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JUNE 1971

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FOREIGN SERVICE Journal



JUNE, 1971, Volume 48, No. 6

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©American Foreign Service Association, 1971. 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.

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THE FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL is the journal of professionals in foreign affairs, published twelve times a year by the American Foreign Service Association, a non-profit organization.

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

Membership in the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION is open to the professionals in foreign affairs serving overseas or in Washington, as well as to persons having an active interest in, or close association with, foreign affairs.

Dues are \$30 annually for members earning over \$15,000; for those earning less, dues are \$15.00.

For subscription to the JOURNAL, one year (12 issues): \$6.00; two years, \$10.00. For subscriptions going abroad, except Canada, add \$1.00 annually for overseas postage.



FOUR POEMS

P. B.

JULIUS CAESAR

The wind that pushes spring, sets hearts on edge
Is dangerous, is murderous; it blew
Caesar to pieces. The murderers allege
He sought a crown, but all that slicer crew
Could only build on Brutus. Beauty's dead
And all the Roman glory goes to rot
From now, from this foul time, and what's ahead
Is only all the hate the knives begot
Bringing down savagery like Borgia popes
Until the whole green world has turned to rock
And leers and fears, and wars instead of hopes,
And heaven is a Fiat and a cock:
The wind-of-knives that rots the hearts of men
As far as Cap Gonave or Darien.

HADRIAN

For sins the stars condemned my dust to Rome,
It lingers in the alley-ways and air
Though half a million suns have lit the dome
Beside Agrippa's porch. But dust won't bear
The weight of feet, it swirls before the rain
In winter streets; there is no god to lose
But all the little people fear the pain
Of God, the wrath of Night, they shake their shoes
To rid me from their minds. No use: my dust
Just giggles at the proud corrupt of Rome
And gyres in little circles mocking lust
And life and all this show till you come home
And see the sad bad citizens of Hell
In caverns deeper than bad dreams can tell.

CONSTANTINE

He left great things—the Church, the great ruined hall
At the Forum, and his own huge marble head
In the Capitol museum. Most of all,
He left great marble Rome, and built instead
Byzantium. And Rome behind its wall
Began to cringe, delirious and scared
Of fevers and the Huns, no help to call,
The legions full of thugs: sick Rome lay bared
To every raider greedy for the feast
To every roaming kingleet with a dream
But Constantine lay happy in the East
And studied Greek, and clever things that gleam.
The moral is that nothing stays the same;
He died, and hungry Goths ate Rome's great name.

SERENATA

At sixes and sevens all is calm
In the Via dei Banchi Vecchi
No alarm of Vespas, and the bats
That soared the twilight sleep in their dirty beds;
The Counselor is sleeping frowning,
He dreams of office fears.

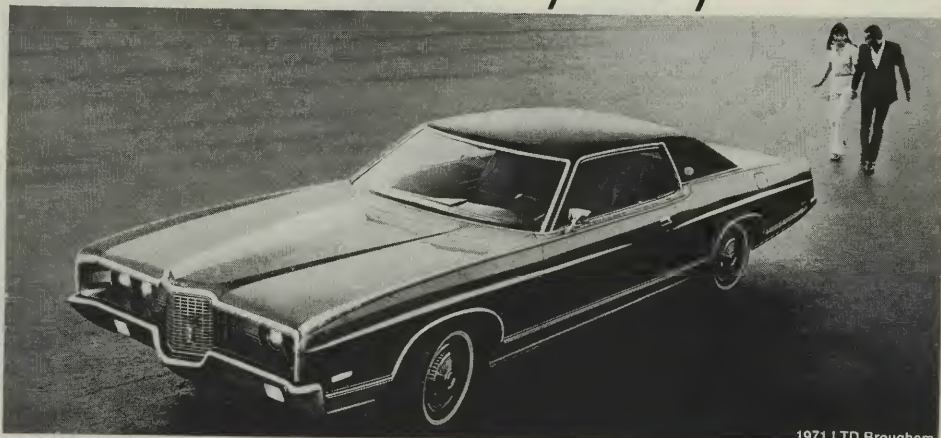
Yet in Umbria the dear beeches
And in Tuscany and Abruzzi the oaks
Moan softly, goat-bitten but beautiful
In the tender time of year,
The first bucolic hills.

The Counselor
Has no advice for Umbria,
No argument to stand against the mountains;
And rises and calls on a Cardinal
And talks of dirty creatures,
Dirty creatures, said the girl in Grimm's fairytale
Damned for dirty-mindedness.
But the trees wave in the winds
Inhumanly and sweet.

*Over there, when some-
one asks about the Ford
that was quieter than a
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"To what extent do Washington car pools, for example, bear the burden of an information exchange that should follow more rational paths?—Grant G. Hilliker

The Rolling Thinktank: An Underappreciated Resource

AN interesting institution recently came into being at Dacor House, known as Dacor Dialogues at Twilight or, DDT. I was fortunate enough to be present late one afternoon when it came into being.

I was mixing a small quantity of dry vermouth with a large quantity of dry gin at the Dacor bar when a medium sized, undramatic but honest-looking individual possibly 20 years my junior approached, clutching a bottle of bourbon. He introduced himself as Evver Calmer, of the State Department's Management Staff, known bureaucratically as OM/MS. At my suggestion we moved to the library to relax with

JAMES H. WEBB, JR.

The author retired as a FSR (USIA) in 1967 and lives with his wife Margot at "Telaraña" (Spanish for spiderweb) in Albemarle County, Virginia. He worked as a part-time consultant with the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs through March, 1970.

our stimulants, and there we found J. Walter Madison, a middle-grade USIA officer, sipping a martini. He was alone but, when invited, quite willing to join Calmer and me. Just then I saw my old friend FSO-1 Sage Willoughby sitting in the adjoining solarium, and invited him to bring his Scotch-based concoction

to our cluster. He did so, and the first meeting of Dacor Dialogues at Twilight was on its way.

Madison opened the conversation by wondering why greater advantage was not taken, at the close of day, of this charming little sanctuary. The quiet surroundings were ideal for relaxation; and drinks, purchased at Washington's rock-bottom prices and stored in one's private locker, were absurdly inexpensive.

I remarked that I, too, had wondered why more of Foggy Bottom's toilers did not take advantage of this attractive hideaway. The Foreign Service Club, incidentally, although located only a block from Main



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State, had proven to be equally unmagnetic at the close of the office day. Why, the consensus seemed to be, this mad rush homeward? Surely, considering the well-known *machismo* of the Foreign Service male, it could not be fear of disapproval by wives. An irrevocable commitment to home and garden care, possibly, or the incompleteness of the day if a single minute of Brinkley or Cronkite were lost?

The consensus, as it developed, did not include Evver Calmer. Now he leaned forward in his chair and said, quietly, that if all present would listen carefully he thought he could shed some light on this question.

The main cause for the homeward rush, explained Calmer, was the irresistible lure of the carpool. He wondered whether anyone present had ever stopped to ponder the depths to which that institution had penetrated the Washington area's thought and living pattern, its enormous contribution to the conduct of Government business in general and

international relations in particular, and its incredibly magnetic appeal to its participants.

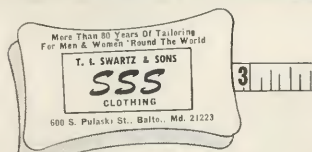
No one, apparently, had given the subject much thought. Madison stated flatly that he considered the carpool a stupid abomination which tended to regiment people into a rigid behavior pattern in an already over-regimented society.

Calmer nodded sympathetically. That, he said, was a widely-held opinion, and one he had shared until he learned the results of a survey that had just been completed for the Agency for International Development. The startling truth, he said, was that the carpool was the source of inspired thought and spiritual stimulus. The survey showed that more constructive ideas emanated from carpools than from all scheduled meetings in Washington combined, and that the on-the-job morale of pool participants was 17 percent above the government-wide average.

Madison and I, not knowing whether to take our informant seri-

ously or to laugh at what might turn out to be a gigantic leg-pull, sat waiting for more. Willoughby asked Calmer who the hell he thought he was kidding. Calmer assured us he was telling the gospel truth as revealed by the AID-sponsored survey. These facts, incidentally, were well known to most Class 7 and 8 Foreign Service officers interested in getting ahead. Juniors arriving from the field were choosing homes in areas from which the better pools were known to emanate. This necessitated, among other things, a constant awareness of year-to-year shifts and trends. Just at that moment, for example, the IF (intelligence focus) appeared to be moving from Montgomery County, Maryland to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

One case had come to light which involved the use of a phony address by a young officer who, in order to participate in a carpool famous for spawning ideas of extraordinary merit, was driven 12 miles by his wife every morning and left standing



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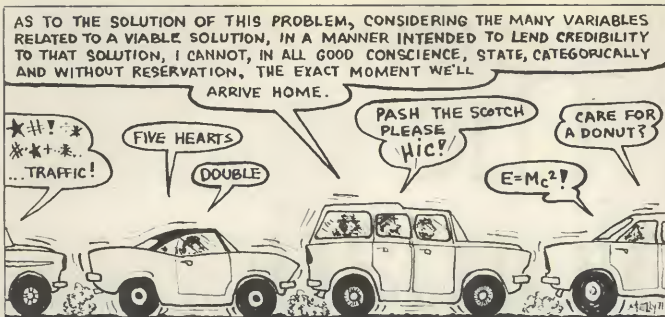
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on a designated corner for the pickup.

By now all skepticism was gone. Devout believers, we sat forward in our chairs, thirsty for more.

Nor, continued Calmer, could the social advantages be ignored. Portable bars with morning coffee and afternoon cocktails were well on their way to becoming standard equipment. And when a female found her way into a pool, overtones

of discreetly controlled romance not infrequently made their appearance.

The main reason the survey had not been given much publicity, incidentally, was concern by the Government that the AFGE might start pressuring for portal-to-portal pay.

Calmer wound up by stating that AID, greatly impressed by the institution as a potential builder of worldwide morale, was planning a carpool project in its technical as-

sistance program for the next fiscal year.

We sat, stunned and speechless, as Calmer relit his pipe. Then Madison, as if a nail had been driven suddenly through the seat of his chair, jumped up, ran to the telephone, and called USIA's director. Practically screaming with excitement, Madison plunged into the possibilities of overseas exploitation of the carpool theme as an illustration of Yankee efficiency and ingenuity. Feature stories, a radio serial, TV clips, and a documentary film should be rushed into production. Following a brief pause for the director's comments, he shouted over his shoulder,

"The Director wants to know if the Secretary of State knows about this."

"Knows about it?" snorted Calmer. "Tell Mr. Bacon that the Secretary has his application in for membership in a certain carpool from West Falls Church, to be acted upon if and when a vacancy occurs." ■

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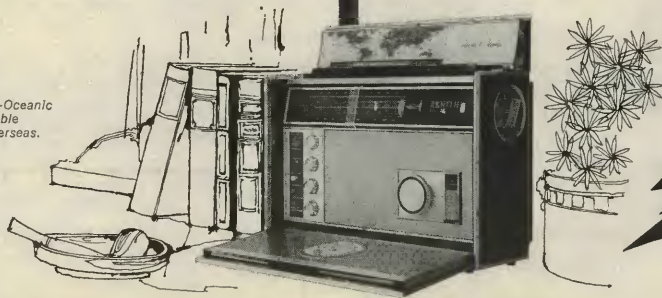
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Perahera

MARTIN T. HUTCHINSON

TUCKED away in the central foothills, Kandy (from Kande—a hill) is a name to conjure with. The swaying elephant, the Temple of the Tooth, a lake whose waters can hold reflections that make this place the setting of a dream from the Arabian Nights—these are Kandy. Always some sense of fairyland can be found under the cool rain trees that overarch the road, or in the crowded bazaar streets with their sellers of betel chews, and the women in saris ruffled at the waist. But once a year, the enchantment gathers itself together in that procession with few equals—the Kandy Perahera—a memory of military prowess, a homage to the Lord Buddha, and a barbaric spectacle to enthrall the eye, the ear, the mind, and the spirit.

All day long, the people have been gathering from miles around. Many have been waiting since mid-afternoon, to be certain of a view. The streets through which the procession will pass are lined five deep with

men, women, and children, seated on walls and on the low parapet along the lake, talking, smiling, and waiting. Sellers of soft drinks and sweetmeats move slowly through the crowd. All about are splashes of color in the slanting light of afternoon.

As evening advances into night, the crowds grow more restive in anticipation, and distant noises from the Temple of the Tooth heighten the excitement.

At last, with sharp, explosive sounds, twelve whip-crackers advance in ranks of three, and on signal twist their bodies sharply as they slash the air with eight foot whips of braided coconut fiber ending in short pieces of leather thong. They are far in advance of the procession, to remove evil spirits from its path, and only the sound of drums shows that there are others to follow. But after a wait of some fifteen minutes, the watchers are caught up in a kaleidoscope of color, sound, and motion.

First are the massed drummers—some two dozen of them—the roll of their drums a concentrated, compelling sound. Basket torches like those at the entrances of medieval castles flare smokily as the coconut charcoal drops glowing embers onto the street. The torch bearers, old men with

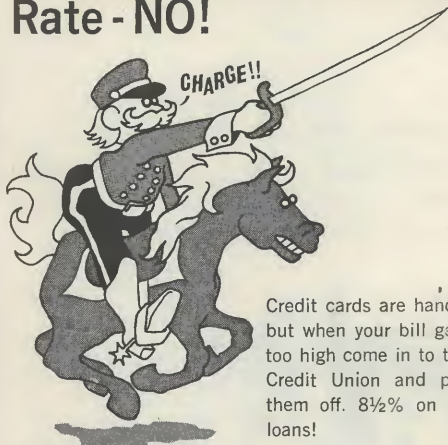
ragged white turbans and silvery beards, extend the flames to the sky. Even the men who push the carloads of coconut shells to feed the torches share in the general intoxication of the ordinary man who is for this one magic night a center of attention for thousands.

Then pass the twirlers of long batons tipped with flaming kerosene rags, balancers of semi-circular frames of paper that pivot on their shoulders, and then again, the drummers.

The Kandyan drum tapers toward the ends, and the two unequal drumheads are stretched with wide thongs. Bare-chested, with closely-wrapped white turbans, the drummers wear a sarong that is white with red borders at the waist. They advance at a walk, and stop at intervals, the drums slowing their beat or picking up speed to complement the motion—a dozen or more drummers in unison producing the sound of a sea washing upon a rocky shore.

Each temple affiliated with the Temple of the Tooth is represented by its own drummers, dancers, and elephants; the decorations being simple or elaborate, depending upon the wealth of the temple. The Indian elephants, tall and stately and as proud

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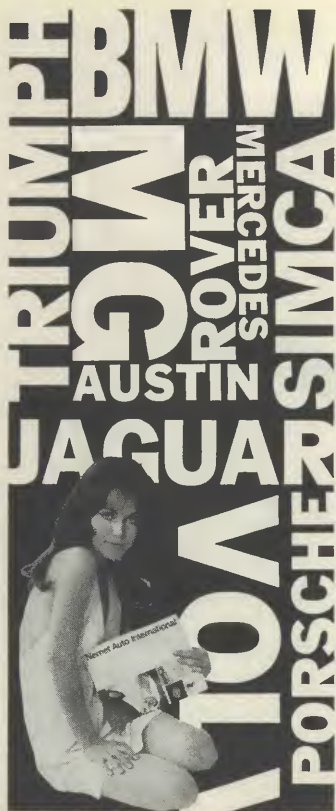
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as their riders, are garbed in fitted cloth that extends to the ground. Otherwise like tents, these are cut to fit around the head and ears, leaving holes through which the small twinkling eyes can be seen. One elephant has a new scarlet coat with gold stripes; another wears a more threadbare garment of sky-blue. The trunk swings free, or is held in the mouth, and the large brass bells around the neck chime melodiously in time with their walking. Electric lights strung over the face masks of a few elephants are powered by storage batteries carried on the shoulders. Old tuskers on their twentieth time around, and babies on their first trip all move proudly forward. The tusker carrying the casket containing the tooth of Buddha walks only upon a cloth that is continuously rolled out before him.

The Kandyans dancers, perhaps the primary attraction of the Perahera, wear their fantastic peaked and tinned hats, shoulder guards, breastplates, wide belts, sporan-like frontal decorations, and ruffled, flaring white sarongs. The dancers are men, and they pirouette through the half-twisting, half-jumping movements of the dance—achieving effect by a precise positioning of the arms and legs.

The procession seems endless—a continuous variety of things similar yet not the same. The temple leaders walk proudly upright, with three-cornered hats and stomachs padded to reveal their importance. Brown faces, brown bodies and jet black hair reflect the flickering torchlight. The clinking of hand bells and the cutting whine of flutes accompanies a nasal chanting. Other flutes of deeper tone play what, in my childhood, was a Hallowe'en tune. The tide of sound rises and falls. Heated air alternates with cool breezes. The bells ring, the elephants glide by like visions from a child's storybook, and the victory of King Dutthagamani 2000 years ago is celebrated again on the streets of Kandy.

After an hour and a half, the Perahera has passed, and the darkening streets fill with people. A sound like the skirl of bagpipes is wafted from the disappearing procession. Around and around the city it threads its way into remote streets, weaving a spell over the night. From time to time, as it again passes, we wake from sleep and the fragments of sound become part of a dream.

At last, with the first light of dawn, the Perahera will arrive at the banks of the Mahaweli Ganga—the "Great Sandy River"—for the water-cutting ceremony that will, it is believed, end for a time the monsoon rains. ■

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Being the odyssey of a young couple who went to the workers' paradise in the '30s

Life as a Russian Worker

DEPRESSION hung heavy over the Western world in the early 1930s.

In the United States, 13 million were unemployed. On street corners from New York to San Francisco jobless men and women, many of them college graduates, sold apples. Half the factories were shut; banks failed every day; good farmland sold for \$5 an acre, while in a thousand parks unemployed on relief raked leaves across lawns one day and raked them back the next. Something was very wrong with the United States of America.

At the same time, contradictory reports came from the USSR, not yet recognized by the United States. One story depicted Russia as a worker's paradise with no unemployment, every farm and factory operating overtime and more and better goods being made. Other accounts had Russia in the grip of a terrible and unnecessary famine, with trainloads of peasants being sent to Siberia because they objected to having their farms collectivized and the real power in the country invested in the secret police.

Since I planned to spend my life working in foreign affairs, I felt it

RICHARD H. SANGER

The author, a native New Yorker, received his bachelor's from Harvard, and a masters in business administration from Harvard Business School. He retired from the Foreign Service as an FSO I. Mr. Sanger's early experience centered on reporting and writing, along with analytical work for the Department of Commerce.

essential to get the correct answer to this Communist riddle. The few tourists allowed in Russia in those days saw only what the Communists let them see. Even students had little freedom. I decided that the only way to find a clear answer was to go to the USSR as a worker.

I therefore "resigned" from the Foreign Service of the Department of Commerce, checked with friends high up in the United States Government, and began contacting left-wing acquaintances. They put me in touch with working level Communists including an old school friend who, to my surprise, turned out to be a Communist leader in the farm movement. Through him I spent some time in a Communist headquarters near the present location of the Foreign Service Institute. And in

New York I met the top command of the Communist Party including Earl Browder and "Mother" Bloor.

Much of the winter of 1932-33 my wife Marion and I devoted to studying Russian and arranging for worker's visas through the Russian Trade Mission in Washington, D.C. I also attended a study group, supposedly on world history, but actually devoted to the Russian and other revolutions. I did not know it at the time, but I was on the "Fellow-Traveler Conveyor Belt."

Then after many delays and excuses, in May, 1933 our clearances came through from Moscow. We promptly packed our oldest clothes, plus a basic supply of necessities ranging from soap to toilet paper, and sailed from New York for Sweden on the steamer *Kungsholm*. A surprising number of people came down to see us off, from stockbrokers who were sure we would never return, to members of the Communist Party who said they wished they were going with us. The largest group were liberals such as Lawrence Duggan, destined to die not long afterwards under suspicious circumstances, who repeated time

and again, "You *must* find out what is really happening in the USSR."

Housekeeping in Moscow

There was an expression in Moscow "find a room and the rest is easy." We did not find the rest easy but getting a room was almost impossible. The city's population had doubled in the last ten years, while little private housing had been built; we heard of people who slept on their desks. There was a government run Central Room Exchange but red tape and delays made it practically useless.

