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A Modern Tale of Two Cities

Requiem for Sir Harold

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The Foreign Service Journal is published twelve times a year by the American Foreign Service Association, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20037.

Second-class postage paid at Washington, D. C.

Printed by Monumental Printing Co., Baltimore.

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THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE KEEPS FAITH

(From the Department's Archives)

December 18, 1924

Julius Herbert Tuttle, Esquire,
Librarian, Massachusetts Historical Society,
1154 Boylston Street,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Sir:

It is said of Republics that they are ungrateful. It has likewise been rumored of them that their official processes are mysterious and long drawn out. But that they are not in the end unworthy of the high hopes entertained of them, let this communication bear modest witness.

A few days ago it befell the undersigned, as Editor of the Department of State and custodian of an important section of its archives, to make certain investigations in a little-frequented vault of the building which houses the premier Department of this Government. During the course of these investigations a certain dusty case was opened, which proved to contain a collection of objects too miscellaneous to be catalogued here. Among these objects, however, were discovered two maps antedating the Revolution. One was "a New Map of the Province of Quebec, according to the Royal Proclamation of the 7th of October, 1763, from the French Surveys connected with those made after the War, by Captain Garver, and other Officers, in his MAJESTY'S Service" (London, 1776). The other was "a Map of the British Empire in North America, by Samuel Dunn, Mathematician" (London, 1774). And on the back of each was found the following inscription:

"This map is the property of the Massachusetts Historical Society and is loaned to the United States on the express condition of being safely returned.

"Boston, Nov. 11, 1828—J.N. (?) Davis, Presd. M. H. S.
James Bowdoin, Committee."

Sir, the United States cannot but regret that the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society have for ninety-six years been deprived of the study of these interesting and valuable specimens of the cartographer's art. Yet scarcely can the humble servant of the United States who now pens these lines find it in him to regret that it should remain for the day of Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, to honor the terms of a loan made in that of John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts. I therefore hasten—if a word be not denied me which to the ear of the zealous curator might have perhaps a ring of irony—I hasten, Sir, to return to you under separate cover, and through you to their rightful owner, the Massachusetts Historical Society, with the compliments, with the apologies, and with the hearty thanks of the Department of State of the United States of America, these two somewhat time-worn testimonials of a faith which after all has not been betrayed.

Your obedient servant,
For the Secretary of State:
(signed) Harrison Griswold Dwight
Chief, Division of Publications

December 20, 1924

My dear Mr. President:

You may be interested in giving a glance at the enclosed letter written by the Chief of the Division of Publications in the Department of State and containing appropriate apologies to the Massachusetts Historical Society. We have all learned to have faith in Massachusetts but it is important that Massachusetts should have faith in the United States. This acknowledgment may aid her in this effort.

Faithfully yours,
Charles E. Hughes

December 23, 1924

My dear Mr. Secretary:

Your note of December 20th and accompanying papers bring me a reminder of that splendid fidelity for which our Department of State has always been so distinguished. It is, however, even more impressive in its suggestion of the promptness and despatch with which the official duties of your eminent branch of the Government are so uniformly discharged.

In view of the record achieved by the State Department in returning these maps, after a lapse of only ninety-six years, I am moved to make a special appeal to you, as one obviously expert in the facilitation of public business, for suggestions in regard to another matter. You will recall that in the Annual Message to Congress, I ventured the suggestion that the French Spoliation Claims might properly receive the attention of the Congress. These claims have been awaiting final settlement of now considerably more than a century, and the recent acceleration of performance which your Department has so impressively achieved, leads me to the hope that you may be able to suggest some procedure by which, within say the next two or three centuries, it might be possible to secure a final adjustment of them.

Most sincerely yours,
Calvin Coolidge

December 26, 1924

My dear Mr. President:

I am greatly pleased to receive your note of the twenty-third and to have your strong commendation of the work of the Department of State in clearing up its arrears and in being able after a lapse of only ninety-six years to effect the return of the maps to which I referred in my previous letter.

In the case of the French Spoliation Claims, in which the Department of State is deeply interested, it is compelled to await the cooperation of Congress, and I fear that it may be necessary to allow, as you suggest, two or three centuries for their final adjustment. Possibly they could be taken up after the Isle of Pines Treaty has been approved.

Faithfully yours,
Charles E. Hughes

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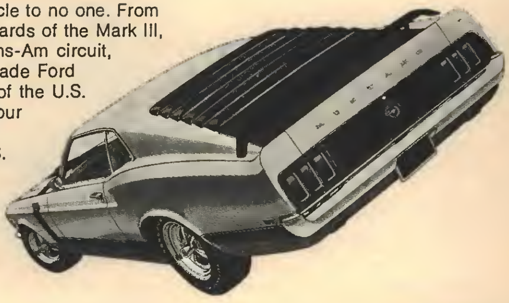

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From Ted Olson

Washington Letter

There's no month of the twelve when you won't see people poking their cameras through the fence to snap the north face of the White House, or bunched at downtown intersections studying maps. But the big tourist influx starts in April. For two reasons mainly: Easter vacations, and the Cherry Blossom Festival. The festival sometimes is as big a disappointment as the Senators used to be in the pre-Ted Williams era. Either the blossoms come out too early or too late, or else the proverbial April showers soak the 50 princesses—one from each state—and the tourists gathered to see them. Well, we can only hope.

There may be an added attraction this year. The various anti-war organizations are planning a "spring offensive" April 13-18. No details yet. But there have already been preliminary skirmishes, one of them focused on Watergate, which is pretty close to lèse majesté nowadays.

It's usually safe to take off your snow tires on April 1, and wise to check the air-conditioning system. Eleven years ago we boarded a plane at Keflavik, Iceland, on April 9, all bundled up against the seasonable temperature of 42 degrees, and stepped off in Washington a few hours later in 90-degree heat.

New Look at the Old Smithsonian

A good many years ago somebody described the Smithsonian Institution as "the nation's attic." The epithet stuck; it still turns up occasionally. But if it ever was a valid characterization it certainly isn't now.

Our interest aroused by frequent newspaper references to new Smithsonian enterprises, we took a trip down there recently to see for ourselves what was going on. We came away with a sheaf of notes, a head spinning with facts and figures, and the conviction that the proper word for it was the one you keep meeting in the financial pages: conglomerate. The Smithsonian has become a cultural conglomerate.

If you look up the Smithsonian in the telephone directory (it's in the United States Government section), you'll find five inches of listings. Some of them are familiar; a good many are not. You know, of course, that the Smithsonian has overall responsibility for the National Gallery, the National Museums of Natural History and History and Technology, the Freer Gallery of Art—all those imposing edifices along the Mall—and the relatively new National Collection of Fine Arts and National Portrait Gallery, between F and G and 7th and 9th. You may have known—we confess we had forgotten—that its jurisdiction extends also to the Zoo (the National Zoological Park, to be accurate.) The Kennedy Center is a Smithsonian responsibility, although like the National Gallery, it will be administratively autonomous, with its own board of trustees.

Other projects are in various stages of construction or planning: The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden at 7th and Independence—opening date two or more years off; the Renwick Gallery, next door to Blair House—reconstruction completed, opening sometime in 1971; a National Air and Space Museum, on the Mall across from the National Gallery—authorization and preliminary funds voted, but construction awaiting the end of the Vietnam war. There are still more in the draft stage or on the drawing-boards.

And did you know about the Anacostia Neighborhood Museum, the first of what the Institution hopes will be a number of excursions into the ghetto? It seems to be doing

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Antwerp Citibankers, with schoolchildren in background, at Het Steen.

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fine. Or about the Woodrow Wilson International Centre, which will bring scholars-in-residence, in various fields, from various countries, beginning next fall? Or the foreign study tours for small, carefully selected groups? The Smithsonian thinks big and far; mainland China is one of the areas under consideration.

The Division of Performing Arts brought to Washington the drama-lecture on drug addiction, "The Concept," written and performed by former addicts, and has other ambitious projects brewing. Incidentally, the collection of exotic musical instruments isn't just to look at; they get played.

That's in tune with the philosophy of Secretary S. Dillon Ripley. He believes that exhibits should do something, not just stand there. That old locomotive you can see through the window when you drive down Constitution Avenue huffs and puffs and toots. The huge elephant in the rotunda of the Natural History Museum makes elephant noises, and the blue whale makes whale noises. It doesn't spout, though.

This month the Institution begins publishing its own monthly magazine, SMITHSONIAN. Its announced field: "Man—his environment, sciences, arts, adventures, follies, fortunes." That leaves the editors plenty of elbow room. You will note the word "environment" gets top priority. The editor, Edward K. Thompson, is an 18-year veteran of LIFE. Assistant Editor Grayce P. Northcross is an alumna of USIA's AMERIKA and TOPIC. We asked the Smithsonian spokesman what existing magazine the new one would most resemble. He reflected, and came up with four: NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, NATURAL HISTORY, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and AMERICAN HERITAGE. It will have name writers, authoritative text, lots of good pictures.

There have been suggestions in the press that the Smithsonian may be spreading itself a little thin. The magazine, for instance: an awful lot of magazines are being published, and with revenue being drained off by television the mortality is high. Our informant conceded this, but expressed hope that the prestige of the Smithsonian name would put it over. As for all those galleries, Mr. Ripley and the regents are confident there is enough creativity here and abroad to keep them busy.

Though the Smithsonian is a private institution, about 60 per cent of its income is derived from taxes, the rest from non-governmental sources. James Smithson, the English chemist whose bequest in 1826 provided the original nest-egg, would blink if he could see what it had hatched. But his statement of purpose was broad enough to encompass everything the Smithsonian conglomerate is doing or will undertake in the future: "to promote the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

The Dear Dead Days Beyond Recall

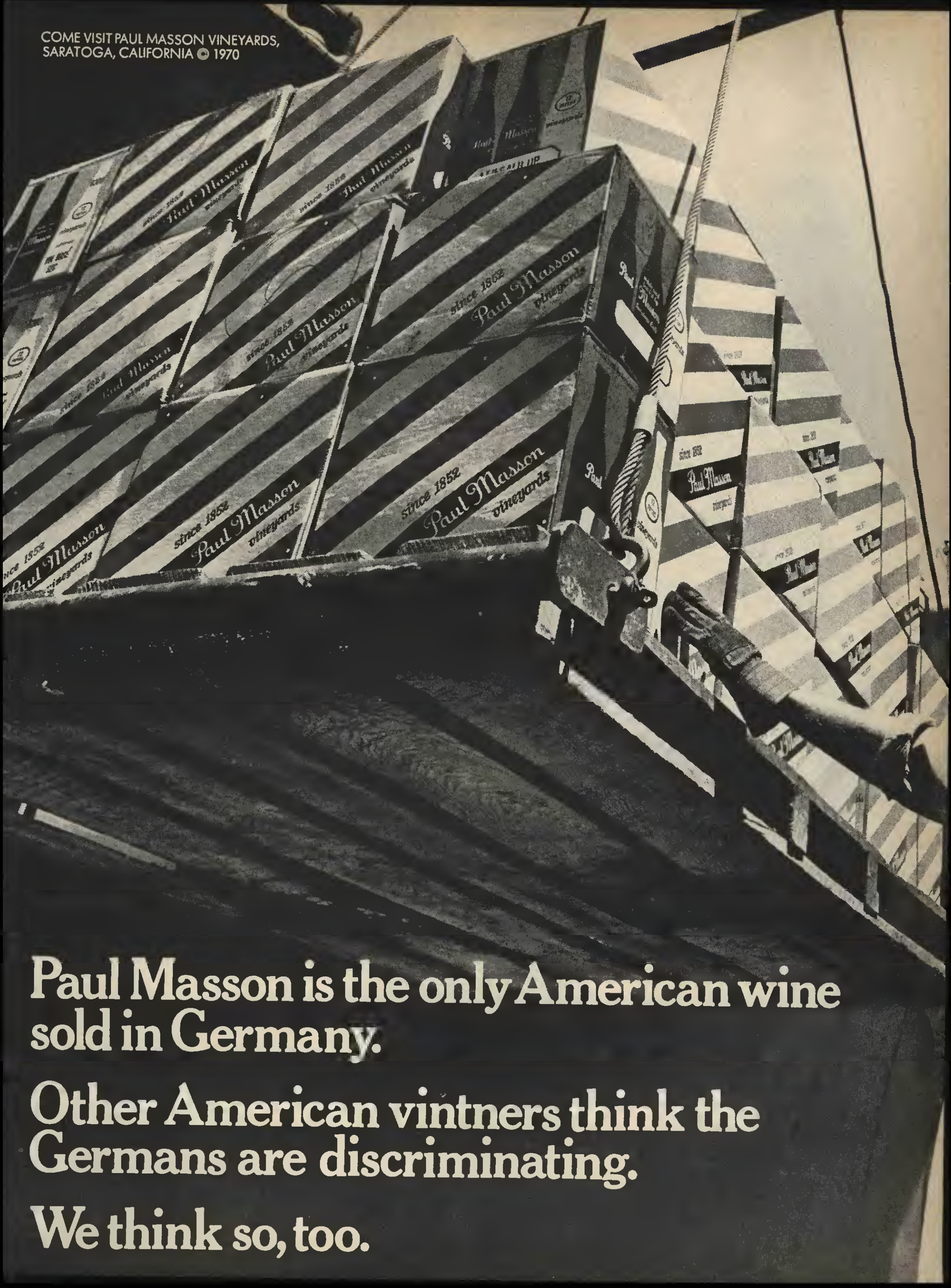
It's a little early to pin a label on our decade. That's usually left to some future social historian—"The Mauve Decade," "The Aspirin Age." But wouldn't the survivors be surprised if this should turn out to be remembered as the Age of Nostalgia?

It sounds wildly implausible, but there are portents.

A fellow named Max Morath turned up at Ford's Theatre a couple of months ago in a one-man show called "At the Turn of the Century." Mr. Morath (born in 1926) specializes in American life between 1890 and 1920. His major emphasis is on ragtime music, but he supplements that with appropriate comment. To quote the POST, he "gives us a look at the 30-year period that spanned the time of McGuffy's Reader [come, come, POST copydesk! You mean McGuffey's], woman's suffrage, the grizzly bear dance, prohibition, legal marijuana and Teddy Roosevelt and the strenuous life."

Legal marijuana?

There's a "Magazine of Happy Memories," GOOD OLD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Days. And a Nostalgia Book Club, which baits its coupon-trap with teasing reminders of zoot suits, Ballyhoo, Bank Night, yo-yos, rumble seats and Major Bowes. "The Saturday Evening Post Treasury" and "The Liberty Years, 1924-1950," recently published, excavate an impressive quantity of nuggets from two extinct magazines. (How many FSJ readers remember the works of Clarence Budington Kelland?) Cabell Phillips's "From the Crash to the Blitz 1929-1939" picks up where Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" left off. He plans to bring the story right up to the present.

Housewives coming home from the supermarket with $39.97 worth of groceries must have had mixed feelings when they opened a Christmas package and found a facsimile reproduction of the 1908 Sears Roebuck catalog, offering a 56-piece Rose Garland Genuine Bavarian China Dinner Set for $12.45, an "elegant broadcloth coat," not quite maxi-length, for $12.00, and a surrey with a fringe on top for $51.95.

The television industry discovered long ago that a good old movie would outdraw the most elaborate special productions. How many times a year does "It Happened One Night" turn up in the program listings? Now Washington has an American Film Institute Theater, which offers its subscribers such classics as "Stagecoach," "Wings," "Destry Rides Again," even William S. Hart's "Tumbleweeds."

And what were the plays that packed New York theaters last season, and touched off any number of rueful columns wondering why contemporary dramatists, though they could shock, horrify and nauseate, and were sizzling with social significance, somehow weren't very entertaining? "You Can't Take It With You," "Private Lives," "Our Town," "Three Men on a Horse," "Harvey," "The Front Page."

It really does look like a trend. Could this be the Senior Citizens' revolt against the NOW Generation? Huh-uh; there just aren't enough of us. And what about that NOW Generation? Edwardian jackets and muttonchop whiskers, or fringed buckskin shirts and '49-er beards.

What does it all mean? Maybe Margaret Mead will tell us.

Is the Post Office Tower Coming Down?

The demolitionists are casting covetous looks at another Washington landmark. But the old Post Office tower at 12th and Pennsylvania, which dates from 1899, has defenders, resolute and articulate. The Pennsylvania Avenue Commission is sticking stoutly by its 1967 proposal, which would keep the tower while replacing the rest of the building. The commission's chairman, architect Nathaniel M. Owings, says ". . . we're supposed to bring life back to the avenue. To do that, we must break up the cold, white, deadly marble halls of bureaucratic Washington." The Fine Arts Commission, though, considers the tower "an incongruity," and wants to pull it down.

The National Capital Planning Commission hadn't made up its mind at this writing. Its architectural historian, Nancy C. Taylor, agrees with Mr. Owings. She says the clock tower "has received particular acclaim as an element of great vitality in the otherwise rather sterile skyline of the Federal Triangle."

At the rate the Pennsylvania Avenue project is moving there may be plenty of time for changes of mind.

Things to See and Hear

National Symphony: April 4—Rotterdam Philharmonic, Jean Fournet conducting, Daniel Wayenberg, pianist. April 28-29—Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, Howard Mitchell conducting; Schuman, Shostakovich, and Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast."

Performing Arts Society: April 5—Maureen Forrester. April 25—Music From Marlboro (at Natural History Muse-

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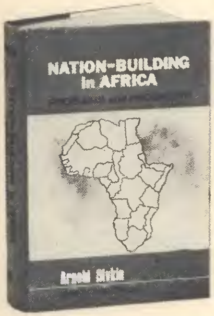

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um); April 28—Paul Taylor Dance Company. May 2—London Philharmonic. May 7—New York Philharmonic, Lorin Maazel conducting.

Theater Chamber Players: April 20—"Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos," a chamber opera by Westergaard. (At Washington Theater Club, 23rd and L Streets, N.W.)

National Theatre: Through April 11—"Canterbury Tales." Beginning May 4—"Dylan." (Intervening three weeks as yet unscheduled.)

Arena: Through April 5—"The Chemmy Circle," by Georges Feydeau. April 7-12—"The Party" and "The Enchanted Evening," by Slawomic Mrozak. April 16-May 24—Strindberg's "Dance of Death."

Ford's Theatre: Through April 26—"The Fantasticks," by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones.

Washington Theater Club: Through April 26—"Serenading Louis," by Lanford Wilson. May 6-26—"Continental Divide," by Oliver Hailey.

National Gallery: Through May 3—"The Reality of Appearance: the Trompe-l'Oeil Tradition in American Painting."

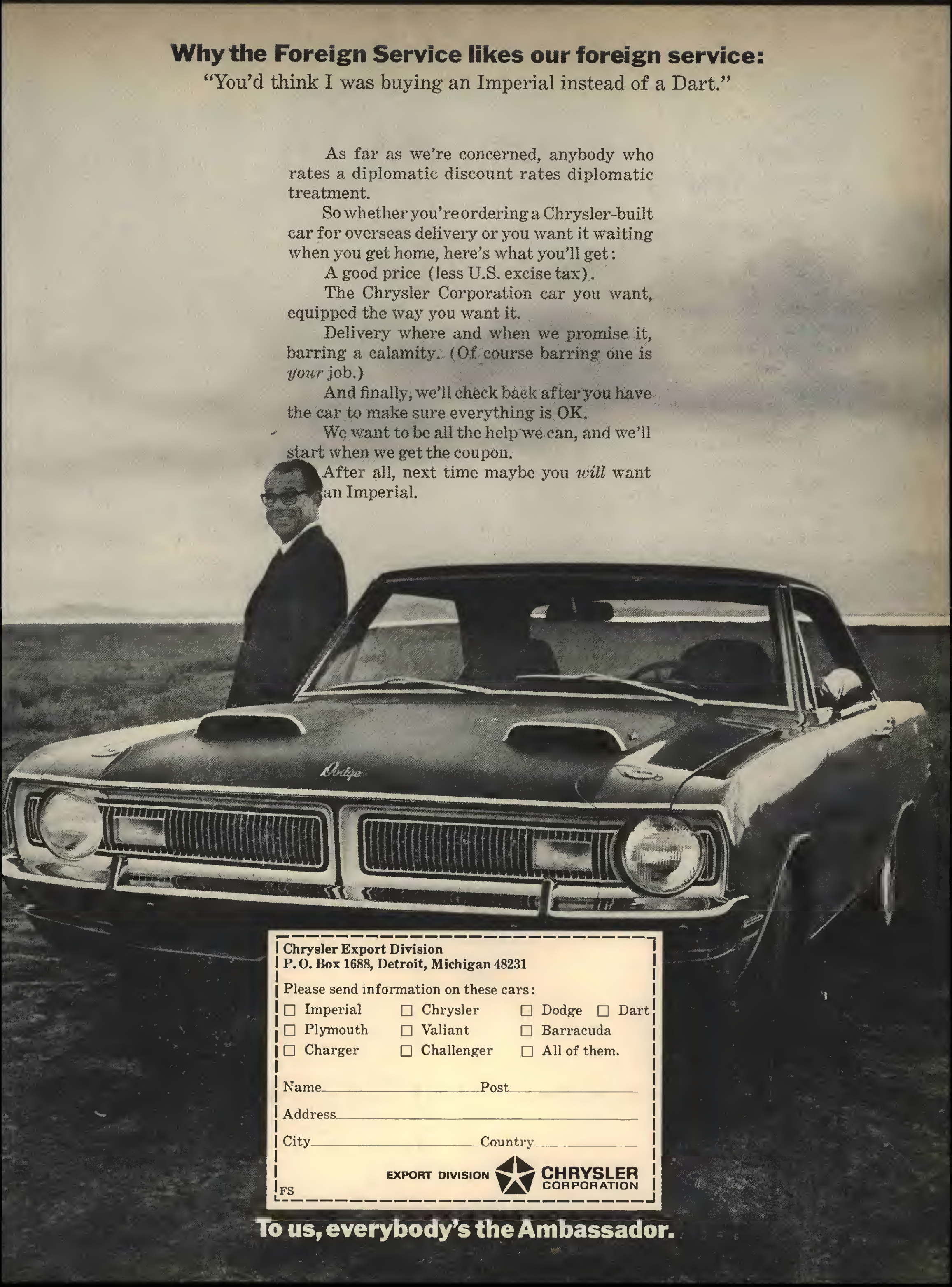
Corcoran: Through April 15—Paolo Soleri. April 19-May 31—Paintings and sculpture of Alexander Liberman.

Oddments

- Lowdermilk's bookstore at 715—12th Street, N.W., a Washington institution for just short of a century, has closed—one of the first casualties of subway construction. Its entire stock—something like 150,000 books, plus paintings and prints—was sold at auction.
- The National Gallery has acquired three new works of which it is justly proud: Max Weber's "Rush Hour, New York"; John Sloan's "The City From Greenwich Village"; and an early drawing by Andrew Wyeth, called "Lobsterman's Ledge."
- O. Roy Chalk's weekly newspaper, the WASHINGTON EXAMINER, which you got every Thursday as a sort of bonus when you dropped your bus token in the fare box, has folded. It started out with high aspirations, hoping to work up to daily publication, but never made the grade.
- The government is doing all right by Reston, after all. The Defense Communication Agency is moving its engineering facilities out there next year, as soon as a new building is ready for it.
- Sorry about that: We erroneously listed "Jimmy Durante Presents the Lennon Sisters" among the TV programs dropped at mid-term. They're still there—Channel 7 at 9:30 p.m. Saturdays.

