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THE McCLOSKEY PROPOSAL FOR CONGRESS

Before taking on his new assignment as Ambassador to The Netherlands, The Hon. Robert J. McCloskey, Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, was interviewed by Ralph Stuart Smith, Chairman of the FSJ Editorial Board.

Q: You have made what some people call a "revolutionary" proposal: that there ought to be a single, joint Congressional committee to deal across the board with foreign affairs. What led you to propose this?

A: Well, if it is revolutionary, I trust that it doesn't lead to shooting between the Executive and the Congress. We've got enough difficulty as it is. Seriously, I was persuaded to make the proposal chiefly because of the staggering number of committees and subcommittees we at the State Department are required to deal with. More than forty. I was encouraged also by what I saw as a concern among some members that Congress—determined as it is to involve itself more actively in the foreign policy process—just isn't well enough organized to satisfy that determination. Take the House International Relations Committee. A couple of years ago it restructured all of its subcommittees along functional instead of the historic geographic lines—that is, in a way which may better serve the desires of the Committee but which is different from that of the Senate and of the Department. The result is that often we don't know which subcommittees will want to be involved in a given subject.

Q: Under the present set-up—this confusion of committees—I should think Congress itself must feel it's spinning its wheels.... I should think Congressmen would be the first to want more cohesion in their approach. Is that the case?

A: Indeed, it is. And the most direct evidence of that is the series of hearings that Congressman Hamilton [Rep. Lee H. Hamilton, D-Ind., Chairman of the Investigations Subcommittee of the House International Relations Committee] has been holding. It is interesting to read some of the testimony that others—particularly from the Congress itself—have given.

Q: Do you think there are a lot of Senators and Congressmen who are aware of how bad the situation is?

A: Oh, yes. I've heard a significant number of them express their concern. So has the Secretary of State. From the Hill, no less than Senator Humphrey [Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, D-Minn.] has said "an expanded Congressional role in foreign policy must now move from the *ad hoc* and haphazard arrangements to a more systematic and institutional involvement."

By the way, I feel in good company with my proposal inasmuch as Senator Humphrey made essentially the same one when he appeared before Mr. Hamilton's Subcommittee.

Q: Can you describe how this proposal would work out, in practice, I mean . . .

A: What I envision is a *non*-legislative joint committee drawn from both parties and both Houses. The power to legislate would be retained by the mandated authorizing and appropriating committees. The members would represent Appropriations, Foreign Relations, Armed Services, with rotating participation, depending on the issue before it, from the more specialized committees—Finance, Atomic Energy, etc. It needn't—indeed, it shouldn't—be excessively large. I'd be opposed to that. Up to 20 members, I would think, would prove a manageable group.

The objective would be the creation of a genuine consultative body with which the Executive would seriously discuss its aims and anticipated actions in foreign policy. It might be called Joint Committee on National Security. As elected representatives, the members could, without particularly committing themselves, advise the Administration as to how the voters would react to a particular course of action being contemplated. The Executive would benefit from that. In turn, the Congress might just feel a genuine sense of partnership. At the same time, the Executive would expect that such a leadership group would then work to achieve a consensus throughout the Congress in support of whatever legislation might be required. In the absence of some new mechanism such as this to bring about more cohesion on the Hill, the Executive is left with the burden—a near physical impossibility—of trying to consult with many diverse committees and subcommittees.

Q: But to what extent would this one joint committee cut down on the vast number of other committees and subcommittees that are now involved?

A: I don't believe it would automatically eliminate existing committees. What it *could* do, perhaps most immediately, would be to eliminate the need for us to *meet* with all those committees; and perhaps at a later date Congress might decide to reduce the number of committees and subcommittees. The principal purpose I see being served is this: through a minimum but still respectable number of representatives from both Houses, the Executive and Congress could keep mutually abreast of the objectives of foreign policy; and the joint committee in turn would take on a certain responsibility for keeping others in Congress aware of current Administration thinking and also of the advice which it gave the Administration as it heard new proposals. The Executive could thus profit from warnings that Congress would not support such-and-such a proposal; or, alternatively, it could proceed with more confidence if it saw that the proposal would probably be well received in Congress.

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Q: Why should Congress be interested in a new committee such as you have suggested?

A: Because many of them say they want "to be in on the takeoffs." And, it is plainly impossible to have 535 members aboard at takeoff. If a prestigious joint committee were able to participate to a greater degree in our planning, it should be of some reassurance to the rest of the Congress. It may sound gratuitous, but I should think such a joint committee would be a matter of self-interest for the Congress. I am confident that the Executive would welcome it.

Q: Given that there are so many committees at present, doesn't the same subject arise in more than one of them at the same time?

A: Very often, yes. Just this session, on one piece of legislation: The (Nuclear) Export Reorganization Act, Secretary Kissinger testified on this bill before the Senate Government Operations Committee; the Deputy Secretary testified before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy; and then one of the Department's specialists in the field testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. That is to say, this bill was referred to all three committees, so that we were duplicating our testimony at great length. Additionally, witnesses from the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency were also called to testify. Clearly something is wrong when a single bill is in the hands of three committees and Administration witnesses are repeating testimony before all of them. I can't believe that such jurisdictional management represents the most economical use of the Congress' time either.

Q: Under your proposal, even though the joint committee would consult with and inform other committees and staffs, wouldn't some of these people feel that they were being thrown out of work, so to speak?

A: I think at least some of the members would be relieved. Many of them have told me they are driven by membership on so many committees and subcommittees that they have much too little time to go deeply into the subjects their committees are considering. There isn't a member of the Senate or the house I know who isn't at the mercy of a three-by-five card, dictating where he's expected next. In addition to the amount of work the committees demand of them, members have all the other responsibilities: public appearances, meeting with constituents, and traveling back and forth to their districts. I find they complain—and I can understand why—of a very heavy workload. From that I would conclude that if there were a tighter organization in the Congressional foreign policy process, perhaps leading to the elimination of some of the subcommittees, there might actually be a sense of relief among some.

Q: In any case, you haven't encountered any opposition to your proposal, on the Hill?

A: Better yet, I haven't heard opposition from the Administration. No, there hasn't been any declared opposition from the Hill, at least that I'm aware of.

Q: Do you think this proposal would contribute toward realization of another "ideal" that you have held up: the kind of Executive-Congressional relationship that would actually stimulate joint *creation* of foreign policy?

A: I feel very strongly that it would.

Q: How do you see this happening?

A: As I see it such a joint committee, without legislative responsibility, would establish a more informal but genuine consultative process between the two branches. This is what the Congress has been demanding. You

know, the textbook relationship is an adversary one. Even so, Congress should be able to rely on the word of the Executive which promises to insure a proper Congressional involvement in the creative process. The Presidency, at the same time, would be more encouraged if it can assume that Congressional leadership can speak with confidence on behalf of significant numbers of members.

Under the joint committee idea, a process of communication would take place *before* legislation is enacted. It would, therefore, lead to more considered legislation as well as a more responsible relationship between the two branches. Administration officials, in the process, need not be intimidated by fear of misspeaking themselves and thereby jeopardizing an eventual position on a pending bill. This committee would not have legislation before it. The atmosphere would provide for more give-and-take.

Q: Do we now have a "Congressional" foreign policy?

A: If what you mean is restrictive, yes, and this is regrettable. The Turkish arms embargo and the Jackson-Vanik Amendment on the Soviet Union of last year, I believe qualify as restrictions on our national security interests.

Q: What, finally, would it take to create such a joint committee?

A: First, a simple determination by the constituted leadership of the Congress that it would be a matter of self-interest to do so. After that, support from a majority of the members. I am confident it would be welcomed by the Executive.

Q: What do you see as the main foreign policy issues, over the next year or so, which might benefit from this idea?

A: I think first-off of the Law of the Sea negotiations. If the conference can agree on a comprehensive treaty, there will be many aspects of it requiring legislative support. It seems to me that if you had the kind of committee we've been talking about, the leaders of our delegation could go before it to present the background and substance of the US positions before specific issues were referred to the jurisdictional committees. There's SALT. If SALT II grows imminent, it could prove beneficial to explain the major issues, seek the support of the group and hope, in turn, it would work to insure passage of a new treaty. Also, we will have a number of new base agreements for which we will need legislation. These, too, might be assured of smoother passage provided that together we agreed on the equity of the quid pro quos.

Q: If I may shift gears for a moment, what about these rather scandalous revelations concerning Congressional travel and the use of "excess" foreign currency? What are the prospects for some reform in this area?

A: Unquestionably, there have been "excesses" in the use of these funds. However, they should not, in my view, be used to condemn all travel abroad by members of Congress. Congressional travel is essential in the national interest. Senators and Representatives are regularly called on to judge and vote on issues of profound concern to the United States overseas. If reforms are to come, they will have to be instituted by the Congress. The State Department acts only as the disbursing agent for the Congress in this.

Q: Speaking of Congressional travel, it has always seemed to me that people in our embassies overseas tend to be intimidated, to tie themselves up in knots where

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there are visiting Senators or Congressmen. What would you say about this?

A: Well, I would just hope our Foreign Service people would treat them with the same ease and confidence they would any other visiting Americans. On the whole, traveling Congressmen are trying to learn a bit more about a given area and to see if American commitments and programs there make sense. An FSO may often be their principal source of information on local conditions, so it's a real opportunity to play a useful role.

Q: On another matter, Bob: you dealt with the press in the Department for about ten years before moving over to Congressional relations a year and a half ago. Which would you say causes the greater amount of heartache, per unit of time?

A: I used to say that the symptoms which characterize the practicing press spokesman were stooped shoulders, night backache, morning headache, dyspepsia, loss of balance and increased strokes on his golf handicap. Something like that. With Congress, my experience has been mainly one of learning so that the aches and pains weren't so acute. Frustrations, yes, but they were offset by the learning experience. It's my view that there's a long way to go before anyone should say that there's good reason to be satisfied with the way Congressional/Executive relations are conducted. By both sides.

Q: Does this evoke nostalgia for press relations?

A: I will always look back with a certain nostalgia to dealing with a press corps that I considered one of the most interesting and attractive breeds of our fellow-man that I ever encountered. If they were tough, they were at the same time serious students of international affairs. If most of them hadn't been covering the subject by assignment, they would've been steeped in it anyway because of their personal interest. I hope that would continue to be the case with diplomatic reporters at the State Department. It ought to be possible to conduct government/press relations over foreign policy in a reasonably compatible atmosphere. For the Government this means restoring public confidence in its word. For the press it will mean eschewing total reliance on the investigative approach.

Q: What's your advice to Foreign Service people on dealing with the press?

A: First, don't run scared. This was an earlier tendency which has been largely overcome. To the credit of the Foreign Service. Second, don't be embarrassed to say you plain "don't know," if that's the case. And, third, don't pose as the know-it-all if you truly don't know at all. Competent newsmen tend to sense when an individual attempts to embroider an issue with his own speculation. I'm not aware that on a day-to-day basis there's any problem for reporters gaining access to desk officers; but it does arise sometimes in moments of high crisis. And, because in those periods there is apt to be only a handful of people fully informed, it is better for individuals to shut up and let the institution do the talking through the authorized spokesman.

On the whole, the Foreign Service has come a long way in its receptivity to the press. It's better than any Foreign Office in the world.

Q: Thanks very much.

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Justice in Morocco when consuls served as judges

CONSULAR COURTSHIP

NEIL M. RUGE

Deeply enmeshed in the visa and expatriation mill of Palermo in the late '40s, I received my transfer to Casablanca with the subconscious assumption that my second post would provide me more of the same fare as the first. I never imagined that soon I would be a federal judge of sorts, sitting in judgment on my fellow Americans, and even sending a few home to federal prison.

My qualifications for such a role were modest indeed: a law degree and two years' practice in California. But they were deemed by the Department to exceed those of consuls who had never studied law. And by our treaties of 1787 and 1836 with the Sultan of Morocco, as then interpreted, legal cases, whether criminal or civil, against Americans were to be decided by the United States Consul according to US law. Previously, because there were very few Americans in Morocco and the other countries in which we had similar extraterritorial rights, and because even petty affairs or misdemeanors were infrequent, the non-lawyer consul had been quite up to his duties.

But China had been different; because of the many Americans living there, a regular US Court for China, with a professional judge, had flourished there before World War II. And I was sent to Morocco because there were far more court cases after WW II than before, as many of the soldiers passing through in 1943 had returned to enter businesses, some legitimate, and others less so. (Ten years later I was subpoenaed to testify in federal court in New York about a swindle one of our "businessmen" had perpetrated.) Although previously the United States had exercised extraterritorial rights through consular courts in China and at least twelve other countries, by 1950 only Muscat and Morocco were left. There were no Americans in Muscat and we had no consul there. In Morocco the United States was the only country still to have extraterritorial rights. In Tangier we had a ministerial court and in Casablanca our court at the Consulate General.

Petty contracts and misdemeanors were the grist of our legal mill, both in previous years and during my first months in Casablanca. Then came a development undreamed of by the Sultans: US Air Force bases in Morocco. About 10,000 Americans, predominantly males, poured into the country. These were hard-working and hard-drinking construction workers who, far from home, became embroiled in fights and lawsuits at an alarming rate. All were in the French Zone of Morocco, so our Casablanca court, rather than the ministerial court in the International Zone at Tangier, got all the added work. The criminal docket bulged and every Monday French gendarmes—Morocco was a French protectorate—were at the Consulate General with their American prisoners in tow.