As soon as we arrived in the capital, we set about running down every lead on rooms we heard about. The search was not encouraging. One room was too small for any furniture but a single bed. Another was seven stories up in a windblown and leaky attic. A third, said to be "just around the corner," turned out to be an hour and a half away by crowded streetcar. Even so, we were about to settle for this patch of suburbia when a archivist from the Comintern Library whom we met at a party said he knew a place only five blocks from the Kremlin.

We finally located it in the converted attic of a carriage house behind the dilapidated mansion of a former sugar king. It was occupied by a Russian-American doctor, his family and some of his relatives, and consisted of six rooms in a row rather like compartments in a railway train. The last of these, complete with a tiled wall stove, an oversupply of heavy furniture, and two windows looking out on a muddy courtyard was available, and we signed up for \$25 American a month. The rent included use of the family kitchen where five separate groups sometimes cooked, and a small community bathroom.

We had breakfast every morning before the rest of the family was up, eating kasha, a coarse grained brown cereal, and poor coffee one day, and boiled eggs and synthetic chocolate the next. Marion bought raspberries and plums from the peasants' market which she made into jam. We had supper with the family. It began with soup, usually beet borscht. This was followed by tasteless boiled chicken and potatoes



Entrance to our rooms in Moscow

one night, meatballs, soggy macaroni and cucumbers the next, and undercooked cauliflower with burnt breadcrumbs the third night. Dessert was tea without lemon or cream, served so hot it had to be drunk from a saucer. Black bread (at high prices) was rationed and we got fond of it. On nights when friends came in, or for a birthday or holiday, we had vodka as an aperitif, a raw brand that took a lot of getting used to. This diet seemed dull and monotonous. But as we were to learn, only the top tenth of the population in Moscow ate as well, and Moscow was the best fed city in the country.

The English speaking doctor who was often out of town was an ardent defender of Communism: as well he might be since he lived on a scale of a general or a deputy Commissar. His pretty wife was a movie actress

who did peasant girl types. After a few glasses of vodka she told rare tales of coming to Moscow in a boxcar with 60 other peasants during the Civil War. Her older sister and the latter's author husband, recently returned from a detention camp where he worked on building the Baltic-White Sea Canal, spent much time in the flat. He was lucky to have come back alive. A family retainer also lived there as a house worker, a job which does not have the capitalist stigma of a servant. All told the arrangement worked well for us, even though we knew our words and comings and goings were reported regularly to the secret police.

Getting Jobs

The next step was to find jobs. I started at the offices of the State Planning Commission in a 1900

Five families used this stove which had limited fuel





Holiday traffic on our street in Moscow

style office building whose large rooms had been subdivided into cubbyholes. There I was passed up the line to the short bald director who gave me a 30 minute speech on the importance of planning. Just as I thought I was hired he said that I could be of no use to them until I knew more than beginner's Russian. Next I spent a day in the offices of the Foreign Trade Monopoly which presented an air of business-like efficiency. No luck there either; there were no jobs available. On another day I found my way to the office of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce where Spencer Williams, a pleasant mid-western American, had carried on a struggling operation for three years while awaiting United States recognition of the USSR.

At Party headquarters in New York I had been given a letter to Mikhail Borodin, for many years the top Communist in the Far East, now reduced to being editor of the English language paper, *THE MOSCOW DAILY NEWS*. I found him in a palatial office, the study of a former millionaire's mansion, on Petrovski Pereulok. He wore black boots, dark trousers and a white jacket, spoke English with a pleasant Russian accent and looked a little like Stalin with long unbrushed brown hair and a straggly black mustache. He was noncommittal about a job but sug-

gested I write three articles on the economic crisis in America. After a few days delay they were accepted in a somewhat toned down version; the editing was necessary because nothing detrimental to possible recognition by the United States could be published. The next week I was told to start work on piece rates.

I was assigned a cheerful girl interpreter named Anna, who went everywhere with me. Assignments ranged from meeting the Lindberghs, Paul Robeson, or covering the return of three Russian balloonists who had reached the stratos-

Scene in Moscow clothing shop, banner is awarded the best workers' brigade in the factory



phere, to greeting a team of Spanish soccer players, all of whom were active Marxists. As my articles became more acceptable, I moved on to attending "stimulation" meetings at the Clothing Trust which was working at a low level of production and turning out goods of poor quality. Next I did a series of how proposals by workers had raised production at the First State Ball Bearing Plant, followed by two articles on the success of a campaign for better use of the seven hour day at the giant Stalin Automobile Works.

After six weeks I was put on the regular staff at 250 rubles a month based on a normal output of two columns a week. (At the black market rate of 50 rubles to the dollar my monthly wage was \$5). Once I got the trick of writing a challenging opening, a "frank" discussion of problems (usually caused by "capitalist remnants," bureaucrats or saboteurs), the constructive proposals of the Party members involved and an optimistic close, I exceeded my norm regularly and often made from 400 to 500 rubles. The average wage for office worker at that time was under 200 rubles a month.

Marion, whose Russian was much better than mine, had less difficulty in finding work. After trying various offices, and obtaining letters of recommendation from two members of the Communist Party, she got a job in a branch of the Comintern Publishing Company at 150 rubles a month, typing the classics such as Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, plus histories of the Party. Her hours were 10:00 to 4:30 and she worked in a room with eight other secretaries including Violet Lansberry, the daughter of the British Labor Leader, who, as a full fledged member of the Russian Communist Party felt ashamed of her father's "Socialist-Fascist" beliefs. Marion had trouble meeting her norm of 24 long pages a day, but typists who could handle English were in short supply, and she was encouraged to stay on.

The half hour lunch period gave her a chance to get to know the other girls including Russians, Germans, and three young American wives who had moved to Russia with their husbands and children and all they owned, after giving up

their American citizenship. Her jam sandwiches proved welcome for lunch as the dirty and crowded cafeteria offered little except tea without cream or sugar, cold sardines, wilted lettuce, and black bread topped with stale yellow cheese.

For me the high points of each week were two conferences with Borodin who kept us up to date on broad policy matters and often gave the feeling he had just come from a meeting in the Kremlin. The real groundwork was done over tea and black bread, around the desk of our unit manager, a member of the English Communist Party. There everyone was free to toss in suggestions for articles on topics ranging from building the Moscow subway to the production of the first Russian-made trolley-bus. Each story was different and many exciting, for in Moscow, among Party members at least, there was a feeling that since the factories belonged to the workers every improvement in production was a gain for the broad and toiling masses.

A Day at a Factory

Typical of my work were visits to the Electro-kombinat, the General Electric of the USSR. To get there took an hour on a street car so crowded that Anna and I often had to stand outside on the steps for the first part of the trip. At the gate we were always stopped by a Red Army man in a floor-length overcoat, and a pointed cap which was said to have been designed by Trotsky to resemble the helmets of the old Tartar horsemen. He inspected our pass books and nodded us into the reception office where Anna pushed to the head of the line and presented a letter from the paper asking permission for us to visit various parts of the plant. Once telephone okays had been received from each of these sections, we were moved on to another guard who stamped our letter of admission.

In a large room on the top floor were the general offices of the Kombinat where rows of young women sat clicking away on abacuses, the ancient beaded "adding machines." Anna was disdainful of such work, and said many of the clerks were former petty bourgeoisies. Three desks in a corner served as the headquarters of the Foreign Bureau.



Interviewing workers in Moscow clothing factory

The man in charge told us that another course in Russian had been started, and that a study group on Leninism (Marxism in the period of imperialism) was to begin soon. I took the names of three English workers who had been given promotions and access to the special factory store. Great plans were being drawn up for the "conspicuous participation" by the foreign contingent in the November 7 Parade.

After having our passes checked again we moved into the factory proper, to the office of the Inventors Society whose membership had reached 2,500. The distinguished looking engineer who headed it showed us a model of a machine recently developed by one of the American workers to automate the cutting of crystal rings for sparkplugs. The saving was expected to be about 20,000 rubles per year and the inventor, who was earning 350 rubles a month, would get 3,000 rubles as a bonus. This was a good story and I took careful notes.

After our passes had been stamped once more we went to the headquarters of the factory's Aviation Society headed by a jovial comrade who looked like a Roman gladiator. He said the Society was training its second class of 40 pilots, one of them an American. This was another item for the NEWS, especially since three of the class were girls, a fact which seemed to amuse the round-faced comrade greatly. There I also learned that the workers of the Kombinat had over-fulfilled their quota of a fund to build a special type of giant bomber to be known as the Gorki. This was good for a short story but the comrade stopped

laughing for once and begged that the press refrain from featuring such special drives. "As you know," he said, "everyone has to contribute to these voluntary funds, and between you and me, we are broke for weeks after them."

After another identity check and a long detour across a courtyard filled with pieces of cable, rusty pylons for high-tension wires, and parts of broken dynamos, we came to the magneto shop. Thanks to a fine display of "socialist tempo," monthly production had been raised 50 percent so far that year and we got photographs of the two Americans who worked there. Disregarding the complaints of one of them who said production could easily be pushed higher were it not for the bureaucratic attitude and lack of technical knowledge of the older Party veteran in charge of the brigade, I made notes for another story on "Americans push production over the top."

Our last stop was at the desk of an Italian-American in the designing room. Along with three other young engineers he had spent a month preparing plans for a machine to wind the coils of a transformer. Talking under his breath he said he knew there were six such machines from Germany still uncrated in the storeroom, kept there because the Brigade Leader, another old timer, did not know enough to assemble them. I checked on his information and did a short editorial which got results in less than two months, a near record for Moscow in those days.

Going out into the early Moscow twilight we joined the crowds milling

around a wall newspaper near the main gate. It featured large photos of the two most noteworthy workers of the past week. One with the worst record in the plant had produced only 14 percent of his quota. The other had received a 100 ruble bonus for overfulfilling his norm 136 percent. Much of the talk on the crowded streetcar back to town was about this Hero of Socialist Labor.

Culture and Rest

We had a Free Day once a week, but this did not mean we could sit at home: everyone was expected to volunteer for a project and I spent many hours making and putting up wall newspapers, planting trees in the courtyard of our office building, and even sorting potatoes in the paper's cooperative food store. Marion sometimes worked in a children's nursery. But her main Free Day project was helping to dig the Moscow subway which was far behind schedule and was being pushed under the direction of a rising Party leader named Khrushchev. There were few wheelbarrows in Moscow then and Marion spent the time moving dirt at a subway station near the Bolshoi Theatre in a tote-box which she and another woman carried between them.

On other Free Days I attended a series of lectures, most of them given by members of the faculty of the Lenin School for World Revolution, a part of Moscow University. There were talks on the inevitability of Communist victory, on problems and inner tensions in different parts

of the world, and the importance of minorities and their grievances. The final lecturer listed the three main stabilizing forces which held the Western world together. These were the British Navy, the Roman Catholic Church, and the savings of the American people. Every effort must be made to discredit and tear down these pillars of capitalism.

When we could, we went to the ballet, the opera, and the traditional and experimental theatres. But the most dramatic spectacle of all was the pageant on November 7th when, along with other workers ten columns deep, we marched through the Red Square. Our group was in the column nearest Lenin's tomb and I had a good view of the top Party leaders standing upon it. Stalin in his great coat looked bigger than life. Beside him were Voroshilov, the prototype of a Red Army man, Grandpa Kalinin with his glasses and white goatee, and such other well known figures as Kaganovich, Ordzhonikidze, Molotov, Litvinov, and even the great writer Gorky with drooping mustache and the sad face of a master carpenter. Many of them were to be liquidated in the purges of the 1930s.

I went back to the office with our contingent for vodka and caviar, which were plentiful and cheap at that time. But after crossing the great Square, Marion slipped out of her section of the line, made a detour around behind the Gum Department Store, and achieved the rare feat of marching through the Red Square twice on the same day.

Life on a State Farm

On completing four months in Moscow offices, we accepted an offer of work on a state farm 180 kilometers out of the city. After six hours on the wooden benches of a "hard car" surrounded by unwashed peasants, we climbed stiffly down from the train and set off across the wind-swept snow fields carrying our suitcases, blanket rolls and some canned foods. We were put into a small room in one of the workers' dormitories where furniture, running water, and even heat were at a minimum. The roof leaked and the farm generator could not meet the winter load, so we spent about 18 hours a day in dim twilight.

The darkest place on the farm, however, was the workers dining room which may have been a comfort, for one could hardly see how poor the food was. A typical meal consisted of hot water with four cabbage leaves floating in it, and a starchy cake of coarse grained kasha covered with evil smelling gravy. The black bread was so rough you could see the grains of rye, and so soggy one could squeeze out drops of moisture onto the table. There was tea of a sort, served without sugar or lemon and the place was so cold this froze on the table if any was spilt.

Everyone ate in outdoor clothing including hats, boots, and one glove. Meals cost a ruble or two cents; for an additional 40 kopeks (less than a penny) we often bought two glasses of grade C milk, a luxury most of the workers could not afford. I remember how, when we left the table the first night, an old worker slipped quickly into our places and gulped down the rice cake and black bread which we had left uneaten. While we ate, the scratchy loudspeaker regaled us with a recorded address by Stalin on the "Cultural Advances under Communism." Few of the peasants seemed interested; nor were the group of Americans who had been on the farm about six months. Many of them were discontented but could not leave since they had sunk their life savings in machinery for the farm before they left the United States. A Polish-American woman with a peasant background, however, just said, "This is life and the worst is past. Last year

High pressure propaganda



we were on a farm in the Ukraine where a man dropped dead of starvation in the dining room."

When the Assistant Director got back from Moscow he gave me a Party line tour. In spite of the dim lighting and the cold buildings he was full of enthusiasm as he pointed out recent improvements such as the laying of rails for the transportation of heavy parts from the storeroom to the machine shop. "Over 18 inches of mud had to be scraped off the floor before we could do that. Since spring we have installed a magneto shop and a machine for rounding used ball bearings." He was particularly proud of inventions made by the workers including a stamp for making battery plates, and a grain dryer, for which the inventor had received 500 rubles. It was not until several days later that I learned the inventor was the Director and that the dryer did not work.

I was put to work in the machine shop repairing carburetors at 90 rubles a month under a Russian-American supervisor who had learned his trade in a garage in Brooklyn. He got results by hard work, know how, and cannibalizing. Our schedule required that we repair, clean, and test four carburetors a day, a norm which we usually over-fulfilled thus becoming eligible for a bonus which apparently went to the supervisors for I never saw a ruble of it.

Over the next week I got to know many other workers, most of them Americans, in the repair shop and stockroom. My best friend had come from the Bronx and was repairing

tractors on piece rates. He said the set wage scale was fair under normal conditions but that he often had to make spare parts himself so that it took a day to complete a 30 minute job. The farm owed him two months back pay. His friends were as broke as he; he could eat only twice a day and felt himself getting weaker all the time. He said that except for carburetors and axles the central machine shop was far behind its schedule of repairs. He was not an admirer of the Assistant Director who, he said, spent a third of his time in Moscow, lived too well on the farm, and was a poor organizer.

The third member of our group around the small stove in the shop was a Czech by origin who had left a \$35 a week job in the United States to come to Russia and build Socialism. He said, "Any talk about eight hour days was rubbish. Some of them run to 18 hours." The fourth comrade was a fine looking proletarian who had been a revolutionary terrorist under the Czars. He had given up a good position in Rochester, New York, to help the Revolution. "This farm," he said, "is being badly mismanaged. It is not typical."

Before leaving Moscow, Marion had learned that the bread on the Sovkhoz was poor and she went to the Bread Baking Institute to learn how to improve it. On the farm she found the kitchen area dark, dirty and overcrowded with workers stealing vegetables and meat whenever they could get away with it. In order to meet its norm the bakery

was turning out nine pound loaves which were too big for the oven so they came out burnt outside and uncooked within. Marion made useful suggestions about baking smaller loaves, heating a room in which the bread could rise and keeping the flour bins locked against theft, but most of her suggestions were disregarded. For her it was a particularly frustrating experience.

During our second month on the farm the electric light plant broke down completely, wood for the stoves became scarcer and the cabbage soup grew thinner than ever. Furthermore, pay for the workers was running six weeks late. A group of us got together to protest this situation, but the Assistant Director found out about our talks, called me in and said no meetings could be held without the consent of the Triangle—the Directorate, the Party, and the Trade Union.

After that I talked to individuals, particularly a Russian worker who was to be transferred to another farm via Moscow. He left the farm all right, but we never heard of him again. Then I wrote a letter to the MOSCOW DAILY NEWS explaining how bad things were on the Sovkhoz. It came out over my signature saying I was an agricultural expert—which I am not—and that I had never seen such a fine farm.

When our agreed upon working time was up, the Assistant Director tried to convince us to stay on, "to see how much better things would be in the spring." But we felt we could help the other workers more by getting back to Moscow and protesting in person. We went by slow train: the Assistant Director went by plane; so when we got there most of our contacts had been "inoculated" against us, as the Communists say. I could no longer get appointments with upper level officials in the Commissariat of Agriculture, the Foreign Office, or Russian press.

My last hope was Borodin, but even he had changed. I told him morale was low, that the farm had delivered only 50 percent of its planned production, largely due to poor management, and that thousands of dollars worth of farm machinery (bought with the savings of expatriate American Communists) was rusting under the winter snows.

(Continued on page 46)

Machine shop on the state farm where the carburetors were repaired



In my mind Benjamin Franklin was a model of what a modern ambassador should be.

EMBASSIES and AMBASSADORS

TRADITIONALLY, ambassadorships in many US missions abroad had been viewed by the party in power as political plums with which to reward its most generous campaign contributors. This practice was hard to defend even in the relatively quiet past when our involvement in world affairs was marginal. In a world buffeted by unpredictable new political forces, the choice of ambassadors on this basis would be totally irresponsible. I had discussed with Kennedy the need to strengthen our overseas missions and found that he shared my views. Although Kennedy naturally left the door open to make a few appointments on personal grounds, he and to some extent even Rusk agreed that recruiting a new breed of envoy should be at the top of our agenda; I was given primary responsibility for recruitment.

The career officers who had risen most quickly in the State Department hierarchy during the 1950s and who now headed many important missions abroad had, with several notable exceptions, largely accepted the Dulles perspective of a world in which the good guys (the Americans) and the bad guys (the Soviets) would remain locked in combat for the foreseeable future. Normally, these men would expect to continue as ambassadors, no matter what the changes in Administration. However, I believed it essential that we distinguish between those who could be expected conscientiously to carry out the policies of the Kennedy Administration and those who were so committed to the old policies they could not be expected to change direction.

I decided that the abilities of all Foreign Service officers qualified for ambassadorial posts should be carefully reviewed. This review should include outstanding employees of the United States Information Agency and the Agency for International Development, which, while closely associated with the State Department, had previously been bypassed in regard to ambassadorial appointments. We needed to place particular emphasis, I thought, on the younger officers. At that time no one under fifty held the rank of career minister or career ambassador. (I once startled President Kennedy by remarking that under the existing Foreign Service promotional system the highest grade he could expect to achieve at his age, forty-three, was an FSO-3, a little more than halfway up the promotional ladder.)

To reward outstanding service, we should assign a number of Foreign Service officers to prestigious embassies in Europe. Most of these posts had previously gone to wealthy campaign contributors on the spurious grounds that a Foreign Service officer with a relatively modest salary and a limited expense account could not afford to carry on the necessary entertaining. Based on my own ambassadorial experience, I felt this argument had been grossly overdone. (In addition to his salary and entertainment allowance, an ambassador was provided with a fully furnished house, servants, a car and travel expenses. Steb and I had no difficulty living within my salary and allowances.) In the very few situations where it was valid

CHESTER BOWLES

From the book "Promises to Keep" Copyright © 1971 by Chester Bowles. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row. The author has held a number of high-ranking positions in government following a distinguished career in Benton & Bowles, the advertising agency he helped to found, including Congressman, Governor of Connecticut, Ambassador to India and Nepal and Under Secretary of State in John F. Kennedy's administration.

the President should be prepared to ask Congress for additional entertainment funds, so that we could appoint the best man for the post—not the best rich man.