Bad Times in Bilboa

The vice consul at Bilboa has had to borrow money to send his wife and child home to live with her people while he lives in a cheap furnished room. He is an excellent man. Several of the consuls have had to put up their cars. Our Commercial Attache has had to move into cheaper quarters, have his telephone removed, store his car, and drop his membership in clubs that are important in his work. Some girl clerks' salaries, reduced to pesetas, bring them wages below those permitted by the law here for such work on the ground that it is below the Spanish standard of living. Everyone who comes here—Krock of the TIMES, Call who represented us at the International Parliamentary Union, is shocked and has reported the conditions to the State Department. Of course it is an impossible situation and must be corrected in some way as soon as possible. The Associated Press and the representatives of private businesses here have had salary readjustments to meet the conditions.—*Letter from Claude G. Bowers, Ambassador to Spain, to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, December 13, 1933, from "Franklin D. Roosevelt and Foreign Affairs," Vol. I, edited by Edgar B. Nixon, Harvard University Press.*



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COMMUNICATION
RE:

The Art of Communicating

JAMES D. PHILLIPS

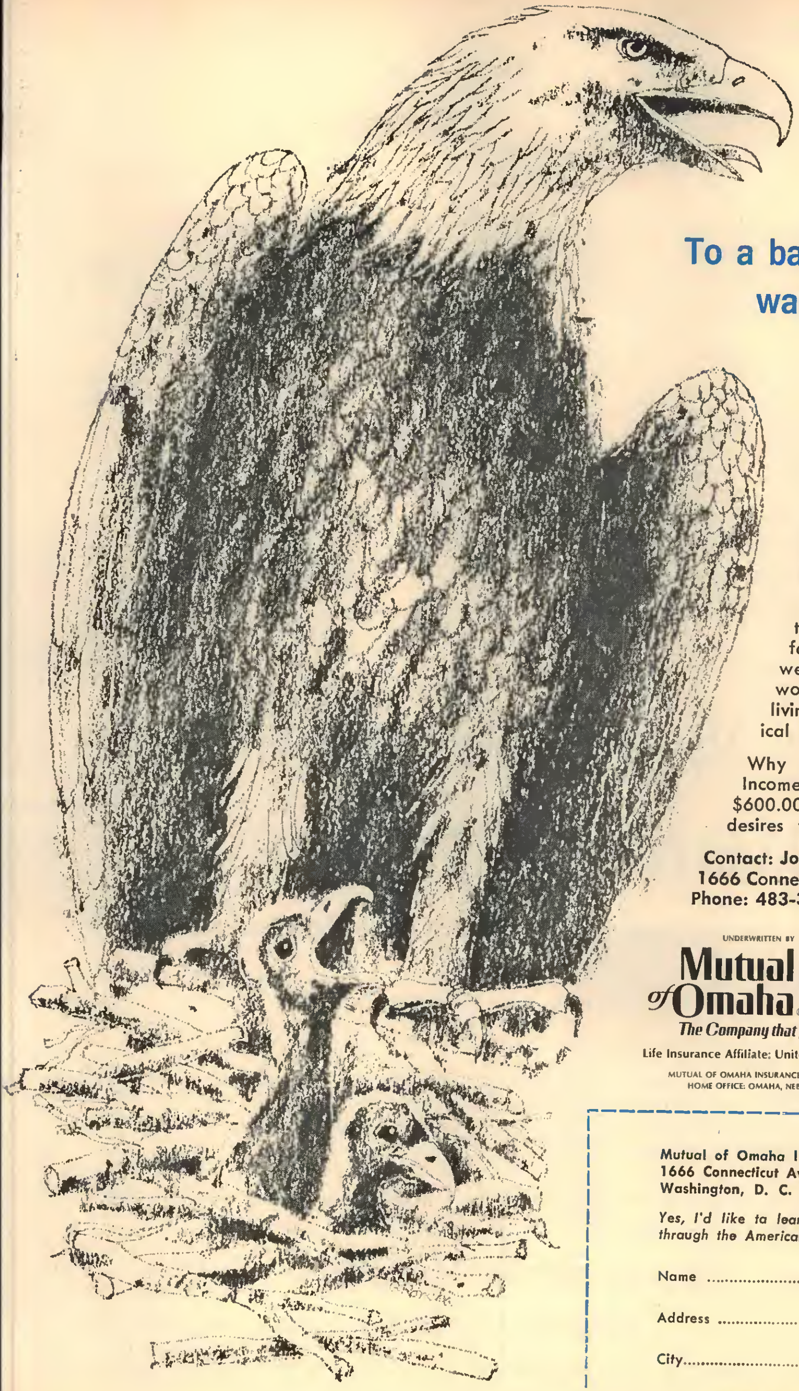
THANKS are due the JOURNAL for devoting space to cross-cultural communication and, specifically, to the concerns of USIA. The dual purpose of this letter is to express appreciation for this forum and to point out that we seem still far from "an end to anarchy." Indeed, the "case for dialogue" as a strategy for communicating with foreign audiences seems the more visionary when we are hardly carrying on thus amongst ourselves. To wit:

(1) Alan Carter's article is perhaps the best-conceived, best-reasoned, and best-argued statement of the Agency's proper concerns that has appeared—at least in the pages of your magazine. He discusses the nature of the bureaucratic beast, "supermarket programing," three types of audiences, three types of Agency objectives, four "levels of communications effectiveness," and the need for intellectual attractiveness and quality rather than quantity. His conclusion is that "*package programing*" built around the *information center* facility is the key to *continuity* (which, in turn, is the *sine qua non* of success).

(2) Eleven months later Sanford Marlowe states that "almost everything we do in USIA depends for its success on the calibre and training of our personnel" (which assertion, he admits, could just be one of our "endless cliches"). He goes on, then, to advocate lateral recruitment of experts (as opposed to "recruitment from the bottom" via the examination process), professional as against language training, and "reading, talking, and thinking" in place of generating the gushes of paperwork sought, in its state of Pavlovian conditioning, by Washington.

(3) Then, in the same issue as Mr. Marlowe, Sigmund Cohen covers a wide variety of communication factors. His characterizations of the Agency's three most typical objectives, although he prefers to call them "messages," agree with those of Carter (i.e., the American democratic experience, support for economic development, and explanation of US positions on foreign policy issues). Beyond this point, however, there is considerable divergence: Mr. Carter's four communications levels are listed, for example, as (1) awareness, (2) understanding, (3) acceptance, and (4) action, while Mr. Cohen's are (a) awareness, (b) understanding *and* acceptance, (c) *belief*, and (d) action. Carter calls for more Agency "doctrine," Cohen for each officer's "own America." Carter emphasizes the planning and orchestrating of programs, while Cohen talks of "talent searches—based in part on sound anthropological findings."

My wish is not to criticize one article over another or to state yet another approach. It is merely to point out that the publication of writings over time does not necessarily indicate either that the knowledge is cumulative or, indeed, that the authors have read or digested what their colleagues have had to say. Thus, on the subject of linguistic preparation, James McHale's vivid account of his debate in Indonesian would seem to some extent to answer Marlowe's denigration of such training. Likewise, Cohen's apt reference to McLuhan's "medium-is-the-message" aphorism suggests that the capacity actually to transact "business" in the host country tongue may be secondary to the symbolic value of having made an *effort to learn* it.



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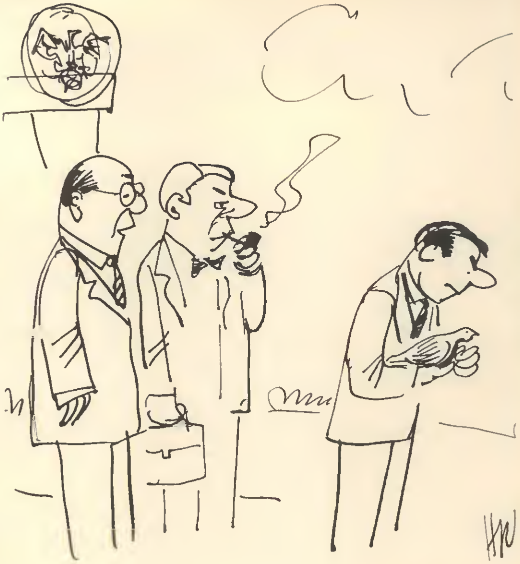
The limited complementarity of these articles is well illustrated in the case of the dialogue concept (I should say, concepts). Carter alleges that "there must be room within USIA's programs for an honest dialogue." He does not, however, explain what "an honest dialogue" is in the context of propaganda (or, if you prefer "informational") activities. Is "an honest dialogue" something like McHale's "debate," in which he "trapped two young, powerful, youth front leaders . . . into a rational examination of their own, deep-felt political convictions" and saw "a house of sand" collapse before his eyes? Or is a dialogue Cohen's "any combination of symbols, words and deeds which can produce in the receiver's mind some excitement, some participation?"

Whatever a dialogue may be, it is not at all clear that even the Americans (presumably on the same side—yes?) are talking about the same thing. Webster's New World Dictionary defines it simply as "a talking together." The existentialists (whose thoughts on communication are usefully collected in Matson & Montagu's "The Human Dialogue)" contrast "dialogical" communication with both "mass communication" and the cyberneticists' view of communication as *control*. The latter, they say, are manipulative and unauthentic; the former, "transmissive" and "intimate."

I fail to see how a true conversation can be held at anything other than the person-to-person level. On the other hand, can it truly be termed dialogue if the purpose is "winning" or "persuading" rather than "growing together?" This question raises us, of course, from considering means to considering ends. The answers will depend on the extent to which our government's official policies are compatible with peaceful and persistent international integration. If there is, as Mr. Cohen put it, "greatness" in the USIA, it must be in the *future*—or else there must not, in fact, be the "anarchy" of which Mr. Carter spoke. ■



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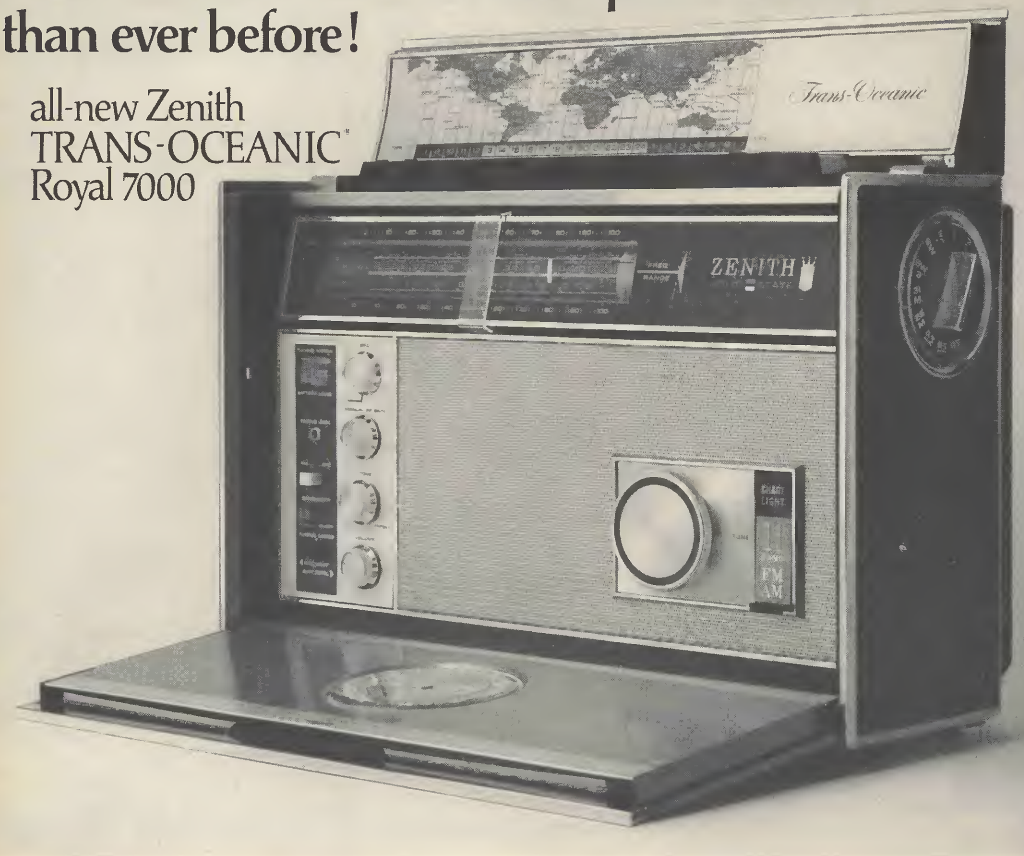

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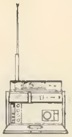

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from the Slough of Despond, through the Valley of
Humiliation, to the Delectable Mountains.

The Quiet Battles

CRAIG R. EISENDRATH

"The Quiet Battles" were waged by our author as a Foreign Service officer from 1958 to 1965. He has taught at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is presently writing a novel on a diplomatic subject. Mr. Eisendrath dedicates this article to Professor David Riesman.

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RECENTLY, in a course on American society, I tried to convey to my students some impression of what it was like being a bureaucrat, in my case, a Foreign Service officer. For many of them, a bureaucrat was a member of the Establishment, a sell-out, something worse than useless, in fact, evil. And beyond their moral censure, I sensed a deep fear, that the bureaucratic life would somehow corrupt *them*, and sap their spontaneity and initiative. The questions they raised were too complicated to be given yes or no answers. All I could do was tell them my own experience, and ask them to judge for themselves.

At twenty-two, when I entered the Foreign Service, one of the first things I learned was that the Organization was not simply an extension of my personal development. It had work to be done, and this perforce took priority over the work's interest or usefulness to me.

College (and high school, grammar school, and parental tutelage behind them) was over, and this realization was almost as profound a shock to me as the tragic end of infantile solipsism. When you are five or six you learn that the sun does not stop and start when you do; when you are twenty-two you learn that the Foreign Service is not primarily interested in advancing your education, that your stultification for greater or lesser periods is an evil which the Organization is quite willing to commit for the sake of doing its job.

What was more sobering was that I could not blame it, because most of what it had to do was more or less dull and routine. Social life, Whitehead says, is founded on routine. How much "imagination" or "creativity" is required to go through a group of telegrams and report to your chief that seventeen countries take one position and thirteen the other; how much new thinking goes into the issuance of the normal immigrant visa; or is required to insert into the weekly economic report that a new cement plant has opened in the provincial capital?

The more junior the position, the less likely the chance for imaginative work. Junior officers were generally there to do the routine jobs; they were—theoretically, at least—being "trained," or "put on ice," depending on how one looked at it. (The current restlessness in the Foreign Service among the junior officers is precisely their quarrel with this bland assumption by their superiors.)

In my case, I began my active service by compiling reports for the Office of International Conferences which eventually went into an annual publication called "International Conferences in which the United States Participated." The job was stultifying. Of course, I admitted intellectually that the Organization had work to do, but I felt I would be of so much greater service if I were brought along more quickly. The Organization could forego some of my services at the routine level for the far greater service I would perform later in a more executive capacity.

Almost blinded with boredom, I came close to resigning. (In retrospect, I seem here to have been so childish. I say to myself now, as if living through it again, "Well, of course, of course. Everyone has to. . . .") Fortunately, I was able to work a transfer to a more politically substantive office, although my immediate work continued uninspiring for some time.

I was learning. I had entertained the ultimate bureaucratic option, resignation; and although I had not used it, I had explored its possibility. More importantly, I had tested for the first time the freedom to maneuver and had found it in a system in which officially, at least, there is no freedom at all. Finally, I had begun, within the limits of this still unknown freedom, my wait for the "good" job.

Indeed, as I sat in the State Department cafeteria with my colleagues, I learned how most bureaucrats, at least the ones with time for coffee at the cafeteria, live on hope. Few do the kind of work they want ultimately to do. So much of it seems routine, below their capabilities, short of the renaissance promise of college. But they stick it out. Sooner or later, they feel, they will get a crack at something better, that their abilities will be recognized, and that they will start on a train of assignments of greater and greater interest, that they will be groomed for the top jobs. Meanwhile, they do their work, and grumble about "Personnel."

Another end of solipsism came for me when I learned that all relations in the Service are more or less social. Before being hired, my work-ethic was that of a Weberian capitalist: the harder you work, the better you do. Sociability was an adjunct of work, not something intrinsic to it. Like many young men in my college generation I had read "The Organization Man" and "The Lonely Crowd," but I had simply not believed them.

But they proved right, for all dealings in the Service illustrated what William Whyte called the Social Ethic and were drenched in that affability described so sensitively by David Riesman. For instance, in getting people to produce position papers for United Nations meetings, I would some days be on the phone eight and nine hours—it was like having tea all day with one's mother-in-law. With that adaptiveness which enables children to become part of any society, Zulu or Eskimo, I soon learned the manners of my new group.

And in time I learned to love this Big Brother of affability. It was so useful. An officer who might drag out his position paper days past the deadline would get it in to me on time for the simple reason that he liked me, that he wanted to make my life easier.

Of course he had to write it. But our flirtation on the phone masked the ugliness of my power (through my superiors) to *compel* him to write it. Few people want to be reminded of such subordination. And, indeed, commands are good for getting soldiers to charge machine-gun nests; but they are far less effective in inducing touchy officers to write position papers. But affability, as Riesman and Whyte also say, is not without its problems. Your chief will write your efficiency report; so it is vitally important that he like you—but does he? It is precisely here that the prevailing affability makes one so anxious.

The signs are so subtle, particularly as an officer moves up the bureaucracy. The higher the echelon, the more power is cloaked in affability—the more its naked assertion becomes rare. The officer wishes people would say what they mean, what they think of him, although he is afraid if they did he might not like it. One thinks of that overbred girl in Kensington Gardens of whom Pound writes: "She would like someone to speak to her, and is almost afraid that I will commit that indiscretion." As it is, an officer can only guess how much threat or purpose or censure is carried by overtly innocuous language. Thus one of the real burdens of bureaucratic life is maintaining the strained attention needed to catch increasingly subtle signs of intention and favor.

The prevailing affability troubled some of my colleagues for other reasons. They were people brought up to feel that one should mean what one says, that pleasant words should proceed from pleasant feelings, that words should have precise meanings constant for all situations in life. People who felt this way, or who lacked the finesse to pick up the signals, often chose to refuse to try, glorying in their honesty, bluntness, willingness to call a spade a spade, or call them as they saw them. I had the lugubrious experience of watching such people take the path to bureaucratic suicide, that slow death with its ultimate denial of power, particularly bitter as those who suffer it feel they are being martyred for their virtues.

The prevailing affability is, in any case, simply a clue to the more basic fact: that bureaucracy is a social setting. The important thing for the diplomat in getting *ahead* is getting *along* with the people he works with. The quality of his "work" is simply one factor among many which determines how well he gets along. For example, when I arrived in Italy, I learned, with no little indignation, that my relations with Italians would be basically unimportant for my "success" as a consular officer. Kindness or consideration to visa applicants, or even wide contacts in the Italian social community would net me little; and, in fact, to the extent it might cause me to neglect my American co-workers, it might do me harm. Here was a situation where I might have to pay a price for doing a good job.

So much depended on my relations with my American bosses. If my chief liked me, my mistakes could become inadvertent, occasional, insignificant aspects of a good job; if he didn't, they could be singled out as glaring errors, embarrassing to the Service, and so on. If he liked me, a little bit of political reporting on the side might appear on my efficiency report as commendable initiative; if he didn't, it could appear as being frequently away from my desk, dissatisfaction with my job, or neglect of my primary duties. All directions pointed to making myself liked, and in those cases where principled opposition was necessary, to being able to play out a long line of social credit.

It all came to mean for me the continual application of tact, a constant awareness of other people's attitudes and egos. The adjustment to the Foreign Service was almost as difficult as the first months of married life, when I realized that I was no longer living alone, that I had to think continually about another person's sensibilities. The danger, of course, in the Foreign Service is that one loses autonomy and merely resonates to the expectation of others. Autonomy, as Riesman says, can only be achieved by keeping your purposes in mind while using the entire battery of "other directed" techniques for all it is worth.

Every officer approaches the problem of getting along in the social context in a different way. There are some who have an almost unconscious knack for it, something in their family life or training which makes it all seem natural to them. But what is surprising (and reassuring, in a way) is how many must force themselves to sociability through self-imposed rules of behavior. They may adopt socially useful mannerisms with the same self-conscious determination that Ben Franklin showed two hundred years ago. More formally, they may use such devices as keeping file cards on people they meet, noting on their guest lists little comments on each invitee (the wife's name, how many kids, the last assignment): they may impose on themselves schedules of entertainment and learn the entertainment business, with its arrangements and protocols, as well or better than they learn their "jobs." In the Foreign Service, as in much corporate life, the entertainment requirements go up as one advances. An officer who worked with Ambassador Stevenson in New York in his last months told me how appallingly weary Stevenson was—how his social commitments, a vital part of his job, had completely worn him out.)

There are less obvious aspects to the sociability of bureaucratic life which had never occurred to me before I entered the Service. One was image-building. Bureaucrats—perhaps all people—require some definite image of themselves which they can accept, and which other people can also accept and admire. A stable image seems an essential ballast in the anxious life they choose to live. One thinks of General de Gaulle whose self consciously constructed image, with all its mystique of omniscience and power, has been for him such a successful strategy for life.

But there are moral problems in constructing images. For example, I once watched a deputy director, upon his promotion, transform himself into a "director." Previously, he had always taken part in staff discussions, inserting his ideas throughout. Now that he was a director, he chose to remain silent, and only after everyone else had committed himself did he sum up the discussion with a knowing irony. He was fulfilling his image of a director, but failing to make his usual contribution. It is the sublest of processes to construct an image of oneself, the deepest levels of value must be sounded. The image must serve as a ballast against temptation, but, at the same time, allow for responsiveness to demands of situations. "Who am I?" asks the bureaucrat. He has not only to search his character, but, in part, to build one.

Still another retreat from solipsism lay in what is called the "clearance process." In the Foreign Service, this means that any telegram, staff study or letter has to be cleared with all interested offices. One reason is that these offices, such as the Far East bureau, Congressional Affairs, or International Commodities, may have access to sources of information which the drafting office lacks. Another is that the policies for which they have primary responsibility may be different from that of the drafting office. Thus, something which might sound fine on the floor of the UN General Assembly might look awful on Capitol Hill. Another reason for clearance, though not an official one, is that people like to be *in* on things; they like to be invited, consulted, included in the group. Thus, an officer makes the rounds of offices and meetings paying with his time and patience, partly to fulfill the social desires of all "concerned." The ultimate aim is the spelling out in detail of an integrated, global policy. This is achieved, although only partially, by the various offices all fitting their conflicting demands into the dominant policies of the Administration and the rigors of the budget. The process is this curious social affair called "clearance."

Thus "clearance" becomes almost a metaphor for putting one's contribution into a social context. Clearance is a metaphor for "being-in-the-world," that is, the world of bureaucracy. It represents the opposite of omnipotence, thus emphasizing an almost total dependence on the power and goodwill of others.

In a bureaucracy, one has usually only the smallest piece of the action. In the Foreign Service, an officer may work several years on controlling the flow of tin, on excluding Chinese Communist delegates from international conferences, or on our relations with Upper Volta. In the context of our foreign policy, these are all incredibly fragmentary; their relevance to the main purpose—whatever that may be—is usually difficult to conceive. But this seems directly opposed to becoming a full human being, to finding a main purpose in life, an integrated outlook. And so it seems particularly painful when one is twenty-two, and still unsure of oneself.

It is as if the job were asking one to do the very thing that one can least afford: to suspend the process in which one integrates one's work with one's character. Is it not here that the more lonely trades of artist, of radical, of college professor have their appeal, and that of bureaucrat seems so threatening, especially to the young?

Here the central problem of organizational life must be confronted. How does one achieve an integrated purpose in life when one is given fragmentary things to do whose general purpose is defined by others?

1. How much is the bureaucrat responsible for his own acts? At one point, for example, I had to deny an immigrant visa to a mongolian idiot child while issuing visas to the rest of the family. This meant that the child had to remain in Italy permanently separated from her family. I had to do this because it was written into the immigration law that "feebleminded" people could not receive visas. I thus committed what in my eyes is a direct evil. Was I responsible? If not, was Eichmann, that banal, bureaucratic, massively evil man, responsible? But admitting I was responsible, should I have resigned? And if I should have resigned, unwilling to commit evil, wouldn't this have made my resignation inevi-

(*Continued on page 50*)

Vignettes from one man's life in the Peace Corps, chickens, people, soccer, people—and poverty.

LIVING POOR

MORITZ THOMSEN

These excerpts from the book, "Living Poor," subtitled "A Peace Corps Chronicle," tell more about the author than a biography would.

From the book "Living Poor: A Peace Corps Chronicle," by Moritz Thomsen. Copyright © 1969, University of Washington Press, $6.95.

Finally the first one hundred Heifer—Peace Corps chickens were ready to sell to the farmers. I charged only for the feed and the vaccine that I had used raising them up to six weeks—about twenty-seven cents each. The magnificent squawkers weighed well over a pound, and after living in the same room with me they were extremely lovable creatures, although sort of domineering. I had enjoyed the close relationship, but I was glad to see them go. A few of them had seemed determined to peck my eyes out and had perched on the edge of my bed in the early mornings waiting for me to wake up. Wise to their tricks, I would lie there, eyes tightly shut, and think about Alfred Hitchcock.

Over a period of about three days the farmers arrived with baskets, and we loaded them up, each farmer picking out particular birds that he wanted in his flock. Finally, except for about six hundred pounds of chicken shit in my bedroom, nicely mixed with balsa shavings from the mill upstream, everything turned tranquil and placid around the house. I had kept the bottom chicken in the pecking order, a scrawny bird named Condor, and he continued to live in the house with me. He was the sweetest chicken I ever knew, a true friend who would wail and cry whenever I left him alone, and rush into my arms when called, moaning with ecstasy. Every kid in town wanted Condor, and finally the pressure was too great; I gave him to Miguel, my favorite, who built a special chicken house for him on a high bluff overlooking the ocean.

I had browbeaten Ramón into building a house for twelve chickens, but he was a little nervous starting out so big. I got a terrific pleasure out of working with Ramón because he was so enchanted with the things we built. His chicken house looked the same as everyone else's, but he never tired of talking about how beautiful it was, how much prettier than the others. I visited him three days after he had taken the chickens home and found that he had made little balsa-wood shades for the feed and water. He and his wife Ester spent their free time petting the chickens and lifting each one up to exclaim over its great weight.

I visited the other chicken projects, and there seemed to be no problems. This was a relief, because a week before the distribution the local chickens running free and wild in the town had all come down with cholera and most of them were dead. Nobody was worrying about the gringo chickens catching cholera because "they were vaccinated chickens." When I explained that they were vaccinated only against Newcastle and not cholera, there was no reaction. Nothing could happen to those great-footed, magnificent creatures.

Everything was fine for a couple of weeks, and then Ramón rushed into town one morning to tell me that one of his chickens was picking all the tail feathers out of the others. He was very worried. Some of the chickens had bloody rear ends. "You'll have to separate the chicken right away," I told him. He went home and put the outlaw chicken in the house, tied by a piece of vine to the leg of a stool. The next morning he was back; another chicken in the group was madly pecking out tail feathers.

"Don't panic," I said. "You'll have to separate this one too." Within five days he had separated five chickens; they were tied in the kitchen, outside under palm trees, under the steps. Ramón had a harried look, and he came in one day utterly defeated; all the chickens were pecking each other's tail feathers. "Oh, my God," he said, "I don't want my chickens to die."