What were our assets to handle these cases? Title 22, United States Code, which covered consular courts, provided that the Consul, acting as judge, was to apply "US law." But the Code does not cover ordinary criminal and civil law. Our source was therefore the District of Columbia Code, which does; on occasion, when it was lacking an appropriate provision, we turned to the Code of Alaska, then a federal territory. The US Code for procedure, these two codes for substantive law, and a 50-year-old edition of *Wigmore on Evidence* formed our entire law library. One room in our consular building, an old residence, housed the court. Another consul assisted as prosecuting attorney. Our clerk, bailiff and interpreter was a Gibraltar-born Jew with British nationality. The backbone of the court, he spoke English, French, Spanish, and Arabic.

For police and jail facilities we relied on the French. By modern standards the jail was somewhat primitive—inmates slept on a paillasse on the floor—but it had its compensations. With a little money, prisoners could supplement their rations and obtain wine—an amenity not provided in most US jails. We had to ask the French to restrict one American prisoner's wine when we learned he was continually drunk.

Almost without exception, all cases, even felonies, were tried in one day. Our usual defense counsel was the one American attorney practicing privately in Morocco. He never resorted to motions to

The author entered the Foreign Service in 1947, was stationed at Casablanca from 1950-55, and then served at London, Cardiff and Munich, before his retirement in 1968. Professor Ruge has been teaching law at California State University, Chico, since 1969.

suppress evidence because there was no use trying to expect compliance with our constitutional law of arrest from French gendarmes who arrested and searched Americans as they pleased. Yet no American ever tried to waive US jurisdiction (which in the Department's view could *not* be waived by an individual) and ask for trial in the local courts.

One of my frequent criminal defendants was P, whose harelip and cleft palate, though repaired, left him with a serious speech impediment. He turned this handicap into an asset by playing on peoples' sympathy to become a master "con" artist, flooding the country with bad checks. At first he was able to "con" the court too, since he was always promising to reform, but as he kept on writing new checks, a stiff sentence finally had to be imposed on him.

The court let prisoners sentenced to four months or less serve their time in the Casablanca jail, but for longer sentences tried to send them to a federal prison in the United States. This was easier said than done as the court had no money to transport prisoners. Our court was sometimes successful in arranging passage in the brigs of US naval ships, but it was never easy, as no captain wanted a civilian prisoner aboard, in spite of a provision of the US Code/Title 18 (4008) providing for transportation by the United States Armed Forces.

As our bases were completed, the construction workers left the country, soon to be replaced by an equal number of Air Force personnel. Criminal offenses with them were taken care of by courts martial. But the airmen soon discovered that our (D.C.) divorce law required only a year's residence and was liberal in its grounds. So for months there were enough divorces to keep our court busy. One annulment brought by a Moroccan girl against an American had overtones of Count Dracula. On their wedding night, before the marriage was consummated, he proceeded to take a large bite out of her neck. When she screamed in horror-movie style, he fled the hotel room, rushed to the airport, caught a plane to the United States and was never heard from again.

An even stranger case was the cross-complaint of an American against a Moroccan girl who had sued him for damages for assault and battery. He admitted the battery and alleged it was for putting a "hex" on his virility. His vivid account of how she could turn him "on" for her but "off" for any other woman almost made us sorry the case was settled before trial. His complaint seemed difficult to sustain by proof but such love charms were believed in by many of the French, even educated persons, who had lived long in Morocco.

Though my legal education had fitted me to become a divorce judge, nothing had prepared me for the role of marital counselor, into which unhappy wives and husbands insisted on thrusting me. Their recitation of intimate details of wedded life was something I tried to avoid, not always successfully.

During those years perhaps the most interesting case came before the ministerial court in Tangier in which I was prosecutor. The Zone was also a free port and a very lucrative business developed of importing cigarettes from the United States, loading them onto smaller boats and selling them for cash 12-15 miles at sea to smugglers off the coasts of Spain, France and Italy. In a week or two the seller could double his money. One American made enough to buy a luxurious motor yacht and soon afterwards gave his wife another large yacht for Christmas.

But two enterprising Americans wanted to make their fortune even faster. Chartering a surplus British WW II frigate, they stalked a cigarette-laden boat, boarded it on the high seas at the point of tommy-guns, tied up the crew, and hijacked the boat for a week, meanwhile selling cigarettes purchased for $100,000 for the going rate of $200,000. One of the two masterminds was caught and tried in France, the other in Tangier.

Those were quieter days when plane hijackings were not a common affair, and great interest was aroused by the trial of the Tangier "pirate," who was a smooth talking New Yorker, known from his usual business as "Nylon Sid." Newspapers from many countries had correspondents at the trial and they were delighted when, in an argument on a point of evidence—proof of former similar crimes to show a *modus operandi*—the prosecution cited as its leading case, that of the Crown vs. Captain Kidd. Nylon Sid was convicted of conspiracy to commit robbery on the high seas and of aiding such a robbery, fined heavily, and sentenced to three years. This imprisonment was suspended, with probation for three years, when the case was appealed to the acting American Minister in Tangier. The trial and sentencing took less than a week.

One case, which seemed banal at the time, later figured in an important case in international law. Lt. S. was an American WW II officer who had married Denise, an attractive French girl. They had one child before the marriage broke up and Denise obtained a divorce in the Consular Court. The decree provided for the payment of child support. Lt. S., however, soon hit the economic skids, seemed unable or unwilling to earn a dime, and became a real beachcomber, living chiefly on the tips of Odette, a French barmaid.

Denise wanted the money for her child and haunted the consular courtroom demanding that Lt. S. be forced to pay. Not finding any legal way to garnish Odette's tips, and unable to persuade or force the Lieutenant to take a job, the court was helpless to aid Denise. It finally though, persuaded Lt. S. to return to the United States and all hands thought that ended the matter. How we underestimated Denise! She had a good friend in the Protectorate government and reported all her grievances to him.

France, which had forced its Protectorate on Morocco in 1912, by 1950 was tightening its control over the country and was jealous of any other foreign influence there. While it had tolerated the exclusion of a few dozen American traders from its jurisdiction, France took a less favorable view when the group grew eventually to 10,000. Its irritation was no doubt increased by the fact that the Moroccans welcomed our consular jurisdiction as at least one impediment to French hegemony.

This dissatisfaction led to the suit in the International Court of Justice at The Hague which was

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"If truthfulness be the first essential for the ideal diplomatist, the second essential is precision."—Sir Harold Nicolson

The Gilded Telephone

JOHN BOVEY

In 1961, when I was assigned to the Political Section in Paris, I arranged my first call on General Gavin, who was our Ambassador, through Leroy Smiley, his "special assistant." Although he interposed no barrier between me and the Disciple of the Space Age, Leroy scanned the palimpsest on which he recorded the Ambassador's appointments and stroked his long chin for several minutes before he announced that he had found a "slot." His manner was both medical and military.

"We'd better get it done right away. I can squeeze you at eleven hundred hours tomorrow. But you'll have to be out in fifteen minutes. We have Alice Toklas's lawyer at ten hours thirty and then we'll take the Duchesse de Bassus after you. I really can't refuse either of them."

The claims of the Duchesse de Bassus were unknown to me, but at our first encounter I refrained from reminding Leroy that refusals are the daily bread of Ambassadors' handymen. Besides, I was distracted by the objects on his desk.

In addition to tiers of OUT and IN boxes, there were photos of all sizes from Leroy's previous missions. Some were inscribed ("Warm Regards," "Heartiest Thanks") by American generals of the lesser commands in Germany, others by burnoosed statesmen of the *univers arabe*. The most unusual item was an ancient telephone in ivory and gilded bronze, mounted on a block of onyx. It looked like something from an early von Stroheim movie but, to my surprise, it functioned. During our conversation a buzzer sounded, and Leroy tenderly lifted the receiver and spoke in hushed tones and Texan French to the Ambassador's social secretary. I learned later that the telephone was Leroy's personal property. He had found it in the Flea Market and had wheedled General Services into hooking it up, at great expense, to the regular network. Except for a handful of infuriated communicators, Leroy's colleagues were amused by his attachment to this spindly antique.

Leroy's boundless complaisance offset, at least partially, a physiognomy that evoked the bureaucrat. His features were angular and yet indistinct. His long nose and jutting chin, convergent like those of Punch, gave an impression of firmness, which was instantly belied by large watery-blue eyes that swam behind horn rims and by a mouthing of his words that was both southern and dental in origin. His lank hair was brushed back over faun's ears. His shining suits represented the cream of Schwartz's loft in Baltimore, his thick-soled shoes the greater luxury of Neiman-Marcus. During the tenure of General Gavin, Leroy wore a derby, but it disappeared in the time of Ambassador Bohlen. The telephone, as an appanage of special status, proved more permanent.

Leroy's wife came from Dallas—not Houston, she told me, as who should say Boston, not New York. Lucy-Boo, as she was known to intimates, was older than Leroy but still pretty in a dish-faced way, dark, and what used to be known as vivacious. A batch of Victorian furniture followed her to all posts; she kept it swathed in sheets, and the effect of her living room was rather spooky. "Un vrai numéro, cette Lucie," was the French verdict.

In his struggle to reach a modus vivendi with the force of nature who inhabited the Elysée, General Gavin was handicapped by the can-do mentality of the military. He couldn't bear to think that there was no key to General de Gaulle's heart, no soldierly formula to alter his course toward collision with the United States. Instead of rolling with the punches, he devised tempting gimmicks and cosmic bargains, and the Department, in its mounting despair, shrugged and let him try them out.

Leroy, like many lazy people, loved "dynamic options." He encouraged the Ambassador's exertions and mobilized the military attachés and the CIA against the skeptics of the Political Section. De Gaulle, he said, was less formidable than we thought; one should guard against "localitis"; one should focus on the "world picture." General Gavin, who was partial to eager beavers, told Leroy to canvass the Embassy and draw up a catalogue of every grievance in the Franco-American spectrum. He would then make one ultimate attempt to "unscrew the inscrutable."

Leroy's catalogue was admirable, if uneven: it contained everything from the rejection of atomic

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John Bovey assures us that "all is fictitious, except the names of the two Ambassadors and the public events, and that the central character is a compound having no relation to the 'special assistants' of my time in Paris."

Mr. Bovey, FSO-retired, is a frequent contributor to the JOURNAL.

weapons to the rigging of the price of bananas, and there were sticks and carrots to accompany each item. But it bore no relation whatever to General de Gaulle, who conducted business with envoys in a rarefied ether, where he, and he alone, unveiled the truth.

I well remember the final phrases of the telegram in which General Gavin reported his tête-à-tête at the Elysée. "I had been with de Gaulle for twenty minutes when he rose and put both fists on his desk. I had the distinct impression that our interview was drawing to a close."

But turning points of history, Toynbee tells us, lie less in epic confrontations such as Chalons or Lepanto, than in events that pass in the back chambers of human affairs, such as the founding of the Cairo maternity hospital. So with Leroy's history, I find the seeds of the whirlwind not in errors about General de Gaulle but in obscure episodes set in train by inanimate objects.

General Gavin, who found cutaways and top hats comical, asked Leroy whether, amid the military splendors of Bastille Day, a dark suit wouldn't pass unnoticed. Leroy, who was allergic to research (I once glimpsed on his desk a file labeled "Hold until Goaded"), said he thought a dark suit would be fine.

The sweet, sad clarions had just died away in the Champs-Elysées when I met General Gavin in the stairwell of the Embassy. He was quivering with rage. "Where in hell is Smiley?" I said he had gone home; I asked if I could help.

"Yes," said the General, "yes, you can." He was never unjust to subalterns but he needed to unbosom himself. "Tell Smiley that on the National Holiday of France, the American Ambassador was the only official in a sack suit. Hell, I'm probably the first man in mufti since Ben Franklin. Tell Smiley to look at the Franklin statue in the courtyard. All I needed was some of those pigeon droppings on my bald spot."

When I conveyed this message the next morning, Leroy's blue eyes widened blearily. "Christ!" was all he said. He sidled up to the door of the front office obliquely, like a policeman approaching an undetonated grenade, and we heard nothing more from him that day.

But Leroy was nothing if not resilient; he survived even the episode of Jacqueline Kennedy's *petit objet*.

Several hours after the President and his wife had received the last acclamations of the Parisians and departed for Vienna, Leroy and I were drinking coffee and conducting a post mortem of the triumphal visit. The final cables had gone off; the windows were open to the June morning. "It was really just great," said Leroy, who had spent the week backslapping the attendant knights of Camelot and trotting between the Embassy and the Quai d'Orsay where the Presidential couple had been lodged in the state apartments. For once, I agreed with him.

Suddenly the gold telephone whined. I lifted the receiver. It was the Ambassador's French secretary. Would Mr. Smiley call M. Ponthier, the Director of Protocol at the Quai? "C'est un peu curieux, un peu délicat. Je préfère que M. Smeelay décide."

M. Ponthier was not a universal favorite. Long years in Protocol, and before that in the Balkans, had given him a propensity to the veiled allusion. Leroy once complained that "even if Ponthier could play it straight, he'd do it with mirrors just to keep in practice." At this moment, and with Leroy's flickering French, I thought it tactful to withdraw. Leroy agreed.