In our review we should isolate those senior Foreign Service officers in their fifties and early sixties who were simply marking time in unimportant tasks until retirement. It was my view that, in their own interest as well as the government's, men in this category should be encouraged to retire from the service with a generous pension. With several years of active life remaining, most of them could develop stimulating and rewarding second careers in university teaching, international trade or the like. This would help clear the way for the more rapid promotion of talented young officers.

At the same time I felt we should also consider retired Foreign Service officers, still in the active age group, who had resigned for reasons that did not reflect on them personally, and who might now be persuaded to return to service. A prime example in this category was George F. Kennan, then at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, who was clearly capable of making an important contribution in a challenging new post.

In addition, those Foreign Service officers who had been unjustly forced to resign or passed over for promotion under the deprivations of Joe McCarthy should now have their clouded records cleared.

There were also sources of ambassadorial talent outside the Foreign Service which were relatively untapped. In the universities, the foundations, business and labor unions there were many able men with both a broad understanding of world affairs and a desire to serve their country. They should be considered together with men already in the Foreign Service.

THE actual selection of ambassadors turned out to be a huge task which required checking hundreds of individuals, making thousands of telephone calls and conducting many long interviews. Between January and April of 1961 it absorbed at least one-third of my time. Although some of my associates felt that in view of all our other problems the time that I spent in this effort was out of proportion, I do not agree. The result was a significant strengthening of American representation abroad and eventually a far better-coordinated and efficient administrative performance.

The first step was a decision that any ambassador who had performed effectively and who had served less than three years at his present post would be asked to remain. With one or two exceptions, these were all Foreign

Service officers. However, this left more than half of the ambassadorial posts to be filled. Most of the appointments we made to fill these vacancies were also Foreign Service officers, many under forty-five years of age. The remainder were men with academic or professional experience particularly relevant to the nation in which they were posted.

One of my most difficult tasks was to reverse a decision of our predecessors, made just before we took over, to assign seven senior, tradition-minded Foreign Service officers to serve in seven newly independent African states headed by radical young leaders. Instead, we chose young, energetic men, eager to live and work in the new Africa, who understood and respected the political changes taking place there.

As Ambassador to Guinea we nominated William Attwood, foreign affairs editor of *LOOK* magazine, who worked with Stevenson and me during the 1950s on speeches and Democratic programs. I first asked Bill to head my personal staff, but his wife was determined not to live in Washington. When I asked what job would interest him, he replied, "There is only one thing I'd really like to do and that is to become Ambassador to Guinea. I know President Sékou Touré and I believe I can work with him."

Our relations with Guinea at the moment were at the lowest possible ebb, and no one in the State Department, as far as I knew, was on speaking terms with Sékou Touré. But Attwood was able to accomplish far more in Guinea than anyone, including himself, anticipated. On his visit to Washington in late 1961, Touré was so impressed with Kennedy that, to the surprise of most Washington observers, he supported him during the Cuban missile crisis in October, 1962, rejecting a request by the USSR for air traffic rights for Soviet planes flying to Cuba. Later, Attwood served as Ambassador to Kenya before returning to *LOOK* as editor in chief.

Edmund A. Gullion, a Foreign Service officer whom I had met in Saigon in August, 1952, and whom Kennedy also knew and respected, was posted to the Congo, a major trouble spot. He played a key role in support of the United Nations' effort to prevent the secession of Katanga. Gullion later became Dean of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

For newly independent Senegal, we nominated Philip M. Kaiser, whom I had known when he was Assistant Secretary in the Labor Department in the Truman Administration. He was experienced in economic affairs and particularly sensitive to the attitudes of the newly independent nations.

As Ambassador to Togo I selected Leon B. Poullada, a relatively junior Foreign Service officer whom I had met in Afghanistan a few years before. When I asked him on the telephone if he would accept the appointment, he could not believe I was serious. William J. Handley, a career Foreign Service officer who had served outstandingly with USIA in the fifties, became Ambassador to Mali.

Robinson McIlvaine, who had been with the State Department since 1954, went to Dahomey, but only after a hassle. Previously, Bob had published a small Pennsylvania newspaper, the *Downingtown ARCHIVE*, which strongly supported Eisenhower, and his original appointment in the Department had been a reward for his

support. Nevertheless, he had demonstrated great competence and wanted to pursue a Foreign Service career. When Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania heard he was about to be promoted by a Democratic Administration, they raised an uproar. Some members of Kennedy's staff suggested that it was not worth a battle, but I felt that a question of principle was involved and insisted on going ahead. After a long telephone talk with Pennsylvania's Democratic Governor David L. Lawrence, we finally managed to clear the way.

Our appointments to other countries reflected a similar pattern of expertise combined with a capacity for fresh thinking. For our mission in Tokyo, Jim Thomson, my assistant, who had just secured his Ph.D. in Chinese history, suggested Edwin O. Reischauer, professor of Japanese history and far Eastern languages at Harvard. I had some difficulty in persuading Reischauer to accept the post, and when I finally succeeded, I ran into strong opposition, much of it covert, from senior Foreign Service officers who felt that by tradition this embassy should be assigned to one of the old career China Hands. Ironically, among the arguments used against Reischauer was the fact that he had a Japanese wife. Although Kennedy wavered at one point, Senator William Fulbright gave me strong support and this appointment was finally confirmed.

I was particularly pleased to persuade George Kennan to take a leave of absence from Princeton to become Ambassador to Yugoslavia. His internationally known writings and his knowledge of the USSR enabled him to establish a close relationship with President Tito which did much to improve US-Yugoslav relations.

For my old post in New Delhi, Kennedy had already settled on John Kenneth Galbraith, whom I had first met in OPA days. Ken's competence in economic development and his eagerness to challenge official myths made him an ideal choice for New Delhi. If any ambassador could focus White House attention on the long-neglected South Asian area, I knew it would be Galbraith.

David Bruce, former Under Secretary of State under Truman, went to London at the President's special behest, and Kennedy appointed General James M. Gavin to France. Other examples of successful ambassadorial appointments include John Badeau, for ten years president of the American University in Beirut, to the United Arab Republic; William Stevenson, former president of Oberlin College, to the Philippines; Kenneth Young, an ex-businessman with experience in Asia, to Thailand; and William B. Macomber, a Republican who had served under Eisenhower as Assistant Secretary for Congressional Affairs, to Jordan.

In Latin America, American representation was seriously ingrown. Once a Foreign Service officer became proficient in Spanish and was recognized as a "Latin America expert," he was likely to spend his entire career shuttling around the continent from capital to capital. As a result many had become committed to the status quo and were out of touch with the new political forces which were challenging the established power structures, particularly in the rural areas. (As we considered the parochialism of many of our Latin America specialists and the equally parochial qualities of our Middle East specialists, one of my associates remarked wryly that we might be better off simply to reverse their assignments, with the Arab experts going to Latin America and the Latin

America experts to the Middle East.)

I shared my concern over this situation with Puerto Rico's Governor, Muñoz Marín, during a weekend visit Steb and I paid him in early January, 1961. A personal friend of long standing, Muñoz was known and respected throughout most of Latin America. He told us he was encouraged by the liberal approach the Kennedy Administration was striving to introduce into US-Latin-American relations. At my request he agreed to make available two of his ablest associates, Teodoro Moscoso, to become US Ambassador to Venezuela, and Arturo Morales-Carrión, to fill an important staff position in the Latin American Bureau. These appointments created an uproar in various echelons of the State Department. The appointment of a Puerto Rican as US Ambassador to a major Latin American nation in particular was looked on as a dangerous break with tradition.

The most outstanding of new Latin American ambassadors was a Foreign Service officer who had been one of McCarthy's targets a few years earlier. Fulton J. Freeman, whom we sent to Colombia, succeeded in Latin America largely because he was not a member of the State Department's "Latin American Club," having previously served in Europe. An experienced liberal diplomat, Freeman saw Latin America from a fresh and realistic perspective, with its growing revolutionary ferment as well as its vested interests.

Other Latin America appointments which I look back on with some pride include James I. Loeb, a founder of Americans for Democratic Action, who became Ambassador to Peru; John O. Bell, former Deputy Director of the economic assistance program, who almost single-handedly had kept this agency going in spite of the opposition of Congress and public indifference, as Ambassador to Guatemala; Ben S. Stephansky, who had served as US Labor Attaché in Mexico for ten years and had a profound understanding of Latin-American revolutionary forces, as Ambassador to Bolivia; Lincoln Gordon, a Harvard economist, as Ambassador to Brazil; Charles W. Cole, former president of Amherst College, as Ambassador to Chile; and John Bartlow Martin, a former journalist, as Ambassador to the Dominican Republic.

Traditionally, Ireland was looked upon as a political plum, and I was unable to persuade Kennedy to break the tradition. His choice was Matthew McCloskey, a Philadelphia contractor and long-time Democratic Party contributor.

Israel as well was normally a purely political appointment, but in view of the importance of the post, I felt that the safest appointment would be a Foreign Service officer with no political ambitions or connections. This time Kennedy agreed, and I nominated Walworth Barbour, the Deputy Chief of Mission in London, who at the end of 1970 was still in Tel Aviv.

In all of our appointments there was only one major blunder. Apparently in a weak moment, Kennedy promised his personal friend, Earl E. T. Smith, who had served briefly and ineptly in Cuba in the last stages of the Batista era, that he would be named as Ambassador to Switzerland. Since Switzerland had just agreed to handle US interests in Cuba and since Smith was bitterly opposed to the Castro regime and it was bitterly opposed to him, this was not a happy choice.

When the Swiss Government discreetly passed the

word that Smith would be difficult to swallow, Kennedy blew up. Soon the word was passed that members of the Administration should demonstrate their distaste for the Swiss Government reaction by blackballing all functions of the Swiss Embassy. It was a childish performance, which reflected no credit on Kennedy and was not in character.

It is hard to think of a more qualified group of ambassadors than those we selected. Although I was charged with bypassing the Foreign Service, the record shows that by May 1, 1961, four months after the Kennedy Administration took office, the number of embassies headed by Foreign Service officers was at an all-time high—a little more than three out of four. The opposite impression was no doubt created by the fact that during this period some thirty ambassadors or former ambassadors were persuaded to retire. Another factor that was often overlooked was that the ambassadors chosen from outside the Foreign Service were not the usual influential businessmen or campaign contributors, but men experienced in foreign affairs and with unusual qualifications.

CLOSELY associated with the selection of ambassadors was the redefinition of the function and responsibilities of the ambassador. As the personal representative of the President of the United States in a foreign country, an ambassador was expected to know not only the country and its leaders but also its people and to win their confidence and respect.

In many national capitals even our ablest chiefs of mission were also hampered by a tradition of social exclusiveness and artificiality which contributed to an aloof and autocratic impression. This tradition placed too much emphasis on entertaining the capital elite and too little on the ambassador's less glamorous responsibilities, including the primary need for getting to know the country, its institutions and its people.

In my mind Benjamin Franklin, perhaps the most effective American ambassador of all time, was a model of what a modern ambassador should be. Although Franklin had represented the American people at Europe's most aristocratic and glittering court, Versailles, he rejected the pomp and artificiality of diplomatic living and brought a fresh approach to his dealings with diplomatic colleagues and government officials. His manner was direct and genuine, and its effect was dramatic.

According to one biographer, Bernard Fay, "Franklin couldn't step on to the street without being surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd. They were overjoyed to find the Ambassador from America simple and dignified. They were delighted that he should wear a plain brown suit without ribbons and that he should go without a wig."

While the temptation to wear a wig no longer existed, in many other respects diplomatic life still resembled the court of Louis XV. I believed that American representatives abroad in the 1960s who conducted themselves with Franklin's warmth and simplicity—who got to know the people as well as their leaders—would receive an equally warm response and would be in a position to act with equal effectiveness.

Before I became Ambassador to India in 1951 I had made two requests of President Truman. First, I would want not only to deal officially with India's central

government but also to meet and know the regional and local government leadership and, indeed, the Indian people themselves; this meant that I should be free to travel extensively throughout India.

Second, since I would be responsible for the effectiveness of all United States Government programs there—the United States Information Service, our economic development program and other activities—I should be authorized to select all key personnel and generally to direct their operations.

Truman had agreed on both of these points, and, as a result, my role had been considerably broader than that of most other American ambassadors. Now, ten years later, the proliferation of American Government programs in many parts of the world in the late 1940s and 1950s had further increased administrative confusion and duplication. Since World War II, agencies such as the Central Intelligence Agency, Food for Peace, the United States Information Agency, the Peace Corps and the Agency for International Development had been created, all with sizable overseas missions, while the old-time departments, Labor, Commerce, Agriculture, Treasury and, particularly, the Defense Department, had gradually expanded their overseas operations. For example, on the eve of World War II the United States Embassy in Paris employed only 78 people, including the staffs of four non-State Department agencies. But early in the Kennedy Administration the Embassy had over seven hundred employees, including the staffs of 23 agencies.

This meant that an effective ambassador could no longer limit his role to the traditional reporting, negotiating and entertaining; he must become involved in the entire range of American operations in the country to which he was assigned. If the United States Information Service was being poorly handled or if the Foreign Aid program was ineptly and insensitively administered, for example, I believed the ambassador should have the primary responsibility to take whatever administrative measures, including changes in personnel, might be required to change the situation.

One factor that I had not foreseen was the reluctance of some professional diplomats to assume responsibilities beyond their traditional duties. The broader role we prescribed for the ambassadors gave them responsibility for activities involving the risk of error which they might have preferred to leave to someone else. Under the old system they had been allowed more or less to ignore such activities as economic development programs, United States information activities, cultural exchange and the like, where they felt their competence and experience were limited.

Another reason many of our ambassadors were reluc-

tant to settle conflicts between American agencies operating in the countries to which they were assigned was the fear, often justified, that the State Department could not be counted upon to support them in Washington.

A first essential step, I thought, would be an edict directly from the President to each ambassador clearly establishing his authority and his responsibilities. The President agreed, and I set out to secure agreement from the various agencies affected on a memorandum establishing the new lines of authority.

I discussed the problem with representatives of the Departments of Defense, Agriculture and Labor, the Peace Corps, United States Information Agency, Central Intelligence Agency and other agencies whose overseas personnel were to be subject to greater ambassadorial direction. It became clear that complete agreement on a change of the dimensions I had proposed would be almost impossible to achieve, since nearly every agency insisted that it should be considered a special case. If we were to wait to negotiate an agreement with each of them before taking action, it was evident that the action might never be taken. Kennedy again agreed that we should go ahead and then settle on an *ad hoc* basis any conflicts which might develop.

On May 29, 1961, President Kennedy sent a letter to each ambassador directing him to expand his traditional duties and to secure a firm grip on all the activities of his mission. Several paragraphs follow:

The practice of modern diplomacy requires a close understanding not only of governments but also of people, their cultures and institutions. Therefore, I hope that you will plan your work so that you may have the time to travel extensively outside the nation's capital. Only in this way can you develop the close, personal associations that go beyond official diplomatic circles and maintain a sympathetic and accurate understanding of all segments of the country.

In regard to your personal authority and responsibility, I shall count on you to oversee and coordinate all the activities of the United States Government. I shall give you full support and backing in carrying out your assignment.

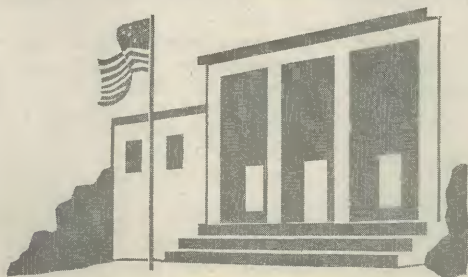
If in your judgment individual members of the Mission are not functioning effectively, you should take whatever action you feel may be required, reporting the circumstances, of course, to the Department of State.

I have informed all heads of the departments and agencies of the Government of the responsibilities of the Chiefs of American Diplomatic Missions for our combined operations abroad, and I have asked them to instruct their representatives in the field accordingly.

The next step was to hold a series of regional meetings of ambassadors to discuss the implications of the President's directive. These meetings were critically important. Although the ambassadors by and large were pleased to be armed with a Presidential directive strengthening their authority and responsibility, most of them were doubtful that the new directive really meant what it said. Already the various agencies and departments were, as might be expected, beginning to interpret the directive each in its own way.

I was accompanied to each regional meeting by high-

(Continued on page 45)



Out of this seemingly hopeless situation came a free and independent country.

The Miracle of Austria— A Diplomatic Success Story

AUSTRIA was the scene of one of the most remarkable international developments to follow World War II, namely the emergence of a unified, flourishing, free and independent nation from the seemingly impossible circumstances of a divided and mixed foreign military occupation. It also comprises the only area that Soviet troops completely controlled and then abandoned.

Between World Wars I and II Austria was a remnant of the Empire left by the Treaty of Versailles with Vienna its disproportionate capital, subsisting through international largess with much internal strife, until the German Anschluss in 1938 ended its independence for the next seven years. By 1945, one-fifth of Vienna had been destroyed by American bombing. The city had also been pillaged by Russian ground troops that captured and occupied it and the surrounding eastern part of Austria for months before the Western allies arrived in Vienna.

With the establishment of the Allied Council, in August 1945, the time came for reconstruction of Austria from a state of complete prostration and near starvation. Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the United States, organized into an Allied Commission, wielded a four-headed Supreme Authority. Austria and Vienna were divided into four occupation zones. Like Berlin, Vienna was a hundred miles deep in the Soviet Zone, with all the ingredients for similar conflicts and misunderstandings, including blockade of the capital.

Out of this seemingly hopeless situation came a free and independent country. Even while occupied it was unified, with free elections even in the Soviet occupied zone. A single Austrian Government functioned in all four zones. Eventually all foreign occupation troops were withdrawn. How did this come about?

WARE ADAMS

Ware Adams is a retired Foreign Service officer whose career spanned several decades.

At the beginning of the occupation era following World War II, he was attached to General Mark Clark's headquarters as Chief of the Political Division of Military Government in the Allied Commission for Austria. It was about this experience that he wrote "The Allied Council for Austria—A Study in International Organization, Conflict and Cooperation," awarded honorable mention in the Jack McFall Essay Contest.

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A key factor was modification of the Four-Power Control Agreement on June 28, 1946 that altered the operation of the Allied Council and Commission. This modified control machinery for Austria instituted what came to be known as the "negative veto." This meant that any legislation enacted by the Austrian Government, other than a change in the constitution, became law in 31 days unless vetoed unanimously by the four occupying powers.

Experts agree that without this change a free post war Austria would have been unlikely, if not impossible. But it was the courage and determination of the Austrians themselves that brought it about. Their gracious manners and warm-hearted *gemütlichkeit* rested on solid strength and stamina which was first recognized by many during the hardship of foreign occupation. There were other favorable factors. But even with all of these, most observers agree that the happy outcome of the occupation period would not have been possible except for the framework for international cooperation provided by the new Control Agreement of June 28, 1946 with its unique provision for the negative veto which became recognized as a *sine qua non* for success.

OPERATING under the new control Agreement, the Allied Council for Austria proceeded uniquely to administer occupied areas jointly. Among all the postwar allied commissions, from Europe to Asia, the only occupied area that turned out as planned, and satisfactorily to all those concerned, was Austria. This is a casual account of some aspects of the occupation from the memory of one who worked in it at the beginning, as a young Foreign Service officer.

In Austria, the agreements concerning zones of occupation and the control machinery of the quadripartite Allied Commission were initially almost identical to those for Germany. In both, military government was superimposed upon whatever local authorities existed in each zone of occupation. Also, in matters concerning the country as a whole, supreme authority was assumed by the Allied Commission, headed by the Allied Council consisting of the commanders of the four occupying forces, acting as High Commissioners of their respective governments.

Under the Allied Council was an Executive Committee of the Deputy High Commissioners (i.e., deputy commanders) of the four powers. Under the Executive Committee were 14 Divisions of Allied Military Government, corresponding with what would normally be the departments or ministries of national government, plus special divisions for post-war problems such as displaced persons.

Each division of allied military government was headed by four directors, who collectively came to be known as the directorate, and individually were the chiefs of the corresponding divisions of military government in their respective national forces.

