Foreign Service Journal

NOVEMBER 1968
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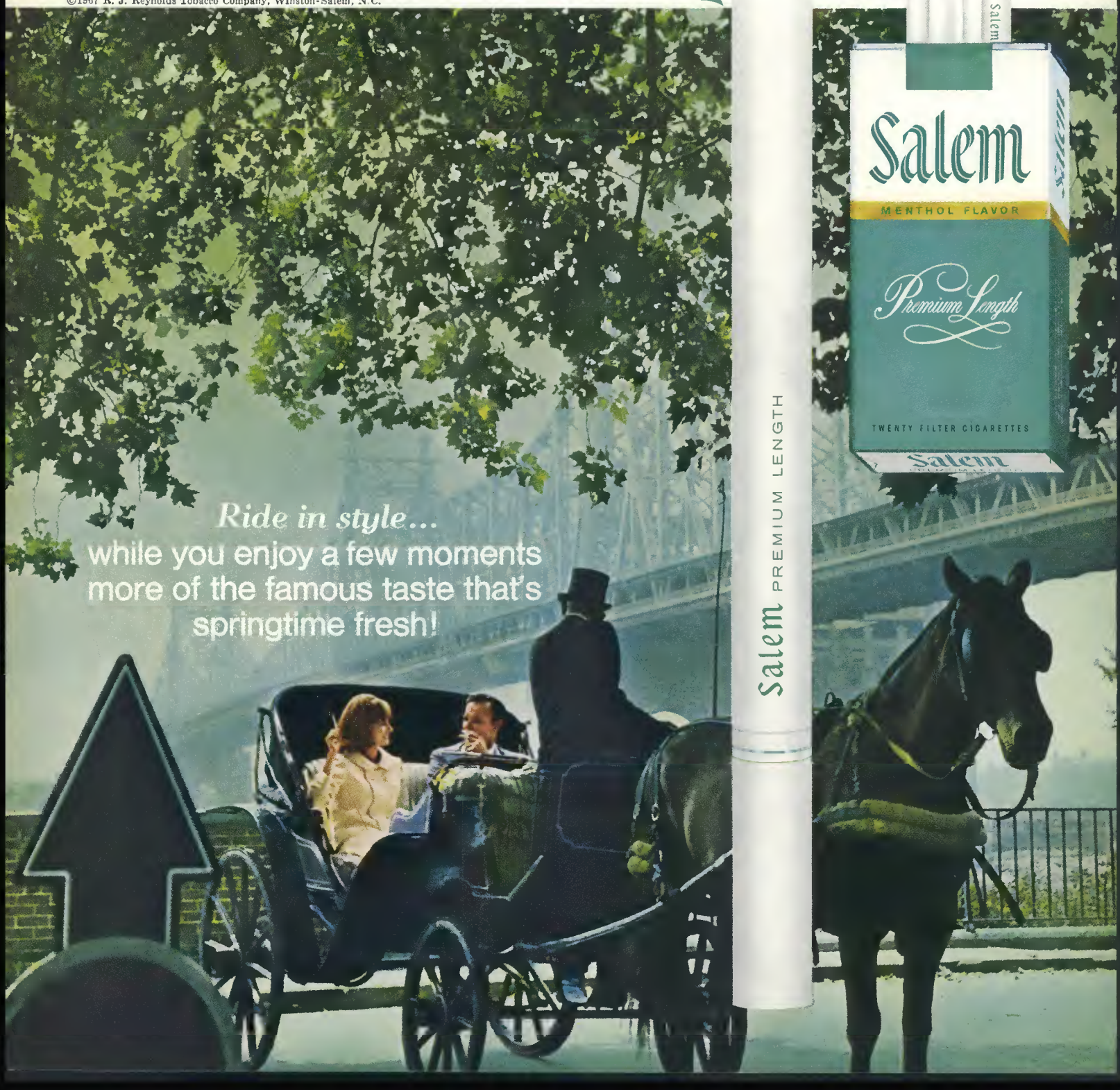

Foreign Service Journal

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Material appearing herein represents the opinions of the writers and is not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, the United States Information Agency, the Agency for International Development or the Foreign Service as a whole.

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

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

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PART II—Toward a Modern Diplomacy

Departments

Photographs and Illustrations

Horace D. Ashton, "Haitian House," cover; Embassy of Vietnam, photographs, pages 18, 20 and 21; Howard R. Simpson, illustrations, pages 22 and 23; Martin Prochnik, photograph, page 33, top; US Navy, photographer F. Kazukaitis, photograph, page 33, bottom; National Science Foundation, photographs, page 34; S. I. Nadler, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 51.

EDITORIALS

The Promotion Process

THE heart of any career, merit system is its promotion process and the faith people place in it. The Foreign Service Act of 1946 established a procedure which, while it may be imperfect, does work and has had the particular merit of protecting the promotion system from political or administrative abuse.

It may be argued that deserving officers are sometimes overlooked. It may also be argued that a particular Selection Board has not discharged its mandate. The solution to these problems, surely, is either to remand the rank-order list or to replace the offending board. The solution is most emphatically not to attempt to over-ride the Board by administrative action.

The final report of the Career Principles Committee to the membership comprises Part Two of this issue. It is an important and provocative document. One of the principal recommendations in the report is that the Board of the Foreign Service should become the body responsible for setting personnel policies to cover all those in foreign service. Such a reinvigorated Board could help maintain an equitable promotion process and protect the career system. ■

Foreign Service Day, 1968

FEW thoughts characterize the new directions the Association has been taking as well as the one that "ideas won't keep; something must be done about them."

Something *is* being done about two of its ideas. The first is the conviction that the professionals in foreign affairs should be deeply involved in rethinking the manner in which the country conducts its foreign affairs, when such rethinking is necessary. The insights and experience of the professional can be extraordinarily useful to any Administration, and particularly to the next one as it considers how best to organize itself. For the better part of two years, the Association has had a committee at work on these problems. An interim report was published in these pages a year ago. With this issue, we are pleased to circulate the committee's final report. It deserves the most careful consideration by the membership of the Association—the professionals themselves.

It also merits the most careful study by those who will be making decisions about the shape of the new Administration, as well as by the concerned citizen in business, the professions and on the campus. And this is the second idea: that the professional on active duty and individuals elsewhere in society should enjoy much closer relationships in the future than they have in the past. As the introduction to the committee's report asserts: in a period of great national debate over ends and means, the habits and forms of the past are no longer automatically to be considered adequate. Too often in recent years the dialogue between the professional and the citizenry he represents abroad has been a dialogue of the deaf.

To rehabilitate that dialogue, the Association is setting out to ensure that as it develops its recommendations for the reform of the foreign affairs process, the views of the private citizen are taken into account. Beyond this, however, the Association will be looking actively in coming months for ways in which the informed "constituency" of foreign affairs can become an effective constituency—lending support to the professional when he requires it and participating more directly in the great decisions that must be made in foreign policy in coming years.

Foreign Service Day, this year, is part of the new pattern. Since its inception in 1964, it has been run by the Department of State as an "alumni reunion" at which retired officers express their concerns and are given an opportunity to hear authoritative discussions of current policies. This year the Department asked the Association to sponsor Foreign Service Day. Retired officers have been invited to participate, but the emphasis has changed. An impressive list of persons from business and academia has also been invited to attend. And the focus is not on policy briefings, but rather on the critical question of what the nation must be up to in its foreign affairs during the 1970's and whether the habits and forms of the past will prove adequate for the future.

The coming together of the professionals and their constituency at Foreign Service Day marks an important first step down what we hope will be a long and creative road. ■

A Tip of the Hat

THE resignation of Leonard H. Marks as Director of the United States Information Agency and his appointment as head of the American delegation to negotiate permanent arrangements for the International Telecommunications Consortium (Intelsat) have been announced, and by the time this issue reaches most of the JOURNAL's readers, it is expected he will have left the USIA. Mr. Marks directed the Information Agency through three difficult and turbulent years with great skill and energy. Although not a permanent government servant himself, he nevertheless developed a lively respect for those people who have chosen the foreign service for their careers. He listened to their counsel with attention; he fought their battles on the Hill with outstanding ability; and he became convinced that his USIA colleagues both deserved and needed a statutorily based career service which would give USIA officers the same prerogatives as those accruing to Foreign Service officers in the Department of State. Thus, it was entirely fitting that in the same week that Mr. Marks' resignation was announced, 592 USIA officers were confirmed by the Senate and attested by the President as Foreign Service Information Officers. The JOURNAL tips its editorial hat to Mr. Marks, warmly commends him for his record of distinguished service to his country, and confidently expects that, as the United States calls him to serve in different roles in the future, he will respond with the same verve, generosity and competence that have characterized his period as chief of USIA. ■

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.

About This Issue . . .

Well over a century ago, Clausewitz observed: "War is nothing but a continuation of political intercourse with an admixture of other means." One could not say that the reverse is true today, but the thought must have occurred to many.

Clausewitz also expounded on the objects of war, citing three—"(1) to conquer and destroy the armed power of the enemy; (2) to take possession of his material and other sources of power; and (3) to win public opinion." There were strong indications in World War I, heightened by the conduct of World War II, that the third objective has achieved parity with the first two, if, indeed, it has not had first priority conferred upon it. Patterns of subversion and the nature of "limited wars" seem almost to confirm this.

The gunboat is obsolete, but so is gunboat diplomacy. Whether or not balance of terror has replaced balance of power, the former has certainly given a new meaning to the latter. There are many more balances, and all delicate, on this shrunken planet than ever before, and it is comforting, if not surprising, that the roles of diplomats and military men have subtly altered and, at times, seem to overlap.

From time to time, the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL publishes an issue which, while not devoted exclusively to a given topic, includes a variety of articles underlining the general theme. For a number of reasons beyond our control, we could not make this the issue we had hoped, devoted to the theme of *the modern military and diplomacy*, but we have come close and, in television terms, consider it a "pilot" issue upon which we hope to elaborate at a later date.

About the Last Issue (A Correction) . . .

In the last sentence of the first paragraph of Allan Evans' article, passage printed as as "the doctrine should consequently be attributed to me" should have read *"the doctrine should certainly not be attributed to me."*

About the Cover . . .

HORACE D. ASHTON, the cover artist, was Cultural Attache at Port-au-Prince, 1941-46. He later retired to Haiti, where he took up painting at the age of 82. The cover painting is one recently exhibited in Mexico City and was loaned to the JOURNAL by Robert S. Folsom.

Ambassadorial Nominations

NATHANIEL DAVIS, *to Guatemala*

Marriages

GREEN-DORROS. Sybilla Hale Green, daughter of FSO-retired and Mrs. James F. Green, was married on August 31, to George Leon Dorros, son of FSO and Mrs. Leon G. Dorros, in Chevy Chase, Md. Mr. Leon Dorros is now serving as DCM at Abidjan and Mr. Green is serving as Executive Director of the President's Commission for the Observance of Human Rights Year 1968.

STANGER-TALLY. Patricia Anne Stanger, daughter of FSO-retired and Mrs. Ernest L. Stanger, was married to William Tally on August 17, in Baton Rouge, Mr, Stanger is in the Political Department of the UN Secretariat.

Births

SIMMONS. A daughter, Elizabeth Kissling, born to Frederick F. Simmons, AID, and Mrs. Simmons on September 26, in Washington.

Deaths

BLEVINS. Esther M. Blevins, wife of FSO-retired Merrill M. Blevins, died on September 9, in Rome. Mrs. Blevins is survived by her husband, c/o American Embassy, Rome, two daughters and a sister.

BONE. Charles R. Bone, FSS, died on September 19, in Menlo

(*Continued on page* 47)

A Communication from James W. Riddleberger

THE editorial in the September issue of the Foreign Service JOURNAL respecting Career Minister appointments, will, I am sure, be applauded both because promotions have at last been made and for the composition of the list. There are, however, certain developments in connection with this list which are disturbing in their implications.

Within recent weeks I have read the White House release of July 22, 1968 indicating the President's intention to nominate a list of twelve Foreign Service officers of Class I for promotion to the rank of Career Minister. The officers so designated were listed in rank-order. I have also read the testimony of Mr. Idar O. Rimestad, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on July 31, 1968 relative to these appointments. As a member of Selection Board I in 1967, I am forbidden by the prescribed oath of office to reveal to any unauthorized person information concerning the deliberations, findings and recommendations of the Board. This prohibition I must respect, and shall therefore confine my comment to matters which do not impinge upon this restriction or which have been made public in the testimony of Mr. Rimestad.

Section 564.2 of the "Foreign Affairs Manual" sets forth the qualifications of Selection Board members who, *inter alia,* (a) shall have a depth and breadth of experience appropriate to evaluate the officers in question, (b) superior record of service, (c) established reputations for unbiased judgment of personnel and perceptive evaluation of performance. Their appointment to Selection Boards must be approved by the Deputy Under Secretary for Administration. I cite this section in order to discuss later some aspects of Mr. Rimestad's testimony. In brief, he approved both the qualifications and the members of Selection Board I.

The first instruction to Selection Board I was "to prepare a rank-order list of those Foreign Service officers whom the Board considers qualified for promotion to the class of Career Minister in accordance with the attached special Precepts listing Career Minister qualifications." This list is destined for consideration by the Career Minister Review Board in making its recommendations to the Board of the Foreign Service for promotion to the rank of Career Minister. To accomplish its task with complete fairness, Selection Board I must obviously review the records of *all* Foreign Service Officers of Class 1 in order to prepare a rank-order list. Heretofore, the Career Minister Review Board has taken the Selection Board I list and from it prepared its recommendations for promotion to Career Minister. In fact, the Director-General of the Foreign Service is directed to certify to the Career Minister Review Board those Foreign Service officers of Class I who have been recommended for promotion by the most recent Selection Board. The whole point of Selection Board I procedure is to provide a review of *all* Class I officers both for promotion and selection out. I can recall no case since the enactment of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 (under which the class of Career Minister was established) in which this procedure was not followed. Otherwise, there is little justification for bringing Ambassadors and other high-ranking officers to Washington to sit on Selection Boards which often require two months to complete their work.

Referring to the rank-order list of July 22, 1968 issued from the White House, I assume this must have been supplied by the Department of State. While I do not pretend to know exactly how this rank-order list was established, I do not see how any rank-order list can, with fairness, be established without reviewing the records of *all* Class I officers, as was done by Selection Board I.

At the hearing before the Committee on Foreign Relations and in response to a question of Senator Hickenlooper who

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inquired if the promotion board originally recommended all the names submitted, Mr. Rimestad testified that the promotion board recommended all except one and the Board of the Foreign Service all of them ("promotion board" here obviously means "selection board"). Senator Hickenlooper asked if this did not come after pressure had been applied to which Mr. Rimestad replied he would not call it pressure but that the Secretary wanted a review of the list (no mention was made of the review of the list by the Career Minister Review Board). Therefore, said Mr. Rimestad, "we composed a board within the Board of the Foreign Service which is the vehicle which is both statutorily and actually responsible for the list. Any other boards are just assisting the Board of the Foreign Service." This special panel of three persons reviewed "these names and felt an injustice had been done, that the individual who was added to the list, as we believe was left off because he had not been overseas"—to quote from the record of Mr. Rimestad's testimony.

As a member of Selection Board I in 1967, I energetically protest this allegation that this Board was guilty of an injustice. The Board reviewed the files of more than three hundred officers and each member of the Board had to appraise the performance of each officer. The Board had to make its decisions on the basis of the material in the files and many criteria came into play, as a glance at the Precepts will show. To accuse the Selection Board of injustice on the basis it had been too much influenced by the fact that the officer in question had not served overseas is totally unjustified. No one who did not participate in the discussion can assert what factors determined the appraisal of individual board members. Such perspicacity is not given to any special panel, even the most outstanding. Each Selection Board member must take into account all important aspects of an officer's performance. Certainly when it comes to recommendations for Career Minister, each Board member has both the right and the duty to consider whether an officer of the Foreign Service who has never served abroad is ready to attain this high rank, and must weigh this against other factors enumerated in the Precepts. I do not contend that selection boards are infallible, but I am persuaded that Selection Board I tried to maintain the high level of fairness and objectivity which I have found to be characteristic of our selection boards. Mr. Rimestad himself approved the members of Selection Board I and their qualifications, explained above. To accuse them of committing an injustice with no opportunity (because of their oath of office) to reply specifically is prejudicial to their reputations and manifestly unfair. If Mr. Rimestad possessed information that was not available to the Selection Board, why did he not reconvene the Board and remand the list for further consideration?

Mr. Rimestad described the special panel of three officials, composed of Ambassador Bohlen, Ambassador Leddy and Mr. George Weaver of the Labor Department, as outstanding. There is no doubt this is a distinguished group. Selection Board I was composed of Ambassador J. Graham Parsons (Chairman), Ambassador James W. Riddleberger, Ambassador Graham Martin, Mr. Forest D. Hockensmith and Mr. Archie McClain. Messrs. Bohlen and Riddleberger are both Career Ambassadors. Messrs. Leddy and Parsons have both been Assistant Secretaries of State and Ambassadors. Mr. Martin has been an Ambassador and is at present Special Assistant to the Secretary of Refugees and Migration. Mr. Weaver is Assistant Secretary of International Affairs of the Department of Labor, and Mr. Hockensmith is Deputy Administrator of the Business and Defense Services of the Department of Commerce. Mr. McClain is President of the Planter's National Bank of Rocky Mount, N.C. and a distinguished civic leader. The question may well be put in what respect is one group superior to the other?

As noted earlier, Selection Board I reviewed the records of

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all officers in Class I and established its rank-order list. If it is a question of an injustice being done, as contended by Mr. Rimestad, it is only fair to inquire if the special panel reviewed all records and, if not, how does it know where to place an officer on a rank-order list? Is an officer arbitrarily promoted to the highest group by fiat and, if so, is not an injustice done to other officers who have not benefited from this special treatment? Was an officer on the list prepared by the Career Minister Review Board dropped to make room for another? In view of our emphasis on the merit system and the principle of promotion up or out, these are legitimate questions which arise from Mr. Rimestad's testimony.

Section 623 of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 authorized the establishment of "selection boards to evaluate the performance of Foreign Service officers and, upon the basis of their findings, the Secretary shall make recommendations to the President for the promotion of Foreign Service officers." Until recently, this clear statement has been respected and recommendations for promotion to Career Minister have invariably emanated from the selection board process. But as indicated in the testimony of Mr. Rimestad, there has now been a change which I should describe as fundamental and far-reaching. It is now apparent that two routes exist to the highest ranks of the career service. One is the selection board process which I for one thought had been clearly enunciated in Section 623 and honored as representing the unmistakable intent of Congress. The alternative route might be termed "political" and open to those Foreign Service officers who can muster enough influence to utilize it. Mr. Rimstad has justified the legality of this route by declaring "any other boards are just assisting the Board of the Foreign Service." He did not mention the provisions of Section 623, or explain the legal basis for a special panel.

Why is it that the Foreign Service today finds itself in such uncertainty respecting its promotion system? I suggest it results from the gradual erosion of those independent safeguards originally incorporated in the 1946 Act. The Director General of the Foreign Service has long since been stripped of his statutory authority to enforce regulations set forth by the Board of the Foreign Service. In 1965, by a reorganization order of the President, the Board of the Foreign Service itself was abolished and its statutory power vested in the Secretary of State; simultaneously it was recreated as an advisory body to the Secretary. And now, according to Mr. Rimestad, and despite the provisions of the Foreign Affairs Manual and elaborate precepts, the selection boards are only advisory and their recommendations can be amended by "special panels." This leads me to assume that if selection boards, or review boards, or even "special panels" do not produce a particular name, other committees can be created until the desired result is achieved. If all this does not suffice, there are always Foreign Service Reserve appointments, the perversion of which constitutes a chapter in itself and which I do not discuss here.

The procedure adopted to add a name not recommended by Selection Board I, accompanied by accusations of injustice and setting up of special panels, recalls a line from one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas "to lend an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Perhaps a tortured legality has been observed, but it would have been more honest if the NEWS LETTER had announced in its August issue that, after nine months of gestation, eleven Foreign Service officers had been selected by the customary system for promotion to Career Minister, and that the name of Mr. Blank had been added at the desire of . . . (whomever so decided). This would avoid imputations of injustice against a selection board which had faithfully performed its duty and be clear notice to all concerned that promotion to the upper ranks of the career service can be attained in more than one way. ■

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The First American Consul in Rotterdam

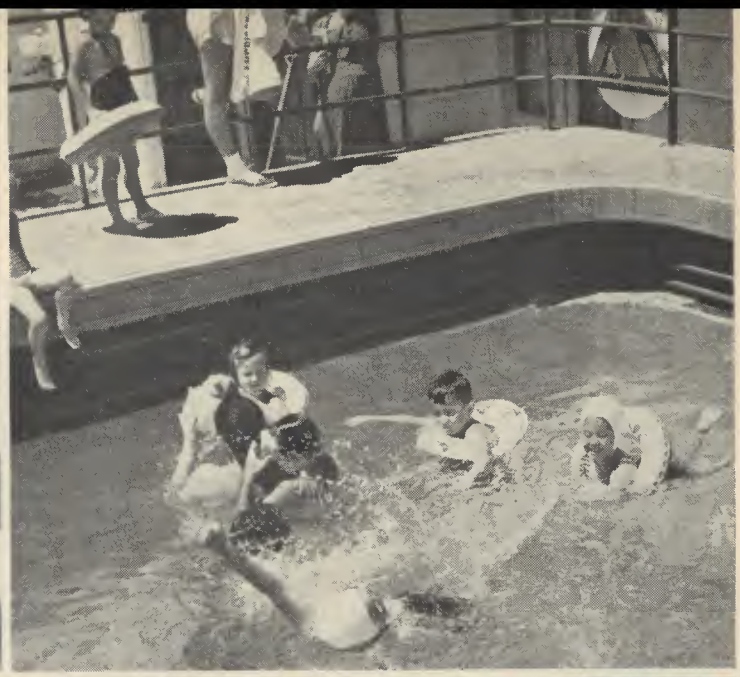
by DAVID H. SWARTZ

SEVERAL months ago the Consulate General in Rotterdam received a telephone inquiry as to why an American flag was being flown at half staff at an address in the port area. Further investigation revealed that the flag in question was the house flag of a Dutch company and that it was at half staff because of the death of an employee of the company. Also revealed was the following story of how a 20-star American flag was adopted as the house flag of the Dutch company.