About twenty minutes later, I heard a scurrying in the hall. Leroy flung open my door. "What," he panted, "is *bouillotte*?"

"It's a card game," I told him. Unworthily, I enjoyed teasing Leroy in moments of stress. "But I don't think anyone has played it since the time of Stendhal. Does Ponthier want a game?"

Leroy's eyes clouded with exasperation. "It can't be a card game," he cried.

"It also means a small kettle," I said pedantically, "but that would be *une* bouillotte."

"But why would Mrs. Kennedy carry a tea kettle with her? Anyway, Ponthier said it was *un petit objet en caoutchouc*."

"Ponthier would put it like that. Did he tell you where this rubber object was found? In the First Lady's bed?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact. But for Christ's sake, what is it?"

"It's a hot water bottle."

Leroy clutched at his forehead. "Good God! I didn't—I thought it might be—"

I raised a sacerdotal hand, as of a confessor stopping a parishioner on the brink of blasphemy. "Never mind what you thought. What did Ponthier expect us to do about it?"

"He asked what *they* should do. I told him to send it on."

"To Vienna?" I pursued. "By courier?"

"By courier." He looked at his watch. "He'll have left by now."

"Good God!" I exclaimed in my turn.

Each of us, I think, was envisioning scenes in the Austrian capital. I was secretly longing to atttend the opening of the pouch at the French Embassy. Leroy no doubt imagined the oaths of his opposite number, George Culver, at the American Embassy.

Years later Culver told me, rather grimly, that *le petit objet* had been restored to its owner. He didn't know the reaction of the First Lady; he did not seem anxious to pursue the subject. "Leroy Smiley," he said. "I might have known."

But by that time Leroy was enthroned in a glory where such remarks were irrelevant.

In the time of Ambassador Bohlen, who shared Talleyrand's mistrust of eager beavers, the Embassy, even at tense moments, never roared like a furnace but hummed like a dynamo. Although Mr. Bohlen never nitpicked his subordinates, no one dreamed of going slack. And if one exceeded one's quota of *dummheit*, one found oneself wafted into more congenial surroundings.

Leroy did not thrive in this atmosphere. In an effort to burnish his shield, he undertook many initiatives and laid many memoranda on the Ambassador's desk. He would then step back and wait, tapping his long chin with a pencil, like a headwaiter who offers a menu of particular succulence. At one point we were asked to help our skidding balance of payments by finding American products we could serve to Embassy guests. Leroy suggested California wines. Mr. Bohlen looked at him with astonishment. "In France," he said, "an excep-

tion is hereby decreed." Then there was Leroy's proposal to silence General de Gaulle by putting the Cambodian Army under US command. When Mr. Bohlen, who loved bureaucratic acronyms, discovered that the *Forces Armées Royales Khmeres* appeared in Washington's lexicon as FARK, this recommendation was dissolved by his delighted smile.

Once again, however, it was the conspiracy of inanimate objects—in the event, a handful of colored cards—that clouded Leroy's horoscope.

The assassination of President Kennedy horrified and saddened everyone in France, and only the tribal imperatives braced us for the memorial ceremony at Notre Dame. We had to complete the seating in time to synchronize with the funeral in Washington, and in our desire to make the service fitting, the staff, both French and American, went without sleep for 48 hours. We were aided by the Société Borniol, which in funeral arrangements enjoys a position akin to that of AT & T. The director was the archetype of *croque-morts,* with a long, pale face, inexhaustible experience and exhausting tact. He explained to me, a little condescendingly the hierarchical shadings that distinguished pew from fauteuil, and those that faced front from those that faced sideways. He cautioned me against confusing raised stalls with semi-raised and warned of the pitfalls in placing the Bourbon and Bonapartist Pretenders.

By dawn of the second day, red-eyed and groaning, we had completed our list; it contained thousands of names from ministries, parliament, NATO, the Diplomatic Corps, press, armed forces—and so on *ad infinitum,* for Paris is the capital of many worlds, and all had felt the shock. We then worked out a system of colored cards to assure that ushers could direct dignitaries of every category and rank to the right part of the Cathedral. These were divided up among members of the Embassy, with instructions to get them out pronto. Leory covered the French military and the minor Embassies; well ahead of time, he reported that he had finished his distribution.

As the shadows lengthened in the Cathedral, the pattern of uniforms and mourning dress imposed the sense of order with which the living honor the dead—and themselves. In the armchairs before the altar Ambassador and Mrs. Bohlen took their places, and then the Ministers of the Fifth Republic. The Borniol representative dashed through the aisles with chairs for the disoriented. M. Cochereau's bourdon rumbled softly amid the stones; the words of the requiem floated down from the choir.

I had just gone to stand in the back of the nave, when I became aware of a subdued rustling and jostling in the transept. Reconnaissance confirmed my impression that something had gone wrong. Black cutaways were interspersed with the gold of admirals, crimson and olive drab with striped djellabas; the Nordic pallor of the American military was flanked by shining black faces from Upper Volta and Lower Niger. The crocetta of the Papal Nuncio gleamed as he inspected his neighbor, who was the Communist Deputy from the Gard. And next to the Deputy were two wide-eyed juniors from the Moroccan Embassy, who hadn't figured on anyone's list. In contrast to the uniformity of button and braid in the other pews, it was as though a sober parterre of coniferous shrubs had suddenly given way to one of those riotous mixtures of carnations and tulips and tiger lilies that sprang from the brush of Jan Brueghel. In the midst of solemnity, I felt a terrible impulse to giggle.

Then I caught sight of Leroy swinging stealthily up the aisle on the balls of his feet, like a child who has just planted a firecracker.

When were were all out on the parvis, and the black limousines were swooping up to the curb and swooping away again, I managed to tear Leroy away from opening doors for the Great.

"I know, I know," he said miserably, "but what could I do? All those guys in the African Embassies—and all the others. They were all broken up. They begged me to get them in."

"Why didn't you ask us for more of the white cards?"

"I thought you probably needed them. And I had plenty of blue and pink. Do you think anyone really noticed, outside a few admirals and generals?"

"A couple of dozen is more like it. And then there's the Papal Nuncio; he's sure to complain."

Leroy flushed. "Honest to God, at a time like this—"

"There's nothing like a funeral," I told him, "to sharpen up the notables."

"Anyway," he said, scanning my face for signs of forgiveness, "it was a great ceremony—just great."

The Ambassador sent the working group a note of thanks, but I didn't see him until several days later when he poked his head through the little hidden door that connected the front office with the Political Section. He wanted to know about one of our junior officers. "Good judgment?"

"Excellent. Of course he's a bit young."

Mr. Bohlen chuckled. "They age fast in the front office."

I looked startled at this. He told me that Leroy had asked for a change. "He wants to get back into political work, and I understand they need a DCM in Senegambia." Mr. Bohlen gave me a look that stopped well short of a wink. "He's really remarkable with the Africans and Asians," he said.

In Senegambia Leroy served first as Deputy Chief of Mission and then, for a few breathtaking weeks, as Ambassador on an interim appointment. Except for his rank, however, it was not the apogee of his career. The African phase was a vigil rather than a consecration; the time of the cocoon that produced, five years later, the gorgeous lepidopteron of the public prints.

The Africans found Leroy sympathetic, and Lucy-Boo unsheeted her furniture to entertain the beaming officials and their beaming wives. "They're all real cute," she told me later, "and so long as they speak French, I figure they aren't really negroes."

In the steamy isolation of Equatorial Africa, parochial attachments become intense, and Leroy fell in love, not with an indigenous beauty but with a project called SLURF (*Société Limitée de l'Union Régionale Ferroviaire).* The Senegambians had long dreamed of thumbing noses at the Rhodesians by building a railroad to haul their

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Thailand: The Probable Discontinuity

A. C. CULBEAUX

For the student of international affairs, the recent course of Thai-American relations raises questions of fact, theory, and policy.

On March 18, 1976, in a news conference held in Honolulu, the senior American military officer in the Pacific area confidently predicted that the negotiations that were then taking place in Bangkok would be concluded satisfactorily: In the admiral's mind the Thai government was about to accede to the American request for permission to maintain military personnel in Thailand beyond the year-old deadline for withdrawal, which had been scheduled for March 20. The personnel would be responsible for the routine, noncombative operations of the renamed 635 Aerospace Group at the strategic airfield at Utapao, and of the Seventh Radio Research Field Station (RRFS) at Ramasun.

At Ramasun, located near the Laotian border in the northeastern province of Udorn-Thani, life continued as usual for the army servicemen and civilian employees of the National Security Agency (NSA): Chinese, Vietnamese, Laotian, and Soviet electronic activity continued to be monitored, recorded, and analyzed. Activities sponsored by the United Services Organization (USO) and the military social clubs continued at full strength. Racketball fans were glad for the new courts that had just been completed in January. Academically-minded GIs were looking forward to the eight-week, college-level courses that would begin on March 22.

At Utapao, in the southeast, near Cambodia, a similar brand of optimism prevailed: The conscientious base librarian had just reduced his holdings from 30,000 volumes to 3,000 and he was pleased that by a careful selection of those volumes that had received the greatest circulation he had created a small field library that would be of continuing value in future years. On March 19 an aircraft arrived at Utapao from Yokota, Japan, carrying a group of several dozen, newly-assigned, military personnel of both sexes, along with a few civilians, among whom were two instructors who had been reassigned from Korea to teach off-duty classes in psychology, anthropology, and history. One junior, female officer was reporting for a regular, 12-month assignment; the other passengers carried temporary-duty orders, the time-period of which varied from several days to several months.

Although many Thais had lost their lucrative jobs as a result of the closure of the bases in some cases and the reduction of operations in other cases, those Thais that continued to hold their jobs looked forward to a period of long-term employment. Meanwhile, in the bungalows outside the bases, Thai contract-wives (called *tee rahks*) waited with their accustomed impatience for their client-husbands to return home with an armful of groceries and BX items, some of which would find their way handily into the flourishing black market.

Outside of a small circle of anxious negotiators in Bangkok, few Americans and fewer Thais suspected that anything was about to go wrong. None would have imagined that by June 20—three months distant—Americans at Ramasun and Utapao might be gone. Who would have said that the American house of strategic cards in Thailand was about to collapse?

By January, 1976, leftist elements in Thailand realized that American military authorities intended to defy the Thai deadline of March 20 for the final withdrawal of military forces. Although Americans had removed the last of the combat units on December 20, 1975, about 4,500 military specialists would remain, as the Americans used to say, "in-country," on the date of the deadline. Behind the scenes American diplomats had asked for permission to retain 3,000 technicians for special, noncombat missions. On February 4 the Thai deputy foreign minister, in presenting a seven-point list of principles to the American ambassador, stressed that although an agreement on principles would be required by March 20, agreement on details could be worked out later at a leisurely pace. The Americans had only to agree to principles and all would be well.

Thai government leaders, seemingly resentful of the disrespect toward Thai sovereignty that American insistence on diplomatic immunity for intelligence personnel implied, asked that the technicians remaining in Thailand come under the jurisdiction of Thai law; that is, they must forfeit all claims to diplomatic immunity for crimes committed on Thai soil. These technicians must also forfeit all claims to privileges of tax exemption. American acceptance of these principles, namely, non-immunity and non-exemption, would mean that all GIs would be subject to the jurisdiction of Thai courts—and, by implication, if found guilty of a

crime punishable by imprisonment, be liable to punishment in Thai jails. Acceptance would also mean that the American, government-sponsored, retail-sales system (BX), grocery sales system (commissary), and postal system (APO) would cease operations.

Americans found their imagined picture of life in Thailand without diplomatic protection for GIs guilty of criminal acts and without access to a tax-free source of beer, tobacco, toothpaste, and postage unacceptable. On March 14 the American ambassador insisted on the continuation of the privileges of tax-exemption for all United States military personnel, and diplomatic protection for those personnel whose jobs and security-clearances required immunity from Thai law and Thai jails.

Intense, last-minute negotiations between Thai and American diplomats were carried on continually during that final week. At one point Americans asked that some of the technicians be considered staff of the US embassy; but the Thai prime minister, who had said that Thailand would refuse to permit the presence of 4,000 American ambassadors, rejected this proposal. When it became evident that they had failed to convince Americans that all military technicians should live in Thailand on the local economy as peaceful, law-abiding residents, Thai officials asked for total withdrawal within two months. Shocked Americans, who had failed—after years of repeated effort—to convince Thais to grant a status-of-forces agreement, only protested that more time, at least six months, was needed. Although the Thais extended the date to July 20, Americans decided to accelerate their pull-out; a list of closure dates for Utapao current as of April 5 showed that base authorities intended to close the base on June 20, which they subsequently did.

The American government interpreted the Thai decision to limit the grace period for the withdrawal of the remaining military personnel to four months as a Thai readjustment to the new political realities brought into being by the end of the Vietnam war. Speaking in Dallas before the World Affairs Council on March 22, the American secretary of state explained the Thai policy in terms of a modified, domino-theory analogy: Thai leaders, the secretary affirmed, were trying to counterbalance North Vietnam and China. Their decision reflected not hostility toward America, but their reassessment of the strategic situation in Southeast Asia. The consensus in Thailand, however, was that the prime minister's decision had less to do with peninsular rivalry than with electoral insecurity: he had hoped by this maneuver to forfeit support from the pro-American, military sector in exchange for support from leftist and centrist sectors. Thais recalled that during the prime minister's visit to China in 1975 he had been warned, in the analogy of the Chinese proverb, to beware of chasing the tiger out the front door while letting the wolf enter through the back door.

