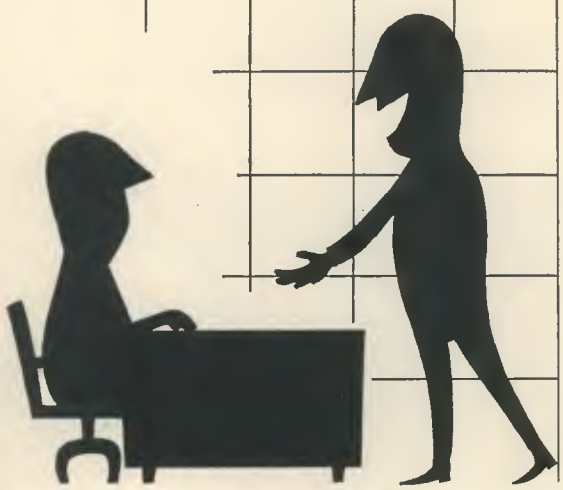
Kuala Lumpur. Earl J. Wilson, Director, USIS, Malaysia, held his fifth one-man show, "Paintings of Malaysia," at the Samat Art Gallery during the past month. Mr. Wilson has contributed several covers to the JOURNAL.

Geneva. Ambassador Roger W. Tubby, Chief of the US Mission to the International Organizations, accepts an oil portrait of Senator Robert F. Kennedy from a noted Geneva artist, Vivaldo Martini.

Kuching. FSO John B. Heimann joined the Governor of Sarawak, the Mayor of Kuching and the Speaker of the State Legislature in a traditional Sea Dayak blessing ceremony recently. Mr. Heiman is shown on the left, while the gentleman with the feathers is the *Lemambang* who led the ceremony.

Brussels. Under the sponsorship of Mrs. Ridgway B. Knight, right, members of the American Belgian and diplomatic communities in Brussels cooperated recently in organizing a reception for the benefit of the Go Vap Orphanage in Saigon, at the home of Minister and Mrs. Melvin L. Manfull. At left are several of the young Vietnamese hostesses.

Grading Personal Contacts



OPTIMUM SPERANS

As one of the early proponents of the PPB philosophy I was gratified to hear the other day that some of our senior Washington executives have set about the difficult task of establishing standards for the grading of personal contacts in the Foreign Service.

Whether we represent the Department of State, USIA, AID or another organization in the executive branch of the government, we all spend a fair amount of our working time overseas talking to foreigners. As is true of all human activities, there are efficient and inefficient ways of talking to foreigners; and it is high time that this activity received the same kind of intensive analysis which has been devoted to the issuance of visas, the placement of press releases, and the shipment of specialized sea water to Vietnam. I have been bothered for some time by the fact that, although we have been able to quantify and depersonalize most of our activities, there is still a human element in our personal contacts.

It seems to me that the first step in grading a personal contact is to determine its Success Factor (SF) on a scale of −10 to +10 according to the reactions of the person being contacted. For instance:

−10 When Foreign Service officer enters contactee's office, he is seized by the janitor, spat on, and hustled out of the building to the jeers of the assembled staff.

−9 Contactee greets Foreign Service officer but grabs presentation book and tears it to shreds.

−8 Contactee greets Foreign Service officer, then calls up Chinese Embassy official and talks to him until officer leaves.

−7 Contactee smokes, drinks tea, and fondles female secretary without inviting Foreign Service officer to join him.

−6 Contactee listens to Foreign Service officer, then says he is delighted to have met someone from the British Embassy.

−5 Contactee accepts presentation book and says he is happy to have it because he sells books in the black market.

−4 Contactee listens to Foreign Service officer's exposition of US role in Vietnam, then says he hadn't realized how serious the situation is and will forward a contribution to the Viet Cong immediately.

−3 Contactee insists that Foreign Service officer not visit him without a presentation carton of cigarettes.

−2 Contactee agrees with everything Foreign Service officer says, then goes on television to denounce US policies.

−1 Contactee says he will do everything the Foreign Service officer wants if his sister gets a job in the Embassy.

0 Contactee says nothing.

+1 Contactee asks how long the Foreign Service officer has been in the country.

+2 Contactee says the weather is unseasonably hot or cold.

+3 Contactee invites Foreign Service officer to lunch.

+4 Contactee invites Foreign Service officer to have lunch with his wife.

+5 Contactee says he would like to visit US at US expense.

+6 Contactee says he will visit US at own expense.

+7 Contactee, given list of government officials who are hostile to US, has them shot.

+8 Contactee, given suggestions for speech to deliver in his parliament, not only incorporates them but recommends to fellow parliamentarians that they get all their speeches from the Embassy.

+9 Contactee makes Country PAO editor-in-chief of all influential newspapers and magazines.

+10 Contactee turns entire educational system over to the DCM.

From the above examples it will be seen that grading the Success Factor (SF) of a personal contact is one of the most important value judgments which a Foreign Service officer is called on to make. The SF, however, does not of itself suffice for PPB purposes. Obviously, the importance of the contactee also plays a role. I suggest that the importance of the contactee (IC) be designated on a 0–1 scale, with 0 representing an unemployed beachcomber and 1 representing a Chief of State. The importance of the contactee (IC), when determined, should be *multiplied* by the Success Factor (SF). Thus, if the contactee is a middle-level government official and invites the officer to lunch, we would have:

$$.5 \text{ IC} \times 3 \text{ SF} = 1.5 \text{ ICSF}$$

In order further to refine our findings, we now need to examine the Foreign Service officer's Availability Quotient (AQ). If the officer doesn't have much work to do anyway, and would just as soon kill time by going around contacting people, he obviously doesn't deserve as much credit as does the officer who has not seen his wife in three weeks, because of paperwork at the office, and yet manages to slip in a fast contact or two. The latter must *make* himself available, the former is available most of the time. In order to eliminate subjective judgments in the determination of Availability Quotients, we recommend that SIG form a special panel composed of Civil Service employees who have never met a Foreign Service employee. This panel, aided by a computerized summary of each field employee's personnel dossier, will assign an availability quotient (AQ) to each field employee. The quotients will range from $\sqrt{17}$ to $\sqrt{167}$, omitting all square roots which come out even. (For field checking of the mathematical calculations involved, square root tables are available in the reference section of every USIS Center.) An officer's AQ will become a permanent part of his personnel record, and will be added after his social security number on the W-2 form. Class 1 and Class 2 officers will normally be expected to score near the top, $\sqrt{167}$. Promotion panels will be advised to watch an officer's AQ very carefully.

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DAVID R. RAYNOLDS

THE MATHEMATICS OF DISORDER

MUCH of the disorder in the world is caused by people; and many people spend their working lifetimes trying to reduce disorder to manageable proportions. Providing a framework of order for apparent disorder is the purpose of the broad philosophic field of mathematics. What might mathematics have to do with such a disorderly business as foreign policy?

To begin, we need to postulate that human events are not all totally chance, random happenings. This is to say, for a given X even, there are antecedent causes such as A, B, and C, even if we don't know what these causes are, and even if we can't precisely describe the event X. If there are connections between some events, then a form of mathematics can be used to describe the connections—somewhat like a wiring diagram on an electronic circuit.

Choice vs. Chance

To illustrate the contrast between a choice system and one based totally on chance, consider the way some people enter the Foreign Service. Thousands of American citizens between certain age limits take an identical one-day examination at scattered locations around the world on a specified day each year. The tests are graded by machine, scores compared, and roughly the top 20% are invited to a subsequent interview. Finally, fewer than 250 (less than a quarter of those interviewed) are welcomed into the Foreign Service after security checks, medical examinations, etc. What significant correlation would there be between this group and the general American population?

Very little.

The great majority of Americans are in age groups other than the age limits set for Foreign Service examinees. By not offering examinations to three-year-olds or 83-year-olds, the selection process will naturally deliver an unrepresentative group. The second greatest discrimination is based on the nature of the initial written test. Most Americans within the age range would fare poorly on it, since it tests acquired knowledge. While only a small minority of the age group have college degrees, almost all the individuals who fail the test at present are college graduates or have advanced degrees. We may expect that a written testing system that discriminates between college graduates would distinguish even more clearly those with limited education. Other individual differences (aptitude in an interview situation, good health, etc.) would distinguish those who finally joined from those who did not. In short, a highly unrepresentative group.

Tinkering with the entrance requirements is perfectly possible, but the mathematics of the tinkering should not be obscured. If the objective is to have a fully representative intake from the American population, then 250 individuals should be chosen, by lot, from amongst 200 million citizens each year. Naturally, no one is advocating this. But any other method of selection implies choice rather than chance.

If the Foreign Service entrance method is based on choices, rather than chance, what other systems like this have policy implications?

Take, for example, the attributes of people who have become presidents of Latin American countries in the last few decades. Invariably they are citizens of their countries, but are they random samples of national population? Looking at the men who have held power, we would find that they came from various minority groups. All were male. All were over 25 when they took office, though in most Latin American countries, only a third of the males live to be over 25. Most were highly literate, though we know that most males over 25 in Latin America have had only a few years of formal education. Most were in robust health, another distinguishing characteristic at their age level. Those that came to political power from wealthy family backgrounds came from a narrow minority. Those who rose through the ranks of government bureaucracy from more hunble beginnings (usually through the military bureaucracy) were among the minority employed by the bureaucracy.

Obviously forces operate to select Latin American presidents which involve choices more than pure chance. One important choice factor: only a relatively few individuals within a country at a given point in time really want to be President. Thus there is a process of self-selection in this case, just as there is when college students decide whether or not to take a Foreign Service examination.

If we're interested in estimating the likelihood of a specific individual becoming a Foreign Service officer, or a Latin American president, probability mathematics are useful. The notation system is simple: certainty that the event will occur is written 1.0 (Foreign Service officers will be citizens); certainty that the event won't occur is written 0.0 (a three-year-old won't become a Latin American president tomorrow). Suppose that there were two presidential candidates in an election race; their respective chances, in a straightforward race, would total 1.0 when added together. If there were an outside chance that a third individual might get in through a coup, probability predictions before the election might show candidate A's chances as 0.6 (a heavy favorite), candidate B's chances as 0.3, and the potential coup-maker's chances as 0.1.

For those who like practical problems, consider this one. Mr. A., a widely-traveled FSO fluent in Spanish and French and completing his Washington assignment, has just learned that he'll be nominated an Ambassador on his next assignment. He doesn't know where. What is the probability that his post will be in a country with less than 6 million people?

Mr. A. calculates this way. He knows that the United States has ambassadors assigned to 120 different countries, and that of these, 63 have populations of under 6 million people. He estimates that the chances are very good (9 out of 10) that he'll get a post where French or Spanish is a major language. However, he also believes that there are twelve posts that he's certain not to get on a first assignment: London, Paris, Rome, Bonn, Moscow, Cairo, New Delhi, Saigon, Tokyo, Ottawa, Mexico City, and Rio de Janeiro. Thinking further, he identifies 10 other embassies that he won't get because they have recent and effective incumbents; of these ten, five are in capitals where Spanish or French are spoken, and two of these five in countries with less than 6 million people.

Using this data, it obviously isn't just an even money bet that Mr. A. will be in a small country, as the original proportion (63 out of 120) suggested. Instead, only 98 countries are under consideration. Thirty-six of these have French or Spanish as a major language, and of the 36, 30 have populations of under 6 million. His chance of being assigned to one of these small posts is 9/10 x 30/36, or 0.75. On the other hand, there are 62 remaining capitals where French or Spanish is not the major language; of these, 31 are in countries with less than 6 million people. His chance of being assigned to one of these smaller posts is 1/10 x 31/62, or 0.05. Summing the two probabilities (0.75, small French or Spanish

speaking post, and 0.05, other small post) he finds that there are four chances out of five that he'll be going to a small country. Mr. A. now telephones his wife.