By 1820 the city of Rotterdam—now boasting the number one port of the world—was already an important port city. In that year it acquired its first consular agent to represent the United States of America. His name was Emanuel Wambersie, and in that year he founded a firm, Wambersie & Zoon C.v.o.A., which has grown through the years and is now one of the most prominent of the Rotterdam shipping agencies and freight forwarding firms.

Wambersie's early background is relatively unknown, but he is thought to have been born of French parents either in southern Belgium or northern France. At an early age he

Emanuel Wambersie



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traveled to the American colonies where he fought in the American Revolution under Lafayette. Sometime after the war was over and independence had been achieved, Wambersie became a naturalized United States citizen and apparently remained in the United States until after 1815.

He then returned to Europe, first to Dunkirk and then to Rotterdam. In both places he was appointed honorary American consul, and during this period he acquired a 20-star American flag (the official United States flag at the time of this appointment) as a sign of his office. This flag has remained the house flag of the firm Wambersie & Zoon throughout the years. In later years, on the basis of correspondence with United States authorities, the use of the flag was restricted to ceremonial occasions ashore. Use of the flag aboard ships was forbidden.

During the remaining years of the nineteenth century the commission of honorary American consul was passed down through succeeding generations of the family (and thus the company) until the first actual Consulate was set up in Rotterdam. The firm itself maintained excellent contacts with the United States during the period. For example, in 1862 the company donated two pairs of rare swans to the city of Baltimore for use in one of its parks. For this act the Baltimore City Council sent the firm an elaborate proclamation of thanks and appreciation, and this original document still adorns a wall of the company's executive offices.

Wambersie & Zoon remains proud of its heritage, its close and friendly relations with the United States, and above all of its founder, the first American consul in Rotterdam. ■

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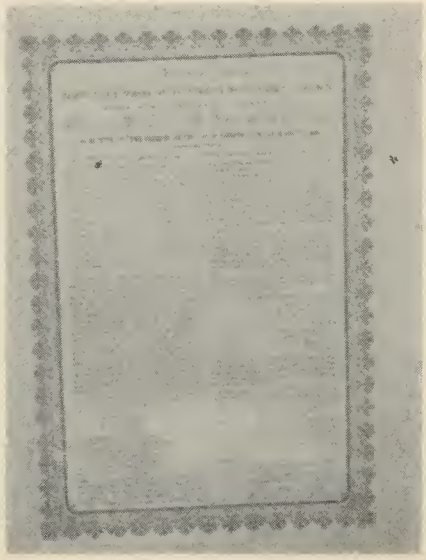

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
Gardner E. Palmer, General Manager

Of Politics, Politicians, and Power

JOHN P. McKNIGHT

Four years ago, just before the 1964 elections, I pulled together some randomly collected quips and cranks about politicians and polities and sent them off to the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

Now, another election impends. And in the intervening four years my file on that endlessly fascinating subject, US politics, has considerably fattened. Here, then, are some more.

Politics is not the nursery — Hannah Arendt.

Money is the mother's milk of politics. — Jesse Unruh.

Politics: The conduct of public affairs for private advantage.—Ambrose Bierce.

Politics is the art of the next best. — Otto von Bismarck.

Nothing is more foreign to us Christians than politics. — Tertullian.

Among politicians the esteem of religion is profitable; the principles of it are troublesome. — Benjamin Whichcote.

Ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets. — Abraham Lincoln.

A politician is an animal who ean sit on a fence and yet keep both ears to the ground. — Author unidentified.

Kissing babies is a politician's way of offering lip service to the voters. — Edmund J. Kiefer.

Timid and interested politicians think much more about the security of their seats than about the security of their country. — T.B. Macaulay.

[By 1952] the world had become so small that American politics had come to be a matter of life and death for the whole of mankind. — Arnold Toynbee.

A politician, like a clergyman, is wise not to jest too freely about the mysteries of his vocation. The piety of a ribald priest and honesty of a eynieal statesman are always suspect. —Anon.

[The British] being subjeet to fogs and possessing a powerful Middle Class, require grave statesmen. — Disraeli.

A plea for tolerance toward our most misunderstood minority: the professional politieians [are] at least as honest, dedicated, and idealistie as the mine run of Americans—including the fastidious who shrink away from the "dirtiness" of politics.—John Fischer.

1st I want a offis
2nd I need a offis
3rd A offis wood suit me; therefore
4th I shood like a hev a offis.—Petroleum V. Nasby, quoted by Constanee Rourke.

Two kinds of men generally best succeed in political life: men of no principle but of great talent; and men of no talent but of one principle—obedience to their superiors. — Wendell Phillips.

One reason politics makes such strange bedfellows is that all kinds of people enjoy the same bunk. — Mountain Home (Idaho) NEWS.

The Aztec emperors took a public oath each year to keep the sun on its course. That may have been the beginning of the election promise. — Anon.

You can always get the truth from an American statesman after he has turned seventy, or given up all hope of the Presidency. — Wendell Phillips.

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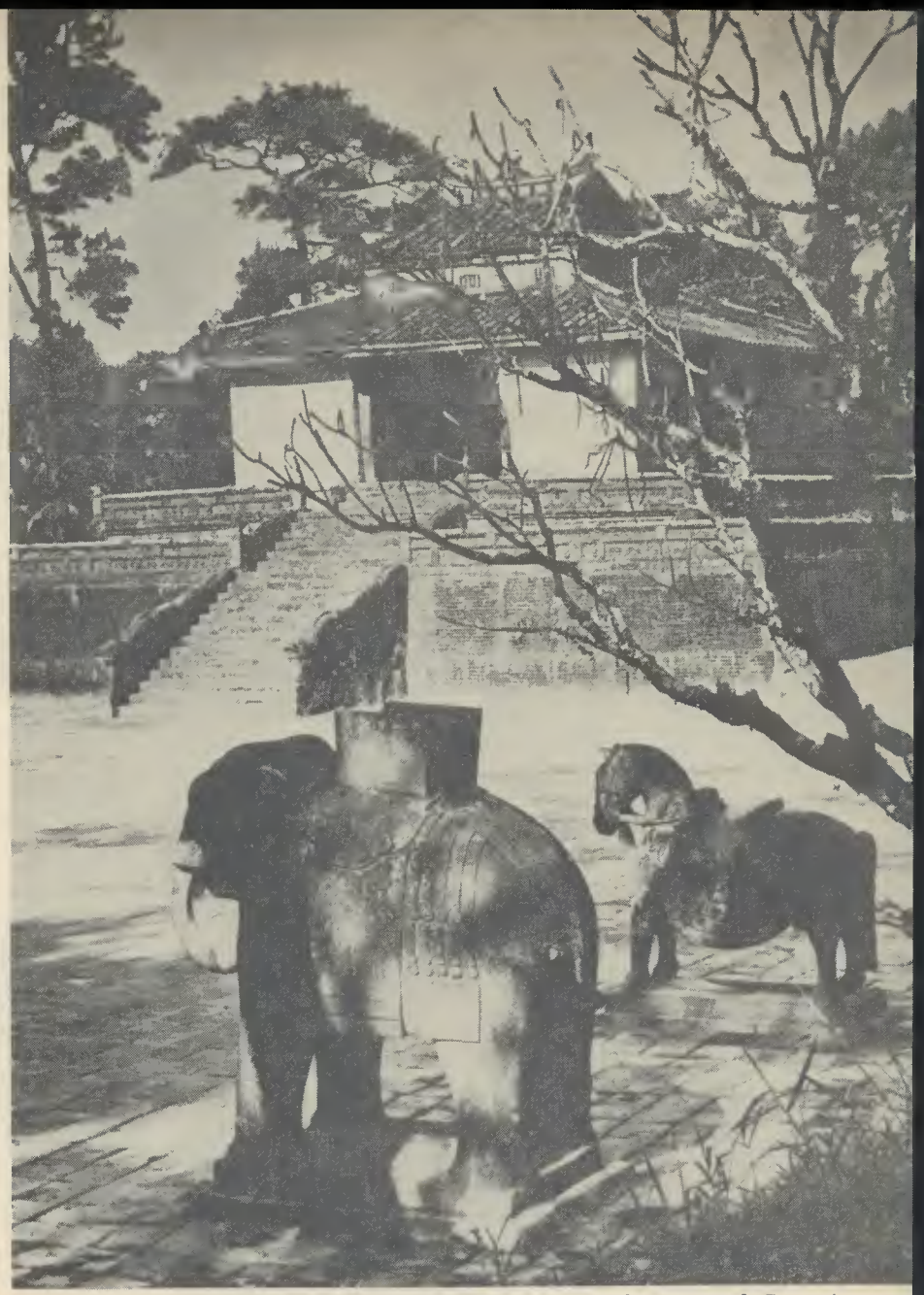
And here, see Hué!

JAMES R. BULLINGTON



A section of the Tomb of Emperor Minh-Mang in the Imperial City of Hué. The exact burial site is secret.

"And here, see Hué! to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins, the sampans drift slowly along the 'River of Perfumes,' to the regular rhythm of their oars . . . Hué! with its craftsmen, singers, scholars, and maidens. Who can forget the disturbing memory of those dainty figures—those living flowers?

*"How enchanting in the moonlight, to walk leisurely along the 'River of Perfumes,' the soul open to poetry, the heart bursting forth with tenderness. Hué! refuge of romantic loves. . . ."**

ALMOST all Americans who serve in Hué, at least until recent months, came to share these sentiments. I came to love the city during the year I spent there as Vice Consul, from 1965 to 1966. This love survived the burning of my Consulate by the militant Tri Quang Buddhists in June 1966; and in the following months, after I was transferred to the Embassy at Saigon as Staff Aide to Ambassador Lodge, my friends who had served at Hué and I often grew nostalgic about the time we had spent in this beautiful little city of 100,000 people. We called it Camelot.

My love affair with Hué continued after I volunteered for a second tour in Vietnam, on loan from the Foreign Service to AID, and was sent to Quang Tri, a small town some 25 miles north of Hué. It was during this period that my ties with the city became stronger than ever, as I fell in love with and became engaged to Tuy-Cam, a Hué girl who was formerly my secretary at the Consulate. At this time she was working at the Consulate in Danang, but from time to time we were able to meet in Hué for a pleasant weekend. She is now my wife.

But on January 30, 1968, the paradise was lost. As Bernard Fall said of Dien Bien Phu, Hué became Hell, in a very small place.

January 30 was the second day of Tet, the Vietnamese lunar new year holiday which is a sort of combination Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Eve all rolled into one. Above all, it is a time to be with one's family. So Tuy-Cam and I planned to meet in Hué, to be with her family for her last Tet before coming to the United States. We looked forward, as do all Vietnamese, to a happy time at Tet.

**From* Les Hommes d'au-delà du Sud, *by Tran Van Tung (Editions de la Baconnière, 1957).*

In Quang Tri that morning, I heard the usual intelligence reports about an imminent North Vietnamese attack on the city. We had been hearing such reports for some time, and we had already taken appropriate measures, such as fortifying our houses and standing guard duty at night. But our best estimates had been that the enemy attack would come either just before Tet or just after it. We doubted an attack during the three-day holiday, when both sides, as in the past, had declared a truce.

Still, this morning the news was especially ominous. Danang had been attacked the night before, and there were scattered reports of major actions in other parts of the country. Because of these enemy attacks, the truce was declared to be over in I Corps. Vietnamese Army loudspeaker trucks began driving around the city about noon, proclaiming a curfew and telling all off-duty military personnel to come to headquarters immediately. I strongly considered cancelling the trip to Hué, but I reasoned that this was probably just another false alarm, and that being a civilian there wasn't much I could do to help prepare the defenses of Quang Tri anyway. Moreover, I knew it was very important to Tuy-Cam that I be with her and her family for this particular Tet.

"I'll see you tomorrow or the next day," I yelled to my boss, Bob Brewer, as I boarded the afternoon Air America shuttle flight for Hué.

When I checked in at CORDS headquarters in Hué, I found that the intelligence reports there were about the same as in Quang Tri. An attack was definitely in the making. "We looked for it before Tet, but it didn't come," one of the American officers told me. "So now we expect it after Tet. But today there have been some indications that it just might come as early as tonight."

Still, it seemed to me that there was not the air of urgency that there was in Quang Tri. But then Quang Tri had been attacked and overrun—though not held—the previous April, and the possibility of another attack was never too far from the mind of anyone in town. Hué, on the other hand, was one of the most secure cities in Vietnam until 1966, and although the introduction of large units of the North Vietnamese Army had made it progressively less secure, it had never come under ground attack. That afternoon, it looked almost as lovely and peaceful as ever.

"Aren't you afraid?" Tuy-Cam's old uncle asked me at dinner that night. "Many people say that the VC will attack tonight.'

"Oh, not really," I replied, with something less than full conviction. "We hear these reports all the time in Quang Tri, and I've sort of gotten used to them. Besides, where I'm staying, they could never find me."

This latter statement was probably quite true if, as everyone expected, the attack took the form of a large-scale raid, a massive but quick attack during the night, followed by an equally quick withdrawal before daylight. This was the enemy's tactic in all of his previous attacks on cities. He had always been reluctant to risk the massive casualties our air strikes and superior firepower could inflict when he occupied fixed positions in daylight fighting. This was always true—in the past.

In such hit-and-run attacks, of course, houses occupied by American civilians were usually prime targets. This had been the case in Quang Tri the previous April. But tonight, I wasn't going to be staying in an American house.

One of my friends who often came to Quang Tri on business was a resident of Hué. (I'll call him Khoa—not his real name—and not identify him further, because he and his family are still in Vietnam and could be subjected to reprisals by the Viet Cong.) Khoa had a small guest house, and he had invited me to stay with him anytime I came to Hué. Luckily for me, this time I accepted his offer.

Despite the threat which hung over the city, the dinner with Tuy-Cam's family was very happy and gay. Steve Miller, a Foreign Service classmate of mine then serving as the US Information Service officer in Hué, was there; and also Steve Haukness, a Foreign Service Staff officer from the Consulate at Danang, who had come to visit Hué for the holidays. Along with some of Tuy-Cam's brothers and cousins, we drank and talked and sang until after 11 p.m. It was really a jolly good time. I returned to Khoa's house and promptly went to sleep, feeling almost euphoric.

January 31

"Whump. Whump. Whump." About 3 a.m. I was awakened by the familiar sound of incoming mortar rounds

"Well," I mused, "maybe they really are attacking tonight." On further reflection, I determined that there wasn't much I could do about it; and since the mortars didn't seem to be falling in the immediate vicinity of Khoa's house, I went back to sleep.

About 7:30 a.m., I awoke again, this time to the sound of scattered small arms fire. "The police must still be a little nervous after the attack," I thought as I knotted my tie. "Or maybe they've cornered a sniper somewhere. I'd better check by MACV to see what the situation is before I drive across the canal to see Tuy-Cam."

As I walked out the door of the guest house, I saw Khoa in a building about 20 yards away across a courtyard. He looked shocked when he saw me. He said nothing, but the meaning of his gestures was perfectly clear—get the hell back inside the house and be quick about it.

As I sat in the house and tried to figure out what could be going on, I felt for the first time some sense of personal insecurity. I had been in a few close situations before, however, and saw no real reason to be unduly alarmed. "There must be a couple of guerrillas still hanging around the area after the attack," I thought.

Still, the continuing small arms fire was more than a little worrisome. I took my pistol out of the suitcase, to have it handy, just in case.

The waiting, with no knowledge of what was going on, grew unbearable, or so I thought. My curiosity got the better of my prudence, and about 10:30 a.m. I ventured out again. This time, I walked across the courtyard to the building where I had earlier seen Khoa. He was inside, and didn't see me until I arrived. He ran to the door.

"What are you doing here?", he whispered with a shocked expression. "I told you to stay in the house. They're here, the North Vietnamese are right here, they're all around us! Now get back, quick."

"They're right here?" I asked.

"Yes, dammit, right here! In this building. Now go."

I went.

For the first time, I began to guess at the gravity of the situation. Things still weren't really clear, but I knew something must be badly wrong. Maybe this attack was different. Maybe this time they didn't leave before daylight.

I chambered a round in my pistol. It was a Chinese 9 mm automatic, given to me a month earlier by a District Chief in Quang Tri who had taken it from the body of a high-level VC political cadre killed in a fight with the District Chief's forces. I had never fired it. In fact I had never fired any pistol before, so I spent a few minutes figuring out how it worked, a simple enough matter. I had brought it along chiefly for its trophy value, to show to some friends who valued such things. Mostly, I prized it because it was a gift of the District Chief, my friend, who was a poor man and could have sold it easily for $100 or more to trophy-hungry US Marines in the Province. I was touched and a bit proud when he presented it to me as a gift. I had never seriously considered the prospect of actually using it.

So I sat in the house and waited. And worried.

Finally, about 3 p.m., there was a quiet knock on the door. For a moment I was terrified, but then I reasoned that if it were the NVA they probably wouldn't bother to knock. And if they did knock, my not responding would not keep them out long anyway. But I was still terrificd.

"Is that you, Khoa?" I discovered how difficult it is to speak when you are literally choked with fear.

Khoa's whispered "yes" was the sweetest sound I have ever heard or hope to hear.

Khoa had brought me a ham sandwich and a warm bottle of "Bière LaRue." The beer tasted good, and I needed it to moisten my dry throat. But mostly, I was hungry for information.

"You are a very lucky man," Khoa said. He explained that an NVA company had occupied the large compound which was composed of the guest house, the courtyard, the building where he had been, and several other structures. It was a major miracle, he noted, that I had not been spotted on one of my two ventures out of the house. With regard to the overall situation, he said it appeared that the North Vietnamese had invested the entire city and intended to hold it. "They've taken everything," he said, "the whole city of Hué."

The thought suddenly struck me of how completely my life was in Khoa's hands. Since he wasn't a government employee or a member of an anti-communist political party, and he didn't work for the Americans, he was not a natural target of the Communist assassination teams which were already beginning their work. But if it were diseovered that he was hiding me, we both knew that he and his family would immediately become targets. (Both of us, from past experience, guessed that this sort of thing must be going on. We didn't find out until after it was all over, however, the horrible magnitude of it. Over 1000 civilians—civil servants, relatives of government military officers, members of nationalist political parties, people who worked for the Amerieans, almost anyone who actively opposed the Viet Cong—were executed, murdered, by the Communists. The lucky ones were shot in the back of the head. Most were buried alive.)

I had known Khoa for several months and considered him to be a friend. But was his friendship strong enough to protect me when to do so meant risking his own life and the safety of his family? I could only pray that it was.

Khoa returned about 5:30 p.m. We had arranged a special signal—four knocks—so I was spared the terror of his first arrival. He said that it wasn't safe to stay where I was (no startling revelation to me by this time, sinee I could hear the NVA soldiers who had moved into a building some 15 yards away), so it would be best for me to move. They were sure to come searching around the guest house sooner or later. He had a couple of friends, he explained, who lived two houses down the street. It would be much safer for me there, and they had agreed to take me in. We arranged a plan of movement, to leave at 6 p.m. when the NVA would most likely be occupied with dinner.

The Mausoleum of Khai-Dinh. Khai-Dinh was the father of Bao Dai, last Emperor of Nguyen Dynasty (1802-1945). Ngu Binh Mountains as seen from the Khai-Dinh mausoleum.

Before leaving, Khoa looked at the pistol and said, "You'd better hide that. It wouldn't do you any good, against more than a hundred of them. And if something goes wrong and they find it on you, that would make it so much the worse for both of us."

That seemed to make sense. I hid it.

At the agreed hour, Khoa rapped at the door. I cracked it and watched him move quickly across the courtyard. He looked up at one of the buildings where the NVA soldiers were located, then moved away without signaling me to follow him. Something had gone wrong. I closed the door and considered once again just how risky this movement operation could be.

But in about half an hour Khoa returned. He explained that one of the NVA troops had been looking out the window on the previous attempt. We would try again.

This time, none of the North Vietnamese seemed to be looking when Khoa preceded me across the courtyard, so he motioned me to come ahead. I did, and passed unobserved across the courtyard and through the gate in the wall separating it from the back yard of Khoa's house. There was a brief period of waiting in the outdoor bathroom while Khoa scouted ahead, then I crawled through a side window and jumped down into the yard of the house next door.

A stranger met me and escorted me quickly indoors. He introduced himself as Minh and presented me to Lam, a friend of his who had been evacuated from Khe Sanh and was currently staying with him. (These names are also fictitious. Both men are now dead—murdered by the VC—but reprisals could still be taken against the group they represent.)

"You're welcome here for as long as you need to hide," said Minh. "But I'm sure your Marines will retake the city by tomorrow or the next day, and you will be safe.

I shared Minh's optimism, little thinking that this was the very beginning of my ordeal.

February 1

I awoke after a very fitful sleep. The proffered breakfast, a kind of rice soup, was tasty, but I couldn't each much of it. The night before, I hadn't been able to eat much dinner either. My stomach was nervous.

"Relax," said Minh. "We have no connection with the government or the Americans, so there is no reason for the Communists to come here. They won't bother us. If for some reason they do stop by, you can hide upstairs, and we'll turn them away. Besides, the Marines will be here this afternoon, or tomorrow at the latest."

My appetite improved at lunch. We had rice and Vienna sausages. Lam had aequired several dozen cans of the sausages as a gift from an American friend of his. As other types of food ran out, they were to become the chief staple of our diet. Minh's cook, however, was very ingenious and always managed to find some new and tasty way of preparing them.

The afternoon was long and full of waiting. There was no sign of any friendly troops, but we did see a pair of South Vietnamese Air Force Skyraiders bombing the Citadel, the big walled fortress containing the old imperial palace. This was our first indication of the situation on the north side of the river. That too, it appeared, was occupied by the Communists. This impression was reinforced by the huge Viet Cong flag we saw through Minh's binoculars. It flew from the giant flagpole on the south side of the Citadel, dominating the city, whcre an equally huge government flag used to fly. We looked

The Pagoda of the Heavenly Lady. Built in the sixteenth century after Nguyen Hoang, Lord Commander of Thuan-hoa (present day Hué) discovered the site. According to legend the lady said that someone would build a temple in her name. Nguyen Hoang declared that "someone" to be himself.

at it several times every day, to see if it was still there. It always was.

I again had trouble sleeping that night. My thoughts centered mostly on Tuy-Cam. If the Communists found out that she worked for the American Consulate, she would almost certainly be murdered. In the past they had made many threats against Vietnamese employees of the Americans, and carried them out whenever they got the chance. Since I knew most of the forces in the attack were North Vietnamese (they had to be, since the local Viet Cong forces didn't have anything close to the strength necessary for an effort of this magnitude), I figured she had a good chance of remaining undetected for a while. This chance grew slimmer, however, with every day the NVA held the city, as their local Viet Cong subordinates and political cadres had time to get into operation.