What will be the strategic consequences of the closure of Ramasun and Utapao? In the case of the Utapao airfield, the answer is simple: a loss of convenience. In the case of the Ramasun electronic ears, the answer is complicated; for it may be the case that although little is gained in terms of informational content, much may be gained by the threat of knowledge. Ramasun may have been more valuable as a symbol of an electronic, intelligence-gathering capacity than as a source of electronic intelligence.

The failure of Thai-American negotiations over the extraterritorial status of Radio Research Field Station personnel requires explanation, for Thailand is now the fourth Southeast Asian country in which US policy has suffered a major set-back within one year. Why did American authorities fail to obtain from the Thai government the juridical precondition that they had set for overtly-sponsored intelligence operations?

Any world-specific, historical explanation of reasons for the failure of these negotiations to come up to the expectations of American military and intelligence planners will have to refer to an underestimation of one factor and an overestimation of another: the underestimated factor was the potential discontinuity within Thai politics, and the overestimated factor was the credibility of the American strategic scenario. Although names and dates may be cited to show biographical and institutional details, the essential questions are structural ones: How, after all, do the processes of underestimation and overestimation take place? Are these processes simply consequences of the intellectual tug-of-war that is waged continually between the intelligence, military, and diplomatic sectors of the foreign-affairs community? Since culture consists of the interpenetration of symbols, values, myths, and fantasies, what is the anthropology-of-knowledge of American national security? Clues to the answers to these questions may be found in an examination of the epistemological platform upon which foreign-affairs institutions perform.

The failure of American policy-makers and diplomats in the negotiations with Thai authorities was one of foresight. The failures of American foreign-policy execution from the U-2 incident to the present have a common characteristic: Highly-qualified persons fail in their missions, not because of inferior technological capacities, but because of inferior knowledge of the present and probable conditions that prevail in areas of strategic concern. Why do foreign-affairs spokesmen fail to anticipate probable discontinuities in host-country affairs?

The lack of intercultural foresight among foreign-affairs officials exists as a natural consequence of a personnel system that operates independently of the cognitive requirements of the national-security community, and that fails to provide cognitive follow-through in the administration of the intellectual resources of the national-security complex. The processes of reassignment and promotion are carried out without any attempt to measure the specific knowledge that any member of the personnel system may have concerning the local conditions, practices, and probable discontinuities of other nations and cultures. Admittedly, any attempt at such measurement would meet with resistance from persons whose careers have been built on the strength, not of their knowledge, but of their efficiency. In such an institutional environment, personnel systems

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Confession of a Would-Be SPY

EDWARD DEVOL

Even though the CIA rejected me in Greece, I feel sorry for it these days. I would feel sorry for anyone who was the subject of the ponderous, finger-shaking articles that lurk in every newspaper and magazine, like faded flowers pressed between the pages.

I wonder if it bothers Mr. Bush that so many know so much about the organization he now directs. Mr. Colby, his predecessor, must have suffered agonies of dismay in his last months on the job: he had believed his people knew how to keep secrets and then he discovered, as plain as the bug on your telephone, that a secret known was a secret shared.

As a bureaucrat of long service, I was always taught that you didn't tell a newspaperman where the bathroom was, but a lot of CIA men seem to have spent much of their time in dark cocktail lounges telling reporters who did what to whom in Kabul and Buenos Aires. And many of those who have left the halls of Langley for private life have learned to type, which lets them go direct to the printed page without needing reporters as transmission belts for their revelations.

I don't say all this out of injured patriotism or because my hands flutter in horror at the thought of classified material being leaked. To tell the truth, I am still embarrassed, envious, disappointed, hurt—choose any word you like; I have a closet full of them to describe my chagrin at failing to be of any use to the CIA while I was in Athens.

The espionage business had always been appealing, and I knew a little about it. I had read E. Phillips Oppenheim, John Buchan, and John Le Carre. I understood simple substitution ciphers. I could be helpful to our spies if the chance ever came to demonstrate my potential. And the press did its best to encourage me. It made the CIA seem as heroic as Charlemagne and Richard the Lion-Hearted. The newspapers reported the CIA overthrew evil men in Iran and Guatemala, sent airplanes high over the Soviet Union, and even tried to conquer Cuba. All this was fascinating and perhaps even true, but it took experience to evaluate stories about such events and I had never witnessed anything overseas except World War Two, which was not in the same class. Reading the press reports about CIA's valorous exploits left a little of the same aftertaste I had as a child when I heard of distant wars and revolutions and wondered if they had really happened or were the adults making them up to entertain me. In spite of this, I was inclined to believe the CIA had really done these things.

Without the press I would have learned little about CIA, for, with becoming modesty, it issued no press releases, published no budget, and held no press conferences with slide shows to demonstrate its achievements. In the United States Information Agency, where I worked before going to Greece, people didn't talk much about CIA. I regretted all the silence about such interesting developments, but I went along with it. If CIA did not want me to see its face, it would be rude to snatch at the veil.

However, the boys at Langley left a few tracks. I had colleagues at USIA who claimed to have talked by telephone with CIA headquarters in search of unclassified translations of Soviet radio broadcasts. Another colleague had actually worked for CIA as a young man. He resigned after two months of clipping newspapers in a locked room, and still flinched at the sight of the Sunday New York TIMES. Once at a cocktail party in Kensington I asked a man where he had worked and he cheerfully replied, "CIA." I was too shocked to ask him what kind of spying he

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did. In the government circles I inhabited, you simply did not talk about CIA in the same way you discussed Federal Reserve or the Department of Agriculture.

No one ever said it was forbidden to speak CIA's name during office hours but it was rarely uttered. If someone at a meeting found it absolutely impossible to avoid mentioning the US overseas intelligence organization, he would refer to it as "the other agency." The first time this happened, I said brashly, "What is that?" I had not yet learned that such a question should be asked after the meeting, preferably in a quiet alcove with no witnesses present. This naturally stifled one's inquisitive instincts, but as time passed I accepted it as unfortunate fact that there were some delights one simply did not seek.

Then, in preparation for Athens, my first overseas assignment, I was given the customary pre-overseas security briefing and really led down the garden path.

The security officer was a shy, polite man who spoke so softly it was hard to hear his advice about being wary of friendly strangers and remembering that telephones were sometimes tapped in foreign countries where democratic safeguards were not well protected. He looked at me solemnly and said, "In Athens you will have information of great interest to the other side. We don't want to be of any help to them, do we?"

I felt a stir of excitement. Overseas it was going to be different; I would learn secrets. In my years in Washington I had seen many classified documents, but few seemed likely to interest the other side very much. Some could have caused mild embarrassment, if only to their authors, but it was hard to imagine that their revelation would shatter policies or crumble empires. But now I would learn things the other side craved. I flew off to Greece calm and tight-lipped, determined to preserve security at all costs, and to be as helpful to CIA as I could. It seemed the decent thing to do.

Things started out well enough in Athens. I had been there only a few days when I was introduced to Smith, the CIA station chief, a tall Southerner with the energy and volubility of a high school basketball coach. I never saw much of him, though, since he traveled in circles from which my modest rank excluded me. I got to know Dale, his deputy, a little better. We were invited to a few of the same small parties for Embassy people only. Dale was a brisk witty man who wrote spy novels (he was not E. Howard Hunt). It struck me as remarkably permissive of CIA to permit such a thing. "Aren't they afraid you'll give away trade secrets?" I asked him. He explained that his manuscripts had to be cleared in Washington. "And besides, I never write about any country where I've ever served." I read one of his books. It was set in a mythical African country, which presumably meant he could never be assigned to a real African country. As I read it I wondered which had come first with Dale, the writing of spy novels or the career which gave him his raw material. Had reality copied fiction, or the other way around?

"The Greeks insisted there were platoons of them behind the steel grillwork and locked doors upstairs, almost enough to colonize a new village in the Peloponnesus."

The identities of the station chief and his deputy were not secrets of the highest order but they represented a good beginning. The Embassy telephone directory listed Smith as special assistant to the Ambassador and Dale as one of several political officers. I was pleased to be entrusted with information that was denied to the world at large. I still knew nothing of what Smith and Dale did, but I would be told as my superiors recognized how dependable I could be. They would not tell me everything, of course, but my ignorance would decrease with the passage of time.

Unfortunately, it did not happen. The "other agency" syndrome prevailed in Athens, too, at least among United States government employees. That initial frankness had been tactical, to avoid the awkwardness of my revealing to an outsider that I did not know who my Embassy colleagues were. Otherwise, CIA was never mentioned. I suppose the Ambassador knew what Smith and company were doing but he didn't tell anyone. CIA and I were traveling through the forest on different paths. Occasionally they intersected and I saw a footprint that might have been Smith's but there was no way to be sure. I did not even know whether he and I were headed for the same place.

The famous need-to-know system was in force. What you did not need to know you were not told. I did not need to be told not to discuss CIA and I never brought it up. But it kept springing up anyhow, like a weed in our pretty garden of equanimity.

Athens was filled with talkative experts on the CIA and they were all Greek. They gossiped about it with the same relaxed intimacy they discussed any neighbor of many years. They knew Smith and Dale, reminisced about their predecessors, argued about old CIA maneuvers and predicted new ones. It was a Greek who first told me Smith was to leave the post not long before I was, and who his successor was. I would listen to my Greek acquaintances and feel depressed by how much they knew. Even if only half of their information was accurate, they already knew more than the system would ever reveal to me.

The local newspapers were a bit more circumspect, but the message still came through. Even at their most coy they managed to let you know there was a political influence in Greece called "the American factor." The leftist papers were naturally the bluntest and they dissected CIA's objectives with the blithe confidence the Washington Post displayed about the secret motives of Congressmen. They claimed CIA was more landlord than neighbor and denounced it for manipulations that were not defined but only hinted at, as though the faithful did not need to be given details of the obvious.

Not long after arriving in Athens I was introduced to a Greek businessman at a party. "Ah, USIS," he said. "You are in that building with the CIA." I did not want to contradict him but I knew Smith's office was in the Embassy. The Greek businessman was a perceptive fellow and he noticed my skepticism. "They really are there," he said in a kindly way. "On the other side of the building." Discreet inquiries produced the grudging admission that he was correct. Behind the steel doors I had seen on my way to the snack bar were the CIA people. Smith, their boss, had an office in the Embassy, but his subordinates were in our building all right. I sulked about this for a couple of days; I didn't like having a stranger tell me I didn't know where my relatives lived.

Our building had another interesting tenant. Directly above USIS were the offices of the Greek intelligence organization. I expected to be warned about telephone tapping or wires in the walls or something, since they were separated from us only by the concrete ceiling, but no one ever mentioned any security problem. USIS had few secrets anyhow, and if the local media asked questions we responded quite volubly. If they did not ask we thrust information upon them. We were givers, not takers.

You could hear any number you liked as the size of the CIA staff in Athens. The Greeks insisted there were platoons of them behind the steel grillwork and locked doors upstairs, almost enough to colonize a new village in the Peloponnesus. They were listed publicly as members of the staff of the military aid mission. Several were said to be Greek-Americans and therefore especially handy because they knew the language and culture. I eventually met several of the CIA Greek-Americans under circumstances that did no credit to either of us. No doubt they were invaluable to Smith and I know they acted on orders, but they were as annoying as fleas and about as hard to avoid.

The first time was at a small snacks-and-drinks affair in the USIS office. I forget the occasion but there were a couple of dozen Greek newspapermen milling around our desks and filing cabinets, talking to one another in Greek and in English to us. I noticed a reporter I had not met, a short handsome man better dressed than the others. I asked my boss who he was. With an air of mild annoyance, he replied, "That's Nick Y from CIA. I didn't know he was coming, but sometimes they just show up." I am sure Nick Y learned something at our little party and took it away to stick into the mosaics they put together behind the steel doors. He knew how to dig the conspiratorial nuggets out of the polite words of the two reporters from communist newspapers, although everything they said sounded as bland as Montovani to me. I had never before knowingly associated with communists and was a bit disappointed by the mildness and good manners of such dangerous fellows.

When Harlan Cleveland, our Ambassador to NATO, came to Athens to address a local businessman's group, USIS invited its regular stable of reporters to attend. Even if they did not like the speech, they would get a free lunch at the Athens Hilton. We reserved two of the fifteen or twenty tables that were set up in the ballroom.

There was the usual pushing and shoving around the two bars. Then the drinking period ended and it was time to be seated. We steered our newspapermen to our two tables. I was at one, my boss at the other. While the waiters were bringing the fruit cocktails he saw across the table a man he did not recognize. He turned to the Greek reporter on his right and whispered, "That gentleman over there. His face is familiar but I can't recall his name." The Greek hesitated, leaned behind my boss, whispered to the reporter on his left, then straightened up with a grin of pleasure at what he had to report: "That is one of your CIA men." I never learned whether the CIA man paid for his own lunch.

It even happened in my boss's house, at a large party. Noticing a stranger among the guests, he questioned several people before learning—again from a Greek—that the stranger was another of the CIA's Greek-Americans. In that environment you did not casually go up to a stranger and demand that he identify himself. He was not likely to say, "I work for the CIA and you didn't invite me but you can't make me leave, either." Even if everyone but the host knew him, it was not the kind of thing you wanted proclaimed at a party. If he said, "I work for the United States military aid mission," the horse-laughs might have damaged the crystal.