I read up on debeaking. We went out and used a red-hot wood chisel to cut and burn a piece of beak from the neurotic creatures. All through the operation Ramón was distraught. I was killing his chickens; I was cutting off too much; I was making them suffer. They looked sort of stupid with their beaks cut off, and I made the mistake of laughing at their appearance. Ramón was furious with me. "You're really enjoying yourself, aren't you?" he would ask me after each hen had gone through her ordeal, giving me the cold glance of total rejection. When we had debeaked ten of the twelve he told me that that was all, meaning, I found out later, that that was all he could stand for one day.

Before that Ramón used to come by the house almost every evening, along with other of my friends, and visit for a few minutes, but he didn't show up for several days. He sat in the doorway of his *salón* across the street, tilted against the wall, staring at the palm trees. On some days he probably didn't sell more than half a dozen cigarettes and a *Siete Oop*—which means Seven Up, just in case your Castilian is a little rusty. I would stop by to ask him about the chickens, but he was in a depression, a sort of shock, and he would begin his sentences with expressions like, "If it is God's will." The chickens weren't eating, he told me. How could they, poor creatures? "And you're right, they are sort of ugly."

"But almost every chicken in the United States is debeaked," I said. "Just keep more feed in the bamboo."

"All they eat is corn, the poor little ones; they can't eat the concentrate, it's too fine."

"You'll have to grind the corn finer, is all."

"Yes, I'll grind it finer; perhaps, God willing, they will learn to eat."

The next day Ramón arrived at the house very early in the morning to tell me that the chickens were very nervous and that some of them were going, "Squawk, squawk," and turning around in circles. We went out and watched the chickens. They seemed perfectly normal, but some of them were very thin.

"I think it's your imagination," I told him. "In a few days they'll learn how to eat better."

"If God wishes," Ramón said, sadly.

That afternoon the first of the chickens died and the next day two more died. We had a long conference at the chicken house; we doubled the Terramycin, changed the waterers, ground up new corn with new concentrate. I pointed out a crack in the roof to be fixed. "They have to sleep dry," I told him sternly. "I think they have cholera."

"Vaccinated chickens with cholera," Ramón said. "No, my poor babies are starving to death."

The next night, after all the farmers had left the house, Ramón came to talk; the fourth chicken had just died. "Before you came," he said, "well, you know how poor I was; I had nothing. But I was happy; I lived without worries. But now. My God, I am half crazy with worry." His voice broke and great tears swam in his eyes. "Oh, my poor chickens," he said. "Oh, I don't want them to die."

I had talked to him before about how little by little he could increase his flock; I had told him that I hoped one day he would have one hundred chickens. Now, he said, this plan was terrifying. "I think it is God's will that I not have chickens," he told me. "It may even be God's will that I always live poorly, but now I think I will just raise the pair of pigs that you have promised to bring me and not have chickens."

"You can't let four lousy chickens wreck your life," I told him. "I don't think God is involved in this business; you have to consider this experience as a valuable lesson and keep trying."

"No one else has sick chickens," Ramón said. "Only this ignorant, brute *zambo* has sick chickens."

I had to go to Quito for seeds and chicken concentrate, and I talked to my boss, Eduardo Sotomayor, about the problem. Eduardo decided to take me back to Rio Verde and look things over. As we walked up the beach with Ramón to look at the chickens, I asked Eduardo to give a good inspirational talk in Spanish about "if at first you don't succeed," etc. Eduardo was magnificent, and Ramón listened intently, impaled on eloquence.

"Did I cut off too much beak?" I asked Eduardo at the chicken house.

"You could have cut off even more," Eduardo said.

"Tell Ramón in Spanish," I said. "He doesn't believe me; he thinks I ruined his chickens."

"But it's not the beaks that's wrong; the birds had cholera."

"Tell Ramón in Spanish," I said. "Tell him in your beautiful, clear Spanish so that he understands perfectly."

Eduardo took the last of the sick chickens back to Quito and sent me the results of the lab report—cholera. Passing Ramón's house a few days later I stopped a minute to talk to Ester. Ramón's seven chickens were eating and dancing around. "Ramón just left," she told me. "He was cutting off the beaks of a couple of chickens that you missed before."

That night Ramón came by the house and apologized for the long doubts he had had about me. "I want to get started right away on the new chicken house," he said. "I'd like to buy forty-three of the new chickens to make an even fifty, and then after the corn is planted, build another chicken house. By June, God willing, I will have one hundred chickens. You know what I'm going to buy when I am rich?" he said, beginning to laugh with delight at the idea. "A pair of shoes. Oh, my God. My God."

LIVING poor is like being sentenced to exist in a stormy sea in a battered canoe, requiring all your strength simply to keep afloat; there is never any question of reaching a destination. True poverty is a state of perpetual crisis, and one wave just a little bigger or coming from an unexpected direction can and usually does wreck things. Some benevolent ignorance denies a poor man the ability to see the squalid sequence of his life, except very rarely; he views it rather as a disconnected string of unfortunate sadnesses. Never having paddled on a calm sea, he is unable to imagine one. I think if he could connect the chronic hunger, the sickness, the death of his children, the almost unrelieved physical and emotional tension into the pattern that his life inevitably takes he would kill himself.

In South America the poor man is an ignorant man, unaware of the forces that shape his destiny. The shattering truth—that he is kept poor and ignorant as the principal and unspoken component of national policy—escapes him. He cries for land reform, a system of farm loans that will carry him along between crops, unaware that the national economy in almost every country sustained by a one-crop export commodity depends for its success on an unlimited supply of cheap labor. Ecuador needs poor men to compete in the world banana market; Brazil needs poverty to sell its coffee; Chile, its tin; Colombia, its cacao and coffee, and so on. The way United States pressures shape the policies of the South Amercan governments can make a Peace Corps Volunteer who is involved and saddened by the poverty in his village tremble to his very roots.

Death, of course, is the great release. I lay in my house one night trying to sleep, while up the hill a fiesta went on until dawn—drums in an endless and monotonous rhythm connecting a series of increasingly complicated songs, some chanted by women, some by men, some by mixed voices. It gradually became beautiful and moving, but I was puzzled because the celebration was just a week before the great *Semana Santa,* Holy Easter, a fiesta that everyone saves up for and that leaves everyone broke and exhausted.

"Why were they *bombiendo* all night on the hill?" I asked someone.

"They were celebrating the death of Crispín's first-born," I was told. "He was born dead, an *angelito.*" There wasn't a bit of sadness in the town; it was a real celebration. Crispín's son had struck it lucky; he was one of God's angels without all of that intervening crap.

The incapacity of the poor to see the pattern of their lives is occasionally breached. I took a color photograph of Wai and his family standing in front of their house, and when the people of the town saw it, it had the curious power to make them weep. It was just a picture of a man, like any other in the town, with his eight children formally lined up in ascending order, his pregnant wife, and his mother. But there was something awful in Wai's rags, in the tilt of his head, in the foolish pride that showed in his mother's face for the voracious horde of naked kids. The picture summed up his whole life, a symbolic rendering of his past and future. The people would look at it and gasp. "Oh, my God, poor Wai." Perhaps for just a moment they saw themselves. Wai, of course, was the poorest, but not by much. You could measure degrees of poverty in Río Verde with one pot or one woven mat or a dollar's worth of fishhooks.

We were in a time of relative tranquility. Most of the co-op members were showing up on Mondays and Friday to clear jungle; no one was suffering from hurt feelings or threatening to resign; the chickens were laying eggs, and everyone with a few exceptions was grinding his share of the corn for them. Baby had nine pigs one night, and Cara de Angel, our other Berk gilt, was coming into heat with terrifying regularity; it was almost time to breed her. Our plans for building up to a herd of ten sows looked bright. With the egg money we were paying cash for feed, lumber, and repairs to the tractor; we were even paying off a few old bills. It was a time so tranquil and hopeful that even I knew it couldn't last.

SOMETHING strange and secret began to happen in La Cooperativa de Río Verde in those days just before we established the co-op grocery store. At night lying in bed I could hear the *socios* underneath my window sitting around endlessly discussing a new co-op project until ten or eleven o'clock. Their voices were full of a new excitement, and there was much laughter.

After about the fourth such meeting, eighteen-year-old Goya came to the house and said that he wanted to be a *socio,* too. Goya? A *socio?* He was about the most languorous kid I had ever met; he could sleep any place. There was hardly a moment in the day when you couldn't stumble over him gracefully covering the steps of one of the town's stores, conserving himself under a palm, or half hanging out of a window. Goya? Something was surely in the air. It seemed that the co-op was beginning to catch on, and that the *socios* were beginning to understand what it was all about. I didn't know what their project was, but I was delighted that they were planning something by themselves and without me.

Now, Ramón came to confer about a matter of the utmost importance. We were arriving, he said, at a momentous period in the co-op's history, with great success just around the corner. Even the nonmembers were beginning to realize what the co-op could do to improve the life of the whole town; there was much less antagonism toward the co-op. There had never been so much union, so much enthusiasm, among the *socios.*

"Why?" I asked. "It will still be many months before all the bills are paid and the hog pens built? And what about Goya? He says he wants to join the co-op."

"Yes," Ramón said. "Goya is crazy to join. Well, I'll tell you. We have a new project. We've been talking about forming a *cooperativa futbol* team with uniforms, a captain, and a *madrina*—everything well organized, everything pretty and nice. You know."

"That's great," I said.

"Yes," Ramón said. "It will draw us all closer together, and the *socios* will have more interest in the organization. There's only one problem, naturally—money."

This was the beginning of a series of conferences and meetings which lasted all week. We met every night, and something happened that had never happened before—all the members showed up. It was decided finally that the co-op would buy the football, the uniforms, and a pair of football shoes for Wai, who had been elected captain (it would all come to around thirty dollars); that a formal challenge to play would be sent up the river to the San Vicente team; that Vicenta's daughter, eighteen-year-old Bolivia, would be the *madrina,* the godmother; that we would buy a *vara* of satin ribbon upon which would be painted "La Cooperativa de Rìo Verde" to be pinned across Bolivia's breast; etc., etc.

Wai, the captain of the team, went through a complete character change. He had never had much interest in the co-op, having confided to one of his friends after a few drinks that he had joined only because I wanted him to and he hadn't wanted to hurt my feelings. But now the idea of owning a pair of football shoes subverted all of his cautious antisocial instincts. Wai, who was the town's strongest and most spectacular player, had never played football with shoes. With his great, square, calloused toe he could kick a football unbelievable distances; no one seemed to mind that his aim was a little shaky. Pow! Wai kicked; the ball would go sailing across the field high above the tops of the trees and disappear in the jungle. *Fantásticó! Viva* Wai!

Walter Pata, the town baker and our newest *socio,* wrote out a formal invitation to San Vicente and brought it to me to be copied on the typewriter. Wai, Ramón, and Walter signed it, putting in all the curves, slashes, loops, and curlicues which surround a formal signature and almost blot it out. Ramón and I went to Esmeraldas and bought twelve uniforms—red and yellow striped shirts, white cotton trunks, red and yellow striped socks, a red and yellow referee's whistle. We bought the biggest football shoes in town for Wai's great feet. Mondays and Fridays Goya would show up with his machete at the co-op farm, where you could almost invariably find him leaning against a tree while the other *socios* cleaned out brush.

"You know," I told Orestes one day, "I think the only reason Goya wants to be in the co-op is for the football uniform."

"But of course," Orestes said. "What else? But it *is* a great thing, the uniforms. It's the first time in history that Río Verde has had a football team with uniforms, and they're talking about it all up and down the river, all up and down the beach. Now, finally they know we have a *cooperativa;* now they know."

A messenger in a canoe arrived from San Vicente, accepting the Río Verde challenge and announcing that the team would arrive on a Saturday afternoon about five in anticipation of a Sunday contest. The Río Verde team smiled indulgently at this informal way of accepting, cynically amused that it was not nicely done with a formal letter. "Oh well, what can you expect from *montuvios?*" Ramón said. "They don't even have uniforms." *Montuvio* means something like hick or country bumpkin.

Another meeting was called; the visiting team had to be bedded down and fed. They must find enough woven mats. Each *socio* pledged twenty-five cents to buy fish and rice, and the co-op would supply two dozen eggs for breakfast. Vicenta would prepare the meals. It was decided to impress the visiting team by making a bucketful of lemonade to give them during the half period—with ice.

"Why don't you really impress them?" I asked. "The co-op could contribute a couple chickens that aren't laying, and you could serve them chicken soup for their dinner on Saturday."

"Oh, no!" several *socios* cried. "They live far enough up the river so that sea fish will be a special treat." Chicken was going too far; it was food for the rich or for a very solemn occasion. But Ramón didn't agree. He got up and gave a talk about the dignity of the co-op and about the necessity of showing everyone that we were a rich and important organization.

"The idea is a good one," he said. "We'll do it; we'll give them chicken on Saturday and then they'll know who we are."

Ramón was president; there were no dissenting voices.

Saturday noon a block of ice arrived on the truck from Esmeraldas, and Vicenta and her daughters began cooking pots of chicken soup. The whole town was restless; a crowd of people waited on the dock to receive the visiting team—notably obvious: Wai, dressed in a heavily starched and sparkling white shirt. Five o'clock came, but no team. Six o'clock. The sun set, and it grew dark. Ramón, who had visualized the drama of meeting the team at the dock and formally escorting them to Vicenta's house for chicken dinner, was furious. "Those damned farmers," he said. "They have no sense of priority. We'll wait until seven, then to hell with them; we'll eat the chicken ourselves."

But at seven o'clock, in pitch darkness, two canoes loaded with *futbolistas* pulled up to the deserted dock, and a crowd of small boys running through the street announced their arrival. Ramón refused to greet them. He sent Wai down to the dock, and we heard later that after everyone had eaten Wai slicked up all the food that was left. No one drank much that night; everyone wanted to be clear-eyed and coordinated for the big contest.

At 2:00 P.M. on Sunday the cooperative had its finest moment. Dressed in their red and yellow uniforms, the *socios* gathered outside the store and lined up to march to the football field, an area hacked out of pigweed behind the school. Bolivia with her satin ribbon and a bouquet of flowers led the parade; at her side was Wai, who carried his football shoes still packed in their box. Next Ramón

and Orestes, the president and the vice-president, and behind them in the degree of their importance the other *socios;* at the tail end but walking like a king, Goya, all black skin and white teeth and red and yellow stripes. They were so happy, so splendid, so proud and dignified that I could hardly stand to look at them.

They marched around the field two times, very serious in their splendor, and the people of Río Verde were absolutely dazed. Señora Florinda, who gives penicillin shots to everyone who has anything wrong with them (science's answer to the witch doctor), a woman who had never had much use for the cooperative, was carried away. *"Viva la cooperativa!"* she cried. Everyone joined in. Now the visiting team paraded, but they were abashed and self-conscious; there weren't four football uniforms in the bunch. The teams met in the middle of the field; each team gave three great shouts; the rules were discussed and the referees chosen. Wai put on his football shoes, and the game began.

Of course, with Río Verde referees, one using a red and yellow whistle, there was never much doubt about which side would win. But for the the first few minutes I held my breath, because a horrifying thing happened. The great, splendid graceful Wai was moving around like a crippled idiot. He stumbled when he ran; he picked his feet up high in the air when he tried to walk, as though he were just learning or as though he were walking through high grass. He kicked at the ball, but missed completely. He did get in a couple of spectacular punts, but they were meaningless demonstrations of sheer power; they impressed the crowd but slowed up the game since the kids had to beat the jungle looking for the ball.

Río Verde scored the first goal, and San Vicente the second, but it was disallowed by our friendly referee. A drunken spectator, a traitor because he was from Río Verde, got punched in the face by Ramón for insisting that the second goal was good, and there was a short, inconclusive scuffle at the far goal post. Bad feeling developed; both teams were furious. Río Verde scored again and broke San Vicente's will to fight.

After the half period and the iced lemonade, the game went on, but it was all anticlimax—hot sun, exhausted players, red and yellow shirts coated with dust. Wai had discarded his shoes and loped around with easy grace, but his heroics were no longer needed.

"Well, Martín, how did you like the game?" one of the *socios* asked me later back at the co-op.

"If you all worked as hard as you play," I told him, "you'd be millionaires."

"They're mad at us now," Ramón said. "They say the referees were bribed, that the lunch was no good, just fish and rice, and that the lemonade didn't have enough sugar. They say the cooperative is a crummy outfit."

"Graceful losers," I said.

"Montuvios," Ramón said "What can you expect?"

Each team proceeded to celebrate with a few glasses of *aguardiente,* but in different *salones,* and at five o'clock, ignored, the visiting team climbed into their canoes and paddled back up the river. The moment of glory passed, but I still remember with emotion that parade of beautiful *socios* as they marched around the football field that day—united and cooperating at last.

A week later everything was back to normal. Goya resigned from the cooperative; we paid him ten cents an hour for his work, the usual wage, deducting the cost of his football uniform. The outboard motor flew to pieces one day as we went up the river looking for bananas for the pigs; the chickens got diarrhea and stopped laying; the *socios* weren't coming to work.

Yes, everything was back to normal, but they still talk in the town about the time that Río Verde showed San Vicente how things should be done, and about how beautiful the team looked that day. "And the chickens," Vicenta says. "One hundred sucres worth of chickens; *dios mío,* chicken for twelve men. Have you ever heard of anything to match that?"

THERE was hardly anything to eat in the town, and we were caught up in a monumental lethargy. The Italian priests who dominated the religious life of the province of Esmeraldas sent a fresh, plump brother out to take charge of the mission in Palestina. He had little money and to a large degree depended on the goodness of his parish; he lasted about four months, and when he was recalled he had lost about forty pounds and a good deal of his vocational calling. It wasn't that the people didn't want to feed him; it was simply that there was nothing to share, and many of the people were filled with shame and humiliation when the brother, vacant-eyed and ribs jutting, left the town.

It was the bananas that saved my life. When it was possible to buy them, I could generally manage to move around, but it meant eating bananas all day. (And I thought Ricardo was gassy!) Trying to set an example, I was clearing land on a daily schedule, and it became a fascinating problem in internal combustion to stuff bananas into myself and see how far I could go. Two bananas would get me up the hill to the farm; five bananas would fuel me up for forty or fifty minutes of low-keyed work; one banana would get me down the hill again to the Pepsi Colas and the animal crackers. When I went to work mornings, I had bananas stuffed into every pocket, pants and shirt, the precise number counted out beforehand. Sixteen bananas would carry me through to noon if I didn't work too fast or if the hordes of sons and grandsons of Sebastían Bagui didn't shatter all my plans with their hungry cries as I passed the last house on the street.

But being hungry wasn't simply losing my energy and reaching a moment about eleven o'clock in the morning when I ran out of energy and had to sit down every five minutes to plan the next move, like a mountain climber at eighteen thousand feet. There was also a growing mental depression, a gray fog of hopelessness that grew in my head each day; I could feel myself getting stupider. Things became incomprehensible and irritating. I

(*Continued on page* 50)

"It was the worst of times"—but a triumph for the human spirit with the aid of a tame cockroach and a third language collaborator.

A Modern Tale of Two Cities

FREDERICK CABLE OECHSNER

Mr. Oechsner was Central European Manager of the United Press from 1933-1942, with headquarters in Berlin; was interned in Germany upon the outbreak of war. Upon repatriation, he joined OSS as a Special Assistant to General Donovan and served in Washington, North Africa, Sicily, Egypt, England, France, Belgium and Germany. He took the Foreign Service exam as a lateral entrant in 1951 and was commissioned FSO in 1952. Mr. Oechsner served as Acting Director, FSI, Counselor of Embassy and DCM in Warsaw and Consul General at Monterrey. He was Public Affairs Advisor, Bureau of Economic Affairs at the time of his retirement.

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IF there ever was a convenient time as Central European Manager of the United Press to have a member of your staff arrested and held incommunicado for three months without further action it was *not* in Berlin in the Spring of 1941. Arrest was no novelty among United Press or other American correspondents then covering Hitler. But when the Gestapo picked up Richard C. Hottelet of the Berlin United Press staff for "serious suspicion of espionage," after a crude raid on the office, it was surprising, annoying and offensive.

It was surprising because the Nazis, say what you like about their big bloopers (such as losing the war), did not do egregiously stupid things in the usual course of business with foreigners. It was annoying because Hottelet was a valued and greatly-needed member of a staff already much too small to cover a war already much too large. And finally it was offensive because it simply was not the way the game was played under the curious ground rules which the Nazis imposed and which, in general, they also respected. These were that each side had its job to do; there was no censorship; correspondents were entitled and expected to report fully on developments in the war, with an honorable observance of the requirement to be accurate and objective insofar as possible. Given our private feelings, these were difficult restraints enough, but up to that point the Hitler government had recognized and respected our integrity and also recognized the difficulty of working without triggering the sword of Damocles which they held over us. For real cause, as they saw it, they could always, of course, expel an offending correspondent. It was easy to construe reporting as espionage, if they wanted to.

But Dick Hottelet was an experienced, skillful, responsible member of an exceptional staff of "young veterans," in the United Press's happy phrase, who had built up a tradition of cool efficiency as journalists in covering Berlin during the Hitler years. Give a thought to these names: Hottelet himself, now CBS United Nations correspondent; Howard K. Smith, analyst and commentator for ABC, whose book "Last Train from Berlin" gives one of the most lucid accounts of Hottelet's arrest and the preceding raid; Richard M. Helms, now Director of Central Intelligence Agency; Joseph W. Grigg, now Chief European Correspondent for United Press International; Paul Kecskemeti, now a distinguished social scientist with the RAND Corporation; Dana Adams Schmidt, Chief Middle-East Correspondent for the New York Times; George Kidd, officer in the United States Naval Intelligence Command since early World War II; Clinton B. Conger, a mainstay on CIA's executive staff in Washington; Alex Dreier, analyst and commentator for Mutual Broadcasting in Chicago; Edward W. Beattie, now retired after a full career as reporter, author and Voice of America executive; Harold Peters, a stalwart for years with Radio Free Europe; Jack M. Fleischer, Foreign Service officer, now with the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome; and Glen M. Stadler, now a university professor and member of the Oregon State Legislature.

Were these men of a stripe to commit stupid indiscretions under the cloak of journalism? The United Press hardly thought so. It would have been poor judgment, however, to allow indignation at Hottelet's arrest to damage the chances for his release. The Nazis might have had no case against him, but they had *him*; and he was in real jeopardy.

The very fact that Hitler's people had gone to the lengths they had in the Hottelet arrest meant that they were after something of importance to themselves. The more obvious things were to give a fresh warning to correspondents and all other Americans in Germany that they were walking a razor's edge; or simply to flex Nazi muscles and deliver a slap at American prestige in the propaganda war. Most probably, however, we thought the arrest had been pure retaliation for the arrest somewhat earlier in the United States of two Nazi newsmen, Manfred Zapp and Günther Tonn. One of these was the son of a close friend of Von Ribbentrop, the Nazi Foreign Minister. It stood to reason that Von Ribbentrop would like to get him back.

Whatever the motivation might have been, Dick's jailers were telling him that neither the United Press nor anyone else was making any attempt to get him out, and he was telling himself that the prospect of spending the rest of the war behind bars was not exactly what he would choose if he had a choice. It certainly was not true that no one was trying to spring the prisoner, but it was true that we were rapidly not getting very far.

In our effort to secure an early release, the first thing to do was plainly to find out what the Nazis thought they really had against Dick, if anything, that would justify a formal trial. A call upon Herr Schambacher, who was handling the case for the Political Section of the Criminal Police, yielded no information, but did yield the opportunity, as far as the United Press was concerned, vehemently to reject the empty charge of espionage, and to substitute a charge of our own: that the arrest was a crude reprisal for our arrest of Zapp and Tonn. Schambacher did not seem impressed by this.

Next, to the American Embassy to assure them most earnestly that the charges against Hottelet were ridiculous, and to consult on the chances for an early release. The Embassy ("our poor, overworked Embassy" in George Kennan's phrase) already had its hands desperately full with the United States and Germany all but at war; with British interests (including their prisoners-of-war) to protect; and preparing for the departure of the American Consuls in Germany with the denunciation of the Consular Treaty.

The Embassy felt, in any event, that we should retain a lawyer for Dick, and we agreed that the higher up he was, the better it would be for our chances of finding out what evidence, if any at all, the Nazis were going to muster to support the arrest. We selected the name of an Obersturmbannführer in the SS Hauptamt (General Staff), who was still practicing law outside his official duties and who would be able to rush in where angels feared to tread, although not for the usual reasons. I visited this Jekyll-and-Hyde character and told him, as I had told Schambacher, that there could not be a shred of real evidence against Hottelet and that, using a flimsy interpretation of journalistic activity as espionage, it was retaliation for what happened to Zapp and Tonn. The lawyer, being not only a lawyer but a Nazi and an SS man, could hardly agree with me, but he did agree to look into the case immediately; to apply, under German law for access to the prosecution's evidence as soon as the case was prepared; and to keep the United Press informed.

There was nothing more to be achieved in Berlin. Leaving Joe Grigg in charge, and to cover what was to be the Nazi attack on Yugoslavia, I proceeded to New York. There Hugh Baillie, United Press's President, and Earl J. Johnson, Executive Vice-President, confirmed that the United Press had wisely done nothing in its domestic handling of the Hottelet arrest to raise the issue of Nazi prestige (always the best way to slam the door to negotiation) or to excite American resentment; and they agreed that inquiries in Washington were a good next step.

