


# Foreign Service Journal

APRIL 1969  
60 CENTS



A man and a woman are shown in a lush, green outdoor setting, possibly a park or forest. The woman is sitting on a large, mossy log, and the man is leaning over her, holding a cigarette. They appear to be enjoying a moment of relaxation. In the foreground, a pack of Salem cigarettes is prominently displayed, with several cigarettes protruding from it. The pack is white and green, with the word "Salem" written in a large, elegant font. The background is filled with dense green foliage, creating a sense of being in nature.

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## Editorial

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### Tardy Justice

THE restoration of the good name of John Paton Davies restores also to the Foreign Service of the United States a measure of self-respect.

We can rejoice with the friends and advocates of Mr. Davies who have so long and valiantly supported him; we can form some idea of the meaning of this decision to Mr. Davies and his family which must be beyond all telling. But there is a special significance in this event for the professional American Foreign Service, past, present, and future.

We can have more faith in the justice of our administrative procedures; and we can go on with more confidence to give this republic our best counsel and to report foreign developments as we see them without fear or favor.

These benefits for the Foreign Service are, of course, far greater gains for the country. The Foreign Service has particular reason to know (and none knows it better than Mr. Davies) that our country is better served by its diplomats than totalitarian governments have been served by theirs, precisely because we have, by and large, tried to go on making objective reports since and in spite of the grotesque inquisition visited upon Mr. Davies, beginning 14 years ago.

We in the Foreign Service may know that we have kept faith but so long as the cloud from the Davies (and others) proceedings has hung over us, our fellow citizens have not been wrong in doubting it.

Looking back into the now unbelievable murk of the McCarthy era it is clearer than ever that Mr. Davies was thrust out of the Service not because of the lack of judgment which was alleged but because of his views.

Even if some of his estimates may have been wrong (whose have not been?) some were remarkably prescient (see George Kennan's "Memoirs," Atlantic, Little Brown, pp. 237-239). Right or wrong the point is that here was, as Kennan describes him, a "brilliant, imaginative mind . . . of broad, sophisticated, and skeptical political understanding, without an ounce of Communist sympathies, second to no one in his devotion to the interests of our government," reporting with characteristic independence and in a style incisive and *Voltairean* what some people did not wish to hear.

The country can not afford to sacrifice men and reporters like that. If there be other cases like Davies', let us hope justice will be done there too.

As for the man and colleague Davies, through his long *Kafka-esque* tribulations it is a measure of his worth that with his strong and buoyant spirit he has managed in the true sense to keep "body and soul together."

We can be glad and gratified therefore that it has finally been determined "that it would be clearly consistent with the interests of the national security to grant John Paton Davies security clearance. . . ."

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### About this issue . . .

The JOURNAL in April deals with the problems of the American citizen both for those already naturalized, "When Can You Lose Your Citizenship," by Stanley J. Goray, and for would-be Americans, "Visa for America," by Craig Eisendrath, and "He Spoke for America," by Stephen N. Sestanovich. And in the widest sense, this month's pages deal with the activities of Americans overseas, at work and at leisure. In addition to the poignant evocation of the person-to-person involvement in visa work, see above, Weldon Ellis tells of an unforgettable character, Vince, a would-be brother to the world who worked for AID. In different ways, Lansing Collins and Peter Bridges reveal their enjoyment of the ancient lands where fate and the Foreign Service have sent them.

The problems of foreign affairs are, however, not neglected in this issue. Melvin A. Goodman deals with the history of Russia's involvement in the Mediterranean area and Sherman Kent has supplied us with a trenchant article on "Estimates

and Influence."

This month the JOURNAL continues the special book essay and adds an interview with Charles W. Bray III to the Association News. The interview, with questions posed by Charles A. (Pat) Kennedy, continues in the May Association News.

### About the cover . . .

Our cover artist, Grace G. Barall, wife of Ambassador Milton Barall, studied art at Pratt Institute and NYU and did graduate work at American University in Washington. Before marrying Ambassador Barall, she taught art in the high schools of New York City. Her paintings reflect many styles and places, ranging from impressionist to modern, non-objective work in acrylic paints—a style which her husband describes as "damned modern." Their Georgetown home has more paintings than they can hang but production has not been curtailed. Two of Mrs. Barall's paintings are hung in the new Foreign Service Club at 2101 E Street, N.W.



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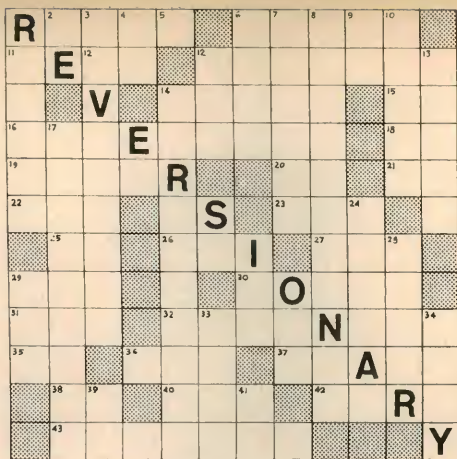
## Births

- CHESKY. A daughter, Pamela Elizabeth, born to FSO and Mrs. Edward J. Chesky, on December 19, in Asmara.
- DAVIS. A son, Thomas Rohde, born to Ambassador and Mrs. Nathaniel Davis, on January 20, in Guatemala City.
- PERRY. A daughter, Laura Elizabeth, born to FSO and Mrs. Jack Perry, on February 7, in Paris.

## Deaths

- BOERNSTEIN. Ralph A. Boernstein, FSO-retired, died on March 15 in Washington. Mr. Boernstein entered the Foreign Service in 1916 and retired in 1953 after serving as Consul General at Belfast. He is survived by his wife of 3731 Northampton St., N.W.
- BROWN. Aaron S. Brown, retired Ambassador, died on February 22 in New York City. Ambassador Brown entered the Foreign Service in 1937 and served at Mexico City, Dublin, Bogota, Bangkok, Lisbon and as Ambassador to Nicaragua before his retirement in 1968. He is survived by his wife of 36 Gramercy Park, 5 N, New York City, two sisters and two daughters.
- GARBER. J. Otis Garber, retired government administrator, died on March 12, in Washington. Mr. Garber entered government employment in 1934 and served with ICA and AID from 1955 until his retirement in 1966. He is survived by his wife of 3001 Veazey Terrace, N.W., two sons and a daughter.
- HAMLIN. John N. Hamlin, FSO-retired, died on February 26, in Washington. Mr. Hamlin entered the Foreign Service in 1924 and served at Tirana, Madrid, Buenos Aires, Naples, Seville, Singapore, Saigon, Quito and as Consul General at Kingston before his retirement in 1955. He then became executive director of DACOR, a position he occupied with distinction until his death. He is survived by his wife of 5000 34th Street, N.W. and a son, John, of Bethesda.
- MONTGOMERY. Natalie Barnes Yates Montgomery, wife of FSO-retired Edmund B. Montgomery, died on February 28, in Honolulu. Mrs. Montgomery is survived by her husband of 1434 Punahou Street, Honolulu, two sons and a daughter.
- RUSSELL. James L. Russell, FSO, died on March 1, in Washington. Mr. Russell was assigned to AID/CORDS in Vietnam at the time of his death. Mr. Russell served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Turkey before joining the Foreign Service in 1967. He is survived by his wife of 1600 N. 16th Street, Arlington, Virginia.
- SMITH. Edwin L. Smith, FSO-retired, died on February 9, in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mr. Smith entered the Foreign Service in 1939 and served at Moscow, Algiers, Tangier and Benghazi before his retirement in 1967. He is survived by his wife of 11 Belvedere Gardens, Hot Springs, Arkansas.
- WIENER. Phyllis Wiener, wife of Ernest H. Wiener, Jr., USIA, died on March 1, in Brussels. Mr. Wiener is serving as acting public affairs officer at the US Mission to NATO. In addition to her husband she is survived by two sons, both living in Brussels.

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# The Genesis of POINT FOUR

FRANCIS H. RUSSELL

**L**AST month marked the twentieth anniversary of President Truman's inaugural address enunciating the Point Four Program of American assistance to underdeveloped countries. There have been one or two published conjectures, wide of the mark, as to the genesis of the proposals in that address. This may be an appropriate time to relate the background.

In October 1948 Benjamin H. Hardy, my Deputy as Director of the Office of Public Affairs in the State Department, a scholarly and imaginative viewer of the world scene dropped into my office, learned his chair back against the wall and talked to the following general effect:

"You know, the Department has done a pretty good job during the past

few months in explaining to the American people the imperatives for the reconstruction of Europe through the Marshall Plan. But there is a larger and, in the long run, a more important task that this country is going to have to undertake.

"During the War the two-thirds of the world's people whose average annual income is less than a hundred and fifty dollars and who live a life of degradation have learned what life can be in the 20th century. They have seen the planes and trucks and hospitals and radios and style of living of the industrialized peoples right in their own villages. They are never going to be satisfied with their lot again. They will be ripe for revolution. It is important to the Free World that it be a free and genuine and constructive revolution and not one manipulated by the Communist world for its power purposes.

"We are going to have to have a program that will hold out to these people the hope of acquiring the things that science and the know-how of the twentieth century can provide for them: vastly improved agriculture, education, health and industrialization. Something must be done to fix American and world attention on the

problem, get a program under way, and hold out hope to these people."

I had taken a trip around the world a month or two before, traveling through and over many of the underdeveloped areas, and a similar thought had emerged in my thinking. We decided we would bear the idea in mind.

A few weeks later President Truman won the election. After ten days in Independence, he returned to the White House and asked Robert Lovett, then acting Secretary of State, to come to his office. He said he had been giving some thought to his inaugural address. He wanted to make it a kind of democratic manifesto addressed to the people of the world, not just to the American people. He wanted it to be forward-looking and constructive, not merely polemic. He asked Mr. Lovett if he would have someone in the Department give some thought to what he might say.

Mr. Lovett called me to his office, repeated what the President had said and asked if I would take the responsibility of making a draft.

Upon returning to my office I told Ben Hardy that I thought his idea might be of interest to the President for his inaugural address. Ben prepared a draft that incorporated

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this idea, and I sent it to Mr. Lovett. He returned it with a notation that he thought the idea was a good one but he doubted it was suitable for an inaugural address. Ben and I made another draft which discussed the advantages of the pluralistic way of life over the totalitarian approach and sent it to the White House.

The next morning I had a call from Clark Clifford saying the draft contained some good language but the President wanted something concrete. He asked if I had something of that kind to suggest. I told him I did and gave him an oral outline of the first draft. He asked me to send it over.

At the White House, in order to place the proposed technical assistance program in context and indicate the importance the President attached to it, points one, two and three were inserted, but Point Four, the original draft, was the main burden of the inaugural.

After the Point Four Program was enacted by Congress, the President appointed Dr. Henry G. Bennett, former President of Oklahoma State College, as Director. Ben Hardy became his assistant. He worked with Bennett in formulating the Program and traveled with him to most of the

countries in Latin America. A few months later Dr. Bennett and Ben Hardy started on a trip across North Africa, the Middle East and Asia. The plane got as far as Tehran when it crashed into a mountain and they were both killed.

The next day I called on Mrs. Hardy and, for the first time, heard what had happened. After we had gotten the note from Mr. Lovett turning down the first draft and had sent the redraft to the White House, Ben went home and he and his wife sat up until two in the morning debating whether he should go over my head and Mr. Lovett's head to the White House and tell them of the first draft. There was a good chance that he would be stopped by someone in the front office who would call the State Department and ask if we didn't know about proper channels. His career could have been jeopardized, Ben and his wife, however, decided he should take the chance. He went to the White House, saw George Elsey and showed him the first draft. Elsey handed it to Clark Clifford who already had it when he called me on the phone. His call was merely to protect Hardy for his initiative in going straight to the White House. ■

## Special Journal Book Essay

### STEVENSON SPEAKS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

**A**DLAI STEVENSON was a great American. Governor of Illinois, Ambassador to the United Nations, twice the candidate of his party for President, Stevenson was for fifteen years the embodiment to millions of educated Americans of the liberal ideal in politics.

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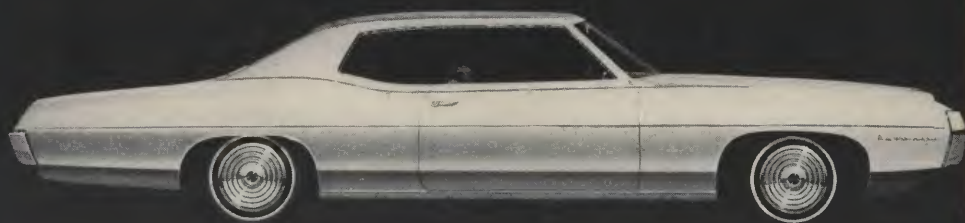
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the Kennedys, and cast in an increasingly equivocal role as public spokesman in the United Nations for policies he deplored, his last years were clouded over by a sense of compromise and abandoned mission.

Today the shadows grow longer. In order to preserve a small measure of this lost greatness, and convey to the American public an idea of Adlai Stevenson's knowledge, wisdom and prescience in the field of foreign affairs, Milton Prosser of the University of Rochester has collected in one volume 50 of Stevenson's speeches, articles and public statements on foreign policy. (*AN ETHIC FOR SURVIVAL: Adlai Stevenson Speaks on International Affairs 1936-1965. Morrow, 1969, 570 pp. with Appendices and Notes.*) They span a period of nearly thirty years, beginning with speeches as a private citizen to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and ending with his last addresses before the United Nations.

The 50 pieces in this volume vary somewhat in style and construction, the variation being partly attributable to their differing character. Only a third are authentic Stevenson, made as a private citizen and bearing the indisputable stamp of his personality and style. Over half are official speeches and statements composed and delivered while he was Ambassador to the United Nations. These are essentially briefs for the prosecution or defense, as the case may be, and reflect an official position rather than Stevenson's own views. In style they bear all the stigmata of a group effort, including over-reliance on quotations (innumerable "As Chairman Mao said . . .", clips from Presidential speeches) and obvious insertions and rearrangements of language that often gum up the syntax and throw off the rhythm. The remainder are what one might call semi-official in character—speeches that Stevenson made to audiences all over the country on foreign policy themes while in public office, but not delivered in line of duty at the UN. These are mainly authentic Stevenson in style and perhaps in substance, but were obviously subject to a measure of constraint by reason of his official position.

In content the speeches begin with well-reasoned exposures of the menace of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy to free institutions everywhere, coupled later with appeals for aid to the allies and for rearmament at home—characteristically, couched as arguments for keeping the United States out of war.

After a wartime gap come a series of eloquent appeals for public support

of the newborn United Nations, followed by speeches in behalf of the Marshall plan and the European recovery program. Then follow addresses endorsing American intervention in Korea and several moving appeals for limitation of armaments and an end to atomic testing—he was among the first to portray the suicidal futility of nuclear war with Russia and suffered greatly for his pains. For a man so often accused by the Midwestern press of being Europe-oriented and playing the sedulous ape to Downing Street, it is surprising how many of these early speeches emphasize American strategic interests in the Pacific and the need for a stable political order in Asia. He was also among the first to recognize the emergence of the forgotten, disparaged and exploited half of the human race from the obscure corners of history, and their determination to close, in a single generation, the gap of centuries that separated them from the people of the West—peacefully if possible, otherwise by violence and revolution.

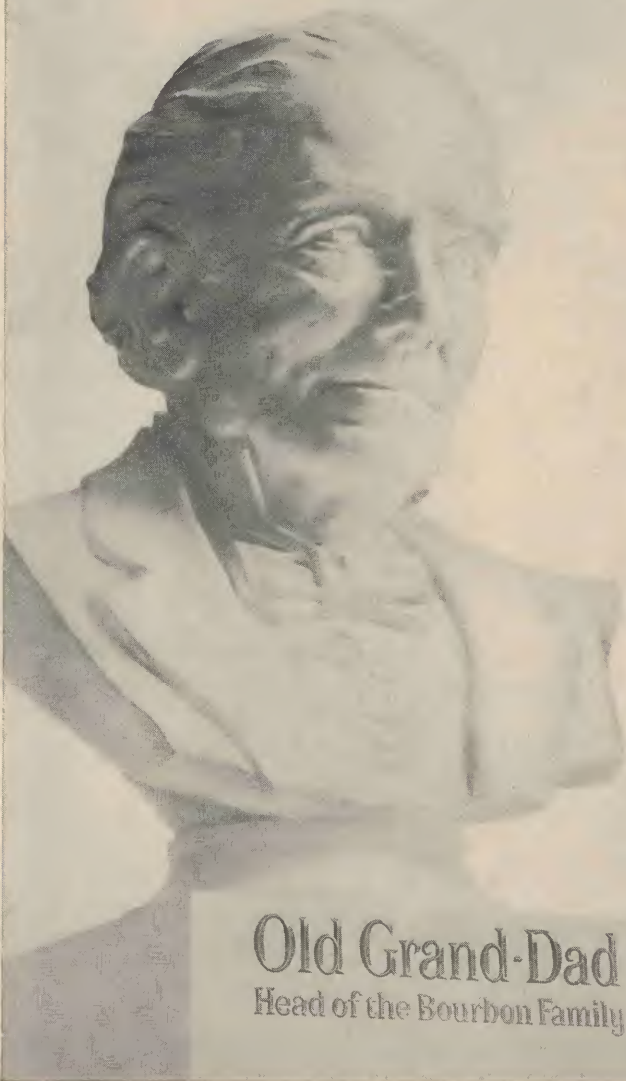
Since Governor Stevenson was also his party's candidate for President and for eight years leader of the political opposition, many of his addresses in the 1950s dilate at length on the deficiencies and mistakes of Republican foreign policy. In particular Stevenson inveighed against what he considered the Dulles propensity for bluff in word and inaction in deed. He denounced both Republican brinkmanship and Republican insensitivity to the needs and aspirations of the underdeveloped world, especially Latin America.

With the advent of President Kennedy, and Stevenson's appointment to the UN early in 1961, begin the well-known official addresses—the famous denial of American complicity in the Bay of Pigs, the equivocal and half-hearted condemnation of India over Goa, the speeches on the Cuban missile crisis, the defense of American intervention in the Dominican Republic, and many speeches in support of the growing American involvement in Vietnam. In some ways, the latter constitute about the best justification of the American position that we have. They are carefully structured to meet opposing arguments head on, and are less guilty of simplistic arguments and total suppression of countervailing evidence than the two "White Papers" and the later pronouncements of Rusk and Johnson.

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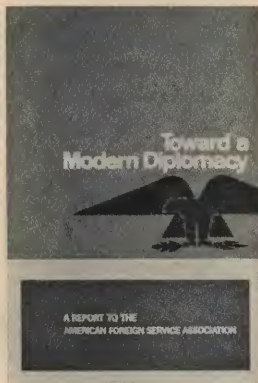


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Virginia, and a UN rally in Dallas, Stevenson dwells with eloquence and nobility on America's place in the world and her mission in the community of nations. Repeatedly he stresses the need for an enlightened foreign policy in which American idealism and moral force play a role equal in importance to economic self-interest and military might. Long before the current wave of revelation over the limitations of US power—and during an era when self-intoxication over our nuclear superiority was at its height—Stevenson hammered away at the need for winning the allegiance of the uncommitted nations by means more comprehensive and persuasive than military pacts and portentous warnings to the aggressor of apocalyptic retaliation.

The statements and addresses collected in this volume now belong to history. Regardless of the author's eminence they would merit only academic interest were it not for one factor: More than any other American of his generation, Stevenson captivated the minds and hearts of an extraordinarily influential segment of the American public, the liberal intelligentsia. His appeal to the academic community, the liberal wing of business and the professions, and educated women was enormous. He paved the way for the Kennedys and in many ways was the direct political ancestor of Eugene McCarthy. For these groups he embodied the ideals and aspirations of American democracy to the point where he became a kind of refuge from the harsh realities of the Cold War and the H-Bomb instead of the spokesman for specific policies and programs. The philosophy that emerges from this collection therefore has a contemporary significance far beyond its revelation of events. It also discloses more about the speaker than he himself may have been aware of.

To begin with, Adlai Stevenson, like his heroes Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson—and notably unlike Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy—was a man of ideas rather than a man of action. Hopes, aspirations, ideals and examples are the strong points of these addresses, rather than specific projects and programs.

Second, although he was one of our leading internationalists, and an outspoken opponent of isolationism, Stevenson was at heart a Jeffersonian democrat. In reading his speeches one soon becomes aware that although fully alert to the deadly collision of national interests and the grim reality of Communist expansionism in post-war Europe, Stevenson recoiled from

some of their harsher implications. One senses the constant hope that somehow the United States could remain above the conflict—that it could exercise leadership by means of benefactions and moral example, rather than by the cruder instrumentalities of power politics. His preference was for leadership without compulsion, for involvement without intervention—a difficult path for others to follow in a world torn by ambition and strife.

Third, Stevenson—like all of us—was very much a creature of time and circumstance. He was a cultivated man of cosmopolitan background who grew up in an atmosphere of philistinism and isolationism. His political standing in Illinois was dependent on a political machine and body of voters wholly alien to most of his tastes and values. His internationalist views, and deep affection for England and France, were never shared by even a small percentage of the voters who elected him Governor. From the outset he knew that to stay in politics at all, much less get ahead, he had to mute or conceal some of his strongest beliefs on foreign affairs and proceed by persuasion and indirection to win even grudging approval for his positions.

On the national scene, Stevenson was also politically weak. Through no fault of his own, his two races for President were run against a genial, popular hero of World War II in an era dominated by the military triumphs of the immediate past and the quasi-military confrontations of the immediate present. On the next round, he was supplanted as political leader of the democratic party by a glamorous young President who borrowed what he needed of Stevenson's philosophy and incorporated it into an activist foreign policy that turned out quite differently from what Stevenson had been led to expect. In the final phase, he found himself committed step-by-step to actions and policies in whose shaping he had taken no part and which he seemed incapable of influencing.

These compromises and disappointments show up in many different ways. The pleas for public understanding, the appeals for support, the stress on moral example are the hallmarks of the civilized minority. Even the speeches on aid to embattled England and support for the new United Nations are not trumpet-calls to action but appeals to enlightened self-interest. Throughout, one senses the fear of alienating his audience by getting too far out ahead of it.

The impression of diffidence is compounded by certain weaknesses in

Stevenson's style. It has great felicity of expression but seems to lack force. For one thing he was too fond of genteel circumlocutions. For another, he relied too much on quotations—a habit that not only destroys momentum but gives the auditor or reader a feeling that the speaker is so insecure in his theme that he needs a supporting prop for every assertion. (In this respect Stevenson—or his helpers—should have taken a leaf from Burke, Churchill, or Franklin D. Roosevelt; they employed quotations sparingly or not at all, and what few they did use were pithy and apt.) As for the deferential and self-deprecating expressions that so enhanced Stevenson's charm as a person, these are a further source of weakness in his prose. They distract the reader from the thread of the argument by intruding the personality of the speaker—surely the last effect that Stevenson himself would have wanted.

For these reasons, the totality of Stevenson's addresses on international affairs leave the reader with a curious feeling of disappointment. Wise, learned and enlightened his views on foreign policy may have been, but the touch of earthy realism that would have given them power and solidity is

absent. The speeches also lack fight. Comparisons are odious, but one cannot help contrasting Stevenson's well-reasoned but tempered attacks on the Dulles foreign policy with the ringing declamations of American statesmen of an earlier day. However wrong-headed men like Webster, Thomas Hart Benton, the elder Lodge, Robert Taft and even Harry Truman may have been on particular foreign policy issues they seldom shrank from stating their views in downright, uncompromising terms.

The truth is that neither Stevenson nor his liberal admirers ever understood that the value to public life of men of independent means like himself lies not in their liberal views or superior background, but in their position of independence. Educated men of broad outlook and ability are now common enough in American politics—the Senate and State houses are full of them. Few, however, have the financial means and public following to take forthright and unpopular stands on public issues, or better yet to back up their opinions with threats to resign and take the case to the people; they get caught up in a system of rewards and favors and dare not jeopardize their careers and livelihoods.

Stevenson let us all down by not standing firm for what he believed in. On any number of issues he could have dug in his heels and bargained. In the last extremity he could have resigned and stated his views to the world. He did none of these things. He preferred to treat us to the unedifying spectacle of clinging to public office and acting as a spokesman for policies he detested after being tricked by one President and consistently flouted by his successor, all the while wringing his hands and complaining to the press. Of course he and his sympathizers tried to justify this pusillanimous course of conduct with the usual clichés of "commitment," "responsibility," "retain one's influence," and "loyalty to the President." But if Stevenson had really had the strength of his professed convictions, he should have acted on them instead of trying to elevate his supine acquiescence to the dignity of a crisis of conscience.

It all goes to prove that in these perilous times a liberal outlook, wide erudition, enlightened views, nobility of expression, and a charming wit are not enough in a statesman. Stevenson never realized it. That was his tragedy—and ours!

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# RUSSIA AND THE MIDDLE EAST IN THE WAKE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN WAR

MELVIN A. GOODMAN

N IETZSCHE'S advice to "Love the furthest and the future ones" often rules in international affairs. Since the end of the Second World War and especially the death of Stalin, the USSR's greatest difficulties have been with its ideological brothers; first Yugoslavia, then China, Albania, and Rumania. The current occupation of Czechoslovakia probably marks the beginning of the end of the Soviet bloc in Eastern Europe. Moscow's only reliable ally there appears to be East Germany, but Ulbricht cannot live forever. Thus, it comes as no surprise that Russian newspapers ignore so many troublesome events on its European borders. There is plenty of activity in the Middle East to fill the void, however, as fleet visits and military aid agreements, dam projects on the Nile and the Euphrates, and increased trade and cultural contacts, have become frequent occurrences.