Since these uninvited guests spoke Greek fluently, they generally spoke little English while practicing their trade at our parties. Since I knew little Greek and disliked party-crashing, I stayed away from the knots of Greeks who gathered about them. What they talked about I don't know. In an effort to be broad-minded, I considered the possibility that a CIA man might be an asset at a party. After all, they did bring a little glamor into our prosaic proceedings. Maybe we should have written on the invitations, "A CIA man will be present to ask and answer questions." How did they learn of our social affairs? Obviously from the Greek guests. No wonder the Greek reporters knew so much; they traded social notes for inside dope.

Athenians had always suspected that CIA had the power of Zeus and the military coup of April 21, 1967, was widely seen as the catalyst that transformed suspicion into fact. Whether outraged by the coup or delighted that it had put an end to leftist rowdyism, strikes, and riots, the Greeks I knew were certain that Smith's powerful hand had pulled some of the strings that toppled the legal government. They did not say he had actually been seen waving directions from a turret as the tanks rolled into Syntagma Square early that morning, but they would have hesitated to contradict a report to that effect.

As one of the unfortunates who had to answer questions from the press after the coup, I discovered that certainty was not confined to Greeks but was as firmly lodged in the minds of the foreign correspondents who flocked to Athens for the big story in the birthplace of democracy. A reporter would say, "Did you Americans have any advance warning of the coup?" I would say we did not. "But what about the CIA?" the reporter would say. "Surely with all its sources of information the CIA

knew something was about to happen." I could only repeat my original statement. I was following instructions carefully and had no reason to doubt they reflected the facts. The coup had certainly astonished me.

"In that case," the reporter would say coldly, "the CIA isn't very efficient, is it?" There was no way out—if we had known in advance, that proved complicity; if we had not known, that proved inefficiency, which was also un-American.

Those reporters thought I knew more than I was telling. They had encountered the polite bureaucratic untruth before and it had infected them with one of the diseases of journalism, the tendency to believe that a "spokesman" is stuffed with information but doles it out stingily, like a millionaire who tips five per cent. Hindsight persuades me it would have been better to answer such questions with "no comment." The reporters would have drawn the same conclusions and I would have felt less foolish. Government briefing officers talk too much, anyhow. If you are paid to talk to the press you feel obliged to tell them *something*. If you know next to nothing about the subject of greatest interest to them, silence can sometimes prevent misunderstanding. Talking from ignorance can too easily be interpreted as a clumsy strip tease rather than the desperate effort to endure the heat it actually is.

Several such experiences with reporters, and some awkward conversations with Greek friends, led me to conclude the system had sent me into battle without weapons. I had been entrusted with too little knowledge to justify the accusation in the eyes of my Greek friends. They did not like the colonels and because they were sure the Americans had backed the colonels they decided even a fine fellow like me was part of a package deal that was no bargain. They thought I *knew*, and my pretended ignorance was simply proof of good training and tight discipline. In accusing me of a crime called knowledge, they were actually accusing me of sharing the power that came with it. When a newspaper friend remarked with lifted eyebrows, "Too bad about that editor they locked up," he seemed to be saying I should have pounded the table until Smith ordered the army not to turn the key. I began to frown a lot and to grit my teeth at the injustice of being accused of a crime without having had the pleasure of committing it.

The poisonous vapor that arose after the coup began to affect the way I reacted to people. The more suspicious I thought they were of me, the more I looked for furtive motives in them. A certain Greek reporter began to visit me regularly. He was of right-wing persuasion and had good connections with the junta, but he spoke of them in increasingly harsh terms. Even right-wingers were not unanimous in their attitude toward the colonels—the coup had upset some right-wing applecarts, too—so one disenchanted reactionary was nothing remarkable.

"Talking from ignorance can too easily be interpreted as a clumsy strip tease, rather than the desperate effort to endure the heat it actually is."

Then I learned that his visits to me were preceded or followed by a stop at the second-floor offices of Greek intelligence. The sharp spines of suspicion went up. Maybe he was feeding me plums the colonels wanted me to swallow, for their own devious purposes. Or my pleasantries held some peculiar attraction for those dour, black-suited men I sometimes passed on the second-floor landing. I did not ask myself what had suddenly made me of such interest; it was enough that I was. I resolved to tell him nothing more than the diplomat's equivalent of name, rank, and serial number.

A youngish CIA man whom I barely knew came to my office. We talked innocuously about the newspapers, how they were coping with censorship, which reporters and editors had changed jobs. He was pleasant enough but his presence made me uncomfortable. What did CIA want of me? When I was new and eager they had not been interested in me. What had changed? Ah, it was the right-wing newspaperman. CIA knew about his visits to me and this young fellow was gently probing for the crack that would emit information the right-winger had planted with me, or through which CIA could pass cleverly-manipulative information to the second floor. It was flattering to be needed and I waited impatiently for him to come to the point.

He finally ambled away without dropping even a hint that I might have something useful to provide. Sadly, I concluded there was no point for him to come to. Neither Greek intelligence nor CIA was really interested in me as either a source or a conduit. They had tested me and judged the depth of my ignorance in a way that my Greek friends never could. It hurt a little. My friends accused me of the crime of knowledge; the professionals deemed me incapable of committing it.

Shortly before I left Greece my self-esteem received a small boost from professionals, namely the Greek police. It was the first and last time I got any credit from the pros, and it let me leave the country with the feeling that at least once I had been considered important in the world of secrets.

I was on a field trip, peddling good will and USIS press materials to small-town newspaper editors. When my interpreter and I arrived in one editor's office and we had exchanged remarks about the weather, he said, "I was expecting you. The police told me you were coming and they said I should not tell you anything." This editor was known to be one who disliked the military regime and the police had good reason to order him to keep his disruptive opinions to himself. He said the police had telephoned him only a few minutes before we arrived.

This was electrifying news. The police thought I was important, perhaps even that I was with CIA. And they had gone to a good deal

Continued on page 23

FSJ BOOKSHELF

From Covert to Covert

CIA DIARY: INSIDE THE COMPANY, *by Philip Agee. Stonehill Publishing Co., $9.95.*

Agee's defection in Mexico after his service there as an Embassy attache for the Olympic games follows the classic pattern: marital difficulties, involvement with another woman who was apparently a Latin American revolutionary, and subsequently a trip to Havana where he undoubtedly told all—and more than he revealed in his book. Indeed, it would be surprising if Cuban intelligence had not provided selective inputs to the final product with the usual counter-intelligence goals of disinformation and mischief making.

Nevertheless, Agee's account of his service in Agency positions under Embassy cover in Quito, Montevideo and Mexico City provides an interesting worm's eye view of day-to-day operations of CIA stations in Latin America. And even though the account is no doubt adulterated in view of the author's travels to Cuba and his Marxist views, the book does suggest that the CIA has pursued a hyperactive policy of involvement in host country affairs. However, in moving from the highly necessary and clearly defined intelligence collection function to the much more controversial and questionable field of political action, there is no indication that the Agency was a runaway elephant, proceeding on its own initiative. Rather, it seems clear that National Security Council Decision and Action Memoranda provided the framework for the Agency's extensive involvement in action operations. The stimulus as well as the supervisory responsibility clearly rested with the NSC, which handed over to the intelligence craft a major, if not the major, role for carrying out what were thought to be vital foreign policy objectives.

In any examination of excessive involvement in unwise or unnecessary activity, the focus should clearly be on the National Security Council and its responsibility for that activity—both in initiating activity and in adequately supervising operations once they had been set in motion. Staff personnel of the Council, heavy on academic talent, clearly lacked the practical and professional expertise to direct and supervise covert political action operations of the scope described in Agee's book.

—KARL SOMMERLATTE

How New Are The New Germans?

THE NEW GERMANS: *Thirty Years After, by John Dornberg. Macmillan, $11.95.*

John Dornberg, former NEWSWEEK bureau chief, has written several books on Germany. This one describes Germany, and the Germans, 30 years after the end of World War II. It is a good and readable book. It is not scholarly in its approach but most contentions are well supported.

Dornberg points out that a new generation of Germans is taking over—a generation that had little adult experience in pre-war Germany. As in almost every country in the world, this has resulted in a new outlook. In addition, Germany has been flooded with foreigners—American, British, French and Soviet occupiers: Italian, Turkish, Spanish, and Greek workers. All of these have influenced the Germans who grew up in a rebuilding Germany. Attitudes toward work, sex, patriotism, politics, politicians, and authority have changed. These changes are especially noticeable in a society as structured as was that of Germany. Dornberg concludes that these changes are for the better and that democracy is now safe in Germany.

—AL STOFFEL

China to Them

THE WIND WILL NOT SUBSIDE, *by David Milton and Nancy Dall Milton. Pantheon Books, $15.00*

Although the focus of this book is China's much discussed Cultural Revolution, David and Nancy Milton, as teachers of English at the Peking First Foreign Language Institute for five years, give us a unique vantage point from which to observe the developments of that period. The authors consider themselves "friends of the Chinese Revolution"; nevertheless they tell their story in a reasonably objective manner. As a matter of fact, their sympathies tend to add rather than detract from the book. Certainly there is special significance when the Miltons refer to "the years of outrageous events" or describe China in the summer of 1967 as being in "a state of semi-anarchy"—giving credence to some of the seemingly bizarre tales by less sympathetic observers.

Because of their relative isolation within the community of Western expatriates and because the developments during the Cultural Revolution were difficult even for most Chinese to fathom, the Miltons are most contributive when discussing their personal experiences: the interactions between the students and faculty at the Institute where they taught; the life within the community of Western expatriates about which very little has been written; the meeting with Mao Tse-tung and his wife Chiang Ch'ing at a party for Anna Louise Strong; the observed activities of the Red Guards and other participants in the struggles and confrontations of the period; and other situations which they encountered. The Miltons supplement these reminiscences with the perspective of time and distance, as well as with the additional information that became available to them upon their return to the United States. Here, they become more interpretive and are on more tenuous ground, but on the whole they ably weave their own experiences with China's recent history to make "The Wind Will Not Subside" a readable and useful addition to our still sketchy knowledge of the why and how of China's Cultural Revolution.

—LEO A. ORLEANS

Liberating Dakar

OPERATION MENACE, *by Arthur Marder. Oxford*

The abortive Anglo-Free French naval expedition of September 1940 to liberate Dakar from the Vichy regime was the first public effort of de Gaulle to establish himself as the personification of undying

France, and nearly proved his undoing. Coming on the heels of the British attack on the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir—an action as politically stupid as it was morally indefensible—the plan to "rally" Dakar to de Gaulle was predicated more on an unopposed naval landing than an amphibious assault. Of the three contingencies anticipated — appropriately named "Happy," "Sticky" and "Nasty" —the latter eventuated thereby dooming the whole political purpose to defeat when French resistance proved both skillful and determined.

This account of *Operation Menace* by the British historian Arthur Marder is an astonishing *tour de force* both for its exhaustive research and taut felicity of style. As a bonus, it gives a detailed account of the successful maneuver of the Admiralty to shift part of the blame to the flag officer commanding Gibraltar for permitting free transit of a French task force that played an important role in repelling the landing.

—CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.

Blossoms of the Desert

LANDSCAPING THE SAUDI ARABIAN DESERT, *by Kathleen Kelly and R. T. Schnadelbach. Delancey Press, $22.50.*

This book is both fascinating and disappointing. Although the title is somewhat misleading (the subject is far broader), it contains a considerable volume of information about the flora and fauna of Saudi Arabia and neighboring countries, as well as the geology and climate. The book should be of immense value to any company contemplating the building of a compound in the area or improving an existing one.

—JAMES H. BAHTI

In Praise of Heroes

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, *by Ron Kovic. McGraw-Hill, $7.95.*

This book is one of the more unusual memoirs of the Vietnam years. Ron Kovic, who recently addressed the nation as one of the speakers at the Democratic National Convention in New York, enlisted in the United States Marines and went to war in Vietnam out of patriotism, bravery and illusion, the latter of the sort fostered by John Wayne and Marine Corps recruiters. He returned from war paralyzed from the chest down, still with his movie-hero illusions. War had not destroyed them; that remained for life at home to accomplish.

The real lesson of this volume concerns not the inhumanity of war or the errors of war in Vietnam, but the danger of omitting to praise heroes. Kovic came home paralyzed but proud, certain that he had done his best for America and that it had been worth it. His pride and confidence gave way to doubt and then to anger as he suffered the casual brutalities of Veterans Administration hospital workers, saw embarrassment rather than admiration in the eyes of spectators at an American Legion parade in which he rode, and finally realized that his countrymen wished to forget Vietnam and him with it.

People concerned about statecraft and public policy in particular ought to reflect on this volume. Few such people would agree that personal traumas such as Kovic's justify—or require—the abandon-

ment of force in foreign affairs. Neither, one should realize, do errors of policy or changes in circumstance and intention in affairs of state justify indifference or hostility toward men and women who served the country in causes later judged unworthy. When their service has brought them personal tragedy, they deserve not only benefits, not only money, but honor.