In the capital, Ray Atherton, Chief of the Division of European Affairs at the Department of State, could offer no light in the darkness, nor, of course, any assurance of a deal that would give us Hottelet for Zapp and Tonn.

A visit to the German Embassy where Hans Thomsen, a suave, able and practiced regular in the German Diplomatic Service was in charge, brought not much more than renewing an acquaintanceship with Thomsen that went back for more than a decade. We spoke very freely, I more so than he, for I was not an official of my Government and he was. In no position to do more than suggest that an exchange of Hottelet for Zapp and Tonn would be a sensible way to settle things, I was, of course, not at all able to say that the State Department or President Roosevelt would agree to this, but the idea was nurtured. Thomsen was careful not to express any interest in it. I told him that I was going down to New Orleans for a visit with my family, and that I would be available for any further discussions which events might indicate. (I wonder whether, in retrospect, this had any prophetic meaning for him.)

Lyle Wilson, Washington Manager of the United Press, thought that I should see the Attorney-General, Robert H. Jackson, before I left town, and he set up an appointment. This sage individual listened to my presentation of events, my insistence that the Nazis had nothing valid against Hottelet, my earnest fear that the swift uncoiling of events might trap Dick in Germany for years of his young life, and the plea that the Attorney-General consider what might be done. Mr. Jackson listened, quietly "hm-m-m-med," rubbed his chin, tilted back in his chair, looked out the window and, like a good Attorney-General, said no more than had Atherton, Thomsen, Schambacher or our SS lawyer, to commit him to any course of action. But he loved a scrap and (I may be wrong) it seemed to me that his eyes twinkled.

New Orleans in April and May is, of course, a pleasant place in which just to sit and read the papers and eat the good food. The only thing to make it better was to read what I did one day with quickened interest: the whole crew of a Nazi cargo ship had been detained in Baltimore for some offense so grievous that I cannot remember it today. Others read it too. The German Embassy, for example.

The Nazis had Hottelet, and we now had not only Zapp and Tonn, but the crew of a ship presumably loaded with goodies for the German war machine. (This was resting for the moment after a brilliant victory in the West, and soon to be used against Stalin in the mightiest thrust in history.)

(*Continued on page* 35)

AFSA NEWS

April, 1970

published by the
AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION
2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037

AFSA Hails Presidential Task Force Review of Foreign Assistance

In a letter dated February 11, 1970, to Rudolph A. Peterson, Chairman of the President's Task Force on International Development, the Board of Directors of the Association welcomed:

> "the fresh look at the foreign assistance program which the President's Task Force is undertaking under your guidance."

The Chairman of the Board, Mr. Charles Bray, who signed the letter, explained the nature of the Association and its objectives, and stated that the experience of our membership in the major foreign affairs agencies leads us to believe firmly:

> "that United States foreign policy in the 1970 must respond to the major concern in the poorer two-thirds of the world—development. We hope your report will lead to a strengthening of the capacity of the foreign affairs structure to direct US assistance to the development process and will ensure that such assistance remains an integral part of our foreign policy."

The letter went on to say that there has been a substantial change of attitude within the personnel of the foreign service:

> "toward a much fuller recognition and appreciation of the integral importance of development assistance to the global foreign policy interests of the United States. This change is reflected in the tremendous interest of our mid-career State Department Foreign Service officers who continuously oversubscribe the Foreign Service Institute's courses offered in economics, in the growing preference of younger officers for service in developing countries, and in the increasing interest in assignment of senior State officers who are qualified and experienced by previous assignments to high-level positions in AID."

Mention was made of the recent speech by Deputy Under Secretary Macomber for implementation of some of the major reforms which AFSA has espoused, with a new emphasis on specialization, strengthening of professional management capacity and standard personnel systems among State, AID and USIA. However, it was added, AFSA goes beyond this and:

> "hopes to see further reform, especially the development of a unified civilian foreign service that draws its leaders from the ranks of several different specialties and which can provide to the President and the Secretary of State a corps of widely experienced, more highly professional, and more management-oriented experts in foreign affairs."

The Association said it was especially anxious to see proposals that would "promote a much stronger professional civilian leadership in the foreign affairs area through a unified Foreign Service."

Mr. Bray concluded the letter by offering to be of assistance to the President's Task Force and said we would welcome an opportunity to discuss our views with Mr. Peterson.

AFSA's Proposal for D.C. Driving Permits Wins Approval

In response to a suggestion from a member, AFSA proposed that the Department ask that a District of Columbia driving permit, temporary or otherwise, be granted to civilian foreign affairs community personnel who arrive home on leave with an expired permit.

The Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, William B. Macomber, Jr., wrote a letter to Mayor Washington on behalf of all agencies having civilians serving abroad, and we are happy to report that Mayor Washington has agreed. Personnel will be required to take the usual test taken by all D.C. applicants, but the residence requirement will be waived (the agency headquarters will serve as the residence).

AFSA is most grateful to Ambassador Macomber and to Mayor Washington for this helpful and imaginative measure of benefit to all Government civilians abroad.

AFSA President Theodore L. Eliot, Jr. speaks at the Association luncheon on January 29. Officers and members of the Board of Directors are seated at the head table.

Car Insurance

Some members have enountered difficulty in obtaining short-term car insurance when on home leave. AFSA has approached a number of well-known companies which provide coverage of one kind or another for Foreign Service personnel and others serving abroad, with a view to solving the problem.

Again, AFSA is pleased to report that one insurance brokerage firm which has been providing insurance for Foreign Service personnel since 1953 has agreed to assist in solving the problem. Generally, the firm is prepared to offer a package policy which would include full coverage for an automobile while on home leave, in transit back to the post of assignment, and coverage abroad—except for third party liability where local laws require this portion of insurance be placed with an insurance company of that country. If the proposal is implemented as proposed, details will be provided to the field by the company. In the meantime, another broker has approached the Association and one company has replied that it already covers Foreign Service officers under certain circumstances (it insures military personnel primarily).

AFSA hopes that the concession on driving permits will prove to be beneficial to all foreign affairs personnel, especially when purchasing a new automobile through AFSA discount arrangements, and that adequate insurance coverage for everyone will be readily available shortly, regardless of where a new automobile is purchased.

Suggestions from the Elections Committee

A letter from the Elections Committee, John H. Stutesman, Jr., Chairman, Joan Clark, Arthur Bardos, William Parks, Frank Ready, made the following observations on AFSA's 1969 elections.

The committee recommended that:

Measures be taken to control the ballot to make sure that only active members voted. To this end the Committee suggested a method to ensure secret balloting.

The candidates seek ways to present their programs to the electorate and that the Association not be expected to call a meeting of the membership for that purpose.

The Association not display any semblance of supporting one particular slate or candidate by its mailings.

The ballot contain only names of candidates, with platform statements to be handled separately.

The Chairman of the Board of Directors, Charles W. Bray, III, responded to the letter with appreciation and remarked that the Board had made careful note of the points raised by the Elections Committee for the 1971 election.

Club Members

Missing any checks?

The Riggs National Bank wrote us in February transmitting a Club account envelope (Box 2001) with a check from a member dated and mailed October 23, 1969! The Post Office expressed its regrets for "misrouting" the letter. For once the computer was innocent.

Dr. Peter F. Krogh, a leading foreign affairs educator, has been named Dean of Georgetown University's Edmund A. Walsh School of Foreign Service, effective June 15. The appointment was announced by the Rev. R. J. Henle, S.J., Georgetown President. Dr. Krogh served as assistant dean at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy from 1962-67, then left for a year to come to Washington as a White House Fellow. He returned to Fletcher as associate dean in 1968.

AFSA Committees

The following Committee Chairmen have been appointed.

Francis X. Ready—Awards and Sabbaticals
Margaret J. Tibbetts—Career Principles
Albert E. Fairchild—Chapters
John M. Thomas—Foreign Service Club
John A. Ulinski, Jr.—Community Action
Anthony Quainton—Congressional Liaison
David T. Schneider—Editorial Board
Franklin J. Crawford—Education
William G. Bradford—Finance
John W. McDonald—Hospital Visiting
Richard C. Hagan—Legal
Peter Spicer—Luncheon
John G. Bacon—Members Interests
Thomas S. Estes—Memorial Park
Erland Heginbotham—Openness
Kenneth Youel—Public Members
Hon. W. T. M. Beale—Retired Members
Barbara J. Good—Staff Corps Advisory

Found

At the February 26 AFSA luncheon, square gold button approximately one inch square. Owner may reclaim it at the next luncheon or from Miss Evelyn Blue at AFSA headquarters.

Senator Fulbright Drops Plan to Study Foreign Service

In October of last year Senator Fulbright reintroduced a Joint Resolution tabled earlier calling for the appointment of a blue-ribbon Presidential Commission on Organizational Reforms in the Department of State, the Agency for International Development, and the US Information Agency. In a letter dated February 3 sent to Deputy Undersecretary for Administration Macomber, Senator Fulbright said he had decided not to pursue the idea for the moment. He cited Macomber's opposition to the commission idea and wished him success in promoting reform from within.

In concluding, Senator Fulbright said "I am frankly sceptical that you will, during your time in office, be successful in solving the manifold problems confronting you," and he asked Mr. Macomber to work closely with appropriate committees in the House and the Senate. Fulbright's statement placing the text of his letter in the Congressional Record said an additional reason for not pursuing the commission plan was the lack of any indication of support for it from AFSA.

AFSA Board Chairman Charles Bray wrote to Senator Fulbright on February 17 to express pride in AFSA's activities on behalf of change and its hopes for bringing about reforms. "We also believe," wrote Bray, "that reform from within will have a better chance of success if the process is supported from the outside. We would be grateful for the opportunity to discuss this aspect of the problem with you, and I will call your office for an appointment to this end."

Bray Says AFSA to Play Aggressive Role

The following interview with Charles W. Bray III, newly elected Chairman of the Board of Directors of the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA), was conducted by Charles (Pat) Kennedy of the JOURNAL editorial board, February 11, 1970.

Kennedy: I welcome this opportunity to ask you some questions about your views, the directions of the new Board and what it sees in the future for AFSA.

First, I'd like to lead off with a broad question. It may appear to some that with AFSA's past accomplishment and Mr. Macomber's speech on modernizing the personnel system that many of AFSA's stated objectives are being realized. Where does the new Board go from here? What new goals will be set and in which direction, or directions, does this Board wish to lead AFSA?

Bray: Let me give you four answers to that question. It is certainly true that one of AFSA's major goals, that of reform, seems to be in a fair way to resolution. The Association is tremendously encouraged by the obvious commitment on the part of the Nixon Administration to undertake the kinds of self-examination and self-renewal that the Association has been urging for two years, and some of us for almost four now. I think there will be a major continuing role for AFSA to play in poking and prodding both the Administration and the Task Forces that Mr. Macomber has established to flesh out his "Program for the '70s."

Secondly, I think it's going to be important for the Association to play a very aggressive role in correcting some of the pocketbook inequities from which we in foreign service, regardless of agency, still suffer. I have, for example, in mind the question of a transfer allowance which was part of this Board's election platform commitment. It makes no sense to me at all, indeed it's disgraceful, that were I a civil servant and were I transferred tomorrow, my transfer allowance would be substantially in excess of $4,000. As a foreign service officer, however, my transfer allowance of $175 would barely keep my family in mittens if we went to Iceland. It's particularly shocking when you consider that the Foreign Service Act already provides legislative authority to pay an adequate transfer allowance.

We also have very much in mind the establishment of an AFSA Provident Fund which would provide either "no-interest" loans or outright grants to foreign service employees in serious need following catastrophic illness or other personal disasters. We are exploring the possibility of funding this at the moment and hope to have at least initial commitments of money within the next month or so.

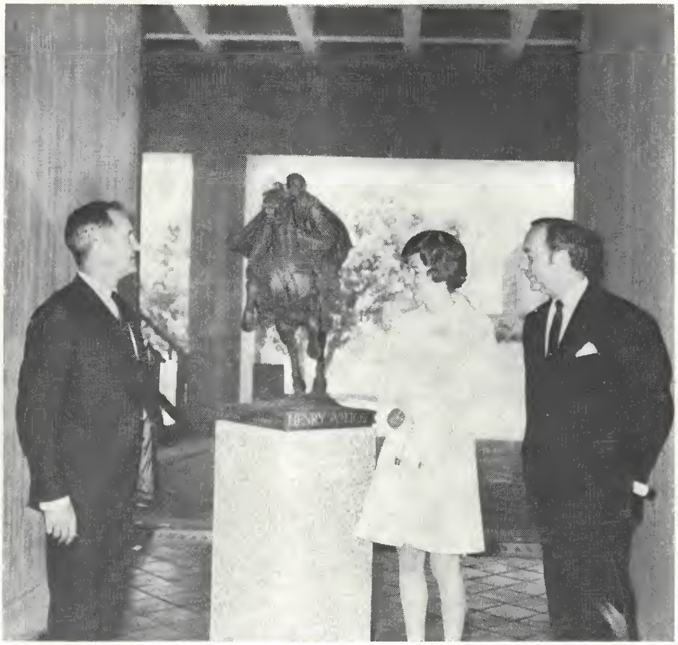
We need also, I think, to continue our efforts to include our colleagues in AID under the Foreign Service Retirement System. That is a very serious inequity in my view.

By way of reporting some progress, I think the Association can take great pride in the fact that the Department of State, AID, and USIA—acting on an AFSA initiative—have each established an ombudsman. This is a major step forward in employee relations on the part of the Nixon Administration and we hope that all of those who have problems, which they cannot resolve within the existing organization, will not hesitate to take those problems to their ombudsman.

Thirdly, the Association will have to continue to play a catalytic role in what we have called "openness." We have been, as I have said on previous occasions, much too hermetic, much too closed-in in our relationships with American society over the last several decades. It's time for us to open our shutters, to strike new relationships with World Affairs Councils, with uni-

(*Continued on page* 6)

Memorial to Ambasador Hoyt Unveiled



The many friends of Ambassador Henry A. Hoyt were shocked and saddened to hear of his death on December 16, 1968 while serving as Ambassador to Uruguay. Soon thereafter, many of them supported the idea of a memorial in his honor. Subsequently, it was decided to have an exact copy made of one of his favorite Latin American sculptures and to place it in the new Chancery at Montevideo. Our Ambassador to Uruguay, Hon. Charles W. Adair, was one of the staunchest supporters of this project.

The rest of the story is one of international cooperation. The statue selected was *El Chasque,* by Jose Belloni. The son of the sculptor, Stelio Belloni, loaned the original molds, and the casting was done in Uruguay. The copper used in the casting, however, came from Jerome, Arizona, Ambassador Hoyt's birthplace, as a gift of the local historical society.

Shown in the picture are Ambassador Charles W. Adair, Jr., Mrs. Hoyt, and John L. Topping, Deputy Chief of Mission, and a long-time friend of the Hoyts. They are admiring the new statue following its unveiling in the new Chancery on December 2, 1969.

FOREIGN SERVICE Club NEWS

YOUR CLUB

New—Trial memberships—No Cost
New—Dues payable monthly
New—Reduced party prices
New—A "new look"

Members of the Club, present and prospective, will be interested to learn that AFSA and the Club management have completed plans for several changes of benefit to the members.

First, present Club memberships are extended to coincide with the annual association membership dates.

Next, we invite prospective members to come and use the Club at no cost for membership for one month. Scrip can be purchased to pay for meals and beverages (or even a cocktail party—see below!). If the trial convinces these guests that the Club offers what they want, then all they have to do is sign up with the Receptionist, Miss Blue, second floor.

Give the Club a chance to convince you. What can you lose? Invite a friend to try it too.

Next, members will be able to pay annual dues on a monthly installment plan if they choose to do so. Subject to final agreement with the erratic computer, the plan to go into effect July 1 will be:

$70—$6.50 per month—$8 Service Charge (per year)
$35—$3.50 per month—$7 Service Charge (per year)
$15—$1.75 per month—$6 Service Charge (per year)

Members may wish to pay in a lump sum, and save the service charge. This will help us, too.

Also, a break for bachelors and married couples, too. We've set up three basic-plan cocktail parties tailored for differing requirements at "break even" prices—for us and, we hope, for our members. There is also our interesting buffet deal, a MAKE-IT-YOURSELF Sandwich and Beer Bar, new menus and—with a little luck—*lower* luncheon and dinner prices, maybe not much lower, but a little. Who knows, we may establish a trend toward lower food prices like the two small banks tried to do for interest rates!

For samplers: Effective April 1; Cocktail Parties: 25 persons, two hours. No charge for use of the Library or Lounge; no charge for peanuts and potato chips; *gratuities included*, 5% tax extra.

Plan A—Bachelor's Delight—75¢ a drink . . . period.

Plan B—Housewife's Treat— *Open Bar*—$3.00 per person, plus $15 for Bartender—he saves you money!

Plan C—The Works—*Open Bar*—hot hors d'oeuvres, variety of canapés, peanuts potato chips. $4.95 per person. $15.00 for Bartender. $10.00 for Waitress.

Members can add any food specialty they desire, at a cost to be agreed on in advance. When reservations are desired, the Club Manager, Mr. Brandli (Telephone 338-5730) will describe in detail what will be provided. He and the member will sign a memo of agreement on cost to preclude any later misunderstanding.

Remember, *any* organization or group can have a party at the Club, provided a member sponsors it and charges the cost to his account.

Evening Buffet? The noon buffet is now available in the evening for $3.25 —no limit on servings. Drinks at regular prices or special "OPEN BAR" arrangements can be made.

Task Forces or other early evening working groups? We'll set up a MAKE-IT-YOURSELF Sandwich and Beer Bar, plus soft drinks and coffee, for $2.25 a person (minimum of 12).

How about a Champagne and Can-

dlelight dinner? We haven't arranged one yet (we think we will), but we do have excellent dinners at competitive prices for theater, symphony or other group activities (something working here, too).

If you want to check on the NEW LOOK, come to lunch and observe our Blue Belles—smiling and pleasant Cynthia, Anita, Aileen and Doris, who will do their best to give you courteous, efficient service, as well as Manuel, Jack and Said. They won't hurry you, but if you have a meeting to make, tell the Manager, Mr. Brandli, when he seats you, or whoever serves you, and they'll give you priority service, especially if you order the new 99¢ Executive Special—Soup, Sandwich and Beverage. Eat and Run.

We've signed a deal with WMAL Musicast to provide background music for your listening pleasure: 10,000 selections piped in by wire; music for the season and mood.

Plans are underway to provide some Foreign Service oriented art and decorations. If you have an African spear, Ming vase, a historical print, or just about anything related to our occupation, let us know.

We have some ideas for new table arrangements, including a *Singles Table*—where singles can meet other singles, rather than eat alone. But, if you *"Want to be Alone"*—fine, you'll have your own table.

All of the above—long as it is—is by way of announcing that the new management and the new Club Committee want to continue to improve the Club for *your* benefit because, after all, it *must* be

YOUR CLUB

BRAY *continued from page 3*

Mrs. James K. Penfield, President, AAFSW, center, presents a check for $12,000 to Theodore L. Eliot, Jr., Presidnt of AFSA. The check represents the proceeds of AAFSW's annual Book Fair and last year's Chairman, Mrs. Edward P. Dobyns, is shown at the left. Mr. Eliot congratulated the AAFSW on the outstandingly successful Book Fair and remarked on the hard work which produced the much appreciated results.

versities, with business, from which both sides can profit.

Finally, not many members know that AFSA is now a $1 million operation. We have assets in excess of $1 million and our revenues annually are close to $250,000. It's going to be important that this Board leave behind it an Association that is professional in operation and administration, as well as active in issues of concern to the membership.

Kennedy: I would, as a matter of fact, like to take up your first point right away. Specifically, what do you see as AFSA's role regarding the various Task Forces set up to study the changes outlined by Mr. Macomber? Will AFSA actively seek to participate or simply watch?

Bray: Pat, we've been in there slugging from the very beginning. As you know, we have reconstituted the Career Principles Committee and asked Ambassador Margaret Tibbetts to chair it.

We have agreed with the Department and the Chairmen of Mr. Macomber's Task Forces that members of Ambassador Tibbetts' committee can participate in the work of those Task Forces. We hope also to have occasion to testify as a Board before all of the Task Forces in an attempt to put the Association's position squarely in front of the Task Force members.

We have also asked the Tibbetts' committee to prepare for the Board of Directors a final appraisal of the results of the Task Forces on the basis of which the Association can take a position.

Since in this context the Association is an outsider, we have taken a very strong position, both publicly and privately, that it will be important to the success of reform that outsiders with experience of interest to our internal problems participate in the process of reform. There are simply too many profitable experiences on which we can draw in other institutions in this country and too many pitfalls that we ought to avoid not to profit by the wisdom and experience of those on the outside.

I was very encouraged that Mr. Macomber took the unusual step of inviting employees, civil service and foreign service, to participate in this process of reform. I think this is an important step in the direction of gaining widespread acceptance of the reforms that may be proposed and it is a political step that previous administrations have ignored.

Kennedy: I would also like to go to an immediate problem regarding the second point that you brought out in your initial remarks and that is what does AFSA plan to do about the Administration's proposal to defer a pay raise for federal employees from July 1, 1970, to January 1, 1971, as part of the fight against inflation?

Bray: The Board was deeply disturbed that this Administration, which has refused so steadfastly to "jawbone" in the private sector in the interests of combating inflation, would at the same time have been willing to deal in such summary fashion with the interests of employees in government. We see a real inconsistency here and have drawn it to the attention, not only of the President in a letter which I wrote him several weeks ago and which was reported in the March issue of the JOURNAL, but also letters to the Chairman of the Civil Service Commission and to the Chairman of the two Congressional committees most directly concerned. This is, incidentally, the first time that the Association has ever addressed a letter of this type to the President.

Kennedy: Next I would like to follow up on your remarks about "openness." I think perhaps there may be some confusion among the AFSA membership in that "openness" may be a two-way subject. Openness has often been addressed as you have—as an opening of the Department to the views of those outside. Also it has been interpreted as an effort to open the Association to a broader membership. Perhaps you would like to remark on this aspect.

Bray: Well, I think I'll stand on what I said earlier about the openness of the Department and other agencies and their services to outside ideas, techniques, insights and assistance.

Since 1962, the Association has been an association of all foreign service employees regardless of agency. The previous Board, as you recall, strongly supported opening active membership in the Association to civil servants in State, AID, and USIA. The proposal was defeated by a vote of the membership. I think what was remarkable was that 56 percent of those voting thought that this was a pretty good idea. The new Board has not yet addressed itself to this subject but I'm sure it will.

Kennedy: On the former point, in opening up the role of the foreign service to the public, does AFSA have some liaison mechanisms with other areas in the department which are also working on this. I am thinking of the Open Forum Panel and the Bureau of Public Affairs.

Bray: Yes, indeed, we do. We've worked very closely with the Open Forum Panel, with the office of the Under Secretary, and have had very good relations with the Office of External Research and the Bureau of Public Affairs. In fact, several members of the Board and I had lunch last week with Michael Collins, the new Assistant Secretary, to talk about both the Department's public relations as such and its broader relationships with the American public from whom we should derive much more support and strength than we do at present.

Kennedy: I want to pick up a point related to the problem of the confusion in the term "openness." Some members of AFSA have expressed disappointment over the lack of opportunity to meet and discuss issues with candidates for the Board prior to this latest election. Does the new Board plan to improve this condition for future elections? Perhaps you would like to approach this question in the broader context of improving communications between the board and the membership.

Bray: Yes, I've heard that criticism of the elections and I think you should know that the new Board has already asked the Elections Committee which conducted the elections last fall to submit a report with recommendations for the conduct of the next election. We will publish the essentials of that report for the membership and I hope that in two years' time it will form the basis for the manner in which our elections are conducted.

On the broader question of communication with the membership, we find it's a very tough proposition. We have members in Washington and at every post around the world. Our principal forum for communication has been the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. We have also engaged in special mailings on subjects of unusual interest. None of these seem entirely satisfactory and they are, of course, one-way communication from the Board to the members. We're taking, at the moment, a very close look at the problem of communication from the members to the Board.

Rob Nevitt, a member of the Board, and Al Fairchild, who has been Chairman of the Chapters Committee for the last year, are investigating ways in which we could establish more satisfactory two-way relationships with chapters where they exist and how we can expand the network of chapters to additional posts in the coming two years.

We are also going to be setting up a Task Force with the specific aim of recommending to the Board ways in which communication between the members and the Board can be made more effective.

Related to the whole problem of communication, of course, is the fact that the Association can only function successfully in matters of substantial interest if it has the broadest possible participation of its members and particularly those members who are in Washington. In the final analysis, I suspect that the most effective form of communication between the members and the Board will come from the willingness of individuals who are in Washington, and members of chapters overseas to participate directly in the Association's activities.

Kennedy: Finally, Charlie, I'd like to ask you a question drawn from various proposals that have been made in the Department. What are AFSA's views regarding the proposals to expand in-house and outside training for members of the foreign services?

Bray: Oh, I think the Association has very strong views on this subject, Pat. I am continually appalled that, in an organization of professional and semi-professional people such as we have in the three main foreign affairs agencies, so small a proportion of our budget should be devoted to upgrading existing skills and developing new ones. It's a disgrace, in my view, that the military services should be able to keep 10 percent of their employees in long term training at any one time while the percentage in the Department of State is, for example, under three percent, excluding short term language training. That makes no sense at all.