Although Peter the Great has often been cited for initiating Russian dreams of influence in the Middle East, these interests were limited to Iran, Afghanistan, and Central Asia. Neither Czars nor Commissars were interested in Mesopotamia or the Nile Valley until the start of the war in Europe in 1939. Stalin and Molotov pressed Hitler and then the allies for a Russian sphere of influence "south of the Soviet Union in the direction of the Indian Ocean." At Potsdam, Molotov demanded "bases in the Mediterranean for its merchant fleet," and a "trusteeship" for Libya. All of Russia's demands were refused, however, and the Montreux Convention of 1936 still regulates traffic in the Black Sea straits and there are no Soviet bases in the Mediterranean.

The British withdrawal from Egypt in the 1950s gave Moscow its first opportunity in the Middle East. Khrushchev adopted a more moderate line toward "Third World" countries, including a policy of collaboration with "bourgeois nationalism" of the Nasser type. The Arabs were developing a more forward policy of "neutrality" at the same time, allowing for rapprochement with the Soviet bloc. This led to arms deals with Egypt in 1955 which were followed by the establishment of economic and technical missions. The same pattern took place in Syria in 1956 and Iraq in 1958. Nevertheless, the Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956 made a greater impact on the Arab political mind than millions of dollars of Soviet economic and military aid. Moreover, the instability and unreliability of Arab governments and their leaders caused the Soviets to proceed deliberately.

This delicate balance was shattered by the 1967 Arab-Israeli war which opened up new military and economic opportunities for the Soviets. Because of the military debacle, the Arabs were more dependent upon the USSR for material aid, and support of a seriously weakened diplomatic position. Nevertheless, Moscow still shows signs of being chary about

supporting regimes which it cannot influence, and the Arabs are hesitant to accommodate themselves to a power looking out for its own manipulative interests.

Just as the 1956 Arab-Israeli war led to new military clients for the Soviet Union, the six-day war in 1967 has provided similar opportunities. Taking advantage of the announced British troop withdrawal east of the Suez, American involvement in Vietnam, and Egyptian insolvency, the Soviets have added three new military aid customers (Yemen, South Yemen, and the Sudan), and eventually may even garner a fourth (Jordan). On two occasions, the Soviets have mounted spectacular airlifts: to the defeated Arab nations after the June war, and to the beleaguered Yemeni republicans in their civil war with the royalists. Surely the rapid delivery made a telling impression on present and future clients, and the postwar sinking of an Israeli destroyer with a Soviet-designed missile assured skeptics that sophisticated Russian weaponry was operable even in Arab hands.

Along with their military presence, Soviet economic involvement in the Arab states in the past ten years has been considerable. Moscow never held any illusions regarding easy solutions to the fundamental economic problems in the Arab world, however. It has always been Soviet inhibitions, as much as Arab prohibitions, which prevented more extensive operations. Unlike military aid, Soviet terms for economic aid have been less generous and the flow more modest than those of Western nations. Soviet credits are virtually loans and not grants. On a per capita basis, the real cost of the Russian aid program is far below that of the major Western nations and Japan.

The pace of Soviet activity indicates that the USSR is determined to push ahead with its aid program, especially with the conservative states identified with the West. The results of these efforts in Jordan, Lebanon, and Kuwait have been inconclusive, but the Soviets are in no rush, having as much to gain from the publicity of their intentions as in the realization of their goals. For example, during the Soviet economic delegation's uneventful visit to Amman in January, 1968, TASS (the Moscow news agency) pointedly referred to the decision of the United States to withdraw "budget aid" from Jordan while giving "every support to Israel." The USSR also gained favorable publicity from last year's trade protocol with Egypt in which the Soviets accepted unprecedentedly large amounts of industrial goods from a developing country.

The special requirements of the oil industry assure Arab dependence on the West for technology as well as markets. Soviet activities do not constitute a direct threat to Western interests, but the USSR is assuming a bigger role in the field

■ Melvin A. Goodman, a former Woodrow Wilson Fellow, is currently preparing a doctoral dissertation on the United States recognition of the Soviet Union in 1933 for Indiana University.

of international oil. Soviet activity in the Middle East petroleum industry had been limited to exploration in Egypt, Iran, Algeria, and Syria. The USSR has never provided risk capital in these ventures, requiring payment whether or not oil was found. In contrast, Western oil companies are compensated only if oil is found.

The Soviets have been especially active in two additional phases of the oil industry lately, contractual agreements for production as well as exploration, and barter deals for deliveries of crude oil to Soviet allies in Eastern Europe. As a result of these arrangements, the Arabs now have an outlet for crude oil, and the Soviets have gained wider employment of their workers with Arab State oil companies.

In Egypt, for example, there are several thousand Soviet technicians and advisors helping Cairo's petroleum industry. Russian survey teams have been very successful, and Egyptian oil exports now exceed those before the June war. Production is beginning in Syrian fields with Russian assistance, and their crude oil is being sold to Eastern Europe. Russian oil exploration teams have also completed an off-shore survey of the Caspian Sea area for the National Iranian Oil Company.

This activity has led to Soviet assistance in the marketing of Iraqi oil, marking Moscow's first entry into this phase of the industry. It is still not clear, however, whether the Iraqis are willing to accept Soviet participation in their oil industry or are merely attempting to elicit better offers from Western companies.

The fact that Iraq may be using the Soviet Union as leverage in bargaining with the West is symptomatic of Arab hesitancy to increase dealings with Moscow. Despite Western withdrawal from the Middle East and the serious decline in Western prestige, there has not been a countervailing rise in Soviet stature. The factors that frustrated Western colonialists—Arab nationalism, xenophobia, and regionalism—were and will be equally effective against an increased Soviet presence. Thus, a Soviet gain in one state leads to an exacerbation of relations with others, witness Iran's worried reaction to Soviet participation in the Yemeni civil war. President Nasser, the strongest and most charismatic leader in the Middle East, is aware that outside influences could complicate his own governing position.

Even if the Arabs were more responsive to a Soviet presence, it is doubtful that the Soviets would be willing to pay for the exploitation of these opportunities. The Soviets have had very little success with the charismatic regimes of the Third World, witness their experiences with Ben Bella in Algeria, Nkrumah in Ghana, Sukarno in Indonesia, ad infinitum. That is why the Soviet press often encourages "progressive" leaders, such as Nasser, to stabilize their regimes by strengthening the institutional underpinnings of them. Following the February demonstrations in Cairo and Helwai, *Pravda* echoed Nasser's call for a stronger Arab Socialist Union,

especially his reference to the ASU as an important element on the "road leading to the transformation of socialism." In this way, Moscow's gradually acquired footholds in the Third World could survive the personal fortunes of the leaders to which they are tied.

Another dilemma inhibiting Soviet willingness to extend commitments to the undeveloped areas is their lack of leverage over the actions of the more radical regimes despite the millions of dollars in aid expended in the past dozen years. For example, Moscow had not been forewarned of Nasser's closure of the Gulf of Aqaba in May 1967. *Pravda* spoke critically last winter of unnamed Arab "hotheads" (i.e., Syria, Algeria) who had reacted too negatively to the November resolution at the United Nations. Also TASS often dilutes the tone of Nasser's speeches, attempting to put the best possible face on them.

A final inhibiting factor is that the Russians have no concern for the basic issues in the Middle East, not sharing the Arab interest in Jerusalem and the refugee problem, not interested in preventing Israeli use of the Suez Canal, and above all not believing that there can be a military solution to the Arab-Israeli problem. Premier Kosygin acknowledged last winter that the USSR had taken "important measures" to restore Arab "military potential" but emphasized Moscow wanted a political, and not a military, solution to the problems in the Middle East. If the Arabs held some illusions about where Russia stood on these issues before the six-day war, Moscow's conduct during and since the conflict should have dispelled them.

Unlike the Suez war in 1956 when the USSR warned that it was prepared to use force to stop the attacks on Egypt, Moscow's reactions in the June war of 1967 were more cautious. The first hours of the war found Premier Kosygin calling President Johnson on the "hot-line" to urge an end to the hostilities.

On the following day, the USSR supported the United States cease-fire resolution in the General Assembly. Also, the Soviet press pointedly avoided any reference to Nasser's charge that the United States provided tactical assistance to the Israeli "aggressors." This would indicate that Moscow had no advance knowledge of the six-day war, wanted no part whatsoever in the hostilities, and wished to see the war ended as quickly as possible.

The Cyprus crisis in November 1967, provided a similar comparison. In 1964, Moscow attempted to extract maximum political advantage with numerous warnings and threats in capitals around the world. Khrushchev warned Turkey that the USSR would not remain "indifferent" to the situation. In the most recent imbroglio, however, Moscow evidenced apprehension over the possibility of a conflict, warning all parties to seek a peaceful settlement. In an attempt to calm the protagonists, Moscow even issued a rare criticism of the Cypriot government, admonishing it to do more to prevent a "further complication of the situation."

These comparisons suggest a more profound difference in Soviet attitudes, and provide a clue to Soviet behavior not only in the Mediterranean but around the globe. In 1964, Soviet blustering may have been predicated upon the belief that the non-Communist world's fear of war afforded Soviet policy-makers a distinct diplomatic advantage. In the late fifties and early sixties, for example, Khrushchev's atomic threats had become legion. Conversely, Soviet caution in the Arab-Israeli war and the Cyprus crisis of 1967 may have been a measure of Moscow's fear of a military confrontation with the United States. At the very least, it indicates that Brezhnev and Kosygin have no stomach for the adventurism which Khrushchev enjoyed, such as the missile crisis in Cuba, the direct threat to President Kennedy in 1961 regarding Berlin, and the pyrotechnics at the aborted Paris summit in 1960.

(Continued on page 54)



# Estimates and Influence

SHERMAN KENT

**T**HERE are a number of things about policy-making which the professional intelligence officer will not want to hear. For example, not all policy-makers can be guaranteed to be free of policy predilections prior to the time they begin to be exposed to the product of the intelligence calling. Indeed, there will be some policy-makers who could not pass a rudimentary test on the "facts of the matter" but who have the strongest views on what the policy should be and how to put it into effect. We do not need to inquire as to how these men got that way or why they stay that way, we need only realize that this kind of person is a fact of life.

Nor should we be surprised to realize that in any policy decision there are a number of issues which we who devote ourselves solely to foreign positive intelligence may almost by definition be innocent of. The bulk of them are, of course, purely domestic ones: domestic political issues, domestic economic issues, popular attitudes, public opinion, the orientation of the congressional leadership, and so on. Even if we know in our bones of the great weight which such issues have carried in many a foreign policy decision, we do not readily and consciously acknowledge it. Our wish is, of course, to have our knowledge and wisdom about the foreign trouble spot show itself so deep and so complete that it will perforce determine the decision. The nature of our calling requires that we pretend as hard as we are able that the wish is indeed the fact and that the policy-maker will invariably defer to our findings as opposed to the cries of some domestic lobby.

But consider for a moment how people other than ourselves and our consumers view these phenomena which I have just dismissed with a mild pejorative. Look, for example, at the table of contents of any of the recent books devoted to "How Foreign Policy Is Made." Or look at the line-up of lectures and discussions in the syllabus of any of our senior service schools; look particularly at the section devoted to national security policy formulation. You will find that intelligence and what it contributes to the task, far from enjoying the overpowering importance with which we—quite understandably—like to endow it, is casually ticked off as one of a score of forces at work.

## The Credibility of Intelligence

Thus a certain amount of all this worrying we do about our influence upon policy is off the mark. For in many cases, no matter what we tell the policy-maker, and no matter how right we are and how convincing, he will upon occasion disregard the thrust of our findings for reasons beyond our ken. If influence cannot be our goal, what should it be? Two things. It should be to be relevant within the area of our competence, and above all it should be to be credible. Let things be such that if our policy-making master is to disregard our knowledge and wisdom, he will never do so because our work was inaccurate, incomplete, or patently biased. Let him disregard us only when he must pay greater heed to someone

■ Sherman Kent, one-time professor of history at Yale, spent the war as a division Chief of the Research and Analysis Branch, OSS, and served for nine months—some of it as acting director—in what is now the Department of State's INR. In 1947 he returned to Yale and three years later came back to Washington for what turned into 17 years in CIA, 16 of them as Director of the Office and Chairman of the Board of National Estimates.

else. And let him be uncomfortable—thoroughly uncomfortable—about his decision to heed this other.

Being uncomfortable is surely his second choice. Before he becomes uncomfortable he is going to ask himself if it is strictly necessary. This is of course the equivalent of asking himself if he really thinks that the information he has received from his intelligence colleagues is relevant to his problem and if he has to believe it. When we in intelligence look at the matter in this light we might consider ourselves fortunate that our policy-making consumers find so much of our product relevant, credible, and hence useful. Is there any way of categorizing that which is most happily, gratefully, and attentively read and that which is least? Perhaps a start can be made by having a quick critical look at three classical families of intelligence utterances.

First, basic intelligence. No question but that credibility is highest in this area of intelligence. Time and time again our consumer has need of something comparable to the perfect "World Almanac" or the perfect reference service. We come close to giving him just that, and nine times out of ten he is warmly appreciative of the breadth and depth of our knowledge and the speed with which we can handle his requests.

Second, how about current intelligence? There is probably less enthusiasm among consumers for this than for basic. They have a tendency to compare it—and unfavorably—to the daily press or the weekly news magazines; or they gripe because they often find it a gloss upon something they have just read in a cable.

Lastly, in the formal estimate credibility is lowest. It was more than a decade ago that Roger Hilsman, after interrogating scores of policy-making consumers of intelligence, concluded thus. He discovered that the people with whom he talked were extremely grateful to intelligence when it came up with the facts that they felt they had to know before they went further with their policy-making and operating tasks. They seem to have gone out of their way to praise intelligence in its fact-finding role, but to be anything but grateful for intelligence utterances in the estimate category.

Why was this so? Although Hilsman does not make the point, one may safely infer from his findings: the policy-maker distinguished in his own mind between things which he thought of as factual and those which he thought of as speculative. For the first he was grateful, for the second not at all.

This puts a number of questions before the house. Why should Hilsman's respondents (implicitly, at least) have questioned the credibility of intelligence estimates? Was it because the respondents had caught intelligence out in self-serving errors? Was it because they were fearful of being misled by intelligence? Had intelligence on its part ever done anything to merit this want of confidence on the part of its customers? If not, how did it come about that the very officer who besought the help of intelligence in one area eschewed intelligence in another?

## The Nature of the Estimate

Let me begin with a look at estimates and the business of making them.

Let me first be quite clear as to the general and the

particular meaning of the word "estimate" in the present context. In intelligence, as in other callings, estimating is what you do when you do not know. This is the general meaning. In this broad sense, scarcely an intelligence document of any sort goes out to its consuming public that does not carry some sort of estimate. Field reports are circulated only when someone has estimated that the source is sufficiently reliable and content sufficiently credible to be worthy of attention. Current intelligence items as often as not carry one of those words of likelihood—"probable," "doubtful," "highly unlikely," etc.—that indicate that someone has pondered and decided that the report should be read with something less than perfect assurance as to its accuracy. An endless number of important sentences in even the basic intelligence category carry the same evidence of this kind of speculative evaluation, i.e., estimating.

But what I have in mind in particular when I use the word "estimates" here are the formal intelligence documents which begin to examine a subject from the point of view of what is known about it, and then move on beyond the world of knowing and well into the world of speculating. When you reflect upon a whole large subject matter—the future of Greece or the armed strength of Communist China, for example—and realize that you cannot begin to know about either with the degree of certainty you know your own name, you reach for the thing next best to "knowing." You strive for some sort of useful approximation. In pursuit of this you evoke a group of techniques and ways of thinking, and with their help you endeavor logically and rationally (you hope) to unravel the unknown or at least roughly define some area of possibility by excluding a vast amount of the impossible. You know that the resultant, while still a lot better than nothing at all, will be in essence a mix of fact and judgment. Upon occasion it turns out to be almost exactly correct, but at the time you wrote it you expressed yourself with appropriate reservation.

To the extent that your judgment and the many quite subjective things which influence it are now involved, the man who reads this estimate will by no means accept it in the attitude of relaxed belief with which he reads, for example, that "not counting West Berlin, there are ten *Länder* in the FRG." It is this form of intelligence document that Hilsman's respondents were cool about. What follows is an attempt to explain the chill.

Let me ask you to think of one of these estimates in terms of the geometrical form called a pyramid. Think of the perfect estimate as a complete pyramid. At its base is a coagulation of all-but-indisputable fact. With an absolute, minimum of manipulation on our part, the facts have arranged themselves to form what is quite clearly the base of a pyramid. They have spread out in the horizontal dimensions to the degree that we pretty well perceive its base area, and piled up in the vertical dimension generally to indicate the slope of its sides.

Knowing the nature of the base of the pyramid, to take an illustrative case, is like saying that we now have enough solid information to know that a photo image we have been wondering about is of an aircraft—not, say, a dairy ranch; more importantly, it is a bomber aircraft, not a transport. As to the other things we want to know about it—its performance characteristics—we are not at all certain. We are, however, in a good position to speculate about them.



## Raising the Pyramid

Now back to the pyramid. Let us assume that when we know the general locus in space where the sides will converge to form the apex, we will have most of what we want. Let us assume that the exact point of the apex is exactly what we want, that if we know this with certainty we will have what we are after. For the bomber, constructing the apex would be reasoned speculations about how it will perform: how far it can fly, how high, how fast, and with what bomb load. Just as classical induction revealed the base of the pyramid, so now we call upon the other classical methodologies of deduction, and with their help we reason our way up the pyramid toward the top.

The factual stuff of the base of the pyramid is likely to be largely the fruit of our own intelligence-gathering efforts and so constitute a body of material about which we are better informed than our consumers. But we enjoy no such primacy with respect to the matter above. In fact, the talent to deduce rigorously is one which we share with any other educated and intellectually disciplined human. Furthermore, the advantage we enjoy with respect to base material can be and usually is dissipated by our habit of making it available to quite an array of non-intelligence types. The point is that the studious consumer can approach our mastery at the base and match us higher up. He can be his own estimator whenever he wishes to invest the time.

Let me not pretend or even seem to pretend that all conceptual pyramids in our area of work are constructed as described. The procedure which moves from the known to the unknown with a certain amount of tentative foraying as new hypotheses are advanced, tested, and rejected is merely the most respectable way. Its very opposite is sometimes employed, though usually with a certain amount of clandestinity.

The follower of this reverse method first decides what answer he desires to get. Once he has made this decision, he knows the exact locus of the apex of his pyramid but nothing else. There it floats, a simple assertion screaming for a rationale. This, then, is worked out from the top down. The difficulty of the maneuver comes to a climax when the last stage in the perverse downward deduction must be joined up smoothly and naturally with the reality of the base. This operation requires a very considerable skill, particularly where there is a rich supply of factual base-material. Without an artfully contrived joint, the whole structure can be made to proclaim its bastardy, to the chagrin of its progenitor.

## The Peak

But even under the respectable method the intelligence estimator at some moment in the construction process reaches the place where he has used his last legitimate deductive crutch and must choose one of three possible courses.

The first is to let himself be propelled by the momentum of his reasoning into a final and fairly direct extrapolation. The effect of this is to put a sharpish top on the pyramid—a measure which, in turn, has the effect of telling his audience that he is pretty sure that he has discerned the outlines of what must be the truth. For the bomber it would be like saying: "Thus we conclude that the bomber in question is almost certainly a supersonic aircraft of medium range. See Table II for our estimate of its performance characteristics."

The second is not to make this final extrapolation but to leave the pyramid truncated near its apex. This has the effect of telling the reader that you have narrowed the range of possibilities down to only a few. The further down you truncate, the wider their range. Thus the most unsatisfactory kind of intelligence construction is often that which perforce has to stop where the factual stuff of the base runs out. Often it is the equivalent of issuing the most general kind of news and asking the reader to suspend judgment pending the

appearance of new evidence. For example: "Thus we are unable at this time to be more precise regarding the performance characteristics of this bomber. It is possible that it is a new supersonic medium."

The third is what I will call "the look before the leap" or the "clandestine peep ahead." It is, one may hope, less often used by the intelligence professional than by the policy officer doing his own estimating. What you do is to look hard at the final extrapolation and take full stock of where you will be if you go for it. Then, having taken stock, you ask yourself if you really wish to subscribe to this conclusion.

In the case I have in mind, you recoil. It may be that by making it yours you will be depicting yourself a non-patriot, or someone soft on Communism. It may be that by implication you can be made to seem a harsh critic of a higher authority or a scoffer at one of his policies. It may be that you will be doing the budget claims of your department or agency a grave disfavor. Or most important of all, you realize that your findings may be advanced to support a policy which you oppose or that they do not support with sufficient vigor a policy which you favor.

If you have taken the peep ahead and find the prospect not to your taste, you can settle for the second course and simply not complete the estimate. Or you can back down your argument, tearing it up as you go. Then when you have found a salubrious ground for another start, you can reargue your case upwards—perhaps using a few facts which you had dismissed as irrelevant the first time through, perhaps giving more weight to this analogy and forgetting about that, etc., etc. Thus with a small amount of tinkering you can create a somewhat different conceptual pyramid whose base is still the same, but whose apex will lie in a zone much less dangerous to your job security or much more appropriate to the requirements of your policy preconceptions.

### The Policy Welcome

Irrespective of which of the three ways of handling the problem you choose and irrespective of the substantive conclusion—or lack of it—the completed estimate will be bad news to one if not more of its important readers: it may undercut a long-held position or destroy a line of painfully developed argument; it may indicate the unwisdom of a plan or the malallocation of large sums of money. Another thing you may be sure of is that he will react as any recipient of bad news reacts—the reflex is one of "I don't believe you." Need I emphasize again that estimates are far more vulnerable to the criticism which is bound to accompany incredulity than are propositions which are stated, at least, as if they were fact.

The disappointed consumer may begin with a hard look at our pyramid's factual base. He may find some loose masonry which can be jimmied apart, and then jimmy. He may find some quite substantial building stones left off to one side, stones which, although of the same material and cut to fit some sort of geometrical form, were not incorporated into the base structure. He will speedily perceive that if these are chiseled a bit here and there they can be made to fit into this structure, with the result that they change some important aspects of its configuration. You may be sure he will soon focus on the upper zones of our pyramid.

One thing he will be most alert to is any evidence that intelligence, having taken the "peep ahead" and found the pyramid about to peak at an unwanted place, went on to take the corrective action I have indicated. If he can find evidence of this sort of disingenuous casemaking, he will attack with very weighty weaponry. Before he is done he may be able to prove to himself and a number of others that the so-called intelligence contribution is a fraud—nothing more nor less than a policy brief brazenly masquerading as an intelligence estimate.

In these terms we may readily understand why a good many of Hilsman's respondents felt as they did about the value of intelligence estimates. For purposes of fuller explanation, let us suppose that an intelligence estimate on the Banana Republics had been prepared; let us suppose that our policy-making reader Mr. "A" is his department's authority on these Republics. A tour of his psyche as he reads the paper may be illuminating.

First, let us assume that the estimate accords in very high degree with his own estimate of the present and probable future situation in Banania. His psyche will begin to purr in contentment; "What a remarkably perceptive document," it will whisper. But this may be as far as the word of praise gets. When the moment comes to articulate his comment on the estimate, he is less likely to praise it than to proclaim, "This is exactly what I have been saying all along. Why in the world do we have to have someone who knows less of the matter than I say so before anyone pays attention?" In short, as far as he is concerned, the intelligence effort that went into the study was unnecessary. "A" may not always feel this way, particularly if during the policy debate he realizes that he can make points against his opponents by citing the estimate as a dispassionate outside opinion.

Alternatively, let us assume that the estimate accords not at all with the views of Mr. "B." He will be unhappy, for he will realize that if the conclusions of the estimate are believed by his peers and superiors, the policy which he has been championing will have to be modified—perhaps drastically. If he wishes to stay in the fight, then, he must be prepared to attack the intelligence estimate as *misleading* and erect one of his own to replace it.

Lastly, let us assume that the policy issue is one of those which is going to be settled almost entirely on the basis of some purely domestic matter: the cotton lobby, the gold flow, the budget, and so on. Our policy-making consumer does not have to attack the substance of the *irrelevant* estimate. He will chuckle patronizingly to himself while his psyche warms in the feeling of superiority to those poor boobs in intelligence who have thought that what they called the "Situation and Prospects in X" could have any bearing on the way US policy towards X is being shaped today. Out loud he wonders how such naiveté can persist; he has no comment on the substance of the estimate.

These views of an estimate as unnecessary, misleading, or irrelevant may coincide with those of some of the people whom Hilsman polled and explain why they were less grateful for estimates than for what they considered factual intelligence issuances.

### The Defense

How seriously should we in intelligence take the indictment which dams our estimating work as unnecessary, or misleading, or irrelevant? Take the misleading charge first. If it is made, and if it is true because the document was designed that way, then it must be taken very, very seriously indeed. For this accusation implied that the peep ahead had been taken and the necessary retracing of steps and reconstruction had followed so that the conclusion of the estimate suited the policy predispositions of the estimators. They have been caught out in their stupidity, and their credibility, at least for this estimate, is dead. It is dead not merely for the reader who found the conclusions abhorrent, but for all the others who found out by themselves or were told.

If the same group of estimators are caught out a second or third time, their credibility will probably be dead for good. Thereafter almost any intelligence pronouncement they or their associates make will be slightly referred to as propaganda, and perhaps not even read. They have not only lost all

(Continued on page 45)

# WHEN CAN YOU LOSE YOUR CITIZENSHIP?

STANLEY J. GORAY

**W**HEN can you shuck off one nationality and take on another? If you are an American citizen can the US government deprive you of your citizenship for this or that indiscretion? These questions pose problems that have been with us for many a year. There were arguments even before the Declaration of Independence and even now they have not been settled.