—THOMAS H. ETZOLD

Rhodesian Repercussions

THE TAR BABY OPTION: *American Policy Toward Southern Rhodesia, by Anthony Lake. Columbia Univ. Press, $17.50 hardback, $5.95 paper.*

On November 11, 1965, the British colony of Southern Rhodesia unilaterally declared itself to be independent. No area of the world has been viewed by Americans with greater moral disapproval and yet less attention than this southern part of Africa. American policy-makers have long known that the area deserves much closer attention. It was for this reason that in May 1976, Secretary Kissinger decided to give a major policy address in Lusaka, Zambia, which borders on and has been adversely affected by the Rhodesian Unilateral Declaration of Independence (U.D.I.). However, Kissinger may be too late with too little. As former FSO Anthony Lake aptly demonstrates in this excellent yet nauseating book, however uninspiring or humdrum America's policy may have been before 1969, it was not conspicuously wrongheaded, immoral or illegal.

The Tar Baby tilt about which this book was written was recommended by the Nixon NSC staff, allegedly approved by Dr. Kissinger, and secretly adopted by President Nixon. This tilt drastically changed American policy towards this part of the world. The policy was in essence four kinds of interacting and conflicting policies on Rhodesian issues namely (a) regular private but illegal meetings between members of the National Security Council staff and representatives of the racist Rhodesian regime; (b) bureaucratic oneupmanship between the State Department and the White House; (c) persistent congressional policies against a divided Executive Branch which allowed the passage of the Byrd amendment (which permitted the United States to buy over $40 million worth of Rhodesian chrome) thereby positioning the United States before the world in violation not only of UN sanctions but also international law, and (4) a dramatic hand-across-the-seas vignette of international partisan politics as the then leader of the British opposition attempted to lobby against the British government inside the White House on the symbolic issue of losing the American consulate in Salisbury during the spring of 1970. Lake aptly and succinctly writes about all of these elements. Much new and very useful material is included. Lake asserts that the actions by the United States during the 1969-1975 period have important and far-reaching repercussions for the remainder of southern Africa. The *official* US decision to violate sanctions by passage of the Byrd amendment has undoubtedly indirectly con-

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tributed to the continued suppression of the 5,000,000 Rhodesian blacks by 250,000 whites. Even the presence of chrome in Rhodesia really provides no acceptable excuse for taking such an action. As Lake well documents, there has been no perceptible increase in chrome imports since the decision to violate the UN sanctions for a country which is of such little importance to the United States. These hypocritical actions certainly do not and cannot bode well for US relations with a future black Rhodesian government. Moreover, the United States action has important and far-reaching implications in the remainder of southern Africa, the soothing words enunicated by Dr. Kissinger in 1976 at Lusaka notwithstanding. Even South Africa is now recognizing that the failure to resolve the Rhodesian situation peacefully has greatly reduced the chances of a peaceful solution to problems in South Africa—be they at Soweto, Sharpeville or Langa, and Namibia. Finally, the United States has now demonstrated for the world at large that it has little respect for the strength of the United Nations and even less for international law.

Against this backdrop, Lake believes that American policy in southern Africa may be suspect for some time to come. Kissinger's trip was designed to improve the American image in Black Africa which not only has been tarnished by hypocrisy but also by a decade of benign neglect. It may be too late to repeal the Byrd Amendment even if the Ford Administration really decides to make a major fight for such an action during this election year.

According to Lake, American policy has been designed essentially to keep the fighting in southern Africa from getting bloodier, but at the same time persuading South Africa to withdraw its support from Rhodesia thereby permitting the United States—and Dr. Kissinger in particular—to act as honest broker between the blacks and whites throughout southern Africa. However, given the justifiable atmosphere of distrust and suspicion towards the United States, which now exists among black Africans, such an opportunity may be out of the question.

How the United States decides and acts when faced with similar choices between long- and short-run options in the future foreign policy is what ails the United States in its 200th year. Lake states that the "tar baby" option never made any sense with regard to Rhodesia. The only logical explanation was to give comfort to Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith in return for some illegal importation of chrome. Yet as demonstrated once again by America's policies towards the Angolan situation, America seems to have a penchant for being on the losing side—not only in Rhodesia but also being in violation of international law and in jeopardy with African public opinion. When there are no more "tar baby" options perhaps America will have truly come of the age and maturity which should rightly be associated with a country 200 years old. Lake's book should be required reading for all policymakers and citizens who want to prevent similar short-term "options" from arising during the next 200 years.

—Roy A. Harrell, Jr.

THAILAND
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that traffic in symbols of knowledge are preferable to any system that might try to measure the contents of knowledge. In this way the personnel system fails to perceive the central fact that the intelligence mission of any national-security community is the creation of knowledge of the potential and probable history of the world. Perhaps if the past and potential contribution of a member of the foreign-affairs community were evaluated, not in terms of the mechanistic concept of efficiency, but in terms of a humanistic concept of intercultural foresight, then the frequency of last-minute, Bay-of-Pigs-style reversals of policy might be reduced.

With these ideas and questions in mind, one may return to the topic of the collapse of negotiations in Thailand: American foreign affairs authorities failed to foresee that to allow the matter of the legal status of American intelligence personnel to enter the arena of Thai electoral politics was to furnish anti-American elements with a symbolic issue: a juridical gap. Since in American presidential politics the rules of gapsmanship are well known, the American diplomats should have anticipated that the leaders of the harassed and insecure Social Action Party might try to close that gap by ordering the closure of the bases at Ramasun and Utapao.

When Thai diplomats began to protest too much over a legal technicality concerning the jurisdictional scope of Thai courts, American diplomats should have realized that this juridical issue was only a symbol of Thai nationalism and electoral unease. American policy-makers who earnestly wanted to keep Ramasun should have offered an alternate symbol of greater value to Thai nationalists. Surely there must have been a way to have enhanced Thai nationalism and to have kept Ramasun and Utapao. That American thinking saw no alternative course, short of withdrawal, to insisting upon diplomatic immunity for intelligence personnel and tax exemption for military personnel suggests that the issues of extra-territorial status and tax exemption were symbolic ones for Americans as well as for Thais. For status-conscious American officials the status of extra-territoriality was a symbol of cryptological security. That Americans should have chosen to abandon their information-gathering station at Ramasun rather than to give up their symbol of counter-intelligence efficiency shows how, once again, symbols of knowledge (in this case a symbol of the protection of knowledge) are more highly prized than the contents of knowledge.

Ramasun and Utapao were surrendered in an argument over what should have been an unrelated issue. The status of the personnel at strategic facilities should have been discussed under the head of the US-Thai military cooperation agreement of 1950, not under the pressure of the Thai demobilization policy of 1975, and certainly not under the recent canopy of electoral violence and rhetoric.

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WOULD BE SPY
from page 17

of trouble to keep track of me. I imagined them peering at a huge wall map of the area, sticking colored pins on it to show the successive locations of my black Ford with the Embassy plates. Now, Devol, (I told myself) don't be over-dramatic, just act very cool and a little weary, as if you have gotten used to being followed.

In what I hoped was a suitably bored tone, I said, "Now why do you suppose the police told you that?"

The editor looked nervously at the telephone as if the police might call again any moment. "I don't know but I am really very busy."

I switched from boredom to inscrutability. "Perhaps they think I am not what I seem."

"Well," the editor said, "that may be but . . ." He gestured at the pile of papers on his desk. "You see how much work I must do."

"Ah, yes," I drawled, "Work. Sometimes it is the only antidote to despair. I fully understand."

He looked at me in astonishment and I saw it would not do. The poor man was terrified by my presence and my brief career as a mysterious visitor had to end. I gave him some photographs of the Apollo spacecraft and a pamphlet on US history and departed, wondering if the telephone was already ringing on the desk of the next editor on my itinerary.

The other editors did not mention the police. Our conversations were cordial and unexciting but I did not mind; I had had my moment of distinction. It had been as pleasantly flattering as the thrill a timid teen-ager guiltily feels when he senses that his girl friend's father sourly suspects him of a sexual sophistication he craves but secretly knows is beyond him.

When I returned to Washington my friends and relatives wanted to hear about my adventures during the military revolution. I tried to satisfy their curiosity by telling how the police followed me on the field trip, how hard it was to get to the office through the cordon of tanks on the morning of the coup, who our neighbors were in the Tameion Building. They listened politely but I saw that they were disappointed because I was obviously holding back the secret parts.

But they were savvy people, and they did not press me, for they knew my lips had to be sealed. I did not have the heart to strip them of the satisfaction they derived from being kept at arm's length for security reasons. And, of course, I was not going to tell them how disappointed I really was.

I had gone to Greece eager to learn and assist and had been rejected. My dream of becoming a minor character in a classic of intelligence had been shattered. All I brought back was the memory of having been neighbor to a mysterious factory; I was never allowed to enter, but occasionally I saw someone emerge from the steel doors and for a moment I heard the machines whirring inside. No one would ever tell me what they made there.

Gilded Telephone

from page 11

own copper to the coast. But the cost of laying rails through the rain forest is astronomical, and Leroy's proteges had already been turned down by financial wizards everywhere. In Washington the project had slumbered for years "under active study."

Messages from ex-colonies were repeated to Paris, and I followed with sympathy—and then with terror—the siege which Leroy laid to Washington's stony heart. The opening salvo was a despatch about Senegambia's future: glowing or gloomy—it all depended on SLURF. Then came sharp bursts of cable, with pathos on one end ("Ministers here saddened by US indifference") and suavity on the other ("Every consideration given to Senegambian interests"). When the French, who underwrote Senegambia's deficits, dampened any flicker of interest, Leroy blazed sky-high. "Why," he telegraphed, "must US keep loyal friends under French boot?" Finally, under the influence of I know not what ambassadorial hubris, Leroy produced a message that recalled General Gordon's last despatches from Khartoum: if he got no help with SLURF before the rains, he would consider himself disavowed. "My usefulness in Senegambia would be finished."

The Department is a long-suffering institution, but I shuddered when I read that cable. I saw Leroy's lanky frame encased in rumpled seersucker, sweat dripping from his nose, his pencil racing over the drafting pad. I heard him shouting into the gold telephone. I closed my eyes and popped the cable into my OUT box.

Just then Mr. Bohlen appeared at the little postern door. "What on earth is SLURF?" I translated. He rolled the acronym on his tongue. "It sounds like some kind of industrial waste. I'm afraid Leroy is in deep trouble with SLURF."

I shared this fear, especially when I read that the President had accepted the resignation of the Ambassador to Senegambia. He had volunteered for Vietnam; he would serve as Provincial Adviser in a northern town near Quang Tri.

But in the longer run, both Ambassador Bohlen and I were wrong.

In May 1972—it was long after I had been transferred to The Hague—the defenses of South Vietnam sprang a leak. The leak became a seepage, then a spurt, and in the north a torrent. The troops of President Thieu fell back in disorder. And when the American advisers quit the field, there was panic and a scramble for the helicopters. At my comfortable desk, I thought of Leroy. When I consulted my atlas, my worst fears were confirmed.

A week later came the mining of Haiphong. But with that black shadow came a gleam of consolation. The papers reported that one island of resistance had held at the 17th parallel. In the town of Dan Luc, not far from Quang Tri, the American adviser had stayed at his post, calming the clamor, rationing water, mobilizing trucks and helicopters for orderly regrouping. The adviser's name was Smiley.

By the following day, Leroy's

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name was on the lips of all his compatriots. TIME ran a special on Provincial Advisers. NEWSWEEK forecast the elevation of civilians in the Pentagon. The Washington POST called for worthier outlets for Smiley virtues. In Dallas, Lucy-Boo appeared on television. The White House announced that the President, recalling the spirit of Perry and MacAuliffe, would decorate Leroy personally. The only sour note was a rumor, syndicated by Blevins and Rohrbak, that the radio at Dan Luc had been tuned to the wrong frequency; during the first call for retreat, the Adviser had been trying to unscramble signals from the Chinese Coast Guard. If this sidelight caused a lurking malaise in my id, my superego shouted it down.

In the midst of this fuss, Leroy gave a sensible interview. He spoke of the American traditions; he said he could never have held the village together without the Vietnamese, whose behavior he described as "absolutely great."

From his baggage, Leroy had unearthed a photograph taken in the flower of his reign. Seated at his desk, he towered unshakable among the Vietnamese, who were smiling a bit tremulously. His jaw was thrust forward; his fatigue cap concealed his pointed forehead; his nose was of a pro-consular grandeur. Behind him, slightly askew, hung the Great Seal; in front of him stretched a vast expanse of desk, but unlike the desk I remembered, it was almost bare. Leroy's right hand rested on an object that wasn't quite clear.

I asked my secretary for a magnifying glass. And then the cluster of dots, swerving up from the newsprint, coalesced into a familiar shape. I could only hope that in Washington, Ambassador Bohlen's sharp eye would make the same discovery.

My secretary's curiosity was aroused. She was a square-shouldered, horn-rimmed veteran, fiercely loyal, who had passed like a salamander through the crucibles of disaster in a dozen capitals. Her chief recreation was the preparation of gourmet meals, at which she and her colleagues dissected their bosses over the cognac.

She peered over my shoulder. "Why, it's a telephone!" she cried. "A real antique too. A friend of mine in Marseille had an aunt—" She shook her head. "No wonder we've got problems in Vietnam."

I asked her what she meant.

She looked around my impeccable Bauhaus office. "Well, I mean really! Wouldn't you think the Pentagon or someone could wrastle up something better than rinky-dink gadgets like that for our people out in the boondocks, and all on their own?"