February 2

The weather, which had been bad from the beginning, grew worse. There were no airplanes that day, probably because of the rain and low-hanging clouds which covered the city. This kind of weather is normal in Hué from October to March, but especially so in January and February, when the rains can last for weeks on end without a break, and air operations become almost impossible. The enemy had picked a good time for his offensive.

"It's been 60 hours now that the Communists have held the city," Lam announced at three that afternoon. (We counted hours for the first four days, then only the days.) "It just can't last much longer."

Minh and I agreed that it just couldn't last much longer, but there was obviously less conviction than the day before.

That night, Lam shared my insomnia, and we had a long conversation over a few drinks of bad-tasting but strong and warming French brandy.

"If the Marines don't come tomorrow, maybe tomorrow night I'll try to sneak out to Phu Bai," I said, thinking aloud. (Phu Bai is the Marine Base eight miles south of Hué.)

"How do you know the Marines still hold it? Maybe it was overrun too, just like Hué."

"Yeah, maybe so."

"Besides, you'd probably never make it. If the NVA didn't spot you on the way, you could get shot trying to get into the Marine lines, if the Marines are still there. Or you could get lost in the darkness and wind up who knows where. Jim, I know how difficult the waiting is, but it's the safest thing to do."

After exploring all the possible alternatives, I had to agree that he was right.

February 3

For the first time, this morning I actually saw some of the NVA troops. I was looking out a second floor window, hidden behind a curtain, when a group of four came out into the courtyard from the building where I was originally staying. They were dressed in khaki and carried Chinese-made automatic rifles. I blessed Khoa's foresight in moving me.

Looking out the windows was our major pastime during the first few days. We were hoping for some sign of friendly forces, or for any indication of a change in the situation.

Generally, there was surprisingly little to see. The streets were absolutely deserted, except for occasional groups of refugees, carrying large bundles of their belongings, scurrying along the main street a block behind Minh's house. Sometimes there were young men who seemed to be directing them—probably political cadre or local Communist sympathizers. We didn't know where they were going, or why.

Once, this day, there was a distant rumbling noise. Minh called Lam and me to the window.

"Listen. It's a tank. I think it's a tank." he said.

This was the first encouraging sign we had noted. The presence of armor, we thought, would mean the Marines or government troops were coming.

The rumbling grew louder and louder. My heart beat with elation almost as strongly as it had beat with terror the first day.

"There it is! It is a tank," Minh almost shouted.

But then our elation was displaced with renewed despair. Riding on the back of the tank were two Vietnamese dressed in black. They were plainly neither US Marines nor Vietnamese Army troops. We concluded that the Communists had probably captured intact one of the government tanks and were now using it.

The situation looked worse than ever.

February 4

A portable radio can be a tremendous, fantastic blessing, as I found out today. Khoa came over and loaned me one of the two he had. It was old and beat up, but it worked, and it had two short wave bands.

After several hours of straining to hear every bit of news the old radio could pick out of the ether, I was able to piece together a fairly good picture of what had happened throughout Vietnam. Almost all of the cities had been attacked, it seemed, but in most places the enemy had been repulsed or driven out with heavy losses. Fighting was still going on in part of Saigon, but Hué was the hardest hit city in the nation. Only here was the enemy still occupying the greater part of the city.

The radio gave my spirits a great lift. Somehow, it was extremely important just to know what the situation was, even though knowing did precious little to help my plight.

Eventually, however, the radio became another frustration. "Fierce fighting continued today in the northern city of Hué," the announcer would drone. "US Marines fighting on the south side of the city made slow progress against entrenched North Vietnamese regulars, while on the north side the enemy forces continued to hold the south and east walls of the Citadel against the assaults of government troops."

There was a discouraging sameness about the reports, day by day. I could predict almost exactly what would be said. Also, there was a frustrating lack of detail about the reports from Hué. Which way were the Marines advancing? How far away were they? How many blocks did they advance? If I

(*Continued on page* 48)

Terror and its Effects

"He who fears he will suffer already suffers because of his fear."—MONTAIGNE

HOWARD R. SIMPSON

TERRORISM is a powerful and dangerous weapon. The word itself has an immediate emotional and personal association lacking in most other terms of conflict. Terrorism presents a threat as unpredictable as quicksilver and its methods can make a mockery of security, political control and national purpose.

A person who has not been exposed to terrorist action finds it difficult to fully appreciate its true meaning. To live in an atmosphere of terror is to await the grenade arching over the garden wall, to search an automobile three or four times a day for detonators and a bomb, to realize that the whim of the enemy could result in the kidnapping or murder of one's children, to keep one's senses abnormally alert to every sound, to sleep with a revolver by the bedside and to search the face of each passerby for a sign that he, or she, desires your own death or mutilation.

Jacques Soustelle, the former Governor General of Algeria, described terror as a psychological weapon of unbelievable power. "Before the bodies of those whose throats have been cut and the grimacing faces of the mutilated," Soustelle states graphically, "all capacity for resistance lapses: the spring is broken."[1]

Breaking the spring of resistance is the goal of a guerrilla movement. The guerrilla leader knows that each spring broken within the individual adds up to fracturing the giant spring of an established government or society or, at the least, rendering it useless by robbing it of support.

Terror is often the first form of action available in a guerrilla campaign. It is a stock item ready for use at little expenditure in personnel or funds. To understand terrorism one must take into account the interpretive differences inherent in this form of action.

Menachem Begin, one of the Chiefs of the Israeli Irgun organization, complained that foreign correspondents were describing his men as terrorists and suggested that they use another word: the word "patriot." Begin reasoned that, as the Irgun's actions were liberating the Jewish people from fear, his men were, in reality, anti-terrorists.[2]

The bomb thrower of the Irish Republican Army, the political assassin of the OAS[3] in Algeria and the Chinese gunman of the Malayan Races Liberation Army were practicing the art of terrorism. In their own context, however, they considered themselves patriots.

Advantages and Disadvantages

Whether the men involved accept the term terrorist or call themselves patriots changes in no way the fact that they are using a sensitive psychological tool with several automatic advantages. It can intimidate the enemy, particularly if the enemy's motivation is shaky or uncertain. More important, it can intimidate the population, erecting an invisible barrier of non-cooperation between the people and their government.

Terrorism can also serve as effective publicity for a guerrilla movement announcing to a nation, and to the world, that a war has been declared on the existing government. Repeated acts of terrorism then reveal to the people and to international opinion that the government is impotent to stop the attacks. The people begin to doubt the government's ability to protect them, and other nations are hesitant to express support for a government that cannot keep its own house in order.

Another advantage is terrorism's efficiency as a liquidator of opposition. A respected legislator and family man, with a substantial position and economic resources, can be devoted to a political ideal or movement but his degree of devotion may undergo an abrupt readjustment when weighed against the threat of terrorist action. Death is a very permanent state and man is a most human animal. Dying for a cause is much easier to contemplate in the abstract than when it becomes an immediate possibility.

The disadvantages of terrorism can often stem from the manner in which it is applied. Clumsy, unplanned terrorist action can alienate a population, solidify support for an existing regime and force an otherwise hesitant government to apply its complete resources to crush a guerrilla movement.

The unleashing of a terrorist campaign can also present a guerrilla leader with problems of control. Once the Pandora's box of terrorism is opened it may be difficult to close. The ingredients of violence and hate present in all guerrilla movements find an easy outlet through terrorism. A leader who has ordered one or two acts of controlled terrorism may find his subordinate commanders and their men only too eager to continue such actions indiscriminately. In their eager-

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[1] *Jacques Soustelle, quoted in Brian Crozier,* The Rebels *(Boston: Beacon Press, 1960), p. 176.*
[2] *Menachem Begin, quoted in Roland Gaucher,* Les Terrorists *(Paris: Editions Albin Michel, 1965), pp. 234-5.*
[3] *Secret Army Organization, a clandestine action movement dedicated to maintaining a French Algeria.*

ness, based on revenge, a desire for action, or the knowledge that terror can present an immediate return for little investment, they often lose sight of the fact that such violence can escalate beyond any measure of its practicability or profit. The competent practitioners of terrorism usually know how their actions will affect their enemies and what reactions they can expect from those not directly involved.

Reactions to Terrorism

It often comes as a surprise to find the Viet Cong so quick to claim credit for acts of terrorism that have taken many innocent lives, a majority of them Vietnamese. But the Viet Cong have had years of active experience. Their goal is that of the classic terrorist—to inspire fear resulting in a psychological paralysis that cancels the people's desire to participate in government organized programs.

In the early 1950's a bomb of great force exploded in the heart of Saigon in front of the Opera House.[4] It had been timed to go off at a busy hour, and its principal victims were the small shoe shine boys who made the steps of the Opera House their headquarters. The bomb also killed or mutilated a number of French and Vietnamese civilians. It was a bloody incident and it received wide pictorial coverage in the world press.

This attack was immediately labeled as a Vietminh atrocity and the French Information Service gave it additional publicity. The Vietminh did little to refute these charges. Several years passed before the blame for the incident was squarely placed on the leader of a Cao Dai dissident group unassociated with the Vietminh.

Up to this time the Vietminh had profited, in their own way, from the false mantle of guilt. They had falsely, but effectively, demonstrated their power to strike with force and at will in the heart of a heavily controlled symbol of colonial presence, the city of Saigon. They had falsely, but effectively, shown that their action could be terrible and implacable. They had falsely, but effectively, embarrassed the French authorities and made their Vietnamese and Chinese collaborators highly uncomfortable.

Since the close of World War II the Vietnamese people have been bombarded with photos, pamphlets, tracts and newspaper stories of Vietminh or Viet Cong atrocities and terrorism. Today they are close to the saturation point. The first human reaction after so many years of war is to be thankful that the viewer was not the victim. The second reaction, a bit slower but crucial in a psychological sense, is the inescapable impression of Viet Cong omnipresence and freedom of action.

Unfortunately, Americans have often failed to grasp the objective of the Viet Cong's use of indiscriminate terror, and have rushed to spread the word of terrorist action throughout the country thus acting as Madison Avenue assistants to an unwanted client—the Viet Cong.

Reactions to terrorism vary depending on environment and the people involved. In Sicily, where small scale but effective terrorism is traditional, the people quickly "get the message." They go beyond the act itself to interpret its significance and meaning. They seldom expect or seek protection from the local authorities. Instead they know how to read the language of violence, as promulgated by the Mafia, and their reactions, though bathed in an outward show of emotion, are based on experience and hard-headed realism.

In France during the height of OAS actions, the terms used to describe the OAS activists were simply "activist" or "terrorist" depending on the specific incident and its result.

Anglo-Saxon reactions are considerably different. In Dublin, during the winter of 1919, an attempt was made on the life of Britain's Field Marshall French by members of the IRA led by Daniel Breen. The British characterized the attack as an "outrage" carried out by "dangerous madmen" and "murderers."[5] In Anglo-Saxon terms terrorism is not only outside the law, it is something that is just not done. Thus, to the British, terrorists must be labeled as bandits and gunmen to place them clearly in a criminal category removed from any political validation.

Although pure fear is the first and most common reaction to terrorism it is usually accompanied by feelings of impotence and frustration. The law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" may be universal but, when applied to the victims of terrorism, it lacks practicability. The desire to strike back is normal but one must first find the terrorist to lay claim to his eye or his tooth. Even a well-organized police force or special branch operates with a thin margin of probable success.

When terrorists strike, the surviving victims can seldom take weapon in hand and track them down. They must rely on the forces of order. This is an impatient reliance that demands quick results. When results are lacking the initial hate for the terrorist is diluted with frustration and resentment. This negative mixture is often directed at the authorities.

Selective Terrorism

Selective terror can be highly effective. It was a favorite tool of the Vietminh and it remains a standard procedure for the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. Much of the South Vietnamese government's inability to regain control of the countryside can be laid to the success of selective terrorism.

A government official named as a hamlet chief to replace a murdered predecessor, who had, in his turn, replaced another victim of terrorism, is understandably reticent about spending the night in the home or room where the previous deaths occurred.

The temptation is strong to leave the hamlet before sundown and bed down at the district headquarters. This soon becomes a habit. The Viet Cong then fill this leadership vacuum. They enter the hamlet at will for a night of lectures, songs and discussions, often within pistol range of the closely barricaded police post.

The people are aware that their chief is absent each night and so are the police. Neither will normally risk a showdown with the Viet Cong under such circumstances. When the time comes, the Viet Cong assassination squad will ambush the hamlet chief on his way to the district headquarters or, if the police are sufficiently cowed, he will be shot on the street in full view of the people.

Selective terrorism is not always applied to the enemy. It is often used to "readjust" command or political differences within guerrilla organizations or between rival guerrilla bands. What appear to be indiscriminate acts of terror are often selective terror in disguise. In Yugoslavia during World War II Soviet-supported partisans disguised as Chetniks raided Croatian villages thus turning the Croat population against the Serbian dominated Chetnik movement led by Mihailovic.[6]

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[4] *Now the National Assembly.*

[5] *Roland Gaucher,* Les Terrorists *(Paris: Editions Albin Michel, 1965), p. 209.*

[6] *Andrew R. Molnar et al.,* Undergrounds in Insurgent, Revolutionary and Resistance Warfare *(Washington: American University, Special Operations Research Office, 1963), p. 233.*

The range of targets for selective terrorism can vary greatly. Government officials, military leaders, police officers and politicians are standard victims but guerrilla movements invariably match their targets to their political goals.

If a government is weak or vacillating the guerrillas may leave its officials in peace. They may be of more use to the guerrilla movement alive than dead. On the other hand a segment of society under a weak government may give signs of impatience and latent action that could pose a threat to the movement.

In such a case, selective terrorism might be directed at journalists, students or labor leaders hostile to the guerrillas' objectives and impatient with the government's lack of efficiency. The guerrillas then carry out their attacks in a manner that will place the blame on the government while they pose as champions of the murdered progressives.

The Individual Terrorist

One of the great problems in meeting the threat of terrorism is the difficulty of identifying and isolating the terrorist as an individual. A terrorist plan may originate in the office of a locally respected physician, but the person carrying out the plan may be a twelve-year-old boy who has been paid to lean a bicycle against a certain wall at a specific time. The boy is unaware that the bicycle frame is stuffed with plastic explosive. Even under brutal interrogation he will be unable to provide useful information for the man who paid him was a complete stranger. By the time the boy is ushered into police headquarters the stranger is on his way to another city.

The members of the Viet Cong special activities cell charged with assassination and terrorism would seem to have much in common with the professional Tonkinese gunmen used by certain branches of French Intelligence during the Indochina war. The differences however are considerable. Not only is there the obvious dichotomy in motivation, there is also the manifestation of an end to an era of professional terrorism.

The black-clad, mercenary gunmen perched on their haunches outside French Intelligence offices in 1953 were practitioners of a traditional art. They followed in their fathers' footsteps, learned their trade, practiced it and were paid accordingly. The identity of their victims meant little to them and they considered their Vietminh counterparts as emotional amateurs.

Today, in Vietnam, the emotional amateurs have become the professionals. Terrorism has become too important to be left to the simple practitioner and its sensitivity as a political and psychological tool necessitates careful intelligence, planning and control.

Most guerrilla movements have become highly selective in picking the men who are to carry out missions of targeted terror for the psychological attitudes of the individual can mean the success or failure or a terrorist act. Nevertheless a man devoted to a cause and demonstrating the highest motivation can be a complete failure as a terrorist while one who has no motivation can carry out a terrorist action with extreme efficiency and success.

One person may approach terrorism with considerable mental reservations. These reservations may be dormant, dominated by the emotionalism of a cause. They may then appear suddenly, flashing into the open at a crucial moment, triggering hesitation, uncertainty and reluctance, luxuries a terrorist cannot afford if he is to survive and carry out his mission.

On the other hand, a hired terrorist may approach the act with a mind uninhibited by either political motivation or human considerations. He may be a young tough seeking recognition, excitement and violence, or a professional approaching his task with the pride of a journeyman. The policeman or special branch operative who can analyze such psychological differences in terrorist motivation has a much better chance of countering terrorism effectively.

Counter Terrorism

Terrorism often produces the related violence of counter-terrorism. This controversial method of striking back at terrorists is swathed in the mystique of clandestine operations and strengthened by the normal human desire for vengeance and quick justice. It is supported by the argument that terrorists must liquidate terrorists.

Colonel Roger Trinquier, a leading French expert on revolutionary war and advocate of counter-terrorism, feels that physical brutality is as important as intelligence and ruse in guerrilla war and that when the three are allied they will always triumph over what he describes as blind armament.[7]

But the cold, brutal escalation of counter-terrorism can appear as a public admission that a nation's law enforcement capabilities have broken down. Frank Scotton, a US Information Agency officer who recently received the President's award for outstanding field work in the Revolutionary Development Program in South Vietnam, explains that in combating terrorism the goals should be "the establishment of an equitable system of law and appropriate enforcement agencies (to include armed forces). Once this is accomplished, the elimination (arrest, trial, imprisonment, or execution) of terrorists becomes a legal operation under Police Special Branch or Army Special Operations."[8]

Fighting fire with fire in the field of terror can build wars within wars. The struggle in the fall of 1961 between the OAS terrorists fighting for a French Algeria and the "Barbouzes," or special police, is a classic example of runaway terrorism. The favorite arm in this clash was plastic explosive and its use in the crowded streets of Algiers accounted for hundred of innocent victims. The delineation of who were the terrorists and who were the counter-terrorists became progressively vague as explosion followed explosion in the stricken city. Assassinations, torture and kidnappings marked the skirmishes of the "commandos Delta" of the OAS and the "Barbouzes." Well-organized attacks, utilizing bazookas, were directed against the special police and they responded with bombings of the business establishments and homes of known OAS sympathizers. Typical of this bloody escalation was the destruction of the Radja Hotel where the "Barbouzes" had established their fortress-headquarters. A powerful bomb, disquised as a case of supplies, was delivered and accepted. Its explosion completely destroyed the hotel and buried in its debris the mutilated bodies of those inside.[9]

In this situation the psychological, and even the political results of terrorism and counter-terrorism, became secondary and were pushed aside in order that the blind killing could continue.

The clash of terrorist and counter-terrorist, oblivious to those around them, can create a vacuum of reaction. Numbed and sickened by what they see, the population can lose faith in a guerrilla movement or the government's efforts to combat it.

Counter-terrorism may appear to be a tempting and expedient method to fight guerrilla terrorists but the counter-guerrilla who accepts its use is employing a tool of negative power—a tool that may well create new problems rather than solve those he already faces. ■

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[7] *Roger Trinquier,* Modern Warfare, A French View of Counter Insurgency *(New York: Praeger, 1964), p. 114.*

[8] *Letter from Frank Scotton to the author, 2 October 1967.*

[9] *Roland Gaucher,* Les Terrorists *(Paris: Editions Albin Michel, 1965), p. 297.*

Association News

November, 1968

AFSA's Statement on Pay Comparability

Statement of Lannon Walker, Chairman of the Board, American Foreign Service Association. Accompanied by: Edward Walker, President, Junior Foreign Service Officers Club.

Mr. Lannon Walker. The American Foreign Service Association represents some 8000 foreign affairs professionals. We wish to associate ourselves in the strongest fashion with the position of the National Federation of Professional Organizations on full implementation of the principle of pay comparability.

We take this stand not only in the obvious self-interest of our membership but in the firm belief that in these difficult times our government can and must attract and keep the very best talent for the proper conduct of our domestic and foreign affairs.

Our representatives in testimony before this subcommittee in the past have noted that while the issue of salaries is not the single most important element affecting the recruitment and retention of our personnel it is nonetheless a very important part of our total personnel picture. We continue to maintain that position.

In the current discussion within the foreign affairs community and among those of us who would call ourselves reformers there is a basic contradiction, or seems to have been, between those reforms which are in the national interest as such and those reforms which are directed at improving the professionals' conditions of service.

John Gardner, in his book on "Excellence," said:

"If our society is to flourish, large numbers of men and women must be dedicated to the performance of their roles. Dedication is a condition of the highest reaches of performance. It is not possible to buy with money the highest levels of courage, faithfulness or inspired performance. Consider the foreign service officer. We must provide ample pay for our foreign service officers: but even within the scale of monetary rewards that a wealthy nation can afford it isn't possible to buy with money the qualities and the performance needed — the competence, judgment, willingness to endure hardships, and voluntary exile from the life that Americans love. Pay is important, but only devotion and conviction will insure the desired outcome."

That is the ideal position this Association would like to take.

In a situation though, and in a system where job responsibility and the excellence of the organization itself are the most attractive qualities for us, and when that has failed us as it has, then pay does become important; it becomes more and more important.

I would like at this time to have Ned Walker read the results of a recent survey that his organization has taken pertaining to junior foreign service officers. I think it is most constructive.

Mr. Edward Walker. In this survey we sent questionnaires to all junior officers in the Foreign Service, Grades 6, 7, and 8. We had a 70 percent response, some 555 responses.

Of these, 49 percent would not actively encourage a friend or relative to enter the foreign service.

Forty-six percent of them have seriously considered resigning from the Foreign Service. Only 21 percent never entertained the idea.

Those who have seriously considered resigning overwhelmingly cite three factors which could lead them to make this break: An offer of higher salary, a more responsible job, and absence of challenge in the Foreign Service.

Almost one-half of the young people in the foreign service are seriously dissatisfied with their jobs. While we cannot yet correlate this dissatisfaction with individual qualifications there is every indication that those who are unhappy represent the more qualified segment of the Foreign Service.

Mr. Lannon Walker. One of the points we are trying to make here is that only within the last two years have professionals as a group become dissatisfied with the conditions of our service to the point where we have actively looked into it for the first time; as an association and as professionals, to go into these matters and do this kind of study.

Mr. Waldie (D-Calif.). My curiosity stems from perhaps a remote fact. I have been reading some history of the McCarthy era. I have some fears we may be sliding into a similar era.

I gathered there was a great deal of impact during that era on the Foreign Service. I am wondering whether that is part of the reason for dissatisfaction within the Foreign Service.

Is that part of it? Is the reaction of Congress in terms of foreign aid, for example, which would seem to indicate to me an increasing belief in Congress, and perhaps throughout the nation, that the Foreign Service is becoming less and less important to the future of the country, is that kind of thing reflected in the action of your group?