Department of Untoward Events

A recent news item reported that the Egyptian government had forbidden tourists to climb the pyramids, because there were too many accidents. Imagine the position, a few years ago, of a young, newly-assigned vice consul in Cairo, who handled protection cases. From time to time an American tourist fell and sustained major injuries. Though the vice consul had no way of knowing how many Americans and other tourists were climbing the pyramids, could he predict within reasonable limits how many serious accidents to Americans to expect each month?

This can be done, using a formula for untoward events first developed by Simeon Denis Poisson over a century ago. The formula deals with events that appear to be rare, but are linked to underlying situations which are very numerous. Thus if an event only occurs one time out of a thousand chances, but there are two thousand chances for the event to occur, the event would tend to happen twice. The interesting thing about the Poisson formula is that you don't really need to know the number of times that the underlying chances occur *if* you have a brief record of how often the bad results occur.

For example, at the end of the 19th century, a mathematician was given figures on how many German troopers were kicked to death by cavalry horses in 14 Army corps over a 20 year period. Total deaths were 196 in the 20 years, the figures being carefully recorded by each corps. Multiplying years by corps (20 x 14), there were 280 blocks of data, with 196 fatalities, or an average rate of 0.7 deaths per year per corps. No one knew how often a trooper might have been kicked by a horse (but wasn't), and no one had counted glancing kicks. The Germans wanted to know how many troopers they might expect to lose in a corps in a year, using past experience as a guide.

The Poisson formula is not as formidable as it looks:

$$W_m = \frac{a^m}{m!} e^{-a}$$

In this relationship, Wm is a whole number of results, a is the average number of times the event occurred as observed, and e is the natural logarithmic constant, 2.71828. To get the chances of one dead trooper in a corps in a year, the formula would set: $1 = \frac{(0.7)}{1} e\text{-}0.7$, which works out to 0.3476.

That is, the chances were one in three that a single corps would have a single death in a year. Since there were 14 corps, this implied that either four or five corps were apt to report a single death in a given year. (The other corps, of course, would report no deaths, or more than one death.) Working this same problem through for a result of five deaths, the theoretical chances are almost nil. Actually, no corps had losses this high in the 20 years that the data gathered.

Reverting to the American vice consul in Cairo, he could count up the number of serious accidents in the past five years (or 60 months). Then, without knowing the number of tourist on the pyramids, or the risks each one ran, he could work out probability figures for one, two, three, etc. seriously injured Americans each month, and decide whether he preferred working in the economic section. (*Note*: If the pyramids had gotten progressively slipperier, or the numbers of tourists was increasing rapidly, the vice consul would notice a trend in his data (e.g., seven down the first year, ten the second, 14 the third, etc.) To estimate future near-term risks, he would project the trend forward.)

Dead troopers and injured tourists sound like accidents; the point is, they are risk-connected events, and hence their frequency can be predicted if we have some initial data to start with. Here's a more mundane case worked out, to illustrate.

Suppose that we maintained a central supply of automobiles in Luxembourg to replace official vehicles at Embassies and consulates in Western Europe when they wore out or were smashed in accidents. Suppose the average need for replacements over the past several years seemed to be two vehicles per month. Suppose at the moment we maintained a constant stockpile of four cars—replenishing this supply as needed every month from the United States. What would be the probability that there would be months with no replacements necessary? Would there be any months where the demand was for five new vehicles, one more than we had in stock? Using the Poisson formula, roughly one month in every seven there would be no replacement; in most months we would draw down one or two vehicles, and in one month out of six would need three. In 10 years there would only be four months in which five vehicles would be demanded. Therefore, keeping a normal stock of four would be far more economic than stocking five.

For those who dislike supply problems, here is a political one. In the past twenty years, there have been a large number of successful coups-d'etat around the world. What is the likelihood that there will be one, two, three, or none in a month? (*Note*: This kind of event has an unusual sort of frequency, which does not appear to be dependent upon the total number of countries at a given time. The results of this particular calculation are interesting; though successful coups number slightly under twelve per year on average, they do bunch up within months with some frequency. This is one of the mathematical reasons for the Department of State maintaining a permanent Operations Center to handle sudden, overlapping crisis situations.)

Differential Payoffs

A different sort of mathematics concerns itself with estimating what happens when you do something to somebody else. To take a crude case, if you give a dime to a child, does the child value it the same as the giver? Probably more, on the same principle that a dollar means more to the average man than to a millionaire. On the other hand, if the United States gives ten million dollars to another country, does the receiving government welcome it as equivalent to ten million dollars of customs receipts?

About 250 years ago, Daniel Bernoulli studied this type of situation and suggested that increases in "physical" fortunes produced resultant increases in "moral" fortunes, in an equation where the increase in moral fortune equaled the ratio of the physical increase to the original fortune, multiplied by a subjective index number. Suppose, for example, that the child receiving the dime already owned a dollar, and suppose further that the proper index number to use for the child's psychological evaluation of money gains was one. Then, since the physical fortune increased by 10%, so did the child's moral fortune.

On the other hand, suppose a foreign government's self-esteem were such that it evaluated money gained from foreign governments with a factor of 0.1. If that country's annual treasury receipts were $100 million, and the United States donated $10 million additional, the psychological increment would only be on the order of 1 per cent, not 10 per cent. In actual situations, things are even more complex; the receiving country might assign different index numbers to receipts from different countries, and appraise a small gift from one country more than a large gift from another.

While the thought behind Bernoulli's formulation is clear, it

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Second Career—Anyone?

SYLVIA B. ZIMMERMANN

More and more people in the State Department these days, and an increased proportion of Foreign Service personnel stationed abroad, are becoming aware that the door leading to Room 1052A in New State is actually the entrance to something bigger—a second career. Room 1052A is the headquarters of an organization known as PER/EPD or—in more comprehensible language—the External Placement Division of the Department of State, the facilities of which are offered to those Department and Foreign Service men and women (AID and USIA, too!) who are seeking new jobs when leaving their first career.

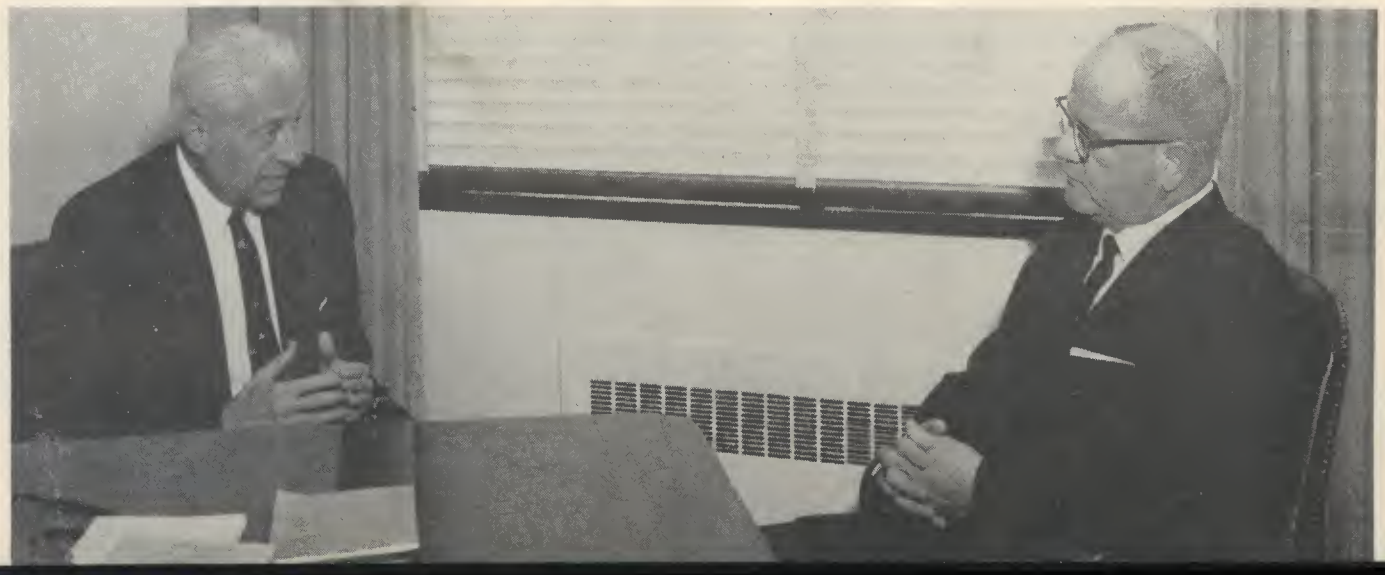
One of the great contradictions of our time seems to be that, while man's life-span is constantly being lengthened, the number of years in which he is considered "in his prime"—workwise, anyway—shrinks daily. Our contemporaries often find that they are "retired" from their chosen careers at a time when almost half of their foreseeable lifetime is still before them, and when their working capabilities are actually at their peak. The Air Force pilot and the tight-rope artist have always feared that the passing of years might rob them of top-notch performance but now white collar workers are told at an early age that perhaps they, too, had better move to something else. Since most of the time they are still full of vim, vigor, vitality and skills, these "retirees" are hardly going to sit down and knit or work out crossword puzzles for the rest of their life. They are out for new fields to conquer. The fact that the Foreign Service cannot be anything but onion-shaped—less room at the top!—is another factor leading some of the ablest men in the service to consider the desirability of switching to a new field at some point in their career. Beyond the career-prompted resignations, family, educational, financial and health considerations all play a role, too, in decisions to leave the Foreign Service. Once the step is taken the next question is—"What do I do now?" To place these individuals in the slots that they could and should occupy, to provide a clearing-house, a place where prospective employers and personnel seeking employment would meet, the External Placement Division was created.

The task is a fascinating one, matching talents and skills with the demand for qualified individuals, but the going is not always smooth. For one thing, the External Placement Division notes, there is an abysmal ignorance in "the outer world" of the competence, capabilities and potentialities of Foreign Service personnel, and while ex-ambassadors—surrounded by an aura of glamor—are in some demand, other men and women equally qualified are considered by many "too impractical . . . with their heads in the clouds . . . and no sense of deadlines. . . ."

One of the Division's first jobs, of course, is making the service known to prospective employers. It is at institutions of learning, foundations, non-profit organizations and Federal agencies and State and local Governments that their "clients" have a better chance to be placed. The office has approached in different ways the task of making itself known to institutions or firms with possible job vacancies. Circular letters go out periodically to businesses, universities, foundations, State Governments. A descriptive brochure is handed out. The Director himself at this writing—FSO William Kelly—and members of his staff, travel widely through the country preaching the gospel of Foreign Service personnel availability and "employability" and scouting job leads wherever they may be. They concentrate primarily on the areas where the jobs are but also survey those places where most of the retirees or resignees seem to want to reside namely, Washington, D.C., California, Florida, New England and New York. On one such visit to a southern university, the Director was told that there were no available openings whatsoever, a statement followed, a few days later, by a wire announcing an unexpected vacancy which was promptly and capably filled by a retired FSO.

Every week a representative of PER/EPD attends the meeting of the Interdepartmental Placement Committee, a Civil Service Commission clearinghouse, operating a little like a job auction, where job vacancies in the Government are announced and job seekers made known to those who might

Fred Leatherman, Deputy Director of the Department's External Placement Service, discusses job opportunities with Mr. Garth B. Oswald, personnel officer of American University's Center for Research in Social Systems. Approximately 20 Foreign Service officers have found new careers at American University in the past several years.



use them. Individuals leaving the Department and/or the Foreign Service often wish to remain in Government service, among other reasons because they would like to stay in Washington. For those to whom this location requirement is a prime consideration, the External Placement Division also keeps in touch with the major businesses in the country having branches in the Washington area, the area with the greatest concentration of retired FSOs. On the other hand, there are those who would like to continue residing abroad. While there are few overseas possibilities through other branches of Government, in the world of business, of banking, of teaching, there are occasionally openings for personnel trained in service abroad.