Gently, but with emphasis, I told her that her indignation was misdirected. I assured her that the conjugated efforts of technicians and bureaucrats could have come up with nothing better suited to the needs of this particular hero.

As always, she accepted my comments in silence. But I could see that at the next postprandial session, I should be marked down as both frivolous and hard-hearted. And if Leroy's new public could have listened in, they would doubtless have agreed.

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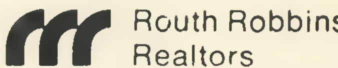

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Consular Courtship

from page 8

decided in 1952. The issues were several in number and involved not only the extent of consular court jurisdiction, but also the right of the French to discriminate against US imports. On the court issues, the United States won its contention that its jurisdiction was criminal as well as civil, a point disputed by the French. It lost its claim to jurisdiction in all cases in which an American was a defendant, the I.C.J. decision restricting jurisdiction in the French Zone of Morocco to "disputes, civil or criminal, between citizens or proteges of the United States."

The French, in their brief, laid great stress on the alleged impotence of the consular court, citing as proof its inability to get child support money for Denise. The fact that her ex-husband had only a shirt and trousers to his name seemingly made no difference.

Although the I.C.J. decision was based on the treaty of 1836, and rejected most favored nation rights because other nations had surrendered their extraterritorial rights, French emphasis on Denise's plight apparently evoked sympathy on the part of the court and thus may have led to results more important than anticipated by the consular court when it was dealing with Denise.

While restriction from jurisdiction in all cases in which an American was defendant to cases between Americans only drastically reduced the docket of the Casablanca court, divorces between Air Force personnel and their spouses, plus a few other disputes, kept the Consular Court in operation until October 1956, when, Morocco having obtained its full independence from French protection, the United States formally relinquished consular jurisdiction.

Although the United States had had a right to consular jurisdiction in Muscat ever since 1833, it was not exercised and was relinquished in 1958. British extraterritorial jurisdiction in Muscat and Aman was terminated effective January 1, 1967, thus ending a centuries-old custom.

Our court in Casablanca was, however, after relinquishment of our rights in China, certainly the most recent and important extraterritorial court in the world, as it exercised jurisdiction over many thousands of persons.

Consular courts were *not* solely a relic of imperialism. Because many arose through pressure or capitulations, extraterritoriality has come to have a bad repute like "imperialism." but such a view is one-sided, because extraterritoriality served useful purposes.

As the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations stated in 1943:

"At the time when provision for extraterritorial jurisdiction was made in the treaties of a century ago—and in earlier times—adoption of those provisions was not construed as a derogation of sovereignty. Extraterritorial jurisdiction was regarded as an expedient for the facilitating of contracts and relations between parties and groups whose history, philosophy, political organization, jurisprudence, and administration of justice were widely dissimilar; it was intended to diminish friction, minimize causes of conflict and contribute to maintenance of conditions of law and order."

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LETTERS TO FSJ

The Pressure on VOA

Hans N. Tuch's heretical scheme for giving USIA back to the State Department (see September FSJ) may well stimulate response from my colleagues in both USIA and State. But as an FSIO assigned to the Voice of America (along with Mr. Tuch, who joined VOA *after* the publication of his article), I must take friendly issue with what he proposes as a future for that international broadcasting organization in which we both, now, serve.

Mr. Tuch says: "I am against having VOA separated from the existing foreign-policy community and established as a separate public corporation similar to the BBC, since I believe it is and should remain a strong instrument of public diplomacy, especially in areas where other media are less effective (such as in Communist countries) and as long as a careful distinction can be maintained, as it is now, between news operations and commentary."

Without arguing the specific merits of public corporation status, would not Mr. Tuch agree that the BBC, having been something of a pioneer in the field of public diplomacy, still does not do too badly these days? In other words, one does not have to be a section of the Foreign Office in order to project those homely virtues of the British national character seen nightly on American television. If the BBC seems eternally British, and wholly credible, it is because it has been left free to remain so.

This, sadly enough, has not always been the case with VOA. Given Mr. Tuch's long career in US diplomacy, it will not come as a complete surprise to him that there exists quite a history of State Department efforts to manipulate, and frequently distort, the content of VOA newscasts.

Over the past year and a half, these efforts have become the subject of Congressional inquiry. They were explored in public hearings by both the Senate and the House of Representatives where, after reviewing evidence of direct State Department intervention in VOA news, it was decided that USIA's basic legislation should be amended to give legal force to the VOA charter.

In moving the amendment on the floor of the House, Representative Bella Abzug said: "I am sure we are all familiar with the old practice of blaming the messenger for the bad news. A similar fate has at times befallen the VOA news department when State Department policymakers, or overseas ambassadors, have objected to VOA coverage of hard news which may be unfavorable to American foreign policy. The result is that VOA has been subject to pressure to censor or distort this unfavorable news. I would like to see VOA permanently insulated from this kind of interference. If large segments of the world's population look to VOA for news because their own media are censored or government-controlled, then let us make sure that our VOA really is free from external interference, and can live up to the highest principles of American journalism."

Earlier, in moving the Senate amendment, Senator Charles Percy stated his view: "If VOA is to be believed, it must be left free to tell the truth, and to do its job as set forth by its charter which requires that VOA news be accurate, objective, and comprehensive. It is my own feeling that VOA has a valid and valuable function. It should be performed with the integrity and excellence befitting a voice of America."

The record suggests that Mr. Tuch's "careful distinction between news operations and commentary" has not been all that easily maintained over the years—even with VOA *out* of the State Department.

SEAN KELLY
Washington

The Silent Invasion

After reading Sidney Weintraub's letter to FSJ on the silent invasion of illegal immigration (FSJ August 76), I have the sneaky feeling that someone is putting me on and I'm not sure whether I should rise to the bait or not. Professor Weintraub's comment that "Serious scholars . . . are trying to study this problem in the hope of gaining some insights as to how best to alleviate it," causes one to suspect that had he gotten a flat tire on his trip from Washington to Austin, he might have gathered together a seminar of serious mechanics to discuss the effects of the heat/pressure ratio on the speed of the escaping air as it passed through the venturi-like opening of the puncture.

Professor Weintraub's solutions to the problem of illegal immigration read like a catalogue of: a) the goals of the nation's foreign assistance programs of the past 30 years; and b) the domestic economic goals which the Nixon/Ford administration has been trying to achieve for the past seven years. It is interesting to note that among those nations and areas that have received the lion's share of the foreign assistance dollar and were the recipients of our most encompassing foreign assistance programs appear the same countries and region which have generated the most illegal immigrants: Mexico, Taiwan, Korea, Iran and Latin America.

While serious scholars are meeting to look at illegal immigration problems in the hope of gaining some tentative insight to their possible solution, it might be worthwhile to gather a group of serious diplomats to consider whether one of the subsequent generation effects of large doses of foreign aid liberally applied might not have been the large numbers of illegal immigrants coming to the United States.

In regard to the treatment being superficial, the objective of the article was not so much to discuss the philosophy of immigration as it was to show that the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 is neither obeyed nor enforced and is subject to more loopholes than a Congressman's tax return. If "The Silent Invasion" can stimulate a productive discussion among Professor Weintraub's scholarly colleagues or students, that goal will have been achieved.

DAVID FITZHUGH
Washington, D.C.

For an F.S. Spirit

I am writing about something that has been on my mind for a long time—namely the use of the term "FSO" rather than something that represents all employees.

The article by Elaine Smith, on page 24 of the July FSJ is, in my opinion, a perfect example. If she

had the true FS spirit in mind she would want to inform all employees, not just the FSOs, they would be cut in per diem after 21 days TDY. Further to this, I note on the same page the term "FSO" has been used seven times. I believe that AFSA/FSJ should consider substituting the word "employee" for "FSO" in all of its correspondence and/or articles as this would better serve your purpose as an employees' representative.

As AFSA Rep. at this post, and at a previous post, most employees that I have approached regarding AFSA feel that it is not a representative of all, but still an "Old Boys Club" controlled and benefited by just a few. I agree, and would like to see a change.

ROBERT W. ROBINSON
Cape Town

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are acutely aware of your point and try to avoid saying "FSO" when "FS" is meant. We have not so edited letters to the editor, the page on which "FSO" was overrife. Perhaps we should. But if you find us straying in articles or AFSA News, please let us know. Most emphatically, we're in business for the whole Foreign Service and our writing should reflect that.

A Professional Issue

In the August issue of the JOURNAL appeared an item under "AFSA News" which raises a serious professional issue. It reported that "management" (the Department) at "our [AFSA's] urging" "has agreed to give a choice to employees [officers?] who are assigned to Moscow or are already there to refuse the assignment or leave without prejudice to their careers." This decision arises from the microwave radiation focused on Embassy Moscow by the Soviet Government.

If "employees" includes officers, why should they be given such a choice? If they are needed in Moscow, why should they not serve there? I never considered I had any choice when assigned to a country in 1947 during a civil war there, although my assignment required travel through guerrilla-infested territory. I was fired upon, the tracks of trains on which I traveled were mined, and so were roads. Travel had to be undertaken at the risk not simply of health but of life. But I was assigned. So I served—willingly. I owed this to my profession. I owed it to my country. This has likewise been true of many of our colleagues, all the more frequently in these times of widespread terrorism.

Officers of our military forces cannot and do not decline assignment because they involve danger. Is the new breed of diplomatic officer backing off from a similar commitment? If so, what will this do to our relations with the President, the Congress and the public? Will it enhance or diminish their respect for diplomatic officers and their profession? Will it revive that old "cookie pusher" image?

Is not AFSA's proper concern to push for a reduction or elimination of radiation, rather than to spare officers the duty of serving where ordered? Is AFSA's "collective bargaining" being carried to such a point as to undermine both professionalism and respect?

Perhaps this answers Joe Palmer's question at the AFSA brunch following our last Foreign Service Day: what can retired Foreign Service officers contribute to the Association? The answer would seem to be, in general, plenty and, in particular, a professional spirit. Once more is raised the question of how professional is our preparation of officers by the Foreign Service Institute.

SMITH SIMPSON
Annandale, Va.

On the Profession

Smith Simpson's "Diplomacy: Some Professional and Political Perspectives" is just about the finest article I can recall reading in FSJ. The absurd failures of the organization, re-organization, reform and re-reform of the Foreign Service during the 22 years I have been an FSO fully confirm his central thesis: Nothing much will be accomplished until we (and our masters) can understand what our business is and communicate it without obscurantism to the American Congress and people.

I was impressed too by the way in which Mr. Simpson demolished the cone system in one sharp sentence. If I may add a gloss, I would point out that one recent (and unheralded in the press) divided family case was settled favorably only after working through a careful escalation scenario involving the Consul, the DCM, the Ambassador, a Deputy Assistant Secretary, the Counselor of the Department and a Member of the Cabinet. Was it a Consular matter or a political matter? Is there any important issue between nations which is not—whatever else it may be—also a political matter?

Perhaps Mr. Simpson will look next at the process of recruiting, examining and selecting FSOs. Since there are principles and practices which can be communicated; since a diplomat needs to have a certain array of talents and skills; then perhaps the Department ought to test for these things instead of letting ETS churn out a minor variant on its standard general knowledge exam. And then too, the oral examining panel could be given some rather more exacting instructions about the qualities they are to seek, ending some of the more whimsical aspects of the oral interview.

HARVEY J. FELDMAN
Sofia

Wanted: Urban Scouts

Our newly-organized *Council for International Urban Liaison* serves as a clearing house for the exchange of practical experience and urban innovation among the industrialized countries of the world. The Board of Governors includes the chief executive officers of the major US local government organizations at the city, county and state levels as well as the professional associations in public administration, public works, public transit, urban planning, etc. You will note that USIA has allowed me to help launch the Council's operations as Director of Communications. Priority concerns of the organization include the transfer of innovation and experience in such areas as urban conservation, waste management, mass transportation, municipal finance to provide public services on a metropolitan or regional scale.

We want to hear about urban products, procedures, activities and legislation that seem worth giving a try over here. Members of AFSA are in a good position to make comparisons. We would love to have them write us or stop by our offices at 1612 K Street NW.

GEORGE G. WYNNE
Washington

AFSA NEWS

This portion of the JOURNAL *is the responsibility of the Governing Board of AFSA and is intended to report on employee-management issues, conditions of employment and the policy and administration of AFSA, including its Board, Committees, and Chapters.*

Members wishing to send letters on employment, working conditions or AFSA affairs should get them to AFSA by the 10th of the month preceding desired publication.

Alford W. Cooley, Editor

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OVERSEAS CHAPTERS ENDORSE RECALL

The Interim Recall Committee reported to the Governing Board that votes received from 47 AFSA Chapters abroad had endorsed the six grounds for the recall of John D. Hemenway as President by the following votes:

	Endorsed	Not Endorsed
1. Misrepresenting AFSA Positions	320	43
2. Hindering Board Functioning, etc.	332	38
3. Defaming AFSA Members, etc.	304	51
4. Personal Mailout	283	59
5. Destroying Employee Representation	260	80
6. Assault on Board Member	240	82

Votes from twelve chapters were received late (after September 3) and could not be tallied.

At home and abroad, therefore an 86 percent majority of more than 600 members attending the Special Meetings have endorsed the recall grounds. A Recall Committee has therefore been appointed under the Recall Regulations (June FSJ, pps. 43, 44) and will be sending out secret ballot envelopes to each member for the final vote shortly.