Generally, in each of the four elements, these positions were occupied by persons specifically qualified

for their work. In the United States element, for example, the Chief of the Legal Division, overseeing activity of the Ministry of Justice, was Colonel Eberhardt Deutsch. He was a distinguished lawyer from New Orleans, well versed in international law as well as civil law. Also he was well trained in advance in the functions of military government, as a part of the United States Element, Allied Commission Austria (USACA), the unit destined for Austria.

The Finance Division, concerned with the work of the Ministry of Finance and other financial institutions, was headed by Colonel Arthur Marget. In civilian life he had been an able economist and financial expert who had been specially trained in advance for his military function in USACA. A military officer headed each division except the political division. Each of its four elements was headed by a civilian detailed from the Foreign Service staff of the Political Adviser, who in United States Headquarters was Minister John G. Erhardt. The political division was concerned with the activity of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the political developments in the country, and constitutional questions about either Austria or the Allied Commission. I served as Chief of the United States Political Division from late 1945 until early 1947.

When the American headquarters moved into Vienna in August 1945 to inaugurate the Allied Council, the US Commander and High Commissioner was General Mark Wayne Clark, and his Deputy Commander and High Commissioner was General Alfred Gruenther, who later became NATO Commander. Another key element in the success of the undertaking was the high order of competence of these outstanding officers, not only in military fields, but also in politics and diplomacy. My service under them in the creation and fruition of the Allied Council for Austria represented some of the most interesting and gratifying duty in my Foreign Service career.

THE mutual fears and suspicions of the cold war were already growing rapidly. Although neither General Clark nor General Gruenther har-

bored any illusions about the difficulties of dealing with Russia, they carefully kept relations in Vienna on a "correct" basis without which success could easily have been spoiled or made impossible. Under the initial Control Agreement any positive action concerning the country as a whole required the unanimous agreement of the four members of the Allied Council or their subordinate counterparts. It soon became clear that this was not a good way to run a railroad (which was one of the jobs) much less a whole nation with all its apparatus of statehood. Friction grew and frustration of many kinds, including incidents such as United States Army Sergeant Dixon shooting two Soviet officers with whom there was a misunderstanding about the passage of the American train, the Mozart Express, from Vienna to the American Zone, through the Soviet Zone.

In his book, "Calculated Risk," General Clark notes a growing deterioration in relations with the Soviets from November 25, 1945, when free elections were held throughout Austria, including the Soviet Zone. The Communist Party received only five per cent of the vote, and opposing attitudes began to be taken between the Eastern and Western components of the Allied Commission. By the end of 1945 steadily increasing difficulties raised in all minds the question "Where do we go from here?"

As chief of the political division, in my troubled sleep this question seemed to address itself to me. I had worked practically from the beginning on advance planning of the European Advisory Council for the occupation of Germany and Austria. These plans included the ultimate agreements on zones of occupation and control machinery. Formulating these blueprints involved the daily work of the State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee that brought to bear the judgments of the State Department, the military departments and the Joint Chiefs of Staff under White House guidance.

These agreements, tediously worked out in advance of victory (the one for Germany was signed long before US Forces had taken even the westernmost town of Aachen in Germany) were not the work or preference of any one gov-

ernment, let alone any one person. But I shared a natural interest in them with others who had worked on them, and in their success, feeling some sense of shared responsibility.

In the autumn of 1945, with the benefit of hindsight, I typed out a draft for a new kind of control agreement, to see what it would look like if I were free to begin again from scratch. I sought to use as much as possible the standard phrases known as boiler plate that had already been found acceptable to the four governments in the tediously worked out initial agreement. But I made fundamental adjustments in their substance, to arrive at what might be the maximum areas of genuine agreement acceptable to all four governments, and be practically workable in the Austrian context.

The draft was designed to clearly separate (1) those matters which should be under the control of each zonal commander as matters vital to his military mission and the maintenance of his troops, (2) those matters concerning Austria as a whole (that should be decided by the Allied Council), and (3) those functions of the Austrian authorities to be carried out by them within the context of the Agreement.

A COMPLETELY novel provision was one (in Article 6) which provided that the Austrian Government would formulate and propose legislation, which would then automatically become effective unless the Allied Council should decide otherwise within 31 days. This was the "negative veto," and quite different from the old provision that nothing would become effective unless propounded positively by the Allied Council. Yet it preserved the supreme authority of the Allied Council, a must to all of its members. The negative veto later was to become the object of much curiosity and near disbelief in the Western World.

I sent a copy of the completed draft to each of the other chiefs of division in the US element for study, and invited them to a meeting to consider and perhaps improve the draft. To my pleasant surprise each said that the draft should stay as it was and that it would work a dis-

tinct improvement in the work of his division if it could be negotiated.

I THEREUPON reported this to my immediate superior, General Gruenther, and asked his permission to sound out informally my opposite numbers in the quadripartite political directorate, as a preliminary to deciding whether it would be worth submitting to Washington for consideration as a formal proposal. Generals Clark and Gruenther approved the informal sounding. At the next meeting of the political directorate I gave copies of the draft to my British, French and Soviet colleagues, stressing that it was not in any sense an official suggestion but merely a set of ideas that I personally had been wondering about and before going further would appreciate any thoughts they might have about its suitability for official study.

My British colleague, with the advantage of the English language as well as a brilliantly quick mind, immediately characterized it as "ingenious." The French and Soviet members said they would study it. One must never expect any immediate sign of approval from a Soviet official, who could at most only agree to take it "for study"; but what interested me was that he did not voice any tentative objection, even though he read English well. I then waited for them to complete their informal study and comment.

The British member, with that ease and despatch with which the British service can exchange ideas about official subjects, sent it off to London where it was immediately put into polished legal form and sent back to Vienna with the approval of the Government for official discussion in the Allied Council. Thus, even while we were awaiting the outcome of our local informal study, the proposal went into the hopper of the Allied Council as a British proposal for official discussion. In this way it came up for formal consideration by all four governments.

The ensuing four-power negotiation went on thereafter for about six months, throughout the first half of 1946. During this time, an exhaustive study and discussion took place at all levels of the Allied Commission and in the four capitals. Here too, very little change was proposed, none of it altering the basic charac-

ter of the draft. But it did not slide through unnoticed as many Westerners later thought must have happened, on the theory that the Soviet Government would never enter into an agreement which seemed so desirable from our point of view. Actually, every word of it came under close scrutiny. Article 6 (the "negative veto") in particular was the special subject of repeated discussion in the Allied Council, the Executive Committee, and the Political Directorate, as well as the four political divisions of military government, with a searching questioning of it on behalf of the Government in Moscow.

FINALLY, after some six months of intensive and often tedious negotiation the draft agreement was completed in accordance with instructions from our respective governments. It was initiated by the four High Commissioners, and sent back to the Governments for final approval before actual signature. We then waited for the routine final instructions from each of the four capitals to sign the agreement whose terms they had already approved. And who do you suppose was the first High Commissioner to announce in the Allied Council that he was now authorized by his Government to sign the new control agreement? The Soviet member! Then followed London and Paris in due course, but there was no word from Washington.

The Council waited, more time passed, and still no word from Washington. What was happening there I do not know. But I could well imagine that there were some in the bureaucracy arguing that this new American idea, conceived in Vienna and approved in Washington, must have some flaw if it was approved by the Russians. Many Americans in those days, including bureaucrats, had a deep-seated, instinctive view (often explicitly stated with almost religious conviction) that anything good for the Communists must *ipso facto* be bad for us and vice versa. I dare say many of the people who had approved the draft in the first place must have had deep misgivings.

While we were awaiting the outcome, the Austrian Government completed the drafting of legislation

regarding the restitution of property which would have to come soon to the Allied Council for approval—legislation about which there was sharp political sensitivity in the United States. In reporting this from Vienna, we pointed out that the Soviet Government did not favor this legislation. If it came to the Council before the new control agreement was adopted, it would surely fail. The reason for this was that it would require four unanimous votes to pass it, and we knew the Soviet vote would be against it. However, if it should come up after the new control agreement was in effect, it would surely become law, because it would then take four votes to stop it, and ours alone would prevail. Whether this prod decided Washington, I do not know, but instructions soon came to sign the new control agreement. The legislation became law. From then on Washington became steadily more and more pleased with the way things went in the Allied Council. Many in Washington began to wonder why and how the Russians ever signed the agreement which seemed so favorable to us. They apparently never thought it possible that the same Agreement might also have somehow been pleasing also to the Russians, who had signed it deliberately after careful study.

THIS was not the end of disagreements and conflicts in the Council, but the new agreement did establish a means for dealing with them satisfactorily. The new regime continued to govern affairs satisfactorily for the rest of the long ten-year period during which the occupation continued. This kept the country from being divided or paralyzed by disagreements in the Council. It avoided the general disintegration of quadripartite cooperation that occurred in Berlin, and it set the groundwork for the eventual treaty in 1955 establishing a free and independent Austria, free of occupation troops and any partisan ties with either East or West. The Russians made the agreement and they stuck by it. Even when they did not like the result in particular cases, they kept the agreement. I do not have any claim to being expert in Soviet affairs, and recognize that their image was somewhat different as seen by

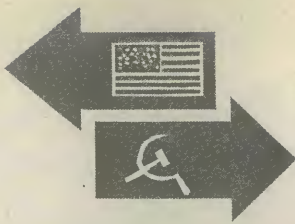
Westerners in Moscow and various other parts of the world. But as for my own experience in Vienna, I must say, contrary to the generally accepted view, that the Soviet authorities did keep their agreements, and were often even legalistically meticulous about them.

I am sometimes asked how we persuaded the Russians to sign the agreement. The answer is that we didn't. They chose it. For my part, what my draft did, or tried to do, was to devise an arrangement that would serve Soviet interests, purposes and needs—at the same time that it would serve ours, and those of the British, French and Austrians. In my view the only kind of international agreement with integrity that can be relied upon is one that is in the mutual interest of all the parties. I conceive this to be the only kind that is "self-enforcing," to use an apt phrase of Ambassador Charles Bohlen's.

The next question is why it was in the Russians' interest to make and keep the agreement. I do not pretend to know the full answer, but I do have my theories: we wanted to get the Russians out of Austria; the Russians equally wanted to get the Americans out of Austria; hence the basis for a mutually beneficial agreement, which resulted in both getting out. I suggest we are both better off with things the way they are now in Austria, than we would be if both Russian and American military forces were still there. We are both better off in Vienna than we are in Berlin.

Neither went in with the idea of staying, or had any real reason to want to stay. But each did fear having the other stay, and thus had a real interest in ensuring that the other leave. The only way to achieve this was to turn affairs over to the Austrians, and both leave. Whether this was a conscious intention or not, the agreement worked out that way.

One argument against such a settlement was that American forces would be withdrawing three thousand miles to the United States, while the Soviet troops would merely be withdrawing across the border into Hungary whence they would return to Austria if unable to take it over by subversion. The possibility of subversion had been made rather



far-fetched by the severe communist defeat in the Austrian elections of 1945, and the fear of a military return has been abated by the fact of subsequent events. But it was remarkable how strong these fears were and how strong the arguments were when the new agreement was being negotiated, and how many Americans shared them deeply enough to oppose a mutual withdrawal of troops.

Year after year as the agreement continued to work, the Austrian case became a source of wonderment and puzzlement to many observers. It did not fit in with the theories of those who held that the communists do not keep agreements, or that you cannot negotiate with the communists, or that anything that is good for them must be bad for us.

The fact is simply that it worked because it was in the interest of all the parties to have it work, plus the fact that it was structurally workable. Each of the four powers occasionally regretted particular effects of the agreement, but these were outweighed by the over-all benefit to each. For example, when the so-called negative veto or veto-in-reverse (both misnomers to me) resulted in the Austrian Government's proceeding with a given piece of legislation, it was noticeable that a Soviet official could reconcile himself to an action that he would never himself approve, if only he did not himself have to be involved in the decision. The same thing seemed to be true of his Government. On reflection this is not surprising, for the same attitude is not unknown to American officials, even though we may not recognize it in ourselves. The United States Government itself chooses at times to abstain from a UN vote rather than say either yes or no. The agreement made it easy to be uninvolved without having to say so.

The workability of a form of organization is sometimes confused

with its membership, e.g. the thought that the UN might work well if only the Russians were not there. In Berlin when quadripartite cooperation broke down and the Russians left, West Berlin was left with a seemingly cozy tripartite organization. But the frustrations of trying to have even so friendly a threesome operate under the same control agreement caused the British member, General Sir Brian Robertson, to exclaim that there was nothing worse than quadripartite operations—except tripartite operations.

When you have sat long in international conferences, the word "Nyet" acquires such an air of finality that you cannot see how in Russia a girl could ever say "Nyet" and mean maybe. The "Nyet" and the "No" in the Allied Council could both be disruptive under the initial control agreement. The revision of it enabled all members of the Council to say "No" as much as they liked without disrupting anything. And so it came about in Austria that the Allied Council could function for ten long years without flying apart; and the fact remains that Eastern Austria was the one area in the world where the Russians were once in complete control (as in Eastern Germany) and then left it completely to let it become free.

FOR those who would seek to apply the scientific method to the study of international problems, an obstacle lies in the difficulty of separating out a single factor in the equation to vary while keeping all other factors constant. In the Austrian case we have this. The sole factor that varied on June 28, 1946, was the replacement of the first control agreement with the second control agreement. All else remained unchanged. The cold war continued. The problems were the same as before, and in the same country and zones of occupation. The Allied Council and Commission were the same, and even manned by the same persons, from High Commissioners to the private soldiers. So did the Austrian Government and its officials and personnel. The sole factor that changed from one day to the next was the text of the control agreement. But events following that change were very different from those preceding it. ■



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Lasserre, Paris

It is the part of a wise man to feed himself with moderate pleasant food and drink—Spinoza

"Diplomatic List"

DIPLOMATS are among the world's most experienced diners. Their long stays overseas, their travels outside the capital cities, the need to entertain and be entertained—all give them special opportunities to discover and appraise the finest restaurants.

And the advice of foreign service officers has played a big part in guiding us to the most interesting places to dine in the course of our own work and travels. Here are a few of the restaurants of Europe that are favored by knowledgeable diplomats; having sampled them repeatedly, we can confirm that each, in its own way, is unique—not just a place to eat, but a place to find a memorable experience.

Let us start with Paris, as so much of diplomacy and gastronomy does. None of its scores of fine res-

CHARLES & LISA CERAMI

Charles A. Cerami, Foreign Affairs Editor of the Kiplinger Publications, also writes for many national and European magazines on economic and political subjects. Several of his books have been translated into foreign languages. The most recent, "Alliance Born of Danger," was a study of the Atlantic Community. Lisa Cerami, his wife, is an authority on travel and dining. The authors have collaborated on numerous articles reflecting Talleyrand's belief that diplomacy and gastronomy are inseparable.

taurants gathers more votes from the men who know than does Lasserre. And the most discerning Frenchmen go along with the judgment of their diplomatic visitors. On one of our evening visits we were told that ours was the "ministerial table," because

Minister André Malraux—who eats sparingly, but with insistence on perfection—lunches there daily.

The gold damask-lined dining room with a sliding roof that opens to the Paris sky is one of the most superbly decorated in the world—with 18th Century ornamental pieces on every side and fine china and crystal before each guest. It is perhaps the most generously staffed restaurant in existence, with 85 employees for only thirty tables.

The Lasserre specialties, as well as the classic French dishes, are all made with extraordinary attention to visual beauty and with a lightness that appeals to men who often must dine importantly at both lunch and dinner. There is for example, the *poussin viroflay*—a de-boned baby chicken, lightly stuffed with chopped spinach and chicken livers, and de-

glazed with sherry. There is a unique dessert, the *pannequet soufflé flambé Lasserre*—a large thin pancake folded over a creamy filling and lightly flamed.

It is always exciting when Lasserre's waiters approach with platters that look worthy of a king's banquet. Each main dish is presented with an almost unbelievable decoration, a specially sculpted ornament made by Lasserre employees who vie with each other as food artists. Little boats, baskets, lighthouses, myriad objects made from bits of toast, fruits or other foodstuffs—reminiscent of the visual delights with which the great chef Carême used to accompany the meals he sent in to his royal masters and to the leading envoys of two centuries ago.

Now we move on to Switzerland, where a score of international negotiations are under way almost any month of the year. Most foreign service officers can tell you the names of good restaurants in several of Switzerland's principal cities. But those who know the Geneva area say that nothing equals La Grappe D'Or in nearby Lausanne.

This restaurant, on a steep, narrow street in the hilly older part of Lausanne, is proudest of its huge wood-burning fireplace, where game

and other grilled specialties are prepared in full view. But travelers who come on a night when Lady Curzon soup is on the menu will remember that mysterious liquid the most. Mysterious, because no one knows how the soup came to be associated with the wife of the British statesman; it is unknown in England and India, where they lived. Only a few parts of the European continent feature it, and there are many variations among them. At La Grappe d'Or it is made with clear turtle consommé blended with a little beef consommé and covered with an unsweetened Chantilly cream topping that is browned to a crust under a high flame. A cup of this deep-flavored but delicate concoction will leave you doubly ready to enjoy the *poulet de Bresse*, *canard Nantais*, or *selle d'agneau Provençale*.

WHenever we travel to Italy we are reminded of the ambassador who once told us, "It is impossible to get a bad meal there." Although that may be impressionistically, if not literally, correct, it is still worth knowing which Italian dining places deserve to rate higher than others. And very near the pinnacle are two restaurants in Rome's Grand Hotel. We have never stayed there without

encountering many leading statesmen from the United States and Europe. On one of our visits most of the NATO foreign ministers were in the hotel. And whenever they had a lunch or dinner period free from official duties the knowing ones stayed inside and ate in one of the two great dining rooms.

The Grand's Rallye Grill has been a favorite meeting place of princes, industrialists and socialites for many years. Small, intimate and unpretentious, it has nevertheless achieved international status because its food and service are the ultimate in refinement. "Molto soigné" was the hybrid term that elegant maitre d'hotel Paolo Balduini used in telling us about an unbelievably delicate salad made from white truffles, celery and ovoli mushrooms. And "molto soigné" is the way to describe everything about the Rallye Grill.

But just across the corridor on the Grand's palatial ground floor is the unique restaurant, Le Maschere. In this colorful spot, Manager Natale Rusconi is reaffirming that elegance need not always be French. He is reviving the nearly-forgotten fact that the fork itself originated in Italy and that Italian cooking is the mother of all fine Western cuisines. Even the walls depict another Italian cultural export that became the rage in

La Grappe d'Or





Le Maschere, Grand Hotel, with Maitre d'Hotel Martinuzzi in foreground.

18th Century France: They glow with life-like paintings of Italian *commedia dell'arte* characters.

This distinctive restaurant, although it serves a full menu, features pasta dishes, varied in alphabetical order on each day of the week. There is *Agnolotti alla Piemontese*, *Bombolotti con la ricotta*, *Cannolicchi alla militare*, and so on. And you can finish the alphabet by having *Ziti alla Napoletana*.

The main thing is that *Le Maschere* is an answer for those seasoned travelers of the foreign service who want fine and authentic foods, not imitations of home or of Paris at

every turn. Its specialties are chosen from all the regions of Italy, prepared by what may be the finest kitchen staff on the peninsula. And despite the silk-vested waiters and genuine leather menu, \$10 a person is likely to cover everything, including wines and tips.

FOR much of Italy's business, the main city is not Rome, but Milano. And any number of diplomats who have served or visited there have told us about *Giannino's*. After each of our visits we have agreed more and more enthusiastically. It would be worth the trip to Milano just to sample the tiny chickens, called *pollastrelli*, which are available only in very limited amounts and prepared in a variety of ways. *Pollastrello alle olive* has the deep flavor of cooked olives; *pollastrello alla diavola* is pressed flat and fried with tiny artichokes. In any case, it is not to be compared with any chicken you ever ate before. And aside from this specialty, every moment spent at *Giannino's* holds something memorable.

To enter, you pass a gleaming kitchen that shows itself proudly to every guest. If you sit in the covered and latticed winter garden, with its cages of singing canaries, you quickly feel the relaxation that will entice you to spend two or three hours here. Every piece of melon, every vegetable must be in season and freshly picked in order to find its

way into *Giannino's*. Peas and asparagus, right from the farm, are available eleven months of the year. And of the many light wines on the list, there is a water-clear one called *Naiano* that is nearly unequalled for its drinkability. Nothing served here seems heavy. A lunch or dinner at *Giannino's* is an experience that you feel like repeating often.