Kennedy: Fine. Thank you very much, Charlie, for taking the time to answer these questions.

New Careers

Battle Comsat V. P.

AFSA's former President Lucius D. Battle was elected a Vice President of the Communications Satellite Corporation (COMSAT) with responsibility and authority for coordinating and directing corporate relations with the Congress and Executive Branch in accordance with the company's special obligations under the Communications Satellite Act of 1962.

Mr. Battle joined the Foreign Service in 1946, resigning in 1956 to become Vice President of Colonial Williamsburg and Williamsburg Restoration, Inc. He returned to the State Department in 1961, served as Ambassador to the United Arab Republic and then Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs.

Births

BUCHANAN. A son, Stanton Thomas, born to FSO and Mrs. Thomas Richard Buchanan, on February 15, in Athens. The maternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. John A. Webb, AID retired. An aunt, FSS Donna J. Buchanan, serves in Tokyo.

Deaths

CAMPBELL. Walter Lowrie Campbell, FSR-retired, died on March 1, in Bethesda. Mr. Campbell joined the State Department in 1955 and served at Ankara, Calcutta and New Delhi. He is survived by his wife of 5020 Wyandot Court, Bethesda, four sons and three daughters.

CLARK. Professor Clyde L. Clark, FSO-retired, died on January 12, in Indianapolis. Professor Clark entered the Foreign Service in 1947 and served at Madrid Zurich, Bangkok, San Salvador and was detailed to USIA before retiring in 1962. He is survived by his wife of 4605 Hinesley Avenue, Apt. A-1, Indianapolis, Ind.

HILTON. Mary Kendall Hilton, wife of FSO-retired Ralph Hilton, died on March 2, on Hilton Head Island. Mrs. Hilton, a widely known writer and columnist, had completed a book "Old Homes and Churches of Beaufort County" which is scheduled for publication later this year. She is survived by her husband of Laughing Gull Road, Sea Pines Plantation, Hilton Head Island, S.C., a daughter and three grandchildren.

O'GRADY. James M. E. O'Grady, FSO-retired, died on March 3, at George Washington University Hospital. Mr. O'Grady entered the Foreign Service in 1948 and served at Bremen, Basle, New Delhi and Malta before retirement in 1966. He is survived by his wife of 1711 Surrey Lane, N.W. and a sister. In lieu of flowers contributions may be made to the American Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington D.C., 20037.

PAUL. Roland C. Paul, FSS-retired, died recently in Athens. He is survived by his wife, c/o American Embassy, APO New York 09223.

SEDGLEY. Harry E. Sedgley, FSIO, died on February 15 at his home in Alexandria. Mr. Sedgley joined the State Department in 1949 and served at Tel Aviv, Budapest, Bombay, Tokyo and Seoul. He was made director of the USIA Center, Darmstadt in 1964 and served at Rome, then in Washington. At the time of his death he was assistant liaison officer for the US pavilion at the Japanese World Exposition in Osaka. He is survived by his wife of 7517 Cornith Drive, Alexandria, and four children.

Volunteers Needed

The Metropolitan Washington Urban Coalition has requested AFSA's assistance in recruiting volunteer workers for District Government service. The Office of Community Services is looking for top-caliber "dollar-a-year men" to fill such tasks as Public Information Officer, Executive Management Officer, Congressional Liaison Aide, Director of the Public Safety Crusade. There is also need for full-time and part-time volunteers for hospital, mental and neighborhood clinic help, hobbyists in arts and crafts, assistant social workers, clerical aides, clerks, typists, etc. The need is critical—and almost any available talent can be put to some type of use at almost any time the volunteer can provide it.

Anyone wishing to volunteer services is urged to fill out the form below and send it to Mr. G. Paul Carr, Office of Community Services, Room 214 District Building, 14th and E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004. Mr. Carr may be reached at 629-3823 if you wish additional information. Alternatively, Mr. John Ulinski, new chairman of the AFSA Community Action Committee, will be happy to provide information. He can be reached on (63) x-25844.

VOLUNTEER INFORMATION
(D. C. Government and Community Organization)

Name ______________________________ Home Phone ____________
(Last) (First) (Middle)

Address ______________________________ Office Phone ____________

Current Employment and Position ______________________________

____

____

Comments: ______________________________

____

Education:

Major field of study ______________________ Graduate Studies ____________

Work Experience ______________________________

____

Types of volunteer work which interest you ______________________

____

Time Available for Volunteer Work

Date Available ______________________

Approximate No. of Hours per Week ______________________

Volunteer Schedule Desired ______________________

____

Date ______________________ ______________________
(Signature)

New Activities of AFSA Members

Willis C. Armstrong has been named President of the United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce. For the past two years Mr. Armstrong had been Associate Dean of the School of International Affairs at Columbia University. Before that he served for 28 years in the United States Government, largely in the field of international economic policy. At the time he retired from the Department of State in 1967, he was Economic Minister at the Embassy in London.

As President of the Council, Mr. Armstrong will work with leading American businessmen concerned with international trade and investment and monetary affairs.

William R. Tyler became Director of Dumbarton Oaks in 1969 on the retirement of John S. Thacher. Ambassador Tyler writes: "Having been rolling stones for most of our lives, we had always hoped, though without much expectation, that we might find something at home in the academic field, in which I had started, before I was too old to be of use to anyone. The offer was as irresistible as it was unexpected, and I retired from the Foreign Service in 1969 in order to accept it.

"Dumbarton Oaks has a resident faculty and visiting scholars and fellows in Byzantine studies, as well as fellowships in other fields.

"In our world today, this opportunity to serve the cause of the Humanities has a special appeal to me."

FSO-retired and Mrs. Richard F. Boyce are in the process of preparing the first and only bibliography of Foreign Service authors, past and present, going back to Benjamin Franklin and including wives. The Boyces would appreciate receiving information about any books written by foreign service personnel. This data should include: titles, where and by whom published, year of publication, number of pages, brief description of subject if title is not self-explanatory. There is a September deadline on the publication. Material should be sent to the Boyces at 1790 East Las Olas Blvd., Apt. 32, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301.

A Welcome to F.S. Artists

The Foreign Service Club would welcome the opportunity to exhibit the work of Foreign Service artists on a rotating basis in the library and dining room. Plans for this are not firm, but the Club Committee would appreciate suggestions and information from artists who are interested. Those wishing to exhibit for a two week period should include information on number of paintings, and whether or not the paintings are for sale.

Georgetown Garden Tour

The 42nd annual Georgetown Garden Tour will take place April 17 and 18 from 12:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. The tour is for the benefit of the Georgetown Children's House, a day-care center for 80 children from low-income families.

Twenty different Georgetown gardens will be shown during these two days, ten each day. The Saturday tour will also feature the unique gardens of Dumbarton Oaks. Among the gardens to be shown are those of Mr. and Mrs. Burke Wilkinson, The Honorable and Mrs. Adrian S. Fisher, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William Ross Bond and Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. McClelland.

Tickets, available at a number of shops and at each garden gate are $5.00 each and include tea at the Georgetown Children's House. Group tickets at reduced rates are available in advance from the Georgetown Children's House.

TWO CITIES

(Continued from 26)

The next time I saw Mr. Jackson was five years later when, as Justice Jackson, he prosecuted at Nuremberg after the German surrender; but the next time I saw Hans Thomsen was when he telephoned me in New Orleans suggesting vaguely that there had been developments in the Hottelet case, and that we might continue our talks.

The *last* time I saw him was a year later when, in Lisbon, he was being repatriated to Germany and I to the United States, each of us having been interned in the other's country. Enemies by then, we did not talk. If we had done so, he would never have admitted any more than he ever did that there was any connection between the events in Berlin and in Washington.

No matter. In late July, Dick Hottelet, having had a pet cockroach as his only companion for three months, was released to George Kennan who took him to his home, gave him a good meal and a ticket to return with the American consuls. Zapp and Tonn made it back in time to witness the remainder of Hitler's triumphant years. We paid the SS lawyer, whose efforts manifestly had brought things to a successful conclusion, and I lived to tell herewith, for the first time ever, some of the minor sidelights in this interesting case of coincidence, and a practical application of international comity.

THE second of my illustrations involving coincidence in the protection of American citizens abroad, is just now turning the twentieth anniversary of its commencement and the fifteenth of its ending. The five years in the middle might be called the "longest wait between planes on record," for reasons that will emerge; and also one of the most harrowing experiences of an American in the whole period of Stalin's tyranny over Eastern Europe.

In August of 1949, Hermann Haviland Field, Harvard-educated American architect, son of a distinguished scientist father, having visited architect friends in Warsaw, went out to the Okecie airport to take a plane for Prague, enroute to join his English wife and their two sons in London for the trip back to the United States. He simply disappeared from sight at the airport and for five years remained, to both the American and British Governments, and to an anguished family, a lost soul without trace on earth. Representations to both Warsaw and Moscow secured only deadpan denials of any knowledge of Field's whereabouts, or even of confirmation whether he was alive or dead.

Hermann Field was the brother of Noel Field. Not only was Hermann more relaxed, less wound-up about causes, less gangly, more worldly, than his famous brother, but he was no fuzzy-minded idealist up to his neck (and over his head) in the operations of international Communism. Hermann was, indeed, no brand of Communist whatever; even if he had been, that was no ground for the Polish Secret Police to have whisked him off from the airport in a small black staff car; or, having very soon found that he was innocent of any offense, to have cast him into prison for the next five years of his life.

But, as Flora Lewis makes clear in "Red Pawn," her scrupulously-detailed study of the Noel Field case, 1949 in Warsaw was not a time when anything mattered except what Stalin wanted to matter; and what Stalin wanted was fuel for the propaganda trials, which in six Eastern European countries doomed hundreds of persons in purges for conspiracy and espionage. It was only with Stalin's death in March of 1953 that the jails and graveyards of Eastern Europe regurgitated these victims as mostly innocent men.

In Hungary, the axe fell on Rajk; in Bulgaria on Petkov; in Czechoslovakia on Slansky; and in Poland it was poised above the head of Wladislaw Gomulka, until Stalin's death cleared the way instead for Gomulka to become the big wheel in the Polish state that he is today.

At the American Embassy in Warsaw in 1954, where I was serving as Counselor and Deputy Chief of Mission, we knew a lot about Gomulka, but most of us knew relatively little about Hermann Field. Just as being identified as Noel's brother was officially enough to cost him his freedom and almost his life, so was he identified to many people simply as the younger brother of the tall, brilliant, awkward Bostonian who had worked for the League of Nations in Geneva in its early years, and for the Department of State before that.

In the chaotic years which spawned World War II after Hitler's invasion of Czechoslovakia, Hermann Field had served at Cracow, Poland, with the Layton Trust; the British Government had given it $16,000,000 to help refugees from Hitler's wrath flee, among other places, to England. At Cracow, Hermann had thus assisted many who later became prominent in the Communist regimes of Eastern Europe. This, as Flora Lewis points out, was not unnatural, since Communists were among the prime targets of the Nazi invaders. But the very association with persons who later fell into Stalin's bad graces served to make Hermann Field, like his brother, a pawn in Stalin's deadly game.

In Warsaw in 1954, we were aware at the Embassy that the UBEA, or Polish Secret Police, was infiltrated down to the lowest desk level by its big brothers, the Soviet Secret Police. Being diplomatic personnel we had nothing to fear—the placement of microphones in our homes and such things as the delivery of the contents of our wastebaskets to the Secret Police by our servants—these, and incessant trailing by the UBEA on our every-emergence from home, were more nuisances than anything elese, but to the Poles and very much to Hermann Field, the UBEA was something to be feared.

Especially a Col. Josef Swiatlo, Deputy Director of the Tenth Department handling important political matters. Tough, hulking, nicknamed "The Butcher," it was he who had arrested Field at the airport, who had put him through the first brutal, fruitless interrogations; and it was he whom Field hated with a passion forever after. Yet, curiously, it was he also whom Field had to thank for ever getting out of prison and out of Poland. Swiatlo's behavior and Stalin's death, two merciful coincidences in the case.

This is what happened, and again I am indebted to Flora Lewis's extraordinary account for the facts which did not come directly within my own experience:

On December 5, 1953, Swiatlo, who had also interrogated Noel Field in Budapest, visited East Berlin with his chief, a Colonel Anatol Feygin. Purposely losing his companion in a department store, Swiatlo ducked to West Berlin and presented himself to the Allied authorities as a defector. He had doubtless seen the denouement of the whole hideous tragicomedy after Stalin's death, and thought it wise, as men will, to save his skin. In West Berlin, the United States agreed to give him asylum. For many months he was interrogated. Among other things, he revealed that Hermann Field, far from being dead or in Russia, had been imprisoned not a hundred yards from the small club where the Western diplomats played tennis. On September 28, 1954, Swiatlo was surfaced in Washington. A few hours after announcing his defection, the United States Government presented him at a press conference, where he explained his disillusionment with Communism and his desire to join its opponents. He stated unequivocally that the case against Hermann Field was groundless—falsified from beginning to end.

The State Department sent off immediate notes to Warsaw and (concerning Noel Field) to Budapest, setting forth that "the United States Government requests immediate access to these American citizens, and the conclusion of arrangements for their repatriation at the earliest possible date."

At the Embassy, we received a copy of the note to the Polish Government, with instructions to see to its implementation. That meant getting access to Field, and getting him out of the country without delay. Ambassador Joseph Flack called me in, discussed the messages we had received and told me to proceed with carrying out the instructions. As Number Two, I would be dealing with officials in the Foreign Office at my own level, below that of Foreign Minister or Deputy Minister, whom the Ambassador would see in the normal course. In point of fact, I had known Deputy Foreign Minister Winiewicz when he was publisher of a Poznan newspaper back in my United Press days, and had dealt amicably, if not effectively (because of a difference in bookkeeping methods), on the question of surplus-property-credits with the head of the American section, Bogdan Lewandowski, later Poland's Ambassador to the United Nations. In this instance, however, I did not have access to either of these officials. Lewandowski at least, was absent, which must have been a relief to him since the Poles had been caught red-handed in one of the crassest, most transparent abuses of international comity that could be imagined, tool of the Russians though they may have been. Repeated calls to a Mr. Sieradzki, the official in charge of the British section who was assigned the Field case, got us nowhere in terms of seeing our man. The Police temporized for days while we grew more impatient. It now seems likely that, having transferred Field from his prison cell to a villa at Otwock, north of Warsaw, the Poles wanted to restore him to at least a semblance of health before the Ambassador saw him. God knows, he needed rehabilitation.

Warsaw is already cool by October (it had been 40° below zero in February of that year), and the October evening when Ambassador Flack and I were finally taken to see Field was very crisp. I remember the long, dark drive out to Otwock. We were guided over the rough country roads by a small UBEA car. Neither the Ambassador not I had the slightest idea what to expect; we were bringing a few food supplies, some American newspapers, a bottle of whiskey and minds full of anxious concern for the poor wretch we were about to meet. Would his mind, after five years, wander like the Ancient Mariner's? Would he be an embittered, cynical, vengeful, wasted man? Would he be frightened and

withdrawn? I think I almost dreaded the encounter. But human beings are remarkable creatures; and some more remarkable than others. Whence come the resources for meeting stress, for remaining balanced under torture, we do not know; from men's genes, from their endocrine systems, from their culture, their society, their parents? From all, indeed, Hermann Field had inherited richly: there was no reason to be anxious about him, to feel awkward or sorry or to commiserate. He was simply an emaciated, gravely courteous, rational and intelligent man, who received us with composure as if he had been in his own living room, asked us to be seated, apologized with a smile that he had no hospitality to offer us, and proceeded to tell us what had happened to him. Not all at once, for he was too weak for protracted talk, but on the occasions, almost daily, when we saw him in the next three weeks.

What he did not tell us, Flora Lewis does, as she had it from him years later.

Upon his arrest on that August day in 1949, Hermann Field had been taken back to Warsaw and held for two weeks in Secret Police Headquarters. Intermittently he was questioned by Swiatlo, but was neither beaten nor tortured. He was not told why he had been arrested, nor was that clear from the questions he was asked. He kept telling himself that there had been some preposterous mistake. All requests to get in touch with his family, friends or American officials were refused. Although he did not know it then, all of his Polish friends had been arrested when he was. After a fortnight, he was blindfolded and driven at night outside Warsaw to be placed in a deep basement cell. He was interrogated steadily for three months, always at night, and he was not permitted to sleep in the daytime. It then became clear to him that he was to affirm that he was an American spy who had subverted leading Poles and established a widespread spy-ring, beginning with the Layton Trust days. Over and over he was told to write his life story, listing all the people he knew. These versions were checked for minor discrepancies. He considered, but reconsidered, a fake confession in order to secure freedom. He thought of suicide, but his captors wanted him alive, and that gave him a lever. He went on intermittent hunger strikes to force improvements, to get an extra blanket; but he was permitted no exercise or any escape from the bright electric globe that shone on him day and night. His eyes were so inflamed when we first saw him that he looked as if he had been racked by a terrible illness.

For the next four years, nothing happened except privation and suspense; the one relief was that he was finally given a cellmate, a Polish agronomist whose only offense appeared to be that he had been in the Polish anti-Nazi underground, but who, in some obscure way was also to serve Stalin's weird design.

The first evening that Ambassador Flack and I visited Field, we noticed a flat steamer trunk in the corner bulging with papers. He answered our question about it with a wry grin, "That," he said "was what kept us sane." He went on to explain that these papers were the manuscript of a novel which he and his Polish cellmate had written and into which, carefully masked, they had poured all of their emotions, their anger and hatred—a perfect catharsis. They had secured a daily supply of fresh paper, handed completed to the guard each night, only by means of a threatened hunger strike, but this had been effective. The book "Angry Harvest" was later published in the United States, and on its jacket Hermann Field explains that he and his co-author conducted "an intellectual collaboration which is one of the most extraordinary in literature." They exchanged knowledge, they produced fantasies, each taught the other all that he knew about their respective professions of agronomy and architecture. Finally they began a book. In part, it originated in Polish in the mind of one prisoner: in part in English in the mind of the other, and then it took form slowly as a whispered account in German.

Once freed by the Poles, and in touch with his own Government, Hermann Field needed guidance. His re-entry into the world was going to be difficult after five years of living in a small cell without knowing what had happened in the outside world in all that time. Above everything, he said, he did not wish his experiences to heighten international tensions; he wanted to be cushioned in some way against endless questioning about his experiences; and he wanted peace and quiet with his wife and two sons, preferably in Switzerland where he had spent his honeymoon. A visit to the Swiss Minister, Dr. Werner Fuchs, facilitated courtesies which finally enabled Field to realize this desire.

But all was not over yet. Though the Poles had released Field, they were not prepared to meet all of the demands which, with incredible determination, he insisted be met before he left Poland; and, although they agreed to give him $50,000 as indemnity, they wanted most of all to have him remain voluntarily in Poland. They exerted every effort to this end, offered to bring his family from London, to educate his children, to give him a home in which to live. This would have been a very bright feather in their cap, and one which Noel and Herta Field, upon their release in Hungary, had accepted. But Hermann was having none of this. At one point, upon my visiting the Foreign Office on some detail of Field's repatriation, Sieradzki read me a prim little reproof in which the Poles protested that "the United States Government was exercising pressure upon Field to get him to leave Poland." This was so ludicrous that I could not refrain from replying that Hermann Field, as well as the Poles, knew where the real pressures were, and that no one need be under any illusion whatever as to whether Hermann Field was going to leave Poland or not.

And leave he did. On November 19th, three weeks after the Embassy had first contacted him and five years after his arrest, Hermann Field, American citizen, decent, unoffending husband and father, insisted on going absolutely alone to the Okecie airport and boarding the selfsame plane for Prague that he was to have taken half a decade earlier in his life. It had been "a long wait between planes," as I said at the beginning of this tale. ■

The dilemma of popular participation vs. expert judgment in relations among states is far from being a new problem

Requiem for Sir Harold And the "New Diplomacy"

THEODORE S. WILKINSON

Mr. Wilkinson is an FSO who has served in Caracas and Stockholm, now assigned to ACDA. On assignment to the US delegation to the UN General Assembly as an advisor, Mr. Wilkinson referred to Sir Harold's works for advice on how to behave at a conference. Intrigued by Nicholson's counsel to "expert" advisors—always look up rather than down when you don't know the answer to a question—he decided to read further in Sir Harold's extensive literary legacy, and he reports on his readings here.

CRITICS would probably charge hyperbole if I suggested that Sir Harold Nicolson was a renaissance man, but few twentieth century Englishmen other than the late Winston Churchill can lay claim to such a span of accomplishments. His writing alone covers a remarkable spectrum. He managed to combine it with an auspicious early career in the Foreign Office and a later phase (of uneven success) in a host of other public pursuits. In the midst of other activities, he frequently turned his hand with equal skill to landscape architecture. (Together with his novelist wife V. Sackville-West, he developed the gardens at their derelict Sissinghurst Castle into one of the landmarks of Kent.)

Sir Harold died two years ago in May. There seem to be no biographies on the bookstands yet, but they are scarcely necessary. His diary and letters, all published recently, reveal a great deal in themselves, and the forthright narrative bridges, inserted editorially by his son Nigel, cover much of what Sir Harold left untold.

Reflecting on Sir Harold's production in six postwar years in London (biographies of Verlaine, Tennyson, Byron, and Swinburne—plus a novel), one is forced to wonder whether the Foreign Office held enough for him to keep his attention. Temporarily kept busy subsequently by assignments as Counselor in Tehran and Minister (later Chargé) in Berlin, he published nothing during the ensuing three years, but began again in earnest in 1929.

Despite his versatility, what Sir Harold produced in the early 1930s, particularly his studies of contemporary diplomatic history, is clearly his best work. He was a good enough critic of his own novels to know that they seemed frivolous. Unfortunately, the acclaim that greeted him almost immediately on his return to London soon tempted him to abandon research for journalism and lecturing, and by the end of that decade of disillusionment his historical output was, except for "The Congress of Vienna" (published in 1946) and "King George V" (1953), complete.

For those of us who are accustomed to thinking of "the new diplomacy" as the product of World War II, Sir Harold's analysis of earlier diplomatic practice gives grounds to review assumptions. Sir Harold could scarcely have been expected to foretell in the early '30s the advent of the Cold War and development assistance programs (although one of the less frivolous passages in "Public Faces" clairvoyantly describes a nuclear bomb). Even if these developments are taken into account, however, there is a strong basis for Sir Harold's case that the era after World War I was marked by the most radical departures in relations among states. He catalogues the sudden advent in Germany and Eastern Europe of popular sovereignty, which together with the heady infusion of Wilsonian idealism had revolutionary effects on diplomatic method. The collapse of the "international of monarchs" and the decline of the elite exposed an entirely new class to international responsibilities. A host of new institutions took root, among them "diplomacy by conference" and such democratic procedures as registration of treaties, ratification, parliamentary committee inquiry, daily briefings for the press, etc. On the other hand, many of the benefits of traditional diplomatic practice were lost—the shrouded atmosphere that enabled the diplomats to disdain popular hysteria and concentrate, hopefully, on the greater good, the eclipse of many of the professional diplomats themselves, who were conditioned to deal with vexatious problems such as the Eastern Question, and to follow the dictates of their own intelligence rather than the whims of the electorate.

Sir Harold's examination of the changes wrought by the World War spans three loosely linked studies ("Portrait of a Diplomatist; Arthur Nicolson, Lord Carnock";

"Peacemaking 1919"; and "Curzon: the Last Phase, 1919-1925"), that are too disparate to be called a trilogy. Some of the thoughts first expressed in the three studies appear in refined form in his later book "Diplomacy." Of the three earlier studies, "Curzon" is probably the best, which is surprising, since Sir Harold had the advantage of personal experience to combine with his source material in writing the other two. The subjective accounts in "Peacemaking" suffer from the necessarily truncated viewpoint of a junior official at a large conference. And his biography of his father Carnock, although admirably clinical in the style of his own son's editing of his papers, describes in detail such events as the confusion surrounding the intrusion of a burglar in the Embassy in St. Petersburg, which are of more sentimental value to Sir Harold than they are historically instructive.

Indeed the question whether Sir Harold's work really can be called historical scholarship is not an unfair one. His list of sources for his review of Curzon's tenure as Foreign Minister is remarkably unpretentious. It consists of one other biography, some parliamentary papers and blue books, papers provided by Lady Curzon, unspecified information (the disclosure of precise sources being impolitic) from Curzon's friends and collaborators, and his own memory. He admits to having done no original research in writing the "Congress of Vienna." Accepting such candor as an appropriate complement to a vivid style, one would nevertheless have to admit that Sir Harold was as much literary romantic as scholar.

Despite his literary modesty, Sir Harold Nicolson was, to put it politely, inescapably conscious of being a member of the Establishment, and this consciousness must have made him all the more sensitive to the changes in diplomatic method at the end of the Great War. One can perceive Sir Harold's sensitivities even as he traces the career of Lord Carnock.