What is he like, this average individual seeking a job lead from the External Placement Division? Most of the time he is a person with good to exceptional qualifications—sometimes with unexpected bonuses such as an Electrical Engineering degree or a Ph.D. in Philosophy or Mathematics—who has never been in the market for a job and therefore does not know where to begin. PER/EPD finds that some are rearing to go, eager and willing to help while others are timid and hesitant and need morale boosting as well as job counseling.

An effective search for a new job starts with an efficient-looking, well-presented resumé—today's passport to employment. The External Placement Division helps prospective "new careerists" to analyze their needs and possibilities and make up their mind as to what kind of job they would like to get, and finally put it down in writing in a concise and orderly way. The resumé is then widely distributed among institutions and businesses which might be interested in hiring this particular person. And then comes the wait—sometimes a long one. Those contemplating a change or career are advised by PER/EPD not to let it go till the last few months before consulting them because landing a new job takes time, the average wait being six to nine months. They also make it clear that the agency does not provide jobs, only job leads, after which the individual will, of course, have to go out and sell himself.

In early May the External Placement Division had about 300 people going through the mill. These men and women are of all ages—there are so many and varied reasons for leaving the Foreign Service at different stages . . . Age-wise they present, of course, different problems. Perhaps the most difficult to place are those in their mid-fifties—too old to be absorbed as newcomers with a long future ahead of them, too young to be considered senior members in a new outfit. Strangely enough—and this should be a morale booster to all—older men with their professional life neatly behind them sometimes are snapped up by foundations in search of prestige and experience.

Even as "older" candidates for a job, competing perhaps with younger men, ex-FSOs usually have higher than average expertise in negotiating ability and in the field of languages, decidedly an asset in landing a new job. Many of them have advanced degrees and are potential teachers of economics, social science and history. Those with administrative skills are ideally suited for positions demanding management and executive know-how. The brochure distributed by PER/EPD to prospective employers lists, among others, the services of possible "new economists," foreign trade specialists, teachers, research analysts, administrators, public relations specialists, attorneys, historians, etc. Perhaps the most unusual second career entered on by a retiring FSO is that of one "client" who, inspired by an old interest in stamps, became a professional philatelic agent.

Occasionally a "client" needs assurance that his job search is confidential. Such assurance is given. Indeed registration with PER/EPD is strictly confidential. Names of clients are not revealed until such time as they are ready to accept a new job and make an announcement themselves.

The External Placement Division has a record of "solved" cases, some of which give a good general idea of the range of opportunities available to employees leaving the service.

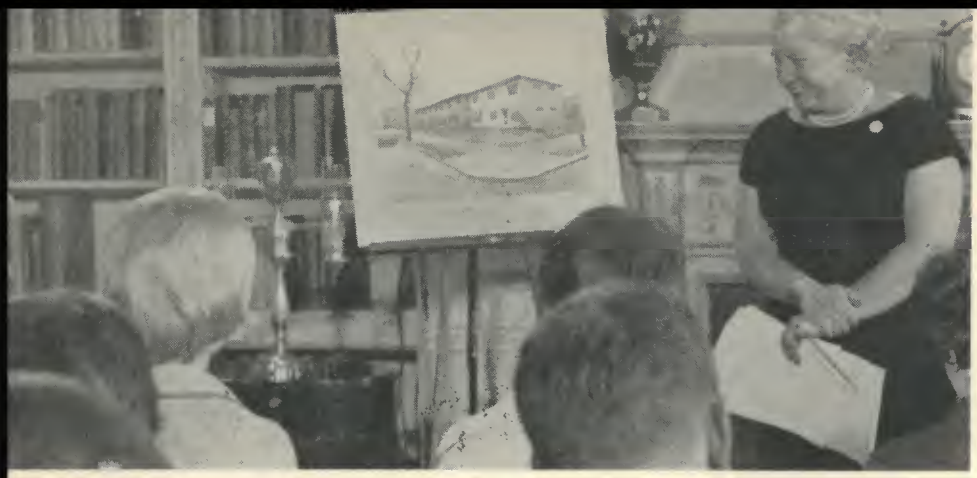
Approaching mandatory retirement at 60, a senior FSO wrote to the Placement Service from his post abroad. It was noted that he had begun his career as a teacher of Romance languages and that his wife, too, was a former language teacher. During a contact-making visit of the Director of the Placement Division to the West Coast, the president of a college mentioned plans to open a new dormitory housing language and area students including foreigners. He expressed a desire to have a house father and/or mother residing in the dormitory as student counselor, meanwhile instructing in Romance languages and participating in activities related to foreign affairs. The Director mentioned the Foreign Service officer and his wife as potential candidates for such a position, adding that they were just completing an assignment in Europe. Remarking that he expected to be in Europe the following week, the President of the college suggested that he could interview the FSO and his wife if they were interested. The FSO was notified, was interested indeed, and was interviewed and hired while still at his post abroad.

An ambassador—let us call him B—retired in late 1964 at age 55. A near Ph.D in economics, he had enjoyed a very impressive career in the Foreign Service. Fluent in French and Italian and having specialized in regional affairs, Ambassador B. registered with the External Placement Service as a candidate for research in problems of economic development or, alternatively, management consulting. PER/EPD first found a position vacancy of special interest to the Ambassador as part-time consultant to a firm engaged in economic research. Later, contact was made with a State Government on the East Coast, and Ambassador B. proposed as a candidate for a vacancy with them. In January 1967, the State and the Ambassador notified the External Placement Service of his retention with them as a special consultant doing economic studies. Late in the year, as a result of PER/EPD's contacts with management consulting firms, the Ambassador accepted an assignment in Africa where he expects to remain for two years.

FSO C. had a different problem: at 36, married and with two children, he had reached maximum time in grade. The External Placement service proposed him successfully for a research job in a local university. There was a RIF at the school in 1966 and he asked again for assistance. C.'s resume was referred to many places in private industry and Federal Government without success. Months slipped by and he was becoming desperate for employment. PER/EPD counseled him to take again the Federal Service Entry and Management Intern Examinations which he had done in 1964 without Federal employment resulting. Meanwhile the Placement Service found a vacancy in a Federal agency and proposed his candidacy. He was accepted. A few days later his grade on the FSEE and M.I. was announced. It was good enough to enhance his value considerably to his new agency. He continues with the agency today and seems assured of a long and productive career.

Another Foreign Service officer, D. was an Arabic language specialist and a promising political officer when in 1966, at 46, he developed a heart condition disqualifying him for further service abroad. He wrote to the Placement Service in early 1967 and a job search was started on his behalf some months before his arrival in Washington. A political/military assignment was located in the Pentagon and he was scheduled for interview but was hospitalized for the heart condition before he could meet the prospective employer. At the

(*Continued on page* 48)



After Hours Memcon:

THE OFFICIAL MRS. ELIZABETH S. CARPENTER

WILLIAM H. HALLMAN

(Participants: Drafting Officer and the Press Secretary and Staff Director for the First Lady. Time and Place: 4 p.m. on Tuesday, April 30, 1968, the White House. Subject: Dedication, Aspects of Texas History and Hospitality, and a Bit of Unseemly Eavesdropping on Part of Drafting Officer, Faithfully Reported.)

Liz Carpenter is not ready for a portrait done in autumn colors, as one might expect of someone all the way committed, and the degrees of that commitment cannot be exaggerated, to an Administration self-pledged to its own liquidation. The President may or may not be preparing a valedictory somewhere in his own mind or in some small office of the White House warren of offices, but any hint of such a humor is hard to discover. Liz Carpenter may at some time harbor a notion of fading into a background of falling red leaves and a last flame of pyracantha, but her humor now is more that of a person determined to catch a rocket going in a different direction.

The difference is that this will be *her* rocket, going in her own direction, a state of affairs more or less like emerging from a long, long stint of servitude. Exhilarating servitude, to be sure, and servitude that has attached her to as exciting and rewarding an experience as most people can ever expect, but her life has been for many years now quite literally indentured to the Johnson family.

When the phrase "but I belong to the Johnsons . . ." comes out during Mrs. Carpenter's conversation, it means just that. And in expressing her admiration for our Foreign Service it was apparent that what she really finds impressive about the group, whatever the personal idiosyncrasies or personal shortcomings to be found within individuals, is that the Foreign Service too "belongs" to something outside itself. Mrs. Carpenter admires in the Foreign Service what most of its officers would find most admirable about her: Unstinting loyalty.

"But when it's all over, all I want is to be de-briefed and be me."

"And in a practical sense, Mrs. Carpenter, what does that mean? A return to Texas . . . retirement?"

She gave a snort that dispelled any lingering illusion about settling down a woman not yet forty-eight who has been used to little more than grueling work for a long, long time.

"I'll write a book. A funny book . . . about Washington. I've seen it on both sides, you know, first as a newspaperwoman then as a participant. It will be a book that will have both perspectives.

"And I'll travel . . .

"Everywhere . . . maybe all at once. I've seen a great deal of the world already, traveling with the Johnsons, but it's always been a matter of looking over the tops of cameras.

"And I'll shop. Don't misunderstand me, I've been in many a bazaar about the world. But *this* time I won't have a note in my purse saying 'Pick up 99 pairs of carpet slippers for the girls back in the office.' And I won't be standing there . . . this really happened, you know, dredging a great bin of carpet slippers and trying to get lefts that matched rights and remember at the same time how big 99 different people's feet are.

"I want to lecture, give talks about the country. I've done that sort of thing now for a long time for love and devotion . . . and, just to be frank, I want to do it now for money.

"And I'm going to be more of a woman. I'm going to be a wife. Lord knows I couldn't have done the things I have if I hadn't been married to the kindest, most patient, most understanding . . . well, I could go on, but what I mean about the future is that it's *his* turn now. And my children's.

"I'll do some little things that I want to do, also. Do you know how long it's been that I've bought clothes on the run, with maybe five or ten minutes to pick out a wardrobe for a season or for a trip? I may just go somewhere and sit for awhile under the *hair dryer* and read something like HARPER'S BAZAAR. I don't remember ever really just sitting under a hair dryer . . . I was signing letters, or drafting a speech, or maybe just worrying that some occasion came off all right and the right person handed the right speech to Mrs. Johnson at the right time."

"What about politics?" I asked. "For yourself, I mean. You could be our next Ma Ferguson, and she wasn't a bad governor at all. In fact she was a pretty good one."

"Never. *Never.* Oh politics, sure. I always want to have a hand in politics some way or another. But for me this means going to a precinct meeting somewhere. I care about issues, and I want to have some kind of voice . . . but as a citizen, not as a candidate."

The telephone buzzed and it was Texas Congressman J. J. Pickle, whom Mrs. Carpenter had tried to call earlier. Mrs. Carpenter wanted to refresh her mind about her absentee ballot.

"Help me, Jake. Let's talk about this . . . but remember I'm a radical, so don't give me any of the Establishment types.

"Liquor by the drink? I may be for that. (Texas still has the curious rule that liquor can be sold by the bottle in "wet" counties, never by the drink.)

"Now tell me what you think are the *disadvantages* to horse racing. You're right . . . it brings in the Mafia types.

"What about sheriff?

"You say you think he's a good man?

"For Governor? I went to school with Dolph so I'll be for him.

"My inclinations are always to vote the women *in*.

"Can you tell me something about the two ladies running for Precinct Chairman? There's a Mrs. Martinez and a Mrs. Hernandez.

"Somehow I think maybe we *ought* to regulate the price of milk in Texas. How do you feel on that?

"Yes, I know about those people, Jake. But have they been good with the Johnsons?"

The only other call put through during the two hours I spent in Mrs. Carpenter's office was also a personal one. It was from her daughter, a student at Pembroke College. It was a mother's conversation, caveats and encouragement, but with a difference: the precision that went in to fixing the address and the time of a meeting, the firm establishment of a uniform of the day for minimal packing problems, the minute description of what constitutes a proper passport photograph, was all that one would expect from a person whose time is precisely limited and for whom there is no margin for error.