FINALLY, let us move to the ancient diplomatic capital of eastern Europe, Vienna, still the center of so many East-West negotiations. Here again is a city with many fine eating places. But those who have served in embassies there name the main dining room of the *Hotel Imperial* as their favorite.

The *Imperial* is a former palace, and Manager Karl-Peter Littig makes his guests feel like royal visitors. Yet, despite the splendor of the hotel, the dining room is one of the most unpretentious great restaurants in the world—rather low-ceilinged and intimate, with a friendly trio of musicians playing gay dinner music. But its matter-of-fact waiters bring out masterpieces of the distinctive cuisine that was born of Austria's old marriage with Hungary. The chicken *paprikash*, for example, has the true Hungarian dash with none of the over-spiciness that imitators in our country tend to add. Great game dishes, such as venison, are frequent features in season.

But the real delight is the *wiener schnitzel*, the thin breaded veal that most of us assume we know all about. Far from it. By frying in butter that has been heated until most of the moisture is driven out, the *Imperial's* chef produces the most greaseless and refined of *schnitzels*. Along with it be sure to order a mixed salad. This, too, will be a new experience. Water and lemon juice are added to the oil of the dressing to create a cool lightness that puts Austrian salads in a class by themselves.

If you are going to the *SALT* talks, the International Atomic Energy Agency, the United Nations Industrial Development Organization, or any of the other modern confirmations of Vienna's enduring importance, it may be all right to be a flexible negotiator. But be firm on one point: Dine at the *Imperial*. ■

Hotel Imperial





From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, the Foreign Service salutes the

EMBASSY MARINES

THE Foreign Service is proud of "Our Marines." Not only do they do a superlative job of protecting the security of our embassies and consulates, they also play a significant role in the conduct of American diplomacy.

A young Marine was the first American that Stalin's daughter confronted when she defected. She simply walked into the American Embassy in New Delhi, India, after office hours. On duty was a Marine security guard and it was to him that she made her first appeal for help from the United States. The Marines have careful instructions to call in experienced embassy officers in case of emergencies. Even so, a tremendous responsibility fell on the young Marine.

Imagine for a moment the dilemma that he suddenly confronted. A woman had appeared without warning out of the night, claiming to be Stalin's daughter—not a very probable story. Embassies attract plenty of eccentrics. If this were a prankster or crank he would have to jolly her along and try to get rid of her. On the other hand, if this were really Stalin's daughter her defection would be tremendously important to the United States. He could not risk antagonizing her. He had to display just the right blend of sympathy and reserve. Until embassy officers could arrive he did not want her to panic and flee; nor could he be so forthcoming that she could later allege that he had made commitments to her on behalf of the United States.

From out of the night another enormous challenge confronted other Marine security guards in Saigon. At 0250 January 31, 1968, the Viet Cong attacked the American Embassy there. Two Marines were on duty in the lobby when they heard the first shots. They pulled the unarmed Vietnamese front gate guard from certain death and slammed shut the 3-inch teakwood front doors. With bullets ricocheting through the lobby they coolly tele-

RAYMOND J. BARRETT

Mr. Barrett, a career Foreign Service officer, is completing an assignment under the State/Defense exchange program as Deputy Chief of the Global Plans Division of US Air Force Headquarters. He is about to become the State Department Adviser at the John F. Kennedy Military Assistance Institute at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Earlier, Mr. Barrett was Deputy Chief, Program Staff, Office of International Conferences. He has served at embassies in Mexico, Nicaragua, Ireland, Egypt and Spain.

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phoned for reinforcements and broke out additional weapons. As they did, a rocket came through the wall and exploded. One Marine was seriously wounded and the other slightly. Rockets continued to explode on the embassy's facade. As reaction forces arrived, the Viet Cong attack on the building itself diminished. But their fire was so intense that the American reinforcements could not get into the embassy itself. The two Marines, another Marine who had been stationed on the roof, and the few embassy staff members on duty were without physical contact with other Americans through most of the night. A helicopter got through to the embassy roof about 0615 to evacuate the seriously wounded Marine; the intense fire caused the helicopter to make an emergency landing in a rice paddy before the Marine could be taken to a hospital. Only after first light, about an hour later, could 101st Airborne Division paratroopers land on the roof and fully secure the building. Until then, the courage and coolness of two Marines had played a vital role in denying the Viet Cong entrance into the embassy itself.

During the night of 25 January, 1968, in another part of the world, the Marines on duty at the embassy in

Panama learned that the roof was on fire. The Marines found the top door engulfed in smoke. They secured the char force but one man was missing. He was trapped in the elevator. Using a fire ax, the Marines forced the elevator door and got the man out safely. Meanwhile, the fire department, off-duty watchstanders and appropriate embassy officers had been notified. The firemen put out the fire while American personnel maintained control over the areas containing classified material.

Fire also created a sudden emergency in Kinshasa, the Congo. On 11 April, 1968, a woman ran into the Embassy to tell the Marine on duty that the Spanish Embassy next door was on fire. The Marine immediately summoned the fire department, the Non-Commissioned officer in charge (NCOIC) and off-duty watchstanders. Leaving one Marine to maintain the duty at the embassy, the others rushed to extinguish the blaze. The door was secure but one Marine immediately scaled the wall and found a second story window open. Another Marine followed right behind and tried to pass him a fire extinguisher. In doing so, he grabbed an electrical wire for balance; the wire was live and the jolt threw Marine to the ground, fracturing a bone in his left foot. Another Marine succeeded in passing the extinguisher to the first Marine who managed to put out the fire. As a result of the Marines' quick thinking and decisive action both the Spanish and American Embassies were spared extensive damage.

Regularly, in many less crucial or heroic ways, Marine security guards play a personal part in the day to day details of American Embassy operation. It is the Marine on duty who receives the often anguished request of an American citizen seeking emergency help at night or on a weekend. He has to be a model of tact and assurance until he can sort the problem out and contact the embassy's duty officer. Many less urgent requests come to him for street directions, locations of hotels or restaurants, sightseeing, etc.; he serves as a "short-order" information service, dispensing answers in a reassuringly American accent. In similar fashion, he deals with foreign citizens who come to the embassy seeking information; the stream of such callers is heavy on American holidays or on Saturdays which are normal workdays in many countries. To tact and competence, he must often add some knowledge of the local language.

The help extended by Marine security guards often goes beyond the strict limits of duty. Many an American who has suddenly found himself without funds overseas has been comforted by a cup of coffee, a sandwich or some cigarettes provided by a Marine guard. On occasion, a Marine has even kept a benevolent eye on a penniless American sitting out the night in an embassy lobby until help can be arranged in the morning. Countless times, Marines have helped frightened, bewildered or belligerent Americans with soothing conversation and patient comfort.

The Marine security guard program has been invaluable to the United States Foreign Service. It has provided American diplomatic and consular missions with highly competent protection for their classified material and assistance in protecting government property and the lives of employees. Prior to the program's inauguration the Department of State had had to hire civilians, American and foreign, to protect its establishments abroad. Only a

limited number of guards could be hired and often they were of doubtful background, ability and suitability.

The historic association between the Foreign Service and the United States Marine Corps suggested the Marine security guard program. During the history of the United States, Marines had served many times on special missions as couriers, guards for embassies and legations and to protect American citizens in unsettled areas such as China and Cuba. Probably the most dramatic example was the defense of the legation in Peking in 1900 against the siege by the Chinese "Boxers." In fact, President Roosevelt, at the request of the Department of State, issued a Presidential Order establishing guards at certain embassies and legations. Drawing on this precedent, and with great foresight, the drafters of the 1946 Foreign Service Act included authorization for the Secretary of the Navy, on request from the Secretary of State, "to assign enlisted men of the Navy and the Marine Corps to serve as custodians" at embassies, legations and consulates.

The Marine security guard program is more than 20 years old. A Memorandum Agreement was signed on December 15, 1948, by Secretary of the Navy Sullivan and Undersecretary of State Lovett. The first 83 Marines reported to the Foreign Service Institute of the Department of State in January, 1949, for training. On January 28, 1949, the first 15 Marines departed for assignment to Foreign Service posts abroad; six went to Bangkok and nine to Tangier. The program developed rapidly and by the end of May, 1949, over 300 Marines had been assigned to posts around the world. The agreement covering the Marine security guard program was renewed and broadened in 1955 with the signature of a "memorandum of agreement between the Department of Defense and Department of State." Close to 1,000 Marines are currently serving as Marine security guards at 95 American diplomatic and consular posts in 85 countries.

To facilitate administration of its personnel Headquarters, United States Marine Corps, Arlington, Virginia, established Company F to perform administrative and training functions for the program. In 1952 a junior Marine officer was assigned to each of the regional security headquarters of the Department of State at Frankfurt, Beirut, Manila and Panama. Fox Company was upgraded in February, 1967, to become the Marine Security Guard Battalion. Headquarters Company is still at Henderson Hall. Company A serves the embassies in Europe. Company B guards the American missions in Africa and the Middle East. Charlie Company takes care of the Far East and embassies in South America belong to Company D.

The composition of Marine guard detachments and their duty situations vary. At any minute of any day Marines are standing duty at embassies around the world. Most detachments consist of about six to eight Marines. The larger or more sensitive posts have more Marines. Each detachment is headed by a non-commissioned officer in charge. The NCOIC or his designate is on duty at the embassy during normal working hours and at such other times as necessary to supervise the work of the detachment. At most posts two Marines are on duty during other than normal working hours. One is always at the reception desk. He is ready to help callers and to receive emergency messages and relay them to appropri-



Marine guard looking on as clean up crews work in Embassy office in Lima

ate duty officers; he is also alert to and ready to deal with any other problems that may arise. The other Marine tours the building periodically to be sure that all classified material has been properly secured and escorts the char force while they clean classified areas; this Marine also handles other duties such as locking the doors that are kept closed to ensure building security during non-office hours. The watch is arranged so that the Marines on duty are relieved about the middle of the night. Quite apart from being on call 24 hours, seven days a week, Marine security guards average 89 hours a week on the job.

The Marines wear uniforms on duty at most posts; the rest of the time they wear civilian clothing. Before departing for his post a Marine is issued a set of dress blues and outfitted with appropriate civilian clothing at Department of State expense. Quarters are also provided by the Department of State. These usually constitute a house or apartment for the NCOIC if he is married and a large house or apartment for the other members of the detachment. All other pay and allowances are those applying to the Marine Corps generally; there is no extra pay for security guard duty. The normal assignment to the program is two years.

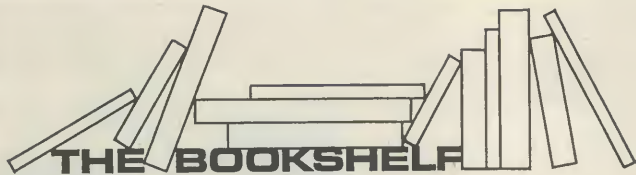
Requirements for the program are simple but rigorous. A Marine must be single if a sergeant or below and remain single until his tour is completed. He must be a lance corporal or above, have had at least 18 months active service and have 30 months or more yet to serve. Corporals and lance corporals must have average proficiency and conduct marks of 4.4 or higher. An applicant must also be a United States citizen, be in excellent physical condition and be able to qualify for a top secret clearance.

Training is given at the joint State-Marine security guard school at Henderson Hall. Candidates undergo an intensive six-week program of instruction and two thorough screenings. A quarter or more of the candidates are eliminated. The principal subjects covered include physical security, protocol, detection of sound devices, the Foreign Service, security tasks, tactful replies to criticism of the United States, conference security, dealing with hostile demonstrations and mob action and Communist measures of espionage and subversion. Once the classroom work is done, the students are taken to the State Department itself where they try to find security violations in the building. The school's prime objective is make the future Marine guards security-minded.

Marines, once overseas, must also study foreign languages for at least 100 hours. Most acquire some knowledge of the local language and many become quite proficient.

The Marine security guard program has assumed added importance because of the increased frequency of mob action or other attacks against American Foreign Service posts. Training at the Marine security guard school in dealing with mob action has been intensified. During sensitive periods Marine guards inspect all packages entering an embassy and carefully check restrooms and other public areas against planted explosives. Mob actions require not only courage but careful judgment and firm discipline. The integrity of the building and files must be protected if at all possible. But actions must be avoided that would endanger American lives, particularly those of the defenseless American wives and children in their homes. The Marines can fulfill the damage-control function. Prompt and courageous use of fire hoses by the

(Continued on page 49)



Haunted by the Unseen

EVERY WAR MUST END, by Fred Charles Iklé. Columbia University Press, \$8.00 hardcover, \$2.95 paperback.

THE point is lost on no one these days that ending a war is far more difficult than starting or even modifying one while basically continuing to wage it. Professor Iklé, particularly expert on the subject of international negotiations, illustrates in a brief but excellent work the variety of reasons why this should be so.

Iklé, as a historian, considers that not only the academic world but also military and civilian planners and national leaders have consistently devoted almost all their attention to the initiation of hostilities or to how a war should be conducted. Very little thought has gone into planning for a war's end. Kaiser's Germany, Japan in World War II, or the United States in Korea, by his reckoning, could have come off with much better bargains if such planning had been accomplished and executed. Many factors, however—from the "fog" of military estimates to the propensities of hawks to use freely the word "traitor"—tend to prevent a nation from choosing the most rational course.

Very wisely, Iklé does not mention Vietnam, as he says that insufficient historical perspective yet exists. His theses are all the stronger for this self-imposed limitations, however, for within his pages is the unseen presence of a nation reliving some of the less fortunate historical examples.

—AMBLER H. MOSS

A Crucial Five Years

FROM TRUST TO TERROR, *The Onset of the Cold War, 1945-1950*, by Herbert Feis. W. W. Norton & Co., \$10.00.

IN many ways, the manner in which Herbert Feis writes narrative history about mid-twentieth century diplomacy resembles the approach of William Langer in writing European political and diplomatic history of the middle years of the nineteenth century. The writings of both are characterized by massive scope, minute attention to detail, a carefully followed chronology, and great skill and economy in writing, in placing the main events

and personages in focus with few wasted words.

The advantages of this sort of history writing are an almost encyclopedic coverage of the topic, and in this both Langer and Feis excel. The disadvantages are that in such lengthy and fact-laden volumes there is not much space for original interpretation, and this is characteristic of Langer's long-awaited volume on the 1848-52 period in European history and Feis's "From Trust to Terror."

Feis's most recent volume chronicles the 1945-50 period in American diplomatic history. Its main themes are clearly stated, the condition of Europe at the close of World War II, Russia's swift and brutal consolidation of control of Eastern Europe, and the division of Germany, about which Feis observes "High school juniors with a history book, a map, and a set of toy soldiers could have devised a better arrangement." There are also sections on the first years of atomic diplomacy, the China debacle, and an excellent resume history of the Marshall Plan in concept and execution.

The book has a six page bibliography and a seven page cast of characters, but most of the bibliographical sources are readily available memoirs or state papers used in a judicious but unoriginal manner, and though the cast of characters is large little is said about them beyond what has generally been stated elsewhere. Still, as a resume history of that crucial five year period, the book is a clear, well-balanced, and successful presentation.

Feis writes with a fine feel for how governmental institutions work and how interagency politicking more frequently than not produced a confusing and contradictory picture to the President and other decision-makers in the immediate postwar years. Junior officers laboring in the vineyard can take heart from his section on State's early role in assembling the imaginative economic program that later was called the Marshall Plan. Of the younger officers Feis said "Seldom has it been remembered how much of the spade work they did on what became known as the Marshall Plan. They not only instructed and incited their superiors, they impelled them toward action."

—FREDERICK QUINN

Military History of Distinction

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, by B. H. Liddell Hart. Putnam's, \$12.50.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR is military history on the grand scale. This posthumous work begins with the political surrenders of the immediate pre-war period, covers all the campaigns and battles of seven earth-shaking years, and concludes with the end of hostilities in the Far East. Thorough and comprehensive in its exposition of detail, it also relates campaigns in widely different theaters to each other and to the political context in which they took place.

The late Sir Basil Liddell Hart was perhaps the greatest military scholar of the century. He went from Cambridge into the First World War, rose to the rank of captain before being gassed in 1916, and retired from the Army in 1927 to devote his full time to lecturing and writing. At various times editor, military correspondent, and unofficial defense adviser to the British Government, he was the author of more than thirty books and innumerable papers and articles. By the usual irony of history, his early writings, which preached the doctrine of mobility, concentration of armor, and war of maneuver, found their most receptive audience among the younger officers of the erstwhile and future enemy—Guderian, Rommel, and von Manstein—who subsequently put them to effective use against the allies on a dozen fronts. In Great Britain, they were ignored by economy-minded cabinets and a tradition-bound military despite their obvious suitability to an island nation with limited manpower.

It is the author's deep intellectual and personal commitment to the strategic doctrine of which he was the prime exponent that make his judgments on the Second World War so interesting. Predictably, he somewhat overstates the merits of German strategy and tactics in Poland, France, and North Africa, since the principal actors were disciples of the master. He tends to discount Eisenhower's unique qualities as a coalition commander and to dwell unduly on the latter's failures to execute the decisive stroke at the right time—most particularly, on Eisenhower's acquiescence in the diversion of gasoline and supplies from Patton's Third Army to Montgomery's Army Group in the north at the precise moment when Patton might have won the European War by driving through the Saar to Frankfurt. The author also rejects the strategic bombing contribution to victory (as being needlessly wasteful of civilian lives without any commensurate effect on

German industrial production) and gives only grudging credit to the extraordinarily disruptive effect of allied tactical bombing on German capacity to move men and munitions to threatened points.

Liddell Hart also displays the soldier's propensity for regarding naval warfare as ancillary to military operations on the ground. This view may be valid for continental warfare, but it is certainly inappropriate in cases where sea power, islands, and the vast dimensions of ocean space are the prime elements of the military equation. Hence, the adequate but somewhat mechanical coverage of the American naval campaign in the Pacific, the overstatement of MacArthur's role, and the failure to bring home the fact that it was sea and air power that defeated Japan.

Not every reader will agree with Liddell Hart's judgments, nor be attracted by his rather bloodless treatment of cataclysmic events and appalling slaughter in terms exclusively of command decisions and the movements of fleets and armies. But the book's massive authenticity, scrupulous accuracy, and critical insights give it an intellectual distinction not vouchsafed to every work of military history.

—CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.

In the German-Occupied Ukraine

BABI YAR, by A. Anatoli (Kuznetsov). Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$10.

BABI YAR, the successful and controversial novel by A. A. Kuznetsov (who now calls himself A. Anatoli), is not only about the Nazi massacre of Jews in Kiev but more generally about life in the Ukrainian capital just before and during the German occupation.

The book is important for a number of reasons: First, it is a literary work of significance, creating a gripping three-dimensional picture of the things it describes; second, it is a documentary of great interest, not only for the information it contains on Nazi atrocities but especially for what it says about Ukrainian attitudes. Thirdly, this latest edition of the book shows in bold-face type what the censors deleted when it was originally published in the Soviet Union.

Kuznetsov, who defected from the Soviet Union and now lives in England, says that his desire to see the book published in its original form—and in general to escape from the controls over artistic expression—prompted his defection for which he prepared over a long period of time (during which, he admits, he cooperated with the KGB and even

denounced some of his fellow artists, though being careful to report nothing the KGB didn't already know).

This last aspect is the controversial one, for Kuznetsov has been attacked by some anti-anti-Communists and it has been pointed out, incidentally, that some material of this allegedly unexpurgated version had actually appeared in print in Russia. It does seem that some parts had been "voluntarily" removed by the author himself; others were cut only in the magazine version; whereas still others clearly must have been cut by the censor.

Whether cut by the censor, by the magazine *Yunost* when it serialized the novel (the author calls it "a documentary in the form of a novel"), or by Kuznetsov himself, it is easy to see that many of the passages that show how well the Germans were originally received in Kiev could not be published in the Soviet Union. One of the strongly implied points of "Babi Yar" is that if the Germans had been even just moderately oppressive, they could have won the cooperation of a population offended in its nationalism and ground down by the repressiveness, the injustice, the dreariness and the hypocrisy of life under Soviet communism.