A person has nationality because he is related to his nation, the country of his birth or adoption. He acquires an identity with and loyalty to his community. He is entitled to the rights and subject to the laws of his nation. The bond of nationality between the state and the individual entitles him while abroad to diplomatic protection and to equal treatment.

A convicted criminal is deprived of his rights of citizenship. He may not necessarily lose his nationality. He continues a relation with his country. However, actual loss of nationality means absolute termination of a person's nationality. There is a distinct change of identity. In such a case the expatriate is no different from an alien who has never possessed nationality in the state.

Some persons having political relationship in one nation may have connections of loyalty with another state, or another ethnic group or culture outside of their country. Multiple nationality occurs when a person has nationality of the country of his birth and also has the nationality of another country because, for instance, his parents may have been nationals of another country.

When a person acquires a new nationality through naturalization, he may or may not relinquish or lose his original nationality. As nationals of two or more states some persons may become subject to conflicting laws and citizenship obligations. They may also have the advantage of the rights of citizenship of more than one state.

The earlier diplomatic correspondence of the United States expressed the views of the courts that the United States had inherited, as part of the common law, the English doctrine that the individual did not have an absolute right to change his nationality.

Chancellor Kent (James Kent, 1763—1847), thought that the better opinion would seem to be that a citizen cannot renounce his allegiance to the United States without the permission of the government. In the absence of a law on the subject, the rule of the English common law remained unaltered.

Mr. Justice Story (Joseph Story, 1779—1845), in a decision of the Supreme Court, stated the general rule that individuals could not, by any act of their own, without the consent of the government, put off their allegiance and become aliens. In his work on the Conflict of Law, he declared that every nation had an exclusive right to regulate

persons and things within its own territory, according to its own sovereign will and public policy.

The concept that a citizen could not discard his allegiance and nationality except with the consent of his sovereign or government was not entirely accepted in the United States. Another early principle of citizenship was that aliens could come to the United States, be naturalized as citizens, and thereafter be considered as no longer bound by allegiance and citizenship to the country of their origin or former nationality.

At the time of his admission to citizenship, the alien was required to forswear all allegiance to his former sovereign; no inquiry was made as to whether that sovereign had, either by general or by specific permission, consented to the act.

It might therefore be inferred that the laws of the United States were based on the theory that the individual possessed the right to change his allegiance, without regard to the claims of his original country. The inference was supported in reverse by the then Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, writing on August 16, 1793 to Gouverneur Morris, minister to France. He said that our citizens are certainly free to divest themselves of that character by emigration and other acts manifesting their intention, and might then become the subjects of another power and free to do whatever the subjects of that power may do.

The first Secretary of State to announce the doctrine of expatriation in its fullest extent—the doctrine that naturalization in the United States not only clothes the individual with a new allegiance but also absolves him from the obligations of the old was James Buchanan. Buchanan's successors, however, only went so far as to accept the view that naturalization would entitle its recipient to protection everywhere but in his native country.

But the wishes of the country of immigrants could not be disregarded, no matter what the courts and the Secretaries of State had said. On July 4, 1859 Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General under President Buchanan, ruled that it was the natural right of every free person, who owes no debts and is not guilty of crime, to leave the country of his birth in good faith and for an honest purpose and to throw off his natural allegiance and substitute another for it. Although the common law of England denied this right and some of our own courts,

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misled by British authority, have expressed, though not very decisively, the same opinion, this was not to be taken as settling the question. Natural reason and justice, writers of known wisdom, and the practice of civilized nations were all opposed to the doctrine of perpetual allegiance. The United States was pledged to the right of expatriation and could not without perfidy repudiate it. Expatriation includes not only emigration out of one's native country but naturalization in the country adopted as future residence. Naturalization does, ipso facto, place the native and the adopted citizen in precisely the same relations with the government under which they live, except in so far as the express and positive law of the country had made a distinction in favor of one or the other.

There was no law in the United States that made any difference between native and naturalized citizens with regard to protection abroad. The opinion held by persons of very high reputation that a naturalized citizen ought to be protected everywhere except in the country of his birth had no foundation to rest upon . . . except the dogma which denies altogether the right of expatriation without the consent of one's native country.

Later, President Buchanan declared in his annual message of December 3, 1860: "Our government is bound to protect the rights of our naturalized citizens everywhere to the same extent as though they had drawn their first breath in this country. We recognize no distinction between our native and naturalized citizens."

In response to public meetings and demands that action be taken to secure to citizens of the United States protection abroad, the Committee on Foreign Affairs prepared a report and bill. The report declared that the claim of indefeasible allegiance and perpetual service was the symbol of feudalism and force but also it affirmed that the law of allegiance and of service was as essential to a republic as it is to a monarchy. The extinction of the mutual obligations between a government and its subject should depend upon the express or implied consent of both parties under proper regulations.

The bill was enacted and was approved by the President on July 27, 1868. As reenacted in 1878, Section 1999 states that the right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people and that any declaration, instruction, opinion, order, or decision of any officer of the United States which denies, restricts, impairs, or questions the right of expatriation, is declared inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Republic.

Eventually this American expression of expatriation led to the question of dual allegiance. In his annual message on December 5, 1898, President McKinley said: "Our statutes do not allow this government to admit any distinction between the treatment of native and naturalized Americans abroad, so that ceaseless controversy arises in cases where persons, owing in the eye of international law a dual allegiance. . . ."

In commenting on this, John Bassett Moore ("The Principles of American Diplomacy," Harper & Brothers, 1918) says: "It may be doubted whether this statement, so far as it relates to a 'dual allegiance,' was made with full appreciation of its significance; for if it be admitted that an alien naturalized in the United States, as a result owes, under international law, a dual allegiance, it necessarily follows that the doctrine of voluntary expatriation has no foundation in international law." (pages 293-294) He goes on to say that the doctrine of the American law is that naturalization invests the individual with a new and single allegiance, and by consequence absolves him from the obligations of the old.

Dual allegiance is recognized in our law and is the subject of treaties to which the United States is a party. Claims of citizenship and expatriation require endless administration and negotiation between governments. Some experts have concluded that an international agreement, not evident in the

foreseeable future, is the solution of the problem.

During this time legislation under which persons being neither "white" nor "African" have been held to be incapable of naturalization in the United States impaired the moral if not the legal authority of the Act of 1868. Not until the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 eliminated all racial bars to naturalization did the American doctrine of expatriation become expanded to encompass its original meaning and force.

As late as ten years ago, the Supreme Court of the United States held that Congress has constitutional authority forcibly to take away citizenship for voting in a foreign country, based on its implied power to regulate foreign affairs. This decision in *Perez v. Brownell*, 356, U.S. 44, decided by a 5-4 vote, has been a source of controversy and confusion ever since.

However, the Court has consistently invalidated on a case-by-case basis various other statutory acts providing for involuntary expatriation. It has refused to hold that citizens can be expatriated without their voluntary renunciation of citizenship. These cases have cast great doubt upon the soundness of the holding in the *Perez* case.

In the *Afroyim* case (*Afroyim v. Rusk*, May 29, 1967), which overruled the *Perez* case, the Supreme Court said that the Constitution limits the Government to those powers specifically granted or those that are necessary and proper to carry out the specifically granted ones. There is no grant to strip people of their citizenship, whether in the exercise of the implied power to regulate foreign affairs or in the exercise of any specifically granted power.

Even before the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, views were expressed in Congress and by the Supreme Court that under the Constitution the Government was granted no power, even under its express power to pass a uniform rule of naturalization, to determine what conduct should and should not result in the loss of citizenship. The Fourteenth Amendment provides its own constitutional rule in language calculated completely to control the status of citizenship: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States. . . are citizens of the United States. . ." There is no indication of a fleeting citizenship, good at the moment it is acquired but subject to destruction by the Government at any time.

The undeniable purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment to make citizenship of Negroes permanent and secure would be frustrated by holding that the Government can rob a citizen of his citizenship without his consent by simply proceeding to act under an implied general power to regulate foreign affairs on some other power generally granted. Though the framers of the Amendment were not particularly concerned with the problem of expatriation, it seems undeniable from the language they used that they wanted to put citizenship beyond the power of any governmental unit to destroy.

The Court went on to say that the Fourteenth Amendment was designed to, and does, protect every citizen of this Nation against Congressional forcible destruction of his citizenship, whatever his creed, color, or race. The holding does no more than to give to this citizen that which is his own, a constitutional right to remain a citizen in a free country unless he voluntarily relinquishes that citizenship.

United States citizenship legislation has suffered from a tendency to make the punishment incommensurate with the crime—vote in an election in Liechtenstein and you lose citizenship, use a Swiss passport and you may lose it too. The alleged right of the state to deprive its citizens of their nationality has been asserted forcefully. This is a strangely anachronistic phenomenon in an age which prides itself of its respect for human rights and abhors the autocratic ways of the past. The Supreme Court's assertion of the individual's right to citizenship in the absence of any convincing reason for depriving him of it can only be applauded. ■

*To my father, naturalization was a sacrament,  
like baptism, confirmation or matrimony.*

# HE SPOKE FOR AMERICA

STEPHEN N. SESTANOVICH

**T**HROUGHOUT his life my father has carried on his shoulders the burden of his immense debt to the United States of America. He was still a young man when he decided to do something about liquidating it. How he inspired and helped hundreds of immigrants from other lands to pay their own debt to Uncle Sam is one of those unique achievements which constantly nourish the American dream. I remember well what he did, for it touched my life as well.

I was seven years old in 1920, and only recently arrived in the United States, when I fell under the spell of my father's fierce patriotism. My mother and I had been stranded on a small island off the Dalmatian coast where we sat out World War I. Father left us there in 1914 to go to California to set up a home for us, intending to have us join him in a few months. But in a few months the conflagration was upon us and six years were to pass before our reunion in Oakland, California.

On our arrival I sensed immediately my father's alarm over my lack of physical and educational development. Here was his sickly American son who spoke no English and was a stranger in America. He set upon the task of building me up physically, teaching me English, and instilling in me knowledge and appreciation of the customs and institutions of the wondrous land to which I had just come.

Father was 35 then, of medium height and weight, fair hair and complexion, and very strong. For a skinny seven-year-old my work-study schedule was rigorous. Calisthenics morning, noon and night at the local Sokol gymnasium were followed by huge glasses of milk, lots of hot bread and honey and great quantities of fresh fruit. There were language lessons, and what Father considered most important of all—committing to memory the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, names of the states, names of the Presidents, the pledge to the Flag and the Lord's Prayer.

In a month I was ready to enter school. I was more than ready, for no other first-grader at St. Joseph's elementary school had heard of Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, or Chester A. Arthur, or government of the people, for the people, by the people. I felt out of place. But that was Father's way. Nothing pleased him more than to direct my Americanization and to see me excel over other kids.

My father looked on America as a personal property which

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he possessed, which he cared about, and whose virtues he intoned to all who would listen. Indeed, he was impatient with immigrants who didn't immediately catch the fire of his zeal, or who delayed even for a few days after stepping off the boat taking the first steps leading to their naturalization.

To my father naturalization was a sacrament, like baptism, confirmation, or matrimony. He disapproved strongly of those who let their citizenship lapse, didn't take an active part in civic affairs, or who didn't take the trouble to vote.

The wave of immigration to the United States after World War I created the usual problems of displacement and relocation. And in those days there were no government or private programs to assist the newcomer. Immigrants gathered in ghettos. On their own the men looked for work in railroad yards, the women in the canneries, and the children helped farmers bring in their crops. All of them worked long hours for little pay. Precious little could be spared for education or recreation. The average immigrant had two aims: to stay off relief and to build the family's savings for a better life later on.

To my father the failure of immigrants to invest in education signaled a wavering of faith in democracy. He went to the ghettos, reasoned with their dwellers, some of whom were relatives and fellow-townsmen from the old country.

"Look," he pleaded with them, "you must send your children to school and you've got to study and become American citizens. America will reward your unskilled work and be grateful for it, but the big rewards for you and your children will come only with education, lots of it."

Some of the men snickered bitterly. In the old country only the children of the rich could hope for education and advancement. "It will be the same here." "Let's be grateful we have work," they argued.

The women were more astute. At work they had heard of someone's cousin or a nephew who had finished high school and rose to become a clerk at the Southern Pacific round house. They wanted their kids to do the same.

My father decided on an independent course of action. He bought a dozen language books, readers, a quantity of arithmetic books, and a few copies of the famous old green book so familiar to every candidate for US citizenship, "Questions and Answers for American Citizenship." He made a deal with the Sokol club to use their hall and several rooms for his classes. He talked to the principal of Prescott Junior High School, Mr. George E. Mortensen, and arranged to have Mrs. Gladys Webb teach citizenship.

By this time I was 12 years old, filled with knowledge of American history and institutions, and thus pressed into service at Father's school as a teacher of citizenship.

All classes were at night. Little by little the immigrants came—first the women, then the children, finally the men. In

no time at all the classes became overcrowded.

The students learned English, Serbo-Croatian, and American government. Instruction was free. The Sokol organization charged nothing for the hall. Mrs. Webb's services were donated by the Oakland Board of Education. My father naturally applied his services and mine to paying off the patriotic debt. Students paid only one dollar a month, which was supposed to cover the cost of the books and classroom supplies, but often didn't.

Between his own classes my father would visit each of the other classes nightly. "Learn, learn, learn, you blockheads. You must learn," he shouted at the dullards and back-sliders over and over again.

What always pleased Father immensely was any opportunity to exhibit his great knowledge of American institutions. He took advantage of any occasion to pound home lessons on the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, our system of checks and balances, or to describe how a bill becomes a law in the Congress.

Father swore at the Eighteenth Amendment. To him this "dry law" was "a devilish limitation of personal freedom." "But just because I don't like it doesn't mean I don't have to obey it," he used to say. "It is the law of the land and obey it we must until men of reason prevail and change it." My country right or wrong was an aphorism he often used.

My father loved the heroes of America. "Tell me who your heroes are and I'll tell you a great deal about yourself," was one of his favorite sayings. He never stopped exhorting his students to emulate America's heroes, quoting from the poets, statesmen and scholars who have recorded the nation's history.

"Where but in America will you find a man like Abraham Lincoln?" he would ask his classes.

"Let his life be an example to you. Work as he worked in the midst of poverty, remembering how he found dignity in splitting rails, blacksmithing, clerking, and how the same dignity was still there when he became President.

"Be his kind of do-it-yourself student—the penniless Lincoln hankering to be a lawyer, borrowing books from a neighbor miles away, reading them lying stretched out on a store counter with his head resting on a parcel of calico.

"Let me teach you his prayers: 'If God has a place and work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready.'

"Learn something of Lincoln's sense of fair-play, and his stick-to-it-iveness: 'With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.'

"And Jefferson," he would say, "a different kind of man. A democrat, but an intellectual aristocrat. Think of all the things this man taught himself to do. To write eloquently. To grow grapes. To practice law. To speak in six languages. To design furniture. To play the violin. To be an architect. To invent useful tools. To build a great university. To make bricks. To make nails. To make democracy work."

Slowly Father's and my pupils were ready for their examination. Each week one day was set aside in the superior court of Lincoln S. Church to hear applicants for US citizenship. For a number of years my father and I provided candidates for these sessions. Each sitting of this court was a solemn occasion, especially for my father, more like a service in a great cathedral than a court of law.

Judge Church's court was large, majestic with its walnut paneling, heavy drapes, a brilliant chandelier. High up on the bench sat Judge Church, in silk robe, himself a revered figure with a stentorian voice, good looks and a huge body adding to the awe.

My father and I were there always, it seems. We sat in the audience. "Wonderful, wonderful," Judge Church said to me once. "Steve, you're only 12 years old, only five years in the United States, and already you are making American citizens. How wonderful."

The judge called the first applicant. The first was always one of our pupils. Father knew what the first question would be. There was an unrehearsed plan between him and Judge Church, a design of two patriotic wills to select a candidate who could set the stage, instill pride in country, as if to light the candles on the altar.

"Mike Lipan, you want to be an American citizen. Good. Then tell us if you will whom you admire most in America, and tell us why," Judge Church would ask.

Mike was just 21 years of age. He was a big, chubby fellow, round-faced and eager. In the old country he received a sixth-grade education. He was able to read the newspapers, and when something complicated was said on the radio he was able to interpret it to the ghetto folks. I worked with him for weeks. We went over and over the green book questions and answers. He recited, repeated and memorized. Mike was better able to face that court than most American high school graduates.

"I think Michael Pupin is best American," he said.

Father and I were stunned for a moment. Hadn't we drilled Mike on Benjamin Franklin? We had, but apparently Mike's love of science outpaced our tutoring program.

"I know Michael Pupin." Mike continued. "He was born poor in small Serbian village of Idvor, not far from where I was born. He came to America. He studied. He became American citizen. He saved his money. He went to night school, later to Columbia University, and to Cambridge University in England. He became great inventor. He now is professor of electromechanics in Columbia University. Few months ago he was invited by University of California in Berkeley as Charter Day speaker. More than 50,000 big-shots went to Greek Theater to listen to Dr. Pupin. In New York, Columbia University built big engineering building that they call Michael Pupin building. Michael Pupin is great American citizen. I want to be American citizen like Michael Pupin," concluded Mike Lipan.

Judge Church's courtroom was silent. Indeed, the altar candles had been lighted. Mike's simple sincerity was magnificent.

As often happens history was to drag its feet. Mike didn't become a Michael Pupin. He became a chef instead, but his son is now a nuclear physicist at the big research center in Livermore, California, working on some of the most important projects in that field.

Mike became a citizen that day. And week after week Father's other pupils would do the same. More than 200 humble peasants, fishermen, dishwashers, cooks and bakers, delivery boys, waiters were ushered through the rite of American naturalization, their first step toward a new and cherished way of life. They brought little from the old country, but what they brought was truly valuable—integrity, devotion, perseverance. And from Father they learned the meaning of patriotism in a land of opportunity. Today, their sons and daughters occupy professorial chairs at universities across the land, practice medicine and law, sit in the councils of government. Many have fought and some have died for the nation's honor in three wars.

By the 1930s Father felt that he had made at least a sizable payment on his debt to Uncle Sam. The classes which he started were absorbed by the Oakland public school system and Father and I retired from this engaging hobby to do other things—he to pay more attention to his business and I to go off to college.

For a long time people said good and kind things about

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# Visa for America

CRAIG R. EISENDRATH

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As early as six or seven o'clock in the morning, they would begin to cluster about the big, concrete American Consulate General in Naples. Whole families of them had slept thick and sticky as bees in their battered cars all night waiting for the sun. Through the car windows, I could discern the bleary eyes of little children, the sweaty good-natured face of a young mother, the swarthy mask of the "brother." They had driven, perhaps for days, from as far as the mountains of Catanzaro.

Others had taken trains and buses. Riding second class on an Italian train, you can see these families on their way to Naples. They sit sprawled in one of the compartments, a child perhaps at the mother's breast, in a heap of newspapers, sausage wrappers, wine bottles, and clothes. The father stares out of the window, like an unhappy dog taken for a ride in the family car. You feel that after he has left his village, all connection with what he knows as the "world" has been snapped; anything can happen; the earth as it passes his train window is as foreign as Germany. The little children are wide-eyed and gentle as young deer. They will be the Americans and teach the parents, for they have little to forget.

Waiting before the great paneled door for the Consulate to open, the little children hang on to their mothers' skirts, or string behind them like ducklings. A few of the women wear costumes of their native provinces with bustles, multiple aprons and strange satin bodices. It is perhaps the first time they have sought to enter a public building, and as the *carabiniere* swings open the door, and the crowd pushes in, there is awe and suspicion in their faces.

In the waiting room, nuzzling on her mother's breast, a little girl sleeps with tiny gold earrings through her pierced ears. Can you imagine an American little girl with tiny gold earrings? It is little children, who, here in Southern Italy, shall wear

gold in their ears and who shall live in the land of cherubim, putti and angels. It is these pink cheeked, plump babies who shall be the church of God in Paradise.

For the fall of man is growing up and having to work, and bearing children, and sitting up with them all night in trains and cars and carrying them through the jaws of the American Consulate, and then half way across the world. That is life, and its knowledge is what stamps sadness and stoic immobility into the face of the bridegroom as he stands sweating in his rented clothes as the priest drones the Latin words which will make him a husband, and a father, and fix upon him forever all the responsibilities. He accepts it all, for that is life.

Sometimes, when there is some trouble in his case, the immigrant will bring along his priest, as if he would have him mediate between man and God, in this instance, the American Consul. The priest is a man of learning and wears the holy habit. Sitting behind my desk, I try not to argue with the priest, but only to explain the law as something quite beyond my power to change, that emanates from Washington, and is as fixed and immutable as the Decalogue.

This is sometimes effective with the priest, for he too is a member of a disciplined hierarchy with its laws and authority. It seldom works with the applicant, particularly those who live in larger villages and cities, and who do not bring priests. For such an applicant associates the immigration laws, not with the immutable laws of God, but with those of his own government. When I tell him no, that I cannot issue him a visa, he says he doesn't understand. When I explain that the law forbids it, he tells me I could issue *his* visa if I wanted to. No, I say. But you are the American Consul.

For him, the law is the arbitrary rules which the government men

create for personal caprice. But if they are made by the men of the government, the grand *signori* before whom he must stand, these laws can be changed by the *signori*. The more powerful the man, the more easy it is—and if he is made to feel powerful, if he is flattered and made to feel like a rich *signore*, he will do it.

I must tell him no. I must administer the laws as fairly and as accurately as I can. And so I sit behind my desk, day after day, reviewing the vast motley parade of applicants who have received their "call," and have come down to the American Consulate for a visa.

There are the tailors, and the carpenters, and the stone cutters and pizza makers, who are the beneficiaries of petitions executed by firms in the United States which in the language of the Act "urgently need their services." What is a qualified tailor? Is a qualified tailor a man who works on a roadcrew all week, and sews a coat on Tuesday and a pair of pants on Thursday, whose hands are as rough as stone? He protests. He displays a diploma from a school of tailoring, embellished with goddesses and flowers, and he submits sworn statements testifying to his skill from the mayor of his town and the chief of police. Is a skilled stonecutter a man who sits in the sun chipping curbstones? Can you refuse him a visa when you see his eyes filled with days of hunger and a yearning for America so strong that it makes him weep?

We administer the law. I take comfort in our numbers, that we are commissioned to do the work we do by our government, that the terms of the commission are not our making. I say this, but it is not completely true, for, in the end, I feel myself personally responsible for anything I do.

In addition to the skilled workers, there are other categories based on relationship. For instance, the parents of American citizens. They are sometimes infinitely old, their faces lined with twenty thousand suns, old as their village, timeless, sleepy, stumbling along. Why do they come at 75 to America? Where will they go? A son calls them from Brooklyn, or Boston, or Napa Valley in California, and these old folks will journey from their little village across a sea filled with monsters. Will they see the light slanting down the great buildings of New York, flooding the ship-dotted bay? Will they feel the awe of the mountains of the West, and, in their hands, the weight of its great metal coins? They come to a tenement, to a ranch house, to a prefab—to a television set, to steam heat, and with the pride that

■ Craig R. Eisendrath served seven years in the Foreign Service (1958-65), including a two-year tour as vice consul in Naples. He is on the Humanities faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He dedicates this story to Elizabeth Brown.

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their son, who came to America, is now rich, and wears a suit with a tie like a great *signore*, and drives a car.

They come, I suppose, often with reluctance, simply because their sons call them. The wives of American residents are, of course, usually younger and more eager. They are often blushing and excited, and although there may not be the slightest point amiss in their case, they view the completion of each phase as a victory against great odds. For a long time you feel that the husband will be all that is real in America, and that the strange streets—the language, the dress, the way of life, all this will be like gifts he has brought them after a long trip. They are beautiful gifts, but he is home now. . . . Here, show me, how does it work? and as he shows her how it works, so rapt is she in him, that she doesn't even listen. Only later, when it is settled with them, and she begins to look out for herself, and get what she has never had and put it on her back, will she develop that shrill, demanding voice one hears when they return. Those who come from the mountains may never lose their absolute wonder or the peace which was only temporarily disturbed by their trip. But those from the city, who here in front of me may be brimming with sweetness, they shall sound shrill.

And there are the children. In their faces grouped in front of my desk, I see the old pictures of my family photo box, children in fluffy collars, little boys with skirts, who sat fixed and open-eyed before the daguerreotype 80 years ago. These children—this angel boy of five, this girl of eight with her tiny gold earrings, this strong fellow of twelve already imitating his father, these will come to America. In those faces is the haunting knowledge, as in the old daguerreotypes, that they will grow old and be men. But as they cross a bridge between a land of their childhood, fading into myths and dreams, and America, which will become their world, I have taken their picture, and so fixed them in my mind forever.

I SAT back mentally reviewing that vast parade, that army that had trooped past my desk into the New World. And then I looked up, and standing before me was a man about fifty years old, with a thin, varicose face, sunken cheekbones, a prominent Adam's apple. I had to get back to work. His clothes looked so dirty as to be falling off; he smelled. One could imagine him standing in a wheat field scaring crows.

He had been meekly waiting in front of my desk for several minutes

without a word. He was holding in his two hands a battered and grease-spattered hat.

I hurriedly asked him to sit down. CIOFFI, Pietro—I examined his file. His wife's name was scratched from under his—he was a widower. He was applying for a fourth preference visa. Nine years ago, his brother, in Brooklyn, had executed a petition for him, and he had waited all that time until his name came up on the quota list. The file said he'd had a chance a year ago, and been refused under Section 212(a) (25) of the Act. He was illiterate.

He sat by my desk throughout this silent appraisal. "There is no speculation in those eyes" . . . One needed only look at those black, sad animal eyes. But I asked him anyway.