This may be part of the package that one should expect a woman with a career to have prepared for herself with the aim of maintaining as much of the female as possible. It goes perhaps with the certainty one has when going into a woman's office that it is just that . . . a woman's office. Mrs. Carpenter's large room in the East Wing of the White House could hardly be taken for any place that a man might work, although item for item its furnishings pretty well duplicate those of anyone's standard place for getting things done. The effect may be gotten by the cut flowers put about the room, or by one of those large green growing things that sooner or later every office woman wants to adopt, or from the cheery look of the "sit around on the couch and talk" end of the room.

"Do you know the house in Texas where I was born? You said you knew Salado."

I said that I had played there when I was very small, when my mother's family had congregated for a Bell County Reunion.

"Then maybe you'll remember that it had two Strangers' Rooms . . . rooms that opened right on to the outside, so that men could get up and ride off in the morning without having to wake the people in the house. The first thing you still see are the twelve big trees . . . one for each of the Twelve Apostles, who were supposed to watch over the house and the people who stayed there. People could come to the house overnight, or people could come and stay. One of Maury Maverick's ancestors dropped in on my great-grandfather and stayed eleven months. Some honeymooning couple would come for a 'little visit' and stay until their first baby was born."

"Is the house still lived in?" I asked.

"Oh yes, by my aunt, Mrs. Sterling Robertson. Salado is a wonderful little town, and a great deal tied up with the history of Texas happened there. I'm glad to see that nothing is being lost."

"My grandmother told me," I said, "that Austin was barely chosen over Salado, that Salado missed becoming the capital . . ."

"By one vote," Mrs. Carpenter finished the sentence, proving that, whatever the historical truth, Bell Countians are sticking to their cleared position. "And the house has a *plaque* now! How's that?"

"Plaque?"

"Believe it or not. It tells about the house, which is an interesting story, then it says 'Birthplace of Mary Elizabeth Carpenter, first woman ever to serve as executive assistant to a Vice President of the United States, 1961, first newswoman to be Staff Director and Press Secretary to a First Lady, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.' I said in my speech when I went down for the dedication that I had understood they were going to put up a hysterical marker . . .but there the other one was.

"And back to hospitality, and to the Foreign Service, I'm really impressed with all the kindness that's been shown us. Only occasionally did we run into someone who couldn't bend to the occasion. Someone who insisted that we go on and do something we really didn't want to do. You know, just because Mrs. Johnson is a woman she doesn't *always* want to see hospitals and orphanages. In Scandinavia it was farms."

"Can you 'psyche' your bosses always?" I asked. "You've worked with them for a long time. Do you always know what they expect and are going to want?"

"Mrs. Johnson likes lists. You consider the time available to her . . . say after a speech and before catching a plane . . . and then list several things a person can do within that time. It works beautifully. But once in a while we run into someone who just *insists*, or if the plans are changed gets terribly upset. Things have to be flexible . . . no one in the world is much more than 16 hours from anyone else, and heads of state and heads of governments are just going to travel, that's all. Things have got to become more flexible and more informal.

"But you know, the real heroes that I've known have been the wives of ambassadors that we've visited. What a truly fine bunch of people they are . . . they work without pay, and are as effective as any group of people we've got working for us abroad.

"I'm glad that over the years our Foreign Service has changed. They're not such stereotypes anymore . . . in fact we don't really have 'types' any more, especially the kind who liked to be 'club droppers' the way some people are 'name droppers.' And people don't seem to be so 'capital oriented' now. They see more of countries. I think that the new officers are better able to remember, as they do business in some pretty primitive places, that we too were a young republic at one time. But the thing that I admire most about the Foreign Service is the fabulous dedication . . . the fact that no one seems to be itching to move on to Standard Oil."

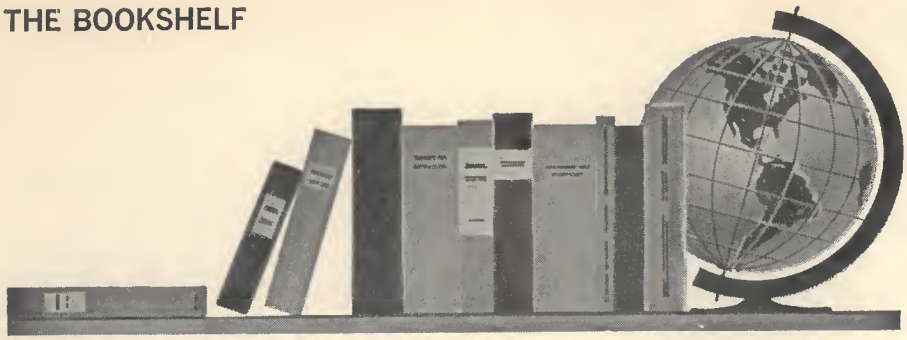
(Drafting officer considered certain most secret thoughts that, like concupiscence, haunt even saints. Thought Standard Oil sounded pretty good. Tried not to blush or reveal this indiscretion.)

"I think I understand dedication. I belong to Mrs. Johnson . . . just as I'm a psalm-singing, total immersion Democrat. With the Johnsons I have shared the great adventure of their lives. It's been a wonderful experience."

I looked later at two speeches Mrs. Carpenter had recently delivered. In one of them, given at the annual banquet of the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 19, she recounts her talents with some of the humor that helped earn her job and reputation. "Available January 21, 1969—one slightly used press secretary with fine old Chippendale legs, antique finish. Can arrange weddings, plant trees, handle dogs, French chefs, placate portrait painters. Wears well under stress."

The other speech was the one she delivered in Salado back in August of 1967. "Today I read with some embarrassment the shining marker extolling my virtues. Let me let you in on a secret. I am doing just what I love doing. If I were writing the marker for this day (a day you have all made indelible in my memory) it would simply read: 'Here stands a happy woman. Blessed by an overindulgent family and overenthusiastic friends.'" ■

THE BOOKSHELF



Socratic View of Civil Disobedience

IN this superb little book Justice Fortas deals with several issues that lie at the heart of two far-reaching movements gripping domestic America today: The social revolution launched by Negroes and the revolt of the youth-generation.

It could hardly be more timely. Taken aback by the findings of the Riot Commission Report, stunned by the deaths of Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy, personally affected in some way as most of us have been by the recent flare-ups of violence in Washington, at Columbia University or elsewhere, we can find in the first two sections of this book compelling insights into the issues involved in dissent and civil disobedience.

Justice Fortas recognizes the paradox in the duty both to obey the law and to disobey *certain* laws. Had he lived in Germany in Hitler's days, he hopes he would have refused to wear an armband, to *heil Hitler,* to submit to genocide; and had he been a Negro living in Little Rock, he hopes he would have disobeyed the state law that said he might not enter the public waiting room reserved for "Whites."

Does this mean that it is all a matter of personal conscience, of individual judgment, whether or not one obeys law? Or are there principles, a code, a theory to which a man, with honor and integrity, may subscribe?

In this book he answers with statements giving both a moral, ethical and philosophical point of view and a summary of the basic legal principles governing dissent and civil disobedience in a democracy. He has avoided technicalities and legal jargon; it is an easy book to read.

Rejecting violence out of hand, he also deals with the more subtle questions of civil disobedience: Thoreau's not paying tax to a government which tolerated slavery and Joan Baez's refusal to pay federal taxes to help finance a war in Vietnam. To Justice Fortas these actions constitute a general refusal to accept the authority of the state, and he concludes that while Thoreau was an inspiring figure and great writer his famous essay should not be read as a handbook on political science.

The third section of his book concerns the revolt of the youth-generation—the 16-to-25-year-olds—who have become such a positive, differentiated factor in American life and around the world. Refusing to accept the existing pattern of life, youth wants to frame its own standards and have a share of power in society.

In the United States this assertion for independence and claim to authority is relatively new and, in a sense, more disturbing than the Negro revolution to which it is dynamically related.

Justice Fortas concludes that while a democratic society should and must tolerate dissent, criticism, and demand for change, neither it nor any other organized society can nor will long endure personal injury and property damage, whatever the reason or context; and, in the end, each of us, like Socrates, must be ready to accept the verdict of our society's institutions.

—JACK B. KUBISCH

CONCERNING DISSENT AND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, *by Justice Abe Fortas. New American Library, $4.00.*

Inexcusable

THERE may be some persons who will ask whether it is proper, whether it is fair, whether it is productive for someone in Ellis Briggs' position—as a meritorious former Ambassador and believer in professionalism in foreign affairs—to cast so many stones at the institution that has rewarded him so well.

And the answer is: Yes, it is. Yes, a hundred times yes!

Because he does it with such a flourish, slaying sacred cows one after another with the aplomb of a toreador.

Because he displays courage in taking on some more formidable opponents, even some presidential candidates.

Because he attacks amateurishness in diplomacy and stands up for the principle of professionalism.

And because he has been vindicated. The administrators (his favorite target) who claimed that bigness is necessary for efficiency, are having to eat their words in these days of BALPA. Well, Ellis Briggs has waged a one-man war against burgeoning bureaucracy long before BALPA was invented.

It is outrageous, of course, to compare—as does the author—the budget of the Peace Corps with the budget of our regular diplomatic establishment and to ask whether the yields in terms of national benefit are comparable. It is highly irreverent to suggest that demand for PCV's may have been artificially stimulated, for instance by pictures of "inhabitants of underdeveloped lands waving welcome mats, woven from pandanus leaves, and cheering."

It is impolitic, certainly, to ask how Americans would react if a foreigner "presumed to harangue United States audiences about civil rights, the slowness of desegregation, urban riots, or the inadequacy of American taxes." The equivalent of this, Ellis Briggs points out, was done by "a young United States Senator who traveled in Latin America."

The book is organized in two parts. The first deals with fundamentals of American diplomacy and how it is managed; the second discusses the contemporary scene. The second part is too sketchy to convey more than an occasional *aperçu.* The first half of the book explains to laymen why the young men and women of the Foreign Service gray prematurely. It is both an exposition and a critique of how we are organized to conduct foreign affairs.

"Anatomy of Diplomacy" has an avowed conservative bias against appeasement, foreign aid except on a quid-pro-quo basis, giving up privileged positions abroad, and believing in democracy as a solvent for foreign problems. In a few minor instances, it is dated. For instance, Country Directors do not report to Office Directors.

The supercilious style of the book risks that it will be read more for amusement than for profit. This would be regrettable, for interspersed with the jibes and the derisive laughter are deadly serious passages that would deserve close consideration by those who might wish to profit from the voice of experience.

This is especially true, for instance, of the paragraphs that deal with the need for a Permanent Under Secretary, a position whose establishment has been recommended by the Herter

Committee. Says Briggs:

> "This recommendation that a Permanent Under Secretary, directly responsible to the Secretary of State, be appointed from the Foreign Service is of paramount importance. It is important not only because administration of American diplomacy has suffered from the over-regulation and petty regulation of transient outsiders and narrow-gauge insiders, but also to provide greater continuity within the Department of State itself, especially at times of changing administrations.
>
> "Although the analogy of diplomacy and the military can readily be overdone, few could imagine the armed services without a staff organization of their own, or without a Chief of Staff in the Washington headquarters. Yet for years the American Government has operated its diplomatic establishment in precisely those makeshift circumstances. That it continues to do so is as illogical as it as improvident, with a debilitating effect on the conduct of foreign relations.
>
> "No single step would produce greater dividends in terms of the efficiency of American diplomacy than the establishment of a Permanent Under Secretary of State, the senior professional of a career Foreign Service."

Here speaks not someone who just delights in the profaning of sacred cows, but a concerned citizen who, after a lifetime devoted to advancing the interests of the United States abroad, wishes professionalism to be recognized in the enlightened long-term interest of his country. "Second-raters in the hierarchy," he writes, "sometimes abetted by Congress, have tried to make élite an offensive word—the opposite, so they declare, of democratic."

Yet an élite diplomatic service, Ellis Briggs points out, has nothing to do with social positions or circumstances of birth. By élite is meant "an American Foreign Service based on an aristocracy of character, of brains, and of understanding. . . . That calls for a competitive, non-partisan diplomatic service, which disdains anything but the best in human material and in performance and which rewards its servants with a sense of pride in country and of satisfaction at participating in events significant to the welfare of the American people."