There are also other passages whose deletion is fascinating. On page 259, for instance, Kuznetsov cites letters from Ukrainian workers warning their families and friends against going to Germany. A sentence explaining that the military factories in which the Ukrainians were put to work were being "bombed by the Americans or British" was deleted by the Soviet censors. That sentence obviously did not accord with the policy of minimizing the Allied contribution to the victory over Nazi Germany.

—M.F.H.

That Resilient Old World

THE REBIRTH OF EUROPE: *A History of the Years Since the Fall of Hitler*, by Walter Laquer, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$8.95.

LAST YEAR marked a quarter century since Europe lay in ruins, an appropriate time to review the recent history of that continent. Walter Laquer, Director of London's Institute of Contemporary History, attempts that review in "The Rebirth of Europe"—according to its publisher, the first one-volume treatment of the political, economic, social and cultural developments in Europe since 1945. Mr. Laquer has excellent credentials for such an effort, his work having varied from an overview of German youth movements through Russo-German relations to power politics in the Mid-

dle East. The book can be read as a comprehensive textbook on contemporary European history, but without the rigidity of most texts. It is divided into four long sections: postwar political affairs, economic and social trends, the cultural scene, and European politics since 1955, ending with the aftermath of the Czechoslovakian invasion.

At least in part, this is a thesis book. The conclusion states it: that a Europe declared moribund or at least due for a steady decline has demonstrated instead a phenomenal resiliency, has become Europe Reborn. This is clearly shown in Europe's economic resuscitation with its resultant contributions to social welfare. It is shown in the new and vital view of a "Europe" as a mature force in the world. Yet Laquer's review cannot be so assured in the political and cultural fields, with currents like the Russification of Eastern Europe and an avant-garde culture wrapped in decadence and nihilism.

Laquer is alert to things a more pedestrian history might miss or underestimate. There is a section on housing and another on tourism, a too-little noted phenomenon of post-war Europe. Some recent trends are deftly spotted, like a review of the radical student movements of the late 1960s (which Laquer sees as more romantic than ideological and barren and exhausted by 1968).

One quibble: while the book is a fine synthesis of materials it sometimes lacks the specific, the anecdotal, the personal vision. This is particularly true in the cultural chapter, where Laquer chiefly catalogues creators and their works when key excerpts from writers of the period could have added considerable flavor. While this might have lengthened an already long work, it also might have coneritized intellectual presences left too vague. One indication of Laquer's attitude towards this section is revealed in its bibliography; it lists survey literature but no individual works of fiction, philosophy or science.

In his preface the author states that he has tried to combine "the common features and patterns of the continent's recent history" with a survey of the separate countries. Given the difficulty of that amalgam, he has, I think, basically succeeded.

—MICHAEL P. CANNING

Salisbury Looks At America

THE MANY AMERICAS SHALL BE ONE, by Harrison E. Salisbury. Norton, \$6.50.

THE TIMES'S Harrison Salisbury has now subjected our own society to the same kind of scrutiny, penetrating but

benign, which he previously directed at the Soviet Union and, more briefly, at North Vietnam. He sees here the same disturbing phenomena we all see, but he refuses to panic and tries instead to understand. Perhaps his major contribution is in putting these phenomena into a historical context. He traces their lineage: the hippies and their communes to Brook Farm; the Black Panthers to earlier non-politicized street gangs and beyond them to primitive men banding together against unknown terrors; the pot culture to the pocket flask of the Prohibition era and the three-martini lunch.

The fulminating and posturing of the rebellious young do not frighten him. Though he doesn't condone their methods, he finds their impatience understandable. The "military-industrial complex" does frighten him. His prescription for ensuring that the socio-cultural revolution he believes is in progress does not escalate into greater violence begins: "Stop the war in Vietnam."

After that—well, like most programs for salvation it's a little less specific. The closing chapters don't quite justify the ringing affirmation of the title. But it's a stimulating book.

—TED OLSON

Better than the Tube

THE AMERICANS, by David Frost. Stein and Day, \$6.95.

THE title is misleading, for it is not an analysis of American society, nor is it a journalistic report. It is a collection of transcripts (complete with inserts of "laughter" and "applause") of recent David Frost television talk shows. Mr. Frost is blessed with an extraordinary interview technique which is based on his disarming charm, considerable research into the background of his guests, an excellent sense of timing, a high degree of candor and, more often than not, good taste. All of these qualities come through surprisingly well in the book. The interviewees vary in political orientation from LeRoi Jones and Ramsey Clark to Gerald Ford and the current Vice President. By my count, there were interviews with 17 liberals, six conservatives and eight not political enough to classify. Subjects varied from women's lib to serious theology.

The book is to be recommended only to devoted David Frost fans wherever they may be (there are many on both sides of the pond across which he commutes weekly), Foreign Service colleagues in remote posts who miss television (if there are any) or Foreign Service colleagues who want to study the Frost interview

technique (most of us should). Reading the book has an advantage over watching the nightly TV show in that one can skip rapidly through such trying interviews as those with Fulton J. Sheen, Adam Clayton Powell, Raquel Welch (sorry, no illustrations) and Benjamin Spock and spend more time absorbing the insights elicited from Carl Stokes, George McGovern, Barry Goldwater and Samuel Leibowitz.

—JOHN W. STEPHENS

Not Sex, Socialism or Suicide

THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS, by Joseph B. Board, Jr., Houghton Mifflin Co.

MUCH of the modern literature devoted to Sweden falls into the category of the sex, socialism and suicide tracts of the right wing critics or the "new Jerusalem" hyperbole of the left wing admirers. As a consequence, it is difficult for serious students of Sweden or Swedish social democracy to find objective, informative, up-to-date material. Professor Board's book, which is part of a series under the editorship of Dayton D. McKean of the University of Colorado, is a refreshing and worthwhile contribution.

Statuary Rape

by Henry J. Paoli



"I don't care — Clay, Frazier, Foster."

account of how Swedish politics and government operate, which is of value to the specialist and to the novice alike.

—WILLIAM BODDE, JR.

Elegant Reporting

MAO'S GREAT REVOLUTION, by Robert S. Elegant. World, \$12.50.

ROBERT ELEGANT, Los Angeles Times correspondent in Hong Kong during the Cultural Revolution in China, has written a detailed account of the Revolution, beginning with the Lushan Plenum of 1959 and ending with the Ninth National Party Congress of April 1969.

With over two decades experience in Asia and facility in the Chinese language, Elegant's reporting is reliable and thorough. His story of the Cultural Revolution focuses on the leading actors in this violent drama and provides much interesting biographic data. His style tends toward the popular and dramatic, suggesting that his book is designed for the general reader rather than the academic specialist.

His interpretations of the Cultural Revolution are informed and imaginative but not indisputable. He feels the Revolution revealed "failure to create a modern, unitary nation effectively ruled from a single capital" and led to recrudescence of local interests, loyalties and power.

"China reverted to the localism and defiance of central power . . . All authority deteriorated . . . Rather than creating a modern, unitary state, the Communists had rent the loosely woven fabric of the nation."

Disintegration, he avers, was prevented by the Chinese people's recoiling from total fragmentation and by the authority of the People's Liberation Army.

Holding that Maoism (like Confucianism) is now discredited among the Chinese, he declares that the final creation of a viable nation will depend on a new unifying State ideology—yet to be formulated and accepted.

In foreign affairs, China's course is obscure. If "messianic Maoism" were to prevail, world peace would be in jeopardy; on the other hand, if China were to gain recognition of her legitimate national interests and participation in international organizations, she might prove a beneficent force in world politics. Much depends on what other nations do, especially the United States. Elegant concludes: "The peace and stability of the world teeters on the knife edge of Chinese psychology."

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

Revival of A Classic

NATIONALISM AND REVOLUTION IN INDONESIA, by George McTurnan Kahin. First published 1952. First printing Cornell Paperbacks, 1970.

FOR the specialist on Indonesian affairs George McTurnan Kahin's "Nationalism and Revolution in Indonesia" is worth re-reading. In the twenty years since its first printing the work has deservedly earned the label "reference book." Now, in a 1970 paperback edition it can be re-studied and tested against the passage of time and events in the archipelago. It stands the test well.

Here in well-documented, scholarly format, can be found the antecedents of modern-day Indonesia: economic exploitation under the Dutch colonial system, the genesis of the nationalist movement, the Japanese occupation and rise of Sukarno, the weak and vacillating US diplomatic role during the struggle for independence, the growth, strength and aborted PKI coup of '48, and the antecedents of each of the major political parties.

Author Kahin is his own strongest critic. He reminds us that: "The passage of twenty years and the availability of much new material have admonished me of the shortcomings of this study. . . ." Significant areas for research and analysis are still neglected, in Author Kahin's view. Among these: the independence struggle in Sumatra and other areas outside Java, the political and military role of the National Army during the independence struggle, the roles played by Islam and communism in the revolution and the need for fuller biographic studies of the major revolutionary leaders epitomized in the dearth of biographic information on Tan Malaka, Amir Sjarafuddin and General Sudirman. Author Kahin sees "an enormous amount of significant research and writing yet to be carried out to understand Indonesia's nationalist movement and revolution." The effects of both the Dutch colonial rule and the Japanese occupation are cases in point.

—JAMES D. McHALE

An Optimist at the Bar

THE GROWTH OF WORLD LAW, by Percy E. Corbett. Princeton University Press, \$7.50.

A GIANT in the field of international law, Professor Corbett still finds himself, despite the frustrations which must be inherent to his area of expertise, among the ranks of the undaunted optimists. Unlike Dean Ache-

son, who has termed international law "a body of ethical distillation" not to be confused with law, Corbett considers there to be a steady trend militating toward acceptance of some "body of world law transcending states, and applicable, on a footing of equality, to individuals, corporations, international organizations, and states."

His latest contribution to the field to which he has devoted a lifetime of study does not consist of a plan to bring in the new order, but a general summary of the areas in which development of world law has taken place, giving sketchy assessments of problems, progress, and trends. Such topics include law and war, law of the sea, human rights, disarmament, and the development of international organizations.

This book is not intended for the scholar with a deep knowledge of international law, but, rather, for the concerned layman or foreign affairs practitioner who needs an updated survey of the field. As such, it is an excellent, readable compendium although necessarily lacking in depth and detail.

—AMBLER H. MOSS, JR.

Pakistan's Problems

THE POLITICS OF PAKISTAN: A Constitutional Quest, by Richard S. Wheeler. Cornell University Press.

THIS book accomplishes the difficult feat of making Pakistan's political problems seem dull. The author has carried scholarly dispassion too far. By sticking mainly to hard facts, he has omitted the intangibles which make the facts coherent as well as colorful.

He has omitted, for example, any in-depth consideration of the personalities of Pakistan's political leaders. But Pakistan owes its very existence largely to the personal attributes of its founder, M. A. Jinnah. Its development from 1958 to 1969 was shaped by the *gestalt* of President Ayub. Its future may depend on three key personalities: the temperament of S. A. Bhutto, who scored a triumph in West Pakistan in the elections held last December; the charisma of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, who won even more massive electoral support in East Pakistan; and the mettle of President Yahya as he decides whether and how to terminate his martial-law regime and turn power over to Bhutto and/or Rahman.

The author also has omitted consideration of Pakistan's foreign relations because, as he explains, "the focus in this book is entirely on domestic constitutional issues." He has thus failed

to note the influences of foreign relations on these domestic issues.

Also excluded from his focus, or relegated to the blurred periphery, are several crucial hard facts. In his account of economic factors, for instance, he has not mentioned the important political ramifications of jute exports, which are Pakistan's major source of foreign-exchange earnings; the jute is grown entirely in East Pakistan, but the export earnings from it have been apportioned mainly to West Pakistan. This fact alone goes far to explain the troubled relations between the two far-apart regions.

Within its narrow focus, the book provides a mass of useful information, though rather diffusely.

—EDWARD M. COHEN

Freda Utley Writes

ODYSSEY OF A LIBERAL: MEMOIRS, by Freda Utley. Washington National Press, Inc., \$10.00.

FREDA UTLEY'S far ranging odyssey began in England in 1898, and it has taken her from there to several periods of travel and work in the Far East, to residence in the Soviet Union and more recently to Washington, where Miss Utley lives today. It is her intellectual and political odyssey however which is of interest, and this has been no less far flung. Freda Utley became an ardent communist shortly after finishing her university years in the UK. She emerged several years later as a militant anti-communist, and members of the Department of State who remember her name will connect it to her testimony during the McCarthy years concerning several of our Far East hands. The important element of this transition was Miss Utley's marriage to a Russian intellectual, a patriot who had faith in the new Soviet society and served it well right up to the moment of his imprisonment during the purges of the mid 1930s. Her disillusionment with communism did nothing however to diminish the ardor with which she seems to have held to most of her intellectual positions, and one is not surprised by the vehemence of her new anti-communist orientation.

Miss Utley is worth reading, for her mind is good and the causes she followed were the important ones of her times. The memoirs show no signs of having been edited, however, and one hopes that her promised second volume will improve on this score and will also present more cogently just what were Miss Utley's positively held political opinions.

—WILLIAM H. HALLMAN

An Unbalanced Account

BRITAIN AND FRANCE: Adaptations to a Changing Context of Power, by Rene Albrecht-Carrie. Doubleday, \$10.00.

THE author has attempted to write a review of bilateral relations between France and Britain since 1815. He should have realized when he planned the book that such a task would be impossible in view of the attention which must be given to multilateral relations with Germany, Italy, the United States and Russia. The result is an unbalanced account of European diplomacy in the last 150 years. The book is heavy going and requires about a graduate school level knowledge of European history. I found it necessary to refer to some primary sources just to keep the thread of Mr. Albrecht-Carrie's thought.

Lord Avon's resignation as Foreign Minister over Italian policy is seriously neglected and there are other weaknesses, including sweeping generalizations, careless statements and erratic style and organization. The only bright spot in the book was his treatment of de Gaulle's diplomatic style during World War II through the Fifth Republic. If the book has any other original contribution to make, I was unable to find it.

—JOHN W. STEPHENS

The Peace Corps—Alive and Well

A MOMENT IN HISTORY, by Brent Ashabanner. Doubleday, \$7.95.

AN insider's view of the Peace Corps, from its birth up to and including part of the Nixon era, can not fail to fascinate provided the author tells it straight. Brent Ashabanner does in nearly every instance, only occasionally giving in to the temptation to apologize or to gild.

Despite its travails, shortcomings, and frustrated expectations, the Peace Corps, in Ashabanner's eyes, clearly deserves Chester Bowles's appellation: "one of the two or three really creative, positive things we have done in foreign affairs in the last generation." The book is, in this sense, a labor of love. It exudes the sense of brash idealism which neither time nor reorientations of image have materially diminished in its volunteers and staff. It reassures one that, at least on the personal level, a sprinkling of B.A. generalists engaged in "community development" by the shores of Lake Titicaca can indeed make a difference—even if that difference never appears in aggregate economic statistics.

Beginning with heroic tales of how

the Peace Corps struggled to keep free from the bureaucratic tentacles of AID, CIA, and State, the book comes honestly to grips with some of the organization's toughest problems. Not least of these, of course, is the Vietnam war. In terms both of volunteer attitudes and of host-country receptivity, the effects of our country's biggest foreign policy calamity have been about what one would expect them to be. A major issue, both at home and in the field, has been the degree to which volunteers have been sanctioned for speaking their minds. Ashabanner points out that while the temptations, and sometimes attempts, to repress have been there, particularly in the present era, the actual instances of a volunteer being expelled or disciplined are few.

The author also reports unhappily that the general disenchantment of youth arising from the war has kept out many young people who, in a different time, would have been clamoring to get in. Nevertheless, the fact that the Peace Corps, through all these ills, is alive and relatively well, leaves us with an optimistic feeling about its future.

—AMBLER H. MOSS, JR.

East-West Trade

COEXISTENCE AND COMMERCE, by Samuel Pisar. McGraw-Hill, \$17.50.

ONE measure of the interest generated by Samuel Pisar's book "Coexistence and Commerce" is the fact that TIME magazine in its November 16, 1970 issue devoted over two pages to the book and Pisar's ideas on East-West trade.

As the subheading says, the book provides "guidelines for transactions between East and West." One complaint has been that it is designed to sell the services of the author in East-West trade. If that accusation is justified, I would be inclined to rush out and engage the services offered. He seems to know his stuff. The book contains a good rundown on the historical and current situation in respect to East-West trade as well as to trade within the Communist bloc. It contains a number of warnings concerning things to watch out for in setting up arrangements between the communist and capitalist systems. There is a good comparison of some of the legal differences in the two systems and what happens when they come into contact with one another.

The book is recommended as a reference for anyone interested in East-West trade, either theoretically or practically.

—A. W. STOFFEL

A Good Case, Slightly Overstated

THE CASE FOR ISRAEL, by Frank Gervasi. Viking Press, \$5.50.

THE title of this book fully and frankly reflects its content. It is called "The Case for Israel," and its principal thrust, from beginning to end, consists of arguments supporting the rightness of Israel's position from the historical, political, economic and moral points of view, vis-à-vis her neighbors or any other parties who might disagree with this position. Ipso facto, then, it is not an impartial work—it does express bias. At the same time, to paraphrase the Churchillian comment on Mr. Attlee, its author has a great deal to be partial about. Since he flies no false colors, he can not be blamed for making the most of his opportunities.

The book is short—about 200 pages of text. A brief introduction, entitled "Israel Revisited," gives the writer's impression of conditions after the six day war, focusing on Jerusalem, Gaza, the West Bank and the Golan Heights. Not unnaturally, the victor's activities are presented in a very favorable light. Eleven chapters follow, primarily historical. The first of these, "Embattled Zion," paints a picture of a small enclave surrounded by hostile forces. The remainder trace the history of Israel and its people from Biblical times through the Great Dispersion, the birth of modern Zionism and down to the present day. The treatment is broad brush, touching on major political and military developments. It is well written throughout, in highly readable style.

The approach taken, of course, inevitably involves selectivity. In addition, the author at times allows his emotions to carry him a bit farther than necessary. He is extremely critical of the British, for example. But while there may be grounds for criticism, one may question whether the deliberate policy of the Chamberlain Government was really to "reduce the Jewish homeland to a Jewish ghetto in an Arab Palestine." Again, with all due disrespect to much that Arab leaders have said and done, the statement that "the Arabs constitute as great a threat to world peace and stability and to international morality as did the Germans and Italians under the Nazis and the Fascists," could easily raise an eyebrow. And as to the East-West equation, one may have doubts as to whether an Arab victory in 1967 would actually have produced "a constellation of Soviet satellites," following "an essentially Russian, not an Arab triumph."

This tendency to exaggerate his case is also reflected in certain as-

sumptions of the "post hoc, ergo propter hoc" variety. We may concede a genuine desire for a permanent peace on the part of the Israelis. But, in addition to humanitarian motives, the anticipation that their cultural, scientific and organizational superiority will end in their "winning the peace" could perhaps play a role. On the other side, Arab attitudes may be colored not simply by lust for their neighbors' blood, but rather more so by a not illogical apprehension that just such superiority could eventually reduce themselves to the status of a second-class element in the Near Eastern mosaic.

Nevertheless, despite the above, the strengths of Mr. Gervasi's argumentation far outweigh its weakness; there seems little reason to question his facts, when presented as fact; and they add up to a powerful case, even with allowance for bias. The book is well worth reading, since the information it contains is highly relevant to an understanding of a complicated situation in an extremely strategic area.

—N. SPENCER BARNES

Aid to Education

WASHINGTON AREA PRIVATE SCHOOLS, by Lois H. Cooper and Shirley W. Mersereau. *Independent School Guides*, 7315 Brookville Road, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015. \$3.75 paper.

THE authors have painstakingly put together a large body of facts, many of them statistics which will shortly be out-dated, if they haven't already become so during publication. The book was nine months in the preparation; its conception surely must have resulted from love; and it is a welcomed and full-term accomplishment. The book does not promote private education, it simply contributes data so that parents can have access to independent school information and exercise a choice among public, private, or parochial schools.