Mr. Lannon Walker. The McCarthy era struck an older generation and a generation which quite frankly never involved itself with its conditions of service. In that generation I think the opportunity to serve abroad, to serve one's nation in an almost romantic sense at times, was the prevailing attitude. A great many Foreign Service officers had private means in those days. Times have changed. Younger officers in the Foreign Service today probably worked and lived abroad before they came in. Notions of romanticism and the esoteric attractions of serving abroad are not why we are in the Service today.

Many of us, and here is where the root of the dissent lies, came in because we wanted to participate in a meaningful way in the foreign policy process. Our dissatisfaction with what we found has resulted in the reform movement which we both represent here today. We were dissatisfied with the very organization of our foreign affairs, with the fact, as you point out, that in the last twenty years of expansion the total amount of resources allocated to our foreign affairs process should have been enough, but yet we found each agency and each program poor-mouthing while surpluses went to waste in one area when there was need for the same goods and services next door. There is no rational way to organize and implement our budgets, no way to coordinate programs. We

have seen a gross proliferation of agencies and of quasi career Foreign Services over the last twenty years to the extent that each one of them has retreated behind agency walls and they have become closed structures which are not open to the outside, which no longer produce the kinds of people and decisions relevant to today's problems, and probably will misconstrue tomorrow's problems. All of these things have given us severe pause, as we look at ourselves, and our colleagues, and ask whether we are relative to tomorrow's decisions in foreign affairs, whether the organization itself is.

Our immediate push for reform, which began a year ago, had to do with this sort of thing.

As we got into it we found there were new kinds of Foreign Service officers, new kinds of foreign affairs professionals in all the agencies. We found working professionals, and they have to bring home the bacon like everybody else.

I think though you are absolutely correct. Sure there is a background to all of this. It was not the mere fact that Foreign Service officers and foreign affairs professionals, in general, are poorly paid which caused the disquiet which is now found throughout the foreign affairs community.

Mr. Waldie. This is a very articulate and persuasive statement.

Mr. Udall (D-Ariz.). I concur with Mr. Waldie's observation.

Mr. Lannon Walker. We applaud the near approach to comparability which will be achieved by the pay step of July 1969. We hope that further measures can be taken which will allow us to maintain comparability in the future. In this connection we believe that the proposals put forward by the NFPO are reasonable and if adopted would move us closer to our goals in this area.

We particularly support any action which will remove what the NFPO rightly describes as "glaring inequities . . . in the salaries of supergrades, the appointed executives and the Congress." At these senior levels it is obvious that the salaries paid are in no way commensurate with the service given to our country. It is grossly unfair to expect this group of executives to, in effect, subsidize by their sacrifice the necessary work of this government.

Finally, on behalf of the membership of my organization, I would like to pay tribute to the sympathetic and highly effective manner with which you personally and the members of your Subcommittee have dealt with the important problem of pay comparability in the past. We trust and hope that this group will be equally effective in meeting our current problems and those that will inevitably arise in the future.

I fear career professionals in the Foreign Affairs agencies especially the Department of State, will suffer as well.

Mr. Udall. You set forth the case very well.

While I am on this, I seem to lecture professionals every time I get them together, let me give you Chapter 2 in Udall's manual of practical politics.

You know every Congressman has his own agency or two with which he is fully familiar and entirely sympathetic and about whose problems he has a peculiar understanding.

In my case it is the Interior Department, which is doing exciting and important things in saline water and science in general. It is undertaking a vast new program in national parks, conservation, and so on. We need the best people we can get in that field.

In my case it is also the Post Office Department, which if ever it is to get out of the woods has to crash into research and get some scientists and brainy managers, and so on.

Each other Member, whoever, has a favorite—it may be NASA, the Corps of Engineers, or some other agency. I think each of you here perhaps has a Congressman or two who knows you and relies on your judgment.

We might be impressed when we take up this subject again next year by having a letter from you or personal conversations if you get the chance. This is something each of you can undertake, and the efforts of any one individual would not amount to much but cumulatively the efforts of all of you could very well be a key factor in getting some action on this next year.

Mr. Waldie, would you care to give any political advice?

Mr. Waldie. Just this: It is an interesting observation. I have not been in Congress very long, but whenever a bill comes before the Post Office and Civil Service Committee which has anything to do with postal employees we are deluged as members with letters pro and con on that issue from postal employees, from their wives, their aunts and uncles and cousins and their children, I suspect, in some instances.

Those letters and communications have a great deal of impact.

This is an interesting observation—those who supposedly should be best equipped to communicate are those who have least resort to it. I am not certain why that is. I suspect there may be a romantic belief that Congress will always do that which is best for the nation and for their organization, but I also want to assure you that that is pure romanticism and Congress does not always do that which is either best for the nation or your particular organization.

Congress perhaps would be more inclined to do that which is best for the nation or your organization were they contacted by your members.

I don't know what the mechanics are which prevent you from contacting Congressmen. I think it is impor-

Ambler Moss Joins JOURNAL Board

Ambler H. Moss, Jr., one of the newest members of the JOURNAL's editorial board, has been a Foreign Service officer since 1964. He is presently Special Assistant to Ambassador Sol M. Linowitz, US Representative to the Organization of American States, and is a member of the US Delegation to the OAS. He served previously in Barcelona and speaks Catalan, Spanish, and French.

Mr. Moss leads somewhat a double life, as a student at George Washington University Law School in the evenings in quest of an LLB, with emphasis on the international field. A native of Baltimore, Md., he is a graduate of Yale University, receiving a B.A. in politics and economics in 1960.

Prior to his entry into the Foreign Service, Mr. Moss spent four years under the sea as a lieutenant in the Submarine Service of the US Navy. As an operations officer and engineer officer, his U-boat tours were spent in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic fleets.

In his spare time, Mr. Moss enjoys reading Spanish and Catalan literature. His favorite outdoor interests are riding and sailing.

tant that you do what you did today, but this is only momentarily in impact on two Congressmen who happen to be here. I doubt anyone in the room is from my district or Mr. Udall's district.

I am equally confident that in each of your organizations there are members from my district and Mr. Udall's district who should have written us.

Whatever you can do to increase that participation in representative government which is constructive and helpful I think you should do. I think it is depriving Congress of a source of information which perhaps is equal to any other source of Federal employees.

During the course of the preceding testimony, Congressman Udall lamented the fact that a bill which would have provided additional supergrade positions to the Executive Branch had not passed. Mr. Walker commented that the number of confidential positions in the Department of State, at the supergrade level in particular, had been drastically reduced in recent years. As a result, increasing numbers of political appointments are being made to the Foreign Service Reserve category in subversion of the concept of the reserve set forth in the Foreign Service Act of 1946.

Community Action Program

Sterling Tucker, former Executive Director of the Urban League in Washington and now head of the National Urban League's New Thrust project spoke to 500 members of State, AID and USIA in the first of a series of programs designed to acquaint Foreign Service personnel with the social movements affecting the Washington metropolitan area. An overflow crowd jammed the International Conference Room September 25 to hear Mr. Tucker address the topic of "The Racial Situation in Washington: Problems and Prospects." He presented a grim but far from hopeless picture of a nation riven by feelings of racial distinction and far too indifferent to the real needs of the underprivileged. Commenting on the conclusion given by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders that the United States was becoming two nations not one, Mr. Tucker said, "But we never have been a single nation. We are not 'becoming' two nations; we always have been." He stressed that the past must be buried if we are to walk confidently into the future. Noting that many people are not overt racists, he still said that their acquiescence in social customs, many of which are based on a racial exclusion, perpetuate the problem of inequality in the US.

Some of his other principal points were:

—The Washington school system is at a critical point.

—The suburbs have a basic role in helping the problems of the inner city in such vital areas as housing and schools.

—If Washington, with its large population of intelligent black people and with its massive federal government presence, cannot solve its racial problems, then what chance is there for much less favored communities throughout the country?

—Difficult as the situation is, however, there has been some improvement for many thousands of people are acutely aware of the whole complex of problems whereas a few years ago they were not.

Mr. Tucker concluded his talk by affirming that the cities can be saved, but they will not be unless the black people are freed. "Will we come to this knowledge?" he asked. "Will all of us learn what we can do to help black people find their own destiny, and thereby truly save America?"

Sponsored by AFSA's Community Action Committee, the meeting was the first of ten to be held throughout the 1968-69 year. The October session dealt with problems of education in the inner city and suburbs of Washington and the December seminar will be devoted to housing.

Margaret Turkel—AFSA's Executive Secretary

Margaret S. Turkel, Executive Secretary, American Foreign Service Association brings to her position a background which richly qualifies her for that post. In April 1957, she worked in the Personal Purchases Section, later became Circulation Manager of the JOURNAL and followed that with receptionist duties at the new AFSA headquarters at 2101 E St. N.W.

Margaret was born in Coos Bay, Oregon and after being graduated from public schools, she entered the University of Oregon where she received her B.A. in Music. A few years later she traveled to Washington, D.C.—on a three months' temporary Civil Service appointment with the Department of the Treasury. While in D.C. she was granted an M.A. in Education from George Washington University and taught music in the District school system for several years. When her husband, FSO Harry Raymond Turkel was assigned overseas the family served at Mexico City, Lima, Athens and Bonn. Until his retirement in 1961, Mr. Turkel was in the Department of State and an Ambassador to the Organization of American States.

When one tries to interview Margaret and encourage her to speak of herself, she always veers the conversation to the children and the grandchildren. Her son, William, his wife and infant son now live in Mexico City where William is employed with the First National City Bank. Her daughter, Margaret Anne, mother of two and the third due with this edition of the JOURNAL, is now Mrs. Michael Tippett whose husband is District Geologist for Duval Corporation, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah.

We did learn that while Mr. Turkel was assigned to Athens, Margaret was President of A.W.O.G. (American Women's Organization of Greece). She said, "It was a very rewarding experience, and I learned quite a lot about Greece *and* the United States, particularly about people."

Her interests include gardening (accepting the challenge of the absolute shade of her Georgetown back yard) the theatre, good literature, but mostly she affirms, "I like people." Her smile, which begins first in the green eyes and then is radared to the mouth, is a warm friendly welcome whenever you enter the office of AFSA. Margaret, wears the signature of a crown of braids and has no requirement for a "fall" as her brown hair falls well below the waist.

It would seem that her "tour of duty" as a den mother in Athens served as a fitting indoctrination to whatever might come to pass at AFSA. By the time her first "cub" became a Scout she had already acquired the finesse so necessary when the job at hand, at times, inspires the quote, "It's all Greek to me."

JFSOC's Views on Promotion Policy

Junior FSOs have, in past years, voiced a malaise, sometimes almost a despair, about the slow rate of their promotions. One might go back, for example, to a written question and answer interview with a previous Under Secretary of State for Administration, published in the August 1966 edition of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. Replying to a question on promotion policy for junior officers, Mr. Crockett said: "We share your belief that the rate of promotions for junior FSOs is too slow and we have developed proposals for accelerating these promotions. The objective would be for the average officer to move from O-8 to O-5 in five years; a superior officer would move to O-5 more quickly, perhaps in three years."

The statistics furnished the Junior Foreign Service Officers Club by the Department's Performance Evaluation Division indicate that in the years immediately after Mr. Crockett's statement junior officers' promotions were in fact substantially accelerated, but this trend toward the goal of "to 5 in five years" was halted and even slightly reversed in the promotions of last May. When the Junior Foreign Service Officers Club wrote the Deputy Under Secretary for Administration Idar Rimestad, in June asking if this meant that the Crockett policy had been abandoned, he replied; "We want to continue to bring young officers along as rapidly as they demonstrate that their advancement is merited. This is a general goal to which I feel confident we will continue to adhere. To establish fixed percentage rates of promotion, however, and to project them ahead as applicable to this and future years would be neither prudent nor realistic. Promotion rates at all levels must remain adjustable, in order to enable us to meet changing needs and to operate within available resources."

The junior officer need only look around him to see that his pay and rate of promotion are not comparable to those of other foreign affairs agencies (USIA, Peace Corps, etc.) and are much less than those of the lucrative private sector. The junior FSO notes, for example, the promotion policy for his counterpart in AID, the International Development Intern. The AID junior officers in the I.D.I. program *all* enter as FSR-7s, between the first and the top steps, depending on their background. They are then promoted to FSR-6 after the first year, and FSR-5 at the end of their second year. Promotion is mandatory. One is either promoted or switched from the intern program to some specialist track. So, theoretically, both the FSO in State and the IDI in AID could enter government today with the same starting salary of $8,153. In two years the FSO could be an O-6, earning $9,721 *per annum*. The IDI will be an R-5, earning $11,762. Such comparisons are all too easy to come by. Shouldn't the Foreign Service, obeying the "spirit of the law" of the recent Pay Act, use its low-level promotion mechanism as an opportunity to achieve pay "comparability" while moving qualified officers rapidly to positions of responsibility?

The current convening of the promotion panels gives us the opportunity to question once again the wisdom of the present archaic system of the long, low-paying apprenticeship.

Sensing the deepening concern of its membership, JFSOC has lately put suggestions for promotion policy changes to the appropriate authorities. For example, wide-ranging comments and recommendations for a thorough study of promotion policy were submitted to Mr. Calloway of O/PP. It is hoped that these suggestions will be noted by Departmental planners such as the Committee on Strengthening the Personnel System.

In addition, the Director General of the Foreign Service, The Honorable John M. Steeves, was kind enough to spend an hour with members of the JFSOC Steering Committee discussing some of its recommendations. Mr. Steeves informed the Steering Committee that he hopes to implement the placing of an O-5 on the promotions board considering Class 7 officers and an O-4 on the board considering Class 6 officers. He also offered and JFSOC accepted the opportunity to comment on the promotion panel precepts in draft form.

These are hopeful initial steps toward change, and JFSOC realizes that all its proposals for promotion policy change may not be feasible. Junior officers see largely the effect of present policies on themselves and their colleagues, without appreciating the effects of a recommendation of the whole Service. For example, accelerated promotion at the lower levels could cause undesirable bunching up at the O-5 and O-4 levels. Nevertheless, JFSOC hopes that by working with the appropriate authorities and AFSA it can help discover and develop realistic proposals for the changes believed crucial if the Service hopes to recruit . . . and hold . . . superior junior officers.

Virginia Schafer to JOURNAL Board

M. Virginia Schafer, FSSO-3 is a new member of the editorial board of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. Virginia has been with the Foreign Service since 1954 during which time she has served in various capacities at Manila, Moscow, Vienna, Bucharest, Conakry and Pretoria.

Her first Departmental assignment was in 1966 when she returned to Washington and assumed her duties in the EUR budget office where, since January of this year, she has been chairman of Budget and Fiscal training at FSI.

Born in Iowa, Virginia attended public schools and was graduated from Wellman High where in her senior year she was editor of the year book. Most of her adult life was spent in the State of Washington and Virginia holds a B.A. in Home Economics from Washington State University.

No spectator sport, Virginia enthusiastically visits the ski slopes where she has long since deserted the beginners line; her golf game is formidable, and opponents at the bridge tables find her cardsmanship challenging. Her bachelor "digs" are Spanish Mediterranean decor . . . each furnishing and accessory chosen with that particular serendipity which characterizes Virginia. Perhaps the influence of Venice is seen here for she avers that "Venice is THE city."

SCHOLARSHIPS 1969-70

Some 200 requests for scholarship forms have been received at AFSA headquarters and applications have been sent in response. Complete application forms must be received by AFSA by February 15, 1969.

The Scholarship Committee announces receipt of a contribution in memory of Mrs. Warrick E. Elrod, Sr., mother of FSO Warrick E. Elrod, Jr., from the staff and students of the Foreign Service Economic Studies program, FSI.

Niamey. Mrs. Diori Hamani (right), wife of President Diori Hamani, Niger, and Mrs. Robert Ryan, at the Presidential Palace on August 7th, 1968, on the occasion of a luncheon given by the President and Mrs. Diori on departure of Ambassador and Mrs. Robert J. Ryan.

Lusaka. In lieu of the Fourth of July celebration, deemed inappropriate so short a time after the death of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, the American Embassy arranged for a gift of a wood-turning lathe to Matero Boys' Secondary School. (L. to R). Ambassidor Robert C. Good, making formal presentation to Mr. Paul Banda, Senior Education Officer in Ministry of Education. Boy between them is Stephen Banda (no kin) a student at the school.

Rezaiyeh. The Empress Farah of Iran receiving Consul Ernest T. Green (American Consul, Tabriz) during the Queen's visit to Rezaiyeh, West Azerbaijan, on August 2nd, 1968.

Ottawa. Ambassador and Mrs. W. Walton Butterworth at Embassy residence at Ottawa on the occasion of their farewell reception and Ambassador Butterworth's 65th birthday and his retirement after forty years of service. They will make their home in Princeton, N. J.

Service Glimpses

Lafayette. At dedication of Jefferson Caffery Louisana Room in the Library of University of Southern Louisiana. Like Tulane, the University claims Ambassador Caffery as an alumnus. Photo (l. to r.) Ambassador Caffery, President Clyde L. Rougeou of U.S.L., and Mrs. Caffery. In back row, Professor Henry Dethloff, Archivist; William C. Hollier, Attorney.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS CURRICULUM DEVELOPMENT
AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY

M. W. FAESSEL
Commander, USN

LESS thas a decade ago—in the autumn of 1959—what has been called the "academic revolution" began at the US Naval Academy. Changes leading to the present academic structure date primarily from that time, when the Folsom Board undertook a major review of Academy-initiated programs for introducing electives, validation, and majors. The board, established by the Department of the Navy, was headed by Richard G. Folsom, President of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and included outstanding educators from other institutions of higher learning.

Only a glance backward can place subsequent developments in true perspective.

FOR those of usc who were graduated from the Naval Academy before 1959, the course of study consisted of 156 semester hours—about 30 more than usually required at that time for the bachelor's degree at civilian schools.

One's time was divided among the various departments in the following approximate proportion: 50 per cent in physical sciences, mathematics, and engineering; 25 per cent in languages, literature, history, economics and government; and 25 per cent in ordnance and gunnery, seamanship, navigation, aviation, and physical education. The curriculum was inflexible, with all midshipmen taking identical courses, except for options in choice of a foreign language.

It was not unusual to find a midshipman who had attended a civilian college repeating a course, such as calculus, in which he had earned an "A" at another accredited school. Obviously, midshipmen who had attended college before entering the Academy, some for as long as two academic years, found the first several semesters at the Academy a breeze. Their classmates who had entered directly from high school felt these students had an undue advantage.

For a number of reasons outside the scope of this article, serious consideration was not accorded the idea of allowing midshipmen to vary from a single prescribed course of study until August, 1957, when the Curriculum Committee of the Naval Academy (Committee #1) requested each department to make a curriculum study. From these departmental studies, the Assistant Secretary of the Academic Board prepared a report which represented primarily a summary of these studies, but which also included a recommendation for a general reorganization—or at least re-evaluation—of the departmental curricula. The report also recommended that the various departments consider additional electives.

A curriculum review study for each department of the Academy, as well as a study of the entire USNA curriculum, was authorized in October, 1958. The study was also to consider the question of academic reorganization. The committee made its final report in February, 1959, leading to the program finally implemented in the spring of 1959.

The Academy itself initiated and put into effect the new program of electives, overload courses, and validation. While much informal assistance from outside sources was sought and utilized, the Superintendent nonetheless desired the views of a formally constituted group of highly qualified educators. In January of 1959, he requested the Chief of Naval Personnel to convene a Curriculum Review Board. The Folsom Board made broad recommendations as to academic, profesional, and military programs, as well as specific recommendations regarding studies in the fields of science, engineering, and the humanities.

WITHIN this perspective, a look at the changes introduced since 1959 becomes considerably more meaningful.

- The first new concept was "validation," under which provision was made for midshipmen to "validate" previously completed college-level work by presenting a valid academic record or demonstrating an acceptable grasp of the subject material through examination.

Validators may omit equivalent courses in the basic curriculum and substitute advanced electives.

- Another sweeping change was the appointment of a civilian Academic Dean.
- The total number of semester hours required for graduation was reduced from 156 to a more realistic 137-143.
- In place of the Navy's traditional 4.0 marking system, the familiar A-B-C grading system was instituted.
- The Trident Scholar Program was established, enabling a small number of exceptional students to pursue independent research during the senior year. In connection with their research projects, Trident Scholars may choose special combinations of electives or basic curriculum courses suited to their individual needs and interests. (This program has become well-established, with outstanding results.)
- Another significant concept adopted since 1959 involves the concentration of electives into "minors," of which 23 are currently offered. It is further possible for some midshipmen to take sufficient additional courses to qualify for a major in the particular discipline concerned.

IN recognition of the growing complexity of military and diplomatic relationships in the modern world, plus the need for those in thc naval profession to have an understanding of both, necessary steps were taken to implement a major and a minor program in foreign affairs. New courses and formal classroom presentations constituted a beginning, but it was apparent that, without outside contact in this field, the program would not be especially meaningful.

To acquaint Academy students with students from leading universities and colleges, the Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference was established. The 1968 Conference, which took place April 24-27, typifies the success achieved by this undertaking. The Conference undertook an intensive exploration of the problems of US foreign policy in Africa and the Middle East. More than 150 student delegates from 125 colleges and universities participated. Carefully selected on the basis of academic achievement and demonstrated leadership qualities, these delegates took part in forum discussions with high-level Department of State officials, foreign ambassadors, and representatives from numerous foreign embassies. (Naval Academy students travel to conferences of this sort at other colleges and universities.)

The Academy also sponsors a Foreign Relations Club which permits midshipmen to meet at weekly intervals to discuss aspects of international relations which can not adequately be covered in formal classroom presentations. Experts in given areas of world affairs address the midshipmen and engage in subsequent question-and-answer sessions. Last October, for example, a spokesman for the Arab world gave his

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views on the Middle East conflict at one meeting, and, at the following week's meeting, a representative of Israel gave his views. The club periodically holds banquets, each featured by an address presented by a representative of the Washington foreign affairs community. The fact that some 200 active members were listed on the club's rolls this past semester attests to its popularity.

The Naval Academy considers itself fortunate in being able to share in the Department of State's Summer Intern Program. Two newly commissioned officers or midshipmen of the first class are invited to participate each year.

THE question which must be answered, of course, is: "Do the opportunities being accepted by students satisfy the other rigorous demands of this service academy, and are there identifiable, encouraging results emerging?"