Under the occasional behavior of a jester is a deadly serious man, and one whom many of our younger readers will recognize as a kindred soul. When it comes to the outspoken avowal of the importance of professionalism, there is no generation gap in the Foreign Service.

—M.F.H.

ANATOMY OF DIPLOMACY—*The Origin and Execution of American Foreign Policy, by Ellis Briggs. McKay, $5.95.*

Bumbling Along with Uncle

HE's done it again! William Lederer, co-author of "The Ugly American" and author of "A Nation of Sheep," has written another book: "Our Own Worst Enemy."

In contemporary American society there prevails the iron law of endless repetition: if a certain sort of movie, television program, book, or rock-and-roll song is once well received, it has to be done over and over again—*ad nauseam*. The inexorable workings of this law are evinced in Lederer's latest minor variation on a tired theme, his "shattering, first-hand report on America's self-inflicted defeats overseas—notably Vietnam, where we are losing on every level," etc., etc.

So, hold your hats, boys—here we go again. Nothing has changed. It's the same old plot, the same *mise-en-scène* (Southeast Asia), and the same Lederer cast: Uncle Sam and his hapless hirelings abroad in the role of bumbling village idiots.

If this is where you came in, feel free to go out.

This book is not recommended for adult audiences.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

OUR OWN WORST ENEMY, *by William J. Lederer. Norton, $4.95.*

Diplomatic Reporting Styles

AMBASSADOR KENNAN'S latest book is a selection of his personal and official writings from Prague between October 1938 and October 1940. Foreign Service political and economic reports make up most of the text. What will the Germans do with Ruthenia? Will the puppet President resign? How fast is the retail price index rising? It is topics such as these that are reported on to Washington in these broad surveys of developments in occupied Czechoslovakia.

But the book is not without personal detail. In the author's travel notes, and in asides in the formal despatches, one catches an occasional glimpse of a writer who "had in him, awaiting only that maturity which comes so slowly and painfully to the gifted, the makings of a great observer of and commentator on the human scene." The quotation, from the splendid second chapter of Mr. Kennan's great work on Russia in 1917, is about John Reed, but the words can surely also be applied to the author's own gradual transformation from a talented but still conventional Foreign Service reporting officer to the outstanding historian he was ultimately to become.

"Diplomat in Berlin," a lengthy collection of papers and memoirs of the last pre-war Polish Ambassador to Germany, is a work of another kind. It could hardly be otherwise. The reports of an Ambassador on matters of such immense concern to all of his official readers will necessarily have an immediacy and directness scarcely to be looked for in the much more general and detached analytical despatches in the Kennan collection.

In reading two such different works, nevertheless, one cannot but be struck by the contrasting styles of the two authors: the one constantly reporting conversations, talks, interviews, with names and places always supplied; the other ever abstracting and generalizing, with specific source citations seldom seen necessary. Why is it, one wonders, that junior (and senior) reporting talent in the American service seems so often, as here, to have been focused on broad-gauge description and analysis, at the expense of the kind of persuasive, first-hand source material of diplomacy so richly supplied in the Lipski volume? How fortunate, then, for the general reader, that Mr. Kennan was finally, in his subsequent historical writings, to be so fully and satisfyingly emancipated from the confining format of official despatch and interpretive air-gram!

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

FROM PRAGUE AFTER MUNICH: DIPLOMATIC PAPERS, *1938-1940, by George F. Kennan. Princeton, $6.50.*
DIPLOMAT IN BERLIN, *by Josef Lipski. Columbia, $17.50.*

The UN Secretary-General in Fact and Fiction

IT is the fortunate reviewer who receives two related books in the same mail as was the case with "The Lion in the Stone" and "Hammarskjold: The Political Man." The former, by Henrietta Buckmaster, well known for a series of novels and excellent histories of the anti-slavery movement and the Reconstruction period, is a novel about the Secretary-General, or perhaps more accurately, about a crisis in the United Nations. "The Lion in the Stone" tells the inside story on the handling by the UN Secretary-General and various Security Council members of a crisis which clearly threatens world peace and security. The characters are well and convincingly drawn. The Secretary-General would appear to be a mixture of Dag Hammarskjold, U Thant, and the present Representative of Ceylon, Ambassador Hamilton Shirley Amerasinghe, a pretty neat trick of amalgamation in itself. Those readers who remember a remarkable book called "Storm," which traced the rise and development of a severe blizzard and the manner in which people's

lives were affected, will understand why this novel is better described as the story of a crisis in the UN rather than as a story about the Secretary-General. The crisis concerns a plausible confrontation between the Soviet Union and Red China over Mongolia. The corridor negotiations, bilateral discussions, relationships between UN Missions and various Foreign Offices are interestingly and accurately described. The role of the Secretary-General as portrayed by Miss Buckmaster reveals, I am afraid, some wishful thinking in terms of what she feels a Secretary-General should do. Excellent reading for anyone interested in international relations, the book should be included on the required reading list for any college course dealing with the UN itself. (In this discreet column we may be excused for saying that the Secretary-General himself finds the book interesting and "reflecting favorably on the UN and the role of the Secretary-General.")

In sharp contrast, not only as to content but also as to tone, is Emery Kelen's "Hammarskjold: The Political Man." Mr. Kelen, a former member of the UN Secretariat and author of an impressive list of books, fortuitously fits into this double review since he is the model for one of the characters in "The Lion in the Stone." In his book, Mr. Kelen's purpose seems to be to expose the true personality of Hammarskjold as a hard-thinking, practical Secretary-General in contrast to the visionary figure presented in "Markings." Unfortunately, the book is just a series of short excerpts from Hammarskjold's speeches and papers. Nevertheless, the chapter headings on such topics as "Atomic Nightmare," "Public Diplomacy," "Quiet Diplomacy," "United Nations Diplomacy," "New Nations," "The Rule of Law," and "The Hammarskjold Memorandum" indicate the scope of the book, and the introductory remarks to each chapter present enlightening comment on Hammarskjold's thinking and the background for the quoted statements. The chapter on "The Hammarskjold Memorandum" deals with the now famous paper prepared by Hammarskjold on his seven-hour talk with Nasser relating to the establishment and withdrawal of the United Nations Emergency Force on the Egyptian-Israeli frontier. The memorandum was publicized in a letter to the NEW YORK TIMES by former United States UN Representative Ernest Gross following the withdrawal by U Thant of UNEF just prior to the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli hostilities in June, 1967. U Thant has, in reply, clearly stated his belief this non-official, private memorandum could "not affect the basis for the presence of UNEF on United Arab Republic soil."

—JOHN M. CATES, JR.

THE LION IN THE STONE, *by Henrietta Buckmaster. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95.*
HAMMARSKJOLD: THE POLITICAL MAN, *by Emery Kelen. Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95.*

But Has Anyone Found the Key?

WHOEVER understands China . . . holds the key to world politics during the next five centuries," observed an American statesman sixty years ago.

An invaluable aid to such understanding is Dick Wilson's analysis of the contemporary Chinese revolution in "Anatomy of China," subtitled "An Introduction To One Quarter Of Mankind." For the past 14 years he has traveled in China and studied Chinese affairs. His most recent visit to China was in 1964, upon the completion of his six years in Hong Kong as editor of the FAR EASTERN ECONOMIC REVIEW. An Englishman, Wilson was educated at Oxford and at the University of California, Berkeley.

His authoritative, interesting examination of present-day China is from three main angles: (1) the chief elements and tensions in Chinese social, political and cultural life; (2) the national economy; and (3) China's international relations.

In the economic sphere progress has been much too slow and there have been major failures such as the rush into the rural communes and the backyard "steel furnaces" of the Great Leap Forward. Nonetheless the peasant's life is becoming better: "it is certainly steadier and fuller than in the old days."

The Mao regime's failures are, in large measure, due to the influence of guerrilla training in running a nation of 750 million people. "Socialism remains a dream. . . . Individualism has not been stamped out among the peasantry, and the bourgeoisie looks suspiciously as if it is biding its time for a better day. . . . In recent years Communist China's art has been too stifled, her science too shackled, her political message too rudely broadcast, to make any impact on the world at large."

Despite her many shortcomings and difficulties, Wilson does not see China as a nation condemned to perpetual mistrust and isolation, for there are forces at work there which will hasten her eventual reconciliation with the world and also make her a more modern and more rational society. "And the Chinese themselves are lovable people, wise, diligent and artistic."

Balanced in viewpoint, comprehensive in treatment, informed by learning and judgment, this incisive study of what China is today and what it may become in the future will be read by general readers and by China experts alike with profit and interest. The readability of this book is enhanced by eye-witness stories, quotations from the Chinese press and by lively anecdotes; it is marked by an excellent prose style, so felicitous in its

Peak Bay, Hong Kong *by Walter J. Mueller*

phrasing—so unlike the turgidity and in-group jargon of many university-press books—that one could easily forget that it is a work of scholarship. It is a case of eating your cake and having it too.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

ANATOMY OF CHINA, *by Dick Wilson. Weybright and Talley, $8.50.*

The Universal City

HISTORY, it has been said, is merely the recounting of wars and intrigues by dynasties and nation states. And it is true in large measure that what passes as history is a very limited look at events and relations among sovereign countries. It is only by convention that this partial view has the right to be considered as history any more than the history of thought, of science, of dress and manners, even of plumbing and furniture.

The immense scholarship of Maurice Andrieux has now given us an intriguing new look at western culture and religion from a new angle. It is mirrored in the biography of the universal city. "What makes Rome great?" the distinguished French historian asks after taking the reader in 450 intensely readable pages over the peaks and valleys of the human spirit, the nobility and the degradation that are intertwined in the history of this city. And he answers that the secret of Rome—this pivot of the western world—lies in the fusion of its ancient ruins and modern life in an entity that dominates all epochs and combines them for its own greater glory.

The indissoluble relation between the history of Rome and that of the Papacy provides in Prof. Andrieux's book a new perspective from which to look at the Supreme Pontiffs of Christendom, a family history of the Popes as it were, and of their favorite children, the Romans, problem children occasionally. Across the backdrop of the eternal city move people, real people with their foibles and weakness, men of genius, saints and sinners, more of the latter than the former, in such vast profusion that it can truly be said everything that could possibly happen has already happened in Rome. There is no plot, no situation, no action of the brain or of the heart that has not been acted out between these seven hills that are really fifteen. Small wonder that the Romans are not easily impressed.

The author's scholarship cuts through myth and misinformation to illuminate little-known corners and centuries of the city's history. We learn that the dark ages were not really dark, they were filled with sumptuous feasts and processions, that the crowning of Charlemagne as Holy Roman Emperor on Christmas Day 800 by Leo III came as an unpleasant surprise to the Emperor, that Einsideln's Pilgrim's Guide to Roman monuments, the venerable ancestor of latter-day Baedekers and Guides Michelin, first came out in the eighth century.

It's all there in this definitive biography of the eternal Italian city, *whence all has come, whence all has gone.*

—GEORGE G. WYNNE

ROME, *by Maurice Andrieux (translated by Charles Markmann). Funk and Wagnalls, $8.95.*

Venceremos!

THIS well translated collection of Che Guevara's writings will appeal chiefly to the small circle of Cuba specialists and hardy mini-band of English speaking Che-Chou-and-Mao admirers. The materials range over nearly every subject that Che Guevara thought about if not through from war and development to values and revolutionary medicine.

The main trouble with the collection is its lack of judicious editing that would convey more kernels with less chaff of Che's thoughts. The heroic dimensions of Che Guevara as a popular revolutionary are large indeed. He may even one day occupy a pedestal in the communist Hall of Fame that is higher and more prominent than that of Fidel Castro. But his theories like his prose when divorced from his real life drama suffer from a chronic capitalist problem: inflation.

John Gerassi's brief biographic introduction is an interesting portrait of Che—the Argentine asthmatic whose determination surmounted many obstacles—whose energy moved many men but who died by having traded one wheeze for another.