"Have you learned how to read?"

He stood up very quickly, holding his hat. He was being questioned.

I said, "Have you learned how to read? You were here before, and the Consul refused you because you couldn't read. Can you read now?"

He shook his head.

"Well, why did you come if you still can't read?" I looked again at his file. He was a farmer; lived in Rocccarucia, Catanzaro. He must have traveled all day and all night, and spent the few *lire* he had. Why?

"You were here a year ago . . . and you were refused then because you couldn't read. Why did you come again now?"

He dug in his suit jacket—there were holes around the buttons—and pulled out a folded piece of paper. It was the appointment letter from the Consulate. "Here . . . the letter . . . I came because of the letter which said to come."

"Did you read it?"

"No . . . My cousin read it . . . and it said to come for the visa for America."

"Well, you can't get a visa unless you can read. You knew that before you came."

He sighed. It was all lost for him, and so he stood as if on soil on which nothing could grow, and waited. And I thought the Act said—If the principal applicant is accompanied by a child less than 16 years old, or by a child 16 or older who can read, he can be visa-ed *despite* his illiteracy. Possibly, he could go, anyway.

"Do you have any children in Italy?"

"My girl."

"How old is she?"

"Seventeen, your excellency."

"Can she read? . . . If she can read you can bring her along, and then you don't have to know how to read your-

self."

"Oh, she knows how to do it . . . She's a good girl, your excellency."

"Then you come back with her, and if she can read, both of you can get visas, and go together."

Cioffi gave another sigh. The interview was over, and he hadn't gotten his visa. He turned, and shambled toward the door. It was the first step on the long trip to Rocccarucia, from which he had just come.

In a month, he reappeared at the Consulate, and with him, giggling, putting one leg in front, then in back, lit in the eyes like kerosene, healthy, vibrant, absolutely peasant in her rawn-boned, but bouncy figure, was his daughter, Gilda, age 17.

The old man shoved her up to my desk like a reluctant little girl before a Department store Santa Claus.

I asked her if she liked Naples. She bit her lip, and said, "Si."

I asked her if she knew how to read. She screwed her face up very seriously, and said, "Si," and then broke into waves of giggles.

I said that she would have to read something and show me, and as I reached into my desk for one of our reading cards, I felt her eyes following me—half-amused, half-suspicious, the eyes of a peasant before a government official. I handed her the card, "Now read this for me out loud."

" . . . SE . . . I . . . E . . ." She sounded out every word, breaking them up in the wrong places . . . "TRE . . . I . . . F . . . ANN . . . O . . . OTTO," (Six and three are eight) and she stopped—that was all there was.

"Now," I asked, "is what it says in the card right? Is that the right answer?"

"Oh, si."

I glanced at her over my glasses. "Six and three are eight? No, six and three are nine". . . She bit her lip. I gave her another card, but this time she said Carlo was the father, when in the card he was the son.

I shook my head, "I'm terribly sorry, but you can't read either." I turned to the father, "Why did you come when you knew very well your girl couldn't read?"

"It was because your excellency said I should come with my daughter."

"But she has to read. . . . You can't get a visa unless she can read."

He nodded, and gave her a bitter look, and her head sunk, and then she heaved a huge sigh, and broke into tears. I've never seen someone cry so desperately—the whole floor was wet. Of course, she was young and had more energy than most. I waited.

(Continued on page 50)



## AFSA's Proposals for Foreign Service Personnel

March 6, 1969

Honorable Idar Rimestad  
Deputy Under Secretary of State  
for Administration  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Rimestad:

You will recall that, largely as a result of the Association's efforts at Miami Beach last July, the Republican Party Platform included the following passage:

"We strongly support the Foreign Service and will strengthen it by improving its efficiency and administration and providing adequate allowances for its personnel."

With that commitment in mind, we would welcome your comments on the following proposals. In some cases, the problems set forth are questions of simple equity. In other cases, we ask merely to catch up. In no case, do we ask for special treatment.

1. *Displacement Allowance*—Reimbursement of reasonable, move-related expenses incurred by employees who are transferred is recognized as normal throughout the US military, government civilian, private business communities, and foreign service of other governments. Civil Service employees of the Department are entitled to such reimbursement under PL 89-516.

The Foreign Service employee is an inexplicable exception. He is entitled to no reimbursement other than some of the basic costs related to transportation of his effects or to travel of the employee and his family. The problem, we should note, is not limited to moves between overseas posts or between such posts and the Department; it also applies to transfers within the US for advanced studies or other programs, a type of assignment that is increasing in frequency.

2. *Out-Patient Treatment*—Under existing statutes out-patient expense in the United States incurred for the treatment of an illness or disease contracted by a dependent while overseas with the employee but since returned to the US are reimbursable *only* if the

dependent has been hospitalized. If the dependent has not been hospitalized, there is no provision for reimbursement.

Recognition should be given, it would seem, to the need for outpatient treatment for a disease, not serious enough to require hospitalization, but serious enough to require continuing medical care.

3. *Leave Due to Injury or Illness Occasioned by Official Duty*—Since 1965, absences for a period of one year, not charged against accrued leave, may be granted only in the case of an employee injured as the result of war or civil disorder.

This seems to be a narrow definition with no consideration, for example, for absences because of injuries sustained on an official field trip. Also no consideration is given for illnesses which result from service in an area in which a disease is endemic.

4. *Separation Allowance*—Current regulations stipulate that 90 days must elapse before a separation allowance can be paid to an employee separated from his family under one of a small number of specified conditions. No such waiting period is applicable to any post allowance, which is immediately reduced to the "without-family" rate. Thus an employee, separated from his family for less than 90 days must bear the additional expense while at the same time losing a considerable portion of his post allowance.

5. *Capital Gains Tax*—If an employee of the foreign affairs community sells his house prior to leaving the country for an assignment abroad, he is required to pay all applicable capital gains taxes unless he purchases another house of equivalent value in the US within one year. Members of the Armed Forces, selling a house under identical conditions, are subject to the tax only if they have not purchased another one within one year of their return to the United States.

6. *Administration of Travel Advance*—According to present regulations, the Department authorizes a traveler to receive 80% of his estimated travel expenditures in advance.

The remaining 20% of the estimated expenditures is not advanced. The rationale for this arrangement is apparently that the traveler slightly-out-of-pocket will have an incentive to file a travel voucher as soon as he can, in order to recover his expenses. However, the effect on travelers who make long trips or attend lengthy conferences is that they are out-of-pocket for substantial amounts of money until their travel vouchers are finally paid. The Department ought to relieve travelers of the whole burden of financing official travel by making 100% travel advances and to require the offices issuing the travel orders to follow up any delinquent vouchers.

7. *Claims for Personal Property*—Under existing laws, government personnel may be reimbursed for damage to or loss of personal property incident to their service, up to a limit of \$6,500. The Department of State has arbitrarily imposed a \$50 deductible for all claims filed by Foreign Service personnel, in addition to establishing a table of maximum allowances for various categories of property. These actions are not standard with other agencies. Recent legislation has raised the limit to \$10,000, but only for Department of Defense personnel.

8. *Federal Savings Program*—The Government administers a savings program, on which an interest rate of 10% compounded quarterly, is currently in effect. Only members of the Armed Forces, the Public Health Service, and the Coast and Geodetic Survey on assignment overseas are eligible to participate. In view of the continuing balance of payments problem, which was at least partly responsible for the establishment of the program, and the attractive interest rate, civilian employees serving overseas should also be permitted and encouraged to take part.

9. *Eligibility for Home Leave*—All Foreign Service personnel serving abroad accumulate rights to home leave, which normally is taken in the middle of a four-year assignment or between assignments abroad. Personnel assigned to Washington after posting abroad are allowed, in principle, to take a maximum of 15 days of their accrued home leave. The function of the 15 days is to permit a visit

with families and friends after a protracted period of absence. However, no home leave at all is granted to persons for whom the Department has no existing plan to reassign abroad, despite the fact that these persons may have served lengthy tours abroad in the Foreign Service. Other agencies do not have similar restrictions.

An additional needless restriction is applied to the permissible delay in taking authorized home leave in connection with an assignment in Washington. Regardless of the needs of the Service, or any other factor involved, a delay of more than six months deprives the employee of any home leave at all.

10. *Delays in Reimbursements*—An employee returning to the Washington area may expect a delay in the processing and payment of temporary lodging and travel vouchers. Since the amounts involved are often considerable, particularly in the case of temporary lodging for a family with several children, many employees are forced to draw on savings or to borrow to cover authorized expenses. Since all vouchers are eventually audited, it should be possible to reduce sharply the waiting period by granting authority to the bureaus, enabling them to authorize payment.

11. *Temporary Lodging Allowance for Home Service Transfer*—Foreign Service personnel returning to the United States for assignment normally receive a temporary lodging allowance to help defray costs of staying in a hotel until permanent quarters can be found. However, this allowance is paid only when the employee is "between assignments to posts in foreign areas." Consequently, the allowance is not paid to employees who are either close to retirement or engaged in special programs in which a further foreign assignment is not necessarily involved, without regard to whether the employee will or will not continue to be a part of the Foreign Service or work in the Department of State. Accordingly, many employees returning from official assignments abroad incur large unreimbursed hotel bills for temporary accommodations for themselves and their families while attempting to re-establish residence in Washington.

Another facet of this problem is related to the fact that the allowance is payable only once during a tour in the United States. An employee detailed to advanced studies, or as a Diplomat in Residence, for example, is required to finance his own temporary lodging while searching for a permanent home in the area of assignment and then again on his return to Washington.

12. *Temporary Lodging for Single Employees*—Married personnel returning to a stateside assignment are authorized a 30 day period of temporary lodging; single employees are authorized only 15. The problem associated with finding quarters is no different for single persons, and may, in fact, be more complicated. There seems to be little reason for this discrimination.

13. *Retirement Benefits*—The Association is deeply concerned that the cost-of-living increase in Civil Service annuities which went into effect March 1, 1969, does not apply to participants in the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability System.

There has been recent publicity on possible changes from a "high-five" to a "high-three" for the purpose of computing retirement benefits for Civil Service Employees. We hope that there will be continued efforts on the part of the Department to insure that any such changes are applicable to foreign service employees.

Implicit in the retirement legislation affecting foreign service employees is an acceptance of the philosophy that consideration is given to the fact that overseas service imposes family, health, and hardship problems unique to such service. The retirement age and percentage of salary levels for retirement reflect this. The Association believes these valid concepts must be continued and defended.

We realize that some of the problems listed above would require legislative action; others, however, could be corrected by administrative action. We would welcome the occasion at an early date to discuss plans for possible actions in these and other areas.

Sincerely,

LANNON WALKER  
Chairman  
Board of Directors

Mr. Lannon Walker  
Chairman, Board of Directors  
American Foreign Service Association,  
2101 E Street, Northwest  
Washington, D. C. 20037

Dear Mr. Walker:

Your letter on allowances and other matters relating to Foreign Service personnel arrived in my office today.

Mindful of your request to undertake discussions at an early date and as a first step, I have asked the Deputy Assistant Secretary for Personnel, Mr. Howard Mace, to explore in detail with the Association the issues it has identified in general terms in his letter.

Sincerely,  
IDAR RIMESTAD

## Diplomats' Union Wins

MONTREAL—A trade union of professional Canadian diplomats has just negotiated a 39-month contract with the government.

In the last few days, some 400 diplomats in the 85 Canadian missions abroad have been balloting secretly on ratification of the contract, which includes a pay increase of more than 20 per cent over three years along with overtime provisions.

Theoretically, members of PAFSO, the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, and two other associations of administrative and clerical officers retain the right to strike.

As a practical matter, however, the unions have relinquished this in return for concessions from the government. But these concessions are not insignificant.

The federal treasury has committed itself to binding arbitration if the previous stages of collective bargaining and conciliation do not produce agreement. In this instance, an outside conciliator chosen by the judiciary was brought in after two months of collective bargaining had reached a dead end.

Diplomats who object on principle to the two-year-old union still are subject to a dues checkoff under the new contract because PAFSO represents them for wages and working conditions. It also extends low-cost insurance coverage.

One of the most difficult aspects for the government—and some professionals—to swallow is a provision that diplomats be paid overtime for work on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

Diplomats are traditionally expected to work whenever necessary, but the theory of the contract is that mission heads will be reluctant to order anything but vitally necessary appearances on weekends because they know this will count against their budgets.

Many persons are speculating, however, that weekend responsibilities will go pretty much as before and that few if any diplomats will dare submit an accounting for it. The point is that ambassadors, or heads of missions, still hold the whip hand since they are charged with making performance reports on their subordinates.

As for ambassadors and mission heads, they are exempt in most instances from coverage under or balloting on the contract because they are regarded as representatives of management.

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## AFSA Establishes Committee on Openness

A Committee on Openness, which the AFSA Board believes will prove one of the Association's most significant activities in the next few years, has begun operations under the chairmanship of Erland Heginbotham.

In establishing the committee, the Association has two basic goals.

The first is to create among those in foreign service an attitude more open to new ideas, techniques, and opinions from within government and from without. AFSA believes this will be essential to the successful conduct of our foreign affairs in the years immediately ahead.

The second goal is to serve as a catalyst, devising new methods of becoming "open" and then persuading the agencies in foreign affairs to do what needs doing since the Association should not undertake activities which public agencies can properly and profitably take responsibility for.

The new Committee is directing its initial attention toward several major areas.

It is undertaking relationships with selective organizations representative of academia, business, labor, foreign affairs and other communities. Other relationships designed to improve understanding, communications and access to knowledge and expertise in various areas of our national life are under consideration. Its initial venture is a program of joint activities with the International Studies Association.

The International Studies Association largely comprises academicians with an interest in international affairs. The organization wishes to extend its reach to a broad membership to include businessmen and professionals. Representatives of AFSA and ISA have held two meetings, the latest in New York March 14-15, to develop joint programs. Members of the subcommittee participating in these meetings include Charles Bray, David Biltchik, Robert Cleveland, William Hallman, George McFarland, Raymond Platig, Stephen Rogers, and David Schneider.

One initial AFSA/ISA effort is to propose to a foundation to finance a study of those organizations nationwide having the greatest potential for participating in efforts to revitalize interest in foreign affairs. Another project for dialogue with other elements of the foreign affairs constituency involves sponsorship of a broader range of exchanges with the academic community. The joint subcommittee is working on programs for both short and longer term arrangements to bring scholars into workday

contacts with the State/AID/USIA policy making process. These programs would differ from the present advisory panel approach in that the scholars would associate directly with Department officials as they deal with immediate problems.

Other programs being developed with ISA include exploration of research terrain of common interest, assistance to retiring officers interested in academic careers, efforts to identify groups in other communities with a view to building a new and vital foreign affairs "coalition," and exchanges of journals and memberships. AFSA and ISA representatives are also considering a joint statement encouraging the foreign affairs leadership to support development of a *foreign affairs profession* involving greater opportunities for professional development and interchange between those of public and private life concerned with international affairs.

These undertakings with ISA constitute a pilot effort. The Committee will soon begin extending it into other sectors of national life.

In addition the Openness Committee is establishing subcommittees on New Technology and on Trends in Diplomacy. Other subcommittees will provide liaison with the Open Forum Panel and all areas of the foreign affairs agencies having an interest in AFSA openness programs.

The Committee will also be planning another conference similar to the highly successful Foreign Service Days meeting of last November. That session, it will be recalled, stimulated considerable interest in AFSA and its activities and was significant in

strengthening ties between the Association and the foreign affairs constituency—a prime aim of the Openness Committee.

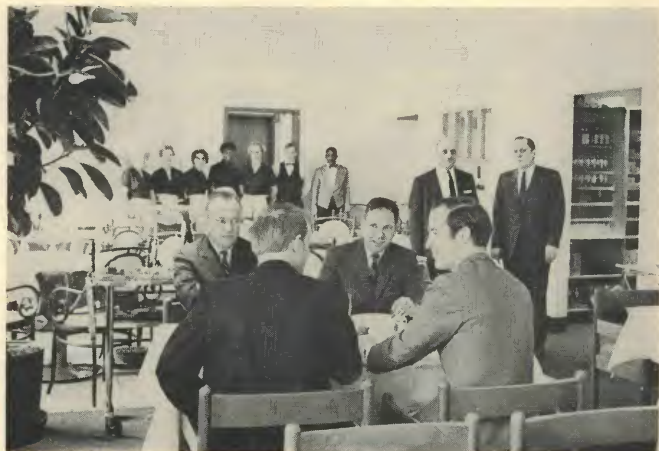
Those interested in participating in Openness Committee activities are urged to contact Erland Heginbotham, E/OMA, code 182-3384. Participation is particularly invited from AID and USIA, and other agencies with a direct interest in committee activities. Non-government participants are also invited.

In carrying out its activities, the Committee will draw on the \$19,000 balance of the \$33,000 William H. Donner Foundation grant to the Association.

## Speaking of Volumes

The Association of American Foreign Service Women is now engaged in its annual collection of books for the Book Fair in October. The various committees involved with this very worthwhile project are now trying to get as many books gathered as possible before the hot weather arrives. Book bins are in place in New State, USIA, and FSI. If you have a large number of books to donate and have no way of transporting them, please call Mrs. Lawrence at 652-4962 and she will arrange to have them picked up promptly.

FSO Charles Brown, on DU3-2772, now needs assistance on Saturdays to pick up books and get them to the Department, where AAFSW members will take over. Volunteers who can devote a few hours to this worthy project will be welcomed.



Seen in the new Foreign Service Club dining room at a pre-opening lunch are Editorial Board Members Fred Simmons, Howie Schaffer, facing camera, Pat Kennedy and Ambler Moss. Club manager John Scheidenberger and staff are in the background.

# An Interview with Charles W. Bray III

by Charles A. Kennedy, JOURNAL Editorial Board

Charles W. Bray III became a Foreign Service officer of the Department of State in 1958 following graduation from Princeton University, graduate study in France and military service. He has served in the Far East and Africa, became the first officer of the Department of State to win the Meritorious Honor Award of the Agency for International Development, took a sabbatical year in graduate economics and systematic analysis in 1966 to 1967 and has most recently served as the Special Assistant to the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs. A member of the Association's Board of Directors, Mr. Bray has been on extended leave from the Department since July 1968 working full time at AFSA headquarters.

Mr. Bray, after ten years as a Foreign Service officer we now find you on leave of absence working for AFSA. What factors were important in influencing your decision to work for AFSA?

**Mr. Bray:** As I looked at the things that AFSA was doing last summer it struck me that they were among the most important things being done for and to the Foreign Service. I thought that I would simply have more fun working for AFSA than I was having even as Special Assistant to the Deputy Under Secretary. Essentially, it was a choice between very interesting jobs. I have felt very strongly—I think the leadership of AFSA has felt very strongly—that for too long a time we in the Foreign Service have invoked an esprit de corps without making a real contribution to that spirit. I think that one of the great things that AFSA has done in the last two years is to make a substantial contribution to the collective welfare of everyone in Foreign Service.

**Mr. Kennedy:** By "fun" do you mean significant contribution?

**Mr. Bray:** In major part.

**Mr. Kennedy:** Well, now that you've been over here eight months, what have you been doing?

**Mr. Bray:** In the first several months I was very actively trying to elicit support for the report to the Association, "Toward a Modern Diplomacy." It was an outstanding report by Ambassador Graham Martin and I think it has had a very substantial impact on a large number of Americans. You may recall the broad editorial support the report and the Association have received from all

over the country.

I have also been trying to get across the message that the Association is interested in resuming or making contact with a wide range of individuals and organizations across the country such as the International Studies Association and the World Affairs Councils.

Finally, I've been spending a good deal of time working on what you might call the future of the association: what will the association be up to, what does its membership want it to do?

**Mr. Kennedy:** Some comparisons have been made between AFSA objectives and unionism. Do you see AFSA becoming more union-oriented in attitude and/or action?

**Mr. Bray:** That's a tough question to answer. I think it's clear that the professional-level employee in government as opposed to the postal clerk for example is greatly under-represented vis-a-vis the Congress and vis-a-vis his own management in whatever department he may serve. The National Federation of Professional Organizations is having a meeting in late March to discuss this problem.

I don't know who speaks for people in foreign service if AFSA does not, and I think this means that an organization such as ours inevitably must play a more active role in advancing the welfare of its membership. It's a long step from that to trade unionism as such, but I think one thing the membership in the next couple of years will have to decide is whether it wishes AFSA to take a more militant stance.

**Mr. Kennedy:** Given United States laws and the fact that most unionism is based on the recognized principle of collective bargaining backed up by the possibility of strike should negotiations break down, what actual muscle do you see AFSA developing? Would it be along the lines of collective bargaining and would this require some new legislation or some new concepts on the part of government, particularly Congress?

**Mr. Bray:** I don't know the answer to that question. I doubt that anyone does. I think it's a problem which all of us, in AFSA and in other professional associations and in government, will have to devote a good deal of thought to. As to AFSA's muscle—I wouldn't want to overstate the case but I do think that one positive result to which the present Board of Direc-

tors can point is an image of AFSA as an independent and reasonably aggressive employee organization. I have been delighted in recent months to note the number of occasions on which the managements of the three principal agencies in foreign affairs have solicited our advice and, indeed, our support. I think that's very encouraging.

**Mr. Kennedy:** Perhaps you could enumerate some of the tangible benefits that have accrued to AFSA membership since the so-called young Turk movement has taken over leadership of the association.

**Mr. Bray:** Well, since I think two of the most important steps forward were initiated by our predecessors, I would speak of the benefits flowing from membership in AFSA as such without attributing them necessarily to the present Board. You will recall that the previous Board purchased the office building on Virginia Avenue. The present Board made the decision to proceed with the construction of club facilities which should be open and available to the members of the club by the time this interview appears in print.\* I think having a place where the foreign services can gather, a place that will serve as a focal point for the wide variety of interests in foreign service, will make a very important contribution to the spirit of collectivity to which I referred earlier.

Other benefits—well, in contacts with every member of both Houses of Congress we supported the legislation which provided career status to the employees of USIA last fall. I think we helped in some measure to cushion the impact of the reduction in force that was imposed on AID by the budget cut last year. While the Department of State did not in every instance use our recommendations to help cushion the impact of the BALPA exercise, I do think we had some influence in that. We are supporting career status for employees of AID, and in any event we feel very strongly that employees of AID should have access to the Foreign Service Retirement Fund. We now have before the three principal agencies in foreign affairs a comprehensive set of recommendations designed to put foreign service employees back on a par with their civil service colleagues in terms of benefits deriving from employment. I believe, in fact, that that package is summarized elsewhere in this issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

*(More next month as Charles A. Kennedy continues his interview with Charles W. Bray III on AFSA's plans.)*

\* Club facilities opened on March 24, 1969.



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# The UN and American Foreign Policy

MARIO ROSSI

**B**IG power foreign policy, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. On one side there is the foreign policy Washington attributes to the United States. On the other there is the policy other countries attribute to Washington as being of the United States. The relationship between the two is often purely coincidental.

Most great powers with a decisive voice at a turning moment in human history have faced a like dichotomy, but none to the same extent as the United States today. The main reason, of course, is the joining together of all the factors which contribute to making our epoch one of the most momentous since man appeared on the face of the earth. At the time of the great empires of the past there was no television or telstar to bring the news, visually and directly, throughout the globe. There could not be, therefore, the same immediacy of participation in the events. To read in the papers as our fathers did that so many million Indians had died of starvation is not quite like seeing a young Viet Cong being shot through the head by South Vietnam's national police chief or a marine being hit by a shell at Khesanh. The area of direct involvement has also widened dramatically due to the number of countries which have achieved independence in recent years. Not only do these countries participate in the making of international decisions for the first time in history, but for the first time also problems are being brought to the fore to which very scant attention was given in the past.

Before World War II events seldom set off a chain reaction affecting every continent. What Great Britain did in India, for example, had an impact on only a limited number of countries and peoples. But no country and no people today escape the repercussions of what the United States is doing in Vietnam. Our actions in that distant land affect the racial solidarity of Africa and Asia; have an impact upon alliances and groupings, more numerous today than at any other time; influence the mutual relationships among the great powers. In the circumstances it was inevitable that Washington's views on Vietnam should be interpreted in the light of the several ideologies, allegiances, racial or religious identifications, common interests, and several of the other factors which make up the extraordinarily complex world we live in. Even though quite often such interpretations are not to our liking there is no reason to assume they lack candor. They simply reflect a different historical experience.

The main reason for the disparity of interpretation between the United States and a number of other countries is that there is so little common ground. The United States has an unmatched position of primacy. The Russians admit that in terms of power their country is the number two, and base their planning and political strategy on that assumption. In other words, we might as well have the courage to admit that no other country today can possibly share the same political

perspective with the United States.

At the same time, just because there are so many new countries, never has there been such urgent need to communicate and explain.

The United States emerged as the world's paramount power at the time when the United Nations was coming into existence. In the beginning, however, there were very few new countries in the world body. The prevailing perspectives were those of the cold war. The problem was not so much to explain as to call upon the solidarity of friends and allies. The transition from automatic majority to the need for explaining happened to take place as the cold war was gradually giving way to peaceful coexistence. This transition in turn was preceded by the granting of independence to a large number of African States and their admission into the United Nations.

It soon became evident that the new policy was open to contrasting interpretations. To us it meant reaching an accommodation with the Soviets, especially after the Cuban crisis had given a glimpse in all its horror of the danger of nuclear war. Once again the interpretation of a key element in international relations was based upon historical experience. The history of colonialism is one of divisions into spheres of influence of Africa and Asia among the great powers. Many Afro-Asians today believe that history repeats itself. They are convinced that Washington and Moscow have joined in preserving the present balance of power and that this overall reality is far more important than the occasional disagreements or contrasts inevitable when great powers with far-flung interests deal with one another. Always under the impact of their historical experience, the Afro-Asians see as another reason for preserving the balance the determination of the industrialized countries to stick together to withstand the varied assault the poor nations will inevitably launch to gain a fair share of the world's riches. Peaceful coexistence thus is interpreted to mean that the two super powers would not undermine each other's position in any essential way and that as a consequence the Soviet Union, far from condemning or resisting the "exploitations" by "American imperialism" in Africa and Asia, becomes coresponsible for it. Some go so far as to establish Soviet coresponsibility for the course of events in Vietnam!