A question like this does not lend itself readily to objective, statistical treatment, but the writer felt that through examination of one case history—one midshipman's experiences in and reactions to the program—a beginning could be made toward assessing the effectiveness of the program. Accordingly, the writer singled out Midshipman First Class John H. O'Neill, who had often appeared before the writer's desk for counseling in his field. O'Neill had entered the Academy with an interest in both basic engineering, science and international affairs. While in high school, he had been a foreign exchange student.

Three instructors of the more than thirty highly qualified faculty members teaching foreign affairs reflect the varied backgrounds and experience from which the student may benefit. A program established some five years ago, for example, brings to the Naval Academy Foreign Service officers on assignment from the Department of State. This year, FSO Dirk Gleysteen was a faculty member. Holder of an A.B. from Yale University, he has served in Surinam, Egypt, and Germany and has had duty at the Department of State in Washington.

Major Constantine Albans, USMC, one of 300 officers attached to the Naval Academy Faculty (which totals 600 members), received his A.B. from the University of Massachusetts and his M.A. from The John Hopkins University. He holds many medals and decorations and is a veteran of both the Korean and Vietnam conflicts. Professor Robert W. Daly received his A.B. and M.A. degrees from Loyola College and Ph.D. from Chicago University. His Seminar in Russian Military and Naval Doctrine constitutes an extremely popular, as well as important, segment of instruction in foreign affairs for the midshipman.

From these three and other equally qualified instructors, O'Neill has taken a number of formal courses and benefited from informal contact with them outside the classroom. Among the courses he has completed are: The US in World Affairs; History of Seapower; International Relations and Organization; Soviet History and Contemporary Problems; Modern Middle Eastern Problems; The Far Eastern Relations of the United States; Political Theory; Latin American History and Contemporary Problems; and a Research Seminar in Area Studies.

O'Neill has also been able to take part in field trips to Washington, as well as to universities holding foreign affairs conferences. He has served as a delegate to the Naval Academy's own Foreign Affairs Conference and has been an active member of the above-cited Foreign Affairs Club.

The writer asked O'Neill, after he had attended a university conference on "The Price of Peace in Southeast Asia," for his reactions. O'Neill, who had been accompanied by Midshipman First Class Jeffrey H. Desautels, replied:

"We went to the conference somewhat unsure as to how our background and knowledge compared with that of students majoring in foreign affairs at other institutions. The caliber of the students attending the conference was exceptional. We felt after the conference, however, that our training was not only adequate, but in most cases, superior to that of our contemporaries. We were reassured that the Naval Academy's foreign affairs major—while only four years old—was an excellent program, not only when measured against our standards, but also against those of other academic institutions. We also felt uniquely qualified in that our concept of the role of the military in the formulation of foreign policy was superior."

GIVEN the opportunities afforded a John O'Neill, another question may validly be posed: "What does the future hold for such a midshipman and future officer?"

For a select few, an immediate master's program in international relations has been established. Under this arrangement, highly qualified midshipmen will, upon graduation, be sent to a few selected institutions where, based on his past work at the undergraduate level and his next year of study in residence, each will be awarded a master's degree in international relations before being sent to his first duty station.

For those not chosen for the above program, there exists the possibility of being singled out for post-graduate school after having been selected for Lieutenant (normally about three years after graduation from the Academy).

And those who, for one reason or another, do not participate in either of the programs, may obtain their master's degree while attending War College, through an extension course with George Washington University.

Future billets for these post-graduate trained officers include duty at OP 60 and 61—the Strategic Plans and the Politico-Military Divisions of the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations.

Other related duties involve tours with the Joint Staff of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as exchange officers with the Department of State, and other assignments requiring officers with background in, and a feel for, the complexities of international relations.

It must, however, always be borne in mind that, for the naval officer, study of international relations is intended to perfect his "sub-specialty." He is first a naval officer trained in naval operations, whether in destroyers, submarines, or aircraft. This is his specialty; the one he must endeavor to perfect during years at sea and ashore.

His sub-specialty in foreign affairs will provide him with the broad understanding of the factors and forces which shape international relations.

The age of "gunboat diplomacy" is long since past.

But the role of seapower in this nuclear age as a factor in the pattern of international relations, especially as related to the quest for world peace, has obviously not diminished.

That the Naval Academy, therefore, should have instituted a program of studies in foreign affairs—both as a major and a minor—should be a source of gratification, but no occasion for surprise. ■

REPORT ON ANTARCTICA

MARTIN PROCHNIK

IN the course of his career a Foreign Service officer can normally expect to see a variety of posts, endowed with a broad range of climates—seldom, however, is it possible to include Antarctica in one's "geographic spread." An opportunity to do this was recently offered me by the National Science Foundation which coordinates and manages all US scientific activity on the antarctic continent.

The trip, which lasted three weeks, included all US operated stations with the exception of Plateau Station and allowed me to visit the majority of the US supported scientific projects which are currently under way. The extent of this scientific effort and the financial backing required to support it are both impressive. During the 1967-68 season the National Science Foundation has awarded $7.7 million in grants and contracts to more than 50 colleges, universities and government laboratories working on 60 different projects concerned with the Antarctic. The US Navy which supplies logistic support for the operation is spending $19.8 million during the same period.

". . . heterogeneous group of nations, characterized by a broad spectrum of political principles, has banded together in a close and harmonious relationship for the achievement of scientific goals."

The subject of this intense research attack, the Antarctic Continent, is about the size of the United States and Mexico combined. Its ice sheet which represents about 90 percent of the earth's ice is estimated to be over 5 million square miles in area with a measured thickness in places of over 14,000 feet. The ice sheet's existence is a key factor in determining sea levels throughout the earth, and waters cooled by the Antarctic Continent spread northward into the surrounding oceans, influencing the climates of lands thousands of miles to the north. Antarctic waters, in contrast to the barrenness of the land, are rich in animal and plant life and the oceans around Antarctica have been described as being among the greatest sources of protein yet known to man.

The scientific problems to be solved in Antarctica, as well as its potential as a source of food and minerals have long served as a magnet for explorers and scientists. This interest culminated in a multi-national, all-out

The author at the South Pole

scientific effort during the International Geophysical Year (IGY) of 1957-58. The twelve nations which carried on antarctic research during the IGY (Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, the Republic of South Africa, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the United Kingdom and the United States) signed an Antarctic Treaty at Washington on December 1, 1959 which set the pattern and spirit of international scientific cooperation that today permeates all antarctic activities. The treaty has subsequently been acceded to by four other nations (Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark and the Netherlands). Under its terms all measures of a military nature are prohibited and complete freedom of scientific investigation is guaranteed. Mutual inspection of installations and the exchange of scientific personnel and information are provided for, while nuclear explosions and the disposal of atomic wastes in the Treaty area are prohibited. Territorial claims are placed "on the shelf" for a period of 30 years thus essentially setting this continent aside as a reservation for science and other peaceful purposes. All the treaty nations, with the exception of Belgium and Norway, presently maintain stations in the Antarctic and the subantarctic. The greatest concentration is found in the Antarctic Peninsula where Argentina, Chile and the United Kingdom maintain several stations each and the United States one. Only the United States and the Soviet Union maintain year-round stations inland.

A broad spectrum of scientific disciplines is represented by the US experts working on the Antarctic Continent.

Biologists are studying the coastal areas and the surrounding oceans where the antarctic food chain and animal life are concentrated. Except for small and inconspicuous springtails and mites only man can live inland on the antarctic continent and then only with the greatest effort. Vegetation on the Antarctic mainland is limited to mosses, lichens, and algae except for the northern reaches of the Antarctic Peninsula. Geologists investigating the composition and structure of the rock surface have found striking evidence in the interior of Antarctica that the ice-capped continent once had a warm, even tropical climate. It is now a generally accepted theory that Antarctica and other Southern Hemisphere continents ages ago migrated from warmer locations. One theory holds that all the continents once formed part of a gigantic supercontinent termed "Godwanaland" that split apart with its several pieces drifting to their present locations. Glaciologists are studying the ice cap to measure and chart its motions and to determine how it influences world wide weather and water levels. Meteorologists find Antarctica with its remarkable temperature contrasts a unique laboratory. The lowest natural temperature ever measured, minus 126.9 degrees F occurred at Vostok, the Russian station in 1960. On the other hand, the austral summer brings relatively mild temperatures, often rising to the mid-thirties at McMurdo, the main US base. Scientists have found that, climatically, Antarctica is a desert with low humidity and precipitation for the entire ice cap totaling a little more than 4 inches annually.

"Territorial claims are placed 'on the shelf' for a period of 30 years, thus essentially setting this continent aside as a reservation for science and other peaceful purposes."

Two underwater biologists prepare to go under seven feet of ice to examine the fauna of McMurdo Sound.

Adult Adelie penguin and chick.

Other studies are currently going on in Oceanography, Cartography and the Behavioral Sciences.

The United States Antarctic Program takes place at five US stations (Byrd, McMurdo, Palmer, Plateau and South Pole) throughout the year. A cooperative program is carried on with New Zealand at Hallett Station during the Antarctic summer and individual US scientists are engaged in programs located at the stations of the other nations engaged in Antarctic research. These exchanges include a US meteorologist working with the Japanese on their icebreaker *Fuji*, a microbiologist training the Argentines to perform research on soil microorganisms, an upper atmosphere research physicist accompanying the British resupply ship to the Palmer Peninsula and a geophysicist wintering over at the Soviet station, Molodezhnaya. Scientists from Chile, Russia, Norway, France, South Africa, Great Britain and Australia at the same time cooperated with US researchers at our facilities.

McMurdo Station, located among the low volcanic hills at the southern tip of Ross Island about 800 miles north of the South Pole, is the largest US Antarctic station and serves as its primary logistic facility. Air operations resupplying the inland stations and supporting field research programs are conducted round-the-clock during the southern summer. During season the population of scientists and navy support rises to a level as high as 1,000 people. The winter population drops to about 250. McMurdo station is unique in that it has its power needs served by a nuclear plant built in 1962. The same facility desalts sea water for use on the base. Much of the scientific work performed at McMurdo centers on the excellently equipped biology laboratory. Other projects include cosmic ray monitoring and meteorologic, geomagnetic and seismic observations.

Byrd Station, located approximately 1,500 meters above sea level is roughly 1,000 miles east of McMurdo. The installation is built completely within steel-roofed tunnels under the snow.

Martin Prochnik, Assistant to the Science Advisor to the Secretary of Interior, was born in Vienna, Austria, 1931. He served as Consular Officer in Edmonton, Canada and Economic Officer in Santiago, Chile. Four years after his tour in Army Intelligence, he was occupied with geological exploration in Alaska, Northern Canada and Southwest United States. He holds a Bachelor's degree in Geology from Harvard and a Masters in Economic Geology from Boston College.

McMurdo Station

The station has been carefully laid out to make data collection and observations in seismology, metcorology, and aurora studies efficient and free from interference of electrical and mechanical activity. A substation located 13 miles away from Byrd is being used to investigate extremely low frequency wave propagation using a 21 mile long antenna laid on the snow surface. One of the more intriguing projects that has recently been concluded at Byrd is the drilling of a mile and a half of continuous ice core, containing a continuous record of the earth's climate and atmosphere for a period that may go back as far as several hundreds of thousands of years.

Plateau Station, constructed in 1966, is the smallest of the US Antarctic posts, with a wintering-over complement of only four scientists and four navy personnel. The station is located on the high polar plateau of 11,890 feet and about 750 miles from thc Pole. Scientific programs include observations in meteorology, very low frequency radio waves, aurora and ionosphere studies.

South Pole station is only a few hundred feet from the geographic South Pole at an elevation of about 9,300 feet. The buildings accommodate about 22 persons, of whom half are usually scientists. Auroral and ionospheric physics studies, meteorology, geomagnetism and earthquake seismology are the principal rcsearch programs. The South Pole Station is also the site of a unique psychophysiological study of sleep and dreaming patterns of man living under isolated stress conditions of the type found at the Pole. The results should help in the planning for the human factors involved in future extraterrestrial explorations.

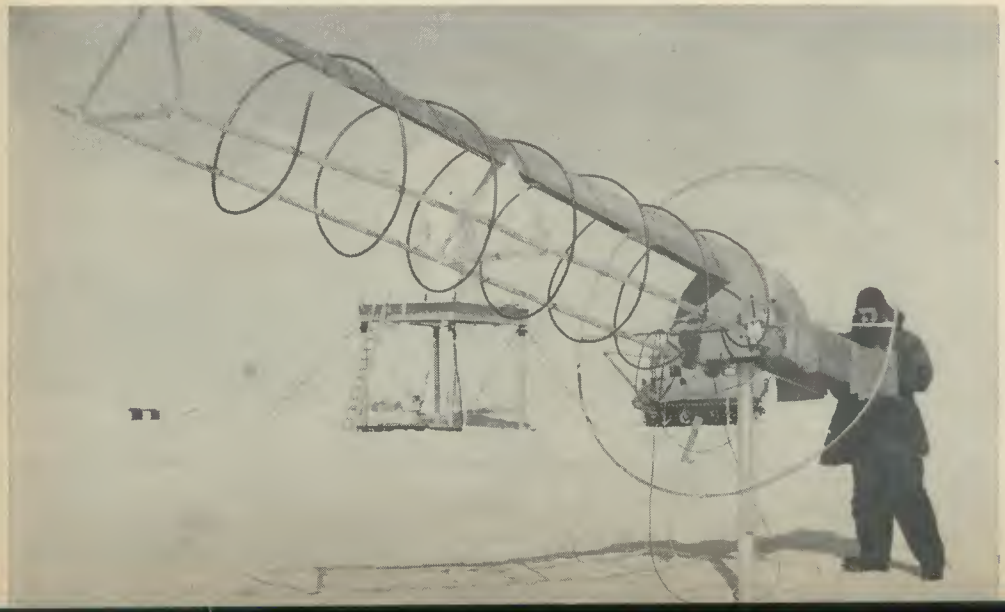
Research performed at or near the main bases is complemented by field studies performed during traverses, at field camps and on board occanographic research vessels cruising Antarctic waters.

During the recent austral summer a party of 10 scientists using tracked vehicles crossed about 1200 miles of the windswept plateau of Queen Maud Land, the area of Antarctica nearest Africa and one of its last remaining unexplored regions. The trip was designed to increase knowledge of the ice cap, the rock beneath it and the earth's magnetic field. Geologic and biologic studies are being conducted from field locations in the intriguing ice free valleys of Victoria Land and other sites of geologic interest. These field parties are supplied and restaffed by helicopters and surface vehicles.

A major part of Antarctic research is conducted on board the research ship *Eltanin*, which is operated for the National Science Foundation by the Military Sea Transportation Service. A complete scientific station in itself, the *Eltanin* conducts cruises in Antarctica waters working out of Southern Hemisphere ports. NSF-sponsored researchers measure currents, obtain bottom and water samples and stream trawls at various levels to capture specimens of plant and animal life. Weather and ionospheric observations are also made.

In attempting to sum up the impressions received on a visit of this typc one is struck by two things: The first is the degree to which the United States has shown a commitment to use its resources in the pursuit of knowledge; the second, and more significant, is the degree to which a heterogeneous group of nations, characterized by a broad spectrum of political principles, has banded together in a close and harmonious relationship for the achievement of scientific goals. The implications of this cooperation in Antarctica and in a growing list of other areas such as space and the oceans are hopefully not lost on the participating nations. ■

Ronald Sefton of Stanford University adjusts antenna to track the POGO (Polar Orbiting Geophysical Observatory) Satellite.



THE NUMBERS GAME

GENE C. McCOY

WE were in the period between the monsoon winds when the heavy damp air, mixed with the fine silty sifting sands, pressed against you, oozing into every pore. Tempers remained just below the flood tide, and occasionally spilled over, dragging up a torrent of invective and hatred, spawned in the depths of frustration, bitterness, and boredom. The small foreign community, weary of each other but unable to endure the loneliness of staying in their homes gathered on the terrace of the beach club to gossip and look for relief from the day-to-day tedium, or entertained themselves with an incessant round of cocktail parties.

From the window of my office in the crumbling Government Compound, I could watch the banana boats rolling sickeningly in the long oily swells which moved in from the Indian Ocean. I kept a pair of binoculars in the desk and was attempting to place in two major categories, inboard and outboard, depending upon the type of engine, each of the lighters which plied between the ships and the small breakwater docks. I had given them familiar names like "Bent Bow," "High Stern" and "Patched Hull." It was with such trivia that one kept his mind alive and avoided slipping into the habit of drinking and daydreaming of holidays in London, Paris and Madrid.

Sunday mornings, on hearing the high whine of the jet engines, I walked to the doorway of the office and watched the final approach of the once-a-week Alitalia DC 8. Again employing my binoculars, I identified the aircraft serial number and kept a score on how many trips she had made between Rome and Mogadishu.

I shared the office with Poindexter, a young Accounts Officer, who had hung a dart board on the wall opposite his desk, and from a sitting position, with his back to the wall, would throw darts over his shoulder without looking. He had developed an amazing skill and was probably one of most accomplished dart throwers in the world. He used four darts of different colors, red, green, blue and orange and had painted the target with rings of like colors. There was a complicated method of scoring which allowed a double score if the dart landed in a ring of the same color.

Each morning he entered the office and after arranging his desk, turned his back to the wall, poured himself a cup of tea, which he carried in two large thermoses, and began his throwing. He would throw the darts in rapid fire, then walk to the board to recover them, and take the score. He noted the scores in a small notebook and returned to his desk to post the results in a large, yellow accounting pad. He had accumulated a fantastic amount of data which included such things as the number of darts thrown, the total score, the number of "doubles" he had made, individual scores for each dart, as well as a variety of averages. All of this information was kept by periods of hours, days, weeks, months, and years and could be compared with similar periods in the past. Periodically he would pause from throwing and recording to give me a report of the results. He had developed a crisp style which rather reminded me of the financial news on the radio.

"Darting got off to a brisk start this morning with a total volume of 376 darts thrown during the first hour. Total score was 1950, equal to 94 rounds of four darts each with an average score of five per dart. Heaviest scoring was by the red which had a total of 750 and included ten doubles. Lagging behind was Orange with 350 while blue and green were even at 450. This brings total volume for the year to 3,500,010 well ahead of last year. Total score for the year was also up, reflecting a continued improvement in skill and stood at 16,940,524."

I was amazed at the way he could compute so quickly and accurately all of the figures he kept. It was not long after he began to have a substantial amount of data available that he became interested in making forecasts. In order to do this he set up a series of multi-colored curves which he plotted from the numbers in his books. Using regular graph paper, he charted curves for each dart with both forecast and actual lines. With all of the data he had he was compelled to issue more reports which contained an increasing amount of information on individual performance, averages and cumulative, each related to the past as well as his forecast of the future.

One of the native messenger boys, who regularly came through our office, became interested in Poindexter's activities and spread the word around the bull pen where the clerks, with little more to do than we, began setting up pools, relying upon the messenger to bring out results so that they could be settled.

Mogadishu being the small town it is, something like this could not be kept within the confines of the Compound and it was not long before there were pools among the various

Gene McCoy has served with AID in Madrid and Mexico City. He is presently assigned to Mogadiscio where he reports that "playing darts, sunbathing and looking at the bottom of the sea" are the only pastimes available.

native shopkeepers and taxi drivers who lolled around the adjoining neighborhood.

I had the habit of passing by the bar of the Giuba Hotel in the afternoons to have a beer and exchange rumors with the American oilmen who frequented the place, and it was there one afternoon that I noticed that Poindexter's dart throwing had become the basis for a substantial amount of betting and that the bar man had set up a punchboard which contained little slips of red, blue, green and orange paper with numbers written on them. If the last number of the day's darting score, for the dart the color of your paper, corresponded to your number, a prize of one hundred shillings was yours. There were also bets being made between individuals on any number of possible combinations available from Poindexter's reports.

There was a considerable improvement in the attitude and morale was as high as I had ever seen it during the period between winds when time moved unmercifully slow and left everyone raw and edgy.

Poindexter, however, turned silent and growled when someone spoke to him. He spent less of his time throwing darts and more working furiously over the volumes of statistics he had compiled. When he did find time to throw some darts, he grumbled to himself about the poor score. He frequently missed the board completely which left him livid with interior rage. Whereas he used cheerfully to furnish the messenger with his most current report, he now grudgingly gave it out and never had it prepared by the time the boy arrived. If the reports were delayed a few minutes, the telephone began to ring and he would pick up the receiver and bark that he was still working on a certain report or else turn and rifle through the maze of charts, tables and papers which cluttered his desk, searching for a number which he would spit into the telephone. Soon ragged children, sent by bookies and bettors, began to appear in the office with slips of wrinkled paper pressed into their dirty little hands on which they would request that a particular number be written. Poindexter would snatch the paper from the cowering child, scribble the number and return it with a glare of hatred.

I realized Poindexter was nearing a breakdown if he didn't take things with a bit more calm. Since I had been his officemate for some time, I took it upon myself to talk to him. I arrived at the office one morning and he was already at his desk, working on the statistics. I said "Good Morning" to him and took out my binoculars to give a quick glance at the lighters. As I stood at the window looking through the glasses, I said to him, "Dex, don't you think you ought to take things a little easier? You've let this dart business become too serious."

He looked at me with amazement in his eyes. "What do you mean too serious. Do you have any idea of the pressure I am under to get this information out? Do you realize that if I don't furnish a report by nine o'clock in the morning, every ragamuffin in town will be down here pestering me for this number or that? Why, I hardly have time to throw darts any more. Look at my average. At my peak, I could throw 400 darts in an hour and score not less than 2400, including 25 or 30 doubles. Do you know how many I threw all day yesterday?" After consulting a chart, he answered himself. "A lousy 900. Not only that, 200 of them missed the board because my hands shake so much. Now I have had to add a new category for misses which is just more work for me."

With this he paused and sat contemplatively for a while, then picked up his darts, turned his back and began to throw them. I mused over what he had said and concluded that he had gotten himself into a psychological bind. What had started out for him as a game had become a trap. Through his training as an accountant he was driven to keep the various score data in as many ways as possible. Having all of the information at his disposal, he could not keep it to himself but was compulsively required to feed it out to the now hundreds of people who were demanding it. At the same time he wanted to maintain his skill at throwing darts but was unable to do so because of the time he devoted to his recording and reporting activities. How could I tell him all of this so that he would realize what the was doing to himself?

"Listen, Dex. Why don't you declare a moratorium on statistics and just throw a few darts for fun. You can get your arm back in shape and then maybe start a new set of books. Nobody is going to care if you just tell them that you have stopped recording for awhile."