—GREGORY B. WOLFE

VENCEREMOS: *The Speeches and Writings of Ernesto Che Guevara, edited, annotated, and with an Introduction by John Gerassi. Macmillan.*

Battle Hymn of The Republic (Ian Smith's)

DOUGLAS REED's "The Battle for Rhodesia" sees Africa from quite the opposite side of Waldemar Nielsen's "African Battleline on the Zambezi." Northwards, after "a decade of decadence" which began with MacMillan's "Wind of Change" speech at Cape Town, all is chaos—the lights of civilization have clearly been extinguished. South of the Zambezi is "the last bulwark of order in Africa, the last dam against the waters

of chaos, South Africa, Rhodesia and the two Portuguese territories."

Reed served THE TIMES of London, first as Assistant Berlin Correspondent from 1929-1935, and then as Central European Correspondent from 1935-1938. In 1938 he brought out a book, "Insanity Fair" which warned the world that further appeasement of Hitler would inevitably lead to World War II. Today, Reed has come out of retirement in South Africa to sound the clarion call, "Rhodesia means you, good people, as Austria and Czechoslovakia meant you . . . from Whitehall to Washington, Wisconsin to Worcestershire, Wigan to Wilmington and Winnipeg, and you cannot escape."

The "gentle readers" in England and the United States are called upon to demand that their leaders block by veto the efforts of the "new majority" in the "Benighted Nations" to make war against Rhodesia, which stands "between them and their supporting cohorts of 'Western liberalism' and their real target, South Africa." "The world has been brought near the verge of another general war by British and American actions in Africa: now is the moment to recoil and reverse the process."

"The Battle for Rhodesia" has been published by Devin Adair in both hard cover and paperback editions. I imagine that the latter made a popular stocking stuffer for the American Friends of Rhodesia last Christmas.

—CHARLES D. SEARLES

THE BATTLE FOR RHODESIA, *by Douglas Reed. Devin-Adair, $3.95 hard cover, $2.25 paperback.*

A Superficial Peek

LISA HOBBS, trading on the reputation of her first book ("I Saw Red China"), has churned out a journalistic treatise on India. The book is labeled a "personal report"; most readers will be thankful she makes no greater claim. Mrs. Hobbs presents us with a diary of her trip through India —a few scattered glimpses of Indian life with ammunition for those who wish to construct a pessimistic picture of India today and a hopeless view of the future.

The market is glutted with books containing superficial peeks at India. If one is interested in this kind of book, several good ones are available: Beatrice Lamb's "India In Transition"; and one even more critical of India than Mrs. Hobbs, V. S. Naipaul's "An Area of Darkness."

—DAVID B. LANGHAUG

INDIA, INDIA, *by Lisa Hobbs. McGraw-Hill, $4.95.*

"The Warren Court"

THE author was US Solicitor General 1961 to 1965, and hence in an excellent position to observe the major constitutional cases coming to the Supreme Court about which he writes. The focus of Mr. Cox's new book is the dilemma of constitutional adjudication confronting the US Supreme Court. "In the United States as nowhere else in the world we have developed the extraordinary habit of casting critical aspects of social, economic, political and philosophical questions in the form of action at law and suits in equity so that the courts may participate in their disposition." But the Supreme Court faces the dilemma of making decisions which on the one hand are on the basis of law, and on the other hand respond to the urgent needs of the times which may call for reversing precedents of the past.

"The Warren Court" reviews the Supreme Court's decisions in cases relating to civil rights, the reform of criminal procedures, free flow of information and the right to privacy, demonstrations and reapportionment. This exposition is clear and highly readable. In each field, the author poses the problem of how much power the Supreme Court should have and what the respective roles of our supreme legislative and judicial organs should be. Mr. Cox finds that the Warren Court, unlike its predecessors, has a conscious sense of its "wider responsibility for the open and democratic operation of our political system" but suggests that its authority, dependent as it is on a vast reservoir of respect for law and the courts, tends to be undermined by its decisions which conflict with long-established understandings and precedent, even though social justice is advanced by these decisions.

On balance Mr. Cox finds that the Warren Court, although progressive, has also been moderate and essentially pragmatic. It has catalyzed legislative action long overdue in some areas and has taken seriously its function not only as interpreter and upholder of constitutional law but also as spokesman of the national conscience.

—BARBARA B. BURN

THE WARREN COURT, *by Archibald Cox. Harvard University Press, $4.95.*

Juan Cubano Is Depressed

A GOOD novel, diary, or set of essays on community life by perceptive authors can be profoundly important to reaching an understanding of past or present social life and politics in foreign countries. Jorge Amado's "Gabriela" and the Journal of Bernal Diaz are outstanding examples of the first two of these techniques. Jose Yglesias' collection of essays about life in a contemporary Cuban village is a dreary example of the third.

Yglesias' mere acts of getting into Cuba, establishing himself in temporary residence and living rather close to the center of life in Mayari, a small town on Cuba's northeast coast, could have provided material for an exciting book about our too little known communist neighbor state. Instead, one reads what most people already know, told less well than elsewhere that hotel rooms are still small in small towns; that coffee like sugar is in much shorter supply than ever, and that both shortages are depressing the spirits of *Juan Cubano*. The tolerance of small town Cubans for Spanish-speaking gringoes is still quite high but their opinions of US involvement in Vietnam are low. Not even the chapters on Cuba's well known sex overdrive which Yglesias calls "la enfermedad" (the illness), and "machismo" (maleness) help raise this book out of the literary doldrums.

—GREGORY B. WOLFE

IN THE FIST OF THE REVOLUTION: *Life in a Cuban Country Town by Jose Yglesias. Pantheon.*

Resistance

BIDAULT, now an exile, was head of *Conseil National de la Resistance* during the crucial phase of the world war: on the "Longest Day" and at Paris' liberation; of all French politicians, second only to Robert Schuman, he contributed most to the building of a new Europe and, until 1954, to the conduct of French foreign policy. One turns eagerly to a "political autobiography" so pertinent to the genesis of contemporary issues: the cold war, the western alliance, decolonization and the Vietnamese conflict. But M. Bidault professes not to write memoirs, rather an anti-Gaullist manifesto on the Algerian question. Leading to his subject, he touches on many topics of interest from a highly personal point of view. Obvious mistakes cast doubt on the accuracy of the witness: by what quirk of memory, for instance, does the author attribute to Bernard Baruch the ephemeral "green pasture plan" for Germany? But those are details. M. Bidault dwells in a lofty region where statesmen are confronted with morality.

—CHARLES H. TAQUEY

RESISTANCE, *the political autobiography of Georges Bidault. Praeger, $6.95.*

THEOREM (*Continued from page* 21)

reflected only in the analyst's reliability ratings. These ratings would represent the probability in the analyst's mind, in the light of all the reports available to him, that his evidence is accurate.

But an event, like an atom, is made up of smaller particles, and the analyst needs to have a working rule of reason to guide him in his segmentation of the evidence. The rule is to combine items of evidence so clearly associated in content that separate appraisals would virtually be double counting. The following extract from one of the possible scenarios illustrates the burden on the analyst to combine his evidence fairly. The italicized head names a unit of evidence; the relevant reports in the scenario are then described; the unit is appraised and given a likelihood ratio, an estimate of how much more (or less) likely it is that the unit would appear if hypothesis one (strategic missiles) is true than if hypothesis two (no strategic missiles) is right.

Cuban-Soviet Frictions: On 26 March, veteran Cuban Communist Anibal Escalante was ousted from party leadership. Soviet press commentary in April endorsed the removal of Escalante but also called for an end to divisions among Cuban revolutionaries. The commentary emphasized the virtues of collective leadership. The intimation of the commentary was that the USSR was disturbed by the setback suffered by its proteges in Havana.

Fidel Castro's brother Raul, deputy premier and minister of armed forces, arrived in Moscow on 2 July. He was met at the airport by Marshal Malinovsky, the Soviet defense minister. Raul departed on 17 July without fanfare or final communique.

Simulated Mid-September 1962 Appraisal: The lack of red-carpeted farewell for Raul suggests he did not get what he wanted out of the Soviets. These indications of frictions hardly put Cuba in the character of the most reliable of Soviet allies. The frictions are evaluated as unlikely, given the assumption that the Soviets are about to ship strategic missiles to Cuba. On the other hand, the frictions seem little more likely under an alternative hypothesis that assumes sharply expanded military aid of any other sort. The evidence, therefore, carries only slight diagnostic value for contradicting the hypothesis of imminent strategic missile shipments to Cuba.

A likelihood ratio of 1 to 1.2 is assigned. No rating is assigned to qualify the reliability of reporting sources.

As the extract indicates, the telescoping of reports would reduce the number of units of evidence available for mathematical processing. The reduction could gravely complicate the analyst's task. The reason is that Bayesian analysis takes off from starting odds which may be more intuitive than grounded in evidence. If many units of evidence are available, these should in time outweigh the influence of the starting odds. The rub comes when there are not many units of evidence. The prospect is then that starting odds rather than evidence will constitute the predominating influence on the final odds.

Critique

Working with the Bayesian model, analysis is not a blend of deduction, insight, and inference from the body of evidence as a whole. It is a sequence of explicit judgments on discrete units of evidence. Bayesian analysis can carry conviction only if the evidence itself persuades. The analysis cannot apply the additional dialectic leverage of well-reasoned generalization cast in finely finished phrase.

This necessity to work with a hard base of evidence limits the prospective usefulness of Bayesian method. Current evi-

dence in many situations carries little weight for estimation of the long-term outlook in foreign affairs. Even for short-term prediction, the base of available evidence may be too small a foundation to support by itself the estimative structure that must often be put together for high councils of government. A forecast of foreign reaction to a postulated course of US action probably has some evidence to go on but not much, at least not until the United States gets nearer the decision to take the postulated action.

Would it be worthwhile, then, for foreign policy analysis to include an interpretive tabulation of each unit of evidence such as the one illustrated for the Cuban scenario. There is much to be said for requiring such a tabulation in all cases. Bayesian method is helpful not only for its rules to assure valid induction but also for its pressure on the analyst to separate fact from opinion. Even if the analyst does not follow through with mathematical processing, his analysis should be the better for his labor in poring over details of evidence and for the resulting higher level of explicitness in his working materials. Should the tabulation of relevant evidence be embarrassingly short, both analyst and reader are alerted to the weakness of the evidential base and to the pivotal position of *a priori* judgment.

To argue for evidence, however, is to knock on an open door. Everyone would like to appeal to the verdict of evidence. The deep skepticisms are not about the virtues of evidence but about the practicality of representing evidence with mathematical precision. It is one thing to work with probabilities of drawing a red poker chip from a box with a given color mix of chips. Is it not quite another thing to work with likelihood ratios and reliability ratings that are personal opinions about the probabilities? The underlying data in the one case are numerical counts, and all the experts are agreed on the rules for assigning probability values to such data. In the other case, the probabilities are subjective judgments and tentative besides. If the analyst says that an event is twice as likely to happen if one hypothesis is true than if another hypothesis is true, does he really want that figure to be taken literally? And if he says the chances are only four out of ten that a source is reporting accurately, does he want precisely this opinion about the source and no other to count in the basis of his final conclusions?

The question is almost its own answer. The likelihood ratios and reliability ratings do no more than suggest roughly how the analyst is weighing evidence in his own mind. Mathematical processing in most situations ought not, therefore, to restrict itself to one set of likelihood ratios and reliability ratings. It should rather involve several passes over the evidence with different sets of figures.

The processing would thus show the sensitivity of final conclusions to variation in appraisals of the evidence. Suppose one or two mixes of likelihood ratios and reliability ratings led to a conclusion that contradicted those given by the other passes over the evidence or that contradicted judgments reached by conventional analysis. It should then be incumbent on the analyst to determine the reason for this contradictory conclusion. He might decide in the end to rule against it on the ground that it was based on unreasonable weighting of the evidence. But if he felt the weighting was not beyond the bounds of reason, he might decide to rethink the whole subject.