One wonders along with Sir Harold how his father and contemporaries developed any diplomatic resilience at all after they were steeped at Rugby or elsewhere in "truth, honor, patriotism, and virility . . . God, the British Empire, and the immortality of the soul" and after "the furrows of Victorian habit drilled deep grooves across the brain." Sir Harold was not so disloyal as to inquire further how much of their success as diplomats was due to adroitness and how much to the fact that they represented the British Queen. Carnock's reaction to a contretemps in Athens hardly suggests the former. Roughed up by a gendarme after dropping a cigarette butt on Lycabettos, Sir Harold's father, then Chargé, was induced by a colleague to demand that the guard be dismissed on charges read to the morning muster of the guards. When this was not carried out to his satisfaction, he insisted, to the anguish of the Greek cabinet, that the ritual be repeated in front of the national palace, with ths band playing "God Save the Queen" and in the presence of the British Consul. Sir Harold cites other instances that illustrate the status of HM representatives as virtual potentates outside of developed Europe, the most noteworthy example being Carnock's visit from his post in Tangiers to the Moorish court at Marrakesh. On his way he was accompanied by an "Aman with a great silken standard [who] rides in front of me, and I have a special escort of 12 who never leave me—rather a bore!" On arrival, he presented credentials before 8,000 horsemen arrayed in full panoply, to the Sultan, "a puffy, overfed youth with bright eyes." The latter was intrigued with Carnock's gift of a Maxim gun, and the two spent the next day firing at bottles. Carnock commented after the visit: "I have been in most Oriental countries, but never have I seen such darkness as reigns here."

Sir Harold's biography of his father abounds with examples of forgotten protocol. As Ambassador in Spain, Carnock drove to the palace in a coach of crystal and gold surrounded by horse guards and halberdiers. When entertaining in St. Petersburg, which he was called upon to do almost nightly, he would have his porter in gold-laced uniform stomp with a golden mace on the arrival of guests, who would make their entrance through a double row of powdered footmen in livery. As envoy in Iran, he was allowed by Salisbury to accept a diamond-studded box containing the Shah's portrait after he had assisted the government in laying hands on a fugitive Indian insurrec-

> Nobody who has not actually watched statesmen dealing with each other can have any real idea of the immense part played in human affairs by . . . lassitude, affability, personal affection or dislike, misunderstanding. deafness or incomplete command of a foreign language, vanity, social engagements, interruptions and momentary states of health. (*Congress of Vienna*, p. 17)
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> Amateur diplomatists . . . are prone to prove unreliable. It is not merely that their lack of knowledge and experience may be of disadvantage to their governments, it is that the amateur diplomatist is apt out of vanity and owing to the shortness of his tenure to seek for rapid successes; that he tends, owing to diffidence, to be over-suspicious; that he is inclined to be far too zealous and to have bright ideas; that he has not acquired the humane and tolerant disbelief which is the product of a long diplomatic career and is often assailed by convictions, sympathies, even impulses; that he may arrive with a righteous contempt for the formalities of diplomacy and with some impatience of its conventions; that he may cause offense when he wishes only to inspire geniality, and that in his reports and dispatches he may seek rather to display his own acumen and literary brilliance than to provide his government with a careful and sensible balance sheet of facts. (*Diplomacy*, pp. 76-7)

tionary. Somehow, these extravagances sound exclusively nineteenth century, but Nicolson either fails to note, chooses to ignore, or does not admit any deglamorization of diplomacy with the advent of more democratic procedures after World War I.

What the new procedures did entail, Nicolson stresses, was not a revolution in philosophy, but rather in method. Even in the previous century, he maintains, nations had been governed by the "general trend of national opinion." British diplomacy, in particular, although it was not immediately responsive to public opinion, "assumed that public opinion would, if force became necessary, support it by the willing provision of force."

Whatever the government's ultimate sensitivity to opinion was, the diplomats had great latitude. Nicolson's father had virtual *carte blanche* to work out an agreement on spheres of influence and outstanding quarrels with the Russians after the political decision had been reached in London in 1907 that a rapprochement was desirable. In the short run, at any rate, HM Government was under no pressure to publicize or explain its dealings. Lansdowne, Nicolson notes, thought nothing of keeping secret certain clauses of the 1904 entente with France. Perhaps to balance the ledger, he calls attention to the fact that the alliance between France and Russia and the Triple Alliance were not published to the nationals involved even when they led to war; but Britain was far from unblemished. It was involved in deep double-dealing in 1898 on the occasion of its secret treaty with Germany for the partition of Portuguese colonies, and there were later wartime secret treaties with France, Russia, and Italy.

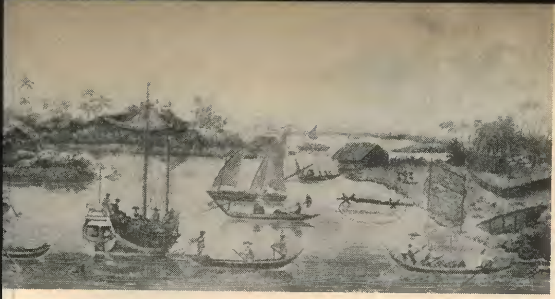
In the post-war period, Nicolson sees the seeds of change not just in the American ideas in the Fourteen Points, but in a general desire to avoid repeating the "errors" of the Congress of Vienna. Perhaps the principle of "open covenants, openly arrived at" was the most important single Wilsonian idea in terms of effect on the practice of diplomacy. (National self-determination might have proven equally revolutionary, if territorial compensation had really been abandoned and the plebiscite principle established for territorial disputes, but expediency dealt a series of blows—and Sir Harold is particularly trenchant in describing their effects in "Peacemaking 1919"—to this unimpeachable concept.)

At least the first half of the Wilsonian rule has held in effect with very few exceptions of significance (perhaps only Rapallo and the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939) since it was pronounced. Not only was the League of Nations requirement that treaties be registered reincorporated into the United Nations Charter, but the idea of parliamentary advice and consent, which had been a rare and purely formal gesture except in the United States before 1919, soon gained such currency that Sir Harold Nicolson considered it "natural" when he later wrote "Diplomacy." His acknowledgement of the custom, interestingly, did not even then connote approval. "Thus," he writes, "while the new practice represents an immense gain in the direction of 'open covenants,' it is a terrible liability in respect of negotiation."

Sir Harold reserves his strongest criticism, however, for the second half of the Wilsonian precept, "openly arrived at," the manifestation of which is "diplomacy by conference." Ideally, he theorizes, such an approach is unsound. Policy should indeed be set by the public or its surrogate, but the negotiation to pursue the policy should be *private;* only afterwards should the result be subjected to public scrutiny. The enemy of effective diplomacy is imprecision, but open negotiation leads to just that, since no negotiator can commit himself to a precise position in advance of a final agreement. While these pitfalls seem almost too obvious to have to note here, Nicolson goes on to suggest principles on which successful "diplomacy by conference" may be based; namely that the negotiators themselves must also be framers of policy, discussions must be limited to general, essential points, and there must be adequate preparation. On this basis, the early post-war conferences in Washington and Brussels, and the London Conference that produced the Dawes Plan proved successful and so too had Lausanne (1923). (For Lausanne, however, Nicolson should probably have added an additional

(*Continued on page* 52)

[For peacemaking] elder statesmen will need foresight, planning, rigid programmes, time, obduracy, independence, method, and a faculty for insisting on the most inconvenient precisions. . . . Expert assistants . . . should possess . . . health, rapidity of understanding, patience, comparative sanity, great physical endurance, charm, no class-prejudice either up or down, immense curiosity, a neat manner with maps and papers, industry, accuracy, the power to ask inconvenient questions at the wrong moment, no very outstanding physical disadvantages, intimacy with the private secretaries of their own plenipotentiaries, the good taste to disguise that intimacy, some acquaintance with the more obscure press correspondents, the habit of looking upwards and not downwards when they don't know the answer, courtesy, being able to type and affix carbon papers, a slight but not obtrusive acquaintance with economics, cleanliness, sobriety on all fitting occasions, cheerfulness, statistics derived from sources even more recondite and anonymous than those possessed by their foreign colleagues, some proficiency in the literature or architecture of at least one very oppressed nationality, a capacity for enduring long dinner parties, honesty, a faculty of speaking rapidly and well such languages as their foreign colleagues do not speak rapidly or well, no consummate belief in the immediate wisdom of the People or the Press, a good memory, truthfulness, and above all, a complete sterilisation of all human vanity. (*Peacemaking*, pp 138-9)



A Saigon river scene in 1819, as sketched by John White, the first American to set foot in Vietnam.

Two Yankee traders at the Viceroy's court find a warm welcome and a forced feast.

Saigon, 1819

GEORGE G. WYNNE

In his latest historical article George Wynne takes us back to the Saigon of 1819. Trinkets long passed from memory in Vietnam are preserved in the archives of a New England whaling town, thanks to the captain of a Yankee clipper. Of the two sea captains who sailed up the Dong Nai to Saigon, only one returned to Salem. Mr. Wynne is Public Affairs Advisor with the US Mission to International Organizations in Geneva.

A HUNDRED fifty years ago the first American set foot in Vietnam and the first American died in Vietnam. Both were intrepid Yankee captains, the masters of trading ships, bent on opening trade routes to the South China Sea.

The one who survived—John White of Salem, Mass.—left us his "History of a Voyage to the China Sea," a chronicle that breathes life into people and events as legendary to present-day South Vietnamese as the exploits of early colonists are to Americans of today.

John White was a sensitive observer and his description of his frequent encounters with the fabulous Le Van Duyet, Vietnam's great soldier-statesman whom Saigonese consider their patron saint before whose tomb they burn votive papers on the lunar New Year, are not only unique historical documents. They have an eyewitness quality that helps reassess the relationship between Le Van Duyet, Viceroy for the Southern Provinces and Gia Long his supposedly enlightened sovereign, who ruled what is now Vietnam from the imperial citadel at Hué.

Nothing was known of these personages abroad and the country was a mystery to all but a handful of western missionaries when the brig *Franklin*, commanded by John White, a former lieutenant in the United States Navy, dropped anchor at Cap St. Jacques (Vung Tau) on June 7, 1819. The square-rigged twomaster had left Salem, Massachusetts on January 2nd of the same year bound on a trading expedition to the South China Sea, but White's quest for the sugar and spice of Indochina received a temporary setback when the local mandarins refused to let the *Franklin* proceed up the Dong Nai river to Saigon.

After a week of fruitless negotiations, White decided to ask permission from the more powerful mandarins at Turon (Danang) near the royal court of Hué. But the three mandarins who boarded the Franklin at Danang with an empty bottle of Emperor Gia Long's favorite English mustard which they sought to replenish for their sovereign, could communicate only in written Latin with their American visitors. They got the point across that the Emperor whose permission would have to be secured for the *Franklin* to proceed to Saigon was away on a military expedition and the time of his return uncertain. "Under these discouraging circumstances" White wrote, "we determined to weigh anchor and proceed to Manilla with the hope that we might there find some person who would accompany us to Saigon, for that was still the place to which our wishes pointed."

While White was unable to find anyone in Manila familiar with what he called the language of Onam* and all his researches yielded "but three persons who could give any account of that country though situate not two hundred leagues from their own doors" the arrival in Manila of the good ship *Marmion* of Boston changed his luck. By a remarkable coincidence the *Marmion* had arrived at Vung Tau only a few days after White set sail for Manila. Oliver Blanchard, the *Marmion*'s Captain, became the first American to visit Saigon because the government, informed of a large foreign ship anchored off Vung Tau, sent an official who spoke some Portuguese. Blanchard obtained permission to go up to Saigon by river boat to lay his trading intentions before the authorities. He was favorably received, but the gold doubloons he carried to exchange for a cargo of sugar were unknown and not desired except at a very great discount from the actual value, local traders being used to the Spanish dollar.

With these impediments to trade, the skipper decided to try Manila instead but he was felled by a fever before he left Saigon, his condition worsened and he died aboard the *Marmion* right after the ship had left Vung Tau.

The *Marmion's* first officer, John Brown, took command and when the two captains met in Manila, they decided to join forces for mutual protection, return to Vung Tau and demand to go up the river together.

Accordingly, both skippers provided themselves with Spanish dollars and on September 6, 1819 the two vessels lifted anchor and sailed out of Manila Bay for their passage across the China Sea. They arrived at Vung Tau on the 27th but further temporizing by the mandarins delayed their arrival in Saigon until October 9th.

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*Probably phonetic rendition of Annam.

Weeks of bargaining with the sugar merchants now ensued with considerable haggling on both sides. Elaborate presents for local officials were demanded of the ships plus anchorage fees and dues that amounted to more than $2,000 for the *Franklin* alone. The acting governor dabbled in the sugar trade himself, and though he treated the visitors cordially and inveighed with them against the venality of the sugar traders, he conspired in a war of nerves that drove up prices incessantly and prevented the ships from taking on their desired cargo.

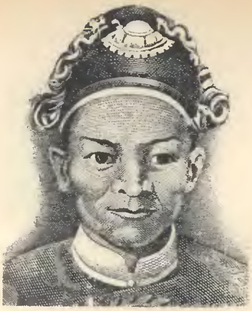
When more than a month had passed with no progress in sight—the enforced idleness permitted White to obtain and record his vivid impressions of Saigon life—the trader captains were forced to pin their remaining hopes on the anticipated return of the Viceroy. White tells us that the acting governor was in charge because the Viceroy had been called to Hué to defend himself against accusations of misconduct. But instead of punishment and degradation, which his enemies anticipated would be the result, Gia Long's envoy in the Southern provinces won the renewed favor of the sovereign, received one of the Emperor's nieces in marriage, and was sent back to Saigon, loaded with honors and attentions.

The Viceroy was represented to the two captains by their local friends, the missionaries and interpreters, as a very different man from the acting governor. He was described as enlightened and attentive to Europeans, whose company he enjoyed and whom he was always ready to assist or protect.

Nowhere in White's account is this personage identified by name as Marshal Le Van Duyet, but the circumstances, dates and descriptions remove all doubts as to his identity. When on the 6th of December the return of the Viceroy was announced by the discharge of cannon, their muzzles pointing vertically at the sky, and the display of flags at the citadel, the Yankee seafarers were overjoyed and requested the earliest opportunity to pay their respects. White reported: "Our reception was most frank and cordial; the appearance and manners of the Viceroy were military and dignified, and he had the air of an experienced courtier, blended with the frankness of a soldier. He was a man of mind, and is no doubt destined in the event of future wars or domestic commotion to fill an important page in the history of his country."

Who was this Le Van Duyet, Marshal, Viceroy, and today spirit protector of Saigon and the delta provinces whose likeness is carried on the red hundred piaster notes and is considered so lucky that the notes tend to disappear from circulation?

As a young man of humble origin, Le Van Duyet (1763-1832) joined forces with Nguyen Phuoc Anh who unified the faction-ridden country, overthrew the Tay Son, who themselves had usurped the throne some decades earlier, and had himself proclaimed King-Emperor in 1802. Under the dynastic name of Gia Long, Nguyen Phuoc Anh became the founder of the Nguyen dynasty which ended officially with the abdication of absentee Emperor Bao Dai in 1945.



Marshal Le Van Duyet, whose likeness appears on the red hundred piaster notes

Marshal Le Van Duyet was Gia Long's top general and viceroy for the southern provinces which he administered from Saigon from 1813 until his death in 1832. He kept the southern provinces unified and secure against the incursions and insurrections that even then plagued the country. After the Marshal's death, Le Van Khoi, his adopted son, led an unsuccessful revolt against the repressive policies of Gia Long's son Minh Mang who had succeeded his father on the throne at Hué. In punishment for the actions of his son, the Marshal's tomb was lashed and ordered razed by Minh Mang, only to be rebuilt as a place of worship 20 years later under the reign of Emperor Tu Duc.

All these events were far in the future when White and his companions presented their respects to the Viceroy.

"The platforms on each side were crowded with mandarins of all ranks, while a constant succession of others occurred, prostrating themselves before the throne while their gifts were borne by servants and retainers.

"His Excellency was highly gratified with our presents, all of which he inspected very closely." But one of the presents of which the visitors were particularly proud produced a totally unexpected effect. White reports that their richly ornamented kaleidoscope, being of superior workmanship, was especially admired by the viceroy. "I directed the linguists to inform his Excellency, that this was a new invention that had excited much admiration in Europe and I then proceeded to explain its uses and mode of application. No sooner however had he looked through it, than he took it from his eye and addressed a few words to the linguist who repeated to me that the instrument might be new in Europe, but was by no means rare with them. He then directed a few words to an officer in attendance who returned in a few minutes with several kaleidoscopes covered with red embossed paper. They were, it is true, of inferior workmanship, but in principle did not differ in the least degree from our own. We were greatly surprised that an invention of such recent origin in Europe should be found in this secluded part of the world especially as those we saw were evidently of Chinese manufacture."

After this official first presentation, the two Yankee skippers called frequently on the Marshal whom they found to be open-minded, extremely friendly and a pleasure to talk to after their daily vexations of trying to do business with the venal sugar brokers. After concluding one of these early visits one of the interpreters suggested that they might be able to augment their ships' provisions with fresh game and fowl from the Viceroy's larders overflowing with the offerings of the mandarins. On their way the little group passed a pavilion parallel to the palace and surrounded by verandas. These were the apartments of the Viceroy's wives, it was explained to visitors, and the ladies could be seen from afar in multicolored gowns, bedecked with jewelry: "On our approach they flocked to the verandas and gazed at us with eager curiosity through the screens and lattices behind which they were partially shrouded. They were in high glee and frequently called to us, and as the linguists said, invited us to approach, that they might examine our dresses, skins, etc. But when we were proceeding to gratify the ladies by a nearer approach, two stout fellows who were their guards, drove them into the interior of the dwelling and posted themselves at the door as sentinels." The ladies' curiosity was natural even without the boredom and isolation of their married life, for White and his companions were the first Westerners they had ever laid eyes on.

The high point of cordiality in the Americans' relations with the Viceroy was reached in the course of a lavish evening entertainment tendered by Le Van Duyet in honor of the ships' officers. On that occasion wrote White, the exalted personage purposely excluded all local visitors to achieve complete informality and was attended only by his servants, the officers of his own household and the four government interpreters, who were indigenous Christians.

Here, is a slightly condensed version of what happened that memorable evening:

"His Excellency throwing aside pomp, pride and circumstances of his exalted station conversed very freely with us. War, politics, religion and the customs and manners of European nations were the topics on which he dwelt with great interest, and the judicious remarks which he made convinced us of the strength of his powers and the extent of his acquirements.

"About two hours had passed in this pleasurable intercourse when he told us that some refreshment had been prepared for us in the European style under the direction of Antonio the linguist who had been at Macao. A small table was prepared in the center of the hall on which were heaped, one above the other, a profusion of dishes and bowls containing a great variety of boiled fowls, ducks, rice, yams, sweet potatoes, roasted pork, fish, confectionary and fish pickle.* We were much amused at the 'European style' of this entertainment; the table being high and the chairs being low, our chins, when we were seated, were on a line with the former; so finding that we could not manage in this posture, we were obliged to relinquish this item of European fashion and stand around the table.

"At the commencement of our repast, the Viceroy attended us, with a bottle of the liquor we had presented him, in one hand, and a glass in the other, with which he plied us with but little intermission till we begged for quarter. Soon anxiety that we should reap the full fruition of the pleasures before us, again pressed into its services his manual powers, and he proceeded with his fingers to cram our mouths with a heterogeneous assemblage of fish, fowl, rice, pilaw, curry, pork, potatoes, sugar plums, etc. without any regard to order or precedency, till our eyes began to start from their sockets, while big tears coursed in rapid succession over our distended cheeks.

"The Chinese cooks here perambulate the streets with an elastic strip of bamboo across their shoulders from each end of which is suspended by cords a square board, resembling a wooden scale on which they carry various dishes, ready cooked for the table; among these viands a very common object is a baked hog covered with a coat of varnish made principally of sugar or molasses. One of these itinerant purveyors for the stomach had been called in and his board was laid upon the floor of the hall on which he cut up the meat and replenished our table from it with his naked hands; this was however no time to be fastidious and we labored to do honor to our entertainment, and to gratify our benevolent host who in his anxiety to render our visit pleasant to us had condescended not only to superintend the ceremony of our table, but with his own viceroyal hands to convey the food into our very mouths.

"The Viceroy did not partake with us in either solids or fluids, but derived great apparent satisfaction from our exertions to please him by doing ample honour to his feast though at the expense of aching heads and nauseated stomachs from promiscuous repletion."

White reports that after the repast had ended, "we related to the Viceroy the various arts that had been put into operation by the merchants and others to deceive and cheat us, and the roguery at the custom house, and requested him to exert his influence to promote a spirit of honorable intercourse. He expressed much concern at the recital of our complaints, and assured us that although he was a military man and had no concern in commercial pursuits, and that he had no right to dictate to his Majesty's subjects the mode of transacting their business yet he would use his influence in persuading the holders of merchandise to bring and sell it to us at a fair and reasonable rate."

The party lasted until late into the night and when the visitors finally took their leave of the generous host, they were invited to call on him whenever their inclination or convenience should lead them to the palace, without any ceremony whatsoever. Le Van Duyet proceeded to give orders to his entourage that the Americans be admitted to his presence at all times.

The strangers from Olan*, as they were called, took frequent advantage of this offer and developed a genuine esteem, a feeling of affection even, for this unusual man. Again and again White remarks on the tragedy of this enlightened soldier statesman who ranked head and shoulder above his conniving contemporaries and yet seemed condemned by fate to appease a suspicious and intolerant sovereign instead of being able to devote his great talents to improving the lot of his countrymen.

(*Continued on page* 49)

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*The ubiquitous "nuoc mam" which still accompanies all Vietnamese meals.

*The first Westerners who reached Saigon had probably been Dutch and the phonetic term Olan (Holland) was applied to all foreigners from beyond the seas.

SPECIAL BOOK ESSAY

The Limits of Intervention

by Townsend Hoopes

Reviewed by
Smith Simpson

Two weeks before Clark Clifford became Secretary of Defense, the Under Secretary of Air, one Townsend Hoopes, sent him a "Dear Clark" letter which began: "I have concluded that it would be useful, before you take office, to put before you a certain perspective on aspects of the Vietnam problem. I do so in the belief that these aspects involve critical nuances unlikely to come through clearly in formal briefings or even in supplementary talks. I put them to you with more candor than discretion, believing you would prefer this, but believing in any event that candor and clarity are needed at this juncture of our affairs." Indeed so, and the same "candor and clarity" characterize Mr. Hoopes's now-published account of our Vietnam involvement, what was wrong about it and how the Johnson-Rostow-Rusk policy of escalation was reversed. It is by far the most detailed of the two authoritative accounts available of that reversal, and it throws interesting illumination upon James Thomson's brilliant generalizations in his ATLANTIC article of April 1968 on "How Could Vietnam Happen?", as well as Clark Clifford's FOREIGN AFFAIRS article of July 1969.

The succession of events in Vietnam, in the United States and within the inner circle of our government from 1965 to 1968 relating to our Southeast Asian war is presented with deft conciseness. Then is analyzed the rapid crystallization of views which occurred after the shattering impact of the Tet offensive and General Westmoreland's request for over 200,000 more troops. On the day that Robert McNamara (whose disenchantment with the war had reached an advanced state) left the Defense Department for the World Bank, the President named an Ad Hoc Task Force to examine the military's request and its domestic implications. Mr. Hoopes says: "As the principals understood it, the assignment from the President was a fairly narrow one—how to give Westmoreland what he said he needed, with acceptable domestic consequences." Clark Clifford was named chairman of the Task Force and when, two days later, he was sworn in as Defense Secretary, he not only accelerated the Force's pace but "moved immediately to broaden the inquiry's frame of reference by stating that, to him, the basic question was whether the US should continue to follow the same course in Vietnam." He made this move on the urging of a lower echelon of officials, including Mr. Hoopes, which had not been able to penetrate the upper crust of DOD. The urging was supported by Dean Acheson who, with the President's permission, tapped that lower echelon and reported to the President that "the Joint Chiefs don't know what they are talking about." Against what happened to be the congealed convictions of Rusk, Rostow and the President himself, Clifford carried off his move and it is this enthralling demonstration of conscience, courage, tact and ingenuity that Mr. Hoopes relates.

Until assuming the responsibility of directing our military establishment, Mr. Clifford had gone along with the President on Vietnam. Only he can explain this and Mr. Hoopes but suggests that he was given his general bearings by President Eisenhower when, during the transition period betwen the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, the White House incumbent "sought to impress upon the President-elect his belief that the United States had a vital interest in assuring that Southeast Asia remained free of 'Communist domination.'" The briefing concentrated on Laos. "As Kennedy later complained, Eisenhower hardly mentioned Vietnam, and thus failed to provide any special warning of the difficulties to come." But Kennedy had ample advisers of his own, of course, once he assumed office and so did his successor. What transpired from 1961 on can hardly be attributed to Eisenhower.

Once in the saddle at the Pentagon, Clifford, prodded and tutored by his lower echelon, learned very fast and it is a tribute to the elegance of his character and mind that he was willing to listen, seize hold of the prickly burr and stick with it in all his meetings with Rusk, Rostow and the military and then with the President, insisting on getting *all* the facts, examining *all* the assumptions and questioning *all* the evaluations of alleged information which had evolved over the years of expanding war. If ever John Kennedy's "Profiles in Courage" is expanded, Clark Clifford should be in it and suitable annotation should credit the Townsend Hoopses and Dean Achesons with their own courageous contributions to the education of Clifford.

If, as is now asserted in some quarters, Secretary Rusk was the first to propose to the President a bombing halt, it is not claimed (so far) that he had in mind the fundamental reversal of policy pressed by Clifford and his colleagues. Nor was the President to be easily persuaded as to either course and the evidence to date supports Mr. Hoopes' thesis that the Secretary of State and his associates willingly left that herculean effort to the Secretary of Defense and his collaborators.