There are many examples given to justify this thesis. In the crises involving Central American Republics the Soviet Union, while attacking the American role, never suggested any measure or initiative threatening United States vital interests in the area. During the Mid East crisis last summer, even though the two super powers took opposite sides, the Afro-Asians saw in their mutual behaviour a desire to come to an understanding. They felt their thesis was confirmed by the meeting at Glassboro between President Johnson and Premier Kosygin. It was also considered significant that, despite the extreme tensions caused by the Vietnamese war, Washington and Moscow actively sought to reach an agree-

*(Continued on page 46)*

# WASHINGTON LETTER

by TED OLSON

"April is the cruellest month . . ." Nonsense, Mr. Eliot. Foreign Service folk know better. The cruellest month is the month when the promotion lists come out, with one's own name inexplicably missing.

Happily, that's well past now, and hope is beginning to unfurl afresh, along with the tulips. April, more than any other, is the month of hope. With new life bursting out all over you're prepared to believe almost anything—detente, tax reform, solutions to air pollution and traffic congestion. Any day now some sports columnist is going to fling his cap over the windmill and proclaim that this is the year when the Senators could—well, better say might, just possibly, with a lot more than a little bit o' luck—finish in the first division.

Fair warning: if baseball bores you, read no further.

Last year, you may remember, our Nats beat (clobbered, trounced, thrashed, mowed down) everybody in spring training, and romped into the Stadium looking implausibly like contenders. For a couple of days, indeed—it was early May, if we recall correctly—there they were, believe it or not, in fifth place, looking incredulous themselves, and green with vertigo.

But the air was too rarefied. Prudently they began the descent to more comfortable altitudes. By midsummer they were safe home in the cellar, where they remained the rest of the season.

The older inhabitants insist there was a time when Washington did win pennants. Three of them, in fact—1924, 1925 and 1933—and in 1924 the World Series as well. A generation quite prepared to accept UFOs snorts in disbelief. But it's right there in the record books, if you want to look.

Since then, nothing.

Well, maybe things will begin looking up this year. The Senators, like the country, are under new leadership—new owner, Robert E. Short; new manager, Ted Williams. Mr. Short is a millionaire politician (Democrat) from Minneapolis, who outbid Bob Hope for the club. Why, everybody wanted to know, should he or Hope or anybody else want a 40-game loser? His answer you've probably guessed: It's a challenge.

As for Mr. Williams, if you had to be told who he is, you wouldn't have read beyond the warning five paragraphs back. With a five-year contract and a share of the ownership, he's

under no immediate pressure and he's not promising miracles. But even at the new ticket prices a good many people will be going out to the Stadium these sunny spring afternoons to find out whether Ted really can teach Eddie Brinkman to hit.

Washington's Redskins, whose record over the years has been only a shade better than the Nats', also have a new chief. He came to town amid a hullabaloo that made the uninitiated wonder if an armistice had been signed somewhere. Your correspondent must confess that he was among the uninitiated; he was dimly aware of the existence of somebody named Vince Lombardi but he tended to confuse him with Guy Lombardo. Now he knows better. This Lombardi is quite somebody. He's been coaching the Green Bay Packers for nine years, during which time they've won five NFL titles and two Super Bowl playoffs. Football fans therefore are sharing in the seasonal euphoria. It's not easy, though, to visualize a Washington team in a Super Bowl.

## And a New Maestro for the National

The cultural chasm between the sports section and the music pages is no hop-skip-and-jump, but both the *Post* and the *STAR* spanned it nimbly. "So Vince Lombardi is going to run the Redskins," Paul Hume wrote. "And Ted Williams ditto the Senators. That's the way the National Symphony Orchestra has to think—big—now that it is looking for a replacement for Howard Mitchell."

Within a week the announcement came, and the *STAR* headlined it: "Big League Dorati."

Everybody seems pretty well pleased. Antal Dorati is an old pro, too: Dallas, Minneapolis, the BBC, most recently Stockholm, numerous recordings. Hungarian-born, he was conducting at the Budapest Opera when he was 18. He came to America in the '30s with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and has long been an American citizen. He guest-conducted the National Symphony for the first time 31 years ago and most recently last January.

Mr. Dorati is quoted by the *STAR* as calling himself "a passionate orchestra maker." Some have wondered how much rebuilding he will be able to do here in two seasons—1970-72, with option of a third year—particularly since he will divide his time with Stockholm. There were those who

wanted the National to bid for one of the promising young conductors that have turned up recently—one who would stay around for a while and build his own reputation along with the orchestra's. The board chose instead to play it safe, with an experienced veteran, highly regarded on both sides of the Atlantic.

## In the Ghetto, One Year Later

Hope is sending up a few timid shoots also in Washington's ghetto—or inner city, if you prefer. President Nixon has announced two grants, totaling more than \$30 million, for reconstruction and urban renewal, mostly in the areas blasted by last year's riots. There's always a lag, sometimes considerable, between funding and action, but it's conceivable that by the time this issue of the *JOURNAL* appears, just twelve months after that horrifying weekend, work may have begun. And high time.

A few months ago we had occasion to ride a bus down Georgia Avenue and 7th Street N.W., from Upshur to the Mall. Blackened husks of buildings, precariously shored up, awaited demolition—if anybody ever got around to it. Lots where the wreckers had already done their job were a jackstraw jumble of charred timbers, twisted metal, crumpled artifacts of commerce. In one half-block area some enterprising person had established a junk-yard. He didn't have far to go for his stock. Shops that had escaped major damage were pluckily trying to carry on; they had taken out their own brand of insurance by soaping their windows with the words "Soul Brother."

As the bus rolled southward a sense of familiarity began to tweak at our mind. Where had we seen something like this before? London, of course, during the long lull—1942-43—between the Big Blitz and the Little Blitz. London, though, had managed to do more tidying up. And the graffiti on the boarded-up fronts were different: "V" for victory instead of "Black Power."

We remembered having had that same sense of familiarity a year ago, when we watched the sky in the east reddening as it had reddened over London after a fire raid. We had to keep telling ourselves that this wasn't London. It wasn't Atlanta, currently being incinerated in "Gone With the Wind" at the Apex. It was the capital of the United States. And this wasn't

being done by Hitler's bombs or Sherman's army. We were doing it to ourselves. It couldn't happen here. But it had happened.

Last December the Post sent two reporters down to the devastated areas to see what additionally had happened in the nine months since. They reported back: nothing. Exactly nothing. The headline: "Broken Pledges Line Riot Area Streets."

Well, now at last something is starting to happen. Considering the bewildering rate at which old buildings come down and new buildings go up in the sections of Washington most of us know best, we hope it happens with something more than deliberate speed.

#### If You Have to Go to New York . . .

The "in" way is Penn Central's Metroliner. There are two of them in operation so far; eventually hourly service is promised. They make the run in one minute under three hours, 36 minutes better than the Congressional. Later that may be cut to 2:35, by eliminating all stops except Philadelphia. (Baltimore threatens reprisals, though, if dropped from the schedule.) Airliners do the trip in 45 minutes, but when you figure in the times between airport and midtown, not to mention that spent waiting on the ramp or circling overhead, the Metroliner is definitely competitive.

Eastern Air Lines' shuttle won a match race staged by the Post recently. Two reporters left 15th and L Streets N.W. simultaneously and rendezvoused that evening at 49th and Lexington. The airborne courier had a half-hour wait before his partner showed up. A spot of bad weather might easily have reversed the result.

Though some complain that the Metroliner is a little bouncy at high speeds, the critiques have been mostly favorable, and nearly every trip is sold out, or almost. The trains are clean, bright and comfortable. Meals are reasonably priced: stand-up snack bars for coach passengers, trays at your seat in club cars. You can phone your office or your home.

If patronage keeps up after the novelty wears off, one can begin to dream of a renaissance of rail travel, now threatened with extinction. The generation that has grown up without ever boarding a passenger train, perhaps without ever seeing one, won't believe it, but it used to be a pleasant and restorative way of getting places.

#### Marble Doughnut

Two years hence there will be still another "must" in the itinerary for out-of-town visitors, domestic and foreign. It's the Joseph H. Hirshhorn

Museum and Sculpture Garden, on the Mall at 7th and Independence. It will cost \$15 million, most likely more. It will house more than 4,000 paintings and 2,000 sculptures donated to the Government by Latvia-born Mr. Hirshhorn, Wall Street operator and compulsive collector. Great Britain, Israel, Canada and the cities of Florence and Beverly Hills all bid for it. President Johnson broke ground January 8, while the donor beamed.

The NEW YORK TIMES's architecture critic, Ada Louise Huxtable, describes the model, with characteristic acerbity, as "the biggest marble doughnut in the world." She thinks it will fit in very well with its neighbors on the Mall, where "the scale is megalomaniac and the style is colossal funerary."

Still and all, it's what's inside a museum that counts. Nobody has ever inventoried Mr. Hirshhorn's acquisitions, but any collection containing 56 Henry Moores is bound to be worth a visit.

#### Reader's Guide

HOLIDAY, March—"The U.S. Embassy: Our Men in Paris," by William Manchester. Lots of trivia, some solid information; may enlighten a few tourists on what an Embassy isn't supposed to do for them.

SATURDAY REVIEW, March 1—"Can Nixon Stop the Arms Race?" by Senator Jacob K. Javits. We need "a new strategic doctrine emphasizing the non-belligerent aspects of our national posture," not an ABM.

NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, February 23—"Now a Pretender to the Gaullist Throne," by Henri de Turenne. Portrait of Georges Pompidou; like Barkis, he's willin'.

"The Far East and Southwest Pacific 1969," by Harold C. Hinton.

Second issue of a yearbooklet of facts, figures and maps of the countries in that troubled region.

Still another Washington-based publication on the newsstands—if you can find it. It's MAYDAY, a four-page weekly, and the Establishment ought to be quaking. According to POTOMAC, "outraged wit, muckraking, innuendos, details of interlocking directorates, and assorted uppercuts at the American Power Elite" are its hallmarks. Unlike I. F. Stone's WEEKLY, it's not a one-man enterprise; it's a triumvirate—James Ridgeway, Andrew Kopkind and Robert Sherill, all NEW REPUBLIC alumni, or dropouts.

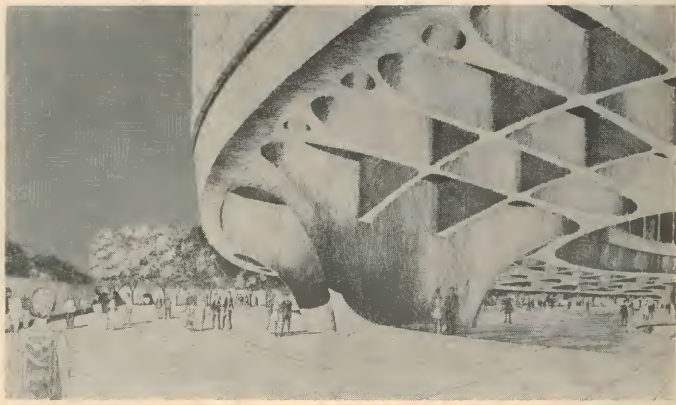
#### Oddments

- You can throw away your old USIA phone directory. There's a new Centrex dialing system, with an entirely different set of numbers. DUDLEY-3 is no more; when calling from outside you dial 63, then the desired five digit extension for 1776, 1750, 1711 and Auditors buildings. State goes on the same system in July.

- Current or upcoming: "A 19th Century Gallery of Distinguished Americans," at the National Portrait Gallery through May 1. Forty-first annual Georgetown Garden Tour, April 18-19, for the benefit of the Georgetown Children's House.

- There was a mild flurry among oenologists at the disclosure that the Nixons had served French champagne at a diplomatic reception. Our diplomats are wondering: will the pressure to serve American vintages ease up?

- As if things weren't bad enough already, D.C. Transit is introducing buses with bucket seats, tailored, it would appear, to the measurements of a Twiggy. Pity the 250-pounder; pity the little fellow who has to sit by him.



Ground was broken for the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden on January 8, 1969. Completion of the Smithsonian Institution project on the Mall in Washington is expected in 1971.



Passing a sponge fisherman from Bodrum.

**T**HE summer of 1966 I took a cruise with six members of the female sex. I give you the project with the code name of Floating Harem (FH). It was designed to meet four objectives, confutative as will be seen; namely, to take my wife and three daughters on a vacation; secondly to gratify my desire, yachtless as I am, to sail the briny blue; thirdly to revisit the lovely stretch of coast between the Bay of Antalya and Bodrum (ancient Halicarnassus) and lastly to pretend, as many of us are trapped into doing, that women are for work and that a 1966 Pasha traveling with his harem would receive, to a minor extent, the tender loving care dispensed by the latter to the former in ages past.

Being strictly an organization type, dedicated to the traditions of the Foreign Service, I did the proper planning. First a preliminary PPBS/FH (to the old-timers that is the new FAPS); this pre-feasibility study done by my O/MP PAS/FH (strangely enough that turned out to be me) indicated that the project was absolutely impossible! Foolishly I passed it on to O/OPR/FH and S/CPR/FH to find out if operationally and protocol-wise the PPBS/FH was overly pessimistic. An affirmative answer and reluctant clearance from BOB/FH (again me) put the matter in the hands of O/CISR/FH which, using the computers of the RFDPC/FH, gave me the go-ahead A-OK. At this point I wish to note that Senator Jackson is quite right; the completely vertical decision-making process is the only one that works. But my MOP/FH was too good; all the layers had been done away with. I found that if I did all the planning, pre-financing, scheduling, victualing, and all other administrative chores, approval was granted by IRG/FH, but somewhere along the line the Pasha had lost the chairmanship. The SIG/IRG-Country Team concept is somehow lost on the feminine mind! The Chair and Country Director job, one would think, would be the Pasha's but, as is well known, harem rule has exercised an insipid and ever undermining influence for centuries and I wound up in a box out on the left somewhere excluded from command decisions but responsible for everything.

Nonetheless, supported by a footlocker of TP, Kleenex, Band-aids, medicines to stop this and start that, Raid, Off, hairspray, soap, cosmetics, corned beef, canned goods, juices, paper napkins, towels, and unguents plus another great crate of fins, masks, spear guns, binoculars, books, charts and sailing paraphernalia which went on ahead by ship, I assembled the harem in Istanbul and in mid-June took off for the Turquoise Coast. Careful staff work had reduced the luggage carried on the plane to about 27 pieces!

FH consisted of the Housemother (later to be somewhat disrespectfully referred to as the Eski or old Sultana), Karen, then 24, Merce, then 20, and Vicky, then 18, plus two injections of new blood, Leslie, 23 (a friend of Karen's from the

■ The fluent pen of Lansing Collins makes many contributions to the JOURNAL. He is consul general, with personal rank of minister, at Istanbul, which post he has held for the past five years. He has served at many posts including Batavia, Melbourne and Marseille.

# The Floating Harem

LANSING COLLINS

Smithsonian Institution) and Dabney, 21 (Merce's roommate at Briarcliff). A well balanced harem, one would have thought . . . a seasoned top-kick and five lovely wenches to do the work!

After a few days resting and re-grouping at Side, a former den of pirates and slave traders (most of whom seem to be still there) famous for its great theater, the good ship *Halikarnas* arrived to start the cruise. She belongs to the former Swiss Ambassador in Turkey, Rene Keller—a Bodrum "taaca" or motor-sailer about 40 feet long, jib and mainsail, 50HP Mercedes diesel, four bunks below with galley, head and icebox. We were seven and Ahmet Kaptan and Serif, Bodrum crew types, made it nine. Sleeping bags on the deckhouse and crew's quarters forward made it snug.

Before starting geographically may I put in a word to any would-be Pasha going cruising with harem. Only the Pasha snores! Only *he* has the right to and any self-respecting harem takes it as a mortal insult if ever a word is uttered of their heavy nocturnal breathing!

By June 23, we were off to do Alexander's March for 350 miles backwards! *Halikarnas* made it to Laara (ruins 5 miles south of Antalya) for the first night (very damp on deck); then Antalya (Adalia or Attaleia founded 2nd century BC named for King Attalus of Pergamum who willed the Pergamene Kingdom to Rome in 133 BC). Near Antalya are Telmessus, a city Alexander never captured, in times past like Side filled with bandits and hell-raisers, some 3000 feet up in the mountains; Perge (theater and stadium) and Aspendus (one of the largest—25,000 seats—best preserved Roman theaters in the world). After racing about in a minibus to see the sights and jeeps up the mountain to Telmessus,

Karen, the author's daughter, running the *Halikarnas*.





Route of Halikarnas, a Bodrum "taaca" or motor-sailer. Journey began June 23rd and terminated late in July, 1966.

FH got on to Phaselis (founded in 690 BC, uninhabited the last 1,000 years) some 25 miles south of Antalya below Mount Climax and Mount Solyma. Alexander spent the winter of 334-333 BC in Phaselis; it has two harbors, a theater, a Roman aqueduct, temples and an interesting necropolis. The temple which once had Achilles' lance may still be located. The Club de la Méditerranée is building a hostel at Kemer, a mile or two away; and Phaselis will soon be ruined, all set about with beatniks and LSD trees! (Note: Another French group has opened a nudist camp near Marmaris; this will probably be a great tourist attraction!)

Nearly 10 miles from Phaselis is Olympus. On each side of this ancient city is the mouth of a river coming down from the mountains, a theater, temples, and lovely promenades covered now with oleander and other flowers. Cold water in the river makes it a wonderful place to bathe. In fact, the Harem had its last fresh water bath here before Rhodes some two weeks later. The shower on board was good for a dab here and there; salt water has its limitations. FH was a mite gamey upon arrival in Rhodes. A Byzantine fort is on one side of the mouth of the river and a Genoese on the other, built in the ruins of the ancient Roman city. We spent a very pleasant night and one in Porto Genovese near Olympus.

It was at Olympus that the first sign of unrest cropped up in the ranks. Merce sketches and had been doing all the theaters. After trying to recapture the spirit of the theater of Olympus she announced she was damn tired of sketching theaters. After that we graciously let her sketch other items but rot had

Sightseeing at one of the more picturesque islands during the cruise of the good ship Halikarnas.



entered the apple barrel. From then on discipline was relaxed.

After Olympus one rounds the Chelidonian Cape or Sacred Promontory (where Peter Throckmorton found the Bronze Age ship) to Finike. Now there are five islands off the point (Bes Adelar) and it tends to get a bit choppy there, provoking more unrest among the ratings! The Turkish version of the Russian's Revenge was incorrectly blamed for several gastrointestinal mishaps during this stage of proceedings but the old Pasha stayed on deck as far away from the center of activities as possible. It was a decently chastened harem that arrived in Finike where the South Coast's only, and surely one of Turkey's oldest, Cadillacs took us to Limyra (Roman theater, Lycian carvings and tombs) and Myra, home of St. Nicholas (his church, Roman theater, and splendid Lycian tombs and carvings). We spent two nights in Finike anchored in a small harbor about a mile west of the town.

Then on to Andriace, the port of Myra, some 14 miles West of Finike; here St. Paul embarked on his last trip to Rome to be tried as a Roman citizen. There is a granary built by Hadrian with his and his wife's statues above it, Roman baths, Lycian tombs, and at the end of a river a mile up from the sea a tea house in an old mill which the harem called the Mill on the Floss. There were 382 turtles there and nearly as many small boys. However, the chow was a bit spiced, and recourse had to be had to the medicine chest for a few shots of stopper-upper for several of the tenderer tummies.

After Andriace comes Kekova, a large island that lies just offshore with the old city of Aperlae, protected, on the mainland. We found a wonderful anchorage on the island at Sera Limani where there is an old Church and the ruins of a city behind. Aperlae, a mile or so across the bay, is crowned by an old theater turned into a Moyenage fortress towering some 500 feet above the bay. Vicky found an amphora in the bay all by herself, but we were not able to get it up without breaking it, and by the time we got to the end of the trip several storms had done it no good at all.

Next stop Kas, old Antiphellus, where the bachelor mayor thought the FH was the greatest thing that had come to town in years. He kept the girls thin by chasing them over the theater and about town. Across the bay is Castelorizo (the old Magestre), one of the former Dodecanese Islands and now Greek and utterly forlorn. A "blue grotto," rivaling that of Capri, has been opened as a tourist attraction.

Then on to Kalkan and an effort to get to Patara. But no bus came, no transport of any kind was available, and we decided to go on to Fethiye (old Telmessus) and try to drive back to Patara and Xanthus. Again the sea was a bit rough; mutinous thoughts disappeared; medicine was dispensed; and order prevailed. The harbor of Fethiye is lovely, and we found a quiet secluded anchorage. The next day off to Patara and Xanthus in a minibus. Both are in ruins. So was the minibus. St. Nicholas was born in Patara and a theater, granary, extensive ruins, a marshed-in port still exist. Xanthus is six or seven miles up the river; a theater and Lycian,



*Captain of the Floating Harem enjoying "shore leave."*



*Housemother of the Floating Harem during a visit to Kos.*

Roman, and Byzantine ruins of the city remain. The Xanthians twice destroyed themselves and their families by jumping off the walls into the river 300 feet below—once in 546 BC when the Persian Harpagus captured the city, and then again in 42 BC when M. Junius Brutus and a Roman army besieged the city. Many of the city's great monuments such as the Harpy Monument and Lion Tomb were taken to the British Museum by Sir Charles Fellows some 125 years ago.

In Telmessus are the famous rock tombs; that of King Amyntas (IVth Century BC) is best known for its Ionic columns and capitals; he was, according to Turkish guide books, one of Alexander's generals. This is incorrect. There were three Amyntases who died in 498, 370, and 336 BC, the last having been executed by Alexander for treason. He was Alexander's cousin. This was probably the tomb of No. 2.

FH then took off for Rhodes! Some 60 miles southwest, it took *Halikarnas* from 0430 to 1130 under sail and motor to make it. Again the IRG/FH system broke down! Dabney, whose Daddy was even then sailing across the Atlantic, had sailed the east coast of the US. She had always said she would sail *Halikarnas* the first chance we got a wind somewhat favorable, but where was she on that particular morning at

*Ruins of the ancient city of Pergamum (Bergame).*



0430. In the sack, and with the vapors too! The Pasha therefore sailed over to Rhodes, found it (it could be faintly seen all the way), hit the right end of the Island, and made it to the Kon Tiki Restaurant for lunch. One must add that the Kon Tiki is a floating restaurant in the harbor of Rhodes owned by a former Istanbulu, Nick Sarris; it is also the best restaurant within a thousand miles in any direction.

FH became landborne at that point, moving into the Soleil Hotel at Mr. Sarris' recommendation (double room with bath and all the comforts, breakfast and one meal—very good—for the astronomical figure of \$5 per person per day, taxes and tips included). The Castle of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John (started in 1309) dominates the town and harbor where once stood the Colossus. Mt. Philerimos, Kamiros, and Lindos are all most interesting from a historical point of view. Rhodes was, as it always is, flooded with Scandinavians down south for fun, games, and sex with sun. After five days of watching them, FH, completely exhausted, moved back aboard *Halikarnas* and set sail for Symi, a Greek island, just south of the Dorian Peninsula. Overnight at Paneiros on the southwest end of the island where there is a monastery (Panormitis) that is the whole town. Then on to Cnidus (Turkey again) at the end of the Dorian Peninsula. As we did not have the proper papers for clearance, it was necessary to dispense a number of packages of cigarettes. After a few hours in Cnidus (the ruins are a bit disappointing as Mohammad Ali carted off some half dozen boatloads of marble, statues, etc. in the 1830s to build his palace in Cairo) we took off for Kos, Hippocrates' Greek Island just off the coast from Bodrum. Again it was a bit rough. Kos has a beautiful small port with a Knight's Castle on the point. Unfortunately there were no rooms to spare in Kos—so we had to sleep on the boat in the harbor with a French yacht about three feet away on one side and a Britisher the same distance on the other. The Frenchman had the poor taste to wash down his decks—and us—at an early hour. Someone also swiped one of the sleeping bags! In Kos one rents a bicycle by the day and tootles about to the Roman theater, down the beach for swimming, or off to the Aesculapium some six miles from the town. It is a delightful place and sure to be one of the tourist spots soon. The plane tree in the center of the town is said to be 25 centuries old—the very one under which Hippocrates sat!

Then over the bay to Bodrum where the Castle of the Knights looms over the harbor. Halicarnassus was the home of Herodotus. Two queens, Artemesia I and II, commanded victorious navies; in 352 BC Artemesia II commissioned Pythius to build the tomb for her husband, Mausolus. There is a theater up in the hillside and interesting city walls. Another city Alexander never captured, Myndus, is some 10 miles away, but this time we could not go there. We turned *Halikarnas* over to Mrs. Keller and took the taxi she had brought down from Izmir to Kusadasi, Island of Nightingales, where we bedded down at the Tusan Hotel and relaxed. FH was over; Leslie had flown back from Rhodes to her job and we were landlocked from then on. Based at Kusadasi we visited Ephesus, Priene, Miletus and Didyma. Then on to Izmir (ancient Smyrna) where we found our same taxi again and spent a day at Pergamum, getting back to Izmir in time for the night flight to Istanbul.