Mathematical processing of evidence in foreign affairs cannot become an alternative to present methods of analysis. It could become a reliability check on present methods. It could help show the plausibility of conclusions which the analyst would not otherwise recognize as compatible with the evidence and his own inner logic. It could tell the analyst: if you interpret the evidence in this way, then here is the conclusion you should probably reach. Often the mathematics could be persuasive. ■

MATHEMATICS (*Continued from page* 30)

is seldom used, due to the difficulty of assessing the subjective index number for concrete situations. A complementary development was made by Gustav Theodor Fechner about a century ago. Fechner postulated that for sensations to increase a set proportion, the stimuli would have to increase exponentially (e.g., to have sensation go up two-fold, stimulus would have to go up four-fold). He also postulated, as a variant of this idea, that the sensation received would vary inversely with the square of the distance from the stimulus.

We use this concept today in measuring the magnitude of stars, to take a familiar example. Ptolemy called the brightest stars first magnitude, and the dimmest, sixth magnitude. The actual intensity of radiation reaching earth from the first magnitude stars is about 100 times that from sixth magnitude stars, and an arbitrary exact multiple of 100 has been set for this spread. With a first magnitude star at 100, a second magnitude star is ten, and a fifth magnitude star 2.5 (the fifth root of 100). As Fechner suggested, the apparent intensity is a function of the square of the distance from the star as well as the star's actual power. This is very fortunate, since some stars have an actual intensity on the order of 500,000 times that of the Sun.

There are quantification problems immediately if one tries to follow Fechner's idea (sometimes called Fechner's Principle); but the concept is so powerful that small numerical errors may fade into unimportance. Thus: to double the impact of foreign aid in a country, it may be necessary to quadruple the amount. To illustrate the stimulus-distance-sensation relationship, missiles in Cuba are not at all the same as equivalent warheads in the Urals.

Does Thinking Help?

The Marquis de Condorcet, mathematician, was probably the most renowned *philosophe* still alive when the French Revolution broke out. Deeply involved in revolutionary politics, by 1793 he was proscribed by the Jacobins and went into hiding. There he wrote a treatise which extolled democracy mathematically. If you assume individuals are right more than half of the time, Condorcet said, then if you increased the number of decision-makers, you would automatically increase the likelihood of getting a collective right answer. In the long run Condorcet may have been right. In the short run, which was all he had, he died in prison.

In a disorderly business like foreign policy, most of those not directly involved see only the disorder. Many arbitrary things happen in world affairs; but if there are connections between these events, then what is happening is not random, but based on choices within some limits. Choice-type selection is what produces young Foreign Service officers, and Latin American presidents; probability calculations can help an almost-Ambassador second-guess his assignment.

Very rare, bizarre, yet recurring events may have a predictable frequency, as we have seen. There is a mathematical way of looking at these frequencies, with immediate implications for operational capabilities in foreign affairs.

Finally, we have noted that payoffs are valued differently by different recipients, and that the transactions are obscured by the distance (actual or psychological) between parties to the transaction. In bureaucratic terms, one man's challenging assignment may equal another man's parking permit. In international terms, asking Hindus to cut back sacred cows may be like foreigners asking Americans to stamp out dogs.

Though we all live in the short run, as did Condorcet, foreign policy runs a longer cycle. The fallout from today's decisions may have a long half-life. Because tomorrow's events won't be random happenings on a clean slate, mathematical perspectives can illuminate our judgment, suggesting patterns in a disorderly world. ■

GRADING PERSONAL CONTACTS (*Continued from page 28*)

Once the AQ has been determined, the ICSF should be *divided* by it. Thus, in our previous example, if the officer's AQ is $\sqrt{79}$, our Unrefined Contact Quality Rating (UCQR) will be:

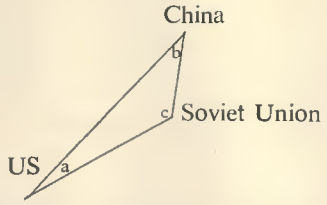
$$UCQR = \frac{1.5\ ICSF}{\sqrt{79\ AQ}}$$

There is yet another factor which must be considered—what we will call the Surliness Level (SL) of the local population. Clearly, a contact made in an atmosphere of peace and harmony does not deserve as high a rating as one made under more adverse circumstances. All countries which have US missions will be assigned a Surliness Level *by the Country Team.* These levels will extend from the Greek letter alpha (α), which will designate a country in which Americans are stoned on sight, to the Greek letter omega (ω), which will designate a country in which drinks in all bars are free for Americans. (Greek letter alphabets are available in all USIS Centers.) Surliness Levels for all countries should be sent in well in advance of the next fiscal year, since the SLs can also be used in budget presentations.

The SL will be placed to the left of the UCQR enclosed in parentheses as follows:

$$\gamma\left(\frac{ICSF}{AQ}\right)$$

The final refinement, which will give us the Refined Contact Quality Rating (RCQR), is to determine whether the individual country's relations with the US, the Soviet Union and Communist China can better be characterized as round or triangular. If a country maintains roughly equal relations with all three nations, its geometric score (GS) will be pi, or 3.1416 (it will not be necessary to use further decimal places.) If, however, a country favors one of the three nations over the other two, its GS will be determined by the cosine of the obtuse angle of an appropriate triangle. Thus, if the country's relations look like this:



the GS will be the cosine of angle c, the obtuse angle.

Geometric scores will be determined in each country by the Country Team.

Geometric scores should be *added* to the UCQR as modified by the SL: thus, the Refined Contact Quality Rating for one contact might be:

$$RCQR = \gamma\left(\frac{ICSF}{AQ}\right) + Cos\ c$$

It should be apparent from the foregoing that the correct determination of RCQRs is one of our most important missions. Since most officers will be incapable of doing the calculations themselves, I recommend that each officer overseas in Class 1 or Class 2 be assigned an RCQR aide, and that one RCQR aide be assigned to each two officers of lower rank. The RCQR aides will be Foreign Service Staff officers with at least a master's degree in mathematics. They will report through the Ambassador to the Deputy Undersecretary for Personal Contacts of the Department of State or the Deputy Director (Personal Contacts) of USIA or AID, as appropriate, on a weekly basis.

These are experimental proposals. It must be acknowledged that many other refinements are possible, and advice from field posts—especially those few which are firmly convinced that they will still be in existence following BALPA 6. ■

25 YEARS AGO

AUGUST 1943 IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

John Paton Davies, Jr.

The record of John Davies' career in the Foreign Service speaks for itself of his abilities and attainments over a long period and cannot be made the subject of a column. However, one wartime event which might have had worse consequences than the tragic loss of one soldier's life deserves recall along with the warm testimony and loyalty of a friend at a later time that cannot be recalled with complacency.

The best contemporary account of the event, cabled by the Associated Press from New Delhi August 9, 1943, may have suffered from the impossibility of knowing exactly what was happening in such a remote place as the Naga Hills but the picture is filled out by Eric Sevareid's broadcast over CBS radio November 8, 1954, as printed in THE REPORTER of December 2, 1954, and set forth below. First, here is the AP report printed in the NEW YORK TIMES of August 9, 1943:

A life and death drama based upon the loss of an aerial transport was being enacted today in the northern Burma jungle.

It involved an American diplomat, a Washington official, a radio news commentator, a parachute jumping doctor, several Chinese Army colonels, and a tribe of head hunters, and was complete with a rescue party slashing its way through the steaming jungle growth.

Nineteen of the 21 passengers and crew of a four-engined transport plane safely bailed out August 2 when engine trouble developed over the wild head-hunting territory of Northern Burma. The party landed near a tiny village 100 miles from the nearest allied base, an American outpost.

Among the group temporarily stranded in the hills are William L. Stanton, a member of the United States Board of Economic Warfare; John Davies, Jr., second secretary of the American Embassy in Chungking, and Eric Sevareid of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The party was en route to China from India.

A few hours after the men made their jumps for life into the jungle, Colonel Donald D. Flickinger, 37-year-old flight surgeon and holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, of Long Beach, California, leaped from a rescue plane with medical supplies for injured members of the party.

With Colonel Flickinger in the mercy leap were Sergeant Richard S. Passey of Provo, Utah, and Corporal William G. McKenzie of Detroit, Michigan.

Meanwhile, back at the American base 100 miles away, ground forces, after a few hours' preparation, began their trip into the almost uncharted Naga Hills.

American Army authorities made contact with the stranded party only a few hours after receiving a message from the crippled plane reporting its position and saying it was unable to remain in the air.

The first plane to reach the scene carried the medical officer and supplies. Colonel Flickinger decided to jump when he saw a message on the side of a cleared hill spelled out in parachute cloth: "Send medical man with rescue party."

Later in the day planes piloted by Captains Hugh E. Wild of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and George E. Katzman of Louisville, Kentucky, dropped food, tents, clothes, and trinkets for the natives.

Planes since have been making daily supply trips. Their pilots report that the tents have been erected and a camp established.

Here is THE REPORTER'S printed text of Eric Sevareid's broadcast of November 8, 1954, a time when the baneful influence of Senator Joseph McCarthy was in the ascendant:

Sometimes, to add to the meaning of the headlines, a reporter must be personal. Eleven years ago I was a war correspondent, flying toward China over the infamous "Hump." There came a terrifying moment when the passengers, mostly GIs, stood near the door trying to summon the courage to bail out of the crippled plane. Precious moments passed. Then one of the three civilians aboard, the diplomat who clutched a despatch case to his chest, gave us a wry smile and leaped out. His action broke the paralysis. We all followed, and all of us but one survived.

In the weeks that followed, we were never entirely sure we would get out of those jungle mountains. In such circumstances men learn truly to know one another: who is weak, who is afraid, who is impetuous, and who is strong and calm and prudent. As time passed, the GIs and I began to recognize the civilian with the carefully guarded despatch case as one among us with a calm and natural courage, as one who would never panic, who never complained. He was the one we chose, for common sense and discretion, to deal with the touchy and dangerous Naga head-hunters, undecided hosts.

Mostly we feared Japanese patrols, and a day came when we heard there was a Jap patrol not far away. The colonel in charge gave orders that in case of attack we three civilians were to take guns and try to escape while the soldiers remained to fight. It was the diplomat who said, "In the first place this would be dishonorable. In the second place we'd never get out." Fortunately there was no attack. There was, however, a long and painful hike in rain and heat for all of us. There were moments when another step seemed quite impossible. At such moments it was generally the diplomat who would sing out with something like "Onward and upward with the Arts!" and we would laugh and gasp and keep on climbing. I began to faint with heat and thirst on one suffocating slope; the man who left his half pint of water with me—all he had—was, of course, the diplomat.

After we emerged into India and the military reports were in, there was a move in the Air Force to decorate our diplomat for his outstanding personal conduct. I do not know if he ever received the decoration. But none of us in that strange party, I think, would have disputed the choice. For I thought then, as I think now, that if ever again I were in deep trouble, the man I would want to be with would be this particular man. I have known a great number of men around the world, under all manner of circumstances. I have known none who seemed more the whole man, none more finished a civilized product in all that a man should be—in modesty and thoughtfulness, in resourcefulness and steady strength of character.

The name of this man is John Paton Davies. He is the man Secretary of State Dulles, on the recommendation of a five-man board, has just broken on the wheel of official disgrace. The Foreign Service officer has been dismissed three years short of retirement and pension, after giving twenty-three years of his life—an almost life itself—in the arduous service of his government. Eight times he was investigated; eight times he was cleared. One by one the politically inspired charges of communism or disloyalty or perjury were dropped; the ninth board came up with something new called defects of character. Mr. Davies is not, concluded the board and Mr. Dulles, of sufficient judgment, discretion, and reliability.