But there is more to this crackling account of "candor and clarity" than Vietnam and Clark Clifford. If one thing detonates from its pages it is the demonstration that our top officials who were designing our Vietnam policy were too little tutored in Asia, too uninformed on Vietnam culture and social patterns, and insufficiently instructed in oriental psychology. Whatever their motives, and in at least two instances these were of the noblest, they endeavored to impress upon an inchoate nation the mold of Munich, upon oriental minds the mold of Western, upon a village-and-hamlet oriented people the mold of a United Nations Charter which presumes the existence of States, national consciousness and frontiers, representative governments and a certain level of self-determination among the population to be free and self-governing on a national scale. I saw this terrible error in the making when participating modestly in the process of developing the UN Charter and I eagerly embraced an opportunity of disentangling myself from it and applying myself to the more realistic and constructive processes of diplomacy. So I have no illusions as to how all this intellectual error got started in our foreign policy and the extent to which the statements of Secretary Rusk on our Vietnam policy reinforce everything that Mr. Hoopes has to say in his book.

Another troubling question generated by "The Limits of Intervention" is: how did it happen that our policy of escalation was effectively challenged in the military rather than in the diplomatic establishment? That challenge was by civilians in the Pentagon. Why not by civilians in the State Department? It was by political appointees in the Pentagon. Why not by careerists in State, who are supposed to know so much more and so much better than anyone else about foreign affairs? Where was the seething skep-

THE BOOKSHELF

ticism in State which Mr. Hoopes describes as existent in the Pentagon? Why did no one in State's inner circle ever question whether we had the diplomatic resources to carry off such an adventure? Who cautioned that foreign policy and foreign commitments must be weighed in terms of diplomatic resources? Why did no one in State at the very least recognize the glaring inadequacy in the education and training of Foreign Service officers, for a counter-insurgency and a nation-building diplomacy in advance of the Vietnam war? Why did—and does—State leave so much of nation-building diplomacy to CIA? Who in State is even now asking: "What accounted for this mistaken policy and resourceless diplomacy? How can a repetition be avoided? What is missing in the preparation of diplomatic officers that they found themselves unable or unwilling to render better service to their nation with respect to Vietnam? And how does this missing element affect everything they do across the whole spectrum of foreign affairs?"

Mr. Hoopes touches upon some of these questions obliquely. He speaks of the difficulty he experienced, on returning to the Pentagon in 1965, of finding out "what was going on in foreign policy," of the lack of any "central guiding philosophy in foreign policy," of "slackness in coordinating," "excessive concentration on problems of the moment," inadequate "organizational linkages" between the State Department and the military establishment, "erosion of comprehensive, integrated, longer-term policy planning" in the State Department during the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson years, "the President's uncertainty and sense of insecurity in handling foreign policy" and "a prevailing set of assumptions among his close advisers that reinforced his own tendency to think about the external world in simplistic terms of appeasement versus military resolve," thereby leaving untouched the whole question of diplomacy and diplomatic resources. He concluded that analysis of the Vietnam problem in the National Security Council—the very mechanism which President Truman used so effectively—was inadequate. He feels "the stirring, if ambiguous, banner of counterinsurgency" raised by Robert Kennedy, Maxwell Taylor, Walt Rostow, Richard Bissell and Roger Hilsman in 1961-62 was never really hoisted in Vietnam and hence the current policy of "Vietnamization" is doomed to failure.

A lot of hard thinking and action needs to be addressed to the deficiencies of the diplomatic establishment—its motivations, mental attitudes and values included. As we teeter on the edge of Laos and Thailand, the Middle East and just about everywhere, this book warns us we had better get to more than the edge of factors which deter and handicap every effort we make with respect to foreign affairs. "Reform of the State Department," Townsend Hoopes says to us, is more than a cry of Young Turks: it is a political necessity.

THE LIMITS OF INTERVENTION, *by Townsend Hoopes. David McKay, $5.95.*

The Liberators

THE LIBERATORS, a study of the movements which brought independence to Spanish America, fails to meet the requirements either of a serious historical work or of an introduction to the subject for the lay reader. As history it suffers from a weakness for sweeping generalities and dubious judgments. (A sample from the section on the aftermath of independence: "In Montevideo in 1933 Cordell Hull's exposition of Roosevelt's 'good-neighbor policy' was soon identified in Latin American minds with the 'big stick.' ") The lay reader may lose his way in thickets of detail and undigested quotations from source materials. The book also tends to treat the wars for independence as a dispute over political abstractions and pays little attention to the economic and social contexts of the struggle. Nevertheless, in its treatment of the leaders of the independence movement, the volume provides some interesting summaries of the political philosophies of Bolivar, San Martin, Francisco de Miranda and other figures.

—VICTOR B. OLASON

THE LIBERATORS. *A Study of the Independence Movements in Spanish America, by Irene Nicholson. Praeger, $8.95.*

Cuba: The New Man and the New Economy

CUTTING sugar cane under the Caribbean sun is one of the more unpleasant endeavors known to man. The spectacle of American youngsters chopping away to make their ideological point reminds us that Fidel Castro is not without his admirers in this country. More than just the politics of domestic protest is involved. These two books help to explain in particular what the revisionists and new-school Social Scientists find so attractive in the Cuban revolution.

According to Stanford's Professor Fagen, Castro is "moved by the urge to create" and what he would create is no less than the "new man" in Cuba: "revolutionary man," free of the old Latin American vice of individualism—selfless, industrious and, of course, obedient. Mass mobilization and participation in the enterprises of the revolution are the means to remake the Cuban people in their leader's vision. Professor Fagen attempts to show us this process in action through three lengthy case studies of experiments in Cuban revolutionary transformation: the 1961 literacy campaign, the Schools of Revolutionary Instruction, and the notorious Committees for the Defense of the Revolution. The techniques and the goal of "forming and reforming men—to forge a new social order" come through clearly enough; but the book is not very satisfactory on what leads the author to find the Cuban approach distinctive and particularly promising of success as compared, say, with the "Soviet man" example.

Professor Fagen recognizes a critical condition: "if the economic effort fails, the vision is doomed." The second of these books deals with the background and the early years (1959-64) of that effort. It is Professor O'Connor's thesis that pre-revolutionary Cuba's economy suffered from a permanent crisis of "high-level stagnation" brought on by a "regressive kind of monopoly capitalism." The ills and distortions of the political economy ran so deep as to render a "liberal-reform ideology bankrupt." "Socialism" was thus "inevitable," given the developmental goals of the revolution. This argument is followed by an examination of the steps Castro and his colleagues took to impose socialism on the agriculture and industry of Cuba. Unfortunately, the book does not extend to a hard look at the performance of the post-1964 Cuban economy, the only objective measure by which Professor O'Connor's highly debatable thesis can be judged.

On one point the two authors seem to diverge. Professor Fagen emphasizes the "Cubanness" of Castro's revolution and doubts its transferability as a model to other Latin American situations. Professor O'Connor regards a "Caribbean or Latin American Socialist Commonwealth" as the final guarantee of the revolution, and acknowledges without question Castro's "burning concern" with "revolutionary struggles" elsewhere in Latin America. But on an even more fundamental issue they are clearly in accord. Neither has a word of regret for the absence in Cuba of what Professor Fagen calls the "conventional freedoms"; and neither finds an anachronism in the perpetuation of *caudillo* rule in the setting of what both insist is a modernizing, liberating revolution.

—HARRY W. SHLAUDEMAN

THE TRANSFORMATION OF POLITICAL CULTURE IN CUBA, *by Richard R. Fagen. Stanford University Press, $8.50.*
THE ORIGINS OF SOCIALISM IN CUBA, *by James O'Connor. Cornell University Press, $10.00.*

Intelligent Intelligence

WAR, they say, is hell, and the road to hell, they also say, is paved with good intentions. You can form your own syllogism from these two premises, and your conclusion will not be too far off the mark. The road to war, at least, seems to be paved with this or that country's non-perception or misunderstanding of the intentions of another.

This is one of the unfortunate facts of life which emerges from three of the recent crop of books on the (art?) (science?) (craft?) of intelligence: "The Secret Road to World War II: Soviet versus Western Intelligence, 1921-1939," by Paul W. Blackstock; "The Super Spies," by Andrew Tully; and "Captains Without Eyes: Intelligence Failures in World War II," by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr. Blackstock's book is scholarly, Tully's is journalistic, and Kirkpatrick's is the work of a professional, albeit a retired professional. "The Secret Road to World War II" is, therefore, somewhat heavy, if rewarding, reading; "The Super Spies," somewhat superficial; and "Captains Without Eyes," the one to read if you have time for just one. The latter will, beyond doubt, become a standard text in the various service academies.

Another fact which becomes clear in the reading of these books is that no machine—whether computer or orbiting spy-in-the-sky—can ever completely replace the human element in the process of intelligence. The word *process* is important. Just as the transmittal of a message, whether by smoke signal or satellite, does not constitute communication (the process must also include such elements as reception and understanding by the intended audience), so the gathering of vital information does not constitute intelligence (evaluation and determination of its relative significance are but two of the many other factors involved).

Kirkpatrick points out that *intentions constitute the most closely guarded of national or battlefield secrets. Often they reside in the mind of one man alone . . . or are shared by only a few top leaders. . . . Concealment of true intentions is sometimes a major objective in the complex interchanges of international relations* This, of course, is not news to the diplomat, any more than to the professional intelligence agent, but how often is it forgotten or, equally dangerous, ignored in the interest of advancing self-fulfilling prophecies?

—S. I. NADLER

CAPTAINS WITHOUT EYES: *Intelligence Failures in World War II, by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr. Macmillan. $6.95.*
THE SECRET ROAD TO WORLD WAR II: *Soviet versus Western Intelligence, 1921-1939, by Paul W. Blackstock. Quadrangle Books, $9.50.*
THE SUPER SPIES, *by Andrew Tully. Morrow. $5.95.*

The Lion of Judah

THE problem of analyzing a highly personal form of government, such as is found in Ethiopia, is that it *is* personal. Such institutions as parliament, the nobility, the cabinet, and planning boards may have the same duties and powers as their counterparts abroad in principle, but as Clapham points out repeatedly, all significant activity requires the personal approval of His Imperial Majesty. Why then a detailed study of each component in the system?

The general reader can probably learn all he wishes to from the summary chapter at the end. The specialist may wish to delve into Clapham's detailed observations on the operation of the Ethiopian governmental system, but he will find at many a key juncture a phrase such as "exactly what happened then cannot be determined."

Even the book's one illustrative case study of a government action, the Italian loan of 1963, does not serve to clarify many of the general precepts about the government agencies described in earlier chapters. The point is in fact suggested that each important action is *ad hoc* and that few fixed institutionalized procedures exist.

Although transliteration of Amharic names into English letters is at best imprecise, Clapham has not helped matters by employing the confusing system of diacritical markings established by the JOURNAL OF ETHIOPIAN STUDIES, Vol. II, No. 1, which not all readers will have at hand, rather than the straightforward renderings used by the English language press in Addis Ababa. Haile Selassie, for example, is never hyphenated in Ethiopia, but Clapham adds this refinement to stress the unity of the double name.

The author certainly identifies the groups and institutions that influence the Emperor and therefore the decision making process, but he does not and one probably could not, establish any meaningful general principles that could be employed to predict the results or even the mechanism of decision making in individual cases.

—HARVEY I. LEIFERT

HAILE-SELASSIE'S GOVERNMENT, *by Christopher Clapham. Praeger, $7.50.*

The Game of "Go"

THE PROTRACTED GAME is an interpretation of Maoist revolutionary strategy in terms of the Asian game of *wei-ch'i*, known to the West and to Japan as *go*. A favorite with Chinese generals, statesmen and literati over two thousand years, the game has been a significant element in Chinese Communist strategy—a strategy in which the player seeks to extend his control of territory and, by avoiding direct confrontation with his adversary, to encircle him.

Mr. Boorman's examination of Chinese Nationalist-Chinese Communist warfare with the insight provided by *wei-ch'i* principles is a *tour de force*. He hopes that, through a knowledge of the *wei-ch'i* game, Western scholars, soldiers, and statesmen may better understand the patterns of Asian wars and revolutions, as well as the dynamics of Chinese Communist strategy on the "world board."

Quoting Sun Tzu's famous dictum, "Know yourself and know your enemy, one hundred battles, one hundred victories," Mr. Boorman declares: "As a means, if only partial, to knowledge of the Chinese Communist player, understanding of the protracted game is a critical adjunct for the Western side in all strategic situations of Sino-Western conflict or accord."

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

THE PROTRACTED GAME, *by Scott A. Boorman. Oxford University Press, $7.50.*

Is your circadian rhythm out of whack?
Did your last long flight leave you with Jet Bokey?

You Can Beat JET LAG

THE Foreign Service has a Red Badge of Courage known as Jet Lag. Pre WWII FSOs arrived at post rested and refreshed by a long, luxurious sea voyage. Our British colleagues even invented the word "posh" for the proper location of an officer's stateroom to, and from India—Port Out, Starboard Home.

But you modern travelers jet jump across thousands of miles and numerous time zones in a day or so. You arrive in a state of physiological confusion that pales your pleasures and sours working abilities. Getting there isn't any fun at all. Jet Lag has you in thrall.

This is because your body's internal, involuntary functions, which doctors label "Circadian rhythms" are still operating on home time. These rhythms are finely tuned habits which can't automatically be set forward or back like your watch. So when you've been hurled to Bangkok or Berlin in a few hours, your inside self is still ticking away on its Washington schedule. As a result you may wake up sharply at two in the morning, and drop off to sleep at some vital 11 AM meeting. You're ready for a turkey dinner at 5 AM but feel stuffed when the local meal hour arrives. As one young lady remarked with a giggle, "I feel hungry when I go to bed, but sexy when I sit down to lunch!" Your food elimination system is off too. Nothing works right. You're a slave to another life. You're a newly landed Martian, out of step with the Earthlings around you. You can't enjoy or compete properly in your new environment.

If you're average, you may need as long as a week or ten days to adjust satisfactorily.

FITZHUGH GREEN

The author was a World War II Naval officer who served in the Pacific Theatre. Later he was a New York executive with two internationally active firms, Vick Chemical Co. and Time Inc. A veteran FSIO, he is deputy head of USIA's operations in East Asia and the Pacific. With this experience it's not surprising that he had made friends with the pain of travel.

Nearly every long distance voyager by air suffers this distress and temporary erosion of efficiency. "Jet Bokey" the Japanese call it, meaning "jet slovenliness." One wonders whether the seven-league boots of jet flight are really worth while.

Are we powerless against Jet Lag? The answer is no. Not if you're willing to fight back. I have fought back and discovered a way to beat Jet Lag. From Washington I have to visit regularly fifteen countries in the Orient. This regime has given me plenty of opportunity to test my program—it includes a vigorous, two-pronged counter-attack—physical and psychological.

The physical tactics:

1. Hard exercise at least every other day.
2. Sleep—normal span (for you?) for me eight hours.
3. Eat and drink in controlled fashion.
4. Fly by day if possible.

The psychological tactics:

1. Change your watch promptly to the time of wherever you are—don't complain "Gee, it's 2 AM Washington time; I should be asleep."
2. Live fully the schedule of your present location; that is, eat, work, play and sleep in the time zone where you are. Don't have a big snack at 3 AM just because it happens to be the dinner hour where you were three days ago. In short, *brainwash* yourself with all your willpower to attune to the new time zone. Hard work and exercise help. If you tire your body enough, the need to rest seems to erase its memory of yesterday's rhythms 10,000 miles away.

Here's how a trip to Japan may be laid on—the rules apply to any trans-time zone voyage: First, avoid working twelve hours on your last day in Washington and then jumping on a night plane. Instead, work if you must but also squeeze in an hour or two of exercise; gardening, athletics of any kind or perhaps just a long walk—long enough to fill you with fresh air (if you can find it) and mildly fatigue you. Then get a good night's sleep and leave in the morning. Take a day off before departure if you can. Always go on a daytime flight if possible. Your body's mechanisms get less discombobulated if you don't start out at night.

Once on the plane to Tokyo, immediately marry yourself to the jolly, if confining, life laid out for you. Consume every meal offered. Drink whatever your own alcohol tolerance will bear without falling asleep—or all over your tourist-class neighbor in the next seat.

Do get off and walk around at the fuel stops. This burns up some of the calorie intake and contributes to your total needed exercise.

When drowsy, take dog naps. They stave off the purely nervous fatigue which exacerbates the sleepless aspects of Jet Lag. This may be difficult if you are a curious traveler who cannot stop watching what is going on around him. For example, will the six month-old baby's crawl practice reach the passageway just as the stewardess goes by with a stack of steaming-hot trays? Or how is that instant-romance progressing between the decorated Marine from Vietnam and the diplomat's daughter traveling to Tokyo? Or can the restive girl across the aisle with the micro-mini skirt face the problem of climbing over the fat man between her and a clear path to the ladies room or will she suffer silently for the remaining 300 minutes to Anchorage? If you are a self-appointed tab-keeper on these mundane dramas, buy yourself a sleeping mask—on first class they are provided free.

Don't worry about sleeping too much on the plane. The mere experience of flying will deliver you fagged.

By all means keep busy during the slack periods between dining, drinking or dozing. Fidgeting gives you time to turn negative (*that* is when Jet Lag seeps in). You become reflective, and this leads to thinking backward to your dear departed time zone. When your mind fails to concentrate on the present, your body follows suit and the physical rhythms you should be forgetting become insistent. So breathe deeply, keep setting your watch ahead, and think NOW.

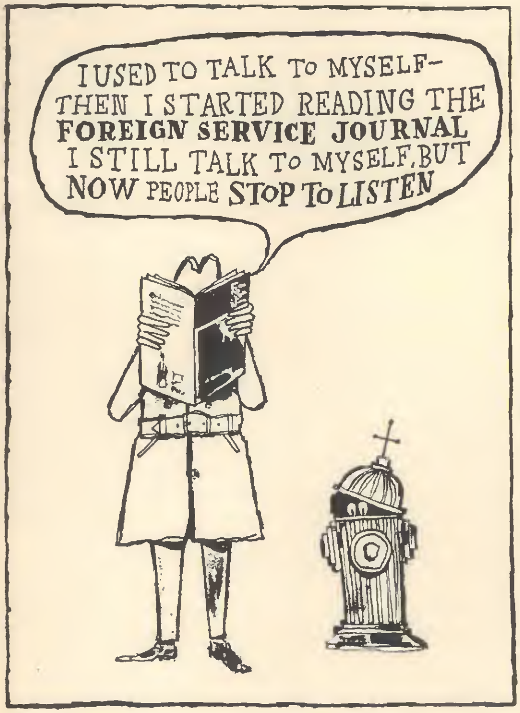
On the final lap from Anchorage to Tokyo, if you go all the way from Washington in one hop, your self-discipline can relax. In fact, you'd better just give up. Your exhaustion by now is strong enough to preclude any back-sliding results from fidgeting or other weak-kneed behavior. Besides, you are too numb to react to the stimulation of any time zone.

Then comes splash down, and you must pry yourself from your own private module of near collapse. The man from the embassy meets you on the carrier deck-like expanse of the air terminal. Only you feel no exaltation. You have not dared greatly and achieved much. You've only survived. But survival is your goal—to win it you must focus fully on your sole greeter and his humming city; where, by the way, it is now only 5:40 PM local time. You've been awake for 18 hours, and it's *what* o'clock in Washington? NEVER MIND!

Have supper, even if it is your eighth successive meal since you last got out of bed. Retire at 11 PM Tokyo time; or whenever you usually go to bed.

Under this system, it is permissible though not always necessary to take a mild sedative the first night after a multi-time zone flight. The trip has tired you and you must rest. Next day don't try to work as hard as the President. He, after all travels on Air Force 1 where they check Jet Lag with the baggage.

The system works. A medical advisor of astronauts assured me it has validity. Try it. If you follow every step and it fails you, then probably you're in the wrong occupation. ■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SAIGON *from page* 43

When the two skippers finally obtained their sugar cargoes at the end of January, 1820, after nearly four months of hard bargaining, they were not sorry to turn their prows homeward. But they regretted leaving the Viceroy, Father Joseph, an Italian missionary who would rather risk persecution and martyrdom with his flock than leave his post of duty, and their faithful interpreter "Polonio" who had been a servant of the late Bishop of Adran.

A final ceremony took place prior to their departure. Captain White, accompanied by two officers, the interpreter, the chief of the customs service and two other mandarins, entered the somber and deserted royal palace built for Gia Long who had never come to Saigon. They called to have affixed the required royal seal to their departure documents: "We entered a lofty and spacious antechamber, floored with polished planks. The walls on three sides were hung with matting screens, the fourth was a partition of stuccoed brick which separated it from a salon of large proportions, into which we took the liberty to peep. We could perceive nothing remarkable about it, with the exception of a massive and ponderous cabinet of rosewood. From it was taken a handsomely ornamented ebony box containing the great seals which were affixed to our documents in the presence of three or four soldiers who were slowly and silently pacing about in the dim twilight of the solitary apartments."

The leavetaking from the Marshal was emotional. The account notes that His Excellency bid adieu with much feeling and interest, expressing great regret that we had encountered anything of a disagreeable nature in his country.

While making their way aboard to cast off for the long return voyage to Salem, White pondered on the injustice of fate and in so doing gives us a glimpse of how Gia Long, enlightened monarch of the history books, was viewed by some contemporaries:

"The reflections which occurred after taking leave of this great man were of a nature to call forth feelings of deep regret that fortuitous circumstances had not placed the sceptre of this fine peninsula in his hands, who would have known so much better how to sway it for his glory and happiness of the nation, than the present tyrant whose selfish heart beats only responsive to a cold and fallible head."

The following morning the two vessels weighed anchor and sailed downstream. It was January 30, 1820. The return voyage to Salem took exactly seven months and on August 31 the *Franklin,* battered by hurricanes, under makeshift rigging, her hold filled with the sugar of Saigon, returned to her berth in Salem port after an absence of two years and eight months. The fate of the *Marmion* is not reported but the Peabody Museum in Salem to this date holds books, trinkets and articles of daily use brought back from Saigon by Captain White, together with the manuscript of his book which was published in Boston in 1823. ■

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QUIET BATTLES *from page 19*

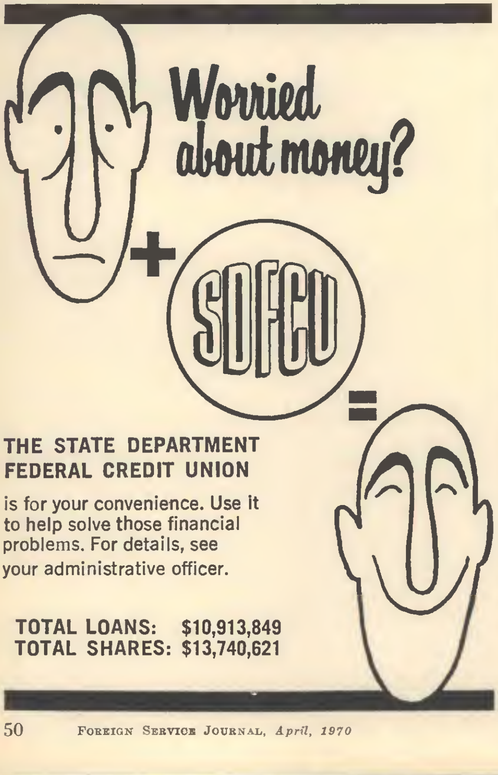
table from the start? How much officially required evil does one have to commit before one should resign? There is no clear solution here, but perhaps only some kind of calculus of more or less, some estimate of the overall purposes of the Government, and, if one stays on, some determination whether one can accomplish some satisfying margin of good over evil. Such judgments are, needless to say, terribly difficult.

2. The question of responsibility raises that of initiative and autonomy. How much sway does a diplomat have in advancing and implementing his own ideas? When I found myself in policy jobs, even at the lowest levels, I was surprised how *much* I had. And this for several reasons. First, the main policy is frequently not clear, and, in any case, its application to one's particular problems is not clear. Further, in many ways, one can define the problems to be worked on. Thus a junior economic officer can decide on his own to study a communal marketing arrangement because he feels it might offer a promising model for our AID effort; a senior economic officer may draw up a list of priorities for our entire economic assistance effort in his country of assignment. Of course he operates within constraints, our political relations with the host government, the budget, and so on; but within these limits there is considerable room for initiative and maneuver.

Another basis for initiative is that human beings are lazy. If an officer comes up with something it may just be adopted because it is after all *some* policy and no one else has proposed a staffed-through alternative. And here again, all his social and argumentative skills are needed to persuade his chiefs and colleagues from other offices to go along with him.

His subordination in the "command structure" is then not total, nor inevitable. But clearly there are limits. Too much attention to initiative, as opposed to following the established "line," looks like obstructionism. He can only accomplish so much, particularly at the lower levels. Can he accomplish enough? If not enough, or not enough for his taste, there is always the option of resigning. But the decision is never clearcut because he never knows whether in some subsequent assignment his opportunities might not be greater.