He thought about this for a couple of minutes and then shook his head. "No, I can't do that. If I stopped recording, I would have to stop throwing. Otherwise, how could I account for all of the darts I would throw during that time?" He became silent and pensive again and then his face lighted. I thought he had decided to see things my way.

"What I could do is go on a delayed reporting basis," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Well, it's not the best type of reporting," he said, "but it's a way to handle things when you can't get your books closed in time to furnish current information. What I would do is declare a moratorium on information for a month, say. In the meantime I would continue to record and throw just like always. At the end of the moratorium I would start furnishing my regular reports but they would be on a month late basis. You see how it works?"

"Yes," I sighed, "I see how it would work all right but what I don't see is why it's so important to keep such a close accounting. It just doesn't make that much difference."

"Listen, I'm a CPA and a lot of people have put their faith and trust in me to give independent and objective reports. Hell, it would be a compromise of my professional ethics to do anything that was not strictly in accordance with normally accepted accounting practice. Delayed reporting is a perfectly acceptable practice. It's really more of a management problem when your accounting staff can't get the books closed and the reports out on time."

He was becoming very excited and I could see that this conversation was leading nowhere, so I decided to give in. If he went on his delayed reporting basis that would give him a month to get a hold on his nerves and by that time the winds would have started and the temperature would be down to a more manageable level. "Okay, Dex, I see what you mean and I think the one-month moratorium is a good solution to the problem."

He didn't throw any more darts the rest of the day but busied himself with ruling and closing his books in order to prepare for the change to his delayed reporting system. He took the telephone off the hook and called in the messenger boy and told him to keep everyone out of the office and that tomorrow he would have a statement to make. That night when we left he seemed light-hearted and relieved. I thought he had licked the problem.

My hopes were shattered the next morning, however, when on arriving at the office I found a mob of people milling around the compound. There were natives dressed in ragged khaki bush jackets and wearing the funny skirts made of long pieces of material which they just wrap around themselves. All of the waifs who came

around with the papers in their hands looking for numbers were there as well as a large group of oilmen. They were in an angry mood and as I walked through them they pressed around me. One of the natives whom I recognized as a taxi driver stepped up and asked me, "Where is Meester Poindexter? We are many people who must see him." I told him that Dex would be along in minute and explain everything to them. I pushed on through them and got up to the office. In a few minutes, I heard a roar from the crowd and walked to the balcony to look down on them. Poindexter was surrounded and one of the oilmen was in front of him with his angry red face pressed up aginst Poindexter's. I could barely make out his words over the clammering of the natives.

"Listen, Poindexter, you started all this lousy business and God damn it, you are going to see it through. There is a hell of a lot of money waiting to change hands based on the results of your reports, so you better get up there and get something done. I wouldn't be a bit surprised that there is something crooked about this and I'm going to see that we get an audit."

I could see the hurt come into Poindexter's face. The oilman had questioned his professional integrity. He raised his arms and called for quiet, then pushed his way to the stairway. He climbed a couple of steps so as to be able to look out over the crowd which had now grown and filled the entire compound. Again he held up his arms and waited for the noise to subside.

"Listen to me," his voice cracked, and I could see his hands trembling. The strain of the past weeks had left him in no condition to go through an ordeal like this. "Listen to me, everyone. Let me explain what has happened. There is going to be no change in the reports. Everything will be just as it has been. The only thing is I have got to go to a system of delayed reporting, which simply means that there will be a moratorium of one month during which there will be no reports. It's a perfectly acceptable accounting practice and within 30 days everything will be just as in the past." The crowd turned to one another to consult and the redfaced oilman began to act as spokesman for them.

"Poindexter," he shouted, "I told you that we want reports and it's up to you to see that we get them. Now you get up to that office of yours and get busy. By two o'clock this afternoon you had better have something for us. I'm going to see that you are reported to the proper authorities and if you don't watch it. you'll lose your CPA license."

The mob voiced their endorsement of the oilman's threats and urged Poindexter to get busy. He made one more attempt to explain how his moratorium and delayed reporting system would work, but they would not let him be heard. What they wanted was information. I am sure that no chairman of the board ever faced a more hostile group of stockholders than the angry mob that Poindexter faced at that moment. He now found that he was going to have to deal with what he considered a management problem.

I could see that he was trapped whichever way he turned. At last he agreed to continue on the same basis as the past and promised to have the reports out by two in the afternoon.

He turned and walked wearily up the steps. All of the light-heartedness of the previous night was gone. He walked into the office and slumped into his chair. His face was white and his hands still trembled. Great beads of perspiration trickled down his face and his shirt was soaked.

"The idiots," he exclaimed, "can't they see what I'm trying to do, or don't they care? If they had let me speak, I could have told them that what I was proposing was not illegal or crooked. It's a perfectly acceptable accounting practice."

He failed to see the absurdity of the whole business and I knew that I could not make him see it. He took up his darts and began to throw. By two o'clock he had the promised reports ready and called for the messenger to take them out.

He continued for several days throwing his darts and working up the data to prepare the reports and things around town returned to normal. The whole incident in the compound was forgotten by everyone except Poindexter. It had badly shaken him and he now moved like in a trance. He sat listlessly in his chair throwing the darts as though he didn't care, and moved slowly and mechanically to the board noting the scores in his notebook and turned out the reports like a computer with no feelings. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I decided that I was going to have to get him out of this mess or he would be ruined forever. They would have to take him out of here in a straight jacket if he kept on this way.

"Dex, why don't you get out of this place. Go back to Europe or the States, and forget all of this like it was some kind of bad dream."

He looked over at me with a pathetic faraway look in his eyes and after a while said, "I've thought about it, but it seems impossible to me. Can you imagine what would happen if word got around town that I had bought a ticket on Alitalia. Hell, they would all be down here like when I tried to go to the delayed reporting basis. They will never let me leave.

"If I tried to get away without them knowing it you know what would happen. That redfaced oilman would scream fraud and my professional integrity would be blemished and I could never again work as a CPA."

"I've got an idea, Dex. Why don't you work up a supply of reports for a week in advance. Then, we will secretly get you on the Alitalia flight so you can get away without harm. I will continue to feed out the reports after you are gone so no one will know anything about your leaving. Then from wherever you are, you send back some new reports and I will get them out of the mail and keep handing them out. Everyone will be happy and your reputation won't be damaged in the least."

He smiled for the first time in months and said, "Do you really think it would work? I know I could continue to get the reports out all right, and the change would really do me good. A month or so in Paris would put me back in shape. I could start hitting those doubles again and everything would be like the old days. Gee, let's try it. You know you really are a pal to do this for me."

"Forget it, Dex, I know you would do the same for me in similar circumstances." I was flabbergasted at my ability to go along with this monstrous nightmare but knew that it was the only way I could get him back to his senses. He perked up immediately and began building up the backlog of reports we would need to carry out the plan. I made a reservation on the next Sunday's plane in my own name with the idea that we would change it at the last moment and he would go in my place.

Sunday came and as I heard the whine of the engines I walked over to the door with my binoculars. It was AZ 752, a regular on the run. Poindexter handed over all of the reports to me with a few interpretive remarks and we left for the airport.

We waited in the car until the crowd that had come to meet the plane had cleared out and then walked together to the Alitalia counter. The clerk took the ticket and Poindexter's passport and noticed at once that the names were different. I explained to him that instead of my going, Mr. Poindexter was traveling in my place. He said he didn't know if that could

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My Day with JFK

JACK SULSER

I have scanned in vain a few thousand pages of intimate memoirs of life and work in the White House under John F. Kennedy for any mention of *my* day. The most memorable experience of my career to date was apparently just another workday in the lives of Sorensen, Schlesinger et al. I refer to the visit to Washington of the then Austrian Federal Chancellor, Dr. Alfons Gorbach, in May 1962.

The planning and preparations for the visit, of course, began several months before. During the final few weeks I was engaged, as Austrian Desk officer, almost full time in the drafting and clearing of briefing papers, advising the Office of Protocol and the White House social staff on preparation of the guest list for the President's luncheon, selection of gifts to give the Chancellor, etc. A representative of McGeorge Bundy's White House staff stopped at my office every few days to pick up copies of all available papers. As a conscientious bureaucrat, I pointed out that in many cases these documents were only uncleared drafts which did not yet have the concurrence of my departmental colleagues or superiors, but this did not in the least deter him. He said he wanted to have the original thinking of the Desk Officer, as well as the final distillation of the entire bureaucracy. When a very high-level office in the Department made a major change in one of the recommendations without even bothering to notify the Desk, he told me later that he simply advised his chief to accept the original version rather than the official proposal of the Department. In the end, he reported that Mr. Bundy found the Department's briefing package much too big and asked him to do a really brief summary. At almost the last minute someone remembered that the Vice President liked to be informed, and a full set of briefing papers was hastily sent to his office.

When the day finally came, Acting Assistant Secretary Tyler and I rode over to the White House with Acting Secretary Ball, arriving perhaps five minutes before the appointed hour of 12:30 to deliver the requested oral briefing. We stood outside the President's office in a nervously bustling corridor until AEC Chairman Seaborg, General Maxwell Taylor, Mr. Bundy and one or two others whom I could not identify emerged. At about 12:35 we were ushered into the oval office which was so familiar from countless photographs. The President came from behind his desk, shook hands and invited us to sit on the two couches which extended from either arm of his rocking chair, flanking the fireplace. Mr. Ball and Mr. Tyler took seats on the President's left and I sat alone on his right. The President braced his feet on the end of the coffee table between the couches in order to propel his rocker while he spoke. This put his feet almost in my direct line of sight, and I found myself staring at them. I had read that the President was not known as a fashion leader, but I was still surprised to see faded blue nylon socks with numerous pillings, which are the customary drawback of such hose. This touch of mundane reality brought home to me that this was just another routine day for the President.

Riffling through the sheaf of briefing papers, which he said he had regrettably not had time to study, the President fired a series of questions at Mr. Ball as to how the Chancellor's discussions went at the State Department, how much he should say about Berlin, etc. Occasionally, Mr. Ball would refer a question to Mr. Tyler or invite the latter to supplement his answer. Every few seconds, or so it seemed to me, one of several doors would open, a head would pop in with a question or statement to which the President would respond until I almost had the feeling I was viewing a Mozart opera. About ten minutes after the briefing began, Mr. Bundy came in with a box containing the Austrian sabre which was to be the Chancellor's gift to the President (such gifts must be delivered in advance to the White House for Secret Service inspection). The President seized the sabre with obvious pleasure and began whipping it about through the air. He asked Mr. Ball if he knew the background of the sabre, and Mr. Ball referred the question to Mr. Tyler who referred it to me. This was the only subject which got down to my level during the brief hearing. Fortunately, the Chancellor's aide had told me that the weapon was an Austrian naval boarding sabre which had been used in the Battle of Helgoland in 1864. The President immediately wanted to know who Austria had been fighting at the time. The question went again from Mr. Ball to Mr. Tyler to me but, unlike Tinker-to-Evers-to Chance, our team dropped the ball. The Chancellor's aide had unfortunately failed to mention that detail. (Before readers rush to their history texts as I did that evening, let me add that it was the War of Schleswig-Holstein between the German Confederation and Denmark.) Before we could resume the substantive briefing, one of the doors opened again and the President was called into the Rose Garden to have his picture taken with a visiting Soviet astronaut (I believe it was Titov). As he went out the door, the President called back to Mr. Ball, "George, when we get on to the Common Market, you'd better take the lead and I'll come in when I've got the feel of it." Despite this rather confused briefing, I was to hear the Chancellor remark later on several occasions that he was most impressed with the President's detailed knowledge of Austria's situation and problems.

A few minutes after the President's departure, a face again appeared to tell us he was heading for the main White House entrance to greet the Chancellor and his party, and we should catch him on the way. We soon intercepted him and proceeded in two pairs through a basement corridor. The Vice President was waiting at one turn and fell quietly into step. We reached an elevator and filed in in rank order, which meant I was last and therefore nearest to the door. The elevator stopped on the next floor, the doors opened, and I saw a group of people waiting expectantly. I had the distinct impression we were expected to get out. The President went on conversing with the Vice President and Mr. Ball and made no move. It occurred to me, as the one nearest the door, that perhaps we were supposed to leave the elevator in reverse order. I searched the faces around me for a sign but got no help. Finally, I decided to take a chance and stepped through the door. Almost in the same motion, I stepped back into the elevator when I saw that no one followed me. Eventually, the President left the elevator and we all filed out after him in proper order.

The President and Mr. Ball met the Chancellor and his party at the main entrace and introduced them to a few of the other guests in a small reception room before the entire group proceeded to the dining room. On the way to the table, Mr. Bundy thanked me for my "courtesy" in putting his name on the guest list. He seemed genuinely pleased, as though he didn't have to attend such working luncheons every day. A few Congressmen whose names had been added to the list by the White House asked me who the guest of honor was and whether I had any idea why they were there. The luncheon and exchange of toasts went off as planned.

After the luncheon, the President, Mr. Ball, Mr. Tyler and I went to the Cabinet Room where we were joined a few minutes later by the Chancellor, Foreign Minister Kreisky, State Secretary Steiner, and Austrian Ambassador Platzer. The Chancellor was assisted by Mrs. Nora Lejins, the Department's senior German interpreter. The business discussions, during which only the two senior members of each party spoke, lasted roughly one-and-a-half hours. When the

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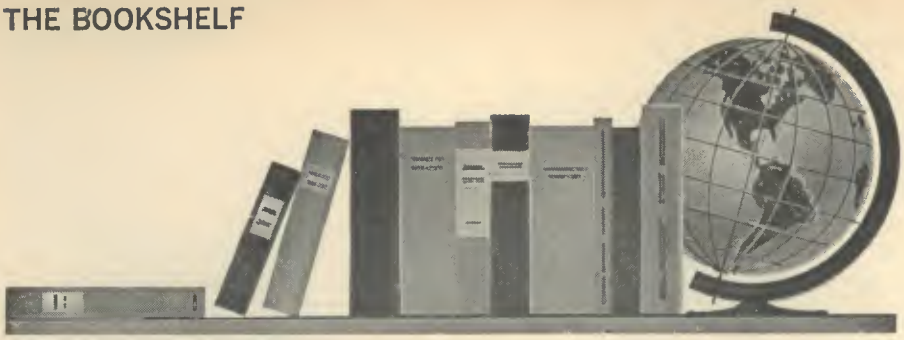

Inside USIA: 1961-1965

As might be expected of one having sound press and radio training, ten years as an information officer in the field, and almost four years as Ed Murrow's and Carl Rowan's deputy for policy and plans, Tom Sorensen has written one of the better books about the United States Information Agency.

I was in the Agency for most of those last four years, part of the time in Sorensen's department as long-range planning officer; and, for the most part, he tells it like it was. If he errs, it is in the title he (or his publishers) gave the volume. "The Word War" is catchy but nondescriptive: the proper nomen—as Miss Barbara White, now No. 2 in that division of the Agency, pointed out to me—is "Inside USIA." (But perhaps John Gunther has the word "inside" copyrighted.)

In achieving the inside view (not just of USIA but of the whole Kennedy administration), Sorensen was of course vastly aided by the fact that he had known the youthful President since 1954 and that his more famous brother, Ted, was Kennedy's chief aide. Indeed, Tom correctly notes in his book that there was "some grumbling in the Agency" when Murrow plucked him—a 34-year-old class 4 officer—from his country desk job and plopped him down in the Agency's No. 3, super-grade spot. He told Murrow, he relates, that "some would think I was foisted on him by the White House." And he adds: "Murrow replied that the White House had said nothing to him about me, except to give him my study of USIA [done at Kennedy's request before his inauguration] with Kennedy's general endorsement."

In announcing to his staff meeting his choice of Sorensen as second deputy, Murrow credited it to this study. Its basic philosophy is embodied in the book. Sorensen argues that USIS people must be frankly propagandists—persuaders rather than simply informers; that the Agency must be brought into the policy-making process before rather than after key decisions are made; that credibility is all very well but that it is means rather than end; that (as the late Robert F. Kennedy says in the foreword) USIA must be given "proper leadership, funds, and backing" if it is to do the job assigned it. With all of these views I (and I think most other Agency officers) agree.

I agree also—though there are some who do not—with his opinion that the Agency reached its peak of performance and morale in "The Murrow Years" — (to which he devotes three chapters, one of them published in the May issue of the JOURNAL). He thus summarizes Murrow's achievements in an "Author's Note" that stands in lieu of introduction:

> . . . In his three years in office, Murrow won the confidence of his President and the respect of Congress, educated the public on the realities of propaganda, obtained a more reasonable budget for USIA, improved its staff, and—most important for the long run—redefined and clarified the role and purposes of American propaganda. There are those today who question the efficacy of our foreign propaganda; few, since Murrow, question its necessity—even though they may shy away from the word itself.

However, given the circumstances of John Daly's recent abrupt departure from the directorship of the Agency's radio arm, most public attention will doubtless be directed to Sorensen's chapter "The Voice of America: Contribution and Controversy." In this, he discusses the often difficult relationship between the director of the Agency and the director of the Voice, who is his subordinate. And he tackles the knotty questions that from the outset have plagued VOA:

"No one disputes that VOA should be truthful. But should the Voice of America be the voice of American Government policy? Or should it reflect the many divergent and often contradictory voices of our pluralistic society? Or should it do some of both?"

And he poses all the others growing out of these, of which the most important is, "Should the Voice be subject to State Department and USIA policy guidance to the degree that other Agency media are . . .?" It was restiveness over guidance he considered excessive that brought the well-publicized resignation in March, 1965, of another VOA director, Henry Loomis; and Sorensen goes into some detail about *his* exit. In sum, an important and interesting book.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

THE WORD WAR: *The Story of American Propaganda, by Thomas C. Sorensen. Harper & Row, $6.95.*

"Victory at High Tide"

WINNER OF the 1967 Alfred Thayer Mahan Award for Literary Achievement, there is little need to re-emphasize that this account of the Inchon-Seoul campaign of 1950 is a masterpiece of military reporting. To his task Colonel Heinl brought qualifications unique even for a Marine. Son of a distinguished Washington correspondent, nephew of the perennial Socialist candidate for the Presidency of the United States, educated at St. Albans School and Yale, it seems improbable that Bob Heinl should have chosen the Marine Corps for his career. However, he served with great distinction during and after Pearl Harbor in the Pacific, is still regarded as one of the Marine Corps' foremost experts in gunnery and ballistics, and has had his share of diplomatic experience as Defense Advisor to the Haitian Government (until "Papa Doc" Duvalier decided to dispense with his advice).

For members of the Foreign Service Association, the principal interest of "Victory at High Tide" lies in its strategic implications. The book, with quiet irony, cites two classic erroneous evaluations of the United States world involvement: Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General Omar N. Bradley saying on October 19, 1949, "I also predict that large-scale amphibious operations . . . will never occur again"; and the Joint Chiefs of Staff memorandum of September 25, 1947 which informed Secretary of State Acheson and President Truman that "the Joint Chiefs of Staff consider that, from the standpoint of military security, the United States has little strategic interest in maintaining the present troops and bases in Korea. . . ."

The qualities of strategic insight, decisiveness and readiness to run great risks for even greater rewards were never more dramatically demonstrated by General MacArthur than his concept of and planning for the Inchon landing. Even as the broken

South Korean and American forces were being pushed into the Pusan perimeter, on July 7, 1950, MacArthur told the Joint Chiefs of Staff that "his basic operating plan would be . . . to strike behind the mass of enemy ground forces." He asked for the First Marine Division as well as the entire support of the Seventh Fleet including its carrier-based aviation. Ultimately, a unified command comprising all elements of military power was constituted as Joint Task Force 7 under Vice Admiral Arthur D. Struble.

For any student of modern warfare, Colonel Heinl's account of the battle at Inchon is a masterpiece. The accomplishments of the Marines, Navy, Air Force and United States Army are the more impressive because of the natural handicaps of the Inchon Peninsula where, as one naval officer remarked, "We drew up a list of every natural handicap, and Inchon had them all." Colonel Heinl's account of the battle, although meticulous in detail, is so imbued with an overall mastery of the scene that it resembles on the printed page the color, dash and drama of the great circular panorama where at Waterloo one studies the victory of the Iron Duke over Napoleon.

There are a few glints of subconscious military humor in the book. For example, when MacArthur, on the first day of the landings, dictated a signal, "The Navy and Marines have never shone more brightly than this morning," Admiral Doyle, who took the dictation, hesitated whether the verb was "shown" or "shone." Perhaps the best quote in the book was that provided by Marine Major General O. P. Smith who said, "The reason it looked simple was that professionals did it."

Colonel Heinl concludes that by the success of the landings at Inchon and the liberation of Seoul, MacArthur and his unified command set the United States on the course later adopted by President Kennedy and Defense Secretary McNamara of flexible response and the ability to wage limited war. He notes the irony that so soon after his brilliant victory at Inchon, and disregarding the express warning of the Chinese Communists that they would enter the Korean War if United States troops advanced north of the 38th Parallel, MacArthur went down to double defeat both at the hand of the new enemy and by decision of the Commander in Chief at home. "Swathed in the mantle of infallibility won at Inchon, MacArthur was foredoomed to fall with the rapidity and the magnificence and the finality of Lucifer."

—Robert McClintock

Victory at High Tide, *by Robert Debs Heinl, Jr. Lippincott, $8.95.*

Naval Officer and Diplomat

Any of us who feel that the United States Navy has been paddling in the pond of diplomacy for the last quarter century and would do well to dry its feet should read a biography of Commodore Matthew C. Perry. An excellent one is now available, by the distinguished Samuel Eliot Morison. It has been well researched, the author, with characteristic thoroughness, having pursued his quest through labyrinthian by-ways at home and abroad. Characteristically, also, he has visited the places and traversed the waters he describes, so that these emerge in accurate, often vivid detail. Since the author is himself a sailor the work is authentically nautical, and being a scholar in American history he adduces a general background which affords an invaluale perspective.

The younger brother of the hero of Lake Erie ("Don't Give Up the Ship"), the Commodore was not a brilliant man but studious, thorough, cultured and perceptive. One of his fellow officers described him as "the most industrious, hard-working, energetic, zealous, persevering, enterprising officer of his rank." Generous as this estimate is, I would add he had a good deal of common sense and appreciation of what we now call psychology. He also was an improver at heart. These were the qualities which made Perry a remarkable naval officer.