Sufficient, one may ask, unto what? Their test can only have been on supernatural design. I saw their victim measured against the most severe tests that mortal man can design. Those he passed. At the head of the class. ■

LETTERS to the EDITOR

The Foreign Service versus PPBS

PREDICTABLY, Foreign Service spokesmen see a suggestion that a new and different managerial tool be applied to foreign affairs as one more attack on the quality of FSOs. Even though, this time, a distinguished analyst is pointing out that the organization of the whole spectrum of foreign affairs activities (rather than the capabilities of the FSO) is so different from that found in the Department of Defense that most foreign affairs work will *not* be susceptible to the new technique (PPBS) for the time being. In fact, Professor Schelling specifically states that the conduct of foreign affairs depends on the quality of the line officers responsible for it (rather than the tools used) and by its very nature foreign affairs usually does *not* allow time for the employment of orderly analytical processes. Ergo, he seems to say that FSOs are what's needed!

Quite distinct from this, of course, was Professor Schelling's hypothesizing on Department organization, wherein he noted that *if* all foreign affairs responsibilities could be brought under the budget of a single Department (State)—and thus bring PPBS into play in a big way—it would be necessary to divorce the Office of the Secretary of State from the Foreign Service. This may have rankled most, for the Foreign Service JOURNAL editorial writer is hardly persuaded of the need for separating the Foreign Service and the Office of the Secretary under this hypothetical situation—neither by the difficulties inherent in the Foreign Service's directing activities of other agencies whose special responsibilities are far removed from the FSO's field of competence, nor by the possibility that such agencies' personnel would feel that the FS wasn't giving them a fair shake vis-a-vis "traditional activities." Not only does the FSJ editorial writer see in these charges an implied denigration of FSO capabilities and a lack of recognition of the FSOs as the professionals who should execute foreign policy, but he believes that any *skills* that FSOs lack can be obtained through the operation of lateral entry provisions of the Foreign Service Act of 1946.

A final stone. The writer's suggestion that the Foreign Service be broadened via lateral entry rings hollow in view of the history of such lateral entry action over the past 20 years. Many of those so recruited for assignment to political and economic affairs (in addition to those appointed FSOs but retained in State/FS administrative work) turned out to have been already occupying Foreign Service or State jobs—in different functions and with lower salary potential. Which, of course, is not to say that any lateral entry system that gets us a Livy Merchant is not worth all that it costs!

STEVEN KLINE

Brussels

R&R versus BALPA

THE efforts of the Foreign Affairs apparatus of the United States Government to do its part in improvin the balance of payments deficit has been commendable in many aspects. The BALPA exercise has been long overdue and it is ironic that a balance of payments crisis has forced this streamlining of our overseas operations.

One aspect of the campaign to save dollars is strange to me. That is the restriction of Rest and Recuperation travel to American flag ships and airlines to the maximum extent possible.

In the first place I believe that this restriction will in the long run result in a larger out-flow of dollars than before the restriction. Many families in Indonesia, and I gather in other countries, had spent their R and R on a ship trip. Admittedly most of these trips were on foreign flag vessels, but they resulted in a minimum expense to employees. Now these employees are forced to fly to a R and R point, Hong Kong for Indonesian-based families, where they will spend many more dollars in hotel bills, meals, shopping and entertainment expenses than were previously spent on the foreign flag vessel trip.

Many families, especially large ones, rather than spend a large amount on the new style R and R, will elect 18-month tours rather than two or three year tours with R and R breaking their hardship post tour. The cost to the Government for home leave is much higher than the R and R circle fare, although there *might* be a small savings in foreign exchange.

The other aspect is the psychological one. For Foreign Service officers in hardship posts one of the attractive benefits has been R and R. Not only does it give us a hard earned break from difficult living conditions, it also gives us something to look forward to. We spend countless hours excitedly planning our trip and have a chance to visit countries we may never serve in. One also cannot ignore the basic reason for R and R, that is the break in tedious working conditions which results in greater working efficiency.

While R and R will still be on the books as a benefit, it is now effectively limited to singles who can afford it or those fortunate few with outside incomes who can afford such luxuries. Therefore I strongly recommend that R and R be excepted from the foreign ship and airline restrictions for countries such as Indonesia where they deny us a economical means of utilizing this "privilege."

PETER C. WOLCOTT

Medan

On the Reading of Books

IN the "Portrait of a Man Reading" section of BOOK WORLD (March 10), William Bundy was a bit harsh in his judgment of the reading habits of the Foreign Service. He was asked what kind of books Foreign Service officers read and is there something the Department could do to encourage its members to read books on broad historical and diplomatic subjects. Mr. Bundy's reply to the first question was that "a very great proportion" of Foreign Service officers read widely in their "professional spheres," but he implied that our reading was generally limited in scope and concentrated on European diplomatic history. To the second question about what the Department could do to encourage broader reading by foreign service officers Mr. Bundy suggested officers be encouraged to break away from their desks.

Mr. Bundy might have pointed out that members of the foreign service are stimulated to read a wider variety of books on more subjects than most professional groups because of their frequent changes of environments. In support of Mr. Bundy's critical view, the diplomat ideally should still be a cultured man with wide ranging interests—and cultured we sometimes ain't!!! We (like other professionals) probably do tend to concentrate too heavily on reading about our own areas of specialty and interest. In any case, whether we are judged condescendingly as well-read bureaucrats or harshly as narrowly-cultured diplomats, we would probably all agree with Mr. Bundy that something could be done to create a more favorable atmosphere in the foreign service for BOOKS.

Mr. Bundy's point that books are just too expensive for most of us is a valid one. University professors are able to acquire current books in their

professional field directly for reviews, as complimentary copies for class work or through special academic organizations. It would seem to me that the Department and our posts abroad could take a variety of initiatives that could go a long way to making books more accessible.

First, Mr. Bundy suggests some kind (and wealthy) soul or institution might buy books for the foreign service. This is by no means an absurd suggestion. AFSA might look into ways in which foundations might do just that.

Secondly, and perhaps more to the point, I would think that the Department or AFSA could negotiate with major US publishers to provide several review or complimentary copies of new books on foreign affairs or culture to the appropriate bureau or bureaus in the Department (in addition to the copy sent to the JOURNAL editors) and to the appropriate post or posts abroad. The books, when received, could be made available directly to officers for reviewing either in the Foreign Service JOURNAL or for local publications in the field. The books would then be placed in the post library or, in the case of the Department, in the library of the geographic bureau. Publishers might well be convinced that it is good business to provide four or five additional copies of a book to the Department.

This brings me to a third point. I have long felt that the Department of State should be able to afford a comfortable reading room for each of the geographic and functional bureaus. The reading room should be near the office of the Assistant Secretary, should be well stocked with current and classic works in the area, with professional journals, and with the appropriate foreign language newspapers for casual reading during the day. I realize that space is short in New State, but space for the luxury of reading could and should be found. Private foundations might well be willing to take on the task of furnishing, decorating, and even stocking initially the reading room of one or more bureaus.

It would also, seem to me that a better environment for reading books could be created in the Department by inviting authors to the "bureau reading rooms" occasionally for a critique of their recent books. Such discussions with authors would serve the purpose of expanding the dialogue with the academic/intellectual community, and, at the same time, stimulate officers to keep current on recent books in their field.

We can have a foreign service with a wide reading interest only to the extent that we are able to achieve a high degree of openness and diversity within our system and to the extent that we are imaginative in our efforts to create an environment in the foreign service in which intellectual interest and achievement are regarded as highly as are diplomatic style and managerial techniques.

WILLIAM H. LUERS

Chevy Chase

How Do We Know What He Meant?

A HOUSING authority recently criticized a rebuilding project on a former slum. The new buildings were scandalously low-class, he said. It was infra dig. to ask human beings to live in such hovels. What did the man mean—that all low class housing projects are infra digs?

PHILIP J. ROBARDS

Steamboat Springs

Image Anyone?

IN view of continued concern over the image of the Foreign Service, you might be interested in an excerpt from an article in the May 12 issue of the Japanese-language periodical *Asahi Journal* which commented on the image among GOJ Ministries of the Japanese Foreign Service. The informal translation maintains much of the flavor of the original.

". . . our story here has turned out to be a vilification of the Foreign Ministry and its bureaucrats. This is partly due to the time of our writing the article. However, the strong expressions used by those of other Ministries who offered us data were attributable, in most cases, to their expectations as to how Kasumigaseki (Ed. The location of the Foreign Ministry and literally "Barrier of Mists") should be and their concept of what should constitute ideal diplomacy and the ideal diplomat. Some of the expressions used to describe the [Japanese] Foreign Service were as follows:

"Conservative, secrecyism, sectionalism, politely impolite, lack of drive and vitality, only negotiations and no policies, tendency to follow the general trend, lukewarmness to the seniority system, cosmopolitan, nonnationalist thinking, elite consciousness, a feeling that they are 'special Japanese,' messenger boys, governmental travel bureau, a machine to translate foreign languages into Japanese, left-over glory of the age of court diplomacy, toadyism, lack of wordly knowledge, international feeling without national sentiments, attachment of primary importance to affairs of State and slighting of the national economy, etc."

ROBERT E. FRITTS

Tokyo

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler

SERVICE GLIMPSES—After awarding six-month length-of-service certificates, the ambassador posed with . . .

SECOND CAREER (*Continued from page* 32)

request of PER/EPD the job was held open for several weeks. The Foreign Service officer has been in his new job now for over six months and seems to be doing fine.

Still another client was a former Cuban national, E., a local employee at Embassy, Habana for 18 years when the Castro police began to harass him, his wife and two teen-age children. The Counselor of Embassy recommended that E. leave Cuba. He emigrated to Washington with his family in 1961 leaving a home and all other possessions behind. The Department employed him temporarily as an instructor in Spanish at the Foreign Service Institute. Meanwhile he registered with the External Placement Service. Continued searching was not rewarded until May 1967 when PER/EPD proposed his candidacy successfully for a position as simultaneous interpreter at the District of Columbia Police Academy where he works with Latin American policemen in an AID training program. His new job has opened a new, exciting and rewarding career.

It was Career Minister F.'s plan to retire and realize a long cherished desire to re-establish residence in the city of his birth that brought him to the Placement Service. A secondary plan was to seek employment as an assistant or associate professor of international relations or another position which would provide for continuing involvement in World Affairs. Early in the year of F.'s retirement the External Placement Service was in contact with the executive director of the World Affairs Council of the area and learned that the Council was seeking a program director who would be a candidate for the directorship of the Council within two or three years. An interview was arranged, but while F. stated he had great interest in the job of program director he admitted not really wanting to accept responsibility eventually as director of the Council. He was turned down to his great disappointment. In conversation with the External Placement Service, he remarked ruefully that the director of the organization had lost interest in him immediately when he had remarked that he was not greatly interested in becoming his successor. Subsequently, PER/EPD again contacted the executive director of the Council and learned that he, in turn, was disappointed at not having interested a man of the stature of this candidate. A suggestion to F. that it might be productive to reaffirm his interest in the program director vacancy while not excluding himself totally from the eventual directorship of the Council, led to his being hired at once.

Some five years after its establishment, the External Placement Division of the Department of State is justly proud of its "achievements" and of the fact that it is helping to place State, AID and USIA employees at an increasingly accelerated pace despite the recent budget cuts throughout the Government which have resulted in a higher proportion of jobless people versus job vacancies. During the first quarter of 1968 the External Placement Division set a record in helping to find new careers for retiring and resigning personnel. Thirty-six individuals were assisted in locating a wide variety of positions such as professors, management consultants, bank trainee, college and university administrators, economists, assistant to the president of a non-profit organization, and research analyst. In March alone, seven former officers were signed up as professors throughout the country.

Recently a famous science-fiction writer mentioned in a national magazine an idea he had had for the theme of a novel. "The theme was death at forty. That in this society a man's life is up at this vital age due to the fact that the world has no more use for him. He is compelled to die then, by his own hand, or be hunted down and destroyed." Undoubtedly, PER/EPD is doing much to keep the death-at-forty theme out of the Department of State, and strictly in the domain of science-fiction. ■

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