3. This raises yet another question, the question that finally comes to haunt one in the Service, almost from the beginning: By the time an officer has the opportunity to exercise a satisfying amount of initiative will he still be able to? How much will the "system" get to him, making him merely affable and compliant, unimaginative, time-serving, or voyeuristic? This, I believe, depends on him, on his quiet day-to-day battles with himself, on his ability to live fully into his experiences, to retain effectiveness without losing purpose, to retain purpose while implementing other people's ideas. It may thus mean being able to hold two ideas in his head



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at once, the official one, the one he may disagree with but implements, and his own, the one he hopes to introduce, quietly and effectively, perhaps years hence at the proper time. He must maintain by *any* method that works (one thinks of Dag Hammarskjöld's inner communions) those reserves of morality and energy which can be tapped either for patience or for action. For at the top, if one does finally arrive, there is the vista of immense power, of opportunities to effect the lives of millions of people for good or ill, although all along the way there are chances of lesser magnitude.

And what must be done spiritually in preparation must be complemented intellectually. For as he moves up in the Organization, the diplomat has less time and peace for updating his thinking and deepening his understanding. One of the difficulties with American foreign policy is that the Secretary of State and his ranking advisors haven't this time and peace. The danger is that the policy-maker ends up living off intellectual capital gained in college or the first few years thereafter, updated by the current intelligence take and the daily rush from the in-box. His policy may be containment toward the "communist bloc," when neither his strategy nor his characterization of communist countries any longer makes sense. He must then get in the time somewhere to do the reading he needs, at the office, crossing the Atlantic, an hour before work; and keep up and make contacts outside the round of diplomatic life—somehow getting what he needs to know so he can break away mentally from the "line," so he can judge it and offer up valid, workable alternatives; and also so he can avoid that strange sense of smug isolation, which can be at the base of the most sordid evils, that feeling, that so easily falls over corporate people, that they live in a world apart, and are thus beyond reach, and so, finally, beyond responsiiibility.

Thus, the bureaucratic life is a long test of will, which the will frequently fails. However, another possibility is that the widest knowledge, the deepest thought, the fullest experience will issue into firm purposes, those guiding aims which make a life of sustained commitment possible. This is the hope, realized only in some.

A bureaucratic life, in any case, means the end of solipsism and innocence. This explains perhaps the emotional fervor behind youth's hostility to it. But unless solipsism and innocence are transcended, mature political action necessary to the life of civilized communities is simply not possible. The idealism of youth, if it is to be more than an excuse for non-performance, cannot write off government service. It is a responsibility which youth, when it is ready, must assume.

A bureaucratic career does pose moral dangers. It can be thought of as a series of battles, some of which will be lost. They are quiet battles and often lack the glamour of sit-ins and picket lines, but they are no less, and perhaps are more decisive for the future of society. ■

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REQUIEM FOR SIR HAROLD

from page 40

criterion for success, namely that there would have to be at least one negotiator with a fine enough sense of tactics and a strong enough will to dominate the meeting. Nicolson's examination of the course of events at Lausanne—from preconference skirmishes between Barrère, the the chief of the French delegation, and the new Italian dictator Mussolini to the climactic showdown between the Allies and Turkey—reveal a series of masterful strokes cleverly conceived by Curzon, without which the conference would have had inconclusive, if less one-sided, results.)

Even when the essential preliminary criteria for a successful conference could be met, additional problems were likely to arise. If the negotiators were to speak for their nations' actual mood, they would have to subordinate long-term interests to momentary ones. Lloyd George, for instance, was given a clear mandate in the results of the "khaki election" of 1919 to exact a tribute from Germany in the peace settlement, and his inclination as a politician was to respond to the public will. Democratic opinion has a built-in "time lag," however, Nicolson maintains, and the results of the peace conference might have been more felicitous if Lloyd George could have foreseen and acted upon prescience that the electorate would be come more magnanimous within a year or two. The very political leaders (again like Lloyd George) who are best attuned to the moods of their own nation may very well by their ignorance of foreign sensitivities cause needless damage or misunderstanding. Dialectics, as opposed to discussion, may emerge as the principal theme of the conference, thereby sharpening rather than soothing national animosities, particularly if the press is present in force and eager to capitalize on gaffes and irritations. Moreover, "hurried histrionics" and overwork on the part of delegates are likely to produce hasty, and thus counterproductive, solutions to the problems which generated the conference.

One can understand Nicolson's concern about conferences. Few if any conferences between 1928 and the time his first studies were published had achieved anything, and the ratio of those with beneficial results to the total before that time would be low, especially when one considers how many there were (23 major ones in the years 1920-22 alone). One finds less concern with the perils of the conference in "Diplomacy," which was written at the end of the '30s after conference

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diplomacy had declined in vogue.

Sir Harold also notes a distressing concomitant trend toward amateurism in diplomacy after World War I. Recalling the clumsy and abortive efforts of William II and Nicholas to reconcile their countries at Bjorkö in 1905, and the former's frequent and unfortunate diplomatic initiatives, one must note that there was a certain amount of amateur diplomacy at the highest levels even before World War I. But it was the eclipse of the pre-war professional diplomats that troubled Sir Harold. His father's experienced contemporaries had known their opposites in other countries so well that they served as repositories of "expert estimation of character," and their successors lacked this background. Although Sir Harold's concern appears greatest about the effect on the British Foreign Office of the decline in expertise, he is equally mordant about post-war American and Soviet diplomacy. The Soviets, having learned at Brest-Litovsk that agreements were no better for them from having been openly arrived at, were quick enough to revert to some of the traditional forms, e.g., forsaking the revolutionary title of Polpred and returning to using Ambassadors. By the time of Rapallo, the Soviets' "first fine careless rapture" had waned. Presumably we Americans too did not remain "so determined not to be duped by the diabolical cunning of the Old Diplomacy that they suspected tricks where no tricks had been intended," although Nicolson nowhere credits us fully with having yielded our virtue.

I should not want to leave the impression that Sir Harold found no disadvantages in traditional diplomacy by professionals. When, he submits, "we attack the unctuous inertia, the floodlit self-righteousness, the timid imprecisions, appalling amateurishness of democratic diplomacy," the tragic results of diplomacy by *cabal* only a few decades earlier needed to be constantly remembered. Even the British cabinet, he recalls, had not been informed when the Prime Minister (Lord Grey) set in motion between the British and French general staffs the conversations that laid the basis for military cooperation in World War I.

Without making light of Sir Harold's lament (as one is tempted to do by the flashes of superb wit he so often displays), one must note that the dilemma of popular participation vs. expert judgment in relations among states is far from being a new problem; even Plato was probably not the first to examine it at some depth. On the other hand, one must note that truly democratic governments were in office for a brief period after World War I in many more countries than had ever been the case previously and perhaps subsequently, at least until after World War II. In this regard, at any rate, Sir Harold's contention that the character of diplomacy had changed radically with the end of World War I must be recognized as valid. ■

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LIVING POOR *from page* 24

snapped at the *socios* when they did dumb things, even though I knew they were as hungry as I was and that they were frantically combing the beach for something to give their children.

I began to get furious letters from my friends and family asking what was wrong, why didn't I keep in touch? I would sit down, write "Dear Father," stare at the paper for fifteen minutes, and then say, "Ah, to hell with it," and go take a nap. It wasn't only that I couldn't think of anything to say; writing a letter also involved finding the envelope, steaming it open, addressing it, stamping it, getting it into the mailbox. The whole thing was impossibly complicated.

Afternoons I usually stayed in the house and either slept or just sat on a stool staring out the window at the ocean. I lay on the bed and between naps read a book called "The Economics of Subsistence Agriculture" in five-minute periods of comparative concentration. Slowly I came to realize that the author was writing about us in Río Verde when he said that a majority of all the farmers in the world—perhaps 90 per cent of the self-employed farmers in Africa, Asia, and South America—their caloric intake limited to a bare subsistence level, worked no more than three or four hours a day. There is only so much energy in a dish of rice and a piece of fish. There are just so many miles to a gallon of bananas—not one foot more.

I don't know why reading this in a book gave me such satisfaction, seeing it all spelled out in graphs and statistics, but if came to me as a revelation, this terrible truth that I had known since arriving in Río Verde. And seeing it written down wiped away my last lingering feelings that Ramón and his two-hour naps after lunch, or Wilfrido sitting on a box all day in the shadow of his house without moving, or all those hundreds of men whose faces I had seen looking out the windows of little bamboo farmhouses up and down the river through those long afternoons, were manifestations of laziness. No, they were manifestations of exhaustion, in the case of Wilfrido—an old man fading and aging before our eyes—a moral exhaustion so consuming that he had to fight the impulse to kill himself. I was making a hundred dollars a month. My hunger was in varying degrees experimental and masochistic, and resulted from laziness, bad planning, and affectation. I was like a six-year-old kid playing doctor; I just wanted to see what it was like.

But projecting my own lethargy, exhaustion, and mental depression onto my friends, who weren't playing and who went through this seasonal hunger every year of their lives, I began to see in them such qualities of heroism and endurance, such a wild and savage strength, that it about broke my heart with pride for them.

Poverty isn't just hunger; it is many interlocking things — ignorance and exhaustion, under-production, disease, and fear. It is glutted

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export markets, sharp, unscrupulous middlemen, a lack of knowledge about the fundamental aspects of agriculture. It is the witchcraft of your grandfather spreading its values on your life. It is a dozen irrational Latin qualities, like your fear of making more of your life than your neighbor and thereby gaining his contempt for being overly ambitious.

There is no single way to smash out and be freed. A man has to break out in a dozen places at once. Most important, perhaps, he should start breaking out before he is six years old, for by then a typical child of poverty in a tropical nation is probably crippled by protein starvation, his brain dulled and his insides eaten up by worms and amoebas. No, more brutally true: if he is a typical child, an average child, by six he is dead.

To work harder a man has to eat better; to eat better he has to produce more; to produce more he has to work harder. And all of this is predicated on a growing knowledge of nutrition, basic hygiene, and the causes of the disease that ravage his body; an understanding of agriculture and a respect for new farming techniques, new seeds, new ways to plant, new fertilizers, new crops.

Craziest and most interesting is the problem of incentive. Many of the people in Río Verde, for instance, aside from wanting more food, prettier clothes, and the money for doctors when they needed it, couldn't think of any good reason for not being poor. They didn't want anything. Perhaps a radio, perhaps a horse. To talk to a man about tripling his income to three hundred dollars a year was to fill him with confusion; he got nervous; he started to laugh; he wanted to go get drunk. The poor man from the moment of his birth was so inundated with problems, so deprived, that to end up wanting things was a form of insanity. What he wanted was to stay alive another day to tell jokes and visit with his friends in the sweet night air; he wanted new pants for the fifth of August fiesta, another pair at Christmas, and a house full of food for the Easter *Semana Santa;* he wanted ten sucres from time to time so that he could drink and dance and feel cleansed of life. Ramón with his composition roof was *egoísto,* the maverick; roofing a house with Eternit that would collect rain water, in this town of thatched roofs, had separated Ramón from the people. Ramón wanted a million things—a refrigerator, a larger house, a store-bought bed for the son he expected, and, not least, the respect of the middle-class storekeepers in Esmeraldas with whom he had done business all his life as just an undifferentiated shadow in the doorway, another beach *zambo.*

Ramón didn't want to be poor any more, and he was riding for a fall. The people had a growing contempt for his ambition and his aggressiveness, and he, a growing contempt for their lack of drive, their acceptance of the old ways. The time will come when he will have to find a middle-class environment where he can be at ease. ■

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LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR

Election Critique

THE first direct election of AFSA's Board of Directors deserves a salute as the introduction of the democratic process into the profession that represents American democracy abroad. While the event is still fresh, I would like to suggest some guidelines for future elections. Elections are an important part of the openness we all want to see in AFSA and in the Foreign Affairs Community.

If AFSA is to represent their interests and if it is to earn the recognition that comes only when an organization reflects the views of its membership, its elections must be open, democratic and focused on issues. Only three out of eight eligible AFSA members voted in the last election; this suggests that many were not moved by the issues and the platforms. In order to increase participating voters, the election committee should give candidates and their platforms as much exposure to the membership as possible. AFSA also should encourage both individuals and slates to run on clear-cut platforms.

Slates of candidates running on a common platform are a good way of getting issues before the membership, but they cannot and should not replace all individual candidacies. Often, slates water down and lose issues in devising a common platform (and a slate representative of agencies, ranks, sex, etc.). Individual candidates and partial slates can dramatize issues and stir up badly needed debate in AFSA.

AFSA should limit the number of candidates. Under present practice, almost anyone can run and a board elected by a minority is virtually assured. Sixty-six candidates ran in the last election with varying degrees of seriousness. This number could be cut considerably if twenty-five nominating signatures and a platform were required of every candidate.

AFSA can encourage candidates to focus on issues by paying for a one-page campaign letter and addressed envelope for each slate and for the individual candidates; the candidates would assume the postage cost. Also necessary and lacking, AFSA should sponsor several open meetings so the Washington membership will have a chance to hear the candidates and consider their platforms (because the year-end rush and vacations are a problem, elections should be moved from the last six weeks of the year to the six weeks following October 1). The election ballot should have all the candidates on the front page, followed by the platforms. No candidate should be a second page citizen.

Between elections, AFSA should encourage debate of issues by holding regular meetings, perhaps monthly. The first meeting could entertain the above electoral reform suggestions. Regular meetings will help the new board poll the membership on various points in the Macomber speech and on other issues, so that it can back up its representations with a consensus of its membership.

I hope the AFSA Board will call a general meeting soon. I also hope it will open a dialogue with the Washington membership at noon meetings that are not burdened by a guest speaker and a four dollar tab.

Robert F. Pfeiffer

Arlington

Mass Media Criticized

I refer to Mr. Michaud's article in the October Journal in which he proposes sharp reduction in what he rather disdainfully terms "traditional" Foreign Service reporting. Although I take issue with Mr. Michaud on a number of points, I should like here to comment only on his thesis that the information explosion and resulting saturation coverage of world events by the mass media make much Foreign Service reporting unnecessary. In my opinion, this is not the case. The mass media are not doing a decent job of reporting events, still less in interpreting them. The Foreign Service's voice may be only a still, small one, but it is indispensable, and not only in the policy sense but also precisely in that area which Mr. Michaud dismisses so casually—the meticulous chronicling and interpretation of developments for decision makers.

I agree with those who say that the inexperience and immaturity of many news media representatives in the field, plus bias of some (and of their editors) has created this regrettable situation. The question of inexperience or bias aside, my contention is that the mass media—and especially the wire services and TV—are simply professionally not even up to the job of reporting what goes on accurately as well as speedily.

Allow me to cite from one personal experience, in Vietnam. There indeed, as Mr. Michaud correctly points out, "hordes of reporters, cameramen, journalists, social scientists, and prospective authors" are present. Nevertheless, Embassy Saigon for years has found it necessary painstakingly to monitor television and radio speeches of GVN principals as they are delivered, laboriously transmitting enormous volumes of telegraphic text to Washington by high priority message. This is not done, assuredly, either from love of midnight labor or from rote adherence to FAM requirements. It is done because the wire services do not render a reasonably accurate account of what is said in policy statements by high officials of a government with which we are associated in war. The wire services rely on hasty and unchecked summaries whipped out by a local employee who all too often knows (a) that his agency boss expects a sensational account and (b) that his boss will not or most probably cannot check the text. (American reporters in Vietnam rarely speak or read Vietnamese.) Radio and TV Network reporters either rely on the wire services or on their own local employees, with the same miserable results.

I agree with Mr. Michaud that the technical means available to the Foreign Service to get its reports comparable attention along with the "Today" show and the NY Times are obsolete. Here his suggestions for technical improvement are well taken.

In short, in this uncertain age when we are buried under masses of misinformation by the mass media, reporting is simply too important to be left to reporters.

Thomas P. H. Dunlop

Zagreb

National Egocentrism

I could not believe my eyes when I began to read Barry Zorthian's article in the February Journal. Surely Talyrand's phrase "Ils n'ont rien appris, ni rien oublié," applies more fully, and far more tragically, to Mr. Zorthian and his fellow "counterinsurgents" than to the hapless Bourbons. It is precisely this form of colossal national egocentrism, which presumes to see the United States, and not local governments and conditions, as "the prime target for dissidents of the world" which led to our involvement, now fully twenty years old, in what began as a colonial liberation struggle in Vietnam. The "Guam Doctrine" offers the hope that we have abandoned this attitude. But, if ever again we are tempted to act upon the pre-

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mise that revolt of a people—regardless of who supplies them or the flag they fly—against its own government "represents a real threat [to us] which requires assistance beyond local resources," this FSO, for one, will be found on the barricades.

Reynold A. Riemer

Washington

In Memory of a Dauntless Man

News of the death of Walter Robertson on January 18 must have come with poignant force to all his many friends and associates as it did to me. Few men were endowed with a more vivid personality, warmer human attributes or stauncher fidelity to principle. His convictions were equally firm just as his advocacy was tireless and persuasive. For six years he dominated the Department's conduct of Far Eastern Affairs and did so with ease and charm. Others headed Bureaus as Assistant Secretaries of State; *he* was Walter Robertson, larger than a title, deriving authority not from position but from the qualities within him.

Obituaries in the press made much of his support for the Republic of China, for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. True, he was a formidable defender of our China policy in the 1950s, his convictions rooted in the tragic and convulsive events there of which he had been an eye witness. It was a policy which served us well. East Asia would be quite different today had not he and others held the shield firm. Its beneficiaries survive around the periphery of China and off shore as friends, many also allies, of the United States. This was his larger contribution and one which helped make possible the evolution today of new policies and new relationships suited to these times.

Foreign Service officers particularly should remember him for another and unique contribution, also at times the subject of controversy. Originally by no means a partisan of the Foreign Service, Walter Robertson came through experience to the view that United States interests were best served by maximum resort to professionals. By 1959 when he left office, every chief of mission in his area was a Foreign Service officer, a situation which lasted until 1961 and is unparalleled in the conduct of American foreign relations.

Those of us who had the privilege of working closely with Walter were invariably drawn to him and felt reciprocally a loyalty which approached his own. He fought as hard for his friends as he did against his adversaries. We learned also to respect him as scholar, patron of the arts—and especially of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts—businessman, too. Above all, however, we recognized in him the qualities associated with the finest traditions of his native Virginia. He never departed from those standards of character and conduct and thus it was his quality as a human being which will remain as a cherished memory through the years. Of him it could in truth be said, as of few men, that he was in all things dauntless.

J. Graham Parsons, *FSO-CM*
(Deputy Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, 1958-1959)

Washington

A Precept

May I suggest as a possible precept for writers of efficiency reports and others-set-in-judgment-over us this kindly advice:

"Each one of us is a mixture of good qualities and some not-so-good qualities. In considering our fellowman, we should remember his good qualities and realize that his faults only prove that he is, after all, a human being. We should refrain from making harsh judgment on a person just because he happens to be a dirty, rotten, no-good son-of-a-bitch."

Robert W. Rinden

Denver

Non-Polemic

John P. McKnight's review of my "Truth Is The First Casualty" contains a rather serious misstatement of fact. Mr. McKnight writes, "It is, *admittedly*, a polemical book . . ." It is no such thing. Further, I know of no other book on Vietnam that has been cited as objective by such politically disparate reviews as the New York Review of Books, the Armed Forces Journal, and the Copley Newspapers (from New Left to Old Right). Mr. McKnight is certainly entitled to accuse me of bias—as a journalist, however, I object to his putting words into my typewriter.

Joseph C. Goulden

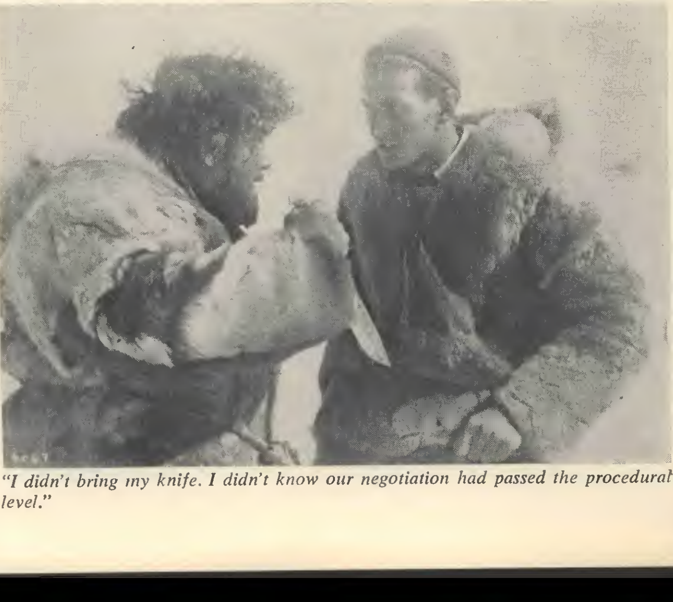
Arlington

Tempered Gratitude

I am most grateful for the publication of such an extensive review of my book "An Anatomy of Error" in the March issue of the Foreign Service Journal and for the obvious expertise the reviewer, Charles Maechling, Jr., was able to apply to it. Nevertheless there are one or two of his criticisms which puzzle me for they can only be based either on superficial reading of my book or maybe some blind spots in his own recollections.

For instance, he concluded from reading my book that I confined my interviewing to the "highest levels of officialdom" and he mentions several names which, he assumes, I did not try to "smoke out." It is reasonably obvious from my book that I did "smoke out" Mr. Michael Forrestal whom he mentions as one "who knows better than anyone living what President Kennedy would have done had he lived." My conjectures about President Kennedy's inclinations are largely based on Mr. Forrestal's views. I also talked extensively to Mr. Benjamin Read, whom he also included in his list of ignored experts, and to two others I won't identify because I am not certain whether they

Life and Love in the Foreign Service *By S. I. Nadler*



"I didn't bring my knife. I didn't know our negotiation had passed the procedural level."

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are not still in government service. Furthermore I have talked to several officials well below the level indicated by Mr. Maechling, but I would prefer not to mention their names.

Mr. Maechling then criticizes me for not alluding to either the Kennedys' limited interest in Vietnam or their civilized attitude, totally devoid of the obsessiveness that characterized President Johnson, or their fascination with counter-insurgency. At the bottom of page 27 I wrote, "One reason why I think he would not have followed, as stubbornly and steadfastly, the same course as Mr. Johnson is that he was a more temperate, more pragmatic man, neither as dogged and unyielding as Johnson nor as prestige conscious. He would also have been more impatient with the political instability of the Saigon regime; he might well have decided that since the American objective was to help the South Vietnamese to help themselves, and since they were incapable of doing so, he might justifiably disengage from the war. It was never clearly stated that the US would pull out if it became evident that the political structure was so weak that nothing more could be done to bolster it, but it was implicit in the terms of his commitment."

Then on page 30 I am refering to Kennedy's ideas on fighting local insurgencies and limited wars.

In contrast to Mr. Maechling I tend to think that 'bland detachment' is less likely to get "in the way of the truth" than emotional involvement, and that is why I chose analytical reporting which I find is more becoming for a foreign observer and perhaps more useful at a time of such a surfeit of emotional involvement.

HENRY BRANDON

Washington

Raising the Curtain

CHARLES MAECHLING's review of Henry Brandon's "Anatomy of Error" is an encouraging sign that Vietnam has at last been recognized within the foreign affairs establishment as the massive policy failure many informed Americans and friendly allies have long considered it.

For one familiar with the official records and with the views not only of the "key participants," but also of the "working level" during the critical years in Vietnam (1963-64), Mr. Maechling's frank—and in my view—accurate portrayal of our actions as being based so largely on a "distorted and falsified view of the situation," provides a point of departure for the Department as a whole to ask itself how and why did it become associated with such folly?

Let us hope that when the records are open and a full and accurate account of our Vietnam involvement becomes a part of history, the role of those officers—both civilian and military—who did question at the time the official version of the Vietnamese conflict and hence the relevance of our courses of action, will be recognized. These officers reflect credit on the judgment of the professional rooted in history and experience as against that of the "outsider," who although brilliant in intellect and imbued with academic excellence seems so often subject to intellectual arrogance, to inflexible adherence to dogma, and to a certain fascination with new international fads such as "wars of liberation" and "counter-insurgency."

Perhaps Mr. Maechling himself will help to raise the curtain over Vietnam and provide more than just a glimpse of the truth of that unhappy affair. From my own knowledge of a small piece of the action, the career Foreign Service will come out very well indeed.

DAVID G. NES
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$ 5,100	$ 79.40
$ 5,300	$ 82.20
$ 5,500	$ 85.00
$ 5,700	$ 87.80
$ 5,900	$ 90.60
$ 6,100	$ 93.40
$ 6,300	$ 96.20
$ 6,500	$ 99.00
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$ 6,900	$104.60
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$ 7,300	$110.20
$ 7,500	$113.00
$ 7,700	$115.80
$ 7,900	$118.60
$ 8.100	$121.40
$ 8,300	$124.20
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$ 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

(F) TOTAL VALUE JEWELRY AND/OR FURS	*Annual Premium*
$ 300	Incl.
$ 500	$ 1.00
$ 700	$ 2.00
$ 900	$ 3.00
$1,100	$ 4.00
$1,300	$ 5.00
$1,500	$ 6.00
$1,700	$ 7.00
$1,900	$ 8.00
$2,100	$ 9.00
$2,300	$10.00
$2,500	$11.00
$2,700	$12.00
$2,900	$13.00
$3,100	$14.00
$3,300	$15.00
$3,500	$16.00
$3,700	$17.00
$3,900	$18.00
$4,100	$19.00
$4.300	$20.00
$4,500	$21.00
$4,700	$22.00
$4,900	$23.00
$5,000	$23.50
Each additional $100 value, add 50¢	

(I) INCREASED AMOUNTS OF LIABILITY	
$ 50,000	$5.00
$ 75,000	$6.50
$100,000	$7.50

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.

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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.

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