In the broader aspects of his career, the Commodore helped to establish Liberia, hunted pirates in the West Indies, dabbled in diplomacy with the Sultan of Turkey and King of the Two Sicilies, did much more than dabble in diplomacy with African kings and tribal chiefs, commanded the Gulf Squadron in the Mexican War, negotiated a settlement of our fisheries dispute with Canada, which ended in a treaty, and finally led the expedition to Japan in 1853-54.

The Japanese venture was the Commodore's crowning diplomatic achievement. He went not only as a naval commander but diplomat, accorded broad powers by the State Department.

In preparing for his mission, Perry encountered delays and difficulties galore. But, as usual, he persisted, choosing his officers with meticulous care, with an eye to diplomacy as well as naval competence, setting up needed logistics, corresponding extensively with others who had been to Japan, querying many whaling captains who had sailed in the Japan seas, reading assiduously, consulting scientists and adding as many to his expedition as funds would permit.

Perry's difficulties in dealing with the Japanese are illuminatingly dealt with by Professor Morison. The patience, understanding and skill he brought to them have never been so thoroughly documented. The significance of his achievement of opening Japan without firing a single shot is dexterously evaluated.

—Smith Simpson

"Old Bruin": *Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50.*

This Is the Army, Mr. Jones

What Mr. Weigley attempts to do in this book is describe the institutional development of the United States Army with only marginal references to campaign history as such.

To those concerned with contemporary foreign affairs, Mr. Weigley offers a rich variety of tidbits all woven together into a coherent description of how the Army came to be what it presently is. Of particular pertinency is his theme that the United States Army is really two armies: the Regular Army epitomized by the cold hauteur of Emory Upton with his contempt for the citizen soldier, and the citizen army with its militia tradition tending to discount the importance of professionalism in the governance of a military force. In his description of the institutional development of the Army with the ebb and flow between the two bodies of politico-military doctrine represented by first the regulars and then again the citizens, the thoughtful student of contemporary affairs can see mirrored some of that contemporary debate about civilian control of military policy which has been one of the threads of American national security policy since the end of World War II.

Mr. Weigley organizes his book in four parts running chronologically from the colonial militias through the formative nineteenth century and movement into the outer world in the twentieth. He closes with as good a description and analysis of the impact of the post-1945 world on the Army as an institution to be found anywhere. This latter discussion is most interesting for its view of the whole problem of the unification of the armed forces as seen from the perspective of the Army. One cannot avoid the conclusion that the Army was, in the crucial years of the late 1940s and early 1950s, at a painful

disadvantage when compared with the Navy and the new Air Force because of the Army's reluctance or inability to use the mass communications media as skillfully as those two services. But then, the Army may have had a built-in handicap. B-52s and super-carriers together with Polaris submarines and Minuteman missiles will probably always present a more spectacular picture than the Green Berets or pentomic divisions.

Although some may not find the book as elegant in its prose as they would like, it seems to me to be one of the better presentations on the general subject of American politico-military affairs. Of specific interest to JOURNAL readers with their special interest in such problems, Mr. Weigley's book is a useful and thoughtful discussion of the institutional development of a military instrument of the American democracy.

—VICTOR WOLF, JR.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, *by Russell F. Weigley. Macmillan, $12.95.*

Military and Naval Quotations

COLONEL ROBERT D. HEINL, JR., our former MAAG Chief in Haiti and author of several works about the Marine Corps, has demonstrated wit, perception, and scholarship in compiling his "Dictionary of Military and Naval Quotations." Drawn from countless sources over the centuries, the 5,000 quotations are listed under 800 rubrics ranging alphabetically from "Action" to "Zeal." Although the dominant theme of the dictionary is war, it covers a host of related subjects, from Alliances and Ambassadors to Revolution and Underdeveloped Countries, which touch on the broad field of international relations. Every page inspires pleasure and provocation and often surprise. Among the surprises are the true versions of Farragut's "Damn the Torpedos" and Sherman's "War is Hell," and the suggestion that the famous *mot de Cambronne* may be apocryphal. Like Shakespeare and the Bible, there is a quotation to support almost any position. The quotations also represent a variety of styles, like the British commander who reported his capture of the Indian province of Sind with a one-word Latin pun, *"Peccavi"* (I have sinned); or the US Navy pilot who reported breezily, "Scratch one flattop."

But the really important quotations, and there are many, are those which illustrate in the context of their time and place a particular insight, brilliance, compassion, or stupidity, and reveal a moment of truth for men and nations across the spectrum of history. Clausewitz said that "The art of war in its highest point of view is policy." There is accordingly much to enlighten and enrich the diplomatist as well as the militarist in this valuable reference work. Perhaps we are all embraced in Barbara Tuchman's wry comment, "Nothing so comforts the military mind as the maxim of a great but dead general."

—CHARLES W. THOMAS

DICTIONARY OF MILITARY AND NAVAL QUOTATIONS, *by Colonel Robert Debs Heinl, Jr., USMC (Ret.). US Naval Institute, $15.*

Naval Affairs at the Periphery

ADMIRALS—past, present and future—will not find in this book a named group of Admirals constituting a "lobby," notwithstanding the catchy title.

This is a scholarly study of the "politics of the policymaking process out of which military policy emerges" by a behavioral scientist who has major misgivings about relying so extensively on personal sources and the improvisations which characterized his research. He, therefore, regards the work under review as "only an early report."

In Part I, the author leads the reader through an exhaustive historical review of the Navy and its problems prior to 1941, including Centralization *versus* Decentralization, the impact of the airplane and the implementation of Mahan's theories.

US foreign policy particularly during the period between the Spanish-American War to Pearl Harbor is examined in some depth—related to naval affairs, of course. The author cites and agrees with Ambassador George Kennan that our policy was "seriously defective."

The heart of this study will be found in Parts II and III where the author examines what he labels the "political" activities of naval officers and draws at least tentative conclusions. It appears that these political activities are simply the lobbying in which the Navy has engaged in the Executive and Legislative branches, and its public relations efforts outside the government, to achieve its goal of a Navy "second to none." In spite of naming well-known naval and civilian figures (Admiral Burke—Secretary McNamara), and using somewhat startling subheadings such as *Overt* and *Covert* Approaches (Office of Legislative Affairs and Op-23) few will find much that has not been known generally in government circles and by the informed public. The author does provide a welcome analysis of these activities, backed by impressive documentation—in spite of his own misgivings.

The final section summarizes the author's findings in some five pages. In brief, the author finds that naval officers do not like to lobby (engage in "political" activities) except under pressure of any threat to the Navy and its ability to contribute to the security of the United States.

—THOMAS S. ESTES

THE ADMIRALS LOBBY, *by Vincent Davis. University of North Carolina Press, $7.50.*

Cold War Antecedents

PROFESSOR ULLMAN'S study of Anglo-Soviet relations in the 16 months following the end of World War I is a fine case study in diplomatic history, and a penetrating critique of the democratic policy-making process. It covers some of the same ground as Ambasador Kennan's comparable work on Soviet-American relations, and chronicles the same kinds of policy blunders toward the young Soviet regime as those portrayed so vividly in the Kennan book. It describes in fascinating detail the confusion and disorder, or ignorance and ineptitude, which marked so much of what was done by the British and other Western political and military leaders of those days.

There is much to be said for such close analysis of this first period of Soviet-Western relations. The events of the Russian civil war were of absolutely central importance in determining the internal evolution of the Soviet regime, and in shaping its basic attitudes toward the outside world. Foreign policy problems, then and now, are not so different as they might seem, and the documentation for these years is better than for later times. In many ways, therefore, Professor Ullman's book, like Professor Kennan's, has much to tell present-day policy makers.

The Soviet regime has been responsible for so much political mischief, and worse, in its long existence, that it is also useful to see, as Professors Ullman and Kennan both make clear, that the West, too, has not always conducted itself as well as it might. "The Zinoviev Story: A Political Intrigue," by three young British journalists, describes a celebrated instance of such political misconduct—the deliberate use of an anti-Communist forgery by civil servants and politicians in the 1924 British General Election. It is a convincing reconstruction of the operations of a kind of early Western counterpart of the later Soviet Department of Misinformation.

It is also a cautionary tale of the

unscrupulousness of political propagandists overready to believe what they want to believe. It is, in its way, a kind of follow-up of Professor Kennan's exposure, in his book on Soviet-American relations, of a comparable fraud perpetrated on the American public in 1918: the circulation of the so-called Sisson documents, in a pamphlet entitled "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy," published in Washington by the US Committee on Public Information.

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

BRITAIN AND THE RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR, NOVEMBER 1918-FEBRUARY 1920, *by Richard H. Ullman. Princeton University Press, $10.00.*
THE ZINOVIEV LETTER: A POLITICAL INTRIGUE, *by Lewis Chester, Stephen Fay, and Hugo Young. Lippincott, $5.95.*

Just Excellent Reporting

WARD JUST was in Vietnam from December 1965 to May 1967 as correspondent for the Washington POST. *Mirabile dictu*, he has written a book!

In his book he gives his impressions of Saigon ("it has a certain sleazy, Gallic charm"), *Cercle Sportif* ("once stiff and formal but now reminiscent of a down-at-the-heels plantation house in the Mississippi Delta, the old retainers dismissed and the house occupied by Snopeses"), the war ("a drama whose characters and plot were only dimly perceived"), the government ("a hopelessly confused and confusing apparatus"), the Vietnamese ("The population did not engage in the struggle"), and personages (Ambassador Lodge, General Westmoreland, Prime Minister Ky, and the Finance Minister who resigned because his job was "like being a male nurse in a madhouse").

Like other American newsmen evaluating the performance of their countrymen in Vietnam, he is chary with praise, but he does have good to say of diplomats who speak Vietnamese:

"The Americans who did learn the language (and there were perhaps two dozen with real fluency) understood the people, and their moods and enthusiasms, much better than those who did not. It was a treat to watch Vietnamese-speaking Americans. Their personalities changed as they spoke, and normally dull diplomats became smiling, bowing, laughing Orientals as they sang along with friends, pursing lips and shrugging, washing their hands and saying *Yaaa.*"

No polemicist, Just does not excoriate, preach, prescribe; he is content merely to report. This he does in an impressionistic style, in low-keyed urbanity, and in poignant vignettes and slices-of-life. He does not confuse himself with the reincarnation of Ernie Pyle of World War II fame. What distinguishes his account is not novelty of subject matter nor depth of analysis but excellence of writing. His book is not *must* reading but it is good reading.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

TO WHAT END: REPORT FROM VIETNAM, *by Ward S. Just. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95.*

A Debater's Handbook

IT'S not too surprising that Senator Hartke's book is less than sympathetic with the Administrations' Vietnam policy. The author is particularly concerned about further escalation; however, his book has been somewhat overtaken by events since it was obviously completed just before the President's historic March 31st statement. By and large it would serve well as a debater's handbook for the opposition since it contains most of the standard arguments (with the standard documentation) used against our continued involvement in Vietnam. There is, however, one addition and that is the hint of a possible escalation to germ warfare on our side.

Curiously the Senator devotes four pages to the subject of chemical and biological warfare research in the US. Here he juxtaposes a WHO report on recent precipitous increase in plague cases in Vietnam with a description of US military research on the use of plague in such a way that the reader could scarcely avoid linking the two. He does, however, then back off from this tack by adding: "I am not saying that we *have* (author's italics) used biological weapons in Vietnam, whether plague or tularemia or any other microbes. But it is a fact that we are carrying out extensive research at a stepped-up pace."

When Senator Hartke comes to the nuts and bolts of what would be a better policy, the refrain is a familiar one: "I have refrained from outlining specific details here on mechanisms for, or proposed content of, a settlement of the American crisis in Vietnam."

—WILLIAM L. STEARMAN

THE AMERICAN CRISIS IN VIETNAM, *by Senator Vance Hartke. Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95.*

Currents of History

PIERRE RENOUVIN'S "War and Aftermath 1914-1929" is a concise and readable account of world history during that period. Although Europe and later the Far East were the principal stages of events at the time, Renouvin carefully describes the less newsworthy but significant changes which occurred in Latin America, the United States, and the Arab world and which exerted a major influence on great power policies during the period.

Particularly successful is the balance Renouvin strikes between the political, military, economic and psychological factors in his history. He has obviously mastered the material available to arrive at his own conclusions about the importance of one or another aspect of the situation at a given time.

However, Renouvin seems unnecessarily skeptical about United States' motivations during and after World War I. His account is factually accurate but one detects a barely concealed cynicism about the obvious contradictions in American foreign policy when America sought to reconcile traditional isolationism with a new set of national interests. Wilson's intervention in Latin America is contrasted with his anti-colonial position, America's professed neutrality during the first years of World War I is scrutinized against the aid given the Entente powers, and dollar diplomacy comes in for critical treatment.

"War and Aftermath" remains, nonetheless, an extraordinarily successful effort to place within the covers of one 300-page book the principal currents of world history over fifteen years. Anyone wishing to refresh himself on World War I and its aftermath can do so by reading this one book alone.

—PETER SEMLER

WAR AND AFTERMATH *1914-1929, by Pierre Renouvin. Harper & Row, $8.50.*

The Story of Singapore's Fall

A chance discovery of a long-forgotten deed box, a stone's throw away from London's Trafalgar Square, enabled historical author Noel Barber to write what certainly must be the most intimate account of Singapore's fall to the Japanese in February, 1942.

The box was crammed with papers, day-to-day diaries and notes (some written in prison camp) that opened up to Barber leads to survivors now living in many parts of the world. Altogether the author spent nearly two years tracking down these leads and others—including official British and Japanese reports of Singapore's demise.

The result is brilliant description, often told in the first person, of incredible military unpreparedness and obstinacy in developing defensive strategy. Here is unfolded the character of men and women who refused to leave the island when certain internment—

and perhaps death, faced them. And there were others—whose facade of character evaporated under the strain as they sought to flee Singapore, irrespective of their positions or responsibilities.

Barber casts the principals in the Singapore drama as if they are on the stage—and manages to hold the readers' interest until the final curtain falls when he tells us who survived and who didn't, the fate that befell those who fled in cowardly manner, and finally something the reader already had guessed—"Singapore . . . ceased to be . . . Europe's gateway to the East, but rather became Asia's gateway to the West."

—JAMES O. MAYS

A SINISTER TWILIGHT: THE FALL OF SINGAPORE, *1942, by Noel Barber. Houghton Mifflin, $6.95.*

MacArthur and the Russians

THIS might well have been chosen by Herbert Feis as the title of his new book on the Soviet bid for power in Japan. Admittedly MacArthur did not alone keep the Soviets from playing a major role in the occupation of Japan. However, as the first proconsul in American history MacArthur's stern and lofty position prevented the Soviets from playing in Japan the disruptive role which proved so profitable for them in Eastern Europe.

Again, in "Contest Over Japan," Herbert Feis has added a readable and useful chapter on recent diplomatic history. It is a good description of the contest of ideas and desires which went on between the United States on the one side and the USSR, and to a lesser extent the UK, on the other side, until almost the end of the occupation of Japan.

—A. W. STOFFEL

CONTEST OVER JAPAN, *by Herbert Feis. Norton, $5.00.*

Eisenhower's Decision

THIS brief monograph in the series of Norton Essays in American History, is a useful and, in several respects, new treatment of Eisenhower's decision to stop his forces at the Elbe River and leave Berlin to the Red Army. The author analyzes the decision, Eisenhower's motives, and the results, and he explores whether Eisenhower could have beaten the Russians to Berlin, if so, why he didn't, and what effect an Allied capture of Berlin would have had on the Berlin question and on the Cold War. Also examined in detail are the various roles of Roosevelt and Churchill, Montgomery and Bradley, Stalin and scores of lesser knowns.

The final chapter makes a significant contribution to the available literature on the zonal boundaries and is the most interesting and original. Ambrose acknowledges his debt to the zonal study done by the State Department Historical Office Director, William Franklin.

The book is well documented. For either the layman or the serious student of World War II, the concluding "Note on Sources" may well be the most valuable part of the book, containing an annotated bibliography of standard original and secondary sources and bringing to light a few which, to this reader at least, were completely new.

His arguments or conclusions won't be universally accepted, but the reader will never be in doubt about the author's own point of view: "I can only say that each time I study the decision my feeling that Eisenhower's and Roosevelt's actions were both logical and correct is strengthened."

—WILLIAM L. SWING

EISENHOWER AND BERLIN, 1945: *The Decision to Halt at the Elbe, by Stephen E. Ambrose. Norton.*

The War Myth

HERE is a well-researched pacifist tract by a professor who believes that war is a human aberration that could be cured through better education, lessening the influence of military men, and putting curbs on rapacious businessmen. Anyone who agrees with these views will find useful material for pacifist speeches in this book.

This reviewer's favorite passage is on page 227 where it says: "There is also the ever-present fear that no chest-pounding nation will relinquish its 'inherent right to self-defense.' This tired ploy keeps munitions firms in business, and it is a variation of this gambit that businessmen appeal to when they foster arms sales, invest in the development of the raw materials of other countries for their own benefit, and generally advocate anarchy in economics."

Authors like this used to be quite popular in England and France in the 30s, when students swore that they would not defend their country and when abuse was heaped on Hitler's victims because this helped to justify inaction in the face of their destruction. Some lessons have to be relearned by every generation.

—M. F. H.

THE WAR MYTH, *by Donald A. Wells Pegasus Paperback, $1.75, also available in hard-cover edition.*

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

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

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

to: AFSA, 2101 E Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20037

Cook's Tour

BY HELEN KINDLER BEHRENS

Couscous for Thanksgiving, in the desert, with a Chinese couple? Perfectly possible! You just have to *be* in a Bedouin tent, the couple a Chinese-American opthalmologist working in Algeria for CARE-Medico and his wife, the desert near Ghardia, the beautiful and almost legendary walled city built by an ascetic Moslem sect on the edge of the Sahara. We had taken advantage of the long American weekend to join Dr. and Mrs. Martin Choy and another couple for a mutual assault on the desert. I think we left our own legend on the legendary city.

In Ghardia, Dr. Choy had decided to honor his birthday with the purchase of a rug. The rest of us were picking up picnic provisions. My husband and I soon appeared to help Dr. Choy with his bargaining, and as we entered the shop, we burst into "Happy Birthday to You." Then, while dickering back and forth with the startled shopkeeper, we all began nibbling bits of the crusty French bread which we had bought. (Anyone who has walked home with a French *baguette* under his arm and *gotten* home with a whole loaf is temptation-proof.) In a few minutes, the rest of the party, also equipped with bread, appeared to offer their help; more bargaining, more nibbling. We weren't budging the shopkeeper much on the price until the new arrivals, suddenly remembering the occasion for the purchase, also burst into Happy Birthday, with our willing help on a second chorus. At this, the rug merchant seemed to feel that incantations together with bread offerings were more than he could cope with. Rapidly reducing the price, he ushered the lot of us out of the store without the usual protestations about looking at several more rugs soon again.

Back in Algiers that winter, my husband did a good deal of snipe shooting; in fact, we had about had it with snipe meals until Kathleen Choy told me the Chinese way of cooking small birds. Thanks to her, I once again was able to welcome the sight of eight or ten feathered friends in need of plucking. The rest was easy.

Chinese Squab—or Snipe

2 squabs (young pigeons) or 4 snipe
1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons wine
½ teaspoon ground ginger (fresh is better if available)
½ teaspoon salt
½ crushed garlic clove (optional)
2 tablespoons bead molasses or honey, if you like a sweet flavor
oil for deep frying

Mix the salt, pepper, ginger, and garlic with the soy and the wine and rub the skin of the birds with it; put a little inside each bird as well. If you use the molasses, rub the skin with this also. Heat the oil to 375°. Drop the birds in whole, turning occasionally; the squab should be cooked in 10 minutes; the snipe will take only five. Although in China the birds would be cut to bite-size before serving, Kathleen advises eating them "hairy ape style, with the fingers."

25 YEARS AGO

NOVEMBER 1943 IN THE JOURNAL

by HENRY B. DAY

Moscow Conference

The Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, returned from Moscow November 11, 1943, after signing the Four Nation Declaration at the final plenary session on October 30 of the three-power foreign ministers' conference of Hull, Eden and Molotov. The fourth signer was Foo Ping-sheung, China's Ambassador in Moscow. George V. Allen wrote for the JOURNAL about the roles of members of the American delegation. The members who left by air with the Secretary on October 7 were Green H. Hackworth, James C. Dunn, Michael J. McDermott, Cecil W. Gray, Colonel Harry J. McBride, Charles E. Bohlen, William A. Fowler, Philip E. Mosely, Cavendish W. Cannon, Henry P. Leverich, George A. Morlock, George Allen, and Frederick G. Reinhardt. Averell Harriman, Ambassador to the USSR, met the Secretary at Algiers and went on with him. The Navy detailed Commander Keith Merrill, former FSO, to accompany the Secretary. John D. Jernegan, the youngest member, came from Tehran to help with matters relating to Iran, on which he was already an expert. Officers at the Embassy who helped at the conference were Maxwell M. Hamilton, Counselor, Llewellyn Thompson, Francis Stevens, Warwick Perkins, Bland Calder, and John Melby.

UNRRA

At the White House on November 9, 1943, representatives of 44 nations signed the agreement that created the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. The first session was held the next day at Atlantic City. The United States Representative on the Council was Dean Acheson. With him as the first representatives of the United States were Francis B. Sayre, Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, and the following advisers from different government departments: Mrs. Elizabeth A. Conkey, Max Gardner, Harold Glasser, Roy Hendrickson, Murray Latimer, Dr. Thomas Parran, Leroy Stinebower, Herman Wells, Ellen S. Woodward, John Carter Vincent, Richard M. Bissell, Evett D. Hester, Laurence Lombard, Lincoln White, Walter Wilcox, Kermit Roosevelt, Edward G. Miller, Jr., and Robert B. Parker.

Ottawa and Washington

On November 11, 1943, the Governments of the United States and Canada announced that the Legations of the two at Washington and Ottawa would be raised to the rank of Embassies. On November 18 the Senate confirmed Ray Atherton, American Minister to Canada, as Ambassador to Canada.

Relief for Interned Civilians

The State Department announced November 22 that the Japanese Government had agreed to allow the Swiss Legation in Tokyo to make monthly remittances to civilian internment camps in the Philippine Islands; that $50,000 had been sent to Santo Tomas in Manila; that $25,000 would be forwarded monthly to this camp; and that $7,400 had been distributed for relief to the smaller camps at Bocolod, Baguio, Cebu, Davao, Iloilo, Tacloban, and Tagbilaran. Permission to remit to the Ateneo and Los Banos camps was awaited. The number of American civilians held was about 4,080, of which 2,300 were at Santo Tomas.