After such an epic there should be a conclusion—a word for the wise, etc., etc. I can only report that FH was away from Istanbul 29 days—which was made memorable at a particularly trying moment, when the waves were high and female spirits low, when the most junior member of the harem announced: "Won't it be wonderful to get back to Istanbul, push the button on the terrace, and have Receb (No. 1 and chief bottle-washer) arrive with his white gloves and a gin and tonic on a silver salver!" That is the talk of a corrupted harem! By air and car, jeep and other land conveyance, FH covered 1,450 miles; on the *Halikarnas* 375

*(Continued on page 47)*

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# IN LATIUM

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PETER BRIDGES

THE fat woman of forty wanted to sleep but the hot sun even at seven in the morning shone in her eyes. She was riding into the sun, but I opposite her was in the shade and looking out at vineyards, and now she wanted to pull down the shade so I could not see out. The little electric train ran along the side of the Via Casilina, turning along the constant curves every minute so that sometimes the sun was more on me than her. Finally we compromised, I pulled the shade halfway down for her; I could still see the pretty vineyards and beyond them the long ridges of the Monti Prenestini.

Then we came to Palestrina and some of the Sunday tourists got out of our blue cars at the neat station equipped, like any mainline depot, with a stationmaster in gray uniform who had a green paddle he waved at our motorman to order our departure. Now we went curving by the edges of wooded hills, and across bridges over green ravines with dry July stream-beds along their bottoms. The Via Casilina was still next to us, and most of the Fiats and all of the Alfa-Romeos outdistanced us. But I felt no hurry, and for once I enjoyed being a passenger instead of driver. We went into the town of Cave, the track going down the middle of the street where the Sunday morning market had a crowd of old women in black, handsome men and pretty girls in their best dresses, and light-haired children. Then beyond Cave the hills to our left, north, were higher barren masses stripped of trees and grass by goats and over-grazing. South, right, I looked through the windows on the other side to the valley of the Sacco and the Monti Lepini that hide the sea.

This is the country of the Volscians, the pastors who came out of the Apennines and began to harry the Romans five centuries before Christ. These people—now we are at Genazano station and taking on a few passengers bound toward Fiuggi, end of the line—are still Volscians by blood and their dialect, which I have trouble understanding, still preserves touches of the Volscian. And the Volscian towns are still here, too. Underneath the stone houses of these hill-towns are Volscian stones, and the lower courses of the town walls are great polygonal blocks of stone, fitted carefully without mortar. The guidebooks claim these amazing walls were built by the simple Volscian pastors fresh out of the mountains; I doubt it. The only architecture the Volscians are likely to have brought to these valleys was that of the round thatched hut on a stone base, like the one that I see out in someone's field now, as we pass by on our train: a hut unchanged in 1967 from the kind that Romulus's neighbors built. As for the great polygonal walls, perhaps they were the work of some unknown people who came from the sea when Rome was still a village; for the Eastern Mediterranean was rich then in both mysterious Sea-Peoples and great wall-builders. Perhaps it was the Etruscans.

Now I am nearing my station, Serrone. Off to the right Paliano, the medieval stronghold of the Colonna family, stands

above olive groves, its castle demoted to a jail. The *trenino* slows, and I pick up my knapsack, pull up my drooping corduroy hiking-knickers, and get off at the little station. It is 8:27 a.m. and still not hot, although the sun is climbing fast in the blue sky. Serrone depot also has a stationmaster in gray uniform, and he has a neat garden of pink roses, white daisies, and tall purple hollyhocks next to the station building. There are a dozen people on the platform, and as the train moves off toward Fiuggi I see that one of them is a hiker, like me. Perhaps he is a German, I think; few Romans are mountain hikers, particularly in hot July. This hiker is older than me, about fifty, and lean, tan, and well-equipped. In fact he has corduroy shorts on, whereas I have just the knickers for winter or summer; they're better for sliding, anyway. It looks as if he is asking someone the way up Monte Scalambra; but I walk down to the other end of the station platform to see if there is a path that goes up toward the town which lies between us and the top of Scalambra. Only a paved road, that way, so I go back—the other hiker has disappeared—and ask a villager in his Sunday suit who points out to me the mule-track. And I start off up toward Serrone village, eight hundred feet above me. No sign of the other hiker.

It is still cool on the mule-track, the olive trees and the bank on the uphill side still able to shade me from the growing sun. Honeysuckle is in the air. Things are morning-quiet, and if only it were not quite so dry; no dew in Latium in July! But I am going fast up the track, and soon strip off my shirt, stick it in my pack, and climb shirtless as the sweat starts dripping down and I regret the bulge that city life has given to my middle.

Serrone is right ahead of me. It is not much of a town, just a collection of gray stone houses and a church, but it has a nice location on the mountainside and the view is good. There is a stretch of polygonal wall there, too, so it's an old town. Probably it grew as big as it could for its site; or perhaps the water supply always set a limit on the population. But what did they do when there became too many people, expose infants?

However, the mayor of Serrone today is progressive. He has built a couple of new roads that strike out on either side

■ Peter Bridges is an officer of the American Embassy at Rome who, after ten years in the Foreign Service, still finds it possible to hoist himself up an occasional mountain on weekends.

of the mountainside from the town, and one road zig-zags up above it and some city people have built summer houses there and blaring songs on Rome radio are heard each happy weekend, all weekend. Soon there will be a strip of asphalt all the way up to the ridge of Monte Scalambra; shepherds and nature-lovers, beware.

I don't mind using one of the mayor's new roads to go around and above Serrone, and now it is half an hour since I got off the train and I am at the ruined little medieval tower that stands just above the top of the town. It will be another good hour and a half until I reach the top of Scalambra, four thousand feet above sea level and thirty-two hundred feet above the station where I got off the train. Sun's hot, but there's no turning back now. I pass one of the undelightful new houses and leave the road for another mule-track. On either side the blackberry vines are thick, but it's two weeks too early for the berries. Now I leave the mule-track and go up a path among olive trees. A peasant and his son are sitting on a rock just ahead, tending three lazy cows, and he greets me. I ask him if he's seen another hiker, an older *signora*. But he hasn't.

The olive grove soon turns into a wood of scraggly live oaks. It is a steep slope, and underfoot is mostly loose rock. The sheep and goats have succeeded in doing away with the ground cover, and the soil has washed away; how long will the oaks be able to hold on? In not too many more decades, I fear, the sun will be beating down on a bare rock-pile.

In a few minutes more I hear some crashing noises and whistling, above and ahead of me, and a white sheep-dog comes running down through the woods ahead of his herd and stops on the path to look at me. Sheep-dogs aren't always friendly, and so I stop and look at him, too. But now come the thirty sheep and their wild-looking pastor down the hill, and the fool dog goes tearing down the slope chasing a rock that a sheep's foot dislodged and sent flying. I don't like the look of the shepherd, nor he mine, so we don't even greet each other. Soon he and the animals are gone down and I up.

Next on the side of Monte Scalambra, nearer the top than the bottom, is a crude stone chapel with the remains of another chamber or two, and a well, next to it. It is called the Romitorio di San Michele, *romitorio* being "hermitage." It was probably not a bad place for an average kind of hermit when it was built, which seems to have been several hundred years ago: nice view, and a forty-minute hike from the nearest houses so that company wasn't too frequent but, on the other hand, town wasn't too far when one needed it. At night the little lights of Paliano would shine in the valley, and the Milky Way would gleam above. Sunday mornings a few villagers might come up and the hermit (I suppose he was a priest) say Mass for them.

Naturally the chapel is a mess inside now. There's no door, and the ubiquitous vandal has put his various names all over the walls. But there's still an altar, and maybe still a yearly Mass—on the feast of St. Michael? I confess I don't know any more about saints that I do about wild flowers, or the stars; it's part of being modern.

Beyond the hermitage I had a little trouble. I started up the path, or a path, leading up a kind of chute, but it turned out to be a path sheep and not men had made and it gave out as the slope got steeper. I decided not to go back and try to find the right way, but to work my way straight up. It was hard, because of all the loose rock, and twice I took slides that scraped skin off my hands. There were enough oak-trunks and relatively fixed boulders to use for handholds, but the top of the chute, with blue sky beyond, seemed far away—ten full minutes, as it turned out.

Finally I was there. The slope got gentler, and in a couple of minutes more I was above the trees and onto the grass and rock that led to the summit of the mountain. The sun burned down on sweating me and there wasn't much breeze, but I

knew the worst was over. Now it was twenty minutes, first up a grassy knob and then down the ridge and up a yet higher knob, then another ridge; and finally I reached the fourth, highest knob. The top was made of limestone strata turned on end and much eroded, and there was what looked like a place for a metal marker, but someone had ripped it off. But even so, I thought, it shows I'm at the top.

Now for the first time I opened my knapsack and took out the heavy liter-bottle of water, gulped a lot down, and poured some over my salty face and wrists. Luckily there was a breeze that started drying my sweat, and as I realized this I realized the great round view. The Tyrrhenian Sea was hidden by haze over the Pontine flats, but nearer I could see the Monti Lepini across the Sacco valley, to their right the Alban Hills dim; beyond were Rome and the Tiber valley, invisible though imaginable in haze. Under me, the Volscian valleys, hilly and pretty though turning yellow in dry summer. And now I looked north into the Apennines. I could have seen the highest of them, the Gran Sasso, if it had been clear, but the haze lay in every direction. However, there were many mountains left to see, stately in the heat; even 8000-foot Velino, dim but beautiful thirty miles away.

Sometimes I go hiking in Italy with an Ambassador, a wiry, Alpine man of 59 who loves mountains, I think, at least as much as politics or people. One time in the spring we were coming down a mountain not too far from here and suddenly, passing a grove of beeches and turning past a rib of the mountain, Monte Velino loomed ahead of us in clear air like a breast of Earth. I remember how he stopped, and raised his arms to Velino like a priest, as I might have myself. Velino is beautiful; the mountains are all beautiful; the earth is. But (I tell myself now on Scalambra) we are Raskolnikovs in the cities, at least on weekdays.

The sun was pretty hot on the top of Scalambra despite the breeze, but I was satisfied. I had made it, and in time to get down again to my train, just like a man—not poor stupid me—who makes vice-president of his company at 38, or whatever the proper age is to have enough time left to decline and retire and die. It is, I mean, a real achievement to climb a mountain, even if only a little mountain like this one. And it is beautiful to be so high. It can even be an occasion for sin, at least for me; for I am, indeed, something of a Raskolnikov, and I confess I like to lie on top of a mountain in the sun and think how much higher I am than other people. And the only thing better would be to be a hawk, like that one soaring between me and Monte Autore now.

Suddenly I see that a man with a reddish shirt is coming up the ridge toward me. But he is still ten minutes away. It must be my fellow-hiker from the train; and he wasn't as fast as me after all. Shall I wait for him? There is still another knob, beyond the one I have been sitting on, that has been bothering me because it looks as if it could be a few feet higher. Well, I will walk on over there, and if he wants to come join me I will wait there for him.

In a quarter-hour I am on the farther knob; it turns out to be lower than the one I'd been on. I look back, and he is standing on that one, and I think he is looking at me. And so I go back to that knob, the highest one, but he is gone, and I cannot see him anywhere on the way back down the ridge we both came up. Nor do I ever see him again.

The sun is very hot, and I find myself posing the question whether there really is another hiker. Too hot; I start down, muttering in my mind about what Eliot says in "The Waste Land"—one walking with one, and thinking he can see a third; shall I see someone beside me in the sun? Or have I? No. There is no one, no bird, no tree, no water . . . down below me two people are looking up my way, and I see that below the point where I came up out of the woods, there is a crude kind of road I hadn't noticed and there is a red

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# Vince

WELDON T. ELLIS

VINCE was the son of an immigrant from Europe. According to Vince, both he and his father were deeply grateful for the opportunity that this country had given them. For generations their family had been laborers in Europe. Now, after one generation, there was a college graduate in the family, Vince. Such could never have happened in the old country.

Vince had majored in education, with a minor in sociology. After graduation he had become interested in the people of the cutover areas in Northern Michigan. There he had learned a great deal about destitute families in backward areas. That practical experience, plus his formal training, had given him an insight into how to help people help themselves. But before he could do that, he told me, he had had to learn how to get them to express their desires and aspirations. Not only that, he had to get them to state them in attainable goals.

It was with that background that Vince joined the Point Four (Foreign Aid) Program in Bolivia. I first met Vince in Cochabamba.

He was a clean-cut, attractive young man of about 35. While I was scrutinizing him his face slowly broke into a wide grin. The serious young man disappeared and a youth in his early twenties appeared in his place. The ability to change and to reflect that change epitomized Vince.

He was a man of many moods and even more interests. He could be the intense, hard working, dedicated government official. He could, with equal ease, assume the appearance of an easy-going playboy without a care in the world. But his eyes would really light up when he was talking about his lovely wife and four attractive young children. It was easy to see where the center of his interest lay. This vignette of Vince is, however, only concerned with his work in Bolivia as a member of the staff of Punto Quatro the US Foreign Aid Mission.

Vince told me his greatest desire was to help others to achieve personal dignity. "I believe," he said, "that without dignity there can be no personal independence. I also believe that, without personal independence, there can be no true

■ Weldon T. Ellis was the ICA Public Administration Advisor in Bolivia for two years and for one year in Pakistan. Mr. Ellis writes, "It was a pleasure to work with the other members of the Mission and the Embassy staff in both countries. Somehow those three years stand out as being among, if not the most, interesting and rewarding of my career."

national independence. Of the two, personal and national independence, personal, individual dignity and independence have to come first. I cannot imagine how anyone could ever be truly content with being a Communist and living in an ant-hill."

Cochabamba, where, as I have said, I first met Vince lies at an altitude of 8,500 feet above sea level and is in a fairly large valley surrounded by mountains. It is an attractive city with a delightful year-round climate. In many ways it is a modern city but the influence of the Spanish colonial days gives it a charm of its own.

Vince usually stayed with me when he came to La Paz. After dinner he would tell me about his family and his experiences in the United States and Bolivia. He also told me about his latest project near Cochabamba. It was his first opportunity and effort to apply, in Bolivia, the lessons that he had learned in the States. This was Vince's story.

Near Cochabamba there is an Indian village we shall call Achacaya. Before the last revolution Achacaya was part of a vast *fincas* or farm. It, and to a large degree the Indians themselves, was owned by a well-to-do Bolivian family. In accordance with traditions, the Indians were little better than slaves. They were all illiterate and lived at a strictly subsistence level in a primitive manner.

When the revolution took place in 1951 under the leadership of Paz Estenssoro, the Indians of Achacaya revolted against their masters, they killed or chased away the white owners of their village. They took over the land and, according to local opinion became violently Communist. In fact, no white was permitted in the area. It was supposed to be a No-Man's-Land for any but true Communists and Indian Communists at that.

Vince decided that Achacaya might be a good place to put his theories to work. There were Bolivians working for the Point IV office in Cochabamba. He had learned the history of Achacaya from them. Through their friends he also learned that, if anything, the Indians were worse off than before the revolution. They knew only the primitive farming methods as practiced by their ancestors. They had no capital with which to purchase fertilizer, seeds, equipment and draft animals. But, as Vince learned, they did have a deep, burning desire for a better life, not for themselves, but for their children. They wanted them to have the opportunity to become *blancos* or whites.

In Bolivia the word *blanco* does not mean just race or color of skin, it also means a level of achievement. A person may be born an Indian of the lowest class. But if the person applies himself and, despite almost insurmountable odds, obtains an education, learns to dress and behave like a Western European, and achieves a reasonable level of affluence, he becomes a *blanco*. In other words, *blanco* means achieving a certain position in life rather than having skin of a certain color.

Vince immediately saw an opportunity to help the Indians to help themselves. Through the Education Office of Point IV he was able to get the Bolivian Government to assign a well qualified Bolivian to work with the Indians of Achacaya. Señora Dolores Rojas was a fine, handsome, alert woman in her mid-thirties. She spoke Spanish, English and, most important, Quechua, the language of the Inca used by the Indians of the Cochabamba Valley.

Vince explained to Dolores what he wanted to do and how he wanted to go about it. First, he wanted her to visit Achacaya and get to know the people of the village. He wanted to know if they were interested in the welfare of their children. He also wanted to know if they would like to have a school in their village, in fact, enough to build one with their own hands. That was the heart of Vince's philosophy. They must want something enough to be willing to work for it.

Because of her race and official position, Dolores had no trouble visiting the village. Although she was technically a *blanco*, she was almost of pure Indian lineage. Besides that, the government was controlled by the MNR, the Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario. Paz Estenssoro's party. The MNR overthrew the government that had been controlled by the large property owners.

Dolores soon verified all that Vince had heard about the people of Achacaya. They were indeed poverty stricken, illiterate, anti-white, pro-Communist, and anxious to do something for their children. Through Dolores, Vince was able to get an invitation to visit the village. That had been over a year ago. Now, Vince concluded, "The next time you come to Cochabamba I want you to go with me to Achacaya." The rest is my story.

Not long thereafter I had to go to Cochabamba. While there I stayed with Vince. The second day he took me to Achacaya with these parting words, "Remember, we are going to visit an area where, only a year ago, a white man would have been killed on sight." We then left Cochabamba's paved streets for the bumpy dirt road leading to Achacaya. The jeep ride was anything but pleasant but the scenery was interesting and the day was perfect.

Achacaya was a fairly typical Indian village of that area. There was a small town square, patterned on the Spanish plaza. The houses were tiny adobe huts. There were no stores or community facilities such as a post office or a church. There were also no conveniences such as electricity or water and sewer systems. It was a village such as had existed in that area for hundreds, if not thousands of years.

Vince drove us to the center of the village where we were met by a group of men and Señora Dolores. Vince was warmly greeted and embraced by the men. I was introduced and politely welcomed to their village.

It soon became evident that they were bubbling over with excitement. They led us to a small open area off one street. There on the left stood two windowless adobe huts. The inside walls were whitewashed and a blackboard was hung at one end. Rows of neat, unpainted, wooden benches filled most of the floor space. Each of the school rooms could accommodate about twenty children. As Vince said, "These may be pitiful by our standards but they are monuments of achievement by theirs." He paused and added, "That is the best part of it. These are their school buildings in every sense of the word."

They next showed us a much larger building under con-

struction at the end of the open area. It was to be a room for the next, and presumably, larger class of students. I gathered that each grade was to have its own separate room or building.

Vince and I spoke to them and praised them for all that they had accomplished. Vince spoke in Spanish, I in English. My few words in English were translated by Vince into Spanish. Dolores then translated the Spanish translation into Quechua. I was reminded of the old parlor game and wondered what came out at the Quechua end after I spoke in English.

Vince then asked them where the children would play. The idea of play had not occurred to them. He explained that study was hard work and that the children had to rest a bit now and then, as they did when farming. This made sense to them. One said that they could use the town square. Vince said that it was too far and too much time would be lost from their studies. After a bit one of them pointed to a field behind Vince and said, "They can use that field." Vince protested that it belonged to Señor Velasquez, a villager. Everyone spoke up to say that "Other arrangements would be made for the owner to have land elsewhere, from now on this area belongs to the school for our children." Vince looked at me and winked. He had led them to make a decision, but it was theirs.

After that we were shown the girls' 4 S (4 H) Club. It, too, was a neat, clean, simple adobe hut. The girls were learning how to cook, sew, keep house and some rudiments of sanitation. Unfortunately they could not use the old but serviceable sewing machine. They had no needles and no money with which to buy them. Vince told them that, if they would make his four-year-old daughter a dress like theirs, he would get them some needles. They were delighted with the prospects—one of getting the needles and the other of being able to do something in return.

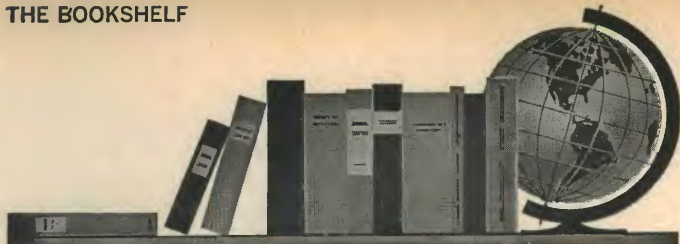
Then came the feast for us. We were served alone in a room that had been cleared and swept clean for us. Adobe walls and dirt floors cannot be scrubbed. A small scrubbed white table stood in the middle of the room, flanked by two chairs. The 4 S Club girls waited on us.

As soon as we arrived the table was covered with a clean newspaper and the food was put on it. There was a large platter of broiled squab, complete with heads, a dish of parched corn, some hard-boiled eggs, and a jug of *chicha*, a native brew made of fermented but not distilled corn. Again, by our standards it was a simple fare, but it was the best they had to offer and we accepted it as such. Since there were no knives or forks, salt or pepper, we ate the food as served. Actually, it was very tasty.

Shortly thereafter we left Achacaya. The leave taking was one of many *abrazos* (embraces) and invitations to return. I was pleased and felt honored to be included in the *abrazos* because I knew they were genuine expressions of regard for Vince and what he had helped them to do.

As we left Vince said to me, "They are not and never were Communists. All they were, were poor people seeking a better life for their children. What you saw had nothing to do with my political beliefs or color of my skin. Incidentally, the Communists tried to interfere not long ago. The people of Achacaya told them to get out and, if they valued their lives, to stay out."

Vince was scheduled to go back on home leave and then to return to Cochabamba with his wife and four children. The Bolivian employees of Point IV in Cochabamba gave Vince a farewell party. Some outsiders tried to cause trouble. Vince tried to break up the quarrel. One of the outsiders hit him over the head so hard that he died. There was no proof that the invaders were Communists. *Who* they were we shall never know. ■



### Khrushchev, Before and After the Fall

THE FALL OF KHRUSHCHEV, by two Kremlinologists "employed by the government," is a brief but thorough and informed analysis of the erosion of Nikita's power. From Khrushchev's most "glaring failure" in Berlin, through the 1962 Cuban missile crisis which was "the turning point for Khrushchev and his policies," to those final days in October, 1964, the authors have expertly woven the domestic and international threads that finally smothered the bumptious First Secretary.

As fine as their work is, Hyland and Shryock have tended to overstate the role of foreign affairs in Kremlin politics. They failed to explain satisfactorily how Khrushchev, "defeated" by the missile crisis, could have pressed through the most radical and controversial "hare-brained" party reform of his career only weeks later. They have also failed to suggest that clear harbingers of Khrushchev's fate were the exchange of jobs by Mikoyan and Brezhnev in June, 1964 and, more importantly, the dramatic reversal of Khrushchev's educational policies in June and August, 1964 which might well have shown the opposition they could do without the troublesome "reformer." The authors also failed to discuss a most fascinating—and perhaps key—subplot in the 1962-63 reaction which was the ideological debate waged between Suslov and Ilyichev. A most disconcertingly naive line in the book comes during the dramatic unraveling of the Cuban missile crisis, when the authors tell us that the adventurous Khrushchev began "to resort to a desperate stratagem. He began to lie!" How incredible that such a sophisticated pair of students of Soviet affairs should equate "desperation" with "lies" in Soviet behavior.

One of the finest collections of essays on "Soviet Politics Since Khrushchev" has been edited by Alexander Dallin and a recently retired FSO, Tom Larson. The lead essay by Richard Lowenthal is the best and most balanced overview of the Brezhnev/Kosygin team I have

read. While Wolfgang Leonhard's essay has several factual errors, it provides a fresh and clear perspective on the muddy picture of Soviet ideology and politics today. Alec Nove has contributed an excellent summary of the economic reforms. Added to this list of first rate Sovietologists is Wolfe (military), Hough (government), Aspaturian (foreign affairs) and Zimmerman (Soviet view of US). A strongly recommended paperback.

—W. H. LUERS

THE FALL OF KHRUSHCHEV, by William Hyland and Richard W. Shryock. Funk and Wagnalls, \$4.95.

SOVIET POLITICS SINCE KHRUSHCHEV, edited by Alexander Dallin and Thomas B. Larson. Prentice Hall Inc., (Spectrum PB).

### US Mission to the UN

ARNOLD BEICHMAN has undertaken an important and interesting task in his attempt to explain the role of the US Mission to the UN (USUN). It is regrettable, however, that as his title, "The 'Other' State Department," implies he has cast his book almost solely in terms of an antagonistic struggle between USUN and the State Department. He seems not to comprehend the role of the US mission or embassy to a foreign government or to an international organization. A US Ambassador, backed up by his mission, must represent US views before the government to which he is accredited and must also seek to influence US policy towards this government in ways which he, on the spot, feels are in the US interest. Even though, as Mr. Beichman points out, the UN is *sui generis*, USUN plays a role comparable with US Embassies abroad. The role of USUN is not only to report faithfully on trends and attitudes at the UN but to recommend policy which will both advance US interests at the UN and also contribute to strengthening the UN organization as such. We believe this latter course is in our national interest.

Mr. Beichman imputes to USUN some sinister policy-making power play if not disloyalty. One of his striking examples is the Article 19 controversy. I must take issue with Mr.

Beichman's explanation and what appears to be an accusation of Adlai Stevenson. Contrary to Mr. Beichman's version, many of our friends and allies at the UN had the gravest doubts of the wisdom of forcing the Article 19 issue to a US-Soviet confrontation. Most UN representatives feared that such a confrontation would result in either the US or the USSR walking out thereby seriously weakening the organization. To describe Stevenson's role as Mr. Beichman does is misleading. Mr. Beichman's treatment of the handling of the South West Africa issue is similarly open to correction.

USUN is not only an Embassy to this world organization, it is also a delegation to a never ending international conference. In either role USUN works under instructions and within a clear framework of American policy objectives. Issues involved in these instructions are constantly being thrashed out between USUN and the State Department as they are between US "bilateral" Embassies and the State Department. The intent is not to one-up anyone. The intent is to reach agreement upon policies and tactics which will best advance the interests of the US Government within the spirit and the framework of the UN Charter.