Whether or not from the format a school can come alive to the parent who is reading the book may be debatable, because of the abundant detail; but surely for the professional worker in the local humane fields it can have much usefulness. If the very independent school heads whose responses to questionnaires have helped to fill its pages will also buy a copy for their own desks; if public school budgets will allow principals and counselors to look into the book beyond their own fiefs into neighboring independent education; and if libraries, social agencies, the military dependents' schools and local personnel officers in both the private sector and the public sector will avail themselves of copies, their money

will be well spent. The book's ready reference (broken down geographically as well as alphabetically) will pay for itself in many people's time. This reviewer hopes the authors' efforts will be hospitably received because, although the information is timely, it is not timeless: unless it can afford to be updated annually, it will pass into the oblivion which is the destiny of other good ideas which could not make their own way financially.

Members of the foreign service community with school-age children ought, at best, to have a copy of their own when they are overseas and are considering Washington area private schools on returning for assignment here; as a minimum there should be a copy on file with every administrative officer and overseas school. The book will save wear and tear on the psyche—and, who knows, maybe even on the soul.

—CLARKE SLADE

The Grip of Poverty

THE CASE AGAINST HUNGER—A Demand for a National Policy, by Senator Ernest F. Hollings. Cowles, \$6.95.

SENATOR HOLLINGS considers hunger in America and the inadequacies of present welfare programs crucial enough to warrant wide-scale attention. His research and rural Southern background leads him to organize the crusade. The author eloquently portrays the debilitating effects of hunger on both the physical and mental development of its victims, and the hopelessness of the hungry to break loose from the grip of poverty. The Senator wants Americans to know that hunger afflicts not just foreigners, but over 15 million of their fellow citizens.

The author emphasizes the responsibilities of the Federal Government toward insuring workable welfare programs for the hungry. However, he must know that welfare programs remain largely with local authorities. So he is unrealistic in advocating that the Federal Government bypass local authorities in states with poor welfare administration.

The author, in suggesting priorities for a national policy to eliminate hunger, places first priority on simply providing increased funds, while effective programs for nutrition training and publicity for available programs are seventh on the priority list. Training and information priorities should be closer to the top and might even be first, once existing and expanded welfare programs actually reach those in need.

—HUBERT A. HOFFMAN

In which an FSO of long ago quotes favorite poets, debunks a legend and offers anecdotes

Some American POETS

(From the Scrapbook of Consul General Dominic I. Murphy compiled by Maurice P. Dunlop)

I OFTEN met Walt Whitman when he was a clerk in the Treasury Department, in the seventies, writes Consul General Dominic I. Murphy in an article on "Some American Poets" found among his papers after his death. With his massive figure, his wealth of grizzled hair, his flowing grey beard, his ruddy complexion and his broad-brimmed slouch hat Whitman was a noted figure as he sauntered down Pennsylvania Avenue after the close of office hours. A contemporary of Longfellow and Whittier and Poe, he is said to have been more original than any of them, but frequently gave offense by indelicate allusions and his choice of subjects. His "Leaves of Grass" brought him considerable fame, but it sadly lacked the touch of refinement. After the assassination of President Lincoln he wrote "Oh Captain! My Captain!" which, at least in the North, restored his somewhat shattered reputation. Here are the famous lines:

Oh Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores
are crowding.

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning.

Here Captain! Dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are cold and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;

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From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult O shores! and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Speaking of Whittier's poem, "Barbara Frietchie," Consul General Murphy tells the following:

Some years ago I spent a few days at Frederick, in Maryland, and remembering Whittier's verses I made my way to the Frietchie home. When it was pointed out I crossed to the opposite side of the street to have a good look at the plain, unpretentious brick, built at the very edge of a little stream spanned by a bridge over which Jackson's army passed. I stood in front of a modest grocery store, the aproned proprietor standing in his doorway. After a few minutes he approached and bade me a pleasant "Good day, sir. You must be interested in that poem that Whittier wrote about old Mrs. Frietchie in Civil War days."

"Yes," I answered. "Very much interested."

"Well, sir," he continued. "I was living right here when Jackson's army crossed over that bridge, and I was standing just where you are standing now—and nothing happened." He continued, "The poor old woman was paralyzed and helpless and could not have gotten to that window if she wanted to, and there was no flag flying at that window which was not even open." He concluded by saying: "If you doubt my words, sir, just go up the street and ask the Squire. He was right here with me at the time."

So I went up the street to the Squire's office; his name, if I remember aright, was Key. When I repeated what the grocer had told me, he remarked:

"Well, sir, the grocer told you the truth. I was standing with him, close by where Stonewall Jackson sat watching his men passing over the bridge."

Then he told in detail the same story that the grocer had given me. As I was then engaged in newspaper work I published the story I had heard in Frederick, but the legend written by the good Quaker poet had passed current so long and was so strongly entrenched in public favor, at least in the North, that what I wrote brought me but ridicule and abuse. All of which taught me that it is not wise to attempt to destroy a popular delusion.

Whittier, honest and sincere as he was, doubtless accepted as gospel truth the story a "veracious" correspondent had sent from Frederick and embalmed it in beautiful verse.

It is a long cry from Whittier to Bret Harte, the poet of the mining camp, continues Mr. Murphy, but he wrote some excellent verses, including a revised version of Whittier's "Maud Muller," which he entitled "Mrs. Judge Jenkins." He makes the Judge linger long enough after drinking his cup of water, to ask Maud to be his bride, and to gain her consent. After the marriage the Judge repented his haste, for

Had he waited he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred.
For there be maidens as fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.
And Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,

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With all his learning and his lore,
 And the Judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
 For more refinement and social grace.
 If, of all words of tongue and pen,
 The saddest are—"It might have been"
 More sad are those we daily see,
 "It is—but hadn't ought to be."

Consul General Murphy has an amusing bit of verse by Eugene Field and among his papers we find this little account of how it was written:

Some years ago, on a very hot day in Washington, Field called at the house of a dear old friend, Mr. Ward Lamon, to chat for half an hour with a man who had been an inspiration to him. After ringing the bell several times and no one responding, Field noticed that the door was ajar. Knowing the Lamon family so well, he walked into the hall and back to the darkened sitting room, where he discovered Mr. Lamon sound asleep on a rug with his head pillowed on a cushion. Not caring to disturb the sleeper, Field sat down to await his awakening, but Lamon slept on. Finding it near train time Field tore a leaf from a pocket memorandum, which he placed on Mr. Lamon's bosom after writing these lines:

As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept
 And dreamed sweet dreams upon the floor,
 Into your hiding place I crept,
 And heard the music of your snore.

A man who sleeps as now you sleep,
 Who pipes so musically as thou,
 Who loses self in slumber deep
 As you, Lamon, are doing now,
 Must have a conscience clean and clear
 From vague alarm and vain ado.
 So ever may your conscience be!
 So ever be your slumbers, too!

When Mr. Lamon awoke he found the lines but the poet was en route to Chicago. Somewhere among my papers, says Mr. Murphy, I have preserved that scrap of paper which was given to me by the last surviving member of the Lamon family.

Of all the American poets, Mr. Murphy valued none more highly than Longfellow and some of his colleagues have had the great privilege of hearing the Consul General read, in his serene, pleasant voice, selected gems from this master. Mr. Murphy felt that there was a certain white magic in Longfellow's blending of rhythm with worth and beauty, and remarked that the very reading of this poet made one better appreciate that

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care
 And come like a benediction
 That follows after prayer.

(Reprinted from the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL October, 1931)

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EMBASSIES AND AMBASSADORS

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ranking representatives of each of the agencies involved, the heads of which I had finally been able to convince that this was a serious effort to modernize our overseas operations, that it had the full backing of the President and that I was determined to see it through. We invited not only the ambassadors, but also their wives, administrative officers and principal foreign aid, information and military advisers.

The attendance of the ambassadors' wives was an important innovation. As every Foreign Service officer knows, a wife sensitive to local problems, aware of our government's interests and objectives and eager and able to help can be a tower of strength in any overseas mission, large or small. For better or for worse, it is the ambassador's wife who sits beside the highest officials of foreign governments at dinners and formal functions. Thus, to broaden their knowledge and understanding of our objectives and operations, the wives attended all but the most highly classified discussions.

Each meeting, at which I acted as chairman, began with a comprehensive discussion of the policies of the new Administration, with special reference to the way these policies affected the particular region. I then fully described the new mandate which the ambassadors had been given and outlined the resources and programs which were available to them in meeting their responsibilities. Finally, the ambassadors tried to give the Washington representatives of the various US organizations who were accompanying me a clear picture of the practical problems they confronted.

The six regional meetings held covered all US missions in Latin America, Africa, the Near East and South Asia and the Far East. Although our missions in Europe were perhaps in the greatest need of this administrative therapy, the European Bureau managed by various devices to postpone the meeting from one date to another, so that it was never held.

Nearly two years later, in the winter of 1963, with the President's encouragement I made an extensive survey of the operation of each embassy. Each agency under the ambassador's authority was asked to provide me on a confidential basis with its analysis of the effectiveness of the ambassador in working with its representatives in the mission.

Although there were a number of inadequate performances, most of our envoys had been reasonably successful in integrating the operations of the various agencies and eliminating confusion and interagency conflict. Their success was usually in direct proportion to the amount of time, energy and resourcefulness they had devoted to the task. As might be expected, the younger ambassadors, by and large, functioned most effectively under the new system. Several of the senior ambassadors, particularly in Europe, continued to be reluctant to assume personal responsibility for "controversial" programs such as the USIS, Peace Corps and AID.

The fact that in the last fifteen years the influence of the United States has continued to diminish in most parts of the world is, by and large, the fault not of our ambassadors but of events beyond their control. Even the most able and experienced chief of mission is rarely able significantly to influence the views of those in Washington who make the policies under which he operates. ■

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LIFE AS A RUSSIAN WORKER

continued from page 19

Furthermore most of the workers lived in cold and leaky barracks while the directors enjoyed warm, three room apartments with servants, radios, automobiles, and an overabundance of willing girl friends. The food for the directorate ranged from adequate to good while the Russian peasants and the members of the non-Russian group on the farm lived on cabbage soup, kasha, tea, and half-baked black bread. In addition, the directors were paid regularly and spent much time "conducting farm business" in Moscow while the workers were six to eight weeks behind in their pay. Theft of food was widespread and many shipments of spare parts for farm machinery were disappearing, reportedly sold by insiders to bigger and richer farms.

Borodin promised to look into these matters and summoned the Assistant Director to Moscow. At midnight on the night of his arrival, he called me on the telephone, told

me I was hurting the Revolution, and that I had better "stop peddling such lies, or else..." I told him that I had already given my story to friends among the foreign correspondents and that if anything happened to me, they would be free to publish it. Many months later I learned that an investigating committee visited the Sovkhoz, fired some of the directorate and replaced them with "new and more aggressive revolutionaries." The worst of the grafters went to Siberia, but our smooth talking Assistant Director convinced the committee that he was doing his best under the circumstances and was even given a promotion.

Soon after this I had a last talk with Borodin. Speaking like a stern Communist father he said, "Making a complete revolution, doing away with an old social order, and setting up a new pattern of society cannot be done without violence. We Communists understand this and the Russians and Chinese who see the broad picture are ready to go along. You are an American bourgeois and

you will never accept the price mankind has to pay for truly socialist societies. I suggest that you look around Russia a little more, and then go back to your comfortable middle-class society. Always remember that you have seen the future; but don't forget that you cannot be part of it."

Through Famine Country

Our stay on the Sovkhoz had raised more questions than it settled. Were living conditions, particularly food and shelter, so bad everywhere? Was the great difference between the standard of living of workers and directors common to all Russian farms? Was such inefficiency normal? What was happening to the Communes and individual holdings? Had the famine really ended? To get an answer to these and other questions I joined with William Stoneman, the able Moscow correspondent of the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, who had traveled through some of the richest farming country in the Soviet Union in 1932, and wanted to see for himself what prog-

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ress, if any, had been made there since. So I left Marion in the care of our "Moscow family" and set out with Stoneman and his energetic interpreter.

We went to Kiev by train where, after considerable bureaucratic delay, we got clearance to travel in little-visited farm areas, collected an old Ford touring car and a stern looking "guide" who undoubtedly came from the OGPU, the secret police. About three hours out of Kiev we arrived at a commune which Stoneman had visited 18 months before. Organized in 1920 when complete pooling of all resources and labor was favored by Moscow, it had at first been prosperous. Then the Party line swung towards collective and state farms and the communes began to suffer. As a result the commune presented a melancholy picture of poor maintenance, broken machinery, and uncompleted construction. For a while no one would talk to us, but eventually we learned that although the harvest had been good, the state took more in taxes each year while

the better workers left to join collectives. Since Stoneman's last visit, membership in the commune had dropped twenty per cent while the livestock had been reduced by half. It was clear that this and the other communes we saw on the trip were dying. One of the few truly Communist institutions in the Marxist sense would soon be a thing of the past.

A sharp contrast to the communal farms we visited that week was a State farm devoted to the raising of pigs for the Kiev Boot Trust. With the Red Army and the Party wearing high black boots, there was a steady demand for pigskins, and everything about the place looked prosperous. As the Director said, even the food was "up to Moscow standards."

During the next several days we drove further into the Ukrainian countryside, talking when possible to men who were struggling to carry on individual farming. A bearded peasant in a worn gray blouse, frayed trousers, and tattered black boots was typical of them all. He told us that in 1929 he owned nine acres of

land, a small house, a cow and a horse. Then "those Party fellows pushed me into joining a collective where I had to pool my resources and labor with a lot of lazy fools." When he realized how many farmers were loafing he stopped working hard and was thrown off the farm, although the collective kept all but two of his acres. At this his wife and children left him, but he swore he would continue to run his own farm as long as he lived, rather than starve on a collective. Already he was branded as a kulak, a rich peasant. From this man and others we talked to we felt the days of individual farming were numbered also.

During the next week we visited a number of collective and state farms that were just coming back to life after a year of terrible famine. As many farmers said to us when we were alone in the fields—they did not trust the buildings—"We were better off before the Revolution, before collectivization and even before the high taxes of this miserable Five Year Plan. We have increased pro-

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duction over the last few years, but the government has raised its grain requisitions even faster. That's why so many of us are sick or died from starvation during the past 18 months."

Next we went by boat to the North Caucasus and thence by train and car into the Kuban Valley, one of the richest farm areas in Russia. There we visited many farms, including the Lenin Collective which had been starving, rundown, and discontented at the time of Stoneman's previous visit.

Now it was the show place of the district, with four new barns, 200 healthy cows and a total of over 30,000 acres of flourishing wheatland. The change had come about because the Party had shipped most of the Cossack management and their discontented colleagues off to exile in Siberia and replaced them with party functionaries from Rostov. In addition 300 veterans of the Red Army had been settled there, backed by five trainloads of farm equipment, building materials, seeds, and food.

The result was a wheat crop of 21 bushels an acre, over twice the 1932 figure. In addition, the new recruits had sown 20,000 acres of winter wheat, none of which had been planted the year before. Last and most important, governmental requisitions were held at a constant rate, so the farmers were eating well and had a surplus to sell for consumer goods in the farm store. This was clearly a special case, but it showed what could be accomplished by efficient management, energetic farmers, adequate supplies, and proper incentives.

Our next long stop was at Pultavskaya, formerly one of the wealthier towns of the Kuban Cossacks. The richer an area had been, the more its farmers objected to collectivization. In this district when the expropriations, arrests, and exilings became too much for them, a band of hard-riding Cossacks put on their wives' clothes "as an insult to their enemies" and killed every Party member they could find, including many of the dreaded secret police. The war-like Cossacks were winning

until several divisions of the Red Army were brought in and more than sixteen trainloads of peasants were shipped to Siberia.

When Stoneman had been there last the fields were overgrown with weeds, and most farm buildings were either destroyed or empty. Since then the Party had sent in an efficient political section plus hundreds of former Red Army men as farmers and trainloads of building materials, farm machinery, seeds and food. Seven new collectives had been organized, old barns and houses were repaired or replaced, and over 50,000 acres of grain planted. A start had been made on restoring the livestock which had been wiped out in the revolt.

Nowhere did we see such sharp differences in living standards between directors and workers as we had found on "our Sovkhoz." But there was no doubt that Party members were in a class by themselves and the secret police were the real elite. Stalin had won the battle for collectivization. But had he won the farm war?



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EMBASSY MARINES

continued from page 35

Marines prevented extensive damage during an attack on the American Embassy in Cairo in 1961; they did so in a hail of stones from the mob and one Marine was badly gashed over the eye.

At the same time, Marines on the security guard program have compiled an amazing record in fostering better relations with people all over the world. It is a trite but true comment that each Marine abroad is personally an ambassador of the United States. By his behavior, foreigners judge Americans. He is viewed especially as an example of American youth and of the American military forces. The Marine guard detachments have done a wonderful job by simply reflecting the warmth, generosity and initiative of the American people. In their free time they have carried on an untold number of projects to help the people among whom they live.

A sample of recent projects demonstrates vividly the concern and initiative of the Marines. The detachment at the embassy in New Delhi, India, sponsored a charity ball for a hospital and earlier they manned a fruit stand to raise money for a sterilizer. They also participated in a fund raising drive for retired Indian soldiers; the Marines built a bowling game that was the attraction of the benefit event. The detachment in Vientiane, Laos constructed swings and seesaws for the children of the Catholic orphanage.

This list of projects—covering only a few months, chosen at random and far from complete—speaks for itself.

Understandably, we in the Foreign Service, and many other Americans abroad, have a warm spot in our hearts for the embassy Marines. Marine House, the quarters for the detachment, is invariably a well-known locale. Everyone at the embassy, from the ambassador on down, visits there and enjoys himself thoroughly. Marine House is justly famous for friendship and good fun. The annual Marine Ball is a moving highpoint of the year; many of us are honored and pleased to take turns standing watches so that all the Marines can participate fully.

The Marines join with us in the embassy and local American community life. Another random check shows them participating in softball leagues in Geneva, Kabul, New Delhi, Tel Aviv, Calcutta, Dhahran and Helsinki. They played volleyball in Nicosia and Bombay and basketball in Ankara, organized a bowling league in Tel Aviv, and even sponsored a team in a dart league in New Delhi.

Marines participate actively in American community endeavors. Around the world they play an honored and helpful role in celebrations of the Fourth of July. At Wellington, New Zealand, members of the detachment took part in the annual ceremony at the memorial honoring Adm. Richard Byrd, explorer of the Antarctic. In Tripoli, Libya, the detachment participated in the Memorial Day ceremony at the graves of five American seamen killed in the explosion of the *USS Intrepid* during the Barbary Wars.

An American Ambassador often speaks affectionately of "My Marines." Even more so do we in the Foreign Service cherish "Our Marines." ■

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The Kyrulian ambassador's wife ignored me until I started reading the JOURNAL. She still ignores me but I can smile to myself over Life and Love.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Tribute to Ambassador Blancke

To honor the accomplishments and memory of the Honorable W. Wendell Blancke, whose death on March 14th has saddened the editors at Praeger Publishers who worked with him, I am enclosing a check for the American Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund.

As you no doubt are aware we are the publishers of the late Ambassador Blancke's classic volume, "The Foreign Service of the United States." We now look forward to publication in August of "Juarez of Mexico," a distinguished biography for young readers, which he had seen through galleys shortly before his final illness. It is our hope that through the pages of these two fine books others may continue to catch the spirit of the man. We also hope that our gift to the scholarship fund may in some part help to sustain the traditions of the Service in which he took such pride.

GEORGE ALDOR
President

New York

Letter to the Chairman

I PROMISED to send you a follow-up note the other day about the idea we discussed on the telephone, that the American Foreign Service Association become the stimulating influence in encouraging the Department of State to undertake at least the beginnings of a hall "embellishment" program. This would principally consist of pictures and photographs or other materials suitable for framing placed in selected hallways of the New State building to liven and "humanize" our corridors. Oddly, even such large organizations as those at the Pentagon or at Langley have gone much farther than we have. It is true that a fine job has been done to much of the eighth floor but then this hardly touches the majority working below this level.

I have confidence in the talent available in the State Department, consisting not only of people who could direct and coordinate such a project but also assist in the collection of some of the contributions. Advisors

from among the United States Government resources, in Washington alone could provide a wealth of consulting assistance.