The Consulate at Port Elizabeth was hard pressed handling matters arising there from the stop November 3-4 of the *M. V. Gripsholm* bearing 1,261 North and South Americans from the Far East. The port became a world news center. The Consul, F. A. Henry, and his wife had the help of Fred Hunt, Vice Consul, who came down from Johannesburg. Fred had come out of Shanghai in the exchange of the year before. Miss Dorothy St. Clair, who had come on leave from the Legation in Pretoria, offered to lend a hand and became engulfed. William R. Langdon and Donald W Smith, State Department representatives on the *Gripsholm*, also helped.

At Rio de Janeiro the American and Canadian colonies arranged a gala reception and a two-day program of shopping, sightseeing and entertainment for the repatriates when the *Gripsholm* put in there November 15-16. The Associated Press reported passengers were reticent for fear some irresponsible person would say something that would get back to the Japanese by radio and cause the Japanese military police to visit reprisals on internees.

Chungking

J. Bartlett Richards, Commercial Attaché at Chungking, wrote a trade letter to the JOURNAL on the market for cats. A good mouser would bring anywhere from $50 to $100, US currency. An alternative would be a Pied Piper. Lacking an exterminator or leader, members of the rat colony were exercising uncontrolled initiative. One night Bart heard a measured plop, plop, turned on the light and saw a rat pushing a cake of soap end over end across the floor. A friend, likewise, once saw his teeth being dragged along. The rats considered buttons a delicacy and left tooth marks on the perimeters or pulled them off for storage. After dining on soap and buttons the rats ran over the beds and through the hair of sleepers, he wrote. Anyway, it happened to him.

Miss Ruth Foster and George E. Palmer were married on November 7, 1943, in Bethesda, Maryland. George was then assigned as Vice Consul in Colon. The reception was held at the home of the Christian Ravndals shortly before Christian Ravndal took up a new assignment as Counselor in Stockholm. At that time George's father, Ely Eliot Palmer, was Consul General in Sydney.

After retiring from the Service in 1964, George and Ruth stayed for a time with George's father at the family home in San Bernardino, California, where there were family matters to attend to. In 1966 they bought a house in Chula Vista, California, where George began a second career. He became an executive in a rapidly growing chain of coffee shops (Denny's), then joined the Anderson Dunham Company, a subsistence contracting firm. His first assignment was managing the feeding and housing of some 300 men at an Atomic Energy Commission test site in central Nevada. After the completion of the underground test George was transferred to the home office. At present he is Field Supervisor. The Palmers' eldest daughter, Gayle, helps her mother at home. Their son, Hunt, is starting his second year at college. Their daughter, Karen, started junior high school this fall.

The Honorable Ely E. Palmer, George's father, went to Providence to attend the 60th reunion of his class at Brown last June.

Birthday best wishes on November 27 to James B. Stewart, long time conductor of this column.

"The Colonel I'm told has advertised a horse stolen or strayed. The Colonel is so good a master that I don't think the horse has willingly left him. I think he must have been pressed into the foreign service."

—letter from George Clymer to Samuel Meredith, ca. 1811, contributed by John H. Stutesman, Jr.

JFK (*Continued from page 38*)

discussions were over, while the rest of the group was engaged in drafting a joint statement to be released to the press, the President and the Chancellor and I walked over to a corner of the room where the gifts to be exchanged were resting on two chairs. The President stooped over to pick up the small pile of packages for the Chancellor and his family. As he was about to grasp them, he stopped and straightened up again and asked if I would hand them to him. I suddenly remembered his back injury of the previous year, for which he was still wearing a brace. He passed the packages on to the Chancellor who put them on the end of the Cabinet table before handing his gift, which had been beautifully rewrapped, to the President. The President opened the package and his delight was as obvious and apparently genuine as though he were seeing the sabre for the first time. With the Chancellor and me in tow, he went through his secretary's office and into his office, giving word on the way to let in the photographers. A horde of men with cameras, floodlights and flash bulbs surged into the room and took several pictures of the two smiling, handshaking statesmen and the sabre, which was subsequently hung in a prominent spot on the wall of the President's office where it could be seen in numerous later photographs.

When we returned to the Cabinet Room, the communique had been drafted and the Austrian party took its leave for a reception on Capitol Hill by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Shortly after the Austrians had left, and while the President and Mr. Ball were exchanging a few final words, it was noticed that the Chancellor had forgotten his gift packages on the end of the Cabinet table. I had the pleasure of carrying them home and presenting them to him again that evening at a dinner party at the Austrian Ambassador's residence. ■

Jack Sulser was born in Illinois and educated at Augustana College, Institute of World Affairs and the University of Wisconsin. He has served in England, Italy, Germany and Personnel before his association with Austrian affairs in 1961.

Park, California. Mr. Bone was on home leave from Rhodesia. He is survived by his wife of 1330 Hoover Street, Menlo Park, Calif.

GAMON. Mrs. John A. Gamon, widow of FSO John A. Gamon, died on September 2, in Sarasota, Florida. She is survived by two sons, FSO David L. Gamon, 1703 Ferrell Rd., Chapel Hill, N.C., Capt. (USN-ret.) John A. Gamon Jr., and a daughter, Mrs. John McClintock.

HARRELL. Lovett L. Harrell, son of FSO-retired and Mrs. Raymond L. Harrell, was killed in action in Vietnam on October 4.

MCDONALD. George McDonald, FSO, died on September 10. Mr. McDonald entered on duty with OWI in 1945 and with the State Department in 1946. He served at Bucharest, Ankara, Tehran and Saigon. He is survived by his wife, Lily, and two sons, of 3114 Marie's Drive, Falls Church, Va.

ROCK. Catherine A. Rock, Foreign Service secretary, died on September 17, at Georgetown Hospital in Washington. She is survived by a brother, Joseph O. Rock, 8907 24th Ave., Adelphi, Md.

SCHWARTZ. Harold E. Schwartz, retired AID official, died on September 5, at Alexandria Hospital. Mr. Schwartz entered government service in 1929 and served with the Department of Agriculture. FEA and ICA. From 1961 to 1963 he was Director of the AID Mission to Afghanistan and, prior to his retirement in 1966, he was assistant director and consul for the Lahore Mission. He is survived by his wife, Beatrice, of 1115 Key Dr., Alexandria, Va., four sons and and daughter.

SEE HUE (*Continued from page* 21)

only knew such things perhaps I could do something to make contact with them sooner. Will I get caught after all, before the Marines get here? Surely, before long the Communists will come snooping around this house.

February 5

Allied artillery and mortar fire began falling around the area of Minh's house. We had heard a lot of artillery before, but never anything this close. Evidently, they had spotted the NVA in the group of buildings behind Khoa's house and were firing at them. Some of the shells, however, seemed almost to fall at random.

"I think we'd better move downstairs," said Minh after a round hit just beyond the wall in the back yard of our house.

We set up housekeeping under the stairwell on the first floor, an area of about six feet by ten feet. Since the shelling continued into the night, we moved our mattresses and slept down there.

Or rather tried to sleep. We had got into the habit of going to bed at sundown and getting up at dawn, since there was no electricity and only three candles in the house. But tonight the shelling kept us awake until after midnight.

The radio had lifted my spirits, but this new danger made things seem worse than ever.

"How ironic it would be," said Lam, "to have escaped the VC and be killed by friendly artillery."

How ironic indeed.

February 6

We were awakened early by the resumption of the shelling. What they say in the war stories is true, I thought. There really is a whistling sound before the rounds hit.

About 10 a.m., a shell hit the roof of our house, just before the room where we had been staying until the day before. It did considerable damage to the house, but since we were all downstairs, no one was hurt.

Shortly after noon, however, the shelling stopped, and so we braved occasional forays upstairs to resume our normal pastime of looking out the windows. There was more to see this time, because American helicopters began flying frequently for the first time. Perhaps this was because of a slight improvement in the weather. At any rate, there was a lot of action, as our NVA neighbors shot at the helicopters as they passed overhead.

"Why don't the helicopters fire back?" asked Lam.

I really didn't know why, but as the natural authority in the household on all things American, I guessed. "They don't know they're being fired at unless they're hit. There's too much noise."

February 7

"Whew! You guys need a bath in the worst way," said Khoa jokingly on one of his rare visits to the house. He knew full well that he needed one just as badly as we did. The water was cut off, and what little was available had to be conserved for drinking.

In the afternoon, we heard a considerable amount of small arms fire, coming from not very far away.

"The Marines are coming, the Marines are coming," we all rejoiced.

This was the first time I had heard small arms fire since the first day of the attack, except when the NVA fired at helicopters passing overhead. The Marines must be very close.

But they didn't get close enough yet.

February 8

"The NVA have all gone," said Khoa when he came over

the next morning. "They all pulled out sometime during the night."

"Maybe today is finally liberation day," said Lam.

"Liberation!" The word even tasted good.

The morning dragged on intolerably long. We continued to hear small arms fire from time to time, but it didn't seem to be getting much closer.

Finally, just after lunch, I heard voices, distinctly, beautifully American voices.

"Where the hell is Jones' squad?" someone shouted. It was the first English I had heard in nine days, except for the radio.

In a few minutes I saw them from the second floor window. Real, honest-to-god US Marines.

"No, don't yell at them," said Minh. "Some of the neighbors are coming out now and they might hear you. If word gets around that we hid out an American, it could be bad for us."

He was right, of course, so I restrained my excitement and waited the extra 15 minutes it took for the Marines to get to the house.

"Oh yeah," said the sergeant when I introduced myself and explained who I was. "They told us there might be some sort of VIP hiding around here. I'd better call the captain."

I was surprised to be promoted to VIP status, but at that point he could have called me an SOB without even smiling, and I would still have been elated.

To get me past the neighbors undetected, I wrapped a blanket around myself, and Captain Christmas sent two Marines to half carry me away, as if I were a wounded Marine.

"And here, see Hué!" I though of the quotation from Tran Van Tung as we drove to the MACV compound. Death and destruction were all around. The stench of unburied corpses sometimes polluted the air. My beautiful Hué was ruined.

And what about Tuy-Cam?

Conclusion

I did not find Tuy-Cam until February 14. It took that long for the Marines to clear the few blocks between Khoa's house and hers. But after all, there were only four companies of Marines engaged, as opposed to the better part of a North Vietnamese division in the area. I understood now why progress was so slow.

Tuy-Cam had not been harmed, although the NVA had been to her house many times. They had lists of American employees in Hué, but since she worked in Danang, she wasn't on them.

We were both very lucky.

It was on the same day that I learned that Minh and Lam had been killed by the Communists. Was it because they befriended me? They were shot from an ambush, so no one will ever know.

On February 16, we found the body of Steve Miller, my Foreign Service friend who had been to dinner with us the night before the attack. Like several other Americans in Hue, he had been captured, interrogated, and then shot in the back of the head. I knew how close I had been to sharing his fate.

"And here, see Hué!" I try to see the pleasant times, the Camelot days of 1965 and 1966. But the memories of 1968 are usually stronger.

Perhaps Hué will never be lovely again. ■

James R. Bullington, a graduate of Auburn University, entered the Foreign Service in 1962. He received the Superior Honor Award in 1966 for working in Hué during the political crisis when the Consulate and USIS Library were burned. Mr. Bullington is at Harvard under a National Institute of Public Affairs Award.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

New Posting

A man of many skills,
Deep understanding,
And extraordinary
Personal charm,
Julius Holmes
Left Washington
With his powers
At full flood.

Untroubled by the absence
Of a post report,
I imagine he viewed steadfastly
The oncomingness of Death
As he did all new assignments.

Content as he was,
He accepted new orders
On the basis
Of their being
Neither at his request
Nor for his convenience.

This resolve taken,
He contemplated
His next posting
With confidence
That he could learn the language
And that, as always,
He would find himself
Surrounded by friends and colleagues.

LEWIS JONES

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

From the Old Guard

JUST a year has passed since the not so Old Guard of AFSA passed the mace—no, no, teen-agers, not what they used in Chicago—of authority to the hands of the Young Turks. The change was constructive. It was brought about by a well-organized show of initiative on the part of a progressive group of AFSA members, the Committee of 18, who were determined to give real meaning to the Association's indirect election of officers and members of the Board. For, let's face it, the system had for many years worked in a hardly democratic self-perpetuation of a very slowly changing in-group, however honorable and devoted they were indeed. The Young Turks fairly challenged these established ways, and on the basis of a sound platform of election promises looking toward an activist role for AFSA on behalf of the membership and the Foreign Service as a whole, won the election and turned us rascals out.

Actually, we rascals were not entirely bad—in fact in all modesty we were rather good and were already working along the general thrust of the Young Turks' winning platform. I point this out only to state that we thus had some proprietary interest in the successful implementation of this program. This being said gives, I think, all the more sincerity to the congratulations due the Committee of 18 for the energetic and productive way they have acted on their electoral promises. As a result, AFSA has made giant strides toward becoming a more effective voice not only on behalf of the legitimate interests of its membership but also on behalf of a Foreign Service community more responsive to the needs of the country for which we serve. To our successors we can say an unequivocal well done.

The recent AFSA open forum to discuss the new personnel legislation—Public Law 90-494—is symbolic of this progress. To my knowledge the meeting was unique in AFSA history. For the first time, the Washington membership, at least, was able to speak out and question features of this legislation that were causing serious concern as to implementation and to register vigorous dissent at a process which produced the legislation without adequate hearing for those most affected by it.

Our concern having been aired, I am sure the Department's administrators will act in good faith to eliminate grounds for any misgivings. Of more fundamental, long-range importance, however, is the establishment of the principle in Departmental administrative practice (as well as that of AID and USIS) for members of the Foreign Service community to participate in making the decisions upon which a healthy, vital, effective Foreign Service depends. The restlessness that encircles the globe attests to the appeal of this principle to man as an organized being in every quarter. (I am trying hard to avoid that redundancy of terms used even on the pinnacle of French administering power—participatory democracy).

Since, however, individual consultation in even the most basic administrative decisions is beyond the pad of possibility, it is to a collective voice that we must resort. An AFSA playing an energetic, reasonable constructive role and representing a close totality of alert, participating members of the Foreign Service community can provide such a voice. For it to ring true and tellingly, however, it is vital that every member think hard and perceptively about issues arising in the community forum and make them known to the AFSA leadership. It is equally crucial that the leadership respond to the consensus so expressed and eschew the temptation of parentalistic control.

Yes, at long last AFSA is really with it. Let's keep it there!

DAVID H. MCKILLOP

Washington

Where Credit is Due

I NOTED with approval your editorial on the passage of the USIA career bill, but I do have one correction to make. You state that the legislators, including Senator Pell, carefully studied the proposed legislation and ultimately pushed it through to successful passage. This is mostly accurate, but it really does not give proper credit to Senator Pell, who didn't just study legislation, but helped to draft it, fought for it in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and generally made this entire project a matter of very great importance for him. When, at times it looked as if the bill might be headed for defeat, he rallied others to defense of the bill. In short, he was a vigorous champion of this proposal that USIA should have its own career legislation.

ALVIN COHEN

Washington

EDITOR'S NOTE: The JOURNAL is glad to print this letter, and to express in this form, even more fully than it did in the September editorial, its appreciation for Senator Pell's untiring efforts on behalf of USIA's career legislation.

The Charge of the Light Cliché

YOUR reviewer was correct. Ambassador Ellis Briggs doesn't mince words in "Anatomy of Diplomacy: The Origin and Execution of American Foreign Policy." The Ambassador's raspy observations are calculated to provoke every staid bureaucrat. He flays away, dispensing with one sacred cow after another, until there really isn't much left. However, your reviewer didn't extend his discussion of the book far enough. Laudable as the Ambassador's conclusions are, his manner and style show serious limitations.

Ambassador Briggs wrote this book "to render more intelligible the foreign relations of the United States" (p. 3). Yet, in trying to do this, Ambassador Briggs' prose style breaks down under this worthy aim. Instead of perceptive and judicious analysis, we are treated to a series of mushy platitudes strung together like the laughs on a comedy reel. His use of words conceals rather than explains. In reaching into the English language word fund, he pulls forth such gummy

and outrageously hackneyed phrases that one becomes giddy. Can't he do better than, "This chapter deals with the totalitarian despotism of the Communists, and with the struggle between that despotism and the free world . . ." (p. 154)?

Will not someone protect us against the charge of the light cliché? Will not someone free us from this bondage to banality? If a distinguished ambassador is unable to cut through verbiage to write in original language, then the situation in the Foreign Service is more perilous than I thought. The Foreign Service will never regain control over our foreign policy as long as its notable products continue to express themselves in such language as:

> The simplest distinction between free and totalitarian societies is that in the free world the state exists to serve the people, whereas in the Communist world the situation is reversed. (p. 154) (i.e. Haiti, Spain, and Grecce!)

Ambassador Briggs' vocabulary is exhausted. We are still waiting for someone to make intelligible the foreign relations of the United States.

STEPHEN O. LESSER

Los Angeles

Une De Ces Choses

Said Servan-Schreiber to Sargent Shriver
How do you think it goes?

Said Sargent Shriver to Servan-Schreiber
The challenge you pose
Has Europe in throes
But don't blame me if you buy futures in snow
And it snows.

Said Servan-Schreiber to Sargent Shriver
If our GNP rose
And our managers chose
To follow my road where it goes
Could the gap close?
Would it?

Said Sargent Shriver to Servan-Schreiber
Nobody knows.

M. C. L.

A Letter to John M. Cates

THANK you for your letter of 26 June 1968, and for the copy of your review of the two books dealing with the work of the United Nations.

I have read the review with much interest. As far as the office of the Secretary-General is concerned, I consider it one of the most challenging positions and one which provides opportunities for constructive leadership in dealing with the many international problems that confront our troubled world. In this role, the Secretary-General is above all the servant of the Organization and the Charter of the United Nations offers many opportunities for him to play a useful role.

U THANT

New York

Pictorial Diplomatic History

IN browsing through the material available at the Government Printing Office, I came across a series of reproductions of prints or paintings of famous naval battles and important events ("We have met the enemy," "You may fire when ready, Gridley"). There were other sets as well, of army uniforms through the ages, for example. I bought the naval prints (12 for $2.50 and of a nice size for framing) for use in my office.

The thought crosses my mind that it would be rather nice if the GPO were able to offer the same kind of series, but based on American diplomatic history. Surely there must exist already paintings and prints commemorating famous scenes in our diplomatic life. One thinks immediately of the painting hanging in one of the eighth floor reception rooms, "The Signing of the Treaty of Paris." Surely some 19th century diplomat commissioned a painting to mark his "Presentation of Credentials at the Court of . . ." And if paintings do not already exist, possibly there is an artist somewhere, one of our own perhaps, who would be attracted by the dramatic possibilities presented by subjects such as "The Burning of the Codes at . . .," or "The Presentation of the . . . Declaration of War," or "The Negotiations at . . ." or "The Storming of the Embassy at Saigon." Wasn't it just a few years ago at one of our African posts that a courageous young man saved the flag from a mob of rioters? The JOURNAL's readers could expand this list ten times over in as many minutes. Perhaps the association could find some way to finance such a project.

THERESA A. HEALY

Washington

Recommended Reading

I have just read a fascinating account of what is *really* going on within the Association in the October issue of a magazine called INTERPLAY. The article is first-rate and, more than anything I have seen in recent months gives me hope for the future.

It is a shame, however, that the JOURNAL has not seen fit to commission such a piece. I hate to tout the competition, but if you cannot arrange reprint rights, I heartly recommend that your readers get a copy of INTERPLAY. It is also a shame that in this year of participatory democracy the Foreign Service still feels it must have recourse to pseudonyms. Ah, well, wait 'til next year!

GEORGE ABBOT SMITH

Washington

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler

"You'd think the admiral would have known about the equivalent rank of an FSO-1 without our having to explain it to him."

NUMBERS

(*Continued from page* 37)

be done and would have to consult with the downtown office to check it out. It was still an hour before plane time and I was afraid that word might leak out and bring that crazy mob out and prevent Poindexter from leaving. I asked if he didn't have a manual of instruction he could look at to see that the procedure was okay. He agreed to this and for what seemed an interminable period, he consulted a big black book titled "Alitalia Passenger Traffic Regulations — International Travelers." He ran his finger slowly down the index and turned the book open several times, checking sections which he thought might cover the situation and each time had to return to the Index. I was getting nervous and kept looking around to see if anyone had come in who might know Poindexter. At last the clerk found the proper section and read it aloud to himself, mulling over the words as he said them. The instructions told him that he would have to fill out a Form 579 in duplicate attaching the original to the passenger ticket collected from the traveler and giving the duplicate copy to the traveler. The person who was releasing the ticket was also required to sign on the reverse of the form. He carefully filled in the blanks of the Form 579 and once completed, I signed it over to Poindexter. We were all set to go to Immigration. I thought that once we got him out of the lobby and into the waiting area for passengers, we would be safe since the police did not allow visitors beyond the Immigration check point.

All of this time Poindexter kept shifting his head around looking for anyone who might recognize him and as we approached the Immigration desk, he saw the taxi driver who had been in the mob that morning in the compound. Poindexter quickly turned his back and rushed to the Immigration counter pressing his passport into the hands of the inspector who took it and carefully went through every page studying the visas and stamps. I watched the taxi driver out of the corner of my eye hoping that he would not spot us. At last I heard the inspector pound his stamp twice on the open ink pad lying on his table and then bring it down hard on the passport. Poindexter turned to me and with a sigh of relief and said, "Well, I guess we made it. I can't tell you how much this means to me." His eyes began to shine with moisture.

I slapped him on the back and wished him a good trip. He said he would send the reports to me on the next plane and again expressed his gratitude. He turned and walked through the immigration gate. He was slumped over and looked as though he were carrying a burden which was too much for him to bear. Under his arm he had his dart board and in a briefcase he had all of the records, charts, curves and forecasts so that he could continue his work from Paris. I felt relieved for him but was sorry to see him go. I couldn't help thinking back to the beginning and his lively reports which gave the results of the day's darting. I returned to the office and watched through my binoculars while AZ 752 cleared the traffic pattern, then went to my desk and looked at the stack of statements he had given me. They were neatly prepared and contained every bit of information possible to record from throwing four colored darts at a board with four colored rings. I hoped that once he got to Paris and saw the big tree-lined boulevards and sat down in a sidewalk cafe to have an aperitif, he would see how ridiculous it had all been. ■

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$2,900	$13.00
$3,100	$14.00
$3,300	$15.00
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