The difficulty in writing such a book as attempted by Mr. Beichman is quite clear: a person on the inside is inhibited from writing in detail about personalities, tactics and pressures, while a person on the outside is not familiar with them. The result is a superficial journalistic approach to a complex and important problem, disappointing to the professional and unenlightening for the public.

—JOHN M. CATES, JR.

THE "OTHER" STATE DEPARTMENT, by Arnold Beichman. Basic Books, Inc., \$5.95.

### German Foreign Policy

WILLY BRANDT is a remarkable man. It is regrettable that his book, "A Peace Policy for Europe," is not equally interesting. He explains the reasons for this in his preface, when he notes "that it is not easy for a minister of foreign affairs to write a book on foreign affairs. There is not enough time, and there is also the necessity of giving merely indication of some things, because many a tangle cannot be disentangled in the market place." As a result, this book is essentially a restatement of current German foreign policy, with Social Democratic emphasis. Nevertheless, it deserves to be read, particularly by those concerned with German and

European affairs. Herr Brandt is Foreign Minister of Germany and, as the dust jacket notes, a contender for the Chancellorship in the elections to be held in the fall of this year.

While reading the biography which accompanied the review copy, I could not help but recall the occasions on which I had seen Herr Brandt. The first time was at David Mark's apartment in Berlin in 1950. By this time he had been active in German politics for several years and had reclaimed his German nationality, after a wartime exile in Scandinavia. Even at that time, American officials expected Brandt to play a significant role in German life. The next time I saw him was at Spencer Barnes's home in Berlin in 1963, not long after the June 17 uprising in East Germany. At that time, we were getting ready for what turned out to be the 1954 Berlin conference, and I recall discussing our dim prospects for a successful outcome. The last time was here in Washington, during the 1961-64 phase of the Berlin crisis. During this difficult and challenging period, Brandt was Governing Mayor of Berlin. Even at that time, he was urging Europeans "to get out of the trenches of the cold war."

While this book contains a number of pertinent chapters, perhaps the most significant are those on Germany's eastern policy. They were written before the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, but even then Brandt recognized that there were "troublemakers in certain eastern European capitals" and that there would be setbacks to Bonn's policy of reconciliation. The remarkable thing perhaps is not that Pankow and Moscow objected to the success of Germany's eastern policy but that it has evolved as quickly as it has in the past few years. And, it should be recalled, with the encouragement of the United States government.

—JOHN C. AUSLAND

*A PEACE FOR EUROPE, by Willy Brandt. Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$5.95.*

### A Look at the Peace Corps

THE Peace Corps has received a great deal of critical attention from the American press, and this book is an updated appraisal. It is a fair general statement of the successes and failures of the Peace Corps effort. Its best point is made by the title and expanded upon in the book: the Peace Corps must be evaluated as a method of inducing change, and if volunteers fail to bring about any lasting changes where they serve they have failed, at least in their own eyes. In a chapter entitled "Intervening in the Affairs of Others" the authors mince no words in

ascribing to the Peace Corps the role of innovator, and they squarely face the question of ethnocentric judgment involved in decisions by volunteers and staffers as to what projects will be undertaken.

"Agents of Change" next takes a quick look at Peace Corps projects in the fields of teaching, rural action, public health and birth control, and community development, but seems to lose incisiveness in the process. Conclusions about the need to live on the level of the natives and to learn their language seem all too obvious. Finally, the book returns to its central theme and closes with some general comments on the impact of returning volunteers on the US.

If you know anything about the Peace Corps, don't bother to buy the book. Just borrow a copy and read chapters two and eight. If you want a general book on the Peace Corps, okay, but in either case "The Peace Corps Experience" by Hoopes is a better buy.

—A. M. BOLSTER

*AGENTS OF CHANGE, A Close Look at the Peace Corps, by David Hapgood and Meridan Bennett. Little, Brown and Company, \$5.95.*

### The J. Rives Childs—Henry Miller Letters, 1947-1965

THIS interesting book has nothing to do with the Foreign Service or American foreign relations. The correspondence began after Childs, then American Minister to Yemen, who had been collecting Henry Miller's works since 1939, sent the French literary critic, Marcel Thiebaut of *La Revue de Paris*, in 1947, a vigorous defense of Miller as the foremost living American writer. M. Thiebaut had charged that Miller was certainly a first class international champion of pornography.

Childs sent Miller a copy of the correspondence. A warm friendship developed by mail during the next eighteen years based principally on Childs's great appreciation of Miller's genius, his determination to collect everything Miller had ever written and Childs's similar interest in two other famous "gamy writers, unshirred chroniclers of carnal and even sordid loves." Childs and Miller met face-to-face only once briefly in all those years.

J. Rives Childs, whose very successful Foreign Service career began as American Consul in Jerusalem in 1934 and terminated as Ambassador to Ethiopia in 1953, has for years devoted himself to literature, especially to Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt (1725-1798), the "prince of Italian adventurers" (Childs's "Cas-

noviana" is referred to in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) and to Restif de la Bretonne, an eighteenth century writer. Childs's book on Restif was published in France (in French) in 1949. None of his books on Casanova or Restif are available in this area.

Childs also wrote "American Foreign Service" in 1948, the first authoritative work on the Service after Tracy Lay's book in 1925 following the Rogers Act of 1924.

Ambassador Childs has been working for some time on an autobiography, "Farewell to Foreign Service—Thirty Years in the Near East," which is due to be published by the University of Virginia Press in 1969. This should be of great interest.

Childs has given his Henry Miller Collection to the Walter Hines Page Library, Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia.

—RICHARD FYFE BOYCE

*COLLECTOR'S QUEST—The Correspondence of Henry Miller and J. Rives Childs, 1947-1965. University Press of Virginia, \$5.75.*

### Efficiency in Aid

HARRY JOHNSON has stabbed a lot of sacred cows in his "Economic Policies Towards Less Developed Countries." He has argued in rather technical but persuasive terms that many of the foreign economic policy devices which are supposed to be good for developing countries are costly and economically dubious, at best.

Johnson does not regard bilateral aid programs as representing the most efficient means of stimulating economic development in the third world. *Inter alia*, he says, "From the points of view of efficiency of staffing and administration of aid projects, equity of distribution of aid among the less developed countries, and maintenance of harmonious relations between the countries supplying and the countries receiving aid, there is much to be said in favor of providing a substantially higher proportion of aid through multilateral channels."

Johnson further argues that international commodity agreements "are extremely difficult to negotiate and administer, are unlikely to succeed in attaining their objectives, and are extremely likely to result in economic waste and the misallocation of productive resources."

In short, the book offers no panacea, and makes clear that there can be no short-run miracles in the world of economic development.

Meanwhile a number of policies of developing countries and a number of policies of developed countries are described as representing major obstacles to development. He discusses some possibilities for battering these

down within the framework of GATT. He seems to see little within the framework of UNCTAD that can be realistically very helpful to the developing countries.

Presumably many of the points discussed in this book will receive much attention from within the United States Government (and elsewhere) during 1969—and beyond.

—JOHN J. HARTER

ECONOMIC POLICIES TOWARDS LESS DEVELOPED COUNTRIES, by Harry G. Johnson. G. Allen & Unwin (*A Brookings Study*).

#### Evils of Civilization

WHAT is wrong with this book is not the theme. The theme is one Fromm has made familiar over many years. He is railing against the impersonality of life—the overconformity of our civilization, the degradation of hope and love and much else besides. He takes his usual healthy swats at the nuclear age, computers, bureaucracy and other enemies of the human heart. He is in short the old Fromm (almost!), which should be enough, only it isn't. It is hard in this book to take him seriously. Long ago he performed the great service of reminding us what was important in life. He did it brilliantly and persistently and who knows how we might have gone without him?

But now there are others to denounce the evils of our civilization and rub our noses in them. The stu-

dents are great on this. What we need now is understanding. We could urgently use a theory of social behavior from psychoanalysis, say. Then, uniting the pathology of the individual with the pathology of society, we could understand why man seems bent on his own destruction. Instead of an indictment of society's aberrations we desperately need a perceptive analysis of the problem. Fromm's earlier book on "The Heart of Man" (1964) has a brilliant chapter on social narcissism (by others called ethno-centrism). He takes our personal disdains and prejudices and aptly casts them in a social mold. These are triumphs to celebrate. There are none of the same, I regret to say, in his latest effort.

—ALEX LIPSMAN

THE REVOLUTION OF HOPE: TOWARD A HUMANIZED TECHNOLOGY, by Erich Fromm. Harper and Row, \$5.00.

#### Vox Populi

ONE of the most perplexing and delicate tasks in the formulation of foreign policy is the accurate as-

essment of public opinion. When should the public be informed? When ignored? How responsive should a president be to popular sentiment? Indeed, what constitutes public opinion? In this study of four specific policy decisions between 1799 and 1824, Doris Graber presents a useful and thoughtful discussion of these and other related questions. As case studies she summarizes the ideas on the role of public opinion as expressed in the writings of four presidents of the early years and then examines the degree to which each followed his ideas—Adams in dealing with the French crisis in 1798-99, Jefferson in the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, Madison in declaring war on Great Britain in 1812, and Monroe in announcing his famous doctrine in 1823. She concludes with two chapters analyzing the historic function of public opinion in the policy making process and its continuing implications for our own time.

Miss Graber does not attempt to give any firm answers and readily concedes that specific instances do not

#### Key to March Journal Cover

Left column top to bottom

Potala Lhasa

Abu Simbel

Mt. St. Michel

Angkor Wat

Left of doorway top to bottom

Tower, Tokyo

Czar's Bell, Moscow

Easter Island

Great Wall of China

Center top—Taj Mahal

Center doorway

St. Peters'

The Little Mermaid

Top right—Parthenon

Right of doorway, top to bottom

Sugar Loaf

Leaning Tower of Pisa

Mt. Fujiyama

Mecca

Petra

Mt. Kilimanjaro

Pyramid of the Sun

Right column

Machu Picchu

Stonehenge

Victoria Falls

Brandenberg Gate

Wall on extreme right

Washington Monument

Mt. Ararat



provide sure support for generalities. But she outlines clearly the various weights and measures of the problem, demonstrates persuasively the inevitable gap between democratic philosophy and the pragmatic conduct of foreign relations, and raises numerous points of concern as apposite today as in 1800. Although her style is somewhat labored, her research is sound and her presentation well organized and sensible. Her account is bound to be of interest to anyone involved in foreign affairs and may serve as a useful reminder to some that in the final analysis the locus of decision remains today, as it has always been, at the top.

—HENRY LEE

PUBLIC OPINION, THE PRESIDENT, AND FOREIGN POLICY: *Four Case Studies from the Formative Years*, by Doris A. Graber. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$4.95 paper, \$6.95 cloth.

### Concerns of a Conservative

CHARLES SAWYER has a good deal of politics under his belt, which relatively few people outside Ohio know. I certainly knew nothing of it when I found myself serving under him in Belgium in 1945, and he acquired still more when he returned to the country and became Secretary of Commerce for five stormy years. His pungent, pithy memoirs have set me straight and will, I hope, many others. Not only has his public career been notable but as a conservative he has set a high intellectual standard for those who share that point of view. As a pioneering labor attaché I have good reason to be grateful for a chief of mission who was analytical rather than conventional, keenly observant and open to persuasion rather than opinionated, high-principled and philosophical rather than emotional.

One speaks these days of "participatory politics." Mr. Sawyer was one of its practitioners. He was not old enough to vote when he became a precinct committeeman and while in law school took part in a political controversy (the annexation of his home town by Cincinnati) which involved him in his first newspaper venture and gave him his first taste of private enterprise. Failing to prevent annexation and while still a law student, he successfully ran for the Cincinnati city council.

Along with politics, Mr. Sawyer practiced law and engaged in a variety of businesses, all with common sense, rock-ribbed integrity and courage of conviction which never permitted him to duck a controversy or retreat from a position which careful study convinced him to be right. As Ambassador to Belgium he played a steady, sensi-

ble role during the painful and emotional period when that country was emerging from Nazi occupation. As Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Sawyer was involved in the Korean War, a bitter controversy with the Dollar Steamship Lines and the government's seizure of steel plants. As to the latter development, rarely has the nation been so deeply stirred and students of the Presidency will note Mr. Sawyer's contradiction of the generalizations drawn from it by Richard E. Neustadt in "Presidential Power."

As a member of President Truman's Cabinet, Mr. Sawyer unabashedly sought to give due hearing and credit to the American businessman, whom he felt had been grossly maligned during the New Deal Era. This made him a controversial figure. But throughout he was thoughtful, fact-searching, analytical, straight as an arrow. He displayed these qualities in handling security cases in his department during the McCarthy period. Mr. Sawyer was also sensitive to civil rights and abolished segregation in the restaurant of the National Airport.

All men have their limits and Mr. Sawyer would be the first to concede he is not exceptional in this respect. He evidently did not grasp the social problems of Belgium, the basic issue whether the Belgian underground (whose background was the labor movement) would face East or West, carrying Belgium with it, and the subtle psychological and political factors which would influence that development. While all these hung in the balance, he resigned as ambassador, feeling his "activities will soon become routine and largely social." Perhaps this is why he views much of our foreign aid program in terms of its failures, overlooking its psychological and political as well as its economic implications, has a very limited view of USIA and, more important, in his final chapter advocates a preventive air strike to destroy the nuclear missile capacity of Communist China, fearing this capacity threatens the human race with extermination. He is willing to envisage as many repetitions of such a strike as are needed to keep that capacity from developing. He also advocates using our battle-seasoned legions in Vietnam to invade Cuba and remove Castro from power. It is difficult to read these lines and think of Charles Sawyer as their author. Are they related to his limited view of the nature and role of diplomacy?

Even with these limitations—in part because of them—one can recommend this thought-provoking memoir of an American lawyer, businessman, poli-

tician, diplomat and statesman. It provides a suggestive cross-section of the nation's history from the end of the last century and all of us will be richer for pondering the challenges he presents with clarity.

—SMITH SIMPSON

CONCERNS OF A CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRAT, by Charles Sawyer. Southern Illinois University Press, \$10.00.

### Oligarchy vs. the People

ONE cannot help but admire a man who can vividly describe all that is grotesque about evolving Latin America but who still has hope that someday social justice and union will conquer the evils of the oligarchy. The author has written an authoritative political history of Latin America which analyzes the "non-role of the people" in the development process in Latin America from the period of conquest to independence. The same theme is applied as a deterrent to the Alliance for Progress and projected into the futuristic goal of Latin American integration. Victor Alba has generously spiced his book with educated personal opinion but this should not diminish the fact that there are few modern works that have so effectively analyzed why social reform has generally been viewed as an anathema to the ruling Latin American elite under the Alliance for Progress.

The author earned a reputation for straightforward rhetoric in his book, "Alliance Without Allies." This book is equally designed to shock, but I sometimes wonder whether Alba has the right audience. Like many Latin Americanists, he feels that the Latin American economy demands change and that "the problem is to convince those sectors (oligarchy, etc.) that their interest is identical with that of the submerged masses."

The book might therefore better accomplish this objective by having it translated into Spanish and giving it wide distribution in Latin America so that the oligarchy and US foreign policy experts can share the wearing of the hair shirt. It seems to the reviewer that there are all too many US academic and foreign service types who are aware of the social inadequacies of Latin American culture. It would be nice for a change to have the Latins hear about the imbalance between the oligarchy and the people from a Latin for, like the author, I think the subject of Latin American political history and social change is probably least understood south of the border.

—EDWARD MARASCIULO

NATIONALISTS WITHOUT NATIONS: THE OLIGARCHY VERSUS THE PEOPLE IN LATIN AMERICA, by Victor Alba, Praeger, \$7.00.

hope of directly influencing policy, they have lost what is even more important because more attainable than direct influence. This is the indirect influence which they might have exercised through an honest contribution to the debate which ought to precede every substantial policy decision.

Suppose the charge of misleading is made simply as a function of a committed reader's general disbelief or annoyance, and suppose that, try as he may, he cannot show a trace of bad faith on the part of the estimators. The estimators are confronted with nothing more sinister than a human disagreement, perhaps from a reader whose nose is out of joint. This is just life.

What of the charge, unnecessary? The question here is—unnecessary to whom? To everyone involved in the policy decision? Already I have dealt with Mr. "A" to whom it was unnecessary because it accorded exactly with his views, and Mr. "B" to whom it was unnecessary and many times worse because he found it misleading. But are these the only two officers or two kinds of officers involved? Is there perhaps not a Mr. "C" or Messrs. "C" who have no more than a layman's knowledge of the subject but who must participate in the policy debate and decision? Of course there are the Messrs. "C," and important men they are. The President, upon many an occasion, is a Mr. "C," and so are members of his staff and his Security Council. They have found the estimate anything but unnecessary.

It does not follow, however, that the impact which the estimate may make upon the Mr. "C"s will in itself cause the defeat of the dissenting Mr. "B"s. What it will do is to force the Mr. "B"s to put forth a better effort. This will stimulate the Mr. "A"s themselves to better effort. At a minimum, the intelligence estimate will have made its contribution in the way it promoted a more thorough and enlightened debate and a higher level of discourse within the high policy-making echelon. At a maximum it may have denied a wrong-headed Mr. "B" an easy triumph.

Lastly the charge of irrelevant. This rested upon the fact that the foreign policy decision was going to have to be made on the basis of a domestic consideration, something about which the estimate is wholly—and properly—mute. But it is just possible that the domestic consideration is not all that important and that the national interest is not really being served by this sort of deference to it. It may be that the estimate helped the policy people to reach this new appreciation of the national interest. Hence, even if the decision I am talking about gets made in conformity with the wish of the domestic pressure group maybe the next such decision will not.

#### Truth Before Power

I suppose that if we in intelligence were one day given three wishes, they would be to know everything, to be believed when we spoke, and in such a way to exercise an influence to the good in the matter of policy. But absent the Good Fairy, we sometimes get the order of our unarticulated wishes mixed. Often we feel the desire to influence policy and perhaps just stop wishing here. This is too bad, because to wish simply for influence can, and upon occasion does, get intelligence to the place where it can have no influence whatever. By striving too hard in this direction intelligence may come to seem just another policy voice, and an unwanted one at that.

On the other hand, if intelligence strives for omniscience and strives to be believed, giving a third place to influence, serendipity may take over. Unselfconscious intelligence work, even in the speculative and highly competitive area of estimates, may prove (in fact, has proved many times) a key determinant in policy decision. ■



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IN LATIUM, continued from page 38

Volkswagen standing on it. I get closer and they call "Gino!" Certainly not at me? Finally I get down to them and it is a woman of forty with a handkerchief on her head and her husband in shorts with breasts like a woman. Ah Eliot, I think, this is Tiresias. (The sun has in fact hit me pretty hard.) He asks me if I have seen a *giovanotto*. A boy, I think? No, haven't seen one. But then I think to ask *Quanti anni ha, il giovanotto?* Twenty-two, he says, and we don't know where he's gone. O Lord! Probably the first time the little boy ever had a chance, he had to wait till 22, but he took it and escaped.

So I left them quickly, turned down the mountain into the woods where I thought the path was—it wasn't—and I spent 20 minutes or more mainly sliding on the seat of my knickers until I came down to familiar territory. The rest was just marching, and I got down to Serrone station at 12:15 and used the rest of my water to wash the sweat off. Just before the 12:46 to Rome arrived, a nice girl in her teens came and opened the station bar, and I had beer and a lemonade and some mineral water. But it wasn't enough, and all the way back to Rome I sat stupid in the sun, too tired even to move to the other side of the aisle.

Now I am in Rome again, and days have gone by. It is too hot to do any more hiking, and besides I want to spend a few summer Sundays with my family. But Italy is a good country to walk through; perhaps, in part, because so few people do it. And even if bucolic pastorals seem only old fantasies, even if the roads are encroaching and the very pastures are washing away from the mountains, this Latium still has much loveliness. And on these rather minor mountains, just as on mountains anywhere, one can know oneself, for good or bad.

UN AND US continued from page 31

ment on non-proliferation and were careful not to upset the balance in Europe.

These are the points upon which Chinese Communist propaganda also insists. While there may be an identity of views between Peking and a large number of Afro-Asians, it is important to stress that the motivations are different. The Afro-Asians have no use for the thesis that the Soviet "revisionists" have become the "lackeys of American imperialism." To them the issue, as we have seen, is quite different. They interpret it from their own perspective as countries which have only recently emerged from colonial status and are economically backward.

The main lesson emerging from the existence of a deep gap between the United States' way of seeing world problems and that of a majority of the newly established countries is that the situation is bound to worsen as the problems in Asia and Africa multiply.

We seem to be giving no thought to the challenges we will be facing when, in a few decades, Asia will have a population surpassing that of the entire world today. We are still obsessed with the idea of fighting communism rather than helping in the development of valid alternatives. We think we are discouraging forever the recourse to wars of national liberation by showing in Vietnam that they cannot succeed when, in fact, we are proving that their success is perfectly possible.

Unfortunately, one of the most negative aspects of the Vietnam war and of the arguments advanced to justify it is that it strengthens the conviction of the countries of the Third World that we neither understand their way of seeing problems nor wish to make the necessary effort to do so.

Father's contribution to America's heritage. None was so appreciative as a young district attorney of Alameda County whose name was Earl Warren, now Chief Justice of the United States. On one occasion the young district attorney stopped by the old Sokol club to pay his respects to Father. He told a group gathered there:

"It is always a pleasure to be in this hall over which Roy Sestanovich presides. Judge Lincoln (S.) Church has told me some interesting things about Roy which I want to pass on to you.

"Judge Church, as many of you know, grants more US naturalization certificates than any judge in this county. And every time his court meets, says Judge Church, there is Roy Sestanovich—beaming, and presenting another group of immigrants for naturalization.

"These are extraordinary candidates, says Judge Church. They are people whom Roy has taught, coached and imbued with the spirit of America. Judge Church has told me that Roy has taught the principles of American government to hundreds of immigrants and brought them to his court personally to be sworn in to the dignity of American citizenship. I know that in Roy's book American citizenship is the highest honor to which a man can aspire. He prizes his citizenship, and he has imbued his students with great respect for it.

"I can tell you as District Attorney that there are no delinquents in Roy's group, no vagrants, no drunkards. They are ideal Americans. They love their country. They take care of themselves."

And so it was. One man's simple effort elevated a generation of men to full participation in the wider life of the nation. I know it was a worthy effort for I was its principal beneficiary. ■

**FLOATING HAREM, Continued from page 36**

miles. Lastly, the cost from Istanbul to Istanbul was \$375-400 per person; i.e. one can still travel in Turkey for about . . . \$12.50 per day per person, yacht (?) included.

On travels like this there is one item of supreme importance—a Polaroid camera, referred to by the cognoscenti as the "Native Pacifier"—it will calm customs officials, titillate Turks of all kinds, grease Greeks, and generally do a great job of instant public relations! Never travel without one.

Finally I quote with respect, slightly paraphrased, those immortal lines of that student husband and would-be harem keeper, Ogden Nash:

To keep a harem running,  
With nectar in the loving cup,  
Whenever you're wrong, admit it,  
Whenever you're right, SHUT UP!

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# 25 YEARS AGO

APRIL 1944 IN THE JOURNAL

by Henry B. Day

Early in 1944 the White House sent to Congress draft legislation to grade and classify administrative officers and clerks in the Foreign Service, recruit expert technical and scientific personnel, remove percentage limitations on personnel in each officer class, and provide representation on the Foreign Service Personnel Board of officers of the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce. The provisions became law in the Act of May 3, 1945, and amended the Moses Linticum Act of February 23, 1931.

### Departmental Items

On April 5, 1944, the Blair-Lee House was turned over to the Department for use, like its neighbor, the Blair House, next door, for distinguished foreign visitors. The house was built for the daughter of Francis Preston Blair upon her marriage to a son of General Henry (Light Horse Harry) Lee. It had come upon hard times and had to be completely remodeled. In 1944 there was talk of having a State Department annex on the West side of Jackson Place.

In the Commodities Division of the Office of Economic Affairs there was set up an Industry Branch to handle questions concerning foreign contracts, patents, trademarks, policy on international arrangements, and cartels in post-war industrial planning. Our Legation in Lisbon became an Embassy, with reciprocity. The Consulates at Southampton and Hull were reopened and Consulates were established at San Sebastian, Spain, and Grenada, B.W.I. Vice Consulates at Corumba, Brazil, Osoroso, Chile, and Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela, were closed.

Out in Chungking two new buildings with bamboo lathes and mud plaster, that the Embassy could call home, were assuming in some measure the look of American public buildings. One had a peaked portico with four columns. They were designed by S. S. Kwan of Andover and M.I.T. The best that could be done for exterior color was battleship gray. They stood on a rock overlooking the Yangtze 100 steps above the road. There was no heat in the bedrooms. Dug-outs were provided in the rock. The old French Embassy on the site had blown up after a direct hit.

### State of Suspense

A War Production Board Order of April 7, 1944, forbade using war-scarce Manila hemp for executions. The rope could be made of agave grown in Mexico, the West Indies, and East Africa. That or cotton rope was prescribed for most commercial uses too. It was in this month also that the Smithsonian made room for an Army jeep.

### Tight Security in UK

On April 17, 1944, Raymond Daniell cabled the NEW YORK TIMES from London that no foreign diplomats or members of their staffs assigned to the UK, with the exception of representatives of the United States and the USSR, could go home or send or receive telegrams in code. They were forbidden even uncensored use of diplomatic pouches, said the report, notwithstanding the generations this privilege had been accorded. Earlier telephone and telegraph communications with Eire had been cut off and travel curtailed. With the massive forces gathered there, all this was, of course, part of the effort to make the island as impregnable as possible to espionage. Two of the principal enemy listening posts of the time were the German Legation in Dublin and the German Consulate General in Tangier.