One can conceive of a planning committee which would determine where in the building the experiment could start and with what criteria the selections would be made. One can conceive of another committee to implement the program and up-grade the items over a period of time. But then there are many proper ways to do this.

There are a number of sources on which we can draw such as cultural attaches at foreign embassies in Washington, or our attaches in US embassies overseas. We might pick up certain items from shows held here or overseas. Various series or groupings of pictures by subject matter are possible; perhaps from some of the most artistic calendars, or even the efforts of some commercial, airline or tourist offices. Possibly some of the originals of past Foreign Service JOURNAL covers. Photos for contributions could come from State, AID, and USIA graphics and public relations offices. And of course the CU Bureau could advise in much of the above.

The first consensus needed is that something imaginative can be done with our now dull hallways. Call it environmental improvement!

SHERWIN LANDFIELD

Washington

Not Computer Compatible

YOU can imagine my relief, while reading Tom Tracy's article on automation and the Foreign Service, to discover that there will still be "some traditional and important Foreign Service functions such as representation and public relations functions . . . not likely to be much influenced by automation." My dining room table is simply not large enough to accommodate a computer.

LAWRENCE EAGLEBURGER
Political Counselor

US NATO

Home Leave Recommendation

THIS is a hearty endorsement of the concept of purposeful home leave, broached in the letter in the January issue from L. Bruce Laingen. When I returned after only six years, it was appalling to find how far out of touch I was—and how that limited my effectiveness in the field.

The USIA seminar appears to be an excellent remedy. However, until it becomes a systematic part of home leave, I heartily recommend John Bowling's three-day FSI course on

"The New Left" as an invigorating updating on contemporary currents and counter-currents in American Life.

RICHARD S. DAWSON, JR.
Consul

San Pedro Sula

We're Pleased

ALL six articles in your January, 1971, number will be required reading in my course entitled "The Role of the Military in the Political Process" to be offered next Fall. Although the university library receives your fine journal, I do not. Do you think you could send me a copy of the January, 1971, number or reprints of the articles? (*Yes, Ed.*)

DANIEL D. BURNS, JR.
College Station, Texas

Not A First

THE item "A Foreign Service First?" in the April issue of the FSJ telling of J. F. O'Connor's success in selling his "From Russia, With Limericks" to PLAYBOY deserves a cheer for Mr. O'Connor—not only for writing something amusing, but in selling to one of the most difficult markets in the USA.

But, in all modesty, I challenge the thought that he may have scored a "Foreign Service First" in PLAYBOY. In 1955, I, having retired in 1952, sold a short story to that magazine titled "Mating Season" which was published in the September issue of that year.

Because we were then living in an age of innocence and utmost propriety I published under the name of "Charles Lee Robinson," the pen name I first assumed when I wrote "Thirst—A Novel on Chile" which won the Foreign Service Book Contest and was published by the John Day Company in 1947.

I doubt that I have the wit or am modern enough now to sell my stuff to PLAYBOY, and I congratulate Mr. O'Connor.

CHARLES F. KNOX

Sarasota

That List—No. 1

NOW that *The List* has finally appeared producing the annual blend of tears, elation, and self-pity, could someone please explain why it took three months from the time that the Selection Boards completed their work until the list finally appeared? For the past couple of months, Foggy Bottom was rife with rumors and scuttlebutt concerning the list, e.g., it's at the White House, "O" thinks there are too many tombstone promotions, it isn't back from the White House, it's

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coming out Friday, etc., *ad infinitum*.

If the list cannot appear at approximately the same time each year, one would hope that the administration would, in this time of alleged "greater openness," at least be candid about its status and put a stop to the rumors if not the anxieties.

J. T. WILSON

Washington

That List—No. 2

AN FSO friend recently wrote me about the current promotion list for Foreign Service officers. "It's a strange list," he said. "Full of graveyard promotions for a bunch of lame ducks and long-time Washington hangers-on in the higher grades."

I have no way of telling whether my friend's observation is valid or not, but if it is, it seems to me that you guys are wasting an awful lot of time and energy in your supposed reform programs as long as this type of antiquated promotion system continues.

GREG SMITH

Miami

Secretarial Swing

THE Kabul Chapter of AFSA has a suggestion—it's a bit in the unthinkable category, perhaps, but why not think the unthinkable? We suspect we aren't alone in our thoughts.

We'd like to suggest a "swing secretary" concept for Embassies overseas and perhaps small AID posts, like the swing secretary practice of USIS in this and presumably other parts of the world. What Mission hasn't had a shortage of secretarial staff at one time or another? Especially the smaller ones. Our Embassy has four secretaries. No more, no less. Who doesn't know the problem of making a number like that stretch—to cover home leaves, sick leaves, R&R's, and visiting inspectors? Even local hire gets harder and harder in our budget-tight service.

Why not a swing secretary to help posts in times of crisis? Why not in Tehran, for example, to cover Iran, Afghanistan, and Pakistan? One in Delhi, to cover India, Ceylon and Nepal. Or one in Ankara, perhaps for Turkey, Cyprus, Israel and Greece.

Why not? Well, money in the first instance—but might it not save money in the long run? For that matter, how do you quantify the savings in better morale? Would it be a difficult assignment? In any event, other agencies do it—apparently without problems. Difficult to do? Maybe—but why not give it a try in some area and see? We volunteer Afghanistan—for this Embassy concept would be a real bless-

ing (we hesitate to say a life-saver, but sometimes it could be that too—if our past experience is any indication).

JOHN A. PATTERSON
Steering Committee
Kabul Chapter

Kabul

Self-Analysis Recommended

CHARLES W. BRAY III writes in the April JOURNAL that he is "increasingly bored by Ambassador Ellis Briggs." This remark comes with ill grace from one who, if he has moments of self-analysis, must fear that he has over the years bored a good many of us not inconsiderably. Nor has Mr. Bray furthered his cause by indulging himself in an impertinence (rather than the iconoclastic gesture he adumbrates) vis-à-vis a man whose distinguished Foreign Service career overshadows the careers of most of his colleagues past and present. Finally, it is doubtful whether the Bray advocated concentration on "the present tense" enriches the debate on the reform of the Department of State.

PHILIP W. BONSAI
FSO Retired

Washington

A Veneer of Objectivity

MR. HART's article on the Middle East in the April JOURNAL is an excellent example of how, below a veneer of objectivity, (former) State Department Arabists would resolve the Arab-Israeli dispute by putting impossible pressure on Israel to accede to Arab demands.

However, in the case of the Middle East, I can only agree with others who

feel the State Department cannot be objective in dealing with the Arab-Israeli dispute—the nature of the career system inhibits objectivity.

The role of the Department here would be a most interesting case study. State is attempting a difficult, perhaps impossible task in trying, simultaneously, to be Israel's ally (and sole means of support) while playing middleman between Israel and a highly integrated Arab/Soviet team with an incredibly poor credibility performance.

This split role plus the pressures from surplus and career-nervous Arabists has tended to make the Department come down harder on Israel, or see Israel as maintaining a stubbornness unwarranted by the facts. In this light, I favor not only all possible pressure by outside groups, but also having the major decisions concerning this area come from outside the Department.

JOSEPH ROMANELLI

Washington

Scholarship Appreciation

PLEASE accept the enclosed US Treasurer's check for \$320.37 as a voluntary contribution from me to the Education Scholarship Fund (or whatever the official and formal designation may be) of the Foreign Service Association. I make this contribution as an expression of appreciation for the assistance given to my sons (Tommy, Gerald, and John) during their college years in the form of scholarships from the Association or funds managed by it.

EARL H. LUBENSKY

Bogota

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by S. I. Nadler



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Proposed Foreign Service Retirement Amendments

Department of State administrative officials have prepared a series of important and progressive proposed amendments in the legislation controlling the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability System. These proposals were formulated in consultation with the Legislative Committee of DACOR, who deserve the thanks of their colleagues.

The proposals include a 10% increase in annuities for surviving spouses, a lesser reduction in the annuity a participant would be required to accept in order to provide a survivor annuity, coverage for a second spouse, an increase in maximum allowable service credit to 40 years, elimination of the ten year waiting period for FSS personnel to become eligible for FS retirement, and other provisions.

We must not allow our hopes to rise too high—this package must still be approved by OMB and then by the Congress, and experience teaches that the road can be long and tortuous. However, fine drafting work has been done, and AFSA will lend its full support to these welcome proposals.

New Scholarship

The Jefferson Patterson Foundation has established a scholarship to be administered through the American Foreign Service Association. This scholarship in perpetuity will be known as the Jefferson Patterson Scholarship.

The Board of Directors of AFSA adopted a resolution to this effect with an expression of deep appreciation to Ambassador Patterson.

Awards Luncheon

Secretary of State William P. Rogers will be the guest of honor and speaker at AFSA's annual awards ceremony on June 24, 1971. The Harriman, Rivkin and Herter awards will be presented at the American Foreign Service Association luncheon in the diplomatic reception rooms on the eighth floor of the Department of State.

These awards are given annually to junior, mid-career and senior officers in recognition of extraordinary accomplishment involving initiative, integrity, intellectual courage and creative dissent. They are open to State, AID, USIA and Peace Corps Foreign Service personnel and, in the case of the Harriman Award, to Civil Service employees as well. Each award is for \$1,000.

Art in the Club

The current exhibit in the Foreign Service Club is a combined showing of Theban cave paintings by Ruth Prengel, wife of Alex T. Prengel, Personnel Officer, Department of State, and crewel embroideries done from some of her designs.

The embroidery transfers were designed and worked out by Mrs. Prengel and Lilo Markrich, well-known teacher of crewel. A listing of the transfers is available from the reception desk at AFSA with cards for Mrs. Markrich for those interested in instruction.

Ruth Prengel's paintings are from the walls of small tombs in Thebes. She has had one-man shows in Cairo and Alexandria, also in Beirut, Damascus, Berlin and Washington.



Frank Shakespeare, Director of the United States Information Agency, spoke to members of AFSA at the regular Association luncheon on April 29. Mr. Shakespeare, in a wide-ranging talk, stated that he felt it important that the Agency "recognize ability where we saw it and move it ahead as rapidly as it can take it without regard to rank or age . . . I do not undervalue experience and knowledge and sometimes the caution and wisdom that can come with age. When we have creativity and when we have officers that we think are outstanding I think we should move them ahead with great rapidity . . . Now in the USIA therefore, we are going to assign our officers henceforth on the basis of ability without rank being an absolute criterion."

JFSOC NEWS AND LETTER FROM THE OFFICERS

The Junior Foreign Service Officers Club has chosen a new slate of officers in the first contested election in the Club's history.

JFSOC's officers for the 1971 term are Robert Boettcher, President; Lars Hyde, Vice-President; James Mack, Business Secretary; Marilyn Muench, Treasurer, and Donald Westmore, Coordinator of Committees. All the winners ran together on the "Independence" slate, defeating a "Pro-Union" slate endorsed by AFGE, with about 70 percent of the valid vote.

The election turnout was encouraging. Of the approximately 300 Washington-based AFSA members from FSO and FSO 5 through 8, who under JFSOC's bylaws were eligible to vote, 127 cast their ballots in the election.

The increased interest in JFSOC stems largely from the efforts of the outgoing Board to commit the organization to Foreign Service reform in addition to its traditional role as a social organization for junior officers, a stance strongly endorsed by the two competing slates during the campaign.

Both favored a new Executive Order which guarantees FSOs the right to elect a single employee organization to be the exclusive representative for the Foreign Service in negotiations with management, and the right to appeal impasses outside the Service.

The principal difference between the two slates was over tactics. While the "Pro-Union" slate pledged itself to support AFGE's efforts to organize the Foreign Service and become its exclusive representative, the victorious "Independence" slate felt that for the present, the best means to advance junior officer interests would be to continue the efforts of the outgoing JFSOC Board to spur AFSA to reform from within and make it a more effective employee representative.

Dr. John E. Reinhardt, first vice president of AFSA, recently received a Career Service Award from the National Civil Service League for outstanding service as a career federal official. Currently Assistant Director for East Asia and Pacific at USIA, he has been in the Agency's Foreign Service since 1956.

Dear Colleagues.

We appreciate the large mandate we have received from you in the JFSOC Officer Elections. This, the first contested election in the history of the organization, will strengthen our ability to represent your interests within the foreign affairs community.

We congratulate the Pro-Union slate for the significant support they received among junior officers who are AFSA members. We interpret this as a warning to ourselves and to AFSA and management that we must develop a labor-management relationship that fully protects the rights of Foreign Service personnel, or else risk widespread disaffection among junior officers.

We will try our best to carry out the platform on which we were elected. We will need your continued support, including unpaid labor. Please call us if you are interested in participating in JFSOC employee, professional, or social activities.

The JFSOC Officers

President, Robert Boettcher, IO, 22468
Vice President, Lars Hyde, EA/VN, 29403
Business Sec., James Mack, INR/REA/SA, 22277
Treasurer, Marilyn Muench, AF/E, 21189
Coordinator of Committees, Donald Westmore, INA/REA/PA, 21183

June Cover

Our cover artist, David G. Du Lavey, studied fine art at New Mexico State University and at the Corcoran Gallery. He has exhibited in New Mexico, Washington and twice in Tunis.

His current "hard-edge" landscapes reflect his fascination with the geometric purity and clean delineation of line found in traditional Tunisian architecture and enhanced by the clear Mediterranean skies.

Mr. Du Lavey is assigned to AID's Office of International Assistance Coordination. His continued interest in North Africa is evinced by his summer vacations at the house he bought in Hammamet, a 15th century fortress-village on the Cap Bon peninsula.

AFSA CHAPTER NEWS

Two more posts have reported 100% AFSA membership. Congratulations to **Ouagadougou** and to David Fields, our effective Keyman in Ouaga; and to **Dusseldorf**, where Consul General Charlie Hulich is retiring after a distinguished career of 33 years in the Foreign Service.

New AFSA Chapters are being formed at **Quito** and **LaPaz**. The many AFSA members at Addis Ababa are considering a more formal chapter. AFSA members at other posts who are interested in organizing a Chapter and strengthening their voice within AFSA and within the three agencies might write to one of our outstanding chapters for advice—for instance, **Vientiane, Paris, Kabul, Recife, Tripoli, or Bangkok**, to pick examples of various types of posts with various proportions of posts with AFSA and USIA Foreign Service staff.

Members Needed

AFSA's 1971-72 membership campaign is in full swing. Membership application and renewal forms have been mailed to all members of the foreign affairs community. The accompanying flyer describes the progress made by the Association in 1970-71 and the program for the coming year.

AFSA needs the continued interest and support of the employees of the foreign affairs agencies in its efforts to serve them in seeking reform, a broader foreign affairs community, and better employee-management relations. Those not receiving the membership solicitation are urged to contact AFSA headquarters, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 22037, or the local AFSA chapter.

OVERTIME

The Staff Corps Advisory Committee has learned that apparently some posts are not complying with CA-890 of February 23 regarding payment of overtime.

If this is true at your post, please let us know.

Foreign Service People

MARRIAGES

Farthing-McKnight. Mrs. John Watts Farthing and retired FSO John Proctor McKnight have announced their marriage on April 17, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. They plan to make their home at 245 Second Avenue, No., Naples, Florida 33940.

DEATHS

Ageton. Rear Admiral (Ret.) Arthur Ainslie Ageton, who served as Ambassador to Paraguay from 1954 to 1957, died in Bethesda on April 23. Admiral Ageton retired from the Navy in 1947 following a distinguished career. He was the author of "The Naval Officers Guide," "The Marine Officers Guide," and many technical articles, stories and novels. He is survived by his widow, 3900 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20008, a daughter, Mrs. Robert H. Binder, and a son, Arthur A. Jr., of Colorado.

Englesby. Thomas Harold Englesby, FSO-retired, died Sunday, April 25, in Washington. He joined the State Department in 1945. Havana, Mexico City, Vienna and Santiago were his posts during the next 20 years. He retired in 1965. Surviving are his widow of 6845 Murray Lane, Annandale, Va. 22203, a son, Thomas, a daughter, Margaret Walsh, and four grandchildren.

Funk. Howard V. Funk, Jr., FSO, died in an auto accident in Kenya on April 9. He had been with the Department since 1957 with assignments in Uganda and Ghana, and as a special assistant to Ambassador W. Averell Harriman at the Vietnam peace talks in Paris during 1968. Surviving are his widow, the former Jill MacFadyen, two sons, Howard III and Peter, a daughter Ann, his father, Howard V. Funk, Sr., of Bronxville, New York, and a brother and sister. Friends wishing to do so may send memorial contributions in care of the Embassy at Nairobi, to be used for a local charity to which he was devoted.

Goold. Herbert S. Goold, FSO retired, died April 20, in Silver Spring. He had been with the Foreign Service 25 years at the time of his retirement in 1941, traveling

to Beirut, Helsinki, Toronto, Casablanca, London, and Athens. His widow, 4852 Indian Lane, Silver Spring, Md. 20016, two daughters and six grandchildren survive. The family has asked that memorial contributions be sent to the DACOR Welfare and Recreational Fund, 1718 H Street, N.W., Washington.

Kaegi. Richard Edward Kaegi, AID Assistant Director for Development Operations, Guatemala, died in a plane crash in April, 1970, according to information received from the ASFA Chapter Head there this month. Mr. Kaegi was survived by his wife and four children, as well as by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kaegi of 4952 Norwood Drive, Shawnee Mission, Kansas. He joined AID in 1965, when he was assigned to Saigon. He went to Guatemala City in 1968.

Link. Earl H. Link, FSR, died suddenly in Bangui, Central African Republic on April 12. He entered the Foreign Service as an economic officer in 1957, with assignments to Accra, Freetown, and Rio de Janeiro. His widow and two sons are residing temporarily at 54 West North Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

McComb. John F. McComb, AID, died April 8 at Houston, Texas. He had served in New Delhi, Recife and Rio de Janeiro as an adviser on industrial development and private enterprise from 1960 to 1970. His survivors, in addition to his widow of 3600 Montrose Boulevard, Houston 77000, include three children, Sheila, John Jr. and David.

Shepherd. Colonel and Mrs. William E. Shepherd died in an accident near Columbia, South Carolina, on April 6. Mrs. Shepherd, a former State Department employee, was previously married to Ambassador Paul Alling. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Richard G. Long and Mrs. Lewis Hoffacker, a sister and six grandchildren.

Sullivan. John Wesley Sullivan, FSO retired, died suddenly May 13, at his home in Millington, Maryland. He joined the Foreign Service as Vice Consul at London in 1951, and was later assigned to Naples, Frankfurt, Mexico City and Guatemala. His wife, the former

Mabel Comegys, P.O. Box 103, Millington, Maryland, 21651, as well as a son, two daughters, and two grandchildren survive.

Teller. Maria Teller, wife of retired FSRO Hugh H. Teller, died in the Czerny Clinic of the University of Heidelberg, on April 14, after a long illness. She leaves, in addition to her husband, two sons, Wolfram and Ulrich Kempendorff, all of Roemerstrasse 178, 69 Heidelberg, Germany.

Thomas. Charles William Thomas, FSO, died April 12, at his home in Washington. After joining the Foreign Service in 1951, he served at Monrovia, Sierra Leone, Accra, Tangier, Port-au-Prince, and Mexico City, as well as in the Department. He was practicing law in Washington at the time of his death. His wife, Cynthia, and two daughters, of 5601 Potomac Avenue, N.W., survive.

NEW CAREER

Kingdon W. Swayne, frequent contributor to the JOURNAL, has served since November of 1969 as the first Democratic mayor in the 285-year history of Newtown, Penna. He is running this year for the post of Treasurer of Bucks County, also a traditionally Republican post.

Archibald Gray has returned to a former profession. He is now teaching chemistry at Nathaniel Hawthorne College in Antrim, N.H. The college has approximately a thousand students and is coeducational. Mr. Gray was the first American consul general at Salisbury, Rhodesia. He retired from the Foreign Service in 1951.

MEMORIAL PLAQUE

Last month's announcement of the names to be inscribed on the Memorial Plaque has created considerable interest in the foreign service community. Some contributions toward the cost of engraving the names on the plaque (approximately \$100 per name) are already being received by the Association and it is hoped that work will shortly begin on inscribing the 21 names on the plaque in the Diplomatic entrance to the Department. Contributions should be mailed to AFSA, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

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