HEMENWAY ASKS RECALL OF 24 AFSA MEMBERS

On September 7 AFSA News received a memorandum from the Association President that he had obtained 50 signatures on a petition to recall all the members of the Board but himself, and to "recall" the six members of the Interim Recall Committee and the five AFSA members who are the principal proponents of the recall of Mr. Hemenway. Following the submission of the petition to the AFSA Secretary for verification of the signatures (under Article X, Recall Regulation 5 (b)) we may be reporting further on this interesting development.

GOVERNING BOARD

August 17: (Special Membership Recall Meeting)

August 24: cancelled.

August 31: "Illegal meetings" and "illegal actions"; State umbrella agreement; Geoffrey Evans and Ronald Russell to AID Standing Committee; Authorization for payment for recall mailing; President's recall petition against AFSA Board and AFSA members.

September 1: State Umbrella agreement.

September 7: State Umbrella agreement approved.

AFSA'S COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

The current chairmen of AFSA's committees are as follows: AID Standing, **Charlotte Cromer;** State Standing, **Lars Hydle;** State Precepts, **Ken Rogers;** USIA Standing, **Peter Wolcott;** Education, **Christine Hugerth;** Finance and Foreign Service Club, **Paul Ward;** AFSA News, **Alf Cooley;** Grievance, **Lars Hydle;** Insurance, **John Krizay;** Legal, **Richard B. Finn;** Members Interests, **Patricia Woodring;** Referendum, **Ken Rogers;** Terrorism, **Harry Blaney;** Interim Recall, **Archie Lang.**

THOMAS L. O'CONNOR NEW AID REP

Thomas L. O'Connor, Pennsylvania born, graduated from Gannon College in 1961, after service with the US Navy overseas, and experience in private industry. In 1957 he received one of the four "Transatlantic" scholarships awarded to American Trade Unionists by the British Trades Union Congress. He attended Coleg Harlech, Wales to study British Trade Union problems. Mr. O'Connor joined ICA in 1959 and has served at Athens, Ankara, Nicosia, New Delhi and again at Ankara. He is now assigned to the Asia Bureau, Office of Development Planning.

MERCHANT SCHOLARSHIP

Michaele Waring, daughter of Mrs. Robert O. Waring and the late Robert O. Waring, has been granted a special Livingston T. and Elizabeth Merchant Princeton Memorial Scholarship.

AFSA SCHOLARSHIPS '76-'77

Last month's announcement of the awards under AFSA's Scholarship Program contained an error. Sylvia Bargas received her award from the Foreign Service Wives' Association, Vienna.

SIGNATURE OF PRECEPTS AND UMBRELLA AGREEMENT

On September 7 the Association, after several months of consultation with the Membership and negotiations with management, agreed on the precepts for most of the 1976 selection boards, and on an "umbrella agreement" for improvements in the State FSO promotion system. The two agreements introduce the "zone-merit" system of promotions for mid-career FSOs.

Principal features of the precepts include:

- elimination of interfunctional competition, and establishment of the zone-merit system, for promotions from FSO-4 and FSO-5. About 80% of the available promotions are allocated to officers in the primary zone (5 years in class at the time the Panels convene for O-4s, 3 for O-5s) in proportion to the cone population of the primary zone;
- elimination of subfunctional competition for mid-career administrative cone FSOs, but with instructions to the relevant boards to take into account the need to fill subfunctional administrative specialties;
- greater precision and specificity in identifying the various specialties at all levels.
- at the junior threshold, precepts language which encourages the boards to promote officers whom they believe qualified for mid-career service, rather than to leave some 69 threshold promotion opportunities unfilled as the 1975 Threshold Board did.
- separate competition for FSOs, FSR/RUs, and specialists.

AFSA is going to the Disputes Panel on the subject of whether senior selection boards must identify those traits and achievements which were particularly outstanding in officers recommended for promotion, and whether they must make recommendations on future training and assignments for those officers. This will not delay the opening of Selection Boards I, II and III, now scheduled for mid-October.

Principal features of the "umbrella agreement" include:

- the establishment of the zone-merit system for promotions from FSO-4 and O-5, later to be extended to O-6s as well;
- support for the concept of a career candidate program at the junior officer level, with the details to be the subject of further consultation and conferral between management and AFSA;
- support for the concept of a senior threshold between O-3 and O-2 (and eventually reserve and GS equivalents), for which officers will be prepared through their mid-careers, and the details of which will be the subject of further consultation and conferral between management and AFSA.
- a reopener clause which permits both parties to agree at any time on amendments to the agreement, and requires formal consultations on such amendment at the request of either party after the beginning of next year's 1977 precepts consultations.

The most difficult question for us was, of course, the zone-merit concept. The majority of the State Standing Committee, and of the Governing Board, decided to accept it because:

- it does increase the predictability of promotion patterns at mid-career, and the likelihood that a good officer, regardless of cone, will be promoted eventually to FSO-3. At the same time, it offers some prospect of rapid advancement for outstanding officers, and fills functional needs as defined by management.
- it has, so far as we can tell, the support of the majority of the Foreign Service. Of the 44 telegrams from our overseas chapters last spring, 34 were basically favorable to the zone-merit concept. The Mid-career Subcommittee, led by FSO-2 Charles Floweree and including representatives of all the cones, unanimously recommended acceptance subject to conditions which were agreed to by management. The AFSA State Caucus on August 30 recommended acceptance of zone-merit by a 17-3 vote. Such special interest organizations as the Junior Foreign Service Officers Club, the Administrative Officers Association (2000+) and the Consular Officers Association, all initially skeptical about the idea, were represented on our negotiating teams and recommended its acceptance. And a substantial majority of people attending the September 7 Board Meeting, in a standing vote, supported acceptance of the program.
- There was a widespread consensus against the continuation of interfunctional competition; and no consensus around any other alternative to the zone-merit system, raising negotiating problems if we had decided to reject zone-merit, delay the opening of the Selection Boards, and try to agree with management on something else.
- Finally, our reopener clause in the agreement will permit us to consult formally with management toward amendment of the zone-merit concept if we don't like it after one cycle.

Minority View

Opposing arguments to the zone merit proposal are:

- Such benefits as zone merit may provide for certain officers within certain cones will be at the direct expense of other officers in the same cone or in a different cone. Specifically, the additional promotions that FSO-4 Program Officers will get under zone merit will be at the expense of FSO-4 E/C Officers. At Class 5 the E/C Officers will pay for higher promotion rates for Consular and Admin people.
- Zone merit effectively destroys the foundation of the cone system by separating promotion opportunities from vacancies at the next highest grade in the various cones. The cone system needs reform, particularly reclassification of jobs as to cone and grade level. The reform should be undertaken directly, not through the back door.
- Zone merit encourages management to engage in massive "cascading" of promotions—a practice which AFSA should be actively opposing.
- Zone merit is a patchwork answer to a specific problem. AFSA failed in its negotiations in this matter to develop its own set of ideas and was reduced in the press of time to responding only to management initiative.
- It would have been advisable to improve on the present system for this year while developing a more comprehensive overall personnel reform, rather than to adopt zone merit before we had fully explored its implications.

Foreign Service Benefit Plan

MAJOR CHANGES EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1977

NO MAXIMUM

The previous $100,000 maximum for each illness of each person has been dropped and now there is NO maximum per person, per illness or per year.

ANNUAL DEDUCTIBLE

Instead of the $35 deductible per illness per person, we will change to a $50 deductible per person per year with a maximum of 4 deductibles per family.

NEW BENEFITS

Increases the maximum for mental & nervous consultations from $30 to $40 per visit.

Provides benefits for initial examination of new-born babies.

Extends the period for accidental dental benefits from one year to two.

Impacted teeth will now be a surgical benefit rather than a limited dental benefit.

American Foreign Service Protective Association

1750 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Suite 1305
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Phone: 298-7570

AID AFFAIRS

THE BUZZARD DIES

The Administrator announced recently that AID offices outside of the New State building would *not* be consolidated at Buzzard Point. In April GSA had pressured the Agency to move to a location in an isolated part of Southwest Washington with the unlikely but apt name of Buzzard Point.

Because of its isolation and inhospitable location, AFSA, armed with a petition signed by several hundred AID employees, immediately took a position against the move. There were some who felt AFSA acted precipitously without waiting for all the facts. While AID undertook a number of studies concerning the efficacy of Buzzard Point, in our view the adverse impact on the lives of Agency employees was so persuasive and pervasive as to far outweigh any budgetary or administrative benefit that might have been disclosed by the feasibility studies.

The Association continues to support the rational consolidation of offices in Washington but not in a remote location which would in effect constitute exile for a significant part of the Agency.

F.S. ARTIST

Artist Alice Hoyt Palmer has a one-person show opening October 31 at the Us Too Gallery, 4023 Chain Bridge Road (opposite Court House) in Fairfax, Virginia. The colorful exhibit comprises oils and collages from this area, as well as from the Far East and Latin America, including "Brazilian Market", featured on the cover of the February 1976 Foreign Service JOURNAL.

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FOREIGN SERVICE EXAM SLATED FOR DECEMBER

The Foreign Service has opened its annual drive to recruit new junior officers, the State Department has announced.

The written entrance exam will be given this year on December 4 in 150 US cities and at Foreign Service posts abroad. Applications to take the exam must be filed by interested candidates no later than October 24. They may be obtained by writing to: Board of Examiners for the Foreign Service, Room 7113, SA-15, Department of State, Washington, D.C. 20520.

The Foreign Service is particularly interested in recruiting persons for work in the economic/commercial and administrative fields. Selection is determined on a competitive basis by both written and oral examination.

There is no foreign language requirement.

Starting salaries for junior officers range from $11,046 to $15,479, which may be supplemented on overseas assignments by housing, cost-of-living, hardship and/or educational allowances for children.

The written exam will test the candidate's skills and aptitudes in the different areas of Foreign Service work—administrative, consular, economic/commercial, and political for FSOs, or information/cultural for FSIOs.

Foreign Service People

Births

Sheinbaum. A daughter, Britt, was born to Inger and Gil Sheinbaum, on August 16, in Tananarive.

Deaths

Black. Myron L. Black, FSO-retired, died on August 26, in Washington. Mr. Black joined the FEA in 1944, after service with the War Shipping Administration. He served at Copenhagen, Colombo, Halifax, and Ottawa before his retirement in 1960. He is survived by his wife, Helene B., 4914 30th Pl., N.W., Washington, D.C. Expressions of sympathy may be in the form of contributions to the education and welfare fund of DACOR.

Carey. Robert V. Carey, FSO-retired, died on August 12 in Lake City, Colorado. Mr. Carey joined the Foreign Service in 1946 and served at Managua, Nassau, Asuncion, Caracas, Brussels, Oslo and Montevideo and in the Department before his retirement in 1975. In addition to his wife, Gloria, Box 271, Lake City, Colo. 81235, Mr. Carey leaves four children, Mary Elizabeth C. Augustine, Virginia Anna Levy, both of Arlington, Va., Robert Raymond of Cleveland and Alexander Andrew, a graduate student at Ohio State University, his mother, Minnie F. Carey, of Grand Junction, Colo. and two grandchildren.

Cates. Mary Raymond Cates, wife of FSO-retired John M. Cates, Jr., died on September 7 in New York City. Mrs. Cates was an accomplished linguist and served as an interpreter for foreign dignitaries and students, taught English in Germany and worked with underprivileged children in Mexico and Venezuela. In addition to her husband of 680 Park Ave., New York 10021, she is survived by a son, John Martin Cates, III, of Washington, her father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Raymond, of New York, and a brother, George T. P. Raymond, of Paris.

Crockett. Mary Campbell Crockett, wife of retired Ambassador Kennedy M. Crockett, died on May 12 in Managua. Mrs. Crockett accompanied her husband on assignments to Honduras, Mexico City, Tijuana, Guatemala, San Jose and Managua (where her husband was Ambassador). In addition to her husband of Quinta Josefina, Rivas, Nicaragua, Mrs. Crockett is survived by a son, John K., four daughters, Mrs. Laura Loftis, Mrs. Judith Faerron, Linda and Terry of the home address, and seven grandchildren.

Hills. Elizabeth M. (Betty) Hills, FSS-retired, died on September 4 in Houston, Texas. Mrs. Hills joined the Department of State in 1940 and was appointed to the Foregin Service in 1944. She served at Algiers, Mombasa and Dar es Salaam and received the Commendable Service Award in 1962. Mrs. Hills is survived by her husband, Fred, Route 5, Box 35, Valdosta, Georgia 31601, two brothers and two sisters.

Moran. Ursel Moran, wife of FSO-retired Lawrence J. Moran, died on July 14. In addition to her husband, of 3010 Virginia Dare Court, Chantilly, Virginia 22021, Mrs. Moran is survived by three children, Michael Moran, Burke, Va., and Christine and Lynn Peter of Chantilly.

Sparks. Edward John Sparks, retired Ambassador, died on August 11 in Santiago, Chile. Mr. Sparks joined the Foreign Service in 1921 and served at Santiago, Quito, Port-au-Prince, Montevideo, Copenhagen and Caracas. He served as Ambassador to Bolivia, Guatemala and Venezuela before his retirement in 1959. Ambassador Sparks is survived by his wife, Andree V., of La Rabida 5219, Las Condes, Santiago, Chile, and a daughter.

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