## George Fuller

The JOURNAL took note of the fact that George G. Fuller, Consul at St. John, was President of the Saint John Skating Club and it quoted an editorial in the city's EVENING TIMES-GLOBE: "Mr. Fuller had hardly arrived before he started working for a revival of skating. He has ever since been the 'sparkplug' of the movement to restore skating to its former place—a movement which is now paying a growing number of citizens dividends in health and enjoyment."



A daughter, Ruth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray L. Thurston on March 4, 1944, in Bombay, where Ray was Vice Consul. When Ray was stationed in Moscow, Ruth became one of the reasons for setting up the Anglo-American School there, a project which her father actively forwarded. She learned to speak Russian. She studied in Athens at the Anglo-American High School and in Paris at the Marymount School. For a short time in Haiti, where her father was Ambassador, she taught English on TV. In Mogadiscio, where, again, her father was Ambassador, she taught English to Somalis for a year and a half. While her father was in Haiti and at Maxwell Air Force Base she attended Huntington College and graduated with a B.A. in 1965. She then did graduate work in languages at Tulane. For two years after this she had a position at the University of New Hampshire. Now she is teaching French at the Woodrow Wilson High School in Washington. Her father recently retired after 31 years of service. His plans for the future include teaching and writing.



A son, Christopher George Lewis, was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. Lewis Jones on April 17, 1944, in Washington, D.C., where his father was assigned to the Division of Near Eastern Affairs. After going to schools in Washington, Tunis, Cairo, Tehran, and Rome, he entered Kent School in Connecticut. He graduated and went to college at Johns Hopkins. He won his degree in 1966 and for the next two years was privately employed. He is rounding out his first 25 years by entering on duty in the Foreign Service. He was sworn in as an FSO-8 at the end of January.



A daughter, Susan Julia, and a son, John Scott, were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Z. Williams on April 16, 1944, at the Brooklyn Naval Hospital in New York. Their father was at the Columbia University School of Military Government as a Navy officer with the rank of Lieutenant (jg). Before enlisting he had been serving as Vice Consul in Tampico. Ten days after the twins were born he was sent to the Pacific. He rejoined the State Department about a year later. Susan and John went to schools in Germany, Cuba, and here at home. John graduated from St. Stephen's School in Alexandria and then from the University of Michigan. He then attended the School of Journalism there and graduated with an M.A. in April 1968. He spent a summer reporting for the St. Louis POST DISPATCH, having, meanwhile, taken and passed the Foreign Service exams. He took his oath as an FSO-7 in September and has been assigned to Madrid. On February 8, this year, he and Miss Phyllis Barney of Plymouth, Michigan, were married.

Susan graduated from St. Agnes School, Alexandria, Virginia, and is taking advanced courses at the Philadelphia College of Art.

John Z. Williams, their father, has recently retired from the Foreign Service. His last assignment was as Public Affairs Officer in Guadalajara, Mexico. They have settled down at 303 Queen Street in Alexandria, Virginia.

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"Oh, now. You're a big bright girl, and I can see very intelligent" . . . She looked up . . . "Now, you find a priest in your town, or a school teacher, if you have a school, and ask him to teach you . . . Because I know you can do it. . . ."

The father broke in, "But all the money . . . I spent all the money to come here."

She started sobbing, and crying, "Why can't you give the visa? You can—just this once. And then we'll go to America. Please, give us the visa, and we'll never be here again. For charity, Mr. Consul, please?"

"Look," I said, "I told you what you have to do. Now if you want to come to America, you will have to learn how to read. And if you don't, you will not go, is that clear?"

She heaved a huge sigh.

"Do you understand?"

She stood like an animal, dumb with grief. The father, pinched and ragged, stared out into space.

"You'll have to leave now". . . . When they didn't move, I left my desk, and opened the door and stood with it, until the father had stumbled out, dragging her behind him. Throughout the entire interview, the father had said nothing, except to bewail his lost money.

In two months, they returned.

"Four times I have come here, your excellency." He made it very clear with his hollow cheeks, and even shabbier clothes, that if he didn't get his visa this time, he would never be back. Gilda was as lit up as when I first saw her—with that white, wild look in her eyes. In her big red hands, she carried a book with colored pictures.

"Have you been studying?"

"Si."

"And can you read now?"

"I learned. . . ."

I opened the book. It was a child's book, probably a first or second grade reader, with stories of the Christ child, how he was born under a star, how he asked questions of the old men, how he helped his father in the carpentry shop, how he read to all the

animals, the lion, the wolf, and the lamb. When I looked up, she had taken a typed letter, from her blouse, and had unfolded it . . . and before I could stop her, she was rattling away, with a blank, distant look in her eyes.

It was a commercial letter describing the shipment of four large tins of tomato paste from Falerno to Catanzaro. She hadn't the foggiest idea what it meant, but somehow she had memorized every word.

I said that wouldn't do, and she began to cry, and to reproach me . . . "I'll never go to America, and I will die. I want to go, Mr. Consul . . . Give me, oh give me a visa. . . ."

"Here," I said, "read this book," and I opened the book to the story of Jesus and the animals.

And very slowly, forming every word, but clearly this time understanding it, she read:

"HERE IS JESUS, JESUS KNOWS HOW TO READ. HE READS TO ALL THE ANIMALS. HE READS TO THE LION, AND THE WOLF, AND THE LAMB."

That was all she had to do. I said, "You can be very proud. You have studied and you have learned how to read, so now I will give you and your father visas and you will go to America."

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Her face was like a landscape, when through the clouds and fog, the sun suddenly breaks forth. She grinned. Then I raised my right hand, and I nodded to them, and she raised her left hand, and then the correct one, and then they repeated after me, "I solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing, but the truth, so help me God." After running through the questions on the formal application, they signed, he with an x, and she with a jerky scratch. I told them they could go now, and wait in the waiting room until the cashier would call them to pay for the visas.

An hour later I presented them the visas with their impressive red ribbons and seals. She broke out with another broad grin, and then, she and her father left the Consulate. I began thinking. What could the father possibly do in America? He was a farmer, an illiterate dirty old man, from a little town in the mountains. Could he tend olive trees in the streets of Brooklyn? For Gilda, I had no worries. She would live to be a hundred, and have stomach aches, and cry like an animal, and give birth to 14 children. And she would love some man with the same simple desperation with which she had wanted her visa for America. ■



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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## The Second Sex Speaks Out

THE most telling comment on the discussion in the February issue of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL on discrimination against women in the foreign service and other parts of government is that the author of the article on "Old Tabus Against Women Linger On" evidently did not consider it safe to sign her name. She probably felt that her own situation would be affected adversely if she did. Experience has shown that if one protests publicly against discrimination one is likely to suffer further discrimination and even loss of one's job. Thus, women tend to remain silent and continue to boil inwardly until the heat becomes so intense that an explosion occurs.

Speaking as one who recently exploded, I should like to recommend it highly to others. It is a thoroughly enjoyable experience and it can, *mirabile dictu*, even produce an immediate improvement in one's situation. Though appeal to the law cannot make up for the evils endured in the past, it can assist in avoiding at least some of the evils to be anticipated in the future. Thus, if I had written the above article I would have been delighted to sign my name. But then, I like to live dangerously!

A few words on John M. Cates' interview with Margaret Mead. Dr. Mead is a first rate anthropologist but I find some of her comments on women in diplomacy unrealistic. She seems to think that a single woman in a senior position in the foreign service is somehow at a disadvantage. I disagree . . . I think that she has an advantage. For one thing she does not have to be concerned about the social problem of what to do with a husband and she is free from the worry and responsibility faced by married people, male and female, who have children. On the matter of the husband problem faced by married women, that problem can be resolved as Dr. Mead suggests. Moreover, since women married to men in the diplomatic service derive their status while at post from their husbands' position, why could not the same apply to men who happen to be married to women in the foreign service. Their place in the diplomatic lineup can be determined by their wives' position. This convenience has

no more to do with their individual status outside of the diplomatic community than it has with a wife's individual status outside of the diplomatic community. After all, royalty has solved this problem of status, why can't the diplomatic service?

On the matter of Dr. Mead's concern about the single woman abroad, I am inclined to think that she is creating artificial problems. Personally, I can testify that I could not ask for greater esteem, respect and affection than I have received from the people of the countries in which I have served. Nor do I have any serious complaint about the treatment accorded to me by my male colleagues in the service.

As for the young single women who, in Dr. Mead's opinion, might be in great moral jeopardy because of "the present high seduction rate," I fail to see how a career in the diplomatic service would be any more dangerous on this score than dozens of occupations at home. As in the case of hypnotism, one cannot be seduced if one doesn't want to be.

Finally, I am puzzled by what I consider Dr. Mead's exaggerated picture of the difficulties of living in a foreign culture. I never found it that much of a strain. As for small talk, I am bored with it at home or abroad but I must confess that I am more bored with it at home. At least when one is trapped into it abroad, the boredom can be alleviated by the fact that, even in such circumstances, one can learn something about the new culture in which one is living.

A word to Mr. Cates. You asked for patience in your female colleagues. I think that we have been too patient and that is why we are in the sad state that we still are from a professional point of view. Frankly, my patience has worn thin and I sympathize with the black militant who wants it now, not fifty or a hundred years from now. "Black is beautiful." Well, women are beautiful too. With that statement I suspect even the male readers of this journal may agree.

DOROTHY DILLON

Washington

## On Examinations

DRIS ROSSELL'S article, "Equal Employment Opportunity, Too Much or Not Enough?" was persuasive, well written, and timely.

I hope it will be circulated separately to all officers and that they will be urged to read it. There has been too little understanding about this program.

One of the points Miss Rossell discusses—the relative importance to be given to written exams—raises a knotty problem. An interesting situation in

this regard arose in New York City some years ago. When New York began to require a competitive written exam to be taken by all applicants for teaching positions, it soon became apparent that four-fifths of the most successful applicants were Jewish. Since Jews constituted only a third of the city's population, a method had to be found to lessen the weight of the written exam to assure anything like adequate representation for Christians—white or black!

GEORGE V. ALLEN

Washington

## The Nitty Gritty

THE Embassy has recently received a letter from someone in Palo Alto, California that might be of interest to your readers. The letter reads as follows:

Dear Sir or Madam

In the September 17th issue of Look Magazine there is an article on "Afghanistan: Crossroad of the Silk Route." The majority of the fashions are merely adaptation of Eastern clothing; there is, however, one outfit which is genuine. It is an embroidered jacket of sheepskin called a pusteun. There are matching boots and a hat. The price is given as "\$27 at the market in Kabul."

I know very little about what you do there, but if it is possible and not too inconvenient I would like to purchase one of these outfits through you. If you could check things such as size, price, and import or export costs, and notify me I would then send you the photograph and a money order for the amount you specify. I appreciate your time. If it is not convenient for you please disregard this.

Sincerely,

P.S. What is it that you do there?

EMBASSY NOTE: We are doing what we can to help the young lady with her pusteun. The P.S., however, frankly gives us some problems.

BRUCE LAINGEN

Kabul

## More on "The Big Shot"

THE FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL of December, 1968, carried a picture of an original SATURDAY EVENING POST illustration which was used for a story entitled "The Big Shot" and which has been acquired for the AFSA clubrooms and requests information regarding date and plot of the story.

Although I was never a regular reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, I recall clearly reading "The Big Shot" and I believe that this was in

the period between 1947 and 1949. As I was new in the Service myself it made an impression on me and I remember it distinctly. The story concerned a very dapper and well turned-out type who every day had his lunch at the Mayflower or one of the other smart hotels dressed in striped trousers and black jacket and wearing a homburg (see illustration). He was always looked on with awe by the people in the lobby and he was a regular luncheon companion of a group of foreign diplomats, newspaper correspondents and other opinion molders. He was regarded by his luncheon mates as practically the voice of the Department of State and his opinions on foreign events were solicited and listened to respectfully. After having him hold forth at lunch, the story has our hero return to his office, which turns out to be in one of the temporary annexes of the Department of State. On arrival there he carefully hangs up his black jacket and his homburg and goes to work auditing vouchers.

I would be interested to hear how accurate my recollection of this story is after some twenty-odd years.

JOSEPH JOHN JOVA

Tegucigalpa

A further clue: The story described by Marie W. Cannon ("Letters to the Editor," February, 1969) was written by Edward C. Acheson, younger brother, now deceased, of the former Secretary of State.

OLIVER L. TROXEL, JR.

Washington

### The Obverse Side of Scientific Advances

IF there are overtones in my article "Under Secretary for Functional Affairs" in the JOURNAL's 50th Anniversary number which strike the reader as slightly archaic, I hope he will realize that this is at least partly because the article was written many months ago.

In particular, now that I see in cold type the words "man's mastery over nature" I am acutely uncomfortable. The phrase is ill chosen since it does not fully reflect what Dr. Rene Jules Dubos in the December 9 Science Lecture in the Department called "the two faces of the scientific enterprise," i.e., that "the advantages derived from scientific discoveries and technological achievements" usually have had "to be paid for in the form of new dangers and new threats to human welfare." While my article discusses the incongruence between technological achievements on the one hand and human institutions and behavior on

the other, it does not, as it should have, mention the many profoundly disturbing side effects of technology on man's natural environment. One cannot in this connection do better than to read Dr. Dubos' text which was carried in the Department's BULLETIN of February 10.

The dangers of doing irreversible damage to the natural environment, omitted from my article as they were, seem to me to strengthen my case that the Department should pay more systematic attention to functional and longer-range problems. In any event, the pace of developments these days makes the "long range" threateningly short.

JOHN KEPPEL

Washington

### To Makers of History

A GOOD many American diplomats are sentimental beneath the baize covering, so I suspect I am in good company right now in feeling sentimental at being left in a Foreign Service that no longer has Bohlen and Thompson on active service. Eras start and end every day, no doubt, but any of us who shared their era—who served under either man, or who dealt with Soviet affairs, or who came into any contact with them—must feel that something has stopped that will not start again. They made history, and although others will make history after them, we can wonder if the others will possibly do it with the same intelligence, and honor, and bearing. I believe all of us who

worked with them, even at a distance, are proud of it, and will always be.

JACK PERRY

Paris

### A Welcome Suggestion

ENCLOSED is my check for \$6.00 in payment for the renewal of my subscription to the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

I would also like to take this occasion to express my appreciation for improved quality of the articles appearing in the JOURNAL in the past year.

May I also make a suggestion? I think it would be of value to future historians if something was done to preserve the letters you received from members of the Foreign Service concerning their reminiscences of December 7, 1941. Some were printed in an abbreviated form. It would seem to me that some thought ought to be given to preserving all of them, perhaps at the Library of Congress. The occasion might also be one to think about preserving the Association's records for the future. As far as I know this has not been done since the organization began.

HAROLD D. LANGLEY

Washington

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An accumulation of out-dated JOURNAL files, including entries in essay contests, was turned over to the Library of Congress a few years ago. We welcome this suggestion for the reams of reminiscence on Pearl Harbor collected by Henry Day.*

### Life and Love in the Foreign Service

S. I. Nadler



"I told them, and I told them, and I told them: for negotiations, never mind the shape of the table, just so long as it's wide!"

All this is not to suggest that Moscow is no longer beyond indulging in an occasional show of strength on behalf of client states. Eleven days after the Soviets voted for the British UN resolution in November calling for Israeli troop withdrawal and an end to the state of belligerency in the Middle East, a group of Soviet TU-16 jet bombers flew over Cairo on a highly-publicized "good-will" visit designed to show off Soviet air strength. A dozen Soviet combatants steamed into Egyptian ports after the six-day war, but they did not leave their moorings when the Israelis sank two Egyptian torpedo boats less than twenty-four hours after their arrival. Soviet military demonstrations could get out of hand, but there is no indication that Moscow is headed in that direction.

Another example of limited Soviet assertiveness occurred in Yemen following Egypt's withdrawal. The Soviet Union supplied Yemen with 24 jet fighters to be piloted by Yemenis trained in the USSR. A visit to Moscow by the Yemeni Foreign Minister at the end of November 1967, led to economic agreements and additional military aircraft. Indeed, one plane with a Soviet pilot was allegedly shot down in Yemen last winter. According to a recent article in the NEW YORK TIMES, however, Syria now provides most of the pilots for the republican air force, and signs of Moscow's intervention on the side of the republican forces are disappearing.

The most dramatic change in the Soviet presence has been their steady build-up of naval forces since the June war. There are now more than 40 Soviet ships in the Mediterranean, which is the largest Russian squadron in these waters since it began deploying there four years ago. Included in this deployment are at least ten submarines. Many of them are capable of firing guided missiles.

The larger Soviet squadron has led to a wider use of Mediterranean ports, especially in Egypt where a small

permanent naval presence has been maintained since the sinking of the Israeli destroyer last year. Farther west Soviet ships have visited Algeria and Morocco. When and if the Suez canal reopens, ships of the Mediterranean squadron will probably also be seen in ports on the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean.

The major function of the squadron is to counter the presence of the American Sixth Fleet, especially surveillance of it. According to an Israeli press report, Soviet-built TU-16 heavy bombers have been flying surveillance missions over US ships in the Mediterranean. The aircraft reportedly have Egyptian markings, but the Israelis believe that the pilots are Russian. A surface-to-air guided missile destroyer and another armed with surface-to-surface missiles also shadow US aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean.

Moscow would like to neutralize Western strategic forces in the Mediterranean, but it has never sought its own military assets in the area. A more important Soviet military role would require a different statute for the Dardanelles and more cooperative regimes in Turkey and Iran. Such changes seem highly unlikely and Moscow's increasingly important bilateral relations with Ankara and Tehran will limit Soviet manipulation of "progressive forces." Finally, Russia's client states in the Mediterranean adamantly oppose foreign bases in principle, and for the Russians to ask for them would compromise the "anti-imperialist" rationale of their policy throughout the Third World.

Thus, Moscow's role in the Mediterranean will become increasingly political. It cannot control the anti-Western political forces in the area but it can stimulate and assist them. Of course, it must pursue this goal without the assistance of indigenous Communist parties which are outlawed in every Middle East state except Israel. This is only one of the dilemmas which the USSR faces when it looks ahead to the "furthest and future ones" in the Middle East. ■

Application to James W. Barrett Company, Inc. for TRAVEL-PAK—Personal Effects and Liability Insurance underwritten by Lloyds of London  
 Mail application to: James W. Barrett Company, Inc., 1140 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006  
 Make checks payable to James W. Barrett Co., Inc. U.S. dollars only.

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
 Name Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
 U.S. Address \_\_\_\_\_ Employer \_\_\_\_\_  
 Foreign Address \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

To which of the above addresses should we address correspondence  U.S.  Foreign. Number of insured persons (family members) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Coverage to begin on (date) \_\_\_\_\_ Period of coverage  One year  Two years  Three years

**PREMIUM PAYMENT**  I have calculated by premium and determine it to be \$\_\_\_\_\_. My check in this amount is enclosed. OR  I am enclosing the basic minimum annual Travel-Pak premium of \$45.00 and I understand that you will bill me for any increased premiums or refund any premium credits.

Please credit my initial premium for existing insurance:  
 Present company \_\_\_\_\_ Present broker \_\_\_\_\_  
 Policy number \_\_\_\_\_ Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Inception date \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Policy will be dated at 12:01 a.m. on the date following the postmark on the envelope containing this application and the initial premium or on the date requested above  
 Signed at (place) \_\_\_\_\_ (date) \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**DECLARATION OF PERSONAL EFFECTS**

<b>(A) FURNITURE:</b>		<b>(C) ELECTRICAL &amp; APPLIANCES:</b>		<b>(D) MISCELLANEOUS, cont'd.</b>	
Furniture	\$ _____	Radios	\$ _____	Musical instruments	_____
Mirrors, pictures, paintings	_____	Televisions	_____	Pianos	_____
Eric-a-brac	_____	Refrigerators and/or freezer	_____	Books	_____
Rugs & carpets	_____	Hi-fi	_____	Luggage	_____
<b>TOTAL (A)</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>	Typewriter	_____	Bicycles	_____
		Washer and/or dryer	_____	Tools	_____
		Sewing machine	_____	Sports equip.	_____
		Tape recorder	_____		
		Other	_____	<b>TOTAL (D)</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>
		<b>TOTAL (C)</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>	<b>(E) TOTAL CLOTHING</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>
<b>(B) HOUSEWARES:</b>		<b>(F) MISCELLANEOUS:</b>		<b>(F) TOTAL JEWELRY &amp; FURS</b>	
Silverware	\$ _____	Medical supplies	\$ _____		
Glassware	_____	Photographic equipment	_____		
Linen (bed & table)	_____				
Kitchen utensils	_____				
Chinaware	_____				
<b>TOTAL (B)</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>				

TOTAL PERSONAL EFFECTS	
TOTAL A	\$ _____
TOTAL B	\$ _____
TOTAL C	\$ _____
TOTAL D	\$ _____
TOTAL E	\$ _____
TOTAL F	\$ _____
<b>(G) GRAND TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>

Of the Grand Total (G) above what amount of personal effects are in storage in the U.S. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**LIABILITY INSURANCE APPLIED FOR**  
 50,000 @ \$5.00  
 75,000 @ \$6.50  
 100,000 @ \$7.50  
 No Increase from \$25,000 in Basic Travel-Pak

The Travel-Pak policy will be prepared with Personal effects insurance written to the nearest \$100 of the Grand total (G) above and with the amount of liability insurance selected above.

# TRAVEL-PAK Your Best Foreign Insurance Buy

A modern package policy tailor-made for U. S. Government employees overseas which insures against the following:

## "ALL RISK" PERSONAL EFFECTS INSURANCE

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



## COMPREHENSIVE INTERNATIONAL PERSONAL LIABILITY INSURANCE

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

## Check these advantages:

① **COMPREHENSIVE COVERAGE.** Broad "All Risk" Personal effects coverage . . . with a \$50.00 deductible and the insurance to value requirement assures you of the maximum benefit.

The only property exclusions are losses of or from moth and vermin, gradual deterioration, cash, currency, bank notes, and war risks. . . . Plus a special international comprehensive personal liability insurance (excluding automobile liability) from \$25,000. to \$100,000. . . . all in one convenient package.

② **SAVINGS.** Special rates for those in Government Service plus the economies of the package insurance concept make TRAVEL-PAK your best foreign insurance buy. COMPARE! Annual rate on personal effects is 1.4%. Premium discounts reduce the effective rate to 1.225% for two-year policies and 1.167% for three-year policies. . . . Renewal premium credits for years in which there are no marine shipments produces still greater savings. Your maximum discount from the standard premium rate can be as much as 39%!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### SPECIAL RATES FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES CIVILIAN AND MILITARY, WORLDWIDE

(G) TOTAL VALUE PERSONAL EFFECTS	Annual Travel-Pak Premium	(F) TOTAL VALUE JEWELRY AND/ OR FURS	Annual Premium
\$ 2,500	\$ 43.00	\$ 300	Incl.
\$ 2,700	\$ 45.80	\$ 500	\$ 1.00
\$ 2,900	\$ 48.60	\$ 700	\$ 2.00
\$ 3,100	\$ 51.40	\$ 900	\$ 3.00
\$ 3,300	\$ 54.20	\$ 1,100	\$ 4.00
\$ 3,500	\$ 57.00	\$ 1,300	\$ 5.00
\$ 3,700	\$ 59.80	\$ 1,500	\$ 6.00
\$ 3,900	\$ 62.60	\$ 1,700	\$ 7.00
\$ 4,100	\$ 65.40	\$ 1,900	\$ 8.00
\$ 4,300	\$ 68.20	\$ 2,100	\$ 9.00
\$ 4,500	\$ 71.00	\$ 2,300	\$ 10.00
\$ 4,700	\$ 73.80	\$ 2,500	\$ 11.00
\$ 4,900	\$ 76.60	\$ 2,700	\$ 12.00
\$ 5,100	\$ 79.40	\$ 2,900	\$ 13.00
\$ 5,300	\$ 82.20	\$ 3,100	\$ 14.00
\$ 5,500	\$ 85.00	\$ 3,300	\$ 15.00
\$ 5,700	\$ 87.80	\$ 3,500	\$ 16.00
\$ 5,900	\$ 90.60	\$ 3,700	\$ 17.00
\$ 6,100	\$ 93.40	\$ 3,900	\$ 18.00
\$ 6,300	\$ 96.20	\$ 4,100	\$ 19.00
\$ 6,500	\$ 99.00	\$ 4,300	\$ 20.00
\$ 6,700	\$ 101.80	\$ 4,500	\$ 21.00
\$ 6,900	\$ 104.60	\$ 4,700	\$ 22.00
\$ 7,100	\$ 107.40	\$ 4,900	\$ 23.00
\$ 7,300	\$ 110.20	\$ 5,000	\$ 23.50
\$ 7,500	\$ 113.00	Each additional \$100 value, add 50¢	
\$ 7,700	\$ 115.80	(I) INCREASED AMOUNTS OF LIABILITY	
\$ 7,900	\$ 118.60		
\$ 8,100	\$ 121.40	\$ 50,000	\$ 5.00
\$ 8,300	\$ 124.20	\$ 75,000	\$ 6.50
\$ 8,500	\$ 127.00	\$ 100,000	\$ 7.50
\$ 8,700	\$ 129.80		
\$ 8,900	\$ 132.60		
\$ 9,100	\$ 135.40		
\$ 9,300	\$ 138.20		
\$ 9,500	\$ 141.00		
\$ 9,700	\$ 143.80		
\$ 9,900	\$ 146.60		
\$ 10,000	\$ 148.00		
Each additional \$100 value, add \$1.40.			

IF YOUR TOTALS FALL BETWEEN AMOUNTS IN TABLES PLEASE USE NEXT HIGHER AMOUNT

Use application opposite

or call or write:

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